



GOLDEN GATE

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

VOL. II.

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734 Montgomery St.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1886.

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

NO. 12.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

He is gentle that doth gentle deeds.
—Chaucer.

Most powerful is he who has himself in his power.
—Seneca.

Behavior is a mirror in which every one shows his image.
—Goethe.

Manners are not idle but the fruit of noble and of loyal mind.
—Tennyson.

Each good thought or action moves
The dark world nearer to the sun.

—WHITTIER.

The world is an art gallery of infinite loveliness. It is star-decked and flower-gemmed everywhere.

We may rest assured that whatever our condition may be in the other world, we shall be fully conscious of it.

The mind of the scholar, if you would have it large and liberal, must come in contact with other minds.
—Longfellow.

"My life, be it ever so simple, is a slender thread deftly woven into that splendid tapestry we call human history."

In the man whose childhood has known caresses there is always a fibre of memory that can be touched to gentle issues.
—George Eliot.

Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone.
Save thou a soul, and it shall save thine own.

—WHITTIER.

People who are always taking care of their health are like misers, who are hoarding up a treasure, which they never have the spirit to enjoy.
—Sterne.

Nothing keeps the heart as fresh and young, saves it from bitterness and corrosion through the cares and conflicts and disappointments of life, as the daily enjoyment of a happy home.

A great many things we say can be made to appear contradictory, simply because they are partial views of a truth, and may often look unlike at first, as a front view of a face and its profile often do.
—O. W. Holmes.

Oh, the peace that comes into the life that feels that it has a place in the great heart that feeds all human hearts! and the strength that belongs to the soul that is assured that all its striving for the good is indorsed and approved by the all-searching eye, and that his mightiness is reinforced by the all-mightiness of the universe!

We ought always to do justly, not only to those who are just, but likewise with those who endeavor to injure us. And this too, for fear lest by rendering the evil for evil, we should fall into the same vice. So we ought likewise to have friendship, that is to say, humanity and good will for all who are of the same nature with us.
—Hieroctes.

Each solitary kind action that is done, the whole world over, is working briskly in its own sphere to restore the balance between right and wrong. Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence, or learning; and these three never converted any one unless they were kind also. The continual sense which a kind heart has of its own need of kindness keeps it humble. Perhaps an act of kindness never dies, but extends the invisible undulations of its influence over the breadth of centuries.
—F. W. Faber.

ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS.

Before the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, at Metropolitan Temple, March 29, 1886.

(By J. J. OWEN.)

This is an age of wonderful things—wonderful in invention and discovery—wonderful in the unfoldments of science, and especially wonderful in the mighty influx of spirit influence and power, which, like a tidal wave, has swept in from the great ocean and soul of nature upon the hearts and consciences of the human race.

The anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism is a good time to take a brief survey of the field, see what has been accomplished in the way of spiritual enlightenment in the past, and to marshal our forces for new struggles with error, to be followed, we doubt not, in the not distant future, by other and grander victories than any which have been achieved in the past.

Man is the only animal that can project himself into the future—that can think ahead, and plan for to-morrow and next year. He is the only animal that can question his own existence, and speculate upon the probabilities of another life. As a reasoning being he will not be satisfied, on this point, with the fables of mythology, nor the statements of those living either in ancient or modern times. He wants to know for himself, and he will know, or else be compelled to believe that death is the end of life.

So long as man, in his ignorance, was willing to base his belief in a future life on the assertion or assumption of others, he got along very well; but there came a time in his intellectual unfoldment when hearsay evidence would not do. He must have the assurance in his own experience. Then he began to lose faith in the assumptions of Christianity, and drift away into materialism. He could see no reason for another life. He saw change marked across the face of all things—the old everywhere making way for the new. He died as the brute died, and both were alike very dead. Science had dissected the brain and searched among the hidden springs of life, but could find no trace of a soul; hence, in his judgment, immortality was a mere fancy—an idle figment of the brain.

And to this complexion was enlightened thought rapidly tending, when man's attention was arrested by a mysterious knock at the door of his understanding—a spirit rap, that was destined, in its higher unfoldments, to overthrow all his materialistic ideas, and cause him to build anew the structure of his hopes and beliefs.

And so came the phenomena of modern Spiritualism to the world, bringing light and life to myriads of longing souls—telling them that death is but the gateway to another life far more replete with realities than this—and that those who have passed on, can, under favorable conditions, return to comfort, and inspire with hope the loved ones they have left behind.

If modern Christendom had been fairly wise, and not dominated by a theology that was heartless and autocratic, and wholly unlike the teachings of the sweet-souled and beautiful Jesus, it would have welcomed the phenomena with open arms. Its demonstrations were just what was wanted to convince the world of the truth of a religion that taught, while it could not prove the immortality of the soul.

But the church was not wise. It preferred to cling to a dead past, and to a faith that was conviction only to a vivid fancy stimulated with a holy zeal, and not to the stern logic of reason. This could not always last. The heart of humanity, in its more devotional moods, may be touched with the "story of the Cross." It may believe that whither the Master went it, too, would follow in the fulfillment of time; but in its cooler and more thoughtful moments it will insist upon the proof. The head, as well as the heart, must be touched, and the reason convinced before the staying qualities of any religion can be established.

Man has the same right to demand proof in religious matters that he has in everything else. A religion that tells him of a spiritual existence, without advancing even a shadow of proof thereof, is a

religion of unjustifiable pretensions. It is wanting in the very element of fact around which all its aspirations cluster.

Spiritualism modestly comes forward and offers to the church this paramount fact—positive evidence of continued life beyond the border-land of death—and the church rejects it. Very well, the fact still exists, whether the church will have it or not, and around this fact will gather eventually all the higher teachings of Christianity. Love to man—the practice of the Golden Rule—the inculcation of pure thoughts and noble deeds—the exercise of ever-blessed charity—all of these and more, will be, and are now, taught from the ten thousand platforms and rostrums (not pulpits) of Spiritualism scattered throughout the civilized world.

Thus is Spiritualism forced, in a measure, to become a law unto itself, and establish a religion of its own—a religion not of narrow sectarian principles, but one as broad as humanity, embracing all that is of good report; all that is necessary for man's happiness here in this life or in the hereafter.

The history of the origin of the phenomena upon which Spiritualists base their knowledge of a future life,—the beginning of what is known as the "Rochester Knockings"—are so familiar to all intelligent persons, that I will not now tire you by traversing the ground again; but will merely give you, in passing, some personal experiences connected therewith.

I was a resident, when a young man, of the city of Rochester, N. Y., at the time the "Fox Girls," as they were called, came up from Hydesville, (a small village in Wayne county, about forty miles distant), for the purpose of bringing before the public the then strange and marvelous phenomena of the rappings heard in their presence. Now, it is not claimed that this form of spirit manifestation was original with the Fox girls. Similar manifestations had been witnessed by others long before their day—notably those occurring in the family of John Wesley, and which were attributed to the machinations of a personal devil. But it is claimed that through the mediumship of these girls the rappings were first reduced to a system, and assigned to their true cause,—a disembodied human spirit endeavoring, by some process of spiritual dynamics, to impinge his presence upon the consciousness of the mortal. Of the sisters there were Katie and Maggie Fox (one a young girl of twelve or fourteen, the other a young woman grown) and Mrs. Fisher, a married lady of about twenty-five. They were modest in manners and appearance, fairly intelligent, and impressed me at the time as thoroughly honest and conscientious people. They secured a small cottage on Spring street, near where I resided, where they were visited by hundreds of people, all more or less interested in the strange phenomena occurring in their presence. I was a frequent caller at their residence, and became quite well acquainted with them. It was there I first heard that strange electrical concussion—the telegraphic signal across the border line of death,—so staggering to my then materialistic convictions.

The local papers contained numerous accounts of the rappings, and many were the theories advanced by the writers explanatory thereof. Electricity, involuntary muscular action, cracking of the toe and knee joints, machinery concealed about the person of the mediums, etc., each had its advocates, with but very few to attribute the rappings to their true cause.

The excitement spread rapidly throughout the community, until a public meeting was called at Corinthian Hall, the largest public hall in the city, at which the sisters consented to be present. On the memorable night of this first meeting for the investigation of the phenomena of Spiritualism held upon this planet, it was your speaker's privilege to be present. The hall was densely packed with an eager and incredulous multitude. A committee was appointed to manage the investigation, and see that no jugglery was practiced. Notwithstanding every endeavor to discover the cause of the raps, the committee were completely nonplussed. The raps, which were produced upon the stage in the vicinity of where the girls were placed, were loud enough to be heard throughout the hall. The audience expressed great dissatisfaction with the report of the committee, and with what they regarded as their incompetency in failing to discover the secret. Another com-

mittee was appointed, and another meeting held, with like results. The audience thereupon became very turbulent, and came near breaking up the meeting in a riot. And at still another meeting the safety of the mediums was really imperilled, as a number of rough persons came there with torpedoes and other devices for a riot, intending evidently to do serious harm to the mediums for what was regarded as their fraudulent spiritual pretensions. And it was only by the determined resistance of a few resolute friends of the mediums that they were removed to their rooms.

From this humble beginning came Modern Spiritualism to the world. The news spread rapidly abroad. Thousands of circles were formed and hundreds of mediums were soon developed, through whom the same and other phases of the phenomena were manifested. And now there is scarcely a neighborhood without its public medium, and in thousands of homes an oracle has been developed to voice loving messages from the so-called dead to the living.

All new religions have much opposition, usually, to contend with, and in the estimation of the world they are more or less disreputable. No matter how noble or pure their teachings, or how sound or reasonable their philosophy, their followers are invariably the target for all manner of unclean missiles. The tongue of slander and misrepresentation is turned loose upon them, and they must needs win their way to the popular heart through the gauntlet of scorn and contumely, and oftentimes by way of the dungeon and the fagot.

The early disciples of the Nazarene, who gave to the world the new commandment—"to love one another"—were obliged to assemble in caves and secret places when they would meet for worship, or to comfort each other. And all along down the ages, until Christianity became powerful enough to crush its enemies (!), it trod many a thorny path with bleeding feet. But no sooner did it become powerful and respectable, than it forgot the cruel lessons of its own unloved infancy, and placed its heel upon the neck of all dissenters from its faith.

Formerly it was "believe or be damned," in both this world and the next, and most people preferred to believe rather than take the desperate chances of being damned. Now, all thoughtful souls, with any considerable amount of intelligent self-respect, prefer the other thing. They realize that the time is past when the anathemas of the Church are of any serious inconvenience to them, either here or hereafter.

Spiritualism has passed through this experience, and is now coming forth to its heritage of respectful recognition. Its phenomena have been "weighed in the balance" by many of the first scientists of the age, and found to be the unfoldment of a grand and glorious truth. Thoughtful minds everywhere, in the churches and out, are quietly but persistently investigating its claims, as opportunity occurs. And opportunities are not wanting for all honest seekers after the truth. There are hundreds of psychics who are never known in public—children, often, through whose organism spirits of a high order of intelligence are able to communicate with their friends in earth life. Your speaker has known a little girl—a mere child, delicate in health, and backward in mental development, whose hand would be used automatically, by unseen intelligences, in writing long messages to the living—messages of love and wisdom,—written often in a language of which she had not the slightest knowledge,—and in all of which she was wholly unconscious.

The literature of Spiritualism, also,—numbering thousands of books and pamphlets, written, many of them by the brightest intellects the world can produce; and scores of ably conducted journals,—is winning its way to the thoughtful consideration of the masses. The multitudes are hungry for the blessed knowledge of a future life, and the return of those whom they had been taught to believe dead and awaiting the sound of Gabriel's resurrection trumpet.

And so the heaven is at work, and the cause that had such a humble beginning in the Hydesville rappings, is spreading throughout the world. Intelligent people no longer hesitate to admit that they are Spiritualists. They are coming forth by thousands to proclaim their knowledge to the world.

It is true that Spiritualism, during its early struggles for existence, has been made to suffer in its reputation from various causes.

The sinuosities of human nature are many and past finding out. The fact is, only a small portion of the human race may be regarded as really and wholly sane. Every man with a twist in his brain—every unbalanced nature—every crank with a hobby to ride—has taken advantage of the free platform which Spiritualism has offered to air his vagaries.

And thus the cause, which in its essence means simply a belief in the existence of the spirit of man as a conscious entity after the change called death, and of its ability to return and communicate with mortals, has been saddled with burdens that would have swamped any other system of religion or philosophy in the world.

Pernicious teachings concerning the marriage relation; the gibberish and trash of undeveloped and ignorant mediumship that have been quoted as the utterances of the spirits of the great and wise; the unsavory character of some of the ministers and mediums of the new gospel—all of this and more operated to shut out from the investigation of our beautiful philosophy and wonderful phenomena many an honest soul.

But much of the foolishness laid at the door of Spiritualism was nothing like as bad as it was painted. Here was a startling fact—the discovery of a new world—a world people with spiritual beings. This fact, so marvelous in its character, naturally appealed first to the credulous and superstitious. So contrary was it to the teachings of all religions, as well as to the conservatism of science, and the enlightened thought of the world, that it was everywhere received with distrust, not unmixed with ridicule. Its new and strange revelations were distorted, and its claims denounced as the tricks of the charlatan or the workings of the Evil One.

But this state of things is rapidly passing away. Spiritualists are now too numerous, to self-reliant and too well fortified in their facts, longer to care much for what ignorant and narrow-minded people may say of them; for it is only this class that any longer presumes to treat the claims of Spiritualism with disrespect. The newspaper press—recently so hostile to Spiritualism—has changed its tone. It found its abuse of Spiritualists unprofitable; there were too many of that class among its readers and patrons. It is amazing how respectful the average newspaper editor can become when to be otherwise diminishes his revenues.

And so, as the young evangel of Spiritualism gained strength and confidence—as it came to stand forth in its purity and beauty, and cast off, one after another, the cumbersome weights of mischief and misapprehension which at first involved it, it was seen to be of goodly form and fair features, as indeed it is—"one among ten thousand and altogether lovely." It means the truest social order; it emphasizes in its teachings and philosophy, purity of life and conduct, and the necessity of spiritual and intellectual growth. It seeks man's highest welfare in this world and the next. It fills the heart of the mourner with joy unspeakable. It tells of—

"Sweet fields of never-fading green,
And rivers of delight;"

Of a home in a world of eternal verities, beyond the bars of the West—the sunset of time. It urges, by hints and admonitions, by the thousand lessons of nature, by inspiration and intuition, and by every incentive of time and eternity, the importance of right living here, as the only proper preparation for life hereafter.

Spiritualism has no High Priests—no one to whom its votaries look up to, or regard as absolutely authority in matters of belief.

It formulates no creed—has no articles of faith—recognizes no dicta. It is founded in the nature of man—in the rational needs and longings of the human soul. It recognizes the operation of law as the only way to happiness. All wrongdoing is a violation of law, the fruits of which are inharmonious and unhappiness. And on this basis it rears a structure of philosophy that appeals to the physical senses, as well as to the moral nature of man.

Thus, nature is our only High Priest, and her moving and ever-progressive
(Continued on Third Page.)

All Souls.

[Extracts from a recent discourse by Josiah Lloyd Jones, pastor of All Souls' Church, Chicago.]

"Behold, all souls are mine!"—Ezekiel 18:4.

"All souls are mine!" In these four words are closely coiled the essential forces of religion. As we read the text with varying emphasis, we discover the verities of the spiritual life. To unpack some of these forces, to release some of these springs, is the object of this sermon.

1. "All souls are mine!" This word "soul" is one of the pivotal words of religion. Never mind your disputes. Let us not be tripped by any verbal entanglements.

I mean by "soul" the mysterious something that thinks, loves, and wills. I care not whether this marvelous manifestation be some subtle effluence, some sublime and holy transformation of the unknown reality which men flippantly and irreverently call matter, or a manifestation of that other something, equally elusive, removed from our knowledge by a chasm equally impassable, but not one whit more so, which we call "spirit." Given a physical or metaphysical basis, the facts of soul remain exactly the same. The latest and best thinking is little concerned with the old battle between materialism and spiritualism. It is content to recognize that here are two classes of phenomena presenting themselves to human consciousness. The conditions of the one can not be adequately stated in the terms of the other. And both classes present their claims with equal vigor, and they should be received with equal grace and sanctity. If you force an alternative, I have no hesitation in saying with Tyndall, "It is easier to express sensations of matter in terms of spirit than to state the conditions of spirit in terms of matter." But, with him, I prefer to regard both words as the same side of an inexpressible verity, the intangible but besetting power that the mind of man can not grasp, yet the existence of which is vouched for by the mighty cosmic order of which we are a part. It is only undevout ignorance that either offers indignity to body or is indifferent to the manifestations of mind. I would reverence as holy the currents of red blood that go throbbing through the arteries to feet, hand, and brain, because in some way they sail my ships of thought. These red rivers are sacred rivers, because they float my affections and land their choicest cargoes in the citadel of mind. One may claim that "Hamlet" is but the transformation of the bread and milk that Shakespeare ate; another, that angels from heaven descended, touched the poet's brain and kissed his lips, kindling thereby the fire. In either case, "Hamlet" remains the same—the incomparable epitome of man's thoughts and feelings. Let either or neither theory be true, all the same am I bound to revere the production and to love the source from which it came. By virtue of what the play is, irrespective as to how it came to be, I am bound to admire its consummate workmanship. Came they from an aspiring man reaching upward or from a stooping god reaching downward, it is for me to appreciate and enforce the words: "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! The beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

It is not the province of religion to account for the origin of soul or to pronounce upon its essence. It is the business of religion to enlarge its boundaries and sanctify its powers. I may believe, as I do, that monad, bivalve, and simian mark the long road upon which this power I call "soul" has traveled toward its coronation in man. I grant it regal honors all the more willingly because of its long journey and magnificent ascent. Nay, let me change the courage of the new thought into the inspiration of the new religion, and say it deserves these honors all the more. Let us crown the more royally this something or somewhat that can not be weighed in balances or measured with yard-sticks, but can weigh and measure—ay, combine weights and measurements in such a way as to change, amend, and enlarge all the outward conditions of its life. It can think from form to substance, reason from seen to unseen, build high the temple dome of thought, and lay deep the foundations of love. Somewhere, on this long road, this mystic power grew strong enough to say, "I think!" and lo! it became a man. Farther along on the rising grade of life, the same power whispered, "Why am I?" And perhaps, in the presence of this or kindred mystic questions, religion was born. Later, much later it is probable, he began to articulate the potent word "out." Then morals were born, and civilization became possible.

* * * The development of soul is the ultimate end of all the instrumentalities of religion. Its demand is: What are you doing? What is the breadth of your sympathies, the depth of your convictions, the power of your will, the dimensions of your life? None of these questions are for the theologians. No creeds can answer them, and no sect can interpret them. They appeal directly to your consciousness, whether you delight in physics or metaphysics, whether you call yourself materialist, atheist, Christian, or what not. No matter how we differ in our theories, we will agree that only those eyes are beautiful through which a loving soul looks, only that face is lovely which

is engraved with thought lines, only that hand is welcome into which a loving heart pours its pulsations. "All souls are mine!" Never has religion had such warrant in this emphasis as now. Science and experience, philosophy and the practical economics of to-day, all combine in placing the emphasis upon this power, which, to quote Herbert Spencer, "wells up in ourselves under the form of consciousness which is akin to the infinite and eternal energy from which all things proceed." John Fiske says that "scientific investigations go to prove that there is a dramatic tendency in the universe to express itself in the soul of man." The philosophy of evolution, more than any theology of the past, places man—thinking, loving man—as the superlative flowering of nature's forces. Toward this, all the creative ages have tended. Every chapter in the book of evolution is the record of the travail of nature to bring forth a soul. Says Fiske, in his latest book: "Evolution places man in his old position of the universe, even as in the days of Dante and Aquinas. That which the pre-Copernican astronomy naively thought to do by placing the home of man in the centre of the physical universe, the Darwinian biology profoundly accomplishes by exhibiting man as the terminal fact in that stupendous process of evolution whereby things have come to be what they are."

2. "All souls are mine!" The second central truth of religion I find in my text by thus shifting the emphasis. The kinship of souls, the fraternity of man, the modern doctrine of the solidarity of the human race, the unity of humanity, is anticipated in the glowing text of this old prophet. Again, we might as well waive all the disputed questions. Give science all the time she needs to decide, if she ever can, whether man first appeared on this earth at one or at several points, whether the race is descended from one or from many pairs, the essential truth remains,—that all men are children of one common mother, Nature; offsprings of the same paternal power, that reveals itself, everywhere and always. Humanity is one, by virtue of common strengths and common weaknesses. The meanest is blood relation to the highest. In the savage there is the beginning of a Shakespeare, and in Shakespeare—you may depend upon—there is somewhere the remnant of a savage. Grotesque and deformed Caliban is younger brother to the accomplished and masterful Prospero. It is a long road from Judas to Jesus, but not so long but that the measuring line of human nature reaches from the one to the other. From the Hottentot to Socrates is a great stride, but Science confidently asserts that out of lower than Hottentot was Socrates evolved.

Humanity is one, not only by virtue of common origin, but one in a common yearning, and, in the name of religion, I dare say, one in a common destiny.

You can not make two distinct hearts. The purest heart bears some stain of hatred and bitterness. The blackest shows touches of marvelous beauty, has some folds of spotless white. Dig your hell as deep as you please, friend: you can not dig it so deep but that some good and beauty will be dragged down to the bottommost circle, if ever a human soul goes there. Build the walls of your heaven as high as the throne of God, and some weakness and wickedness will climb therein, if human nature goes there. I have no way of forecasting eternity. I know not what the infinite economies may have in store for a human soul. I am quite content to wait, and read the scroll as it is unrolled, day by day, to my astonished gaze. But this I do believe that the destiny of your soul and mine is linked, on the one hand, with the lowest wretch in this city, and, on the other hand, with the peerless Jesus. There are invisible but indestructible chains linking the purest women with the coarsest. Ankle to ankle, wrist to wrist, they march. So teach the careful inductions of political science. So declare the larger deductions of religious faith. Men talk of "saved" and "lost,"—as though the immortal destinies of souls were to be determined by the incidents of birth, education, or creed inheritance! In so doing, they are false to science, false to the prophetic declaration of seer, prophet, and bard, false to the divine instincts and hopes of the human heart, that lays eager hold of the text, "All souls are mine!" and says, "Let me be damned with the struggling, toiling, pitiful millions rather than be saved with the selfish, complacent, and dogmatic few who would invert and pervert my text, making it read, 'All souls are the devil's, but God is willing and able to rescue a few.'"

A BONA FIDE Mrs. Partington has enlivened Washington society the past Winter. She hails from the Carolinas, but spends her Winters at the National Capitol. The lady has more wealth than brains, and some of the slips of her tongue are related with great merriment by those who happen to hear her. One evening some of her lady acquaintances called, saying they had been invited by her husband. She replied, "Ah, yes, my husband is so sorry not to be able to see you, but he is totally decomposed." In speaking, on one occasion, of her travels abroad, Mrs. Partington said with enthusiasm that the "Dying Gladiator" was the "chef d'art" she remembered with pleasure.

SPIRITUALISM bridges the gulf which separates humanity from humanity's God.

EXPERIENCE DEPARTMENT.

The True and the False.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

It has always been a question in my mind as to just how much of the so-called spiritual phenomena may be fairly attributed to super-mundane intelligence, and how much of it really has no higher origin than the minds of the mediums and sitters. While I am perfectly satisfied that the spirits of those who have passed out of this life into the higher life, can and do, under favorable circumstances, return, bearing messages of love to dear ones left behind, yet I am also well satisfied that many of the messages purporting to come from arisen ones, have no more remote origin than the minds of the sitters.

I have on many occasions been present at public circles, where communications have been given to persons present, which were proved then and there to have come from the mind of some individual in the mortal form, who was among the sitters. And I have sometimes in such cases, heard the mediums accused of fraud, even by persons who professed to understand our philosophy. To my mind, however, such cases, instead of being evidence of fraud, are often very convincing proof of the medium's honesty.

A medium is nothing more or less than one who is sensitive to the influence of the minds by whom she or he is surrounded, and it is by no means necessary that a mind should have passed out of mortal life, in order to be able to influence another mind. Indeed, all of us, whether sensitive enough to be called mediums or not, are in a greater or less degree influenced by those around us.

We, as mortals, possess all the powers of mind possessed by arisen ones, only in most cases, we do not know how to use them as well. Indeed, I will go further and say that some persons still in the form, possess great powers of influencing those out of the form; and this explains much that is otherwise inexplicable in spiritual phenomena.

If this be true, and I am sure it is, does not such cases as those before spoken of, prove conclusively that the medium does receive impressions from other minds, even if they are present in the body.

On the other hand, I have known, cases of messages being received, which were unquestionably genuine spirit communications, and yet bore unmistakable evidence of the influence of the sitters' mind upon that of the spirit communicating. Now these facts to my mind, give proof of the existence of a universal psychic law, which may be used by spirits and mortals alike. All who witnessed the performances of J. Randall Brown, who lately gave exhibitions at the Grand Opera House, have been convinced beyond a reasonable doubt that his mind was so sensitive to the influence of the minds around him, that he could discover the thought passing therein, even going so far in some cases as to get whole sentences—answers to questions, etc.

Some might argue from this, that all our phenomena have a similar origin, and should in no case be attributed to minds out of the body; but a careful investigation will convince any candid person, that at least some of the communications purporting to come from spirits are all that is claimed for them. I remember a case in point given to me some years ago, a part of which could be explained upon no other hypothesis than that the person from whom the message purported to come, did actually give it, because it contained information of which both the medium and myself were ignorant, and which I afterward found to be true.

At the time to which I refer, several of us were spending an evening with a Mrs. C., who, though not a Spiritualist in belief, was known by the writer to be a fine trance and test medium. On this occasion, after much persuasion, we had prevailed upon her to sit up to a table with us, hoping we would get something from our spirit friends, as we had on previous occasions in the same way.

We had not been sitting long before she became deeply entranced. After some little talk on general subjects she suddenly turned to me and said: "There is a man here who says he is your brother, and he looks just like you only he is lighter complexioned. He says his name is Volney White—Volney Henry White." She looked puzzled and said, "How can that be; your name is A., and his White?" Not getting any answer to this, she said, "Well, he says he is your brother, any way; and he has a little child in his arms, which calls him papa, and which passed out very young." She then gave me something of a private nature which could only have come from him; and altogether, I was much pleased with the test, though for months I was puzzled over that child calling him "papa," for the medium told me it was a boy, and I did not believe he was the father of more than one child and that was a young lady still in this life.

Several months after the sitting, however, I visited his daughter, my niece, and in the course of a conversation on family matters, I asked her, "Lizzie, did you ever have a brother?" She hesitated a moment, and then said, "Yes." "How is it," said I, "that I never heard of it?" "Well," said she, "It was born alive but only breathed once or twice after birth

and then died, and we never alluded to it, because it hurt mother's feelings so much."

Here then was the explanation of the child in my brother's arms; and this is to my mind a proof positive of the truth of that message. That part of the communication alluding to his personal appearance, might possibly have come from my mind, as also his name, but the child appearing in his arms and calling him "papa," took the whole out of the reach of any mundane influence and placed it where spirit communion furnishes the only explanation.

The name given was that of my half-brother who had passed out some years before, and this fact as well as his personal appearance was unknown to the medium. But I consider the fact which he gave, which was unknown to me, and which at the time I did not believe, of vastly more importance as bearing upon the question of a future life than all the other things combined. E. G. A.

Spiritual Impression of Physical Danger.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

One scene in my life, since I became a Spiritualist, is indelibly stamped upon memory's page, and is illustrative of the protecting care of the higher powers, even if not of direct spirit intervention, in time of danger. Many years ago, when we were living in our Eastern home, my husband kept several horses to use in his business, and on the lovely Summer morning the event I am relating transpired, he sent a man away with a pair of team horses and a new wagon to which they were unaccustomed. My little son was sitting on the broad door-step playing while I was hanging up clothes to dry in the yard near him. As I came in I felt an impression to take him into the house with me, and then the thought came quickly, "It is too warm; I will let him remain." But, almost unconsciously to myself, I took him up, and I had scarcely got into the room before those horses dashed around the corner of the house, and one of them passed directly over the very spot where my baby had sat; the clothes line, where I had stood but a moment before, stopping them.

The heat and the heavy wagon had made the horses restless, and when they were left for a moment they ran for home. I think I never realized any more clearly that some kind spirit friend prompted me to take my little one in. If he had remained an instant longer he would have been crushed, as we never even heard the horses come into the yard. I certainly felt grateful, and my heart went up in a prayer of thanksgiving to the angels, on that beautiful Summer day, and the world looked brighter to me than ever before. M. M.

Thomas Gales Foster Cremated.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The well and widely known Thomas Gales Foster passed to spirit life from this city on Tuesday, March 23d. On Thursday, March 25th, his remains were sent to The Lancaster Crematory, at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, for cremation. Being placed in the retort it took one hour and a half to reduce the body to ashes, which then weighed two pounds, and were placed in a metallic urn and returned to Washington, where, on Sunday, March 28th, appropriate services were held over the ashes. Mr. Geo. A. Bacon, Mrs. Gladding, Mr. A. A. Wheelock, Mr. Frank White and Mr. Higgins, officiated.

Mr. Foster is well known on the Pacific coast, and to know him was to love him. Had his spirit remained in the body until May 14th, he would have reached the allotted age of three score and ten. He leaves a widow to mourn his earthly loss.

The funeral services were void of the usual dismay and grief, and Mr. Foster's nearest relatives seem to take the matter philosophically. It was Mr. Foster's request to thus be so disposed of. The urn containing the ashes was placed upon a library table, around which was a wreath of laurel leaves. From the handles of the urn, smilax gracefully trained, ran to a picture of the departed, which was near by.

The urn will be hermetically sealed, taken to Baltimore, placed in the family lot in the cemetery, and in the bosom of mother earth will quietly repose and find eternal rest.

One more corporeal body returned to its native element, to again superinduce growth physically organized in the world material. One more spiritual embodiment projected into the realm of spirit, to blossom in the life where soul exists; to take up the work laid down; to continue in good work among the forces understood. As an identity, yet born of the law better understood as God. *Requiescat in pace.* MRS. MAY MOZART.

WASHINGTON, Mar. 29, 1886.

"Who was the oldest man?" asked the teacher. "Methuselah!" "Correct. Who was the strongest?" "Samson!" "Right. Now, who was the greatest man the world has ever seen?" Prize scholar: "Please, Sir, I can't just remember his name, but he pitched for the Knickerbockers last season, and he's just signed with the Rounders for next."—*Burdette.*

The sting of death is turned to tender caresses when the good and the true die.

Trance Speaking.

[H. W. Thomas, D. D., in Mind in Nature.]

The field of investigation essayed by the Western Society for Psychical Research is by no means a small one. Starting out from the stand-point of *Mind in Nature*, it may properly deal with all forms of mental phenomena; not only with the laws and workings of mind, considered as an entity, but with these as affected by and manifested through their manifold material environments, such as the bodily conditions of health or disease, and the impressions made by the outer world.

If there be a specialty in the work of the Society it is, perhaps, in this, that it deals not so much with the normal as with the abnormal; that is to say, the Society seeks, through its many divisions and subdivisions of research, to ascertain and classify under their appropriate departments as large a number of facts as it can find in the realm of the more occult and less ordinary psychic experiences and results; and from such facts to generalize in a broader way than could be possible from a less number of such cases, and then it is the further aim and hope to deduce from these generalizations principles or laws that may bring them under ascertained law or order.

In this large field of investigation one division of labor is devoted to a study of the phenomena known as Spiritualism; and as one special phase of this is trance speaking, the committee having charge of this department invited the well-known trance speaker, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, to submit to a test of her powers before the monthly meeting of the Society. This occurred on Tuesday evening, March 2d, at the club room of the Sherman House, at which a large number of members and invited guests were present, Dr. Jackson, President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, presiding.

Mrs. Richmond took her seat in front of the President's table, and in full view of all present. Most of the questions to be asked had been prepared by a committee appointed for that purpose; but of their nature, or what they were to be, Mrs. Richmond had not the slightest knowledge. It was, to one disposed to philosophize, a strange scene; lawyers, doctors, judges, clergymen, scientists, and men and women from different fields in the world of business and literature, assembled to hear one speak, not, as she claimed, from the ordinary resources of learning and experience, but in a wholly unconscious state; impersonal, or as acted upon, or talked through by the spirit of some one who had ceased to live in the body.

The President father hesitatingly observed, after the Society was called to order, and the minutes read, that they were ready to proceed, but he was a little at a loss to know whether the "controlling spirit" had taken possession of the medium. Had it been a case of diagnosing any form of disease the learned doctor would have been perfectly at home; but in this case he modestly waited to be informed. Mrs. Richmond had shown no physical signs of going into the trance condition, but sat perfectly quiet and composed, and appeared as one absorbed, and even lost in mental abstraction; but hearing the President's statement, indicated by a nod of the head that she was ready.

At this point Judge Booth inquired if it would be proper to ask the medium the name of the spirit or spirits purporting to speak through her. Mrs. Richmond replied that the question was rather a personal one, or rather her "control" replied through her, but that the request would be granted; and the name of the spirit was given as Adin Augustus Ballou, who was one of a band of spirits who were present.

The first question asked was as to the manner in which a disembodied spirit possessed or took control of one living in the body. The answer in substance was that the nearest analogy was that of the mental impressions produced by one person upon another in what is known as mesmerism; or when one person can throw another into such an hypnotic state that he is subject to and controlled by the will of the one producing the effort. And this seemed not an improbable explanation; and the speaker stated that it was the best that could be given, though not perfect to those who were not familiar with the occult laws of spirit power.

A number of other questions in the same line were asked, and the answers seemed to be intelligent and not unreasonable in their general bearings. The medium was then asked to state the points of difference between the philosophy of Dr. Locke and Bishop Berkeley, and her reply was satisfactory, revealing quite a close and clear understanding of these two opposing schools of thought. Then a physician present asked her to give the origin of distribution and use of the "eight pairs of nerves." This was a question in exact science, and hence admitted of a definite answer; but to this the medium replied in substance that her "control" had not been a physiologist on earth, and did not claim to be able to speak upon the subjects that he had never studied, and hence no answer was attempted. And after other questions of a religio-psychic character had been proposed and answered the exercises closed with an extempore poem upon Victor Hugo, the audience choosing the subject.

(Continued from First Page.)

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

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

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

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

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 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.

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 and everlasting anguish—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 nondescript 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 soul that suffer?
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."

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

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

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

The fact is no scientist has ever yet undertaken to investigate the Spiritual phenomena in a spirit of fairness, or with any reasonable degree of persistence, who has not been compelled to admit their genuineness. To deny them is an evidence of ignorance. To attribute them to the Devil or to evil spirits, is an indication of weakness. The fundamental facts are not only increasing in certainty and

importance, but they are spreading with unprecedented rapidity throughout the thinking world. The church is honey-combed with the new gospel, and multitudes who had come to reject the Bible and Christianity altogether, have been compelled to give in their adhesion to the claims of Spiritualism. They have a hope now in a future life—nay, not simply a hope, but irrefragable proof thereof. What a change to them is this to groping in the gloom and darkness of materialism.

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

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

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

No religion, philosophy or science, that is not calculated to make man better—to illuminate his intellect and to purify and exalt his moral and spiritual nature,—is worth wasting much thought upon. The old adage that "a tree may be known by its fruits," applies to all religious systems—to all codes of morality.

Now, there are natures so finely wrought so pure, so spiritualized, that they can not go far astray, no matter what church they may or may not attend. They may believe anything, everything, or nothing, as regards a future state of existence;—they may believe in a God or in no God—in Christianity, Buddhism, or Spiritualism, or in no sort of ism,—their lives flow on without a ripple, ever tending toward the highest and best. With kind hearts in their bosoms—with thoughts ever welling over with sympathy for others in affliction, or overburdened with woes—with an out-reaching tenderness and charity for even the worst of the erring ones of earth—they are the instruments and companions of angels, although they may know it not.

Such souls may often be found within the churches, and the churches are all the better for their fellowship. There are many religionists who are better than their creeds, and this fact is made use of by the churches to extol the virtues of their creeds; when the fact is, their members are often good in spite of their beliefs.

What religion actually does for one should be set down to its credit; but it should set up no spurious claims. Its votaries should consider carefully whether or not the real goodness in the individual was not there before—whether it was not inbred in the heart and soul before the man or woman came within the sphere of the church.

There is no system of religion, to our mind, so well calculated to call out the best in man—to inspire him with all good thoughts, and fill his soul with brotherly love, kindness and charity for all—as the religion of Spiritualism. It dispels the dark clouds of doubt concerning a future life, that the teachings of Christianity can not always remove. It gives hope and an abiding trust in the goodness of the All-Father, which are the sheet anchors that hold one steady to duty. It paves the way to an immortality of existence with happiness ever possible for all.

And finally, my friends, Spiritualism takes the intelligent materialist and freethinker—the thoughtful doubter—and brings him face to face with a class of facts that revolutionizes all his modes of thought, turns his very nature inside out, and sets his feet, figuratively speaking, on

the Hill of Zion. It gives him "the oil of joy for mourning," and the assurance of a life and companionship with his loved ones beyond the gateway of death.

Then, welcome the tiny rap, the tipping table, the independent writing, the voice of inspiration, the psychic form, and all the varied phases of spirit manifestation! They waft us perfume-laden zephyrs from the Summer Land. They speak to our hearts in words of wisdom, of tender memory and undying affection. They tell us that our loved ones just across the river are waiting patiently and lovingly waiting—for us; and that soon the clouds and darkness of the night shall break away, and our souls be ushered into the heavenly light of a new day.

Level Heads Wanted.

(In a late lecture under trance conditions, Mr. J. Clegg Wright said:—)

"Modern Spiritualism to conquer the world will have to enlist the interest and awaken the devotion of the careful man of science. Never was there a subject beset with so many difficulties, surrounded with so many irresistible charms, and which opened so many avenues for the ignorant to grow more superstitious and the wicked to impose upon credulity. A man can not plunge into the study of astronomy without the knowledge of mathematics. A geologist must know something about fauna and anatomy. It is in the science of Spiritualism alone where we find any man, whatever his fitness, at work. He comes without any previous study. The ardent Spiritualist cries, 'Come to our seance, pay your dollar, and go away with the evidence that your spirit friends live.' It is about on the same par with the cry of the captain of the salvation troupe, 'Come to the fountain of grace and get salvation.' The one cry is as absurd as the other. Both are of the order of the showman."

"To be convinced that you have met and talked with your friends in spirit is not much. There comes from that no illumination, no power, no added wealth of thought. If a rap were all that was in it, it would never have awakened man from his slumbers. From the lips of chattering ignorance the world can never be enlightened, the cause of Spiritualism made worthy, and the desirable development of psychic truth advanced. Spiritualism will grow from its objective facts. The worth of its scientific facts is just its worth to mankind. Doctrinaires and system builders can do better without facts than with them. Left alone they can furnish all the material and weld it into a unified whole. Spiritualism is the door to immensity. There must be orders of unknowable things in spirit-life. It must have its sets of distinct phenomena. Life there must have its environments peculiarly its own,—rich and glorious beyond all power of description. It is a world having very little in common with this. Man must look with the seriousness of religious expectation for the manifestation of more facts. They can only come with a superior and more able compensation of the laws of nature. Mediumship is the key to unlock the door, and what is that? We must all begin our work there."

"What is mediumship? How much truth do mortals get from the immortals? That must ever be undecided till man shall have mastered the art of full spirit intercourse. When he knows that, then he has a foundation on which he can rely. He will be able to measure the value of spirit testimony. Mediums must be submitted to scientific tests. There must be no belief about it. It must be—I know. What the ideal mediums ought to aim at should be the expression of facts above their knowledge and outside of their experience. They should be interested in the unfoldment of truth for its own sake. Professional mediumship will never convince the world of the truth of Spiritualism. It makes no progress; it hides rather than reveals truth. It is mercenary, and in many instances it is dependent and pauperized. Notwithstanding the defects of mediums and their methods the truth of a spirit world is made manifest through them. Indeed, what the cause is, they have made it. And we see the cause is hopeless until we have demonstrated again and again our facts, and conquered the indifference of educated men. When science is enthused with spiritual knowledge, and the intercourse between the minds of the two worlds common, the most brilliant accomplishments of civilization will become possible."

The blind who have been so afflicted from birth never dream of seeing anything. The impressions of their dreams are regulated by the impressions made and ideas obtained by the sense of touch, of hearing, of taste and smell. One of the most intelligent inmates of the West Philadelphia Home, who came into the world blind, says he dreams of music, of the voices of persons he knows, of such incidents as might happen at the Home, or some place in which he has actually been; but never of incidents in other places or in other lands. Of a landscape, a picture, a tree, or a human being, he never dreams. Even although he has read descriptions of localities, of natural beauties, of the appearance of a street or city, no idea of what they look like is formed in his mind, and none comes to him in the fancies of his sleep.

Irrefutable Proof of Materialization.

A correspondent of the London *Medium and Daybreak*, writing from Newcastle-on-Tyne, alludes to what he terms "a new crop of mad fools, who, in their egotistical folly, think that theirs is the mission to 'expose' Spiritualism by 'grabbing the form,'" and in proof of the futility of their efforts, and in confirmation of the truth of the phenomenon known as materialization, describes an experience of his own in England, on the 27th of December, 1877, as follows:

There were twelve of us. We sat in the usual order, none of us more than eight or nine feet from the cabinet. The medium, Miss Fairlamb, was in the cabinet. The light was reduced to a good twilight. We could see all and everything in the room. We had not long to sit, when "Cissie" took control of the medium. No sooner had she done so than Mr. B. requested her to give him a test, saying: "Cissie, I would like very much if you would give me a test this morning."

"And what kind of a test would you like, Mr. B.?"

"I would like if you would come out of the cabinet into the middle of the floor, allow Mr. Armstrong to tie you up, and then dematerialize."

"And what would you tie me with?" says "Cissie."

"I have brought a bobbin of strong thread with me," says Mr. B.

"And would that test satisfy you?"

"Oh! yes; I would be perfectly satisfied if you would do that, and oblige."

"Well, we will see what power me has when me comes out; if me can me will."

In a few minutes "Cissie" came out of the cabinet, and walked into the middle of the floor. Mr. A. then went down on his knee, close up to her, and looking into her face playfully, told her that he had often said he would catch her. Now he had the chance he would tie her so that she should not get away again.

All this time we could see her little hands gently pulling Mr. A.'s beard, smiling all the time with pleasure and amusement.

"Now tell me when you are ready," said Mr. A., "and I will tie you so that you can not get away."

Three good tugs at Mr. A.'s beard was the sign that she was ready.

Mr. A. now took the bobbin of thread, gave the end of it to Mr. S., took two turns round the form of "Cissie," drew the string tight, passed the bobbin through the bight, and knotted it, then handed the bobbin to Mr. B., sat down beside him, and passed the thread across his knee, and put his thumb on it, I suppose for security. The string was drawn tight, and there stood "Cissie" for some time, like "Patience on a monument;" but the scene changed; she began to go down—the head, hands and arms appearing to sink into the body; and that, too, grew beautifully less and less, until all that remained of that pretty child, of about three feet in height, was a piece of white drapery, or something of that sort, that disappeared; and nothing remained but the thread by which she was tied!

DIRECTIONS ABOUT SLEEPING.—A medical paper has a new health-preserving racket, that of sleeping face downwards

(says the *Estelline Bell*.) These plans and specifications for sleeping are getting a little too numerous. We always try to live up to them. When some old medical authority, who has got his cemetery full and retired from active slaughter, shouts that a person should sleep with the head toward the north that the electric currents will pass through the body on the proper route, we sleep that way. If another moss-grown practitioner, with as good a record for fatality, solemnly asserts that the only authorized and fully guaranteed way to slumber is with the head toward the south, and gives the same reason as the other, we just move the pillow aft and turn in. When still another rival of the pale rider with his back broken by lifting on the rate of mortality, announces that the only way to get along peacefully with the electric currents is to sleep with the head to the east or west, so that they will slide over the body and butt against the head-board of the bedstead, we promptly, even gladly, comply. Every time the word comes along the line for a change, it finds us a ready and willing victim. They are coming rather too fast, however. It begins to look as if we could not get through a whole night without veering around to some new direction or position. It will soon be necessary to get up three or four times a night and go down and get the mail and see what the latest chart on sleeping is. Some genius will have to bring out a bedstead with a clock-work attached that will keep it continually moving around and make it occasionally get up on its hind casters and turn a couple of handsprings.

THE Rev. Robert Laird Collier sailed for Europe Saturday with a special commission from President Cleveland to study the labor question in the old world for the benefit of the administration which is about to be rent asunder by the free-trade theorists.

REV. MISS HUGHES, a bright mulatto girl, was among the preachers ordained recently to the ministry of the Methodist church in North Carolina.

The Path of Glory.

(Extracts from the address of Star King, at the burial of Col. Baker in Lone Mountain Cemetery, San Francisco, 1881.)

The poet tells us in pathetic cadence, that the "paths of glory lead but to the grave." But this is true only in the superficial sense. It is true that the famous and the obscure, the eminent and the ignoble "alike await the inevitable hour." But the path of true glory does not end in the grave. It passes through it to larger opportunities of service. Do not believe or feel that we are burying Edward D. Baker. A great nature is a seed. "It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body." It germinates thus in this world, as well as in the future. * * * Other avenues of service than those of the earth are open for such as he, whom we are waiting to lay in the tomb.

"It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory," saith the Sacred Word. In the Father's house are many mansions. * *

In the uses of charity, the furnished mind and the unquailing heart shall have ample opportunities, and ampler than here. Paul goes to an immense service still as an apostle; Newton to reflect from grander heavens a vaster light. As we shut the door of the tomb of genius, let it be with gratitude to God for its splendor here, and with a hope for its future that swells our bosoms. And let us not be tempted in view of the sudden close of our gifted friend's career in any sad and skeptical spirit to say, "what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue."

"The soul is not a shadow, the body is; genius is not a shadow, it is a substance; patriotism is not a shadow, it is light. Great purposes, and the spirit counts death nothing, in contrast with honor and the welfare of our country,—these are the witnesses that man is not a passing vapor, but an immortal spirit!"

Husband and father, brother and friend, senator and soldier, genius and hero, we give thee not to the grave and gloom,—we give thee to God, to thy place in our country's heart, and to the great services that may await thee in the world of dawn beyond the sunset,—with tears, with affection, with gratitude, and with prayer!

THE REV. DR. NEWMAN, at a funeral,

used the following language: "And thus ends another life! In what sense does it end? Not in extinction, but rather in the invisibility of the body to us, but in the perpetual consciousness of the departed. Individuality is indestructible; death is a removal and not annihilation. The spirit is a unit and indissoluble. The integrity of identity is a sublime fact. We can never be less than ourselves, nor more than ourselves, nor other than ourselves. We must be ourselves with all integrity to our intellect and moral being. Memory holds the past; imagination prophesies the future. The judgment, the reason and understanding, remain intact, while the affections hold fast the tender objects of domestic life. Earth, indeed, would be poor were the departed forever separated from us; but reason and revelation combine to lead us to the belief that those who have passed to the other side are still working for the interests of those who remain on earth."

A WONDERFUL CITY.—The city of London

is the most wonderful place in the whole world, and its frequenters the most wonderful people. It is the smallest of cities, but the most valuable. It has an area of one square mile, but that one square mile produces a rental of four millions per annum, and its inhabitants pay one-seventh of the general rates of the whole metropolis, which has an area of 120 square miles. Land is now sometimes sold in the country at about 10 pounds per acre, which is equal to one-half penny per square yard. It has been sold in the city at 640 pounds per square yard, which is equal to over \$3,000,000 per acre. In other words, the price of a square yard of land in Lombard street has realized a sum that would purchase a nice little freehold estate in Berkshire of not less than sixty-four acres. It is calculated that 10,000 people enter the city daily, Sundays excepted, in hope of making money without "toiling or spinning."—*London Free Press*.

A HEROINE.—One of those heroines of

whom the world hears but little lives near Lexington, Ga. Her name is Sallie Hansford. Her husband has been bed-ridden with rheumatism for nine years, and she has had a family of four children, two boys and two girls, to support. Last year she bought 107 acres of land, much of it original forest, and with the aid of her two boys, fourteen and fifteen years old, cleared five acres. She cut down the trees, rolled the logs together, split the rails, built the fence, and burnt the brush with their help, and made last year nine bales of cotton, also corn and peas enough for her own use, paid 800 pounds of cotton for rent last year, paid her own store account, and paid \$40 on her land. She has bought her meat for this year, and paid for it. In addition to this she has done the cooking and gone to market with eggs and chickens.

EARTH life forms the character of a man, and the spirit life develops it.

GOLDEN GATE.

Published every Saturday by the "GOLDEN GATE PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY," 21

734 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

J. J. OWEN, - - - EDITOR AND MANAGER.
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R. E. HALL, - - - General Agent.

TERMS:—\$2.00 per annum, payable in advance; \$1.25 or six months. Clubs of five (mailed to separate addresses) \$5.00, 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, APRIL 10, 1886.

A GOOD WORK.

The "Mind Cure" now attracting so much attention throughout the East, and which is making remarkable headway in this city, is doing a work for humanity the importance and magnitude of which can not be estimated. It has wrought a change like a new creation in many lives, dispelling the clouds of doubt and darkness from the mind, and letting in the spiritual sunlight of peace and joy, that is ever shining brightly for all souls, could they but know where to find it.

We dropped in on Sunday last at Mr. and Mrs. Bowles' conference meeting, in the Alcazar Building, and listened to the testimony of a number of the "redeemed," and it reminded us somewhat of a love feast after an old-fashioned Methodist revival. The hall was filled with an intelligent, and evidently very harmonious audience, representatives, as Mr. Bowles remarked, of some thirty or forty churches. No "ism" of any kind is taught, and all topics are rigorously excluded calculated in the slightest manner to mar the harmony of the "circle," for a condition of perfect harmony is found to be necessary to the high and beautiful spiritual unfoldment the votaries of this new expression of an old truth are evidently honestly and faithfully seeking for.

The powers of the spiritual nature of man, so well understood by a few discerning souls in all ages of the world, are generally obscured in a mass of earthly rubbish,—of selfishness, of mortal and unworthy appetites and passions. Modern evangelical preaching is found to be of but little help to the world in unfolding these powers, and placing man where he belongs, as king and ruler over his own nature,—as "monarch of all he surveys" in the material world, and really of the spiritual world also.

It is to bring man into his inheritance—into oneness with the divine spirit of Eternal Goodness—that the faithful workers in this new field are engaged. They claim that through this superior condition man will yet be able to obtain complete mastery of himself, cure all disease, eradicate all evil and expel all wrong from the world.

Whether they shall be able to accomplish all the mighty good they claim for "Mind Cure," or not, certain it is that their teachings are in the direction of man's truest spiritual unfoldment. They are in the line of thought of all advanced minds for the betterment of humanity, viz., a universal centralization of man's spiritual powers and purposes, and all dominated by Omnipotent Love. Here is the secret of universal salvation for the race. Man must first expel all inharmoniousness from his own nature, and the long prayed-for result is accomplished.

Hence, we welcome "Mind Cure," and every other gospel, philosophy or science, that leads up to that good time coming that has been the dream of the poet, of the saint and the philosopher, from the earliest dawn of civilization to the present time.

VERY NEAR THE KINGDOM.—A very dear friend, who is slowly recovering from a long illness that bore him close to the gateway that opens into the Summer Land,—so close that he could almost catch a glimpse of his beautiful spirit home across the border,—closes a short but expressive business letter to us as follows: "I am glad to see you are able to keep up the character of the G. G. I must ask you to excuse me from saying more, as I am so weak that the least mental effort exhausts me. Good-bye, and God bless you. Good will to the little wife of yours, though I never saw her, and good will to all; for now in my weakness I feel as though I was only a little bundle of good will and nothing else." There is such a tender pathos in these few lines—the fragrance of such a beautiful spirit—that we could not refrain from copying them, as a lesson for other souls in affliction. We rejoice to know that our friend has been spared to us for yet, we trust, many glad years.

THE CARRIER DOVE.—This ably conducted Spiritual monthly, for April, is full of good things. Mr. Albert Morton, of this city, to whose scholarly pen we are indebted for the excellent biographical sketches contained in the magazine, has been added to the editorial staff, much to its advantage. The illustrations for the present number, with sketches of the lives of the mediums named, are of the eminent healer, G. Milne Stephen, D. D. Home, Fred Evans, and Mrs. Melissa Miller, the last two of this city—a truly remarkable quartette. Mr. Morton is a ready and graceful writer, and the *Carrier Dove* is rapidly winging its way to the hearts of the people.

"AND THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY."

The kind of Spiritualism that does not soften a man's nature; that does not take the harshness, the bitterness, the uncharitableness, out of his soul, and bring him into more harmonious relations with himself and with the universe, is of but little worth to the world. We believe it is better for one to err on the side of charity, than to do wrong in the mistaken defense of justice. No matter how honest one may be in his convictions of right, unless his nature is dominated by charity for all, he is liable, in his imperfect judgment of his fellows, to do them great wrong. For no one is infallible; and no one should have the vanity or self-conceit to imagine that he is in possession of absolute truth.

There are those in the front ranks of Spiritualism,—some of our brightest writers and teachers, intellectually, who seem to regard themselves as self-constituted censors over their fellow teachers, and who are quick and fierce to hurl their weapons of denunciation at those who do not square their lives and conduct by their own measure. They know(?) this medium to be a fraud, and that one unworthy of confidence, when, perhaps, they have had but little, if any, opportunity to test their genuineness, and if they had, it may be that they were wholly disqualified, from natural bias of mind and intense skepticism, from judging impartially in the matter. Perhaps their own unfriendly and uncharitable condition of mind, by the law that like attracts like, superinduced the very semblance of fraud in the sensitive which they are ever hoping, seemingly, they may find, and ever so ready to condemn.

Not but that there are wicked and heartless persons who may sometimes perpetrate the most shameless tricks in the sacred name of mediumship. Of course all such persons should be exposed and made to abandon their wicked practices. Even in such cases the harmful results are far more hurtful to the trickster himself than to the one who may innocently believe in the genuineness of his manifestations.

The fiercest denouncers of mediumistic frauds admit the possibility and actuality of all the recognized phenomena of Modern Spiritualism. A belief in these phenomena is the basic principle upon which the superstructure of Spiritualism is erected. Suppose somebody should be convinced of these grand truths by the tricks of a charlatan; who is injured but the charlatan himself? We are not offering this as an argument in favor of upholding, or in any manner apologizing for frauds in mediumship,—notwithstanding the illustrious example of St. Paul, who says: "If the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie, why therefore am I called a sinner?"

The point we would make is that bitterness and abuse are no proper means for the reformation of any evil-doer, not even of a fraudulent medium. Hatred and vituperation never reformed anybody. On the other hand, they are a source of serious evil to whoever indulges in them.

When will people learn that every unkind or uncharitable thought they indulge in is so barbed as to wound the spirit that sends it forth, far more grievously, often, than the one to whom it is sent? We can not indulge in such thoughts—we can not even think unkindly of a fellow-being, be he never so great a sinner,—without dwarfing our own souls, and thereby retarding our spiritual unfoldment.

"Judgment is mine, saith the Lord." And yet some of our Spiritual teachers seem to have usurped the Almighty's prerogative, judging from the readiness and unsparing manner with which they mete out condemnation to their erring fellow mortals. They will have to lift themselves out of this condition of mind before they can ever expect to enter the Kingdom of the Soul where only Love is omnipotent.

We all need to get closer to the great heart of Divine Goodness. We all need more of that heavenly virtue, "that vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, that suffereth long and is kind"—ever blessed charity.

COLORED COMMUNITIES.

Not long ago there was written and published a book by an English consul named King, who for twelve years was a resident of San Domingo, the book aforesaid dealing with the native race of that land, and revealing some facts that might well be considered in the United States. It shows that the negro race, left to their own resources, have, in this instance, at least, not progressed, but gone back to barbarism. Education, morality and all industry, are abandoned and substituted by polygamy and Voodoo worship, with all its cannibalistic tendencies, and rites. In our own country there has been for some years past a steady concentration of colored people along the borders of the Gulf of Mexico, and in the States farther South than Kentucky, Virginia and North Carolina, while the whites of these same regions are moving to the North and West. Thus, it will be seen, that there is a growing indication that the two races will, before many years, be in a great degree, of distinct communities.

The book above referred to suggests the question, whether these people, when alone, will be

competent to govern themselves? This can hardly be expected until their education is as broad and practical as that of our white young men and women.

The Blair bill, which is likely to become a law, will do much towards increasing the general educational facilities of the Southern States; but it might go farther and provide technical training that is essential to those who would be productive as well as industrious. So far in our own country negro settlements are quiet, contented and fairly industrious. They can be made more so by a higher and more practical standard of education. There is a lassitude in the atmosphere of tropical climes that the American colored people do not have to contend with in their efforts at self-independence, that shall place them along side their more fortunate brothers of the North.

A PAYING INVESTMENT.

The Spiritualists of San Francisco need a building of their own, with assembly rooms, lyceum, reading and library rooms, etc. It should be erected in a good business quarter, and should be a first-class building in every respect,—five or six stories high, with an elevator, and every modern convenience. The lower floor should be devoted to stores, the second floor to the uses of Spiritualism (including an office for the *GOLDEN GATE*). The upper stories should be devoted to offices, club rooms, or whatever profitable and respectable uses might be determined.

In other cities—notably in Chicago—syndicates have been formed for the erection of such buildings, which have been found to be safe and remunerative investments. The building containing the hall where Dr. Swing officiates, was built in this way, and the stock now commands a handsome premium.

All that is needed is for some clear-headed capitalist—such as we have several of in the ranks of Spiritualism in this city—to lead off, and the object could be readily attained. What safer or better investment for money could be found than the one herein suggested?

But, to succeed, there must be no practice of false economy. Only the best would pay best. The location should be attractive for business purposes, and the main hall such as would readily and naturally be sought for for assembly purposes.

Suppose the lot and building should cost a quarter of a million—and we do not think it would be well to bring the cost much within that figure—is there a shrewd business man in this city who does not see that the income would realize a fair interest on the cost from the time of the completion of the building?

We look at this matter wholly in a business light. The interests of Spiritualism to be so grandly subserved by such an enterprise ought to have some weight with those who would be expected to pool their funds in such a project. Let the question be agitated.

HONESTY IN SAVING.

Why is it considered to a man's discredit to come out of office richer than he went in? In nine cases out of ten it is the salary that men seek when they run for office, but this does not prevent them from being honest and conscientious in the discharge of their duties. Indeed, we think that prudence and economy are as good virtues in man as woman; that a man who gets eight thousand dollars a year for four years, and at the end has nothing more than when he went into office, is quite as much to be mistrusted as another who should come out fifteen thousand ahead. What a public man honestly earns is his, and the public, for whom he labors, has no business to say a word, whether he spends it all while in office, or chooses to save a few thousand.

Some of the interior papers are giving Governor Irwin post mortem praise because he only left five thousand dollars' worth of property, real and personal. The idea conveyed is a bad one to impress on young men's minds—that to be considered honest they must be extravagant or profuse in spending while in office, and come out poor. We think our pension list is quite long enough; and also that the burden of poverty and debt carried by each State is large and heavy enough. To give a person office generally means help, and if, after being helped by State or Government, one does not improve his condition or help himself against a time when another will fill his place, such help is not given where it would do the most good. Old age does not come to all, but sickness and inability to work does, to nearly all, and if they have no resources they must depend upon friends or charity. This is not the worst; they may leave helpless ones behind them. There is a great difference in spending and over-spending.

THE MAGAZINES.—The *Century* and *St. Nicholas* for April, have been received. The former has for its frontispiece an elegant engraving of Henry W. Longfellow as he appeared thirty-eight years ago. Then follows an intellectual melange of surpassing excellence. The "Duel between the 'Alabama' and the 'Kearsarge'" is finely illustrated, the accounts of that great naval battle being taken from eye witnesses on both vessels. *St. Nicholas* just brims over with good things for the young folks, its illustrations being especially fine. We don't see how any wide awake boy or Miss could afford to be deprived of the educational influence of this splendid monthly. The *Century* people are doing a noble work for old and young.

If we believed in boycotting under any circumstances whatever, we should say, amen! to the proposition of the Law and Order League at Red Bluff, to boycott the Anti-Coolie Association of that place. If any person, or thing, under the sun deserves such measures, it is those who first set them in operation in a free country. And, strange to say, there are influential and respectable journals that join in its advocacy. But to the credit of our land, the majority of sentiment is against it.

EVENING WITH MR. AND MRS. EVANS.

There are no other physical mediums in this city that we have found so ready and willing to respond to every reasonable demand of investigators for test conditions as Mr. and Mrs. Fred Evans. Mr. Evans has not only come to our office, and upon our own slates and with our own conditions, given absolute evidence of the genuineness of his mediumship for independent slate-writing, but he has invited us, with others, to his parlors and virtually placed us in charge of all the conditions essential to careful investigation.

His own gifts consist of slate-writing, and physical manifestations in the dark. He has also developed, during the past winter, remarkable powers for form manifestations. Mrs. Evans, who is a modest, well-favored little lady, is an excellent trance and test medium, and also possesses the materializing phase to a remarkable degree, unless our faculties of discernment are sadly at fault. This gift is also one of quite recent development with her.

Two weeks ago we wrote up a seance given by these mediums for the purpose of testing the genuineness of the physical manifestations witnessed in their presence. We were so well pleased with that seance,—found it so completely free from all evidences of unfairness,—that we were desirous of testing the matter further, under still more careful conditions, and with no one present but those of our own selecting. Mr. Evans cheerfully acceded to our wishes, and last Friday evening was named for the seance. The circle consisted of fourteen persons, eight of whom were total strangers to both mediums.

The first part of the seance was devoted to independent slate-writing, a full description of which we shall reserve for a future article, to be illustrated with photo-electrotypes of the remarkable results obtain. [An order for this work has been forwarded to New York, where, we are assured, it will be promptly executed.]

We will also pass over the short dark seance for physical manifestations which followed, as one of lesser interest to our readers, and proceed at once to the materializing seance.

The seance room consists of a single parlor, with a bay window projecting toward the street, along which people were continually passing. The recess formed by this window, which was used as a cabinet, projects from the main building, hence is inaccessible from the basement. From the outside the window could only be reached by a step-ladder,—and a careful examination showed that any confederacy from without was seemingly impossible. Within, every access to the room, of which there were but two, was securely locked and sealed. If there was any loop hole for fraud we must look for it elsewhere.

A committee of ladies examined the person of Mrs. Evans for ghostly trappings, but without finding anything of the kind; while a like committee served Mr. E. in the same way. None present could discover the slightest chance for deception, and yet, in a few moments after Mrs. Evans took her seat in the cabinet, a muscular, manly form, stepped out into the room which several of us took by the hand, and know of a truth that it was the form of a man. Then followed other forms,—of young girls, of women and men grown,—often two and sometimes three at a time. The curtains were drawn aside, on several occasions, and the medium was seen sitting in a chair, while one, and sometimes two forms, were in sight at the same time. In one instance the muscular form above referred to walked out into the room bringing the medium in his arms, and then returning with her to the cabinet.

Mr. Evans, who acted as master of ceremonies, was always in sight when the forms appeared, and introduced them to the circle, or gave their names when they spoke too low to be generally heard. Some eight or ten of the forms that appeared were known as the guides, or cabinet spirits, of the mediums. They were readily recognized by some members of the circle who had seen them before. But there were several forms purporting to be friends or relatives of various persons present. These, owing to the dim light and the imperfect manner of their appearance, were less satisfactory as to identification. But the main question is, If these were not genuine psychic forms what and who were they? If confederates, how did they come there, and how take themselves away? Let those answer who can find the place whence they came and went.

We may add that Mrs. Evans had received a painful accident to her right hand, during the day, from which she was suffering greatly, and which, her guides said, seriously interfered with the manifestations. Certain it is that some of the forms were not as distinct as they appeared on the former occasion referred to.

Whenever physical mediums are disposed to afford us fair opportunities for investigation—and we do not care to waste time with any others—we shall always be pleased to give them the benefit of whatever facts we may discover. We may be no better qualified to bear testimony in such matters than others; but the result of our investigations is always far more satisfactory to us than that of any one else can possibly be.

THE ANNIVERSARY AT SANTA CRUZ.—The Thirty-eighth anniversary of Modern Spiritualism was celebrated in Santa Cruz in an interesting manner. Mrs. F. A. Logan presided and read a poem in which the idea is conveyed that the spirit rap was first introduced as an experiment with the Fox Girls by Dr. Franklin. The music was by Mr. Baxter and the Millett sisters. Dr. T. B. Taylor was introduced and spoke in his usual off-hand, interesting manner. Mrs. Dr. Shaw read a beautiful essay, and Mrs. Dr. Taylor read an appropriate selected poem. Dr. Shaw, next in order, gave a thoughtful, scientific address; then Mrs. Kendall recited a poem, "Dave's Holylochs"; Mrs. Baxter made a happy, earnest speech; Mrs. Ella Wilson recited Edgar A. Poe's "Farewell to Earth,"—and thus closed a most interesting and profitable season. These facts we glean from the *Santa Cruz Sentinel*. We would have had room for a more complete report.

ALL WOMEN?

Are there men in spirit land? This may sound like a foolish question, but it is sincere. Any one who will observe, may find that all allusions to the soul are made in the feminine. Victor Hugo, in speaking of his soul, says: "She plumes her wings to fly to God." In "Thaddeus of Warsaw," the author, on the death of General Butzon, writes concerning his immortal part: "The return of reason to the soul on the instant she was summoned into the presence of her Maker." We could fill pages with such references. Now, why are men's souls feminine? Angels are always represented as women. We surely have proof that men who die return to earth as men.

Henry Ward Beecher says there are no men in Heaven. Whether he is correct or not each one who goes hence must find out. We imagine there is plenty of free country outside of Heaven that would be equally attractive to investigating minds of men or women. As the angels were created in Heaven, they may be all women and girl cherubs; but how Beecher, or any one else, came by the knowledge, unless by inference and general appearance of all depicted angels, we know not. Spirit life is coming to be understood as a better continuation of the present, and if we retain our identity, men will there be men, and women, women.

"THEY HAVE COME FOR ME."

These were the last words of that grand old veteran of Spiritualism, Thomas Gales Forster, as he waived a brief good-bye to attending friends and passed on to his spirit home.

Here is a grand thought—a beautiful truth,—that our spirits do not pass out unattended by loving friends; they are always present to assist at the new birth, and give glad welcome to the spirit at its first awakening to consciousness.

Sometimes, we are taught, the spirit is weak and helpless, upon its entrance into spirit life; and again, that it may be entirely unconscious, for days and weeks, and even for longer periods, and all as the results of conditions of the physical life prior to the great change. It is then that loving spirit friends take charge of the weak and helpless ones and care for them tenderly until consciousness and strength come.

But the thought, which was a living reality with the dying Forster,—that we are not left to go down into the depths alone,—is surely full of comfort. Spiritualists can appreciate this truth as can none others. They are looking for no frowning Jehovah—no angels with flashing wings and blazing pathway through the heavens; but only for the darling ones who have preceded them to the spirit realm. And they will surely be there; and what pen can describe the joyful greetings!

RETURNED.—Dr. J. D. MacLennan, of 1410 Octavia street, the eminent magnetic healer and scientist, has recently returned from a long absence in the southern portion of the State, where he has been going about healing and doing good, as did his grand prototype of old. The Doctor, who is an adept in astrology as well as in the art of healing, taking the exact time of the issuance of the *GOLDEN GATE*, has cast its horoscope, and kindly gives us the benefit thereof. If we can procure the necessary signs and figures we shall publish the same. If there is any truth in astrology, the *GOLDEN GATE* has a very successful and useful future before it.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Mrs. S. Seip, lecturer and medium, has gone to Sacramento, where she will remain for a short period, and also to visit surrounding towns.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Hughes, editor and publisher of the San Francisco *Mind Cure*, will visit San Rafael on Monday next for the purpose of endeavoring to work up an interest in the science of mind cure.

—Report is made of a "large and enthusiastic meeting" of Mormon women in Salt Lake, March 6th, in which many speeches were made declaring their inalienable right to vote and practice polygamy. We are half inclined to disbelieve that Mormon women are ever "enthusiastic" over anything.

—That grand old apostle of Spiritualism, Thomas R. Hazard, passed on to spirit life, from the St. Denis Hotel, New York, March 26th. He had entered upon his ninetieth year, preserving his mental faculties unimpaired to the end. During the last year of his life he contributed a long series of articles to the press on the question of materialization.

—Dr. Jennie E. Williams, the eminent magnetic physician, late of San Jose, has opened an office at 305 Kearny street, opposite the *Chronicle* office. She gives electro-thermal, medicated and vapor baths, and is a magnetizer of great power. Dr. Williams is an educated physician, and applies electricity and massage on scientific principles. For rheumatism, colds, general debility, etc., she is a sure cure. Give her a trial.

—One scientist tells us that the way to sleep is to think of nothing, which is no advice at all. In Holland, without knowing it, they have solved the difficulty of sleeplessness, for at least one day in the week. This is on Sunday. When the people go to church the doors are locked during the sermon, and as the congregation is thus secure from disturbance, its slumbers may be unbroken for at least a couple of hours. Ministers there are never accused of dullness and lack of originality.

—Mrs. L. S. Bowers, known as the "Washo Seeress," having been seriously ill, for several weeks past, and unable to practice her remarkable mediumistic gifts, is, we are glad to know, again able to be used as a willing instrument for the invisibles. This grand pioneer of the noble cause to which she has rendered such valuable service in the past, is still scattering golden grains of truth and goodness—comforting the sorrowing and afflicted with glad messages from the Summer Land. Her rooms are at 33 1-2 O'Farrell street.

—Hon. Amos Adams, President of the GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company, and also President of the approaching camp-meeting, will leave to-day for a five weeks' visit among Eastern friends. He will take in Washington, New York, Boston, and other large cities. We heartily commend him to all Spiritualists to whom "these presents" may come. May he have a pleasant journey.

—W. R. Colby, a medium for independent slate-writing, arrived in this city from Chicago, on Tuesday last, with his wife and two children. We received a friendly call from him on Wednesday, and on Thursday he left for Sacramento. He claims to be able to produce the writing between riveted slates. He says he will receive no pay from any sifter who does not receive satisfactory communications. We were in hopes of being able to hold a seance with him before he left.

—It is reported that General Boulanger, the French Minister of War, has at last consented to the removal of the forts that encircle Paris, which were erected at a cost of two hundred million francs. This is not in accord with the positive assurance that France will again go to war with her hated antagonist, Germany. In such an event these doomed fortifications would have to be replaced, and what nonsense that now prompts their destruction. Either the war rumors are false or France is too confident of keeping the enemy far from her citadel.

—The North American Republic has a clean history up to the present year; not so with the country from which it sprang. Its record is one of greedy, murderous dragons, sons of ferocious pirates, who harried, violated, tortured, burned and killed, until almost the whole country was brought to ruin. Those twenty thousand thieves that pounced down upon Hastings founded the present House of Lords; but the mists of antiquity have so toned down these sanguinary facts that lordly men do not blush in boasting of their descent from that piratical horde.

—Only a few years more and Spiritualists will no longer go begging for rooms, halls, and other places in which to hold their meetings. The various societies are fast putting up buildings of their own—temples of magnificence, in all respects worthy the name. The Spiritualists of Neshominy Falls Pa., have completed arrangements for one of these noble structures. Other communities will not be far behind them. In a short time San Francisco should boast as fine a temple for spiritual worship as can be found in the United States, and we believe it will.

—There is a call from Central Africa for fifteen or twenty volunteer missionaries, men and women, who will be self-supporting; also for a number of artisans, and requests for donations of mechanics' tools, farming implements, etc. The very best missionaries for Africa would be the trained and educated negroes of this country. They would not only be more welcome by their heathen kinsmen, but they would be breathing their native air, and would not be stricken down by fatal maladies. The Southern plantation negroes are skilled in just what their wild African brethren most need to know.

—There was a time, not far distant, when the cost of royalty was not counted nor thought of, but it is not so to-day. There is a great and growing dissatisfaction in the British House of Commons over the extravagance of the royal family. In Russia the royal expenses are fully discussed, and are found to be something enormous. Five millions a year for the royal household; twenty millions for the navy, one hundred and three millions to the army, and one hundred and six millions more as annual interest on the national debt, leaves but very little for anything or any body outside these gilded institutions.

—There is a Chicago man whose favorite reading is the two standard dictionaries of our language, which he claims to have read through eleven times apiece, each time with increasing interest. The frequent revisions of these works would require repeated reading, if one undertook to make a mental appropriation of their contents. Webster's dictionary is now undergoing one of its many overhauls; this time by a corps of college professors, with President Noah Porter as their head. The object is to anglicize words as far as possible, though many from the Greek and Latin will retain their foreign plurals.

—Speaking of that stupendous fraud, the Louisiana Lottery, the *San Francisco* goes all the way to New York to condemn a paper for printing that perennial lie concerning the "capital prize." To be sure the *Tribune* is not what it was in Horace Greeley's lifetime; but if it has come to lend itself to swindlers it is only one of several other equally "respectable" journals in our land that are come to the same thing. The *San Francisco* need not go outside of its own city to find journals whose reporters seem to know more than one lucky man in their midst who hold the capital prize of the L. S. L.

—A widow in St. Louis has sued a fortune-teller for failing to show her her deceased husband, after taking one thousand four hundred dollars for the business. That was unfortunate for all concerned—unless the fortune-teller gains the suit. The widow might possibly have seen her departed husband by attending a materializing seance, for a dollar or so. But there is a glamor about most expensive things that few persons can see through. They carry a suggestion of the genuine that lower prices do not. By this weakness in many minds, are others taking advantage and care for their ducats.

—We have lately read of so many invasions of men's rights, that they on first thought appear to be the class who should cry out against tyranny. A man in a New York theater dared to keep on his hat during the performance, and on refusing to remove it was arrested and fined twenty dollars. All around him there doubtless sat hundreds of women with head-gears so tall and broad that the regulation men in bare heads could only catch glimpses of the play through the crevices between hat-brims and shoulder-tips. There is much good work for fashion to do of a reformatory kind, and she should set about it.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Late Experience.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

I have lately written considerably upon materialization, for the reason that I have had remarkable privileges, both at the seances of the Misses Berry and Mrs. Fairchild. I have written of them both at length, and every time I have attended either, something new and interesting occurs worth speaking of. I should feel that I was overdoing the subject and dropping into "twice told tales," but for these new occurrences, and also if letters did not keep coming to me from all parts of the country manifesting an interest in this subject, and I was going to say, taking an interest in me or my way of treating it, so that I think I am approvingly read, and if I am a poor judge I hope the editors will sit on me, by dropping my overflow into the waste-basket. This then is my apology for again writing on the subject.

I hardly know of which to speak now, but having said lately more of the Berry sisters' manifestations, and what I have now in my mind in connection with them, is as interesting as anything I have written, still I will devote this article to Mrs. Fairchild, having just attended one of her seances, and the occasion lingers in my mind so vividly that I had better make this note of it, while thus under its influence. I rarely write detailed descriptions; they always, as articles, seem to be monotonous and I am not proposing to do so now.

The seance referred to, was so remarkable that a little elaboration will be interesting. I will waste no time in proving to the reader that it was honest, no possible confederate fraud, for it will be known by this time, that I claim to be wide awake and know what I am writing about, or I would not write. All I may say then will be upon the apparition of spirit forms, material looking, but positively beings of the other world; extemporized productions by spirit power, that is, they are not living mortals; that I have proved and I am as sure of my statement as I am that I am now writing words on paper. Who they are, how they get here, and whether they are the personalities they claim to be, people must judge for themselves; the fact that they hail from "over the river," which I so positively state, is the important and settled point, and that fact commands my respect and leads me to entertain their claim to be special departed spirits, and certainly in some cases they have identified themselves either objectively or intellectually, sometimes both. The intellectual proof I considered the better of the two.

The medium, as is her custom, entranced, remained in sight during the seance and managed the proceedings. The circle was large, numbering between thirty and forty; it was a remarkably good circle; there was a general feeling of comfort and happy expectations, and that may have helped its success. The forms that appeared numbered ninety-one in all,—more than ever I saw come out in one seance, except once lately at the same place, when the number was one hundred and one; usually fifty to sixty appear. The seance lasted two hours. Once, and I think it was at the commencement, seven forms appeared at once and filed out into the room. After a few individual forms had appeared, there came out together four radiant looking maidens. After remaining a spell in a row for observation, they separated, two of them going among the people in the circle and selected each their friend, the other two were found male, or female partners, by the medium, and the four couples in different parts of the room occupied their time severally with each other and soon after retired into the cabinet. At another time three adult female forms came out and stood in a row, the center one held an infant which seemed to be asleep, the left one held by the hand a child which leaned against her and was alive, that is, was not a dummy. They were all five, distinctly and interestingly visible. The medium feeling in a very happy mood raised the light up to the reading point, and all present had not only perfect evidence of the fact before them, but could see all the faces so plainly that one could have remembered them if met again.

At another time two female forms came out profusely decorated with flowers, so as to be almost floral. They each held in front of them a bed of flowers like a pillow. We were then favored for a few seconds with the bright light, and they announced as flower girls, and then they retired into the cabinet. Two pretty female forms then came out and stood in front of the cabinet and had also the bright light shed on them. They had a very genteel look and were gaily dressed, one in pale pink, figured, the other in white, colored figures. During the seance there were many single apparitions, some male and some female, some old and some young; one or two of the forms were superb, very handsome, elegantly dressed and graceful. Many of these forms were dematerialized out in the room, and all had opportunities of seeing that phenomena. Usually they sunk down as if going into the floor in their dematerialized disappearance. By desire, the control of the medium materialized, and made herself, as usual, quite interesting. The room

was made quite dark and we were able to see her by the stars or illuminated spots on her head, feet and dress. When about retiring she called up my friend, Tallman, and he took her hand, and then instead of retiring in the usual way, she sunk right down perpendicularly where she was, some four feet from the cabinet, the illuminated spots guiding all our eyes to the floor as she there disappeared. My friend had, as I have said, her hand in his, held it until she had disappeared, and his hand rested on the carpet. I have had this same privilege more than once, but Mr. Tallman needs no endorsement. At these remarkable apparitions under the bright light and also when a female form came to Mr. Longly and sang a duet with him audible to all, the applause from the observers was general, significant of their gratification at the remarkable phenomena witnessed.

I will mention in this connection an interesting occurrence: The old man who so often comes to me and of whom I have often spoken, who claims to be Ralph Huntington, put in his appearance in his usual unique way, and on this occasion, in keeping with this remarkable seance, was significantly interesting. His form was seen slowly to rise from the floor, at the side of the organ on which Prof. Longly was playing. When erect, I stepped up to him and led him among the people, many shaking him by the hand and exchanging a few words. He then retired, I still holding him by the hand, and, when within a foot or two of the cabinet, he disappeared distinctly downwards; and I stated the fact, but many saw the peculiar disappearance as distinctly as I did, although my contiguity to the form gave me some advantages—tangible as well as ocular proof. Mr. F., an old merchant, who was present, attracted there by what I had written, was quite interested in this apparition. Said he knew him well when living here, and said he would like to have seen such a dematerialization. He was not situated nor looking so as to see this which I had just mentioned. The medium, hearing this venerable remark and being quite accommodating, in harmony with the occasion, which was good all through, said to the disembodied voice of Dr. Rush, the dynamical power or control of these manifestations, "Can't you send out that old man again?" The voice replied affirmatively in its deep tone, and the medium said to me, "Don't take your seat, Mr. Wetherbee." And then she called up that old merchant who wanted to see a dematerialization, and also Mr. and Mrs. Tallman, the latter well known by many as a man of business reputation and a private medium. Mr. Jones, of Milford, came up also with them—he always feels privileged. This special form came once in such a unique manner, that it knocked his doubts on the reality of this phase quite out of him; hence he claims a sort of ownership in him, the connection being under the head of gratitude, as he is now a firm believer.

We six then, including the medium, stood around the front of the cabinet in the form of a semi-circle. Its center was about four feet from the curtain. The medium and myself were at the ends of and touching it. All were looking and expecting the old man's form to emerge in the usual way therefrom, but instead, a head was observed slowly rising from the floor, until the form stood erect in our semi-circle, as distinct and apparently as living a form as any of us. We all shook hands with him, and we stood aside so as not to obscure the view from the seated part of the circle, and when ready to depart he disappeared instantly, I having hold of his hand. He went out like a flash, rather downward in direction, but none of the usual slowness. The disappearance was instantaneous, but distinctly enough for us to know, it did not retire suddenly into the cabinet, but was ocularly certain to have been a *bona fide* dematerialization.

I could give the best of human testimony to the above statement. I hardly think any one, however, will doubt me, but if they do, I am not casting my pearls before them. I could say a good deal more, but perhaps this is an enough, and the old saying is, "enough is as good as a feast."

Wants One Good Proof.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Knowing space in your paper is valuable and that this letter will not interest, or instruct your readers, I will be brief as possible. Since the death of my wife many and various messages, purporting to come from her, have been received; but all are unsatisfactory. Doubts trouble me. Brother, can you help me? I need one good proof. I will propose nothing extraordinary or unreasonable. I will here state the proposition, and if any medium will do the work I will gladly acknowledge it through your paper and elsewhere, and proclaim the fact where your paper is not read.

Before me is a letter written by my wife some days, months or years before she departed this life, in answer to one I had written her under peculiar circumstances. Her letter tells where and when mine was written; also when received by her. I do not tell whether mine was written on a mountain top, or out on the ocean, down deep in a mine, or up in a balloon, or in any, or none of these places. Below I write so much of her letter as is necessary for our purpose:

1. DEAR _____;
2. _____
3. _____ dated _____
4. _____
5. came to hand.
6. _____

Now, I want (1st) where and when her letter was written; (2d) term used addressing me; (3d) complete; (4th) when dated and where; (5th) when received by her; (6th) monogram, figure, or name she signed.

In her earth life she had at all times free access

to all my papers; if she still lives she has yet. Her letter is on top of the pile; she knows the combination.

The medium is respectfully asked to fill the blanks. If he or she has success I will not only pay well but will do much for his or her business and reputation in three counties.

Your friend and brother,
J. W. HANSCOM.

CERES, March 29, '86.

[We publish the above letter hoping that through some medium our brother may receive the positive evidence he seeks. But he should remember that the setting up of absolute conditions is to establish a barrier of positive magnetism that it may be impossible for the spirit of his wife to overcome. We have always found that a passive, receptive condition of mind, on the part of the investigator—a feeling of thankful gladness to receive any evidence that may be given—is always followed with the most satisfactory results. It is impossible for us to understand the wonderful nicety of the means whereby our friends on the other side of life are able to come to us at all. We have witnessed many evidences of spirit return that, to our mind, were quite as conclusive as those proscribed above. Hence, it is quite possible, our brother may receive the test he seeks.—Ed. G. G.]

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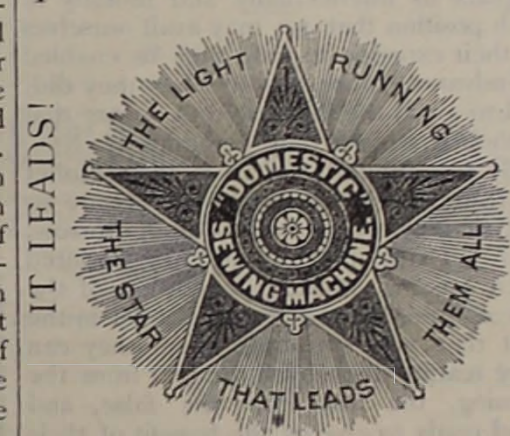
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ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual meeting of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists will be held Sunday, April 11, 1886, at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street, at 2 P. M., for election of a Board of Directors, and such other business as may be properly brought before it. S. B. CLARK, Secretary *pro tem*. mar 25-31

GOLDEN GATE EUROPEAN AGENCY.

H. H. KERSLEY, No. 1 Newgate street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, will act as agent in England for the GOLDEN GATE, during the absence of J. J. Morse, receiving subscriptions therefor at 12s 6d per annum, exclusive of postage.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL SERVICES by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, at Metropolitan Temple, under the ministrations of the celebrated and eloquent spiritual lecturer, Mrs. E. L. Watson, Sunday, April 11th, Questions Answered at 11 a. m. Lecture in the evening at 8 o'clock. Subject: "The Evolution of Religion." The Children's Progressive Lyceum at 12:30 p. m. A cordial invitation to attend is extended to all.

SPIRITUALISM.—"Light and Truth."—At Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Every Sunday evening there will be a conference and fact meeting, closing with a test seance by mediums of a variety of phases. All Speakers and Mediums invited. Sunday evening, April 11th, at 7:45 o'clock. Subject: "Spiritualism as I Understand It." Opened by Capt. A. F. Scott.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.—The "Progressive Spiritualists" meet in Washington Hall, No. 35 Eddy street, every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock p. m. All subjects relating to human welfare and Spiritual unfoldment treated in open conference. Sunday, April 11th, at 1 p. m. Subject: "What is the Most Important Question for the Consideration of Spiritualists at the Present Time." Opened by Mr. James Battersby. All are invited. N. B.—The Free Spiritual Library in charge of this Society is open to all persons on Sundays from 1 to 4 o'clock p. m. Contributions of books and money solicited.

THE OAKLAND SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION.—Meets every Sunday, at 2 p. m., at Grand Armory Hall, 419 Thirteenth street. Public cordially invited. Direct all communications to G. A. Carter, 350 Eighth street, Oakland.

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. n018

LIBERTY HALL SPIRITUAL SOCIETY meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Liberty Hall, Brush street, near Market street local railroad station, at Oakland. All are invited. Admission free. Dr. Poulson, Lecturer. Marshall Curtis, President.

MEDIUMS' UNION SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.—At St. Andrew's Hall, No. 114 Larkin street, every Wednesday evening. Good speakers and mediums present. Admission free.

MRS. E. C. WMS-PATERSON will lecture in old Gnostic Hall, No. 112 McAllister street, Sunday, April 11th, at 11 a. m. Subject: "What Shall We do to be Saved." A cordial invitation is extended to all. Seats free.

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. President of the Board, Hon. Amos Adams.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

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 bequest 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."

MR. AND MRS. FRED EVANS.

These popular young mediums will hold their interesting seances for full form materialization, independent slate-writing and physical manifestations on Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock sharp. Mediums sit in audience room. Seats may be secured in advance by calling or addressing Fred Evans 1244 Mission street.

SPIRITUALISM.

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

Another Life.

(John Franklin Clark, in The New York Beacon Light.)

It is a very common thing to hear persons speak about or of another life, as though there were a distinct life, separate and apart from the present, for each individual, which second life they conceive to begin at the time of physical death.

This is a misconception, and leads to many erroneous conclusions.

There is but one life for each human being; which has its beginning as an individual personality, of self-conscious existence, at the time of its conception as an embryonic form, from which point it gradually unfolds and develops through the fetal stage, and is born into the mundane stage, and, unfolding and developing through this mundane stage, it is, through the process of death, born into the supermundane stage, and so on, from stage to stage, the same identical life and personality pursues its way.

Nor is the change that takes place in the conditions of a human life one whit greater through that process termed death, than it is through that antecedent process called birth. During the fetal stage the embryonic human being has drawn all its nourishment and its life has been sustained through its umbilical connection with its parent.

At birth this connection is completely severed and the process of respiration is inaugurated, and an independent circulation of the blood is established, and the young life attains to a stage of existence separate and distinct from and independent of its mother.

If you stop to consider the radical differences of the two stages of existence, you can not fail to note the great change of conditions under which this life is continued. Heretofore it was sustained by a liquid—the blood of its mother. Now it is sustained by a fluid—the atmospheric air. We can hardly conceive of a greater change of absolute conditions than are here observed.

If, then, it is so that the human is the ultimate of form, and therefore indestructible, and that man is really immortal, as we believe, and as ere long we hope to scientifically demonstrate beyond the shadow of a doubt, then the physical organism during the mundane stage bears the same relation to this life that the placenta does during the fetal state, and, as the placenta is discarded and perishes at the first birth of a human being, so will the physical body be discarded and perishes at its second birth; and, as at the first birth its means of sustenance was changed from a liquid to a fluid, so will it again be changed to a still more rarefied substance—as from air to ether.

Each birth is but an unveiling of the self-same personalized life, and each succeeding unveiling enables it to attain to a fuller and more perfect manifestation of its inherent qualities as a finited, personalized, differentiated expression of the impersonal Infinite.

By the aid of Spiritualism we learn that whenever the Infinite has once fairly begun the process of finiting itself in a human form, nothing that may or can occur that shall abridge its normal development in the fetal or mundane stages of a human life ever operates to permanently check its growth, unfoldment or development, but that, if through any cause the full normal time of the fetal should be abridged, and the normal mundane should never be entered upon, yet the embryonic human being is cared for in the supermundane stage and nurtured by those other finited expressions of the Infinite who therein abide, and by the aid of their tender and loving care its life is preserved and its inherent potentialities unfolded and developed.

This fact, which Spiritualism demonstrates to us by presenting those whose birth here was premature as full-grown men and women now, might readily have been inferred from the processes of evolution, if the human form is regarded as the ultimate of forms evolved through its processes, for evolution clearly teaches that each subsequent manifestation of the same identical substance must of necessity be in a higher form of being, else there would be no progress through evolution.

Hence, if the human form is the ultimate and highest of all forms, whenever any portion of the Infinite substance has, by evolution, passed from the primal condition upward through all the intermediate stages, and has fairly entered upon the process of expressing itself in the ultimate of all forms, it has attained to the condition of an evolved cosmic unit of the primal substance, and its manifestation as a finited expression of the Infinite is just as imperative and inevitable as is the manifestation of the Infinite in a universe of forms.

In the fact that the human form, once its organization and development has been inaugurated, persists in its unfoldment and progression, despite all interference with its normal methods, is proof positive that it is the ultimate of forms; for, were it not the ultimate, then the substance that had begun to manifest in such form, if its normal method were interfered with and the conditions destroyed, could enter into the next higher form, and the necessity for persisting under abnormal conditions would not exist. Therefore, the fact that such persistence does take place in the case of the human form under the most abnormal of conditions, is absolute

proof that in the human form evolution has attained to its ultimate in the perfection of form, in which the Infinite finites, personalizes and differentiates itself.

It is true that the fact of this persistence of the human form to attain to a state of existence as perfectly organized men and women, is only made known and proven by demonstration to be so by the evidences Spiritualism can place before us. But Spiritualism does produce this evidence, and thus, on the basis of demonstrated facts, establishes the immortality and unending progression of each and every human being.

It is the mission of Spiritualism to teach mankind their true relation to the Infinite, and to each other as the several finited expressions of the one Infinite; and to this labor of love and sympathy those furtherest progressed in the supermundane stage of life are devoting themselves, forming magnetic lines that reach from those in the highest heavens down to the children of earth; and these magnetic lines are called Spiritualism, and by means of these lines they invite us to question them and to accept them as friends and teachers, promising that if we will do so and assume the position of students, willing and desirous of learning, that they will aid us by imparting the knowledge they have acquired through their experiences.

They do not ask us to accept any statement they may make as being a truth simply because they say it is so, but, on the contrary, they distinctly tell us to submit every statement that they make to the judgment of our own reason, and not to accept any such statements as true unless we can perceive them to be so in the light that our reason affords us.

They try to impress upon us the idea that the time has arrived in the progress of our world when dogmatic authority should no longer be permitted to dominate the mind of man, but that the people of earth should shake off the stupor that dogmatic authority has cast over them like a baleful spell, and begin at once to question all of their teachers, scientific, religious and philosophic, and demand from each and all of them proof that their assertions are true.

They wish to occupy toward us children of earth the position of educators. They do not purpose to do our work for us, but to place us intellectually and morally in such position that we may avail ourselves of their experiences, and thus be enabled to advance more rapidly than they did, and to avoid the mistakes and errors that in their ignorance they committed.

By accepting the services they proffer us through Spiritualism, they assure us that we may escape much of the sorrow, pain and degradation that they endured when passing along that portion of the way of life that we now tread; for in the light that now surrounds them they can more readily distinguish the real from the seeming, the true from the false, and stand ready to give us the benefit of their more comprehensive knowledge.

You, fathers and mothers with children of tender years, think you not that if they will be taught by you, the knowledge that painful experience has brought to you in days gone by, but that they will thereby escape much sorrow, pain and suffering? Then may not we also profit by the wise councils of those who have garnered the fruit that comes from the experience of thousands of years? It is the garnered fruit of the ages that Spiritualism offers as the bread of life. Can you find such nourishing food elsewhere?

STEAM VS. SUPERSTITION.—A story is told in an old magazine, that when the Nicholas Railway was built in the year 1848, from St. Petersburg to Moscow, the work was done under contracts with American engineers, and the care and engines were supplied from Baltimore. The Russian priests oppose every modern innovation, and, of course, were "down" on the railway. When the road was opened, they determined to stop it, and so they went in force to a point on the road and set up a holy picture to stop the new work of the devil. The train came slowly along, and the engineer, seeing the picture on the track, thought there must be a man behind it, and so came to a halt. The assembled multitude raised a shout, and the priests called out that the saint was all-powerful and would prevail against wickedness. The officer in charge of the train came out and took a survey of the situation. Then he told the engineer to run back a quarter of a mile and bring the train to a halt; the shouting was redoubled, and the priests were in the most rapturous delight. But their exultations were soon changed to grief, as the master of ceremonies told the engineer: "Now, put on steam and go ahead without regard to the consequences!" The engineer went ahead and down fell the holy picture, torn and crushed by the wheels of an American locomotive. Modern civilization was triumphant, and the priests and their followers no longer shouted in triumph.

The fine arts are not to be learned by locomotion, but by making the homes we live in lovely, and by staying in them; they are not to be learned by competition, but by doing our quiet best in our own way; they are not to be learned by exhibition, but by doing what is right, and making what is honest, whether it be exhibited or not; and men must paint and build neither for pride nor for money, but for love—for love of their art, for love of their neighbor, and for what better love may be than these.—*Ruskin.*

W. J. Colville on Materialization.

(Blossom of Light.)

W. J. Colville has for some time past greatly interested residents of our neighboring city of Cambridge by lectures given in Odd Fellows' Hall, 548 Main street, Sunday afternoons at 3 o'clock, under the inspiration of his very able spirit-controls. On a recent occasion the subject of discourse was, by request, the phenomenon of materialization, which is now eliciting the attention of the thoughtful in all parts of the world.

Quite a full report of the lecture appeared in the *Cambridge Press*, from which we learn that the speaker in reviewing the history of mankind noted the progress of the race in cycles, alternations of light and darkness, activity and rest; and as animals show peculiar excitement before a storm, so human beings appear agitated before the introduction of a great truth. To-day every country is in a state of mental unrest; there is an agitation of mind and religious feeling wherever the angel-messengers of the Most High proclaim a new evangel. It is the period of the spiritual renaissance. Spiritual appearances are always periodically manifest, as sacred history, Jewish, Greek, Roman and Oriental literature, abundantly testify. Modern Spiritualism holds the key that explains the Bible. Materialized beings appeared to Abraham in Mamre, to Lot in Sodom, being in all things so material that they partook of Sarah's dinner and wrestled valiantly with Jacob. The doctrine of the resurrection is founded on the repeated appearance of Jesus in material form to his disciples. Spirit-communion was universally conceded in the early Christian church.

No law of nature is set aside in materialization, but neutralized by a higher power, a grander law. It does not refute science, only sciolism. Many noted scientists are confirmed Spiritualists. In England, there is no more eminent naturalist than Alfred Russel Wallace, who has tried and tested all phases of phenomena, finding much that transcended his previous knowledge, that explained a great many mysteries, and made him more a scientist than ever, for true science and knowledge are one. A chemist's laboratory is the scene of frequent materializations and dematerializations; solids become fluids and fluids gases. Bodies are condensed air, solidified atmosphere; a mind outside the body can aggregate particles of the atmosphere into temporary form to make the invisible visible.

Human nature is much the same in Spiritualistic ranks that it is outside; hence frauds may exist within them as in all forms of social, political and religious life, so-called. Though we deplore these we can not deny a great spiritual truth because there are frauds. The genuine stands on its own feet and needs not the buttress of deceit. We should identify it with our own intelligence, not call everything impossible that does not coincide with our previous experience. It is nothing new for angels to stoop from their higher state to our lower plane in order to lift humanity, and this present outpouring of spirit power is the crowning wonder of these closing decades of the nineteenth century.

A Haunted House.

(Middleboro, Mass., Correspondence of St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

The excitement caused here by the mysterious movements of the Mattock ghost has hardly died away when the fears of the superstitious are again aroused by the reappearance of uncanny spirits in the famous haunted Hammond homestead, on the Wareham road. Supernatural appearances were first observed here three years ago by a party of school children who daily passed the house. They reported seeing each day as they passed the place a young and remarkably fine-looking lady, dressed entirely in black, rush from the old house, closely pursued by a man who held a club. Just as the lady reached the door she would turn, and facing the man, kneel down and clasp her hands as if begging for mercy. The villian would take no notice of her supplication, and, standing over her, would swing the club about in the air, and bring it down with a terrific force upon her defenseless head, knocking her senseless to the ground. He would then quickly gather the body up in his arms and hasten with it to the cellar. Immediately upon their disappearing from view most horrible and heartrending cries would be heard as though issuing from a hundred female throats, continuing a short time, and then all would be quiet. The children would observe this, transfixed to the spot, and would rush home and tell of the sights they witnessed. A party of investigation was formed to visit the spot in the night. They hid in the woods and waited. After a time the house was suddenly illuminated, and it seemed that the deserted old farm house was as suddenly peopled with a company of ladies and gentlemen, and they were passing and repassing before the windows as if in the height of a merry-making. Then the scene above described as seen by the children at twilight was again enacted, and the wildest kind of excitement prevailed among the occupants of the house. Wild shrieks, unearthly and long prolonged, and then as suddenly

as the place was illuminated it would be enveloped in darkness. In the course of an hour it would light up again, and the shrieking, etc., would be heard again, finally dying down and the light expiring.

The theory then given for these remarkable phenomena was that many years ago a young woman was foully murdered there, and her body was found in the cellar, and that it was never discovered who her assailant was. One man who saw this spectacle was so thoroughly scared that he found to his consternation the next morning that his hair turned white, and he immediately signed the pledge, and advised all who would investigate to keep away, to be warned by the judgment visited him to never seek to learn too much of things supernatural. Recently dwellers near the house report a return of the phenomena. The appearances will be investigated by the New Boston Society for Psychical Research.

Seeing with the Mind's Eye.

(The San Francisco Mind Cure.)

Many years ago, when a student of art in the School of Design of Paris, the professor gave us exercises in drawing from memory. It was difficult at first, but in the course of two or three months much progress was made, and it became interesting.

The French have an expression that they use quite often: "*figures vous*"; make a picture to yourself. This faculty of seeing mentally differs greatly in different people and in different races. The Bushmen in South Africa are very skillful in drawing animal figures on a smooth surface from memory. They commence on a smooth surface with a number of isolated dots, and then run a free, bold line without correction, and the form of a horse, elephant, buffalo or other animal immediately develops itself. The Esquimaux nation, with their long, cheerless winters and many privations, develop this faculty to a remarkable extent. There is a fac simile of a drawing by a native Esquimaux in one of Captain Hall's works—a chart of more than a thousand miles—drawn from memory by a native Esquimaux, where he had gone in his canoe or by land, and its accordance with the admiralty chart is quite remarkable.

It is rather remarkable that one can not verify a faint image or lost power by the will. We have to wait till it comes to us. Visual perception seems to be almost a distinct faculty, and ought to be cultivated—especially by carpenters, architects, dressmakers, and many others.

We went to Golden Gate Park on Sunday, and much enjoyed the music and the exquisite freshness of the trees and flowers after the rain. Just on leaving, the calm beauty of the sky, with its few orange-tinted clouds, the odoriferous woods, the hills, the sweep of the lawns and flowers, a peculiar stillness in the atmosphere, the sweet pause between daylight and dark, was photographed on my mind, and I could recall the scene many times during the week with very great pleasure.

Suppose we wanted to plan a great humanitarian institute, we would see it in our mind's eye first, and the man who planned the rack or the thumb-screw saw that in his mind's eye first. If thine eye shall be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness; if thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.

See to it that the pictures you hang on the wall of your mind are of the right sort. There are some that it would be better if we could efface forever—but we must bear the vision until we can rise on to conditions that free us from its spell. Hang up cheerful pictures on your mental wall; make that house of imagery a pleasant place to come to and even stay in.

Footprints.

"Footprints on the sands of time."

She'd a great and varied knowledge, picked up at a female college, of quadratics, hydrostatics and pneumatics very vast.

She was stuffed with erudition as you stuff a leather cushion, all theologies of the colleges and the knowledges of the past.

She had studied the old lexicons of Peruvians and Mexicans, their theology, anthropology and geology o'er and o'er.

She knew all the forms and features of the prehistoric creatures—ichthyosaurus, plesiosaurus, megalosaurus, and many more.

She'd describe the ancient Tuscans, and the Basques and the Etruscans, their griddles and their kettles and the victuals that they gnawed.

She'd discuss—the learned charmer—the theology of Bramah, and the scandals of the Vandals and the sandals that they trod.

She knew all the mighty giants and the master minds of science, all the learning that was turning in the burning mind of man.

But she couldn't prepare a dinner for a gaunt and hungry sinner, or get up a decent supper for her poor, voracious papa, for she never was constructed on the old domestic plan.

—Lynn Union.

There is a thrifty custom among the Polish peasantry of charging each male guest at a wedding \$1.00 for kissing the bride, and when she is young and very pretty quite a neat little sum is often realized for the young couple by this sale of osculatory favors.

MRS. EMMA HARDINGE-BRITEN has been obliged to cancel all her engagements to lecture on account of the severe illness of her husband, his condition demanding her unremitting attention, with no prospect of its cessation for several weeks.

HOPE.—An old General, after a dreadful defeat, called together his staff and inquired about the conditions of his troops. He was informed that they were suffering from nothing but from want of heart. They had food, but would not build fires to cook it; had all they needed, but had no heart for the hour. The General replied: "Unless we can fill their minds with hope, all is indeed lost." Those words might be repeated always along all the paths of mankind, for unless the heart be kept full of happy anticipation, all is already in sad decline.—*Prof. Swing.*

FOR 1885-86.

"THE CENTURY."

The remarkable interest in the War Papers and in the many timely articles and strong serial features published recently in *The Century*, has given that magazine a regular circulation of

MORE THAN 200,000 COPIES MONTHLY.

Among the features for the coming volume, which begins with the November number, are:

THE WAR PAPERS, BY GENERAL GRANT AND OTHERS.

These will be continued (most of them illustrated) until the chief events of the Civil War have been described by leading participants on both sides. General Grant's papers include descriptions of the battles of Chattanooga and the Wilderness. General McClellan will write of Antietam, General D. C. Buell of Shiloh, Generals Pope, Longstreet and others of the Second Bull Run, etc., etc. Naval combats, including the fight between the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama*, by officers of both ships, will be described.

The "Recollection of a Private," and special war papers of an anecdotal or humorous character will be features of the year.

SERIAL STORIES BY W. D. HOWELLS, MARY HALLOCK FOOTE, AND GEORGE W. CARLE.

Mr. Howells's serial will be in lighter vein than "The Rise of Silas Lapham." Mrs. Foote's is a story of mining life, and Mr. Carle's a novelette of the Academics of Louisiana. Mr. Carle will also contribute a series of papers on Slave songs and dances, including negro serpent-worship, etc.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

Include "A Tricycle Pilgrimage to Rome," illustrated by Pennell; Historical Papers by Edward Eggleston, and others; Papers on Persia, by S. G. W. Benjamin, lately United States Minister, with numerous illustrations; Astronomical Articles, practical and popular, on "Sidereal Astronomy;" Papers on Christian Unity by representatives of various religious denominations; Papers on Manual Education, by various experts, etc., etc.

SHORT STORIES.

By Frank R. Stockton, Mrs. Helen Jackson (H. H.), Mrs. Mary Hallack Foote, Joel Chandler Harris, H. H. Boyesen, T. A. Janvier, Julian Hawthorne, Richard M. Johnston, and others; and poems by leading poets. The Departments,—"Open Letters," "Bric-a-Brac," etc., will be fully sustained.

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—BOSTON JOURNAL.

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LEADING FEATURES FOR 1885-86:

A SERIAL STORY BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETTE. The first long story she has written for children.

A CHRISTMAS STORY BY W. D. HOWELLS. With humorous pictures by his little daughter.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON," BY HORACE E. SCUDDER. A novel and attractive Historical Serial.

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FRANK R. STOCKTON will contribute several of his humorous and fanciful stories.

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THE BOYHOOD OF SHAKESPEARE, BY ROSE KINGSLEY. With illustrations by Alfred Parsons.

SHORT STORIES by scores of prominent writers, including Susan Coolidge, H. H. Boyesen, Nora Perry, T. A. Janvier, Washington Gladden, Rosister Johnson, Joaquin Miller, Sophie May, Ezekiah Butterworth, W. O. Stoddard, Harriet Prescott Spofford, and many others.

ENTERTAINING SKETCHES by Alice W. Rollins, Charles G. Leland, Henry Eckford, Lieutenant Schwatka, Edward Eggleston, and others.

Poems, shorter contributions, and departments will complete what the *Rural New-Yorker* calls "the best magazine for children in the world."

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Training up Liars.

(Good Cheer.)

There are schools (private, of course) in our large cities in which children are systematically trained to pick pockets and perpetrate other kinds of expert crime. But what shall be said of "respectable" parents who openly initiate their children into habits of dishonesty? The temptation to natural cupidity in the matter of half-fares develops a peculiar standard of ethics for railway-car travel which many would be ashamed to be charged with anywhere else; and there are fathers and mothers, claiming high moral character, who, for a little paltry saving of money, will corrupt the pure conscience of a child by teaching him to lie about his age. A correspondent of an exchange says: "We have, with pain, witnessed a humbling scene, both for mother and child, in their combined efforts to cheat the conductor. When the conductor comes round and receives from the mother a fare and a half, he says, 'Where is your child?' 'Here he is,' is replied. He looks amazed, as does everybody else, to learn that the half-grown youngster is under five. He asks the infant, 'How old are you?' to which it replies, 'Four years,' looking out for the future that still they may keep a margin to travel on.

"I know a young boy who is being simply ruined in his education by his mother. He is eight years old, with all the noble instincts of probity and obedience which generally characterize a boy's nature. This tender parent has instructed him that whenever he gets on a car, the appearance of the conductor to collect the fare reduces his age under five. Last week a friend of the family was displaying his interest in the child by inquiring his age. The little fellow hesitated for a moment, and then looked up at his mother: 'Mamma, is he a conductor?' 'No, child.' 'Then I am eight years old.'

An intimate friend of General Hancock, in speaking of the dead general's personal peculiarities, said: "In most things the General was the soul of exactness, but in money matters he was laughably thoughtless. He would frequently come over to the city without a cent in his pocket. On discovering his moneyless condition a look of helpless surprise would come over his face, and winking his eyes in that peculiar manner usual with him when he was puzzled, he would say: 'Well, I declare! I haven't got a cent. Will you lend me some money?' Of course, the pocket-book of every one was open to the General, but he would only accept a quarter, or at most half a dollar, and go off up town as happy as a school-boy. He always gave the loose change in his pocket to beggars or organ-grinders, and was lucky if he saved enough to get him down town again. One day he climbed up the stairs of the Twenty-third street Elevated station, and began to fumble in his pockets for money. Five cents was all he could find, and after winking at the nickle for a moment, he returned to the street and took the Broadway horse-car for Bowling Green.—*New York Tribune*.

A POOR GIRL had begged for a holiday to go and see a man hanged. She had a long way to walk, some sixteen miles, perhaps. On her return to Gainsboro' at night her mistress found her in tears. "What is the matter with you child; what are you crying about?" "Oh! ma'am," said the poor girl, bursting into tears again, "the man's been reprieved!"—*Temple Bar*.

MRS. GEORGE H. PENDLETON is credited with leveling at Oscar Wilde one of the keenest shafts of wit of which he was the target when visiting this country. He had remarked, disparagingly, that "America has no ruins and noted curiosities, you know." She is said to have retorted: "The ruins will come in time, and as for curiosities, we import them."

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PUBLICATIONS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS:

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 bouquet 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 studios 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 Pajonarian*.

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 manly 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-known 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 Rochefoucauld, without any of the latter's infidelity.—*Fort Wayne (Ind.) Gazette*.

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

The Baby that Wasn't Mine.

I loved the child from the very first;
He had yellow hair and a big brown eye,
With a wistful sadness in his deep
That would almost make you cry to cry.
I had married Sue in Dury's flat—
A widow—the child belonged to her!
It wasn't mine, you understand,
Though I loved it, I thought, as if it were.

I was driving some sixty miles,
A twelve-hour drive, and back next day—
Two tedious trips, but I made time fly.
For I thought of the baby all the way—
The curly hair and the deep, sad eyes,
And the little arms, so round and soft.
What wonder a sob came to my throat,
On the tear-drops came to my eyelids all?

And time and again, when warm in bed,
And the little form lay snug beside,
I have lain and looked at the baby face,
And looked and longed till I almost cried.
Or when the moon shone in my face,
I have waked from dreams in the mid of night,
With the tear-drops glittering on my cheeks,
And hugging the baby warm and tight—

A-hugging the baby that wasn't mine,
While the moon shone in on my tearful face
And brightened the gold of the baby-head
And the baby-smile to an angel's grace;
And life was brighter for babe and Sue,
And I was better for them I know;
When a man has a wife to grace his home,
He learns to forget his sin, I know.

Two years passed by, and the baby grew,
Yet I loved it just as I did before;
But in my heart was a hunger vast—
A wistful longing for something more!
My friend, have you had a hungry heart—
A heart that was longing for God knew what?
God and the angels could tell, perhaps—
Something—something—but you could not!

One early morn as I started out,
The air was raw, but the roads were fine,
And I left behind a kiss for Sue,
And a kiss for the babe—that wasn't mine.
'Twas in the early Winter time,
I had gone but a short ten miles or so,
When a heavy cloud drove up from the West
And the world was lost in a whirl of snow!

Oh, I thought of the baby then, my friend,
As the heavy snow in my face was tossed.
I'd 'a' turned about, but couldn't go back,
For the road and the baby both were lost!
So I drove ahead with a heavy heart,
And the team plunged on through a Winter blast—
Oh, miles and miles we went, it seemed,
With the snow flakes falling thick and fast!

Dazed, chilled and tired, I stopped at length;
Inside the coach I wearily crept
From the chilling winds, and prayed and prayed
For Sue and the babe, until I slept.
When I awoke, the morning sun
Streamed through a frosty window-pane,
And a sweet face bent above my couch—
The coach where I so long had lain.

I learned at last: one leg was gone
(There's an unworn boot in the corner there);
I was found next day, when the storm had passed,
Half-frozen, asleep in the Winter air;
I was near the town, and they took me in—
They saved my life at a trifling cost;
I was left to live for the babe and Sue,
So I scarcely sighed for the limb I lost.

Five weary months I languished there,
Away from home and the babe and Sue;
Then one bright day I started back,
And you bet the horses fairly flew!
I dreamed of the home-folks all the way,
And the blood coursed thro' my veins like wine,
As I thought of the kiss I had for Sue,
And the hug for the babe—that wasn't mine.

And the sad, brown eyes before me shone
In fancy, and I laughed and cried—
I couldn't 'a' helped myself, my friend;
I couldn't indeed, if I'd 'a' tried.
I drove to my gate at a rattling pace—
The gate I had left five months before—
I climbed from the wagon and opened it,
And limped through the garden up to the door.

My friend, can I picture that greeting scene?
You know what it is when a man's heart stirs
After long separation. First, Sue I kissed,
The dear old girl, then the babe—that was hers.
Sue's eyes were running over with tears
That shone like dew her cheeks upon,
And she smiled, oh! such a glorious smile,
As she said, "I've a little surprise for you, John!"

And I didn't suspect it, not even then,
Though I saw how strangely her features shone,
Till she led me up to a crib and said:
"Now kiss the baby that's ALL YOUR OWN!"

And didn't I! Sir, I knew right then
What it was had been eating away at the core
Of my man's heart for two long years
But had ceased its gnawing forevermore—
It was LOVE UNSATISFIED, that's what it was;
And to think I—while I was ill and alone,
Mourning the absence of Sue and her boy,
That I had a baby all my own!

—A. W. CROWELL, in "WALLA WALLA JOURNAL."

Rules of the Road.

What man would be wise, let him drink of the river
That bears on its waters the record of Time;
A message to him every wave can deliver
To teach him to creep till he knows how to climb.
Who needs not experience, trust him not; tell him
The scope of one mind can but trifles achieve;
The weakest who draws from the mind can excel him—
The strength of mankind is the wisdom they leave.
For peace do not hope; and be just you must keep it;
Still work for the minute and not for the year.
When honor comes to you, be ready to take it;
But reach not to seize it before it is near.
Be silent and safe; silence never betrays you;
Be true to your word and your work and your friend;
Put least trust in him who is foremost to praise you;
Nor judge of a day till it draws to the end.
Stand erect in the vale, nor exult on the mountain;
Take gifts with a sigh; most men give to be paid.
"I had" is a headache; "I have" is a fountain;
You're worth what you saved, not the million you made.
Trust toil, not intent, or your pains will miscarry,
Your wife keep a sweetheart, instead of a tease;
Rule children by reason, not rod; and mind I marry
Your girl when you can, and your boy when you please.
Steer straight as the wind will allow, but be ready
To veer just a point to let travelers pass;
Each sees his own star—a stiff course is too steady,
When this one to meeting goes, that one to mass.
Our stream 's not so wide but two arches may span it,
Good neighbor and citizen; these are a code,
And this truth in sight—every man on the planet
Has just as much right as yourself to the road.

In the still air, the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble, beauty lies unseen;
To make the music and the beauty needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.
Great Master, touch us with thy skillful hand,
Let not the music that is in us lie;
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us to fit,
Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie!

THE editor of the GOLDEN GATE, after referring to the contemptuous terms in which it was formerly the custom of the press to speak of Spiritualist meetings, says: "Now there is not a daily paper in the city [San Francisco] that does not speak as respectfully of Spiritualism as it would of Presbyterianism or Methodism." There is something significant in this, and we believe that the result will be as the editor predicts, that thousands who have never done so will soon identify themselves with the Spiritualists.—*The Signs of the Times.*

THE editor is under obligations to a friend for copies of the GOLDEN GATE, published every Saturday at San Francisco by a printing and publishing company bearing the above name. It is a champion of Spiritualism, having for its motto, "A Journal of Practical Reform, Devoted to the Elevation of Humanity in This Life and a Search for the Evidences of Life Beyond," is printed on fine tinted paper and in excellent style, consists of eight pages of five columns each, contains much interesting reading matter, and is ably edited by J. J. Owen, formerly editor and proprietor of the original *San Jose Mercury*. As the writer does not believe in the doctrines advanced by the GOLDEN GATE, he is, perhaps, not a competent judge of its qualifications, but is of the opinion that to those of the faith it must be a welcome visitor. To our friend, many thanks.—*Traver Tidings.*

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\$193.40, \$193.70, \$194.00, \$194.30, \$194.60, \$194.90, \$195.20, \$195.50, \$195.80, \$196.10, \$196.4