



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

VOL. I.

J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER,
734 Montgomery St.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1885.

TERMS (In Advance): \$2.50 per annum;
\$1.25 for six months.

NO. 23.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Poetry is the language of freedom.
The two rarest things to meet with are good sense and good nature.
Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.—*William Pitt.*
The children of to-day will be the architects of our country's destiny in 1900.
Victory is worth nothing except for the fruits that are under it, in it, and above it.
Avoid shame, but do not seek glory—nothing so expensive as glory.—*Sydney Smith.*
He that calls a man ungrateful sums up all the evil that a man can be guilty of.—*Swift.*
No pleasure is comparable to the standing on the vantage ground of truth.—*Bacon.*
They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.—*Sir Phillip Sidney.*
There lives more faith in honest doubt, believe me, than in half the creeds.—*Tennyson.*
Man is his own star, and that soul that can be honest is the only perfect man.—*John Fletcher.*
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.—*Milton.*
It is one of the precious mysteries of sorrow that it finds solace in unselfish thought.—*James A. Garfield.*
The yoke of a man creates for himself by wrong-doing will breed hate in the kindest nature.—*George Eliot.*
Our doubts are traitors, and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt.—*Measure for Measure.*
Nothing that is not a real crime makes a man appear so contemptible and little in the eyes of the world, as inconstancy.—*Addison.*
There are three things in speech that ought to be considered before they are spoken—the manner, the place and the time.—*Southey.*
Let every man take care how he speaks and writes of honest people, and not set down at a venture the first thing that comes uppermost.—*Cervantes.*
If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.—*Franklin.*
The man who is suspicious lives in a constant state of unhappiness. It would be better for his peace of mind to be too trustful than too guarded.—*Mason.*
I have sometimes thought that we can not know any man thoroughly well while he is in perfect health. As the ebb-tide discloses the real lines of the shore and the bed of the sea, so feebleness, sickness and pain bring out the real character of a man.
I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea shore and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.—*Sir Isaac Newton.*

MEDIUMSHIP.

[Spirit George A. Redman, in Banner of Light.]

The following pithy communication, full of suggestions and advice to mediums, was given by Spirit George A. Redman at our Public Free Circle Friday, Nov. 27th. As many of our readers will remember, Mr. Redman was a powerful physical medium in the early days of Spiritualism, and wrought much effective work for our Cause by the convincing demonstrations of spirit-power given through his agency.

The thoughts suggested by the returning spirit in his message are worthy of the deepest consideration, not only by mediums but by all who profess a desire to learn of mediumship and its laws. We are glad to hear from Spirit Redman at this time, and to be assured by him of his continued interest in the work of Spiritualism, as we knew him while in the form, and fully endorsed his mediumship.

Deeming the communication of sufficient importance to be printed at once, we advance its publication, that our readers may peruse the words that to us seem to have been most timely uttered:

"It is a very long while, Mr. Chairman, since I have had the pleasure of speaking through the lips of a medium, and within the last few weeks I have come to your circle-room, looking over the ground to see if I could not get a chance to speak, but at each visit I decided not to make the attempt, for I saw others were anxious to come, who, perhaps, needed to do so very much more than myself."

"I do not wish the old workers in the spiritual field to feel that I have deserted them or the work; and one thing which induces me very strongly to speak at this time is this: Not more than a day or two ago I overheard one of our best and grandest workers in Spiritualism make the remark that he considered it very strange that those old pioneers in the field, and the friends who had done faithful work for Spiritualism before they passed from the body, so seldom return to speak a word of encouragement to those who are left to struggle with the forces and elements of life. I did not take this exactly as a reproach, because I know very well there are thousands and millions of spirits seeking avenues for communication with mortals, and I know there are hundreds, month after month, who do come and speak in their own way. If they do not give just the precise word of encouragement some soul may ask for, yet they do come, bearing intelligence and grand lessons of truth; they are doing the work of encouragement in a good though perhaps silent way."

"My friends, I am not idle. I am as interested in mediums and mediumship to-day as I could have been when on earth, and very much more so, for I have outgrown some of the crude conditions that lingered around me here; I have risen above the plane which I then occupied to a higher spiritual platform, therefore I can be more thoroughly and unselfishly interested in this work than I could when hampered by material conditions. There is not a medium in the land but whom I am in sympathy with; there is not a worker in Spiritualism whom I would not help if I could with magnetic power and force, as well as with encouraging words; and what I say of myself is true of all mediums and workers who have gone over to the spirit-side. Those who stood on your lecture platforms and discoursed of the grand truths of immortality to you are still laboring, giving forth the bread of life to souls in need. They are not ignorant of your aspirations; they know when you grow weary and long for some communication or some word of cheer, and they send out to you, what is far better than the uttered word, influences and magnetisms of strength that invigorate your lives, and help you to press forward again."

"I have been watching events closely as connected with Spiritualism, and of course I am deeply interested in that phase of mediumship known as physical. I have tried to assist more than one medium who has the power of giving forth physical elements which can be used by spirits in presenting tangible demonstrations of an unseen power. I am ready to assist all such mediums at any time when they call upon me, and I know I can bring a vital force which will help them in their work. But I want to say just a few words to mediums of that class, as well as to those known as materializing mediums. This phase of im-

portant phenomena has come up since my day, and has had a grand growth, but this growth is as nothing to what may be developed if the mediums are careful of their powers, and do not grow reckless.

"To mediums with physical force such as is used by spirits—and I think it may more properly be called electrical than physical force—I give a word of warning. Most of you have frames highly charged with animal magnetism, and as you feel strong and well you think you can live as you please, without making any draught upon your systems. This is not so. The more careful you are of yourselves—that is, the more closely you live in harmony with nature's laws, paying strict attention to proper rules of diet, exercise, and pure living—the more grandly will your powers develop, and the better will you be used by the spirit-world in giving unmistakable evidences of the power of those who have gone before. Never, by any means, seek to supplement your powers by your own devices, because just as sure as you make the first little attempt to do that (no matter if you are disappointed and you can not receive from the unseen forces those manifestations which will convince your sitters and cause them to become satisfied with your mediumship), just so surely will you open the door to spirits of a low order, who are unscrupulous in their dealings with mankind, who will bring you into disgrace."

"Now I do not admit what a great many Spiritualists say, that, of necessity, the physical medium must draw to himself spirits of an undeveloped grade, because physical force is used. I know, from experience and observation in the spirit-world, that a medium, man or woman, possessing a surplus of electrical force in the system, which can be drawn off and utilized by spirits, may attract to himself intelligences of a high order, spirits who are scientific in their education and in their employments, spirits who delight to experiment with the forces of the universe, whether they are in connection with a mortal organism or are at large in space—and that these spirits may be grand and glorious, and yet descend to do a work with a mortal for the grand end of demonstrating power and immortality; therefore if a medium, man or woman, aspires to a pure life, attends to the common-sense rules of living, he or she will attract pure and good intelligences who will help such to grow, and also to do a noble work."

"And I would like to say a word to materializing mediums. The same rules of proper living, pure thought and aspiration apply to them as to other mediums, and also the same advice—that is, never, by any means, seek to supplement your powers by efforts of your own. The minute you do that you take the work out of the hands of high and exalted intelligences and invite those of a low order to visit you. They will be sure to do that, and you will be sure to suffer in consequence. I do not believe that it is ever necessary for a medium to introduce any foreign substance into her cabinet for the use of the spirits. There are spirits who will not hesitate to make use of phosphorescent light; if this is introduced, even if the medium herself does not use it, and there are spirits who have no scruples about making use of yards and yards of some material fabric, supplied from without; but such spirits we do not want! Those of a higher order, who come to demonstrate their power over matter, to give palpable evidence of an unseen life to mortals, will find a way of demonstrating all this independent of any material help; and what is more, they will provide their own test conditions in such ways as will more than convince the skeptical world. So I bring this advice to mediums: Trust your spirit guides; provided you have so lived and you intend to so live as to bring to you guides that are wise, and pure, and good, and true, themselves—trust them, and place yourself in their hands, not unreasoningly, but knowing they will do only that which will bless and benefit you. Invite the presence of the true and good, leaving the results with them, and with higher powers. If you do not receive any manifestation at one seance, no matter—let it pass; the very next may bring to you the grandest demonstrations of spirit power that were ever vouchsafed to mankind."

I am not a prophet, but I make a prediction to-day, and that is, there is to be a grand change, or rather an outgrowth in mediumship, a grander development; for

I am aware of many, many bands of good, pure-minded spirits, who are operating upon laws in connection with matter—and the mediumship that is to be unfolded from its present condition will be such as will give to humanity on earth undoubted evidence of occult power. Spirits will do a more thorough work than they have done; they will take the matter into their hands more fully; their mediums will be obliged to submit to the laws which they bring to them, and not only their mediums but those who surround the mediums who are now so full of advice; and when this time comes you will not have the condition of turmoil and confusion that now reigns. Mark my words, friends; there is to be a grand change, when spirits will step down to you and show their power, providing their own conditions and their own materials. They do not ask for your co-operation in that sense; they do ask for your sympathy, for your willingness to learn, for something of humility of spirit, which is ready to be led when it can realize that wisdom guides."

"Perhaps I have not succeeded in explaining my position on this subject as fully as I wish, but I am glad to speak at all. It is a subject to be taken up again and again by spirits and mortals, and which will in time be so thoroughly ventilated as to give instruction and knowledge to the eager searcher after truth. I was known, Mr. Chairman, in years long past as a medium for the spirit-world."

An Unknown Hero.

[N. Y. Graphic.]

In a recent lecture Corporal James Tanner of Brooklyn related the following incidents which occurred after the battle in which he lost his legs:

On the 30th of August, 1862, after I was wounded, five of the boys carried me on their shoulders to a farm-house that was used as a hospital. In crossing a ravine a rebel gun at the head of it opened upon us, and I never saw such time made in any racing contest as the boys made in getting up the slope and out of the way of the balls. At the farm-house they laid me down, filled my canteen, shook hands with me, and got away by the back door just as the Johnnies came in at the front and made us prisoners of war. In the night a fine, black-bearded soldier, with an intellectual forehead, who had been brought in, asked the doctors to tell him, honestly, whether he could live. They told him that he would never see the sun rise. He gritted his teeth for an instant, and then, quite calmly, he dictated a letter to be sent to his wife in Michigan, referring to the management of the property, and added: "I am leaving two little boys. Tell my wife to rear our boys so that if the country needs their services they will stand ready to give their lives, if need be, as cheerfully as their father lays down his life for them." After my legs had been amputated, the need of room was so great that two German assistants put me on a bureau with a marble top, one remarking to the other: "Hans, I guess dot fellow vos cut off to fit dot place." Afterward I was removed to a tent whose six occupants had lost seven legs. We were burning with heat of the sun and with thirst; we were without food and helpless, but just as it seemed as if the last darkness was shutting around us, one of the number, a little drummer, feebly piped a Sunday school hymn. It put new life into us. While we were moaning for water a man lay dying at the door of our tent. His side had been torn open by a shell. There was no water to be had, but on the grass were juicy apples, and this man slowly and painfully dragged himself on his sound side, filled the pockets of his blouse with them, crawled back, tossed an apple to each of us, then setting his teeth, he gave a groan and was dead. It was a sublimer act than that of Sir Phillip Sidney. He was a rough-looking man with wild hair, unkempt beard and clothing covered with blood and dust, but at the last day I would rather stand in his shoes than in those of many a man in higher station.

"Yes," said a lady when interviewed on the subject of servant girls, "I find that the Swedes make the most capable and trustworthy servants. I never had a Swedenborgian that did not give perfect satisfaction."

LAW NOTES.

The legal marriage of a female infant terminates the father's right to her custody and services.—*Supreme Court of New Hampshire.*

Casual transactions in mining stocks, independent and outside of an established business, amounting in all in the course of a year to about \$3,500, do not constitute a man a "merchant or trader" within the meaning of the insolvent law.—*Maine Supreme Judicial Court.*

Carriers cannot contract for immunity from liability for the negligent loss of property entrusted to their care for transportation. While they may by contract limit their liability as insurers they cannot by contract relieve themselves from their own negligence or fraud.—*Indiana Supreme Court.*

A school-house or seminary of learning is not exempt from taxation, unless, besides being used for educational purposes, it also is exclusively the property of a religious society, or of the New York Public School Society. A building hired by a religious society for the use of its school is not exempt.—*New York Court of Appeals.*

A master is bound to keep and maintain the machinery used by his servants in such condition that it is reasonably and adequately safe for their use. This principle may be applied in an action against a railroad company for killing of an engineer and fireman upon its road caused by the explosion of a boiler.—*Pennsylvania Supreme Court.*

In Rhode Island the indorser of a promissory note, by taking security from the maker, does not waive demand upon the maker and notice of non-payment. If, after the time for demand and notice has passed, the indorser of a promissory note merely requests the holder not to press the note against the maker, he does not thereby waive demand and notice.—*Rhode Island Supreme Court.*

One who signs or indorses, and delivers a promissory note containing blanks, with intent that it shall be used as an evidence of debt, impliedly authorizes the holder to fill the blanks so far as necessary to render the instrument complete and operative; but does not authorize the insertion of an independent stipulation—such as a promise to pay interest at a higher rate after dishonor.—*New York Court of Appeals.*

In the case of a traveler attempting to cross a railroad track, where obstacles interfere which obstruct sight and sound, it is the plain dictate of ordinary prudence that he should approach the crossing with a degree of caution, much above that which would be required at a point where no obstacles intervene. That it is difficult, or requires extraordinary effort at a particular place to ascertain whether or not it is safe to attempt to cross, does not excuse one who is familiar with the locality and the danger surrounding it from exercising care proportioned to the probable danger.—*Indiana Supreme Court.*

A CHEAP and effective wall pocket is made of a common palm-leaf fan. Cover one side of the fan with cretonne, or any material that you may like better, turn the edges over on the other side, and baste down. Take a straight piece of the same about 25 inches long and wide enough to reach three-quarters up the fan. Hem one side of this and gather about one inch from the top to form a ruffle. Baste this across the fan and gather the bottom so as to form a pocket. Let the raw edges turn over on the wrong side, and cover with the same material; turn in the edges and overhand the two sides together. The handle should also be covered with the material, or wind ribbon about it and place a small brass screw ring in the top to hang it by. Satin ribbon bows, in colors matching the material, can be placed in effective positions to make this wall pocket very pretty.

A dull man is so near a dead man that he is hardly to be ranked in the list of the living; and, so he is not to be buried whilst he is half alive, so he is as little to be employed whilst he is half dead.—*Saville.*

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Brio-a-Brac.

The GOLDEN GATE grows in interest at each issuance. There is but one objection to it that I have ever mentioned, and that is the paper does not stand the wear and tear quite as well as would be agreeable. But really and truly is not that fact highly complimentary? It proves that the matter is sought after, read and re-read, till the paper is worn out. We are getting at this institution about forty papers every week. When the GOLDEN GATE is swung open everybody wants that to read, or have it read, the first thing; and so it goes the round till worn out. If the GOLDEN GATE Publishing Company could only afford to print the paper on vellum—or parchment it would suit many much better—for then it would not wear out. (But isn't that a sort of an Irish bull? printing a paper on something that is not paper?)

THE NEW COLLEGE.

I have carefully and thoroughly examined the principle upon which the College of Physicians and Surgeons is based, and find them broad, comprehensive, humanitarian, progressive and wise. I am quite sure that this is, indeed, a move in the right direction.

It is a fact well known to every student of mental philosophy (I mean advanced students in the realm of mentality, psychology, psychometry, etc.) that there is not a single work on those branches in any school, college or university in America, or in the whole world, that is worthy of the name. As far as the writer knows there is but one work that even ventures to approach the psychic realm in any of its advanced phases of development and that is "Wayland's Mental Science." Yet, who of our school of thinkers has not turned away with bitter disappointment from the text in his book and said, "Alas! alas!" But referring to a footnote the mind has been a little relieved by reference to the supplement wherein a case is recorded with great seeming care and caution lest an "arrow" should be let slip that might "pierce through the joints" of old fogey harness and provoke inquiry into a realm beyond, "thus saith the Lord of Hosts."

Whether the brother (Wayland) was ever labored or dealt with for his audacity in giving publicity to the facts recorded in the supplement of his book or not I do not know. To be sure, such a thought of dissatisfaction, with what we then find as too radical, creates a smile. But, then, my dear reader, you must know that there are some people so full of discontent and dissatisfaction that it is doubtful if they would be satisfied should they be hanged. The new College of Physicians and Surgeons, to be opened within a few weeks in San Francisco, throws wide its doors and invites investigation, inquiry, research, etc., into the realm of the imponderable. And did it ever occur to you, kind reader, the more highly imponderable the element is the more potential it is! That you may see an illustration of this fact, for fact it is in nature, let me show you. A barrel of water is a very quiet thing. There it sits in the corner still and quiet, and as unpotential as so much putty or clay. But convert that water, by heat, into steam, and you must look out—take care, some one is liable to get "blowed up." But go one step farther; change this steam into electro-magnetism and the power is absolutely uncontrollable—hence the impracticability of the Keeley motor. No machinery can, or has been geared of sufficient strength to bear the power. Keeley tested this. He caused the steam to pass through perforated iron plates heated to a cherry red, but the force so generated was absolutely irresistible. So when skeptics speak of spirits being "too thin" to amount to anything they are off their base; beyond their reckoning. The Rev. Dr. E., who a few years ago was rector of the Episcopal Church in Lockport, N. Y., says that on more occasions than one he has seen a fourteen-hundred-pound piano float in the air like a feather. When asked for an explanation of the phenomenon he gave it freely and without reserve: "It was the doings of the Devil."

Aside from any and all things that even smack of what is called Spiritualism, or Spirit power—Psychology, Psychometry, etc.—which are only other names for psychic, or soul force, there is a power which no man can estimate; and this power can and should be used to "heal the sick, cast out devils (evil spirits), open the eyes of the blind and stop deaf ears."

"PROVE ALL THINGS."

"The Homeopaths are great on 'provings.' Well, that is a good thing. Yes, 'prove all things; hold fast that which is good.' So the writer has often done in connection with the cure of what are supposed to be incurable cases. I hope I shall not be adjudged as making an effort to advertise myself if I cite one single instance that has just occurred, where ordinary medication utterly failed. A Mr. Moulton, of Santa Cruz, was dying—nearly dead of diabetes; but in about seven weeks the conditions entirely changed—not by medicine alone but by these imponderable agencies. An analysis of sixty drops of urine rendered fifteen grains of sugar, five of salt and a heavy trace of lime, which facts show how fearfully the secretion was loaded. At the end of seven weeks not a trace of sugar could be found, and no other foreign substance that would suggest a badly diseased condition. At the end of five weeks Mr. Moulton,

for humanity's sake, and without my knowledge, wrote as follows to the Santa Cruz daily Sentinel:

Editor Sentinel: I beg leave, through the columns of your valuable paper to say a few words for the benefit of the public. Having been a resident of this city for ten years, and for the past year sorely afflicted with that terrible disease, diabetes, and given up to die just at that critical stage of the disease when I had just as soon die as live, fortunately I met Dr. T. B. Taylor, of the Glen Haven Sanitarium. He gave me some hopes of recovery. I immediately repaired to his lovely resort in the foothills near Soquel, where I commenced to receive treatment from him, stopping there five weeks most of the time, and I am able to say that I am twenty per cent. better than when I commenced doctoring with him, and am gaining every day with bright prospects of a final recovery. I would advise all invalids to give him a call, where they will find every thing very agreeable and comfortable—willing hearts and willing hands—and a good, faithful doctor.

D. Q. MOULTON.
SANTA CRUZ, Cal., Dec. 11, 1885.

The man has now gone into light work—the happiest man in the country.

THE MIND-CURE,

Is receiving much attention from different quarters. My old friend, and formerly my neighbor, Prof. Swind, has touched upon it. Yet how unsatisfactory! If there is nothing more to the mind-cure than that set out in his article it amounts to but little, yet that little is worthy of consideration and appreciation.

FREE PLATFORM.

I like the views of the editor in the last number of the GOLDEN GATE on this point. I have often known our meetings to degenerate from the high standard of scholastic and scientific instruction into a scene, but little less than that of blackguardism. Yet where the writer has controlled different platforms, or places of meeting, it has been my custom to extend to respectable representations of other ideas the privilege of setting forth their views in a gentlemanly or ladylike manner with the understanding that a reply would come at the next convening of my audience. This was my custom when preaching for the Methodist people, and as far as I know there never came any evil of it, but good.

Faithfully yours,

T. B. TAYLOR, M. D.
Glen Haven Sanitarium, Soquel, Cal.

Science and Immortality.

[The Bishop of Carlisle, in Popular Science Monthly.]

Take, for example, the case of alleged apparitions. I imagine that the tendency in the minds of not a few among us is to ignore apparitions utterly and completely. They are supernatural, and that is enough; they do not conform themselves to the recognized laws of mechanics, optics, acoustics, motion. This is a rebound from the old facility in accepting tales of demonology and witchcraft in pre-scientific times, and it has much to say for itself. Nevertheless, it is scarcely philosophical, and is in nowise demanded by the requirements of science and the conditions of scientific progress. A man may be perfectly orthodox in his physical creed, and yet may admit the weight of evidence in favor of certain alleged phenomena which will not square themselves with physics. Such alleged phenomena are not necessarily in contradiction to physical truth; they lie rather in another plane; they are like two lines or curves in space which do not meet, and therefore can not cut each other. There are matters of the highest moment which manifestly do lie outside the domain of physical science. The possibility of the continuance of human existence in a spiritual form after the termination of physical life, is, beyond contradiction, one of the grandest and most momentous of possibilities; but in the nature of things it lies outside physics. Yet there is nothing absolutely absurd, nothing which contradicts any human instinct, in the supposition of such possibility; consequently, the student of physical science, even if he can not find time or inclination to look into such matters himself, may well have patience with those who can; and he may easily afford to be generous. The field of physical science is grand enough for any ambition, and there is room enough in the wide world both for physical and for psychical research.

The Boston Herald says that in New York there are all sorts of opportunities to spend Sundays in evil ways; "but a narrow religious sentiment, so called, keeps the art museums and libraries closed. It seems strange that such a relic of barbarism should survive in cosmopolitan New York, though we have done away with it in the city built by the Puritans. The Sabbath was made for man, was the teaching of him in whose name this bigotry is maintained."

"Eat your bread, Charles—do not fling it away," said a learned and good judge to one of his family the other day, adding, "for who knows, in the vicissitudes of this life, if you may not some day want it?" The old gentleman had to cough, look learned and go away when his youngest answered, more logically than his parent: "If I eat it how can I have it when I want it?"—N. Y. Ledger.

"My dear fellow," says an Indiana sheriff to his prisoner. "I must apology to you for the sanitary condition of this jail. Several of the prisoners are down with the measles, but I assure you that it is not my fault." "Oh, no excuses," replied the prisoner, "it was my intention to break out as soon as possible, any way."—N. Y. Sun.

Misplaced Confidence.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

It is said that open confession is good for the soul. This, in a general sense, I feel to be true, and I have a confession to make which I believe will be good for me and for many others. I am guilty of placing too much confidence in those I believed to be honest. I have been led to believe for a while in the genuineness of certain so-called spirit phenomena, which I now know to be false, for the reason that to believe otherwise one would be forced to endorse the doctrine of total depravity. That professed mediums, and those who without doubt do possess more or less mediumistic power, should sink so low as to use these gifts as a means of defrauding their fellow creatures, and even their fellow mediums and brothers and sisters in the same faith, to me seems something terrible; but so conclusive is the evidence that such is being done that one has but to look and listen to become overwhelmed with conviction. I refer particularly to the so-called manifestations at 33 Banning street, in this city. Some three or four weeks since a communication from me was published in the GOLDEN GATE endorsing the manifestations at the above named place as genuine and most wonderful; indeed, were they genuine they would be wonderful. But the most wonderful thing now to me is that such depravity can exist in any human soul as to trifle with the soul's holiest affections, and to practice the most outrageous and disgusting hypocrisy for the sake of gain. I have learned, as others have before, that the only way to prevent imposition is to exact strict test conditions; indeed, honest mediums will themselves insist on having such. Whenever a materializing medium has a cabinet fast to the floor and tells you, when you draw their attention to this fact, that the spirits directed it to be made thus, keep your money in your pocket and write him or her down fraud. When they have a table with a little hole just large enough to slip in a slate, and one must, in order to get a message, be known to the medium, and the sitting must be pre-arranged, save your money; all such are diabolical frauds. We have some such in this City of the Angels, whose den is not far from the electric light works, but we have genuine materialization and slate-writing mediums in our midst, of whom, as well as frauds, I will write more anon.

BEN FRANKLIN FRENCH.

LOS ANGELES, DEC. 14, '85.

Release from Theological Dogmas.

[Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

There is trouble in Philadelphia, but the rejoicing is greater than the trouble, illustrating the law of compensation. The theological dogmatists are in trouble, as they are apt to be in these days, but the lovers of religious liberty rejoice. Most conservative of all their kind are Philadelphia Presbyterians. Their Spring Garden church was lately crowded on Sunday evening with a thousand people to hear the farewell discourse of the preacher, Rev. Mangasar M. Mangasarian, who had been with them three years with marked success, but was gradually departing from their orthodoxy. It was understood that on this occasion he would weigh anchor and sail out. His discourse was based on Acts 24.14,—"After the manner which they call heresy, so worship I"—was a frank confession that he had ceased to be a Calvinist, and that he could no longer be true to his own conscience and his God, if he did not go forth into larger liberty toward which he had been led through "a long series of tempestuous struggles." Henceforth, he could only preach according to the light, not according to any denominational standards. He then filed his objections to the Calvinistic interpretation of Christianity, with its stern curse upon all mankind for the sins of one; its absolute devil, who is the successful rival of God; its thinly settled heaven and its populous hell. He would plant himself on the teaching of Christ,—the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men. "My church," he said, "shall be broad enough to include all good men, independent of their belief. The Gentiles, in practicing charity, good-fellowship, and other Christ-like virtues, were unconsciously Christians. There was religion before the Bible. The Bible is the child of religion, not its mother. God hasten the day when all theological fences shall be leveled, when there shall be no tyranny of opinion, when we shall be free as the air, glad as the sunshine!"

With solemn tenderness he gave his honest convictions, and the hearers listened with deep feeling. He is a man of eloquent and electric utterance and of the best character. Twenty-seven years ago this Armenian was born in a little village on the upper Euphrates in Asia. He studied in the Roberts' College in Constantinople, came to America and graduated at the theological school at Princeton, N. J., went to the Spring Garden Society and has been greatly beloved by them. Very interesting his career must have been thus far, leading him from distant Asia to this western world, and his theological journey has also taken him over wide zones of spiritual latitude. If true to himself, and ready to follow the light in future, he will be a power for good, and can gather a new congregation, largely made up, perhaps, of his hearers and friends in the past. In our time the ban

of an orthodox church does a man small harm, often great good indeed. David Swing of our city, swung out into wider range of bearing and power when the Presbyterians branded him a heretic, and H. W. Thomas preaches to larger audiences and with more spiritual light and warmth than when in the Methodist fold. Reid Stewart in Battle Creek, Michigan, has doubled his hearing and has far higher and greater influence since he stepped out of the Presbyterian limits. So it is everywhere. These emancipated preachers grow liberal toward Spiritualism, too, and begin to see that its great truths, illustrated by convincing facts, are the need of the world. Success to Mr. Mangasarian, and to his growing band of spiritual truth-seekers.

The Supremacy of Duty.

[Extracts from a lecture delivered before the Ethical Society of Chicago, by William M. Salter.]

I hold that this is a perfectly intelligible conception: that as everything has a law of its being, so man has a law of his being. Conscience is the power of perceiving this law, and morality is the habit of obedience to it; and religion—true religion, ethical religion—is the sense that the law is not of our creation, that it has its source in that which made the suns and stars as well; that, in obeying it, we are doing in our part of the universe what suns and stars are doing in theirs. Religion is the sense of fellowship with the universe of things; it is the sense of union with the deep, unfathomable power on which the universe rests.

Jehovah, Zeus, Brahma, the heavenly Father,—these are names thrown out at a great unknown,—pictures born of human experience, and applied to a realm beyond all experience. Wiser, perhaps, are they who simply say, *It Is*—and is more than any name or picture we could invent, and is so necessary and organic that it is in virtue of it everything has the nature that it has and the very law of its being; for we do not know those depths of being in which our being is rooted, we only know they are behind and beneath us, and have made us what we are; and that, when we act in accordance with that law, then, and then alone, we are in harmony with them.

The spirit of progress in the world does not forget those who serve it; and I sometimes think that the stars might sooner drop from the skies than that one faithful, loyal soul that obeyed the invisible command should be suffered to drop into a never-ending night; such souls are of more worth than the stars.

If so much of duty as we know is the contribution asked of us by the spirit of progress in the world toward the world's onward movement, how low and belittling does it seem to regard duty only as a convenience, an expedient, and having no authority save what it gets from those who agree about it among themselves!

A man who knows no interior "ought," no inward compulsion to do the right, has lost the guiding star of his life, and is liable to be shipwrecked at any moment.

I have no confidence in any plans for social and political reform that are dissociated from the moral beliefs. Nothing of good will come from the spirit of retaliation and blind fury that seem to be in many of our social agitators; nothing from any of the clever talk about the harmony of interests in industry that some of our economists are indulging in, so long as the present system of industry continues; nothing from the reign of unrestrained impulse and passion in the realm of the family, which is some people's idea of freedom there. The progress of the world is only possible in one line,—that marked out by morality. Progress is only possible as the basis of fixed, deep moral beliefs; and these beliefs are a very impulse to progress.

All depth goes out of the moral life, when the belief in the binding "ought" is gone. A man's struggles for the good, his vigilance over himself, his jealousy of wrong in society, his scrupulosity, the finer edge of his moral sense, lose their reason; and he easily drifts with the tide, and all heroism seems Quixotic.

We want to grow toward greater perfection in all the departments of life. We want higher types of government, juster systems of industry, and nobler patterns of the household and the home.

When we say, not the creed, but the deed, we do not mean, as is sometimes foolishly urged against us, that beliefs are of slight importance,—no, but that a creed in the ordinary sense, a theological creed, is of slight importance. But moral beliefs are important: moral beliefs determine our deeds. Suppose a man does believe that Moses wrote the first five books of the Bible,—how does that affect his life? Suppose he does believe that God is a person,—how is that going to put justice into his heart? Suppose he is absolutely sure Jesus rose from the dead,—how is that going to make him love his kind and think of every man as his brother? And suppose he doubts all these things,—how is his life any the worse for it? But suppose a man doubts that there is any law over his will, anything he is bound by save the customs of society, public opinion, and the law, then, when he may escape the law, why shall he not do so, what shall keep him from secret sins that society and the public know nothing about, what shall keep him from making any other law for himself that his heart and will may incline to?

Interesting Experiments.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The girl Angie was a materializing medium, and we did not know what it was at that time. One evening, her hand being under control by a spirit claiming to be that of her sister, wrote the following message, which was handed me on entering the room. (The paper was closely folded and marked "private.") "The next time you tie this medium we will show ourselves to her when we untie her. Do not tell her of this, for if you do she will be afraid to be tied; but do as we tell you and we will do as we agree."

I kept the message and said nothing to any one about it until the evening following, when we tied her very secure, using two pieces of stranded rope each twenty-two feet long, first tying her hands behind her back and using the entire piece. We then took the other rope and tied it around her neck, commencing to tie in the middle of the rope and tying three knots, very hard, then using the remaining ends, tying them on to the first rope, forming a sort of network down her back, interlacing her arms. I was nearly half an hour doing this. We then placed her in a small room adjoining the sitting-room, when in two and a half minutes she came out all untied and looking the picture of astonishment. I said to her, "You did come untied." "I did that," she replied. "Anything new?" I inquired. "I should say so!" she said. "Did you see anything?" I asked. "I will tell you as near as I can; I can not fully describe what I have seen, but I will do the best I can." (I can nearly repeat her words verbatim.) "I stood waiting for them to come and untie me as usual, when all of a sudden the room became light—light as the noon-day sun—not as brilliant, but like the sun shining through thin gauze. I could see everything in the room—the book-case and books, the sewing-machine, and everything perfectly plain, when there dropped down at the end of the room blue curtains hung in beautiful folds, and they parted in the middle, and there came out of the parting a beautiful girl. I never saw any one half as lovely; her face was light and shining and her hair hung in beautiful ringlets and almost reached her feet, and she had on a white dress, yet I could see her form through the dress, and I felt like flying from her presence, but she smiled on me; then I did not feel like going. Then there came from the same folds of the curtains another girl, or woman, I should say, for she seemed older, but so exquisitely lovely I can not describe her, but her look was that of perfect love." "And what did they do?" I asked. "Why," she said, "they came right up to me and commenced untying me with their hands, using their fingers just as you would have done, untying the knots at my back and then at my elbows,—then my wrists; and then they made motion with their hands thus (imitating), and the ropes all came off, and I came right out as you saw." I said, "Angie, did you recognize either of them?" when she dropped her voice to a half whisper, and said: "That girl who came out first looked just as my sister did before she died, only so much better." Here she burst out crying. After recovering her self-possession I asked if she knew the other lady. "No," she said, "I did not know her." "Be certain," said I. "Oh," she said, "I know I do not remember ever seeing her." I asked if she remembered her mother? "No," she said, "I was not two years old when mother died." I then showed her a paper on which a spirit had informed us that her mother, sister and cousin tied and untied her. She then had another spell at crying, after which I showed her the message informing us what they proposed to do, but to keep it from her as she would feel afraid. She said, "It is well you did, for I should have been; but I never shall now."

At some future time I will write you how they tied and untied her in our presence, lighting the room with electric or spirit lights, and gave us unmistakable evidence of materialization; but this is already too long for one letter.

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, OREGON, Dec. 8, 1885.

Rev. A. L. Hatch, a Congregational minister of 59 Litchy street, New York, furnishes the following statement to the New York World: "You know Mr. Edison is a medium, and his great invention of the quadruplex telegraph instrument was revealed to him in a trance state. He sat one day, and passing into that condition seized some paper lying before him, and wrote until he had filled several sheets with closely-written notes. Then waking up, and rubbing his eyes, he said he thought he had been asleep, until his attention was called to the paper, which he had not read through, before he broke out with his usual expletives, and said he had got the idea he had been struggling for so long."

It is said that a larger crop of apples may be grown when a hive of bees is stationed in the orchard. The pollen is rubbed from their bodies against the pistils of thousands of flowers, which thus become fertilized. Many of the strange freaks of hybridizing varieties are due to the agency of bees.

The Attitude of Reason and Christianity Toward Spiritualism.

[Extract from a sermon delivered at the Independent Congregational Church, Bangor, Me., by Rev. G. C. Cressey, Nov. 25, 1885.]

*** The question, then, with which we must begin is this: If there be a Spirit-world, is it reasonable to think that there may be at certain times and under certain conditions communications therefrom, either consciously or unconsciously, either through some occasional, secret or subtle influence on the minds of the living, or through more systematic attempts by those of peculiar physical organization? Does such a supposition accord with or contradict our reason? If the latter be the case, than the question is settled, for that which wars against our reason we can not accept. And, if from any cause one is convinced that whatever spirits may exist are debarred by the nature of the case from holding any communion or having any connection whatever with mundane creatures, the discussion in his individual case ends here. This belief precludes all further consideration. Such is not, however, the fact with most minds. In the central claim of Spiritualism there seems to be nothing inconsistent with reason. For, if mind can communicate with mind in the flesh, if mind can unconsciously influence mind, both being still connected with the material body, why is it absurd to suppose that a spirit, especially one having formerly lived on earth, should be able through certain avenues, unknown and mysterious to us, to hold intercourse with, or at least to produce an unconscious effect upon the mind or soul of some living person. I do not affirm that there is such intercourse or influence. I simply state that supposing spirits to exist, such connection contradicts no principle of reason, and is not to be rejected as in the premises absurd.

And not only is it not unreasonable, but it is not necessarily improbable. If men survive death, and on this assumption we are now speaking, they must still have the attributes of personality with the memory, affections, and lofty sentiments of terrestrial life, or immortality is simply a term or not a reality. Being thus a continuance of this life on a higher plane and with greater opportunity, as any rational and desirable existence in the future must be, it is a most natural supposition, that those who have passed through the portal of death should feel an interest still in earthly affairs, especially in those bound to them by ties of kinship or friendship; and that in moments of danger, or at any period of critical importance, they should, if possible, be near them, and perhaps in some subtle manner impress their mind, if not by actual communication, at least by presentiment, secret admonition, or some strange inclination inexplicable to the person himself. There have been occurrences in this line of thought which seem to give greater ground for belief in some occasional extra natural influence on man than any other class of phenomena.

There have been cases of the momentary appearance of some departed friend—real at least so far as the subject was concerned—admonishing of some threatened peril of which the person hitherto had had no knowledge or thought, which proved subsequently to be actual and which they thereby escaped. Well authenticated instances are on record and comparatively frequent, in which some one has seen before them in their working hours the form of some dear friend, supposed to be hundreds of miles away, in such a manner as to be persuaded of his or her death, which the event has proved, took place at that exact day and hour. These and similar marvels have doubtless occurred. There can be in such instances no collusion, imposture or avaricious motive. There was some cause for them, as there is for all events. If the spirit separates from the body at death, it is certainly not irrational to suppose that the souls of those departed communicated in these cases in some mysterious manner with the living.

This is surely as plausible as any other theory, and on the present hypothesis that there exists a Spirit world, it is the most natural of all theories. Some may attribute these things to a form of hallucination, but we must be fair and judicial in dealing with all subjects; and hallucination has its own laws, and is bound within certain limits. It must, for example, be connected with some previous feeling of foreboding of the mind, of a kind similar to the experience, and to assume that a vision of the fancy should conform precisely to the numerous details of an occurrence, and be the one of a million which just fits the circumstances, and issues in a beneficent result, is simply introducing a miracle to explain a miracle. We may say at least, there are strange and wonderful phenomena of this character which have never been explained.

There are manifestations of a different sort, however, which, more frequently invite public discussion, and which are more generally supposed to prove the reality of Spiritualism, namely the various communications which come through persons of special susceptibility and the physical phenomena displayed in this connection. This is a field of theory and investigation into which so many conflicting factors enter, that it is difficult to speak of it at once with brevity and comprehensiveness. Whatever his convictions on the subject, too, no one, I presume, will deny that there has been a great amount of imposture, charlatanism and deception practiced at various times by those laying

claim to mediumistic powers, and that a share of the results accomplished has arisen from the subtle, natural forces of cerebration, the subtle, natural forces of magnetism and electricity, and the still subtler and more occult agencies of nature of which we know only enough to know that they exist. It is a fact also, that many of the alleged communications have been so irrelevant, contradictory and flippant as to be inexplicable except on the supposition of fraud or the presence of evil spirits. In one instance for example Euclid and Sir Isaac Newton are represented as denying the fundamental principles of mathematics and physics. Were there space I might quote from the reports of two prominent Spiritualists—certainly reliable testimony—to the general effect that it is difficult to sift accurately the great mass of material, and to select therefrom what is genuine and reliable. The same gentlemen also state that mischievous spirits, by their vicious communications, impeach the value of testimony from this source, that the prevalence of intentional deception injures the cause, and that the large number of natural causes mingled with the extra natural, produces a confusion which is with difficulty overcome. Yet withal there have been and are still extraordinary and marvelous occurrences. There is hardly a person in the community who does not know of some experience of this kind which baffles explanation, which, be its cause what it may, is not explicable by any laws which we now understand. What then is a reasonable and unprejudiced view of the matter as it now rests.

It may be said first that in a sphere of experience which lies on or beyond the boundary line of not only the physical senses but also the mental perception, a vast amount of imposture and deception are natural and inevitable. Every temptation is offered to the unscrupulous possessing any gift of legerdemain or necromancy to deceive with a view to their individual gain. To affirm then that there is nothing real in the claims of the Spiritist for the sole reason that much trickery and delusion are apparent is of a piece with the statement that religion is a bane, because through its perverted influences some of the most shocking deeds have been perpetrated; or that political liberty is a failure because its untimely assertion has caused untold suffering. If there be a Spirit-world within the material world about us, there is nothing contrary to reason in the conception of some kind of inter-mundane communication, nothing irrational in the idea that an influence should radiate from the former to the latter, or that persons of peculiar or sensitive organization should be susceptible to this influence. Men differ in keenness of physical sense, in mental acuteness and in moral sensibility, and assuming the possibility of such agencies in the universe, it is not strange that some should be peculiarly affected thereby.

There is a difference between theories and beliefs which transcend and those which oppose reason. To the latter class belong many of the old scientific and theological views now nearly obsolete; but so long as an idea is not inconsistent with reason, albeit we can give no satisfactory explanation, it is not peremptorily to be denied, till experience gives us clear and sufficient facts from which may be rendered a decisive judgment.

This then, is the verdict of reason on the present claims of Spiritualism. There is nothing irrational in them. It is a question not of philosophy, but of experience; not of theory, but of fact. There are veritable phenomena which remain unexplained. They have a cause. This may be natural, or it may be extra natural. Either theory is admissible. It is facts winnowed under the general laws of evidence which must at last render the decision between them. This view of the matter is proved practically, by the appointment of committees of learned men in various countries and cities to examine into the entire subject. Personally I neither believe nor disbelieve, neither affirm nor deny. I perceive this extensive realm of unexplored fact, of phenomena not as yet definitely classed by the scientific world. I discern the beginning of a field of research which will terminate, no man can tell where—perhaps in the revelation of hitherto unknown faculties and powers of man, perhaps in the penetration of the shroud of mystery which wraps the confines of the Unseen.

To the claims of the Spiritist the Protestant church as a body has invariably been hostile; sometimes, perhaps, on the theory of Prof. Austin Phelps, who believes that these manifestations are in some measure real, but are the work of Diaboli, or evil spirits, more generally probably on account of the so-called heretical views entertained by the majority of Spiritualists. It is difficult to see, however, how there can be any well grounded hostility to the central claim of the doctrine, that there exists a Spirit-world about us, and that there may be, at times, communication therewith!

This assumption explains most naturally the story of the Resurrection of Jesus, while still preserving the reality of the event. Mr. Joseph Cook said in his recent lecture that there was as much evidence of the Resurrection of Christ as there was of the death of Julius Caesar. This seems a very simple and, if true, a very conclusive statement. But in reality, looking at it closely, simply as a matter of evidence, and assuming it to be correct, it is a weak assertion. For, if Julius Caesar were claimed to be the only man

who had ever died, while all others had lived on perpetually, if, in other words, his death were supposed to be a single, isolated miracle, the evidence which we have of the event would not satisfy mankind generally of its actuality. Men will demand, and they have a right to demand, more than ordinary proof of an alleged fact on which a pivot of their eternal destiny swings, on which are balanced the scales of everlasting reward and punishment. For that which presumes to control men for time and to judge them for eternity, the most indisputable evidence is required. Whether there be such extraordinary evidence is not the question here, but the fact is, it has been impossible for anyone, believer or unbeliever, to frame a theory of the Resurrection which shall cover every aspect of the case and still be free from legitimate objections. Godet, the ablest defender of its absolute reality, walks the edge of a logical precipice, and at every turn is liable to lose his foothold, while Strauss, the skeptic, was compelled to tinker his theory every few years to keep it self-consistent and reasonable. Spiritualism, however, offers an explanation which, with one exception—the disappearance of the body—corresponds to all the real and supposed facts of the case; and while it deprives it of its distinctive miraculous aspect, vitiates none of its moral features, and renders its testimony to immortality tenfold stronger, because it makes it not a unique, isolated event, but a single striking illustration of a destiny which awaits us all. It may be mentioned incidentally here that this is the view held by Rev. Heber Newton, of the Episcopal Broad Church, who says in a recent work: "The Resurrection of Jesus means to me simply his appearance from the Spirit-world." In this respect then, as in many others, Spiritualism in its essential idea is not inconsistent with the beliefs of most Christian sects.

And indeed, it is in connection with the question of personal continuance after death that the decisive proof of a reality, however small, in spiritualistic phenomena would be grateful to the sense of the human race. I know that most of us believe in, and all hope for, a future life. I know, too, that many are now satisfied in their own minds of the genuineness of alleged manifestations through extra-natural agencies. Yet, the possibility that death may end all creeps at times into the mind of the strongest believer; and rightly or wrongly the fact is that the great majority of men are not convinced of the reality of the spiritualistic claims;—and if such reality could be proved beyond dispute, if testimony so strong could be adduced that all would admit that some one had in truth "come back to tell us," if there were such unanimity of sentiment therein, as there is, for example, in the belief that the world is progressing and that righteousness will finally triumph; if fact could warmly clasp the hand of Sentiment, and science finally endorse the desires, aspirations and beliefs of the soul, a weight would verily be lifted from the heart of humanity, and there is not a man in existence who ever thought for himself—Evangelical or Liberal—Baptist, Methodist, Episcopalian or Unitarian, who would not be cheered, comforted and strengthened, by such assurance.

Meantime we may hope for these results, at least for a definite solution of the question we have considered; but we can do little to hasten it. The world will take its own time to reach its own conclusions.

I read somewhere during the past week that there had been carried on a conversation by telephone at a distance of 2,500 miles, which was hoped to extend 5,000; also that an Italian astronomer believes that the inhabitants of the planet Mars are signalling to us in the attempt to attract our attention here on the earth, and that he is endeavoring to discover the significance of the supposed signs. With such determined enterprise in every department of science and research, we certainly need not despair of the possibilities of human effort or of the ultimate solution of the most vexed problem. Truth is all powerful, and will in the end manifest itself and prevail.

We have simply to wait patiently, to respect the opinion of others on all subjects, as we insist that they shall respect ours; and as men now agree on most practical, moral questions of common life, the day will doubtless come when there will be a substantial agreement also on the great problems of man's origin, nature and destiny.

Life is going fast; each day we are more surely leaving youth behind us. Yet men spend their lives in anticipations, or determining to be vastly happy at some period when they have time. The present has the advantage over every other—it is our own. Past opportunities are gone, future ones are not yet come. We may lay in a stock of pleasures as we would a stock of luxuries, but if we defer the tasting of them too long we shall find that both are soured by age. Let us enjoy to-day, for to-morrow may never dawn.

A bee-keeper having been told that a bee, through being repeatedly stung by bees, had become impervious to any unpleasant sensation when attacked by them, resolved to experiment on his own person. He kept a record of the number of times he was stung, and when he began to cease feeling the effects of the stings. The result was that all sense of feeling had gone when he had been stung thirty times within a few weeks.

A Genuine Case of Spirit Grabbing

Materialization Triumphant.

[John Franklin Clark, in Beacon Light.]

At the seances held by Mrs. M. E. Williams on Thursday evening, Dec. 3d, there occurred a genuine case of spirit grabbing, at which I was present, and as it is well that it should be properly reported, I propose to give over my own signature an accurate statement of all the facts.

When I reached the house, at a little before 8 o'clock, and entered the parlor, there were about two men besides myself there, both of whom were strangers to me. Mrs. Williams soon came in and entered into conversation with me. Eight o'clock came and there had been no further arrivals, and Mrs. Williams remarked that she did not think there would be any seance. A moment later she said to me as I was conversing with her: "Excuse me, but sir," turning to one of the gentlemen present, "I see standing at your side a young lady, your sister; also your mother—no, your grandmother. Do you recognize them?" He said: "Yes, I knew that they would be here."

Just then Dr. Gross entered, and she said: "Mr. Holland says to me, 'hold the seance,' but I don't feel as if I wished to." At this time the door bell rang and a lady entered. She then said: "Well, there are but few of us, but we will hold the seance. We may have a good seance all the same." She then prepared the seance room, and Mr. Genung and a young lady, her cousin, now visiting her, her young daughter, Gertie, Dr. Gross, the two men and the lady heretofore referred to and myself entered the seance room and took seats. Mrs. Williams then invited anyone who desired to examine the cabinet, and the two men were referred to examined it—one of them very thoroughly.

Mrs. Williams then said to this young man (who was a stranger to all present), "You, sir, have never been to a materializing seance before." He said that he had not. She added, "I hope you are satisfied with your examination of the cabinet. If not it is your own fault."

The lights were then lowered and Mrs. Williams entered the cabinet. Dr. Gross took his seat at the organ and sang the chant "Thy Will be Done," in which some of the ladies joined. As the music ceased little Bright Eyes spoke to us from the cabinet in her childish voice.

Soon the spirit of Priscilla appeared at the aperture and called Dr. Gross to her and talked with him.

Then other forms came out from the cabinet speaking in whispers to us, and soon two forms came out at the same time, and each gave their name—one as Fannie and the other as Esther Hazard—both speaking to me. A spirit purporting to be the sister of Mr. Genung came from the cabinet and took his walk in front of the sitters. He gave her his right arm as usual which brought him between her and the cabinet, but she drew back and asked for his left arm, thus placing him between her and the circle, and then came out with him.

Then spirit Dr. P. Holland appeared with a spirit named Florence and called Dr. Gross to the cabinet and asked him to look into the cabinet and see the medium in the chair which he did, while the two spirits were visible to all. The curtains were then closed for an instant and Dr. Gross was requested to come in and see who was there. He saw only spirit Holland and the medium, but while he held the curtain back the spirit of Florence suddenly again stood in full view beside spirit Holland. Spirit Holland said: "We show you this because there will be a wonderful manifestation here this evening."

Many other forms came. Among them a sister for one of the men, who said he recognized her, and that he had come by her especial request, as she had informed him at the seance of another medium that if he would come here she would materialize and talk with him.

I will not particularize the various spirits that came, but pass on until a spirit giving the name of Carrie Miller came from the cabinet and called Mr. Genung to her. She took his right arm, thus placing him between her and the cabinet, and started to come out to the circle. Coming about half way she stepped back and asked to have the light lowered.

This being done she again came forward, holding the right arm of Mr. Genung, and was led up to Mrs. Williams' cousin and was being introduced to her, and at the time was standing directly in front of the tall young man, and not more than two feet distant. Suddenly, and without any warning, he sprang from his seat and grasped her by her right arm near the wrist; at the same instant Mr. Genung grasped him with his left hand partly by the side of the neck, and with his right hand seized the hand with which he held the spirit. The spirit form glided instantly to the end of the cabinet where the medium sat, and where there is no opening, and dematerialized outside the cabinet.

The young man showed a disposition to be ugly, and I went to Mr. Genung's assistance, and taking hold of his shoulder we forced him to take his seat. His action had seriously frightened Miss Gertie and her cousin, and the daughter screamed and cried, fearing that injury might come to her mother.

A powerful and very incisive voice was now heard from the cabinet saying, "we have our medium all right, she is not injured. Make the man keep his seat and we will convince him that it is the spirits: I will come from the cabinet and bring the medium with me."

It was difficult to quiet the ladies, and all this time this strange but powerful voice kept speaking and asking us to be quiet and he would bring the medium out.

I took my seat and asked Dr. Gross to play something, and Mr. Genung still held the young man by one of his wrists. He had now become terribly frightened and was begging to be permitted to leave the house, but the voice forbade, and he said he would be quiet. Just then the spirit Montanus, the father of the spirit Priscilla, who had been talking from the cabinet since the attempted seizure, appeared in front of the cabinet, the head and shoulders only materialized, and fully seven and a half feet from the floor, and again spoke to the young man with that powerful and incisive voice with a countenance that was terrible in its expression of indignation.

This was more than the young man could stand. Thoroughly frightened, with loud and repeated cries of murder, he sprang from his seat and dashed into the parlor and toward the front door, partially fleeing and toward the grasp of Mr. Genung, who was holding him with one hand while turning half around to reassure the terrified ladies. I again went to him and told him to stop his screaming; as he would not, I quietly placed my hand over his mouth, and he stopped.

He was so badly scared that out of pity we let him go, and he would not stop for his coat or hat, seemingly having but one desire in life, and that was to get outside the front door. I tried to persuade him to return for his coat and hat, but he would not, so I carried them out to him.

Returning to the seance room I found Miss Gertie hysterical and her cousin barely conscious. The cabinet spirits had succeeded in getting the medium on her feet, and had pushed her just outside the cabinet, where she stood in a dazed condition asking what had happened? I took her hands and tried to make her comprehend, while at the same time spirit Holland stood in the cabinet behind her with his hands on her shoulders, and was also talking to her and me.

He wished her to come back into the cabinet but she was afraid to go. It was quite a new experience for her to thus hear spirit Holland's voice and feel the pressure of his materialized hands while in her normal condition. He asked to have some water brought to her, and when she had drunk a few swallows she again entered the cabinet, and I went to a seat, and all being seated, Dr. Gross began to play, and soon we heard from the cabinet the childish voice of Bright Eyes.

I then asked spirit Holland if he said no; had come to the medium, and he said no; that there were four spirits that came, of which Carrie Miller was one, who had acquired the ability to both draw and return the vital forces from the medium so quickly that she would suffer no injury from their being seized, but had it been a spirit manifesting for the first time the consequences would have been serious.

He then said that they had often urged their medium not to permit strangers to enter the seance room unless their honesty of purpose was properly vouched for, and he hoped in future she would heed their advice. He said that before she entered the cabinet he had informed her that the young man had never before been to a seance, thus intending to caution her. He said much more, but it need not be repeated. They did not continue the seance longer than to enable him to express what he had to say.

I have read this report to as many of those present at the seance as I could reach, and they all agree that it is a true statement of the facts.

JOHN FRANKLIN CLARK.

The Grave of "H. H."

A visitor to Mrs. Jackson's grave has published this sketch of the poet's last resting-place: In Pine Hill Forest, on the northern slope of Cheyenne Mountain looking to the east, where the first soft rays of sunlight linger lovingly and at last flood with light and warmth, on the last day of soft October, was laid away for her final rest Helen Hunt Jackson. One can imagine as she lay upon that couch of pain from which she never rose that her heart must have turned longingly to this restful, favored spot. Sheltering the higher parts of the mountain circle around, rising beyond the canyon into fantastic crags, jutting red pinnacles and shadowy, ascending ravines with an edging of silver fir, giving the mountain sides a look of hoary old age.

Down over the dizzy point of rocks from the blue distance of Cheyenne Canyon, rises a musical murmur and rush of water to mingle with the low sighing of the pines. From her grave one may look down through the parted trees upon her embowered earthly home among the gracefully sweeping hills, with the stretch of yellow plain beyond rising to the horizon. At the foot of the slope wells out a spring of pure, limpid water into a basin that was covered with golden autumn leaves, then over the edge of it and with a headlong rush down the gorge to seek Cheyenne creek. Down the slope and through the pines come the last slanting rays of the western sun and linger longest upon the resting-place of this gifted child of nature. The ground is covered with a soft carpet of pine needles and the trailing killickinick. One might almost imagine the wild flowers she loved so well in life crowding closer to her grave, and by their bright procession giving expression to the immortality of a beautiful life.

GOLDEN GATE.

Published every Saturday by the "GOLDEN GATE PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY," at

734 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER.
MRS. MATTIE P. OWEN, Assistant.
R. B. HALL, General Agent.

TERMS:—\$2.50 per annum, payable in advance; \$1.25 for six months. Clubs of five (mailed to separate addresses) \$10, and extra copy to the sender. Send money by postal order, when possible; otherwise by express.

All letters should be addressed: "GOLDEN GATE," No. 734 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1885.

HOLIDAY GREETINGS.

The GOLDEN GATE swings wide its portals, on this beautiful Christmas tide, to send forth thoughts of good cheer to all mankind, and especially to the strong band of friends on both sides the dark river, whose loving inspirations and kind assistance have made this means of spiritual help possible.

However far we may drift away from the belief of the Christian world regarding the nature and mission of Jesus—however thickly we may become incrustated in the hard shell of materialism—nevertheless there is a spiritual something in the glad Christmas time—a glow of humanity, that finds a generous response in every heart. It is then our better natures seek expression in kindly deeds of charity. The thought of others' welfare—the spirit of generous action and open-handed sympathy—become contagious, and our spirits catch the glow of the "glad tidings of peace on earth, good will to man," that the lesson of Christ's life and death has given to the world.

As the sculptor or painter needs a model to guide him in shaping the creations of his genius, so man needs an ideal of exalted manhood to aspire to, and after which to shape his own life. Pious romance has thrown around the name of the gentle Nazarine all the charm, beauty and grandeur of manly perfection. He stands forth in history as a noble type of the Divine Goodness embodied in human nature. His death and resurrection, (or materialization,) gave to the world the first clearly defined suggestions of the immortality of the soul. And though his teachings and practices have been sadly perverted and misunderstood, yet will the day be far off, as it should be, when his name shall lose its hold upon the hearts of the people.

And so we, in common with the Christian world, rejoice in the "risen Lord." We rejoice, also, in all the other saviors who have lived, loved and died for humanity's sake. We rejoice in all the living saviors of the race, also,—the noble, self-sacrificing men and women who are striving in many ways to make the world better and wiser. Whoever stretches forth a loving hand to an erring and faltering brother—whenever pours the balm of a tender sympathy into a wounded and sorrowing heart—whenever seeks for the best in his own life and the lives of his fellow beings—becomes an embodiment of the Christ spirit—is a savior of humanity.

May the lesson of this Christmas day sink deep into the hearts of all, prompting to noble thoughts and kind actions. May charity, that most Christ-like of graces, that "suffereth long and is kind," find generous expression in all lives. We cannot think a good thought, we cannot perform a noble action, that will not return in ten-fold blessings to our own souls. It is thus only that the spirit can become fitted for the companionship of the shining ones—the risen saviors of the world—beyond the golden gateway to the home and heaven of the immortals.

Then welcome, thrice welcome, to Christmas! Glad day of hope and promise to the world! And welcome, also, to the new year, with its treasures of good resolutions! What good or ill it may have in store for us, we may not know; but may we so shape our lives that no surprises of good or ill fortune can sway us from that line of rectitude—from the way of right living—so essential to the soul's truest welfare here and hereafter.

And now, dear reader, we wish you and yours, "and the rest of mankind," a MERRY CHRISTMAS and HAPPY NEW YEAR!

A GOOD TIME TO QUIT.

The close of the year is a good time to break away from all bad habits and take a fresh start in the better way of living.

It is the experience of all liquor and tobacco dealers that there is a large falling off in their traffic at the beginning of each year, caused by the good resolutions to reform, the "swearing off," of many of their patrons; but that soon the latter begin to "fall from grace," and drop back again into their evil and unsavory ways, until there are but very few left to profit by their good resolutions.

Now the only way to break away from any bad habit, whether of body, mind or morals, is to quit the practice thereof first, and then to stay quit! Any one can "swear off" from the use of whisky or tobacco—and most people addicted to these nasty and injurious habits have done so many times—but the virtue and manliness of the act consist in continuing in well-doing—in staying quit!

Where is the kingship of the immortal ego, the sovereignty of the eternal ME, that we should grovel like a whipped spaniel at the feet of a base and degrading habit! Why not, O, my brother, rise in the majesty and grandeur of your own glorious manhood, and reign supreme over yourself! Why not say to these demon cravings of an unclean and destructive appetite, Get thee behind me—I will have none of thee!

It is our duty to get all the good we can out of life—all the sweetness of health—all the happiness. But this can be done only by keeping the temple of the living soul pure and unsullied. Thus will the body become a fit habitation for the Divine Guest, who stands ever at the threshold, waiting the soul's bidding to enter and take up his everlasting abode.

Spiritualists should set an example of correct living to the world; for have they not been blessed above their fellows in having their eyes opened to the glorious verities of an existence beyond, to the highest enjoyment of which purity of life and manliness of conduct are divine essentials.

Therefore, would it not be a good idea for those of us who are not walking in the better way to begin now, with the new year? Let us try it, friends, and make our guardian angels happy.

LESS AND LESS.

But few church-goers of the present day can fully realize the change that has been wrought in the nature of orthodox preaching during the last half century. True, there are a few evangelical divines who still preach the horrible doctrine of endless punishment; and a belief in such a doctrine is still embodied in the creeds of most of the churches, but it is generally kept out of sight, as something offensive to good taste,—except, perhaps, at revival meetings, when it is considered necessary to harrow up the feelings by appealing to the fears of the impenitent.

Thirty and forty years ago it was not uncommon to hear from the pulpit the most harrowing descriptions of the "bottomless pit," and of a literal lake of fire, as the abode of lost souls. A personal Devil, also, with veritable horns, and a caudal appendage barbed at the end, the better to hook on to the unrepentant sinner, was pictured forth to the unenlightened imagination in appalling colors well calculated to terrify the ignorant. But all of that style of preaching has been done away with in these days of clearer conceptions of the Creative Energy that many call God.

In many old fashioned county homes will yet be found pious prints expressive of the dominant religious thought of those earlier times upon the subject of the eternal vengeance—pictures that are horrible curiosities in their way,—some of them representing demons of darkness dragging trembling and terror-stricken wretches to the brink of the horrid pit and pitching them, head and heels, into the fiery abyss.

How it is possible for any one to derive comfort from a religion that consigns at least nine-tenths of the race to endless torment—how the loving wife and mother could find joy in heaven with her companion and children wailing in unutterable anguish in everlasting torment—is more than we can understand. For her to dwell contentedly in such a heaven it would be necessary to turn the warm currents of her mother love into ice, or to efface from her memory all fond recollections of wifehood and motherhood. Who does not see that this would entirely obliterate her individuality, and change her into some sort of non-descript being, neither human nor angelic, and for which the universe could have but little use.

How infinitely more rational and consistent with the Divine Plan is the teaching of Spiritualism on this subject. Whittier well says:

"And if one goes to heaven without a heart,
God knows he leaves behind his better part.
I love my fellow-men: the worst I know
I would do good to. Will death change me so
That I shall sit among the lazy saints,
Turning a deaf ear to the sore complaints
Of souls that suffer. Why, I never yet
Left a poor dog in the strada hard beset,
Or ass o'er laden! Must I rate man less
Than dog or ass, in holy selfishness?
Methinks (Lord, pardon, if the thought be sin!)
The world of pain were better, if therein
One's heart might still be human, and desires
Of natural pity drop upon its fires
Some cooling tears."

OUR HANDS.

Most persons lay claim to clean hands, at least once a day, but we are told there is really no such thing. Dr. Forster says that after the most diligent washings and brushings with soap and water, and rinsing with carbolic acid and other disinfectants, the hands remained so impure that upon touching the fingers to sterilized gelatine, microscopic organisms were rapidly developed. What science demonstrates must be true; but who does not know, without the aid of science, the miseries of promiscuous hand-shaking? Not merely that of half-disjointed shoulder, wrenched arm and aching fingers, but something more wretched, a feeling that lays hold on the mind and spirit, and not to be described in words. We think George Francis Train is more sensible than "cranky" in wearing gloves and not permitting himself to be touched. If we so abound in crawling life that a touch from our finger tips leaves myriads of them in their impress, it is time that we became more exclusive, and be more considerate in our handling of infant humanity placed in our keeping.

—The reporter of Mrs. Watson's excellent discourse on "The Golden Age," not being able to transcribe his notes in time for this issue of the GOLDEN GATE, its publication is unavoidably deferred for one week. It will appear in our next issue.

—We have just received from the binders 250 copies of "Our Sunday Talks," the last installment of the second edition of the work. The book has been out of the market for some months past, the supply of bound volumes having become exhausted. But as we had a portion of the edition in printed sheets we are now able to fill a limited number of orders. See press notices of the book elsewhere. Price, \$1.

PIOUS ASSURANCE.

A late issue of the *Pacific Methodist*, contains the following morsel of astounding assurance:

Prof. Crooks and Wallace, once eminent in the scientific circle of Great Britain, many years ago, undertook, in the interest of science, to investigate the so-called phenomena of Spiritualism. Though they were men whose life-long theory had been: no belief in anything except it be proven by the severest analysis, yet they were captured by the baldest humbuggery of materialization. So we conclude it best to steer clear of such investigations, and we can but class among them infidel theories from any source.

The idea that the distinguished scientists named were once "eminent in scientific circles," etc., (as though they were not now at the head of their respective departments,) and that they were "captured by the baldest humbuggery of materialization," is refreshing, especially the latter assumption, coming, as it does, from the pen of one who professes to believe in the materialization of Moses and Elias, on a certain occasion, and also in various other similar phenomena on sundry other occasions,—from one who hasn't the slightest idea that Belshazzar and his friends were humbugged when they thought they saw the hand writing on the wall; or that Balaam's donkey shied at his own shadow!

There is no darker ignorance than that which doesn't know, and doesn't care to know. And that appears to be the case with our benighted brother of the *Pacific Methodist*, for it is said to be a common remark of his that he dare not investigate the Spiritual phenomena, as he should become a believer therein, as did Profs. Crooks and Wallace! Of course he would.

Now what are we to think of the moral courage of an editor who dare not investigate an important fact of nature for fear it may compel him to change his theological opinions! What a brave coadjutor of Galileo he would have been had he lived in his day!

We wonder if our religious neighbor is familiar with the nature of the psychical investigations instituted by the distinguished scientists named—and we might also add Profs. Zollner, Hare, Varley, and many others? If he is, he must know that their researches, extending in some cases through several years, were of a nature to render deception impossible. If he is not thus familiar, then his assertion as to the fraudulent character of the evidence upon which they based their conclusions is an exhibition of pious assurance wherof no ordinary sinner would be guilty.

A DEFIANT DOMINIE.

A council of Baptist clergymen and laymen has been convened in San Jose to try the Rev. N. F. Ravlin, pastor of the First Baptist Church of that city, for the once capital crime of heresy. The specifications, as given in a local paper, are as follows: "That Mr. Ravlin denies the trinity 'of the God-head; that he denies the vicarious atonement of Christ; that he denies the resurrection of this material body; that he does not accept the articles of faith of the Baptist Church, and refuses to be governed by them; that he has declared that heathen people should be considered as having an opportunity for redemption after death, that angels then are their teachers, and that as such they are better than we; that he has preached the opposite of sanctification in this life, believing that we leave 'this world with a great bundle of errors, of which the angels relieve us; that he smokes after promising to quit.'"

Now the last count is of a really serious character. It is bad enough for ministers to defile themselves with tobacco; but when they promise to reform, and break their word, they ought to quit preaching until they can afford to be honest with themselves. Only think of breathing the hope of the gospel into a trembling penitent's ears with a breath reeking with the concentrated villainess of odor of a "flor de Connecticut," bought at a corner grocery "two for five cents"!

The Baptist Church of San Jose has had lots of trouble with its pastors, and with none more so than Mr. Ravlin. He is an able, eloquent, independent and eccentric speaker, caring but little for the "hard-shell" creed of his church. He delights in throwing spiritual bombshells among the conservative pillars of his church, and then laying back and watching the brethren squirm.

He has a strong following of devoted friends in and out of the church, and in the church a most bitter opposition. We are inclined to think, from our knowledge of the man, that he would enjoy expulsion from the church for heresy. It would be a good advertising card for him and increase the number of his hearers—as was the case with Drs. Swing, Thomas, Hamilton, etc. He is no more at home in the Baptist Church than Bob Ingersoll would be at a Dunker love-feast.

A PLEASING INCIDENT.—At the conclusion of the Temple service, last Sunday evening, while Mrs. Watson was making a plea in behalf of the children's Christmas evening festival, Mr. Dodge quietly stepped upon the platform, and passing around behind the gifted speaker, suddenly interrupted her with the remark that her friends thought that she was well deserving of a Christmas present. He then presented her with a purse of \$75 in gold. It came near breaking the good lady all up; but she soon rallied, and heartily thanking the generous donors, said that it seemed to her that she was the constant recipient of favors at their hands and gave back nothing in return. The incident was quite as much of a surprise to Mrs. Watson as it was to most of the audience.

—The Ohio Legislature has attempted to lessen the mortality of that State from the epidemic of "didn't-know-it-was-loaded," by introducing a bill fixing a fine of from five to fifty dollars for pointing any kind of fire-arms at a person, loaded or unloaded. We are glad that this sort of practical joking is likely to be done away with. There are other varieties that will have to be dealt with in the same manner before their victims grow less, for too many persons are being frightened to death these days.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—The *Carrier Dove*, enlarged to magazine form, and printed on fine book paper, will appear the first week in January. Terms, \$2.50 per annum. The GOLDEN GATE and *Carrier Dove*, ordered at either office, will be furnished to subscribers at \$4 per annum. Dr. Schlössinger, who is a remarkable test medium, will give a free seance to all subscribers to either.

—We now have a glimpse of a time coming when that useful and noble creature, the horse, will rest from his torments of barbarous shoeing. Some humane and thinking man has invented a horseshoe that comes on and off like a man's. A rim at the bottom and a buckle at the back hold it in place, while a pad protects the bottom of the hoof. The inventor of this shoe is deserving of immortal fame, and if the animals it is to benefit could speak his name would never die.

—The stock certificates of the GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company are now ready for delivery, upon application at this office, and receipting therefor. Those who do not care to incur any responsibility as shareholders in the company can hold their receipts for stock, which will entitle them to certificates whenever they choose to draw them. But in order to vote at the regular meetings of the company they must be regular stockholders.

—The Grand Central mine, at Tombstone, has, for three months, supplied employment to a large force of men who have labored steadily in removing the water from the lower levels, but without diminishing the supply. It has been found out by some observing workman that the water taken out finds its way back into the mine, and that the inexhaustible fluid was the same being handled over and over again. The faculty of observation is a good one to cultivate, and we presume the owners of this mine think so about now.

—It is reported that the presence of negro children in the schools of Fresno has caused dissatisfaction among parents of white children, and it is proposed to rent a room and hire a teacher to instruct these colored children separately. Since there are but five of these innocent pupils in attendance, and, probably, not more than that number of parents who object to their presence, it would be just as well to retain the black children and let the "parents" rent a room and a private teacher for their precious offspring.

—Some seeds of an unknown variety, lately found in the ruins of Pompeii, are to be planted in the White House conservatory at Washington, in the hope that they may germinate. Though many seeds retain their vitality for ages, it is hardly to be expected these strangers will rival the famous Egyptian wheat that sprang vigorously into life after lying with mummies for thousands of years. Pompeii has revealed many a secret of the past, and let us hope these ancient seeds may produce a rare acquisition for our flora.

—The Falashas of Ethiopia are said to be the most remarkable people the missionaries have to deal with. They are black Hebrews, about two hundred thousand in number, living west of the Jordan, and have as their holy writings the Old Testament in an Ethiopic version, and who still sternly adhere to the Mosaic ceremonies and laws. For two hundred years all efforts have failed to convert them to Christianity. We venture to say that two hundred years devotion to the heathen of Christian lands would meet with better success.

—The old-fashioned spinning-wheel hath charms to soothe a mind disordered, as was lately proven in the Isle of Man, when this ancient invention was introduced in a lunatic asylum for the amusement of the patients. They were delighted with the idea of contributing to their own support in this way, while the diversion it gave their thoughts greatly benefited their minds. Employment is a condition of health for sane persons, and so, for those of deranged intellect, it should act like a medicine, unless it becomes irksome.

—A noted statistician, Edward Atkinson, insists there is an abundance of room yet in this world. Of course there is, but the circumstances, conditions and necessities of life have first to be supplied. There is enough wealth concentrated in the hands of the few, to rid all our towns and cities of their dependent poor and surplus population and establish them on lands and in homes of their own, nine-tenths of whom we believe would prove themselves fully worthy of such philanthropy. Were this done, there would be less habitable land on the globe.

—The shell-mound mystery has been disposed of by an English scientist, who declares they are nothing more than the eating grounds of codfish and lobsters; says he has seen a codfish take an oyster in its mouth, crack it and eat the meat. As for the lobster, he will crack an oyster or put a stone between the shells when partly open and scoop out the meat. There is nothing like close, intelligent observation for explaining mysteries, and there is nothing so simple as science when once explained; but there will be enough to deny that shell mounds are so formed.

—The November rain was needed and prayed for, but after all it was not an unmixed blessing, though we believe the people have done less grumbling about the weather, its present and future results, than at any previous season for some time. The farmers of Solano county had planted and sowed many acres of wheat, that the rain so packed and hardened that the work must be done over. These occurrences are what test the true Christian grace that is in us. If we possess none they turn us into complaining, unhappy creatures, disturbing all around us.

—Wonders in surgery are increasing. One of a very interesting character is reported from Berlin, where a surgeon lately removed a portion of dead bone from a man's arm that he replaced by a piece of bone of an amputated leg. The substitute became firmly attached in a short time, and made a very successful operation. And so we may be patched up with each other until one

would hardly stand up and declare, "I am who I am, but who I am and what, no man knoweth." Pieced-out bones, substituted eyes, nerves, noses and scalps are too many for one to talk much of individuality.

—A Roberts' Island farmer is said to have realized two thousand dollars this season from three acres of Bartlett pears. In the Atlantic States it takes seventy-five bushels of a Western man's corn to buy a ton of coal mined in Ohio, and the miner has to dig out twelve tons of coal to buy one bushel of corn. This all comes under the head of the country's development, which thus seems to be a very unequal thing. Until it improves, the Western man had better renew his fuel from his corn-crib, and the coal miner cultivate a corn-field for his own use. The wheat grower of our State has learned the value of diversified crops.

—A good brother at Lompoc, sending us a club of five subscribers, adds to his letter the following: "I like your paper so well that I shall continue to solicit subscriptions for it, and think that I will be enabled to raise another club of five. It would be no trouble, I think, if money was not so stringent. This is something I never did before, but I am anxious to see your paper prove a success. The selection of good free-thought articles from sources not strictly from a spiritual stand point help your paper very much, in my estimation, as it enables readers to see how thought is drifting away from many orthodox ideas, and gives them more mental courage to think for themselves. Wishing you success beyond your most sanguine expectations I remain, etc."

Another woman, Mme. De Long, is about to become famous through an invention. This woman has perfected some very ingenious machinery, worked by steam power, which is said to cut with the utmost exactness the hardest and softest metals, in any design, so that by it can be produced a gold lace-pin or a steel castle portcullis, from the solid metal, without any molding or filing. This industry includes four branches, ranging from the heaviest to the lightest work in all the metals and their various uses. It has been in use for some time in France, and now is introduced into England.

Spiritualism in Chicago.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The GOLDEN GATE sheds its accustomed rays of spiritual light over its readers in the East, and, as far as I can learn, the most perplexing problem to them is how you manage to get up such a newsy, spicy, and thoroughly spiritual paper. It is about the only paper in existence whose editorials I read, and I really enjoy them. Isn't that saying a good deal for editorial matter?

The Spiritualists of Chicago are moving along slowly, and, doubtless, growing in numbers. Four meetings are held each Sunday, and a Children's Lyceum is about to be formed.

The United Society of Spiritualists, formerly meeting at 2730 State street, have engaged the G. A. R. Hall in the center of the city, at the convergence of all the street car lines, and will give a grand holiday party to properly celebrate their occupancy of new and enlarged quarters. Dr. J. H. Randall is the new president, and his administration appears to meet with much favor. Three of the meetings here have no speakers, depending on local talent, each speaker occupying so much time, and the interest never flags. Test mediums are always in attendance, and exercise their gifts with good effect.

Wm. R. Colby, Mrs. Blade and Miss Marshall are resident slate-writing mediums, and are giving wonderful messages from the land that knows no death nor night. Chas. F. Pidgeon, who answers hermetically sealed letters addressed to denizens of the spirit world, is now located here, and is daily used by his guides to receive telegrams in answer to what is to all appearance nothing more than a mass of sealing wax with an envelope attached to it.

"The Allen Boy"—a pretty substantial boy, by the way, who has been before the public for twenty-eight years, giving the most astonishing musical and physical manifestations—has been here for the past three months, giving four seances each week, confounding the skeptic and comforting the convinced by the tender messages given by their spirit friends. As Mr. Allen thinks of going to California next season a brief description of his circles may be of interest. The circle is seated around a table on which is placed a guitar, bells, writing paper, pencils, etc., and immediately behind the medium sits an old-fashioned dulcimer. The medium sits in the circle with the rest with his hands held by those sitting next to him, and always in his normal state, and while thus held most exquisite music is played on the dulcimer, on the guitar while floating over the heads of the circle; and messages are written, more often than otherwise, in the handwriting of the spirit, and names are given audibly, and conversations carried on with the spirit in independent voice. Mr. Allen has never been "exposed," but a "smart Aleck" in a Wisconsin town a short time ago thought to immortalize himself by striking a light while the guitar was suspended over the circle, but the result was to show the instrument floating about the room without any visible support. Of course the guitar at once fell to the table, but all in the circle had full opportunity to be convinced that no hand of mortal flesh held it. Mr. Allen gave his first circle in public when he was five years of age, and has been before the public almost continuously ever since, and I do think that his twenty-eight years of service entitles him to a comfortable homestead beyond the "mystic river."

T. J. Y.

CHICAGO, Dec. 16, 1885.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Late Experiences.

(By John Wetherbee.)

"A ghost by my cavern it darted,
In moonbeams the spirit was drest;
For lovely appear the departed,
When they visit the dreams of my rest."

I was in no cavern, but the above lines seem to express my thought, for certainly "lovely appear the departed" when I really feel that I am in their presence and sensuously. I certainly do feel so when I attend one of Mrs. Fairchild's seances, or one of the Berry sister's, and the same of Mrs. Bliss, Mrs. Sawyer and Mrs. Fay. Of late having considerable experience with Mrs. Fairchild, the poetic thought, which has inspired this article, has, at the present time, especial reference to her, or her seances. She is well known in California. I think, however, the phase of materialization is a late feature in her mediumship, so a few words on that subject in her connection may be of interest to your readers.

In the first place, and which seems to me of the very highest importance, is the demonstration of the fact; recognitions are important but secondary; we all want to know first, are these forms which appear in a darkened room so human and life-like, what they claim to be, spirit manifestations? On that point I want everyone to understand me. I am solid; I am as sure of it as that the moon is round; not but there may be fact frauds, but such do not touch the fact. I am now speaking of that, and I know I am solid in what I am saying.

I have had great privileges and many advantages in investigating the subject at Mrs. Fairchild's, and I think I can make statements that will be convincing on the point of genuineness, if I can be believed, both as to opportunity and to ability. So I am writing to those who have confidence in me. She, like many others, has a cabinet; it stands in the back parlor contiguous to the partition between the two rooms; a single sliding door about four or four and one-half feet wide is in this partition, which, when opened, exposes the cabinet; a curtain only then protects the cabinet; the egress of the forms from the curtained cabinet is into the seance room. It is hardly necessary to say that I have thoroughly examined it, for if I did it would amount to nothing, as evidence however satisfactory to me would not satisfy others. In the present case I honestly believe in the cabinet for good reasons, and the associated details, which I am going to relate, will satisfy others on that point. The fact that it is Mrs. Fairchild's custom to remain in the seance room during a seance, who, in a trance, acts as its manager, settles the matter as to personation or transfiguration. Therefore, if any form, one or many, appear, none of them are the medium, and must be either spirit manifestations or confederates; there is no evading this conclusion.

I have had in my arms a form as human and as ponderable and apparently as much alive as I am, no cabinet and no person within four feet of me, and that form without any struggling has suddenly vanished into invisible air and my arms enclosed nothing. While it was in my arms and I was listening to its talk and talking to it, I felt in my soul that it was and must be a confederate. Its instantaneous extinguishment gave me positive evidence that it was not, and any number of confederates in the cabinet could not effect such a positive dissolution. My investigations do not stop with experiences of this kind, nor with the cabinet examination. She has for my benefit and others extemporized a seance in the corner of the room, closing the sliding door, I guarding it, and the forms have come out of that empty triangular space ten and twelve in number, the medium remaining all the time outside and in sight. When I used the word "empty" I know well the dictionary definition of the word, and that empty means empty.

I hardly like to make too long a story of this, but I can say with good reason that I am as perfectly satisfied of the fact of spirit materialization as I am of any objective physical fact of which I have any knowledge; still, to believe that these actual forms are extemporized out of nothing, and, if conditions are right, can vanish again into nothingness, is one of the hardest things to intellectually take in that I ever had presented to my mind; but I have had to do it from positive proof; hence I respect the honest doubts of people who have not had the evidence that I myself have had, and who say there must be confederates, as Charles Dawborn, the lecturer, said after attending with me one of her seances. To be sure, the seance was only an ordinary one; it had not the prestige which I carried in my mind of prior test demonstrations, so I respected his impressions, and my reference to it and his correspondence will show my "proofs palpable" of what I state better than in any other way.

Dawborn, on his return to New York, wrote me saying, "I could come to no other conclusions than that she had confederates;" and continuing said, "Now, Wetherbee, you go and have a talk with Mrs. Fairchild; ask her to let you sit in the back parlor during a seance, and if she consents that will settle the matter. I do not believe she will consent to it. If she does not then it shows where the weak spot is; and while sitting there in

the rear of the cabinet it will settle the matter as honest if the form manifestations occur. Her refusal will give you the opportunity of setting yourself right before the public by stating the fact before any exposure occurs." I had the pleasure of saying to Mr. Dawborn, in reply, that my friend Billings and another person, had had that privilege, and she had already asked me to do so, and that I might sit in the back room during a seance any time I chose—wanted me to, for the sake of my saying so. Death within a few weeks has entered into my family and I have not been able to do what she is very willing I should do. In telling Senator Morrill, a friend of mine, of my intention, he said he and his wife had occupied the back parlor lately during a seance, and the evidence of honesty was unmistakable. I have such confidence in the high character and perspicacity of Mr. Morrill, that I absolutely know what the result would be without putting myself to the trouble; but I will probably do so just for the sake of testifying it. My answer to Mr. Dawborn makes, of course, the matter positive with him, and the report of it in this article seems to me should settle the matter with the reader, if my head is level and he believes me. I mean to settle the matter as to materialization. I do not propose to make any argument on the matter of recognitions or identifications of persons; that is wholly a secondary matter, and each one must settle that for himself. The main and important question is, Are they spirit manifestations? On that point I am convinced, and I want that understood.

I hardly think it worth while to use up space in this valuable paper to go into the details of a seance; that has already been done even to monotony; but I will mention an incident that occurred at a late seance at Mrs. Fairchild's. It was not a solitary instance, I having had many such experiences, but this particular one interested me very much. It was this: The form of an elderly, grey-haired and bearded man, appeared standing when I first saw him on the floor about two feet from the curtain of the cabinet. I was told by the medium to come and see him. I did so; took him by the hand, and heard what he had to say, and talked with him. While he was doing so, I still holding him by the hand, he began to slowly sink down, as if going through the parlor floor into the room below, I bending over so as to retain my grip in his raised hand till his head rested on the floor, and soon that, and the hand I held, was gone; and I, looking on the spot, the carpet was perfectly whole, and no hole in the floor, but the man was *non est*. I took my seat, which was about five feet from where I had been standing, and while speaking about it, right in front of me, I saw the head of a man form and rise up; soon noticed it was the same form that had disappeared, and it continued to rise without effort or any struggling, and he stood before me on the floor. I arose and thanked him for so palpable a proof of an extemporized form, held his hand as before and saw him vanish downward again in the same way as before. Every reader of this account can rest assured there was no hole in the carpet or the floor. I would hardly dare to make this statement on my own evidence alone for fear the reader might think me "loony" or psychologized, but what I above state was witnessed by a dozen or more persons who saw the phenomena as distinctly as I did. I had only this advantage of the others, of having hold of the apparition's hand—so had tangible as well as ocular evidence of the apparent living form and its dematerialization.

The evening before writing this account I attended a private seance at Mrs. Fairchild's. M. S. Ayer of the new Temple, with the leaders of that institution, meet weekly for manifestations, and I had the privilege, last evening, of being present. Almost all the forms during this seance were ancient spirits—they came illuminated. It was a remarkable circle, and the effect on the manifestations was remarkable also. Mrs. Dyar, the Priestess of the new temple, recognized and introduced many of these spirits, and, under influence, spoke for them. There was Sprite, her guide, Agrippa, one of the spirit dignities of the Temple, also Hiram Abif, another dignity, and many others. It was a very remarkable presentation. For brilliancy and star-spangled beauty it was unequalled as a seance. Of course I have nothing to say about the identification of these ancient worthies, or whether they are ancient, for I have only their say so as evidence, but as spirit phenomena they were unique and exceedingly interesting. Mrs. Dyar is a remarkable medium, and certainly she and the people who gathered on this occasion, had the power to draw into visibility illuminated forms of great magnificence. I say had power, because as many times as I have been at Mrs. Fairchild's seances and seen luminous spirits, I have never seen a display like this. I do not give it the preference to the more modest and home-like exhibition of forms of which I have already spoken and demonstrated as spiritual facts beyond a doubt, but for a change and a manifestation of power, this Temple seance was superb.

This article is not intended for a description in detail of any seances, but to give evidence of the fact claimed, that they are spirit manifestations. On that point I am sure, and the reader can depend upon my statement, and believe not only in possibility, but actually, that spirit forms can be extemporized and be as real, apparently, as we humans are.

NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

The new town of Dunreith, in Dakota, offers \$300 and a town lot to the first boy born in the place.

"God bless our home" is the suggestive motto over the grated door of the county jail in Winona, Minn.

Ferdinand Ward has been removed from the stove-shop and made book-keeper at Sing Sing Prison.

Ralph Modjeska, the only son of Mme. Modjeska, is to be married to his cousin, Mlle. Felicia, on Monday, the 28th.

The health of John Kelley still continues unimproved. He has given up for the present his plan of going to Mexico.

Secretary Lamar has ruled that mixed bloods have the same rights and are entitled to land on reservations the same as full bloods.

The New York Central has again leased the West Shore Road, this time for a term of 475 years, and took possession under the lease on the 5th inst.

A number of parties in Langell valley, Or., are catching geese by soaking wheat in alcohol. The geese eat the wheat, get drunk, and are easily captured.

The church papers at Salt Lake print the names of the Grand Jurors just discharged and their business, for the purpose of boycotting them and for future reference.

M. Pasteur, lately, inoculated the four children recently bitten by mad dogs in Newark, N. J. They will return to their homes on the steamer leaving for New York January 6th.

The Singer sewing machine factory has shut down, throwing 2,500 employes out of work. The company owes \$20,000 in taxes, which it refuses to pay to the Elizabeth, N. J., authorities.

Charles W. Hemenway, editor of the *Ogden Herald*, has been found guilty of libeling United States officials of Utah, and will be sentenced on the 4th of January. The maximum penalty is \$1,000 and six months in the county jail.

In formally putting out his shingle in Boston, a genuine Chinese physician believes he has adopted the descriptive phrase in vogue among the most enlightened portion of his contemporaries. His sign reads: "Dr. Lee Sing Sang. Can cure diseases where all others fail."

The passenger agents of the New York Central, West Shore, Erie, Pennsylvania and Delaware, and Lackawanna and Western railroads have determined to abolish commissions of all kinds, and hereafter will have no dealings with ticket brokers or scalpers.

The Christian ministers of Salt Lake have sent a warning to the Eastern public not to believe the Mormon slanders against public men and Christian ministers in that city. It was signed by the Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregational and Episcopal ministers, the Post Chaplain of Fort Douglas, and the head master of St. Mark's School.

"Two of the toes of my buried leg overlap each other and pain me dreadfully," said the wife of Jacob Berean of Marlboro, Mass. The leg had been amputated and buried one month. The husband, unknown to the wife, had the leg exhumed and the toes straightened out, and she said she knew by the relief that followed, the exact moment the act was performed.

The high-license men have won a victory in Los Angeles. The municipal election of Monday last turned on the question of raising the saloon license from ten dollars to fifty dollars a month. The contest was clearly defined, and the saloon men were badly beaten. The Supreme Court is now their only hope. Other California towns will watch the result with interest.

The author—Rev. W. Stainton Moses—who writes under the *nom de plume* "M. A. (Oxon)," is a graduate of Oxford; is connected with the London University College; is one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society for Psychical Research; also, a member of the Council, and, until very recently, a member of the Literary Committee of that Society. He has published a number of works on psychical subjects.

Regular customer (disposed to be facetious)—"I guess you'll have to trust me for this paper till morning." Clerk—Oh, that's all right, Mr. Brown. "Regular customer—"But suppose I was to be killed between now and to-morrow?" Clerk—"Well, the loss would not be much, sir."—*Harper's Bazar*.

FORM OF REQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the GOLDEN GATE, the following form of request is suggested:

"I give and bequeath to the GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, incorporated, November 28th, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, — dollars."

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

MRS. M. J. HENDEE,

OF SAN FRANCISCO,

Has opened a class devoted to the instruction of Psychometry and Metaphysical Healing at 775, Ninth street, Oakland, every Tuesday and Friday at 2 p. m. Also automatic writing, developed sittings for tests development and healing every day except Sunday, from 10 A. M. to 9 P. M.

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.

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. no 18

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 Soul's New Year." 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, 1049 Market street, between Sixth and Seventh. Free to all.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.—The "Progressive Spiritualists" meet in Washington Hall, No. 35 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 subjects: "The Coming Civilization of Humanity 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.

MRS. HENDEE will lecture in Medical College Hall, Clay street, Oakland, every Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

PUBLICATIONS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS;

—OR—

Gleanings In Various Fields of Thought,

By J. J. OWEN.

(Late Editor of the "San Jose Daily Mercury.")

SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

Following are some of the Press opinions of the first edition:

We consider the volume a most readable and useful compilation, in which the taste and ability of the able writer has been fully illustrated. Mr. Owen is editor of the *San Jose Mercury*, one of the leading newspapers of the State; edited with great tact and good management, and conducted with care and marked clear-headed judgment. His writings are always readable, terse, vigorous and clear-cut, and in the choice little volume before us, he gives us the very best flowers culled from the *bonquet* which his mind and brain have combined together.—*Spirit of the Times*.

It is calculated to elevate the mind above the mere greed for gain and momentary pleasures, and cause the thoughts to run in a more elevated channel. * * * It contains some magnificent gems, and is of that character that will command a place among the literature of the day.—*Pioneer*.

As to the contents of the book we can not speak too much praise. The selections are principally made up from the best things which have for several years been written for the *Mercury* by Mr. Owen. It is a collection of the beautiful thoughts—thoughts characteristic of the cultivated mind and warm heart of the author, clothed in the purest and best English. Mr. Owen, as a writer, has few equals on the Coast, and his "Sunday Talks" were penned in his happiest vein.—*Footlight*.

The compilation brings before us, in a compact form, the talented author's best and noblest thoughts on life and morals. Nothing in quiet hours will give more food for wholesome reflection than one of Bro. Owen's essays.—*Gilroy Advocate*.

The volume is made up of short editorials on thoughtful topics culled from the columns of the author's newspaper, which tell of studious application and observation, written in a pleasing and interesting style, and full of good "meat," with the intent of benefiting their minds.—*Carson Appeal*.

As a home production this collection of pleasing essays and flowing verse is peculiarly interesting. The author wields a graceful pen, and all of his efforts involve highly moral principle. Although these are newspaper articles published by an editor in his daily round of duty, yet when now bound together in one volume they seem to breathe the more of the spirit of the cloistered scholar than is wont to gather round the ministrations of the editorial tripod.—*S. F. Post*.

Bro. Owen's ability as a prose and verse writer is unquestionably of a high order, and in thus grouping a number of his best productions into a compact and handy little volume, he has conferred a favor on many of the *Mercury's* readers, who, like ourselves, have read and appreciated the "Sunday Talks," and from them, perhaps, have been led to form a higher and more ennobling idea of the mission and duties of mankind. *San Benito Advance*.

Owen has a poetic way of saying practical things, a neat and attractive way which makes them readable and easily assimilated and digested, and this volume should have a wide circulation.—*Foot Hill Tidings*.

The volume is readable and suggestive of thought.—*S. F. Merchant*.

They embrace editorials on miscellaneous subjects, poems, sketches, and short articles, and are really what he styles them, "Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought." The contents are as creditable to Mr. Owen's literary ability as the handsome looking volume is to the taste and resources of the *Mercury* printing establishment.—*S. F. Call*.

The articles in "Sunday Talks" are written in an easy, flowing style, enchain the reader, and teaching grand doctrine. One lays down "Sunday Talks" feeling improved in spirit, with a renewed confidence in mankind and a brighter opinion of the world. The poems are beautiful, and one in particular, "Across the Bar," if name were not attached, would easily pass for the production of some of the noted poets of the country. The poems have a similar tone to the ballads of B. F. Taylor, one of the sweetest poets of America. "Sunday Talks" should have a large circulation.—*Watsonville Pajaronian*.

We have read the "Sunday Talks" and shall continue to do so, for let us open the book where we may we are sure to find something that makes us feel the better for reading; every article is the expression of the thoughts of a many man to his fellow man.—*Monterey Californian*.

Bright, crystallized sunbeams, which gladden the heart, and give fresh inspiration to the soul. The few moments we allotted to their enjoyment have lengthened to hours, and with a sigh of regret we turn from their contemplation, only because the duties of the day have imperative claims upon our attention. These sunbeams have been materialized in the magic alembic of a master mind. A more beautiful, instructive and entertaining volume never was issued upon the Pacific Coast, or any other coast. Every page is gemmed with bright, sparkling thoughts, the sunbeams of a rarely cultured intellect. As we read page after page of this splendid volume, we are forcibly reminded of the impressions received from our first perusal of Timothy Titcomb's "Gold Foil," or Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." It is a work which represents the highest, purest standard of thought, expressed in the best-chosen language. It is one of the happiest contributions which our home literature has ever received.—*Santa Barbara Press*.

They are each and all of them full of deep thought, felicitous expressions, and clear insight into life and its needs and lessons. They are better than sermons, preaching purity and nobility of character in language too plain to be misunderstood, and too earnest to be forgotten. Throughout the volume are choice gems of thought in paragraphs, as pointed and pungent as those of Rochester, without any of the latter's infidelity.—*Fort Wayne (Ind.) Gazette*.

PRICE (in cloth), ONE DOLLAR.

Trick-Seekers and Truth-Finders.

[Light.]

It is incumbent on those who possess knowledge to realize the strength its possession bestows, and to act as men strong in the conviction born of personal experience. Not to the ignorant, the weak of heart, the feeble of purpose, or the dishonest of method is given the power that leaves its mark upon the world. The pioneers of civilization, all who have contributed most largely to the advancement of human knowledge and the amelioration of their fellows, and the rulers of the hearts of men, have been cast in a different mould. They have been men of faith—of faith in God and man, and in the future of mankind; men of knowledge, singleness of purpose, and purity of aim—seekers for truth in the spirit of truth; men who, having discerned the almost universally deadly and soul-chilling influence of the overwise philosophy of the schools, have realized that there is something in life worth living for, that by reason of the innate germ of goodness and righteousness in man the world, so far from being irretrievably bad, is, step by step, drawing nearer and nearer to Him in whom we live and move and have our being.

The principles embodied in the lives of such men have a special application to those who concern themselves with the things of the spirit. He who would pass the threshold of the inquiry must be honest of heart and pure in method. We can not too earnestly insist upon the absolute necessity for such a spirit of inquiry in order to insure the best results; indeed, there is no more effective barrier to successful investigation than its absence. The status of Spiritualism to-day (and few, except, perhaps, the ignorant and the prejudiced will be inclined to deny the power it exercises as a factor in modern life and thought) is due, not to the endorsement of the churches, the seal of science, or to the labors of this or that society, but simply and solely to the stoutness of heart, the steadfastness of purpose, and the purity of method which has characterized those whose names we, as Spiritualists, now honor as household words amongst us. Having sought for truth in the spirit of truth, and, having found it, coming boldly forth in its defence, these pioneers of the new epoch stand out as exemplars for those who seek to follow in their steps. Unswerving in their loyalty to the truth, they, in their day, stood boldly forth regardless of ridicule and scorn, against all comers, in its defence, inculcating the clean methods by which they had themselves sought and gained personal conviction. It now rests with us, as a body, to conserve, guard, and extend the heritage committed to our care.

Chiefest amongst the duties involved by this legacy is to care for and protect those who are the channels of communication between the seen and the unseen; to guard them against the ignorant, the prejudiced, and the wonder-hunter; and last, but not least, to secure them against contact with those whose cavilling, hair-splitting skepticism, and want of appreciation of the fundamental laws affecting spiritual research, would endanger their value as instruments for spirit-communication.

This is a real danger, and it must be met and turned aside. There are those who, affecting psychical research, have so muddled themselves with unbelief and incredulity as to have fallen into the arms of an incredible credulousness. Immersed in the fog of immature speculation they have failed to realize the sun-lit logic of facts. Imbued with a fear of the prevalence of fraud they have apparently forgotten the very existence of honesty, and, counting up the fools, they have ended by doubting if there be any wisdom left.

The atmosphere in which these men work is full of doubt and suspicion, and few there be who, coming in its range, are not similarly impregnated. Failing to recognize good faith and honesty of purpose in others, it is matter for little surprise that they end in doubting their own. In their course of action is clearly seen the fruits of such an education. Finding avenues of investigation closing upon them by reason of the attitude they have adopted, they descend to insidious methods in the vain hope that by so doing they will find out not the truth but the tricks of mediums. Having collectively obtained an unenviable notoriety amongst sensitives for anything but fair and just dealing in their investigation, and being foiled in this direction, they seek by secret means, by the employment of conjurers and others unknown as having any connection with them, to visit mediums with the object of discovering the supposed fraud.

We should be wanting in our duty as Spiritual journalists if we failed to sound a note of warning against methods which, though they may be very smart, are certainly not honest. Of their morality the less said the better. One thing, however, is certain; it would be fatal to any sensitive to be subjected to such influences, and we earnestly implore mediums and Spiritualists, for the sake alike of self-respect and the honor of Spiritualism, to be sedulously careful in regulating admissions to circles. No one should be allowed to gain entrance who is not introduced by a well-known Spiritualist.

In writing thus we expressly desire to guard against the possible misconception that we are opposed to rigid scientific investigation of spiritual phenomena. That is far from being the case. Conjointly,

however, with the scientific method there is to be desiderated another absolute essential—a sympathetic, truth-loving spirit. The laurels of Spiritualism have been won from those who, having these attributes, have also brought to bear on the subject the same critical acumen and painstaking investigation of facts by which the triumphs of science have been characterized in other fields of inquiry. Skepticism is permissible provided it is honest; tests may be applied if preferred in good faith; but we strenuously deprecate the elements of deceit which have played so prominent a part in some quarters.

We have no fear of the result of investigation undertaken in a right spirit; indeed we look for victory, at no distant date, all along the line. Already Spiritualism can do more than hold its own, and if Spiritualists are loyal to their trust, no attacks—whether from foes without, or traitors within its ranks—can influence its destiny save for good. Spiritualists stand in the position of experts in respect to spiritual phenomena, and are the custodians of the avenues of investigation for these facts. It is, therefore, our bounden duty to see that speculative theorists, morbid hair-splitting skeptics, fraud-hunters, and, above all, the disbelievers in the average integrity and good faith of human testimony, have no opportunity to mar the work we have in hand, while at the same time every reasonable facility is afforded to the earnest, honest, and right-minded seeker of truth.

Bill Nye on Evolution.

[Boston Globe.]

The following was read by me, in a clear, resonant tone of voice, before the Academy of Science and Pugnism at Erin Prairie, last month, and as I have been so continually and so earnestly importuned to print it that life was no longer desirable, I submit it to you for that purpose, hoping you will print my name in large caps, with astonishers at the head of the article, and also in good display type at the close:

SOME FEATURES OF EVOLUTION.

No one could possibly, in a brief paper, do the subject of evolution full justice. It is a matter of great importance to our lost and undone race. It lies near to every human heart, and exercises a wonderful influence over our impulses and our ultimate success or failure. When we pause to consider the opaque and fathomless ignorance of the great masses of our fellow-man on the subject of evolution, it is not surprising that crime is rather on the increase, and that thousands of our race are annually filling drunkards' graves, with no other visible means of support, while multitudes of enlightened human beings are at the same time obtaining a livelihood by meeting with felons' dooms.

These I would ask, in all seriousness, and in a tone of voice that would melt the stoniest heart, "Why in creation do you do it?" The time is rapidly approaching when there will be two or three felons for each doom. I am sure that within the next fifty years, and perhaps sooner even than that, instead of handing out these dooms to Tom, Dick and Harry, as formerly, every applicant for a felon's doom will have to pass through a competitive examination, as he should do. It will be the same with those who desire to fill drunkards' graves. The time is almost here when all positions of profit and of trust will be carefully and judiciously handed out, and those who do not fit themselves for those positions will be left in the lurch, whatever that may be.

It is with this fact glaring me in the face that I have consented to appear before you to-day and lay bare the whole hypothesis, history, rise and fall, modifications, anatomy, physiology, and geology of evolution. It is for this that I have poured over such works as those of Huxley, Herbert Spencer, Moses in the bulrushes, Anaxagoras, Lucretius, and Hoyle. It is for the purpose of advancing the cause of common humanity, and to jerk the rising generation out of barbarism into the dazzling effulgence of clashing intellects and fermenting brains, that I have sought the works of Pythagoras, Democritus and Epuribus. Wherever I could find any book that bore upon the subject of evolution, and could borrow it, I have done so while others slept.

That is a matter which rarely enters into the minds of those who go easily and carelessly through life. Even the general superintendent of the Academy of Science and Pugnism here in Erin Prairie, the hot-bed of a free and untrammelled, robust democracy, does not stop to think of the midnight and other kinds of oil that I have consumed in order to fill myself full of information, and to soak my porous mind with thought. Even the O'Reilly College, of this place, with its strong mental faculty, has not informed itself fully relative to the great effort necessary before a lecturer may speak clearly, accurately, and exhaustively of evolution.

And yet, here in this place, where education is rampant, and the idea is patted on the back, as I may say—here in Erin Prairie, where progress and some other sentiments are written on everything; here where I am addressing you to-night for two dollars and feed for my horse, I met a little child, with a bright and cheerful smile, who did not know that evolution consisted in a progress from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous. So you see that you never know where ignorance lurks—the hydra-headed upas

tree and *bete noire* of self-acting progress—such ignorance as that lurking in the very shadow of magnificent educational institutions and hard words of great cast. Nothing can be more disagreeable to the scientist than *bete noire*. Nothing gives him greater satisfaction than to chase it up a tree or mash it between two shingles.

For this reason, as I said, it gives me great pleasure to address you on the subject of evolution, and to go into details in speaking of it. I could go on for hours, as I have been doing, delighting you with the intricacies and peculiarities of evolution, but I must desist. It would please me to do so, and you would no doubt remain patiently and listen, but your business might suffer while you were away; and so I will close. But I hope that any one within the sound of my voice, and in whose breast a sudden hunger for more light on this great subject may have sprung up, will feel perfectly free to call on me and ask me about it, or immerse himself in the numerous tomes that I have collected from friends, and which relate to this matter.

In closing, I wish to say that I have made no statement in this paper relative to evolution which I am not prepared to prove; and, if anything, I have been over-conservative. For that reason I say now that the person who doubts a single fact, as I have given it to-night, bearing upon the great subject of evolution, will have to do so over my dumb remains.

And a man who will do that is no gentleman. I presume that many of these statements will be snapped up and sharply criticised by other theologians and many of our foremost thinkers, but they will do well to pause before they draw me into a controversy, for I have other facts in relation to evolution, and some personal reminiscences and family history, which I am prepared to introduce, if necessary, together with ideas that I have thought up myself. So I say to those who may hope to attract notice and obtain notoriety by drawing me into a controversy, beware. It will be to your interest to beware!

The Two Sides of Life.

["W" in the Christian Register.]

We are constantly and properly urged by the pulpit to cultivate the higher life. The apostle teaches us that "to be carnally minded is death, to be spiritually minded is life and peace." Still, the vast majority of men and women must devote the greater part of their time and strength to the pursuit of material objects,—to the earning of a living. It is, therefore, not strange that their minds should become engrossed and wholly absorbed in those objects; and, when they are asked to consider the ideal life, to think, if not to say, that they have families to support, and they have neither time nor strength for anything else. And so they labor on, toiling for the meat that perisheth, compelled by the very circumstances of their existence to that toil; for, without that toil, their families would actually suffer. The very fact that they are compelled to labor so hard to obtain the necessary means to support physical life, increases the importance in their minds of material objects, and causes them to think that to secure an abundant stock of material possessions is success, real success. So generally is this the case that, ask any one as to another, of whom you have not heard for a long time, and the reply is that he has done very well or is doing well; and you understand him to mean that he has made or is making money. If the reply is, "Poor fellow! he does not seem to get on, he has a hard time of it," the inference at once is that he has not prospered in his business.

And still it is true that while in every well-ordered life there must be hard work, and a great deal of it, to procure food, clothing, and shelter, man should cultivate the higher life, the life of the spirit; that to be carnally minded—that is, to be wholly absorbed in the pursuit of material objects—is death; to be spiritually minded is life and peace. And there is no real incompatibility in the two things. And just this should be insisted upon. If it be true that one can not do what is requisite for the support of himself and those dependent upon him, and at the same time do what is requisite for the support of the inner life of the soul, it is obvious that, in most cases, the latter would, and perhaps it is not too much to say, should be neglected. But such is not the case. The Infinite Father has imposed no such harsh necessity upon his children. On the contrary, the harder the manual or intellectual labor that one's circumstances may require, the more is that labor made tolerable, if its performance be united with a constant desire for seeking after the spiritual life. And here we would especially avoid anything like cant, or what has been so popularly called religiosity. We mean just this: That the business man in his business, the mechanic in his shop, the farmer in the field, can do his work, not only as well, but better, if he be animated by a desire to serve God as well as himself, if he recognizes the two sides of every life,—the heavenly and the earthly,—and if he adopts the standard of rectitude in all his doings. The examples of the truth of this, while unfortunately not so numerous as one could wish, are fully sufficient to prove it, and they come within the range of every one's observation. It is possible that a man so living may not make so much money, but he will make all that can be honestly acquired; and it is not for those who would resort to dishonest courses that we are writing.

Is Modern Spiritualism Dangerous?

[The Spiritual Offering.]

Yes, dangerous to narrow creeds and dogmas. Every one who has watched the course of the new movement, noted its effect upon popular theological ideas, its modification of tenets once held as infallible and the total rejection of other long advocated essentials of the Christian religion, admits it to be dangerous to superstition. The return of spirits whom the church long ago consigned to perdition, has forever done away with the once universally accepted dogma of eternal torment. Parents no longer mourn for unconverted children, as though eternally lost; wives do not think their unbelieving husbands are in torment, and even orthodox ministers have courage to express a hope that opportunity for repentance may be given after death.

The long cherished belief in a personal devil, so effectual in frightening people into the church, in lashing with scorpion stings the timid who dare not give expression to a doubt for fear it would imperil their soul, is gone. The dread of falling into the power of Satan has paled the cheek of the bravest, and for ages darkened the sky of human life; now the fires of superstition that so long fed the flames of fear are quenched by this dangerous power of Spiritualism.

The appalling picture of the last judgment, painted in the darkest colors a dismal theology could suggest, no longer casts its withering blight over the world. Very few are now thinking of the last day when all shall stand in the presence of the great judge, some to receive the welcome words, "Well done," and others to hear the command, "Depart from me into the lake that burns with fire and brimstone." Spiritualism has been dangerous to this most absurd idea of a day of general judgment. It has forever removed the kingly throne separating parents and children, friends and neighbors; heaven and hell are now understood to represent conditions, not locations.

Intelligent, orderly communication with spirits has been dangerous to the doctrine of a physical resurrection; they who come with luminous spirit forms have no use for or interest in dead, disintegrating earthly bodies. The idea that the soul sleeps in the grave, or is unconscious until the last trumpet sounds, has also vanished, and the work so well begun will continue until error's chains are all broken and her dungeon walls battered down.

Spiritualism is dangerous to a belief in miracles; its revelations have removed the foundation of supernaturalism upon which they rest and relegated them to the darkness of the past. Spiritualism inspires greater reverence for the laws that cover the earth with perennial bloom, bring to perfection golden harvests, and keep the planets in their undeviating course, while generation after generation pass from the earth, than for the miracle that caused one poor tree to wither, or the sun to stand still, that the work of carnage might not be interrupted. Greater respect for the divine power, lifting humanity out of the slough of ignorance, superstition and crime, on to the mountain of transfiguration, where all faces will shine with the light of truth, and all lives become fragrant with noble, kindly deeds, than for the seeming miracle by which a God and his disciples were transfigured and their raiment made white as snow. Spiritualism is dangerous to any theory teaching the possibility of a violation of nature's law. It recognizes no power superior to the Spiritual Intelligence governing and controlling matter by the sequence of natural law. It is the true friend of man and the uncompromising foe of tyranny, oppression and wrong.

Spiritualism is neither dangerous to the truths contained in the bible, nor in any other sacred book. Truth is too high, too pure to be injured by mortal or spirit, but Spiritualism is dangerous to groundless assumptions, erroneous conclusions or man-made creeds, to the doctrine of total depravity, the fall of man and vicarious atonement.

It is said: Evil spirits return; that communion with them is dangerous. The sun shines upon the evil and the good, fire will burn and water drown the saint as soon as the sinner; the law by which a Parker and an Emerson return to earth will enable the most "illiterate" and uncultured to return also. It should not be forgotten that the spirits called evil, were once inhabitants of this earth, no more feared and dreaded than thousands who now throng the avenues of human life. If undeveloped spirits now dwelling in human forms were feared and shunned as disembodied ones are, physicians would have few patients, the lawyer but few clients and the politician but few followers. True, individuals can protect themselves from intimate association with the uncongenial, there are laws which hold them at a distance, and the same laws are operative after the death of the body. If the thoughts and deeds of life are marked by generosity, justice and truth, there will be nothing to invite undesirable visitants from either plane of life. The more perfectly the laws of spirit communion are understood, the more readily will the nature of the communicating spirit be discerned. Spiritualism is dangerous to the perpetuity of theological dogmas, but a friend to religion; dangerous to materialism, with its baseless theory of amelioration, but a friend to human progress.

The "Marie Celeste."

[Washington Post.]

The weirdest and most unaccountable story in the annals of history or fiction is that of the Marie Celeste. All the facts and particulars, to the minutest detail, are recorded in the State Department, and, although some years have elapsed since the occurrence took place, and every effort has been made to clear up the mystery, no explanation has ever been found to account for the extraordinary story. Nine years ago the Marie Celeste, a sailing vessel, left the port of New York with thirteen souls on board. Among the passengers were the wife and little child of the master of the vessel. She had a valuable cargo on board, and was bound for Villa Franca, in the Mediterranean. An outward-bound British bark sighted the Marie Celeste when she arrived at about three miles west of Gibraltar. The bark signaled the Marie Celeste, but was surprised at receiving no response. Thinking this strange, the Britisher bore down upon the vessel, and with spy-glasses made a close examination of her deck. Not a sign of life was to be seen. A strange feeling of uneasiness spread through the crew of the bark. A boat was lowered, and the Captain, with a crew of picked men, pulled for the Marie Celeste. Arriving at her side they joined in a loud hallo in the hope of attracting attention. There was no answer. All was silent as the tomb. The Captain, followed by his men, clambered up the side and commenced a thorough search of the vessel. In the sheets was hanging the weekly wash of the sailors. The boats were all suspended from their davits. Every rope and every spar was in its place. Not a marling-spike was missing. The binnacle and compass were intact. Descending the fore hatchway, a half-eaten meal was found upon the seamen's table. Proceeding aft to the master's cabin, the remains of an interrupted dinner were seen upon the table. In one corner of the room was a sewing-machine with a little garment still under the needle, and a lady's thimble lying on one corner of the machine, as if she had been hastily summoned to the mid-day repast. The money chest was untouched. The master's chronometer was hanging in its accustomed place. The mates' watches were hanging in their state-rooms. Everything was in perfect order. But where was the crew? Not a trace was to be found. They had mysteriously and completely disappeared. The log-book showed that the voyage had been a favorable one. They had encountered no storm. The last entry was dated forty-two hours before the arrival of the Britisher. Pirates and murder were out of the question. There was no sign of a struggle. No valuables were missing. Where and why had the crew deserted her?

The master of the British bark determined to send the Marie Celeste on to her destination. But it was a long while before any of his sailors, who are proverbially superstitious, could be prevailed upon to work her to Villa Franca, fearing lest they also should fall victims to the mysterious fate which had carried off her crew. At last a prize crew was induced to go on board, and the Marie Celeste was taken to Gibraltar, where the men were paid their share of the salvage. The owners of the Marie Celeste in New York were informed of the fate of her crew, and a master and men were sent out to her and took her to Villa Franca, where her cargo was delivered and the ship safely returned to New York.

News of the strange disappearance of the ill-fated crew was sent to the State Department, and from there made known to all the representatives of the United States abroad, with the request that they inform the respective Governments to which they were accredited of the facts. In this way the news was soon made known in every custom-house of the world. Every means possible was taken to have the mystery cleared up, but it remains today unsolved.

Numbers of communications purporting to be explanations of the case were received at the Department. The most probable perhaps of all was one received from a Frenchman, who suggested that the cook for some reason or other had become enraged against the Captain and all the crew, and had put poison in the meal, which had been found uneaten. In this way he had killed everybody, and then thrown their bodies overboard. Overpowered by the enormity of his crime he then committed suicide by throwing himself into the sea. Although this suggestion seems to carry upon its face a certain amount of probability, it was entirely overthrown by an analysis of the uneaten meal, which was found to be perfectly pure. Another reason why this explanation would not hold good is in the fact that such a number of persons could not have been poisoned without having left some trace of vomiting or disorder.

No suggestion has ever come nearer the truth than this, however, and the case still remains an unexplained mystery of the sea.

It is a singular coincidence, if nothing more, that the Marie Celeste ultimately came to a violent end. She was employed as a trader between New York and Cuba. In March of the present year her master insured her heavily, placed on board a quantity of barrels of water and a few tubs of molasses, of which her cargo was supposed to be composed, took her down to Cuba and there committed barotry and ran her ashore, wrecking her completely.

Telepathy.

[H. T. L. in Mind in Nature.]

Nearly eight years ago, being in ill health, I was under the care for a number of months of a physician connected at that time with Bennett College, of this city, and whom I will call Dr. B. One day, during that time, feeling unusually ill, and it not being the day for his usual call, it occurred to me that I might summon him by a kind of mental telegraphy. I therefore concentrated my mind upon him, asking him to come immediately to me if possible. In a little less than a half hour, the time it would take to come from his house to mine, he presented himself at my door. His first salutation was, "Did you send for me?" I said, "Yes, I did, mentally, send for you." "Ah, yes, I see," he replied, and continued: "I had just returned from the college, where I had an unusually fatiguing day, and was lying down to get some rest when I heard you call me by name, and asking me to go to you immediately; so here I am." Of course I was much pleased and astonished at the success of my experiment.

Once after that I brought him in the same way, and, on entering, he exclaimed, "Well, what is it this time?" He had heard the summons as before and answered it as promptly. These two occasions were the only ones in which I attempted to call him in this way, and in both instances they were met with a prompt and unmistakable response.

The following remarkable incident is copied from Bailey's "Annals of Nottinghamshire," and happened at the siege of Newark, in 1644: "Hercules Clay, a tradesman of Newark, and at this time mayor of the borough, dreamed three successive nights that his house was on fire. After awaking on the third occasion he arose, a good deal troubled, and awoke his family, requiring them immediately to leave the house, which they had no sooner done than a bomb, fired from Beacon Hill, fell on the roof, and passing through every floor set the house completely in flames. In commemoration of this merciful deliverance, he left a sum of money to the vicar, to be invested by him, in order that a sermon might be preached on the anniversary of that day (11th of March) forever; and another sum, the interest of which, on the same occasion, should be distributed among the poor of Newark."

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.

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We shall not go into particulars here as to the fine things that are coming in the new volume which begins with the November number; you can send us a postal card and we will forward specimen pages of November number and prospectus free. In November begins "Little Lord Fauntleroy," a serial story by Mrs. Frances H. Burnette; the next number, December, is the great Christmas issue; in January, Mr. W. D. Howell's story will appear, and so it goes right through the year. Horace E. Scudder is writing an interesting—mind you, an interesting—biography of George Washington; Miss Allcott writes short stories for girls; Helen Jackson (H. H.) has left more "Bits of Talk for Young Folks"; J. T. Trowbridge writes a serial; the series of papers on the great English public schools, Eton and others, will delight the boys; and "Drill," a serial story of school-life, will introduce a subject of importance alike to fathers and sons; the daughter of Charles Kingley is writing about "The Boyhood of Shakespeare," and—but we said we were not giving the prospectus here. The price is \$3.00 a year; 25 cents a number. You can subscribe with dealers, postmaster, or

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

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It is no profanation to say that the wearer of this exquisite Garment has been "born again," physically. This is the precise language of hundreds who have worn it, and been taken from beds of sickness and pain and restored to complete health in a few weeks or months. Could the reader realize the full force of these facts none would pass through our peculiarly trying Winters without this grand safeguard and protection against Cold, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Pneumonia, Scarlet Fever, and Nervous Prostration, from whatever cause adduced.

In reply to the oft repeated question, "WHAT DISEASE DO THESE APPLIANCES CURE?" we answer by positively asserting that we know of no disease of our climate these appliances will not cure, except Cancer, and in the earlier stages they will arrest and eliminate this terrible blood poison. Magnetism, properly applied, will cure every curable disease, whatever the cause.

THIS VEST, with the INSOLES, comprises in itself a WHOLE SUIT EQUAL TO ALL OTHER APPLIANCES COMBINED. It is a thing of beauty, light and easy to wear, convenient and close fitting. In cases of CONSUMPTION, PARALYSIS, SPINAL WEAKNESS, LOCOMOTOR ALAXIA, and all blood and nerve disorders, it is invaluable. Many persons after wearing this Garment for a season declare they would not do without it for \$500. It will repay twice its cost in the health and comfort it imparts in a single month.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Send for our New Book, "A PLAIN ROAD TO HEALTH," Free.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

To a Lily.

BY S. H. DRYDEN.

O lily fair! O flower of creamy white,
Which standest by the dark and silent pool,
Spreading thy broad leaves to catch the tears of night
And set thy brow with jeweled dewdrops cool.

Sweet flower, the cold, pale moonlight's beam
Spreads over thee a veil of silvery light;
And in thy regal beauty thou dost seem
To stand alone, bride of the silent night.

All through the day, the balmy perfumed air
Has bathed thy tender leaves with softest touch,
While over thee the birds with notes so sweet and clear
Sang love songs to thee, from each leafy perch.

Oh! didst thou dream while in the depths below,
In midnight darkness, wrapped in lonesome gloom?
And in thy secret heart, O didst thou yearn to know
Of this thy life, the glory of its fragrant bloom?

O lovely flower! didst thou know to thee,
Shut in thy prison, bound with cords of clay,
And whispers of the beauty thou dost see,
And feel within thy heart of gold, this Summer day?

Beneath the clay, thy sweet life had its birth,
Pressed 'neath the clay thy tender rootlets grew,
Wrapped in the darkness, solitude and dearth,
In patient waiting thou didst fill thy mission true.

Prophetic flower! thou dost to me unfold
A world of beauty, which above me lies;
What if the world to me is dark and cold,
And I alone must mourn my broken ties?

O weary soul of mine, upreaching for the light,
Struggling with mystery, doubt and old despair,
Take heart, poor soul, 'twill not be always night,
Thou, too, shalt rise up to a higher sphere.

And love's dear hands shall open 'neath my prison bars,
And love's sweet voices sing to me again;
O love! thou birthright of my childhood's years,
Thou shalt survive all sorrow, toil and pain.

Death of the Poor Christian.

BY JOHN ARNOUP.

At eventide an old man sat
Beside his cottage door,
And memory sent him musing back
On sunny days of yore.

His gray hair floated in the breeze,
His cheek was pale and wan,
His breast was filled with many a sigh
As thus his tale ran on:

"In childhood's days I fondly dreamed
The world was gay and fair,
And thought that life was free from pain,
As I was free from care.

"My playmates were to me so kind,
I gave them all my heart;
We laughed, and danced, and talked of life
As though we ne'er should part.

"I sat beneath my old church-roof
Each hallowed Sabbath day,
I heard the preacher talk of God,
I saw the people pray.

"And then I thought, how grand this life!
A boon to mortals given!
How good of men to worship God,
And live to merit Heaven!

"But ah! since then, with many a pang,
I've seen my dreams depart—
Since then I've learned the praying lip
Is not the praying heart.

"For oh! their souls were stained with guile,
To love their hearts were cold—
'Twas wealth, wealth, wealth, they worshipped most;
Their only god was gold.

"With words, words, words, they worshiped God,
And sang of Christ's dear love—
Told how he shed his precious blood
To give them homes above.

"And yet, through all this vile pretense,
I've known the true and brave—
And what, though I have loved and lost,
And friends are in the grave?

"And oft a whisper comes to me:
'You'll never see them more!'
Stand back, you demon doubt! I know
They're only gone before.

"And so, through all this world below,
This grief and toil and strife,
I yet can shout 'Excelsior!'
And still rejoice in life!

"Though eighty years have passed away
Since my journey I began,
It grieves me much to hear men say:
'That poor, gray-haired old man.'

"I am not old! Let time fly fast—
Eternal surges roll—
I'll still be young! Immortal youth
Is stamped upon the soul!

"I know I have not lived in vain,
Though earthly tasks are o'er;
I'll bravely cross another sea,
And reach a better shore.

"One thing, there is that grieves me still,
And wrings my breast full sore:
That those forgive all crimes on earth
But that of being poor."

—ALAMEDA ENCINAL.

What Does it Matter.

It matters little where I was born,
Or if my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrank at the cold world's scorn,
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, my brother, plain as I can,
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin and care;
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones of flesh are bare;
But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch,
On the cheek of my fellow-man,
It matters much!

It matters little where be my grave,
Or on the land or on the sea,
By purring brook, 'neath stormy wave,
It matters little or naught to me;
But whether the Angel of Death comes down
And marks my brow with his loving touch,
As one who shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

—MONTGOMERY.

The Women of Europe.

Mme. Durand (Henry Greville) in a recent lecture at Boston, spoke interestingly of the feminine portion of Europe. She spoke first of the women of Russia, where the peasant expects his wife to plow, to harvest, to work like a beast of burden. This would be comparatively nothing if they were well treated and loved. Their husbands do love them, but in a peculiar fashion. For the first two or three days after the wedding things go on very well—that is, while the families are exchanging their visits. After that the husband beats his wife. And if he does not beat her she thinks it is because he does not love her. Beating is the mark of a proper jealousy. Among the wealthier Russians, the mothers on Trinity day dress their marriageable daughters very handsomely, and take them to a city garden something like Boston common. The silk dresses of the girls are unlike anything you ever saw here. They are pink, yellow, or sky blue, with huge flowers of contrasting colors. The girls are as stiff as sugar loaves in them. The mothers and daughters seat themselves on benches in the garden, and all the young men who want wives parade before them. The girls never look at the men. They sit until five o'clock without saying a word. Then they go home and wait. In two or three days, or perhaps a week, an old woman appears. She asks for the mother, and begins to talk to her about everything in the world except the marriageable daughter. She is the match-maker. It would be highly improper for the young man or his family to appear in the matter. At length she says: "You have a turtle-dove and I have also a turtle-dove." After a little parrying she comes to the point. "Why should not my pigeon marry your pigeon?" The mother demurs, and says her daughter is too young. "Why did you take her to market then?" It is soon arranged after this. The match-maker sets forth the present and prospective advantages of the match. The girl is summoned and informed that in two or three weeks she will marry the young man. She must not look very much pleased if she likes the match, and she must look somewhat so if she does not like it. She can not refuse. The young man comes to a family tea party, perhaps to two. Then his friends return the civility. They see nothing of each other beyond this.

The higher classes, the lecturer continued, spoil their wives and sisters with kindness. They treat them not as equals. In Germany it is different. There the wives aim at but one thing. Their husbands must be well fed. To this all their powers are devoted. And the husbands look well fed, as the wives' reward. In Italy they don't think about eating at all. Maccaroni can be had everywhere. I have often wondered how it would do to live on the border between Germany, where they cook too much, and Italy, where they don't cook at all. I don't know much about English women, therefore I shall say nothing about them. In France women are clever and help their husbands. French parents love their children too much. I have been told that it is not good to love children too much, and I sometimes think that may be true. At least, it is not well to show it too much. They do show it too much in France, generally, and the children tyrannize. The wives are more the equals of their husbands in the country than in other classes of society; and the country husband and wife are more to each other than among workmen. Often a workman can not support the family if there are many children. The wife must help. She also goes out to work. She leaves her children to be taken care of at institutions called creches, where they are nursed, fed, taken care of for nothing from seven o'clock in the morning until seven at night. French women are very dependent, and the law is very hard on them. Until recently a French woman's earnings belonged to her husband. A recent law gives them their own earnings. The French woman is never free. If she marries she is not free then. Widows only are free. When a girl is seventeen or eighteen, her mother begins to look about for a husband, and everybody begins to dread her. They forget to send her invitations, and invent excuses about cards having been lost. When the son-in-law is secured he is invited to dinner. He looks about to see if the linen, the silver, and the furniture are all right. He calls two or three times a week, and brings magnificent flowers. No matter how poor he is, the flowers are always splendid. He expects the bride's portion to make up for it. "This is a marriage de convenance," though what convenience I do not know very well. I do not approve of such marriages, though I admit that they generally turn out well. It is not the way I married, and I should not approve of it for any one I care for. When the legal and social ceremonies are over, the couple generally settle down much better than could have been expected, and are reasonably happy together. They have no idea that there can be a better way of marrying. Still it is dreadful to have a daughter to *caser*—"put in the case." I think the system of marrying for a portion is awful. Education is better now than formerly. But no girl is ever allowed to go alone in the streets. It would be dreadful; something would surely happen; it would hurt her future. This system is

absolutely bad. Fifty or sixty of us have decided that our daughters shall go to school alone, and I hope our example may be followed, and that there may be a great change in this respect within the next ten years.

THE KITCHEN.

GRAHAM MUFFINS.—Two cups of sour milk, a teaspoonful of soda, two spoonsful of sugar, a bit of salt and Graham flour to make a moderately stiff batter. Add the soda to the milk and beat for a few moments before adding the other ingredients. Bake in hot, greased gem tins.

EXTRA GOOD SQUASH PIE.—One pint of steamed and strained squash, a pint of new milk, three-fourths cup of sugar, three eggs beaten very light, a half teaspoonful of ginger, the same of cinnamon, and a little salt. Line a deep pie tin with good paste, bake till a light brown, pour in the mixture and bake.

HOW TO KEEP GRAPES.—Take paste-board boxes of any shape and put in a layer of cotton, then a layer of grapes, and so on, ending with cotton on the top. Put on the cover and paste a strip of paper on the joining of cover and box. Keep in a cool place; not a cellar, but where there is a free circulation of air. They will keep nicely by this method until February.

TO PREPARE COCONUT FOR CAKE.—Cut a hole through the nut at one of the "eyes," draw off the milk, pound the nut well on all sides to loosen the meat, break open, remove the shell and set in a cool, open oven sprinkle thickly with powdered sugar and spread out in a cool, dry place. Thus prepared it will keep for weeks.

A GOOD SPONGE CAKE.—Beat six eggs, the yelk and whites together, until very light; add one and one-half cup of coffee sugar (granulated will not answer), beat until well mixed with the eggs; then add one and one-half cups of flour, into which a teaspoonful of baking powder and a pinch of salt have been stirred. Flavor to suit the baker or the consumers. This quantity makes one loaf of medium size.

COLD-SLAW WITH DRESSING.—A small head of white cabbage cut up very fine, a cup of milk, two-thirds of a cup of vinegar, a tablespoonful of butter, same of white sugar, two beaten eggs, pepper and salt to fancy and a teaspoonful of essence of celery if you have it. Put the milk and vinegar on to heat in separate dishes, add the seasoning, butter and sugar to the hot vinegar, put the cabbage into hot vinegar, heat to a boil and at once remove and turn out into a bowl. Add the beaten eggs to the hot milk, cook until it thickens pour over the cabbage, toss up with a fork, cover and set in a cool place. Do not serve until cold.

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Within six miles of the celebrated Paso Robles Mineral Springs, and near the proposed railroad from San Francisco to San Luis Obispo. About one-third is valley land, through which the "Huer Huero" creeks runs, the balance rolling land. No irrigation needed as the rain fall is sufficient. No better climate in the State; being twenty miles from the coast, is free from the cold fogs and bleak winds that prevail near the coast, and is free from the intense heat of the interior valleys.

Price, \$12.00 Per Acre!

Here is an opportunity to buy from six to twelve acres of land for the same price asked for one acre in Santa Clara or Napa county, with a better soil and better climate than can be found in either the valleys named.

1350 Acres of Excellent Grazing Land,

Adjoining the above, I have a stock ranch of 1350 acres covered with bunch grass, clover and alfalfa, the most nutritious of all native grasses. A stream of running water the year round passes through the land. Plenty of oak trees on both places for fence posts and fuel.

Price, \$10.00 Per Acre.

Part of the purchase money for either piece of land can remain on mortgage.

AMOS ADAMS,

110 Ninth St., S. F.

JANUARY, 1886.

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8.30 A. M. daily, for Alameda, Newark, Gen. Treville, Alviso, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, Wrights, Glenwood, Felton, Big Trees, Boulder Creek, SANTA CRUZ, and all way stations.
2.30 P. M. (except Sunday) express; Mt. Eden, Alameda, Newark, Centerville, Alviso, Agnew, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and all stations to Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz.
4.30 P. M. daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos and intermediate points.
4.00 A. M. every Sunday, Hunter's Train to San Jose, stopping at all way stations.
\$5 EXCURSION TO SANTA CRUZ and BOLLINGER CREEK, on Saturdays and Sundays, on Saturdays and Sundays, to return on Monday inclusive.
\$1.75 to SANTA CLARA and SAN JOSE and return. Sundays only.
All through trains connect at Felton for Boulder Creek and points on Felton and Pescadero Railroad.

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From FORTY-SEVEN AND WEBSTER STREETS, OAKLAND—6.50, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30 A. M. \$12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30 P. M.
From HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—6.16, 6.46, 6.16, 6.46, 7.16, 7.46, 8.16, 8.46, 9.16, 9.46, 10.16, 10.46, 11.16, 11.46 A. M. 12.16, 12.46, 1.16, 1.46, 2.16, 2.46, 3.16, 3.46, 4.16, 4.46, 5.16, 5.46, 6.16, 6.46, 7.16, 7.46, 8.16, 8.46, 9.16, 9.46, 10.16, 10.46, 11.16, 11.46 P. M.
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Millard Postal Station, : Chicago, Illinois.

HATTIE A. BERRY, : Editress and Manager.
ARTHUR B. SHEDD, : Assistant Manager.

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LEAVE S. F.	Commencing Oct. 18, 1885.	ARRIVE S. F.
6.40 a. m.		6.25 a. m.
8.30 a. m.		8.10 a. m.
10.40 a. m.	San Mateo, Redwood and...	9.05 a. m.
1.30 p. m.	Menlo Park...	10.02 a. m.
4.30 p. m.		3.35 p. m.
6.15 p. m.		5.02 p. m.
6.30 p. m.		6.05 p. m.
8.30 a. m.		9.05 a. m.
10.40 a. m.	Santa Clara, San Jose and...	10.02 a. m.
1.30 p. m.	Principal Way Stations...	3.35 p. m.
4.30 p. m.		6.05 p. m.
10.40 a. m.	Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville...	10.02 a. m.
1.30 p. m.	Salinas and Monterey...	6.05 p. m.
10.40 a. m.	Hollister and Tres Pinos...	10.02 a. m.
1.30 p. m.		6.05 p. m.
10.40 a. m.	Watsonville, Aptos, Soquel...	6.05 p. m.
1.30 p. m.	(Camp Capitola) and Santa Cruz...	6.05 p. m.
10.40 a. m.	Soledad and Way Stations...	6.05 p. m.

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

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

Time Schedule, April 6, 1885.

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

LEAVE FOR	DESTINATION.	ARRIVE FROM
18.00 a. m.	Byron	10.10 p. m.
8.00 a. m.	Calistoga and Napa	10.10 a. m.
4.00 p. m.	"	6.10 p. m.
7.30 p. m.	Colfax	8.40 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	Delta, Redding and Portland	6.40 p. m.
3.30 p. m.	Galt, via Martinez	10.40 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	Lone, via Livermore	5.40 p. m.
4.00 p. m.	Knights Landing	10.10 a. m.
5.00 p. m.	Livermore and Pleasanton	8.40 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	Martinez	6.10 p. m.
7.30 p. m.	"	7.10 p. m.
3.30 p. m.	(MoJave, Doming,) Express	10.40 a. m.
7.00 p. m.	(El Paso and East) Emigrant	6.10 a. m.
0.00 a. m.	Niles and Haywards	3.40 p. m.
0.00 p. m.	Lodgen and Express	11.10 a. m.
7.30 p. m.	Milton	9.40 a. m.
7.30 a. m.	" East, via Emigrant	6.40 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	Red Bluff via Marysville	5.40 p. m.
8.00 a. m.	Sacramento, via Livermore	5.40 p. m.
7.30 p. m.	" " "	6.40 p. m.
4.00 p. m.	" " via Benicia	11.10 a. m.
4.00 p. m.	" " via Benicia	10.10 a. m.
4.00 p. m.	Sacramento River Steamers	6.40 a. m.
10.00 p. m.	Sacramento River Steamers	7.40 a. m.
10.00 a. m.	San Jose	13.00 p. m.
3.00 p. m.	" " "	9.40 a. m.
18.00 a. m.	Stockton, via Livermore	6.40 p. m.
3.30 p. m.	" " via Martinez	7.10 p. m.
3.30 a. m.	" " via Martinez	10.40 a. m.
3.30 a. m.	Tulare and Fresno	7.10 p. m.