

GOLDEN GATE

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

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CONTENTS:

FIRST PAGE.—Gems of Thought: The Evolution of Religion.
SECOND PAGE.—Our Home in Heaven: A Few More Facts on Re-Incarnation: The Anniversary in San Diego.
THIRD PAGE.—Did Paul Teach that it was Right to Lie for the Glory of God? Candid Investigation: Kind Words for the "Golden Gate;" (Experience Department) Singular Disturbances: Clairvoyant View of a Spirit Bath.
FOURTH PAGE.—(Editorials) The Key-Note of Soul-Growth: Significance of Easter: Proof Positive: Fact and Fiction: The "Modus Operandi" of Charles Foster's Successors: The "Spiritual" Show Business: Oakland Spiritualists: The Great Enemy: Appeal for Help: In Re St. Paul: "Blossoms of Thought;" An Honest Man: Too Tight: Editorial Notes, etc.
FIFTH PAGE.—Editorial Notes: Meeting in Oakland: The Mediums Defended: News and Other Items: Professional Cards: Notices of Meetings: Advertisements, etc.
SIXTH PAGE.—The Modern Revivalist: Thoroughness: Rational Mind Cure: Mediums and Inquirers: Reality and Character.
SEVENTH PAGE.—The New Theology: Professional Cards: Publications: Advertisements, etc.
EIGHTH PAGE.—(Poetry) Failure: Solomon Ray: One at a Time: Prayer: Resolve: Two Fortunes: Advertisements: Publications, etc.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Patience surpasses knowledge.

"Better than gold is a thinking mind."

Character is higher than intellect.—
Emerson.

Be ever young! Remember the spirit
is immortal, not measured by years.

Be checked for silence, but never be
taxed for speech.

Night brings our stars as sorrow shows
us truths.—Festus.

There is nothing better for a man than
mildness and clemency.

The heart makes angels ever of its
friends.—Mrs. Osgood.

The mind conscious of innocence dis-
spises false reports.—Ovid.

The practical effect of a belief is the
real test of its soundness.—Froude.

Law passes as a golden chain through
the entire system of nature.—Lowber.

Careful attention to one thing often
proves superior to genius and art.—Cicero.

That action is best which procures
the greatest good to the greatest numbers.

Good manners is the art of making
people easy with whom we converse.—
Swift.

Be loving and you will never want for
love; be humble and you will never want
for guiding.

Think not what men will say,
But walk from day to day
As one whose daily pathway lies
Close by heaven's wall 'neath angel's eyes.

What is remote and difficult of success
we are apt to overrate; what is really best
for us lies always within our reach, though
often overlooked.

Let that courtesy distinguish your de-
meanor which springs not so much from
studied politeness as from a mild and
gentle heart.—Blair.

Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.
We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,
Along the passage they come and go.
—LOWMELOW.

The essence of all sin, and therefore of
all weakness, is selfishness; and the foun-
dation of all true spiritual powers is love,
self-denial and unselfishness.—Mrs. E.
Hughes.

Intellectual activity grasps, disputes
and argues, fights and challenges. The
intuitive faculty sits quiet and silent on
the eternal hills. It does not dispute.
It waits for others to know and unfold also.
—Mrs. E. Hughes.

All nature is full of beckoning hands
and welcoming voices, inviting man to a
truer and higher life. She says to him
from the heart of the rose, Be beautiful in
soul as I am, and fragrant with the aroma
of good deeds. She calls to him from
mountain heights of eternal snows, saying,
Be white and pure as I am, and warm in
heart as the fires that glow down deep in
my own bosom.—Our Sunday Talks.

THE EVOLUTION OF RELIGION.

Lecture Delivered by Mrs. E. L. Watson,
At Metropolitan Temple, Sunday
Evening, April 11, 1886.

(Reported for the Golden Gate by G. H. Hawes.)

"There is a light which lighteneth
every man that cometh into the world."

There is no race of people without its
religion. Older than all written history
are the manifestations of the spirit; before
written language we have the form of the
spiritual idea pictured in various ways
upon tombs and temples, and, as far as
we can trace the progress of mankind we
find the evidence of religious convictions,
conceptions of a spiritual universe, ideas
of God. And though God may be differ-
ently named by different peoples, and
the religious ideas vary somewhat owing to
the various conditions under which men
are born, there is a wonderful sympathy
existing between all religions.

The most profound scholar of the age,
Von Humboldt, asserted that "all reli-
gions have three distinct parts: First, a
code of morals very fine and nearly alike
in all; second, a geological dream; third,
a historical myth or novelle, which last
becomes the most important of all."

The code of morals is the core, we may
say, of all religions, and, doubtless, has
sprung from man's observation of his envi-
ronments, the interdependence therein
existing and his relations to his fellowman.
The necessity of fair dealings, and the
only good which is possible in the world,
being derived from love one toward an-
other. "Do unto others as you would
be done by," is not exclusively a Chris-
tian tenet; did not originate within the
last two thousand years, but belongs to
the oldest religions of which we have any
knowledge.

The agreement of these moral codes is
a very significant fact. It is the evidence
that God will not leave any of his people
to go far astray, if they will only heed the
living Scripture which is ever present with
them in nature—in man's constitution and
his relation to his fellow beings.

The "geological dream" is man's at-
tempt to decipher the nature and history
of the Cosmos, and to account for his
own presence upon the planet by tracing,
if possible, his relation to the beginning
of things. To find himself in a universe
so broad and so evenly balanced, such
preparation for his coming and preserva-
tion of his interests, causes a desire to un-
derstand all this. So reading backward
he comes upon the idea of God.

The "historical myth," the divine man
—God incarnate—is simply the prophecy
of what you and I are to be; it is the
forecast of the ultimate of humanity.
Every nation has had its sacred Light; its
God—man born of a virgin; who was
tempted, slain by his enemies, and arose
without tasting death, promising to return
and intercede for mortals. Every nation
has had its divine character, and there is
such sympathy in the religions of the
world that, as Thomas Wentworth Hig-
ginson says, you have but to introduce a
different name in the creed of the differ-
ent systems to have them resolve into one
universal religion. For Zoroaster put that
of Buddha, that of Christ, for
Christ put Mahommed, and the code of
morals, the idea of the birth, death, resur-
rection, and intercession on the part of the
divine man are so similar that they seem
to have been born of one brain, conceived
in one moment and ripened to
perfection in one age of time, when the
truth is they are widely separated, coming
from the four quarters of the globe.
Sacred rivers flow in every country;
shrines are built on every continent,
and island of the sea; sacrifices are of-
fered up to the gods, and man the world
over, in every age, has been willing to lay
down his life for his religious faith.

Religion is both natural and revealed,
and this sympathy between its primary forms
proves beyond peradventure that religion
is as indigenous to human nature as the
grasses and mosses are to the soil. You
can not wrench from the heart of man
this fair flower of his religious faith; you
can not, if you would, destroy the sacred
scriptures in this world. Men may form
false conceptions of the nature, the author-
ity and extent of the scriptures; their con-
ception of God may vary somewhat in the

minor details, in the manner of his mani-
festations and embodiment, but in all
essentials the religions of the world are
one, and we wait to see them fused into
one form of faith, one expression of wor-
ship, one grand symphony of divine de-
sire.

The evolution of religion has been
natural, and doubtless as gradual as the
evolution of the intellectual powers of man
—in fact, has some relation to these intel-
lectual powers, for, after all, religion is
but the blossom of man's spiritual nature;
the outgrowth of ages of soul suffering. The
majesty of material universes was the
cradle of man's veneration. The char-
acter of your spiritual ideas is narrow
or expansive in proportion to the develop-
ment of your intellectual and moral
powers; and your spiritual perspicacity
determines your moral height and depth.
Man's rule of dealing with his fellowman,
(which forms our moral code,) his concep-
tion of the universe by which he is sur-
rounded, the breadth of his intellectual
powers and his idea of the divine charac-
ter, the potentiality of his spiritual nature
—all these form the links of a chain, both
ends of which are resolved at last into the
Divine Being.

The fault of these religions, which have
been the natural product of their time,
and the peculiar influence of climate and
race, has been in their exclusiveness, and
arrogance in setting up the preposterous
claim of being the only revealed religion;
the only indisputable authority on subjects
spiritual; the only link between the finite
and the Infinite. It is by the process of
this law of evolution that our religion,
which, being indigenous to human nature,
and of necessity growing with it, will
throw off these narrow limitations and rid
itself of these false ideas, these poor con-
ceptions and selfish features. It will event-
ually expand and grow until every human
heart will be warmed in the same spiritual
sunlight, and conscious of the universality
of God's presence and of the divine or-
der of his government, of the unity of
spiritual powers and the beauty and divinity
of God's purpose towards man. All these
intense antagonisms which have torn the
world from time to time, will calm down
into a condition of real worship of the
good and true, in which the highest con-
ception of each shall be revered, and the
faults of each shall be weighed and meas-
ured, and a righteous judgment passed
upon them.

It is a beautiful thought that this spiritual
ministration has been the universal experi-
ence of mankind; that God has left it to no
individual will to determine whether this
or that people should receive His mes-
sages.

It is a thought full of consolation and
of peace that whatsoever man wills, God
overruling all, sees to it that His truth at
last finds place in the human heart, and
that however widely the forms of faith
may differ, in each and all of them
there is the germ of truth, the potential
divinity, the pure and undefiled spiritual
fact which will, in course of time, develop
itself and shed its light abroad until every
life shall walk along an illumined path-
way.

As man's idea of the Cosmos has varied
according to his intellectual capacity, so
also has his idea of the God-head. But
that spiritual insight is the common in-
heritance of humanity, who can deny,
when we hear the prophets or all nations
blending their prophecies into one grand
song of good will and of hope; that there
is this power and presence everywhere
abroad in the world, who can deny,
when everywhere "heathen" races revere
truth, embody tenderness and show true
patriotism, and in grand instances of per-
sonal endeavor we behold God reincar-
nated, not once but many times? It only
requires that a man shall travel, shall
study not alone his Bible but the Bibles
of other nations to see how, just as
one sun warms, cheers and nourishes all
mankind, so the one spiritual light 'gives its
benedictions and its potentialities with the
race. It only requires that we shall com-
pare our heroes with the heroes of other
nations, our prophets with the prophets of
other peoples, our seers with the seers of
the inhabitants of other portions of the
globe to reveal the fact to us that there
are many doorways through which man
may pass up into the spiritual light; many
avenues by which God and his angels
come down into this world and leave their
message of love and ministry of hope.

In all the systems of religion of which

we have any knowledge we see these three
great ideas: The fatherhood of God, the
brotherhood of man, and immortality,
standing forth in clear and distinct out-
lines. What the conditions of immortali-
ty shall be, and the perfection with which
the brotherhood is embodied in practical
every day life, and the peace which the
idea of the fatherhood bestows—all this
is determined by the character of the na-
tion and of the individual. To all na-
tions there has been a revelation and it
has come through some man who be-
came foremost with his people, foremost in
his age—that is, in whom the powers of
the spiritual life were more fully unfolded,
and he became the seer whose glance
penetrated the flimsy trappings of the
material and perceived the verities in the
eternal world. It has been given to the
leaders of the different peoples of the
earth—leaders because of this superiority
of spiritual development—to begin the
making of scriptures, which should be
sacred to humanity throughout all time.
The vice has been that either the man in-
spired or some fanatical follower, has de-
clared that nothing shall be taken from
and nothing added to the Book under
penalty the direst. The weakness has
been that the leader, the spiritual seer,
the prophet, has not perceived the possi-
bility of the same power developing on
the part of others and has assumed an
authority which was not warranted. When-
ever a prophet of the people admits the
Scriptures which you or I may write to be
sacred, so far as we have clearly dis-
cerned the truth, and that to it shall be
added the conviction and perception of
every man who sees spiritually and ear-
nestly desires the good of the race. That
people or sect who are broad enough in
their spiritual power and outlook to see
that this is rational—that it is inevitable,
will become the leading religious sect in
the world. The broader the religious
horizon, the greater credence shall that
religion have with the most intellectual of
men; the tenderer its love and the easier
reduced to practice for the benefit of hu-
manity, the stronger its hold on the hu-
man heart.

The reason why religion has become a
by-word, and the dissenter declares that
it has been the source of more evil than
good is, that much has passed for reli-
gion which is simply superstition, a nar-
row and ignorant conception of life en-
throned in power and foisted upon
humanity as authority from God. But
wherever true religion has had root there
has immediately begun ameliorations in
the condition of humanity. For I de-
clare unto you that it is in this spiritual
perception we find the secret springs of
all moral endeavor, the source of all the
grandest heroisms that have brightened
this world. It may be that this religious
fruit has ripened under the banner of the
so-called infidel, and that religious prin-
ciples have been carried forward by the
so-called heretic, the man who is de-
nounced and condemned by the majority;
but it is religion, nevertheless, whether its
flame gathers force in the heart of a Bruno
or Servetus, a Thomas Payne, or in the
bosom of a St. Paul; it is one and the
same spirit, and it is that "light which is
to lighten every man who cometh into
this world;" sooner or later this religious
faculty is unfolded in every individual;
it is slower in ripening in some than in
others.

Go down to the South Sea Islands and
there you will find altars and shrines and
religious ceremonies, and you will also
find a narrow and low brain and unde-
veloped intellectuality; a low moral un-
foldment, and the evidence that the re-
ligious faculty must grow in proportion as
the rest of the man unfolds.

In the heart of every man is this spiri-
tual quality which is eyes to the blind, ears to
the deaf, and the light that extends far
beyond the grave; it is the light that
kindles in the darkness of despair and un-
whispers words of hope. This religious
faculty which has come up through the
slime of human undevelopment and moral
turpitude, which builds altars, if not al-
ways wisely, at least that becomes a sym-
bol of truth to the mind, has a spiritual
verity back of it which is the aspiration
toward truth in the abstract and the inspi-
ration of all the grandest developments of
the age.

I hear it objected that we owe more to
science than to religion; that the evolu-
tion of scientific fact is of greater moment
to mankind than the evolution of spiritual

perception. I deny that there is any dif-
ference between these two qualities and ex-
periences. I claim that scientific fact is
simply the revelation of spiritual force and
the demonstration of an invisible and
eternal life; that every scientific truth is
related to man as a spiritual being, and
that you cannot separate science from reli-
gion. "The fairest expression of religion
is science; the highest expression of science
is religion," says a late writer. There can
be no doubt of this. Our perception of
the spiritual universe and of natural law is
science, and a necessary step towards the
eternal truth, which is a part of one and
the same universe in which God lives.

The fault of religious systems is, that
their creeds and articles of faith swamp
and becloud the three most important ele-
ments of true religion, viz: the fatherhood
of God, the brotherhood of man, and
immortality. Leaving these great living
facts to care for themselves, priests have
been absorbed in theological guess work,
while the grand vision of the eternal wait
for eyes to open; ears hear not the splen-
did symphony that is forever being re-
hearsed through the instrument of matter,
and our spiritual nature has been darkened
by hatred and dissensions which do
not belong to the higher life of man.

I behold religion still in process of evo-
lution. Just as man at his highest devel-
opment of genius and spiritual power,
still is man, so religion when it has ripened
up into the largest benevolence, where
it has blossomed into the tenderest and
farthest reaching philanthropy, when it
is melting human hearts into a universal
love, is still simply religion. Whether
called Unitarianism, Protestantism or Trin-
itarianism; it is one and the same thing
in different stages of development.

Inspired men have enunciated the great
truths of the fatherhood of God, the brother-
hood of man, and immortality, but
the masses have corrupted these shining
truths, forgotten the law, and heedless
of the divine ministration, lost themselves
in their greed of the things of this world
and bitterness one toward another. And
so true religion waits. That superstition
which depicts a hell into which is plunged
the vast majority of human beings, is the
result of man's craven fear in the presence
of the majesty of nature, the elements of
destruction which he sees—perhaps in the
simoon, the earthquake, the volcano, and
livid thunderbolt, and cannot be called
religion. Religion is psychometric seeing,
the discovering of spiritual verities abroad
in the world. Religion is love one to-
ward another, whether it is expressed by
Buddhist, Mahommedan or Christian.

What we expect to see in the further
evolution of religion is this: The walls of
division and subdivision which have been
reared by the superstition, prejudice and
hatred of mankind, swept away. We ex-
pect to see in the expansion of this natural
and revealed religion—natural because it
inheres in the constitution of human na-
ture at large; revealed because born to
consciousness through the unfoldment of
the spiritual faculties—is the melting down
of all these barriers between all the races
of mankind, and instead of the multipli-
city of altars which are now builded to
God, we shall see a universal language
growing and blossoming and blending the
people sympathetically together in their
commercial and social relations. We shall
then see one ritual, one universal benevo-
lence, one far-extending philanthropy
that leaves no child outside of its tender,
protecting arms.

We expect to see the multiplying of
Christs and Saviors in this world; not the
return of Jesus or Buddha in physical
form, nor the birth of children from vir-
gins; but we expect to see a divinely
pure maternity, such reverence for the re-
productive power that there shall be no
inheritance of selfishness, so that the grand
ideal which in Persia may stand as Zoras-
ter, in India as Buddha, in Arabia as Mo-
hammed, in England and America as Jesus,
may be enshrined in the one grand swelling
heart of humanity; humanity thus realizing
its ideals which are simply the prophecy of
the mind, God's eternal promise to all
mankind.

In the further evolution of religion we
expect to see all tenets of faith, articles
and creeds dissolving into the one blessed
ritual, "Do unto others as you would have
others do unto you," all laws melting into
that last law which Jesus gave unto his
disciples. A new commandment I give
unto you, that ye love one another."

(Continued on Fifth Page.)

OUR HOME IN HEAVEN.

(By Miss Mrs. H. B. Kington, communicated to her son, H. B. Kington, of St. Paul, Minnesota, and quoted by the GOLDEN GATE.)

I told Susan that here was the place for me—I would stay. She said, "Just a little way is our home. These little ones live here and you can see them any time." I asked one little one where her house was, and she laughingly replied, "We do not have any houses or churches here. Everybody is good; ain't you glad you came?"

Susan said to look to my left, which I did and saw a home sure enough for them. It was made out of some kind of wood—something like cedar I should think. There were no doors, and the roof was all covered with a vine of some kind. There were many paths leading to it—flowers—one very large fountain and children were bathing in the water; others were playing and sitting on the railing of the basin, all playing so natural and childlike. I asked Susan if they would not get drowned. She said, "Oh, no; we are not mortals; there is no death." I went into this house and found the floor of grass and playthings everywhere. Quite a number of grown people came and shook hands and said, "Welcome to the Summer Valley." They were the teachers of the little children.

These are children whose mothers could not own them. Their parents had been leading a life of sin, therefore were separated from them. The little ones need care and advice here just as much as in earth life, and there is always some loving one who is very ready to have the care of them. I believe that one individual has the care of three or four at once, same as though they were her own.

The children have a grand time together; then each goes to his or her mother for instruction and keeping, all so happy, so lovely, so healthy. All children grow to be men and women, but never get old. When the old come, they grow younger in a good many ways; never lose our grey hair, but look younger, and feel perfectly well and strong. At this writing I am perfectly strong—feel a healthy glow all over me—am not in the least tired, which is more than I had been able to say while in earth life. Finally we left and very soon came to our home, which is not very far from "Summer Valley."

SUSAN'S HOME.

There was a wide walk leading to it which wound around the flower beds and also passed a Summer house—a little, low-roofed place or arbor with chairs inside, made out of different kinds of wood. There is a table in the center which had a scarlet spread on, and a vase of flowers. We passed through it and walked up the steps to the home. The steps were pure white stone. The house was perfectly round, and had a porch all around it which had pillars here and there. It had a great many different kinds of vines running upon it, outside and inside—chairs for any one who wished to enter. There were six doorways, all open; just had a curtain of blue and pink, thin material, which was drawn to one side; also vines twined over them. The house was built of different woods, put together something like a fern pattern, and is very lovely. I notice that different woods, flowers, everything, is very much brighter here than upon earth.

We entered; the inside was covered with this thin pink and blue goods; Susan called it silk, but it is very thin, and it draped very gracefully. Chairs were pink and blue; everything seemed to harmonize so nicely. In the center of the room there is a large rockery of different stones that Susan has gathered here and there; also shells of every description. On this rockery there are growing flowers of every color. Little birds have built their nests there, and fly in and out, feeding their little ones. In one corner of the room is a mound of clear moss growing, fresh and beautiful. There is but one room; that is very large. My easy chair is made of blue wood and has a pink silk covering that is thrown over it, partly covering it. At my side is a table with good reading; also the Holy Bible, the first thing I had seen that really reminded me of earth, for it looked just like my old Bible. I asked Susan where she got my old book; she said it was not the old one, but one as near like it as she could make. She gathered the matter together and made it herself. The floor is perfectly white; the pink and blue with the light on it throws a beautiful tint over all. The roof runs up to a point, and in the top there are many yellow birds who seem to feel very much at home. The vine has come in from the roof at the top, for there is an opening there, and droops down part way in the room. Susan has trained some of it on the side of the room.

There are lovely mats made of different mosses and grasses. At the back, or other side of the house, is a little narrow stream of water trickling along over pebbles and grasses and little fish swimming in it. There is also a cosy seat there made out of a tree stump with a large tree by its side to keep off the sun. There is also a little rustic bridge crossing the stream. I think I have described the home so that you can imagine how it looks in a measure. You will have to see it to realize its

beauty, and it will take you some time then to take in all its beauties. Susan wanted to know if I thought her idea of a home perfect; and not being able to see where I could better it, told her yes.

We went out on the veranda, took chairs and visited just as we would in earth life. I would stop every now and then and take hold of her hand just to be sure she was real, that it was really she. I could not believe it yet. I had seen so much, my joy was beyond realization as yet. Susan said, "Darling father, you will never lose me again. I am here by your side as of old, in my own resting place, and have been waiting long for you to come." She said she had nice, loving friends, and often returned to earth to comfort and bless those who were in trouble. I asked her if she meant to say that she returned to earth. She said, "Yes, a great many times have I been close by your side. At times you felt a peaceful influence, but did not realize that it was me. You did not believe it could be done." "No," I said, "and do not now; the Bible teaches very different from that, and I have studied it over and over, and think I understand it." "Well, dear father, you have more to learn; you do not understand all of the expressions and sayings as they are intended to be understood. Father, could you picture a more heavenly spot—a more perfect resting place than this, and other places you have seen?" "No, I do not think I could; but where are all the wicked, the ungodly? Where is their punishment? Do they come here and live in this beautiful region of love?" "Oh, no, father; you will visit places that need our influence and loving guidance. I have been doing my duty ever since I came over." I inquired what it was, and she said, "If you have rested, or, in other words, if you have taken in our home, I will take you to my place of duty and helpfulness; it is quite a distance from here."

I arose and we started to look upon different scenes. As we passed down the steps I walked to one of the flower beds to look at it, and when I looked back to see if Susan was coming I saw your sister Libbie coming down the steps. She came to me and kissed me and said she was so glad I had come. I inquired where in the world she came from so sudden. She replied that she had been out walking and had just returned when Susan told her that I had come. I asked why she did not know it without being told. She said, "Father, I have not been here long enough to become familiar with this new life, and can only walk a short distance from our house and find my way back again; this may seem strange to you, father, but it is so. I shall, and so will you, learn everything after awhile." "I suppose I will, but do not understand it yet."

Susan now came and we three started down the valley. Libbie had to stop every little ways and look at something that was too pretty for her to pass. I do not know how far it was to Susan's place of duty, as we travel much faster here than upon earth and have no miles here; "will power" does it all. You wish yourself in some place and you find yourself moving, and first you know you are there.

We were all enveloped in a cloud as we glided along, and I inquired the reason. Susan said she could see and after a time we would, when we had learned to use our strength properly—that the cloud kept us from becoming confused at things we were passing; for we were up in the clouds a great distance from some places we were passing, and if we should become frightened and fear falling, we would lose control of ourselves and go down with them. As soon as we had learned the way of moving from one place to another it would not be necessary to have any protection. I inquired why we could not walk on the ground; why was it necessary for us to walk in the clouds? She said that it is not a case of necessity; "I do so now because we are passing places that you and Libbie would wish to stop and see, and I wish you to go with me to my place of duty and helpfulness. After you have been here a little longer you can go where you please and return when you wish to; but, dear father, you have to learn the way first." I inquired how she found all this out, and she said, "A little child taught me the first step and then gave me over into older hands. I lived for a long time with the children and was taken care of by a dear, loving lady who we all called 'Mamma Snowflake,' for she is so very white. We little children loved her very dearly. It was 'Snowflake' that first took me back to you when you were so lonely without me. As I grew older and stronger I learned the way myself."

All this sounded very strange to me. The cloud that had enveloped us cleared away. What a strange place we were in. I have been to a great many different places and conditions since, but nothing has ever struck me so completely dumb as this spot did, it being my first experience of anything of that kind in the spirit world. There was a very steep hill or mountain on both sides of us, leaving only a narrow valley running through rocks. A very few flowers, and not of a high order, and water that was all right enough only it had a very swift current. Not a bird did I see, nor a house or home of any description. There were a great many people here; all looked as though they had just risen from the grave. I did not feel comfortable here and asked Susan what was the matter here. Libbie said, "Oh, father, I see some one over

there that I have seen in the street some place on earth, but I do not know where. I am going to speak to her." Susan said, "My dear sister, she can not see you, or any of us." I inquired what was the use of our coming to this place if we could not do any good. "Please watch me;" then she walked to where the woman was sitting and put her arms around her and said, "You can leave this place of sorrow if you regret the wrong you have done." The woman paid no attention—did not appear to hear what was said. Then Susan stood up and made passes over her, and very soon she began crying and calling for her little one, her little darling. Oh, if she could only find her child! "Why did I leave her so cruelly; who will help me find my child? Darling, where are you?" Susan said to her, "You can find your little one." At this she arose and said, "I thought some one was speaking to me. Oh, I am so sorry that I ever did it. My darling, where are you?"

All of this surprised me very much. Susan returned to us and said, "This is my work: to lift up and help the poor miserable ones who come here to this place of punishment. Here their conscience stings and stabs them to the heart's core. Now you and Libby follow me." She again passed to the woman's side and put her arms around her; soon we were all enveloped in a cloud so dark that we could not see ourselves clearly, and we felt ourselves lifted and moving. The woman appeared to be unconscious. Susan said to us: "You will soon see something that will make your poor heart bleed. This woman did wrong upon earth, and will want to return and help those she had wronged." "Yes," I said, "if that could be done it would be well;" but I doubted the possibility to do so.

Soon we ceased to move and Susan made passes over her; soon the darkness cleared away and we were at the very place I wanted to stop at on my way to Susan's home. I was very glad to get there. Susan took the woman to a lovely spot under a tree and laid her down; here I offered to help, but Susan said she did not need any assistance. A brightbeam came over all and the little children came running up; then some of them went away and gathered some flowers which they brought and placed around the woman. We simply stood at one side and looked on. Very soon the woman came to herself and arose to a sitting posture and looked; oh! such a look! It made my heart almost break for her. The little ones were close by her side. At first she could not speak. They began singing, and she cried out, "Oh, Grace, where are you? I want you." The little ones threw her loads of flowers and then went away. She arose and walked away up the valley; we followed and did not attract her attention, as she could not see us. Soon there came six little girls running, singing so sweetly and had their playthings. As they came near the woman one of them stopped, apparently surprised, and said, "Oh, mamma, mamma, darling mamma," and ran to her and was recognized; they were folded in each other's arms. Such loving words, such caressing, such a meeting of mother and child can not be described; the little one so very happy to meet her own mamma; the mother overcome to know that she was forgiven her wrong-doing and once more with her neglected darling. I felt that I must speak to her, but Susan said, "No, dear father, I never let them know that it is I who lead them out of darkness; here we will leave mother and child together. Before we passed on I looked again and the little one was putting flowers in her mother's hair, not appearing to understand why her mamma grieved so at meeting her. Then we passed on. Surely there is a work for us here. Libby was so glad to see the reunion that she wanted to remain, and we left her there for a time, and I returned with Susan to our home and sat down and thought these things over. Here I was in heaven, free from all pain in passing out of the body; have not experienced a moment's discontent since coming here, although everything is very different from what I expected to find, in every respect.

Surely I have made a great mistake about heaven and will now try and find out how I did so and where I was wrong. The Bible is a Holy Book, but I am wrong as to its teachings; so will try and right myself.

I told Susan that I would like to go away by my own self and see where I would land; she consented and told me that if I should want her to sit down and wish for her—look for her and not leave the place I was in at the time of calling for her. I said I would do so if I got in a place I could not get out of—I believed I could go from one place to another just as well as any one—did not think I would be at all fearful of anything I would see; so I bid her good-bye and started in the opposite direction from the place where the little children were. I knew I could reach them and wished to experiment on a larger scale.

(To be continued.)

"INDIFFERENCE or apathy with regard to the comfort of others," says the London Times, "is one of the most remarkable effects of tobacco. No other drug will produce anything like it. The opium-eater does not compel you to eat opium with him. The drunkard does not compel you to drink. The smoker compels you to smoke; nay, more, to breathe the smoke he has just discharged from his own mouth."

A Few More Facts on Re-Incarnation.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In your issue of April 17th, you published a communication from Mr. T. B. Taylor, M. D., on the subject of incarnation. The brother seems to be floundering in the slum of materialism with but little hope of rescue from that dark abyss.

We notice some of the propositions in the communication because of the sophism they contain which some might mistake for argument. Mr. Taylor plants himself squarely on materialistic premises with a spiritualistic conclusion for an outcome. He scoffs at the conclusions of the materialistic school, but is willing to accept Spiritualism as a natural result. The brother winds up his laborious effort by a quotation from Paul. He had better touch lightly on Paul for he was an incarnationist. Hear him on the subject: "For we know if this tabernacle (i. e. physical organism) of ours were dissolved we have a building, an house (i. e. spirit organism) not made with hands eternal in the heaven," (i. e. spirit world.) Now if this spirit organism Paul refers to is eternal in the heavens or spirit world it must have had an existence there before we had this physical, otherwise it could not be eternally there. Nevertheless, Mr. Taylor says most emphatically, "Life, soul and spirit are the result of physical organism, they being evolved from said organism," into a third substance by a kind of nitro-glycerine process, and may be eternal as to the future prospects provided the conditions are favorable.

Again, Jesus of Nazareth says, "I came down from heaven, (i. e. Spirit world) not to do my own will but the will of him (i. e. the controlling spirit of the band to which Jesus belonged) that sent me." This is a most emphatic declaration in favor of incarnation and a conscious pre-existence of the individual soul. Again, Brother Taylor seems to have got things badly mixed, as to the expression of the soul incarnate; he wishes to be informed why it is that they can't tell something of their prior existence.

How unreasonable it is to expect the physical brain to express knowledge of incidents that existed before its creation. The physical brain expresses physical individuality only; if it could express spirit individuality there would then be no need of spirit mediums.

Memory, either of the spirit or physical, is always subject to the call of external circumstances. There being no circumstances in the physical to call into activity the memory of the spirit, consequently, we do not remember our prior life; but I assure the brother that when this house of clay shall have been dismembered the history of all the past may be unrolled before the spirit, so far back as external conditions and memory join in union.

How do I know I have lived before I entered the physical? In many ways, each one of which is a dead shot on materialism. I will now call the brother's attention to a few more "facts," bearing on the subject, and if I mistake not they will set his house to rights for him.

Truthful spirit mediums whose lips have been touched by the fire of inspiration have told me of this truth. Clairvoyants have seen incarnating spirits constantly in the homes of young people who present conditions for them to build a physical structure.

Materialized spirits, or those who have incarnated through media by the laws of spirit chemistry, have demonstrated to me the existence of the law and have also told me of the facts from the spirit cabinet. The "gelatinous dot" I see in it from the very first touch of spirit power a manifest design and I know all design proceeds from individualized consciousness, or spirit.

Some three years ago I was informed by a familiar spirit that if I would visit a certain locality it would be demonstrated to me I had lived another physical life on this planet. I accordingly visited the locality, and to my great astonishment found a land I was already familiar with, belonging to another incarnation. There was there sufficient external conditions to call into activity back over the vista of time facts and incidents of another life. Again, in memory, I trod the soil of Saxon's mighty dead. Along the Thames I clad in armor bright martialled my clan and battled with a Roman king. There in that hallowed, sacred spot I, in memory, lived an entire life, again of loss and gain, of joy and pain, contending for the right.

Dr. Peebles, while traveling in the tropics, made a similar discovery and can only account for it on the grounds of a prior physical existence in that locality. During the spirit's incarnation in mortal form, at least one-fourth of the time is spent in the spirit world. At times the spirit is able to reflect back upon the physical brain experiences and incidents of that other life, and in returning take them up again in memory. In the year 1870, I had a positive demonstration of this fact. I sat one evening reflecting upon the uneven tenor of my ways and the disappointments of life. From my standpoint I was a victim of fate by a decree, and life was not worth asking for, so I would end all. While my mind was thus engaged I discovered there were two of me. Before my conscious self lay my prostrate physical form, yet I had bodily parts and the power to understand my surroundings

separate from the physical. I was really a spirit, for I recognized other spirits that came near me, one of which informed me I was not dead, but that she had things to show me and by her power would hold me separate from the physical that I might understand more fully the problem of life. I remember a condition of utter darkness and a rushing through space with no will-power of my own. Soon it was all light again and a wonderful country was all around me. My guide informed me this was spirit land. My vision received the power of a thousand telescopes. Endless plains and elysian fields of glory stretched far away in all directions around me. Here were happy homes of loving spirits that seemed to fill the land, and, oh! the harmony of this glorious spirit world was beyond human comprehension. As we passed along together presently all things became very familiar to my understanding, and as I stood on a bridge that spanned a mountain stream, just beyond a lawn, I saw, indeed, my spirit home. I felt running through my being the magnetic thrill of "home again from a foreign shore." All its surroundings were familiar to me, at a glance. We passed into this house and there within its splendid apartments I saw in reality the workmanship of my own hands. The evidence was positive to my mind that I had only gone out from this home to material life. I can not now write the full account of all that I saw and understood at that time, only what may be necessary to establish the fact of the prior life of the individual spirit. All this time my faithful guide was imparting to me her strength to enable me to overcome the magnet or physical body that was constantly drawing me to itself. When we had finished there came to me the condition of perfect darkness again, and with it a sense of trying to move the physical body. Since this first experience I have had many such, all of which furnish evidence to my mind that life is one continuous round of change forever.

Now, from the foregoing evidence on the subject under consideration, it would seem the case was ours. However, seeing Mr. Taylor wishes to furnish Barnum with specimens of life without organism, for he says, "Can Mr. Stoddard or any other human being point to a single example of life and intelligence outside of organization? If he can, let us have it," etc.

I lay a school slate on the table; no person is near it; presently, I hear the sound of writing. I take the slate up and find written on it an intelligent communication. Here is the desired specimen according to about the same hypothesis and reasoning that Mr. Taylor's "gelatinous dot" produces life and intelligence. In each case we have a disorganized, inate nothing, yet intelligence manifests. If the "gelatinous dot" produces the life and intelligence we see manifest through it, then the slates produced the life and intelligence we see manifest in them. Mr. Taylor seems to digress somewhat from certain materialistic conclusions, to wit: A thing that has a beginning must of necessity have an end. He attempts to ventilate the supposed fallacy by starting a spider from Pike's Peak to spin a web around the globe; and if said spider had proper conditions he would spin eternally, but he makes no provisions as to the possibility of the spider running out of web or dying. He endeavors to establish real premises by assuming an impossibility. This is the sophism of Mr. Taylor's logic we refer to in the outset of this article. In conclusion we will say that whoever will show us the beginning of a thing we will agree to show them the end of that thing every time. A. M. STODDARD.

OAKLAND, April 24, 1886.

The Anniversary in San Diego.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

It seems late to report anniversary exercises, but though last, we are not least. We feel quite proud of our first celebration because we are a young society, not quite eight months old, and from what reports I have read, I think we did as well as any, and better than some. At 10 A. M., March 31st, we had a medium's meeting and conference; at 2 P. M., a lecture by our resident speaker and grand old worker, Mrs. Wm. H. King. The lecture was appropriate and did much to enlighten those outside our ranks and make our cause more popular. She spoke eloquently on the religious side of our philosophy, and created an interest that will not soon die out. The floral decorations were unique and appropriate; upon the sides of the hall hung two banners, the mottoes being made of scarlet geranium blossoms, and with these words on one: "We bring you glad tidings;" the other: "Truth makes us free." Over the stage a large banner with the figures 1848-1886 (in scarlet letters)—"Thirty-eighth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism." A large floral bell made of Le marque and saffron roses, and labeled on the cross piece, "Liberty Bell," was suspended from the center of the hall. A bank of lilies on the piano and a bank of roses on the stage. Last and prettiest, was the "Gates Ajar," made of smilax and marguerites, the gift of a Methodist lady. The evening was devoted to literary exercises of superior merit, concluding with a social dance. The hall was crowded, and a spirit of harmony prevailed throughout.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.
SAN DIEGO, April 20, 1886.

Did Paul Teach that it was Right to Lie for the Glory of God?

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

[By Wm. Emerson Coleman.]

It is currently believed that Paul the Apostle, in a passage in one of his epistles, inculcated the doctrine that it was commendable to lie for the glory of God, or, in effect, that it was right to do evil that good might come. In a recent editorial in the GOLDEN GATE, where reference is made to the good that sometimes might accrue from the exercise of fraudulent mediumship, we were referred to "the illustrious example of St. Paul, who says: 'If the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie, why therefore am I called a sinner?'" And in Mrs. E. L. Watson's masterly critique of said editorial, reference is made also to this supposed Pauline inculcation. In former years I shared the popular opinion that Paul did so teach; but an examination of the passage quoted, in connection with the context, showed me at once that a monstrous injustice had been done the great Apostle of the Gentiles.

The passage occurs in Romans iii. 7. Romans is an undoubtedly genuine epistle of Paul, and the third chapter thereof is marked with the peculiar mental and spiritual characteristics of its author. In this chapter Paul dilates upon the justice of God's judgments, especially upon the unrighteous. Through God's judgment of the unrighteous his justice and glory are made manifest. The evil done by the wicked man enables God to exercise his just judgment upon the evil-doer, and thereby manifests his glory. If no evil existed to judge and condemn, God would have no opportunity to exercise his judgment of the evil-doer. The existence of evil therefore redounds to the glory of God. This being true the question may be asked by the sinner, "If my evil causes the glory of God to abound, why does God judge me a sinner?" To which the reply is made that his condemnation is just, and that it is wrong to do evil that good may come.

The foregoing is the substance of the first eight verses of the third chapter of Romans, and it teaches a doctrine directly contrary to that falsely ascribed to Paul. In the fifth verse Paul puts a question into the mouth of the inquirer upon these matters, and in the sixth verse he answers it. "But if our unrighteousness commendeth the righteousness of God, what shall we say? Is God unrighteous who visiteth with wrath? (I speak after the manner of men.)" Paul, in the parenthetical clause, "I speak after the manner of men," tells us that he is merely quoting a question that an inquirer might put. Here is his answer in the sixth verse: "God forbid: for then how shall God judge the world?" In the fifth verse the sinner asks if his evil commends God's goodness, is not God unjust for punishing his evil deeds? And to this Paul replies that in order that God should judge the world it is necessary for him to condemn and punish the wicked.

In the seventh verse Paul again quotes the sinner as follows: "But if the truth of God through my lie abounded unto his glory, why am I also still judged as a sinner?" And in the eighth verse Paul continues the sinner's question with an explanation in parenthesis concerning his (Paul's) position in the matter. "And," continues the sinner, "why not (as we, [that is, Paul], be slanderously reported, and as some affirm that we say) Let us do evil that good may come?" And Paul finished by adding, "Whose condemnation is just?" It is seen that the passage so often quoted as voicing Paul's teaching is only a quotation by him from a sinner, who is asking why God judged him a sinner, although his sin redounds to the glory of God. Paul stated the question in the manner he did evidently for the purpose of refuting it, as he does the slander against him, that he taught that we should do evil that good may come. In the eighth verse he distinctly states that he had been slanderously charged with so affirming, and that, notwithstanding the truth of God might abound through the lie of a sinner, God's condemnation and punishment of the liar were just. Paul merely states the proposition in order to refute it; and, yet, how often has this religious reformer of the first century been foully charged with the inculcation of lying for the glory of God. The very next verse plainly shows that Paul was quoting sentiments diametrically opposed to his own views. It is as unjust to quote the seventh verse as expressive of Paul's sentiments as it would be to quote from Matthew, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," and "Hate thine enemy," as expressive of Jesus' sentiments. In the same manner as Jesus quoted these to refute them, so did Paul quote the obnoxious passage in question in order to refute it.

Freethinkers and Spiritualists rarely do justice to Paul; indeed, few Christians have any just conceptions of the true greatness of Paul. In some respects he towers far above Jesus. He is really the true founder of Christianity. Jesus was the founder of a local, Jewish phase of religious thought which may be called Jesusism; but it is to the more comprehensive and liberal mind of Paul that what may properly be called Christianity owes its birth—a universal, world-wide religion, not a narrow Jewish sect, such as that founded by Jesus and his immediate disciples, the twelve and their followers.

Paul is the man that virtually overturned the world theologically. Had Paul never lived it is probable that Jesusism would have perished in the first century.

The theology of Paul has many defects and errors viewed in the light of to-day; but, under the circumstances of the times producing it, it was a grand and wonderful evolution of thought, and well adapted to the purpose which it subserved. The theological errors of Paul should not, however, cause us to depreciate the excellent moral code which found expression in Paul's epistles. As a moralist Paul rose to sublime heights, largely free from the hyperbole and oriental extravagances which present themselves in the sayings ascribed to Jesus in the Gospels. It is a shame that so pure a moral teacher as Paul should be so often credited with teaching so pernicious a sentiment as that it is right to lie for the glory of God. It all comes from the reprehensible custom of taking a detached portion of the Bible, irrespective of the context, and using it as expressive of the views of the entire book, or of the writer or speaker, as the case may be.

AN ERRATUM CORRECTED.

I wish to correct an error in the concluding sentence of my article on "Primitive Christianity," as printed in the GOLDEN GATE of April 24th,—due probably to my defective chirography. The substitution of a period for a comma, and of "are" for "and," makes me say something quite different from what was intended. The latter part of the final paragraph should read thus: "Concluding with suggestive, forceful observations concerning the natural evolution of Christianity, Jesus the myth and man, and Christianity and the religion of the future, —the true religion of humanity," says Mr. James, "which shall be neither exclusively Christian nor Buddhist, Mohammedan nor Hindoo, which shall be known by no sectarian designation." As printed, Christianity was spoken of as the religion of the future, which was neither the thought of Mr. James nor myself.

PRESIDIO, San Francisco.

Candid Investigation.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Will you allow me through the columns of the GOLDEN GATE to answer some questions recently received through the mails on subjects discussed in your ably edited paper? These letters are characteristic of candid investigations and it pleases, rather than offends, to see such concern and candor in the investigation of a matter so momentous as that of seeking to know whether man is immortal or not. The enclosed is a sample, but as I have not the gentleman's permission to publish his name, you will please suppress it till such time as he may see proper to order it so published. It is enough for me to say now that he is one of the leading business men of the city of Oakland.

LETTER.

OAKLAND, April 20, 1886.

TIMOTHY B. TAYLOR, M. D.,—San Jose, Cal.—Dear Sir:—Pardon the liberty of a stranger in asking you a few questions. I trust you will not consider me impertinent in doing so, for I read a communication from you in the GOLDEN GATE of Jan. 23, 1886, in which you said you had an answer from Bishop Simpson through a medium. Judging from the style you addressed Bishop Simpson, I think you belong to the Methodist Church. Now, don't misunderstand me. Judging from the phraseology of that communication, I doubt if it came from Bishop Simpson. If he had knowledge of these matters I think the Bishop would have been too honest to remain in the church on account of receiving the "cold shoulder," or on other earthly considerations. The style of the communication I don't think comes from him. It would be worth while to investigate this thoroughly. I am investigating this thing; I want nothing but the truth. I have read of deceiving spirits in the other world; perhaps some of these personated the Bishop. I would suggest to consult a good independent writing medium, and ask the Bishop, solemnly, if he wrote that. You may think me queer in writing you this letter, but I was impressed to do so. Respectfully,

WM. A. B.

REPLY.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—Yours of the 20th ult. is received and contents noted. You are very kind, polite and sincere, as the tone and temper of your letter indicate. Such a spirit of investigation will always result in certain results. These results are always in the interest of the great scientific fact that man survives the ordeal of death, and as a living, conscious entity does take cognition of the events of the state, or life, out of which he has passed. As a careful student of the facts and literature of Spiritualism for twelve or fifteen years, I can say of a truth that I have not found one person of sound, clear mind and a good education, that has investigated faithfully, and in the spirit that comes with your letter, but what has come into a knowledge of the great facts of spiritual phenomena. I know Dr. Wm. B. Carpenter—"peace to his ashes"—treated Prof. Crooks very shabbily in attempting to "bulldoze" him on this subject, by avowing that he had, twenty years before, discovered that all phenomena of what was claimed to be spiritual in origin, are the result of "unconscious cerebration," and such nonsense, while Crooks has been a pains-taking investigator for years and had made extensive annotations, utterly routing the redoubtable Dr. Carpenter. So I would suggest to you, Mr. B., that if you should have an opportunity to

do so before I can, that you go, say, to Dr. D. J. Stansbury, now at the Grand Hotel in San Francisco, and if you can satisfy yourself that you are in rapport with Bishop Simpson, then ask him the question direct, if he wrote the letter that purports to come from him to me through the mediumship of Dr. J. V. Mansfield, and see what he replies. Or go to Fred Evans, or Mrs. Reed, or any other independent slate-writing medium. The question is well worthy of investigation.

You are right when you say that it may be some deceiving, lying spirit that has personated the Bishop. There are such in the spirit world, and will continue to be as long as we continue to send liars and deceivers into the spirit world. And we shall be likely to continue to do that same thing until society rises out of the shoddy and mistaken policy now in vogue in church, state and general society. Let it be universally understood that no man can escape the consequences of his own actions, and he will soon throw off his mask of lying, deceiving hypocrisy.

But one in the old book gave a good suggestion, to wit: "Try the spirits." The test of sincerity and trust that the same author laid down from his standpoint was perfectly natural, though far from being philosophic. The apostle was a convert to the new religion, and full of zeal, as all young converts usually are. Hence he demanded that every spirit should be tested by one rule, and that was, the spirit that did not swear by Jesus of Nazareth could not be of God, therefore, etc. Now, how different that sounded from the words of the great and generous Nazarine himself, wherein he is reported to have said: "I have other sheep that are not of this fold," etc. If a spirit should come to me and denounce all other spirits that did not swear by Jesus Christ, I should be quite sure that he was a Jesuit himself, ready to "lie for Christ's sake," Catholic-like as taught by one of the "fathers of the Church," Origen.

Now my rule for identifying spirits on their return is this: To compare the reasonableness of what they say, with what I may know of them when left entirely free to speak and act.

Now I judge that this communication was from Simpson, because the sentiment much more than the style resembles his, as I knew him. The Bishop really preached a great deal of Spiritualism for years before his resurrection. He was not only a Spiritualist *per se*, but a beautiful medium, as may be judged by what he has so often said of his son's presence long after his departure. Of these visitations the good man did not hesitate to speak in his sermons. One of his favorite texts was, "Seeing the Invisible."

You are right when you suspect me with having been a Methodist. I was a member in good and regular standing for thirty years, and a clergyman occupying every position in the ministry except that of Bishop, and "in all the camp of Israel no dog moved his tongue" against my moral character. And when I was expelled for a supposed heresy, one of the old ministers rose and said, "God bless you, Brother; I am glad that your character stands fair."

Now, Mr. B., you must remember that Dr. Mansfield gets his communications chiefly by telegraph through the little finger of the left hand. This must be translated into words and the words combined into sentences and the sentences combined into discourse through the right hand of the medium, and hence the liability of losing much of the individuality of a given spirit. These are facts that it would do well for you and others to consider.

I must reserve other letters for a future occasion. Faithfully yours,

T. B. TAYLOR.

Glen Haven Sanitarium, Soquel, Cal.

Kind Words for the "Golden Gate."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

While I would not say one word in disparagement of any other spiritual paper published in the United States or elsewhere, as I wish them all Godspeed, yet I must say that the GOLDEN GATE comes nearer up to the standard of correct journalism in the spiritual field than any other paper I have ever read. This is saying a great deal when I inform you that the *Banner of Light*, *The Religio Philosophical Journal*, *Medium and Daybreak*, have been familiar visitors since their publication, and they are all great lights. But what I like the GOLDEN GATE so pre-eminently for is its spirit of fairness toward all and its malice to none, while its ability to discuss all and every phase of Spiritualism admits of no doubt or question. Whether this arises from the fact that its editor has been so long disciplined in the field of journalism, or from possessing natural abilities, or whether endowed with powers from on high, I know not, but am inclined to the opinion that as in days of old as well as in modern times, men have been found equal to any and every emergency, so here on this Pacific Coast, at the great central point thereof, it is right and proper that there should be a journal devoted to the cause of truth in keeping with the development of this country, and as we excel in other advantages, why not in spiritual development? C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Oregon, Apr. 21, '86.

A RONDOUT man of small stature gives as a reason for his stunted growth, that he was brought up, when a baby, on condensed milk.

EXPERIENCE DEPARTMENT.

Singular Disturbances.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Whether the following narrative of my own experience, in what would now be called spiritual manifestations, but which, sixty years ago, was ascribed to to witchcraft, is worthy of a place in the GOLDEN GATE, I leave you to judge. But it evidently proves that the world might have been put in communication with spirit life at an earlier date, but for the old superstition of witchcraft; or if there had been Fox families to interpret mysterious phenomena at earlier dates.

A house was "haunted," much after the manner we now so often hear about. The invisible disturbers appeared to be after an eight-year-old girl. She was taken to her grandmother's, a few miles away, but the persecutors followed, and the neighborhood wonder was still in progress when I left for the West, and I heard no more about it.

Thirty years later I returned to my native land; I saw that girl's uncle, a boyhood companion. I inquired whether they ever found out the cause of those troubles with his niece, and he seemed surprised that I did not understand it. "Why," said he, "she was bewitched. The torment kept on, and I asked the old witch to knock on the table as many times as there would be days before she would leave us. She knocked forty-one times; I kept count and we never heard a single noise of the witch after forty-one days. Jennie grew up, got married, and is now a fine healthy woman raising a family."

Here was a telegraphic hint that might have given an earlier birth to the enlightenment the world now enjoys if it had been intelligently followed.

I will give you an example of clairvoyance: Fourteen years before the events at Hydesville, I saw, professionally, a young married lady in Ohio, who, so far as I could discover, was in perfect health, and inquired of the four women standing at each corner of the bed why they had sent for me.

"Wait a little," was the mysterious reply. I found my patient was without nightgown or chemise, and it soon appeared that the business of the ladies was to protect against exposure of her nakedness.

While conversing familiarly with the young lady, her countenance suddenly assumed a belligerent character and she broke out in a tirade of abuse of an invisible company,—six, as she said, approaching the foot of the bed, with clubs and switches. They soon covered her; she began to beg, promising if they would leave, she would not call them hard names any more. But soon as she let us know they were retreating she would recommence her invectives, when they would again repeat their blows, she, meantime, dodging her head and struggling to avoid being hit. The ladies, during the contest, were kept busy in holding her down with the bed-spreads.

After a few minutes she became tranquil, complained that her hair had got so disheveled—wondered how it had become so,—asked for drink, etc., but knew nothing of her invisible visitors.

I learned that in spite of all the ladies could do, her underclothes and long stockings, would be mysteriously removed during these "fits," and hard knots tied in her garters, till they had got discouraged about dressing her. A young doctor, fresh from medical college, here found a case he could not "diagnose."

These "fits" continued at intervals of an hour or two for some weeks. During one of the "fits," she said, "Mr. Isaac Fulton is in the boys' house and wants to see John," (her husband). Mr. K. looked and saw a horse there, found a stranger in the cabin, who apologized for the intrusion, introducing himself as Isaac Fulton from an adjoining county, had heard of the mysterious case and came to see if it was like his sister's, etc.

Again: "John told me he was going to Father K—'s, but he went right down to the store and is now talking with four men. There, he got over the counter, got a handful of sugar and is giving it to Mr.—and Mr.—" (giving the names of the men of whom she had never heard) and a number of other things he did, which she named, all proving true in every minute particular.

Was this clairvoyance, and if so what its *modus operandi*? G. B. C.
ST. HELENA, Cal., April 23, 1886.

Clairvoyant View of a Spirit Birth.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Two articles in your GOLDEN GATE of February 27th, one entitled, "Andrew Jackson Davis and the Philosophy of Death," the other, "An Experience of Mrs. E. V. Wilson," during a stay at Redding, Shasta county, brought so vividly to mind the death-bed of a dear sister, who was called to the spirit world some months since, and the experience of my sister Memosa and myself at that time.

As we sat around the bed, hourly expecting the flight of the spirit,—the time being just between daylight and dark, when all nature seems hushed and sad at the death of another day,—the room was

suddenly flooded with a soft influence which for a time seemed to quell the heart-breaking sadness of those around lingering to witness the passing out of a dear soul, and to place us in such a quiet mood as to enable us to witness the spirit of our dear sister preparatory to its flight to the home of the soul. There were three of us in the room at the time, and all being more or less mediums saw the forming of the spirit over the body in a vayer-like form which was connected to the body by a bright cord. At times this form was quite distant from the body and then again it would come nearer, as though loath to leave its beautiful tenement of clay. The many spirit forms of friends gone before, and of many unknown to us, filled the room, and stood waiting as if uncertain as to what to do, during which time we heard sweet voices blended with the soft sound of music into a full, beautiful chorus, and it seemed as though for miles we could see little angel faces teeming with bright smiles, and bearing with them garlands of beautiful flowers.

For a time all was hushed; then the spirit forms separated, forming an aisle from the bed to the door, down which the faces gazed with a look of expectancy on each one as though heralding the approach of some one for whom they had been waiting. In a few moments three forms moved up this narrow aisle, and beckoned the spirit to follow them. From them emanated a stream of light upon this small cord which attached itself to the body. Almost the very instant that this current of magnetism, or whatever the stream of light may have been, came in contact with this cloudy attachment, the spirit immediately descended to the body and seemed to hug it so closely that for a time we lost sight of the vapory form, but only for a moment then it arose again. This momentary rising and falling of the spirit was repeated several times, during which time the spirit form of a beautiful woman, holding in one hand a bright light, stood at the head of the bed on the right side, bending over the form of my sister, apparently reasoning with the spirit, who in turn was willing yet loath to depart.

As time wore on and the spirit still lingered, the forms around the bed moved in some slight confusion, and were soon lost to our view, whether it was that we became very nervous at the near approach of dissolution, or that the spirit forms passed out of the room, I am at a loss to know, other than that we no longer saw them, or the spirit form of my sister, who did not pass into spirit life until the following morning at 4 o'clock.

Neither my sister Memosa nor myself saw the spirit depart, but she (Memosa) saw the spirit of a dear friend of ours, who is yet in the form and who was one hundred and twenty miles away from us enter the room. My sister remarked, "Mrs. —," mentioning the lady's name, "is here." Very soon after the coming of our friend, the spirit of my sister departed. In a few days I received a letter from our friend, saying that at 4 o'clock she was awakened, and a voice said to her, "Come with me, A—" (mentioning my sister's name) is dying." She passed out into space, and in a very short time felt cognizant of the fact that she was with us in spirit at the birth of our sister into the spirit realms.

To us it was indeed a wonderful experience, as we had neither read or heard of the transition being perceptible to the human eye, or rather to those still in the form. And what was still more wonderful to us was, that during the interim between the death and burial, we saw her spirit moving around with us wearing the same apparel as the body lying in the casket.

In the evening all of the family at home passed into the room to look upon her face which would be hidden from our view ere the setting of another sun. As we gathered around the casket, my sister Memosa saw the spirit form of her whose body lay within step up and look into the casket. She seemed confused, and not to understand. To use her own words, "How can there be two of me." Other spirits present try to explain to her, but as she had clung to me all through her long illness more than to any other member of the family, so in the spirit she came to me so quickly apparently for explanation. I fainted away.

Yours respectfully,
MISS MARY L.—
MONTEREY, April 22, 1886.

"WHILE practicing law a number of years ago," says Judge Tourgee, "I had a peculiar will case. An old lady who was a slave-holder, dying, bequeathed her colored man, John, and her dusky maid, Jane, who sustained to each other the relation of husband and wife, to the trustees of the church, 'to be used as far as possible for the glory of God.' I was curious to know what course was taken, and upon investigation found that, after meditation and prayer, the pious trustees sold their living legacy at auction, and with the proceeds sent a missionary out to China."

An English clergyman delivered a sermon in which he warned his hearers of the speedy end of all things, and closed with an appeal for a liberal contribution to build the new church tower.

The debt of Mexico is so large that but few people know how large it is. The estimate ranges from 144 billions to 395 billions of dollars.

GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1886.

THE "MODUS OPERANDI."

That veteran Spiritualist, and careful observer, Dr. G. R. Crane, of St. Helena, furnishes for our "Experience Department" an interesting account of some singular disturbances coming under his notice long before the "Rochester knockings" were ever heard of, closing his article with a query as to the *modus operandi*. We doubt if there is any one better qualified to answer the question than the Doctor himself.

Much, if not all, of the phenomena, which in former times were attributed to witchcraft, or to that universal scapegoat of all manner of raciality, the Devil,—were similar in kind to that occurring in this day and age of the world, and were doubtless produced from the same cause. But then there was no system about it. The world was in utter ignorance concerning the phenomena, and men fled from its presence with fear and trembling.

Of the second case mentioned by Dr. Crane, it would seem to be something more than hallucination; the young woman being probably a sensitive, she was subject to the obsession of disorderly influences such as many of us are familiar with in modern times. The following are cases in point? Some eight or ten years ago a young lady residing near San Jose,—with the family of an uncle, if we remember correctly,—was taken possession of at stated periods by what appeared to be a demoniacal spirit. At such times she would rave like a maniac, destroy her clothing, use the most offensive language, and conduct herself in a very violent manner. But what seemed to mark the case as one of spirit obsession was the fact that the voice, which was wholly unlike her natural voice, claimed to be that of a man, giving a name, and avowing a vindictive purpose toward the family.

During the residence of this girl in the family, strange physical disturbances occurred about the premises at various times—the house would be violently shaken, showers of stones would fall upon the roof, picture frames would be thrown from the walls, crockery broken, etc. In her normal state she was of gentle disposition and manners. But the frequency of the obsessions led her friends to conclude that she was insane, and a fit subject for the Insane Asylum. When informed of their intention to remove her to the Asylum, the voice declared that she was no more insane than they were, and that if they sent her to the Asylum he should cease to molest her, and she would be declared perfectly sane. And such proved to be the fact. She remained at the Asylum but a few weeks, when she was sent back to her home. But no sooner was she back than the same malignant influence took possession of her again, and it was finally found necessary to send her to her Eastern home.

Another striking instance of this character occurred in Stockton a number of years ago, and which Elder Knapp, the revivalist, undertook to wrestle with. We heard the story partly from his own lips, and partly from others:

A man, on his death-bed enjoined his wife never to marry again, with the threat that if she did so he would come back and make things very uncomfortable for her. He passed on, and in the course of time the widow chose to disobey the ante-mortum mandate. And then the trouble began. A ten or twelve-year-old daughter was supposed to be the medium through which the ex-husband and father could work his mischief. As in the former instance the disturbances were of a malign and destructive character.

Elder Knapp, who thought he knew the cause of the trouble, volunteered, or was called in to exorcise the evil spirit. He stated that he reached the house just as the family were about to sit down to their evening meal. He was invited to join them, and was about to do so, when the four corners of the tablecloth seemed to be gathered up as by invisible hands, and the dishes, viands, etc., were all dashed in a heap upon the floor. The Elder then concluded to try the efficacy of prayer on his Satanic Majesty, which mythical person he believed the spirit to be. He knelt with his face to the wall and proceeded to vociferate a petition to the Almighty to interpose his mighty arm, etc. Just then a large cuspidor leaped from the floor and, dashing against the wall near the Elder's head, broke into a hundred pieces. The Elder, thinking the Devil was getting the best of the fight, fled ingloriously from the field!

Many such incidents are no doubt familiar to our correspondent.

As spirit control becomes better understood on this as well as on the spirit side of life, we believe such disturbances will become of less frequent occurrence, and finally disappear altogether.

We do not believe it possible for an undeveloped or disorderly spirit to dominate the powers for good that can be brought to bear in such cases, by mortals or spirits, or both, when the laws of spirit control are properly understood. Mediums, who understand the powers of their own spirits, can hold at bay a legion of demons, if such things exist. They are sovereign in the realm of their own natures, against the universe of evil. Hence the importance of knowledge of spiritual things—of thoroughly understanding the laws and conditions of mediumship.

FACT AND FICTION.

The physical phenomena of Modern Spiritualism have always been a sore temptation for the magician and necromancer to imitate. Contemporaneously with the "Davenport Brothers" and the "Allen Boys," have traveled the world over their would-be imitators, giving their alleged "exposés" of the genuine phenomena, and really befogging many minds with the superficial similarity of their performances—a similarity, by the way, only in name, for there is really no more resemblance between the genuine and counterfeit, in these matters, than there is between a pewter dollar and the pure coin.

It is not at all surprising, from many years practice, with their own conditions and confederates, and with the usual trap doors and illusions of the stage, that they should become remarkably expert in some phases, and be able to deceive those who would prefer to be deceived than admit the possibility of genuine manifestations. But they can deceive no Spiritualist who has had fair opportunity to witness the genuine.

Let us compare, for instance, genuine independent slate-writing with the stage imitation. The latter is never more than a quick change of slates, by sleight of hand, whereby a slate containing an ambiguous message is substituted for one submitted to the inspection of the audience, and which change a quick eye can generally detect. But in the genuine writing a person, unknown to the medium, perhaps, receives upon his own slates, which no one is permitted to touch, a message in the old familiar hand of some loved one in spirit life, and signed by a name that the medium could never have known. Some of the shrewdest magicians the world has produced, have admitted that they could not procure the writing under the same conditions as the genuine mediums.

Again, in the cabinet exhibition, as given by the best of the imitators (we refer to Maskelyne & Cook, the great English "exposers" of Spiritualism, who have been exhibiting in this city during the past fortnight,) there is really a very poor representation of the genuine. The cabinet is set up, in presence of the audience, upon a low table, close to a curtain in rear of the stage, with just room, apparently, for a person to pass in rear of the cabinet. From the audience everything seems fair; but no one is permitted to examine it to see what modes of ingress or egress it may possess; nor is any one permitted to watch the cabinet from the rear of the stage, during the performance. There is the showing of hands, and of a face that is very evidently the face of a mortal accomplice; but positively no element of genuineness that would commend it to the judgment of a child.

In the real phenomena the cabinet is subject to the closest scrutiny of the investigator, who is often permitted to sit with the medium in the cabinet, while the forms appear both within and outside of the cabinet. (I do not refer now to those mediums who permit of no conditions except those of their own making. We have mediums who do not hesitate to submit to any reasonable test conditions.)

Now, it will readily be seen that there is scarcely any resemblance between this cheap imitation of the Maskelynes and the genuine materializing phenomena, such as is familiar to hundreds of Spiritualists and investigators in this city.

Some portions of the exhibition mentioned, would seem to indicate that both Maskelyne and his wife possessed psychic or mediumistic powers. The ballot-reading, rapping and table-tipping, may possibly be attributed to these powers. Of course this is only a surmise, as we are not permitted to know what ingenious contrivances—the outcome of many years of practice—they may possess for performing these seeming wonders. We can only say that in at least two instances in our experience with wonder-workers of this class we have been able to demonstrate beyond question, to our mind, that certain illusions were performed by occult or spirit power. There is nothing inconsistent with the spiritual philosophy in the fact that spirits of a low order, and at the same time possessing much physical power, may lend themselves to this work. That they do so we have no doubt.

THE KEY-NOTE OF SOUL-GROWTH.

Love is life and growth; hatred and unkindness are death and decay. The one is to the soul what the sunlight, the dew, and the gentle rain are to the thirsty earth, and the unfolding flower. The other is the blighting frost—the wasting breath of the sirocco.

Distilling from the Infinite Soul in gentle inspiration, love fills the heart with the sweet perfume of heaven. Under its precious baptism the spiritual nature expands like the opening rose. It reaches out towards the welcoming skies, and twines its tendrils around the very heart of God.

Here is the secret of the world's redemption. Wherever love is there is the Christ spirit manifest in the flesh; and there is peace and hope for the world. Love takes by the hand the wanderer

in by and forbidden paths and leads him out into the open light of truth. It has ever a gentle word for the erring, a heart-throb of sympathy for the sorrowing, a helping hand for the needy. In its soft and radiant light and warmth the spirit grows and expands into all purity and beauty. And thus is death swallowed up in life; for love never dies.

This flower of heaven, so fragile in many hearts, needs the most tender care, that it may not wither and die. It needs sheltering from the frosts of unkindness, and the blighting breath of cruel things. One word, spoken in malice or anger—one unworthy thought—and lo, its sweet fragrance is gone; and if long persisted in it perishes and fades away.

Ah, my brother, my sister, wouldst thou ascend the shining heights, and catch the scintillant glow of divinity in the upturned face of thy reverent soul—wouldst thou enter upon thy inheritance of happiness in this life—think no unworthy thought, do no ungenerous deed. But "love thy neighbor as thyself." Live to scatter blessings along thy way. Say ever the kind word of him who needs it most—the undeveloped soul—the erring one. For all are children of the same father, and all destined to the same eternity of work and growth.

"Enter the Path! There is no grief like Hate!
No pain like passions, no deceit like Sense!
Enter the Path! far hath he gone whose foot
Treads down one fond offence."

SIGNIFICANCE OF EASTER.

While it is true that Spiritualists, as a rule, place but little stress upon the literal significance of religious holidays of any kind, save, perhaps, a general social interest in Christmas, there is nevertheless a significance attaching to Easter Sunday that should commend it to them as the day of days, in all the year, not even second to that set apart for commemoration, as the advent of Modern Spiritualism to the world.

Without considering the variable occurrence of the day, nor the intricate system of ecclesiastical and lunar logarithms whereby the precise Sunday of each year is determined to be the true Easter, it is enough for us to know that it signifies the resurrection of Jesus. To Spiritualists it signifies not the resurrection of the physical, but of the spiritual body of the Son of Man—which is regarded by his followers as "the first fruits of them that slept."

The same resurrection, or birth to spirit life, doubtless, had followed the death of all humanity before Christ's time—for Nature's laws are inviolable,—but in the resurrection of Jesus, and in his return and temporary materialization or appearance as a tangible entity to certain of his disciples and friends, the great fact of a future life was first brought to light.

It matters not that the Church regards the resurrection of Jesus as a literal restoration of the physical body; that idea will disappear in the light of the spiritual science now dawning upon the world. The central fact remains the same, that Jesus arose from the dead; and so in like manner shall all mankind, at death, rise to a new life—the life of the spirit. Or, in other words, the spirit body, which has permeated and been fashioned by the physical body, will come forth from its earthly tabernacle at death, as the butterfly is evolved from the worm, to another and veritable existence—the real life of the soul, in a world of eternal verities.

The materialistic thought of the age regards the story of the resurrection of Christ as a myth or fable of superstition. And such, perhaps, would most Spiritualists be disposed to regard it, did they not find in their own experience abundant corroborative evidence of the possibility of such resurrection. The resurrection to spiritual life, and the return and manifestation of the spirit—often in tangible form, as Jesus manifested himself to his friends,—are facts familiar to every Spiritualist, and concerning which he has no more doubt than he has of his own earthly existence.

Christ put death and hades under his feet. His was a grandly unfolded spirit. He lived close to the heart of God. Whatever power he possessed over himself, or over the conditions of physical life generally, he promised to all who should "believe," or who should live as he lived, purely and nobly.

But to return to our Easter holiday. We are pleased to note that our Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society gave to this day, on Sunday last, a special service, and that their gifted speaker, Mrs. E. L. Watson, turned the occasion into one of rightful jubilation for Spiritualists. It belongs to them in a special sense; for has it not been demonstrated to them beyond question, in the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, that the resurrection of Jesus was something more than a mere probability?

—The third number of Mrs. Hughes' little quarterly, *The San Francisco Mind Cure*, is just out, and a most capital number it is. Its articles on "The Inner Teachings of Buddhism," "Spiritual Phenomena," "A New Departure," "The Inner Teachings of Christ," etc., give evidence of deep spiritual insight, as well as high scholarly attainments, on the part of the editor. Our mind-cure friends should give Mrs. Hughes' paper a liberal support.

PROOF POSITIVE.

At a select circle of some twenty persons, held at the parlors of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Evans, on Wednesday evening, a committee consisting of Messrs. Welden and Bowman of Oakland, and the editor of the *GOLDEN GATE*, were selected to examine the cabinet and premises. The former, as we have heretofore stated, consists of a bay window projecting out from the house and fronting on Mission street, which is accessible from without only by means of a ladder. Above this alcove the ceiling, which is of plastering, was found to be intact, as was also the floor and carpeting. The basement below the seance room and the chamber above were both carefully examined and no entrance to the room or cabinet was found to be possible. The inner shutters to the window were closed and covered with screens of dark cloth to exclude the light from the street.

In addition to these precautions, and in accordance with a previous arrangement with the controlling spirit, the writer was permitted to take a seat in the cabinet with the medium, Mrs. Evans. He sat facing the medium, with just room between them for a person to stand. The curtain was closed, and for a few moments the light was turned down. The medium was soon entranced, when we could distinctly see what appeared to be a luminous vapor flow from the region of the medium's heart. In a few moments we were conscious of the presence of a third person in the cabinet. Hands patted us on the head and shoulders, while the medium sat upon the opposite side of the cabinet.

The light was then turned up, when there stood directly in front of us a broad-chested, bearded man. He took us by the arm, and we walked out into the room together. It was what purported to be the psychic form of John King, of historic fame. As such he was introduced to several persons present who took him by the hand. His features were strong and distinct. At the same time the curtain was drawn aside and the medium was discovered sitting in the cabinet. We then stepped back with him into the cabinet, when he instantly disappeared, and we were left alone with the medium!

It was to demonstrate the power of this spirit to materialize under absolutely test conditions, with the writer in the cabinet, that this seance was held.

Later in the seance John King appeared again, bringing out the medium in his arms. There also appeared during the evening some fifteen or twenty different forms—two and three at a time—several of which were recognized by members of the circle present.

When other mediums for form manifestations will consent to like satisfactory conditions all suspicion of confederacy would soon disappear. Not that every body can be permitted to sit in the cabinet; but some one at each seance, in whom the circle has confidence should certainly be permitted to do so.

Mediums will lose nothing by demonstrating their gifts to the satisfaction of the editors of their spiritual papers.

CHARLIE FOSTER'S SUCCESSOR.

We have had occasion of late to refer repeatedly to the mediumship of Dr. D. J. Stansbury, of San Jose, who, in addition to other mediumistic gifts, has recently been developed as a remarkable medium for independent slate-writing. But as yet the half has not been told.

On Wednesday the Doctor dropped in at our office on business, and as we almost immediately reached for a pair of slates close at hand, he thought he might as well take off his overcoat and prepare for business! There were present, besides the doctor, Mrs. A. T. Herrmann, of San Jose, Mr. Hill, the writer and his wife and daughter.

After receiving a number of interesting messages upon the slates, Mrs. Owen prepared a circular piece of paper of the size of a watch crystal and placed the same, together with a minute tip of lead pencil, within the back case of her watch, the case opening and shutting with some difficulty. The watch was then placed upon a slate and held by Mrs. Owen and the Doctor, each with one hand, just under the corner of the table. In a few moments raps upon the slate indicated that the writing was done. On opening the case the words, "God bless you all—D. D. O.," were found written upon the paper. D. D. Owen is a spirit brother of the writer, who is well versed in spirit chemistry and the laws of control. The test of spirit power was absolutely conclusive.

The writer then held the slates with the medium, the influence being very strong, and refusing to permit any pencil being placed between the slates. The slates were held on the writer's shoulder by himself, when immediately the following message was written:

DEAR FRIENDS:—I am glad to have found a medium that I can control to continue my work on earth.
CHARLIE FOSTER.

Dr. Stansbury immediately pushed up the sleeve from his left forearm, and there appeared, in distinct raised capital letters, red, and three-fourths of an inch broad, extending midway from the elbow to the wrist, the name of "C. FOSTER," and on the opposite side of the arm the name of "H. B. NORTON," late Vice-Principal of the State Normal School.

The seance was certainly one of remarkable interest, given as it was in our office, and under the most satisfactory conditions. The Doctor does not see his way clear just yet to wholly abandon a good medical practice and devote his attention exclusively to his mediumship; but that he will do so ere long we have no doubt. And so, for the present he blends the two, bestowing health to the body and the knowledge of immortality to the soul. He is willing at any time, and in fact prefers to exhibit his mediumistic gifts in the homes and offices of those who may desire his services. He also prefers that his patrons should furnish their own slates and make their own conditions, even to riveting the slates together if they so choose.

THE "SPIRITUAL" SHOW BUSINESS.

SAN BERNARDINO, Cal., April 20, 1886.
EDITOR OF *GOLDEN GATE*:—Dear Sir:—Will you please, for the benefit of the reader of the *GOLDEN GATE*, pass your opinion on the enclosed? [The enclosed] was a glowing advertisement of the wonderful performances of one "Dr. Alex. Hume," in which we are told, with the modesty of a circus show bill, that he is the "only living representative of that name that gives sittings upon an open, brilliantly lighted stage, and in whose presence the most astounding manifestations take place before the very eyes of the audience, clothed with all the weird surroundings and impressive mystery of the seance room,"—and much more of the same extravagant sort.] Is he, Dr. Alex. Hume, known in the character he represents, as a medium of world-wide fame, to you or to any of the Spiritualists with whom you are associated? All will remember D. D. Home, who "was subjected to the severest scientific tests by Prof. Wm. Crookes, F. R. S., and other prominent scientists of England," and who became so famous in the royal courts of Europe, not only of England, but with all the leading ruling powers. That, however, was Dr. D. Home, but of Dr. Alex. Hume we do not remember ever to have heard. If, however, we wrong him in doubting his claim to fame, we wish to be set right; for much as we dislike his manner of advertising (which to us appears like dragging down religion and philosophy to the level of a common show or mountebank affair, and reflecting on the dignity of true Spiritualism), still we are willing to do him justice if his claim is genuine, and the form of announcement merely a matter of bad taste. On that account many Spiritualists, like myself, have not attended the seances, as we looked on the so-called medium as a charlatan, and the manifestations a burlesque on Spiritualism. We trust the *GOLDEN GATE* will be able to throw the true light on the affair. His bills are San Francisco print. Has he appeared there as a Spiritualist?

Yours for the truth,
MRS. A. COMSTOCK.

[We never heard of this "wonderful" medium before we saw his announcement to perform at a beer hall in this city. We went one night to see him, but the fumes of the tobacco smoke drove us out before the time for his appearance upon the boards. Spiritualists who saw him report him as performing some very clever tricks—nothing like what he announces, however. There were no materializations, such as he represents on his bills; and in fact nothing was done but some imitations of the simplest of our physical phenomena. It was the opinion of Spiritualists here that he is a medium for certain physical manifestations; but his surroundings were unfavorable for his exhibitions in this city—that is for the attendance of the better class of Spiritualists.—Ed. G. G.]

AN HONEST MAN.—The more we hear of Rev. Sam Jones the better we like him. His roughness is but intense earnestness and a determination to be understood; and people are not only beginning to understand him but to set a value upon him, not placed upon all of his class. He has a straightforward Christian character that is refreshing to know in these days of grasping selfishness. Two weeks ago he lectured in Covington for the benefit of one of the Methodist churches, for the stipulated sum of one hundred dollars. The receipts were only one hundred and thirty dollars, of which amount Mr. Jones would accept but fifty. On another occasion, in one of the Southern cities, eight hundred dollars was raised for him out of which he handed back six hundred dollars, telling the donors to divide it among the saloon-keepers who had given up their business, that they might have something to keep them until they could get into other occupations. His services are given free of charge, unless especially engaged, and his compensation is very small, though his expenses average \$2.50 a day. He is said to be doing more for temperance than any dozen other workers combined. He is a man who practices his own teachings, and people believe in him.

TOO TIGHT.—The Swiss Republic is determined to sustain its reputation of being the most advanced country in Europe. So, it is about to pass laws regulating the tightness of corsets worn by its women. Its most eminent medical men have met in convention and compared notes by which they have concluded that the ailments of the women of the middle and upper classes are entirely due to the suicidal practice of fashionably compressing the waist and chest. If ever doctors hit upon a great truth, they have in this instance. But how the law will find a means for an observance of its decrees on this point of feminine attire, will be interesting to know, when the business begins. "Where there's a will, there's a way," has always been found the trust of sayings, and we doubt not that if they undertake it, those Swiss law-givers will find out how many women violate their new statute.

APPEAL FOR HELP.—Bro. G. W. Kates, editor and publisher of *Light for Thinkers*, an excellent weekly paper printed at Atlanta, Georgia, is manfully struggling to build up the cause of Spiritualism in the South. He is an able lecturer as well as editor, and gives much of his time to the rostrum. But he tells us his paper "has not reached a self-sustaining basis in a life of four years," which is due mainly to the fact that it is published, as he says, "in a section where very limited support can be obtained." He asks for an increase in the number of his subscribers, and we surely hope he may not ask in vain. If any of the *GOLDEN GATE*'s readers can find it in their way to include Bro. Kates' paper in their list, they can send \$1.50 to our worthy contemporary, which will pay one year's subscription.

IN RE ST. PAUL.—We publish elsewhere an able scriptural exegesis, from the scholarly pen of Wm. Emmette Coleman, in defense of St. Paul. Our correspondent comes to the rescue of the apostle in a matter wherein the latter has certainly been greatly misunderstood. The saint has enough to answer for in his narrow estimate of woman, without being made to father sentiments he never uttered. Personally, our memory is not wholly reliable in scriptural matters; and as Cruden does not choose to give us any references in his Concordance whereby objectionable passages may be found, we are apt to misquote. Our friend would have been an honor to the Cloth.

—There have been nine new periodicals started in foreign countries in the interest of Modern Spiritualism, during the past year, making the total number published in said countries now, ninety-one. Not a bad showing for the Thirty-eighth Anniversary of Spiritualism.

Man is not a creature of circumstances, circumstances are creatures of men, and man is more powerful than matter.—BRACONFIELD.

An easy thing for an Earl to say, but not so true after all. Circumstances first make the child, and the child is father to the man. Circumstances, that are also conditions, are as varied and numerous as the children they make, but the children have no power of choosing those that shall prevail over their ante-natal life. Thus, the chances are thrust upon them of being they know not what—a perfect type of humanity with its best endowments, or a fiend and murderer, and all the intermediate grades of mortals neither good or bad, but deficient, and in most respects useless and unhappy. Blessed are the children who have intelligent parents to choose the circumstances of their birth, and thereafter guard and treasure their young lives as priceless jewels that the world would steal away and barter for paltry gain. Such children may mould and control circumstances as men and women, and become what they will, and they should be wise enough not to spurn the weakness of those who can not; those who, like Topsy, were "never born, but just grewed." Those fortunate beings for whom circumstances are first made, should do much to improve those for whom no such care was taken, and to whom they owe much.

THEY SHOULD STRIKE.—Preaching, as a rule, is not a lucrative calling. The average salary of ministers of the Baltimore Conference is seven hundred and eighty-five dollars; sixty of these, some married men, receive less than one hundred and sixty dollars a year. The wife of a clergyman of Saranac, Mich., adds to her husband's small salary by driving a milk wagon and selling milk from door to door. There is plenty of money for sending missionaries and establishing missions abroad, but none for poor clergymen at home. American church societies have founded six hundred schools in the Turkish Empire, that are attended by twenty-five thousand pupils. This is all well and good, but the same is needed at home. As for poorly-paid ministers, they, like other oppressed and defrauded laborers, should organize and strike, if not for better wages, then for other and better employment. They could turn to teaching, which would surely give them a better living.

SYMPATHY.—A Princeton College professor (of political economy) said, in a recent lecture: "It is disgraceful for a public who can not, without a shudder, see a horse ill-treated, pass by for years and see car-drivers worked seventeen hours out of twenty-four, without registering a protest." All persons sympathize with the car-drivers, for all see their lot is a hard one in all weathers. But they are not dumb creatures, and can cry out against their persecutors. The poor horse has no redress but in human sympathy; and since ours is the only country where he finds it, no one should let fall a word that would tend to lessen it in the least. He gets little enough at best, and often none at all, as the several societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, most painfully testify. Since the beasts of evil can not strike for better terms, we think all men and women should be their protectors.

OAKLAND SPIRITUALISTS.—A large and attentive audience assembled at Grand Army Hall, in Oakland, on Sunday afternoon last, to listen to a lecture by the editor of the GOLDEN GATE. We understand there is but one society of Spiritualists in that city now—the one presided over by Mr. Carter,—and the result is a larger attendance. The Spiritualists of Oakland, as elsewhere, include among their number many of the most intelligent citizens of the community—men and women whose presence would adorn any society. It is a downright pleasure to lecture before such people.

"BLOSSOMS OF THOUGHT."—This is the title of a volume of poems of 325 pages, just issued for Jean Bruce Washburn by the Golden Era Company. With the exception of a few short poems, occupying only about seventy pages, the three following poems fill the book: "Imelda," "Budowa Castle," and "Lights and Shadows of Earth." The name of Jean Bruce Washburn has been before the public for many years as a writer of verse. She is a graceful and gifted writer, and her poems will live.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—As announced in a previous issue, Mr. W. J. Colville, the young and popular inspirational speaker, will be with us and take an active part in our camp-meeting. He will also teach a private class on the grounds, under the inspiration of his guides, in metaphysics and mental healing. Three lessons will be given each week, making twelve in all. The price for the series will be \$5. During these instructions a great deal of mediumistic power is always developed in the pupils, and no one can take the course without being greatly profited. Parties desiring to become members of this class, or wishing further information in regard to it, are requested to communicate with the Corresponding Secretary, G. H. Hawes, 320 Sansome street.

—Mrs. Dr. Beigle, of 319 Turk street, San Francisco, writes: "Allow me to offer my congratulations on the success of your paper. It is certainly the most interesting spiritual paper I have ever read, and one that I am always proud to place in the hands of my many skeptic patients, and I hope before the year is out to send you many subscribers, as the GOLDEN GATE speaks for itself."

—Already a number of Spiritualists are beginning their preparations for the camp-meeting. That grand speaker and worker, W. J. Colville, of Boston, has been engaged for the entire month. He could speak every day, and twice a day, if desired; but he will have able assistance, and the interest in the meetings will not be suffered to lag.

—Orders for that wonderful book, "The History of the Origin of All Things," may be left at this office. The price of the book is \$2.

(Continued from First Page.)

I behold in the future the resurrection, or rather, the further growth of this indigenous spirituality in human life, until the beams thereof illumine the whole earth; until from the same spiritual fountain all men shall consciously drink, knowing it is the same; until kneeling before the one sacred altar of country, of brotherhood, man shall give his best service to the race and for the furtherance of truth in this world.

I expect to see in place of the many auditoriums, small and large, scattered over the face of the earth, resounding with the voice of dissensions, antagonism and bitter denunciation, one vast auditorium stretching out its broad fields, its baptismal rivers, its mountain-altars, its dome of eternal suns and stars, and in this temple hearts blending in a noble, spiritual enthusiasm, in which at last each soul shall see God mirrored in his neighbor's face, and each heart shall throb in unison with the great Heart of the universe which we call God.

Meeting in Oakland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

On Sunday, the 25th, at the hall of the Association of Progressive Spiritualists on Clay street, Oakland, there was a lecture delivered by J. J. Owen, editor of the GOLDEN GATE. He chose for his subject "Watchman, What of the Night?" He certainly handled it in a very able manner. The hall was crowded, the audience most attentive, every one was highly pleased, and many expressed a hope that the same gentleman would visit them often, and give them just such food for the soul as he did last Sunday, for it was certainly grand.

After the lecture the meeting went on in its usual quiet manner, and some of the finest mediums on the Coast gave many excellent tests, and to wind up, Mrs. L. S. Bowers, the far-famed astrologer and seeress, related many fine visions that have been shown to her lately, amongst the rest one in connection with the death of our late fellow-citizen General Williams; she also spoke at some length of the troubles now visiting our Eastern States. In her remarks she said that the spirit of prophecy was upon her, and predicted that in the near future our own State would suffer from great calamities. She certainly spoke well. She earnestly exhorted every one to be steadfast and hold firmly to the eternal principles of pure Spiritualism, and above all things she said: "As sure as the Great God rules the earth they will be held accountable."

I myself am no Spiritualist, but think that such truths ought to be published; so I write this for the benefit of the readers of the GOLDEN GATE.

G. W. STEWART,
Lafayette Square, Alameda.

THE GREAT ENEMY.—The greatest enemy of labor in the world to-day is rum. This enemy the laboring classes have in their power to put under their feet without bloodshed and without asking the consent of capital. At the very next election they could close every whiskey den in this city if they only would agree to do so, and thus at one blow they could crush out a monster that is filling thousands of homes with wretchedness. The next step in their elevation would be comparatively easy. All true reform must begin in the individual life and work outward. We should first seek to correct the evils nearest within our reach, and then all others will rapidly disappear.

NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

A PERSON who lived two years ago among the Creek Indians in Indian Territory, says he never knew of an Indian man kissing an Indian woman.

AN Iowa man who had been converted at a revival meeting groaned so long and loud over his sins that he was arrested and fined \$10 for disorderly conduct.

LESS than twenty-five years ago Americans imported their carpets. Now more carpeting is manufactured in Philadelphia and vicinity than in all Great Britain.

NEARLY 80,000 acres of land under water along the Connecticut shore have been sold by the State to oyster growers, and last year's taxes on this area (one-fifth of which is in use) yielded \$8,000.

THE largest steel rifle ever made in this country has just been finished at the Washington Navy Yard. It is of eight-inch bore, thirty feet long, and throws a ball weighing 250 pounds with 175 pounds of powder.

M. DE LESSEPS says that the building of the Pyramids, which occupied thirty thousand men ten years, was boy's play to building the Panama Canal. He estimates the power of the machines employed as equal to the labor of five hundred thousand men.

ANNIE LEE WILSON of Memphis strapped her baby to her breast and jumped into the river. In a pathetic letter found on the dead body of the young mother were these words: "God, deal as gently with an erring and broken-hearted girl and her innocent little baby as you can."

Two Chinamen were married in Chicago recently, each to a German girl. The Chinese are laundrymen, said to be doing a prosperous business, and the women belong to respectable families. There are now in Chicago five Chinamen married to white women, and all of the women are Germans.

The Mediums Defended.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In reading the last issue of your valuable paper, I am brought *en rapport* with many of our co-workers in endeavoring to solve the problem of life and its uses; but the lengthy article entitled a "Question of Fraud," by our eloquent sister, Mrs. E. L. Watson, seems almost or quite a departure from her beautifully sweet and charitable utterances given through her mediumship in Metropolitan Temple from Sabbath to Sabbath, or at least it falls coldly on the heart in comparison.

"Pure, genuine mediumship," who is able to entirely sift the chaff from the wheat, or to pull up the tares? With my finite wisdom and comprehension I shall not attempt it, for being mediumistic myself, I know how the least disturbance prevents the full and free inspirations. When speaking or writing, let a person walk hastily through the room while the pen is gliding smoothly with rhythmic flow, and beautiful sentiments, perhaps in the middle of a verse, it stops short, and no more writing until the elements have resolved themselves into the same tranquil condition as before, (and let me say right here I always make it a point not to intrude too far as to sit down for a long conversation in an editor's sanctum, for the same prudential reasons).

But to the point. Four years ago this spring my dear sister S. L. Browne, formerly editor of the *Rising Sun* and author of "Prophetic Visions," appeared and conversed with me in a materializing seance in San Francisco. My brother, Walter Hyde and Mrs. Brazell accompanied me, and on the following day, as they were conversing with callers in my parlor in Oakland about the manifestations, some expressing doubts as to their genuineness, I happened to be sitting in my chair against the wall at the end of the table toying with my pencil, listening without joining in the conversation, and rather unconcernedly laid my hand over on a blank paper when the following communication was written, which has done more to make me charitable toward materializing mediums than anything that I have ever heard or read from scientific minds in mortal forms.

COMMUNICATION.

Say to brother Walter and our friend Brazell that it was me in the sphere of the medium's magnetism. The spirit magnetism of my special spirit, was not swallowed up by the medium, but enveloped and clothed her; and this is why, when skeptics grab the medium, they cry "fraud," while the medium has unconsciously been placed in the audience. So when with one effort to show ourselves for your benefit, (all may not be exactly as we would have it), and in our effort to stand out independently we are so much entangled or entwined with the aura of the medium that we are the medium, and at the same time our veritable selves. Are you satisfied, Frances? Sometime we hope to materialize for you and Walter, but not at present.

L. L. BROWNE.

In about a year afterwards she re-appeared in another circle and took my hands in hers with the same gentle touch that she was accustomed to when in earthly life, and the same sweet undertone of voice and intonations peculiar to herself. I asked if she was happy? Her reply was: "I just as happy as I can be." "Shall I go out lecturing and healing again?" "Just as you please," she said, "but I would like to have you remain here, I could come every time you do." Still holding my hands she backed into the cabinet, (which was only a little corner of the room with a curtain in front), taking me with her, and there beside her stood her daughter Frankie. Then both gradually receded down through the carpeted floor, still holding my hands so that I stooped clear to the floor, and when their forms were entirely out of sight, she relinquished her hold, and not a vestige of lace or anything else was seen but the medium sitting quietly in his chair.

It was whispered that there was a trap-door, etc. At the next seance I went into the room underneath this one and the hard finished wall had no signs of ever having been marred in the least.

A few weeks later on, the poor medium made an expose of the fraudulent part of his seances, and when at my house he called afterward, I said to him that many of the manifestations seemed to me to be imitations, by accomplices, "Yes," he replied, "that was so;" but when my sister came and took me into the cabinet with her, and she and her daughter Frankie disappeared before my eyes, no no power could convince me that they were accomplices. "Why," said the medium, "you didn't come into the cabinet, did you?" Thus poring to my mind that he was entranced at the time, as I then thought him to be, as he sat as if in a deep sleep; the cabinet being so small that I was obliged to stand against his chair.

Now, Mr. Editor, with this never-to-be-forgotten experience, what am I to conclude? Simply this, that "fraudulent mediumship" had just the elements in his physical and magnetic sphere to enable my sister to come in a materialized form; not that her spirit would harmonize with deception in any degree whatever, as all must know who were acquainted with her.

The pure white lily may have no affinity or similarity to the stagnant pond; there are, nevertheless, elements or nutrition there, to enable it to repose on its bosom, and I would not myself commit the rash act of draining the pond to separate the lilies from it, but let both remain as God in nature designed until absorbed into the great vortex of universal being.

be diffused or adjusted according to the law of reciprocity, or chemical attraction, of which we of earth as yet know but very little.

But fearing that my letter is already too lengthy, I will leave the readers to their own reflections. With "charity to all and malice toward none," I am as ever for the truth, "The Lone Pilgrim."

MRS. F. A. LOGAN.
SANTA CRUZ, April 25, 1886.

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W. J. COLVILLE.

The eloquent trance speaker of Boston, during the four weeks of the camp-meeting, will teach a private class on the grounds under the inspiration of his guides, in metaphysics and mental healing. The course will comprise twelve lessons, or three each week. During these teachings mediumship is greatly developed in the pupils. Price of the course is \$5. Persons wishing to join the class, or desiring further information, are requested to communicate with the Corresponding Secretary, G. H. Hawes, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco.

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.

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. KERSEY, 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, May 2d. Morning service, at 11 a. m., questions answered. Lecture at 8 p. m. Subject: "If Spiritualism Is True, What of It?" The Children's Progressive Lyceum at 7:30 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. Mrs. J. J. Whitney will close with tests. All Speakers and Mediums invited.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.—The "Progressive Spiritualists" meet in Washington Hall, No. 35 Eddy street, every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock p. m. All subjects relating to human welfare and Spiritualism 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 Army Hall, 419 Thirteenth street. Public cordially invited. Direct all communications to G. A. Carter, 350 Eighth street, Oakland.

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

MR. AND MRS. FRED EVANS.

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

SPIRITUALISM.

All who are desirous of developing as mediums for "Independent Slate-Writing," which is the most satisfactory, 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 Modern Revivalist.

Rev. Samuel Jones, or, as he is familiarly called, "Sam Jones," puts a good deal of practical ethics into his discourses, as will be seen from some of the extracts which follow, taken from sermons delivered in Chicago:

SELFISHNESS.

A man can never be worth much to others as long as he has to wait upon himself and sit up with himself and look after himself. I am sorry for any man whose only job in this world is to sit up and look after a carcass weighing about one hundred and seventy-five pounds of solid concentrated selfishness. [Laughter.] He has got an immense job on his hands; and I would rather try to satisfy all Chicago, and minister to every man in Chicago, than to look after such a character as that. Selfishness! There is not an element in selfishness that does not enter also into the punishment of pride. Hell, when you boil it down and bring it down to its last analysis, is pure, unadulterated, filtered selfishness. And, oh, how unbearable that is! If there is anything incompatible with Christianity it is selfishness. If there is anything that Christianity will not have acquaintance with, if there is anything that Christianity will not have anything to do with, it is selfishness. Selfishness! If there is spirit in Christianity at all, it is a spirit of unselfishness. The grandest man in the city of Chicago is the most unselfish man in Chicago. I don't care who he is. I don't care where he lives. I don't care how much he is worth. I don't care how little he is worth. I don't care how old he is, or how young. The grandest man in this city is the man who cares least for himself and the most for God and others. The grandest man I ever saw in my life is a little preacher in Georgia, who is now a plain, common circuit preacher. When I walk up into his presence, he is the largest man I ever saw, and I whittle down to a point. I am the smallest man in the neighborhood. And the reason he looks so large and I feel so small is because he is so truly devoid of selfish intent, even if there be some selfishness left in him. That man don't care any more for himself than he does for a cat. He never thinks about himself. He never cares anything about his own comfort. From the moment he wakes up in the morning until he lies down at night, he is thinking of: "What can I do for others? How can I help somebody to-day? Whom can I benefit? Where can I go to serve somebody? Is there a being in the universe that this dollar I have in my pocket will do more good to than it will to me?"

WE WANT HEAVEN HERE AND NOW.

I have said before, I repeat it, we go along singing, "Sweet by and by." We are ever looking to the "sweet by and by." Look here, brethren, I have quit singing, "Sweet by and by," and I am singing, "Sweet now and now." I want it here now, you know. I tell you here is the place for it, and now. I would rather have more heaven here now, and less of it hereafter. I need it more now. I am by this, as I am by "heavenly recognition." A great many preachers are continually preaching on heavenly recognition. Well, that don't trouble me at all. I don't care so much about heavenly recognition, but what I want is earthly recognition. I am a poor fellow. I fall about. I am weak and poor and helpless. Brethren, we want earthly recognition. Please recognize me. I am here, and help me all you can; but, when I get to glory and sit down under the shade of the tree of life, and take my harp and strike the chords, if you do not want to recognize me then, don't do it. God bless you, I'm all right then, and I don't care for recognition. [Laughter.] I want heaven in Illinois and in Georgia and all about me. And he who thinks and sees only goodness, mercy, glory, and blessings, with his own eye shall live and die in a perfect atmosphere of heaven.

Brethren, let's have some of it down here now. Let's not talk so much about hereafter. I need it here. This old world needs heaven. Chicago needs heaven,—needs it implanted right down in every street, in every home, and in every heart in the community. And I say unto you, if you will, under God, make Chicago what God intended Chicago to be, instead of being called a suburb of St. Louis. [Laughter.] You will be a suburb of the city of the New Jerusalem.

THOUGHTS.

We say thought is an emotion, something we see, something we hear; we are affected by these things around us. A developed thought is ready for the hand, is ready for the tongue, is ready for the foot. That's the idea of developed thought,—thought gotten into shape for the tongue, for the hand, and for the foot. A thought will develop into an idea. You had better look out there; there's danger all along that line. A man can't help evil thoughts coming in, but he can prevent them from developing into an idea. Wesley said, "I can't help evil thoughts from coming into my mind any more than I can help birds flying over my head, but I can help the birds from building their nests on my head and hatching their young." [Laughter.] Always keep the back door of your mind open whenever you open the front door, and make these

evil thoughts pass along, and say to them, "You can't stay until you are developed into an idea." I can't help a tramp knocking at my front door, but I can prevent myself from asking him into my parlor and telling him to make himself at home. Ten thousand evil thoughts may come in unawares; but I say, Gentlemen, you can't stay here, and make yourselves at home, and develop into an idea. Bad ideas are like the devil. He tries to make your acquaintance, and be with you; but he is too much of a gentleman to stay where he is not wanted. [Great laughter.] I'll tell you another thing. If the devil comes and stays with you, it is because you make him at home and treat him well and are kind to him.

Thoroughness.

[Henry P. Killen.]

There are simple principles which, if we will adopt and make our rules of life, will go far to help us in solving many of its difficulties. During my business life, I have been led to look for the causes of success and failure, and am satisfied that what so many choose to call good or bad luck is the result of more or less thorough knowledge of what has been undertaken, and its application with unwearying industry or otherwise to the business or purpose pursued. The thorough business man is on the alert, watching and studying the markets, knowing the production of the merchandise he deals in and the amount consumed, is prompt and truthful, his credit always good; and generally, although not invariably, he is successful.

The thorough mechanic understands his work, carefully sees there is no portion slighted, and gives as good, honest, substantial work as if watched by his customer. The work of such a man is a comfort and pleasure; the contrary, a constant eyesore. We see the importance of this principle of thoroughness in the seaman, the housekeeper, the teacher, in early life at school, or, later, in the business, trade, or profession we choose for our life work. One often hears the question asked of a lawyer, "With whom did you study?" and we get our impression of the man's efficiency by our opinion as to the thoroughness or the contrary of his teacher. Certain thorough shipbuilders have a reputation the world over.

How instinctively the quick mind measures the difference between a thorough gentleman or lady and the occasional assumption of manners or airs supposed to mislead! The thorough gentleman is one who has good manners, and is thoughtful not only for those whom he considers his equals or superiors, but for any one with whom he is brought in contact, even though he may be a beggar. The thoroughly honest man can be bought by no bribe. He can be depended on for his integrity, and no promise or offer of money will induce him to be disloyal to any trust confided to him.

Finally, all I can say will be to the effect that all thorough work, all thorough devotion, is fairly sure of its reward in commanding respect for your faithfulness, in largely controlling circumstances, in giving you the best claim to and the best chance for success in your undertaking and of making a successful life.

Do you ask me what I call a successful life? It is not merely to accumulate wealth. Some of our most unsuccessful men are the richest. Wealth does not command happiness, health, or position; but to be thorough in your calling, whatever it may be, will command respect and confidence, and give you a character which is beyond all price.

THERE is a remarkable natural bridge spanning a canon twenty miles north of the point where the Atlantic and Pacific railroad crosses the boundary between New Mexico and Arizona. This bridge is sixty-five feet long and fifteen feet wide at the narrowest point. It consists of tough grit rock, underneath which the softer sandstones have been worn away to a depth of twenty-five to forty feet beneath the arch. Near by is a petrified forest. The stone tree trunks lie just beneath the soil, half exposed, fallen in all directions.

A SIGNIFICANT FACT.—Mosheim, in his Church History, affirms that for the first three hundred years of the Christian era, what is known as the "Apostles' Creed," contained every article of the Christian faith. We search this creed in vain, to find any intimation of the doctrine of endless punishment. Thus it is demonstrated, that the nearer we approach the days of the Apostles, the stronger does the proof become, that the horrible doctrine of an endless hell was not believed.

It is a lamentable fact that too many of our professional mediums see only the financial side of their great calling. But it is consoling to know that their career is generally cut off by their own avariciousness and the ever willing aid of a low order of spirits. In fact an avaricious and selfish medium can not hope to have the aid and good will of either honest human beings or honest spirits.—*Light in the West.*

The rest of Christ is not that of torpor, but harmony; it is not refusing the struggle, but conquering in it; not resting from duty, but finding rest in duty.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Rational Mind Cure.

[Prof. J. R. Buchanan.]

If I have shown by the facts of physiology and sarcognomy that the human body derives its substance from surrounding matter received as food, its moving capacity or capacity to receive life, from the imperponderable elements held in the atmospheric air, without which it can not hold life a moment, and its potential life or spiritual existence through the nervous system, and that this nervous system concentrated in the brain receives its life or capacity to control and impel the body from a spiritual influx, as the lungs receive their activity by atmospheric influx, I have merely given a scientific demonstration and explanation of that which all great seers and profoundest thinkers have known even far back in antiquity, and what the greatest modern Seer, Swedenborg, has fully taught.

It is indeed a portion of the religious doctrine of saints and sages who recognize God as him in whom we live and move.

It matters not that we do not see it or feel it—that the Divine Influx is one of the great arcana of Nature. It is none the less real on that account. All great forces are invisible and intangible. Who can grasp or even comprehend gravitation, which holds this globe together, holds us upon its surface and holds the solar system to its appointed course? Who can catch or hold the solar radiation to which all life and motion on the earth are due?

It is by virtue of this Divine Influx that man partakes of the Divine nature, and it is by the science of Psychometry that we are enabled to demonstrate the Divinity in man in the degree that it is present. The attributes of matter are isolation, limitation to form and locality, and absolute inertia. The attributes of Deity are omnipresence which is illimitable, and omniscience unlimited and all-embracing. Deity and matter are therefore the opposite conceptions of human thought.

The man of the materialist is the material man, isolated, localized and produced like a cabbage by his chemical environment. The man of the spiritually minded is the Divine man who partakes of the Divine omniscience and enjoys as much thereof as can be linked to his physical constitution. He exercises these powers when he has been taught their use, and thus by presenting the science of Psychometry I have (so far as it is received) emancipated the human intellect, teaching men and women that they are destined to penetrate all mysteries. For the trained and gifted psychometer goes beyond all time and space in his spiritual approximation to omniscience and omnipresence.

He or she (how much we need a personal pronoun unencumbered by gender, which would simply represent a human being), though materially limited by the gravitating body which holds its place in the apartment and in the chair, is nevertheless in spiritual consciousness a citizen of the universe—at home on other continents if he desires to explore them, bending over the Nile or the Ganges, or realizing the frozen whiteness of Arctic Zones, and anon far away on Mars or Venus exploring a different life from ours—or even with omnipresent freedom gazing on the new star that has come out in the nebulous realms of Andromeda.

This is omniscience and omnipresence in the degree that man can enjoy them on the earth—the privilege and power of reaching, grasping and comprehending all that his consciousness aspires to, and his understanding can embrace. It is the sublime revelation of Psychometry—a truth so sublime and dazzling that the owl intellect of the universities is unwilling even to look at it, no matter how well demonstrated.

Do these supernal powers belong—can they possibly belong to the few ounces of soft fatty substance which constitutes the human brain in its intellectual organs? The very question sounds like a mockery. Spiritual power, spiritual omniscience is the very antipode of matter. It is the Divine in man; and it is not born or organized of ponderous matter which is its opposite. It is born of the Infinite and it can not be entirely separated from its Divine parent.

But to speak figuratively there is an umbilical cord which connects the offspring with the parent; and the Divine Influx is that which links man to God and determines his development.

If that Influx be great, great is the man who enjoys it, and had we the means of measuring we might determine human greatness by the atmospheric influx into the lungs which measures the chemical energies of his life, and the Divine influx to his brain which measures his spiritual greatness.

That influx I have discovered flows chiefly into the pineal gland, which lies in the center of the brain, near the line of volition, between the consciousness of the physical and the consciousness of the spiritual, from which by its peduncles it passes into the interior aspect of the *optichalami* and inspires the ascending fibres which form the superior convolutions of the brain and what harmoniously unite in the *corpus callosum*.

The pineal gland is the puzzle of the colleges, which are dumb as to its functions, and can never possibly discover them by any of the methods of research which they consider scientific, but which are blinder than bats as to all psychic perception.

If I have reached the ultimate truth in the affirmation that man lives by Divine Influx, and attains the fullness of his destiny by the perception of that Influx, then the understanding and the cultivation of that Influx become his great duty, and the method by which he attains his highest development and repels the approaches of vice, of disease, and of all that would mar his destiny.

Mediums and Inquirers.

[EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.]

THE GOLDEN GATE and other spiritualistic papers, for a long time past have had much to say in reference to the proper treatment of mediums. The platform also has been largely devoted to the same subject, until it would seem that we are fully enlightened as to our duties towards this class. I fully agree with those who urge a kind, tender, sympathetic treatment of psychics. Most of them are of that abnormal mental temperament we are accustomed to speak of as "nervous," and need to be dealt with carefully and discretely. Impatience, harshness and incredulity appear to act upon them much in the same manner as heat and cold act upon the bulb of the thermometer and their mercurial disposition flies up into the nineties or sinks to zero, and dissatisfaction or contempt is the result of a seance.

Now, while all this may be true, it is equally true that many who visit mediums and carefully observe all the necessary conditions come away disappointed and not infrequently disgusted at the nonsense they are compelled to listen to as a message from the spirit world.

Let me relate a case in point, being my experience with a trance medium in San Francisco not long since, by the way, the medium being strongly recommended by the editor. After what appeared to me as a farago of astrological nonsense, I was told, with great impressment, that there was one present "who had a right to lay her hand upon her breast." This, of course, could only refer to a wife. Now, inasmuch as my wife, to whom I have been united in the happiest of bonds for nearly half a century, and who was my first and only love, is still in the flesh, you can imagine my disgust at such balderdash. Another trance medium told me my father was present, and her description of his personal appearance was so far from correct as to be almost ludicrous. I have reason to believe that my experience with trance mediums is by no means singular. In my judgment they are the most unreliable of all mediums. In saying so, I have no intention of impugning their honesty, and my explanation of the matter is, they do not pass into a state in which they are able to communicate with the spirit world, or they are deceived by "lying spirits," though I take little stock in the latter explanation.

Then again there are mediums who give perfectly satisfactory results at one time, who not only fail at others, but cheat as well. I obtained the most convincing results not long since from a certain lady slate-writer in San Francisco; since then a friend, influenced by my success, went to the same party, had her slate changed by some hocus pocus and an utterly irrelevant message given her. Here was a case of downright cheating by one who gave me a test that could not be questioned.

I think no intelligent Spiritualist will dispute the statement that until quite recently there has been no honest materializing medium in San Francisco. The editor's late experience with Mr. Evans I accept as proof that, in that instance, convincing evidence was had of materializing forms. I hope that no occasion may be furnished in the future to call in question the genuineness of Mr. Evans' mediumship for this phase.

But I will trespass no further upon your space, or the patience of your readers, and conclude with suggesting that it is quite time that the rights and feelings of inquirers receive proper consideration. Their numbers are increasing rapidly. The large majority are honest and sincere not only, but anxious to ascertain if Spiritualism is really true. To be convinced they ought to be met in the same spirit and such proof given of spirit power as a reasonable man can reasonably demand. If they fail to receive such proof through incompetency, petulance or dishonesty of the medium let the blame fall where it belongs.

W. HAYWARDS. Cal., April 21, 1886.

ONE solitary hard thought of another may prove fatal to the love life springing up in the heart. Do not indulge in it; turn from it as from a rabid animal; it is the entering wedge of the death principle; and may overthrow the new life descending from higher realms into the soul. Do not for a moment palter it; do not frame an excuse for yourself for harboring it; say instantly, "I am wrong. That I am able to see the faults of another proves that I have fallen from the love element, and am living in the sin element. Oh! let me go up again." It is love which makes that tropical warmth throughout the human organism that permits the germination and growth of flowers and fruits in such abundance that no bare boughs are discernable, nothing unsightly visible; beauty everywhere; perpetual summer; heaven.

TWENTY-FOUR tons of snuff have recently been thrown into Dublin bay for non-payment of duty.

Reality of Character.

[Indian Messenger.]

Some natures are essentially false and hollow. Whatever they do or say it is not their real selves that are manifested to us, but that other nature which they impose upon themselves. Even in things that sit very deep in their heart, they altogether spoil the effect by a vein of exaggeration and affectation which is very repulsive. They can not act without over-acting in something or other. If they have to describe anything, their style is an affected one, sonorous and charming in the ear or amusing to the fancy, but they have no substance of earnest thought within them. These false natures are extremely difficult to deal with. You can not place any reliance upon them. You can not make any use of their statements, for they are liable to be contradicted any moment. As a general rule these false natures are by habit untruthful, having no regard for accuracy of facts, or the proper interpretation of events. They live, as it were, in an atmosphere of exaggeration and affectation, and unconsciously fill up from their imagination the links they are too indolent to supply by careful inquiry.

Imaginative and impulsive dispositions are in danger of falling into this sort of habitual untruthfulness. It is like a secret disease that takes possession of the soul without our being aware of it. But there is no greater impediment to our moral and spiritual growth than this falseness of character. True piety can not grow in a nature that is not honest and real before every other qualification. We shall therefore, discuss in this article a few characteristics of an honest, earnest, and real character.

An honest and real man loves truth above all things. He considers nothing more beautiful than truth, and never swerves even an inch from its path for any personal consideration. He surrenders himself wholly to the guidance of truth and considers it his highest prize.

Next after a strong love of truth he has an invincible faith in the ultimate triumph of righteousness. He fights against wrong and upholds the cause of virtue, because he knows God reigneth. Firmly believing in the moral and spiritual destiny of life, he is steadfast in the pursuit of righteousness. The opposition of blind persons, or the untowardness of circumstances can not dissuade him from a righteous cause. He fights with the strength of one who finds God's almightiness pledged to his support. He is a man of solemn convictions, of deep feelings and sincere intentions. And his feelings and intentions have a back-ground in an earnest faith.

A true and real character is also pre-eminent in courage, the courage to act up to one's convictions. It requires a bold nature to march up to truth and to live according to it. It costs a great struggle to pull against the stream. In honestly trying to do our duty in this life, we are sure to occasionally come in collision with the interests and prejudices of others; and we can not avoid evoking strong opposition from those with whom we come in daily contact. It requires considerable strength of purpose to be able to stand in the face of that opposition. Men made of less sterling metal succumb under such opposition and sell their conscience to obtain an ill-gotten peace. Such men belong to the common herd. But the man of duty, the real and true man is he, who never flinches before opposition however strong. With bold and resolute step he advances towards his duty, and can not rest until he has discharged it to his satisfaction.

But his courage is not the courage of a proud man, of the man imbued with a high notion of himself. Although fighting against many, and upholding what he considers to be just and true in the face of all opposition, he is yet a modest soul, never thinking highly of his performances. He hates all shams and has a dislike for all displays. In spite of his strength and courage and his faithfulness to duty he is always conscious of his imperfections. This consciousness is an ever present incentive in his nature to greater faithfulness to truth and greater obedience to duty. Whatever he does, he does modestly from a stern sense of duty for which he demands no praise.

Self-examination will reveal to us that many amongst those, who are otherwise regarded to be religious persons, are defective in point of reality of character. This internal spiritual defect vitiates all their efforts after self-improvement. On account of the hollowness and the falsity of their character their spiritual exercises fail to produce that amount of good which they could have otherwise produced. No deep passion can get a permanent hold upon an essentially false nature, and consequently true love of God is never deep in such a nature.

We should constantly aim at being real and earnest men. The tendency towards unreality should be immediately put down in the soul. In our daily prayers to God one of our most earnest supplications should be:—"O God! make us honest make us earnest, make us altogether real."

PAIN is an appeal of nature calling to the mind for help. It is a blessing. It is the cry of the child, a means whereby to make its wants known. The mind should respond at once and send the relief needed.

The New Theology.

(Rev. Philip S. Noyes in The Homiletic Review.)

There is growing recognition of the influence of environment on theological ideas. Social traditions and prejudices, political institutions and customs, even climatic and geographical conditions, all contribute in furnishing the molds in which the religious thought of an age is cast. Despotism in government is reflected in a despotic theology. Aristocracy appears in religion in the dogma of election. The progress of men toward a pure democracy involves the creation of new mold of thought. A higher and more humane domestic life gives a new significance to the symbols of man's relation to God, which are furnished by domestic relationships. The idea of fatherhood has changed so profoundly that the familiar phrase, "the fatherhood of God," is filled with a new and larger idea. The whole range of human thought is rising to a more spiritual level. Old terms have a new meaning. Old formulas must have a new interpretation or be dropped as inadequate to the new thought. Theology must be adjusted to the age. The "New Theology" is a rational endeavor to such adjustment.

This endeavor is both natural and inevitable, because so many earnest minds have grasped the principle of progress. They see that the present advancement in material civilization is sign and result of a great intellectual advancement; but they are beginning to recognize, also, that this intellectual advancement has its counterpart in a corresponding spiritual progress. Man is a unit. Increasing power of intellectual perception and comprehension is accompanied, despite seeming exceptions, by a growth of the spirit. The long and forced separation between the reason and the spirit is disappearing in the dawning recognition of the unity of life in God, and the continuity of human progress in the divine purpose. God is the principle of the intellectual and moral as well as of the physical evolution. The spring of human progress is not in man, but in God. Because there is—

"One God, one law, one element," there is and must be—

"One far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

"The 'New Theology,'" says President Bascom, "identifies the government of God and history. It unites the past, the present, and the future. One law, one method, one movement, is in them all. Herein, it feels the true force of the great thought of our time, evolution, the inner coherence and consistency of the divine procedure."

The doctrine of a physical evolution has thus its completion and fulfillment in the spirit. The carpenter theory of God's relation to the body is discredited. So also is the schoolmaster idea of God's relation to the soul. Creation is evolution. Human life is not probation, but education. A higher unity is appearing in human thought. Theology more and more becomes the culminating point and crown of all the sciences. All the revelations of matter are at last disclosures of the spirit. All knowledge contribute to the knowledge of the soul and of God. All the past of art and science and literature and politics has its fulfillment in the life of today. Accidents and catastrophes disappear. Progress is growth. It is the law of the world, the vegetable, and the man. Subjecting the mind of to-day to the tyranny of dogmas that express the thought of a past age is, therefore, like imprisoning the tree in the bark of the sapling. The "New Theology" is not revolutionary, but evolutionary. It is not cataclysmal, but progressive. It conforms to the ruling ideas of the age, and seeks to carry up those ideas to higher form. It denies the authority of the dogmatist, but does not repudiate the past, any more than the upspringing stalk repudiates the root. The roots of the "New Theology" are in the past, but its swelling bud is in the air and sunlight of to-day. The future holds the secret of its consummate flower.

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OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS;

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*.

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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*.

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When o'er some failure tears fall hot and blinding,
And all our life seems marred;
When bleak and bitter truths our souls are finding,
And spectral doubts press hard;

When to the furnished hearts that ache around us
Not bread we give, but stone;
When doonest eyes whose loving should have crowned us
Shrink saddened from our own—

"Ah, whose the fault?" we cry, with sudden grieving,
Knowing our aims are pure!
While our ideal, perfect form achieving,
Still beckons, strong and sure.

Press on, brave spirit, scorn and loss unheeding!
The broken shards that strew
The paths whereon your tender feet go bleeding
Your strength shall still renew.

Till on, stout heart! In onward indecision
The halting pilgrim dies!
Beyond the hills that bound your wearied vision
Your priceless Mecca lies.

—HELEN T. CLARK, in "Springfield Republican."

Solomon Ray.

A hard, close man was Solomon Ray:
Nothing of value he gave away;
He hoarded and saved,
He pinched and shaved,
The more he had the more he craved.

He hard-earned shillings he tried to gain
Brought him little but care and pain;
For little he spent,
And all he lent
He made it bring him twenty per cent.

Such was the life of Solomon Ray:
The years went by, and his hair grew gray;
His cheeks grew thin,
And his soul within
Grew hard as the pound he worked to win.

But he died one day, as all men must,
For life is fleeting, and men but dust.
The heirs were gay,
And laid him away,
And that was the end of Solomon Ray.

They quarrelled now who had little cared
For Solomon Ray when his life was spared;
His lands were sold,
And his hard-earned gold
All went to the lawyers, I am told.

Yet men will cheat and pinch and save,
Nor carry their treasures beyond the grave;
Will melt away
Like the savings of Solomon Ray.

One at a Time.

One step at a time and that well placed
We reach the grandest height;
One stroke at a time, earth's hidden stores
Will slowly come to light;
One seed at a time, and the forest grows:
One drop at a time, and the river flows
Into the boundless sea.

One word at a time, and the greatest book
Is written and is read;
One stone at a time, and a palace rears
Aloft its stately head.
One blow at a time, and the tree's cleft through;
And a city will stand where the forest grew
A few short years before.

One foe at a time, and he subdued
And the conflict will be won;
One grain at a time, and the sand of life
Most slowly all be run.
A moment, another, the hours fly;
One hour at a time, and lives speed by
Into eternity!

One grain of knowledge, and that well stored,
Another and more on them,
And as time rolls on your mind will shine
With many a garnered gem
Of thought and wisdom. And time will tell,
"One thing at a time, and that done well,"
Is wisdom's proven rule.

Prayer.

Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right.
Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay;
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.
Far is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord on the earth shall cease;
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Averts the blessed time to expedite.
Whatever is good to wish, ask that of heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see;
Pray to be perfect, though material heaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;
But if for any wish thou dar'st not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

—HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

Resolve.

As the dead year is clasped by a dead December,
So let your dead sins with your dead days lie.
A new life is yours, and a new hope! Remember
We build our own ladders to climb to the sky.
Stand out in the sunlight of promise, forgetting
Whatever your past held of sorrow or wrong;
We waste half our strength in a useless regretting;
We sit by old tombs in the dark too long.

Have you missed in your aim? Well, the mark is still shining;
Did you faint in the race? Well, take breath for the next.
Did the clouds drive you back? But see yonder their lining.
Were you tempted and fell? Let it serve for a text.
As each year hurries by let it join that procession
Of skeleton shapes that march down to the past,
While you take your place in the line of progression,
With your eyes on the heavens, your face to the blast.

I tell you the future can hold no terrors
For any sad soul while the stars revolve,
If he will but stand firm on the grave of his errors,
And instead of regretting, resolve, RESOLVE!
It is never too late to begin rebuilding,
Though all into ruins your life seems hurled,
For look! how the light of the new year is gliding
The worn, wan face of the bruised old world!

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Two Fortunes.

Two sisters, with their arms entwined, there stand
Before a fortune-teller bowed with age,
Who slowly turns with feeble, faltering hand
The cards prophetic, like a mystic page.

One dark, one fair, and both fresh as the morn;
One like the flower that blooms in Autumn late,
The other like to Spring's pale, sad first-born;
Together there they wait to learn their fate.

"In life, alas! I see no joy for thee,"
The gypsy said to her, the dark-eyed maid.
"Tell me, I pray, will he at least love me?"
"Yes." "That alone is happiness," she said.

"Love on thy heart shall shed no gladdening ray,"
The gypsy said to her with snow-white brow.
"Shall I love him, at least? Tell me, I pray,"
"Yes." "Then for me that will be bliss enow."

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8.30 a. m.	Menlo Park... 8.10 a. m.	
10.40 a. m.	San Jose and... 10.02 a. m.	
1.40 p. m.	San Jose and... 1.02 p. m.	