



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

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

In moments high space widens in the soul.—*Geo. Eliot.*

After night day comes and after turmoil peace.—*Edwin Arnold.*

The glory and glow of life come by right living.—*Robert Collyer.*

So word by word, and line by line,
The dead man touch'd me from the past
And all at once it seem'd as fast
His living soul was flash'd on mine.
—*Tennyson.*

Our self-love, rather than our self-interest, is the master-key to our affections.—*Haslitt.*

And when I think that his immortal wings
Shall one day hover o'er the sepulchre
Of the poor child of clay that so adored him,
As he adored the Highest, death becomes less terrible!
—*Byron.*

Death to a good man is the coming of the heart to its blossoming time. Do we call it dying when the bud bursts into flower?

Our past becomes the mightiest teacher of our future; looking back over the tombs of departed errors, we behold by the side of each the face of a warning angel.—*Eord Lytton.*

With the knowledge of the nature of the soul, arose the star of woman's freedom. It was the great lesson the angels of heaven, the spirits of the Christ-sphere, desired to teach mankind.

Watch with me, men, women and children dear,
You whom I love, for whom I hope and fear,
Watch with me this last vigil of the year.

Watch with me, blessed spirits, who delight
All through the holy night to walk in white,
Or give us ease after the long drawn fight.
—*Christina Rossetti.*

We no longer hope to predict the career and destiny of a human being by studying the conjunction of the planets that presided at his birth. We study rather the laws of life within him and the elements and forces of nature and society around him.—*James A. Garfield.*

A moment of peril is often a moment of open-hearted kindness and affection. We are thrown off our guard by the general agitation of our feelings, and betray the intensity of those which, at more tranquil moments our prudence at least conceals if it can not altogether suppress them.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

How unlike are Nature's temples to those built by man, where the drowsy worshippers reason themselves into languid devotion! Here love and joy and peace and praise are the spontaneous language of the heart, and all in sweet accord with the voice that comes from the mountains and the meadows, the waving branches and the frolic shadows.—*Catherine Sedgwick.*

Man can not be an infant always; you can not always be in the swaddling clothes of childhood. You must turn to such sources of knowledge as you have. If you seek those of earth, they will guide you; if you seek those of intellect, they also will guide, with feeble and uncertain steps it is true. But if you seek the diviner knowledge; if you are born into its possession; if it comes to you after years of struggle, then you range the mountain tops; you are above the immoral; you are beyond the vicissitudes. You are in the midst of actualities of existence.—*Cora L. V. Richmond.*

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

EVIL AND GOODNESS.

BY C. PARK.

The existence of human evil is not a mystery, but a problem that depends on the ages for solution. By evil, we mean those forces, conditions, and powers that operate against a healthy, harmonious human growth. It is useless to construct perfect theories that will put evil out of the way, for out of such theories new evils will be evolved to take the places of the old ones. It will be simply a substitution. Can any one deny that life to-day is in better conditions than it was two or three thousand years ago? And yet have we not just as many bad conditions as at any previous time? We are rid of the old ones, but have we not grown into new ones? We have not the barbarisms of savage life, but have we not the inhumanities of civilization? At what future time will our conditions be called barbarous? That is not an idle question. The most hopeful thing that can be said of humanity is, that it is penetrated with an aspiring power. A power not of sufficient strength to take us away out of the reach of evil, but capable of giving us transition through evil. Of course we refer to material life. Evil is not generic; neither is goodness. They are both contingent on obedience to law. If we can conceive of a perfect obedience in this life, we shall know what existence without evil is. It is a splendid ideal—that of human perfection here, but it is delusive, because based on a misunderstanding of what appears to be a regulation of human refinement. Imperfection seems to be the exposition of all ultimate finish. As the ages pass we get more perfection, but along with it and necessary to it, we have higher and more extended imperfections. We know more of good and grow into it by its antagonistic opposite evil. With us they have a fixed relation on which the complexion of human experience depends. How can we determine the measure of the good, or fully appreciate it, without the contemporaneous fact of evil? How can we attempt perfection without its contrast, imperfection, to point it? Conditions that are perfect, or approximately so, may be the outgrowth of imperfections, but they do not destroy imperfection; they only transpire it to other keys of being. The very finished character is quite as conscious of its unfinished as the life of lower culture. What we mean by progress is the casting off of lower states of being. But the higher grades into which we enter enrobe us with their own peculiar evils, that are none the less real because new or higher. The inexorable motion of life takes us on and on, but the mighty force defines no utopian halt. A hundred thousand years from the present will find us moving on in expectancy. What the evil and the goodness of that time shall be we can not now surmise, but that they will then exist, our present conditions demand that we should believe. Cycles and aeons of duration may speed away, but the monotonous order of evil and good, imperfection and perfection, will always continue in the unknown development.

Another thought is suggested in this connection. It is the difficulty of understanding evil. Why call that evil which produces good, which foreruns good. The very things we lament as evils, are they not often the germinations of the good and the best? Can we not look back here and there over the course of life and recall, what at the time was considered evil and bad conditions, the elemental forces of brighter eras and purer epochs? The limit of human vision is apt to call evil good, and good evil. The evil is often found to be the root of good, and the good quite as often reverts to evil. And because experience has to teach this, because it can not be foretold, is no reason why we should level the demarkation between the two. Because evil leads to good and good to evil, is not a sufficient reason for making no distinction between them, and avoiding the one and seeking the other. Theology has made evil a radical root of human nature. But it is quite possible to obscure a truth with a false name. The position taken by theology in this regard is founded on pious fiction. A reasonable observation of human nature declares that evil is but imperfect germs of goodness working up to perfection; that evil is simply a per-

version of normal conditions; that evil is a derangement of healthy laws and a natural order. The improvement and progression of life is the constant assertion and establishment of the good that already exists. We confound the truth by a confusion of names and ideas. We mislead by putting the wrong labels on facts. We do not want more of the good in this world, but we do want the harmonies of the good more distinctly and universally brought into play. The puzzle and the struggle of life is that these harmonies are to be wrenched out of the innumerable discords. That is our work, our experience; true of every single existence and true of the total. It is but natural, then, that the good should have the supremacy when the tests are made. The difficulty is about the tests. We do not aim enough to make the good a conqueror over evil. We give evil too many chances, too much vantage ground, too much latitude. It is safe to affirm that all forms of evil will succumb, will become torpid, will dwindle to feeble growths, if we but give goodness a fair and honest fight. Whenever this has been done the good has triumphed in the struggle. But the questions may be asked, how does it happen that the good has not always controlled? What is the meaning of the subordination of so much good to evil? To answer such questions is to explain human existence. To say that the good in human life can be made to overcome the evil is only saying that the strife for better conditions will be successful if persisted in. Human goodness results from obedience to the best conditions. To learn this obedience is our progress. To defy it is our calamity. And yet it seems to be one of the regulations of our advance that we learn obedience through disobedience. Was there ever a time when human growth and culture were unattended with evil, and will such a time ever come? The very nature of our development compels us to doubt it. It seems to be a necessary part of our discipline, our progress, that out of evil good is evolved. Jesus touched a profound level of our humanity when he said: "Overcome evil with good." There is no other way. We must do that else evil will be master. Little by little the race has learned what it must do, and little by little it will continue to do it. The transit of human nature from lower to higher states has a long road before it as well as back of it. We are never to reach better conditions by jumps. We may acquire more or less momentum at various times, but we shall never get on very rapidly. Life unfolded as ours is will never be in haste; too many processes have to issue, too much to be learned and unlearned. Human nature is too complicated, reaches out in too many directions, covers too much ground to be hurried in its unfolding. The ephemeral existence requires but a few hours to reach its destiny; between that and us what a range of life! We must view this field of human conditions with the calm, collected gaze of philosophical insight. The power of the good to dispossess evil is explained by the fact that the good is what the race have always been reaching out for and obtaining. Whether we grope blindly or advance intelligently, the good ever has been, is now, and ever will be the near and distant ideal of our struggles. In this light we appear to have had a kind of instinctive progress, coping with evil conditions and putting them aside for better ones as by a law. Some good every age is destined to reach, one age more or less than another. Each age realizes some cherished hope. Where in human records is there to be found a hopeless age? An age in which the race took not one solitary step onward? Will there ever be such an age? The good appears to be the birth-right of the ages, founded in the character of our growth. Without this we have no meaning for human discipline. We could not define progress without. We should not know how to reconcile ourselves to life without it. Our effort would be a dead waste if we did not believe in this natural ultimate.

The population of Europe has increased in a century from 145,000,000 to 350,000,000. Englishmen have multiplied five-fold, the Russians four-fold, and the Germans less than three-fold, while Frenchmen and Spaniards have added only about fifty per cent.

In Turkey the notion prevails that leprosy may result from a stroke of lightning.

Letter from Lincoln's Old Partner.

[Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

I have carefully read Mr. Poole's address on Abraham Lincoln, published in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of Nov. 28th, 1885. Mr. Poole is a stranger to me, but I must say that he struck a rich golden vein in Mr. Lincoln's qualities, characteristics and nature, and has worked it thoroughly and well, exhaustively in his special line.

I know nothing of Lincoln's belief or disbelief in Spiritualism. I had thought, and now think, that Mr. Lincoln's original nature was materialistic as opposed to the spiritualistic; was realistic as opposed to idealistic. I can not say that he believed in Spiritualism, nor can I say that he did not believe in it. He made no revelations to me on this subject, but I have grounds outside, or besides, Mr. Poole's evidences, of the probability of the fact that he did sometimes attend here, in this city, seances. I am told this by Mr. Ordway, a Spiritualist. I know nothing of this fact on my personal knowledge.

Mr. Lincoln was a kind of fatalist in some aspects of his philosophy, and skeptical in his religion. He was a sad man, a terribly gloomy one—a man of sorrow, if not of agony. This, his state, may have arisen from a defective physical organization, or it may have arisen from some fatalistic idea, that he was to die a sudden and a terrible death. Some unknown power seemed to buzz about his consciousness, his being, his mind, that whispered in his ear, "Look out for danger ahead!" This peculiarity in Mr. Lincoln I had noticed for years, and it is no secret in this city. He has said to me more than once, "Billy, I feel as if I shall meet with some terrible end." He did not know what would strike him, nor when, nor where, nor how hard; he was a blind intellectual Sampson, struggling and fighting in the dark against the fates. I say on my own personal observation that he felt this for years. Often and often I have resolved to make or get him to reveal the causes of his misery, but I had not the courage nor the impertinence to do it.

When you are in some imminent danger, or suppose you are, when you are suffering terribly, do you not call on some power to come to your assistance and give you relief? I do, and all men do. Mr. Lincoln was in great danger, or thought he was, and did as you and I have done; he sincerely invoked and fiercely interrogated all intelligences to give him a true solution of his states—the mysteries and his destiny. He had great—too great confidence in the common judgment of an uneducated people. He believed that the common people had truths that philosophers never dreamed of; and often appealed to that common judgment of the common people over the shoulders of scientists. I am not saying that he did right. I am only stating what I know to be facts, to be truths.

Mr. Lincoln was in some phases of his nature very, very superstitious; and it may be—it is quite probable that he in his gloom, sadness, fear and despair, invoked the spirits of the dead to reveal to him the cause of his states of gloom, sadness, fear and despair. He craved light from all intelligences to flash his way to the unknown future of his life.

May I say to you that I have many, many times, thoroughly sympathized with Mr. Lincoln in his intense sufferings; but I dared not obtrude into the sacred ground of his thoughts that are so sad, so gloomy, and so terrible.

Your friend,

WM. H. HERNDON.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Dec. 4th, 1885.

"What the Indians Believe."

[London Light.]

The following story is taken from Washington Irving's "Tour on the Prairies."

"I will here add a little story, which I picked up in the course of my tour through Beattie's country, and which illustrates the superstitions of his Osage kindred. A large party of Osages had been encamped for some time on the borders of a fine stream, called the Nickanansa. Among them was a young hunter, one of the bravest and most graceful of the tribe, who was to be married to an Osage girl, who, for her beauty, was called the Flower of the Prairies. The young hunter left her for a time among her relatives in the

encampment, and went to St. Louis to dispose of the products of his hunting and purchase ornaments for his bride. After an absence of some weeks he returned to the banks of the Nickanansa, but the camp was no longer there; the bare frames of the lodges and the brands of extinguished fires alone marked the place. At a distance he beheld a female seated, as if weeping, by the side of the stream. It was his affianced bride. He ran to embrace her, but she turned mournfully away. He dreaded lest some evil had befallen the camp.

"Where are our people?" he cried.
"They are gone to the banks of the Wagrushka."

"And what art thou doing here alone?"
"Waiting for thee."

"Then let us hasten to join our people on the banks of the Wagrushka."

"He gave her his pack to carry and walked ahead, according to the Indian custom."

"They came to where the smoke of the distant camp was seen rising from the woody margin of the stream. The girl seated herself at the foot of a tree."

"It is not proper for us to return together," said she; "I will await here."

"The young hunter proceeded to the camp alone, and was received by his relations with gloomy countenances."

"What evil has happened," said he, "that you are all so sad?"

"No one replied."

"He turned to his favorite sister and bade her go forth, seek his bride, and conduct her to the camp."

"Alas!" cried she, "how shall I seek her? She died a few days since."

"The relations of the young girl now surrounded him, weeping and wailing; but he refused to believe the dismal tidings."

"But a few minutes since," cried he, "I left her alone and in health. Come with me and I will conduct you to her."

"He led the way to the tree where she had seated herself, but she was no longer there, and his pack lay on the ground. The fatal truth struck him to the heart; he fell to the ground dead!"

"I give this simple story (says Washington Irving) almost in the words in which it was related to me, as I lay by the fire in an evening encampment on the banks of the haunted stream where it is said to have happened."

SCIENTIFIC.

Much fluorine is contained by the teeth of fossils, and very little by those of recent animals.

A new alkaloid has been found in pickled cabbage by Mons. Tuyagou, who asserts that the substance allays delirium tremens.

The eye in males has been found by Mr. E. L. Nichols to be more sensitive to red, yellow and green than in females, but less sensitive to blue.

Some persons have a defect of smell analogous to color-blindness, according to Dr. Carl Seiler. In one case violets smell like garlic, everything else smelling normally.

The great Mexican volcano Popocatepetl has just been remeasured and found to be 17,800 feet above the sea. The crater, which is completely obscured within by sulphurous vapor, is about two and one half miles in circuit and 1,000 feet deep. The entire center of the top of the mountain seems to be solid sulphur, which is deposited at the rate of a ton a day.

A strong decoction of the roots and leaf-buds of the New Zealand flax (*Phormium tenax*) has been used by Surgeon-Major Monckton as a dressing for wounds, and he asserts that nothing is equal to it for producing a healthy healing. In the climate of India the decoction quickly ferments, but is preserved for use by the addition of a little carbolic acid and glycerine.

HEIGHTS OF CLOUDS.—Measurements of the heights of clouds have been made at the Upsala Observatory during the past summer. The results are approximately as follows: Stratus, 3,000 feet; nimbus, or rain cloud, from 3,600 to 7,200 feet; cumulus, from 4,300 to 18,000 feet; cirrus, 22,400 feet. Cloud-measurements are always somewhat difficult and uncertain, but these figures are considered fairly exact.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Why Not "Contention?"

The lukewarm spirit, whether in the body or out of it, who has not the will nor power to strive, can not discover truth, learn the right way, nor grow into mental and moral power. I do not mean to criticize W. N. S., nor the other correspondent to whom he alludes, against some of whose notions he contends. Doubtless they are both right as applied to the selfish struggle of my way against your way, my opinion against your opinion, my property against your property. That is, such contention would be wrong for W. N. S. and the other; but as for those fellows away down there, it is the best and all they can do until they go up higher.

In this world, and probably in all worlds, men and spirits must differ as to what is right and true. Struggles give strength. By contending against error and wrong—nay by contending for error and wrong, believing them to be true and right—the mind grows. Contention results from differences of opinion, and to suppose a time when all men and spirits shall believe alike, is to suppose absolute perfection and therefore an end to all progress. That we may sometime, even in this life, arrive at a state in which self shall be subordinate to reason and the higher instincts may be reasonably hoped. But until we have arrived at the end of all growth, we are likely to retain at least enough of self to give piquancy to debate.

For my own part, I love to contend. Now, is this confessing myself on a lower plane? When I meet with a man or a woman who can look me in the face and tell me he thinks I am mistaken, and proceeds to give a reason for the opinion, my right-hand of fellowship, figuratively speaking, is immediately extended.

But to contend in the spirit of truth, and for the purpose of learning or teaching truth, is one thing; while contention for the sake of it, and out of the selfish desire for victory, is another and different thing, as is also the struggle for gain or power for mere selfish ends. But even this in our sublimity world is better than going to sleep. The struggle is on a low plane, indeed; but those down there can not do otherwise until they come up higher. The road of progress is from the low to the high, from the high to the still higher, and bones of contention are strewn all along the way. Bears and lions must "growl and fight." We do not trouble ourselves at the raging of the beasts; it is their nature. Why then complain when such men as are only a little above the beasts act as beasts? Certainly sympathize with them and for them. Help when help will be received; but let us not mind their ragings even though it be ourselves at whom they gnash their teeth. If we live really on a higher plane they can not bite. It is by the follies, cruelties, and mistakes of the beastly nature that the beast within us is made manifest, and ultimately that the old Adam is eliminated and the new Adam stands forth a redeemed soul. So, my sensitive friends, let them contend; it is good for them. And you, on a higher plane and in a better spirit, contend also; it will be good for you.

As we may be high as compared to the low, so we are low as compared to high. There is an infinite number of steps in the grand stairway leading upward. We shall have to climb and still climb, and every step is redemption from the ills below—every step is a new birth, a hallelujah of delight, though it be born in tears. Never mind the squabblers down there. Help them if you can; but do not despair when they refuse to come up. They will slough off the beast and come by and by. And we, too; let us not forget that the new Adam of to-day may become the old Adam of to-morrow, to be eliminated as the spirit evolves to something higher and better.

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 9, 1885.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

The Doubter.

I know; and yet, know I not. I believe; and yet, believe I not. Nature everywhere asserts and denies—a universal positive and a universal negative. Who would be wise must ponder well his phenomena.

How know I, and yet know not? Behold a great truth. I look from the standpoint of the partisan, and through the haze of prejudice and passion. From the blearedness of my own sight I see not its length and breadth, its bigness and depth. To me it is only as light through the clouds, whose radiating orb I have never looked upon.

How believe I, and yet believe not? Here is a grand philosophy. It comes with both hands laden with blessings. And yet come so many interposing objections that my belief is only general, with no rational acceptance of the parts which make up the grand whole, and without which this could not be. My belief is only a doubt, my faith a no-faith.

Into the mystery of mysteries I peer; from the mystery of mysteries come light. But wrapped as I am in ten thousand gauzy folds woven of irrationalities, only the dim beams of twilight reach me. I see "men as trees walking."

Infinite space—what is it? A barley-corn endlessly repeated. Infinite time? A moment endlessly multiplied. The be-

ing I call myself is but the infinitesimal of the universal—an atom of the all. Yet this light is the light—a single ray of the all-light.

Causation, consequence—a universal diversification and yet a universal correlation and unity. What has been, is; what is, must ever be. The ever changing is the ever changeless, and nature, the kaleidoscope of countless forms, is but one form. Who knows the atom, knows the all; who knows the here, knows the everywhere; who knows the point of time we call now, knows what has been and what is to be.

My spirit and thought, my love and hate, O, man or woman, are your spirit and thought, your love and hate; and they are God's, or they had not been.

Nature—the eternal mother and the eternal child—the forever born and the forever being born—why say you know her not, when she is yourself! Why say of such, or such, of earth's diurnals, "It is my birth-day," when every morning's sun sees your mother in the throes of parturition? Each moment is the child of the one before, as it is the mother of the one that is to follow. The pendulum-swing that marks the division of the *has been* from the *to be* is the umbilical cord connecting the new-born with all the past maternities.

Old Abraham and the untold millions of the past still live in the millions of today, as these are the precursors and prophecies of the untold millions of all the days to come.

Is there another immortality than this? Shall this man and this woman, who never until in these forms existed as separate entities, still continue as self-asserters after having laid them down? Will they, flying off like sparks from the volume of ascending flame, yet retain forever their individualities? I believe; but except him who has knowledge, let no one answer yes or no.

Causation is an endless stream flowing from the eternity that *has been* into the eternity that *is to be*—a river without a fountain and with no ocean into which to debouch its waters.

O, thou universal Mother, from whose womb all things are being born, lovingly I put my face to thy bosom. K.

LOS ANGELES.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Is It Prophecy?

"Certain cosmic studies have led me to believe that the highest development of humanity would be attained on the Pacific Coast of the United States."

This, the opening remark of J. R. Buchanan, in his article, "Spiritualism on the Pacific Coast," in the *GOLDEN GATE* of Dec. 5th, struck me forcibly, being in accordance with my own feelings from the time I first entered on—I might say—"the glories of this Summer land"; and which ten years ago I embodied in a poem on California, that part of which I will here transcribe:

Who writes thy future sure must see
A grand, a glorious destiny;
My vision seems, 'neath these fair skies,
To see a second Eden rise,
Where reinstated and restored
From "fall" of old traditional lore
Man may develop full and whole
The true God image in his soul.
As sure as time is on the wing
Progress is stamped on everything,
And echoing over land and sea
"Progress" the watchword seems to be.

The very atmosphere seems favorable to advancement. Old ocean, broad and free, spread out before us, expands our ideas, and we seem to inhale freedom with every breath. Turning from this the mountain scenery leads our eyes heavenward and naturally tends to elevate our thoughts. Though some may be slow to recognize it, the voice of nature speaks to the soul of man, and answering tones come echoing back even though it seem to fall in silence and unheeded. Slowly, perhaps, but effectually, she makes her influence felt.

Yes, we will believe that it is the spirit of prophecy lifting the veil of the glorious future that awaits us, and may the *GOLDEN GATE* be the portal through which many may enter on the beautiful life attainable through mankind's higher development.

A COMSTOCK.

SAN BUENAVENTURA, Cal.

"Death, being universal, we reason that it is necessary, and being necessary, we feel that it is right," said the Rev. Dr. H. W. Thomas, at the Chicago opera-house. "We are on the verge of wider and greater knowledge—in the twilight of a morning where the spirit-world will be made plainer. There are earnest, philosophical men and women trying to make it so. The doors between the two worlds will eventually stand open—the grave be divested of its mystery. It may not be in our day, but the time will come when it will be no more strange for one to say, 'I have met one from the spirit-land,' than to say he had seen some one from London. It is difficult to realize what is living after the death of the body. Death is not a tragedy but an evolution. It is but a little shadow-land lying between life and hereafter. We must die to know what death is. Heaven and hell are wherever consciousness is and whatever it is. Wherever beauty and joy are, there is heaven. The universe is forever and man is immortal."

The farm fences of this country, it is estimated, if placed in a straight line, would extend a distance equal to over 200 times the circumference of the earth.

Letter from John Wetherbee.

BOSTON, Dec. 4, 1885.

BRO. OWEN OF THE GOLDEN GATE:

Your very interesting paper of the 28th is before me and mostly read. I am glad you feel that it has come to stay. I have that impression myself; certainly it ought to, as I said in the first letter I wrote you. I am glad I wrote you "Penumbral Musings;" it was rather of a pensive character, as I now read it, in the grief that has fallen to my lot. I do not know whether it was previsionsal, and "the sunset of some one's life cast its shadow before" and it found expression in my thought. The reading of it seemed to admonish me of my chirographical carelessness, not writing always as legibly as I ought, at least to distant correspondents; so where it reads "sings in the times with which I started," "lines" would have been better than "times," but I suppose my "i" got crossed into a "t." Where it reads: "some will say sentimental truth," the word "some" should have been "so we." This is all a trifle and hardly worth noticing, and certainly not correcting, and, besides, I am sure it was the fault of my carelessness and not the printer's.

Your paper is very readable. I do not know of any one more so, both as to matter and to type. I am glad you quoted what I said of the Berrys. I think it will please them and secure you a subscriber, if not already. The Berrys, under their new conditions, deserve all that has been said of them. It was, it seemed, when I wrote, as demonstrably honest as could possibly be; still, some thought it was possible that there might be confederate entrance through the locked and closed door behind the cloth enclosure or cabinet. I did not think so, for I locked the door myself and know that it could not be opened, and then it was four feet from the back side of the cabinet; and then, also, there was no aperture or opening in the rear side of the enclosure, the cloth was whole and taut; but why go into any argument when the Berrys have met the case. I knew there was no necessity, but my friend, Senator Morrill, was requested and did sit behind the cabinet between it and the door of which I have spoken, so that possibility is certainly settled. More than that, a few days after, when some of my particular friends were present, and I would have been but for the grief of which I have spoken, this incident occurred: The accommodating manager, Mr. Albro, during the seance, allowed a man to light a match and look into the cabinet. The whole inside he saw perfectly, and the medium sitting in the one chair was the sum total of the contents of the cabinet, and, when closed, instantly a spirit came out; I think two. Seems to me the matter of spirit materialization is demonstrated; if not, I do not know what demonstration means. It does seem to me as if the spirits, and the mediums too, are very accommodating to the right kind of skeptical minds.

Mrs. Fairchild, also, who has given supplementary corner seances of which I have written that are conclusive as to genuineness, and besides has allowed a friend of mine to sit in the back parlor behind the cabinet during a part of a seance, and says I may at any time. I shall, some day, avail myself of the offer. That, it would seem, will answer any doubt about confederate aid. And Mrs. C. M. Sawyer has let me, and others, sit at times in the cabinet with the medium and remain there while a form materializes and goes out into the circle. So, as I have said, on the fact of materialization I am solid; on recognitions people must judge for themselves; that is a secondary matter. It seems to me all who believe me should be solid too, and though some may say, "Who is this Wetherbee?" People who know him will believe him. If any don't, so much the worse for them. I am under no concern of mind for them any more than I am for the permanent stay in the world of modern Spiritualism.

I intended to say a word on the loss out of my home circle of my oldest son, a somewhat remarkable young man; but I will refer you to what is said, or I may say, in the *Banner*, only adding that my solace and sustaining influence under this unusual bereavement in my case, is the belief that the spirit world is demonstrably close to this. JOHN WETHERBEE.

Liberalism.

(Oakland Express.)

It has been one of the aims of the great leaders of the modern thought to teach the different religious denominations to be more tolerant of each other's belief or unbelief. They have had the gratification of seeing the good results of their labor. Dogmatism, like small snow-banks on the north side of mountains, may linger late into the summer, but it is rapidly melting away. We are in the dawn of a better era of fraternal feeling. But fair as this picture is to look upon, it remains to be desired that liberalism should itself learn to be a little more tolerant. There is no greater dogmatist in the world than Robert Ingersoll. The convention of liberal Christians, that has just adjourned at San Francisco, was composed of some most estimable people, but there were a few expressions a little too severe upon the old beliefs.

This is only an illustration of the old saying that it is easier to preach than to practice. It is related of the bloody tyrant

Robespierre, that when a group of patriots stood before him to receive sentence of death, he rebuked one man, doomed to die within an hour, who happened to step on the foot of his favorite poodle, saying, "Sir, have you no humanity?" The fact is, we have more fine ideas than we use. It is not strange, therefore, that after powerfully rebuking the churches for intolerance, that liberalism should sometimes forget to heed its own teaching.

We should all remember, whether in church or out of it, that absolute truth does not belong to any of us. The best we possess is a poor fragment of the whole. It is reported of St. Augustine that as he walked along the shore of a sea he came to a boy pouring water out of a tin cup into a hole in the sand. "What are you doing?" he asked. The boy replied, "I am trying to put the ocean in here." He walked on learning not to try and bottle up God and the universe in any formula of human thought. Our grandest creeds and philosophies are mere cups of water dipped out of the sea.

Then we should try and remember that we are all naturally creatures of infatuation, and liable to become enamored with whatever belongs to us, be it our house, garden, horse or dog. Nature ordered that this should be so, for if things were otherwise there would be a terrible state of discontent. Every man thinks his own wife the best, his own children the prettiest and smartest, and the thought lightens his heart at work. We are all natural born egotists. We find a deal of pleasure in our self-love, and are always pitying other people because they are not like us. Now, in science, this feeling may swell into a sort of pride and arrogance, and the evolutionist pities the clergyman who does not perceive the infinite beauty of being evolved from an ape, and the clergyman pities the scientist who fails to see the sublime glory of God in a vicarious atonement. It is not strange that each should fail to see any error in his creed. It is his belief. People who have a small bump of philoprogenitiveness wonder how people can be so silly as to love their ugly, cross, stupid children. They forget that we naturally love what is our own, and what we love is beautiful to us. So when we see any one in love with a horrid dogma, we should remember that it is a matter of taste. It is a heritage or the child of his brain, and it is not strange it should have a charm for him that it has for no one else.

Testimonial to Mr. and Mrs. Mozart.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Society of Spiritualists of this city are moving right along, adding weekly to their numbers as well as interest to their meetings. The wife of Mr. E. H. Mozart proves to be a very fine trance speaker, and will yet vie with Mrs. Watson or Richmond, if she will only let the heavenly messengers have their way. She has addressed our society for several Sundays (gratuitously), the subject being given her upon going upon the rostrum. Each time she has held her audience spell-bound, handling her subject eloquently and masterly, using the finest language which, together with her fine personal appearance, could not fail to win the admiration of all. We regret very much that they are about to leave us for a trip around the world, visiting the Indies, and every part of the old world; one object of this visit being to investigate the occult sciences of the East. Last evening they gave a reception farewell at our house to some few of their friends, and a most glorious time we had. Mrs. Mozart's control speaking to us as spirits only can, encouraging us all in the good work so well commenced, and promising to bring back the medium in due time more fully developed and laden with the rich fruits that such a journey will surely bring. Mr. and Mrs. Mozart leave us with the best wishes of our whole society, all regretting their departure, and wishing them a prosperous and happy journey, and a speedy return. We trust and believe that they will be received with open arms by the Spiritualists wherever they may go. I do not know that Mrs. Mozart intends to use her gifts of mediumship while on their journey, yet I believe her light must shine and that her guides will manage to bring it about in their own good time and way. I believe they go first to San Francisco, then to Washington City, New York, Boston, then to England and so around the world easterly. May God guide and direct them in their outgoing and return them safe to us in his good time, is the sincere desire of

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Dec. 8, 1885.

KINDNESS.—The world is full of kindness that never was spoken, and that was not much better than no kindness at all. The fuel in the stove makes the room warm, but there are great piles of fallen trees lying on rocks and on top of hills where nobody can get them; these do not make anybody warm. You might freeze to death for want of wood in plain sight of these fallen trees, if you had no means of getting the wood home and making a fire of it. Just so in a family, love is what makes the parents and children, the brothers and sisters happy. But if they take care never to say a word about it, if they keep it a profound secret as if it were a crime, they will not be much happier than if there was not any love among them; the house will seem cool even in Summer, and if you live there you will envy the dog when anybody calls him "poor fellow."—Dr. Holland.

Good and Evil Spirits.

PORTLAND, Oregon, Dec. 4, 1885.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

About the year 1869 there was considerable interest manifest in Spiritualism at Salem, Oregon, where I resided. There was then living in my family the girl medium, Angie, and many came from different parts of the State to witness the wonderful manifestations, and few went away unsatisfied. At this time there was stationed at Salem the Rev. C. C. S. of the M. E. Church, a genial gentleman and a man of much ability. He, with many others, had his pick at Spiritualism, Mr. S. delivering two lectures on that subject. I attended both lectures. Mr. S. held to the truth of the fact of the phenomena, but alleged that evil spirits only had to do with it; and in his zeal to make his case clear claimed that the Greek word "demon" meant an evil spirit. On my return home from the last lecture I found the girl, Angie, under the influence, blindfolded and writing. I immediately sat down at the table and wrote these words: "I have just come from hearing a lecture on Spiritualism, by the Rev. C. C. S. of the M. E. Church. He admits the phenomena and that spirits do what we claim they do, but that evil spirits only have anything to do with it; what do you say to that?" I placed this writing under the hand controlled when it wrote as follows. "If such were the case, in my opinion the reverend gentleman will find no difficulty in returning when he goes to the spirit world. How very unjust and unfair such an idea is. We admit that evil spirits return, for evil men die. We all return under the same law. Does not the sun shine for all? Does not the rain fall upon the just and the unjust?"

I handed the communication as written above to Mr. S. the next day, and I hope and believe he has changed his mind on that question and is willing to admit that the good return as well as the evil.

C. A. REED.

Keep Our Children Pure.

(Light for Thinkers.)

How little thought is given to this, generally, among parents; how few are taught at home to shun all appearance of evil? We take the utmost pains with a child's personal appearance—whether he has a clean body, clean and well fitting clothes,—are matters that in a well regulated family are not lost sight of; we then send him out to walk with a nurse, whose conversation we know nothing of, or let him associate with boys older than himself, and learn from them in many instances, the most filthy, and foul-mouthed language that we can conceive of, and we wake from our dreams of security, to find our small children practicing and imitating what they have learned from the larger ones, and it takes the most wonderful perception of the child's nature, and many hard and weary hours of toil, to eradicate the bad seed that has been sown in such a short time.

Parents should be more than particular about whom their little ones associate with. The nurses should be thoroughly known, and their lives and language, their actions and manners thoroughly understood, before we trust such tender, sensitive minds as our little ones possess, to be written upon as a blackboard. Our neighbors' older children should also be watched. If we know that they are in the habit of using vulgar, obscene language, or oaths, no matter how friendly their parents may be, or how much it may offend them to prohibit their associating with our little ones, it is our duty so to do—we owe it to the children's future welfare; and we should unflinchingly do our duty, before it becomes too late, and the child is ruined by being taught such villainy and filthy ways, that it may take years of kind and gentle teaching and example to eradicate, if ever. Nearly all the bad habits displayed by the youth of both sexes have been learned when almost babies, and in the first stages of school life.

If parents had been a little more watchful in those early days, and right language and principle instilled in their growing brain, many a day and night of sorrow for the child, and many a heart-ache for the parents, would have been avoided. With the experience of so many who have failed to keep their children pure, we think the above mentioned causes are generally the ones that explain the failure—trusted too much to nurses we knew nothing of, and association with older children than themselves (we mean many years older: a child of five or seven, associating with one of twelve to fifteen), more particularly boys. We know that boys, with but few exceptions in this fast day, know as much about many things that they should know nothing of, as their fathers do, and use such words as none but men should use—and often with them they were better unsaid. The minds of the little ones are easily impressed, and they learn phrases, and act deeds that they do not know the meaning of. Our theory is, that as soon as any child is able to comprehend the principles of hygiene and physiology, they should be taught them at home—the boys by their father, and the girls by their mother, that they may grow up knowing the functions of their own bodies. When this is done, people will be more moral; and our children grow more pure.

Mediumship—Its Failures and Frauds.

[Herman Snow, in the Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

It is doubtful whether the extent of the evils indicated by our heading has been fathomed even by the most thoughtful of our leading Spiritualists. Indeed mediumship itself is so imperfectly understood that its abuses can hardly be distinguished from its uses. It is certain, however, that the leading requirement of mediumship is one almost necessarily fraught with temptation and peril. To give up one's own individuality to the control of an unseen power, of whose real character and designs we are mostly ignorant, bears upon its face the marks of a hazardous experiment. At first thought it seems doubtful whether we have a moral right thus to surrender our self-control into the hands of another, whether existing in the visible or the invisible life; and yet, in the highest aspect of the case, such an act of self-surrender, intelligently and conscientiously made, seems to be a most important law of the divine guidance and help: it is but a just confession of our own ignorance and weakness and of a devout reliance upon that perfect Wisdom and Goodness through which the universe is upheld and humanity led onward toward its grand and blissful destiny.

It is a rational part of the advanced thought of the age, that this Divine Guidance acts largely through subordinate angelic agencies, ever graduated downward till the point of the designated contact is reached; and it is an important spiritual law that, in order rightly to help mortals, the spiritual agencies employed must thus be made to come within reaching distance—morally and spiritually speaking—of the earthly ones to be aided. Now, as a large proportion of those on our side of life most closely allied to the material phenomena of Spiritualism, can hardly be regarded as occupying a very elevated plane of the spiritual life, it follows that the class of spirits immediately engaged with them must also be of a somewhat imperfectly developed spiritual growth; and so between these two, the visible and the invisible moral conditions, much that is unreliable and fraudulent is the result.

Now, what is to be done with all this fraud, the volume of which is steadily increasing rather than diminishing? It has been exposed over and over again, largely by Spiritualists themselves; yet after a momentary eclipse of the false light, and a removal, perhaps, to some new locality, the dishonest traffic in human credulity and heart-yearnings is resumed with undiminished success; there is, seemingly, no want of victims to the unhallowed greed. The difficulty should be promptly and wisely met by the true friends of Spiritualism, both in the earthly and in the spirit life.

The great trouble has been that our mediums, or the unscrupulous phenomenal ones especially implicated in the evils under consideration, have been controlled by unprincipled earth-bound spirits, who, knowing the extremely negative character of such mediums, gain and keep the control over them and use it largely for selfish ends. This is bad for the spirits as well as their mediums, as it serves to keep them still longer in their unprogressed condition. The time has fully come when this state of things should be vigorously taken in hand by the nobler ones, both in and out of the material body. It is a sad and shameful hindrance to the grand work, that Spiritualism is fitted to do for humanity—this groveling tendency in some phases of mediumship. There is a large class of worthy and sensible people everywhere, even in all the Christian churches, who although hungering—starving almost for some proof of the reality of the life beyond, and the nearness of departed dear ones, yet can they never be satisfactorily fed by this order of mediumistic action. So large a mixture of rational doubt and confirmed fraud effectively nullifies the glimmering of substantive proof that is thus made tantalizingly to pass before them, and they turn away disheartened and disgusted with the effort.

The great point of effort should be this: the mediums themselves must be lifted up to a higher plane of thought and aspiration; then will the unseen influences also become of a character better fitted to do the work of a high uplifting spirituality; for, as the matter now stands, doubtless much of the censure rests justly upon the mediums. But should not kindness and charity mingle largely with our censure? We know that the extreme passivity required as the essential law of their condition, must place them much at the mercy of their surroundings, visible and invisible; what, then, shall protect them from evil influences and lift them up into conditions of holy help and labors? There seems to be but one thing that can do this; if they will but look steady and aspiringly upward toward the infinite source of all help, instead of relying upon individual spirits, much upon their own moral plane, then by a most important law of the spiritual life, angels good and true will be constantly descending upon them to protect and help them in their work; then will come to them the help that they actually need and not the kind that may be made to subserve individual selfish purposes. This, it is, that we regard as the only sure protection against the perils of modern mediumship. But let no one expect thus to gain largely of material prosperity and ease, for their life will far more closely resemble a perpetual martyrdom; it will be a constant giving of one's selfhood for the good of others; but a mar-

tyrdom like this may well be endured since it will so purify and brighten the inward spirit that even the poor bodily form shall be transfigured into a revelation of celestial beauty; and when at length this poor bodily form shall fall away and the faithful spirit stand forth unobscured in its real life, what a joyful reception among the bright angels will there then be!

If now, by way of contrast, we glance at the kind of mediumship largely prevailing in our midst, how are our thoughts saddened and depressed! In some of its worst forms it approaches closely to the hells of a selfish and unscrupulous scramble for money and a misused power over others. If it were but possible that this money necessity could be waived or set aside for a few months even, what a sifting there would be in the ranks of mediumship! And such a sifting must take place in some way, and that soon, or alas for the nobler success of our cause!

Fortunately the evils referred to adhere more especially to certain phases of the physical phenomena, phases which can hardly be regarded as essential to a steady and healthy growth of Spiritualism, since they are of comparative recent date, the great army of able investigators and firm believers of the past having found proof enough without them. Besides, they are peculiarly open to the prevalence of fraudulent practices, and hence their power of conviction over cautious and thorough investigators is greatly weakened. In what are called form-materializations, for instance, although there are doubtless some genuine instances of what may be included under the term, yet in the large majority of instances there enters so much of the fraud-element—from spirits as well as mortals—that honest investigators are often repelled from the effort, not deeming it a paying labor to sift so much chaff for so little wheat; and more, there are not a few of our more intelligent Spiritualists who regard such efforts to force back the spirit into old material shapes, as unnatural and undesirable; some to whom even success in such efforts is repulsive rather than attractive; some with whom one bright and loving thought, clearly telegraphed from dear ones on the other side, is worth more than all these bungling experiments at a rehabilitation of old earthly forms.

Mediumship, elevated and true, is a noble office. It is an open channel between a higher and clearer life, and our own dim and struggling mortality. It should ever be used as a sacred office and a solemn responsibility. A glorious work may thus be done in the world's redemption and growth. May God and the good angels help all our mediums! May they be wisely taught the laws of self-protection and self-help. May all exposed and demoralized ones be lifted out of their unhappy surroundings and be taught to work only for the good and true. May all the channels become pure, that living waters may flow freely to the thirsty ones of earth!

Wide Awake.

[Youths' Companion.]

It is interesting to notice the different degrees of success attained in business or professional life, by men who apparently start with equal chances. Those who fail of "success" in gaining money may be as successful as the millionaires in making themselves useful and their lives happy; yet an observer may learn much from noticing the causes which led to failure or to success. One characteristic of successful men is close and wide-awake attention to the work in hand, such, for instance, as marked a New York driver on the line of stages which have recently been withdrawn from Broadway. He had genius for driving stage, and was noted for keeping his stage full of passengers, and for taking in more fares than any other driver on the route. His success was not accidental. His eyes were forever on the lookout, both on Broadway and in the side streets, so that he never failed to see a distant nod or a slight gesture. A similar alertness for business is noticeable among the fruit-peddlers, the boot-blacks and news-boys of New York. Three carts full of bananas and other fruit may be often seen standing close together by the sidewalk. The man in the middle cart will work every moment—standing up, calling attention to his stock, and alert to grapple with any one who comes up with the slightest intention of buying. But the other vendors will be seated and half-dozing, or reading a newspaper, carelessly waiting for a customer to ask for fruit. Before noon the appearance of the wagons shows the inevitable result. By night, the middle wagon is empty, while the other vendors wheel home a good part of their stock to keep till the next day, and complain of "bad luck" and "hard times." Some of the boot-blacks fly about through the crowds like shuttles, eagerly examining every pair of boots, and asking here and there: "Have a shine, sir?" Even the beggars keep a close watch on the stream of coppers, and never stay long in a spot when their income begins to fall away. This alertness which takes advantage of every opening, is one of the indispensable conditions of success.

"You want a servant girl?"
"Yes, a colored one."
"Are you very particular about having a colored one?"
"Yes, we've had a death in the family and we're in mourning."—*Buffalo Courier.*

A Protest Against Gambling.

[E. W. Wallis in "Medium and Daybreak."]

The following letter and reply are self-explanatory:

October 20, 1885.

Dear Sir:—Are the spirits able to foretell the future?
Will you kindly write me per return, and say whether you are willing to hold a seance in your town (privately) and ask one question which I will transmit to you, on hearing that you will be agreeable to hold such a seance?

I may tell you that in course of an argument with a friend of mine, I said that the spirits were able to foretell the winner of the Derby this year, and he disbelieved it, and said that he would bet me £20 that the spirits could not tell the winner of a race that is to take place next week. This is the question I want you to be good enough to ask?

Are you willing to hold the seance to find out what I want to know, and if the answer is correctly given, I will hand you over the £20, which I shall receive from my friend to pay you for your trouble, and waiting your reply, yours truly,
E. W. Wallis, Esq.

REPLY BY MR. WALLIS.

Dear Sir:—Yours of yesterday's date is before me. In reply, permit me to say, that I very much regret you should have been betrayed into an assertion such as has caused your letter to me. I do not for a moment doubt that certain spirits could tell you the name of a horse likely to win a race, but they are not the kind of people I should choose for company this side of the grave, and I am quite certain I have no wish for their influence from the other. Suppose a name were given, and the forecast proved correct, what would your friend say? "Coincidence!" He would want it tried again and again, a failure would be disastrous, and success would be more so, as it would tend to foster the betting propensity.

BETTING, IMMORAL AND INDEFENSIBLE.

I may be wrong, and you may not care to read this, but I regard betting and such like practices as demoralizing, and utterly immoral and indefensible.

If I won money by a bet, I could not bring myself to accept it, because I should not have given anything as an honest equivalent, and what I won would be so much dead loss to the man who paid it to me, he being in no way compensated.

Besides, why should I seek to obtain information by occult means, which would practically place my fellows at my mercy? Should I not be taking an unfair advantage of their ignorance, supposing I knew that I received trustworthy information? Should I not be as dishonorable as those who try to arrange races, and make a "sure thing" to win?

A gentleman visited a clairvoyant some years ago, did not tell her his object, but got her to look into the crystal for him. She saw a strange appearance, which, after much hesitation, she explained to be like the pictures of his Satanic majesty. He understood its significance, backed "Robert the Devil," and won a lot of money. Did he not practically rob and despoil those who lost to him? (You may say, "they took their chance," or "more fools they for risking their money," but the whole practice is folly and worse, and 'tis cold comfort to the loser to be called a fool for his pains.) Money so gotten could do no other than bring a curse to the man who took it; he went from bad to worse, became drunken, neglected his business, lost himself.

You cannot sow tares, and reap wheat.

As a spirit friend of mine said once, "Some people would chain the angels to a go-cart if they thought they could make sixpence by it." Unless I am much mistaken, the object of Spiritualism is to bring about a moral and spiritual reformation, to establish righteousness and truth, purity and justice. It has nought but vigorous condemnation for the jobbery, fraud, and craftiness which prevail in the service of self-ambition and Mammon.

Spiritualism is a dangerous plaything, and mediumship a very serious responsibility. It is possible, aye, probable, that if you persist you may find spirits and mediums (I am happy to say I don't know any) who will assist you in your quest; but I warn you most solemnly that you do so at your peril, and will incur grave moral responsibility if you tempt mediums to sit for such spirit influences and purposes with a bait of \$100. Nothing is more injurious to mediums and sitters than to open the door into such conditions of spirit life. But further, are we acting fairly toward the people of the other world (who should at least be striving to reach higher conditions) by inviting them to pandering to our selfishness and avarice, and, in so doing, to fasten more tightly about themselves the chains of their moral and spiritual slavery? We are not justified in becoming the tools or lackeys of spirits in or out of the body; nor are we in making slaves of them.

During nearly ten years of public service in Spiritualism, I have become acquainted with not a few who have thought they were going to secure business managers, directors, and unpaid partners in the spirit-world; obtain the services of spirit-detectives, book-makers or stock-exchange agents. Some have "run their business entirely by spirit direction," and were proud of it, but in every case they have sooner or later been "fooled to the top of their bent," and have found that payment for folly, greed, ambition, or indolence has always been exacted, and a pretty heavy bill scored against them. Success in some cases has seared the soul, money proved a curse, and the greed for piling up gold has bitten them until they could not bear to stop, or part with what they had won. The wealth has kept them (instead of their keeping) and kept them in

constant anxiety lest it should be lost, stolen, or squandered. The fountains of generosity and good purposes have been dried up, and soul-sympathies entranced until physical dissolution has made it impossible to use it for reformatory purposes as intended. Others have lost all through their blind credulity and folly, and, through painful experience and stern adversity, have learnt that life has other uses than mere "getting on," or success.

I am not romancing. The lesson, it seems to me, is this, that we are here for development of our spiritual nature and moral powers by exercise and wise use. We must not expect that the spirits are going to do everything for us. They can befriend us, help, comfort, bless, warn and guide us to truth, purity and right, but we must live our own lives and do our own work. I have known cases of prevision and prophecy, or foretelling and warning, but invariably for a moral and spiritual good to the recipient. We must ourselves be true, just, honest and good; must exert our influence on the side of unselfishness and right, and secure the sympathy and co-operation of like-minded spirits in or out of the form, and then we shall be of practical use in the world; this is what Spiritualism is working for.

If in your desire to satisfy the skepticism of your friend, you have been led into a false position, own it to him bravely; tell him of the danger; above all warn him to turn his talents and means to better purposes than to in any way give the sanction of his influence and example to this horrible disease of gambling, which in different forms is ruining business, bringing commerce to a science of "besting" and knavish sharp practices, spoiling all sport with its baleful and blasting influences and consequences, and destroying the vitals of morality in individuals and the nation. I know of nothing which so clearly proves to what a low level of selfishness and moral viciousness we have fallen, as this deep-rooted cancer of unholiness, self-seeking, and perfectly damnable sensationalism and greed, called "speculation" and (cut-throat) "competition," "individual freedom," "the right to do as one damn please"; in which it is each for himself (the smartest *viz.*, most unscrupulous, wins), and perdition takes the hindmost.

From aristocratic land-grabbers, with whom might is right; commercial nabobs, with whom "power to do" is sufficient justification, irrespective of humanitarian considerations not to speak of justice and right; stock broking gamblers, who are often worse than the despised "turf-welcher," to this myriad-headed monster of hell—betting—or games of chance reduced to a certainty, the certainty that the ignorant are plucked, and vice and the publican win) and "confidence tricks" of all descriptions, together with adulterations and shams, we have clear demonstration of the absolute necessity for a new Dispensation and Spiritual outpouring, that the voice of the Spirit of purity may be heard crying, Woe, woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites,

REPENT YE!

Come out from among the evil doers. Good God! all this vice and villainy, this craft, crime, cunning and cruelty in this "most favored land" and "Christian country," in which the hugest sham of all is the organized heathenism and hypocrisy called the "Christian Theology" and "Church." I won't dignify it with the sacred name of Religion.

My dear sir,—you are a stranger to me, I am not personal; I care not if I offend or please you, but you have given me a chance to raise my voice against this crying evil, for which I thank you.

I visited a race-course this year with a friend; the miasma of that atmosphere of sin has clung to me ever since; the scene I then saw haunts me like a nightmare. The fruitful mother of harlots and all abominations, is this lust for games of chance, and ill-gotten gains, with the feverish excitement accompanying it.

The faces of the thousands gathered there told their own sad, sad story. Oh, for those ruined lives, the mad folly, the wasted powers of intellect, and the curses, bitter and deep, and self-maledictions.

Oh! as sure as there is a God above, Who commands as thyself thy neighbor to love, A day of reckoning will surely come, A day of conviction, a day of doom!

Nay, it has already come. "Writ large" and stamped deep, those features bore the mark of divine displeasure, in the marred and miserable mien, the coarse, hard, "loud," and brazen appearance and manner. The bleared eye, the bloated aspect, the general "horsey" and dissipated look, all told their tale, and evidenced that "the judgment" had been pronounced, the "sentence" was in course of execution.

Forgive me for writing thus plainly. God speed and bless you in the right!

Yours fraternally,
E. W. WALLIS.

"Don't you want to go to the better world, Tommy?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of her new scholar.

"No, mum," promptly replied the frank little fellow.

"And why not, Tommy?"

"Oh, when I die I want to go where a feller can rest."

"Well, my boy, you can rest there."

"Well, in that song we sung it said we'll shine there."

"Certainly; don't you want to shine there?"

"No, mum: I don't want to shine there. I get enough of that here. I'm a boot-black, mum!"—*Texas Sittings.*

To Such as Fail in Life.

[Banner of Light.]

Failure is only a comparative term at best. It means nothing absolutely. When a man is said by those who know him to have failed in life, he may only have been unconsciously to them, perhaps to himself also, reaping a harvest of success. Therefore, what is commonly called consolation for such as have failed may be wholly misplaced when offered to them. For all that, they stand in need of it so long as they can not come into a clearer and higher view of the matter for themselves. Consolation is a sort of crutch to help them along while they limp with their ignorant conclusions. Rev. Mr. Savage freely offered this kind of consolatory medicine, by no means a tonic, from his accustomed place in the pulpit in this city, in a recent Sunday discourse. He told his always attentive hearers that a man, having been a boy, could comprehend boyhood; but a boy, never having been a man, can not comprehend manhood; and so it is through all grades of human development—intellectual, moral and spiritual. They who have attained the higher ranges can comprehend the lower; and they who are still in the lower plane, know only that which is beneath them.

He meant, in the latter case, that they know only that of which they have had experience, and as yet know nothing of the ranges of life above them, practically regarding them as not existing. A person who lives only in this lower range of life and fails in it, is very apt to regard all life as a failure. It is perfectly natural that he should. But a person who lives in and knows the higher ranges of life can easily endure failure in the lower, and feel that after all such disasters the best things are still left. Thousands of persons are secretly questioning themselves to-day whether life is worth living. Their ideals have struck against hard facts and gone to pieces. Their castles would never come down out of the air upon solid ground. Other thousands of persons, remarked Mr. Savage, think with equal positiveness that they have succeeded, and yet they have no conception of what success means. But while so many continue to lament their failure, the grandest and highest success is already within their reach. Thus failure is shown to be a relative, and not an absolute, thing. It depends altogether upon what is accepted as standard. Barbarism can not measure civilization; hence, to fail as a barbarian is no proof that one might not succeed as a civilized being.

Mr. Savage illustrated this doctrine of relativity in various ways, and always with point and impressiveness. He spoke of Jesus as the supreme example of failure, as the world calls failure. He utterly failed in accomplishing a reform of his own country's religion, while his very failure resulted in a higher life for the world outside of its limits. When, then, he asked, does a man fail? When he succeeds, is it quite certain that he does succeed? And when he thinks he has failed, has he really failed? Failure in the lower may be success in the higher. Some successes, could their winners see clearly, would make them wish they had failed. Hence, the first thing for each of us to do is to find out what success is and what failure means, and whether real success is not within our reach when failure comes, after all. It all resolves itself into the question of what is the best thing for man. Having approximately found out this, and being once headed in the right direction, there need be no fear of failure in anything in life but this, and in this failure becomes impossible. Body and spirit, married as they are for this life, can not exist together in harmony except the lower is kept subordinate to the higher—the body to the spirit. This is the fundamental law, and it can not be disobeyed with impunity. The death of the lower at the last is necessary to the emancipation and unlimited progress of the higher.

THE GRAVEYARD OF ARMIES.—The section of the globe now menaced with the scourge of war is already the graveyard of armies. The country south of the Danube has drank up the blood of countless hosts. Persians and Greeks, Romans, Florentines, Venetians, Slavs, Austrians, Huns, Turks, Russians and Tartars have laid down their lives by the hundreds of thousands in that peninsula. Every town has had its siege, every plain its battle, and every craggy mountain pass its struggle and sacrifice. From Thermopylae to Shipka more than two thousand years of blood intervened, but nothing that has occurred in all that time has sufficed to curb the belligerency of man, and he clamors for war to-day the same as he did when Jason and the Argonauts set out for the Golden Fleece. Yet war is admittedly the most direful of human evils. It wastes and destroys. It is cruel, blood-thirsty, savage. It kills and maims men, and fills the land with widows and orphans. Sometimes righteous, it is generally causeless and useless. Voltaire describes it as the slaughter of thousands that a few may have monuments.—*Chicago Herald.*

"When I last dined with you, Mrs. Hendricks," said the minister, "a remarkably neat and tidy young girl waited on us. Is she no longer with you?"
"No," replied Bobby, "Ma discharged her because she was too pretty."—*N. Y. Sun.*

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1885.

What Spiritualists Believe.

So many people are continually asking the question, "What do you Spiritualists believe?" that a correspondent suggests that we should keep a department of the GOLDEN GATE devoted to our "Confession of Faith," or a platform of Spiritual doctrine.

Now, if there is anything in the world Spiritualists especially dislike, it is in being tied down to any authoritative creed. They insist on being left free to believe as much or little as they choose.

And herein consists the elements and essence of all religious growth. The man who insists upon believing to-day—in the light of vastly improved opportunities for knowledge—what he believed last week, or last year, in the infancy of scientific research, is simply a fossil. There is nothing completed in this universe yet, and there is nothing quite so imperfect or incomplete, as man's spiritual or religious nature. Hence, all systems of religions, with established forms of belief—like the Roman Catholic and most of the Protestant systems—are anchored to an undeveloped past. Their votaries have their faces set in the back part of their heads, thus enabling them to look backward, but never forward. With them the thought is not what is best adapted to their present spiritual needs, in the light and progress of a new age, but rather what was best suited to their semi-barbaric ancestors, which must of necessity, they imagine, be the best for their present wants.

So it will be seen that it is difficult to determine exactly what Spiritualists do believe, except in the matter of some few patent facts, which may be regarded simply as the superstructure upon which Spiritualism rests.

Thus, we may safely say, that all Spiritualists believe in the continuation of human life, as a conscious entity, beyond the change called death. All believe in the power of the spirit to return, under certain conditions, and manifest itself to the living. All have discarded the barbaric idea of an angry God and personal Devil contending for the possession of man's immortal soul. No one believes in a literal place of torment, nor in punishment of any kind save as the natural consequence of sinful acts—just as one suffers pain for the violation of the physical laws of his being. All believe that the best way to serve God is by serving their fellowmen, and doing good in the world—that the way to happiness (which is but another name for Heaven) is by thinking good thoughts and practicing kind deeds—by living temperately and wisely, and striving for the better in all things.

There are many other things most Spiritualists believe, all of which will probably appear from time to time in the columns of the GOLDEN GATE. The best way to ascertain what Spiritualists really believe is to subscribe for the leading Spiritual papers, and patronize our Spiritual libraries.

A Crucial Test.

Our mediumistic friend, Mr. Fred Evans, the independent slate-writer, of 1244 Mission street, took our article in last week's GOLDEN GATE, entitled, "How it is Said to be Done," as pointing to himself, as he was the only slate-writing medium in the city whose methods were similar to those mentioned in said article, the alleged explanation of which, as given to us, was described therein.

Now, we claim that no honest medium need fear the most rigid scrutiny into his methods. He need not hesitate to subject himself to the most careful conditions compatible with the laws of spirit manifestations. And such a medium Mr. Evans has proven himself to be. He offered to come to our office and upon our own slates, prepared in our own way, subject his mediumistic powers to such crucial test as we might direct. He could promise nothing, but he was willing to try. Surely, this was all any reasonable investigator could ask.

Accordingly, on Monday last, he came to this office, where we were provided with our own slates. Two gentlemen, friends of the editor, having casually dropped in, were present. We asked him if he preferred to sit with us alone. He replied that he would so prefer, but should not presume to dictate—that we could have our friends present if we chose. We explained to them the object of the seance, and asked them to remain, as, if there was any deception practiced—which we are sure there was not—it would be more difficult to confound three pair of eyes than one.

We took the slates, and after carefully washing and drying them, we placed two or three bits of pencil upon one of the slates, covering it with the other. Mr. Evans then placed his hands upon the slates, the other gentlemen present doing likewise, thus holding the slates in the grasp of four pair of hands. After a few minutes tiny raps were heard upon the slates, and the pencils were also heard to be moving. Upon opening the slates, which the writer was careful to do himself, we found a number of pencil marks, with the letters "J. O." The marks were effaced and the slates were again held as before, when the writing was more distinctly heard. This time an intelligible message appeared, the words

being somewhat scrawled and scattered over the inner surface of the slates. They were as follows: "It is true; this can not be a trick. Your Father."

Of the fact of the genuineness of this writing we have no more doubt than we have of our own existence. There was no table used; everything was fair and above board, and the light was that of noonday. Both the gentlemen present, one of whom, Mr. Harrison of Gilroy, was a stranger to Mr. Evans, are alike positive with us that no fraud was possible under the conditions imposed. We really expected to get no writing, as Mr. Evans was very nervous, evidently keenly feeling the suspicion of dishonesty of which he suspected he had been accused.

It is well understood by those familiar with psychical phenomena, that absolute test conditions interpose a barrier of positive magnetism between the medium and the manifestations, difficult for the spirits to overcome; hence, the manifestations are never as complete, under such conditions, as where the medium is left free and untrammelled; but to the skeptic they are vastly more satisfactory.

We will add, that Mr. Evans is a young man, being about twenty-two years of age. He has been a medium for independent slate-writing only since February last. That he possesses most remarkable mediumistic powers, is, with us, henceforth beyond question. His wife, (née Miss Hance), to whom he was recently married, is also a remarkable trance and test medium.

The Divine in Woman.

In this city, at this writing, a man is slowly sinking into that sleep that knows no waking on this side the grave—dying from a gunshot wound inflicted by an angered and outraged husband. Through abuse and neglect of his own wife and daughter he had become alienated from them, and for six long years had not spoken to either. He had led a fast life, reckless of his duty to society, himself and his family.

Upon receiving his death wound, and feeling that his earth-life was drawing to its close, a wave of sorrow for his misdeeds passes over his soul; he repents him of his great wrong done to his family, and is glad to accept of their gentle ministrations through his weeks of mortal agony, while the deadly bullet is slowly doing its fatal work.

The past is forgotten. The injured wife and daughter, remembering only the husband's and father's good qualities—which were evidently not numerous—come to his bedside, and with tender solicitude minister to his wants. Wasted and depleted of healthy life currents, his physician prescribes transfusion of blood; and now the angel in woman shines out with resplendent glory as the wife and daughter, with the yearning tenderness of a crucified Jesus, bare their arms to the lancet for his sake.

Was there ever a more touching and beautiful evidence of unselfish love! To give one's life for another—for one you love—is a most holy sacrifice—a most unselfish devotion. But to suffer for the sake of one who has deeply wronged you, that requires the great heart of a Jesus—or of a true woman!

Such a lesson of womanly devotion to the Christ principle should not be permitted to pass by unnoticed. Be it ours to point to it as another evidence of the divine and loving tenderness of woman—God's ministering angels on earth.

Dynamite.

A plot has been unearthed by the police of this city having for its object the murder of a number of prominent citizens and the plunder of the Chinese quarters of the city. A quantity of dynamite and bombs was secured, together with four of the leading conspirators, and their diabolism has been exposed to the light.

When bad men conspire together for murderous purposes they necessarily place their lives in the keeping of their vile companions in crime—of men false and treacherous, like themselves, and dead to every sentiment of manly honor. To imagine that their secret is safe in such hands is the very blindness of stupidity. There is always some one to betray.

There is no such thing as "honor among thieves." The word "honor" is a stupendous sarcasm and misnomer when used in such connection. Honorable men never engage in such business. If this fact were better understood by all plotters of crime we apprehend there would be less organized rascality in the world.

It is a notable circumstance that these nihilists and would-be assassins are nearly all foreigners—communists and revolutionists mainly, who have left their own country for their country's good. They come here with the thought of plunder and murder in their hearts. The freedom of assemblage and of speech, which they are permitted to enjoy here, encourages them in the idea that here is a rich harvest of loot, which they have but to put forth their sickle to reap. The Chinaman, having the fewest friends, they look upon as their natural prey. They would take any other class just as soon if they could find one with less friends than the Chinese.

These arrests will, no doubt, have a salutary effect. It will teach the plotters that argus-eyes are watching their every movement. Spies are in their most secret councils, and the bolts of Jove are ready to strike them at their first overt act. If O'Donnell, the chief instigator of these murderous schemes, is not very careful he will find himself, some fine morning, traveling skywards in fragments on a free pass by one of his own dynamite bombs.

—We are pleased to learn that the *Carrier Dove*, of Oakland, will appear in a new, enlarged, and greatly improved form, with its January number. It will be a beautifully printed and bound magazine of twenty-four large pages, with an elegantly engraved cover, and filled with the choicest reading. As the paper will contain more than double its former amount of reading matter, the price will be raised to \$2.50 per annum. Mr. and Mrs. Schlessinger are to be congratulated on the success of their enterprise.

Two Hundred Millions.

What a mighty power for good or evil in the hands of any one man! The ownership of great wealth involves a fearful responsibility, and one that any deeply conscientious man may well shrink from.

It is not so much what one may acquire, that is to be dreaded, provided he acquires it honestly, as to what uses one may devote his wealth. It is often only by such great individual accumulations that great plans for the welfare of humanity can be successfully carried out. Instance, the Girard College, the Cornell University, the Lick benefactions, and many other great enterprises that will readily suggest themselves to the reader, and which never would have had existence but for a worthy disposition of vast private accumulations. Thus it is that great riches, even though acquired wrongfully, as they frequently are, are turned back in mighty streams of blessings to the people.

The acquisitive faculty, when dominated by a broad and manly nature, by a love for humanity, by a desire to do good in the world, becomes a positive blessing to its possessor and to others; but when it is governed by selfishness, as is too often the case, it becomes a very millstone about the neck of its unfortunate victim.

What right has a man to die and leave two hundred millions of dollars to his heirs, as did Wm. H. Vanderbilt the other day? What grand schemes for the amelioration of the condition of the poor he might have fostered, what tidal waves of blessings he might have conferred upon his race! But, save a few paltry benefactions, amounting in the aggregate to only one-half of one per cent. of his vast possessions—and those given mostly to a few aristocratic and fossilized religious institutions—he gives the bulk of his fortune to his two sons, with the wish that they may carry forward their father's great schemes of monopoly. It is to be hoped, for the good of humanity, that the sons may be less successful in holding together this great wealth than was their father, and that it may be restored to the people whence it has been extorted—for it is only by extortion that such immense fortunes can be acquired.

Who can measure the extent and grandeur of Vanderbilt's lost opportunities, dying as he did with his hoarded treasures unused! He proved himself a false and treacherous steward of the Divine Purpose. He took everything from the people and gave back nothing. He died worth two hundred millions; and yet the veriest beggar that ever entered spirit life was not so bankrupt as he. Poor perturbed ghost! For what countless ages must he wander in darkness and despair, with the burden of a great woe resting upon his soul, and with the sad words ever ringing in his ears, "Too late! too late!" Every Lazarus in the land may well look down upon him with pity.

Catechism.

We herewith suggest what might be termed not exactly "A Shorter Catechism," but a hint to teachers in our Children's Lyceums. We can not too soon begin to lay the foundation of correct thinking in the minds of the young:

QUESTION.—How came man into existence?
ANSWER.—By a slow but natural unfoldment from lower to higher forms of life—man being the culmination of all life below him—the fruitage of all primal existences.

Q.—How came sin into the world?
A.—Sin is an incident of man's undeveloped or imperfect condition. It is the natural expression of his lower or animal nature, and indicates the brutal origin whence he sprang. Sin will disappear in proportion as man learns true wisdom and becomes unfolded in the spiritual direction of his nature.

Q.—Is there no atonement or pardon for sin?
A.—None whatever; as we make our bed so must we lie in it. But by ceasing to do evil and learning to do well, the effects of sin may be, in time, in a measure, obliterated, as are the scars from wounds upon the physical body. The memory of wrong doing will reach outward to the highest heaven, and through all eternity, and can never be other than a source of pain to the soul.

Q.—What is Death?
A.—Death is the transition from one condition of life to another. With man it is the laying aside of the earthly garment and stepping forth into a new and broader field of action. The earthly body being the temple of the living soul, when the former falls into decay and becomes no longer habitable, the latter goes forth to new scenes—new conditions. There is, in fact, no death; but change marks every step of man's journey from monad to man, and from man to angel.

Q.—How do we know that the spirit of man exists after the change called death?
A.—From positive evidences of spirit return and communication with mortals—evidences that have existed all along the line of human history, but which have been vastly augmented since the advent of what is known as modern Spiritualism.

Q.—What is the chief end of man?

A.—Happiness.

Q.—How is this best attained?

A.—By walking uprightly before the world, by doing good to others, and by seeking to live in harmony with nature's laws.

Q.—How can we best fit ourselves for a future life?

A.—By making the best use of all our faculties and powers in this life.

Why is it Thus?

Every investigator of the material phases of mediumship, who has had much experience therein, has seen many unaccountable and incomprehensible things, well calculated to stagger the faith of even "the elect." He has seen what he knows to be genuine form manifestations, given under conditions to render fraud simply impossible; and again, with the same medium, he has been equally confident that the forms presented and purporting to be spirit materializations, were the medium's own person—used, no doubt, as is often the case, by the spirits themselves, with the medium wholly unconscious thereof.

Now, in view of this state of facts, what course

ought investigators to pursue? Not, surely, to denounce the mediums as absolute frauds, unless they are perfectly sure the alleged spirit manifestations are wholly the tricks of jugglery. But, rather, should they not endeavor to aid their mediums in an honest search for the causes of these strangely deceptive influences.

If the spirits of the so-called dead may return to earth and make their presence known, as we know they do, they must come in accordance with a natural law; and this law, or highway of travel between the two worlds, can not certainly be a close corporation. It is open for all—the ignorant and undeveloped, as well as the wisest and best.

Now, it is no doubt true that the grosser forms of spirit life are often, apparently, the most eager, as well as the most successful, in taking on earth conditions, and making themselves tangible to the physical senses. They are constantly intruding themselves at materializing circles, deriving, no doubt, from their temporary re-incarnation much benefit to themselves. It is here, often, they are first instructed in the laws of spiritual growth, and are started on the right way to a better life. If the medium is upon a moral plane calculated to especially invite this class of spirits, it is not surprising that their seances should reveal many strange delusions. It is a question whether such mediumship should be encouraged. If it is, it should be with a view to the elevation of the medium as well as the spirits.

The mission of mediumship is of a most sacred character. Those possessing the wonderful gifts should consider themselves evangelists for good. They should realize the divine nature of their mission, and so shape their own lives as to set a shining example to the world. And investigators who would "try the spirits," should approach the subject with clean hands and reverent hearts, ever seeking for the best.

Evolution or What?

A noted dentist predicts that in another hundred years there will not be a dentist in the land, as at the end of that time there will be no teeth for their trade. The same gentleman calls this physical deterioration. Why not call it evolution, since all physiologists declare that our incisors are but modified fangs. There is living a species of bird in the Island of Marajo, in the lower Amazonas, that has not quite outgrown its four-footed condition. That it is doing so is proven by the fact that the two fore feet appear early in the development of the embryo, continue perfectly formed for several days after hatching, when they are gradually shed.

Most adult persons of to-day will remember that they kept their first set of teeth until ten or twelve years of age. Nowadays, careful parents take their children of four years to the dentist to have their teeth filled and otherwise attended, to prevent early loss and consequent shrinking of the jaws and deformity of the face.

This premature loss of teeth is by many considered due to over-refinement of living—too rich and concentrated food devoid of phosphates and other elements entering into bone and nerve building. This is doubtless true, too, but still it is evolution.

We are progressing away from the crudities and substantial of the present life to conditions that are fitting us for elysian fields of pulpy fruit, nourished by streams of milk and honey. If we prefer not to evolve quite so fast we must live more in accordance with those conditions that tend to strengthen our physical being and increase the supply of all that gives it vigor and long life.

Our Bodies.

There is a determination on the part of science not to let the dead remain dead, and if too dead to be restored to life, then to preserve the body from decay and rob the earth and elements of their own. Dr. Richardson, the English physiologist, has proven by experimenting on animals, that by combining artificial circulation and respiration, persons can be restored to life after actual death.

Peroxide of hydrogen has been used with startling effect in re-animating the bloom and restoring the heat to a really dead body. In case of accidental drowning or suffocation this discovery might be considered a blessing; but as about two-thirds of such cases are the result of suicidal attempt; and believing that nine-tenths of those who seek death are too wretched or worthless to live to any beneficial end, it is an open question whether it would be doing justice to them or the world to restore them to life.

A French chemist who does not believe or care about restoring very dead persons, will, however, copper-plate their bodies, and if desired, add a second plating of silver or gold. The whole thing is simply an abomination. Of what consequence can the body be to the living without its animating spirit? To preserve it is to keep alive a destructive grief that must paralyze the energies and ambitions of friends and relatives for all useful living. We can not believe that any thing prompts one to preserve a dead body—unless for distant transportation—but the lingering belief in its final and identical resurrection. But if God made man from the dust, we should trust Him to re-organize our ashes and put us in shape for the great day.

—Prof. Lambert's answers to questions, on Sunday last, through the mediumship of Mrs. Watson, were full of pith. The speaker held the undivided attention of the audience from beginning to close, while the frequent hearty applause given attested their delight. Such services as are rendered by Mrs. Watson ought to pack Metropolitan Temple every Sunday.

—We desire to correct a statement made in the last GOLDEN GATE to the effect that that remarkable medium, Dr. Schlessinger, of Oakland, gives gratuitous seances to all callers. He invariably sits for the poor without charge; but all who are able to do so he requires that they shall subscribe for either the GOLDEN GATE or the *Carrier Dove*. For any person ordering either of these papers through him he will give a sitting free.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—The Wednesday evening Spiritual Conference and test meetings have been changed to Pilgrim's Hall, Market street, nearly opposite the new Odd Fellows' Hall.

—Mrs. Watson's eloquent discourse on "The Golden Age," delivered at the Temple, on Sunday evening last, will appear in our next issue of the GOLDEN GATE, the same having been phonographically reported especially for our columns.

—Mr. John Arnoup, who lectured at Albion Hall, O'Farrell street, last Sunday, will speak again, at the same place, at 2 P. M. next Sunday. Subject: "The Conduct and Work Expected from Spiritualism." To close with questions answered. Admission, ten cents.

—We understand that there is a movement on foot in this city to organize a society of Ethical Culture. It will be composed of advanced thinkers from all existing societies, and from outside of all societies. We wish the movers in this good work hearty success.

—Hon. John A. Collins will lecture before the Society of Progressive Spiritualists at Washington Hall at 2 o'clock P. M., Sunday. His subject, which we have announced elsewhere, is his favorite theme, he having made it the study of a half century. Mr. Collins is a fine speaker, and a clear-headed reasoner.

—There will be a children's party and festival at the Temple on Christmas night, for which the little ones are making great preparations. They are busy at the spiritual meetings selling tickets for their festival, to enable them to meet the expenses thereof. Encourage them by buying a ticket. Price, 25 cents.

—Oh, the beauty of these glorious December days! There is no such climate in all the world. The air is so soft and balmy, the sky so intensely blue, and the golden sunshine so genial and refreshing, that healthy life becomes a luxury, such as is experienced in no other land under the sun. One longs to get out of doors and drink his fill from this fountain of divine nature. What are the wealthy people of the inhospitable wintry regions of our country thinking of, that they do not flock to this coast by tens of thousands, during this, to us, most delightful portion of the year.

—A gentleman, who has just returned from a several months' trip through the Atlantic States, informs us that in all the large cities, especially, Spiritualism is making most rapid headway, and particularly among the thinking and cultured classes. The evidences of the truth of Spiritual phenomena are accumulating on all sides—in the homes of the rich and poor alike. Intelligent people can not longer find any excuse for not accepting the facts. The churches are honeycombed with the new gospel. They find it a healthy ghost, and one that will not down at the bidding of the theologians and pseudo-scientists.

ENCOURAGING WORDS.—A good lady, writing from Napa, Dec. 15th, says: "Enclosed please find \$2.50 for the GOLDEN GATE for one year. I had a copy given to me some time ago, and I think it a splendid paper. I am a strong Spiritualist, but am almost alone, only a very few of us here. But oh, if people only knew the beautiful truths of Spiritualism how much more happiness there would be in the world and less of sin. I hope you may prosper in all you undertake in the good and glorious cause. God and the lovely angels bless and help you in the true wish of one enlisted in the grand cause." Our sister will accept our heartfelt thanks for her kind words of encouragement.

Appreciative.

[A good brother ships us a case of choice assorted canned fruit in glass, grown and prepared by himself, which he commends to the editorial palate, and for which he has our best thanks. We are inclined to invade the sanctity of his excellent private letter, accompanying the gift, and print what he says about the GOLDEN GATE.]

I am desirous in some way of expressing my cordial appreciation of the general "getting up" of the GOLDEN GATE, its clear type and fine smooth paper, but especially of its selections, and particularly its editorials. The last are so bold and fearless, and withal so courteous, that the paper more nearly approaches my beau ideal than any that I remember, saving, perhaps, the old *National Era*, and it rivals that.

In a complimentary notice of the GOLDEN GATE and its editor that I read not long ago, it was said that you had made the *San Jose Mercury* a second *Springfield Republican*. I hardly considered that a compliment. I have read the *Springfield Republican* for twenty years, was somewhat acquainted with Bowles, and intimately so with Dr. Holland, once co-editor. Shortly before leaving for the Pacific coast I received a call from the Doctor, and in the course of conversation he said that Bowles once told him his beau ideal of a newspaper was, "one that every body would read, and everybody hate." Poor man! He succeeded so well that the editor was as cordially hated as the paper. Perhaps he has learned by this time that he had been wiser to covet the affection of his readers; that to preach a doctrine of hate was a poor preparation for the spirit world. You seem to have adopted the same motto saving the last word, substituting one of the same number of letters, but oh, how different: viz., love! It is needless to add that you will secure the affection as well as the appreciation of your readers, and it is not a "namby pamby" paper at that.

Please bear with me further while I say that I hope you will continue to make the paper an exponent of moral purity. If Spiritualism is to signify its opposite, it had better be sunk a thousand fathoms deep beneath the sea. But I have no fear of that, for the better it is understood and accepted the quicker will all who seek for license within its folds sink away from its pure light.

NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

A prominent merchant of Augusta, Ga., employed a Northern lawyer to collect a debt of \$2,100. The lawyer sent the merchant \$900, and kept the balance, \$1,200.

A girl of twenty years is the regularly appointed switch tender at one of the railroad crossings in Milwaukee. She receives \$40 a month, house rent and fuel.

A liberal journal, called the *Secular Age*, has just been started in Cleveland, Ohio. J. D. Malone and G. C. Stoll are the editors. It is an 8-page form, price \$1.50 a year.

The woman suffragists of Chicago, at their annual meeting, Thursday, adopted a resolution in favor of a law that no girl should become of age until twenty-one years old.

Cincinnati might properly be called the bung town of America, as there are made all the bungs used in this country. One factory there ships 200 barrels of bungs every day.

A London evangelist declares that, if ninety per cent. of the Christians in London were to die at once, they would never be missed in church work, except in the matter of pew rents.

Says the *Ottawa Free Press*: "In accordance with the decision arrived at by the courts in Toronto, barbers are allowed to shave on Sunday mornings as a work of necessity, but not to cut hair."

A murderer has escaped conviction in the Ware, Ga., Superior Court, because the indictment charged him with shooting his victim in the right shoulder, whereas the wound was inflicted in the left.

In his book entitled *My Religion*, Count Leo Tolstoi, the eminent Russian novelist, makes a plea for the direct application of the literal teachings of Christ. A translation of this book is about to be published.

Mr. George Muller, the head of the orphan homes at Bristol, England, announces that during the last year he has received more than \$207,000 "in answer to prayer," not a single donation having been solicited.

Dr. Antonin Martin says that the flavor of cod liver oil may be changed to the delightful one of fresh oysters, if the patient will drink a large glass of water poured from a vessel in which nails have been allowed to rust.

The will of David Dickson, the wealthy Georgian planter, who left the bulk of his estate to a colored woman in trust for her two mulatto children, has been sustained by a jury. The amount involved is several hundred thousand dollars.

The Bishop of Peterborough, in defending the establishment, says that there are one hundred and seventy-four different religious sects in London alone, and asks whether "the Church" is to be reduced to a level with them.

The tomahawk with which Hannah Dunstan, the heroine of the Deerfield massacre, killed her Indian captors while they slept, and so made her escape, is in the possession of a gentleman at Derby Line, Vt., who received it as an heirloom.

Baroness Burdette Coutts-Bartlett, in order to encourage bee-keeping among the working classes, has presented beehives to the holders of the gardens on the allotments at Highgate, London. The Baroness is the President of the British Bee-Keepers' Association.

The most southerly town in the world inhabited by civilized man is Punta Arenas, Patagonia. It has about 600 inhabitants. It is winter there all the year around, for the latitude corresponds with that of Labrador, or the tip end of Greenland.

In a letter to Mr. Charles Collins, of the Century Club, the Rev. Dr. Washburn takes the stand that the Christian pulpit should speak and write in favor of throwing open all public libraries, reading-rooms, museums, and other places of intellectual refreshment, to the public, on Sunday.

A section of the Milky Way has been admirably photographed at the Paris Observatory, showing about 5,000 stars, ranging from the sixth to the fifteenth magnitude. To similarly represent the whole of the Milky Way 6,000 similar sections would be required, representing 20,000,000 stars down to the 15th magnitude.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne has written a story of souls, in which a *planchette* is made to act the part of a medium between the world and certain spirits in the unseen. The story is written in the form of question and answer, and relates to a graphic account of a series of terrible events—murders, suicides, and madness.

FREE SPIRITUAL LIBRARY.—We are pleased to learn, through the Treasurer of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, that the progress made in their Library since we published their appeal in its behalf through their President—as, per that appeal, the total number of books were 418 volumes, and on the 1st instant their total was 493 volumes, a gain of 75 volumes, and all by donations except one purchased. And they have on the way from the East 30 volumes more expected to arrive daily. And in addition there has been donated in cash, for the benefit of the Library, \$108.50. The books loaned in September were 166 volumes; October, 178 volumes; November, 202 volumes; total, 546 volumes. This, added to the number loaned as per appeal of 2,642, equals 3,188 volumes, showing a constant increase of readers, and seekers after the truths that shall be satisfactory to the soul, and a substantial benefit to them through all eternity.

A Clincher.

[It will be remembered that after the alleged exposure of Mrs. Beste, in Hartford, she went to the residence of Col. Kase, Philadelphia. The Colonel took her into his family, and was among the first to defend the woman in the public press. That defence called out the following letter to the Banner of Light:]

Nearly twenty-five years ago I began to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism, and I persisted therein until, through my own personal experience and that of others in my family, I became firmly convinced of the truth of those phenomena, and was filled with hopes and aspirations that the Spiritual Philosophy engendered. I can hardly express to you, therefore, the pain and indignation I have suffered when any of the media through whom is kept open the communication between the two planes of life—the mortal and the immortal—resort to deception, trickery and dishonesty, through a desire to get money, and thus trifle with and crush the most sacred affections and aspirations of the human soul. I have no sympathy for such mediums when they are detected, nor faith in them afterward; neither have I any fellowship with those who, knowing them to be unworthy of confidence, still attempt to screen them and aid them to palm off upon the public their base counterfeits as pure gold.

I am led to these remarks by reading in your issue of Oct. 24th, Col. Kase's vindication of Mrs. Eugenie Beste. I would like to ask Col. Kase, through your columns, if he does not know that Mrs. Beste was detected in fraud in his own house? Has he forgotten that she was captured in her own room, or on her way to the seance-room, some three years ago, more or less, by a lady stopping with his family at the time, with the paraphernalia for personating spirits in her possession, and with the gauze and drapery wrapped about her person wherewith to palm off upon her patrons and friends these disguises as genuine spirit materializations? Will the Colonel deny that she at that time confessed the crime (for it is nothing less), and begged himself and wife not to make her exposure public? Will he or his family deny that Mrs. Beste was forced to leave their house on account of her exposure, notwithstanding her entreaties to be allowed to remain? If they do, then they stamp as false statements made to me by themselves at the time.

Add to the facts already stated, that Mrs. Beste declared (which I can prove) that all she cared for mediumship was the money she could make out of it; and I ask what claim such a woman has to confidence or sympathy, or why she should be held up before the community as a martyr on account of her recent exposure at Hartford, and especially why should Col. Kase be the one to thus uphold her?

Much as the world may need the phenomena of Spiritualism, I say if we can not have the genuine, let us have no counterfeits; and, in the name of truth and progress, let us seek to purge our ranks of all trickery and charlatanism.

Yours in behalf of honesty,

H. A. BEACH.

—It is a long journey from the average man to the tolerable angel—quite as long, doubtless, as that from atom to man. But however long the journey there is infinite satisfaction in the thought that the end will be reached sometime in the limitless future. And then man will but barely have arrived at the beginning of an eternity of growth and usefulness.

Health Hints.

Water-cress contains sulphur and iodine in large quantities, is a stimulative to the digestive organs, and is an admirable anti-scorbutic. In old times in England, it was mainly valued as a principal ingredient of a "spring tea," that was supposed to possess great virtue as a tonic and blood-purifier.

The experiments which M. Pasteur is reported thus far to have made are said to be an unbroken success. Fifty-seven dogs have been the subjects of investigation. Of these nineteen were rabid, and by these thirty-eight healthy animals were bitten under uniform conditions. Of the thirty-eight, one half the number had been previously inoculated or "vaccinated" with attenuated virus; the other half had not. The latter, without a single exception, died with equivocal signs of rabies; whereas the other nineteen remain as well as ever. They will be watched for a year by veterinary surgeons to see whether the inoculation holds good permanently or only temporarily. If rabies be not spontaneous in its origin, and if the experiments of Pasteur all turn out successful, there seems no reason why canine madness should not be extirpated from our midst.—*Lancet*.

Says a writer in *Babyhood*: "This widely-misquoted homely proverb has a still more widely-spread misuse and misrepresentation, which makes it desirable to remark that the original meaning of the phrase is lost now-a-days. At it originally went the saying was: 'Stuff a cold and starve a fever.' This meant that by giving a person stimulating food when suffering from a cold, an incipient lung or other fever would thereby be 'starved' or killed—the word starve in old English having the meaning, kill, from the Anglo-Saxon, *stearfian*, to die, as any one may see in so accessible an authority as Webster's Dictionary, where it may also be noted that our modern meaning of 'to suffer extreme hunger or thirst' is of secondary application. Surely no one to-day ought to be foolish enough either to 'stuff a cold' or starve a fever" without advice that is based on science rather than an old-wife's saying of the Middle Ages.

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 3,000 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 subscription 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, together with all the profits and advantages which the ownership of said stock may bring. (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.

This plan of incorporation can not fail to commend itself to every Spiritualist who has the welfare of the cause at heart.

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.

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.

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 Board of Trustees named in the articles of incorporation (which have been duly filed) consists of the following gentlemen: Amos Adams, M. B. Dodge, R. A. Robinson, Dr. Robert Brown and J. J. Owen.

HOLDING THE BREATH.—Deep breathing and holding the breath is an item of importance. Persons of weak vitality find an uninterrupted succession of deep and rapid respirations so distressing that they are discouraged from persevering in the exercise. Let such persons take into the lungs as much air as they can at a breath, and hold it as long as they can, they will find a grateful sense of relief in the whole abdominal region. Practice will increase the ability to hold the breath and the capacity of the lungs. After a time the art may be learned of packing the lungs. This is done by taking and holding the long breath and then forcing more air down the trachea by swallows of air. The operation may be described by that of a fish's mouth in water. To those who have never learned it, it will be surprising to what an extent the lungs may be packed. Caution at first is needed, but later practice will warrant large use of the treatment. The whole thoracic and abdominal cavities will receive immediate benefit, and continuance, with temperance in eating and good air and right exercise, will bring welcome improvement.—*Herald of Health*.

A GENEROUS DONATION.

Robert Brown, M. D., of San Francisco, has agreed to transfer to the Trustees of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of California, seventy-five thousand acres of valuable timber and agricultural land in Dickenson and Wise Counties, Virginia, to sell and apply the proceeds towards maintaining a chair of Mental Physiology, Psychology, Psychometry, and all the occult sciences, located in San Francisco.

Dr. Brown, in the instrument conveying this property to these gentlemen, says: "Believing with Dr. Carpenter and other eminent scientists, and judging 'from my own long experience as a physician and surgeon, that the human mind exerts a powerful influence over the body, as well in connection with diseases as in human acts, and that Psychology, Psychometry and Mental Physiology, to be effective in the cure of diseases should be combined with the practical sciences of medicine and surgery, in order to avoid the errors of many who assume pure imagination to be reality, and hence wander into pure spiritism, and apply ancient magic to modern gnosticism; I have made this donation to encourage the application of practical medicine and surgery to psychological and mental phenomena, and to provide a field of exploration and study for those men and women who desire to rise above charlatanism and accomplish something of real and practical good to humanity, and to avail themselves of all that modern science and liberal thought may suggest to that end."

Recent advices from Virginia estimate the value of the land at from three to five dollars per acre. An English syndicate is already negotiating for the purchase of the entire tract, and the probability is that within a few months the land will be sold to advantage, and the proceeds placed in the treasury of the College.

The plan of this college has already been formed, and all persons desirous of matriculating in either medicine, surgery, pharmacy, literature or psychology, may do so immediately, as the College will open for students about the middle of January next. The matriculation fee is five dollars.

The dispensary of the College is in practical active operation, and all who desire to obtain certificates of benefits, entitling them to medical treatment for one year, without other charge therefor, beginning at once, can procure them of the Secretary, at 127 Kearny street, room 6, San Francisco, upon payment of ten dollars only. The attention of those suffering from acute or chronic diseases is specially called to this feature of the College, and an early application desired, for the reason that a limited number of certificates will be issued the first year to suit the present accommodations, and those applying now, will be entitled to precedence in renewing them. These certificates can also be had by applying at the office of the GOLDEN GATE.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
127 Kearny street, San Francisco.

TRUSTEES' MEETING.

The Board of Trustees of "Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company," met December 5th, at the Company's office, 734 Montgomery street, San Francisco, and transacted the following business: Meeting called to order by Amos Adams, Chairman, with Trustees Robinson, Dodge and Owen, present; Dr. Brown, absent.

The election of permanent officers of the Board being in order, the following were elected: President, Amos Adams; Vice-President, Dr. Robert Brown; Treasurer, R. A. Robinson; Secretary, Mattie P. Owen; Editor and Manager, J. J. Owen. It was decided that the entire Board constitute the Auditing Committee.

J. J. Owen was appointed to secure stock books and seal for the Company.

The annual meeting of the Stockholders was fixed for the first Saturday in December of each and every year.

The Secretary was directed to issue a call for a meeting of the Stockholders on Monday, December 21st, at 2 p. m., at the office of the Company, for the purpose of adopting a code of by-laws for the Company.

On motion the meeting adjourned to meet December 21st, immediately after the adjournment of the Stockholders' meeting of the same date.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GOLDEN GATE
PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 9, 1885.

There will be a meeting of the shareholders of the GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company, at the Company's office, No. 734 Montgomery street, San Francisco, on Monday, Dec. 21st, at 2 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of adopting a code of by-laws for the government of the Company, and for the transaction of such other business as may be necessary.

AMOS ADAMS, President.

MATTIE P. OWEN, Secretary.

PSYCHOLOGY AND MIND CURE.

The College of Physicians and Surgeons of California, offers a golden opportunity to all men and women desirous of following a thorough, practical course of Psychology, Psychometry and Mind Cure, to qualify them for the cure of diseases. Course begins about January 15th next. An early application for certificate of matriculation requested. Fee, \$5.00. Apply immediately at office of the College, room 6, 127 Kearny street, San Francisco.

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.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DOCTOR FELLOWS



Is an Independent and Progressive Physician and the most successful, as his practice will prove. He has, for twenty years, treated exclusively diseases of the Sexual Organs, in the cure of which he stands pre-eminent. Spermatorrhea and Impotency as the result of self-abuse in youth and sexual excesses in mature years, causing night emissions, by dreams, loss of sexual power, rendering marriage improper and unhappy, etc., are cured permanently by an outside application in sixty days. No Stomach Medicines used. It is one of Dr. Fellows' valuable remedies, which is entirely unknown to the medical profession. **NOTE:** It is not a catch-phrase, get-up, such as a pad, belt, pastille nor magnetic appliance, but simply a medicine to be applied externally on the parts affected, which cures by absorption, and which is the only reliable method of curing Seminal Weakness and Loss of Sexual Power. Send five 2-cent stamps for his "Private Counselor," giving full information. Address, Dr. R. P. FELLOWS, Vineland, N. J., and say where you saw this advertisement.

SHAW'S

Photograph Gallery,

No. 523 Kearny Street,

SAN FRANCISCO, : : : : CAL.

What is the use of paying five and six dollars per dozen for Cabinet Photographs, on Montgomery and Market streets, when the very best work can be obtained at this Gallery for half the price.

Children's Cabinet Pictures taken by the instantaneous process for three dollars per dozen; and, no matter how restless, a good likeness guaranteed.

V. KEELER'S

Magnetic Pencil.

My Band is now preparing spiritually magnetized Pencils, by the aid of which mediumistic persons may obtain written communications from their spirit friends. A great blessing to those unable, for any reason, to visit public mediums. Pencils, 50 cents each. Owing to difficulty in mailing silver, will send two for one dollar. Enclose a postage stamp for your order, and address,

V. KEELER,

Rockville Centre, Queens Co., N. Y.

PSYCHOLOGY AND MIND CURE.

The College of Physicians and Surgeons OF CALIFORNIA,

Offers a golden opportunity to all men and women desirous of following a thorough, practical course of Psychology, Psychometry and Mind Cure, to qualify them for the cure of diseases. Course begins about January 15th next. An early application for certificate of matriculation requested. Fee, \$5.00. Apply immediately at office of the College, room 6, 127 Kearny street, San Francisco.

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, drawings and estimates for working ores by any process.

M. B. DODGE,

143 Fremont St., San Francisco.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

DO SPIRITS OF DEAD MEN AND WOMEN Return to Mortals?

MRS. E. R. HERBERT,

A Spirit Medium, gives sittings daily from 12 to 4 P. M., (Sunday excepted), at No. 418 Twelfth Street, Oakland, Cal. Conference meetings Sunday evening; Developing Circles, Tuesday evenings. Public are invited. no18

SPIRITUAL SERVICES at Metropolitan Temple, under the ministrations of the celebrated and eloquent inspirational lecturer, Mrs. E. L. Watson, Sunday, December 20th. Answers to questions at 11 a. m. Evening lecture at 7:30. Subject: "The Christ with us at Christmas-tide." The Children's Progressive Lyceum at 12:30 P. M. A cordial invitation to attend is extended to all.

CONFERENCE AND TEST SEANCE every Wednesday evening at Grand Pacific Hall, 1045 Market street, between Sixth and Seventh. Free to all.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.—The "Progressive Spiritualists" meet in Washington Hall, No. 23 Eddy street, every Sunday afternoon at 1 o'clock p. m. All subjects relating to human welfare and Spiritual unfoldment treated in open conference. All are invited. On Sunday, Dec. 20th, at 2 o'clock p. m., J. A. Collins will speak upon the following subject: "The Coming Civilization of the Future which will Evolve Plenty, Progress and Peace, Supplanting the Present Civilization of Antagonisms, Evolving Poverty, Crime and War." N. B.—The Free Spiritual Library in charge of this Society is open to all persons on Sundays from 1 to 4 o'clock p. m. Contributions of books and money solicited.

Atlantic Cable and Materialization.

(Elder F. W. Evans in "American Socialist.")

The history of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable is well written by H. M. Field. It is fiction outdone. Twelve years of constant toil and fifty sea voyages, many mishaps and some grand failures, that cost millions of dollars, finally crowned with practical success, is a history the young may study with profit, the aged with reverence and awe. Could any people but the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race have achieved this scientific, spiritualistic success?

John Bull, sure enough! The courage, tenacity, indomitable will-power and never-give-up sticktoitiveness of the bull-dog are fully brought out as a substratum for brother Jonathan's hopeful audacity, springing from his restless, active, inventive brain that is brimful of enterprise, where competition exists, or dollars can be made. But neither guessing, chance, nor happy accident could carry this project to triumphant issue—nothing but downright solid work, directed by mathematical certainty and conducted with astronomical precision. Learning and prayer might bring the wonderful undertaking to a successful issue. It was a union of science and religion that created the Atlantic Telegraph, even as materialization is a union of religion and science. The highest interests of humanity were involved in it. To commerce, a means of wealth; to the Church, peace and good-will between two nations of kindred blood and common origin; to the future, a prophecy of the world's millennium. As such, I hail it! It is as near being spiritual as earthly things can approximate unto. The telegraphic communication between the inner and outer earth spheres preceded its advent on earth. The spirit world originated it.

To the unbelieving public in England and America the Atlantic Cable was a butt of ridicule; to the hopeful and believing, a constant puzzling doubt. Success and glorification came, but not to stay. It was succeeded by disaster—the cable had gone down—was lost, and the project had gone up, incredulity again triumphed, and the Atlantic Cable was voted absurd—an utter impossibility. Anon, Phoenix-like, it revives, amid ardent hopes and high expectations, to be again buried, a thousand fathoms deep, in the bed of the stormy Atlantic. Could we have a better foreshadowing of the faith, labor, courage, rise and fall of hopes, often ending in shameful impostures and disheartening failures, that have attended the laying of a practical telegraphic cable—a means of intelligent communication—between this and the spirit world? We have had instruments, mediums, trance-speakers, visionists, impressional talkers, and last, but not least, materializing seances. Actual materialization has been affirmed at Moravia, Chittenden, Rochester, Vineland and many other places many years past. To the skeptics the Robert-Dale-Owen fizzle was a godsend. The whole press of America raised a shout of triumph of long-sought, much-desired victory. They had passed a long, wearisome struggle with the materializing mediums. Now, the end had come, and Spiritualism was put down—was stone dead. The Shakers alone held the fort, standing by themselves, in their shame, or their glory, as the event shall finally prove.

Then came a reaction, a renewed attempt to perfect, beyond a doubt. Action and reaction succeeded each other in rapid succession. An editor remarked: "Spiritualism, when put down, don't stay put down worth a cent." The Holmeses, Pickerings, Eddys, Owens, were proved to be deceivers, or deceived, until the public fondly hoped, and with avidity believed, that they would be troubled with it no more forever. What proved very aggravating to the unbelievers was, that at each reaction it came back with an increase of spirit power and ocular demonstration that called for the most active, renewed efforts of opposers, as no one knew whereunto the pestiferous thing would grow. Church and State were both in danger. To make a bad matter worse, the Shakers held a week of seances for the sole purpose of materialization, and it was entirely successful. During their seances leading spirits reaffirmed what they had previously stated, that they would yet materialize speakers to large assemblies, in public halls, under Shaker auspices. This is what we have set out to accomplish, just as Field and his peers set out to lay a cable across the Atlantic that would positively convey messages from one continent to the other. They did make and lay a cable, again and again, but it would not talk with regularity. It intermitted without rendering a reason, or it broke and dropped down into the illimitable, unknown depths of the sea.

The cases are parallel—science, truly so called, brought to bear, at any point, could alone overcome the difficulty and insure final, perfect success. It is thus with the Spiritual telegraph, with Spiritual materialization, when reduced to actual practice so that there can be no more doubt about it than there is now about the Atlantic telegraph. What then will be the effect upon the sects in Babylon? Orthodoxy will be dead and buried beyond the sound of any resurrection trumpet. Babylon will have fallen, beyond a doubt. A new order of things will spring up—a new creation. God, heaven, hell, salvation and damnation, resurrec-

tion, probation—all theological terms—will undergo a revolution in definition and in the systems built upon them. This will be effected, not only by the fact of materialization, but by the communications that will come through the materialized forms. The practical outcome of it will be Christian communism on a grand scale, changing and modifying all social relations and natural organizations.

Col. Ingersoll Interviewed.

Col. Ingersoll, having been asked by an interviewer the question: "Haven't you just the faintest glimmer of a hope that in some future state you will meet and be united to those who are dear to you in this?" replied as follows:

"I have no particular desire to be destroyed. I am willing to go to heaven if there is such a place, and enjoy myself for ever and ever. It would give me infinite satisfaction to know that all mankind are to be happy forever. Infidels love their wives and children as well as Christians do theirs. I have never said a word against heaven—never said a word against the idea of immortality. On the contrary, I have said all I could truthfully say in favor of the idea that we shall live again. I most sincerely hope that there is another world better than this, where all the broken ties of love will be united. It is the other place I have been fighting. Better that all of us should sleep the sleep of death forever, than that some should suffer pain forever. If, in order to be a heaven there must be a hell, then I say away with both. My doctrine puts the bow of hope over every grave; my doctrine takes from every mother's heart the fear of hell. No good man would enjoy himself in heaven with his friends in hell. No good God could enjoy himself in heaven with millions of his poor, helpless mistakes in hell. The orthodox idea of heaven—with God an eternal inquisitor, a few heartless angels, and some redeemed orthodox, all enjoying themselves while the vast multitude will weep in the rayless gloom of God's eternal dungeon—is not calculated to make man good or happy. I am doing what I can to civilize the churches, harmonize the preachers, and get the fear of hell out of the human heart. In this business I am meeting with great success."

Fish Out of Water.

(The Cornhill Magazine.)

There is a certain curious tropical American carp which, though it hardly deserves to be considered in the strictest sense as a fish out of water, yet manages to fall nearly half way under that peculiar category, for it always swims with its head partly above the surface and partly below. But the funniest thing in this queer arrangement is the fact that one-half of each eye is out in the air and the other half is beneath in the water. Accordingly, the eye is divided horizontally by a dark strip into two distinct and unlike portions, the upper one of which has a pupil adapted to vision in the air alone, while the lower is adapted to seeing in the water only. The fish, in fact, always swims with its eye half out of the water, and it can see as well on dry land as in its native ocean. Its name is Anableps, but in all probability it does not wish the fact to be generally known. The flying-fish are fish out of water in a somewhat different and more transitory sense. Their aerial excursions are brief and rapid; they can only fly a very little way, and have soon to take once more to safety to their own more natural and permanent element. More than forty kinds of the family are known, in appearance very much like English herrings, but with the front fins expanded and modified into veritable wings. It is fashionable nowadays among naturalists to assert that the flying fish don't fly; that they merely jump horizontally out of the water with a powerful impulse, and fall again as soon as the force of the first impetus is entirely spent. When men endeavor to persuade you to such folly believe them not. For my own part, I have seen the flying fish fly—deliberately fly and flutter, and rise again, and change the direction of their flight in mid air, exactly after the fashion of a big dragon fly. If the other people who have watched them haven't succeeded in seeing them fly, that is their own fault, or at least their own misfortune; perhaps their eyes were not quick enough to catch the rapid, though to me perfectly recognizable, hovering and fluttering of the gauze-like wings; but I have seen them myself, and I maintain that on such a question one piece of positive evidence is a great deal better than a hundred negative. The testimony of all the witnesses who didn't see the murder committed is a nothing compared with the single testimony of the one man who really did see it. And in this case I have met with many other quick observers who fully agreed with me against the weight of scientific opinion, that they have seen the flying fish really fly with their own eyes, and no mistake about it. The German Professors, indeed, all think otherwise; but then the German Professors all wear green spectacles, which are the outward and visible sign of "blinded eyesight poring over miserable books." The unsophisticated vision of the noble British seaman is unanimously with me on the matter of the reality of the fishes' flight.

In France drivers go to the right when they meet a vehicle (as they do in the United States), whereas in England they go to the left.

Sittings with Miss Roberts.

(T. D. Haddaway in Banner of Light.)

In the interest of truth, and for the encouragement of its seekers, and especially in justice to honest mediumship, I beg a brief space in your columns to record a few facts in materialization.

Strong, reassuring words are greatly needed just now in connection with this most important but little understood phase of the spiritual phenomena.

Amid the chaos of conflicting views as to the justness of the claim that it is possible for disembodied souls to reduce to material form and organism their spiritual entities, and, clouded as are these opinions from time to time by the assisted and unassisted attempts to throw discredit and contempt upon the claim of such possibility, I believe the spiritualistic public will welcome authenticated and conclusively verified statements of facts concerning this subject.

Intumescence promises have been made at one time and another for as much as fifteen years past, that our spirit-friends would some day stand forth in material forms, and commingle in the festivities and joys of spiritual and material life; and hopes have been thus aroused which, with a large majority, still tremble in the balance of unrealized anticipations. We ought not longer to linger upon the border of unfulfilled promises, baffled by the uncertain and ambiguous manifestations, from a lack of the simplest conditions of scientific force. It is high time that we began to perfect the development and formulation of these phenomena. I need hardly say that the efforts so far, in the ordinary circles, at materialization, have not attained to the satisfactory results desired by the masses who seek for the perfect attainment of this object. This attainment can only be secured, in my deliberate judgment, through more perfect conditions and adaptations on the material side, coming through a conscious scientific growth on the material side, commensurate with the higher development of the superior realms. To exemplify the truth and force of what I have said, let me refer to a few sittings recently had with a medium in this city:

Miss Virginia Roberts, the child-medium from New York City, of whom Florence Maryatt wrote to you quite at length in the *Banner* of July 4th, and of whom my friend, Geo. A. Bacon, has recently written you, has been the guest in this city of Mr. W. E. Prall on 16th street. There have been numerous sittings with this young lady at Mr. P.'s during the last two months for the physical manifestations under test conditions of rigid thoroughness, which have been participated in by a class of scientific men who would, without doubt, be greatly shocked by the mention of their names in this connection. I have no purpose to bring them out of their reticence, but will describe a few indisputable facts observed in sittings with Miss R. for form-materialization.

The sittings referred to have taken place both at Mr. Prall's house and in my own rooms. On the first occasion the medium entered the cabinet of temporary construction in the private parlor—after she had been under examination by the hostesses—the six of us who were present formed a semi-circle in front and distant from the cabinet about three and a half feet. Several forms came and went, elaborately draped in flowing white garments. Then came an exquisitely graceful form, claiming to be a sister of the medium who stood two feet from the curtain, and, having asked that the light from the gas just overhead be lowered a little, leaving it still possible easily to see every sitter in the circle, she folded her arms across her breast and quickly assumed a horizontal position in mid-air, about two and a half feet from the floor. The feet were thus brought very near to my chair, and the verity of the phenomenon was undeniable.

Later on, during the same sitting, came another beautiful form, who called me up in front of the cabinet, and, resting her hand on my outstretched arm, assumed this floating position till her head also lay upon my arm; and, strange as it may seem, I could not appreciate the least weight or pressure! Still later on, same evening, came a tall, commanding male figure, standing six feet high (while the medium is scarcely four feet six)—with a suit on of black cloth, apparently, and a white shirt, the crown of his head being tightly bound with white cloth—who called me to the cabinet, and, advancing two feet to meet me, put his arms around my waist and raised me high in the air. (My weight is 180 pounds.) I was let down gently, and as quick as thought he drew the front curtain aside and stood by the medium's side, fully exposed to the view of us all. The manifest purpose of this sudden act was to fasten and direct the conviction of the form being independent of the medium, in no sense a transfiguration.

At this, and all other sittings with this medium, nearly every sitter is called into the cabinet, where he holds the lady's hands, and receives touches that are clearly apart from the medium's agency. The spirit entrancing then requests the individual to retire from the cabinet, and, in every instance, with scarcely an exception, a figure of elaborate white drapery has followed immediately, sometimes, indeed, so close as to seem to be attached to the person.

The other sittings which I might refer to, both at Mr. P.'s and in my own

rooms, were of similar character, under absolute conditions, to insure accuracy in the results. Notably was this so at the sitting in my rooms with Mrs. H. and myself as the only spectators. Mrs. H. examined the medium's person, partially disrobed her, substituting her own clothing—all of black—and the results were equally of a clear, convincing character.

Some Thoughts on Spiritualism.

(George Barrell in The Harmonia.)

In treating of the communion of the spirit world—of relatives, friends and others who are drawn to us—and which seems to be imperfectly understood; of the knowledge of man's spirit takes on a new life immediately after what we call death, and does not await a general resurrection: that this is a subject of transcendent importance if we would but look into it, has prompted the following remarks. On questions relating to the future life, happily constituted minds, or certain minds find little difficulty in believing that man lives again. But much indifference and unbelief unquestionably prevails, and there are many in all countries who require evidence, facts that appeal to their senses to support this claim. After a lapse of so many centuries the biblical records lose their influence, and they have of late years been vigorously assailed. The present teachers require to be supplemented by other testimony, and the evidence here afforded comes through various physical and mental phenomena, and is accompanied with an intelligence that is past comprehension, if it be not of superhuman origin, from the rap scarcely audible, to the lifting of tables, the voices, and again to the forms of beings, inclusive of the trance phenomena, we have conclusive proof, in any investigation worth the name, of a personal intercourse between the world of spirits and our own. A few physicians, savants and scientists have put forward the most unintelligent explanations to account for these phenomena. But convictions of an unseen agency of superhuman knowledge and insight, using forces and powers contrary to the established laws of nature, as known to us, becomes too overwhelming to be subject to the unmeaning phrases that these men use as to leave a doubt of the spirit origin of these manifestations. Spiritualism teaches that Jesus was not God, or a part thereof distinguished from other humanity, but great a prophet; a teacher of righteousness; an example in himself; a person of extraordinary spiritual endowment, whose mission comprehended the great doctrine of love to man; the great spiritual doctrine of immortality and love to God. Can there be any greater fame than this—to instruct man's spirit, to enlighten him on the duties, labors and disciplines to which he is liable in this world? The Bible is much better understood through the light of Spiritualism. The angels that appeared in that volume were beings who once lived upon the earth, and its inspirations came from the same source. This view rescues Jehovah, in whose name they were received by the people, from the barbarous commands—through judges and other inspired persons, certainly far inferior to infinite wisdom—that have caused disquiet in the Christian world. This communion reveals the life beyond; assures us that recuperative influences follow us beyond the grave; that unfortunate conditions terminate when remorse seizes the afflicted spirit, and it looks upward and seeks relief. It lays stress on good works and alms deeds, and which are prominently thrust forward in the Christian records as the best will of God, and leaves a general impress of satisfaction that justice and wisdom, kindness and love rule in the universe.

As to the mediums, they appear from almost everywhere, and yet from a certain sanctity that surrounds the old teachings we are loth to believe in the influences of to-day, whose instruments are so divested of striking accompaniment, so far removed from earthly honor. But readers of the Bible very well know that the inspirations of the Jewish and Christian scriptures came largely from persons of unpretentious origin; from persons neither better nor worse than others; for this influence is physical, or rather of the temperament; although spiritual mindedness, a cultivation of both mind and the affections, will attract the more advanced of spirit life. When the time comes that proper respect can be shown them; when their claims may be fairly considered; then when a small company can meet together, they may give satisfaction and suggest thought. It is among the few; in the home, among the humble, be they of high or low degree, that this truth will find its best fulfillment. Mediums may degrade their calling, may lose their influence and resort to deception, but we believe if the circumstances are properly investigated there are fewer of them than generally represented. And where-in do these abnormal representatives of the spirit world differ from those that came to the Jews in Bible days. Certainly the prophecies of Isaiah, the greatest of the Hebrews, and later those of Joel, if we may not except the New Testament, refer to these times, that with cumulative effect are attracting attention. The advocates of Spiritualism in this country have come largely from the less prominent in our communities. But the upper classes in our large cities begin to investigate, the subject with great interest. In England and Europe it is the aristocracy and leading people that are the most interested. The denials that forms, materialized beings, do appear and make themselves known to men, although witnessed by thousands,

and before the most intelligent assemblages in different parts of the world, and by many private individuals, would invalidate all human testimony, would annul the senses we are endowed with; all that sacred or other history has written. The mediumistic gift, or receptivity to spirit influence, belongs to all of us in a certain degree, as often illustrated in dreams, and in that peculiar prescience that we occasionally hear of, and again in raps and movements that indicate an unseen presence. The presentiments that startle us so frequently in these days are of spirit origin; and long fasting is of the same power, acting upon certain mediumistic natures, supplying a nutriment drawn from outward sources and absorbed into the system through the mechanism of spirit life. Prayer as a health restorative begins to attract attention, and it can not be denied that in some cases marked benefit has sprung from it. And why should it not, when the system, under great faith and earnestness, becomes open to this beneficial influence? There doubtless will be persons seeking such relief who are unfitted for it. These various influences becoming more and more common are doubtless the leading manner in which this truth is to be spread over the earth. True enough, it is passing through its phenomenal and transitional period, and ignorance, indifference, prejudice or other shades of hostility can easily assail it; and within itself its ministrations are still crude; its instruments inefficient for so great a work. Then again, its defensive attitude, the opposition to it, the ridicule to which it is exposed, the impossibility of subjecting it to ordinary standards of criticism that are persisted in, creates a counter feeling with many of its adherents unquestionably hostile to some of the existing religious institutions. This condition is unfavorable to the spiritual improvement that this faith requires, and is certainly to be deplored. Again, men do not like change involving obloquy or dissent from the current opinions of the day, and hence withdraw interest in that which at heart they believe in, or would willingly investigate. Dark seances are complained of, but at night, or in the evening twilight, the particles of the atmosphere are then at rest; and after the labors of the day men's minds are more at rest, more open to outward impressions. "Ghosts" and "spooks," names that amuse some people, are usually undeveloped beings who use their powers to attract attention, and may receive benefits from earthly sources when spirit laws and capacity to apply them are better understood. It has been asked why murders and crime are not exposed; but that world denies the right of capital punishment, and sees that our penal institutions are not corrective; that men come out of them worse than they went in, and also considers that the conscience of criminals, their wretched life, is a very great punishment; and, moreover, spirits in these investigations are drawn into a condition of earthly life exceedingly repugnant and confusing to them—living in a distinctly spiritual state—and that no lasting benefit would spring from such exposures. * * *

This truth gives the only satisfactory explanation of the Oracles and Augurs of the ancients, the remarkable illumination of many Asiatics, the case of Socrates and others that have perplexed so many. If the great principle of love more largely prevailed; the better sympathies of men were more largely developed, the influences from above would come to all more freely; and they will come, and our children's children, or at some future period, men will talk face to face with the angels. The difficulties and imperfections of this great truth will be removed. The angels of heaven and the men and women of earth have their hand at the plow and will never look back until a broader and more universal faith shall have accomplished its triumph over the earth. This intercourse of the spirit may very properly be called a philosophy, as it comprehends all knowledge; but inasmuch as man's life is full of great responsibilities, all that we think and do is inseparably connected with his spiritual nature, has an eternal significance we have dwelt upon it as a religion.

The Famous Chair of Sedan.

(Cor. Paris Figaro.)

We returned by the Donchery road, and, walking along at random, found ourselves in front of the house where Napoleon III and Bismarck held their interview on the morning of September 2. This house, generally known as the weaver's dwelling, though nobody knows why, is the property of two brothers named Fournaise, who are not and never were weavers. It will be for all future time a historic spot; hence, the weaver legend should be dissipated. The room in which these two famous personages met is at present a point of pilgrimage for tourists of all countries; and there is not an excursionist who does not seat himself proudly on the chair which the French Emperor and German Chancellor used. It is almost needless to add that the chair manufacturing industry is in full prosperity in the vicinity, and that the business is brisk in supplying "the identical chair on which Napoleon and Bismarck sat" to foreigners, especially as every English tourist insists on buying the relic and carrying it away with him. The thousands of reproductions of this chair will soon be as numerous as Voltaire's walking-stick, or the famous nail in the wall of the Waterloo tavern-keeper, on which Napoleon hung his hat, and which the old aubergiste presented to every English visitor.

For Amateur Dressmakers.

[Harper's Bazar.]

The amateur dressmaker who observes new basques closely will see that the darts are now carried up very high, in the English fashion, and are nearer together at the waist line, giving, with the narrow double side forms, the slender and long-waisted appearance which has come into vogue with English fashions. The high officer's collar band, with its buckram interlining, is also conducive to the severe military effect now sought after, as it keeps the chin up, and requires a plain linen collar, or else folds, in preference to frills, with a very simple brooch, to complete its desirable plain style. The shoulder seams are of medium length, and the sleeves are set in "easy," as seamstresses say, being sewed always with the sleeves next the sewer, yet without the gathers that made them high and bunched last year. A large arm-hole with well-rounded sleeve, with its inner seam set straight down the middle of the arm its entire length, will have the proper and comfortable fit. In skirts all tied-back appearance is avoided, and the covering over the hips is not nearly so smooth as formerly; there are still, however, tapes at the back and steels as described last week, but these are only meant to hold the foundation skirt in place, while the lower skirt and its draperies are made to look very full. Worth begins to lengthen basques on the sides in peplum fashion, though the preference here is for very short sides to basques. A pretty fashion with Worth is that of making a plaited faille guimpe inside the front of velvet or plush basques, with the top part of the velvet waist turned down in revers, and the plaited faille guimpe inside the front extending from the collar to the top of the darts under the revers; pendent beads, balls, or tiny tassels are set on the plaits.

The home dress-maker who attempts to make outside garments is advised to have a short mantle, because it is most easily made, and to use the thick cloths, either Astrakhans or the smooth cloths that have a tufted wrong side, because these need not be lined. If a wadded silk lining is preferred, it is economical to buy the lining already wadded and quilted and then use the thinner camel's-hair cloth that may be had for two dollars or three dollars a yard. The fine thick cloths that need no lining cost five dollars a yard, but only a yard and a half are required for the mantle. For jackets, the sleeves should be lined with satin, to make them easy to get off or on. The seams of cloth garments should be trimmed evenly, moistened with a dampened cloth, and pressed open with a hot iron. The edges should then be bound neatly with silk tape. The trimming should not be bought until the mantle is made and its edges measured, as such trimmings, whether of fur, feathers or fringe, are costly, and it is wasteful to buy even an eighth of a yard more than is wanted. Brocaded velvet mantles were so commonly used last year that there is a preference now for those of plain velvet or plush, and striped mantles are among the novelties. The newest mantles have no plaits at the back, but ladies who wear large tournures, and those who are very stout, require fullness there. There is an effort to revive dolman wing-like sides on visites, or flowing sleeves, instead of the square, closer sleeves used last year. Repped silk with extremely large cords and the close-pile mole-skin plushes are in favor for both visites and scarf mantles, trimmed with fluffy fringes or with those that have wooden balls, nut-shaped pieces, or long spikes on each strand. For the plain mantles of boucle cloth, cord fringe or else a band of fur, such as the inexpensive Russian hare, is the trimming.

The German traveler, Dr. Gerhard Rohlfs, contends that it is unhealthy to wear woolen clothing in the tropics. It is well known, he says, that nearly all animals in Europe have a thicker coat in Winter than in Summer. But in Tuat, Kufra, and other hot regions of Central Africa, sheep imported from colder climates lose their wool in the course of a year, and their skins are then thinly covered with hair. The lion, who at the Cape and Northern Africa has a long and thick mane, loses his mane entirely in Central Africa. These facts, argues Dr. Rohlfs, prove that there must be some urgent cause for depriving animals of their woolen coats in the tropics, as in other places the same animals have for thousands of years been covered with wool, both in Winter and in Summer; and they give a lesson to man which he would do well to follow.

"God giveth his beloved sleep," and in that peaceful sleep realities, not dreams, come round their quiet rest and fill their conscious spirits and happy hearts with blessedness and fellowship. In his own time he will make the eternal morning dawn, and the hand that kept them in their slumbers shall touch them into waking and shall clothe them when they arise according to the body of his own glory; and they, looking into his face, and flashing back its love, its light, its beauty, shall each break forth into singing as the rising light of that unsetting day touches their transfigured and immortal heads, in the triumphant thanksgiving, "I am satisfied, for I awake in thy likeness.—Alexander McLaren.

Brown's Experience.

[Detroit Free Press.]

I went to the skating rink the other night. I didn't tell any one I was going, not even my wife. I knew if I did she would want to go too, and as I intended to try skating I preferred to make my *debut* unattended by my friends and relatives. So I told Mary Ann—that's my wife—that I was going to prayer-meeting. She looked rather surprised—for I am not generally a regular attendant—but at once laid aside her sewing and announced her intention of accompanying me. I saw that wouldn't do, and so when she appeared, a few minutes later with cloak and bonnet, I assumed an annoyed tone and said: "I declare, Mary Ann, I have a pressing business engagement for this evening which had entirely slipped my mind. However," seeing her countenance fall, "I'll go round by the church and leave you at prayer-meeting." She looked rather grieved and disappointed, and altogether was so innocent that I almost repented and mentally called myself a brute for deceiving the dear little woman so, but I had determined to go to the rink, so I quieted my conscience by registering a solemn vow that just as soon as I had learned to skate I would take her along with me—to look on. Well, after leaving my wife at the church door, I brought up at the skating rink in due time. I somewhat timidly took my place among the skaters on the floor, but as I watched their graceful evolutions, and noted the apparent ease with which it was performed, I boldly struck out. I immediately—if not sooner—struck something else, too. It was the floor. Yes, I sat down a little more "forcible than elegant." My head flew back and my jaws snapped together like a turtle catching at a fly. The sudden concussion set my brain in a whirl, but after two or three vain attempts, and gasping at the empty air, I righted myself. By this time the perspiration was starting from every pore, but I wasn't going to be discouraged by one fall; so, after relieving myself of my coat, I cautiously started in again. I thought this time I would go slow and easy-like till I got accustomed to the motion; but, bless you, the moment those rollers got the least little encouragement to start, away they went like chain lightning, and you either had to keep up with them or you would be most unceremoniously left behind. I got left. So did several other fellows. At about 12 o'clock that night I reached my own door. With the assistance of a policeman and a cane I had managed to hobble there from the doctor's office, despite his earnest entreaties to call an ambulance. My wife—unsuspecting little woman—is in a constant state of worry lest I have another attack of acute inflammatory rheumatism. I don't think I shall—not this fall.

The Old Gentleman.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

"Those who travel on the street car, as I am sometimes compelled to do," remarked the old Colonel, as he leaned on his gold-headed cane and bowed to a *Constitution* reporter, "find out a good deal more about female character than they ever would in drawing-rooms. In the old days," he continued, clearing his throat a little, "politeness was reciprocal. A gentleman who showed his desire to be polite to a lady was certain to meet with some response. His attempt, however awkward, was rewarded with some acknowledgment—a smile or a bow, and sometimes both. But what you young gentlemen are pleased to term your new civilization has brought about great changes.

"Ah, you may smile, but it is true. The fine flavor of the old times is lost. I am an old man, and it costs me something of an effort to rise in the street car and offer my seat to a lady when I know that she will not appreciate the small sacrifice that I have made. I feel better satisfied, however, when I remember that some of you will never know what we have lost in the way of the small courtesies and amenities of life."

"Well," said one of the younger passengers, "when I give a lady my seat I never look around to see whether she thanks me or not."

"Precisely so," replied the Colonel. "You inherit your disposition, but the spirit of it is acquired from your surroundings. It is commercial, purely commercial. It has grieved me to see some of the ladies smile superciliously when I take off my hat to receive their fare. I feel that I am terribly out of date. But I can not learn your new and shoppy tricks of disposing of women as if they were so many bundles. Perhaps the snubbings I receive are good for me; but I shall never cease to grieve that our society has fallen a victim to modern rapacity."

Dr. Heber Newton, in the *North American Review*, says: "Outside of all churches there is missing a large and ever enlarging body of the unchurched. Beneath the surface of Christendom, the amazing growth of Spiritualism is an ominous portent for ecclesiastics; since, whatever its rootings in fact or in fancy, it is thrusting itself up beneath the dogmatic platforms of the churches, and pushing hosts of men and women off into 'the open' of a free, simple, natural religion. The decay of ecclesiasticism is going on so fast that the careful observer need no longer watch the centuries in order to note its progress, the decade marking clearly the stages of this dissolution. Its causes are patent."

"During eight centuries," says a correspondent of *London Nature*, "one's direct ancestors amount to a far greater number than would at first be contemplated. Taking three generations to a century, one has father and mother (2), grandparents (4), great-grandparents (8). At the end of the second century the number of ancestors springs to 64. Following the calculation, you will find that at the end of eight centuries one is descended from no less than 16,000,000 ancestors. Inter-marriage, of course, would reduce this estimate, and there is no doubt it must have largely prevailed. But the figures are so enormous that, in spite of all, I venture to suggest that the words, 'All ye are brethren,' are literally true."

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