

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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J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER,  
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## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Govern the lips  
As they were palace doors, the king within  
Tranquil and fair and courteous be all words  
Which from that presence win.  
—Edwin Arnold.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear,  
What man has borne before!  
Thou lay'st thy fingers on the lips of Care  
And they complain no more.  
—Longfellow.

But blame us women not if some appear  
Too cold at times and some too gay and light;  
Some griefs grow deep. Some woes are hard to bear.  
Who knows the Past? And who can judge us right?  
—Queen Meredith.

The heart is like an instrument whose strings  
Steel nobler music from life's many frets;  
The golden threads are spun through suffering fire,  
Wherewith the marriage robes for heaven are woven;  
And all the rarest hues of human life  
Take radiance, and are rainbowed out in tears.  
—Gerald Massey.

"Reason is a flower of the spirit, and  
its fragrance is liberty and knowledge."  
"Any theory, hypothesis, philosophy,  
sect, creed or institution that fears investi-  
gation, openly manifests its own error."  
Whatever art man can achieve in his  
progress through time, man's reason, in  
time, can suffice to explain.—Bulwer.

Perfect lives are the treasures of God;  
of great days he wears them on the ring-  
finger of his heart hand.—From Ben-Hur.

Good nature, like the little busy bee,  
collects sweetness from every herb; while  
ill nature, like the spider, collects poison  
from honeyed flowers.  
If we gird those strong emotions by  
which we are stirred what might of will  
and purpose, heights unguessed shall dawn  
for us.—Ella Wheeler.

No man has a prosperity so high or firm  
but two or three words can dishearten it.  
There is no calamity which right words  
will not begin to redress.—Emerson.

Patience and strength are what we need;  
an earnest use of what we have now; and  
all the time an earnest discontent until we  
come to what we ought to be.—Phillips  
Brooks.

It is one of the heaviest penalties of wrong  
thinking and of wrong living that they  
blur, if they do not obliterate, the very  
perception of good and evil —Mary  
Clemmer.

Is there not something truly evangelical  
in the delicacy which abstains from all  
lecturing and allusions, and is it not the  
best piety, when a man has a sore spot,  
not to touch it at all?—Victor Hugo.

An idle word may be seemingly harm-  
less in its utterance; but let it be fuelled  
by passion, let it be fed with the fann of  
misconception, of evil intention, of pre-  
judice, and it will soon grow into a sweeping  
fire that will melt the chains of human  
friendship, that will burn to ashes many  
cherished hopes, and blacken more fair  
names than one.—Charles A. Dickey.

Ardent lover—"I have called, sir, to  
ask your permission to pay my addresses to  
your daughter." Old gent (somewhat  
deaf)—"Pay for dresses? Why, certainly,  
my dear sir. Here are the bills." He  
gave one glance at them and fled.

Written for the GOLDEN GATE.

## PENUMBRAL MUSINGS.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

"Where are now the fabled beings that peopled space?  
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,  
The fair humanities of old religion,  
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,  
Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring,  
Or chasm and wat'ry depths? All these have vanished.  
They live no longer in the faith of reason!  
But still the heart doth bring back the old names.  
Doth the old instinct lead the old names.  
Oh! never will I rudely bludge his faith  
In the night of stars and angels!  
This visible nature and this common world  
Is all too narrow."

Thus sang Coleridge in translating the  
mythic thought of the poet Schiller, and it  
translates mine as it was once; and in  
memory is now. So sing, I think, most  
thoughtful souls, who miss the faith once  
delivered to the saints, that then filled  
hungry hearts, who now find this visible  
world or material universe "all too narrow-  
" who hunger for what was once be-  
lievable, but which now in our intellectual  
progress we have no appetite for: finding  
no nutriment in it. If a man, the real  
man I mean, was all head or intellect,  
which in this material world is his glory,  
science and knowledge would supply his  
mental wants; but he feels as well as  
thinks. It is hard to separate the two de-  
partments of his being. We never can  
only logically for the better defining of  
ourselves. Man is a being of emotions,  
and that department needs mental nutri-  
ment as well as his intellect. He needs  
sentiment as well as science. Religion then  
is pabulum as well as science or knowledge.  
Religion is a spoiled word from its alli-  
ance with superstition; some will say senti-  
mental truth, as well as scientific truth.

The emotional part of our being says:  
"when the heart speaks listen to its im-  
pulse; it's the voice of God." I like the  
expression better to say "it is the voice of  
our spirit." The intellect is infidel, it  
asks questions, and says in the words of  
the poet,

"Give not religious faith  
To every voice which makes the heart a listener  
To its own wish."

The intellect remained at the threshold  
with the crucibles and scalpels when the  
pious and scientific Faraday went into the  
church for his devotions. It is not usually  
so accommodating; with most of such hu-  
manities it stands at the helm and steers  
clear of the altar, or if there, it scoffs and  
the soul finds no food. In the case of  
Hugh Miller neither yielded, and self-in-  
flicted death relieved him from his mental  
disturbances.

It was saying it was the voice of our spir-  
it, possibly the spirits. When one realizes  
the fact of an intelligent spiritual environ-  
ment, it is hard to tell what is our own and  
what is from the spirits around us. In old  
lines, much that seems crude to us now  
and fabulous feeds our souls, "our igno-  
rance was our bliss," we have had the  
folly to be wise, and what pleased the fath-  
ers, sickens us. We are hungry just the  
same and we feel as the poet sings in the  
times, with which I started. He saw the  
need of nutriment for the soul and con-  
sidered the weaker mind that he had out-  
grown, fortunate in being able to "believe  
in the might of stars and angels." I sup-  
pose that was the reason why Byron said,  
"Once more who would not be a boy;" the  
appetite or rather the faith of childhood  
was a happiness.

It seems to me the world of culture and  
of thought is inviting the sentimental to a  
more conspicuous seat, to more prominence.  
The impulses of the soul are getting recog-  
nition, at least to an extent that societies  
are being formed in Europe and in this  
country to assume a hospitality, to at least  
make believe listen; I have no fears but  
that it is the rising tide and will float man  
to a higher level. I am not finding any  
fault with the intellectual part of our being,  
or consider it by any means an usurper in  
the throne of man's nature, for it is the  
high instrument of reason; as I have said  
before, both feeling and thought are life's  
factors. In the sensuous world the intel-  
lect wears the purple and it deserves orna-  
mentation, for it has worked the race out  
of superstition, has punctured as a bubble  
the world of fancy, lore, sacred and profane;  
but in doing so it has blotted out wholly  
the world, of the unknown, or the spiritual  
world and confined itself to a world of matter.  
The bright scientific lights are not always logical, they run oc-  
casionally into the super mundane to rest,

or for warmth, Tyndall runs into the un-  
discovered county as far as he can without  
getting away from matter. Still he rather  
admits this to be a spiritual rather than a  
material universe. The balloon of his  
thought is tethered to matter, he thinks; at  
any rate, it has a very long string; its swing  
is wide, his tether seems to hold; still he  
says we are gifted with the power of im-  
agination, and by it we can light the dark-  
ness that surrounds the world of the senses;  
so he gets some sentimental nutriment for  
his heart, as well as wisdom for his head,  
and he says (and in doing so he gives him-  
self away), "I believe that even the intel-  
lectual action of a complete man is con-  
sciously or unconsciously sustained by an  
undercurrent of the emotions."

Since "the fabled beings have vanished  
and live no longer in the faith of reason,"  
and legends, sacred and profane, no longer  
attract, and everything supernatural  
wiped out of rational belief, and that is  
right, for what is supernatural? everything  
reached yet is natural, so while the lights  
of the intellect have punctured supersti-  
tion, intuitive souls have extended the  
domain of nature so as to include under  
its laws what was once supposed to be  
above them. Has the heart or feelings  
been left without a comforter? or we  
should say, in keeping with previous ex-  
pressions, without nutriment? By no  
means; the old ideas, or those that the  
heart desires to retain, linger in the world  
of poetry, and the human heart feeds on  
the expressions, often receiving in poetic  
sentiment truths that would find no hear-  
ing as matter of fact or prose. How  
crowded now are the spiritual expressions  
with which popular poetry is filled, that  
are actual facts in the light of Modern  
Spiritualism. I can hardly think of a  
popular poet that does not utter our  
thought, and it is the beauty of his effort.  
Doubtless the writers, perhaps every one of  
them, would have been shocked to have  
been understood literally, the poetry tak-  
ing the curse off, by labelling it a fancy  
rather than a fact. I think people in their  
hearts believe much more than they admit,  
and the instinctive soul finds food in these  
spiritual utterances without recognizing them.

The "sweet bye-and-bye" was an in-  
spiration born of some one's soul; its  
birth was at a religious meeting where  
probably the idea was a nominal not an  
actual belief; but "the land that was fairer  
than day," and the music to match came  
to stay, not as an intellectual fact, but as a  
soul's desire, and everywhere it is welcome  
in high and in low places, in sacred and in  
secular gatherings—even the hand-organ  
grinds out its music and we read in its air  
its sentimental words. Many who care for  
no future, or whose thought is not in that  
direction, are warned by its assertion, the  
soul being fed even by the head  
classes it among the glittering generalities.  
I am using this familiar verse and music  
only as an illustration of thousands of  
popular expressions, which are gems in  
poetry and in music, yet unrecognized as  
truths. When the poet Longfellow, in  
words that are true to the soul, (to that  
subordinate, but enduring half of our mental  
being, our intuitive nature) says:

Through the open doors  
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,  
With feet that make no sound upon the floor.

or again:

"The spiritual world  
Lies all about us, and its avenues  
Are open to the unseen feet of phantoms  
That come and go and we perceive them not,  
Save by their influence."

and many others we might quote.

We never heard that he was a spiritual-  
ist in the modern sense, having a sensuous  
knowledge of what he writes so truthfully;  
we presume he was not one, but was writ-  
ing wiser than he knew. I lately met  
a lady who has a great fancy for emotional  
or sentimental expressions, like the above  
quotations, so frequently seen in the lan-  
guage of the poets. Her marked passages  
are such as I would mark as piteously ex-  
pressed spiritual truths; but this lady has  
no faith in our belief, is of an agnostic  
turn of mind, but still found satisfaction in  
what to her were imaginings or fancies. I  
think the soul has a way of getting nutri-  
ment which the intellect knows nothing of.  
While therefore the latter has written *non  
est* on the spirit world; sentimental hunger  
will not down at its bidding. Our crude  
tuitive life is always asserting itself in a man-

way in our ancient ignorance and now calls  
loudly for recognition and is getting it. The  
general trend of human thought shows it.  
It seems to me as if it was a mission of Modern  
Spiritualism in response to the demand of  
the emotional nature of man, not only to  
give sensuous proof of man's survival of  
the dissolution of his body, but to repro-  
duce the fore-world again, which was lost  
in its eclipse of faith. Not again to believe  
in the supernatural, but to believe in the  
real which was once thought to be super-  
natural; not to believe again that Olympus  
was the abode of the gods, but that that  
mount and thousands of other places may  
have been enchanted, and sensitive persons  
may have realized the fact. In a word,  
the manifestations are putting a torch be-  
hind the curtain of the past, and much  
tribe lore, many fables and fancies become  
thereby possible facts. The astronomical  
science of to-day does not deny the record of  
comets a thousand years ago; it establishes  
their apparition, denying only their omin-  
ous character, as harbingers of war, pesti-  
lence and famine, but demonstrating them  
to be stellar beauties governed by law as  
much so as the earth on which we stand.  
Making the apparition of Samuel by the  
woman of Endor a possible fact instead of  
a fable, and in doing so, give many another  
old wife's fable a foundation in fact, and  
thus warming this cold, material world up  
into a spiritual environment, our loved and  
lost being around us though unseen; and  
read in that light the spiritual touches that  
sparkle in the spirit, and poems of the  
world become real truths instead of warm,  
tender poetic fancies. As St. Paul when  
in Athens saw an altar "to the unknown  
God," and in his sermon on Mars' hill re-  
ferring to it, said: "What you ignorantly  
worship, him declare I unto you," in like  
manner it seems to me Modern Spiritualism  
is doing something analogous to what St.  
Paul did; instead of defining "the un-  
known God," it says the beautiful and  
truthful expressions, the spiritual intima-  
tions with which the world's poetry is filled,  
which your hearts have recognized and  
which your heads have not, in a word,  
what you have ignorantly worshiped, or  
loved, that declare I unto you. Poetry  
indeed, but truth nevertheless.

## Life and its Realities.

(Extract from an address by Mrs. Milton Rathburn  
reported for the Banner of Light.)

The reality of life must become to us  
an object attainable in a high degree. We  
must buffet pride, subdue passion, conquer  
avarice, and cast out selfishness in our  
struggle to comprehend it. If we can rule  
our spirit we shall become strong in inter-  
pretation and understanding, and in a fair  
way to comprehend a part of life's  
mysteries, which are made up of its real-  
ities.

"Life is real, life is earnest."

How beautifully expressive are these  
words! If we would know in what sense  
"life is real," we must be in earnest. If  
we would know the true meaning of our  
sojourn through earth's valley we must be  
in earnest. No time for loitering or idly  
waiting, all must be spent in earnest  
activity. No time for mourning, no time  
for useless repining. Earnest work, now  
and always, should be our attitude toward  
this great problem, the reality of life. If  
we are diligent workers, always in earnest,  
our rewarded souls that "peace which passeth  
all understanding."

"Life is real, life is earnest,  
And the grave is not its goal."

Spiritualism proves beyond question  
the truth of these beautiful assertions. To  
life there can be no death. The part  
which is laid aside, rent by the hand of  
the death-angel, is only the clay habitation  
for which life has no more use or need.  
As naturally as the touch of frost releases  
the nut encased in its burr, so natu-  
rally does the spirit which manifests it-  
self through the human form step forth  
into the other life when freed from its  
casing of earth and its environments. We  
sometimes try to imagine the joy which  
must fill the life thus released. What  
measure of freedom to one thus set free!  
Can you imagine it? Can you not look  
forward in joyous anticipation to the hour  
when your spirit shall thus be emanci-

pated? We are now looking only at the  
event which Longfellow terms "transition,"  
only at the change termed death. *Death*,  
what a misnomer! We leave this little  
probationary plane for the wider realms of  
life eternal; to term such a passage  
"death" is indeed an absurdity be-  
queathed to us from the dark ages, yet by  
custom, and to be understood, we are  
forced to use it. Spiritualism teaches  
that we shall not enter the grave—that the  
grave is not the goal of any life. We  
simply enter another state of being, there  
to continue in the earnestness and reality  
begun here, destined, under the law of  
progression, to advance goal upon goal in  
the realms stretching away into ceaseless  
ages of the great beyond.

## The Berry Sister's New Conditions.

[John Wetherbee in Spirit Offering.]

These ladies are now located in a pleas-  
ant home at No. 55 Rutland St., the seance  
room is a large airy parlor; they have what  
is called a cabinet, which consists simply  
of four slats of wood, making the four cor-  
ners of an enclosure six and a half feet  
high, cross pieces at the top, the whole  
covered with dark cloth, the shape being  
a rectangular parallelogram, five feet wide  
and four deep; no hole in any of the sides  
except the front, for the incoming and out-  
going of the forms. This enclosure has no  
floor, the four slats or legs resting on the  
parlor carpet, and the bottom of the en-  
closure is the carpet that covers the whole  
room, it is light and can stand anywhere,  
usually about in the center of the rear half  
of the room, a three or four foot passage  
all around it; at the seance that I attended,  
it was too near the wall on one side, so we  
moved it nearer the center. I was  
privileged to sit at the left end of the en-  
closure so was close to the corner of the en-  
closure and could rest my hand on it  
easily without leaning forward. The door  
of the back room which was four to five  
feet from the back of this enclosure was  
locked by this writer, who also was the  
last one that was in the cabinet and had  
proof of its emptiness; the medium then  
went in and it was absolutely certain to  
every one of the twenty-five who were  
present that she was the sum total of the  
contents plus a chair and no possibility of  
being supplemented, for the whole thing  
was disconnected and it was certain there  
was no confederacy. In a second or two  
after the medium went into that empty en-  
closure, out came two adult female forms.  
who were recognized and examined by  
parties present, they were of different  
sizes and both were shorter than  
the medium, who is my height and I was  
very near these forms.

I have been particular to the foregoing  
discriptions for it settles the matter of fact,  
if sensuous evidence of myself and twenty-  
four others are of any account. The de-  
tails need not be elaborated, so I will only  
say about forty forms came out into the  
room, more than half two at a time, they  
were generally recognized, the sexes were  
about equal, a larger portion of the male  
element than is usual. I was permitted by  
the manager to go into the cabinet while  
one of the spirits was outside. I found the  
medium in the corner seemingly entranced  
sitting in the chair, that was what I ex-  
pected and as a matter of course it could  
not have been otherwise. One other item  
rather unusual occurred; up rose at my left  
side, where there was just room enough  
for a person to stand, a female form and  
went out into the room and was recog-  
nized by a Mr. Brackett with whom I was  
acquainted. I mean literally uprising from  
the floor, it did not come through the  
passage way between the enclosure and the  
walls, for my eye was there and would  
have seen it—it did not crawl out from  
under the bottom of the cloth, there was  
not slack enough for me to put my foot  
under it, it was so sudden it almost took  
my breath away, it was certainly remark-  
able but after the astounding fact of see-  
ing so many human, looking forms extem-  
porised out of the circumambient air I  
was prepared for most anything, the  
greater including the less. It seems to be  
the move lately on the part of the powers  
behind the throne, quite impossible and  
the arrangement at the Berry's seems to be  
entirely beyond criticism.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

## THIRD PAPER.

It is very annoying to students of Nature's great mysteries to have essays in a weekly paper skip several numbers in succession, and my only apology for this long delayed article is in the fact that for the last three weeks we have been immersed in secular cares—looking after the sick in our Sanitarium and in the community. But on this bright and beautiful morning, while all nature smiles and seems to bask in the rays of an Autumn sun as on an eastern June morning, millions of glittering insects awaken into existence, and as many verdant shoots spring forth the result of the first rain of the season. Life! life is everywhere in thousands of forms not only utterly *useless* but *noxious*. Why have they thus sprung into such profuse existence? Who, or what created them? A wise and beneficent Creator? Not so. But by the fall rains, the warm sun and the chemical constituents of soil have they come forth. On the morning after the first rain, in driving from the Sanitarium to the village, I noticed that the air was filled with a peculiar looking insect of considerable size, and wondered what they were, from whence they had come, what their nature and mission, and for what purpose or intention they had been "created"—if created they had been by the Infinite. When lo! one lit on my hand and I discovered, greatly to my disgust, that they were a species of flying ant—the most utterly useless, tho' comparatively harmless of all the living forms of life, not excepting house-flies, for they, it is claimed by the advocates of all-for-some-good-purpose theory, act as scavengers. But when a couple of them drop down in your cup of hot coffee, for which you have paid ten cents, you are likely to feel to prefer a clean house-servant as a scavenger. But on capturing one of these useless and disgusting-looking creatures and submitting it to the microscope I found it made and fashioned with all the delicacy and skill of a master workman, just as much as if the thing was intended to serve some good purpose, as the honey-bee for example. The merit of an act lies in the *intention*. Let us not forget this axiom in the study of nature and in dealing with criminals. An act is good or bad as its results are observed. A centipede resembles a common "thousand-leg worm," but has fifty-two fangs, fifty on the sides and two at the head end of the "devilish thing," all filled with a deadly poison, any one of which, if struck into the temple of your child and not immediately antedoted would cause the shudder of death to pass through the little form. Draw your own inference.

Some months ago, sitting at the dinner table with some chosen friends, this same vexed question was under discussion between us, and a limb of the law, who seemed to be inclined to champion the orthodox view of creation, when I called his attention and that of the rest of the company to this vile thing, so full of venom, so loaded with the poison of death, his reply was "It may be that the body of the centipede absorbs a sufficient amount of poison to destroy the lives of many people if not thus taken up. And how can we tell but what this was the purpose of God in creating the animal!"

I was flushed by a feeling of indignation as I replied: "If God was subjected to the necessity of creating a loathsome worm for such a purpose, what did he create those fangs for? Why didn't he create the worm without the fangs, and tell it to go into the ground and rot after it was through with the absorption business?" "Ahem! excuse me, I can't answer your question," was his reply, and we then turned our attention to the discussion of a piping hot pudding.

Reader, did it ever occur to you that this explanation of the thousand and one things found in nature lays upon God the fact of necessity? Well, it does, and just as soon as you subject the Infinite to necessity, just that moment you destroy all his claims to infinity; for the Infinite can know no necessity. So, that when we hear people apologizing for God's doings, when he tears things to pieces by the whirlwinds, tornados, cyclones, etc., destroying property and human lives by the score, and when they tell us that it was necessary to create such a furor that the atmosphere might be "cleared up," unwittingly they rob God of his claim to be the Infinite, if any such claim was ever set up by him whom they call God.

But a few evenings ago, in one of our parlor conversations upon a subject somewhat akin to this, I got from one of our patients, an honest good man of the Methodist persuasion, a new idea on creation. He could see at a glance the inconsistency of calling God the creator of so many vile things, and observed: "Well, I never could believe that a good and wise God could do such things; but still I believe that these things were created, but they were created by the evil one—the Devil." So we see the people must have a Creator, no matter how great a fool it makes both them and the superstitions of the past, the people had four deities—the Father God, the Son God, the Holy Ghost God, and that other personage whom we now call Devil. He was the fourth God, and bore a hand when anything of much importance was to

be done—a la the conversion of the two great overgrown idiots in Eden, who did not know enough to see that they were naked, when the fourth God came to the rescue, and under his tuition "they became as gods, knowing good and evil." But, now-a-days, this God is having a hard time of it. Gerald Massey christened one of his ablest lecturers, "Why Don't God Kill the Devil?" And H. W. Bucher, R. G. Ingersoll et al, are sure that God has done that same thing at the bidding of Gerald, or in compliance with the wishes of the majority. So, we now have but three gods, and for a good while the theological hammer has been at work trying to mould these three into one. But, so far, it has required too much borax and too great a heat to make them stick, at least, in the estimation of scientific minds.

But we are met and confronted with this question: "Is there not, back of and underlying all the development of life in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, an *unified* power and intelligence that we should call God, or the creative energy?"

Answer: All scientific and philosophical writers on the science and philosophy of astronomy, geology, botany and chemistry, whether they be Christian, Jew or Pagan, all agree in accounting for what they find by the operation of law which they find operating in their respective fields of research. Hence, they tell us that attraction and gravitation belong to astronomy, attraction of cohesion and affinity belong to chemistry, and so on. Very well. If these laws, states or conditions belong in these respective places, what grounds have you for supposing that they have not eternally existed just where you now find them? Hence we conclude that life expresses itself in the vegetable kingdom and in the animal as well, by reason of the operation of laws, states or conditions that belong to and inhere in matter itself.

Let us see if we cannot illustrate this fact of naturalism outside of the kingdoms of vegetable and animal life. Who has not observed the formation of frost-tints and ferns on the window panes in January? More than this, have you never noticed in walking over a dusty floor, the dust, by the motion given to the air by the feet on the floor, forming into beautiful fern-like shapes; also into grotesque forms, as of an eagle or other bird, a lion or a toad? If you never have, take notice, and what I have said you will observe to be true. No one is foolish enough, certainly, to hold that a personal God was at work on the window pane, or in the dust under foot!

No; inanimate matter takes form by the operation of law that inheres in matter; as the cube in quoits, the moss in agate, the fern in frost on the window pane, etc. If so, why may we not see life spring into being by the operation of law that inheres in matter form a chemical standpoint?

Cui bono? Suppose all this is so, and there is no direct creator whom people are supposed to worship, what is the good of it? we are asked. Much every way. If you lose time worshipping a being that is wholly imaginary, that does not exist and never did, why it is that much time lost, thrown away, and, or what is worse, spent in cultivating a superstition, an error. Error is ever and always wrong, a delusion and a snare. Truth is the grand magnet of all time and of all worlds. Time spent in researches after Truth, will pay for time and eternity. Let the truth be spoken "though the heavens fall."

T. B. TAYLOR, M. D.  
Glen Haven Sanitarium, Sequel, Cal.,  
Nov. 18, 1885.

RESTITUTION THROUGH A SPIRIT.—At the beginning of the civil war, two young men of Milan, Ohio, being about to join the army, called upon a young lady friend to say farewell. While talking, one asked for a glass of water. She left the room and procured it. After they left she missed a bracelet. One of the young men fell in the war. The young lady married. Long after the incident of the bracelet, which had faded from her mind, she awoke one night to see before her the young friend who fell in the war. "I have come," he seemed to say, "to speak about the bracelet. It was I who took it. I have always regretted it. My sister has it: I handed it to her at once when I went home. If you ask her for it, at my request, she will restore it." He disappeared. Next day she went to the sister, told her the story, and she gladly handed it to her. —*The Daily Local, Sandusky, Ohio.*

A corporate society has been formed in England, the object of which is to do away with the extravagances practiced at funerals. One of the useless expenses which it is proposed to abolish is that of "the corpse dresser," whose business it is to beautify the corpse by adding carnation to the lips, rouge to the cheeks, etc. Undertakers are opposing the reform, on the ground that the money expended at funerals helps the milliners, tailors, florists, and lumbermen. Among those identified with funeral reforms are clergymen. Against these, the undertakers are extremely bitter, declaring that they are responsible for the evils about which they complain. One undertaker declares that in 1879 \$75,000 and upwards was paid in London for burial fees, of which \$20,000 went to officiating clergymen, and \$45,000 to incumbents "for no reason whatever."

## SOME TEACHINGS OF SPIRITUALISM.

[Extract from a paper read at Westbourne Park Baptist Chapel, London, Oct. 25, 1885, by W. O. Drake, and published in the *Medium and Doubrak*.]

I wish time allowed me to refer in detail to many of the beautiful and rational teachings of Spiritualism, but I will only deal with Reunion and Recognition in Spirit-life. This subject forms a very interesting and profitable study, and demands our serious and earnest attention, as it contains a particular and important doctrine, also several points worthy of our notice as calculated to incite and influence many virtues. Looking at the deep interest attached to the subject, and the great consolation which such a doctrine affords to those who are mourning for their departed friends and relatives, I know of no church or ism that can offer this consolation or balm to the spirit that is wounded or afflicted by the bereavement caused by the death of some loved one. Not the Book of Books, so called, can afford this consolation very clearly. As for the churches, it would be a most unprofitable feature in their teachings, for according to their present faith, it could not be presented as the common gift of all. For instance, the priest could not offer this consolation to a parent whose son unfortunately, according to their faith, was an Atheist, Infidel, or Free-thinker, who had passed to a fuller realization of life in the Spirit-world; because, holding that faith and teaching, the young man would be eternally damned, the teachings of the New Testament saying—"He that believeth not is damned." The parent would not realize much comfort or consolation in that direction. As for the Bible, there are but one or two portions that make any reference to this fact of recognition and reunion, but Spiritualism, the living revelation, stands out most prominently, and declares this to be a fact and the common gift of all; consequently it can offer this consolation to all, without bringing destruction to any other tenet of their faith. Now, in the argument and fact, we must observe that the recognition of each other in the life to come, must and will eventually bring about a far higher standard of morality in society. I believe I am correct in stating, that all Spiritualists hold, that in the world to come our faculties will become so improved and our senses so refined as to more fully realize our true state of existence; besides, if the exalted state be more perfect than this, the conditions of our nature must be perfect to enjoy it, which evidently implies a perfection of every power of sense, which affords at once the assurance of the recognition of our friends hereafter. Again, the parting with some friends and having no others to supply their places, would be a source of the deepest sorrow, and cause, perhaps, the most intolerable misery and wretchedness of mind, had we no foundation and conviction that we should again meet them and mingle in their companionship in Spirit life. Hence the consolation that such a doctrine and fact affords, is a strong argument in support of its truths.

Perhaps it would be out of place to state, at this time, the probable effect and influence of such a fact and belief upon a person at the time of exchanging states of existence, and by so doing a strong argument might be deduced from the placidness and resignation which prevails over the person in the crisis called death. When all around him are pouring down their tears of sorrow, and lamenting most bitterly his approaching decease, he is calm and quiet, no strong emotions effect him, no struggling passions tear his bosom, no bewailings and mournings at parting with friends, but his emotions flow in his breast like an unruffled sea calmly and serenely. Why is this? It is because his spirit is fixed upon higher things than he at present enjoys. If the occasional tear falls, it is either in contrition for past folly, or it is on account of a passing doubt entertained for the temporal welfare and prosperity of those he is about to leave behind; not because he is about to be parted from them. Hence, we may conclude that that resignation is acquired, and that calm sustained, by a complete assurance founded upon the fact, that he shall most assuredly meet and recognize those again, whom he is about to leave.

Surely then Spiritualism can be claimed as a Gospel, bringing glad tidings to every human being. No eternal separation, but a sure possibility of a grand reunion in place of a separation and eternal damnation as taught by the churches. What! am I, born with innate affection and with a mind—as it becomes sensible of moving objects—capable of loving those who have been the authors of my existence, those of whose blood I am, who nourished my infant days and watched with parental fondness my early years—am I, by natural instinct to possess these characteristics, and, at the time of a fuller development, to have these qualities torn from me and entirely annihilated? Spiritualism teaches, instead of this, that our instincts shall be perfected. Spiritualism declares that this shall be the case, and that with improved faculties, we shall know those whom we loved on earth more truly, and much more ardently shall we love them when that spiritual change shall come upon us; our present endowments having become more perfected, at the commencement of an eternal progression.

As to the advantages to be derived from being a Spiritualist, and the motives by which we should be induced to receive its truths, I would say:—First, it not merely tends to diminish our lamentations and mournings over departed friends, but it actually upholds us at the most trying of all seasons; it comforts us when those who were dear are lying motionless before us, when the chair is vacant and the favorite spot a blank. Tears and bitter exclamations cannot avail when the spirit has flown. The cold hand, once familiar to our grasp, refuses its accustomed hold. Were it not for this consolation and Gospel of Spiritualism, we should be of all creation most miserable. Yes! it declares Immortality, and that the change called death shall be swallowed up in victory; and at the hour of victory, we believe that we shall see our friends again, converse with them, rejoice with them, learn with them, and be with them forever. If, then, this faith and fact be so advantageous, so full of comfort, who will venture to remove the ground upon which we have endeavored to raise it? Who would deprive man of his hope, or the sincere disciple of his faith?

O, thou cheerless mourner! thou disconsolate, weeping, friendless mortal! the partner of thy former joys, the once happy sharer of thy earthly blessings, is now happier in spirit-life. Weep not! thou shalt go to him or her. Dry up those tears, and bind up that bleeding heart, raise that dejected soul, and be not worn out by grief; for thy friend is not dead, but liveth, only passed on before; and may whisper to thee words of guidance, enlightenment and love, to profit by which should be our aim, as expressed in the flowing song of Tennyson:

How pure in heart and sound in head,  
With what divine affections bold,  
Should be the man whose thoughts would hold  
An hour's communion with the dead.

A TEST.—"I have been to a seance for materialization here, in Auckland. I provided a test in the form of a sheet of cardboard well blackened with smoke. This I placed quite beyond the reach of any one occupying the medium's seat. While sitting in the dark all were in contact including the medium; I held one of his hands. The signal for 'light' was given by the sounding of a bell, none of our hands being able to reach it, and on the blackened card was the imprint of a hand. The medium's hand was found partially blackened as if it had been lightly laid upon it, the card being out of his reach, and his hands being held. Subsequent experiments showed that his wearing apparel could be similarly impressed by the black on the card. While sitting in a subdued light, all within ten feet of the medium were touched; we saw, now and then, an arm and hand emerging from the medium, waving about, and we inferred that the touches were by an arm and hand materialized from him."—*W. D. Campbell, Auckland, in Harbinger of Light.*

The *Free Press* (Ottawa, Ont.) mentions Queen Victoria's determination to ask the new parliament to pay the expense attached to the bestowal of the Order of the Garter upon Prince Henry of Battenberg in the following rather republican manner: "It will be nipped and tuck whether parliament will vote the money or not; but the vote against it will be so large, and the speeches delivered so republican, that the Royal Family of England will receive an eye-opener as to the future of monarchy. If the Queen is wise, she will pay the expense of that garter out of her own private income, if Prince Henry is too poverty-stricken to pay for the honors he wears."

If thou wouldest sail safely down the river of life, heed not the temptations that are around thee. Thy angel beckons thee onward and upward to that which is holy, noble and pure. Thy companions may point the finger of scorn, and even forsake thee because thou refuseth to enter into paths that lead to ruin. But, take heart; be of good cheer. "The friends that depart only purchase despair." Theirs is the loss, not thine. Be firm in showing them the better way and their scorn will be turned to praise; their mocking, into self-reproach.

Dr. Collonette, one of the most eminent physicians of Germany, says: "For twenty-one years I have banished all intoxicants from my practice; and during that period I have made no fewer than one hundred thousand medical visits. And I hesitate not to say that the recoveries have been far more numerous and more rapid than they were during the years I followed the usual practice, and administered brandy, wine and beer."

An example of rapid stalactite formation appears at Quebec. St. John's Gate in the city wall was rebuilt in 1867 of a greyish limestone, and the constant dripping of water from the crevices has already formed regular stalactite deposits a foot and a half in length and three-fourths of an inch in diameter.

A magnificent temple, costing, it is said, \$250,000, has just been dedicated and consecrated by the Boston spiritualists. Inspired by their example, Commodore Vanderbilt's daughter, Mrs. Le Bau, thinks of building one in New York.

## POST-MORTEM SELFISHNESS.

[New Northwest.]

Selfishness, human or marital, of whatever degree or quality it may assume, crops out very frequently in the will of a man, who generously leaves a certain portion of the estate, which is in justice, and which should be in law, "community property," to "my wife while she remains my widow." Josh Billings, genial and jolly in life, poses in his last will and testament in this role of selfishness, and the name of his predecessors in this line is legion. How much more in consonance with justice, with equity, and with the confidence that is the guiding star of true marital happiness, is a will lately probated in this city, in which a quiet, unostentatious man left the accumulations of a long life of close attention to business and of his wife's economy and thrift to "my wife, well knowing that she will provide as circumstances may require for our children."

Years ago there married and settled in Yamhill county a sturdy young man and a capable young woman, without other capital than such as existed in individual and collective industry, economy and thrift. A farm was first rented, then bought. Large crops were raised and marketed, and the proceeds were applied to the purchase of more land. The wife, indoors, toiled for fifteen hours out of the twenty-four, cooking for "help" (her husband's help), sewing, churning, sweeping, washing, etc., etc., and the husband toiled with his hirelings for from ten to twelve hours a day, on the outside, at plowing, clearing, sowing and harvesting. Ten children were born as the years went on, possessions increased, and the worthy couple were literally blest "in basket and in store." Working together, though frequent maternity made her burdens far the heavier of the two, they grew old together, not in the literal sense of age, but both began to fail in health on account of the severe strain imposed in the steady, unflagging race for wealth. In the hope of recuperation, the husband journeyed to the far-away home of his childhood in an Eastern State, while she struggled with constantly increasing weakness at home. He returned after a time without having been benefited by the change—made a will and died. By the conditions of this instrument, his toil-worn companion of three decades was permitted the use of certain incomes from the property as long as she remained the widow of the dictator—a gratuitous insult to the feeble woman who had shared his toils but was shut out from their recompense. In less than two years another grave was made in the family burial lot, and this time the wan face of the wife and mother was hidden by the coffin lid. She was as poor at her death as at her marriage, and had no will to make, except a verbal one uttered in a faint voice to her weeping daughter, "Take care of the baby; I give her to you," the only bequest that her widowhood empowered her to make.

The simple statement of the two cases is complete without comment; yet against the narrow selfishness that would reach out from beyond the grave and bind a human being who still remained upon earth to certain conditions of life on pain of unjust deprivation of property honestly earned, it is proper to protect in the name of personal liberty. The *New Northwest* trusts that, if any man who reads the above has a will made that contains a provision so selfish and unjust, he will revise it before his death exposes his littleness to the world.

## The Medium Eglinton.

Mr. Eglinton's mediumistic powers suffer no diminution. Last month, as reported in *Light*, a gentleman (G. H. Woodhouse, of Bolton,) took a bank-note from his pocket, and, placing it face downwards on the table, wrote (unknown to Mr. Eglinton) in the famous Braham-locked slate the following question: "Will you write the number of the bank-note which is on the table?" In a very short time the spirits wrote: "Yes; but put it in the slate." He did so and locked the slate. In a few seconds the answer was correctly given. After more questions had been asked and answered, he placed a cigarette in the locked-up slate and asked that the name of the maker, which was printed on the cigarette-paper, might be written. The slate was put on the table, and at the same time Mr. Eglinton held an ordinary slate under the table and almost directly under the locked-up slate, for the purpose of receiving a reply to an unanswered question. In a short time was heard the sound of writing, followed by the customary three taps on the lower slate, and on that slate the gentleman found the name of the maker correctly written, and also the cigarette which had been locked up in the other slate. When he unlocked the upper slate nothing was found therein but a few fragments of tobacco!

SPIDERS IN FORESTRY.—Spiders have been found by Dr. C. Keller, of Zurich, to be voracious destroyers of plant-feeding insects, and he contends that they play a more effective part in the preservation of forests than all the insect-eating birds together. The value of the service rendered by spiders has been shown by observations on coniferous trees, a few broad-leaved trees, and apple trees.

## QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Through the Trance-Mediumship of  
Mr. W. J. Colville.

Q.—Is there day and night in the spirit-world, the same as here?

ANS.—There is no day or night in the other world, as there is here, but there are multitudes of spirits who have not reached the spirit-world proper, who are hovering about this world, having merely cast off the outer form, and these, remaining on this planet, experience what you experience, through your organizations, very frequently. In the spirit-spheres proper there are no certain stated periods of rest and refreshment, there is no difference to us between day and night, there is no difference between winter and summer, as there is with you. Whenever we need rest we take it; whenever we need food we take it. We sometimes go for years of your time without need of recuperation, then at another time we may perform so much in an hour that we require rest. In the angelic world there is no need of rest at all; no spirit desires repose; there is continual change of employment, no weariness, no possible excess, no necessity for a certain stop.

Q.—Is the angelic world on earth?

A.—Of course it is not on this earth. The angelic world is beyond the orbits of all the planets in the solar system, beyond the inter-stellar spaces where those souls commingle together who have perfected their lives upon different planets in different systems. However, you may attain to the angelic state while yet in the physical body; you become angelic simply when you always desire to do right, and never do wrong except from ignorance. As soon as you overcome all malice and selfishness, as soon as all your motives are pure, whatever may be the extent of your knowledge, then you are entitled to the epithet, angel.

Q.—What is it that makes a person a medium?

A.—Mediums are those who are specially sensitive. A person, to be an inspirational speaker, a trance medium for the transmission of general information, is one who requires to be peculiarly developed in the perceptive faculties; one whose brain is easily controlled by spirit-power, one who possesses general sensitiveness of mental organization; whereas a physical medium is one who does not possess great mental sensitiveness, but whose physical organization generates a greater amount of force, which is emitted more readily through the pores of the skin. Thus if a medium is made an instrument for the production of physical manifestation, he must generate a physical emanation that spirits can use; whereas if the medium is to be controlled for an inspirational purpose, he must possess a peculiarly pliable brain, and generally large perceptive faculties.

Q.—Is there any difference between the angelic plane and the archangelic plane?

A.—An archangel would, of course, mean an angel who had attained another degree in wisdom. An archangel and an angel may be just as pure, one as the other, only the archangel would possess superior wisdom.

Q.—Could you control your medium, and hold his body in spite of him, if he, in the spirit, made an effort to get back?

A.—He never makes an effort to get back. We have no difficulty in holding control; he is always perfectly willing we should control him when we do. If he expressed desire to return, and should ask us to allow him to do so, if we had any special communication to give, we should inform him that we had not done using his organism. He would then be willing we should keep it; whereas, if we did not specially require it, we should allow him to return. There is such perfect harmony between this medium and his guides that there is no conflict, there is no violence required. Our medium is quite willing to yield to his guides; he has perfect confidence in them, believing that they know what is best, and that they have ever guided him aright.

Q.—What I wish to get at, is, whether you can hold his body against his will?

A.—Of course, we have plenty of power to hold it if we please. Our band of twelve guides have more than sufficient power to control his will. If we choose to do so, we have plenty of power to remove him to spirit-life. If I found it necessary to control the medium for a fortnight or three weeks at a time, I could retain possession of his organism, and allow him to be elsewhere. I could do all the work the medium has to do, through him. I could so act through his organism that no one need know he was under control.

Q.—Suppose a malefic spirit should control the medium, and by committing a crime, render him amenable to human law, who would be responsible for the act?

A.—We should like to know by what means a malefic influence could get control? Is the power of evil stronger than the power of good? Are we not able to call upon good spirits to assist us in controlling and keeping evil spirits at bay? We state that it is impossible for such a spirit to get control of a medium who is thoroughly under the control of a regular band of guides, unless that band of guides permit it. Unless we were to allow the spirit to do so, the evil spirit could not control him. If we allowed the evil spirit to do so, it would only be to teach the medium a useful lesson.

Q.—Suppose a malefic spirit should control a medium and cause that medium to do something which would cause him eternal sorrow, who is to be held responsible?

A.—We are not aware that there is such a thing as eternal sorrow, because sorrow is only temporary. There is no eternal sorrow so far as we have any possible means of finding out. We regard a malefic spirit as an undeveloped spirit, and if such a spirit got control of the medium it would be the medium's own fault, as unless he encouraged, in his normal state, evil propensities, he would not open the door to the evil spirit. Of course if any one contemplates murder in the normal state, that person would attract to himself the spirit of murder. If you are dwelling upon murder, and wishing for a chance to commit it all the time, you may be obsessed by the spirit of a murderer. If you are trying to steal, and setting your wits to work to find opportunities for the theft, a thief may control you and get you in trouble, and this may prove to be a very good thing for you, making you better in the future; but unless you encourage low propensities in your normal condition you will not give an opportunity to an undeveloped spirit to gain control. The Devil does not control the universe, and undeveloped spirits have not one tithe as much power as the good.

Q.—Do you place the responsibility on the medium or on the control?

A.—We place the responsibility on the medium, because the medium could not be controlled by an evil spirit unless in his own normal condition he were to attract that spirit to him by dwelling upon those things which are not in harmony with law. Suppose a medium yields himself entirely to a band of guides, as our medium has yielded himself to us; whatever we do through him, we state as being our act, and take the responsibility. Suppose that we were to decide that the medium should leave for California to-morrow, we should state our decision; we should take the responsibility ourselves. If he then should act directly in contradiction to our wishes, and we allowed him to gain the consequent experience, the responsibility would rest on his own shoulders; we should not be responsible—we merely allow him to blunder.

Q.—It is generally understood that the mesmerist can control his subject a distance. What is the vehicle which transmits the power from the mesmerist to his subject?

A.—The emanations which proceed from the mind and body of the mesmerist and form a connection with the subtle emanations that proceed from the mind and body of the subject. It is possible for your mental and physical emanations to reach out thousands of miles; if there be a centre of communication in two places, there may be an unseen telegraph wire established between both points, and across that wire already established, across that atmospheric current, intelligence may be conveyed.

Q.—We know of a medium, a very eminent one, whose death was recorded in the *Banner* some years ago, who makes an effort to return, but the control is very feeble. Is it owing to a mental or physical conditions, or both, which the medium suffered while on earth?

A.—Probably to a mental condition, because a condition purely physical would have no sway in spirit-life. Some persons, who have had the most delicate constitutions and have suffered all through their lives, are able to control immediately when they pass out of the physical form. As the person to whom you refer is very sensitive, and has been subject to other controls during earth-life, probably she is not capable of making a very strong effort of her own; thus she will have to learn in the spirit-life to do so.

It is stated that over five hundred persons have been converted at Birmingham, Ala., under the recent preaching of the eccentric Rev. Sam. Jones. In one of his sermons, he said: "Every man and woman has to get every vestige of the hog element out of their characters before they can become Christians. I am here to assist in destroying that hog element." At this point, he exclaimed: "O Lord, come down and help us kill hogs! I want this to be a regular hog-killing meeting." While discoursing upon the injunction, "Love thine enemies," he said: "I verily believe I love every human being on the top side of this earth; and, if you will bring a man whom I don't love, and stand him up here on this platform, I'll hug him until he squeals; and, if you can find a woman in all this world whom I don't love, and bring her up here, why, I'll—I'll—send for my wife and make her hug her until she squeals!"

The true dignity of man consists in the fact of his immortality. The life which could be ended—the existence which could be terminated by a pistol-shot, a drop of prussic acid—by a thousand accidents, would be hardly worth caring for. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die"—let us have our fill of sensual delights—are quite natural conclusions to those who do not believe in a continued and progressive existence. If life is to end, and may end by the accident of an hour, why not end it whenever it becomes disagreeable?—*Light.*

## MY EXPERIENCE WITH THE SPIRITUALISTS.

[Rev. E. P. Powell in the Christian Register.]

Last spring, I received an invitation from the Spiritualists to address them at Lake Pleasant, in August. To this, I agreed. I found at that pleasant spot a village laid out with avenues and cottages, a hotel, hall, and a natural amphitheatre fitted with seats and speaker's platform. A seating capacity of, I should judge, four thousand was supplemented by standing room for several more thousands. On Saturday, August 22d, I reached the ground just at dusk. A warm welcome was given me by a group of old friends and new ones—some Spiritualists, and others not convinced. The grounds were comparable to nothing but a beehive, for the buzz and hum of the people, all of whom seemed to be absolutely happy. This was the first impression; these people are peculiarly happy. The more I talked with them, the more this seemed true. "They are happy in the conviction of freedom." Nearly every one had been a member of some orthodox church; many still were. Escaping from the terrors of Calvinistic faith, these Yankee freedmen were elated with a freedom of thought and hope that some of us have experienced when escaping by a different road. That this expansiveness and breaking of bonds have led to liberties not advisable or warranted is not to be wondered at.

But the second thing I noted was an undercurrent of almost hatred, and certainly vigorous denunciation, for those who endeavor to load down Spiritualism with Free-lovism and frauds. Prominent among the fighters against any phase of lawlessness and corruption was John Bundy, editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of Chicago. Not less vigorous were the President, Dr. Beals; Vice-President, S. B. Nichols, of New York; and David Jones, editor of the *Olive Branch*. The result of the struggle has been to drive out the fallen angels, to form a popular organization of their own.

The third point I noted was that "these people are astoundingly hungry." I never saw anything like it, except at the South. What a grand field for vendors of all sorts of "truth"—that wonderful stuff that Chadbands carry about, to the disgust of every honest Weller! Sure enough, there were signs up of enough healers to end all ills forevermore; and of seers enough to see through what an Irishman calls "beyant beyant." How many of these are honest people, and how many vendors of nickel-plated brass goods, I do not know. What I am sure of is that the one thing these campers represent, above all things, is how Orthodox starves the soul. Pretending to believe in a future life, and that some ages ago intercommunication was common and inspiration possible, it denies anything of the sort now. Based on spiritualistic phenomena and a book obtained by such means, they, nevertheless, anathematize Spiritualism of to-day. By this showing, the world psychically has moved backward; and religion, instead of bringing the two worlds nearer together, has hopelessly alienated them.

On Sunday, I addressed at least five thousand people. On the platform were Judge Dailey, Dr. Beals, S. B. Nichols and several more, of whom I believe few men were ever as sincere and as desirous of doing good. The crowd was intensely attentive, and their faces gave you an average of intelligence equal to that of our better sort of churches. That they are not trained sharply to sift evidence, or "tests," is palpable at all times. Their hunger is uppermost. Having given up their old faith, they are looking eagerly for a better. Probably two-thirds are convinced of spiritualistic phenomena as more or less genuine; one-third are more than satisfied that there is a psychical realm that needs exploring. It is a hard place for the leaders. Knowing that there are frauds among them determined to pass counterfeit coin, they are obliged to hunt out such persons, and defeat them. But there are so many more who are deluded or hysterically morbid that they have to deal not only with scamps, but with diseased characters. And who can be sure, in the case of phenomena so strange, that he shall not do injustice? There are many with charity so great they can cover a good deal that others vigorously denounce. On the whole, it seemed to me there was very much less of the ludicrous, lying, morbid, fantastic and criminal than I have seen at a camp-meeting of an orthodox sect. I saw but one person "obsessed," and she seemed rather an object of pity. There was no bedlam, no shouting, no "power" prostrations, but a great deal of "investigating" that was not really of much demonstrative value.

Spiritualists do not seem to have much of a common platform. They all hold that the spirit is not confined in its power to telepathy, in which we can nearly all agree with them. They all hold that spirits are, after the body death, still alive and able, under certain circumstances, to communicate with us. In this, the orthodox should agree with them.

The pressure of science seems to be so emphatically toward the investigation of psychic phenomena that we may be sure that the next fifty years will do as much in the way of reducing them to law as the past fifty has in reducing to laws physical

phenomena. At present, not a tithe of the jugglery and fraud has manifested itself in connection with spirit investigation that appeared formerly, in the shape of astrology and superstition, in connection with incipient physical science. Are we not all deeply interested in this magnificent question? Is evolution, that has lifted life, by millions of years of development, up to consciousness and self-consciousness, now slowly lifting us to a higher moral and spiritual power? Is there anything in the old Bible doctrine of ministering spirits? Certainly, evolution leaves nothing at a standstill. What is a head? If there is nothing higher, is degeneration to follow? Is Maudsley right? Is Hartmann with the pessimists correct? Are we to expect constant physical wonders and no psychical? Are we to pass steadily into the instinctive, automatic state of the life forms that preceded us? If not, what limits are there to our spirit powers? As moral beings, are we to become as unconscious as we are in nutrition and reflex action? I believe the optimists are right, and that these Spiritualists in a crude way are holding the ground for us. I wish I had a better knowledge of psychic phenomena. Of telepathic power I have no doubt. Of so-called spiritual communion, I have seen no evidence. Of mind reading there seems to be a great deal of strong evidence. At least, the vicious spite and ridicule heaped on Spiritualists are by the great body of them undeserved.

## Bishop Cox on Cremation.

[The Index.]

Bishop Cox recently in Buffalo preached against cremation on theological grounds. His text was the burial of Jesus as narrated in John's Gospel, and he claimed that the prevailing method of disposing of human bodies was a Christian inheritance from the Jews, that has come down to us with divine sanction. But his only argument against cremation was an appeal to prejudice: "Think," he said, "of taking the corpse of a loved one, the hand that you have so lovingly pressed these many years, placing the body on a cruel iron car and pushing it into a fiery furnace. I confess my soul shrinks in horror from it. Brethren, I beseech you, retain the Christian customs of eighteen centuries and see that our dead are quietly laid in the tomb." To this, the Springfield *Republican* sensibly replies as follows: "Well, think of it, taking the corpse of a loved one and thrusting it beneath the ground, 'tollie in cold obstruction, and dirt'; to become a loathsome mass of putrescent corruption, poisoning the springs of living water, sending foul gases into the air and germs of disease into the life of those who dwell around—which is the more repulsive, which is the more horrible to think of? The true Christian idea is to rise above the penthouse of the flesh, and to consider that the loved one has no longer any property in the deserted tenement, but, released from 'this muddy vesture of decay,' is now a spirit. We all have felt the force of custom and prejudice. Bishop Cox does not argue with unfeeling clouds, who have no reverence for their dead; but those who advocate cremation have a higher thought of death and life, and have escaped from what is really a gross materialism, repugnant to the civilization that is dawning on the world, and which will find in reverence for the living a better motive than outworn custom."

## Scientific Immortality.

W. H. Robinson writes in the *Newcastle Chronicle*, on the advancement in men's thoughts of immortality, consequent on the labors of the Spirit Medium. But it is a mistake to suppose that when facts have been observed and recorded by men who have taken lessons at a certain school, called a College or University, that therefore the facts are any more "scientific" than they were before. Genuine scientific men—such as Crookes and Wallace—observe and report just as other sensible minds, and are quite as humanly enthusiastic over the truths they set forth, and yet they make no fuss about being "scientific," any more than the millions of other observers who have arrived at the same results. We do not want a university-bred, "scientific" priesthood in Spiritualism. Even the findings of genuine scientific men are scouted and rejected as much as any other testimony; and quite right, too; these phenomena are not to be taken on report, but to be personally investigated. At the same time all testimony is an incentive to investigation, and none could be better than that with which Mr. Robinson closes his letter describing materializations with a lady medium: "After we had been seated for about twenty minutes in a good light, a tall male form presented himself in front, so that all could see him. In response to his repeated inquiries if 'all could see him,' the united reply was 'Yes.' An interchange of conversation was continued for about half an hour, in the direct voice of the form. He particularly requested us to watch his gradual evanishment, which took place, after which he re-formed in the centre of the horse-shoe circle; a stout female form and a child form then followed each other in succession, after which the first apparition reappeared and showed himself and medium together. This we all beheld."

## WOMEN AS COMPANIONS.

[Harold Van Santvoord.]

John Stuart Mill regarded the institution of marriage in its highest aim and aspect as "a union of two persons of cultivated faculties, identical in opinion and purposes, between whom there exists the best kind of equality, sincerity of powers with reciprocal superiority in them, so that one can enjoy the luxury of looking up to the other, and can have alternately the pleasure of leading and being led in the path of development." Other men of genius have thought differently on this subject. It is an oft-quoted saying of Dr. Johnson that "a man in general is better pleased when he has a good dinner on the table than when his wife talks Greek." Racine had an illiterate wife and was accustomed to boastfully declare that she never read any of his tragedies. Dufresny married his washerwoman. Goethe's wife was a woman of mediocre capacity. Heine said of the woman he loved: "She never read a line of my writings, and does not even know what a poet is." Therese Lavasseur, the last flame of Rousseau, could not tell the time of day.

Byron's fatal rhyme of "intellectual" and "hen-pecked-you-all" is a caustic comment on Mill's higher conditions of married life, and could warning make the world more just or wise, would prove a caution to the learned and great. As Thackeray says: "It is often the pretty face that bewitches us after all." What though a woman has the wisdom and chastity of Minerva, if her features are plain! What folly will not a pair of bright eyes make pardonable? What dullness will not red lips and sweet accents render pleasant? Who on earth, after the daily experience we have, can question the probability of a gentleman marrying anybody? How many of the wise and learned have married their cooks! Did not Lord Eldon, himself the most prudent of men, make a runaway match? Were not Achilles and Ajax both in love with their servant-maids? If people only made prudent marriages, what a stop of population there would be! Thus it is often felt that a woman's function is to amuse, rather than to read all dull books and write sermons or talk on the pedantic sciences. A warm heart is a greater prize than an impassive intellect. And there is more poetry in a beautiful face than in volumes of print.

Why should a man seeking a wife tear his hair if he may not secure the first object of his choice? Why search the world over to realize an ideal, as the hero of Jules Sandeau's romance wandered about in search of a half-forgotten melody? Why not select a woman for judgment, courage, sympathy, tact and plain serviceable qualities of mind? The language of the heart is more eloquent than the wit in the head, and it is a gratifying relief to turn from the cold, factitious conversation of people who talk with "an eye suspicious toward posterity," to the real and unaffected utterances of a warm and sympathetic heart. A woman is of more concern than a musical instrument to respond to the moods and humors of her master. She is the presiding genius of the household. Here her tender sympathies and womanly instincts come into play; here she commands homage, respect and devotion, and feels to the fullest extent her power and influence. Rousseau conceived the good to be the beautiful put in action, and ascribed to both a common source in a well-ordered nature.

## God Hates a Coward.

[Our Star.]

There are in San Francisco nearly 6,000 dens of pauperism and crime, licensed by men who profess a belief in a religion which tells them that they are their brother's keepers, and that "no drunkards shall inherit the kingdom of heaven." Many of these persons can see no good in a man who doubts the authority of their religion, though his life may be blameless; but they do not hesitate to rent their property for saloon and hellish purposes. In these 6,000 saloons of San Francisco, no less than \$10,000 are daily drawn from the pockets of labor. This is the enormous sum of \$36,500,000 per year. If the money didn't go for gin it would be divided among the useful tradesmen of this city, and would necessitate their carrying a larger stock of goods, employing more clerks. Our people would live in better houses, would wear better clothes, would eat more and better food. Every dime spent for gin is that much diverted from the useful channels of trade. Every merchant in this city is being robbed by this rum scoundrelism, and but few of them know it, and even many of those who do know it have not enough man in them to protest against it.

The old-fashioned spinning wheel was introduced a short time ago into the Isle of Man Insane Asylum with the idea of amusing the patients. The latter seemed delighted that they could in this way contribute to their support, any became so absorbed in their new occupation that their nervous symptoms no longer predominated. As Dr. Richardson, the medical superintendent, expressed it, the direction of the nervous force was changed, and their condition was improved. The experiment is to be tried in other asylums.

## GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1885.

## OUR NEW ARRANGEMENTS.

The GOLDEN GATE—after a week's rest, to give time for moving the office and perfecting the articles of incorporation—appears to-day under the auspices of "The GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company." The reader will notice that there is no break in numbering the papers (the last issue being No. 18, and the present No. 19), so there will be no loss to subscribers from the week's delay.

The Board of Trustees named in the articles of incorporation (which have been duly filed) consist of the following gentlemen: Amos Adams, M. B. Dodge, R. A. Robinson, Dr. Robert Brown and J. J. Owen. The plan of incorporation, which we republish elsewhere, cannot fail to commend itself to every Spiritualist who has the welfare of the cause at heart.

While the paper is now placed beyond the possibility of failure, still its future usefulness will depend, in a large measure, upon the liberality of its patronage. All Spiritualists who can afford it should not only take the paper but also secure some of its stock, which will be a safe and profitable investment.

The type and material for our new office will be ready next week. We have secured pleasant and convenient rooms for an office, at 734 Montgomery street, where we may hereafter be found, and where we shall be pleased to welcome all Spiritualists at home or from abroad.

## COME TO STAY.

When we started the GOLDEN GATE we assured our friends that the paper had "come to stay." We had faith in our cause, and believed that the true friends of Spiritualism would rally to the support of such a paper as we intended to publish.

Now, after four months' trial, we are prepared, not only to reiterate that assurance, but also to voice the assurance of every member of our Board of Directors, that the GOLDEN GATE is a fixed fact for all time to come.

But, Spiritualists, friends, our usefulness depends upon your support. You need the GOLDEN GATE. It will be a help and comfort to you in many ways. We will give you our best thoughts, and those of our best writers, in exchange for your patronage. Commend the paper to your friends, and ask them to send us their subscriptions.

To all who can spare the means we most earnestly commend our plan of incorporation. Five shares of the stock, or \$25, entitles the holder to a free copy of the paper as long as the corporation exists, together with all the profits and advantages which the ownership of said stock may bring. This stock will not only pay a cash dividend in a few years, but it is bound to command a premium.

This is no vagary of an inexperienced journalist, but the firm conviction of one who has had a quarter of a century of successful experience in journalistic management. You can order the stock by mail just the same as in person, and will receive therewith a guaranty of free subscription. Read our plan of incorporation elsewhere.

## "THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY."

"Faith may be lost in sight, Hope ends in fruition, but Charity extends beyond the grave, through the boundless realms of eternity." So reads the ritual of one of our most ancient orders; and it embodies a most suggestive and beautiful lesson to humanity.

In all of our dealings with each other there is a necessity for the exercise of that most precious of graces, ever blessed charity. Spiritualists, especially, need to practice this virtue vastly more than they do. They need to quit caviling and quarreling with each other in matters of opinion, concerning which none of us are over-wise, and all of us are liable to err.

To illustrate, we need but refer to the fact that there are scores of honest Spiritualists in this city who have unbounded faith in the genuineness of the materializing phenomena as witnessed in the presence of certain mediums for that phase. Many of the believers in the integrity of these mediums assert that they have attended hundreds of their seances, and could not be deceived in the identity of the forms of their kindred and friends who have there appeared to them, and that, too, very many times. There are other scores of Spiritualists equally honest, and equally desirous for the truth, some of whom claim to know, and all to believe, that these alleged phenomena are all cunningly devised tricks. Another large class claim to know or believe, that while some of the manifestations are genuine, others are open to

serious suspicion. And this has proved a source of much inharmonious in our ranks.

Now, in view of these differences of opinion, what is the really sensible course for Spiritualists to pursue? Why, simply to leave the disputed points an open question, and freely permit everybody to think as they please. The common grounds of the Spiritualistic belief are broad enough for all to stand upon, without any reference to these disputed issues. It is not the province of this journal to undertake authoritatively to settle the question of materialization of spirit forms, or the honesty of the mediums for that phase of manifestation. If we attempted it we should be apt to run afoul of, and become impaled upon, no end of bristling opinions, and neither we nor the public would be any better or wiser therefor.

And so we suggest that everybody do just what they would naturally do without any of our suggestions, and that is, determine the matter for themselves. We insist only that whatever the individual conclusion may be, there should be no unkind feelings towards those who arrive at different conclusions.

We should remember that all who believe in the existence and return of the spirit after death, have a common ground of belief—a common cause in which they must all feel a common interest. They may believe much, or little, or none at all, of the materializing phase of the phenomena. They are Spiritualists all the same, and should be brethren and co-workers, ever seeking for the light, and ever cultivating in their feelings towards each other, that gentle charity "which suffereth long and is kind."

What a power in the world Spiritualism would hold to-day—what a solid front it would present—if Spiritualists would only cease their bickerings, and obey the "new commandment," which the Medium Jesus gave unto the world, "that ye love one another."

## A WORD IN ADDITION.

Mr. Wilson thinks we do him an injustice in our last issue, in omitting to mention the fact that the action of the Board in refusing to accept his resignation as President of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists was unanimously sustained by the Society. This action of the Society, without any investigation of the damaging charges against him, was certainly no such vindication as the public had the right to expect.

He also thinks that in criticising his resignation of the Principalship of the Point Lobos school, we should have stated the fact that he promptly addressed a note to the Board of Education, asking for a recall of his resignation before any action had been taken thereon, and requesting that a fair and thorough examination be held instead; that the Board refused to grant an investigation, but accepted the resignation. This fact we mentioned in a former issue, and we could see no particular necessity for its repetition. However, we now cheerfully give these points, that Spiritualists may have all the facts in the case, as far as known, before drawing conclusions. We will also add, as we do not wish to withhold anything that might seem to favor his case, that Mr. Wilson has made a public denial of the charges in the *Daily Examiner*, the only paper in the city, as he informs us, that sent a representative to him for his statement of the case.

We believe we have now given the most salient *pros* and *cons* in the matter, and will leave our intelligent readers to dispose of the case as to them seemeth best.

We will here add, in answer to several correspondents who have sent us articles on the subject, the discussion of which, in our judgment, can be of no advantage to the cause of Spiritualism, that the GOLDEN GATE, having clearly expressed itself thereon, we do not think it well to say more at present. Our future course in the matter will be governed by circumstances.

There is so much of the pure and beautiful in Spiritualism—so many pleasant and profitable topics connected therewith to occupy our space that we can devote only as little room as possible to disagreeable things.

A JUVENILE FANCY.—We are in receipt, every day, of more or less postal cards, requesting sample copies of the GOLDEN GATE. If we did not know that children, all over the country, are engaged in gathering up newspaper headings, for a sort of child's museum, and that, at least, nine-tenths of these requests come from this class, who receive the paper and cut out the heading, caring nothing whatever for the contents, we might attribute this demand to a desire for spiritual light. Hereafter, we shall pay no attention to these postal card orders; but if anyone really wants a sample copy, well enough to order it by letter, enclosing a stamp to pay postage, it shall be promptly forwarded. We are tired of the gratuitous sending of papers to gratify a juvenile fancy.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.—A preliminary meeting of the subscribers to the GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company, was held at the office of the GOLDEN GATE, 734 Montgomery street, on Thursday, Nov. 19th, 1885. The meeting was organized by the election of Amos Adams, Chairman and Mattie P. Owen, Secretary. Upon motion, the following gentlemen were selected to act as Directors, the same to hold office until the first annual election by the Company: Amos Adams, R. A. Robinson, M. B. Dodge, Dr. Robert Brown and J. J. Owen. The meeting then adjourned, as did also the Board of Directors, subject to the call of the Chairman. The directors then repaired to the office of a notary, where the papers were duly acknowledged.

We are glad to know that the late Senator Sharon was not as selfish with his great wealth as was at first supposed. It appears that he left \$50,000 for the adornment of Golden Gate Park, and \$60,000 to be divided among a variety of local charities—mostly orphan asylums. These benefactions are most timely. The Senator will, no doubt, find it the most profitable investment he ever made.

## AN IMMORTAL DEED.

The transfer of Gov. Stanford's vast landed estates, to a Board of Trustees, has been duly made; and thus the first decisive step has been taken in the grand educational scheme that will hand down to deathless fame the name of the generous donor.

"The Leland Stanford Junior University," the name by which it will be officially known, in honor of the gifted son, in whose beautiful young soul this grand educational project took thought and shape, ere he passed on to the companionship of angels, will be the embodiment of all completeness in educational methods for both sexes—the education of hand, heart and brain, for the practical work of life. It will fully equal the old time-honored colleges in classical advantages; in addition to which it will possess technical methods that will place it far in advance of them.

Senator Stanford is yet in the prime of a noble life. In the ordinary course of nature it may reasonably be expected that he will live to see his plans carried to completion, and his University well started on its mighty career.

And here occurs the thought, that now that the Senator, who is relieved from the care of his large landed properties, may find time to devote a few years to public life. His name will henceforth be on every thoughtful tongue. His knowledge of public affairs, his large experience with men, his broad and comprehensive statesmanship, and above all his untarnished name and nobility of character, eminently fit him for the highest place in the gift of the people.

The Pacific Coast States should move as a unit, as they no doubt will, to nominate Governor Stanford for President of the United States. As far as these States are concerned, the movement would hardly be considered as a partisan measure, for Democrats and Republicans alike would delight to honor him.

It is time that our President came from the West. The name of Leland Stanford at the head of the Republican ticket (and we would support him just as heartily were he a Democrat), would be the watchword and signal of victory. His nomination and election would reflect honor upon the country, and it would be a most fitting recognition of his eminent services to his country and to humanity.

## PIG-HEADED PERVERSITY.

Editor Stead of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who recently brought to light the terrible crimes against morality practiced by large numbers of the English aristocracy, has been convicted by an English court for the crime of abducting the girl, Eliza Armstrong, for immoral purposes, notwithstanding the abduction was a sham, and was made in the interests of morality, and for the purpose of illustrating the methods practiced by the rich rascals to degrade and ruin young girls. No harm came to the girl, but the abduction having been made in violation of law (notwithstanding the reasons for the alleged crime were explained before the court) the bold editor is made to feel the force of the Lion's paw.

And this is English justice! This the verdict of "twelve good men and true," when the wickedness and rottenness of aristocratic English society is exposed to the horrified gaze of the world!

With all our faults, we should do things differently in America, and with a truer regard for the fitness of things. We should take the "twelve good men," etc., who should thus outrage common decency, to say nothing of common justice, and with the broad-toed stogy of public opinion, "hist" them from Maine to Texas, from Texas to Alaska, and from Alaska to Sheol. We should take the judge, who should permit such a verdict to be placed upon record, and pinion him by the ears to the cart-wheel of public scorn. And judge and jury might consider themselves extremely fortunate if they escaped with only a figurative "dressing down."

## THE CHOICE.

The occasional report of a cyclone affords no idea of the loss of property and life this country has sustained for a single year. That of 1884 was memorable in this respect. The Signal Service Department records for that year one hundred and seventy-eight tornadoes in the United States, and contrary to all opinion as to the regions of cyclones, more than half occurred in the Southern States. In Georgia there were thirty-eight, twenty-two in South Carolina, eighteen in Alabama, twelve in North Carolina, and ten each in Iowa and Wisconsin. More than one thousand buildings were demolished by the fury of the elements during the year, the most extensive tornado being in Minnesota, Sept. 9th, when property was destroyed estimated at four millions.

As in the case of our hardest earthquakes, the temperature was generally warm before these cyclones, and immediately succeeded by cool changes.

There is no doubt that all storms are largely electrical in their natures, but we think most persons who have had experience with those aerial outbursts, would trust our subterranean shake-ups with considerable feeling of safety, comparatively speaking, since those have destroyed the lives of more than fifteen thousand.

## NO HIGH PRIESTS.

Spiritualism has no High Priests—no one to whom its votaries look up to, or regard as absolute authority in matters of belief. Thus, when a local paper speaks of the presiding officer of a society of Spiritualists as a "High Priest of Spiritualism," it simply exposes its ignorance to the world.

Spiritualism formulates no creed—has no articles of faith—recognizes no dicta. It is founded in the nature of man—in the rational needs and longings of the human soul. It recognizes the operation of law in all things material and spiritual. It teaches obedience to law as the only way to happiness. All wrong-doing is a violation of law, the fruits of which are inharmonious and un-

happiness. And on this basis it rears a structure or philosophy that appeals to the physical senses, as well as to the moral nature of man.

Thus, Nature is our only High Priest, and her moving and ever progressive spirit, our only guide and monitor. We aim to heed her holy admonitions, and to follow her divine beckonings with reverent feet; for we know she will ever lead us upward to the light.

A belief in the immortality of the soul is the pivotal idea of all religions. It is a belief as old as the conscious existence of man. Indeed, in tracing the line backwards, it is impossible to determine at what point in his ascent from the lower forms of life, man did not possess the germ of a spiritual nature that should find unfoldment in a future life.

But now comes a new revelation, confirming the enlightened belief in immortality of all ages. This revelation is peculiar to Spiritualism, and it is the one satisfying fact that places Spiritualism pre-eminently above all other systems of religion. The positive assurance of continued existence, based on the evidences of the physical senses, appeals to the enlightened thought of mankind as can no system appealing wholly to the spiritual intuitions or promptings.

Out of this positive knowledge, and the teachings of the immortals, we believe, will yet be evolved and formulated a grand progressive system of religion. It will have no crystallized creed, but will be elastic, and ever adapted to man's intellectual and spiritual advancement.

## IN ACCORD.

We readily overcome and subjugate the larger things in life, as measured by size; but the little ones cause us trouble, worry and study, and often come out victorious over our most heroic efforts. The fleas, flies, mosquitoes and the thousand invisible and pestilential forms of life are ever causing us to question the utility of such creatures, for that they subserve some intended end, none can doubt, since so far as our knowledge goes, all created things are of use. The armies of microscopic life that carry death to the human family is a result of overpopulation, and consequent crowded habitation and unsanitary living, and while the cause may be thus familiar, we must look upon the creation of this ravaging foe as a provision of nature designed to remove the cause, which can only be done by scourges, that sweeps off the surplus inhabitants, leaving more room for those that survive.

This seems cruel to the living, but it is the punishment of violated law, and will be repeated so often as cause repeats itself. Though sorrow and desolation reign over the land because of these ravages, cold-hearted Science stalks over the bereaved earth, gathering information from the blighted spots that shall be cast abroad for the benefit of those who learn wisdom from experience. All do not, for many think that all sorrow is sent from God, against whom all means of prevention is rebellion. They do not imagine that God might punish them to open their eyes and minds to a clearer perception of his laws, that are so plainly inscribed on every page of his great work.

The special province of Science is in small things—to discover, investigate, find out causes and their relation to things invisible.

Philosophy and science go together, the more we know of them the more will mysteries and all perplexing things become plain and clear. They make us see a use in all things, and they remove the annoyances of what we think might be better.

NEW COLLEGE OF MEDICINE.—We are pleased to note that Dr. Robert Brown of this city, a physician and surgeon of eminent skill and ability, has been chosen as one of the first Trustees of the "Incorporation of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of California." The object of this newly-incorporated College is to provide instruction for all such persons as may wish to learn the theory and practice of medicine, pharmacy and surgery, the course including electro-therapeutics, psychology and the physical sciences. The college will also be a free dispensary for the treatment of the poor. Dr. Brown has generously endowed this college with the munificent gift of 75,000 acres of valuable land situated in Wise and Dickenson counties, Virginia. His name in connection with the management is a guaranty of success.

Mexico is going into the coolie business and trouble. She is soon to conclude a treaty with China, guaranteeing protection to coolies imported to her shores. The steamship company will receive a subsidy for each coolie brought to the country, who are to work for ten years at twenty dollars a month. The object is to obtain laborers for the sugar and coffee plantations in the regions lying near the coast where there is said to be scarcity of hands.

This is practical slavery, and if Mexico does not repent the step she is taking, she is lower in the scale of progress than the world has placed her. Slave labor is no benefit because cheap; but a curse because it is wrong and carries evil with it.

An honest circle, or circle of honest seekers after truth can get what they go after at these circles; of course sometimes these conditions may be unfavorable, and a group of fraud-hunters carrying the fraud in their minds and producing the conditions for fraud, and having a very sensitive medium who is, of course, susceptible to earthly as well as spiritual influences, can crowd back the guides by the near and more potent mental atmosphere, may get what they go after and still the medium be innocent.—*Warren Chase in Spiritual Offering.*

But how is it, Brother Chase, when the circle is composed entirely of honest seekers after the truth—when all would prefer to believe the medium honest—and the medium—the very one in whose presence you claim, in other portions of your article, to have witnessed wonderful things—plays off, as we have witnessed time and again, the illimitable tricks for genuine manifestations. It will hardly do to call such honest investigators "fraud hints." Honest seekers after truth cannot get "what they go after" when they visit mediums who are known to practice fraud.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

The ladies of Metropolitan Temple, and others interested in noble works of charity, are cordially invited to meet at the residence of Mr. M. B. Dodge on Wednesday next at two o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of organizing a Ladies' Aid Society. Let there be a full attendance.

The Fourteenth Annual Entertainment of the Children's Progressive Lyceum will be held in the lecture room of Metropolitan Temple (entrance on Jessie Street), Friday evening Nov. 27th, 1885. Exercises to commence at 7:30 o'clock, dancing at 9. Tickets, 25 cents. Give the children the encouragement of your presence.

This paper can be found on the tables of the N. D. C. Reading Room, 718 Washington street, Boston, Mass. Dr. James A. Bliss is duly authorized by us to receive subscriptions and to make contracts for advertising at our regular rates. The Reading Room is open to the public daily (excepting Sundays), from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

What is the matter with Bro. Cridge of the *Western Watchman*? He seems as full of venom as an irate tarantula. The words "liar," "villain," "scoundrel," and similar pet names, roll from his pen with a glibness, and an unctuous consciousness of cussedness truly amazing. That is not the way, Bro. Cridge, to correct the evils of our labor system. It only makes you disliked, and the very class whom you, no doubt, honestly hope to benefit, come to regard you as a crank.

Prof. Lambert, the scholarly German spirit who sometimes answers questions through the mediumship of Mrs. E. L. Watson, has kindly consented to occupy the rostrum at Metropolitan Temple, Sunday evening, Nov. 29th. The subject upon which he will discourse will be: "From Adam to Angel, or the Evolution of the Soul." This will, no doubt, be a rare intellectual treat, as the "Professor" is not only a profound thinker, but has a very happy faculty of expression.

Sweden is proud in the distinction of printing the first book in the Congo language. The work bears the name of *Nsa mu Nambaie a Yoaie*, a translation of the Gospel of John, and is the work of a Swedish missionary, Vestling, who has toiled many years in equatorial Africa. Sweden is proud but in another way, over another of her countrymen, who has produced a new explosive that he calls "romite," for which he claims great strength cheapness and impossibility of explosion, except when ignited. It is to be hoped this new invention may tend to lessen the awful catastrophes caused by those powerful explosions that are ignited by concussion.

There are some funny people in the regions of the wild northwest. They are blunt and straightforward to rudeness, but they do not always express themselves in words. They are fond of figures and symbols, particularly of a lugubrious aspect, as the Mayor of Lincoln, Nebraska, must have thought when one morning recently he found a coffin lying across his doorway. We must conclude that the Mayor is a native son of the country, from the cool manner in which he met this manifestation of a people's regard. He lost no time in exchanging it for thirteen dollars, that he as promptly gave in aid of local charity.

A large proportion of this world's children go clad in rags, or the cast-off raiment of those who toil not. In England there are one hundred and eighty-seven ragged schools that are attended by fifty thousand children. In view of the growing aristocratic tendency of the public schools of our own country, especially those of Eastern cities, where many pupils go clad in silk and jewels to the painful humiliation of the poorer scholars, ragged schools, or schools set apart for the children of poor parents, will be in order. What would perhaps be better, would be the requirement of simple apparel by all attendants.

Nothing shows better the material advancement of the times, than the development of the country's mineral resources, that are essential to all the mechanical arts, upon which all other industries are based. Since gold and silver constitute the coinage of the world, they stand first in the public mind, but are far from being the more valuable metals. Of the nineteen worth more than one thousand dollars a pound, Vanadium, discovered in 1830, is valued at ten thousand dollars a pound. But of all, gold alone is indestructible, immortal. Its form may change, but its substance and quantity never. It stands an inscrutable mystery to science, that can only declare it to be a simple element.

From reports given by Rev. Duncan Macgregor of Chicago, lately returned from a trip to Scotland, it may be seen that many of the people in that land who live by cultivating the soil, suffer quite as much oppression as the Irish in Ireland. Thousands of small farmers have no leases of their lands, many of whom have to gather welks as their only food. They are not permitted to kill the deer that they and their wives have to watch night about to keep them off their crops. They threaten rebellion against their tyrannical landlords, and surely they have just cause, since they are denied all rights save the one of a mere existence.

AN AGNOSTIC.—A correspondent writes as follows: "I was once a believer in your philosophy. I am now an Agnostic, yet I prefer an eternal sleep, to a future life of contention between good and evil spirits." If will make but little difference what our friend *prefers*. He was not consulted as to his preference in the matter of this life, and will not be concerning the next. The true philosophy is to prepare one's self for whatever is to come, and make the best of it. If the future life is to be an eternal contention with evil spirits, then common sense should teach us to so train our spiritual faculties as to make us more than a match for the enemy. We don't know to what better use mortal or spirit can devote himself than in overcoming evil. Infinitely better a constant warfare, if followed by victory, than a nanby-pamby existence spent in an eternal round of heavenly idleness.

## NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

Nearly 40,000 boxes of raisins were shipped from Colton during October.

Oranges of this year's crop are already being shipped from Pleasant Valley, Solano county.

During the past year nearly \$570,000 has been expended in building improvements in San Diego.

Two men have recently died in Utah from the effects of repeatedly being "baptized for the dead."

An eighteen-year-old girl recently shot and killed a large-sized mountain lion in Fresno county.

The shipments of paper pulp made from yucca on the Mohave desert average fifteen to twenty tons daily.

A Chinese merchant who recently left Portland for Hongkong took with him an Indian wife and four children.

At Austin, Nev., last Friday morning, there was a shower of angle-worms which covered the ground to a depth of two inches.

A Mormon polygamist, when called up for sentence recently, said that he would obey the law "if his wives would let him."

England pays \$5,000,000 a year for her royal family, and in keeping up what Mr. Labouchere calls "the medieval tomfoolery of a court."

The workmen in the railroad yards at East Oakland are busy getting out the material for a permanent bridge across the Colorado river at Yuma, A. T.

A proposition is being discussed in Alameda to declare the growth of eucalyptus trees a nuisance in any locality where their roots can reach to the sewer pipes.

A recent earthquake in France affected only the chalk formations at the earth's surface, and was neither heard nor felt by men at work in the coal mines beneath.

The plan for the extraction of carbonate of soda from the water of Owen's Lake, by evaporation, has proved a success, and more extensive works are to be erected.

The Cheyenne Indians on Tongue river, M. T., are reported to be in a starving condition, and Secretary Lamar has telegraphed that their wants are to be supplied at once.

By adding phosphorescent material to printer's ink, it is said that books and papers can be made legible in the dark. A luminous newspaper is proposed at Turin.

The Petaluma cannery has this season shipped to one party in New York thirteen car-loads of fruit, besides several thousand cases sent to Australia and other foreign points.

Mr. Labouchere maintains that "a professed courtier is probably the lowest and most degraded specimen of the human race." This ought to make a Zulu or a Pinte feel proud.

In 1688, Ray found that there were seventy-eight varieties of apples. In 1866, the collection of the Royal Horticultural Society embraced fifteen hundred varieties, many of them not worth cultivation.

Carbonic acid, passed at summer heat over a mixture of chloroform and bisulphide of carbon into a lethal chamber, gives to animals a painless death. It has been tried by its discoverer, Dr. Richardson of England, upon 6,000 dogs.

Platinum wire can be drawn so fine that it is no longer visible to the "naked" eye, and can only be felt. It can be seen with a magnifying glass, when the wire is held against white paper. It is used in telescopes and similar instruments.

A strong petition is on foot at St. Paul to secure the release from a seven years' sentence of W. G. Swan, for embezzling \$35,000 from the Northern Pacific, on the ground that he pleaded guilty, was a great worker in the church, and was misled into dealing in margins.

Rev. R. Heber Newton, in a paper on "Christianity and the Criminal," says: "Peonology, or the science of punishment, has doomed the traditional hell. Hell remains beyond as prisons remain here, but like them, it will open out and up into the life where the saved may walk repentant, reformed, rehabilitated, restored to themselves, to society, and to God."

The great cathedral of St. Peter at Moscow, built to commemorate the release of that city from the French invasion, is now almost completed, and it is said that its vast cupolas rival in coloring with the gold and scarlet of the sun. They are five in number, and no less than nine hundred pounds of gold were used in overlaying them. The doors of the temple cost \$310,000, and upon the marble floors were expended \$1,500,000.

## WHAT PEOPLE SAY.

Mary W. McGarr, of Allegheny City, Pa., writes, November 19th, enclosing money for subscription:

"I have been lending and recommending your paper ever since you so kindly sent me some numbers, thanks for the same. I will still continue to try to get you some customers. I never was better pleased with a Spiritual paper than I am with yours."

L. U. McCann, of Santa Cruz, under date of November 18th, writes as follows:

"Through the kindness of my friend, Mrs. G. B. Kirby, I have just read every word in two copies of your new paper, the GOLDEN GATE. I am greatly pleased with the pure, elevated and yet astonishing contents of the numbers before me. Having but lately received the revelation of unseen things—which came to me, by God's blessing, in spite of all my orthodoxical blindness—yet it is nevertheless a marvel still, that such astounding facts should be known by so many and yet the crust of the old world's incredulity remain as hard and unbroken as if these things had not been proven."

A San Jose subscriber, enclosing a year's subscription, writes as follows:

"I am delighted with your paper, think it is just what we need on this Coast, and wish that I could send you a check for a thousand dollars. Please take the will for the deed, and though it will not help you financially, it may be pleasant to feel that you have my sympathy and best wishes for the success of your paper."

J. E. Clark, druggist, Los Angeles, writes as follows:

"As a journal of reform I deem your beautiful paper one of the best in the world."

One of our best Spiritual exchanges is the GOLDEN GATE of San Francisco. It comes to us every week laden with crisp, clean articles that are very tempting to editorial scissors. May it long prosper in the good work it is doing.—*New York Beacon Light.*

Written for the GOLDEN GATE.

## A "WHITE CROSS" AIM.

It is one aim of the White Cross Fraternity to bring to earth more knowledge and comprehension of spiritual law. Spiritual law is the underlying force and secret spring of all so-called material laws. We are ignorant of many things necessary for better health and the realization here of a more perfect and enduring happiness. These results will come through knowledge of those laws regarding which, as yet, we know little or nothing. We cannot receive such knowledge from the higher spirit world without making certain conditions for its reception, and conditions also favorable for its appropriation after being received—no more than can education be imparted save by properly organized schools and colleges.

The man here who has spent half a lifetime in studying some particular branch of art or science, will not be favorably disposed toward imparting his knowledge haphazard to A, B and C, as he finds opportunity. He will not go about the streets seeking for a knot of people to tell his knowledge to, who may or may not be favorably disposed to hear him. He can't afford to waste his time and strength in this way. He wants and needs a set time, a set place, and more than all, a set of people who are interested, alive and hungry for what he can give them.

Precisely such conditions do the professors of the higher spirit world need here among us to impart of their knowledge, and vital, indeed, is such knowledge to us. They cannot go wandering about from scene to scene, jumping at chances as they may turn up, to control this or that medium, and then talking to people who may or may not appreciate what they have to say. They also need their set time, their place and their especially interested group or class of students.

To grant this is one aim of the White Cross Order.

It may be asked, "Why should not the lecture platform furnish the proper conditions for the giving of this knowledge?"

The platform is most important in its use. But for all branches of learning it cannot furnish the proper conditions. All subjects cannot be freely discussed on the platform. Audiences mixed, as to character and motive, varying in atmosphere and influence, render approach of spirit sensitivities and control by them of mediums, difficult if not impossible. Halls used for many different purposes and permeated by the atmosphere of audiences varying in character and motive, become also unfit for special purposes, as those in any degree acquainted with mediumship and mediumistic law well know.

Groups or classes specially interested in any particular subject, and who sit having their minds concentrated on such subject, will surely invite and bring the approach of the spirits equally interested in the same subject, and whose research may infinitely transcend ours, and whose desire to give may be fully as great as ours to receive. Such spirits will at last surely find their medium through whom to communicate, by virtue of the great principle of demand and attraction, as yet so little apprehended here.

The White Cross Fraternity now furnishes the nucleus of conditions for the general purpose named above, at No. 12 Pemberton Square, Room 9. The Secretary, Mrs. J. Y. Whitaker, of the Fraternity is in daily attendance there from ten A. M. to four P. M. On Sunday evenings, some phase of Spiritualism bearing on daily life, and material as well as spiritual interests will be set forth at the rooms. The "Service of Silence" on Saturday evenings, from 7:30 till 9, is the practical carrying out of one of the Fraternity's principles, to wit: the power and efficacy of the silent demand or prayer of as many as may pray in earnest for the healing of their sick friends, the release of earth-bound spirits, the warding off or removal of all evil from ourselves and others, and the bringing to us of every permanent and real good. M.

## The Lick Glass.

A Boston correspondent of the *Call* in a recent letter says: "I occasionally drop into the workshop of Clark & Sons of Cambridgeport, where the crown glass disk for the Lick telescope is being ground by Mr. Alvan Clark, Jr. Work on the glass has fairly commenced, and the process of grinding is necessarily a slow and tedious one. Instead of a machine being used in the work, the human hand is used. It would be impossible to do the work with a machine. Much of the grinding is done in the night-time, for the reason that at that time of the day there are no visitors to the factory, and the danger of mischief to the glass by evil-disposed outsiders or loss or inconvenience by fires is less likely to occur. I saw the crown glass disk of the great Russian telescope after it was finished, and saw it placed in its position, but it is a small affair compared with the Lick glass. A few inches in such a disk makes an immense difference, not only in the grinding and polishing, but in the power. A man grows prematurely old in producing such big telescope glasses. The work demands not only an eye of great mathematical precision and a touch the most sensitive and

accurate, but a physical ability like a machine. The work is also one of tremendous responsibility. Any accident, however slight, to the glass might ruin it hopelessly, or postpone the casting of a new glass to an uncertain time. The glass which Mr. Clark is finishing, is the product of the thirtieth attempt of the Feils of Paris. The glass is visited by persons interested in telescopes and astronomy. Day by day the grinding goes on, but it will be months before the glass is completed, for such a glass is only one in a man's lifetime, and the only one of the age."

## Letter from Wm. Eglinton.

[Although not intended for publication, the following letter from the great English medium contains matter of so much interest to Spiritualists that we are sure the writer will pardon us the liberty we take with it.—Ed. GOLDEN GATE.]

DEAR MR. OWEN: I am indebted to you for your courtesy in sending me the copies of GOLDEN GATE, which I read with great pleasure, and for so kindly inserting the notice respecting "Twist Two Worlds," which will be published in a few weeks, and a copy of which I shall have much pleasure in sending you.

It may be of editorial interest for you to know that M. Tisot, the eminent French artist, has just published a most wonderful picture—full of beauty in all its details—of a materialization, obtained through my mediumship, of a lady known to him when in earth-life. It is a mezzotint, and is, I imagine, one of the artist's masterpieces. It is causing great sensation in Paris, where it is now being exhibited, and as copies are likely to reach America, it may be well to mention the fact. The publisher is M. Ch. Deloriere, 15 Rue de Seine, Paris.

As far as I can see, mediumship, and the cause of Spiritualism generally, appears to be much more free in this country from canker-spots than in America. The constant reports of frauds in the United States must shake the movement there to its foundation, and I cannot myself fail to wonder how it is that the Spiritualists tolerate well-known frauds so long. It is probably due to the methods of investigation, which, in this country, are well nigh perfect,—giving greater security to genuine mediums, and putting the movement on a proper footing.

With renewed thanks and apologies for this hasty letter, for I am a very busy man, Believe me, yours sincerely,

W. EGLINTON.

6 Nottingham Place W., London, Nov. 1st.

## Theosophy.

[Foreign Letter.]

The subject of theosophy has, according to the Calcutta correspondent of the *London Times*, occupied a large share of the attention of the Indian press and public recently. It has been brought prominently forward by the publication in the *Madras Christian College Magazine* of a correspondence alleged to have passed between Mme. Blavatsky and Monsieur and Mme. Coulomb, who appear to have been followers of her, but who, having fallen out with the sect, have placed the letters in the hands of the editor of the magazine. These letters, if genuine, certainly prove Mme. Blavatsky to be a consummate impostor, who, with the help of Coulomb, imposed upon the credulous by ingenious trickery. The so-called astral body of the Tibetan Mahatma Kool Humi, is described as a crafty arrangement of bladders, muslin, and a mask, while the wonder-working shrine at Madras is said to be a mere conjurer's cabinet. The theosophists indignantly declare the letters to be impudent forgeries, and state that the Coulombs were expelled from the society and have taken this means to revenge themselves.

## Premonitions.

An English journal publishes the following: "At an inquest held upon the body of a collier who was killed by the fall of a rock in a Staffordshire mine, his wife deposed that the night before the accident her husband awoke, complaining that he had a ton of rock upon his head; and so sure was he of some ill befalling him that it was only by dint of much coaxing that she persuaded him to go to work. Before leaving the house, he bent down to her child, saying, 'Let me have my last kiss.' To make the story still stranger, it came out in evidence that the news of the poor fellow's death had hardly reached his home when a cousin much attached to him looked in to inquire for him, impelled to do so by seeing or thinking he saw the dead man standing before him in the roadway."

## In Favor of the Birds.

[Scientific Exchange.]

A friend of small birds, in defending them against charges of destructiveness, cites the proof offered for inspection by a Frenchman in the 1851 exhibition. The contents of the crop of all birds so accused were exposed glued upon a board, analyzed and indexed by the side of the bird's body for identification. "This examination," he says, "was distinctly in favor of the birds as useful destroyers of mischievous grubs and insects, the grain being a minimum, and it led to some useful protective measures of small birds in France."

Written for the GOLDEN GATE.

## LINES.

[On the death of Mrs. C. C. Leavitt, of Oakland.]

Out from the mists of earth-land  
She hath found the "perfect day,"  
Embalmed in the light of angels  
Her spirit passed away.

Away from the loving home-light,  
To the dearer one above,  
Where joy supreme—a blissful dream,  
Where God is light and love.

Out from the grave's dark mystery,  
Her white, pure, soul hath fled,  
'Tis but her semblance there we've laid,  
Asleep with the mighty dead.

The glory of fair October days,  
Is mantling earth and sky,  
The distant haze on the mountain's breast,  
The sweet winds gently sigh.

But its gossamer robe of beauty,  
Enwraps my beautiful clay,  
Its low winds speak of her failing breath,  
Which the angel bore away.

Sweet bird! of the far-South land,  
Why sing so blithe to-day?  
The chords of my soul most silent be,  
For she whom I love sleeps far away.

Farewell! dear one; through the jasper gates  
Of the beautiful morning land,  
Waiting to welcome us, home to God,  
I see thee, smiling stand.

—C—

Poway, San Diego Co., Oct. 25, 1885.

## SPIRIT MUSIC.

[Wm. Foster, in Banner of Light.]

I made slight mention of the musical phase possessed by Mrs. Addie M. Gage and Miss Lulu Billings, of Rochester, N. Y., in my recent notice of the Sunday meetings in Providence. Since that time they have subjected themselves to the crucial test of a public concert in the largest hall in the city, and unprejudiced listeners could not but acknowledge that the performance was a most marvelous exhibition of power, skill and discrimination. They are totally unconscious, neither knowing beforehand nor afterward what may be or has been sung, nothing save that they have been under spirit control. Everything is an utter blank, so perfectly are they under the control of the invisibles. Under control, they use a foreign language, of which they are ignorant in their normal condition. Their voices are melodious and powerful, though not heavy. Their modulation is exquisite. The piano, too, is dexterously manipulated, made very expressive, in unison with the sentiment of the song.

I have not a musical ear, technically speaking; indeed, most of the fashionable music is "bosh" to me, yet I can tell when there is a soul in music, and whether it is artistically given. So I have no hesitation in expressing my opinion in the present instance that in both manner and matter these ladies, under spirit control, exhibit those features and qualities which stamp the performance as one to challenge not only the musician, but the psychologist as well, to examine and investigate.

Thus it is that the spirit-world is constantly impinging itself into this, presenting new phases of spirit-power and possibilities to arrest attention and cause us to become students in the great problems of the Now and Hereafter. An insignificant rap opened the New Dispensation, followed by weird and varied phenomena, till now the evidence of continued existence and the intercommunication of spirits and mortals is a fact so well established that honest, candid, open minds must accept the two propositions as proven. No system of faith, belief, philosophy, science or religion is so buttressed and fortified by facts as is Spiritualism, yet it has had to fight its way, and even now has to do so inch by inch. But, methinks, Spiritualists themselves for in this antagonism. Let all rise to the sublime height of this fact of the correlation of the two worlds, enter into the spirit of its philosophy, attune themselves to its plain and obvious teachings, and in all respects conform to those everlasting principles of right which are its outcome: then the cause shall receive a new impetus, the spirit of brotherhood will prevail and govern; jealousy and envy will wither, and, hand-in-hand, we shall walk with angels and they with us. The poet of the Humanities has said, "There's a good time coming." Let us hasten, not delay it.

In the mountains above Chico the residents along a lumber flume have a novel way of getting their mail. It is started on a raft from the head of the flume at regular dates, and the people below watch for it, take out what belongs to them and then send the raft with its precious cargo on the way.

The Tacoma Chamber of Commerce have sent a memorial to President Cleveland setting forth the fact of the continual smuggling of Chinese across the border from British Columbia, and asking for the assistance of the forces of the United States in putting an end to it.

## SPIRITUALISM.

All who are desirous of developing as mediums for "Independent Slate-Writing," which is the most satisfying, convincing, and unquestionable phase of spirit power known, send for circular with four cents, to Mrs. Clara L. Reid, Independent Slate-writer, No. 35 Sixth street, San Francisco.

## DO THE SPIRITS OF DEAD MEN AND WOMEN RETURN TO MORTALS?

MRS. E. R. HERBERT.

A Spirit Medium, gives sittings daily (Sunday excepted), at No. 412 Twelfth Street, Oakland, Cal. Conference meetings Sunday evening; Developing Circles, Tuesday evenings. Public are invited. no18

## TO FRIENDS OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

For the purpose of placing the GOLDEN GATE upon a basis that shall inspire public confidence in its stability, and also for the purpose of extending the field of its usefulness, a number of prominent and influential Spiritualists have organized themselves into a Joint Stock Company known as the "Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company," with a capital stock of \$15,000, divided into 3000 shares of \$5 each. The corporation is invested with power to carry on a general printing and publishing business; to buy and sell, hold and inherit real estate; to receive, hold and dispose of bequests; to deal in books and periodicals; in short, the foundation is laid for the future of a large publishing, printing and book-dealing business.

It is agreed that each share of the capital stock of said Company subscribed for shall entitle the holder to an annual dividend of ten per cent. payable in subscriptions to the paper. That is, the holder of five shares, or \$25 of stock, shall be entitled to a copy of the paper free, so long as the corporation exists. (The paper at \$2.50 per annum—the lowest price at which it can be afforded—being equivalent to ten per cent. of \$25.) For any less number than five shares a pro rata reduction will be allowed on subscription to the paper. Thus, the holder of but one share will receive a perpetual reduction of fifty cents on his annual subscription. That is, he will be entitled to the paper for \$2 per annum. The holder of two shares will pay but \$1.50; of three shares, \$1; four shares, 50 cents, and of five shares, nothing.

By this arrangement every share-holder will receive, as we have before stated, what is equivalent to a perpetual annual dividend of ten per cent. The subscriber for twenty shares of the stock, or \$100, would be entitled to four copies of the paper. He could, if he chose, dispose of three of these copies among his acquaintances, at the regular subscription rate of \$2.50 for each per annum, and thereby realize what would be equivalent to a cash dividend of seven and one-half per cent. on his investment, and have his own paper free in addition.

As no more stock will be sold than will be necessary for the needs of the business—which will not be likely to exceed, in any event, over fifty per cent. of the nominal capital—and as the paper will be conducted on the most economical principles, there will be no probability of, or necessity for, future assessments. The sale of the reserved stock would be ample to meet any contingency that might possibly arise. But, with careful management there will be no necessity to draw upon this reserve. On the other hand, from the present outlook and the encouragement the paper is receiving, we confidently believe, that the time is not far distant when the business will pay a fair cash dividend upon the stock, in addition to that already provided for.

An Arizona prospector owes his life to the sagacity of his horse. He was taken sick and lay in camp three days perfectly helpless until finally the horse went several miles to a camp, and by his actions induced some one to bring assistance to his sick master.

A steamboat built in England and sent out in pieces at a cost of \$20,000, is being put together on Lake Nyassa, in the interior of Africa. It will be used for missionary work along the coast.

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

CONFERENCE and Test Seance every Wednesday evening at Grand Pacific Hall, 1049 Market street between Sixth and Seventh. Free to all.

SPIRITUAL SERVICES at Metropolitan Temple, under the ministrations of the celebrated and eloquent inspirational lecturer, Mrs. E. L. Watson, Sunday, November 8th; answers to questions at 11 A. M. Evening lecture at 7:45; subject: "From Adam to Angel, or the Evolution of the Soul." 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.

## THE DODGE ROCK BREAKER Challenges the

World to produce as good and cheap a machine. Rock Breaker and Cornish Rolls combined in one machine. Pulverizers, to graduate ores, for roasting, chloridizing, leaching and concentrating. Concentrating Machinery for concentrating Gold, Silver, Lead and Copper Ores. Furnaces for roasting and chloridizing ores, for amalgamation or leaching. Plans, drawing and estimates for working Ores by any process. M. B. DODGE, 143 Fremont Street, San Francisco.

## RESTITUTION.

## A Strange Story of Mediumship.

(Golden Era for November.)

He belonged to the genus called tramp, and was a fair specimen of his class. When he had not been in these United States it was not worth while for any other man to attempt to go, and the men of prominence with whom he was personally acquainted were legion. To study his make-up from a philosophical or physical standpoint was an interesting occupation. His hat was a nondescript in color and style, being simply a limp affair with a wonderfully abbreviated brim. His hair was an iron gray, but showed that it had been as black as a raven's wing in the olden days before age and rough living had left their traces upon him. His eyes were small, and peered out from their deep sockets with a sort of squinting, quizzical gaze, that impressed one with the idea that he was trying to look through a gimlet hole. His face was as red as the comb of a cock, while his nose, which was somewhat on the pug order, was almost like a glowing coal of fire, giving indication of the numberless cocktails and gin-slings, not to say anything of the whisky straight that had passed under it on their way into the seemingly cast-iron labyrinths of his internal organism. His shoulders stooped a little from the weight of accumulating years. His gait was far from being regal, but it was well befitting a man of his position in the social scale. A brown, heavy ducking hunting coat, with pantaloons to match, a blue woolen navy shirt, cowskin boots numbering up among the tens, into the tops of which his trouser legs were half stuffed with a reckless *neglige*, completed the outer covering of the man. He said he was a native of Connecticut, and claimed to be a son of Vulcan.

So here you have a faithful pen picture of the man who played such an important part in the drama which I am about to record. One day just after lunch I was sitting in the business office of a friend, when Charley, the tramp, as we had all come to call him, dropped in and joined us in our conversation. At last he spoke up in rather an abrupt manner, just as if he had suddenly returned from an excursion to dreamland, and said:

"Say, do yer fellers know I've got a gift?"

"A gift! No; who's been giving you anything, and what is it?" The gift of gab is about the only thing you seem to be possessed of," said my friend Siebe.

"O you don't *sab*; I mean spiritualism gifts; transitory gifts like, you know."

"Transitory gifts! pray what are they?"

"Why didn't yer ever hear tell of them ar' fellers what goes into a transitory state, a kinder sleep, so to speak, and then tell all manner of queer things?"

"Oh, you mean a trance. Why, of course we know all about that. Do you mean to say that you can go into a trance?"

"Wall, neow," said he, giving the two words the broad Yankee twang, "I should ruther presume I can, that is, when I've got any one what knows how to mesmerize me. Why, I traveled for four years with Prof. J. R. Lovejoy of Maine, and I used to tell fortunes, read sealed letters, tell ages, find lost things, heal the sick, detect criminals and everything else miraculous and funny. Why, I will just give you one instance. A young fellar away down in Maine killed his uncle and aunt for their money, and skipped the country. Nobody could find him. The detectives couldn't somehow catch onto anything that'd pan out worth a cent. The Professor came to the town to hold one of his 'sayonses,' as he was always careful to call 'em, and as a little business dodge just put it in the paper that I would tell the whole history of that boy's movements after he killed the old folks, and also his present whereabouts. The house was full of course, for people do so like to be humbugged, but I fooled 'em that night, for sure's your're born, I did tell 'em to a dot all about it, and a detective went and found him on a cattle ranch in Texas just as I had said."

"Well, Charlie," said Siebe, "do you ever do anything in that line nowadays?"

"Oh yes, sometimes."

"Well," said Siebe, "I understand this thing of mesmerism and have seen a great deal of it in days gone by. My friend here is a stenographer, and we three will meet at eight o'clock to-night in my back office, and I will put you into a trance condition, and my friend will write down all you say, and we will see what kind of a circus we will have."

According to appointment, we met in the back parlor of Mr. Siebe's business office. The gas was turned down till a mellow tone of light was produced, giving everything in the room a wierd, far-away look. Charley took his seat in the great easy chair, leaned his head back against the soft upholstery, and, closing his eyes, seemed about to fall asleep. The few magical passes were made, and the soul of the man was off on spirit wings to other realms. Presently the muscles of his face began to twitch, his hands moved nervously, and his whole body seemed to be pervaded by a something that was foreign to himself. Suddenly he sprang up, and with a deft kilt of his hat, and the unbuttoning and shifting up of his shirt, he looked the very image of a sailor. With a swinging tread, unsteady, as if on a vessel riding over waves, now easy, now bracing, but ever

keeping with the sway of the ship, he walked across the room.

"Yi ho-o, yi ho-o, me hearties," he sung out with a clear and musical voice that was very foreign to Charley's own, as we had heard it.

"Hello," said Siebe, "can't you tell us who you are?"

"O I'm the captain of a gallant ship, To you I'll tell her name, O, I'm the captain of a gallant ship It is the *Ori flame*."

he sang in reply, in the minor cadences one often hears emanating from the fo'castle.

"You're of a nautical turn," said Siebe.

"Oh, I never sing," he replied, "except when I am happy. I am overjoyed to-night, for I've got what I have been longing for these twenty years, as you of earth reckon time."

"What's that?" said Siebe.

"Don't you see that I'm at the helm of this blasted old craft you call Charley. Just see how I can steer it about. Port, starboard, steady. Port, hard up, (makes a short turn). See how I made her come round without a misstay. But this isn't all, for I am going to tell you a sailor's yarn that will make your eyes hang out like saucers; and the best part of it is, that it will be true. This is something which has weighed upon my mind ever since I crossed over to shadow land, and when I have told you what I have to say, my soul will be at rest, and I can then pass on to higher planes of existence. As it is, I am held firmly bound to the lowest levels, and that is why I am so rejoiced to be able to use the organism of the medium to-night. I do not know you from Adam, a personage, by the way, I have not yet had the felicity of seeing, but I would just as soon narrate my story to you as to any of Adam's sons, for they are all one to me now. Now, you fellow with the writing fixings, get all ready, for I'm going to talk it off very fast, for that fool Charley will be back here pretty soon and want to take his turn at the wheel of this old craft, and I'll have to go below and turn in."

"All ready, Captain," said I, after I had adjusted my note-book and taken a freshly pointed pencil. And this is what he told me:

"First of all, my name is James Albert White, and I shipped from New Bedford in 1844, on a hide and tallow drogher as skipper, bound for a cruise of three years to California. She was called the *Ori flame*. It was a merry day when we set sail and stood out of the harbor. Flags were flying and guns were fired, and the populace lined the wharves and decks, waving adieux with their handkerchiefs. But in all that vast throng there was no face that had any charms for me, for, leaning from a balcony far up the street, was a face, to look upon which would have made the heart of any mortal leap with joy. Instead of a kerchief wave, her lithesome fingers sent kisses floating out towards the fast receding ship.

"Then came the long and tedious passage around the Horn, and on to California. We sailed in May and it was late in November before we dropped anchor off San Diego, our first station. Then came the long year and a half of bartering for and stowing away our cargo of hides, tallow and horns. Just two years to a day from the time I left New Bedford, I have anchor in San Francisco Bay and set the prow of the *Ori flame* homeward. With a sigh of relief I saw the white cliffs recede as my vessel held her course westward, far out beyond the Farallones. I should have laid her course for the Cape at once, but there was an ill-guiding star in the planning of my chart. I had told the bonnie, sweet-faced lassie who tipped the kisses at me that bright May day as I sailed out of the harbor at New Bedford, to write a letter and send it to the Sandwich Islands by some whalers who were to sail the next spring, and I had hoped that some chance vessel, bound for California, would pick it up at the islands and bear it on to me. But my hopes had all been in vain; I reasoned that she had sent the letter, and that it was still at the islands awaiting some opportunity of being sent to me.

"Then I said: Here, it will not take me but a month or two longer to run over to the islands and get the letter, and then I will still have ample time to pass Terra del Fuego before the winter solstice. So I shaped my course, and in due time sighted the volcano of Owhyhee; once at anchor, I hastened ashore to inquire for my letter. There were two instead of one, and they were tied together with a piece of black crape. How my heart leaped into my throat when I saw that! My mother or sister must be dead, I said to myself, and Nellie has written me of it. Impatiently cutting the band which bound them together, and breaking the great wafer seals, so common then, I saw that one was in the smoothly-flowing, shapely handwriting of a few other small *billet doux* which I had in my chest on board ship, and which I had read and re-read, till there was precious little of them left to read. The other was the strong, bold hand-writing of a man. Of course, I began to read Nellie's first. There were tear stains all down the page. And this is what was written:

"DEAR, DEAR JAMES: I promised to write you a letter when the whalers sailed, but it is still long before that time, and yet if I ever write you another letter in this world I must do it to-day. O, my dearly beloved, how can I tell you! I am dying,

James. I cannot see to-morrow's sun, so they say. Oh, to see you once more! To have you with me to-day so that I could lay my poor, aching head upon your breast and have you stroke my hair, as in the days of our happiness, would be worth half a lifetime. To have your strong arms around me when I go down into the cold waters, would sustain me till I do not think I should fear to die. Oh, my darling! how I have loved you—how I love you now! The bright dreams of our youth have flitted by all unrealized, and love's sweet hopes are blasted in an hour. But my strength fails me—my hours are numbered. In the great love of the All-Father I trust, and I pray you do the same, that we, whose hearts are thus so early torn asunder, may be reunited where God's good angels dwell. These tear stains will tell you more than my pen can. Good-by, my darling, God bless you! I am so weak, I am—"

"Here the letter ended. Dazed and wild with grief, I returned to the ship, and going into the cabin, I locked myself up, and gave vent to my pent up passions. Curses, such as mortal ear has never heard, and none can utter save fiends incarnate, I gave vocalization. In it all I saw only the black hand of Despair, dashing from my lips the sweet cup of love's fruition. God, I cursed as the author of my existence. Man, I cursed, that my idol had not been preserved to me by human agency. Devil, I cursed as the entailer of all my woe, and myself I cursed with imprecations inconceivable and unutterable. The first paroxysm of grief passed, I became calmer; and read the other letter, which was from a friend, and contained a detailed account of Nellie's death, burial, etc.

"The next day I went ashore again, and still being overburdened with the agony of my great grief, I sought to cheer myself up a little by drinking. Then, after a few glasses had fired my brain, I determined to drink, till in my potations, I found the Lethian solace so vainly sought for from that source. Glass followed glass in rapid succession and I became at last unconscious. \* \* \* When I awoke from my stupor, had I but just come from the regions of the damned, I could not have felt more poignantly the torments of hell. Finally I succeeded, in a measure, in slaking my insatiable thirst and partially collected my scattered senses. I started to go to my vessel, but when I reached the strand, lo, it was gone! 'What can that mean?' said I. Just then one of my sailors approached me and said: 'Skipper, that was the devil's own caper you cut yesterday.'

"And what was that, pray?" said I.

"Why, your getting drunk and selling the *Ori flame* to those Englishmen for £8,000 and that old tub of a schooner they had."

"The what?" screamed I.

"He then sat down on a flat rock by the seashore and told me all about it. Shortly after I had begun drinking, some Englishmen, who were in port with a small schooner, came up and finding me the worse for liquor, planned my ruin. For the consideration of the paltry sum of £8,000 and the old schooner, I had sold my vessel and cargo, which of course was valued at several times that amount, to those men and they had taken a portion of my corn and sailed out of port while I was yet intoxicated. The money was in the schooner, and two of my most trusty sailors were with it.

"Here was a quandary truly. But what was to be done? To try to return to New Bedford in that old craft were certain death, and to remain there till I could get home on some whaler was only to go to a fate worse than death—state's prison for life. So, the days and weeks went by. At last, I decided to return to California. Repairing the schooner as best I could, I set sail for San Francisco, which port I reached without further accident or incident. Then the question arose, what am I to do with myself, and with my money? I dare not show myself at any of the ranches, or at the Pueblo or Presidio of San Francisco, for I was liable to meet with those who would recognize me, and, doubtless, they would ask me questions, which it would be hard for me to answer, if I remained within the bounds of the realm of truth. All was gone which I had any ambition to live for, so I drifted about in a listless sort of way from place to place, moving generally in the night, and remaining in the unfrequented sloughs and estuaries of the bays. At last, I chanced to enter the Rio de Napa, as the Spaniards called the stream, and after sailing along its sinuosities for several miles, I came to a very large sycamore tree standing on the bank of a slough just at its junction with the main stream. I proceeded up this slough a short distance and dropped anchor. My two faithful sailors were still with me, but I had come to fear that they might plot together to dispose of me, so that they might be able to obtain possession of the gold.

"While lying at anchor there, I determined upon the culminating deeds of my career of crime. My plan was to kill the two seamen, as they were the only ones who knew of the money being in my possession. I would then take the coin ashore and bury it. This done, I would go away into the interior and live among the Indians for ten years. At the end of that time I concluded that all remem-

brance of me among men or nations would be obliterated, and I could then return to my *cacé* of English sovereigns, and use them with perfect immunity from detection. I carried my plan out to the letter as far as disposing of my two comrades and the burying of the gold was concerned. I then cast the old schooner adrift, and after taking exact measurements from what I considered were substantial land marks I set out for the mountains.

"For two days I traveled northward through a charming valley, along the banks of the Rio de Napa, and then a mighty mountain closed my pathway. I crossed over it by a trail, and passed on northward through a broad and well wooded valley, when I came to another great mountain. This crossed, I came upon a stream of water winding through the mountain glades, like a ribbon of silver painted by an artist's hand upon a background of russet and emerald. On and on I followed this stream until it developed from a sprawling brook into almost majestic proportions. At last I came to an adobe house which was deserted. Here I concluded to spend the winter. Farther on to the northward the stream debouched into a most beautiful lake, which lay nestled in the bosom of the mountains, very much like Gennesaret of old, on whose sacred banks he was wont to teach, from whose lips fell such words as never man spake. The country was teeming with savages, but was unable to approach any of them. If I entered a village they ran away as if panic stricken. One day I went into a village, and suddenly I found myself surrounded by a host of Indians, with drawn arrows pointing directly at me. I made a dash for my life, and as I ran that fatal gauntlet an arrow, barbed with the black obsidian so common in that section, pierced my side and entered deep into my body. I knew, of course, that death must result from the terrible wound. I hastened with all dispatch, hoping to reach the old adobe, but the king of terrors overtook me by the wayside, and in the chemical at the foot of Konociti mountain my body fell never to rise again.

"But a rainbow rich of glory Spanned the yawning chasm o'er. And across that bridge of beauty Did I reach the other shore."

"But no peace can ever come to my soul, tossed and harrowed as it is by the consciousness of my crimes, until I make every restitution in my power to those I have so deeply wronged. Promise me upon your sacred honor, and as you hope for happiness beyond the grave that if I reveal to you the secret of this buried treasure you will restore to those whom it belongs."

We solemnly promised to carry out his wishes, when he proceeded:

"At the foot of an oak tree one hundred yards northwest of the site of the old adobe, you will find, interred in a small iron chest, full directions how to find the coin which I buried, and to whom it should be delivered."

"My story is ended, gentlemen, and I must bid you a long adieu."

"Hold on just one minute," said Siebe, "I have a great curiosity to know whether or not you have had the great pleasure of meeting with the young lady you told us of, Nellie I think you called her, since you have been a resident of the land inhabited by the great majority?"

"I will tell you all, in words of one of earth's sweetest bards who voiced his experiences over there through the lips of a woman years ago, and mine was like unto his:

"Mid the surging seas she found me With the billows breaking round me And, my saddened, sinking spirit, in her arms of love up-bore, Like a lone one, weak and weary, Wandering in the midnight dreary, 'In her sinless, saintly bosom, brought me to the heavenly shore, Like the breath of blossoms blending Like the prayers of Saints ascending— Like the rainbow's seven-hued glory, blend our souls forevermore."

"Hello, there's that fellow Charley coming back, I can see him away off yonder."

"Oh, I'm the Captain of a gallant ship As ever sailed the main, O, I'm the Capt—"

Here the cheery song of the Captain ended abruptly, and the body of Charley, the tramp, fell prone upon the floor, to all appearances as bereft of life as though a cannon ball had taken off his head. Siebe made a few passes, and the spell was, in a measure, broken. Charley looked dazed and bewildered; but a square meal and a dollar in coin soon restored him to his normal condition, and he went his way rejoicing.

We need only add that the directions to the buried gold were found as indicated, the money recovered and faithfully disposed of as promised.

The woman with the iron jaws in the wonderful feat of strength demonstrated that muscle when healthfully exercised and long continued, gives tremendous strength, so the soul or mind of man when properly and continuously exercised can and will lift the body out of disease and almost wrest it from the jaws of so-called death.—*The Rostrum*.

Professor Miller, of Edinburg, says: "Alcohol cures nothing; it covers up a great deal." Dr. Guthrie, of the same city said, "If we want to keep a dead man, put him in whisky; if you want to kill a living man, put the whisky *y into him*."

## FORM MANIFESTATIONS.

(A. E. Brown, in Banner of Light.)

I presume you are always glad to learn of the successful presentation of spirit phenomena under strict test conditions, and as some twenty or more people—of whom I was one—were present last evening at a seance held by the Berry Sisters, which comes strictly under the name of a *test seance* for form manifestation, I take the liberty to write a few paragraphs descriptive of the same, hoping you will give them a place, on the principle that true merit and honest dealing deserve to be appreciated, noticed and patronized.

The Berry Sisters, with Mr. Geo. T. Albro as manager, are now settled in a pleasant house at No. 55 Rutland street, Boston, where they have fitted up a seance-room in the best possible manner. The parlors are large, and the cabinet (that supposed concealer of trap doors) is made some six feet by four, and about six and a half feet high. It is a wooden frame, covered entirely with cloth, and with only one entrance, hung with curtains. It is portable, without a floor, and can be placed anywhere in the room.

Last evening the cabinet was situated in the centre of the rear hall of the parlor, with a space of at least four feet on each side, and some eight feet on the back, clear and free from the walls. It was afterward moved from its place, an opportunity to see a new and whole carpet covering the entire floor. The reader may believe this statement, for of those present all have eyes, ears and ability to judge of the chances for deception or fraud so often attributed to such phenomena as were witnessed at this seance.

Miss Helen Berry entered the cabinet at fifteen minutes past eight o'clock. She had not been there ten seconds when a spirit-form emerged from it, followed almost immediately by a second form. These returning, another form appeared; and while this last one was talking with one of the audience, there was seen to rise up from the floor, near the cabinet, a female figure, taking by the hands two persons sitting at my right. The two forms were present some moments. During the seance there were three instances in which such materializations occurred outside the cabinet, in front of it, and that, too, while other forms were materialized and engaged in conversation with their friends.

These forms were as perfect as any I have ever seen; and my own friends, who came to me, were at once recognized and talked intelligently and easily, although in a low voice, or plain and distinct whisper. Fifty-one full and complete forms appeared in the course of the evening with sufficient strength to walk about and converse, while a few did not succeed in fully organizing themselves, but their names were correctly given and recognized by their friends. The Berry Sisters are now giving circles, under such conditions that no person seeking the truth can doubt the genuineness of the manifestations which I have but feebly described.

## Too Awful Good.

San Jose Daily News.

At Reading, Pa., the Home for Widows and Single Women, a public charitable institution supported by general contributions, is having a handsome stone structure built. The Hebrews of that city, who were taking an active interest in collecting funds for the same, were put on their metal last Tuesday on being informed that the Home was strictly sectarian, no Israelites, Catholics or Universalists being eligible to membership, and that persons of these denominations were denied admittance as inmates by the charter of the organization. All the money that has been collected by the Hebrew Ladies' committee will be refunded to them. The unexpected turn of affairs has considerably shaken society there, as the Home is under the patronage of the wealthier classes. It is mournful to reflect that when those people die and see old Pete at the Golden Gate with a regular old time Hebrew nose on him, they will have to turn away and refuse to enter Heaven. And then to have to take the chances of being invited to go to—the other place. It does seem as if there is such a thing as being too good to be interesting.

## Stanford's Gift.

The Philadelphia *Telegraph* has an editorial on Senator Stanford's municipal University endowment, in which it says: "It is more than double the Girard College endowment, and an enterprise of such enormous proportions cannot fail to impress the many circles of intellectual life. Especially will it influence the growth of culture on the Pacific Coast, giving, unless the plans fatally miscarry, that new land a more equal relation to the East than it has, or than in the natural course of events it could secure in many years. This more than princely endowment will give an income sufficient to support an institution of the grade of Harvard, independent of fees from students. It may prove nothing but a dream, but enthusiasm over the picture is as excusable as it is irresistible. One of the surest pledges of success is the fact that the University is to be largely devoted to technical education."

**WIT AND HUMOR.**

"Yes, I'm in the lecture business," said the long-haired passenger, "and I'm making money, too. Big money. I've got a scheme. I have, and it works to a charm. Big houses wherever I go."

"A scheme?"

"Yes. I always advertise that my lectures are specially for women under thirty years of age, and for men who are out of debt. You just ought to see the way the people come trooping in."

—*Chicago Herald.*

Within the dimly lighted room,  
She sat and mused alone;  
Her brow was dark, and in her soul  
Had sorrow made its throne.  
A deep remorseful pensiveness  
Was in her dreamy eyes;  
The sadness that oppressed her heart,  
Breathed forth in dreamy sighs.  
The woe that clouded that young life,  
At morn so bright and free,  
Was six dyspepsia-breeding buns  
That she consumed at tea."

—*Boston Gazette.*

So wholesale was the dead-beating at Boston this year that the American Board of Foreign Missions will no longer send delegates and their families into private families to be guests during Convention week. This year there were 4,000 visitors that enjoyed free board. Some pastors brought large numbers of relatives and friends; six thrifty bridal couples spent a week of the honeymoon "D. H."; where three or four "delegates" were invited six or eight came, and so on.

—*Philadelphia Record.*

HOW SHE TOLD IT AFTER COMING HOME.

Mon pere  
And ma mere  
And mon frere  
And ma seur—  
All of us, oui,  
Have been over the sea  
As far as Parce  
On a tour.

—*Boston Courier.*

A certain young couple of our town were looking cautiously over the pages of a hymn-book the other evening, when the young man paused for a moment and pointed at a hymn entitled, "When shall we embrace?" Presently the young lady, in answer to this question, turned to the old familiar hymn, "In the sweet by-and-bye." We suppose there will be a match soon.

—*Fort Gaines (Ga.) Advertiser.*

WHY?

A baby came into the world one day,  
And the parents smiled in pride,  
As swift to the messages flashed away  
Came greeting from far and wide.

A baby went out of the world one night,  
And the mother moaned aloud,  
For the stainless soul had gained the light,  
For the form in the pearl-white shroud.

Oh! the mystery here, the problem deep—  
Philosophers pause awhile!  
Why do we laugh when we ought to weep  
And weep when we ought to smile?"

—*Nellie F. O'Neill, in Boston Courier.*

If manly beauty is so potent to move and charm the feminine mind, I suppose there is nothing wrong in choosing pastors with some reference to their looks. It is a positive fact that, when an assistant to a certain Fifth Avenue rector was lately named, and an application from a London young clergyman was received by the vestry, accompanied by such indorsements as to ability and sincerity as convinced them that he was the right man so far as these things were concerned, they sent back for photographs for him, in order to see whether he was handsome enough to favorably impress an exacting congregation. In response to this call the applicant sent several, and also was shrewd enough to describe his complexion as clear, and his height as six feet."

—*New York Letter in Indianapolis News.*

"Here is an altogether new agony. A young lady ties a knot of autumn leaves of beautiful tints with dainty ribbon, traces a sentiment on the bow with her own hands and sends it to her best gentlemen friend, by the new 8 cent immediate delivery post. The deep, abiding significance of this preceding is this: "These leaves dropped with the changing seasons. Isn't it about time for you to 'drop' before the seasons fly?" If the young lady in question holds a good hand, say a \$100,000 flush, the business is settled and Cupid starts off for pastures new.

—*Hartford Post.*

**THE DIFFERENCE.**

"Behold, two friends go forth today;  
Both are on pleasure bent  
One to the beach to take his way,  
To watch the waves toss high their spray,  
The other through the town to stray  
To "see the elephant."

Now what's the difference 'twixt the two?  
The answer comes with ease.  
'Tis simply this: One sees the sights,  
The other sights the seas.

**THE LITTLE WIRE PULLER.**

He's a little wire puller,  
And he jerks them here and there  
The puppets in his peep-show,  
At all times, I declare.

He says he wants no office,  
Wouldn't take one as a gift,  
And yet he's getting rich, my boy!  
Pray tell us where's his lift?

Ah, that, my friend's a secret  
That he won't tell you or me,  
But what he's daily getting on  
Is what we all agree.

For though like the fair lily  
He neither weaves nor spins,  
He is the chap whose shifty hand  
The dollar gayly wins.

—*Boston Bud.*

She does not boast, makes no display,  
But modestly she fills her station.  
Though she's an object, people say,  
Of wonder and of admiration;  
As schoolmiss, maiden fair, or wife—  
So every one declares that's met her—  
She never added in her life  
A postscript when she wrote a letter.

—*Boston Courier.*

The fact that a Sunday paper of this city and the *Chicago Tribune* have published a portrait identically the same, one giving it as the likeness of "the gentlemanly burglar" who called on some of our citizens last spring, and the other as the portrait of M. Clemenceau, the French Radical leader, is a matter of no consequence. The people who like newspaper illustrations are just as happy as if the pictures had been different.

—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

"Henry James is becoming so sensational that it injures my nerves to read him," said a man to his friend. "Sensational!" "Yes," "I have never seen anything sensational in his writings." "Haven't you? Well, read this." The friend

read the following: "Lady Snibsnob stood behind the rosebush and intently watched a strange-looking man who lurked in the garden. 'Why does he lurk?' she asked herself. 'Why does he take off his hat and press his hand to his brow? Why did he take the right-hand path? Why didn't he take the left? Mercy on me, what does he mean? Now he puts his hands into his pockets. Now he takes them out. Will he put them in again? No, I think not. Would that I could fathom his deep motives. He sits down on a rustic bench. Why? Why does he not keep on walking? Is he tired? No, for he arises and continues his walk. He plucks a rose. What does he want with it? Will he send it to a hospital? No, he has thrown it down. If he merely wanted to throw it down, why did he pluck it? Wonder what he ate for breakfast? Mercy on me, what is he going to do?' The girl shrieked. The man had blown his nose." You are right," said the friend. "James is becoming too sensational. He aspires to be the American Dumas."

—*Arkansas Traveller.*

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The Carrier Dove is published monthly at 84 1/2 Broadway, Oakland, Cal. Subscription price, \$1.00 a year. Edited by Mrs. J. Scholten (residence 84 1/2 Broadway), assisted by Mrs. J. Mason (residence 963 Chester Street), to either of whom communications may be addressed.

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By J. P. Dameron,  
Author of "The Dupuy Papers," "Devil and Hell" and "The Evil Forces in Nature."  
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2.30 p. m. (except Sunday) express: Mt. Eden, Alameda, Newark, Centerville, Alameda, Agnew, Santa Clara, San Jose, Los Gatos, and all stations to Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz.  
4.30 p. m. daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and intermediate points.  
4.00 p. m. every Sunday, Hunter's Train to San Jose, stopping at all way stations.  
\$5 EXCURSION TO SANTA CRUZ AND BOULDER CREEK, and to SAN JOSE, on Saturdays and Sundays, to return on Monday inclusive. \$1.75 to SANTA CLARA and SAN JOSE and return on Sunday.  
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# NORTHERN DIVISION

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC

## COMPANY.

### TIME SCHEDULE.

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

LEAVE S. F.	Commencing Oct. 18, 1885.	ARRIVE S. F.
6.40 a. m.		6.28 a. m.
8.30 a. m.		* 8.10 a. m.
10.40 a. m.	San Mateo, Redwood and..	* 8.03 a. m.
3.30 p. m.	Menlo Park.....	*10.02 a. m.
4.30 p. m.		3.36 p. m.
5.15 p. m.		† 5.02 p. m.
6.30 p. m.		6.08 p. m.
8.30 a. m.		9.03 a. m.
10.40 a. m.	San Jose and..	*10.02 a. m.
3.30 p. m.	Principal Way Stations...	3.36 p. m.
4.30 p. m.		6.08 p. m.
10.40 a. m.	Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville...	*10.02 a. m.
3.30 p. m.	Salinas and Monterey...	6.08 p. m.
10.40 a. m.	Hollister and Tres Pinos...	*10.02 a. m.
3.30 p. m.		6.08 p. m.
10.40 a. m.	Watsonville, Aptos, Soquel (Camp Capitola), and Santa Cruz.....	6.08 p. m.
3.30 p. m.		
10.40 a. m.	Soledad and Way Stations../	6.08 p. m.

Sundays excepted. †Sundays only (Sportsmen's train.)

**SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.**  
Time Schedule, April 6, 1886.  
TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

LEAVE FOR	DESTINATION.	ARRIVE FROM
18.00 a. m.	Byron	16.10 p. m.
8.00 a. m.	Calistoga and Napa	10.10 a. m.
4.00 p. m.		6.10 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	Colfax	5.40 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	Della, Redding and Portland	6.40 p. m.
7.30 p. m.	Galt, via Martinez	10.40 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	Jone, via Livermore	5.40 p. m.
4.00 p. m.	Knight's Landing	10.10 a. m.
5.00 p. m.	Livermore and Pleasanton	8.40 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	Martinez	6.10 p. m.
8.00 a. m.	Mitton	7.10 p. m.
3.30 p. m.	Mojave, Denning, Express	10.40 a. m.
7.00 p. m.	El Paso and East	6.10 a. m.
0.00 a. m.	Niles and Hayward	3.40 p. m.
3.00 p. m.	Ogden and Express	1.10 a. m.
7.00 p. m.	East	9.40 a. m.
7.30 a. m.	Red Bluff via Marysville	5.40 p. m.
8.00 a. m.	Sacramento, via Livermore	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.	Sacramento River Steamers	6.00 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	San Jose	7.40 p. m.
10.00 a. m.		1.30 p. m.
3.00 p. m.		9.40 a. m.
8.30 a. m.	Stockton, via Livermore	9.40 a. m.
8.30 a. m.	via Martinez	7.10 p. m.
8.30 p. m.	via Martinez	10.40 a. 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.  
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. To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—\*9.30 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, 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, 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.

**CREEK ROUTE.**  
From SAN FRANCISCO—\*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15, 7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15, 7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.1

GOING HOME.

[The following poem was found by the widow of the late Seymour B. Snow, brother of Herman Snow, formerly of this city—Ed. G. G.] In a pocket-book after his decease. It is believed that the language of the poem is to be applied to her, as a tribute to her devotion.—N. Y. Home Journal.]

Kiss me when my spirit flies—  
Let the beauty of your eyes  
Beam along the waves of death  
While I draw my parting breath,  
And am borne to yonder shore  
Where the billows beat no more,  
And the notes of endless spring  
Through the groves immortal ring.  
I am going home to-night,  
Out of blindness into sight,  
Out of weakness, war and pain  
Into power, peace and gain,  
Out of winter gale and gloom  
Into summer breath and bloom;  
From the wanderings of the past  
I am going home at last.  
Kiss my lips and let me go—  
Nearer swells the solemn flow  
Of the wondrous stream that rolls  
By the border-land of souls—  
I can catch sweet strains of songs  
Floating down from distant throngs,  
And can feel the touch of hands  
Reaching out from angel bands.  
Anger's frown and envy's thrust,  
Friendship chilled by cold distrust,  
Sleepless night and weary morn,  
Toil in fruitless land forlorn,  
Aching head and breaking heart,  
Love destroyed by slander's dart,  
Drifting ship and darkened sea,  
Over there will righted be.  
Sing in numbers low and sweet,  
Let the songs of two worlds meet—  
We shall not be sundered long—  
Like the fragments of a song,  
Like the branches of a willow  
Parted by the rock or hill,  
We shall bend in tune and time,  
Loving on in perfect rhyme.  
When the noon tide of your days  
Yield's to twilight's silver haze,  
Ere the world recedes in space,  
Heavenward lift your tender face,  
Let your dear eyes homeward shine,  
Let your spirit call for mine,  
And my own will answer you  
From the deep and boundless blue.  
Swifter than the sunbeam's flight  
I will cleave the gloom of night,  
And will guide you to the land  
Where our loved one's waiting stand,  
And the legions of the blest  
There shall welcome you to rest—  
They will know you when your eyes  
On the isles of glory rise.  
When the parted streams of life  
Join beyond all jarring strife,  
And the flowers that withered lay  
Blossom in immortal May—  
When the voices hushed and dear  
Thrill once more the ruptured ear,  
We shall feel and know and see  
God knew better far than we.  
—James G. Clark.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

A traveler through a dusty road strewn acorns on the sea;  
And one took root and sprouted up, and grew into a tree.  
Love sought its shade, at evening time, to breathe its early  
vows;  
And age was pleased, in heats of noon, to bask beneath its  
boughs;  
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds sweet  
music bore;  
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing evermore.  
A little spring had lost its way amid the grass and fern,  
A passing stranger scooped a well, where weary men might  
turn;  
He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at the brink;  
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that toil  
might drink,  
He passed again, and lo! the well, by summers never dried,  
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues and saved a life  
beside.  
A dreamer dropped a random thought, 'twas old and yet  
'twas new;  
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being true.  
It shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its light became  
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitor flame.  
The thought was small; its issues great; a watchfire on a  
hill;  
It sheds its radiance far adown, and cheers the valley still!  
A nameless man, amid a crowd that thronged the daily mart,  
Let fall a word of Hope and Love unstudied from the heart;  
A whisper on the tumult thrown—a transitory breath—  
It raised a brother from the dust; it saved a soul from  
death.  
O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought at random  
cast!  
Ye were but little at the first but mighty at the last.  
—Charles Mackay.

Written for the Golden Gate.]

UNSEEN.

You see her go her woman's quiet round  
Here day by day,  
Doing its duties with deft hands which know  
No weak delay.  
To you it all seems common, poor and mean,  
But she sees visions to your eyes unseen,  
Her stately house has no foundation stone,  
But plain and clear  
It stands to her, and precious promise finds  
Fulfillment here.  
Here hungry heart and mind are fitly fed,  
Life's restless yearnings all quite comforted.  
Here with the lover of her dream she holds  
Communion sweet,  
Thought answers thought, and hopes far off and dim  
Are here complete,  
And oft-times on the way her feet must tread  
She sees a light-celestial softly shed.  
—Mary W. McVicar.

WOMAN.

Give us that grand word "woman" once again,  
And let's have done with "lady."

One's a term,  
Full of fine force—strong, beautiful and firm;  
Fit for the noblest use of tongue or pen—  
And one's a word for lackeys.

One suggests  
The mother, wife and sister; one the dame  
Whose costly robe, mayhap, gave her the name.  
One word upon its own strength leans and rests;  
The other minces, tiptoes.

Who would be  
The "perfect woman" must grow brave of heart  
And broad of soul, to play her troubled part  
Well in life's drama. While each day we see  
The "perfect lady" skilled in what to do,  
And what to say, grace in each tone and act  
(Tis taught in schools, but needs serve native tact).  
Yet narrow in her mind as in her shoe.

Give the first place, then, to the nobler phrase,  
And leave the lesser word for lesser praise.  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.



CUT OF LADIES' VEST.

This cut illustrates our beautiful and neatly fitting **Combination Vest for Ladies**. We make the same for gentlemen. In calling special attention to this Garment, we wish to impress upon the mind the all-important fact that our Magnetic Vest furnishes **Full and Complete Insulation! Full and Complete Protection to all the Vital Organs of the Body!** Of the whole range of our appliances, none so fully and completely recharges the blood and revitalizes the nerve centers as does this admirable Garment, serving at once all purposes of a thick, heavy vest, or waist combining all the pleasant features of the corset, while at the same time it is a complete protection against malaria in all its forms, and a positive curative agent of great power for **Any and All** diseases of the Thorax and Abdomen. No lady or gentleman with impaired health or weakened constitution can afford to go without this Vest, combining as it does, two of the most important garments of underwear, and, at the same time, furnishing life to all the tissues, vitality to all the capillaries, and warmth, tone and redoubled strength and power to every organ in the body. We believe there is no other equal protection against disease, and cure for the same now known. We have had experience to warrant all we say of these appliances, and people who have worn them will cheerfully testify to what we publish, from their own experience.

The Vest fits and conforms to the body like a glove, and while exerting its healing and sustaining powers, it imparts a genial, warming, soothing influence upon the entire nerve ganglia. It tones and recharges the spinal nerves, imparts inward life and activity, until the whole being is aglow with magnetic warmth and energy.

It is no profanation to say that the wearer of this exquisite Garment has been "born again" physically. This is the precise language of hundreds who have worn it, and been taken from beds of sickness and pain and restored to complete health in a few weeks or months. Could the reader realize the full force of these facts, none would pass through our peculiarly trying winters without this grand safeguard and protection against Cold, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Pneumonia, Scarlet Fever and Nervous Prostration from whatever cause adduced. In reply to the oft repeated question, "What Disease do these Appliances Cure?" we answer by positively asserting that we know of no disease of our climate these appliances will not cure, except Cancer, and in the earlier stages they will arrest and eliminate this terrible blood poison. Magnetism, properly applied, will cure every curable disease, whatever the cause.

This Vest, with the Insoles, comprises in itself a **whole suit equal to all our other appliances combined**. It is a thing of beauty, light and easy to wear, convenient and close fitting. In cases of **Consumption, Paralysis, Spinal Weakness, Locomotor Ataxia** and all blood and nerve disorders, it is invaluable. Many persons after wearing this Garment for a season declare they would not do without it for \$500. It will repay twice its cost in the health and comfort it imparts in a single month.

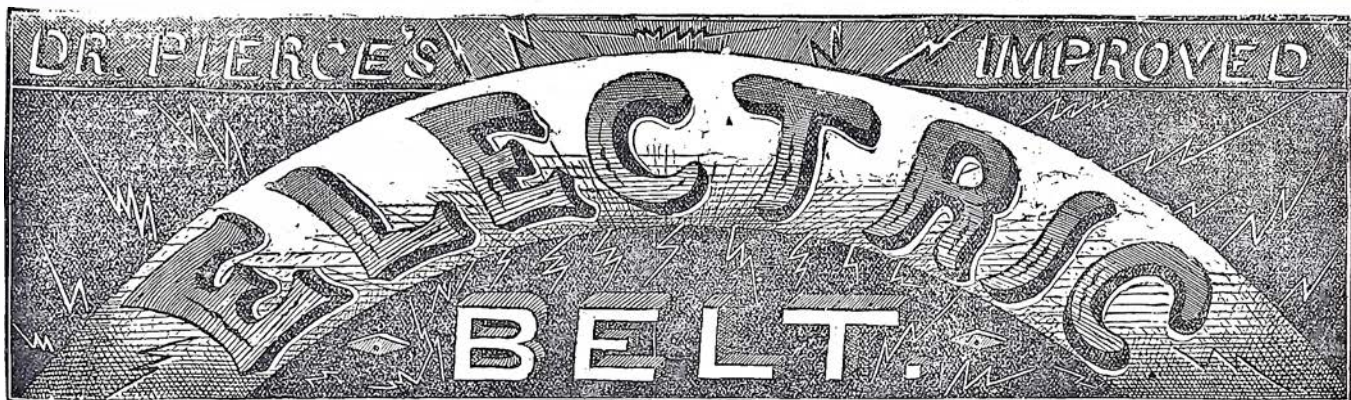
By sending us correct measures, we can send a perfect fitting Garment to any part of the United States. (We send blanks for the purpose.) All letters of inquiry, inclosing stamp, will receive prompt attention.

Our **Magnetic Insoles, i. e., Foot Batteries**, will warm your feet and keep them comfortable in cold weather. **\$1.00 a pair, or three for \$2.00 by mail.** Send stamps or currency at our risk, by mail.

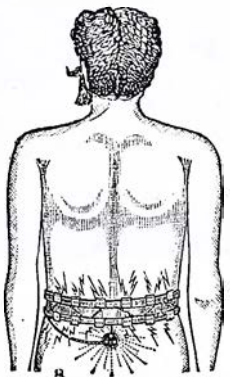
CHICAGO MAGNETIC SHIELD CO.,

706 POST STREET, - - - - SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

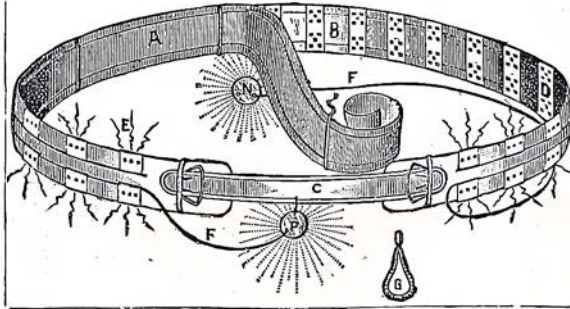
Send for our New Book, "A Plain Road to Health," Free.



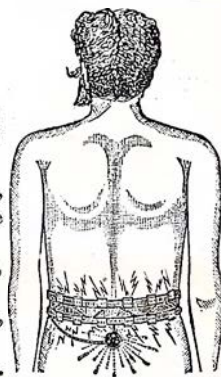
DR. PIERCE'S ELECTRO-MAGNETIC BELT.



IT WILL  
**CURE**  
Asthma,  
Lumbago,  
Neuralgia,  
Epilepsy,  
Constipation,  
Liver Complaint,  
Dumb Ague,  
Piles.



IT WILL  
**CURE**  
Rheumatism,  
Nervous Disorders,  
Diseases of the  
Kidneys,  
Impotency,  
Paralysis,  
Female Weakness,  
General and  
Local Debility.



A Grateful Letter.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C., April 13, 1885.  
DR. PIERCE & SON—Dear Sirs: About two months ago I ordered one of your Electro-Magnetic Belts, and it has had a most wonderful effect upon me. In two days' time I found great relief from its use, and have continued to improve from day to day since that time, until now I feel like another man. What I was troubled with before I got your Belt was Dumb Ague, with back-ache, pain under the shoulder-blades, with general prostration, etc. I swallowed bottle after bottle of medicine, but instead of doing me good, I actually believe it did me harm. I kept getting worse until I obtained Dr. Pierce's Belt. That was the "medicine" for me. I consider it the most wonderful remedy ever discovered, and will advise all who are ailing to give it a trial. Yours truly,  
J. N. NORTON,  
New Westminster, British Columbia.

Dr. Pierce's Electro-Magnetic Belt is rapidly superseding all others, and is recognized by those who have used it as the greatest Electro-Magnetic Appliance of modern times. The Electro-Magnetic Current from this Belt passes through the body and along the nerves for hours at a time in a gentle and continuous stream, thus infusing new life and vigor into the weakened or diseased parts to which it is applied, as well as toning up the entire system in a most speedy and permanent manner.  
Valuable printed instructions are furnished with every Belt. For farther particulars see our Circular containing testimonials, price list, etc.

RUPTURE CURED.

From Capt. Woodside of the U. S. Mint.  
CARSON CITY, Nev., July 29, 1885.  
DR. PIERCE & SON: Having used your Magnetic Elastic Truss, it has succeeded in curing me of one of the most desperate cases of Hernia. I feel grateful, and cheerfully and heartily recommend it to all those suffering from that affliction as the best and only good truss manufactured.  
Yours truly,  
JOSEPH G. WOODSIDE.

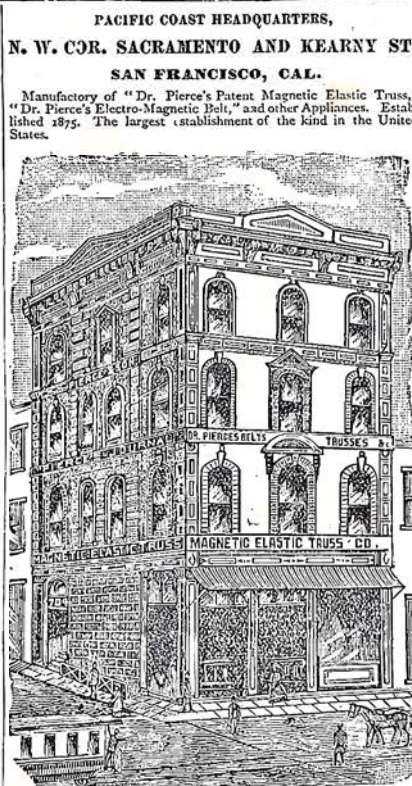
P. S.—I have left off wearing the Truss, and have no return of the Hernia.

No Relief in New York.  
SAN FRANCISCO, March 1, 1884.  
DR. PIERCE & SON—Dear Sirs: I am gratified to be able to inform you that the Magnetic Elastic Truss, which you put on me some time ago, has fully cured me of the extremely bad Hernia with which I had suffered for fifteen years. As stated before, my rupture was a bad one, very large and difficult to keep up. Previous to getting your Truss I had spent hundreds of dollars, here and in New York, trying to get relief, but all to no purpose. Thanks to your great invention, I am now a well man, and can go without wearing a truss, just as though I had never been ruptured in my life. If any who are afflicted as I was should wish to see me in reference to my cure, let them call on me at my store, No 1234 Mission street, in this city.  
I remain, gratefully yours,  
RICHARD MEHRTENS.

Two in One Family Cured.  
CLOVERDALE, CAL., Feb. 24, 1884.  
DR. PIERCE & SON,  
Gentlemen—I have to inform you that your Magnetic Elastic Truss has entirely cured my husband of the troublesome Rupture with which he has suffered during the past five years. The Truss cured him, notwithstanding the fact that he has been doing hard work nearly all the time and has also been troubled with a bad cough, which made the cure in this case all the more remarkable. You will remember your Truss also cured my son Charles, about four years ago. He has not worn a Truss since, and there has never been a return of his Rupture. Respectfully Yours,  
MRS. J. J. MARCHE.

Another Man Made Happy.  
WEST OAKLAND, CAL., May 1, 1884.  
DR. PIERCE & SON—Gentlemen: I am happy to inform you that your Patent Magnetic Truss has radically cured my Rupture. I was badly ruptured for two years, the intestines coming down into the scrotum, and causing me much annoyance and suffering. After wearing your Truss for ten months, I was as well and sound as I ever was in my life. I recommend your Magnetic Truss everywhere as being the best in the world. Yours Truly,  
WILLIAM FILLMORE.

New ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET containing full particulars will be sent free to any address.  
Beware of inferior imitations of Dr. Pierce's Trusses and Belts.



Rupture

Dr. Pierce's Magnetic Elastic Truss.



RUPTURE CURED

In from 30 to 60 days by Dr. Pierce's Patent Magnetic Elastic Truss. Warranted the only Electro-Magnetic Truss in the world. Is a Perfect Retainer, and is worn with ease and comfort Night and Day. Thousands cured. The following will serve to show what results are being accomplished by Dr. Pierce's renowned TRUSS:

Cured at 74 years of Age.  
FORT COLLINS, Colorado, Nov. 15, 1884.  
DR. PIERCE & SON—Dear Sirs: How thankful I am to you! I did not wear your "Magnetic Elastic Truss" three months before I was just as sound and well as I was before being ruptured. Just think how I had been badly ruptured for eight (8) years; and now at 74 years of age, am made a well man by your Truss. I have given your address to a number of afflicted ones. Ever your friend,  
NICHOLAS PATTERSON.

64 Years Old, Cured in Four Months.  
WITTS' FOUNDRY, Hamblin Co., Tenn.  
August 27, 1884.  
DR. PIERCE & SON—Gentlemen: I am in my 64th year. I was ruptured for 10 years—it was called Inguinal Hernia of the right side. I procured one of your Magnetic Elastic Trusses the 18th of May last, and I now consider myself well. Your Truss is the best and most pleasant, and holds the best of all I have used. I am thankful and grateful to you one and all. Yours respectfully,  
JAMES E. SKEEN.

Surprised and Pleased.  
DURANGO, Col., August 18, 1884.  
MAGNETIC ELASTIC TRUSS CO.—Gentlemen: I cannot return thanks enough for the benefit I have received from your Truss. It has done more than I expected, as I am entirely cured; but I continue wearing the Truss, and shall continue to wear it for some time, as it is no trouble whatever. I am surprised as well as pleased, as I had but little faith in it, but now I can say I am a well man. No use in any one suffering when they can be so easily cured. Accept my thanks. Yours truly,  
R. J. GIBSON.

A Wonderful Cure.  
CHICO, CAL., Sept. 4, 1884.  
DR. PIERCE & SON—Gentlemen: I desire to gratefully acknowledge that the Magnetic Elastic Truss you put on me in the fall of 1882 completely cured my Rupture, which was of three years' standing. The Truss cured me in three months' time and I have gone without a support ever since, and am as sound and well as if I had never been ruptured. The bad causes an irritation and itching sensation, as you told me it would, and the opening gradually healed up. You are at liberty to refer any one to me with reference to the wonderful cure effected on me by the use of your celebrated Truss. Yours truly,  
A. F. BLOOD.

Brief, but Pointed.  
IDAHO, Nov. 12, 1884.  
DR. PIERCE,  
Sir: I have tested your Truss thoroughly. It adjusts itself and holds everything in place. I could not do without one for four times its cost. This I state for the benefit of others. Yours Truly,  
HENRY C. BABB.

Call or Address all Communications as follows:  
**MAGNETIC ELASTIC TRUSS COMPANY,**  
No. 704 Sacramento St., cor. Kearny, San Francisco, Cal. | BRANCH OFFICES: 133 Madison Street, Chicago, Ill., 312 North Sixth St., St. Louis, Mo.