



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

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## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Honest labor bears a lovely face.—*Dekker*.

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams that are bright all the time.—*Aikin*.

A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law.

Take away love, and not physical nature only, but the heart of the moral world, would be palsied.—*Southey*.

No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife, and all life not be purer and stronger thereby.—*Owen Meredith*.

There are people who would do great acts; but, because they wait for great opportunities, life passes, and the acts of love are not done at all.—*F. W. Robertson*.

Public opinion is a weak tyrant compared with our own private opinion; what a man thinks of himself, that it is which determines or, rather, indicates his fate.—*Thoreau*.

Honor and courage; qualities that eagle plume men's souls, and fit them for the fiercest sun, which ever melted the weak waxen minds that flutter in the beams of gaudy power!—*Richelieu*.

Every noble life which we see or of which we read, every holy companionship, every gallant deed wrought within our sight, every influence that comes to us from others' lives, is no less a gift from God on high than if it had been designed for us alone.

There are souls in the world who have the gift of finding joy everywhere, and of leaving it behind them when they go. Joy gushes from under their finger like jets of light. This influence is an inevitable gladdening of the heart. It seems as if a shadow of God's own gift had passed upon them. They give light without meaning to shine. These bright hearts have a great work to do.—*Faber*.

There is much in life to make one sad and disheartened; but whether we maintain a cheerful spirit or not, depends largely on the way in which we view the events and outcomes of life. I think the main point of safety is to look upon life with a view of doing as much good to others as possible, and, as far as possible, to strip ourselves of what the French call egoism.—*Jas. A. Garfield*.

Outgrow religion? It depends on what you mean. Unless God has forgotten church and world, we shall certainly outgrow much that passes for religion, both in theory and practice. Truth does not change, but the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns, because revelation is continuous and cumulative. Particular ways of thinking and feeling, forms and institutions which become unsuitable,—religion itself sheds these as old growths are pushed off by the new life.—*Rev. Charles G. Ames*.

## DEDICATION OF THE TEMPLE.

[The Boston Herald, of Sept. 28th, gives the following account of the dedication of the new Spiritual Temple recently completed in that city:]

Yesterday was a red-letter day for the Spiritualists of Boston, for yesterday the beautiful new temple, occupying a corner where Hamburg and Exeter streets intersect, and a full description of which was some months ago published in the *Herald*, was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies and formally opened for public services. Hundreds of the faithful, as well as swarms of strangers, wended their way thither as early as 6 o'clock, and before 6:30 every available seat was occupied, the aisles were filled with chairs, the walls lined with people standing shoulder to shoulder and economizing every inch of space, the galleries almost overflowing with spectators, many of whom found perches on the rail, while the overhanging galleries threw a deep shadow upon the solid phalanx of humanity packed in beneath them. So clearly defined was this shadow, that just beyond its edge the light from clusters of electric lamps overhead brought out in startling distinctness the hundreds of attentive and expectant faces. Upon the platform, which rose just above the forest of heads in front, were placed two handsome crosses, one of grains and the other of tastefully grouped flowers, and flanking the main designs were pretty combinations of autumnal fruit and foliage, the whole forming a strong and effective contrast to the quiet oriental coloring of the interior. At 7 o'clock the opening hymn was finely rendered by a quartet consisting of Miss Sarah Fisher, Mrs. J. M. Noyes, Mr. George E. Parker and Mr. Clarence E. Hay. As they resumed their seats, Mr. Edward Caswell stepped to the front of the platform and offered a fervent prayer for the future of the temple, dedicated to wisdom, truth, inspiration and love, and praying that the society may be strengthened to forbear and to suffer, if need be, for the truth, and that guardian spirits may so prepare the minds of men that they may be better fitted to receive divine truth.

The president then announced that a poem would be given by Miss Z. Peabody, who was aided for the occasion by the spirit of the poet Longfellow. The poem was a lengthy one, but the verses ran with much smoothness, and related to past struggles and trial of the faithful, and to the omens of an ultimate and glorious triumph.

A tall lady of agreeable presence, and dressed in white, was introduced as Mrs. E. R. Dyer. She was well known to her listeners, but promptly put an end to some incipient applause which greeted her words by a deprecating wave of the hand. She reviewed the past history of modern Spiritualism, talked at length upon the present status of the movement and spoke words of encouragement for the future. She referred to the great edifice as the outer temple, in which spirits may perform deeds of power and reveal hidden truths, but declared her hearers to be the living temples. The newly erected temple was to be the place of no rites or pompous ceremonials, but in place of these, the upright spirit exercising the undoubted right to know the truth; the prayer guided by intelligence and breathed from the very heart; the song which shall rise on the wings of the pure spirit far above the things of earth, even to the divine presence—these and these alone shall make the altar sacred. Mrs. Dyer declared that her place was but to introduce a bright intelligence, a spirit occupying its own proper form, from whom the audience was waiting to hear, and that she would close with a few remarks in regard to the future. She believed that, by those known as Spiritualists, the beautiful temple was, in reality less needed than by the thousands upon thousands whose minds and hearts had not yet been opened to the truth, and that its doors should be thrown wide open. But for Spiritualists the temple would prove an unmixed blessing. She said that materializing mediums must be placed in such conditions that spirits be completely independent in act and speech of the media, the power which is being rapidly developed, and which the new temple would give even greater facilities for strengthening. She spoke at length upon the difficulties attending the materializing of spirits in such a manner that the

faces and expressions should answer to their friends' recollections of them in life, or their conceptions of them as they at present appear in spirit land. She promised more convincing manifestations in the time to come, and hinted at the necessity of the visible existence of the Master in order to carry conviction to the minds of unbelievers.

A solo was very acceptably rendered by Miss Sarah Fisher, and then Prof. Henry Kiddle of New York was introduced and gave a lengthy and very interesting address. He fully believed that wherever a manifestation occurs, wherever the voice is heard, that the place has all the sanctity of a temple and shrine. The question may be asked: "What can be the object of a Spiritual temple?" When the old Roman augur first worked with his staff the space in the heaven in which the flight of birds showed the will of the gods, that space became a temple; and hence, in later times, the building containing the idols, the symbols of worship and the shrine have become known as temples. Upon such edifices the ancient and the modern nations of the world have lavished wealth and adorned them with the highest achievements of artistic skill. But the worship of finite spirits is altogether inconsistent with this enlightened view. The churches and temples of to-day are devoted to the worship of a Trinity, or a universal God, but the religion professed by the people who attend them deals in sacred mysteries into which mankind is forbidden to pry. But a Spiritual temple stands for the grandest of all truths. It stands for progress. While the whole truth can never be grasped, much less be formulated by finite minds, yet God is infinite, new facts are constantly being revealed, knowledge is being gathered from new fields, and the ideas of men, even respecting the Deity himself, must be subject to revision. A spiritual temple must be devoted to investigation as well as to instruction. This principle must be kept steadily in view to repress dogmatism and to encourage progress. Day by day, in this city of wealth and art and general culture, which has not inappropriately been called the Athens of America, thousands of wandering eyes have watched the beautiful temple rise higher and higher, and each individual, according to his religious training or personal prejudice, when he learned that it meant the loathed thing called Spiritualism, has given vent to expressions of surprise or disgust. To the Spiritualist it has told the story of progress—and rare promise, for a movement which has had but 38 years of existence.

While evidences of the reality of spiritual phenomena are old, even back to the twilight of history, the movement called modern Spiritualism began with the rappings of forty years ago. The only work which mortals have been called upon to perform has been to disseminate the gospel of the spirit. The spread of modern Spiritualism is perhaps the greatest work of the century. Theology, science, literature, society, all have dashed themselves against its current and showed their impotence in arresting the coming stream. Men of eminence in all departments of learning have been drawn into its waters, and have become leading exponents of its truth. That the human mind is too prone to substitute its speculations for the truths of inspiration and developed fact, said the speaker, declaring that much of the irrationality of the world is due to credulity, but quite as much to blind, dogmatic disbelief, and that it would require a mind superior indeed, to determine which had done the greater harm. In its initiatory stages, Spiritualism had necessarily been iconoclastic, but the time had come for it to show to the world its constructive power, and to establish that its mission was to vitalize and purify both the religion and morality of mankind, and to make the individual life nobler and purer. Enough has been told by hosts of spirits to clearly set forth the conditions necessary to happiness in the future state, and to afford the highest incentives to right living. To teach and to disseminate this truth is the duty of those who have reared this temple. Spiritualism in its essence is not a religion, but the religion, embracing the essential truth of all religions, past and present, and, like the words of Jesus, forming a universal religion for men. It says, God's word

is truth and all truth is God's words, and that to approach God is to grow in his image.

It is by spirituality, purity and simplicity that the new religion will ultimately bring all men under its sway. There are those who regard Spiritualism merely as a science, to be enlarged by mental processes. While it is a science, the science of nature is incomplete without spiritual as well as physical departments. But it is as a recognition that Spiritualism is a religion that this temple will bring its chief blessings. Progress and perseverance is the law of the hour. In this work the edifice is a most important instrument, and here the highest spiritual science and the purest spirituality should make their home.

The speaker dwelt at length upon the subject of mediumship, condemning in the strongest terms those who debase their extraordinary endowments for mercenary ends. He maintained, that there could be no progress for Spiritualism without mediumship, believed that a brighter day was coming for those who by their vicarious sufferings have done so much to increase the knowledge of the world, although he regretted to say that spiritual endowments had often been misused than used wisely. In conclusion, Prof. Kiddle enjoined great wisdom and steadiness of purpose in the management of the new task, invoked the blessing of God upon the temple and those who conduct it.

An alleged spirit, acting through the media of Mrs. Dyer, introduced herself as "Crystal," declared that the complete furnishing of all the rooms in the building would be done under her direction, announced that on Monday the edifice would be open for inspection, and invited her hearers to partake of crackers and lemonade on that occasion. The doxology closed the exercises.

## ONLY A RIBBON.

In one of the London hospitals, about a year ago, an assistant surgeon became interested in one of the patients, a poor child of ten, suffering from hip disease. She lay day after day in her little white cot, with nothing to occupy her thoughts but her pain. The young surgeon saw her one day trying to make a doll of her finger, playing with it, and at last giving it up with a weary sigh, turning to watch the sunlight creeping over her bed, as she had done for months. That afternoon, the doctor, passing a shop, bought a long, soft ribbon of an exquisite rose color, and gave it to little Katy. She was breathless with pleasure, smoothed it out, held it up, soft and shining, in the sun, and looked at her friend, speechless with tears of ecstasy. From that time she was rich. The nurse told the doctor, a week later, that the child played with the ribbon all day, twisted it about her head, playing that she was a bride, a princess, a fairy; held it in her hand while she slept, and laid it, folded in paper, under her pillow at night. It was found necessary, after two months, to perform a capital operation on the child, one which, if unsuccessful, is fatal. It was done by two of the foremost surgeons in London. When the poor little sufferer was laid upon the table, she cried for Dr. S. "He is all the friend I have," she sobbed. "Send for him," said the surgeon; and the young assistant, blushing furiously, was brought in.

He held one of Katy's hands, the other was clenched tightly over a pink roll, which dropped from her grasp during the operation. When the effect of the ether passed she opened her eyes and looked at Dr. S. "My ribbon," she whispered. He gave it to her, while the surgeons and nurses stood gravely silent. The operation had been unsuccessful. But little Katy smiled happily into the face of her friend, and hugging the faded bit of silk, fell asleep forever. It was but a trifling gift, yet it had brightened the child's last days with thoughts of beauty and pleasure and loving kindness.—*Youth's Companion*.

PROSPECTIVE BRIDE (to prospective bride): "Would it be possible, do you think, dear, to postpone our wedding until Monday? I am in receipt of a dispatch calling me to Buffalo on important business." *Prospective Bride*: "I'm afraid not, George, dear. The wedding presents, you know, are only rented until Saturday."

## "I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH."

[R. S. Woodford in the Harmonia.]

Yes, he liveth, but not afar off in some shadowy realm, whence the cries of want and the haughty strut of vanity are unknown, unheard of and unsung; but here to-night that redeemer sits and drives my pencil over this spotless paper which before me lies. That redeemer came when I came; has been with me all along the past struggles of life. When I was young, fiery and careless, his task to guard and direct was hard; but now, as the autumn of life draweth nigh, and all the movements of the body, of more than forty years friction, begin to assume the regularity in its goings and comings that is seen in the majestic and stately roll of Saturn around its great attractive luminary, my redeemer abideth more and more in the dome of his earthly temple. This temple he reared not with earthly hands, but by impulsions; and through the same avenue he often speaks to me now more distinctly than when I was a reckless youth; then into the dungeon cells of my lower self he had to remain and forge circumspection to hold and anchor fast his temple on earth. This redeemer will not go down into the grave when my body is lowered therein, for he is a skilled workman, and long before the bugle "taps" call reverberates through the innermost heaven and echos far and long over the spirit spheres, he will have another body built up inside of the old physical for future use, and in that body he will walk away from earth, taking with him all that is of use or value in the new and better world, which has in the same way been peopled with those who have gone that way before. My redeemer has learned some things while here this time, and may learn more yet before he leaves; he will strive to learn something in the spirit spheres, and as there is much to learn there, his sojourn may be many long centuries, instead of years, as here. He will, as he did here, build—yea, is even now doing so, over there, for he does not believe in the doctrine of letting every day take care of itself, and he will labor to improve and render attractive his mansion and grounds over the river of light which ripples along the boundaries of death and time. But he will not, he cannot, take into that still greater beyond even his spiritual body, his spiritual house or anything which belongs to his part of forms, but he will take with him all that which can never be moulded into form—those attributes which all possess in more or less degree of refinement, hope, love, charity and experience outwrought; and when these are encompassed by the greater, when all in all they emerge from the spiritual and pass into the soul realm, another jewel will shine forth among the redeemed soul constellations of heaven, and as it shines, lives and loves, it will know by what process its brightness and wisdom were evolved. It can then look back over the long road of time, into the graves of its old bodies and comprehend all the grand old past.

The individual soul, the "I am," is each one's redeemer, and the sooner we heed its voice, which we all call conscience, and help it by endeavors with our hands to do the work it urges, the sooner will its light shine out from every portion of its encasement. To-day we only see this light in the average mortal's eyes; but presto, the change, when the spirit body is born of the physical—if we but live according to our grandest conceptions of right—all will then see the beauties of the old life, for outward from every part thereof will the light of a rightly lived earth life shine. No outside redeemer is necessary, as the soul is capable and will, ultimately save itself. Time—centuries of time—are as but a stroke of the pendulum when compared to the countless undulations of soul life. All around us are helpers—mortals, spirits and soul angels; and in turn we help each other along the road of experience toward the attainment of knowledge; but not one out of this vast army can lift up and place in that grand soul realm one single soul who has not qualified itself by labor to enter therein. Shine and live an eternity of universal love and supreme knowledge.

A young man was enraged on receiving an invitation from his sweetheart to "come and play you cur this evening."



## MRS. FAIRCHILD'S MATERIALIZATIONS.

[John Wetherbee in Banner of Light.]

I was present lately at a materialization seance at No. 314 Shawmut Avenue. Mrs. Fairchild was the medium. The occasion was a very interesting one, and a brief report of it will interest the reader. I think I am considered, at least by some, as one not apt to lose his head when witnessing materializations, and thus overstate them; at any rate, I am not considered a very strong defender of this phase of the manifestations. I have, however, never been backward in defending the fact, or principle, not merely as a possibility, but as an actuality, for of that I have proof beyond all question. I am as sure of it as a fact as I am of the fact of the raps, and on that point I am solid.

There are, however, so many suspicious conditions connected with the materialization of forms, that I am quite charitable to the skeptical mind that does not see it as I do. I do not wonder there are so many doubters of the phase, even among Spiritualists. The spirits themselves must see the disabilities, probably they do the best they can as yet, and on our part we are thankful for even such as we get; a half a loaf is better than no bread when one is hungry, and I think the world is very hungry for proofs palpable of a future life; the pulpit has supplied it with very poor nutriment on that point. The cabinet condition itself, which seems to be a necessity, is a suspicious one; the location of them also, in many cases, is suggestive of surmises; grabbing the form has proved it sometimes to have been a deception, or a transfiguration instead of a materialization. The skeptical mind is slow to admit of a spiritual explanation for such an occurrence, when fraud, collusion or confederacy is a more reasonable conclusion. Can I blame one for that? If I had not had irrefragable proof of a spirit-world surrounding this, and permeating it, I should come to the same conclusion. The recognitions in the dim light, and unusual surroundings, seems to me to be strained, and are oftener due to an announced name, or a nod from the spirit, than from any true inwardness of feeling.

I am not interested in these recognitions under the circumstances, and they are no evidence to me. I want to be sure the apparition is a spirit manifestation. I do not care whether it claims to be my brother or my aunt; whether it is St. Paul, the Queen of Sheba, or Capt. Kidd, the pirate; I want to be sure it is a spirit; if so, that settles the principle; I can wait for recognitions, there is ample time. I am so sure of the fact of materialization, as I have already said, that a human taint is not an essential drawback; a flavor of whiskey, or a fetid breath, or even a cuticle aroma (as my friend Eben Cobb once complained of), does not dispiritualize the apparition, for we know the spirits use the materials at hand, the medium and the elements of the circle. These materialized forms, even if they are spirits, are not made out of nothing, any more than this world was.

I trust I will be excused for these "shadowy" remarks. I make them to show that I am thoughtful, and to show also to Brother Cobb and others that scents are not always pointers. But this introduction will, in a measure, show my reasons for being charitable to the outsider, and will also accent a little my statement when an occasion of the kind interests me—and the seance of which I am now speaking certainly did.

If Mrs. Fairchild's seances are as good generally as this one was, they are worth patronizing. I was told by friends I met there, whom I consider reliable, that this seance was not extraordinary, but was as usual, and had been surpassed. I will not attempt to write out in detail what appeared; it seems to me such occasions have so often been described as to have become monotonous, and so merely saying that I was favorably impressed, will be as well as if I wrote a column of details. I will, however, mention a feature or two in this seance that were different from those of other mediums. I do not, by this remark, propose to draw any comparisons, for the others in this city have also interesting features; and all that I have attended have their good circles and their poor ones, and the quality depends upon conditions, and those as much upon the constituents of the circle as upon anything else, and it will not surprise me if Mrs. Fairchild should have her "off" manifestations as well as her "superb" ones, and I am writing now under the influence of one of the latter; when I have seen more of them I can strike an average. Finding, as I have said, some well-known people who have had more experience than I have had with her, and who seem to be satisfied, I do not expect any drop-down into the commonplace in my future visits.

I will not speak of examinations of cabinet, surroundings, etc., for if I was not reasonably satisfied as to honesty, I would not trouble myself to write upon the subject. I always take it for granted that the reader of my pen-work does not consider me a fool, and if he does, a volume would not make me wise in his estimation. The medium remained out in the room all the session, did not go into the cabinet except once near the close of the seance. As soon as I had come out of the cabinet, leaving it empty and taken my seat, which was very near one side of the cabinet, the medium, who is quite a large woman, stood

close by my side facing those present, without a word being said, when to my surprise, a spirit-form, clothed in white, came out of that empty cabinet into the center of the room. I said to Mrs. Whitlock, who was sitting next to me, "Why, there is the medium, who has not entered the cabinet." "Oh, yes," she replied, "she often stays outside." While saying this the first spirit had gone back into the cabinet, and in a second or two out came another form, and then another and so on, until there were five adult forms out in the room, moving about like things of life—the medium had not moved. I do not think more than one minute, or certainly not two had elapsed since I had had ocular proof that the cabinet was empty. The medium, who had not moved, was now entranced and remained so during the seance, and in that condition acted as the manager of the seance, or the apparitions. Thirty or forty forms appeared during the session, most of them were for persons in the room, and who were more or less affectionately recognized. As I have said, recognitions are a secondary matter with me, and if the parties are satisfied, I suppose I ought to be.

A circumstance interested me very much; so did many—in fact, all; but one in particular which I will mention at length. It was a de-materialization; one that was unmistakably what it claimed to be, and was an ocular demonstration. An elderly female spirit came out into the room, passing by me, and fully three or four feet from the cabinet; the room was tolerably light; I could see distinctly the figures on the carpet, and recognized some of the faces on the other side of the room. This spirit was for Mr. Bailey; he will be remembered as once having been the publisher of the *Herald*. The spirit was his mother. He embraced her. I watched them very closely, not so much interested in their relationship as in the materialized fact before me. There had been some dematerializations during the session, both downward and upward, generally pretty close to the curtain. While looking at this spirit in the center of the room and in the close embrace of Mr. Bailey, it vanished instantly, as quick as a flash, or the dissolution of a soap bubble. The disappearance was downward, I should say, but it was so instantaneous that I would not be sure; a movement, any way, does not express it; it was instantly invisible, and the son of the mother was standing alone, the spirit had vanished into the circumambient air.

I have long wanted to see one good, square, unmistakable vanishing of one of these forms in the centre of the room, with light enough for me to be positive, and I have now had that privilege. It is to me a satisfaction that quite eclipses all the recognitions I have ever had or that others have testified to. I want to be understood in all honesty that I saw what looked and I think was a solid form, human in figure and appearance, vanish into invisible air, in a sufficiently lighted room for my testimony to be depended upon. The form did not retreat toward the cabinet or mix with the friends in the room.

I have rather lengthened out this article, but I think some of the unusual features in this seance, particularly this visible dissolution of a palpable materialized form, will be a sufficient excuse for it.

## DECAY OF MARRIAGE.

[Oakland Evening Express.]

The Philadelphia *Times* of recent date has a suggestive editorial on "The Decline of Marriage." The emigration of young men to the west was allowed to pass as a good reason for the decline of this good old institution in New England, but one would suppose that "in the state of Ohio, which is neither so far east as to lose its marrying blood by emigration, nor so far west as to swarm with the surplus bachelors of the east, that the fashion of getting married still flourished. The cold figures show that even in Ohio marriage is on the decline in proportion to population. During the year preceding the war there were upwards of 23,000 marriages in the state out of a population of 2,340,000. The war ran the number down to an average of 19,500. When the boys came marching home the faithful girls found husbands at a rapid rate, the number of marriages running up to 30,479 the first year. From that time up to 1873 the average was about 26,000 yearly. The panic of the latter year caused a drop to 23,000. The revival of business in 1882 brought the number again to 30,500, but it has since dropped back to 28,700."

The peculiar significance of these figures show that they indicate a decline of marriage through the United States. The *Times* puts it: "Ohio occupies a peculiarly fortunate geographical position, is one of the most prosperous states in the Union, and it cannot be said that there is any local or special cause for the falling off shown by these figures. If marriage is decreasing in Ohio it may be taken for granted that it is decreasing in a much greater ratio in some other states."

Among the many causes that may explain this state of things, the most prominent is the extravagant notions that prevail as to a respectable household. The average young man cannot earn enough to keep such an establishment as his social circles demand.

## MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. H. E. ROBINSON.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Among the mediumistic instruments of good to the world, of whom but little is known outside of their immediate surroundings, the lady whose name heads this article merits honorable mention. At the age of twelve, I am informed, she was developed as a medium in Syracuse, N. Y., her native city; and from that day to this, has exercised her remarkable powers in that direction.

From personal knowledge and experience, I can testify to the truth and power of a number of her mediumistic and psychical revelations.

One of the most remarkable features of this lady's mediumship is her gift of precision or clairvoyant intimations of coming events. The faculty of accurate circumstantial prophecy seems largely developed in her. I have been told of many marked predictions which have been literally fulfilled. Some of them I will narrate: One day, to test her, her sister gave her a lock of her own hair to read, giving her to understand that it was some other person's hair. Mrs. Robinson then described her impressions as follows: "This lady is going on a long journey; she will have a great deal of trouble; a death will ensue which will be a severe loss; in her great distress she will meet a friend, an elderly man, who will prove indeed to be a true friend; she will marry this gentleman and enjoy unalloyed happiness with him, not a shadow ever passing between them." After this her impressions led her to discover that it was her own hair. She then said: "Lizzie, you came to me with a falsehood, and you get deceived. All that I have said is untrue. I have no idea of going on a long journey. I could not have all that trouble; the death of no one would affect me so sorely; and I would not marry the best man living."

In after years, however, the prediction was verified. She came to California in 1873; buried her father; was in desperate trouble; made the acquaintance of Mr. R. A. Robinson, an elderly man, who proved a true friend; married him, and has been very happy ever since, not a shadow ever having marred their domestic happiness. She predicted the successive stages of her father's illness, and announced the day and hour of his death ten days before its occurrence.

She told Mr. Charles Roundy, in Syracuse, that he would be obliged, through public opinion, to resign his position as Principal of the High School, and that at his resignation he would receive valuable presents. This, though unanticipated, was fulfilled in less than two years. Some years since, in San Francisco, a stranger called on her, and during the sitting she said to him, "You are married and you are not; you are about to be married. Your marriage will be an unhappy one; you will move from San Francisco and will be divorced. You will marry again more happily (describing the second wife), and you will be connected with railroad business." Five years after he came again to see Mrs. R., and recalled his identity to her remembrance by repeating what she had told him at his former visit. Said he, "When I visited you before, I was then secretly married to a lady, and my business prospects having changed, I was about to have our union solemnized publicly. I did so; I moved to San Jose; my marriage was unhappy, and myself and wife were the principals in the celebrated divorce case in San Jose (mentioning his name), of which you may have read. I am now married to the lady you described, and I am connected with the Central Pacific Railroad."

Mark Hopkins, the well-known railroad magnate, had a number of sittings with her previous to his death. On one occasion, his mother gave him so many proofs of her identity, referred to so many incidents in her life, that he could not question the fact of her presence, and at his departure his face evidenced traces of his deep emotion.

Judge Crane brought her some ore from the ophi mine. She psychometrized it, described the mine, and told him to hold on to his shares in it, for it would be valuable. He sent his brother to Mrs. R., and she described the same mine, and told him the same concerning its value. A second brother came, and he received the same. Despite her protests, the Judge sold a portion of his shares. "Hold on to them," said she, "and buy all you can get." However, he finally sold all his shares, and in ten days after the sale, their price was much advanced in value.

Some years ago Mrs. Robinson told Mr. L. M. Manzer, in a sitting, that he would be elected Superintendent of Streets in San Francisco. At that time he had no idea of ever being a candidate for such a position, or that he would ever be chosen therefor; so he scouted the idea. She several times repeated this to him, telling him she saw him occupying that position. His wife came to sit with Mrs. R., and again she saw Mr. Manzer in the same position; and by this she felt that her visitant was his wife. Two years afterward Mr. Manzer was nominated for this office. On election day it was thought that he was defeated, and Mr. Robinson came home and told his wife that her prophecy was not verified, as Mr. M. was defeated. "He is elected," said she, "and by one of the largest majorities on the

ticket." The papers the following morning announced his election by a large majority, only one other candidate having a larger one.

I am enabled to personally give evidence in the following instance of this lady's clairvoyant prevision, some two or three years since. During a visit of Mr. John W. Cherry to Mrs. R., she informed him that she saw him nominated and elected to the position of Recorder in this city. Mr. Cherry then had no hopes either of a nomination or election, and deemed the prediction an error. He so informed her, but she insisted upon its truth. This was some time before the nominations were made. To test the matter further, Mr. Cherry requested his daughter, a stranger to Mrs. R., to go and have a sitting with her, telling his daughter nothing of what the medium had told him, and to inform him what Mrs. R. told her. The young lady called on Mrs. R., and, after giving her many tests from her spirit friends, Mrs. R. again saw a vision of Mr. Cherry in the same official position. This she told the young lady who returned and told her father, who, however, still continued quite dubious about the nomination, etc. As the political cauldron began to boil, his name was, however, broached for the Recordership, and the Republican convention, at length, nominated him therefor. Mrs. R. also told Mr. Cherry some time previously that Mr. Robert J. Graham would be nominated and elected Superintendent of Streets, which was also not anticipated. Mr. G. was nominated by the Republicans. After the nominations were made, Mrs. R. predicted that Judge Blake, the Republican nominee for Mayor, would be elected, as well as nearly all the Republican ticket. Previous to the election, a decided opposition was manifested to Mr. Graham by a certain clique in his party—on personal grounds. This, his friends thought, might lose him a thousand votes. In addition, the Democratic majority at the last preceding election was over 2,000. Consequently Mr. Graham's friends had little hope of success. Mr. Cherry, also, had opposition in his party, and his defeat was considered almost certain.

Being fully informed of all these prophecies sometime before the election came off, I watched the contest closely to see what the result would be. Despite the unfavorable indications, Mrs. R. insisted on the truth of her predictions, and to every body's surprise the election proved a Waterloo to the Democracy. Out of thirty odd candidates the Republicans elected all but four, unpopular men. Judge Blake received over 3,000 majority, and Messrs. Cherry and Graham nearly 2,000. That the predictions were made sometime before their fulfillment, I can positively vouch for, of my own knowledge.

I have several times tested Mrs. R. in psychometrical delineations of character from locks of hair, etc., and ever found her correct in her descriptions, mental and physical. An extended personal acquaintance justifies me in saying, that I have always found her an honest, conscientious medium, free from deception or trickery, and so far as I know, no taint of fraud has ever rested upon her mediumship. She and her husband are both plain and unpretending, frank and candid; and each is blessed with a goodly stock of common sense in matters spiritual.

Her address is 308 17th street, between Valencia and Mission streets.

There are other good and reliable mediums in San Francisco, meriting cordial recognition and appreciation from lovers of rational, honest Spiritualism; and concerning one or two of these I may have a word or two to say ere long.

WM. ENNETTE COLEMAN.  
Presidio of San Francisco, Cal.

## A Very Wonderful Fish.

[Correspondence of S. F. Examiner.]

A wonderful fish is becoming numerous in Goose Lake. It has the power to fill itself with air until it becomes very much like a ball. Of evenings about sundown they may be seen playing on the surface of the water. They will swell up by taking in the air, and the wind will blow them over the lake. They reflect all the colors of the rainbow, and when sporting over the lake are a grand sight.

A hunter, several weeks ago, saw a crane swallow one of these fish when in its normal condition, but before the crane had got more than fifty feet up above the lake the fish had taken in enough air to explode the crane, which, at the sound of a report like that of a gun, flew all to atoms, and the fish came lightly down on the water, no worse off for the short ride in the air. The fish is a great curiosity, never having been found, I believe, in other waters.

"Mr. Dusenberry, I don't see how you as a Christian man, can go to these baseball matches."

"Why, my dear?"

"O, there's such outrageous goings on! It's a wonder the police allow it!"

"To what do you refer, my love?"

"To yesterday's game, which, no doubt, didn't differ from any of the others. The paper here says that they knocked the pitcher all over the field. It's absolutely brutal."—*Philadelphia Call*.

There are twenty-two causes for headache. This must be a very great consolation.

## SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

[A Portland (Oregon) correspondent of the GOLDEN GATE endorses the following, written by a San Francisco correspondent of the Portland Daily News:]

There's a man down here who tells me that East Portland is afflicted with ghosts, and as such things sometimes sound differently from a distance, I have concluded to let him talk about them. Nevertheless, he assures me that everything he says is literally true. It will be observed that he gives names and dates, combined with an array of facts that appear on their face convincing.

"Ghosts," said the gentleman, "have been bothering East Portland people all summer long. Many who have hitherto took no stock in ghosts are now dazed by their mysterious manifestations. Severance & Yocum are photographers up there. Some weeks since, Mr. Yocum shut himself in his dark room to pour the usual acids on a negative. When he emerged with the photo for the lady to whom it belonged, he was surprised to find a hazy form peering from over the shoulder of the lady in the picture. When he showed it to the lady herself, the good dame was almost convulsed with fright, and straightway betook herself home, declaring that the photographer or his apparatus was bewitched. Others who had pictures taken found on investigation the well defined outlines of departed friends standing in ghostly apparel by their chair. Seth Lewelling recognized one of the apparitions as a son who died a couple of years since. Mrs. Cummins, an aged lady, who had her picture taken, recognized the figure of a young man standing by her side as that of her former lover, a Lieutenant in the army, killed many years ago in Arizona. City Marshal Linville had his photograph taken. In the background was the dimmer picture of a child, which he recognized as his own, died a year since. E. H. Mozart, the Portland merchant, was photographed, the picture of a beautiful woman appearing just behind him, which he recognized as his sister. A. W. Lewelling, who had been reading the works of Confucius, saw in his photograph the clear outlines of a Mongolian, which he thought was that worthy. One lady, hearing of these startling experiences, applied for a photograph, and saw standing beside her in the picture the ghostly form of her husband, from whom she was divorced a year since, and who she now learns suicided a short time since in Michigan. These ghostly pictures, it should be stated, are in most instances perfectly clear in outline, and can be recognized by anybody as the representations of human beings. In several instances the supernatural representations have been recognized by two or more persons, all being of good repute, whose word is not questioned anywhere.

"Some days ago I, myself visited, the gallery aforesaid, and was shown four photographs, in each of which a second, or supernatural picture was clearly visible. Mr. Chance, the postmaster at Astoria, was photographed perfectly so as to be recognized anywhere. There towered, just back of his chair, a long, gaunt form of a stalwart Indian, in whose crest appeared some feathers, while in his left ear was a huge pendant. Postmaster Chance recognized the Indian as Chief Ochochochow, of whose tribe the former had charge many years ago, prior to the Chief's death in 1872. Another double picture in the gallery was that taken originally for C. M. Peters, father-in-law of Sylvester Pennoyer, of one of the Portland banks, and late Democratic nominee for Mayor of Portland. Mr. Peters' picture was well taken. Just over his right shoulder was the head and breast of an aged gentleman, which he vows to be his father, who died twenty years since.

"A Mr. Jolly was clearly photographed, a shadowy form appearing also which could not be identified. R. L. Gillespie is a prominent physician of East Portland. He is also City Recorder. He went over to Mr. Yokum and had his photograph taken, a rather handsome young woman being also shown which he recognizes as a deceased relative."

## Sleep The Best Brain Stimulant.

[Herald of Health.]

The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to carry anything through, is to go to bed and sleep as long as he can. This is the only recuperation of brain power, the only recuperation of brain force; because during sleep the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which, take the place of those which have been consumed by previous labor, since the very act of thinking burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from the nutritive particles in the blood, which were obtained from the food eaten previously; and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during a state of rest, of quiet and stillness of sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves; they goad the brain, and force it to greater consumption of its substance until it is so exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply.



## WHAT IS MIND CURE?

[Ella Sterling Cummins in San Francisco.]

The onward movement of this mysterious science has at last reached San Francisco. For the past few years we have seen references made through the press in regard to its peculiar workings and singular influences in Boston—that home of erratic schools of philosophy; but they have always been of the vaguest description. What is Mind Cure? how did it originate? is it beyond the realms of common sense?—are pertinent questions. As near as can be ascertained, it is a modernization of the Pythagorean system of philosophy, adapted and applied to the teachings of the Bible.

About twenty-five years ago a remarkable man named Quimby, living in one of the New England states, performed some marvelous so-called faith-cures, which led to a close investigation of the subject. This resulted in the present system of Mind-Cure, and has already branched out into two pronounced and rival schools.

Dr. Evans, of Boston, was among the first to teach the new science, under the name of "The Divine Law of Cure"—living himself a pure and simple life, benefiting hundreds of ailing humanity, but receiving in return small compensation for his life-work, until he commenced publishing the books containing his philosophy, which have enriched his later days and lifted him into prosperity.

Mrs. Eddy, the leader of the other school, designates it "The Christian Science," and has also published her views and analysis of the new reading of the old philosophy.

The chief difference between the two, as apparent from a mere surface investigation, is that Mrs. Eddy utterly repudiates the idea of spiritual communication and influence in connection with mind cure, inasmuch as she and her school claim that all of these strange new powers—but faintly understood as yet—belong to our own individual natures. But the fact that Dr. Evans is a singularly generous man, and exceedingly moderate in his charges, even giving his services for nothing, as against Mrs. Eddy's high and extravagant demand for imparting "the truth," has created a decided influence in his favor.

Whatever may be the difference between the two schools in Boston, we have here in San Francisco a new school of our own, founded upon Mrs. Eddy's form of belief, repudiating any thing savoring of Spiritualism, and characterized by the moderation of Dr. Evans's charges. One of the teachers in this city says to her class: "If there are any present who wish to learn the science, but who find that the fee stands in the way, I will take them free of charge, for I find I have much better success with those who have no money." A kindly spirit of this description, in the money-getting age of ours disarms criticism.

Many persons consider faith and mind cure to be identical; but it appears that faith-cure is merely a sporadic outburst, while in mind-cure it is the working of this same unknown power reduced to a science and acting intelligently. Faith-cure is similar to the case of the paralytic lying in a burning house, who has not moved for years, but who, realizing his danger, and nerved up by excitement, flees before he knows what he is doing. But it would not be safe, therefore, to set all the houses on fire in order to restore the paralytic within. Faith-cure requires a great amount of exaltation, often attended with serious results, while mind-cure is mild and acts according to law. It is claimed that mesmerism is a blind operation of this same unknown power, and that the occultism of India partakes of the same nature, but is applied only to the arts of the magician; while mind-cure is the use of this power applied to the healing of man, both in body and soul, which is the highest application to which the force can be applied.

As in all peculiar philosophies, there are in the faith-cure doctrines many curious ideas at its foundation. Some are rational and others are beyond belief. In fact, some of them utterly reverse the usual order of reasoning. In the first place, to learn the mind-cure, one must believe that mind is the only thing that exists—is the only real and permanent thing in the universe; that it is an emanation from God. Matter is claimed to possess neither intelligence, force, nor power of motion; and, when mind is withdrawn, is subject to decay. The ganglia of the brain are not the source of thought, but merely the key-board upon which the mind plays. There must be a decided belief in immortality of the soul, in the one God, and in the inspiration of the Scriptures. The doubtful attitude of the sinner who prays, "O, God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul," will not do for those who would embrace the mind-cure philosophy.

The next premise is, that disease is mental, not physical. Disease of the body is merely the result of disease, or rather an impression or photograph of disease, in the mind. Remove this impression from the mind and you remove the disease from the body. The giving of various names to diseases, printing and scattering them broadcast, increase sickness by making impression upon minds, and thus causing their reproduction.

Now we come to a fantastic theory for the origin of disease, by a train of reasoning for which this science is noted. Ac-

cording to its tenets, "every man is mysteriously connected with his fellows." This is founded upon Pythagoras' saying: "If there is one poor suffering soul in this universe, all other souls will be affected till that suffering soul is restored to health." And by this oneness of mind it is claimed that the persistent belief of mankind, in thinking that any one thing is evil, a certain food poisonous, certain diseases incurable, makes such the fact. For instance, the dyspeptic, holding that a certain food is indigestible, makes it so by this thought; all men believing strychnine poisonous, by that very act causes it to be so; therefore, it is man that has given it its injurious properties. Until all mankind can be induced to change its belief it will remain so. But smaller and individual cases of disease may be corrected by working upon the mind of the individual. If a woman is a hopeless invalid, it is because she believes herself hopeless. By removing this picture from her mind, she will recover.

According to the rules laid down by this science, no one should ever be encouraged to believe that he or she is ill. This belief should, in fact, be discouraged; meanwhile the process of mind-healing, exerted by an efficient teacher, will cause restoration without the aid of medicine or skill. The patient may be passive utterly, and yet the process be beneficial, depending on the removal of this disease picture from the brain. Many of those who first come in contact with mind-cure as patients, afterwards becoming interested, devote themselves to the study of philosophy as a means of healing, not only themselves but their friends. It has been claimed, indeed, that wives may cure their husbands of habits and vices of any description, while they are asleep, by the use of this wonderful power. It is no wonder, therefore, that the adherents are increasing in a remarkable ratio. It is claimed that within each human being are certain dormant, unused, spiritual energies, which, when properly exerted, can heal the body and purify the soul—latent forces which are only now being discovered and utilized. It is held that these are the powers which Christ used in healing the sick and raising the dead, which he revealed to his disciples, and to which he made constant reference in all his teaching. To become a healer, it is necessary to reach a higher and purer plane of thought than that occupied by the ordinary individual. As thoughts are the only things that exist, it makes a vast difference what kind of thoughts one has if he wishes to obtain possession of these wonderful powers. The evil, the selfish, the concealed images, must be exorcised. Even anger and hatred toward another is a sort of moral poison, and must be eliminated. The first process, then, in taking a pupil, is to seek to remove their lower-plane thoughts; in curing a patient, to make the main point of attack upon the morbid idea of disease. Both of these are accomplished by a peculiar effort of the will-power concentrated upon the object desired.

The process required to convert a patient into a healer is a remarkable one, but cannot be explained in this article. It is a process in which the cardinal virtue is "not to reason but to believe," and is based on the Scriptures at every point. The process of healing a patient is very simple. She or he sits quietly by the side of the teacher, who merely exercises the will-power, desiring the removal of the disease-impression from the mind of the silent sufferer; and a strong effort is made to convince the patient that he or she is well. In some cases the patient is required to direct his will to the purpose of cure, making some of these experiences very comical.

An over-fleshy young man in this city is trying the mind cure in order to reduce himself. He placed himself under treatment, and was told to keep saying to himself: "I don't want to be so fat." And whenever he wanders through the streets, crossing on the Oakland boat, or meeting friends, he may be heard repeating in aimless repetition, "I don't want to be so fat! I don't want to be so fat."

An enthusiastic German woman gives a thrilling account of her marvelous cure of rheumatism: "At the third treatment I was so terrible; I feel like a thousand corkscrews was in my back; I think I would die! But it was all right! It was only the disease breaking up and the thoughts being taken from my mind."

"I was an invalid for fifteen years," said a frail-looking lady. "I could not go to church nor anywhere without fainting away. Last week a friend came and told me of mind-cure. I have always been a church member, and have believed myself a Christian, but I can see now that I never knew what the truth was. To-day is the first time I have been out of the house for years."

Her waxen complexion and sunken eyes verify the story. Dozens arise in answer to the teacher's request for testimony in regard to the efficacy of mind-cure, and they all speak in a simple, earnest way that is impressive.

The question which arises is, "Does mind-cure really cure, or is it merely an imaginative self-deception?" Not having the opportunity of discovering how many fail to be benefited by its means, I can only say that it appears to have a curative effect in a great many cases. A number of people with serious and chronic ailments

claim to have been restored to health by its means. There is no doubt that its tendency to brace up sick people and encourage the growth of their self-control is admirable. Hypochondriacs, dyspeptics, nervous people, grumblers, and even those inclined to insanity from an intense morbidness, cannot fail to be benefited by such a system. At the same time, the mind of the ordinary mortal receives a shock when it is claimed that consumption, cancer and critical conditions of life may be made to yield to this method of treatment. And when an enthusiastic member insists that poisoning by strychnine, arsenic and other deadly poisons, may be averted when the science is more thoroughly understood, and that there will be no limitation to its power, we feel that the new science claims too much.

As nearly all our knowledge of diseases is founded upon experience, it requires a peculiar twist of faith to believe that it is our discovery or knowledge of disease which produced it originally. In the case of children, who certainly are ignorant of the reason why so many ills befall them, we are told to lay the blame upon the universal mind from which they have inherited it.

It happened that a physician recently came into the free lecture of the mind-cure people, at No. 20 Eddy street. He made the assembled ladies a neat little speech, praising their system of philosophy; which was certainly generous on his part, for they prophesied that in time there will be no doctors, and inveigh against drugs of every description. After the lecture one of them asked him:

"Why, Doctor M—, are you a mind-cure physician now?"

"Oh, no," said he gaily, "I still use the old blue-pill."

"But why not change, if you think so highly of our system?"

"Because it takes such an awfully good person to practice mind-cure; don't you see?"

Thus far, like every other philosophy in its beginning, the pervading spirit of mind-cure is simple and earnest. Its adherents seem to be possessed of the kindest emotions, the greatest enthusiasm, and are filled with an intense desire to benefit all who are suffering; while some of the tales told by those who have recovered by its means are nothing less than marvelous. But it is impossible, as yet, to decide upon it as a philosophy, or to trace its ultimate effects. Nothing but years will prove whether its results are lasting, whether these invalids will remain cured, or whether it contains the elements of durability.

Man must ever evolve new theories, and the latest and most mysterious at the present time is mind-cure.

## INCURABLE HABITS.

[Oakland Evening Express.]

One of the saddest facts in the whole history of mankind, is the fact, that a man may so utterly lose all moral power as to become hopelessly lost to all remedial influence. Mr. Bruce Thompson, who was a long time connected as a surgeon with the prisons of Scotland, says that habitual criminals are without moral sense and are moral imbeciles. That their moral feebleness and insensibility are so great that in the presence of temptation they have no self-control. He says that among all the murderers he had known, amounting to nearly five hundred, only three could be ascertained to have experienced any remorse for what they had done. And this seems to be the general opinion of all who have had much experience with the criminal classes. A life of shame and crime had ended in completely deadening the moral sense. The good angel of the soul had died; all desire for a better life had faded away.

The other day we met in this city a miserable, dirty, ragged tramp, begging for enough to buy a cup of coffee. That man was once a preacher and a leading temperance lecturer, whose fame for eloquence and ability spread over several counties in the northern part of the state. He little thought as he commenced to tamper and dally with a dangerous indulgence that it would one day become his master and cast him out of society as an unclean thing. A bright, beautiful woman who admired his talents, married him, believing she had sufficient influence over him to arrest his downward career; but it was too late, the helm of his will was broken, there was no moral resistance in his nature. He sank lower and lower, and she was compelled to abandon him to his fate. Several similar cases may be seen on the streets of Oakland every day.

A man may say, I have perfect control over my appetite, I can walk on the brink of the precipice and gather flowers on the verge of the cataract. There is no danger of my becoming dizzy-headed. And yet, how many have we all known in the proud consciousness of their strength, venture, so far that the foundations of all safety silently crumbled beneath their feet and they slid into the abyss.

A paper gave an account of a society event, and in speaking of one beautiful lady of quite large proportions, it said: "Mrs. — possessed a form that a Juno might envy." The editor went home, and left a subordinate to get out the paper, and the next morning he read in his paper that "Mrs. — possessed a form that Juno might envy."

## DISCOVERIES IN JERUSALEM.

[Correspondence N. Y. Sun.]

JERUSALEM, July 20.—It is a melancholy reflection, and one by no means creditable to the Christianity which prevailed in the fourth century after Christ, that the Jerusalem of the present day, the Holy City of the world par excellence, should contain within its walls more sacred shams and impostures than any other city in the world. The responsibility for the gross superstition which prevails in regard to sites and localities mainly rests with the fourth century, and chiefly with the Empress Helena, who was principally instrumental in inventing them, and the Christian churches, especially the Greek and Latin, find it in their interest to foster these transparent frauds, for the enormous pecuniary advantages which accrue from them.

The extraordinary amount of research and investigation of which Jerusalem has been the subject during the last twenty years, the extent of the excavations which have been made, involving an expenditure of about \$100,000, and the conscientious impartiality and profound acquirements of the explorers, have demolished the whole superstructure which early and mediæval Christianity had reared upon the credulity of its votaries, and which the churches of the present, despite all the evidences to the contrary, find it in their interest to perpetuate. Thus it has now been proved to demonstration that, wherever the tomb in which Christ was laid after His crucifixion may have been, it could not have been in the cave over which the gorgeous edifice called the Church of the Holy Sepulchre now stands; for we now know by recent examination exactly the position of the walls which enclosed the city in the time of Christ. We also know that Calvary, or Golgotha, where He was crucified, was "nigh at hand" to the sepulchre; that Golgotha was "nigh to the city," and not in it, and that Jesus "suffered without the gate"; and that all tombs, saving those of David and Huldah and eight Jewish kings, were without the walls, while the cave over which the holy sepulchre is built is within them. As, however, even the churches do not go so far as to maintain that any tradition had been preserved among Christians during the first three centuries after the death of Christ of his place of burial, they have had to resort to inspiration as the means of its discovery. Some of the early writers maintain that it was the Emperor Constantine himself who was divinely inspired to find it; others that it was his mother, the Empress Helena. This is a trifling discrepancy. Whichever it was, the fact of the inspiration remains, and scientific investigation has, ever since the days of Galileo, been bound to give way before ecclesiastical inspiration and infallibility. So, no matter what evidences exist to the contrary—crowds of pilgrims will continue to crawl over those sanctified stones, wearing them hollow with their kisses, as long as the sacredotal organization of which it is the representative remains to impose upon them its authority.

With considerate ingenuity, and possibly with a view to lightening the labors of the pilgrims as much as possible, the early church crowded as many sacred stones together under the roof of the holy edifice as it could with decency. Thus we have the Stone of Uncion, on which Christ's body was laid for anointing, but it was getting so worn that the real stone lies below the marble slab, which, however, answers the purpose for the pilgrims. Close by is the Circular Stone, where the Virgin stood while the body was being anointed; also the stone on which Jesus stood when He appeared to Mary Magdalene, and the stone on which she stood, and the column to which He was bound when scourged; and your devout guide will show you, if you have the patience to attend to him, the exact place where Jesus was stripped by the soldiers, the place where the purple robe was put on Him, the place where the soldiers cast lots for His raiment, the rent in the rock made by the earthquake, the place where His body was wrapped in linen cloths, the place where He indicated with His own hand the centre of the world, and so on, *ad nauseam*.

Sometimes another church commits a burglary and steals some of these stones. The Armenians have been especially guilty in this respect. They have stolen from the holy sepulchre the stones on which the angel sat that had been rolled away from the door of the sepulchre, which they now display in the chapel of the Palace of Caiaphas; also a piece of the true cross, which was originally discovered under inspiration by Helena, as well as that of the penitent thief, who is now canonized under the name of Dimas. I don't know what authority they have for calling him Dimas, whose reputed birthplace is, for political reasons, going to be converted into another holy place. There is something rather appropriate in the idea of the power that is waiting for a chance to despoil the Turkish empire of Syria erecting a shrine in worship of the penitent thief.

The most remarkable sites are those which illustrate the parables. Thus pilgrims are shown the window which was the post of observation of Dives, and the stone, now worn by the kisses of the faithful, where Lazarus sat when the dog licked his sores. I asked my guide where the dog was, but he said he was dead, and

added with a smile, "I don't believe any of these things."

I asked him why not.

"Oh," he replied. "I'm a Jew."

After that the glibness with which he pattered off all the Christian traditions was very edifying till my patience was exhausted, and I said: "Well, supposing, as we neither of us believe in any of these invented sites, we go and try and find something that is real!"

He had been in the service of some of the recent Jerusalem explorers, and I afterward found him an intelligent companion.

It is a striking illustration of Moslem religious toleration, as compared with that shown by Christians in Jerusalem toward Jews, that while this man could accompany me into the Mosque of Omar, that most beautiful and sacred of Mohammedan temples, he was not allowed even to enter the street in which stands the Christian Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

## Thoughts.

[“C. G. L.” in The Carrier Dove.]

Life is full of care and trials. It is a daily treadmill, and weary feet keep time to the song, "Over and Over Again." Yet, in our busy days, when we feel that the minutes and hours are crowded far into the night before we can draw a breath of freedom, when hurried and weary, a wave of thought will sometimes come to us, floating from the palm-crowned isle of memory, and we see around us for an instant a fairy scene. A face will come to us from out the misty past clearly, and wearing the expression we used to see in the long ago.

Then weariness vanishes—the present is no more—and we live over again days of the past.

Again, when feeling disheartened, an inner voice speaks to us, whispering faintly; but, as we listen, it grows stronger and we soon feel ourselves aspiring to something beyond; and out of the depths some good angel is breathing upon our spirits a prayer.

What would we do who labor without recompense, day by day, if it were not for these flashes of light and love that come to us from the higher life? This star gleams of hope that shines for us, though but a moment, now and then, through the work and worry of earth life. We feel that with the morrow we can bravely take up our burdens and begin again at the foot of the great mountain lying before us, for have we not felt the presence of angels, who are ever near, encouraging and cheering us on, until with purpose strengthened, we shall gain the height beyond.

"Sometimes I think the things we see  
Are shadows of the things to be,  
That what we plan we build,  
That every hope that hath been crossed,  
That every dream we thought was lost,  
In heaven hath been fulfilled."

Sometimes I dream of this heaven, and I forget weariness and disappointments. I see waving trees and beautiful flowers. I hear the songs of birds, the murmuring of waters, and down the green valleys are waterfalls, the white foam looking like wreaths of white lilies and roses. The air is filled with harmonious sounds—their vibrations sound and echo among the sun-capped mountain rising beyond.

Yet, that is not all. I see forms of men and women in that heaven, and heaven means harmony. I see, by the happy faces, that the broken life-thread is mended; that wrongs and misunderstandings (snarls of the past life) are untangled; that love, a white blossom, soiled and broken on earth, is blooming anew, bathed in the dew of eternal youth, from the night of the past when, crushed low down, it has come up as the lily from the dark, muddy waters, responds to the sun-rays, so, love, respondent to the rays of spiritual light, grows out of its dark and narrow surroundings, and growing anew, its broken petals and leaves become a perfect flower in its harmonious conditions.

A gentleman from Northwestern Arkansas tells the following joke on Congressman Peel:

"Peel, it is well known, is not a man of very high literary attainments, but, to appear well read, he professes to have glocated over every piece of literature that comes under discussion. Judge Pittman, who is a highly intellectual and well read man, takes keen delight in talking literature to Peel. Some time ago, while a party of gentlemen were sitting around, listening to some of Peel's experiences in Congress, Judge Pittman asked:

"Peel, you have read Tennyson, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes, yes, and I like it very much."

"Do you like Goldsmith?"

"Dote on him."

"What do you think of that poem, 'Goldsmith's Maid'?"

"By George, sir, it is the best thing he ever wrote. I tell you what, Pittman, going to Congress whets a man's appetite for literature."

"What is an umbrella like?" asked the President of the Conundrum Club. A dozen answers were submitted, but none hit the mark. Then the conundrum inspector said: "It is like yesterday, because once gone, it never returns."

The Prairie Dog is the name of a new paper at Grand Island, Neb. Each issue will probably be full of biting paragraphs.



## GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1885.

## WORK FOR ALL.

There is work for all, and room enough for all, in the Spiritualistic field. In fact, it is hardly to be expected, with so many tastes to gratify, and so many moods of spirit to minister unto, that any one speaker can please all. To some, the phenomenal facts of Spiritualism are the all in all. To others, these facts once admitted, they take but little further interest therein; but pass on to those higher intellectual and spiritual delights which come of the growth and development of the soul.

The Spiritualism that does not touch the life of a man, making him better, wiser, more generous and manly—that does not call him to a higher plane of thought and action—is of but little worth to the world. One may know that life is continuous in another state of existence, and that the spirits of the departed can return and make their presence known to the inhabitants of earth. The wild savages know this; so do the ignorant and benighted millions that constitute a large portion of the membership of the Catholic Church. It does one but little good to know these things if one does not profit by the knowledge.

The facts and phenomena of Spiritualism are all-important as foundation and corner-stones for the superstructure. They are the basic principles of the spiritual temple. Column, arch and architrave, entablature, roof and dome, must be constructed afterwards; and the building of this temple should be the earnest work of every individual soul. Not enough that he should lay the foundation stones, and then sit down in idle and perpetual contemplation of his work. Not enough that he should know that "if a man die he shall live again." But with the possession of this precious knowledge in his soul he should go forward from grace to grace, from knowledge to knowledge—ever nearer and nearer to the ideal manhood, and unto the perfect day.

Spiritualism, with its beautiful philosophy, should lead to this end. That it does lead there is true with many lives; and it will, no doubt, be true with all lives in time or eternity; only some are seemingly very slow in getting a start.

Thus, while there is work for all, all should realize that they have a work to perform; and all should work in the way best suited for them—some by their glorious gifts of mediumship, some by voice and pen, and some by the temporal means that a bountiful Providence has placed in their hands. And thus all should grow together—all become living stones in that beautiful temple of the soul wherein dwelleth righteousness.

## CRIME AGAINST LABOR.

The *Western Watchman*, published at Eureka, Humboldt county, is responsible for the statement that at many of the lumber mills in Mendocino county "temperate men, and even moderate drinkers, are not wanted at all," but only such men as "guzzle whisky to a sufficient extent as to come out on settlement with no money due them."

Such a statement would seem most incredible but for the further alleged fact that many of the proprietors of these mills are owners, in whole or in part, of whisky dens, run in connection with their lumber mills. The rum shops are kept open all night Saturday, but they are closed on Sundays in order to give the hands a chance to sober up. The *Watchman* cites an incident of a carpenter who worked for one firm, and at the settlement at the end of two years he owed the firm \$47. His whisky bill was \$798.87!

This is simply unadulterated Sheol! The employer who would thus lend himself to the degradation of his laborers is deserving of a lash of scorpions on his naked soul; and the time will come when he will get even a worse dose than that. Should the men rise up in their outraged majesty and destroy every drop of liquor brought into the lumber region for such unholy purpose, and should they notify their employers that any further attempt to degrade them would be followed with dire consequences of retributive justice, they would receive the approval of all true men and angels.

## BE IN READINESS.

There is a morbid appetite among certain people that calls for something to supply its cravings, and there is another class whose business it seems to be to minister to it. The past few years has left a record that should be sufficiently appalling for the most horror-loving. Since Mother Ship-ton's prophecy failed of fulfillment, the world's attention has been so much taken up with calamitous events as to forget a predicted greater.

The *London Globe* comes out with a prophecy that we may all believe, since it is already being verified. According to that journal, in the church Oberemmel, near the city of Trenes, in Germany, there is a stone tablet some centuries old, on which is cut the prophetic verse, which is rendered in prose thus: "When Mark shall bring us Easter, and Anthony shall bring praises at Pentecost, and John swing the censer at the feast of Corpus

"Domini, then shall the whole earth resound with 'weeping and wailing.'"

The *Globe* has ascertained that it so happens that next year Easter falls on St. Mark's day, Pentecost on that of St. Anthony of Padua, and the Corpus Domini comes on St. John the Baptist's day, June 25th. The actual presence of the pestilence in France, Italy, Spain and Japan, furnish the first conditions of the fulfillment of the predictions, and as its further spread is more than probable, the above occurrences can hardly add to the apprehension that now prevails; though it may cause some careless ones to put themselves and surroundings in better readiness to resist the plague. Too much care cannot be taken to ward off the entrance of the fell destroyer who is now upon the earth in his most awful guise.

## A LITTLE LEARNING.

Each year finds this earth a more difficult place of abode for the masses. More is constantly required to be done for each child to make it self-helpful and independent, and greater proficiency is demanded in the acquirements that go to self-support.

The learning and accomplishments that only fifty years ago distinguished a man or woman above the generality of persons, to-day leaves them below the average; and as such they are possessed of few or no resources of gaining a livelihood. The facilities for education have increased with the population of the globe, but for the reason above stated, it does not serve all persons as a means of living, since the general intelligence of the day is become mere mediocrity; and perhaps it is true that the vast throng constituting this class, could, with few exceptions, ever be anything but mediocre.

General intelligence is held to be the true basis of Republican government, and certainly suffrage calls for it; but it is not yet fully demonstrated that universal suffrage is the ideal form of government. It demonstrates one thing beyond a doubt, however, and it is, that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." It makes people discontented with their lot in life, and worse, it creates a detestation of that portion of the world's labor called drudgery, of all work the most necessary. It is the foundation of all work, without which none other could be carried on, or be effective if done; it is to the world and life what the basement is to the building, and is first and uppermost all the time in importance. Why then should it be shunned or held in low estimation? For the reason, we think, that almost the first thing a child hears in relation to its education is, how to prevent hard work. This idea grows faster than any other in young heads, and whether they are capable of containing anything else, they grow up to abhor all manual toil, and very seldom make it a resort in extremity, but do worse.

Now, until education inculcates the sentiment that all work is honorable that is honest, it is a hurtful thing to the majority of children when it goes beyond the first rudiments. This world is civilized, beautified and rendered habitable by work, and this work will always be necessary, but college students will not be the laborers.

## FALSE COMPLAINT.

Some one writing under the heading, "Aristocracy of Congregationalism," deals with "a malady that is invading all self-governing societies, be they secular or sectarian," the formation of "rings," which, it is complained, "monopolize their power and management."

This is a natural sequence of the fact, that the interest and burdens of church and other societies are not equally felt and shared by all. The few that are most earnest, zealous, faithful and conscious of their power as well as responsibility, are naturally the ones to whom its responsibilities are allotted, while the majority do little more than swell the numbers of membership, and are perfectly satisfied with their easy lots, yet ever ready to cry out against the domination of the few, un-mindful of the indifference of the many.

All are not fitted for leaders and directors, but all can show an equal interest and willingness to do their part when a good work is fairly instituted, and if they fail to do this, they in all justice forfeit their right to its benefits, or the liberty to free speech, when they use it to denounce others for doing their neglected duties. A good work of any character should be sustained not only by kind words, but with substantial aid, which will come back a thousand fold in as many ways in after times.

## THE INDIAN QUESTION.

The Government, in its bad treatment of the Indians, its broken promises, its toleration of wrongs perpetrated by its citizens, is, no doubt, responsible for most of our Indian disturbances.

Secretary Teller, in his annual report, reiterates the opinion expressed in his last annual report that it is quite possible, with wise and judicious treatment of the Indian question, to prevent the recurrence of hostilities between the Indian and his white neighbor that has marked nearly every year of our history. The last year has been one of peace among the Indians, with the exception of the Apaches, and no outbreaks have occurred. Mr. Teller suggests that some employment should be secured for the graduates of the Indian schools, and that those who complete the regular course of the manual labor schools should receive the gift of citizenship, without incurring risk of forfeiting their interest in tribal lands or funds. He declares that the greatest agency for the civilization of the Indian is the manual labor school, and urges that the government should pay up the four million dollars due under treaties with the Indians concerning education. He renews his former recommendation that the Indians be disarmed, and points out the necessity of legislation for the punishment of crime on the reservations. He praises the working of the court of Indian offences established in 1883, and suggests that the Indian judges should be paid for the services.

## COMING TO THE FRONT.

Spiritualists need no longer hesitate to be known as such, nor need they blush for their religion. There are surely no better people anywhere—none more respectable or intelligent—than those to be found in the ranks of Spiritualism. Profs. Crooks and Wallace—two earnest champions of our facts and philosophy—are quite as learned, and their opinions quite as much entitled to respectful consideration, as are those of Dr. Carpenter and Prof. Huxley, who ignore the entire subject as one beneath scientific notice.

Compare the large and intelligent audiences that assemble in this city every Sunday at the Metropolitan Temple, and at Washington and Albion Halls, with those who meet for religious worship in the churches, and the former will suffer nothing by the comparison. The fact is, men and women of advanced thought, with active, inquiring minds—those who have kept up, or nearly so, with the march of modern ideas in science, philosophy, sociology, and religion—are drifting further and further away from the crystallized creeds. They will be found generally, if at all, attending only those churches where the least doctrine and the largest and broadest humanity are preached. Many have quit church-going altogether. They will have a liberal gospel, or none at all. And the ministers of religion, many of them, are taking the hint, and honestly trying to meet the demand.

Spiritualism is everywhere coming to the front. Its crudities and apparent inconsistencies, incident to undeveloped mediumship, are finding rational explanation. Its phenomena, in their higher and more interesting phases, command thoughtful attention of all who are not encased in an armor of intolerant self-conceit. Its philosophy appeals to common sense. It presents a rational and consistent idea of the nature of man and his destiny. It recognizes no angry God consigning the weak and erring children of His creation to eternal punishment. It gives every human being a chance for growth and happiness, in this world or the next. It is in no hurry to send people to heaven until they have earned the right to go there. It believes in no heaven of delightful idleness,—of eternal rhapsodies of praise to the Creator—but rather in a world of earnest work and endeavor for the uplifting of the "spirits in prison"—the countless millions in the bonds of ignorance and error. It objects decidedly to the saving character of a death-bed repentance as a receipt in full for a life of iniquity. And especially does it repudiate the idea that the penitent murderer can leap from the scaffold to the arms of an atoning Savior and forever occupy a front seat in glory.

By what right, do you ask, does Spiritualism claim to teach such a philosophy? We answer, By the right of discovery—by the teachings of tens of thousands of intelligent spirits who have been there—who have passed on to the higher life and have come back to tell us of its eternal verities. What better authority can we have than this? Isn't it worth more to the world than all the traditions of a dead past?

## OLD AGE.

The following stanza, descriptive of old age, from a poem in the *San Franciscoan* of October 3d, entitled "Youth and Age," is a sad burlesque on what old age ought to be, and what it really is in all well-appointed lives:

Here, withered are the flowers, and sere and brown the trees;  
 Here the voice of song is silent evermore;  
 Here, mournfully beat and break the sullen seas,  
 All ceaselessly along the sullen shore.  
 And livid, dripping clouds  
 Fall like ghastly tattered shrouds—  
 Like a pall spread o'er dead nature by night's hand;  
 And from the leaden skies comes the deadly chilling wind  
 That sighs o'er the sunset land.

No such picture applies to the man or woman who has lived for others' sake—to none who have made the best use of their opportunities, whose hearts are full of good impulses, and whose hands have ever been ready to perform good deeds. To such persons old age is the beautiful Indian Summer of life. It is full of the glory and charm, the serene sweetness and satisfaction that only those who grow old wisely can appreciate and enjoy. The flowers of life may be withered, but the fragrance is there still. The voice of song may be silent, but its memory breaks in ripples of silver over the soul. Ah! there are no "sullen seas" to beat back from the ripened memory of one who has lived worthily and well. The glory of the sunset falls like a halo of transfiguration over the peaceful brow, and the heart pulsates with a new joy, as glimpses of the glories of the coming day break on the sight.

The "dripping clouds" and "ghastly tattered shrouds" are for those whose lives have been barren of good deeds—who have lived in the basement of their natures, with hearts empty of sympathy for others' woes.

## HONOR TO WOMAN.

There is something beautiful in that manly chivalry that ever does honor to woman. The young man who can speak slightly or disrespectfully of his mother's sex, or who fails in the exercise of that gentle courtesy towards the humblest individual thereof, which is the highest evidence of good breeding and a pure heart, is laying the foundation for a coarse and unmanly life.

We speak not now of those vile specimens of manhood, whose ideas of woman are smirched with animalism, and who live but to defile and debauch those whom it should be man's greatest delight to protect and honor. Such apologies for men are deserving only of contempt. They should be barred from all respectable society; and no woman who believes in purity of thought or action should deign to notice them.

We refer more particularly to those young men of respectable parentage and associations who are looking forward hopefully to lives of usefulness; who expect eventually to build up and maintain homes of their own, and become the sires of noble sons and fair daughters. To all such we would say: Shun the very appearance of evil. Drop

the acquaintance of that young man who vilely prates of his achievements in vicious and unmanly practices—of his conquests over women, whose good name it should be his glory to cherish as the apple of his eye.

By what right, moral or divine, do men exact a purity of life on the part of those whom they would make the mothers of their children, and the companions of their hearts, that they do not practice themselves? What better things can they expect of their children than of themselves? Can we gather figs of thistles? Children as truly inherit the moral traits of their fathers as they do their physical resemblance.

In this law of heredity we find an explanation of most of the evils that curse the race. Immoral parents have no right to bring children into the world to burden society with their inherited tendencies to vice and crime. It is a wrong that society will some time or other endeavor to correct. If we would save the world from sin we must stop raising sinners.

These thoughts are right in line with our theme.—"Honor to woman,"—which lies at the basis of all morality—all manly character.

## OUR NEXT CAMP MEETING.

C. Wilson, President of the California Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting Association, has prepared the following circular to be sent to representative Spiritualists in all parts of the State:

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1885.  
 DEAR FRIEND: We desire you to forward to the address of the President of this Society, the names and addresses of as many Spiritualists, Liberals, and Progressive People as you may have in your circle of acquaintance or may know by common report, living in city, town, or country, anywhere on the Pacific Coast. Let the list be as complete as possible. If you know people in several localities, so much the better. We are aware that this will require some considerable labor on your part, but you must remember that it is for the advancement of our noble cause, and will redound to the good of human progress. So put your hand to the plow, my friend, and aid us in our work by turning a broad furrow in the great field of soul development.

Yours, in the bond of truth,  
 H. C. WILSON, Pres.,  
 120 McAllister street, S. F.  
 G. H. HAWES, Cor. Sec'y,  
 1211 Bush street, S. F.

Thus it will be seen that those having the matter in hand are moving in good time to bring the subject before the people. No effort will be spared to make the next camp-meeting a grand success. It will, doubtless, be held in some one of the pretty little parks across the bay, and at a time when the largest number will be able to lay aside their business affairs for a short time.

## NOT BLIND.

There is a blind man, Paul Pinkham, of Mill-bridge, Me., who has followed the lobster business for ten years. His wife acts as pilot, but he hauls his traps, takes out his lobsters, puts on the bait as well and quickly as if he could see. He has caught a ton a week for three weeks. Mr. Pinkham makes his own traps, and builds his own boats. In blueberry season he picks berries for the cannery factory nearly as well as those who can see.—*Exchange*.

"Nearly as well as those who can see!" Well, we should say he could see, and much better than we who call him blind. This is one of the many cases of the kind that demonstrates the existence of a spiritual body.

We hold instinct to be a natural faculty, independent of education, and as such, it should serve blind creatures below man in self-helpfulness and preservation, but it does not. Any dumb creature that is blind, will starve if left to itself. Instinct, unaided by sight, does not lead it to food, except what grows under its feet, then it does not always eat, and if it did it would still die for water. Aside from disfigurement, blindness is far less terrible than is commonly supposed. If the forms of this world are shut out to us, those of other spheres are opened, and incomparably beautiful.

## A STRONG WRITER.

Mrs. Helen Wilms, editor of the *Woman's World*, is one of the most pungent, clear-thinking and far-seeing writers of the day. She is a close and correct observer, and reads human character by conditions and environment, as others would read history and biography. The following paragraph shows her clear, terse style, and her power of concentrated thought:

Wherever there exists a man who will consent to be enslaved, he will find the person or the circumstances that will enslave him. Slavery is a self-existing and self-perpetuating condition. It is something that projects itself upon outside conditions, and shapes them in conformity with its hideousness. On the other hand, tyranny, which is its supplementary quality, is the outer effect or manifestation it produces. Show me the man who can be enslaved, and I will show you the man who only awaits a change of circumstances for full development into the tyrant. Tyranny and slavery are but the "to and fro" currents of a half barbarous epoch waiting extinguishment in the on-coming wave of individual freedom.

THE SHASTA GHOST.—The *East Side Times* published at Millville, Shasta county, in its issue of October 3d, referring to what is known as the "Shasta Ghost," says: "The 'Spook' is having a 'regular circus up at Fisher's this week. In fact 'making it too uncomfortable for the family to remain home long at a time.' In this case, a thorough system of investigation should be instituted by a committee of the most intelligent and thoughtful people of Millville and vicinity. Here is a marvelous fact, if fact it is, worthy of serious consideration. The Millville editor could do himself or his paper no greater credit than to undertake the work of investigating the phenomena.

HERE GOES ANOTHER ONE!—"Commentators of no mean standing" deny that Cleopatra of history ever existed. But then she has lived about ten times as long as any celebrity of to-day will; and considering the poetical fictions her name has put upon a suffering world, it is full time it were erased from the public mind. She is none of ours, and since more tangible phantoms are sharing the same fate, we don't intend to make much fuss about it.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Thos. Middlemist, of Yreka, sends us \$5, in response to the appeal of the *GOLDEN GATE*, for the relief of Mrs. Pet Anderson and her invalid son.

The case recently brought against Mrs. Elsie Reynolds at Eureka, for obtaining money under false pretenses, has been dismissed by the prosecution.

The Adventists have now finally fixed upon the 14th of May, 1886, for the general wind-up of terrestrial affairs. The programme of the great event is not yet given.

We have received a copy of the deed of trust, whereby Marcellus S. Ayer, of Boston, conveys the magnificent Spiritual Temple, erected by him at a cost of \$250,000, to a Board of Trustees, for the perpetual use of the Spiritualists of that city. This is a grand gift for Spiritualism.

A good sister, writing from Santa Barbara, and enclosing a club of five subscribers, with the money, says: "I hope I can send you more names very soon. I consider the *GOLDEN GATE* by far the best paper published. It should be in every family." Thirty-six copies of our paper now taken at the Santa Barbara post office.

While we do not hold ourselves responsible for the utterances of our correspondents, we nevertheless freely exercise the editorial privilege of eliminating from their articles all objectionable matters—not matters of mere differences of opinion merely, but all unpleasant personalities, and all that savors of unkindness, or uncharitableness.

Mrs. E. L. Watson gave a most interesting discourse at the Temple, last Sunday evening, on the subject: "The Doctrine of Future Rewards and Punishments in the Light of Spiritualism." The gifted speaker never seemed in better inspiration. Her large and intelligent audience hung with rapt attention upon her eloquent words. Thomas Starr King, the supposed control, never spoke to a better purpose.

The second monthly sociable of the Society of the Temple was held at the small hall on Friday evening of last week. The hall was well filled with a well-pleased company. Mr. Robinson, in a few well-chosen remarks, introduced Mrs. Watson, the grand inspirational minister of the Temple, who made a happy off-hand talk, after which general sociability enlivened the hour. There is no formality about these receptions. All are welcome, and all made to feel at home.

Mrs. Maynard, of this city, a worthy woman and medium, has been seriously ill for some time past with erysipelas, rendering it impossible for her to practice her beautiful gift as a means for a livelihood. She is greatly in need of a little assistance. A friend of this lady writes us: "If you could only spare a little space in your paper, and put in a card calling forth the sympathies and a little of the coin of the good-hearted, the good angels will bless you for it." Any contributions may be left with Mrs. A. B. Souther, 1155 Mission street.

Maine has robbed the brewers of over thirty-three million dollars, by its aggravating sumptuary laws. That is the amount the laboring men have on deposit in the savings banks of that State. Most of it represents downright robbery of the saloons. Down with the sumptuary laws!—*Exchange*.

Poor brewers and rum-sellers! How our "bowls of compassion" yearn for them! But then, let us consider. Have not this class, for ages, persistently robbed the weak slaves of appetite, filling the land with misery untold? Behold the desolated homes, the broken hearts, the prisons and insane asylums filled with the victims of intemperance, and all as the result of the devilish traffic in strong drink! We retract, and sincerely wish that every brewer, distiller and rum-seller in the land might be made to "enjoy" a portion of the hell he metes out to others.

A REMARKABLE TOWER.—The *Medium and Daybreak* for August 28th, contains a fine illustration of a remarkable tower recently completed by a wealthy Spiritualist, dictated and planned by a spirit engineer, and built in commemoration of Spiritualism. The tower is located about three miles from the English Channel, and in plain view from the Isle of Wight. It was commenced in 1880, and has been gradually approaching completion ever since. It is 220 feet high, and contains fifteen lofty rooms, 16 feet square, the one above the other. The whole is surmounted by a great lantern, the light of which shines far out at sea. In many particulars it is unlike any other tower in the world. It is, indeed, a remarkable structure.

A CANADIAN WEATHER PROPHET.—Chaplain Howgate, the defaulting and absconding Signal Service officer, is passing his self-exile very pleasantly, and, perhaps, profitably, in England, where he is negotiating with the heirs of Venner, another Canadian weather prophet, for the organization of a signal service in the Dominion. This does not interest the United States so much as the subject of an extradition treaty with Canada, that the Eastern press is now talking of in earnest. The indefinite vacation business that Canadian and American officials sometimes find it convenient to substitute for their more responsible callings, is taking on a different aspect, and may become altogether a thing of the past.

AN INTELLECTUAL TREAT.—The ladies of the Silk Culture Society of California, have planned a course of lectures for the benefit of their society which promises rich, intellectual pabulum for the thoughtful. Here is the programme: Prof. Jos. Leconte, of the University of California, will lecture on Monday evening, October 19th, at 8 o'clock, in Irving Hall, 139 Post street. Subject: "The relation of Agassiz to Darwin." Second lecture Monday evening, October 26th, at same hour and place, by Prof. Albin Putzker, of the State University. Subject: "Goethe's Greatness." Third lecture Monday evening, November 2d, at same hour and place, by Prof. Albert S. Cooke, of the State University. Subject: "Types of Womanhood." The price of admission to each of these lectures is fifty cents. The ladies of the above society are noble and enthusiastic workers in the good work they have in hand, and are entitled to every encouragement.



## NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

Since February 150 quartz locations have been made in Madison county, M. T.

Mr. Glugas, aged eighty-seven, and Miss Parr, aged seventy-nine, were married at Grass Valley, Sunday.

The shipments through Wells, Fargo & Co., of bullion from Calico since January 1, 1884, are \$1,680,301.

Every child in Bohemia must study music, and in this lies the secret of the natural talent for music in that country.

Serious trouble is apprehended at Yale, B. C., from delayed payments to laborers on the Canadian Pacific Road.

The average income of the 509 Lords of England is over \$120,000 each. Their gross income is about \$75,000,000.

Rev. Sam Jones and S. W. Small, the "Old Si" of the Atlanta Constitution, are holding revival meetings at St. Joseph.

The saloons captured Milwaukee by a majority of 15,000 in a recent election, at which the question of high license was voted on.

The recent sale of Government lands in Chihuahua, Mexico, on the United States border, is said to have been made to the Mormons.

One hundred thousand head of cattle in Texas are prevented passing south into New Mexico by the New Mexico Cattle Syndicate's quarantine.

Christopher Shearer of Tuckerton, Penn., has produced a new peach, which he names the Globe. It is a large, handsome and luscious fruit.—N. Y. Sun.

The Severn tunnel in England, four miles and a half long, was opened on September 5th. The distance was made by five carriages in eighteen minutes.

B. Katze, a Jewish lawyer of Los Angeles, died Sunday from congestion of the brain, due to grief and shame at one of his sons having been arrested for horse-stealing.

One of the large English war vessels, the Resistance, is to be coated with india-rubber to a considerable thickness to see how that material will repel projectiles.

Several lines of telegraph are about to be constructed under the superintendence of Chinese officials in Corea. The length of the lines undertaken is over 400 miles.

A special from New Haven, Conn., says: Between dusk Saturday and daylight Sunday morning a Cogswell statue was torn from the pedestal and has not since been heard from.

A shipment of 10,000 barrels of apples to Liverpool from New York has proved profitable, comparatively, to the prices received in this country. Heavier shipments are to be made.

The wife of the late Emory A. Storrs is in absolute destitution. He did not have enough money to pay his funeral expenses, or even enough to pay for a day's board and lodging.

A lady at Carroll, Penn., who celebrated the Fourth of July, 1884, by becoming the mother of twin boys, celebrated the national birthday this year by a precisely similar performance.

The treasury Department is receiving an increased demand for small currency, which is regarded by the officials of that department as a sign of a revival in the business of the country.

There are eighty-five divorce cases on the Grayson County, Texas, District Court docket. Population considered, says the Galveston-News, this probably beats the record of any other country in the United States.

In St. Louis on a recent Sunday 40,000 people witnessed a cowboy exhibition, 20,000 attended baseball games, and another 20,000 spent the day in beer gardens. The aggregate attendance in the churches is only 10,000.

A large meeting was held in Chicago Saturday night to aid Parnell in the coming elections. There were 10,000 people present, and \$10,000 was ordered to be sent to the League fund in Ireland for election purposes.

The deaths in Europe from small-pox are said to be 60,000 annually. The mortality is almost wholly confined to civilians, as owing to constant vaccination and revaccination, the armies are almost wholly free from the disease.

A French statistician calculates that at the present rate of increase of population Germany will in the year 2000 have 164,000,000 inhabitants; England 142,000,000; Austro-Hungary, 70,000,000; France, 64,000,000, and Italy 56,000,000.

The attendants at the cholera hospitals in Madrid and elsewhere in Spain are all Sisters of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. All the regular attendants fled. All these devoted women are ladies by birth, chiefly from Navarre, Cataluna and Valencia.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company, which has an overdue subsidy account of \$40,000 with the Mexican Government has offered to take that amount in twenty-five year bonds of the floating debt, if the Government will agree to pay the company \$250 monthly for mail service.

The old Greenhorn district in Kern county, famous in early days for its rich placers and gold-bearing quartz, finds many believers in a future fruitful richness. The surface mining done in that section is but proof that rich and strong veins lie hidden, which explorations will develop.

The recumbent statue of Ezra Cornell, by W. W. Story, has arrived at Ithaca from Rome, Italy, and in a few weeks will be put in place in the memorial chapel with public exercises. At the same time the body of Mr. Cornell will be removed from the family vault in the village cemetery and placed in the crypt beneath the chapel.

Nobility is valued at its true worth in Norway, if the following story is true. A lady pointed out the Prince of Wales to some peasants of a Norwegian farm. They did not evince the slightest emotion, however, at seeing the heir of the British Empire, but only asked quietly, "Where is Mr. Gladstone?"

A great mining scheme is proposed to extend a tunnel from the Utah and Northern Depot through the great ledges of the Butte, M. T., district, and onward past Walkerville. The tunnel is to be two miles long, and to tap all the ledges which lace the granite hill upon which the greatest mines of the camp are located.

In Ogden, Utah, a curfew law has been adopted. The bells are sounded at 8 or 9 o'clock p. m., according to the season, and after that hour boys or girls under sixteen years of age, abroad, unless accompanied by a parent, a guardian or a friend, or provided with a permit, are liable to arrest for misdemeanor. A similar law is in effect in several California cities.

[Written for the GOLDEN GATE.]

## ASIATIC CHOLERA.

## Origin of the Name—Nature of the Disease and its Cure.

The name, cholera, originated from the country so famous in the old Greek mythology, "Colchis and Era." Colchis was a country in Asia, from whence first emanated this terrible destroyer. According to the able Greek historian Thylarcus, "Colchis is doomed, else Memnon would have spoken." Unable to detect the cause of the disease, the Greeks attributed it to the silence of the god Memnon. Memnon being the son of Aurora or the dawn, was supposed, by them to have been capable of solving the problem had he elected so to do.

Cholera is produced by a certain electrical change in the moon's orbit, in consequence of its decadence in its magnetic, cohesive force. The moon gains and loses a minimum of heat or cold, hence the disturbance, or in medical diction, disease. This change, slight as it is in the star system, creates a sudden reversion of the fluids in the human body, especially of the electric current of the system of which the moon is the thermometer as it were.

Here then lies the simple and entire cause of this scourge of mankind. Fine particles of decay infest the bowel tissue, being thrown there by the blood current as unfit for use or profit, so wonderful is the instinct of nature. These deposits of offal may be justly classed as refuse electricity, and, from this very essence of decay generates the inodorous stools, peculiar to cholera. Vegetable and animal matters produce odor. As a successful mode of treating Asiatic cholera still remains to be discovered, and as the dreaded scourge of humanity is now making rapid strides to our country, I deem it expedient that all should understand as much as possible of its origin, disease and treatment. Medical men are not agreed upon the means, some prescribe nothing but ice-cold water as long as the vomiting continues, others vaunt small and frequent doses of calomel and opium, others advise the administration of emetics, and others again prefer stimulants as cajuput oil, brandy, etc., but all with little or no success.

Notwithstanding wisacres admit it is no doubt propagated by atmospheric influences, yet they have never been able to ascribe its cause and action on the system. As I think the foregoing is a concise and correct analysis, therefore the remedy should be of such a nature that will succeed in shocking the electric current back into its primal condition by applying the remedy so as to act directly on the electric current of the system, as a sitz bath of ice water after every operation of the bowels (the patient being enwrapped in silk or oil silk about the loins or abdomen. A silk shawl put on like a child's napkin is the most convenient arrangement). Immerse the patient's form three to five seconds each time. Prepare the bath as follows: Make the water very cold by the aid of these large chunks of ice covered with coarse salt and just sufficient water in quantity to reach above the hips to the waist. This will have the effect of shocking the electric current back to its primal condition; at the same time administer one teaspoonful of powdered ice every ten or fifteen minutes until the pain in the bowels is removed and suffering relieved. I enclose the accompanying extract which corroborates my ideas given to me ten years ago by a controlling spirit through an estimable lady medium in Cincinnati.

DR. H. STORRS STONE,  
E. M. D., 106 Eddy Street.

## CAUSE OF CHOLERA.

CHICAGO, Sept. 28.—A resident of this city received to-day from Dr. John Chapman, the eminent physician of Paris, and successor to John Stuart Mill in his connection with the Westminster Review, an important letter relative to his theory and practice regarding the cause and cure of Asiatic cholera. It has always been understood and believed that cholera is entirely due to a germ or living organism which finds its way into the system from without, either through the air, food, or water; the body of the sufferer providing an almost unlimited supply of these organisms for imparting the disease to others. For some years Dr. Chapman has devoted considerable time to the study and investigation of this theory, and claims that he has succeeded in scientifically demonstrating that it is false. The disease, he says, is in no sense a blood poison, nor is it contagious. He, on the contrary, avows cholera to be a truly nervous disease, dependent chiefly on thermal and electric influences, and these being but "modes of motion" are allied to, if not identical with seasickness, the causation and phenomena of which are the same. He assumes and claims that by successful treatment he has proven that cholera depends upon a simultaneous hyperaemic condition of the spinal chord and the sympathetic system of nerves, the former controlling the secreting glands and large voluntary muscles of the body. While the latter controls the voluntary muscles in the coats of the arteries, the bronchial tubes and elsewhere in the system. This ultimately leads to the symptoms most noticeable in the disease. Dr. Chapman says that he will shortly give his theory to the medical world, and demonstrate its correctness by the most logical and consistent deductions known to pathology. He adds that in his hypothesis he aims in practice to reduce the superabundance of blood in the spinal and sympathetic nerve centers, accomplishing this by the application of ice to the spine. The results have been astonishing, only 5 out of 39 cases proving fatal. This is about 12 per cent, while the ordinary mortality of the disease is from 50 to 78 per cent.

A Mormon polygamist who has been interviewed by the Denver News, admits that he is the proprietor and protector of seventeen wives, and that he could procure as many more in the metropolis of Colorado, if he wanted them. He avers,

moreover, that there has not been a single prosecution for bigamy or polygamy in Utah that has not been instigated by women. "Some cranky female," he says, "becomes jealous of her husband, not receiving as much attention as she desires, and makes a fuss, which comes to the ears of the Federal officials, and the result is, her husband is arrested and tried, and in some cases conviction follows. Women that are satisfied with their husbands never squeal." It is to be hoped, in the interest of morality, that there will be widespread marital dissatisfaction among the wives of the polygamists, and that "squealing" will become a prevalent feminine practice in the households of the Latter-Day Saints.

## Contentment.

[Wm. J. Potter, in the Index.]

But, whatever his lot or position, every person has his own work to do, his own problem of character to work out; and success forbids that he should spend any time in gazing with vain envy at his neighbors, field. Envy is a vice which gnaws with fatal result at the very heart of happiness. Contentment is a condition of both success and happiness,—a contentment which does not antagonize any healthful ambition. There is a passive contentment, and there is an active contentment. A merely passive contentment may accept a hard lot placidly, gracefully, but sink, perhaps under its burdens. An actively contented spirit is one that studies its lot to learn all the possible good involved in it, and exerts itself with the express purpose of extracting all the good which the lot, whatever it be, can possibly yield. A mind thus content is always master of the situation. At home or abroad, in recreation or work, it finds all needed opportunity for those simple fidelities and enjoyments in which it has discovered the secret of life's felicity; and it knows that there is no power outside of itself which can rob it of these satisfactions. Let the pagan philosopher, Epictetus, teach us—who, though poor and infirm, and only a freed slave in position could say: "In whatsoever condition I am, wherever I go, it will be well with me there; for it was well with me here, not on account of the place, but of the principles, which I shall carry away with me,—for no one can deprive me of these. On the contrary, they alone are my property; and their possession sufficeth me wherever I am and whatever I do."

## Decaying Fruit.

It is a grief to go through our great fruit markets to see the enormous waste and think of the disappointed shippers. All over the country, people who send fruit to New York or other markets, expect the top prices. They often get a bill of expenses. Why? The fruit was picked carelessly, bruised in the handling and packing, and worse than all, great quantities picked too ripe. Thousands of crates and baskets of peaches and pears, tens of thousands of crates of tomatoes, thousands of barrels of apples and melons are thrown away every year, and this year has been especially hard on fruit of all sorts. The moist weather has forced a succulent growth, which perhaps is the reason for the rapid decay. The lesson to be drawn from this state of things is, not to ship fully ripe fruit; to pack with great care, handling every article separately, even though they may be apparently hard. Time thus expended is money saved. Do not unjustly blame the commission merchant for what is your own fault. It matters not, if year after year you have shipped in the same manner and received good returns. In some conditions of the market, anything that is fruit will sell well. In times of abundance, the case is quite otherwise. The prime article sells at a fairly good price, while inferior goods barely pay expenses, and sometimes even net a loss.—American Agriculturist for October.

The office of the brain is to the immortal nature what the stomach is to the mortal, both alike are the receptacles of the elements of their being which they, through the medium of the physical senses, gather from the outer world, and fashion into spiritual and physical entities, between which there exists a chain of sympathy as real as that which exists between the various members of the body, family, friends, communities and nations, or the Great Spirit of the universe at large, and matter, which latter in some degree of tenuity holds inseparable relations to the former as does the light of the sun to the sun itself. As the physical draws its substance from the products of the earth and circumbient air, so the spirit (soul) draws its from every source in nature, delving deep into the bowels of the earth, ransacking its surface from pole to pole, darting with the velocity of light from object to object, and like the golden-winged butterfly, sips sweets from every flower, every atom, every gem, then scaling the heavens as far as the physical instruments of its power can lend it aid, and still not satisfied, reaches on and out into the unfathomable depths, and ever longs to feast itself upon things which it believes and knows to exist by what it sees through the physical eye.—Dr. E. Collins in The Harmonia.

## INTERESTING DISCUSSION.

EDITOR GOLDEN GATE:

Several years ago there was travelling through this section of country, an itinerant evangelical preacher of the Baptist persuasion from the State of Georgia, by the name of Brown. He was of the Moody and Sankey type, but not as gifted. He came to Salem where I was then living, and started in for a big revival. He had enlisted in his behalf a large majority of the local preachers of the place, regardless of sect or denomination. As matters turned up it was found that no church building was sufficient to accommodate the audience, when application was made for Reed's Opera House—I having it in charge at the time, I told the committee who called on me that they could have the house for religious purposes free of charge, as I had always made that a rule, they paying the expense of lighting and warming it. They gladly accepted my offer, and proceeded at once with their meetings, holding several.

At the close of one of their meetings I went forward to the rostrum to look after the lights, when one of the preachers introduced me to Mr. Brown, saying as he did so: "Col. Reed is the proprietor of this house and the one who has so kindly given us the use of it." "Oh," said Mr. Brown, addressing me, "I have heard of you before." I replied, "I hope you have heard no ill of me." "No," said he; "yes, I have, too. I have heard you were a Spiritualist." I assured him that his informant was correct—that I was a very firm one; "and so am I," said he. I assured him I was glad to learn it. "But," said he, "I am not such a Spiritualist as you are." "Quite likely," said I; "we are not required or expected to see alike." "But I am no such kind of a Spiritualist as you," said he. "I am a Bible Spiritualist." "And so am I," said I; "and next to the phenomena itself the Bible is our best evidence." "You misunderstood me," said he quite vehemently; "I believe in this book," patting the Bible which he held on his arm; "and this book tells me of your kind of Spiritualism, tells me of the legions of devils and evil-spirits that are now being turned out of hell to seduce and lead astray the souls of men." I told him I had not so read the word, and would thank him to refer me to that part of the Bible where it could be found. "'Tis everywhere in the Bible; just read and you will find it everywhere." I said I had never seen it, but if it was so, it did by no means prove that all spirits returning were evil. We admit that evil spirits return, for evil persons die. "But they are all evil, said he; I know it." "How?" said I; "have you seen and talked with them?" "Yes," said he, "ten times as many as you ever have" for I have traveled more than you; I have, been in every State in the union. "I admit you have traveled more than I have, but tell me," I said, "have all the spirits that you have seen and talked with always been evil spirits and devils?" "Yes," said he, "always evil—always devilish." "Very well," I replied, calmly; "that is quite in keeping with our philosophy." "How is that?" said he, excitedly, (for there had a large crowd gathered around us). "How is that?" "Why, sir," said I, "like attracts like." "I will talk no more with you, sir," said he, and strutted out of the house.

The day following, some dozen or fifteen of the clergy were in the Opera House closing up their meeting, when one of them said to me: "We were pleased with you last evening; you handled Brother Brown very handsomely and got the best of him; and we were glad of it. He had no cause to talk to you as he did, especially after you had been so kind to let us have your Opera House free of charge." Another clergyman said: "But, friend Reed, now really is there anything in Spiritualism? Is it not all a humbug and delusion?" I said, "I will answer your question by asking another. Several years ago the Rev. Mr. Earle of Massachusetts was in Salem conducting a large revival meeting. At one of these meetings, nearly the last one, when the large chapel of the Willamette University was crowded, even the aisles were seated, Mr. Earle stopped short in one of his most impassioned eloquent appeals, and said to the audience: "My friends, you see this spacious hall is filled to overflowing with you the citizens of Salem; yet you do not see one tenth part of those who are here in this room; but I can see them, in their shining robes. Here are your fathers, your mothers, your sisters and brothers, your relations, your friends, who have gone before, and have made their robes white in the blood of the Lamb. They are here; they crowd this house; they hover around this altar; they are trying to speak to you—trying to persuade you to come to Jesus. They are waiting to carry the glad news of your consecration to the Throne of Grace. Do not disappoint them, but come now, for now is the accepted time, etc.; now answer these questions: Did Brother Earle see what he said he saw, or was it a fabrication—was it a falsehood?" Several of the clergymen said they remembered the circumstance, and believed Brother Earle told the truth. "Then," I said, "your question is answered, and I hold that you are all good Spiritualists, if you only knew it." C. A. REED.

## A SENSATION.

The Rev. Dr. Mark Trafton, a venerable and widely known Methodist clergyman, made a sensation at a conference of Methodist ministers in Boston, Monday week, by denouncing the modern church service and by defending the non-church-going masses. Said he:

"I confess I don't like to go to church. I'm sorry to say it. When I was a boy I was glad when they said 'Let us go into the house of the Lord.' I enjoyed the preaching, the singing and the praying." [A voice—You were pious in those days.] "Yes. Well it's no wonder I've backslidden, with such associates. [Laughter.] Let me start out now to go to church and worship God. At home we had our private devotion. We come to the church door—I'm saying what took place exactly—and we see plenty of seats vacant. We ask one of the young snipper-snappers with a rosette in his button-hole for a seat. He says: 'You wait awhile and I'll see.' By and by, when the bell stops tolling, the man says, 'You can find a seat in the gallery.' [A voice—What church was that?] 'A Christian church. In the gallery you see four young people talking and laughing. Suddenly the organ starts, and then suddenly the four grow solemn, jump up and begin to squall. You can't understand a word they say. They sing a hymn you never heard before and never want to hear again. You can't sing with them. Call that singing God's praise? It's not only folly, but its blasphemy. You've no business to introduce such trash as that and call it devotion. Then the prayer. In the old times the minister used to pray, to supplicate, to implore, just as if he expected something would come, and something did come. Now, this brother who prayed, delivered a homily, an address to the people, a strained effort. It wasn't praying. I confess it didn't touch me at all. I kept saying to myself: 'Oh, nonsense! Fiddlesticks! I say this ought not to be. We ought not to go away disgusted.'"

Every year for the last twenty-five years over 10,000 persons in India have lost their lives by snake bites, and the figures are rapidly increasing. It would seem that the correct thing to do is either kill off the snakes or move the population.

An Alderman at Chester, Pa., invariably moves to postpone any resolution one week, and the other night when it was resolved that a vote of thanks be tendered him he asked that the matter be laid over until the next meeting.

## HELP FOR THE CAUSE.

To those Spiritualists who, when through with their earthly possessions, would like to advance the cause of Spiritualism, we would suggest—as the GOLDEN GATE establishment is not an incorporated institution, and as we could not therefore legally hold bequests made to us in that name—that they incorporate the following clause in their wills:

"I give, devise and bequeath unto James J. Owen, and Mattie P. Owen, his wife, of San Francisco, California, publishers of the GOLDEN GATE [here insert the description of the property to be willed], strictly upon trust, that they shall appropriate and expend the same in such way and manner as they shall deem expedient and proper for the elevation of humanity in this life, and a search for the evidences of life beyond."

Any funds placed in our hands for this worthy purpose will be most faithfully devoted to the object named.

## NEWS AGENCIES.

The GOLDEN GATE may be had of the following news dealers in San Francisco and Oakland:  
H. F. Smith & Co., 225 Kearny St.  
J. C. Scott, 22 Third St., and cor. Market and Geary  
J. K. Cooper, 746 Market St.  
Chas. Foster, Ferry Landing.  
O. C. Cook, cor. Tenth and Broadway, Oakland.  
T. R. Burns, N. W. cor. Ninth and Broadway, and S. W. cor. Seventh and Broadway, Oakland.

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL SERVICES at Metropolitan Temple, under the ministrations of the celebrated and eloquent inspirational lecturer, Mrs. E. L. Watson, Sunday, October 11th; answers to questions at 11 A. M. Evening lecture at 7:45; subject: "Spiritualism of the Bible, or who are the Infidels." The Children's Progressive Lyceum at 12:30 P. M. A cordial invitation to attend is extended to all.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.—The "Progressive Spiritualists" meet in Washington Hall, No. 35 Eddy St., every Sunday afternoon at 1 p. m. All subjects relating to human welfare and Spiritual unfoldment treated in open conference. All are invited.

N. B.—The Free Spiritual Library in charge of this Society is open to all persons on Sundays from 1 to 4 p. m. Contributions of books and money solicited.

## BOOKS WANTED.

A copy of "Art Magic" and a copy of "Isis Unveiled." Please address this office stating price. 9-1m.

## "TWO TWO WORLDS."

A Narrative of the Life and Work of William Eglington. By John S. Farmer. (Author of "A New Basis of Relief in Immortality," &c., &c.) This work, a dainty quarto, will be printed on antique hand-made paper, and will be, in every respect an *Edition de Luxe*. It will be profusely illustrated with upwards of forty wood and other engravings, and in addition will contain a Portrait Etching of Mr. Eglington, by the eminent French artist, M. Tissot; also a series of eight Chromo-lithographic Drawings, by Mr. J. C. Keulemans. The book will bristle with facts, and will be a compendious statement of the latest developments of Spiritualism, as instanced in the career of one of the most remarkable psychics of the day. It will recite the various stages of the development of his marvelous psychical power, extending over a period of more than ten years, and will be a faithful record of his labours in all parts of the world, including India, Africa, America, France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Italy, Sweden and Holland. The book, therefore, can hardly fail to arouse thought and inquiry on the part of all who pursue the undeniable evidence of the many unimpeachable witnesses who have from time to time testified to the marvels that occur in his presence. It will, in every respect, form a unique contribution to the literature of Spiritualism. The volume will be published in the autumn, and copies may be ordered at the published price of Ten Shillings and Sixpence, which will by no means represent even the bare cost of production. 12-4m.



Written for the GOLDEN GATE.  
A PLEA FOR HARMONY.

It seems to us that the earnest Spiritualist must recognize the unprofitableness of entering into the discussion of those questions and problems of existence which finite man cannot expect to probe and solve, for the sole purpose of creating dissension, discord and strife.

Life is altogether too earnest, and should be too practical for man to indulge in ill-harmonies. Mortal existence is so brief, and there are so many duties pressing upon us claiming our attention and demanding their performance at our hands, that we cannot afford to waste time in bickering and in foolishly upbraiding one another. It is true that we are more prone to notice the shortcomings of others than we are our own, but we should consider it to be a false monitor that whispers to us that we are more perfect than others. Very probably each one of us individually has some failing which is just as unsightly and repugnant to the eyes upon us, as is the fault of some one whom we condemn. Let us, then, seek above all things to be charitable, just and forbearing, in our estimation of others, and also in our attitude towards them.

Human nature is very apt to enlarge the I and belittle the you, until self becomes so inflated, and occupies such a large space in its own estimation that it can afford no ground for another to rest upon. Egotism seems to be the ruling passion of many who are growing of such importance in their own eyes, and so self-opinionated, even dogmatical, that they cannot bear to hear others express themselves in contrary views from what they hold, or indeed to hear others speak at all, lest their utterances should draw attention from themselves—the egotists—who are puffed up with pride and vanity. It would seem as though the last person to foster such unlovely traits of character as selfishness, arrogance and intolerance, would be the Spiritualist who believes in the presence, power and ministry of angelic spiritual beings, who return to earth to enlighten and elevate mankind, by inculcating the principles of truth, honor and justice in the human mind, and teaching the lessons of love, charity, forbearance and good will unto all people.

When we remember that the pure eyes of departed loved ones are gazing down into our hearts, and noting the interior working of our lives, it does seem as though we would try to guard ourselves against thinking, much less speaking, evil of any one, as though we would endeavor to labor in love for humanity, and to practice the golden rule in all relations of life. And we are sorry to say that we as Spiritualists, who of all people should set an example of right living, of honorable and kindly dealing towards others, to the world, are but little, if any, nearer to the kingdom of love and harmony than are the members of the Christian sects, who have not the glorious light of knowledge which is ours, to cheer them on, but who are hampered and harassed, if they know it not, by the weight of dogmas and creeds, superstitions and errors, that press upon them. This world is a place of beauty, and it may not yet be fully unfolded to the perfection of its splendor or utility. True, it presents its dark places, and nature shows her stormy phases of life to the contemplation of man; yet the earth is a bright and glowing spot which humanity may make more beautiful if it will.

When we remember as not only the angels, but our common sense and reason tell us, that existence on this magnificent earth is given to us to make the most of, to employ all our faculties for good, to make the best possible use of the experiences which are ours, and to draw lessons of wisdom from our surroundings and conditions, it seems as though we should blush with shame at the thought that we are frittering away our time foolishly in fault-finding accusations of the doings of one another. It is true we cannot all agree upon certain subjects, nor should we desire to do so. To dissent, honestly, sincerely, candidly and courteously, from the opinion of another, allowing our opponent the same freedom of thought as we claim for ourselves, is all very proper and good, and none should object to this; but to be forever denouncing the beliefs and opinions of others, to unsparingly censure the individual who cannot look upon a subject in the same light as we do, to blame and criticize the life of another, and to disregard the laws of love, justice and peace, is to pursue a course which is altogether too unprofitable for any person, especially the Spiritualist.

We are taught that "love worketh no ill to its neighbor"; then let us, therefore, seek to entertain love as a gentle, kindly disposed and beautiful guest, who will brighten our homes and bring sunshine and peace to our hearts; and let us seek to measure all lives with whom we come in contact, with the golden rule, and to care for the welfare, the good name and honor of our neighbor as we would our own, that harmony may reign in the hearts of humanity; let us unite together in concord and fraternal relationship, with the understanding and purpose to endeavor to enfold ourselves in those gentle, graceful attributes which cause the spirit to overflow in kindness and good-will unto all the human family, and by so doing we shall

each and all realize that we have done our very best, and with patience wait our reward.

HARMONY.

Rev. J. D. Shaw on Spiritualism.

[Fair Play.]

This gentleman, formerly a leading and influential clergyman of the Methodist Church, publishes, in Waco, Texas, a monthly periodical, *The Independent Pulpit*, in a recent number of which he replies to a correspondent who asks: "What is your opinion of Spiritualism?" After stating that he has had no opportunity to acquaint himself with the facts upon which Spiritualism rests its claims, and having heard it spoken of only in abusive and opprobrious terms, has been involuntarily opposed to what he was led to suppose it to be, he proceeds in the following candid manner—a manner we would earnestly commend to all clergymen for adoption—to state his views:

"Of late we have concluded to be more careful of our opinions, and more impartial in our judgment of men and systems; and becoming acquainted with a good many people whom we found to be Spiritualists, we were surprised to find them intelligent, industrious, upright and honest. A little further observation revealed the fact that upon the whole they were fully up to the moral and intellectual standard of any other class. They are much more numerous than we had expected, going up, it seems, into the millions, and compassing the whole social scope of human society. They are fast accumulating a literature that, whether it be true or false, has one striking feature, and that is, it is original, vigorous and progressive. Their periodicals are ably conducted by men of learning and experience in literary labors. They inculcate a very pure and exalted system of morals and inspire a hope for the life beyond. In this they are far superior to what is called Orthodox Christianity. They inspire men with noble aspirations in regard to the future, and not with degrading fears. Whatever else may be said in their favor, they are to be commended for having no fossilized Orthodoxy to impede their progress. As to their spiritual phenomena we have seen very little of them, and we just simply know nothing, and therefore believe nothing any further than that under certain circumstances certain curious and inexplicable things occur. We believe this, that men have as good right to be Spiritualists as to be Methodists, Baptists, or Presbyterians; and if they are good citizens, honest and upright—and to us they seem to be—we have just as much respect for them. We put all men and all sects on an equal basis as to religious beliefs, and then judge all of them by their works. There is one fact regarding Spiritualists and Orthodox Christians that is a little singular, and will merit attention here: *There are many more people believing in Spiritualism than there are openly professing it; while there are a great many more people professing Orthodoxy than there are actually believing in it.* We will close this by saying that what we know of Spiritualism is good, and compels our favorable opinion; and as far as their theories and seances are concerned, they are entirely as rational as the orthodox theories and dogmas. We thank God that this world is big enough for every man to have and enjoy full religious liberty, and if a man wants to be a Spiritualist because he believes in it, we here pledge to him our cordial sympathy and respect, provided he is honest and upright. We hope this answer will be satisfactory to our friend, whom we happen to know is not a Spiritualist."

CHEERFULNESS.

[The Christian Register.]

Cheerfulness is largely a matter of temperament. It depends also to a great extent upon good digestion and a good pulse, but it may also be a matter of philosophy. It is something which is capable of cultivation. We have all seen a child who has had a fall, rise to its feet, uncertain whether to laugh or cry. For a second its emotions are on the brink of indecision, and may fall one way or the other. But the mother is there, and helps it to decide by breaking into a laugh herself. The child concludes to treat the affair as a joke, and laughs heartily over the grotesqueness of the situation. It is often so with children of a larger growth. There are many situations in life when it seems to be uncertain whether to laugh or cry over a misfortune. It is worth while, in such uncertainties, to cultivate the habit of looking on the cheerful side. We are not permitted by the law of charity to laugh at the misfortunes of others (if we can help it), but there is no law against laughing at our own. An indifferent frivolity is one thing; but the habit of discovering the humorous elements in our unpleasant experiences in life may serve to oil the wheels of life and prevent too much friction.

Do not think of knocking out another person's brains because he honestly differs in opinion from you; it would be as rational to knock yourself on the head because you differ from yourself ten years ago.

Motto for the Puritan—"The skimming dish takes the cream."

SPIRITUALISM OF THE BIBLE.

[Extract from an address by S. L. Barber, before the Independent Association of Elmira, (N. Y.) Spiritualists.]

In Luke ix. we read: "He took Peter and John and James, and went up into a mountain to pray. . . . And as he prayed the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment was white and glistening. . . . And behold there talked with him two men which were Moses and Elias. . . . But Peter and they that were with him were heavy with sleep (undoubtedly in a trance) and when they were awake (here spiritual vision opened in the perfect trance state) they saw his glory and the two men that stood with him."

Here we have the fact of the ability of spirits to appear to mortals declared as emphatically as words can express it. In this case it does not say, "the angel of the Lord," but "two men which were Moses and Elias." These men had been dead hundreds of years. Yet these disciples saw them. How did they see them? With spirit vision, being heavy with sleep, that is, being in a trance, just as mediums now see and identify spirit forms. How analogous the condition of these apostles to that of modern mediums? They withdrew with their master, to the mountain, where they should not be disturbed by the turmoils of the world and the opposition of the unbeliever, and then, becoming passive, were thrown into a trance, and while in this state they beheld the dazzling forms of Moses and Elias. Mark: They had to observe conditions in order to have their spiritual vision opened.

Now, if I believe this apparition of Moses and Elias to have taken place, as related in this chapter, I am obliged as well, according to all rules of evidence, to believe the statements of modern mediums. Spiritualists are guilty of no inconsistency when they declare that individuals who accept a certain kind of evidence in proof of any phenomena in one age, shall accept the same kind of evidence in proof of like phenomena in another age. The laws that produce certain phenomena in nature never change. If the spirit of one man has power to return after death, the spirits of all men, under the same circumstances, have power to do the same thing. Certain laws govern spirit communication, and like all of nature's laws, they are unchangeable in their operation.

Again, in Acts xii. the angel of the Lord appeared unto Peter in prison and released him from his confinement, and after the angel had conducted him beyond the outer gate, he forthwith departed. "And when Peter had come to himself"—had he been in a trance? It must be—"he said, Now, I know of a surety that the Lord hath sent his angel, and hath delivered me." He then proceeded to the house of his friends and knocked at the gate. Rhoda came, and when she perceived it was Peter, she ran and informed the others. They declared she was mistaken. Rhoda re-affirmed it was Peter. "Then," said they, "it is his angel." Now, mark the point: Peter was in prison, and these friends were momentarily expecting his execution, and when Rhoda informed them he was at the gate knocking, they declared it must be his angel. Would the other apostles have declared this had they not believed it possible for Peter's spirit, in the event of his death, to appear at the gate and knock?

Again, in the last chapter of Revelation, it is stated that an angel appeared to John on the Isle of Patmos, and John, mistaking his visitor, fell down to worship him. The angel said: "See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow-servant and of thy brethren, the prophets," another evidence that the spirits of mortals return, and that "angel" is equivalent to "spirit," in many passages of the Bible.

A few years hence you will hear the Church universally affirming that she always believed in Spiritualism, and she will as boldly teach it as she now does any other acknowledged doctrine or science which she opposed in the days of its opprobrium. Every science in the category of the schools has struggled up against ecclesiastical intolerance. Then, when the world finally basked in the effulgence of its glory, she lifted up her head and cried, "Lo, how grand a truth we have unfolded; truly the Church is the handmaid of Science!" We expect this.

HINDU TIME.

[M. L. Barre, in Popular Science Monthly.]

The Hindus also employed ages in the computation of time, and these, too, divide into periods of different durations. The present age is the kali yuga, or the age of iron: 4,985 years of it have already passed, but its total duration is supposed to be 432,000 years. The succession of the ages counting back, is given as follows: Fourth age,—kali yuga, age of iron, or of woe (the present age), to be of 432,000 years; third age, dvapara yuga, 864,000 years; second age,—treta yuga, or age of silver, 1,296,000 years; first age,—kirta yuga, age of gold, or of innocence, 1,728,000 years. These four ages form the mahā yuga, or great age, of 4,320,000 years. The length of a patriarchate is 71 mahā yugas, or 306,720,000 years, to which is added a twilight period of 1,728,000 years, making in all 308,448,000 years. Fourteen of these patriarchates, augmented by a dawn of 1,728,000 years, give 4,320,000,000 years, which form a kalpa, or the æon of the Hindu chronology. A kalpa is only a day in the life of Brahma, whose nights are also of the same duration. Now, Brahma

lived 100 years of 360 days and 360 nights. The present epoch is the kali yuga of the twenty-seventh grand age of the seventh patriarchate of the first æon of the second half of the life of Brahma, who is now in his 155,521,972,848,985th spring. Yet the whole life of Brahma is only a little longer than a single wink of Silva's eye!

THE CHAINED GIANT.

[Henry George, in the introduction to a lecture, recently, says:]

Near the window by which I write a great bull is tethered by a ring in his nose. Galling round and round he has wound his rope around the stake until now he stands a close prisoner, tantalized by rich grass he cannot reach, unable even to toss his head to rid him of the flies that cluster on his shoulders. Now and again he struggles vainly, and then with pitiful bellowing relapses into silent misery.

That bull, the very type of massive strength, who, because he has not wit enough to see how he might be free, suffers want in sight of plenty and is helplessly preyed upon by weaker creatures, seems to me no unfit emblem of the working masses.

In all lands men whose toil creates abounding wealth are pinched with poverty, and while advancing civilization opens wider vistas and awakens new desires, are held down to brutish levels by animal needs. Bitterly conscious of injustice, feeling in their inmost souls that they were made for more than so narrow a life, they, too, spasmodically struggle and cry out. But until they trace effect to cause, until they see how they are fettered and how they are freed, their struggles and outcries are as vain as those of that bull. Nay, they are vainer. I shall go out and drive the bull in the way that will untwist his rope. But who shall drive man into freedom? While men do not use reason with which they have been gifted all else is vain. For them there is no special providence.

Under all forms of government the ultimate power lies with the masses. It is not kings nor aristocrats, nor landowners, nor capitalists, that anywhere really enslave the people. It is their own ignorance. Most clear is this where governments rest on universal suffrage. The workingmen of the United States may mold to their will legislatures, courts, and constitutions. Politicians strive for their favor and political parties bid against one another for their vote. But what avails this? The little finger of a corporation must be thicker than the loins of the working masses so long as the corporation knows how to reach its end and the masses do not. And how far even those who must feel the injustice of existing conditions are from any agreement as to practical reform may be seen in the labor organizations. Though beginning to realize the wastefulness of strikes and to feel the necessity of acting on general conditions through legislation, these organizations when they come to formulate political demands seem unable to unite upon any measures capable of wide results.

This political impotency must continue until the masses, or at least that sprinkling of more thoughtful men who are the file leaders of popular opinion, shall give such heed to larger questions as will enable them to agree on the path reform should take. But it is a hopeful sign of the times that thought is being aroused, and that in workshop and on farm social problems are engaging attention they never had before.

Le Messenger of Paris says: "At Jumet-Gohissart (Belgium) the Spiritualists have had a pleasant visit from Mme. Lucie Grange, editress of *La Lumière* of Paris. The fraternal welcome which has been given our sister, the enthusiasm which was manifested on her entrance in the hall of reception, the air of satisfaction and happiness manifest on the faces of all present, have given this social gathering of some twelve hundred or thirteen hundred people a special character, that will leave durable traces in the heart of all the participants. There were pleasant addresses made by some of the leading Spiritualists, and Mme. Grange gave a remarkable and interesting discourse on the duties of Spiritualists, which the editor of *Le Messenger* wishes he was able to reproduce. Our sister in quitting Gohissart carries with her the good wishes and the benedictions of the Spiritualist population, who will preserve for a long time the remembrance of her visit."

DEMAND FOR RAISIN GRAPES.—While the price for nearly all kinds of wine grapes is very low, it is encouraging to note the demand for Muscats for raisins. Nearly all our raisin men are buying as much as they can, paying from \$16 to \$21 per ton, according to quality. Not a single pound of Muscatels need to remain unsold, and a good Muscat vineyard will now prove a bonanza. Accordingly, the greatest activity reigns in all the raisin camps. The crop is simply immense, and the demand for trays has been such that many had to wait till the last moment before they could be supplied. The packing of raisins seems now to regulate itself. The smaller vineyard owners are satisfied to sell their raisins in sweat-boxes, or even green grapes, to the larger vineyard men, who have better packing facilities and who must pack their own, anyhow.—*Fresno Republican*.

The dish for turf men—curried horse.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]  
SCIENCE AND SPIRITUALISM.

I have just risen from the perusal of an article in the *Banner of Light* of Sept. 26, by Prof. Kiddle, entitled "Physical Science and Spiritual Truth," an essay as able and interesting as the title is happy and well-chosen; but the question forces itself upon me, "Cui bono?" This combat, with not science, but scientists, appears to me a great waste of good ammunition, because, judging from past experience with the opinionated and bigoted class referred to, no array of facts, however well substantiated, or by whomsoever observed, appears to have the slightest weight with them, their mental condition being analogous to that of an orthodox clergyman with whom I was recently conversing upon the subject of Spiritualism, who frankly declared that no amount of facts presented could convince him of its truth. Argument and phenomena alike are wasted upon such minds, and we can well leave them to the "resistless logic of events."

It seems to me that the time has fully come for Spiritualists to cease to assume a timid, deprecating air, or to be anxious for the accession of recruits to their ranks. If our numbers are to be increased, it is not to be accomplished by any process of reasoning, but by *phenomena* which first arrested attention and set very ordinary minds thinking and searching for a cause. Had the raps in the Fox family first occurred, say in the house of Dr. Carpenter, should we not in all probability—supposing he had deigned to investigate at all—have been treated to a voluminous and exceedingly scientific essay, accounting for them according to some hypothesis already conceived in his own wise head? These things are hid from the wise and prudent through their folly in bandaging their own eyes, and revealed unto babes simply because they keep their eyes open. I fail to see why a fact observed by any honest man or woman is not as surely a fact and as much entitled to credence as if seen by a Darwin or Spencer. It would certainly be so regarded in any court of justice. Those philosophers may be authority in certain lines of thought and investigation, as others may be in astronomy, chemistry and other physical sciences, but surely their eyes are no keener to see and their ears no sharper to hear, nor are they honest, shrewder or more cautious than thousands who have witnessed and studied the phenomena of Spiritualism the past thirty years.

In this view Spiritualists can well afford to cease to be anxious to win the endorsement of "Science, falsely so called" and rest their claims for the acceptance of their doctrines on the unimpeached and unimpeachable testimony of a "great cloud of witnesses" in every civilized nation of the Earth.

THE MEMORIES OF YOUTH.

[Oakland Evening Express.]

How strange it is that one comes into the shadow of old age, or is going down into the dark valley of death, that youthful scenes return as vivid and fresh as the events of yesterday. Dr. Benjamin Rush tells the story of a young Swiss who left his Alpine home to try his fortune in the Western world. He learned the language of his adopted land and gradually forgot his native tongue. Fifty years passed by and he lay upon his dying bed. The bystanders noticed that his lips moved and strange words were whispered that none of them could comprehend, but his aged companion came near and listened to his scarcely audible murmurings, and lo! he was repeating a prayer his mother had taught him in the long forgotten language of his boyhood home.

When so recently General Grant was awaiting death, he talked of his young life upon the Ohio farm; and when President Garfield lay dying his thoughts wandered back past the years of his busy life to the pure, innocent days of his boyhood, and he talked to those around him, as a child might talk, of the farm, and the woodland, and how the children went out to gather wintergreens. The first and brightest and purest part of life came back to him. The latter one of ambition, and triumph, and tragedy was all obscure, and once more his feet were upon the hills and greensward of his youth. The sweet breath of spring was in his nostrils; there were all sorts of wild flowers and meadow blossoms along the path, the sweet sounds of the birds were heard in the morning, saucy squirrels ran along the fences again, and he saw once more the silver glance of the pickerel coming up the streams. And in the midst of all this stood the barefoot boy, radiant, strong and hopeful, a type of all things around him.

Is it not wonderful, that before the soul goes into the unknown it should grope its way back for one more glimpse of the springtime of life, for a fragrant, dewy memory to carry with it into the unexplored country? May not this be a door into the future? At any rate, nature is kind to us that we are allowed to pass away with a vision of what was the brightest and best of our frail pilgrimage. There is no touch of wiser pathos in all Shakespeare than where it is said of even poor old boastful Falstaff that when he died he played with flowers and "babbled of green fields."



## AUTUMN DAYS.

Harper's Bazar.

George Eliot once said that if she were a bird she would fly about the earth seeking the successive autumns. It is doubtful, however, if we should appreciate autumn so sincerely if we had a perpetual lease of it—if the leaf was always turning brown, the hip always coral, the birds taking flight, and that solemn sweetness in the air which is so beautiful to the happy, so touching to the sad. As the leaves drop, one by one, we can not forget how joyfully we welcomed them when they unrolled leisurely and built up green vistas in the woods, and filled us with indefinable longing; all the pleasure of our summer seems to fall with them, and the melancholy days are full of a sad resignation. However, if we lose the sunshine, we find the shadow; and though the first be warmer and more vivifying, the last is cool and inviting to reflection; if we lose the drape of the woods and fields, we discover rare structural beauties in the naked trees and bushes, each of which shows its true and individual shape and character, just as one whom good fortune has deserted, stripped of his superfluities, of attractions that belonged only to his circumstances, reveals his true identity and native beauty. There is a hush pervades the autumn day which is hardly broken by the soft stir of the reluctant leaves in their downward flight, or the lonesome twitter of some belated bird whose brood has flown, or the bursting burr; every sound, indeed, is in the minor, and shares the spirit of the season, "a melody which the air has strained." The spring notes are in the jubilant soprano key. Who does not recognize them in the bustling water-course, the building bird, the piping frogs? There is a refinement about the autumn moments like a face that sorrow has touched, as if Nature owned some subtle grief at parting with all her beautiful belongings, and would fain solace herself with more generous coloring. The fire on the hearth is one of the institutions of the season that we look forward to with gladness, or that seems, at least, to make some amends for the absence of warmth and "the pomp that fills the circuit of the summer hill." And the woods at this time have a charm that is not translatable into mere words. The fruity atmosphere, "the rich, moist smell of the rotting leaves," the few late flowers that look as if they had lost their reckoning, the empty nests, appeal to the aesthetic sense, and give us a pleasure similar to that which a divine poem bestows, or a harmony by a great master full of expression and feeling, and that indefinable melancholy which is half joy.

## Depredations of the White Ant.

[Popular Science Monthly for October.]

The termite, or white ant, is a small insect with a bloated, yellowish-white body and a somewhat large thorax, oblong-shaped and colored a disagreeable oily brown. The flabby, tallow-like body makes this insect sufficiently repulsive, but it is for quite another reason that the white ant is the worst abused of all living vermin in warm countries. The termite lives almost exclusively upon wood; and the moment a tree is cut or a log sawed for any economical purpose this insect is upon its track. One may never see the insect, possibly in the flesh, for it lives underground; but its ravages confront one at every turn. You build your house perhaps, and for a few months fancy you have pitched upon the one solitary site in the country where there are no white ants. But one day suddenly the door-post totters and lintel and rafters come down together with a crash. You look at a section of the wrecked timbers and discover that the whole inside is eaten clean away. The apparently solid logs of which the rest of the house is built are now mere cylinders of bark, and through the thickest of them you could push your little finger. Furniture, tables, chairs, chests of drawers, everything made of wood is inevitably attacked, and in a single night a strong trunk is often riddled through and through, and turned into match-wood. There is no limit in fact, to the depredation by these insects, and they will eat books, or leather, or clothes, or anything; and in many parts of Africa, I believe if a man lay down to sleep with a wooden leg it would be a heap of sawdust in the morning. So much feared is this insect now, that no one in certain parts of India and Africa ever attempts to travel with such a thing as a wooden trunk. On the Tanganyika plateau, I have camped on ground which was as hard as adamant, and as innocent of white ants apparently as the pavement of St. Paul's, and wakened next morning to find a stout wooden box almost gnawed to pieces. Leather portmanteaus share the same fate and the only substances which seem to defy the marauders are iron and tin.

## A Wonder Worker.

["C. I." in Light for Thinkers.]

There is a woman at Omaha, who does wonders. She is a foreigner, and comes here with a band of musicians, to visit only New York, Chicago, Omaha and San Francisco. She begins her work in the afternoon, about three, and ends it before sunset. She cures all diseases. The deaf hear, the blind see, the lame walk. At first only a few were attracted to her

chariot by the music, but in a few days thousands watch for her appearance and surround her. The infirm have to wait many days for a chance to get close to her. People go hundreds of miles. She never advertises or announces her coming. Cures by handling the invalids, free of charge; her profits come only from some medicine she sells at \$1.50 per bottle. She takes all teeth out by using her fingers on a stick. "Shall I take them out with your parrot?" she asked a woman. "Yes." Immediately, as it seemed to the crowd, her teeth flew out, blood gushing from her mouth—nothing was used but the parrot handle. An old bed-ridden woman was carried to her on a litter; it took an hour for her bearers to get up through the crowd; she was lifted upon the platform of the chariot, and in a minute she was dancing at the command of the woman, and walked down through the assembled thousands. Such instances are of daily occurrence. The infirm are carried to her followed by crowds of neighbors and relatives. In fact, nothing that has ever been reported about cures by miracle, in fact or fiction, surpasses what occurs with this woman. It equals the reports about Greatrakes, the wonder-worker of the last century. The incredulous are literally amazed. Her name I know not—she lets the papers severely alone. Thousands go to see her, and come back saying the half was never told. The woman's hair and eyes are black as Erebus; her skin deep olive; the gleam of her eye is like the sparkle of Kohinoor. What is this mysterious power she wields? Why does it appear as strength in one, and healing virtue in another; violence or premonition, or materialization in others? It is very common to see people who are feebly gifted in this way, who can remove warts, stop bleeding, cure pains, or do several minor acts. But once in an age it seems to be developed in some one person to an enormous extent.

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Written for the GOLDEN GATE.]

## MAGIC.

Just a little bunch of carnations  
Twined about with tender green,  
The rich red petals glowing  
From feathery ferns between.

There's something uncanny, some witchcraft  
Lurks under the perfumed leaves,  
So like the spell of a wizard  
Is the web their magic weaves.

For around me are forms long vanished,  
Forms familiar once and dear,  
The tender tone of a voice long hushed  
Falls once more on my ear.

Again I am waiting the coming  
Of one who was tender and true,  
And I see in fancy the blossoms  
He brought me laden with dew.

See the floods of shimmering moonlight  
On the apple trees in bloom,  
And a tall form quickly coming  
From under the flowery gloom.

The words of a song sung long ago,  
Just a few remembered bars—  
Come back to me here, as I heard it then,  
Under the quiet stars.

Yes, there must be some witchcraft, some magic  
Somewhere among the flowers,  
For here and now I have lived again  
The pleasure of long past hours.

Why, why, are our pleasures in fragments  
Just a little here and there?  
I wonder if on the vast unknown  
They are perfect whole and fair.

—Mary W. McVicar.

## PURPOSES.

Between the Winter's wailing and retreating  
And the Spring's fair first olive-branch of life  
There comes a time of waiting and of weeping  
Amid the strife.

Like tears fall the raindrops on the windows,  
Like floods sweep the torrents o'er the main,  
And the drear, gray sky that stretches o'er us  
Is dark with pain.

Gone, all the dainty snow-wreath's brief illusion;  
Gone, all the lovely charity of leaves;  
Gone, all but death of life, and drear confusion—  
A sky that grieves!

And yet above the storms there is the sunshine,  
Above the sunshine the same tender blue,  
And 'e'en amid the storm the rainbow's glory  
Off presses through!

And yet, ye skies, the very sod beneath ye  
(The dead old earth that never can grow old,  
So sympathetic yet!) shall more than pay ye  
A thousand-fold!

And when ye bend above us in the June time  
The waving fields, the softly rounded hills,  
Of wealth, of life, of song, of life's sweet incense,  
Drink, skies, your fill!

And so, to me, the heart must have its seasons;  
And sorrow, grief, and every form of pain  
That darkens earth and robs it of its beauty,  
Come not in vain!

Thus, robbed of all excuse, as trees in winter,  
We see our glare deformities, and stand  
Mute before your God, in utter weakness,  
With empty hand.

O patient God! how often with thou turn us  
The oft-forgotten lesson still to see?  
Our highest strength is knowing all our weakness,  
And trusting thee!

So, Heart, to thee shall surely come a June time,  
And happy birds of joy shall sing thy will;  
And of each soul desire, in tend' rest gladness,  
Thou'lt drink thy fill!

—M. C. L., in Christian Register.

## AT THE DAWNING.

Frail little barque, on the rude ocean cast!  
—Ocean of Life, dark and wild—  
Ah! many's the storm and the fierce wintry blast  
That may shipwreck thy hopes, ere the voyage be past,  
And thou be at rest, little child,

Dear one,  
Safe from the storms fierce and wild.

Poor little feet! that from thorns shall bleed,  
—Thorns 'mid the roses cast—  
Thou must suffer alone, for few will heed  
When the footsteps fall, or the tired feet bleed,  
Till the ending comes,—at last,

Wearied feet,  
And thorns and roses are past.

Wondering eyes! to be dimmed by tears,  
—Tears often hid by a smile—  
Glad eyes, you'll grow sad in the coming years,  
For falsehood and treachery weeping your tears  
'Neath the pitiful mask of a smile,  
Sad eyes!

Weeping a weary while.

Dear little heart! that must ache so sore,  
—Ache with a cruel pain—  
When the bright visions fade, and hope shines no more,  
Yes, ache till you reach the radiant shore  
Far over life's troubled main,  
Little heart,  
Where endeth all woe and pain.

## A WOMAN'S COMPLAINT.

I know that deep within your heart of hearts  
You hold me shrouded apart from common things,  
And that my step, my voice, can bring to you  
A gladness that no other presence brings.

And yet, dear love, through all the weary days  
You never speak one word of tenderness.  
Nor stroke my hair, nor softly clasp my hand  
Within your own, in loving, mute caress.

You think, perhaps, I should be all content  
To know so well the loving place I hold  
Within your life, and so you do not dream  
How much I long to hear the story told.

You cannot know, when we two sit alone  
And tranquil thoughts within your mind are stirred,  
My heart is crying like a tired child  
For one fond look, one gentle, loving word.

It may be when your eyes look into mine  
You only say, "How dear she is to me!"  
Oh, could I read it in your softened glance,  
How radiant this plain old world would be!

Perhaps sometimes you breathe a secret prayer  
That choicest blessings unto me be given.  
But if you say aloud, "God bless thee, dear!"  
I should not ask a greater boon from Heaven.

I weary sometimes of the rugged way,  
But should you say, "Through thee my life is sweet,  
The drearest desert that our path could cross  
Would suddenly grow green beneath my feet.

'Tis not the boundless waters ocean hold  
That give refreshment to the thirsty flowers,  
But just the drops, that rising to the skies,  
From thence descend in softly falling showers.

What matter that our granaries are filled  
With all the richest harvest's golden stores,  
If we who own them cannot enter in,  
But famished stand before the close-barred doors.

And so 'tis said that those who should be rich  
In that true love which crowns our earthly lot,  
Go praying with white lips from day to day,  
For Love's sweet tokens, and receive them not.

—The Advance.

Written for the GOLDEN GATE.]

## Is There Anything New in Spiritualism?

In the GOLDEN GATE of September 12th, I find, in the article commenting upon G. P. Colby's reply to Mgr. Capel, the following observations: "No intelligent Spiritualist ever claimed that there was anything new in Spiritualism." "All that is in any way new in modern Spiritualism is the greater influx of the phenomena bursting upon the world in these latter days."

One of the great burdens of most Spiritualistic lecturers has been the affirmation that we have something new. "Ours," say the Spiritualists, "is a new dispensation—a new movement." We demonstrate the certainty of a future life—the Church only has faith. Whoever listened to a Spiritualist speaker, or read to any extent in their publications without meeting the phrase "philosophy of Spiritualism," or "our philosophy"? And no one is left in doubt as to the meaning of speaker or writer.

"The Spiritual philosophy is set forth as new in the fullest sense of the word. 'Our philosophy is not their philosophy; our enemies themselves being judges,' is substantially the utterance of nearly all Spiritualists, intelligent or non-intelligent. For over thirty years I have heard these positions asserted by Spiritualists; have advanced and advocated the same positions myself.

This is no proof of newness in modern Spiritualism, but it shows that very many believe there is something more than a "greater influx" of what existed before. But we are not correct in assuming that modern Spiritualism is, in some respects, essentially new? All things must be viewed in a two-fold light. There is the outer and the inner—body and soul—phenomena and cause, or the interior or underlying force. Now, if either of these should be new, or be discovered to be new, so far as human consciousness is concerned, it would be new. To illustrate, take electricity. In its essence and properties it is "the same yesterday, today and forever." But is it the same in the human consciousness as in centuries past? Is the science and philosophy the same? Is it the voice and bolt of Deity? Is it spirits, as the Greeks taught, making feathers, or bits of paper, etc., stick for a moment on the excited amber (*electron*), and then fly off? Instead, it is now the most potent force of nature, and yet managed by man with greatest ease. It is not only new in its multitudinous manifestations, but in man's consciousness it is segregated from the domain of the supernatural and relegated to the empire of nature. May not modern Spiritualism be in the same position? The manifestations may be, to some extent, identical with the past, but they may be entirely different phenomena in the mind of man. While the facts may be similar, the principles underlying them may be absolutely antagonistic; consequently, modern Spiritualism, embracing both fact and philosophy, may be, as so many have affirmed, "a new dispensation."

The most ordinary Spiritualist, if interrogated as to the difference between ancient and modern Spiritualism, would answer at once that one was supernaturalistic, while the other rejected the supernatural—was amenable to scientific methods, and, therefore, future existence was susceptible of demonstration. The mass of Spiritualists disavow the miraculous entirely. Prior to the advent of modern Spiritualism, the Church admitted the occasional "return of the dead." But that return, as well as all forms of communication from the realm of the invisible life, was a supernatural event; angel or spirit, coming to earth, was God-sent or God-permitted. There was no natural method dreamed of by which communication could be had between the two worlds.

The infidel world rejected the supernatural, and consequently denied every fact which seemed to prove it. Religion stood upon miracle; rationalism upon law—the law of nature. Spiritualism came. What was its standpoint, miracle or law? Did it embrace religion or rationalism? The fact was this—it embodied in its phenomena the essential phenomena asserted by religion; and, in its method or philosophy endorsed the principle of rationalism. It presented itself as a spiritual naturalism, and a natural spiritualism. Thus there was born in the human consciousness a new idea, and that idea is the life—the soul of modern Spiritualism.

Two supposed opposites, Naturalism and Spiritism, are found to combine and form a unity, which is Spiritualism. In nature, the scientist sees duality becoming unity continually. Oxygen and hydrogen become water; oxygen and sulphur become sulphuric acid. And so on in innumerable cases. Prior to the spiritual advent, the same phenomena had transpired in the realm of philosophic thought. The founding of the Eclectic Philosophy by Cousin, was the precursor of the same form of action by the human reason in almost every department of thought. Cousin well termed his eclecticism the Spiritual Philosophy. Modern Spiritualism was loyal to the tendency of the age. It neither submitted to religion or rationalism, but it became the embodiment of all truth contained in both. Impersonal humanity—the race, in its progress, pursues the same method as the individual man. It analyses and synthesises—particularises and generalises. Every great epoch of thought or

mental revolution has been a synthesis of the impersonal reason of the race, apprehended by the personal reason of the individual man.

The spirit advent was one of those grand syntheses. For ages the analytic process had been going forward, on two lines of thought—Spiritism and Naturalism. But the more vigorously the analytic process was pushed, the wider apart the more antagonistic became the two wings of humanity engaged therein. Modern Spiritualism appeared, and lo! the change. In and by the manifestations the grand synthesis is accomplished. Naturalism or Rationalism and Spiritism have become one—Spiritualism—a fact and a philosophy. Spiritism has put off the horrid garment of supernaturalism and put on the all-beauteous raiment of rationalism. And the dark and cheerless tomb of naturalism is aglow with the light of immortality.

Now, if there has ever been anything in the evolution of thought, which can properly be called new, then is Modern Spiritualism new. And so new it is, that it necessarily involves a complete reconstruction of all the formulas of thought and action. The Revelatory Spirit of the New Testament said, "Behold! I make all things new." So, in a more emphatic sense, proclaims Modern Spiritualism. A new basis of moral and social order—a new government and a new jurisprudence must come to complement the new idea of the new epoch.

## A MODERN SPIRITUALIST.

## Past States of Consciousness.

(Oakland Evening Express.)

Dr. Draper somewhere says that if one should take a piece of finely polished metal, a new razor for instance, and lay a wafer upon it and then breathe upon it, and when the moisture has disappeared, cast the wafer aside, that no critical inspection, not even the microscope, can reveal any trace of the impression, but if we should breathe again upon it a spectral image of the wafer will come plainly into view. If the polished metal is carefully laid away for months and then breathed upon, the shadowy image of the wafer will still emerge in sight. He gives this as an illustration of the possible way that impressions may be registered upon the delicate surface of the brain, so as often to come forth, in vivid mind-pictures, of what we have seen and heard long years after.

Be this as it may, there is no fact of mental philosophy so strange and mysterious and yet now more clearly evinced, than the imperishability of our past states of consciousness. How often have we noticed how a casual word, tone of voice, a strain of music or the features of some one passed on the street has jostled whole years of drowsy memories into vivid wakefulness. We believe it was Plato who said that our thoughts lodged in the mind like a flock of birds on the limb of a tree. Cast a pebble at one and all will simultaneously fly. They seem to hang together as a cluster of grapes growing on one stem so closely that if one is plucked all the rest feel the jar.

## From Miss Cleveland's Book.

Our lives are not laid out in vast, vague prairies, but in definite domestic door-yards, within which we are to exercise and develop our faculties.

One who has faith in the concrete is sure to have it in the abstract, and the effect is that of optimism in the world.

I never knew a good man or a good woman who was not practically an optimist.

The past is simple humanity. It is thou and I—a vast congregation of thou's and I's.

Herein is the significance of the saying that history repeats itself. It does repeat itself, because it repeats its factors—the men and women who compose it.

No secret of hydraulics could cause a dewdrop to hang upon a rose-leaf in a cube.

Manners are made in the market where they are sold, and their buying and selling are mostly unconscious.

No gift can pass between human creatures so divine as the gift of recognition, for it touches upon the creative.

A very pious clerical friend, who had consumed an hour of his valuable time in small talk, said to James Harper, the publisher, "Brother Harper, I am curious to know how you four men distribute the duties of the establishment between you." "John," said Mr. Harper, good-humoredly, "attends to the finances, Wesley to the correspondence, Fletcher to the general bargaining with authors and others, and don't you tell anybody," he said, drawing his chair still closer and lowering the tone of his voice, "I entertain the bores."

The poet Whittier once lent a volume of Plato to one of the neighboring farmers, and when the book was returned asked: "Well, my friend, how did thee like my old friend Plato?" "First rate," said the farmer; "I see he's got some of my ideas."

UPON the marriage of one of her companions, a little girl about 11 years of age, of the same school, said to her parents, "Why, don't you think Amelia is married, and she hasn't gone through fractions yet!"

## Fighting Off Death.

(Greenview Banner.)

Conductor Frazer, of the International and Great Northern Railway, tried to fight off death for a few hours in order that he might see his wife once more. He had been shot by a tramp, and had been taken to Tyler, Texas, in a dying condition.

"Help me to fight back this cruel death, boys, until my wife gets here," said the dying man, cheerfully.

The doctor had already told him that he could live but a few hours. With a calm courage he heard the verdict, and called all of his wonderful force to his aid in the struggle to live until his wife arrived.

"Tell me exciting stories," he said to the boys around his bed; "for I must make this run till she comes."

And the boys did laugh and tell big stories, poor fellows, when their stout hearts were filled with sad regrets. The hours sped rapidly by; the merry voice of the conductor grew fainter and fainter, but his courage never faltered.

A telegram from his wife, in answer to one sent to her some hours before, was brought into the room and read. She was coming on a special train; the road was cleared for her passage, and with lightning speed her train was annihilating distance. What a race! A young woman, in the full flush of love and a new life, pitted against the King of Terrors. The news-nerved Frazer for a moment, and his efforts to keep up were renewed. A little later came another telegram.

"Old boy," whispered a brakeman, "she will be here in an hour."

"Turn me over, boys," he said.

It was done. He whispered to an attendant:

"Charlie, I can't run on this schedule. Good-bye."

He was dead.

## Toil Manfully.

The following from the pen of the late J. G. Holland possesses the essential element of pathos and truth, although at variance with the practice of capitalists and monopolists of the present day:

"Labor is the honorable thing among men. There is not a neatly graded lawn, a pretty garden or a well-trained tree that does not tell of it. It builds magnificent cities, and creates navies, and bridges rivers, and lays the railroad tracks, and infuses every part of the flying locomotive. Wherever steamers plough the wave or the canal bears the nation's inland wealth, wherever wheat fields wave and the mill-wheel turns, there Labor is the conqueror and the king. The newspaper, wherever it spreads its wings, bears with it the impress of toiling hands. Should not the laborer be well fed? Should he not be well housed? Should he not have the best wife and the prettiest children in the world? Should not the man who produces all that we have to eat and drink and wear, be honored? To us there is more poetry about the laborer's life and lot than any other man under heaven. It matters not in what calling a man toils—if he toils manfully, honestly and contentedly. The little tin nail should be a badge of nobility everywhere, and in the good time coming, boys, it will be."

Wealth is a steep hill which the father climbs slowly, and the son often tumbles down precipitately; but there is a tableland continuous with it, which may be found by those who do not lose their head in looking down at its sharply cloven summit. Our dangerously rich men can make themselves hated, held as enemies of the race, or beloved and recognized as its benefactors. The clouds of discontent are threatening; but, if the gold-pointed lightning-rods are rightly distributed, the destructive element may be drawn off silently and harmlessly. For it cannot be too often repeated that the safety of great wealth with us lies in obedience to the new version of the Old World maxim, *Richesse oblige*.—O. W. Holmes.

A German paper has collected the following bulls: "After the door was closed, a soft female foot slipped into the room, and with her own hand extinguished the taper." "The chariot of revolution is rolling onward, and gnashing its teeth as it rolls." "The Ladies' Benefit Association has distributed twenty pair of shoes among the poor, which will dry up many a tear." "I was sitting at the table enjoying a cup of coffee when a gentle voice tapped me on the shoulder. I looked around and saw my old friend once more." "The secretary arose in the order of business and announced that he would now read his annual report for the month."—The Chiel.

CURIOUS MANUSCRIPT.—In the celebrated collection of rare curiosities to be found in the Dresden Gallery is a wonderful Mexican manuscript with hieroglyphics curiously painted on aloe leaves.

It was written, "Good for nervousness is characteristic of celery," but the intelligent compositor rendered it, "Good-for-nothingness is a characteristic of the clergy."

A LAWYER gives as a reason for not going to Europe this summer that a rich client has just died, and he is afraid if he goes, the heirs will get the property."



## TIME SCHEDULE.

Passenger trains will leave and arrive at Passenger Depot (Townsend St., bet. Third and Fourth), San Francisco:

LEAVE S. F.	Commencing May 11, 1885.	ARRIVE S. F.
8:30 a. m.	San Mateo, Redwood and...	6:40 a. m.
10:40 a. m.	Menlo Park...	8:10 a. m.
1:30 p. m.		9:03 a. m.
2:30 p. m.		10:02 a. m.
4:25 p. m.		5:30 p. m.
5:15 p. m.		4:50 p. m.
6:30 p. m.		6:00 p. m.
11:45 p. m.		7:50 p. m.
8:30 a. m.		8:03 a. m.
10:40 a. m.	Santa Clara, San Jose and...	10:02 a. m.
2:30 p. m.	Principal Way Stations...	3:30 p. m.
4:25 p. m.		6:00 p. m.
		8:15 p. m.
10:40 a. m.	Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville...	10:02 a. m.
2:30 p. m.	Salinas and Monterey...	6:00 p. m.
10:40 a. m.	Watsonville, Camp Goodall...	10:02 a. m.
2:30 p. m.	Arroyo, New Brighton, Sequoia...	6:00 p. m.
4:25 p. m.	(Camp Capitola and Santa Cruz...	6:00 p. m.
7:50 a. m.	Monterey and Santa Cruz (Sunday Excursion)...	8:55 p. m.
10:40 a. m.	Hollister and Tres Pinos...	10:02 a. m.
2:30 p. m.		6:00 p. m.
10:40 a. m.	Soledad and Way Stations...	6:00 p. m.

\*Sundays excepted. †Sundays only. ‡Theatre train, Saturdays only.

Trains are run on Pacific Standard Time furnished by Randolph & Co.

Stage connections are made with the 10:40 a. m. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood and Pacific Congress Stage via Santa Clara, which connect with 8:30 a. m. train.

Special Round-Trip Tickets—at Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Aptos, Sequoia, Santa Cruz and Pescadero. Also, to Gilroy, Pajaro and Paso Robles Springs.

## EXCURSIONS TICKETS.

For Sundays only, †Sold Sunday morning, good for Saturday, ‡for Return same day.

For Saturday, †Sold Saturday and Sunday only; Sunday and good for Return until following Monday.

(Day, inclusive, at the following rates:

Round Trip from San Francisco to	San Francisco to	Round Trip from San Francisco to	San Francisco to
San Bruno...	1.50	Mountain View...	1.50
Millbrae...	1.50	Lawrenceville...	1.50
Oak Grove...	1.75	Santa Clara...	2.50
San Mateo...	1.75	San Jose...	2.50
Belmont...	2.75	Gilroy...	4.00
Redwood...	3.00	Aptos...	5.00
Fair Oaks...	3.00	Castroville...	5.00
Menlo Park...	3.00	Santa Cruz...	5.00
Mayfield...	3.00	Monterey...	5.00

TICKET OFFICES.—Passenger Depot, Townsend St., Valencia Street Station and No. 613 Market street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

## SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

## Time Schedule, April 6, 1885.

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

LEAVE FOR	DESTINATION.	ARRIVE FROM
8:00 a. m.	Byron...	10:10 p. m.
8:30 a. m.	Calistoga and Napa...	10:10 a. m.
9:00 a. m.		6:10 p. m.
7:30 a. m.	Colfax...	5:40 p. m.
7:30 a. m.	Delta, Rock...	6:40 p. m.
8:30 p. m.	Galt, via Martinez...	10:40 a. m.
8:00 a. m.	Gene, via Livermore...	5:40 p. m.
4:00 p. m.	Knights Landing...	10:10 a. m.
5:00 p. m.	Livermore and Pleasanton...	10:40 a. m.
8:00 p. m.	Martinez...	6:10 p. m.
8:00 a. m.	Milton...	7:10 p. m.
3:30 p. m.	(Mojave, Deming,) Express...	10:40 a. m.
7:00 p. m.	(El Paso and East) Emigrant...	6:10 a. m.
8:00 a. m.	Niles and Hayward...	8:40 p. m.
3:00 p. m.	(Ogden and) Express...	11:10 a. m.
7:00 p. m.	(East) Emigrant...	9:40 a. m.
7:30 a. m.	Red Bluff via Marysville...	5:40 p. m.
8:00 a. m.	Sacramento, via Benicia...	5:40 p. m.
7:30 a. m.	" via Benicia...	6:40 p. m.
3:00 p. m.	" via Benicia...	11:10 a. m.
4:00 p. m.	" via Benicia...	10:10 a. m.
4:00 p. m.	Sacramento River Steamers...	6:00 a. m.
8:00 a. m.	San Jose...	8:40 p. m.
10:00 a. m.	"	13:40 p. m.
3:00 p. m.	"	9:40 a. m.
8:00 a. m.	Stockton, via Livermore...	5:40 p. m.
8:30 a. m.	" via Martinez...	7:10 p. m.
9:30 p. m.	" via Martinez...	10:40 p. m.
9:30 a. m.	Tulare and Fresno...	7:10 p. m.

\*Sundays excepted. †Sundays only.

## LOCAL FERRY TRAINS,

(Via Oakland Pier.)

## FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00, 11:30, 12:00, 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30, 3:00, 3:30, 4:00, 4:30, 5:00, 5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00, 11:30, 12:00, 12:30.	
To FRUIT VALE—6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00, 11:30, 12:00, 12:30.	
To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—6:30 a. m., 6:30, 11:00, 12:00 p. m.	
To ALAMEDA—6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00, 11:30, 12:00, 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30, 3:00, 3:30, 4:00, 4:30, 5:00, 5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00, 11:30, 12:00, 12:30.	
To BERKELEY—6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00, 11:30, 12:00, 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30, 3:00, 3:30, 4:00, 4:30, 5:00, 5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00, 11:30, 12:00, 12:30.	
To WEST BERKELEY—6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00, 11:30, 12:00, 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30, 3:00, 3:30, 4:00, 4:30, 5:00, 5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00, 11:30, 12:00, 12:30.	

## TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—6:23, 6:53, 7:23, 7:53, 8:23, 8:53, 9:23, 9:53, 10:23, 10:53, 11:23, 11:53, 12:23, 12:53, 1:23, 1:53, 2:23, 2:53, 3:23, 3:53, 4:23, 4:53, 5:23, 5:53, 6:23, 6:53, 7:23, 7:53, 8:23, 8:53, 9:23, 9:53, 10:23, 10:53, 11:23, 11:53, 12:23, 12:53.
From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—6:15, 6:45, 7:15, 7:45, 8:15, 8:45, 9:15, 9:45, 10:15, 10:45, 11:15, 11:45, 12:15, 12:45.
From EAST OAKLAND—6:30, 6:50, 7:10, 7:30, 7:50, 8:10, 8:30, 8:50, 9:10, 9:30, 9:50, 10:10, 10:30, 10:50, 11:10, 11:30, 11:50, 12:10, 12:30, 12:50, 1:10, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30, 3:00, 3:30, 4:00, 4:30, 5:00, 5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 7:57, 8:37, 9:07, 9:57, 10:27.
From BROADWAY Oakland—5:37, 6:07, 6:37, 7:07, 7:37, 8:07, 8:37, 9:07, 9:37, 10:07, 10:37, 11:07, 11:37, 12:07, 12:37, 12:57, 1:27, 1:57, 2:27, 2:57, 3:27, 3:57, 4:27, 4:57, 5:27, 5:57, 6:27, 6:57, 7:27, 7:57, 8:06, 9:06, 10:06, 11:06.
From ALAMEDA—5:22, 5:52, 6:22, 6:52, 7:22, 7:52, 8:22, 8:52, 9:22, 9:52, 10:22, 10:52, 11:22, 11:52, 12:22, 12:52, 1:22, 1:52, 2:52, 3:22, 3:52, 4:22, 4:52, 5:22, 5:52, 6:22, 6:52, 7:22, 7:52, 8:22, 8:52, 9:22, 9:52, 10:22, 10:52, 11:22, 11:52, 12:22, 12:52.
From BERKELEY—5:15, 5:45, 6:15, 6:45, 7:15, 7:45, 8:15, 8:45, 9:15, 9:45, 10:15, 10:45, 11:15, 11:45, 12:15, 12:45, 1:45, 2:15, 3:45, 4:15, 4:45, 5:15, 5:45, 6:15, 6:45, 7:45, 8:45, 9:45, 10:45, 11:45, 12:45.
From WEST BERKELEY—5:45, 6:15, 6:45, 7:15, 7:45, 8:15, 8:45, 9:15, 9:45, 10:15, 11:25, 1:45, 2:45, 3:45, 4:45, 5:15, 5:45, 6:15, 6:45, 7:15.