



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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724 Montgomery St.]

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1886.

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

NO. 14.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Do to-day what is good.

He is not free who has not the empire of himself.—*Demophilus*.

Cherish your best hopes as faith, and abide by them in action.

The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother.

Truth is violated by falsehood, and it is equally outraged by silence.

Let every thorn which people sow in thy path bloom in the lustre of thy smile.

The inner life is the only kingdom, and the man or woman "made perfect through suffering" is the only king or queen.

The true happiness of man consists in being united to God, and his only misery is being separated from him.—*Plato*.

The superior man seeks simply to bring back the unchanging standard, and that being rectified, the mass are roused to virtue.—*Confucius*.

When the soul of man is once on fire with an immortal truth, the troubled waters of human criticism are powerless to quench it, surge as they may.

The superior man thinks of virtue: the small man thinks of comfort. The superior man thinks of the sanctions of the law: the small man thinks of the favors which he may receive.—*Confucius*.

Good words do more than hard speeches; as the sunbeams without any noise will make the traveller take off his cloak, which all the blustering winds could not do, but only make him bind it closer to him.

The workers of iniquity alienate themselves from truth and right, from God and the fellowship of good men, and place between themselves and happiness a deep gulf which in all eternity can be crossed only by repentance, pardon, and reform.—*R. R. Shippen*.

Let no man touch the great interests of humanity who does not strive to sanctify himself for the work by cleansing his heart of all wrath and uncharitableness, who can not hope that he is in a measure baptized into the spirit of universal love.—*Channing*.

He is most noble whose humanity is least corrupted. To be just and good, the birthright of the lowest born may be. Say what we will, we are one brotherhood; and rich or poor, famous or unknown—true hearts are noble, and true hearts alone.

A new thought! What is it but the awakening of so much new life; the uncovering of so much more dawn to our morning; the lifting and broadening of our day; the extending of our horizon, and the deferring of our night? And this new thought, which shall spawn a thousand other thoughts, so prolific is mind, will it not in good time widen our whole lives into perpetual day, and so destroy the dark forever? What is darkness but ignorance incarnate?—*Helen Wilman*.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

THE ORIGIN AND NATURE OF PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY.

[By Wm. Emmette Coleman.]

The attention of the readers of the GOLDEN GATE is invited to a book just published by the Index Association, Boston, Mass., entitled, *A Study of Primitive Christianity*, by Lewis G. Janes; cloth, gilt top, 320 pages, 12 mo., price \$1.50. This work I can conscientiously recommend to every one interested in the origin and nature of early Christianity; and this every Spiritualist should be, whether a so-called Christian Spiritualist or not. Spiritualism is virtually a religious movement in open antagonism to the prevalent orthodox theology, and it is in competition with Christianity for the spiritual supremacy of mankind; and in order to more successfully demonstrate its superiority to its strongly-entrenched Christian opponent, it should be fully in accord with established facts concerning the true character and origin of that opponent. In order to overthrow the error of the institutional theologies of the day, we must dig and delve at their foundation. What we want to know and the world much needs to know is this: Who and what was Jesus? What did he really do and teach, and what did he claim to be? What were the teachings and work of the early apostles, including Paul? What relation did primitive Christianity sustain to Judaism, Mithraism, Buddhism, the Alexandrian philosophy, and other pagan faiths and mythologies? What is the nature of the New Testament, and when and by whom were its books written, and what is their relative authenticity and value?

There is but one way of learning the truth on these matters, and that is through the application of the scientific method, in the hands of competent, rational specialists. This method has been applied to the solution of these questions by a number of the world's soundest and best scholars, and with very satisfactory results. We now know, almost beyond doubt, the general outline of the public career of Jesus, of his teachings and those of his apostles, and of the main facts connected with the evolution of Christianity from the time of Jesus to that of Constantine. In order that the facts concerning primitive Christianity may be assimilated by the masses free from the myths and accretions of subsequent ages, a careful, conscientious summary of the established results of rational criticism and exegesis in that direction, based upon the purely scientific method, and presented in such a guise as to be attractive and readily comprehended by the people generally, is urgently demanded; and this deep-felt want is, in my opinion, most excellently filled by the publication of Mr. Janes' able and comprehensive work. I regard this book as invaluable, and I would urge all who may be interested in the important questions upon which it treats to procure the volume and carefully and thoroughly study it. Not that it is infallible in its every detail by any means,—on some moot points I differ from Mr. Janes, and so do other rational students of the Christian origins,—but as regards its general contents it is sound, thorough, accurate and reliable. For fifteen years or more I have been a student of the ground covered by this work, and I most sincerely and heartily commend it to every searcher after truth upon the subjects treated.

The work consists of ten chapters, the first two containing a description of the political, social, and religious condition of Palestine in the Roman period, and of the state of society and religion in the Roman Empire outside of Palestine in the first century, without a knowledge of which it is impracticable to have a clear conception of the origins of Christianity. The third chapter discusses the source of information concerning primitive Christianity, including the character, origin, and dates of the four gospel, the writings of the Apostolic Fathers, the apocryphal gospels, etc. The succeeding chapter is devoted to the theological aspects of the religion of Jesus, examining in turn each of his doctrines of a theological nature. Next follows a chapter upon the social and moral aspects of Jesus' religion. The

myths and miracles of the gospels next engaged Mr. Janes' attention, in the course of which is given a detailed narrative of the somewhat similar legend of Apollonius of Tyana. The alleged Buddhist origin of the Christian tradition is also considered, and the possible solar-mythic origin of the miracles in John's gospel is adverted to.

The seventh chapter is devoted to the Christianity of Paul, including his relations to the other apostles, the two parties in the church, and an examination of each of the peculiar dogmas of Pauline theology. Chapter eight brings us to the Church of the apostolic age, with its rites and ceremonies, the origin of the priesthood, the Gnostics and Ebionites, Anti-Christ, etc. The ninth chapter gives the history of the Martyr period and the development of the doctrines of the incarnation and the atonement. The final chapter leads us to Christianity as the state religion, including the character and attitude of Constantine, the conflicts of the creeds of Arius and Athanasius, the establishment of the canon of Scriptures, etc.; concluding with suggestive, forceful observations concerning the natural evolution of Christianity. Jesus the myth and the man and Christianity are the religion of the future,—“the true religion of humanity,” says Mr. Janes, “which shall be neither exclusively Christian nor Buddhist, Mohammedan nor Hindoo, which shall be known by no sectarian designation.”

PRESIDIO, SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

Head of the Family.

A laughable scene recently occurred in Washington, in the room of the House Committee on Territories. The room was filled with representatives of the Woman Suffrage Association. Several of the speakers made strong arguments in favor of suffrage in the Territories. Delegate Carey, of Wyoming, was asked to inform the committee of the effect of female suffrage in Wyoming.

In the course of his remarks he said that on several occasions he had gone to the polls with his mother-in-law, his wife and his sister.

“I suppose, of course, they all voted just as you wanted them to?” asked Chairman Hill of Ohio.

“Indeed they did not,” replied Carey, with a shrug of the shoulders. “My mother-in-law has always opposed me every time I ran for office, and my wife never voted for me but once.”

There was a good deal of laughter at this sally, and then Congressman Springer interrupted the speaker with the question: “What effect does it have upon the children when they discover there are two heads in the family, each clothed with the same equal right and privileges?”

“You are a married man, Mr. Springer,” said Carey, “and you ought to know that there is never but one head in any family and that is usually the woman; no matter whether she can vote or not; and what is more,” he added, amid shrieks of laughter, “when men are as bald-headed as you or I, it doesn't require any affidavit to tell who is the head of that family.”

THE LAWYER'S PRAYER.—A St. Paul clergyman relates the following incident: “Some time ago, as the story runs, W. W. Erwin, the criminal lawyer, pressed for a little change, dropped into the office of D. W. Ingersoll and asked him for the loan of \$5. Mr. Ingersoll declined to make the advance, but suggested that, instead, if Mr. Erwin would go into the basement with him he would pray for him. Mr. Erwin consented, and the two went into the depths, where, on bended knees, Ingersoll prayed long and well for his brother man. When he had concluded Erwin said: ‘Now, I'll pray.’ Mr. Erwin's prayer was a peculiar one. It was delivered at the top of his voice and consisted of an exhortation to the Lord to direct Ingersoll how to dispose of his vast wealth wisely. As he warmed up the pitch of his voice raised materially, and Mr. Ingersoll grew nervous and urged him not to pray so loud, as it would bring those up stairs down. It was of no avail. The exhortations grew more fervent, and finally became howls. Then Ingersoll, with a despairing exclamation, sprang to his feet and said, ‘Stop praying, Erwin; here's your \$5.’ The devotion ended at once.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press*.

Essentials and Non-Essentials in Mental Healing.

[Dr. W. F. Evans in Mental Science Magazine.]

The fundamental principles which constitute a positive spiritual science of healing are as fixed as the immutable laws of geometry. These are to be learned and taught, for knowledge is power.

To know how to do a thing is to be able to do it. For whatever particular thing we do, or seem to do, is effected by some universal force acting through us as instruments.

In teaching or practicing the mental cure system we need to learn the essential principles of the science, and eliminate from it all that is non-essential. We must extract the living kernel of truth and throw away the worthless shell.

The science is yet in its infancy, its formative stage. We have a few fixed stakes to which we may securely cling. We have learned as yet only a part of the letters of the alphabet.

One of the essential qualifications of the practitioner of this method of cure is a sound mental, moral and physical condition. What we are is of as much importance as what we learn and do. We impart the quality of our life to everything with which we come in contact. As has been said by Dr. Mayo, Professor of anatomy and physiology in King's College, London, “The mind of a living person in its most normal state is always, to a certain extent, acting exonerally or beyond the limits of the bodily person.”

We impregnate everything around us with our mental states. Our thoughts, ideas, and feelings are recorded upon everything we touch, and imprinted upon that invisible and immortal cosmic substance that underlies all material existences. A person of extreme sensibility can read the record. By holding in his hand those objects that have become charged with our mental exhalations, and on which our thoughts and feelings have been impressed, they are in a perceptible degree reproduced in him.

Thus, as was long ago proved by Prof. Buchanan, a letter from a person at a distance, when held in our hand, reveals the mental and physical condition of the writer, and this it will do even after the words have faded into illegibility. If the writer of the letter is in a state of cheerfulness and under the influence of faith and hope, and all happy emotions, the letter becomes to us a mental medicine. It is charged with a healing virtue. It is full of a sanative contagion.

We are perpetually propagating our mental states, and they are reappearing in others, owing to the unity of life and the indissoluble connection of all minds. A perfectly healthy and happy person is a valuable contribution to the general well-being of man.

Jesus came from the realm of pure spirit to a sin-cursed and disease-stricken earth, that we might have life, and have it in abundance, or in an overflowing fullness, as the word signifies. By his completeness of life, and the perfection of his mental, moral and physical nature, his very presence here inoculated our universal humanity with the germ of a higher condition, and after a long season of incubation it is beginning to break out anew on the surface of the collective body of man.

Our first aim as mental healers is to be saved ourselves in all its fullness of meaning, and then to cure others will be natural and easy. People around us by the millions are floating and floundering in the life of sense and its illusions, and in that diseased and strong current of the world's life which we call public opinion, which is, as Douglas Jerrold has well said, only “the average stupidity of mankind.”

Let us ourselves take hold of a branch of the “tree of life” bending low over the turbid water in which we are engulfed, and draw ourselves out upon the dry land. And our example and state will be contagious, and others will follow. By the silent but potent attraction of a state of tranquil blessedness we shall be able to draw others out of the morbid stream of the world's life, and rescue them from going over the falls.

It is our overflow of life that fills the

emptiness of the patients to whom we minister. The influence of the person who is saved in the completed sense of that word—the restoration of the body to a state of harmony with the redeemed soul—falls upon the patient like a gentle rain upon a withering flower. He is a light shining in a dark place from which the smoking wick of the invalid's candle of life may be lighted anew.

To heal the sick and minister to a mind diseased is a work that goes forth naturally and spontaneously from the spiritually unfolded man. If we would learn the divine art of healing by the mental method, let us commence the process of our own spiritual development.

“Enter the Path! There is no grief like Hate!
No pains like passion, no deceit like Sense!
Enter the Path! far hath he gone whose foot
Treads down one fond offence.”

“Enter the Path! there spring the healing streams
Quenching all thirst! there bloom th' immortal flowers
Carpeting all the way with joy! there throng
Swiftest and sweetest hours.”

The New Church.

Rev. W. J. Potter, in the *Index*, after speaking of the slow growth of liberal organization, points to the direction in which liberal influence must be exerted:

“This new Church for the new times is to come, in our opinion, very largely, if not mainly, by the gradual enlightenment and transformation of the great religious bodies which now occupy the field, and have held it for generations and centuries. The existing Churches are, to our view, the important missionary field of Liberalism. They are to be converted. And a radical religious society, whether of the free Congregational, Ethical Culture, or liberal Unitarian order, is working constructively,—not merely for the few scores or hundreds of people whom it may count in its membership, but for all the churches and synagogues around in which there are any thinking men and women whose minds are open to new ideas, and who are inquiring for a more real and rational religion. These reform movements, though small in themselves, point the way whither the great religious bodies will slowly follow. Gradually, the leading spirits of the Churches, their theological seminaries, their ministers, their denominational publications, will catch the light of the new era of thought, and absorb a more rational doctrine: and, then, the new views will be distilled through a reformed administration and activity of church life to the masses of the people.”

THE SOUL.—The soul aspires and respires exactly like the body. It aspires what it believes is happiness, and respires ideas that are the results of its inward sensations. Sick souls have a bad breath and vitiates their moral atmosphere, that is to say, convey to the Astral Light that penetrates them, impure reflects and establish therein deleterious currents. We are somewhat astonished, while in society, to be assailed by evil thoughts that we had never entertained, and we know not that they belong to some morbid neighborhood. This secret is of great importance for it leads to the manifestations of conscience. The magnetic respiration produces around the soul an aura of which it is the centre, and it surrounds itself with the reflects of its own works, which make unto it a heaven or a hell. There are no solitary actions and there can be no hidden ones; all that we really will, that is, all that we confirm by our actions remains written in the Astral Light where are preserved our reflects; these reflects constantly influence our minds through the diaphanous, and it is why we become and remain the child of our works.—*Occult World*.

The following passage occurs in the poet Longfellow's journal, under date of October 9, 1865: “Walked to the Port to pay my taxes. Returning, overtook Sam. Ward, and took him home to dinner. T. also came. We talked of spiritual manifestations, and of the Fox girls. There was a knock at the door, and cards were brought in, ‘Mr. and Mrs. T.—,’ and ‘Miss Katie Fox!’ Went into the library to see them, and had some rappings—knocks on the door, on the table, on the floor.”

OUR HOME IN HEAVEN.

Editor of the Golden Gate:

Dear Sir:—My father, Rev. H. B. Kenyon, a Baptist clergyman, well-known in that denomination and the order of Odd Fellows of New York State as a fearless defender of truth and the unfortunate, passed into the new life about thirty-five years ago, honestly believing it impossible to return to earth again. Among a family of twelve children I was the only "doubting Thomas," and the only one believing in spirit return; our many talks always ending with "My son, you will in time see the truth and discard this delusion." At a spiritual circle held in the city of St. Paul, Minn., in July last, he made his presence known to me, and I requested that as he was now able to give me the truth in reference to the life in the hereafter, I wished he would do so; and relate his first experiences over there, to which he gladly consented. His coming to me with this information has a double meaning and may be acceptable to others in earth life. Yours for humanity,

H. H. KENYON.

ST. PAUL, MINN., April 15, 1886.

MY SON HEZEKIAH:—You have expressed a wish to know where we live and how we have passed the time since passing over to the other side. I will commence at the beginning and give you everything that I can remember, as all will be of the greatest interest to you and perhaps to others.

MY FIRST THOUGHT AND WHAT I SAW UPON ENTERING THE NEW LIFE.

I found myself on a long bridge that crossed a beautiful stream of water; I seemed to be in about the center of it. I looked ahead of me and saw a number of people but did not recognize any of them. I looked back and all was dark; a mist had formed at that end of the bridge and I was unable to see what was beyond it; also I noticed that the clouds or mist, just as you choose to call it, was advancing this way. I thought, well if this is not very strange I do not know of anything that is. I think I will walk to the other side, perhaps those people can tell me where I am. I did not like the looks of that cloud, as it kept rolling along, over and over this way, so I started to reach the other side.

I had not gone far when I heard some one singing; it was an old, familiar church hymn. I thought, it is a good, respectable crowd. As I advanced I recognized every one; they were my old friends and young converts that had become Christians through my teachings. As I stepped off the bridge, they all came up, shook hands with me and said: "Our dear, kind friend, we are so glad to welcome you to your heavenly home." I asked them if they were in their right mind, for if this was heaven it was not the place I wished to see, and furthermore, I did not believe them, and told them so. They said, all will be clear to you; trust to us as we have trusted to you.

I looked at myself and could see no change, only I seemed perfectly well, and knew I had been very sick. So I was willing to let them lead me. I walked a little distance and sat down on a log that was by the roadside. There were trees, a few flowers and such a great number of birds, just like a lovely, perfect woods—the road and everything looked so natural; not that I had ever seen a place like it; still there was a something that looked like things on earth. This I noticed in particular, everything was fresh and growing; nothing dry or decayed, all a beautiful green. The light threw shadows here and there; all was peaceful and quiet. While I was thinking it over, a dizziness came over me; I looked for my friends and they surrounded me in a circle, and I felt myself lifted up and carried away somewhere; could not see anything but a misty vapor that seemed to be surrounding me.

How long I remained in that state I could not tell, but think only a few minutes. I came to myself and found that I was alone in the most heavenly place I ever saw, or it is possible to imagine. Pencil can not describe the beauties of that perfect spot. I did not feel lonely, or seem to call for any one, I was just simply rested—it was perfect rest. All around me was grass so very green; the dew was still on it; flowers were in blossom; birds, butterflies of all colors and description were flitting here and there—all in perfect harmony,—had no fear as they came close to me; some of them resting on my head and shoulders, and would sing their little happy songs fearlessly. I was not at all anxious to leave or find out where I was. As yet I did not believe it was heaven—still it now looked as though it might be.

While resting there came four little children to me; they threw a bright light all around them—were all dressed in some kind of white material. Their faces were not familiar; they were about four or five years old, I should think. They had a basketful of white roses and some green vine. They came in front of me but talked among themselves—sat down on the grass and made a wreath for my head, and one very large one that they put around me. I did not say one word; I could not; I simply sat and looked on. After they had finished their flower work they stood before me and sang a song, the sweetest I ever heard; then they knelt in prayer: "Our Father who art in heaven, I have come home to Thee, I have passed through the gates ajar and now am resting in heavenly realms above; look down, Holy Father, on me, and guide my steps aright; lead me through paths of righteousness into paths of bliss. I have lent a helping hand to sinners, and taught the truth, the right, to those I found stumbling by the way. Father in heaven, hear me

while I now kneel in prayer; suffer little children to come unto me for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven; for they will show me the way. As I lay me down to rest I offer up my prayer to Thee, blessing you, loving you, and lovingly following your many commandments. A little child shall lead me; yes, angels will direct me aright. Now I lay me down to rest I pray the Lord my soul to keep; and when I open my eyes I pray to see Thee in the skies."

And then they arose and raised their eyes and hands up to the sky, and it would be impossible for me to describe what took place. A golden light covered everything, and up above in the sky I saw coming, running down amid the beautiful clouds, so many children; little girls, little boys. The clouds were great banks of pure white with a pink tint thrown on them from the sun. The children all dressed in white with their arms full of flowers, dropping them on their way. They rested amid air and sang a song all together, dropping flowers all the time. The song was one that I had sung years and years in Sunday-school; it was, "Come to Jesus," only they sang it, "You are here with Jesus."

I was spellbound—looked at the heavenly sight in perfect wonder and amazement. I had no doubt now about its being heaven. One little one came forward; I should think she was ten years old; her golden hair flowing in the breeze; her happy face shining such a glorious light, and reached out her hands and said, "We have come to show you the way; at home in heaven there are many mansions. I go to prepare one for you. 'Tis I, be not afraid. I will lead you through valleys of beauty to a home which our Father in heaven has prepared for you; trust me, be not afraid." I reached out my hands and said, "Little darlings, one and all, who are you?" "We are our Heavenly Father's children. You know he is very fond of little children. He takes us and blesses us." I asked her, "In what way?" "He blesses us by giving us a life here that is full of happiness—no sickness—free from trouble, and where we are never separate from those who love the truth, the right. His goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will remain in the home of my Father forever. You have taught the truth, the right, as you looked upon it; you have helped many a poor, perishing soul to lift up their heads and love Jesus. You have sown seeds of kindness by the wayside. Your work on earth has been faithfully done; now receive our Heavenly Father's blessed reward." They all raised their hands in prayer and I did the same; then they sang, "Will you follow me?"

After they had ceased their singing, they all formed into twos, and when they commenced to move away, I took hold of the little one's hand who had done the talking, and she led me away after the rest. We walked or glided—it was not walking—through valley after valley, and I noticed that there were a great many homes here and there—no two alike; also a great many people; some were resting under trees, others were singing, but we passed them by; and I asked my little guide if she did not think this a good place to stop? Her reply was: "They can not see us; we can not remain here." I told her that I could see them. "Yes, but we can see clearer than they can. They are surrounded by a vapor that shuts out all beyond for a time. They are learning the lessons that should have been learned while on earth. As we live, so we reap. It all lies with each one individually. You have your work to do; if you fail in accomplishing it, you have to suffer." I made the remark that they looked very happy and contented; it was a lovely spot. "Yes, but there will a time come, and has already to many of them, when they will wish for other things; then we have a duty to perform, to teach them the right way to a higher state of understanding. There is a time for everything here, the same as upon earth—a law governing the whole heavens."

So we moved on. We passed a very large stream of water, which was rushing over stones and rocks, making a loud roaring noise. There were people here who seemed in an anxious state of mind. Some were crying, some were downcast. I inquired the meaning of this and she said: "These are those who have lived a life of wrong—have given all their thoughts to worldly matters, and have not done any good to those who were suffering. They have also deceived those who loved them, and never having repented while upon earth have it now to do. They are now reaping the harvest that their own hands have sown. We do not suffer for the wrongs of others. When one leads us astray they will be the greatest sinner. We suffer according as we do wrong knowingly. When we are sorry for what we have done and do better, the sin is scratched off the great book above, where all our good deeds—all our bad ones—are recorded."

In this place there were no homes; all were simply wandering about; some were sitting under trees, not appearing to see anything. I felt like stopping here, and, as of old, advising them, but my little guide said: "No, not now; after a time you can if you wish to."

We left them to pass to brighter scenes. The little children crossed the stream—there was no bridge—they just floated in the air across the water. I did not want to try it and told my guide so. She said, "A little child shall lead them," and I followed. She took me by the hand and

a cloud surrounded us both. I could not see anything but her; felt myself moving some place, but was not afraid. I had no fear now. Soon the cloud cleared away and we were on the other side together once more.

The atmosphere was not so clear now as in some of the other places, and I called her attention to it, and before I had finished the remark such a light burst upon us that I could hardly see. She reached up her hands and said, "Now I will leave you in better hands." She kissed me on the forehead and vanished with all the little ones, and I was alone. I looked around me; all was quiet, clear and beautiful. There was a hill on one side, a valley or plain on the other. I could see, oh! so far away, flowers and birds of every description. I walked to a tree and sat down on the grass. I could not describe my feelings. I felt as though some one was coming. I looked this way and that, and away off ever so far I saw coming this way your favorite sister Susan, or Susie, as we used to call her. She came walking to me with a wreath and cross in her arms. She stopped in front of me and said, "Darling father, do you know me, your own child?" I could not speak. She placed the wreath on my head and the cross at my feet, and put her arms around me and drew my head to her bosom, kissed me, and said that she would take me to her own home. I raised my head and took her hands and said, "Darling child, is it you?" "Yes, father, it is I whom you loved and cared for—I whom you missed so sadly when I passed away; but now we have met in this world of love and glory, never to part in tears. I have been preparing a home for you all these years, for you know, father, 'in Heaven there are many mansions.'"

I arose and we walked away together. We followed the path she came by and found new beauties every place. I met some old friends on our way home; they seemed very glad to see me, and said they had known for sometime that I was coming to them before long, and they hoped I would come and see them in their homes. I told them that I did not know; everything was so different from what I expected that I was not sure of myself. They assured me that they did not understand things at first, and had a good deal to learn every day. "We made a slight mistake in our belief, but when you come to think of it, does it not seem to be the most natural way to look at it?" "Yes," I said, "some things look all right, but not everything. I did not expect to find trees, flowers, birds and people so free to go to every place, just as in the old world; here, however, you do not seem obliged to associate with those not in harmony with you. I like that, and I do not know as I could better any of it so far."

They passed on and we started once more for our home. I thought we must have gone a great way, and asked Susan if we were not most there. She said, "Yes, just over the hill. Listen, father, to what you will hear!" I did so, and should think there must have been thousands and thousands of birds singing, by the noise they made. When we were at the top of the hill, such a heavenly sight! such birds, grass, trees, water, flowers, children by the thousands—all so beautiful. We stopped and looked on; I could not move; it was more than I could understand or comprehend. The little children all stopped their play for a moment and commenced singing. Then I should think a hundred little ones came running up to us. Some had playthings, some, flowers; some, picture books; some, with a bird in their hands; they all put their mouths up for a kiss. You know that I was always very fond of little children.

(To be continued.)

The Anniversary in Humboldt.

Editor of the Golden Gate:

As you have expressed a desire for the friends to furnish an account of the manner in which they have celebrated the 38th anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, I thought I would write you a brief account of how we celebrated in Humboldt county. At Ferndale there was a public meeting with an address by J. D. H. Chamberlin, Esq., on the subject of the transition of Mrs. M. G. Paine, who passed over the river on last Christmas eve, and also a conference meeting in the afternoon which I am informed was well attended and enjoyed by all. Here in Eureka about twenty-five of the friends assembled at the residence of B. N. Emerson in the suburbs of the city, and after partaking of a fine collation we gathered around in a circle and had some very fine manifestations. Mrs. W. J. Sweasey was controlled by her familiar spirit, Jake, and gave us a fine address on our duties to each other and to mankind. Mr. West, a fine rapping medium, being present, the raps were produced not only on the table but all around the room, and we also had some written communication through Mrs. T. F. Ricks, who is a good writing medium. Altogether it was a good time, and all felt, when they came away, that it was good to be there.

J. H. KIMBALL.

You needn't travel far to find heaven if you mean business. As for hell, you can pack it round in your hat if you are fond of it.

A fool can't be immortal, he's got to keep on dying until he gets sense enough to live forever. The angels are all intelligent.

Our "Golden Gate."

Editor of the Golden Gate:

Before me lies the GOLDEN GATE; loving hands have contributed a column of poetry, loyal hearts a column of experiences, noble feet have laid the stone foundation of a GOLDEN GATE that tides can not sweep over nor time destroy.

The captain and mate guard well its entrance that none shall pass its portals who are not seekers for truth, love, purity, justice. Friends support these columns; the human, earthward side—poetry, poetry, fact, science; the divine—spiritual food illuminating the arch of this GOLDEN GATE, and shedding light down, and around all who face heavenward. Daily the keeper invites all ye hungry, "come," ye sorrowing "be joyful;" ye weak, "renew your strength;" to all, "find peace in believing, joy in accepting." The clouds are over me; how often have I asked for life's compensation, and the answer comes, Souls to be saved, good to be done, hearts to be comforted, seed to be sown that may ripen to a golden harvest for this GOLDEN GATE. Look through, as it swings open on its massive hinges of the Eternal, the open sea of the Great Beyond lies before us; behind us, the years that are lost, days that are wasted, moments never to be recalled; precious time sealed forever by our determined silence, buried like the talent, awaiting for what? Why not espouse a glorious cause and satisfy these longings? Come, they not through the divine illumination? God speed the cause of truth and guard well this pearly "Gate," let not its workmanship be marred by defiled hands; dear ones are passing through it to the Summer Land, and as we catch glimpses of the departed, we are assured that earth is not all; it is not all of life to live, and the divine presence comes very near to those whose consciousness will receive it. Every page of this GOLDEN GATE is radiant with heavenly jewels; every copy a living messenger to the wounded soul, desiring "healing," and borne on the wings of this messenger. Laying my own burden at the foot of the GOLDEN GATE, I ask admission and am blessed. Error seeks its portals but the sword of truth has overpowered. Vice knocks, arrayed in lovely garments, blushing, retires, as virtue disrobes those stolen garments and gains admission. Fraud insists; but the light shines through, revealing her hypocrisy, and the GOLDEN GATE swings not open to such as these. Time rolls on, but neither time nor tide shall affect our GOLDEN GATE, while we, who build and support its firm foundation, cease not to strengthen and defend, to watch and protect; may heaven's choicest blessings attend.

John Allyn in San Diego.

Editor of the Golden Gate:

SAN DIEGO, April 13, 1886.

This city is having a most extraordinary boom. The price of real estate has advanced rapidly during the past year, and is firmly held. Buildings are going up on every hand. One evidence of the progressive character of the people is, that the city is lighted with electricity, the lights glowing beautifully as the steamers sail up the harbor to the wharf. This prosperity is owing to three causes: the completion of a transcontinental railroad, the rapid settlement of the county and the development of its agricultural resources, which are found to be much better than had been supposed, and the influx of Eastern people of means to make homes or enjoy its unparalleled winter climate. I think this prosperity will continue, because the causes which have led to it will continue. Admit that there is much poor land in the county, yet when we consider that there are half a dozen States of less area than this county, and that there is much good land unrivalled for the production of fruits, raisins and olives, the future growth of the city can not be doubtful.

Spiritualism has also had a boom. A society has been organized and incorporated under the laws of the State. Mrs. Bushyhead is one of the prime movers in this. Her husband is the sheriff, and, while he is endeavoring to bring criminals to justice, she is striving to prevent crime by diffusing the principles of Spiritualism. Dr. and Mrs. King are also doing a good work. Mrs. King gives trance lectures on Sundays to good acceptance. Owing to the remoteness of this place from the centers of population and available talent, this scribe was pressed into the service and gave a lecture on short notice. Considering that the day had been stormy, and that the streets were muddy, the audience was good, and good attention was paid to the discourse. The speaker endeavored to show what the leading doctrines of Spiritualism are, and the leading phenomena that seems to prove man's heritage of a future life, which by the law of progressive evolution, must be better than this. He also labored to show that the remedy for the labor troubles which afflict and threaten our country is in arbitration and co-operation. Capital, which is the fruit of labor, must be protected, and labor fairly rewarded. Without capital, labor would be helpless; without labor, capital would be useless; and both must work together under the protection of the

laws, or we shall relapse back to savagery from which we have emerged by many centuries of growth.

After writing the above we returned on the steamer "Santa Rosa." This is a beautiful steamer, built on the most approved model by John Roach, and lighted by electricity. At San Pedro the Los Angeles passengers, mostly Eastern tourists, took possession of the steamer. At Santa Barbara they swarmed in and filled every berth, and mattresses were spread on the benches and cabin floors.

On the steamer I made the acquaintance of a man of marked mean and countenance, but did not learn his name. Believing that his sad history will form a study that will teach a valuable lesson, I will give so much of it as is necessary to illustrate important physiological principles. He was going to San Francisco to accompany the remains of his son back to his Eastern home, who had died of consumption. His wife was then going to Pasadena to care for another son who was suffering with the same dread disease.

He said he had suffered all his adult life with dyspepsia and tormenting headaches, as often as twice a week. I told him that his dyspepsia was caused and continued by overwork. He said he could not bear to do anything that he did not do thoroughly, and he had worked from eight in the morning until eleven at night. Query—since we find ourselves in a world where it is impossible to do everything according to a fancy standard, would it not be better to begin by doing justice to ourselves?

His own story explained the whole matter: his stomach was not able to furnish sufficient nutrition to his brain which drew so much blood and nerve force from the stomach that digestion was imperfectly performed; the pneumogastric nerve became diseased, the brain became fevered in sympathy, hence, headaches. From overwork and lack of nutrition, the general system was weakened; his children inherited this weakness, which in early manhood developed into fatal consumption and they die. At their funeral discourse the clergyman attributes their early death to a mysterious Providence, when it is the result of a lack of providence on the part of the parent. The physician prescribes a few nostrums, instead of teaching saving physiological principles. If this were an isolated case I should not write this, but it is substantially the history of thousands of families.

With the fear of trespassing too much on your valuable space, I close.

JOHN ALLYN.

Kind Words.

Editor of the Golden Gate:

I am impressed to pen a few lines to you, for which I hope you will pardon the liberty. I left the Golden State about eight months since, for this lovely health-giving spot, having visited here before for ill health. I now find my health restored through the influence of dear spiritual friends and these healing waters. This spot is situated one hundred and ten miles from the city of Chicago, on the line of the Northwestern Railroad. Mr. Albertson (the proprietor) is one of the "Pioneer Spiritualists"—a gentleman of integrity and sterling worth.

I have been a constant reader of your most valuable paper, the GOLDEN GATE, of which my husband, Capt. W. E. Bushnell, has kindly and thoughtfully forwarded to me all these long winter months. My friends have also read them. Each and all pronounce the GOLDEN GATE one of the best Spiritual papers ever read. The *Banner of Light*, *Woman's World*, *New Thought* and others are on our table, but the GOLDEN GATE is the gem. I need not tell you that your paper is appreciated. May you prosper, and I believe you will with the loving care and guidance of your spirit friends. I can not say, but hope that some of the friends will send for the GOLDEN GATE.

Yours in fraternity,

MRS. ROSE L. BUSHNELL.

STERLING, Ill., April 12, 1886.

THE DREAM CAME TRUE.—A student in one of our local educational institutions had a peculiar dream about a fortnight ago, which, unlike many mental conceptions which nightly arise from an overworked brain, came true to the letter. He dreamed that on the following Friday fortnight he would be seized with a violent sickness which was to keep him confined to his room for the space of a week. He informed one of his bosom friends next morning of the strange message he had received during his peaceful slumbers. His companion, however, received the information, which was imparted with a sense of fear and trembling, in a somewhat skeptical manner, which chagrined the dreamer very much, but strange to relate, the youthful laborer in the domain of science, who during the interval was haunted by a dread of his impending sickness, fell a victim to the power of his over-imagination on the very day indicated, notwithstanding that the previous night he attended a "social" at a friend's house till the small hours of the morning, apparently in good spirits. The day previous to his becoming ill he issued a mandate to have his sleeping apartment put in order, so strong was his belief in the truth of the dream. A medical man was called in and remedial measures were applied to the patient's relief, but he remains firm in his conviction that the foreshadowed sickness must continue for the specified time. —*Toronto Mail*.

A Question of Fraud.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Your interesting editorial of April 10th, on the subject of "Charity," suggested a train of thought to my mind which I desire to submit to your kind consideration. Webster defines charity as "Liberality in judging of men and their actions; a disposition which inclines men to put the best construction on words and actions of their fellow-men," etc., etc. And I agree with you "that it is better for one to err on the side of charity, than to do wrong in the mistaken defense of justice." But in your application of the principles, it appears to me that you hit rather wide of the mark. You say—

"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 all 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 unreasonably 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."

Now, a teacher of whatsoever doctrine, must have some standard by which to judge of facts; some criterion by which to measure moral aspects. A teacher of Spiritualism, if "intellectually bright," knows that facts are indispensable and of all things the most to be desired. Where are the facts of Spiritualism to be obtained? Nowhere except through spirit media. Does it not necessarily follow that the teachers of Spiritualism desire to find genuine media, the more the better? What is the greatest stumbling-block in the way of the investigator? These very "wicked and heartless persons who," you admit, "sometimes perpetrate the most shameless tricks in the sacred name of mediumship." Skepticism is the normal condition of the healthy intellect—belief without evidence is imbecility—belief with sufficient evidence is inescapable. Every one must become "a self-constituted judge" as to what is evidence.

Is honest, involuntary doubt to be taken on the part of both spirit and medium, as a bid for fraud? Is it a valid excuse for one? That any intelligent teacher of Spiritualism can hope to find trickery in a medium is preposterous! Does one an hungered refuse a wheaten loaf? or, thirsting, turn away from a bubbling spring without tasting the sweet waters? Every self-demonstrated fact is so much pure, ever-ready capital to the spiritualistic teacher. Facts are the foundation stones to his philosophical superstructure.

Every genuine medium, whether personally known or dwelling at the antipodes, helps him in a thousand ways—every fraud perpetrated is so much dead weight to carry. Why should he not love and rejoice in true mediumship? and why not "fiercely condemn" fraud?

No right-minded person hates any human being; but every right-minded person does hate falsehood, charlatry, hypocrisy and cant. And much so-called charity is positive cruelty. Is it charity to excuse fraud on the ground that the investigator may have entertained doubts on entering the seance, and that he naturally detests falsehood? Is it charity to keep silence when a medium has been caught tricking—and thereby allow hundreds of starving souls to waste time, money and sensibility on these monsters who live by trading on human anguish? You say, "Suppose somebody should be convinced of these grand truths by the tricks of a charlatan? Who is injured but the charlatan himself?" I would ask, was anybody ever convinced of a truth through believing a lie? Suppose I go to a medium hoping to hear from my darling mother or child; I may doubt, nay, positively disbelieve, lacking the evidence, that such a thing is possible—but I yearn to know; my heart hungers for some sign that my dead live; I travel far, I join the circle—a trick is cleverly played which I am unable to detect,—the vast majority of people are incompetent to make the scientific investigation, and the conditions commonly exacted by physical mediums, especially materializers, preclude the possibility of a fair test of power; well, I receive the caresses and love-tokens of what purports, and what I believe to be my angel friends. And you say, "what harm," if instead of that, I have been feeding my soul on an infamous lie! Sooner or later the lie is exposed—where then are my "grand truths" of Spiritualism?

Alas! just in proportion to the earnestness with which I cling to the pseudo fact am I then repelled from the counter-facted truth! Thousands of sincere, noble and hungry souls are held aloof from Spiritualism by these shameless shows. As for the charlatan, whom you say is the greatest sufferer after all, what more efficacious balm does he require than that which you gratuitously furnish in your Spiritual quotation—"If the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie, wherefore am I called a sinner?"

With St. Paul to soothe his tender (?) conscience, plenty of cash as the practical result of his deceit and a fine-spun mantle of "sweet charity" to cover his spiritual nakedness—from what a microscop-

ical injury he must suffer! Spiritualists, notwithstanding their immense strides in advance of other religious sects, still resemble them in this particular—they can always find plenty of solid Scriptural ground to fall back on, no matter what region of fact or fanciful fog they fetch up in!

For my own part, St. Paul nor the Angel Gabriel can convince me that God's truth was ever "made to abound through a lie!"

Again, you quote, "Judgment is mine, saith the Lord"; and, yet, you remark, "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." Suppose Luther had left the abuses of the Catholic Church to the "judgment of the Lord"—instead of heroically exposing and fiercely condemning them—how long, think you, would the world have waited for the Reformation? Did not charity, according to your interpretation, require that he should condone priestly licentiousness, pardon the pious pickpockets who fattened on the follies and blind faith of the mass of Church communicants, and quietly wait for the coming of the Lord? Or, suppose the grand old heroes of the anti-slavery cause had said, "It is true that a mighty evil exists; millions of poor human beings are held in cruel bondage, to the degradation of both masters and slaves." But these masters, poor fellows, in perpetrating these wrongs will be, eventually, the greatest sufferers. We must have charity—"Judgment is mine saith the Lord." When would slavery have been abolished?

The fact is, our hatred of wrong and falsehood is in exact proportion to our love of truth and right. No man who has a spark of the sacred fire in his mental makeup can witness a wrong without a burning desire to crush it at whatever cost—and much that, at first glance, resembles charity, is mere moral inertia or downright cowardice.

We are all compelled to sorrowfully admit that great wrongs are being done in the name of Spiritualism. I know of no greater infamy than that involved in a mediumistic fraud. The perpetrators may be counted by the hundreds, their victims number thousands. Every sacred feeling of the human heart has been trifled with, for gain and notoriety; the moral aspect of the whole movement has been snatched, our grand facts discredited, and an immense retard suffered through the multiplicity of these unconscionable frauds, and, I may add, the ready defense made, and strong holds built up for them by a class of minds incapable of a doubt as regards the genuineness of any medium or spiritualistic marvel.

Already our ranks are divided into two sects, at they very least, viz: the orthodox and heterodox. By the "orthodox" I mean that class which is willing to condone and cover up fraud "that good may come," and regards any attempt to put mediumship to an actual test, as hostile to Spiritualism. The watchword of this class, practically, is that saying which I think is falsely ascribed to Jesus, "Believe or be damned."

The heterodox wing of Spiritualism (to which I humbly hope that I belong), requires solid grounds of belief, and is determined to lift Spiritualism, which has been, from time immemorial, clouded by gross superstitions, into the clear light of science, to take rank with the demonstrated facts of man's existence. To accomplish this, genuine media are required and will be protected, and a method of investigation must be established, which will, by its exactitude and thoroughness, preclude the possibility of deception. And every true medium in the land will hail with joy the adoption of such a method—for it will hasten the separation of the chaff from the wheat and relieve mediumship of a vast load of obliquity with which, through charlatry, it has been so long weighed down.

I think, with Samuel Watson, "that true Spiritualism has no use for any medium who has been clearly detected in trickery." And an exposure, yes, and even a "fierce denunciation" of the fraud, can no more be called an abuse of the perpetrators than the exposure of a theft or murder is abuse of the criminals. Our charity should take into consideration the victims as well as the evil-doer. The charity that makes excuses and saves our mediumistic fraud is of the sort which pities the thirst of the inebriate so much and so foolishly that it bestows coin to be spent in fiery drinks, forgetting that it thereby helps to sink its object lower, and sends him to his family a reeking fiend, a raving maniac—every such act of mistaken charity plunging numbers of helpless human beings into deeper and ever-deepening hells of poverty and desolation!

Never, in the history of man's spiritual development, were clearly drawn lines, careful discrimination between facts and fancies, well-defined and heart-deep convictions with the moral stamina to defend them, more needed than at the present time in relation to this last great white blossom on the tree of spiritual life,—this glory of our nineteenth-century-science called Spiritualism. It is the duty of its teachers, journalists and lecturers to stand squarely on the side of true mediumship as against fraud; to lend their aid in exposing charlatany—to call things by their right names—to have a high and steady moral standard, and earnestly endeavor to bring the masses up to it.

It is related that at the battle of Alma, when one of the regiments was being beaten back by the hordes of Russia, the

ensign in front stood his ground as the boys retreated. The captain shouted to him to bring back the colors, but the ensign replied: "Bring the men up to the colors." So now we want no backward steps taken to suit the moral turpitude of mediums—no shifting of standards except to higher and still higher grounds. We go to the spiritual source for facts; it is to be supposed that all men were skeptics in the outset; the business of spirit and medium is to produce—not fraud to confirm the skeptics, but facts to dispel it. If conditions are unfavorable, wait a more opportune time; non-production of phenomena is only a negative failure, not in the least discreditable.

But when it is discovered that the medium is fully equipped for a performance without spirit aid, let every man and woman, convinced of the fact, announce it, and let no one, out of mistaken charity, set up a defense of the lie. To be neutral in such a case is to become an aider and abettor of the fraud. Pure love of humanity inspires patience, thoroughness and zeal in the advocacy of truth. If we would "get closer to the great heart of Divine Goodness" we must love truth better than self; deal justly and live uprightly. What is truth, justice and righteousness, is a question which each individual must settle for themselves.

ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.
SUNNY BRAE, Cal., April 15, 1886.

Concerning Mediumship.

[By Walter Hyde.]

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

While there is much speculation and inquiry concerning spiritual gifts, I would offer a few thoughts. Once on a time the medium, Mr. Colchester, came into my office in Brooklyn, New York, and asked if himself and a few friends could come in for a sitting in the evening. I was glad of the opportunity, and they came. He was a stranger to me (save by reputation) as was also the five invited guests.

My wife owned quite an elaborate set of gymnastic appliances, such as dumb-bells, wands, wood rings, etc., and before evening I took the precaution to slip a wooden ring into a side pocket. The rings were about six inches wide and seven-eighths of an inch thick, and were all good and sound. Evening came, and we took seats around my office table—Colchester sitting at my right. We joined hands—the gas was turned out—and immediately, in perfect darkness, I released my left hand and took the ring from my pocket, and quicker than thought it slipped from my fingers and was on my right arm outside the coat sleeve.

From the moment of our joining hands I held on with firm grip to the medium's hand, and knew that the strength of the muscles were not relaxed in the least. As the light was struck, I took hold of the ring with my left hand before letting go of the medium's hand, then removing the ring from my right arm, examined it and knew it to be the ring I had taken from my pocket, and I also know that no mortal but myself knew of its presence in the room. The varnish was not broken, and neither did the ring pass between our hands that it might be on my arm.

Now, while scientists multiply words, I do not hope to find one who can fully explain that phenomena. And, until they do, I hold that they are not qualified to formulate plans for test conditions. Little children may ignorantly and innocently hold in their magnetic presence as favorable conditions for spiritual communings as any to be found in the highest schools of scientific thought.

Not long since I was sitting with two lady friends in the presence of Mrs. Frances, a celebrated slate-writing medium of San Francisco. The table-cloth was removed, and only the medium sat by the table. She would hold the slate under the table for the communication, and as soon as written and read, rub it out and replace the slate for another. We were having a fine time—all of us receiving messages—when, as a matter of personal information, I looked at the pencil resting on the slate, for my position was such that I could do so without moving. The pencil lay perfectly still. After awhile the medium turned, saying: "Mr. Hyde, are you looking at the pencil? They can't write if you look at it."

And I reflected in this way,—How is it that the magnetism from my eyes, even though I look on kindly, can pass through a pair of eye-glasses and dissipate the spirits' force and be tenfold more destructive than partition walls or solid stones; for two or more stone slates are often screwed together to secure the writing. Will scientists tell why? If not, please be modest in shaping conditions, and just in your treatment of mediums.

A MONUMENT TO A WOMAN.—This city was the first one in the United States to build a monument to a woman, and our "Margaret" is the pride of the city, beloved by every woman, revered by every child who looks up into the pleasant face of marble, which seems touched with life-like beauty. The figure of this woman is a shrine for all lovers of woman-kind, and many a heart grows tender as the passer-by looks at the present reminder of a woman who never refused to help any one. The owner of a little bakery, she always had something to give away to those in need, and with the gift she seemed to send a bit of friendship that has grown into a feeling of reverence. —New Orleans Corr. St. Louis Chronicle.

The Spiritual Basis of Life.

[Extract from a lecture delivered in Chicago, March 24, 1886, by Mrs. Gena L. V. Richmond.]

In all ages of human history since intelligence began to trace the records of the thoughts of man, there have been perceptions of infinite life, of the essence of the soul, of the existence eternally of the spirit before matter, of the eternity of spirit independent of matter, and of the essence of life that is not only a priori to substance, but is all that there really is of life. In other words, that there is nothing in mere expression. If you invent a machine or build a steam engine the thought of it precedes the structure, and when it is finished it will do nothing of itself; behind the wheels and valves and cylinders, behind the intricate mechanism that is so carefully adjusted and planned, behind all the most careful adjustment of the balance of motion, the avoidance of friction and the application of motor power, is the intelligence of the builder and inventor, and that machine would not run one inch without the intelligence of man. And yet there are those who declare that they can conceive of a steam engine, but have no conception of an essence: that they have a proper comprehension of a steam engine and its wheels, because it is real; but it were a dumb, foolish and lifeless thing without that intelligence which can neither be seen, nor felt, nor measured, nor handled, nor in any way perceived by the senses of man!

You may dissect the human brain, you may concentrate all your skill and human science and discover the bone and tissues and fibres of the human system, and where nerve ganglia have their centres, you may appoint every experiment and apply every test, but you can not discover the one and only power that makes the nerves and fibres of the physical body at all valuable. Yet the physical basis of life is insisted upon. And when this intelligence flies away, from whatever cause, you may in vain by breathing into this human form or by any process endeavor to resuscitate it, you can not.

The great primal basis of being lies behind and beyond substance, is veiled in the intricate meshes of material sensation, but perfectly comprehensible to the mind and spirit of man. This essence, this spiritual power and life is not only beyond the physical organism of man; the organism being but the mechanism for its expression and the application of the motor power of vital life being within the spirit; but behind all nature, wherever form has existence, wherever substance has expression, wherever matter has foundation for seeming existence, the life of that substance, the essence of it is not only impalpable to the senses, not only undemonstrable to any physical power of perception of man, but if it were so it would not be life, but only the expression of life, as the steam engine is not a force, but only the application of force which the intelligence of man possesses.

Every power and attribute of physical nature reveals itself in the demonstrated action of the all potent yet invisible essence of intelligence, which in itself is all law, all life, all motion and all expression, whose outermost revelations are found in the material universe, but whose innermost revelations are found in the soul of man.

Whatever man thinks, that is in the spirit; whatever he does, that is in the material world. Whatever man is, that is in the realm of causation. But what he expresses may be very imperfect as a representation of what he is, whatever in the life of man elevates him beyond the mere sensations of physical being to the consciousness of that sensation, that is from the endowment within, and more than this, protoplasm, (whatever it may be) could not begin to evolve the primordial cell. There would be no impetus for its commencement, but for this action of an intelligence which is not protoplasm, which is not veiled in the primordial cell. You can yourself understand this, you could not build an engine unless you were separate from and superior to the substances of which you build it; you cannot make an engine of your own physical body, it is already a mechanism for the expression of your life and thought, but any machinery which is intended to express something outside of yourself must therefore be separate from you. You never mistake the engine for the engineer, no more than you mistake the picture for the artist. By looking upon nature in all its wonderful mechanical expressions, by measuring it with mathematics, by analyzing it with chemistry, by discovering its relations in the various departments of material science, you have proved that the intelligence which fashions these various mechanisms and arrangements is intelligence, that it is not matter. It can not be material or these things never would have been accomplished. The pictures do not paint themselves, the machines do not build themselves, your bodies have not made themselves. Behind and beyond the processes of organic life the power of that life shows an intelligence that is perfect, and that shapes the mechanism of the physical universe to the end of expression, and whatever there is that expresses life is evidence of a source of life, and whatever there is that expresses intelligence is evidence of a source of intelligence, and as man insists that the universe is governed by law, that is to express a law maker, be-

cause the law must be inferior to the mind that can produce the law or the power that can enunciate it.

All attempt to confuse these two realms in one, to make mind but attenuated and refined matter must essentially fail. The spirit is the source of all human action, and must not only be a priori, but so utterly independent of matter that if matter were obliterated, it would make no difference in the life of the soul of man, or the soul of the infinite; but if the soul of the universe were obliterated, there would never be even so much as the smallest infinitesimal atom left. Such is the inevitable basis of existence that not only every speculation, not only every philosophy, but the very basis of science herself is established from the other realm, which science does not claim to touch, with which she has nothing to do, which she either ignores or professes her ignorance of, viz., the realm of revelation and inspiration. No revelation can come to man excepting it come from the realm that is adequate to answer the questionings that precede what the revelation brings, and when it is revealed to man independently of his physical senses, independently of birth, life and death, independently of all the changes of organic being that he sees around him, that the essential life of the soul exists forever, it is in contradistinction to every material fact in the universe, and therefore could no more be evolved from that great blind, deaf and dumb material fact than could vision be evolved from darkness, or the sense of hearing exquisite melody from utter silence. The baseless fabric of material existence fades and falls away in the light of this stupendous truth, wherein all revelation is found and through inspiration alone may man receive knowledge of spiritual things, and as inspiration guides man in the realm of the spirit, so does it make it possible for you to conceive of the sources of life that transcend material expression, and that matter is but a function of existence, while the life itself is in that surpassing, invisible, yet palpable realm, to which matter can never attain, from which it has never come, but of which it is the most outward and transient expression.

Thus on a subject that would require many discourses, we have given you a brief outline of that which we conceive, underlies all evidences of existence, and we believe that each human spirit capable of thinking that it is in existence, is capable of understanding the words that we have spoken while that potency and power from within that elevates man from the dumb, blind material thing to him who is endowed with the eloquence of speech and lofty themes of song, can also endow those who are now blind in perception, with the quality of knowing that truth and wisdom and love must be enfolded in that surpassing realm, whence through angels and ministering spirits and the voice of prophets, seers, and the messiahs, the words of the living God are traced upon the tablets of the human heart. From whence your knowledge of immortal life, like the well-spring in the desert, like the glorious fountain in the wilderness flows in and through all the ages of time and makes you aware of the eternity of life.

Obeying Orders.

An English farmer was one day at work in the fields, when he saw a party of huntsmen riding about his farm. He had one field which he was especially anxious they should not ride over, as the horses' hoofs would greatly injure the crop. So he sent one of his boys, and told him to shut the gate, and keep watch there, and on no account to let any one go through it. The boy went, and had scarcely taken his post there before the huntsmen came up, and ordered him to open the gate. He declined to do so, telling them what his orders were, and that he meant to obey them. They threatened him, but he did not mind their threats. They offered him money, but he refused to receive it. At last, one of them came up to him, and said in commanding tones:

"My boy, you do not know me; but I am the Duke of Wellington. I am not accustomed to be disobeyed; and, now, I command you to open the gate, that I and my friends may pass through."

The boy lifted his cap, and stood uncovered before the man whom all England delighted to honor, and then answered firmly:

"I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut: no one can pass through it but by my master's express permission."

The brave old warrior was greatly pleased with this. Then he took off his own hat, and said: "I honor the man or the boy who can neither be bribed nor frightened into disobeying orders. With an army of such soldiers, I could conquer, not the French only, but the world." Then, handing the boy a sovereign, he put spurs to his horse and galloped away.

The boy went back to his work, shouting out, as he did so: "Hurrah! hurrah! I've done what Napoleon couldn't do,—I have kept out the Duke of Wellington." —Bible Models.

Those who are gone from you, you have. Those who departed loving you, love you still, and you love them always. They are not really gone, those dear hearts are true, they are only gone into the next room, and you will probably get up and follow them, and yonder doors will close upon them, and you will be no more seen. —Thackeray.

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. B. HALL, - - - General Agent.

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

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

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1886.

CALIFORNIA'S OPPORTUNITY.

The unprecedented low rates of fare from the East—(only \$10 for a round trip ticket from nearly all points west of the Mississippi River),—is operating to bring thousands of people to this Coast,—mostly visitors intending to return to their Eastern homes, but many to stay, and establish homes in a country and climate, which the hitherto high rates of transit have denied them.

The various overland lines are now taxed to their utmost capacity; the cars are literally crammed with eager tourists. The arrivals by all lines are probably not less than two thousand a day. In fact, the people in the East are just waking up to the advantages of this grand opportunity, an opportunity which, doubtless, will only be continued for a brief season longer.

Leaving the East while yet the country is bare and bleak with the frosts of Winter, our visitors find themselves, if coming by the southern route, riding by orange groves, with the trees bending with yellow fruit; and if coming by any route they find themselves in the midst of a delightful Spring, with the markets well supplied with all manner of fresh vegetables, and early fruits. Here are no cyclones ready to break forth in destruction and death—no fierce lightnings to hurl their bolts at the heads of an unoffending people.

And then, too, what a rare chance for kindred and friends long separated to meet again. Californians, who, somehow, since the days of long journeys by sea or land, have never found it quite convenient to revisit their old homes, can now take a run back "to the States,"—as they have never quite got out of the way of naming the place of their former homes,—at so small a cost, that it would seem, if their early loves are not wholly obliterated, they would avail themselves of the precious opportunity.

It is to be hoped that the low rates of fare will awaken the happy suggestion in the minds of thousands of Eastern Spiritualists that now they can accomplish the double purpose of seeing the wonders of our Yosemite, big trees, geysers, and other marvelous attractions of California, and a trip across the continent, and also take in our approaching camp-meeting at the same time.

We invite our Eastern contemporaries to call attention to this matter. Visitors should secure their tickets at once, and come on with a view to doing most of their sight-seeing before the meeting begins, which will be on the 5th of June—less than six weeks hence. Such an opportunity may not occur again in a life-time.

TRY IT.

Senator Logan's bill to increase our standing army to thirty thousand, has been the cause of a very interesting debate. The increased cost of these additional troops, it was said, "would only be two millions of dollars a year." In opposing the bill, Senator Teller said very pointedly and well, that he could take the two millions, put the Indian children all in industrial schools, and maintain peace on all the reservations without a single soldier.

Men of such dispositions and beliefs toward the Indians, should be placed in charge of them. No one but a determined enemy to these unfortunate, hunted-down, and cruelly wronged creatures, would be unwilling to try the power that honesty, kindness, and fair dealing might have over these people of the forests. True, the heartrending accounts that come to us of their brutal outrages upon inoffensive whites, almost turn our hearts and feelings to stone, and for a moment we think they should be exterminated by every and any means.

But, there is two sides to these Indian outbreaks, though we hear but one. If we could know all the causes that produce the results chronicled to the world, more sympathy would be given to the Indian. As to his onslaughts on innocent families, we must remember that an Indian does not care whether he takes the life of the guilty or not. His only desire, when injured, is retaliation. Cease to injure him and he will cease to kill.

—The movement on foot to give us another national holiday, has gained the approval of twelve Governors—the anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. It occurs to us that for the present we should be satisfied with the several celebrations that are set in commemoration of that event, especially since it is by no means certain that Columbus was the original discoverer of this country. Two or three hundred years hence, when there will be new light thrown upon the question, will be time enough.

MRS. WATSON ON FRAUDS.

We publish elsewhere an interesting article from the pen of Mrs. E. L. Watson, somewhat sharply criticising a recent editorial in the GOLDEN GATE. We should not be the impartial editor we desire to be to refuse to publish any respectful criticism of our opinions, nor the competent one some of our friends kindly imagine us to be, did we count ourselves unable to maintain any position we may assume.

We are inclined to think that our sister did not fully perceive the "true inwardness" of our article. We surely made no defence or justification of fraud. On the other hand, we asserted that there are "wicked and heartless persons who,"—no doubt, sometimes, "perpetrate shameless tricks in the sacred name of mediumship,"—and we declared that "all such persons should be exposed and made to abandon their wicked practices."

But the central thought we endeavored to impinge upon the consciousness of the reader was, that none of us is infallible—no one the repository of all truth; hence, as we are all liable to err, it stands us in hand to "go slow" in our condemnation and judgment of others. It was the apparent readiness of "some of our brightest writers and teachers" to condemn without positive or personal evidence—a readiness that is certainly apparent to many Spiritualists,—that led us to interpose a plea for sweet charity's sake.

But we are told that such and such mediums are frauds. Perhaps they are. But how do their ready accusers know? Did they ever test them? Probably not. More probably they rely on the one-sided reports of unfriendly newspapers or persons.

Many of the alleged exposures are of this character, while others result from ignorance of the law of spirit personation or transfiguration. There are doubtless instances of downright fraud, which have been exposed, as they ever ought to be. Personally, we have no use for physical mediumship that persistently refuses all test conditions. We are very careful, in our editorial comments upon mediumship, not to endorse any medium who is unwilling to demonstrate his or her mediumistic gifts to our satisfaction. At the same time we do not intend to denounce until we know!

We don't think our kind critic would be unjust knowingly. We know that when she is under the control of any of her grand guides she has but the kindest expressions for her sister mediums. We know she believes fully in the phenomena of the psychic or materialized form. We can not believe she would be willing to join in the cry of "fraud" against any medium without personal evidence of the same. As no one can be expected to accept the truths of Spiritualism upon the testimony of others, so neither should we be eager to condemn without personal proof; and then are we wrong in asking, when fraud is discovered, that love for the fraudulent medium (not the fraud) should govern our actions in the matter? If the Christ spirit should not be the actuating principle in our dealings with wrongdoers of every description, then have we misinterpreted the teachings at the Temple wherein our sister so faithfully ministers.

Fraud and deception exist in all religions—in all of the affairs and relations of society—in all departments of life. We can spend our lives in a still hunt for fraud in mediumship, but what advantage will it be to Spiritualism when we find it? what benefit to our own souls? We only magnify the evil, by eternally harping upon it. Isn't it better to seek for the good in mediums and mediumship than for the evil? If we have a medium of whose fraudulent acts we are satisfied, we should keep away from him or her—leave them severely alone—and not talk about the wrong they do; for we thereby virtually aid them in their fraudulent work. The mediums, who have been the most "exposed," are the ones who are reaping the richest harvest of dollars to-day. We should let our thoughts dwell upon the heavenly delights of genuine mediumship, and upon the higher and better things of life. That is the only way of spiritual growth.

There are those who,—thoroughly honest and conscientious themselves,—think no wrong or deception possible with any medium. Knowing the fact of materialization to be true, they take it all in. They are not looking for fraud. In their eyes all mediums are honest. And in this simple faith and trust they live, and are happy. If they are deceived, in some instances, as they probably are, they are surely not the ones that suffer by the deception.

We can all afford to be magnanimous and charitable towards the evil-doer—especially if the teachings of our sister be true, as enunciated recently from the platform,—that "no one ever yet committed a wrong act, believing it to be wrong at the time of its commission."

WANTED.

Wanted—a daily paper in San Francisco that has the manliness to express its honest convictions of wrong and injustice of every kind—one whose measure of principles is not eternally a question of revenue.

It is a sad comment on journalism when not a single San Francisco daily dares express the honest convictions of its editor on the infamous boycott. They will even affect to speak encouragingly of what they all know to be a gross wrong, subversive of every principle of Republican government and individual liberty.

What an arrant coward is the man who would rather be rich than right! Or, if a journalist, who, for the sake of a few "small ads.," or for fear of losing a small number of subscribers, will stultify himself, and truckle to wrong!

Had either of the editors of our San Francisco dailies been running newspapers in Jerusalem, in the days of the reign of Pontius Pilate, they would naturally have joined in the rabble cry, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" They have ever shown their readiness to howl with the mob, even

when good citizens were threatened with the hangman's rope, and their property with the torch.

Would that some honest, conscientious man, with brains and money enough to establish a first-class daily newspaper in this city would come to the front,—some one with the courage of his convictions—who would not be afraid to speak his mind at the risk of losing a half dime. Here is a grand field for such a journal, we believe, and it would meet with a liberal support from the start. The people—that is, the thinking and reading classes—are ready for it.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE CHURCHES.

It is a fact well known to many Spiritualists that the phenomena upon which they base their knowledge of a future life, and the power of the spirit to return, are by no means confined to themselves. The churches are full of investigators, and in many a religious family,—that is, religious in an evangelical sense, for the religious sentiment in human nature is confined to no creed,—are to be found mediums for angelic ministrations.

Ministers and laymen alike are disposed to "try the spirits." Thus is the "communion of saints" a glorious fact in the lives of thousands who are never known or recognized as Spiritualists, and who would never consent to be classed as such; but who are Spiritualists nevertheless.

It is not necessary that one should always "pin his faith to his sleeve"—avow his beliefs or disbeliefs before the world; especially when to do so is to invite social or financial disaster. One's religious convictions are one's personal and private property, with which the world has no right to meddle, or even to know, if one so chooses. It is what we are, in our relations with our fellows, and what we do for others, that concerns the world, and indicates the quality of our own religion.

"Come out and let the world see where you stand," urges the radical Spiritualist, who does not hesitate to proclaim his own opinions from the house tops. "Stay where you are, and show your faith by your works," say we, "if you find greater happiness therein, and think the time has not come for you to turn your back upon old religious associates." All must be guided by their own convictions of duty, and Spiritualists must learn to respect the opinions of all.

"All things work together for good." We can not force our opinions upon others. Even the truth must take its time to unfold in the heart. The accessions to the ranks of Spiritualism are quite as rapid as they should be for the good of the cause. The zeal of Spiritualists should be manifested in the direction of right living—how best to work and best agree,—rather than to make proselytes.

The spiritual soil should first be cultivated and made fit for the precious seed. The selfish man, whether in the church or out, whose spiritual eyes have never been opened to the light—who has never cared for the welfare of others—is not ready for the whole truth. He must first learn the lessons of humanity and brotherly love—get something of the Christ spirit into his soul. He must be led by slow steps into the better way. Many will never find it this side the grave,—nor on the other side, perhaps, till æons have passed away.

And so we welcome the light of the new gospel to the churches. It is what they have long been deprived of, and what they most need. Once the heavenly guest takes up his abode there, intolerance and bigotry will find no companionship within their borders. As the sunlight expels the darkness of night, so does the light of this gospel expel the darkness of error and ignorance forevermore.

HEALTH.

According to the definition of health, given by Sir Andrew Clark, a noted English physician, there are very few well people on the earth. Perfect health he states to be, "that state in which the body is not consciously present to us; the state in which work is easy and duty not over great a trial; the state in which it is joy to see, to think, to feel, and to be."

As the health of any vital organ of the body makes us unconscious of its location, so the perfect health of the entire system would make us oblivious to our bodily presence. But, alas! how painfully conscious is the thronging masses of human beings to their corporeal burdens! The poor, suffering, deluded creatures think that they can pour drugs into their stomachs and be healed of their infirmities. Shrewd men take advantage of their weakness, and set about concocting patent medicines that sell like hot cakes and coffee on a cold morning.

Most persons have yet to learn that all true and permanent healing must be from within outward and not from without inward. In other words each one must be his or her own healer. Mental and spiritual sickness make the body sick. These conditions are governed by the food, drink and air we take into the system. Food is medicinal as well as nutritive, and when all persons learn this and live accordingly they will also have learned to live without drugs. Then, a due regard to the accidents of cold and heat will save us from all ills, save those unforeseen mishaps that are in store for the most of us.

"OUR MARGARET."

A short clipping from a New Orleans letter to an Eastern paper,—which we publish elsewhere,—entitled, "A Monument to a Woman," recalls the writer's own account of that remarkable tribute to humble worth, furnished to the San Jose *Mercury*, during his visit to the late World's Exposition at New Orleans. We give it as an extract from a letter to said paper dated, "New Orleans, Jan. 23, 1885:"

In one of the small public squares of this city is a statue, in a sitting posture, of a woman, matronly in appearance, with kindly, benevolent features, and with a little child by her side. It was made in Italy, of fine Italian marble, and was erected about a year ago by the citizens of New Orleans, to the memory of Margaret Haughey. Do you ask, Who was Margaret Haughey, and what did she do to entitle her to such honors? She was an illiterate woman, could neither read nor write, and yet, when I tell you her history, you will say there was more angelhood crowded into her humble life than seldom belongs to mortal. Margaret—the only name by which she was generally known,—began life in New Orleans as a milk peddler, going from door to door in person and supplying her customers with milk. Acquiring some little means she established herself in a bakery, which grew to be an immense and profitable concern.

From the first, and even while engaged in the humble calling of peddling milk, it was her practice to search out and furnish with food and clothing all the poor orphan children she could find. Her bakery, which she continued till the time of her death, was known as Margaret's Bakery. From it she furnished the orphan asylums of New Orleans with bread, gratuitously, for many years, still gathering in all the little stray waifs she could hear of, and never for a moment faltering in her noble work of humanity. She was unmarried, and at her death, which occurred about three years ago, she gave all her property—some \$50,000—to the asylums which she had so long fostered. She lived and died a good Catholic, but in her charities she knew no sect. And so the good people of the Crescent City erected a monument to her memory.

Compare this woman's life, unlettered and lowly as it was, with that of some rich men we could name, and how, in its simple purity and radiance, it shines out with a glory that throws the latter into the obscurity of infinite darkness. If there are kingdoms and principalities on the "Golden Shore,"—as many believe and no one can wisely deny—Margaret Haughey will have a throne and a sceptre, all scintillant with unfading glory, while some of our millionaires will be groveling in rags for cold grub around the back kitchens of hell.

HOTELS.—Citizens of San Diego have caught the impulse of enterprise the present influx of emigration to our State is sending to each hamlet and town. They have decided upon the erection of what is termed a mammoth hotel, though its dimensions are not stated. Fifty thousand dollars have been raised for the scheme so far. San Jose is endeavoring to set one in the same direction, but can not yet boast of any definite move in the big hotel line. Florida is considerably ahead in recent hotel ventures. The famous old city of St. Augustine is to have the largest hotel in the South—six hundred by four hundred feet, and costing four millions. Its architecture will be strictly Moorish. We imagine its most novel feature will be the orange grove that is to be planted on one part of the roof. It might be a better idea to locate it in the glass court where it would be safe from the accidents of cold and frost that may pay that sunny clime another visit.

DEGRADING.—San Jose has been lauded to the skies as a paradise of churches, schools, public and charitable institutions, and charming society. We are glad to say that in a great measure it has deserved it all. But with all these it contains a seemingly irrepressible element that demands and obtains the low exhibition of cock fights. Tuesday's *Mercury* reprints the report from the *Examiner*, of such an amusement between San Jose and Sacramento birds, with a large crowd of spectators. Such an article is admitted with bad taste into a respectable journal, and will not tend to improve the opinion of California in the minds of the thousands of influential and sensible strangers in our midst. Any paper whose mission is good to the country and its people, should hold itself high above the slums, of which San Jose has its measure, along with other towns and cities of the State.

MIND AND FACE.—There are many kinds of distinction; that of homeliness could only be applied to a man, because such a fact would not distinguish a woman at all, but cast her into such deep shade that she would not be seen of the public world. It is rather to a man's credit to be plain, since all handsome men are generally fools. Mr. Lyman, Congressman from Council Bluffs, Iowa, bears the credit of being the plainest man in Washington. "Plain," is a weak word, if the gentleman is correctly described as having a "smooth face, round shoulders, carrot hair, flattened nose, and an expression of utter vacuity." Mr. Lyman's face proves that the mind does not always mold the features, for he is said to be a strong man in all respects, and a noted lawyer, declining a place in the Supreme Court of his State to come to Congress.

A LITTLE HEROINE.—The Eastern papers are filled with accounts of the terrible cyclone that swept over St. Cloud and Sauk Rapids, in the State of Minnesota, a week ago, carrying death and destruction in its path. Sixty buildings were destroyed in St. Cloud, eighteen persons killed, and eighty injured. In Sauk Rapids the entire business portion of the place was wiped out. Thirty-three persons were killed and one hundred injured. At the latter place the little daughter of a Mr. Carpenter, seeing the cyclone coming, seized the baby in her arms, and rushing out of the house, caught a tree with one arm, holding the child with the other. A splinter from a wrecked building was driven through the little girl's body. As she was being carried away in a dying condition, the little heroine said, in reply to a question by her sorrowing mother, "Yes, mother; but I saved the baby."

—The distress among the poor of Paris this Winter is said to be almost unprecedented, the applications for relief running up to fifty thousand more than at the same time last year. The same is said of many other cities of the Old World. But, for all this, the demand for fossil remains, is the same. A specimen of the *archæopteryx*, the remains of the oldest known bird, was sold a few days ago in Berlin, for five thousand dollars.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Dr. E. W. Hersh, Magnetic Healer and Physician, lately from the East, has taken rooms at the Truesdell House. See advertisement.

—The funeral of Mrs. Robert Watson will take place at Metropolitan Temple on Sunday, April 25th, at 2 o'clock. Mrs. E. L. Watson will officiate.

—Dr. Jennie E. Williams, electro-magnetic physician and psychometrist, is now established at 305 Kearny street. Her electric and magnetic baths, and the Massage treatment, are most skillfully administered by her. Give her a call.

—Dr. David J. Stansbury, the newly developed but remarkable medium for independent slate-writing, of San Jose, will be at the Grand Hotel, room 64, until April 30th. Dr. Stansbury is also an adept in the treatment of all obscure and chronic diseases of the blood and nerves, including eye, ear, throat and lung troubles. He is a thorough physician and medium.

—As Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism are supposed by many Spiritualists to be one and the same, there can surely be no impropriety in Spiritualists celebrating Christian holidays. Hence, a special Easter service has been arranged for Sunday at the Temple. The platform will be beautifully decorated with flowers, and Mrs. Watson will deliver a discourse especially suited to the occasion.

—Pleasure makes many acquaintances, but Trial and Grief alone make friends. Joy and sunshine bring around us many smiling faces that would know us in fortune's happy moods. This is human nature, and not to be denied. But there is a divine element in some natures that does not flee from clouds and storms, but clings to the bereaved ones to shelter and protect. In tempest and in calm it is the same—unfailing and true.

—Sorosis has been discussing the subject of "wages for wives," which, it is said, is causing much profitable discussion in the papers, and it is thought will tend to make husbands more considerate of their wives. Husbands should be ashamed to admit that they need be informed as to their duty towards their wives in this respect. "Wages" is not a proper word to apply to the divided earnings of any co-partnership, much less that of husband and wife.

—It seems that the ragged schools of London, which are attended by fifty thousand children, should be extended over England generally, to meet the requirements of education for the poor, of whom it is said there are one million children who never attend school because of the poverty of their parents. Poverty is not supposed to be a barrier to acquiring a rudimentary education. But it is too often permitted to be such, by exacting labor of its children who should be in school.

—All skeptics, who doubt the genuineness of the materializing phenomena occurring at the seances of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Evans, should first witness the manifestations before condemning. Those who have given the matter the most careful investigation, declare that confederacy is absolutely impossible. The forms, which are certainly tangible, moving entities, do not come down through the ceiling, nor up through the floor, nor in at the doors nor windows. Where else they could get in, no one has been able to discover.

—The Sunday School for colored children, founded by Stonewall Jackson in Virginia, before the outbreak of the Rebellion, does not forget its friend. It is yet maintained by leading citizens who knew the famous general and still honor him. This Sunday School is now circulating a subscription—the list being substantially headed by its own membership—for a monument to their good patron, which is meeting with a hearty response among both blacks and whites of the South.

—Mrs. H. R. Edson finds support for her belief in a personal devil, in the condition of women in heathen lands. If this is to her sufficient reason for such a belief, she might have found abundant evidence of the same kind, only a little more so, in the condition of the men in Christian lands. Vast numbers of them seem to possess each a devil of his own, and is so far personal. If one devil prompts all the wickedness done, he is a versatile genius and might be envied in a good cause.

—Since there are so many who scoff at voting as a duty, suffrage should be more restricted by increased qualifications. If willful neglect to vote disfranchised a man, as it should, male suffrage would be purified of its scum. One John McLean has just died in Wayland, Mass., who prided himself on never having voted, to such a degree, that he left himself an epitaph to that effect. We don't know how old he was, but he must have lived and enjoyed the privileges of this country quite too long.

—Kentucky is losing faith in the whipping-post as a corrective means for husbands who whip their wives. It proposes to curtail their exercised rights in this matter, and has passed a bill forbidding the same. It takes a great deal of legislative enactment to keep some men from disgracing themselves. Then there are others whose names and reputations are spared by suffering, but charitable and forbearing wives, who cover the misdeeds of their brutal consorts with a mantle of silence.

The *San Jose Mercury* so far forgets its dignity and self-respect as to allude to Louise Michel as "a lively old female." Now, just why an elderly woman should thus be taunted about her sex is no more apparent than that a man of uncertain age should be termed "a lively old male," only that age seems to be no disgrace to a man. Whatever Louise Michel has done as an anarchist, she has a life history of good works and noble deeds among her kind that should inspire respect in all minds.

Letter from British Columbia.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Thinking that something from this section might be interesting to your numerous readers I will take a little time to let them know how Spiritualism progresses in British Columbia. We landed in Victoria the 5th of last November, just as the winter had set in. We found a great many Spiritualists there but they were not organized. A few years ago they had a "Liberal League," but like most of them it should have been called "Illiberal," and after flourishing for a time it gradually went to pieces; and when we arrived the churches held possession of the province.

About the first of December Mr. Geo. Colby began lecturing and giving private sittings. At first the audiences were rather small, but before the end of the month quite an interest began to be manifested, and now his lectures are listened to by crowded houses. His private sittings have given universal satisfaction, and his discourses have been pronounced the most logical and eloquent that have ever been delivered in this part of the country. Two of his lectures in particular, "The Moral Effect of Spiritualism" and "The Cause of Materialism and Atheism," were pronounced equal to anything they had ever heard, and the latter was said to be the best criticism upon and analysis of the reigning creeds of Christendom. He has visited Nanaimo and stirred them up till now it is full of "converted Christians," and several circles have been organized, some of them in original orthodox homes.

The people of Victoria have organized a society which is in a very flourishing condition, and numbers amongst the charter members some of the leading citizens. The Mayor of Victoria is president of the association, and but a few weeks ago was elected in spite of the opposition of the churches, who worked very hard to defeat him, on the grounds of his religion. They celebrated the anniversary by a masterly discourse, through the mediumship of Mr. Geo. P. Colby, on Sunday evening, March 28th, and an entertainment Wednesday, March 31st, consisting of a short address by Mr. Colby's controls, a musical and literary programme, the whole concluding with an excellent supper and ball, the former furnished by the lady members of the Association. It was a grand success in every sense, and pronounced by those present equal if not superior to anything of the kind ever held in Victoria.

I can not finish this without giving you the verdict of all who are interested in the movement in this part, which is this: "Great credit is due Mr. Colby for his efforts to advance the cause of Spiritualism, and we feel that he has done more for the cause in this section than all the other mediums that have ever been here."

Now, Mr. Editor, I wish to make a statement regarding Christianity in New Westminster, than which there is no town more priest-ridden. It supports in good style eight churches and boasts of what it does in the way of "foreign missions," yet this last winter, one of the severest they have had for quite a while, when the "heathen in their midst"—the Chinese—were starving to death, this model town of Christian influence raised the magnificent sum of nine dollars and sixty cents to feed them. The parties who constituted the relief committee, being fearful their liberality would embarrass their next missionary effort, returned the several amounts subscribed to the pious and generous donors, a little being done in a private way to relieve the poor sufferers. With best wishes for the success of the GOLDEN GATE and its editors.

I am yours fraternally,

C. T. E.

NANAIMO, B. C., April 13, 1886.

Mrs. Seip's Mediumship.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I wish to speak to the public through your paper of a few manifestations that took place at Mrs. Seip's seance about the middle of February, 1886. I was stopping in your city for a short time with my sister, who lives on McAllister street. She suggested visiting a spiritual public seance, and Mrs. Seip's was selected as the place—on a Sunday night, soon after 8 o'clock. The medium made a few remarks about so many spirits being present. I could but laugh, for I could see only live ones—about thirteen in all. She thereafter addressed parties from Santa Rosa, Mr. and Mrs. Carr (strangers), giving them names in full of at least twenty of their friends they said were then in their spirit home, calling them back and relating startling coincidences, and answering many business questions for them, from one to another around the room, until at the last of the seance, the medium called me to the table—a perfect stranger to me and I to her, and I am an unbeliever, except that the devil might manifest himself. The medium's eyes seemed instantly to close, and she seemed to be my brother who got hurt in a sawmill and afterward died, giving his name and particulars in full from him. She represented at least thirty of my friends that were dead, whom I had known and been on most intimate terms with, being associated with them in every mining place. She mentioned, giving full

descriptions, bringing back to memory many camps, gulches, ravines, etc., and calling each party by their full name; also telling me when I should leave San Francisco, and whence I should go, which has all taken place at this date. I afterwards seemed called by some unseen power to her place; the moment my sister and myself entered, for I was afraid to go alone; the medium commenced to explain what I should do for development, and again giving me names in full, and places where friends had been killed when I was running a train, which she could know nothing of, until I seemed transfixed and in an illuminated place nailed fast to my chair, with the perspiration dripping from my head and face, while my dead friends called and spoke to me as in life, so startling, speaking as fast as any one could talk. I never heard anything like it before, and remarked that I would be careful what I did if I come around her often. "Oh, yes," she says, "you forgot so and so," going into my interior life, which, of course, I shall keep to myself.

I want to say one thing more: I know I was taken there to be convinced of the true teachings. My third visit, my sister and the medium told me I described spirits accurately, and read sealed letters correctly, all of which I know nothing of. My wife being a Catholic, I have been associated with that religion for many years, therefore, withhold my name from public print, but this can be certified to by calling for a name at GOLDEN GATE office. X.

The Sphinx of the Future.

[Extract from a lecture by Addie L. Ballou.]

Men cared less for there cord of what has been than for a perception of what would be. The tendency was to receive history of nature rather than past records. The Sphinx was a record of the past, and had a purpose, but what the object or meaning of it was none now can tell. How shall we solve the problem of it? It is speechless, yet doubtless voluminous in its meaning. Spirits come and tell us of the past, but not with certain records. The true keys are psychology and psychometry; these are innate powers of the human spirit, which, when well trained, bring a truthful record of the past, and often reach into the future. But to enable these powers to manifest themselves to perfection, we must live pure lives, and keep our physical bodies in a harmonious condition. The spiritual part of us can then act fairly. A. J. Davis, when writing his best works, lived a pure physical life, and kept an even mind, undisturbed by external things. Many persons simply vegetate, living to eat, drink, and sleep, but we must bring ourselves above this condition for our souls to manifest their true nature. The artist or musician who allows his power to stagnate, loses the ability to produce his accustomed results. Psychometry is the keynote of the past, which will unlock and reveal the lost arts and sciences. The art of hardening copper, possessed by the ancients, may even now be in the mind of some psychometer. The thinkers and workers of to-day are building sphinxes in the nineteenth century workshops. The next hundred years will develop many marvels. The speaker could see in that time that personal telegraphy would be the rule. Wires would be no longer necessary, but the power of mind to communicate with mind, manifest now in degree, would then be common. Mankind would grow more tender and humane, and work more unselfishly one for another, soothing the afflicted, and lightening the load of the heavy-laden. The realization of expediency in this will hasten the consummation. The Messiah is coming even now. It is he who is writing on the walls, and chiseling out the Sphinx. If you throw your thoughts back to the period of the Egyptian Sphinx, and then trace forward to the present you will see vast progress, but this is nothing to what is coming. It is still night, but morning is near, and as we see the rosy dawn I see a flash in the distant east of the future brightness, and by its light I see where the workmen have brought out the more beautiful features of the modern Sphinx.

NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

Most of the grasshoppers which were troubling the farmers about Knight's Ferry have been drowned by the recent rains.

The Los Gatos *News* says: "A. S. Austin picked strawberries from his ranch last Tuesday which measured five and one-half inches in circumference."

It is now considered the right thing for people living in apartments to decorate the walls with embroidered cards bearing the device: "God bless our flat."

Mary C. Miller, the widow, and Dora Miller, the daughter, have been appointed by the Court at Napa executors of the will of the late Senator without bonds.

China intends sending a delegate to the Vatican to prevent the increase of the French Missionaries, who, it is claimed, have a degrading influence upon the morals of the Celestials.

Little Barbara Robinson, a nine-year-old negro at West Point, Ga., is a rival of Blind Tom. She plays the piano with great skill, and seems lost to everything going on around her as her coal black fingers run over the keys.

Kind Words from a Brother Editor.

BROTHER OWEN:—I have just finished reading your anniversary address in GOLDEN GATE, No. 12. It is just such a presentation of the rise and progress of Modern Spiritualism as will be read with interest by all candid minds, whether Spiritualists or not. I wish it could be put into the hands of all who are groping in theological darkness. It seems to me it could not fail to lighten up the gloom that surrounds so many noble men and women, yes, and children. I wish I had a thousand copies of it; I would see that they were put where they would do the most good, and be doing a missionary work that would tell upon our posterity and to all time.

The GOLDEN GATE is a good paper. Without disparagement I may say the best now published. I have received it from No. 1. It has become a very welcome visitor. My children look for it with as much eagerness as I do. As I read each number I think it the best yet issued; but the next one comes so filled with good things that I am unable to determine which is best. Since being compelled to suspend the publication of my own little paper, *The New Era*, at Grand Rapids, Michigan, my interest in the GOLDEN GATE has been very great. I trust your efforts are being appreciated and that you feel encouraged to continue the work with the same zeal and ability that has characterized your efforts thus far.

Such preaching of the "new gospel" as you preach from week to week can not fail of accomplishing widespread good and bring to all your readers everlasting freedom and happiness; for which, my dear brother, you will reap a reward and obtain a crown of glory that fadeth not away.

On the fourth page of this number is an item, "All Women?" Some one asks the question in sincerity, "Are there men in spirit land?" I am reminded of a remark my dear wife in spirit life makes in one of her communications to me. It is this: "Life is more real to me now than ever before, and it seems strange to call my friends spirits and be called a spirit. We are men, women and children, just as truly as when in the body."

Now, if my letter is not getting too long, I want to say a few words about the interest in the new gospel here. There is a wide spread interest felt here, and it is among the best of our people both in and out of the churches. One prominent attorney, a man of large heart and brain has constant acquisitions to his already large accumulations of the best spiritual literature published, and he circulates it wherever it will be read. One of our ministers, perhaps the most prominent, is a member of the Western Society for Psychical Research, which society, by the way, has a branch here of very respectable membership. Several good physical mediums have been developed, during the past Winter, and good ones have visited us and received generous patronage. There has not, as yet, been any concert of action; but there no doubt will be, so that next Fall and Winter we shall be enabled to obtain the services of good speakers and mediums.

I shall do all I can to aid you in your good work. DAN'L G. GARNSEY.
MUSKEGON, Michigan, April 17, 1886.

AGNOSTICISM in religion is said to mean "do not know." It is the natural product of a century or more of lies. No wonder we don't know. Bore a hole in the ground with your cane, and set your dog to digging there for game, and he will dig tremendously in the first experiment; on a second he will dig a little, but with less zeal and hope; but when about the third time you call his attention to a possible rat in the cane-made hole, he will look at the hole and then at you, and lie down in the cool, green grass in philosophic peace. You have made your dog a skeptic. Thus our times have overdone the lying business; and there are a few millions of persons who do not repose any confidence in any thing or body not well backed up by collaterals.—David Swing.

THE Springfield *Union* speaks of "Mrs. American Minister Phelps," and the Boston *Record* thinks it is thereby licensed to refer to "Mrs. Marine Insurance Agent Smith," and "Mrs. Car Starter Brown." The attempt to tack the title of men on to the names of their wives is a distressing failure of modern snobbery.

FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.—Mrs. Eliza Christie, of Merrimack, Butte county, writes, April 6th: "Many thanks for those specimen copies you sent us. We think your paper excels any Spiritual paper we have yet read in the quantity and quality of its reading. We are highly pleased with it. I send you fifty cents. Please send it, and as soon as we can get some quartz crushed we will subscribe for one year. The snow is four feet deep here, yet; it will be some time before teams can get in here to haul it to the mill. I hope you may have great success with the GOLDEN GATE, etc."

GROVE MEETING.

The Clackamas County Religious Society of Spiritualists, of the State of Oregon, will hold a grove meeting at their grounds at New Era, beginning Thursday, June 17th, and holding five days, or more if agreeable, to campers. Efforts will be made to secure the usual reduction in fare for those attending the meeting. Good order will be maintained; hotels convenient. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

WM. PHILLIPS, President.
THOMAS BUCKMAN, Secretary.

INDIVIDUALITY.—Every man's work is marked by a quality of its own. A similar work, both in kind and degree, may perhaps be done by others more swiftly, more efficiently, more systematically, than by the one to whom it is entrusted, yet that one person's work will have a subtle personal quality not to be exactly matched in the work of the others. The question, then, is not whether another could do the work which you are doing more quickly and more thoroughly than you are doing it, but whether any one can do your work with just exactly the quality which you personally give to it. There is room in the world for all kinds of work, done in all kinds of ways, by all kinds of people. You and your work may be only a single special note in the great orchestra of earth and sky; take care that that note be not lacking in the great harmony.—S. S. Times.

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PASS THEM ALONG.

We printed large extra editions of all the earlier numbers of the GOLDEN GATE, many copies of which we have yet on hand. As interesting samples they are just as good to send to those who have never seen the paper as the latest edition. We will send these papers in packages, postage paid, to whoever may wish to scatter the good seed, for fifty cents per hundred copies—package of fifty copies, twenty-five cents.

GOLDEN GATE EUROPEAN AGENCY.

H. A. KESLEY, 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, postage included.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL SERVICES by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, at Metropolitan Temple, under the ministrations of the celebrated and eloquent inspirational lecturer, Mrs. E. L. Watson. Sunday, April 25th. Morning service, "The Resurrection," an Easter sermon. Lecture in the evening at 8 o'clock. Subject: "After the Resurrection, What? or, Our Friends in Spirit Land." 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 Progressives invited.

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

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. Sunday, April 25th, at 2 o'clock p. m., lecture by J. J. Owen. Subject: "Watchman, What of the Night?"

DO SPIRITS OF DEAD MEN AND WOMEN Return to Mortals? Mrs. E. R. Herbert, a spirit Medium, gives sittings daily from 12 to 4 p. m. (Sunday excepted), at No. 418 Twelfth Street, Oakland, Cal. Conference meetings Sunday evening; Developing Circles, Tuesday evenings. Public are invited. no18

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. 111 Larkin street, every Wednesday evening. Good speakers and mediums present. Admission 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."

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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.

THE MORALITY OF DAILY LIFE.

(Extracts of a sermon given before the Society for Religious Culture of Chicago, Feb. 22, 1886, by William M. Salter.)

The field of our thoughts is a wide one. The field of our actions is ordinarily a narrow one. Ethics covers both. It asks that we have just thoughts, true thoughts, everywhere. It gives the ideal, also, for each day's smallest and, as it may seem, most insignificant actions. It is of our daily life I wish to speak to-day. The real world to most of us is not at all large. It is so near and commonplace that we are apt to slight it. Our real world, that which we daily see and are acting in the midst of almost constantly, is made up of those in our own household, of a few friends, and of a few more acquaintances, and of ourselves. Yet it is here that our actions tell, and here that our responsibility centers. How do we act among our friends and acquaintances? how do we bear ourselves at home? how do we control our own spirits? what kind of a temper do we carry about with us?—these are the homely questions I would have you consider with me.

The home lies closest about us. How tender we should be there! What solace ought every member of that intimate circle to find there! If, in the world without, we feel that we are misunderstood and misjudged, how should the fret and depression that come from it vanish and dissipate as we return to that loving, genial atmosphere and to those generous hearts who take us at our best, and by trusting us incline to keep us so! What opportunity equals that of parents toward their children, that of older brothers or sisters toward the younger? With what ample consideration should we treat those who are not so strong as others, not so bright in mind, or who have some failing that the world inclines to look down upon them for, and the sense of which brings to themselves at times confusion and mortification! How watchful we should be about hurting them! How we should strive to keep in them something of that self-respect which is the basis of all the virtues! What is more pitiable, than a child ignored or contemptuously treated at home? What are sadder than the trials of home,—home, which ought to be a refuge from trials and to give one the strength to bear all others! Home should be a place for our warmest affections, for our truest pity, where our tenderest respect for others should grow. Yet, strangely enough, those who are brought nearest to us, and for whom we can do most, we sometimes treat the most coolly and for them do the least. Many a man, who is courtesy itself to other women, comes to show little to his wife; many a son, who has great deference for men in general, shows little before his own father; many a young woman, who has ample consideration for the failings of her sex, is yet impatient and ungenerous toward her own sisters. Oh! that we might learn that our nearest duties are the highest; that we might think more and more tenderly of those whom we daily, and perhaps hourly, see; that we might keep our reverence for them; that we might bear with them, and always have the will to do them good! Father, mother, wife, child, brother, sister,—thou wilt never know any as precious as these; none who have such a right to thy love; none for whom thou wilt ever have a right to do so much.

And something of this spirit should animate us in all our daily intercourse. It is wonderful how much easier things go, if we have the heart to make them go, if we are affectionate, magnanimous, thoughtful of little things, quick in owning our faults, ready to forgive those of others, never making light of others' infirmities, hating scandal, and in love ever with what is noble and good. Let us dwell on some of these things.

Nothing more befits a man in his intercourse with others than magnanimity, a certain largeness of temper and soul. It might be almost called the courtesy due to human nature as such, to be generous toward it. Men are so constituted that, if we think evil of them, we are apt to find some evil, and, if we look for what is good, we find the good instead.

Magnanimity means looking for the good, expecting it, not being willing to allow the contrary till we are forced to. It means, where there are two interpretations of a man's conduct possible, being inclined to take the more generous one,—not out of charity, but because of an instinct of breadth and liberality. Magnanimity is ordinarily thought to consist in overlooking injuries. I should say it was more truly shown in unwillingness to credit them. Sometimes we are so jealous, suspicious, like little boys who put chips on their shoulders and look for some one to dare to knock them off; and then injuries come to us that are never meant to be injuries, that exist only in our active imagination and our suspicious minds. "Trifles light as air," says Shakespeare, "are to the jealous confirmation strong as holy writ;" but, to the magnanimous, they are like those discords of which George Eliot speaks, that "quenched by meeting harmonies, die in the large and charitable air."

What an occasion for magnanimity arises in the little differences of opinion, in the discussions between friends and acquaintances, that often arise! How profitless many of our discussions are, because we

persist in keeping our own point of view, and do not even try to understand what the other person really means! How we are apt to seize upon some trifling mistake, to magnify some petty error, and overlook the drift and tenor of the differing opinion as a whole! What a change it would be, if, neglecting these minor blemishes, we seized upon the main idea of the person with whom we are conversing, and sought to do justice to it, and to understand it! Surely, one has little confidence in the truth of his own view, who is not willing for a moment to entertain a different one.

Bigotry can never be conquered by bigotry. Bigotry can only be conquered by candor and by a noble breadth of view that will make even the idea of the bigot swim in a sea of larger thought. We have continually, my friends, holding the opinions that we do, to meet with others who misjudge us and are full of prejudice against us. Let us not misjudge them. Let us not harbor narrow prejudices against those of Jewish or Christian faith. Let us be willing to consider all the truth there is in the old religions, all the services they have rendered mankind, all the uses to which their nobler adherents are still putting them in the world. And let us do this, not grudgingly or as if we were conceding something, but with a truth-loving spirit; and this spirit will perchance pass to those with whom we converse, and lead them to deal with us in a fairer temper. The test of our views is, after all, how many open, candid, truth-loving minds can hold them.

Another disposition, upon which much depends in smoothing and sweetening our daily life, is thoughtfulness about little things. There is much conceit and nonsense about what makes the gentleman or lady; but, if I should try to indicate the essential mark of such persons, I should say it was mindfulness of little attentions, doing small civilities and rendering little kindnesses which the ordinary, grosser man or woman scarcely thinks of. The root of courtesy, after self-respect, is in a fine sympathy for the feeling of others. Delicacy of instinct and perception is what makes the true lady or gentleman. We widely err in thinking that great things are necessary to make people happy. A woman does not ask much from her husband; but she asks his love, and this shown in numberless, trifling ways. You do not count on great favors from your friend; but a little, done with real friendship, goes a long way with you. I verily believe that the happiness of most of us, so far as others are concerned, depends more on their manner, their look, their voice, their evident friendliness for us, than upon anything they can do for us. I believe that nothing so contributes to the evenness and serenity and cheerfulness of our own minds as the habit of saying pleasant words, rendering little attentions, and doing little insignificant services which we should be ashamed to speak of, after they are done.

Many people are oppressed with the littleness of their lives. They would like to be doing great things, and the petty duties of each day take up all their time. Such people do not recollect that faithfulness is the first and highest thing required of us, that this may be shown in little things as well as in great, and that the commonest lot may be transfigured by the love, the patience, and the sweetness we may show in it. What is, after all, wanted most in the world is not great people fitted for great occasions, or ordinary people fitted for ordinary, but great people who will throw their greatness into the ordinary, who will show how much dignity, how much goodness, how much sweetness may characterize the life of every day, whose minds are conversant with principles that their most private actions exemplify, whose very "good-morning" makes us glad, and whose "good-by" seems like a benediction, whose daily look mirrors a heaven of love, of self-renouncement, and of peace. Ah, friend, fight the battle in this obscure corner of life,—fight the battle with thyself, thy restlessness, and thy fears, and accept thy lot! Thou canst not choose thy task perhaps, but thou canst "choose to do it well." Thou canst not do what thou wouldst, yet thou canst do bravely what thou must. Do it; for the deepest law of human life is faithfulness, and by obeying it thou dost acquire a worth that life itself can not exhaust and death can not destroy. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much," said Jesus. A great saying, for it upsets the measurements of the world and of our worldly morality. It is enough to endear him to the hearts of men; for it shows that he looked upon the heart, and judged men by what they were, and not by what they could do.

Another virtue, much needed in our daily intercourse with others, is readiness to own a fault. The whole virtue is in our readiness, in being quick to own we have been in the wrong.

Each morning, we should rise with hope and ardor for the day, and dragged down by no sense of sins unrepented of from the day before. How sacred to a man or woman is the memory of some evening hour in their childhood, when, after a day of rebellion and disobedience to their parents, their hearts softened, and, with perhaps a flood of tears, they begged their parent's forgiveness! And how sweet is the memory of the mother, as with grave face and yet with a wonderful gentleness in her voice she bent over us, and assured us she forgave us, and yet pleaded with us, and perhaps prayed for us, that we might never do such things again! Oh, do we not sometimes wish, that we had such sensitive con-

sciences to-day, that now, as the evening hour comes on, our hearts might soften and our pride melt at the thought of any outburst of anger, of any untruthfulness, of any hardness and overreaching, of any uncharitableness or resentment cherished during the day? For who will allow that confession is only a childish virtue and forgiveness only a childish need, or, if it were, would not ask that he might keep the child's heart and the child's habit, and even if it be before some sainted spirit of the dead, or before Jesus, or before some image of the Highest, which seems to bend over and listen to him, pour out his sorrow and his shame rather than not have any sorrow and shame at all? But the man's habit should differ from the child's only in that, while the child confesses to a father or mother, the man should confess to himself. The dignity of man is that he is both the doer and the judge of his actions. The child could not humble itself before the parent, did not the parent voice the dormant conscience of the child. The man only reaches the true stature of a man when his conscience becomes awake and alive.

"Sit there to judge in heaven, or sit to see? More strictly, then, the inward judge obey!"

Is this possible? No; an unwelcome, a difficult task it may be to sit in judgment on ourselves, but not impossible. I believe a man can be as vigilant over himself as ever God or angel could be. I believe he may be as impartial toward himself, as high in his demands, and as sure in his condemnations. There is a god in every man, and it is for us to let him speak, and to hear him; and not till we do this is the true divine plan of our being carried out.

A common fault is that of needlessly criticising others. This makes up much of what is called the harmless gossip of society; but it surely is not a very noble employment, and, if the reflections must arise in our minds, it were better that they should stay there. I think something of reverence ought to pass over us when we speak of any human being. Scandalous things there are in the world? But why repeat them, why pass them on? Would it not be a good habit not to hear them, save for self-protection or for the protection of others? Yes, I might add, would it not be a good habit not to believe them, to distrust those that bring them to our notice, and in every case demand a justification for their doing so? Gossip is the occupation of idle minds; scandal is the occupation of ungenerous ones. Spread the reports of goodness in the world; and, if we have no such reports, let us, in heaven's name, keep still. We shall at least do one good thing by doing this.

But there are more private and personal duties still. There is not only the world made by friends and acquaintances, but the world of our own spirits. We have to order our thoughts and rule our feelings and curb our temper and our tongue. Our first duty is, perhaps, to avoid those outbursts and exclamations that are so natural, and which seem often to relieve our feelings by furnishing them an outlet. But, if we think of it, this is not to rule our feelings, but to let them have their way; and, if this course is pursued, self-control is never gained. There is only one thing stronger than the feelings; that is the will. The will can always check the expressions of an angry mood, and more and more it can rule the mood itself. What victims we are of our moods sometimes! We confess they are not reasonable, but we can not help them, we say! We can help them, and the thought that they are not reasonable is the very lever by which we may work; for we can come to have a love for what is reasonable and shame for departing from it, and an abiding choice, that always comes up afresh, to do what is reasonable. And all this can not long be without fruit.

And then, apart from all particular actions, how important is the temper and spirit we carry about with us! What a difference it makes whether we are cheerful or morose! Even the stern Dante thought moroseness a great crime, and consigned to punishment those who

"Dwell in misery, where they should enjoy."

What a difference it makes whether we live in an atmosphere of love or allow other passions to become dominant in us! Even our work for humanity depends for its worth, and even its effectiveness, upon the temper and spirit in which we do it.

Believe, I pray you, in the sacredness of yourselves and in the possible sanctity of your private lives. Seek to purify your hearts and to bear your trials and to lift up your thoughts. Love and be gentle to your kin, and be magnanimous to all men. Ignore not trifling kindnesses, nor be impatient under a humble lot. Be quick to confess your faults and as ready to forgive those of others. Never speak lightly of a human being. Rule your own spirits, and carry about with you a cheerful and gracious temper. And know that, in this whole field of personal morality, it is your own will that must give to you the victory.

THE RIGHT SIDE OF HEAVEN.—A little Swedish girl, walking with her father on a starry night, was so attracted by the brilliancy of the sky, all lit up with twinkling stars from one end to the other, that she seemed to be quite lost in her thinking. Her father asked what she was thinking of so intently. Her answer was "I was just thinking, if the 'wrong side' of heaven is so glorious, what must the 'right side' be!"

The greatest truths are the simplest, and so are the greatest men.

Faithfulness to Duty.

(Henry F. Kiddle.)

From very early youth, the bright and ambitious seek to lead rather than be led. In a recent report of Harvard College, the President said, "We train men to lead." It is an encouraging fact that the community chooses for its leaders those who can be relied upon for faithful duty in the general interest. They, the public, are misled at times, and bad men get temporary control; but a misuse of the power obtained rouses the dormant energies, and we reinstate good men. So we move on to better and higher achievements, in spite of the dependency of many who lack the courage and persistency for constant renewal of the struggle.

If we grant it is a privilege to live—who will not?—we should be also ready to own our obligation to do all that we are able to meet cheerfully and faithfully the duty that devolves upon us as members of a community of which we are a part, molding its character and destiny for good or evil. Thorough faithfulness to duty embraces all that the most exacting code of morals or religion can ask: the contrary may cover all that we would most deplore. All must realize that upon faithfulness depend, not only our comfort and happiness, but also our peace of mind and our success; though many who wonder why they are not successful fail to assign the right cause. Who shall say there is not an overruling Providence guiding our destinies and using all who are of the right material to accomplish great ends? The coward, the lazy, the timid, the unfaithful, may stand in the way; but, still, the world will progress. We should never forget our duty to be truthful, honest, and forbearing. Young men must be faithful to duty in their business relations. I have known a young man to say, "My pay is small, and my work shall correspond." That young man was busily at work digging the grave of his prospects. Whatever you undertake to do, be sure you do it as well as you can, and your future is largely in your hands. I have lived long enough to know that life is real and earnest; and we have a part to perform, not as dumb, driven cattle, but as heroes. We should have a careful, systematic plan of life, and not allow ourselves to be blown hither and thither like dead leaves, but honestly, manfully, steadily pursue the right. The world needs all the best efforts of its best men to help it on.

If one may take an illustration close at hand, does anybody ever ask why the public has so much faith in the institution under whose roof we are gathered? It is because of the belief that the men who undertake the work here will be faithful to the duties assigned them. Why, in the community, does one man occupy a high, commanding position, while another is never relied upon? We are sure one will be faithful to his duty, the other will not.

Thorough faithfulness to duty is sure to bring its reward. It may not be in office or wealth or position, but we shall be sure of an approving conscience and a peace of mind that neither wealth nor office can give. Shall I seek to point the way of the unfaithful, to depict the unhappiness, failure, mortification, loss, that are so sure to attend his footsteps? No; you see them often enough. Once we can realize we are important parts of a great whole, which we should help to move in harmony with the great plan of the Ruler of events, and we shall be filled with a courage and determination we had not felt before. In our families and in the community, we shall be a power for good,—to elevate, purify, warm, and cheer. Our vision will grow larger and our field of duty expand. We shall see new motives in life, and all around us will be uplifted. Let no young man say, It is of little consequence what I do. Whoever you are, you may be called upon to fill high places of trust. Then live as if you were preparing for such a position; and, if worthy, you may be called.

Death.

(J. P. in Light for Thinkers.)

There is no death.—Scripture and science teach mutation, modification, change of state or condition of things. But not annihilation of the principal constituents of the thing or person. The outward form of anything or person is but a type, a symbol of its principal invisible form. The invisible things of creation are to be seen and understood by the visible. The outward body of man is but a type symbol of his spiritual body, or what is usually called the soul. There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body, and it is a fact, a truth, that all of life, sensation, love, thought and of understanding are from the internal spiritual body, made manifest to us in the natural body. Therefore the internal man, spiritual body, or soul, whatever name you wish to call it by, must consist of a substance and form, or it could have no existence; but its constituents must be of spiritual substances and form and of the spiritual world. Love, wisdom, goodness and truth are of the spiritual world, and are as much substance as are hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen and carbon, and the first effects our spiritual condition as the latter does our natural condition. The soul, being the real internal spiritual man,

or person, must of necessity, being of spiritual substance and form, be united internally with its spiritual world, from whence comes its life, love and thought. Man does not live by bread alone. All things of the natural world exist and subsist from the spiritual world. Man is a world in miniature, a microcosm, and as his outward natural body lives from his spiritual internal body, each are co-related, and so must the natural world be with its spiritual world, the outward, being as the effect from its inward cause, and the death of man's natural body is the birth of the spiritual body in its fullness into the spirit world. And his state and condition of life in the spirit world must be according to his internal spiritual quality. It is natural to lament at the departure or absence of friends, and if Jesus did weep in sympathy with those he loved, might he not have thought upon that occasion and felt in his affection and wept because of their, and the world's utter ignorance, and misunderstanding of man as a spiritual being, and his relation to the spiritual world. No wonder Jesus wept, knowing their darkened state of mind, and from his knowledge and looking down through the future ages of lamentations and ignorance upon the subject of death and the resurrection, it was great cause of weeping. There is no death. And as touching the dead that they might rise, have ye not read in the book of Moses, God spake unto him, saying; "I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob." He is not the God of the dead, but the God of the living, for all live unto him. Here God—being in Jesus, not out of him—using the names Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, as representative of the human family, says He is not the God of dead bodies, but of living beings. God is spirit, and so is man natural, but he must be of substance and of form.

There can be no existence, or identity, or individuality, without substance and form. There are distinct degrees of mind, the sensual natural degree, the rational natural and intellectual and the spiritual degrees. It is a known fact and truth that all real knowledge that has dawned upon the human mind in the rational and intellectual degree has been derided with contumely by men whose minds were only open in the sensual degree, and we can not expect anything but contumely from all those whose minds are not opened up into the spiritual degrees of things. Spiritual subjects are indeed foolishness to all who have not that degree of mind, open to think and understand. Every truth must be seen in its own light, and that man is an inhabitant of two worlds at one at the same time is a fact, a truth, whether he so understands it or not. It is as much of a fact and truth to me as the science of astronomy was to those who first made it known.

The spiritual and natural worlds are interblended as man is with his outward body. And to a spiritual, rational, intellectual degree of mind there is no space or time, but condition of thought and affection, as can be seen from a corresponding law in natural intelligence and knowledge as known by the telegraph and telephone, almost an annihilation of space and time. All natural laws must exist from corresponding spiritual laws.

Natural and Supernatural.

THE distinction between natural and supernatural is the distinction which has been preserved from an age in which the usual was supposed to be the natural, and the unusual or unexplainable to be the supernatural. An anthropomorphic view of God, as a being subject to human jealousies, passions and caprices, has been more or less associated with the view of the supernatural, even unto a late day. Thus, in Increase Sather's book on "Comets," we find that every appearance of a comet was regarded as the prediction or sign of some judgment from the hands of God. Modern astronomy has reduced such a book to a mere curiosity of religious literature. The supernatural is now better designated by the unknown or the mysterious. And it is important to note that the enlargement of our knowledge of the natural order of the world is only increasing the sense of the mystery which lies behind it. It is probable that by and by, through a greater knowledge of psychic forces, those apparitions, visions, and other phenomena which now seem lawless, will have a distinct place in the natural chain of cause and effect. But, however human knowledge may be enlarged, the indications are, from such books as Mr. John Fiske's "Idea of God," Mr. F. E. Abbott's "Scientific Theism," and, indeed, the whole trend of modern philosophy, that the Infinite Intelligence and the Infinite Goodness will be recognized as universally operating in the things that are seen as well as in those that are unseen.—*Christian Register*.

THE true grandeur of humanity is in moral elevation, sustained and enlightened and decorated by the intellect of man. The truest tokens of this grandeur in a state, are the diffuse of the happiness among greatest numbers, and that passionless god-like justice which controls the relations of the state to other states, and to all the people who are committed to its charge.

IN Southern Louisiana two or three hundred feet below the surface are strata of solid pure crystalline sulphur one hundred feet in thickness and of unknown extent.—*N. O. Picayune*.

The Law of Kindness.

[New York Observer.]

Let a friend of children who has reached the age of three score years and ten tell you something of the law of kindness as applied to all living things. My early impressions in regard to the treatment of everything that lives were given me by an older brother, who taught me to apply the golden rule to the lower orders of the creation. Act toward them as you would wish to be treated if in their place, he said, and also impressed upon me the words of the poet, Cowper, who says: "I would not enter on my list of friends the man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." When older a book was placed in my hands called, "Live and Let Live," which told of a man who found a grasshopper in his house, and, taking it carefully to the door, said: "Go, my little friend, the world is wide enough for both you and me." And about that time, too, in our reading books at school we came to the fable of "The Boys and the Frogs." The boys threw stones at the frogs until stopped by the remonstrance from one of them, "Don't, boys; that may be fun for you, but it's death for us." Another lesson in kindness to the creatures God has made was given me by a good physician, who used to say: "We should never destroy without good reason anything which loves life." How little this rule is followed, and yet how it appeals to the justice and tenderness of every true heart. Just now there are remonstrances from many sources, beginning with Queen Victoria, of England, against the wanton destruction of birds, which are used as ornaments; and if these beautiful, bright creatures—the most innocent and charming in all the animated life about us—are sacrificed to the pride of women and the greed of men, how much less will the other forms of life be regarded. It was said by Solomon of a virtuous woman: "In her heart is the law of kindness," and I hope these words of mine will make some girls, and boys, too, remember that the golden rule extends to every little living thing, from the birds above us to the worms under our feet.

Married People would be Happier.

If home troubles were never told to a neighbor.

If expenses were proportioned to receipts.

If they tried to be as agreeable as in courtship days.

If each would remember the other is a human being, not an angel.

If each was as kind to the other as when they were lovers.

If fuel and provisions were laid in during high tide of Summer work.

If both parties remembered that they married for worse as well as for better.

If men were as thoughtful for their wives as they were for their sweet-hearts.

If there were fewer silk and velvet street costumes, and more plain, tidy house dresses.

If men would remember that a woman can not be always smiling who has to cook the dinner, answer the door-bell half a dozen times, and get rid of a neighbor who has dropped in, tend a sick baby, tie up the cut finger of a two-year-old, tie up the head of a six-year-old on skates, and get an eight-year-old ready for school. A woman with all this to contend with may claim it as a privilege to look and feel a little tired sometimes, and a word of sympathy would not be too much to expect from the man who, during the honeymoon, would not let her carry as much as a sunshade.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

HONOR TO MOTHERS.—Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, ploughed deep furrows on her cheeks, but is she not sweeter and more beautiful now? The lips are thin and sunken, but those are the lips which have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in all the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance of holy love which never fades. Ah, yes; she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out; but, feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you than any other upon earth. Love her tenderly and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.

A LADY resident of the Willamette Valley (living near Salem) was astonished recently, to see the spirit of her father-in-law standing by her bed-side. She notified her husband, by her side, of the apparition. "Nonsense!" said he; "father is not dead!" "But I am dead," answered the apparition, "and a dispatch will come to you to-day telling you so. I died in San Francisco yesterday. Only the body dies; there is a movement in progress right in your own city of Salem through which the whole world will soon know this to be true." The dispatch announcing the death was received. The lady is a member of an orthodox church and had not been a believer in spirit-communion.—The World's Advance-Thought.

EVERY suicide, however good his intentions may be, is obliged to pay the penalty of his unlawful (spiritual) act, by going to the very bottom of Zion's hill before he dare presume to aspire to the society of the good and true.

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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 Pajaronian*.

We have read the "Sunday Talks" and shall continue to do so, for let us open the book where we may we are sure to find something that makes us feel the better for reading; every article is the expression of the thoughts of a 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 Titecomb's "Gold Foil," or Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." It is a work which represents the highest, purest standard of thought, expressed in the best-chosen language. It is one of the happiest contributions which our home literature has ever received.—*Santa Barbara Press*.

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To Think, to Know, to Do.

To think, to know, to do—
These are the wheels of God and man,
The wheels of might since the world began;
And the engine of Thought, with its pulse of fire,
Thrusts through the Ages and does not tire.
In the brain of man it worked unseen,
Through the dust of centuries lay between,
And clogged the wheels with rust and crime
And martyred blood from every clime.

To think, to know, to do—
These were the words by tyrants feared—
That swept down crowns by Caesars reared;
These were the spirits that worked within,
Of men ground down by oppression's sin,
And lifted the masses above the king.
Lo! through the hush of the centuries' ring
The voices of Thought that awakened then
In the slumbering souls of thinking men.

To think, to know, to do—
These were the roots of Chivalry's flower,
The golden blossom of martial power,
Born in the glum of the dark Crusades,
Crimson-stained by reeking blades,
And worn by the piously born of earth.
But the living thoughts that age gave birth,
Hid by the shadowing leaves of pride,
Were grander far than the flower that died.

To think, to know, to do—
These were the tools reformers grasped,
To tear down shams Religion masked,
And show to men the truth divine,
Shorn of all strange device or sign;
And these the keys, of price untold,
That opened wide the doors of gold,
And let the sunlight in, to sweep away
The shadowed gloom of centuries gray.

To think, to know, to do—
These are the wheels of God and man,
The wheels of might since the world began,
And the grandest age of all the years
Is this age of work that genius rears.
The engine of Thought, with its lightning power,
Is the greatest boon of man's princely dower;
For the men who think are of royal birth,
And the men who work are the kings of earth.

—FANNIE ISABEL SHERRICK, in "Woman's Magazine."

The Peaceful Life.

The working life is the life of peace,
The words of the wise are golden;
And down the line of three hundred years
Comes the truth of these words grown olden.

Not the days that are passed amid songs and flowers
In dreamy, inactive leisure,
But the days that are strong with the stress of toil
Are those of the truest pleasure.

The eyes that look straight toward God and heaven,
Nor turn from the path of duty,
Are the eyes that see, in this changeable world,
The sights of the truest beauty.

Who lives for earth and for self alone
Must find his enjoyments shallow,
While he who lives but for God and right
Finds something each day to hallow.

He who is bound by the yoke of love,
And regains his freedom never,
Has his perfect liberty here on earth,
And he shall be free forever.

O, life is short, and its skies sometimes
Are darkened with care and sorrow,
But the loyal hearted, the brave of soul,
Has always a glad to-morrow.

Then let us patiently bear the cross,
Our service and love confessing,
For the life of labor and faith and love
Is the only life of blessing.

—SAILORS' MAGAZINE.

Les Menteurs.

Why did you dream, O artist, in the night
And in the morning paint your grand ideal
To blaze forever on our wondering sight
And mock us with the contrast of the real?

Why did you listen to the songs of stars?
O great musician, and repeat the strain?
Now, evermore, earth's common music jars
And disappoints us with its poor refrain.

Why have you written with a fiery pen
Of passion deep, eternal as the ocean,
O poet dreamer? Now the loves of men
Seem but an ill-played burlesque of emotion.

Why did you take the marble from the earth
Whereon to carve your soul's supreme desire,
O sculptor! and o'erawe the little world
Of life's best gifts with something so much higher?

That which might be, but yet doth not exist,
Revealed unto our hungering hearts and eyes,
We crave henceforth the things we had not missed,
Why did you curse us with your lovely lies?

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The Silver Lining.

A fisherman sat at his door one day
Watching the clouds, that heavy and gray,
Obscured the sunlight's shining;
And he said to Bright Eyes at his knee,
"Look yonder out in the West and see
The cloud with a silver lining."

I think when our skies are cold and gray,
And we vainly seek to find the way,
Somewhere the light is shining.
If we bravely resolve to do our part,
And bear our griefs with a patient heart,
And free from all repining,

We shall be led to a higher way,
To a better work than we to-day,
And find love's sunlight shining;
For truth of spirit and strength of soul
Will make the darkest cloud unroll
And show its silver lining.

—HELEN KRITH.

The Other Side.

We go our ways in life too much alone,
We hold ourselves too far from all our kind;
Too often, we are dead to sigh and moan;
Too often to the weak and helpless blind;
Too often, where distress and want abide,
We turn, and pass upon the other side.

The other side is trodden smooth, and worn
By footsteps passing idly all the day.
Where lie the bruised ones that faint and mourn
Is seldom more than an untrodden way:
Our selfish hearts are for our feet the guide,
They lead us by upon the other side.

It should be ours the oil and wine to pour
Into the bleeding wounds of stricken ones;
To take the smitten and the sick and sore,
And bear them where a stream of blessing runs.
Instead, we look about, the way is wide;
And so we pass upon the other side.

O friends and brothers, gliding down the years,
Humanity is calling each and all,
In tender accents, born of grief and tears!
I pray you listen to the thrilling call:
You can not, in your cold and selfish pride,
Pass guiltlessly by on the other side.

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