

GOLDEN GATE

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

VOL. II.

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

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1886.

TERMS (In Advance): \$5.00 per annum;
\$1.25 for six months.

NO. 16.

CONTENTS:

FIRST PAGE.—Gems of Thought; Independent Slate Writing; Farewell Tribute to the Mortal Life of Mrs. Robert Watson.

SECOND PAGE.—Our Home in Heaven; Was the House Haunted, etc.

THIRD PAGE.—A Warning Unheeded; One Fact Worth a Thousand Theories; Boston Letter from John Wetherbee; Visit to the Planet Mars; The New Planchette, etc.

FOURTH PAGE.—(Editorial) A Grave Question; Our Women; The Signs of the Times; A Plea for Justice; Practical Charity; One of Many; "Come to Stay;" Editorial Notes; Letter from Warren Chase; Did Origin Inculcate Lying for Christ's Sake?

FIFTH PAGE.—Death of Mrs. Anne Sophia Floyd; Exercise of Judgment; Passed On; Notices of Meetings; Professional Cards; Publications, etc.

SIXTH PAGE.—The Signs of the Times; To My Mother; The Inner Teachings of Buddhism; Unbelief; Teaching the Girls, etc.

SEVENTH PAGE.—Concerning Mediumship; Professional Cards; Publications, Advertisements, etc.

EIGHTH PAGE.—(Poetry) My Ships; A Lost Letter; His Messenger; Advertisements; Publications, etc.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

All mental and moral force is a positive good.—Emerson.

We purify our own hearts by forgiving the sins of others.—Manou.

Those who love are but one step from heaven.—James Russell Lowell.

Our souls much farther than our eyes can see.—Michael Drayton.

Through all stations human life abounds with mysteries.—Wordsworth.

A man is a man only as he makes life and nature happier to all.—Emerson.

The light from which we see in this world comes out from the soul of the observer.—Emerson.

Happiness is like a sunbeam, while the least shadow intercepts, which adversity is often as the rain of Spring.

Every spirit makes its own house, and we can give a shrewd guess from the house to the inhabitant.—Emerson.

Don't hang a dismal picture on the wall, don't daub with sables and glooms in your conversation.—Emerson.

There is indeed no flower so pure and sweet but certain reptiles will extract poison from it.—H. N. Hudson.

The secret of usefulness of life consists in not haggling for ideal conditions, but in making the most of actual conditions.

A zealous mind without meekness is like a ship in a storm, in danger of wrecks. A meek mind without zeal is like a ship in a calm, that moves not as fast as it ought.

The softened, tender, sympathetic, opening mind inhales the fragrance of another life, and it buds, blossoms and bears fruits which are a blessing to all.—F. B. Dowd.

Every kind word spoken, whether in praise or censure, at home or abroad, tends to strengthen those social ties which unite individuals into a common brotherhood of love.

Sometimes, in musing upon genius in its simpler manifestations, it seems as if the greatest human culture consisted chiefly in preserving the glow and freshness of the heart.—Henry T. Tuckerman.

All culture must begin at home. Begin by a reconstruction of yourself. If you feel that you are superior to others, disabuse yourself of that idea at once. In arrogance there is no growth of the soul.

The grand power of a divine brotherhood is growing. The purposes of God are ripening fast—unfolding every hour. True brotherhood can stand alone; it needs no props; it is part of the infinite.—Mrs. E. Hughes.

Let not holiness be misunderstood by confused conceptions, nor brought into disrepute by meagre definition. It is the sweetest word in all language. It is the explanation of life's riddles, and the merging of life's conflicts into a unity redolent of the beauty of heaven. It is the answer to the Sphinx's question, and the only reply to the doubts of the human soul. It is a transcript of the divine plan for man-building.



Independent Slate-Writing, Through the Mediumship of Fred Evans.

THE above is a *fac simile*—the slate being reduced about one-fifth in size—of some independent slate-writing obtained through the mediumship of Mr. Fred Evans, of 1244 Mission street, this city, at a private seance given to the editor of the GOLDEN GATE and a few of his friends, on Friday evening, April 2, 1886.

There were present at this seance fourteen persons in all, besides the medium and his wife. Six of those present were entire strangers to the medium, who also had no previous knowledge as to the proposed attendance of any members of the circle, with the exception of the writer and two others. There were no ballots written, and care was taken that the names of the strangers present should not be made known to the medium. Therefore no introductions were had; nevertheless, all present, except two, received messages upon the slate, some receiving two and three. The names given of the spirit friends of the persons unknown to the medium, is a most convincing test of spirit power.

The manner of the writing was as follows: A committee of two was appointed to see that the slates were properly cleaned and sealed. This was done first by thoroughly rubbing the slates with a damp cloth, and then, after placing a few minute bits of pencil between them, they were sealed together with sealing-wax at the edges. The committee then tied a cord around the slates and hung them to the gas jet in the center of the room. In a few moments the rapid moving of the pencil tips was distinctly heard, and in about four minutes light rapping announced that the writing was completed. The committee then removed the cord and seals, when the inner surface of one of the slates was found written over, as seen above.

Some of the messages show carelessness of construction; but no more so, perhaps, than they would if written by a like number of mortals of average intelligence. The messages show distinct styles of chirography. And what may be regarded as a significant fact is, that, as far as known, the writing is the same in appearance as that given by the same spirits through other slate-writing mediums.

Take, for instance, the message in the left upper corner, signed "Josephine." (The word closely resembling "Mother," in the address, was "Mattie," in the original, the name of the wife of the editor of this journal—evidently a mistake of the engraver.) Mrs. Owen has received messages from her sister Josephine through three slate-writing mediums—one in New Orleans—and the writing was alike in all

instances. Such, also is the case with the message in the right hand upper corner, purporting to come from the spirit father of the writer.

The profile sketch in the lower corner to the right, is not a bad representation of a life-size bust of the writer's spirit father, by Anderson, which hangs in our office.

It is not claimed that this writing was done, in all instances, or even in any instance, by the spirit giving the name. Much of it, no doubt, is done by the medium's control, or by spirits skilled in the manipulation of the pencil tips; and such spirits act as mediums for those less proficient in the matter. This explains the poor grammar and orthography sometimes witnessed in communications from spirits who, in earth-life, we know would never have committed such mistakes.

That the writing, in the above instance, was produced in the precise manner we have stated, fairly and without collusion of any kind, all present at the seance will affirm to be true. One evidence of its genuineness is conclusive in this, that Mr. Evans could not have known who were to be present, for that was a secret with the writer; hence, there could have been no previous preparation of the slates. Another is in the fact that he never touched the slates after they had been prepared by the committee.

Mr. Evans is a young man, twenty-three years of age, boyish in appearance, frank, courteous and ingenuous in manner. He was developed as a slate-writing medium only about a year and a half ago. It came to him after several months of daily sittings, and just as he was about to give up the attempt as a failure. His powers have been tested by hundreds of persons, and often under the most crucial test conditions—sometimes producing the writing within riveted slates; frequently without the contact of hands; and often obtaining messages on slips of paper placed within sealed bottles.

A few months ago he was happily married to Miss Agnes Hance, a sensible, intelligent and handsome young woman and test medium, and who, since their marriage, has developed a very high order of mediumship for form manifestation. It has only been a few weeks since they commenced holding public seances for this phase of the phenomena, but already are their seances largely attended, and very great interest is taken therein. From the first they have manifested a willingness to submit to every reasonable test condition, even to the extent of allowing the editor of this journal to sit in the cabinet while the materializations were taking place.

That these young and wonderful mediums are destined to make a stir in the world is as certain as that Spiritualism is a mighty truth.

Farewell Tributes to the Mortal Life of Mrs. Robert Watson.

Services Conducted by Mrs. E. L. Watson,
At Metropolitan Temple, Easter
Sunday, April 25, 1886.

INVOCATION.

Father and Mother of all life, God of the night of sorrow as well as the day of joy, our faith declares Thee perfect; and since Thou art the source of our life we can not deem that any condition or accident of that life can pass without Thy will, and fulfillment of Thy desire. So in the change called death, which is an incident of our human life, we feel Thy loving hand, we know Thou workest Thy children no wrong, and that howsoever much of mystery may be involved in this change for us to-day we can trust it all with Thee, believing that Thou wilt, through our sorrow, bring forth a greater joy.

We thank Thee for the gift of human life, for the sweet home which Thou preparest for the primal being here, and for the sacred promises with which this life is written full; the hopes that ever bud and bloom anew, even in the darks of grief.

Eternal Spirit, through all these changes—when we can wisely read and understand—we see the working of Thy loving will, and read the lesson of Thy guardian care; and how, from what seemed direst calamity, Thou dost bring forth good to every human soul.

We thank Thee that in the growth of life here upon the earth there have come to light great truths, full of healing for human hearts. We thank Thee that in our night of sorrow there shine forth great stars of blessed faith and hope. We thank Thee for the voices of tender prophecy that sound up from the abyss of by-gone years, waking gentle echoes of hope and confidence, and for the sweet visions that Thou hast granted to us this day, in which the state of life beyond the grave has been so pictured to the inner sight that it has lost its dread for man, and that in place of all the agony and wild despair which once gathered around the stricken form there is now heard soft whisperings of hope and assurances of love that have the mastery o'er death. The years of love that are gone by and the years of love that are to be in the future meet and clasp hands in holy greeting in the illumined realms of the higher life.

Spirit, we thank Thee that in this hour our tears are more the tears of joy than grief; for if we grieve to part with the earthly form and palpable assurance of a dear one's love, we joy to know that our parting is not for always, but for a little while, and that the grief and pain which we now feel can not be hers—the new-born soul's, which has found its wings, and now all radiant with joy wafts sweet greetings from life's angel side.

We thank Thee for the hopes which budded in her tender woman heart; not one has withered in death, but all have opened wide their pure petals to the eternal light; and now her soul drinks in the fragrant, golden dew of other skies, where stars of beauty never set, where love's sweet guardians give wise protection, and where the yearnings of our inner life are satisfied.

We thank Thee that these dear friends who must now lay this slender form of clay within the bosom of our mother earth, feel the sweet reality of life eternal. We thank Thee that the thought of her companionship still lingers in the breast of those who mourn her earthly loss.

Dear Heart of Love, whose throbbings make the music of this life, and whose sweet care has been the providence of eternal life beyond the grave, we thank Thee for all the blessed proofs we have of Thy goodness and Thy love, even in such a season of grief as this. We thank Thee that the shadows of mortal death do part, and that dear visions of our beloved's life break through the mists of tears and show us that the resurrection hour has already come for her; and that there is no dreamless sleep, no loss of divine companionship, that most blessed boon of earth; but that already from the grave of matter her soul doth rise, robed in the glory of immortality, that every thought and deed of this loving spirit shall be sanctified to noble uses, and our lives enriched with memories of her.

Dear God, send Thou to these who mourn her earthly loss, such comfort as they need; let tender sympathy flow swift and bountiful, and let them feel the angel presence whenever they are lonely here.

And O may all these thy children, who have had their losses too, know that Thou dost all things well; that Thou dost bring from night the blessed day; from seeming evil, good; from death, sweet, unending life.

ADDRESS.

DEAR FRIENDS:—After a long season of anxiety, suffering, and grief, a blessed day has dawned, and the little clod of earth that bore a loving spirit down, and checked its living flow, and made it pause upon the path of progress that lies long and bright before us, hath crumbled away, and the spirit that was thus weighed down is set at liberty.

Death is a great revelator. He shows us first how much we loved our loves; he drops a plummet line into the soul's depths and tells us where our divinest affections lay, and he brings to light all the tender virtues that were half hidden in the anxieties and frets of our mortal life, until those whom we had not counted as much, grow rich and glorious in our clearer sight—in this strong light which death sheds upon our way.

"Who hath not lost a friend?" Who,

having lost a friend, has not felt how blind we have been when they were here beside us; how careless of the things they did; how the sweet gospel of their love had sounded in deaf ears, until death suddenly lays his spell upon us, as truly as upon these who are stricken in their earthly paths, and shows us just how precious were these lives. We have lost our children, and never until such loss did we know how sweet their voices were, how beautiful their flower-like faces, how precious their little willfulness. We have lost fathers and mothers, and never until we turned for counsel and could not hear their voice did we realize how sacred and divine a thing is fatherhood and motherhood on earth. We have lost husbands and wives, and never until that wondrous tie that united us and made us one, was sundered, have we known how close that tie was in reality—what a hold the other life had upon our own, how precious that companionship in which our inmost solitude was penetrated by the memory of that one who should make sweet all the days and years of coming time.

And this dear sister, this pure woman, devoted wife, noble mother and friend, has passed from among us as a visible being, and we know some ties are thereby sundered. The things that she did in the days gone by she will do no more—and death tells us how dear the offices, how beautiful her service, how unselfish her love; we know that we shall miss her; and the world to you who have held her close, will seem but a poor, barren place. But time is a great healer, and as death unfolds the beauty of her life to you, and your love transplants its tenderness and purest ties to the eternal world, the wound which is just opened will begin to heal, and, dear friends, the day will dawn when you will be glad to think of her just over there, for you will see that you are going right along the path now made sacred by her spiritual progress; you will see that this world is going farther and farther away from you, while that world is drawing nearer and nearer from day to day, and it will be a precious thought that she is there; the services which she rendered in the past will have gone right on under new conditions, with new motives guiding them, and the tender ministry which made the home-life sweet and beautiful is uninterrupted; it still continues to ply its blessed work, to think its tender thoughts, to shape them into some pleasant mold, which will greet you by and by as a preparation which she has made for the coming birth-time of your soul.

Her life in the form was almost flawless, seen now in the light of a great grief. It was one of the tenderest products of the planet, one of the most fragrant, and fruitful, for her lips were eloquent with pleadings for charity; her hands were busy always in some loving labor, and the smile of her face made a home, nay, a world, for your affection.

She was true to all those finer instincts of the womanly nature. In her daily ministry at home there was no discord. She made her life the synonym of harmony, and in the unfolding of her spiritual nature caught glimpses of the life that is to be. So that in the contemplation of her change she had not a single pulsation of cowardice, or thought of fear. She believed in the power and the goodness of God; she felt the presence of the Infinite in her soul, and in her home, and in the life of the world out there. In her sufferings she showed such patience that it taught us this valuable lesson—that even in weakness there is strength. As the mortal unloosed its hold from the things of this world the immortal nature fastened strongly upon the beauty and preparation going on for her in the other world.

Never shall I forget the last interview that I had with this dear sister. The little room was flooded with the Spring's sunshine, there came the warble of a bird down through the crystal air, and on her face was the light of the better world. Speaking of the weakness that had befallen her body, (but never complaining of her suffering), and of the possible change near at hand, she said, "I feel their presence and I have seen them several times since I was ill." The dear friends gathering so near that she caught the full glow of their angel faces and felt confidence in the preparation that they had made for her. But, said she, "Life is beautiful in this world; I know no difference; I drink in the sunshine, and the

(Continued on Fifth Page.)

OUR HOME IN HEAVEN.

(By spirit Rev. H. B. Karpas, communicated to his son, H. H. Karpas, of St. Paul, Minnesota, and copied for the GOLDEN GATE.)

(Continued.)

There is something very strange about the way we walk here. We move without any noise, and the flowers are under our feet but we do not crush them at all. There seems to be no death to any thing; flowers do not require any care. People do fuss with them because they love to, and have a natural love for taking care of them. You pick a rose or any flower and it does not wilt. When you throw it aside it simply roots itself again, and continues to live. I have noticed particularly that they are never dry. There is at times a dew falling upon everything—at times the sun, or light, does not shine so clearly, but when it does come in its full splendor all is glorious.

Well, I had not gone very far when I felt a loneliness come over me, as though some one was calling me. I wondered at it, for this was the very first sensation of that kind. I thought perhaps it came from my being alone. There was no one near me that I could see. Susan might have seen some one, but I could not; and I thought there was a good deal of imagination about Susan's talk as yet. I was in a very pretty place; it was perfectly green, but no birds or flowers—it was so very still. I could not shake off the loneliness and sat down and wondered what it meant. I thought of your mother—could not get my thoughts off from her—wondered how she was getting along without me, and will confess that I wanted to go back to our old home and find her. I had left her with so many little and big ones to look after, and no means to do it with. I became uneasy and discontented, and wondered if I could find her. No, I did not believe I could return to earth, and she was there. I thought if I had to wait years and years before I hear from her, or know how she is getting along, I shall not be very happy here. What made me think of our old home, any way, if I could not reach it? The little children said that I was to be very happy here, but unless I could blot out all love for my wife and children that I had loved and cherished for years—unless I can forget them entirely I do not see how I can be contented here, or in any place without knowing how they are, and that can not be accomplished unless we can return.

Here I was alone—did not know the first step toward getting to any place, so I called for Susan, and waited as she had directed me to do. Soon I saw her coming to me; she laughingly inquired how I was, and why so sad. I told her, and she inquired if it was not perfectly natural that I should wish to see mother and the loved ones at home, and assured me that she had been home many times and that I could do so also, "and now," she said, "we will both return together to the dear old home where the loved ones are." She told me to fix my mind on mother and think of nothing else, and we would try moving without any protection. That was just what I wished to do. It was quite evident that I must start at the beginning and learn over again something that I thought I already knew, and the sooner I acquired the knowledge the better.

We walked away a short distance when we commenced to rise up into the air. We did not seem to be lifted, for we had solid footing; still we were in the clouds walking along just like any one would on land. After a while Susan said, "We will soon be in sight of home." I thought it could not be, for we had only started apparently. I found that she, as usual, was right.

On our way we met a great many people going and coming from some place; they all looked happy and bowed to us as they passed by. I said to Susan that people were civil here, anyway; there did not appear to be any discord; every one seems so willing to help one another.

We were walking along on the banks of clouds when all at once we stopped and the clouds separated and we floated down from them to earth. Before reaching the earth I looked down and could see our place as distinctly as ever I could in my life, and I had nothing to say about it not being possible for any one to return from spirit life. I felt as though all very hard study had been thrown away. How I came to make such a mistake I could not understand. We walked up to our home and found the door shut. I asked Susan how we were going to get in. "Use all your will force, father, and we will be there. It is much easier to pass through a doorway than to pass through a solid substance; when all is closed you have to exercise all your will-force and magnetism to accomplish it."

We passed through the door all right—did not hurt us any. I do not know just how it was done. I felt myself moving and was looking at the door, and then was inside the room, and did not ask Susan any more questions.

We passed into the sitting, or living room, and there was mother as natural as I left her. She was sitting by the table darned a pair of pants, but was looking very sad sitting there working all alone, except that Sam was with her. Sam said, "What made pa die, anyhow?" "My son, it was the will of the Lord; his time had come, so he must obey our Heavenly Father's wishes." Sam replied

that it was "awful mean, anyhow." Then mother told him to go to bed, and she was left alone. Susan and myself tried to make her realize that we were there. We put our arms around her and talked to her just as we would do if she could have seen us. Soon she put her work away and opened the Bible and read, prayed and cried as though her heart would break. We remained close by her all the time. Susan made passes over her and soon she appeared to feel better, and commenced to wonder how and where I was. Finally she retired for the night and had a wonderful dream in which she thought I had returned to her bedside and told her that I had been there all the evening. She told her dream to Sam and he thought she had the nightmare, but she concluded that she had eaten too hearty a supper; and so I did not get the credit of doing what I had accomplished, for I was by her bedside and told her just the words she related to Sam. She never spoke of it after that once, nor have I been able to make her realize that I could return, and I was very much disappointed.

The boys would do things that I tried to tell them was not right, but could not; they thought me dead, as I had always taught them, except Hezekiah, he always would and did his own thinking; which I did not like at all; but it is all right now, my son. You were right in a great measure.

Susan thought we had better return to get more strength. When we arrived at home we found Libbie there with a number of little children that she had taken for her own, two beautiful little girls and two lovely little boys. They are bright, sunny children. She had decided to remain in "Summer Valley" with the children and was here on a visit only.

Susan thought that if I would get some child for a guide and companion, that it would be better, as we would help each other, as there were so many things that needed explaining, that a child did not understand, and some things that the child could explain to me, so I went to "Summer Valley" all alone—did not experience any trouble in reaching the place. It was the loveliest place to me that I had found. As I walked along the little darlings came running up, so happy and free, and wanted me to sit down and talk to them, and as I had come to find one for my own, did so; but I never got in a place before where it was so hard to decide which one I would choose, for I wanted them all. One little one would say something and I wanted her, then another would commence talking and I wanted her; finally I inquired if they knew of any little girl that would like to be my little girl. I thought that would decide it for me; but they all jumped up and clapped their hands and laughed, saying, "We all will go, for we love you;" and I would have taken them all if I could have had my way. Finally, one little one said, "We can not all go, but I know some one you could get, she is very nice," and away she ran to bring her, while I sat waiting for her to return.

I asked the little ones if they were happy all the time, and they looked at me in wonder and answered in a way that made me feel very much ashamed of having asked the question, "Why, ain't you happy? We always are; everything is so lovely; don't you think it prettier here than the earth? Could you make it any nicer?" I told them no that I was sure that we were all very happy and dropped the subject.

Soon my little one came with a child that she thought would please me. She was ten years old, had large blue eyes, bright brown hair which curled down below her waist and was not confined by ribbon of any kind—was dressed in thin white goods that floated all about her—had flowers in her hair and a lovely wreath around her neck—sort of a necklace. She came up to me smiling; such a heavenly face I have never seen but once since. She took off the necklace and put it on my head, and put her arms around my neck and kissing me said, "May I be your little girl?" Well, I thought she could be anything she wished, and told her so; to which she said, "Oh, I am so happy. I will be your little guardian angel." I inquired what her name was, and before she could answer, all the little ones began singing a pretty little song in which the name of my little angel was given—Faith. And away they skipped singing and running after each other like little fairies. My little Faith how I loved her already. I looked down at her and offered up a prayer. She said, "May I call you papa?" I assured her that I would love to have her do so. She said, "My own papa never loves us very much. Papa and mamma are not together very much." I inquired how old she was when she first came here to "Summer Valley." She said, "I was five years old, and I was very lonesome at first, and some little girls took me back to my home. Papa was not with mamma then—she was so lonesome. I could not make my mamma see me at all. She cried so much because I was all the little girl she had. I got a brother though, he is smaller than I am. Do you think we can go find my mamma now? I want to see her." I told her that I would be glad to go, but she would have to teach me the way, as I had not been here very long. "Oh, yes, I will. I did not always know how. You must take hold of my hand and want to go real bad and we will be there before long. That is the way I do."

She asked if I would like to have her sing while we were going—said she could

sing real nice. I told her yes, I would. Her songs were very sweet, and she was as near being an angel as is possible to get.

She inquired if I had any home of my own in Heaven. I told her not yet, but intended to build one after a time and would like to have her help me about it. She was very much pleased and had a good deal to say about what we would have in it.

On our way to Faith's mamma we passed by hill after hill, valley after valley, and over streams of water—could see all very clearly now, as I was not at all afraid.

It did seem very strange to be moving just on air. Soon we passed up into the clouds and it was just like walking on great banks of pure white snow; only instead of being cold we were very comfortable. Some of the way there was blue sky above us and clouds below—could always see a great way around, which is strange, as we were right in the clouds. I inquired if she did not think it queer that we could go from one place to another this way. She said, "I did once, but should feel 'funnier' to go, as I did when I lived with my mamma. I like it here ever so much better than I did at home, don't you?" Well, I thought I did; still, I would like mother here to enjoy it with me. She said, "We will take her some flowers sometime."

We came to a black cloud and could not see beyond it. I asked my little guide what we were to do now. She said we will be all right; just wait and see who is coming. Some one feels bad, after they pass it will be bright again. So we looked at the cloud and it parted in the center and there walked out a man so unhappy. Faith said, "Oh, dear papa, he has lost his way; shall we help him?" I felt ashamed to have her suggest it first, but was so surprised that I did not think much about anything. I inquired if she knew him? "No, but that does not make any difference." She went to him, but he did not appear to see her. She patted his face and he stopped short; looked first at me, then at her and said, "Oh, sis, will you tell me where I am? I can not get out of these clouds." I inquired where he wished to go, to which he replied that he "did not care; I have been trying to go from one place to another without any help, but can not do it. I did not want any one to drag me about." To this little Faith said, "All right; we will not, but just let me put this flower in your hand." (I neglected to say that Faith gathered a basket of flowers before starting.) He looked at her and then at the flowers and said, "Little fairy, who are you, and where did you come from?" "I am simply this papa's little Faith, and wish you were happy; we must go now, so good-bye." He did not wish to be left alone, for he was afraid that he could not return to his place of rest, if he had any. Little Faith inquired if he did not know any one here. He said, "No, not any one." "Would you like to?" "Yes, oh yes." Well just wait; I will find some one." She knelt down and began calling "Little children, little children, come this way to little Faith. I am calling now for Sunbeam, to lead this dear papa home to rest. He has no one here to love him; will you, Sunbeam, come to me?" She appeared to be unconscious. Soon I heard such sweet singing; I thought the air was full of children, all singing. They came from every direction in great numbers. Little Faith seemed to be herself again and arose, went to the man and took hold of his hand.

The little ones had as many flowers as they could carry. The cloud cleared away and all was perfect. I did not say a word; it was more than I could comprehend. The man was equally surprised and simply looked at them.

Two little girls came to him and put a wreath on his head and covered him with flowers, then beckoned the others to come, which they did, and each one put their flowers about him until he was all surrounded with a glorious beauty of every color. Then they sang one of their gloriously sweet songs. Singing here is very different from that you have on earth. Then one little one went to him and said, "Are you anybody's papa?" "Yes." "Is your little one here?" "No, she is on earth." "Would you like to have me with you for a little time?" "Yes, my darling, will you come?" "Oh, yes, if you would love to have me. I am called Sunbeam, and we will both go away to your home together, as I can show you the way." Now the stranger was in loving hands, and Sunbeam bid little Faith good-bye. Before we parted with them the man came to Faith, put his arms around her and said, "My little angel, may you be always happy." "Oh, yes, we are never sad—good-bye all."

(To be continued.)

"A soft answer turneth away wrath;" it takes two to quarrel, don't make the second. If we can not settle our disputes amicably, we should go away, take a rest, think it over, then try it again, and if then we can not agree, propose to arbitrate. Anything is better than an open quarrel, and the next thing to it is a lawsuit. Avoid that by all means for in that case both parties generally lose,—the lawyer getting the kernel, the client the shell.

THE boys in a St. Louis school recently struck for shorter hours. Formerly, it was the schoolmaster who struck.

EXPERIENCE DEPARTMENT.

Was the House Haunted?

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Has any one ever yet satisfactorily explained why certain houses are haunted except on the Spiritualistic theory?

Scientists deny that there are any such in existence, but we are compelled to admit that in the world's history we have abundant evidence from writers of all times that occasionally such phenomena have occurred in various habitations and localities.

Robert Dale Owen in his "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," has gone over this ground with so much care, and has produced so many incontrovertible proofs as to the reality of these manifestations of unseen powers, that there can be no question or doubt on the subject. But the majority of mankind is so constituted that no matter how strong the testimony may be, if the facts do not come within the range of their knowledge and experience, and especially if they partake in any way of the mysterious and unaccountable, they will either doubt the veracity of the witnesses or question their sanity. How inconsistent they are in doing so, never occurs to them; really, one would suppose that all the mysteries of nature that surround us, were as an open book to these wise folks, and that should any one see, or hear anything that could not be explained by their "scientific methods," why he must be the victim of delusion and imagination, and not capable of relying on his or her senses.

I am led to make these remarks, because on several occasions when relating the following experience, my truthfulness has been doubted, or I have been called superstitious and credulous; but I positively assert that I relate nothing but what actually happened, and was witnessed at the time, by persons of unimpeachable character, whose testimony would have been admitted in any court of justice.

Many years have elapsed since the occurrences I am about to relate took place, but the impressions made on my mind were so lasting that they might have happened last week, and while my memory lasts I shall not be apt to forget my sensations while residing in that weird dwelling.

I had never heard, in those days, of spiritual manifestations; my education had been strictly orthodox, and any experience which savored of the supernatural had always, in my hearing, been accounted for as the work of the Devil, which generally was accepted as quite satisfactory and unanswerable. But as the truths of Spiritualism dawned upon me, I learned to think of these things differently, until at last I not only exonerated the poor Devil from playing such pranks, but banished him from my mind altogether, as a myth and a delusion.

However, as his Satanic Majesty still lives and thrives in the minds of a great many very good Christians, no doubt my remarks will be considered by them as heretical and highly unbecoming, but as I claim the privilege of believing according to my light on this subject, I will accord them the liberty of believing as they please. And now to my "experiences in a haunted house."

In the year 1856 I was invited to visit a Mr. and Mrs. Thorne, old friends of my family, whom I had known since childhood, having frequently stayed with them at their home in Wales. Business, however, demanding that Mr. T. should live, during the greater part of the year, in London, he decided upon removing his family and residing permanently in the great metropolis. With this end in view, he wrote to his London attorney, an old friend, to find a suitable house; rather a difficult thing, as he desired to unite, if possible, some of the advantages of the country within walking distance of the city. Such a residence offering these advantages, however, was finally secured, Mr. G—, the attorney, writing to say that the widow of a client of his desired to rent her house for three years, and as the negotiations were satisfactory to all parties, my friends came to town and took possession of their new home.

It was situated near and overlooked the Regent's Park; built within a high brick wall, surrounded by a pretty flower garden and a few old trees, there seemed to be nothing about it suggestive of the scenes which transpired within its walls soon after their removal into it. They had occupied it about a month when I joined the family circle, which consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Thorne, two young daughters, and George L—, Mrs. T.'s brother, a young man about twenty-five years old. They had also brought with them a cook, a woman, who had lived in the family twelve years, and a young girl whom they had hired since their arrival, to do the housework, completed the household.

Up to the time of my arrival nothing seems to have happened calling for remark, and I was the first member of the family to whom anything unusual occurred. On this occasion Mr. and Mrs. T., and George, Mrs. T.'s brother, had gone to spend the evening with some friends; the girls had gone to bed in the room above me, and the housemaid was sitting and sewing in the same room; the cook had also gone out for the evening, and I was alone in the front drawing-room reading. I was, I remember, very much

interested in my book, when I suddenly felt a cold, chilling blast of air, which made my flesh creep. So unusual a sensation in midsummer caused me to raise my eyes to see if I could trace this cold air to an open window or door, and yet I remembered that it was even warmer out of doors than in, as every one at dinner had been complaining of the intense heat. While I was speculating on this, the very room shivered; it was like a tremor running through the foundation of the house, whilst the furniture creaked and snapped in a most unaccountable manner. Looking through the folding-doors into the back drawing-room, which exactly faced me, I distinctly saw a bright, luminous light about six feet from the floor, which seemed to emanate from the corner of the room. It hovered a second or two, then appeared to float across the room and to pass clean through the panel of the door. As it disappeared I again felt the cold chill, and another vibratory motion in the room. The whole thing was so sudden, and so unlike anything I had ever experienced before, that I was not frightened, only astonished; however, to sit there alone, after the whole thing was over and I had time to think of what I had seen and felt, was simply impossible. A feeling of awe and horror took possession of me, and opening the door, through which I saw that mysterious light glide, I rushed up-stairs into the children's room, only to find them asleep and the maid placidly sewing. She looked incredulously at me when I told her what I had seen and felt, but not wishing to appear frightened, I laughed it off and tried to think I had imagined it. At breakfast next morning, on telling the family what had happened, I got so laughed at that it was clear I had no believers in the reality of my phenomena.

A few evenings after this we were all seated in the front drawing-room, listening to Mrs. T. playing on the piano. She had just risen from her seat and was about to pass into the back room to get her sewing, when a similar creaking, groaning, and snapping of the furniture commenced again, the same earthquake-like tremor shook the floor, the cold, ice-like chill pervaded the room, the light from the lamp was suddenly dimmed, and right in the same corner, toward which Mrs. T. was advancing for her work, appeared an oval-shaped light, that stretched itself upward and downward till it appeared to be about six feet in height and about eighteen inches in width; then, hovering for an instant, it gently floated through the room, and passed through the closed door. All saw it, and felt the cold air wafting around us. The snapping of the furniture was going on; indeed, the whole performance was just a repetition of what I had seen and felt a few evenings before. There was no imagination about it. But how to account for it, we could not. After this no one seemed to care to stay alone in the room; nor did we talk much upon the subject. It was tacitly understood that it would be better to ignore the occurrence, and to forget it also, if possible.

At least a month passed, and no more was seen or heard of our corpse candle, as we named the queer light, for these Welsh people nearly all believe that before a death takes place in a family, a light is seen to issue from the dwelling and to pass along the route to the spot where the corpse will be laid. This belief is so general among Welsh people that to doubt it is almost sacrilege. You might as well tell the Irish peasant that there are no Banshees.

And now comes the sad part of my narrative. About a month after the above event Mr. T. and George were away from home for a few days on business, in the midland counties. Mrs. T. and I were about retiring for the night. During her husband's absence she invited me to sleep with her, which I was glad to do, as somehow I did not care to remain alone. Well, we were almost ready to get into bed when we heard, as we supposed, distant thunder—a low rumbling sound which gradually increased until it seemed to gather force and concentrate over our heads—when suddenly such a crashing, smashing, tumult seemed to take place as sent us screaming into the next room where the children were; they woke up at the noise and added their cries to ours. Then just as suddenly as the noise commenced it ceased, and where a moment before was all din and horrible confused sounds perfect silence ensued.

To say that we were frightened is a weak expression. We were almost paralyzed with terror; and, yet, what produced these soul-harrowing sounds? I have never been able to solve the question, but we seemed to feel that some dreadful disaster was impending over us.

The two servants, who slept over our heads, declared, when we ventured up stairs at last, that they had heard nothing. It seems almost incredible that they could have slept through that fearful time, as the noise seemed to proceed from their very room. At last we retired to bed, but it was hours before either of us could sleep. Sleep at last we did, however, but it seemed as though we had slept but an hour or two when the door-bell rang—an unusual thing so early in the morning; the servants were not up yet, but the cook, slipping on her dress, ran down to the door, when a telegram was handed her by a messenger. Mrs. T. by this time was half way down stairs and, tearing open the envelope, gave one piercing shriek and sank into a dead faint on the landing.

I will not dwell on the miserable scenes that followed. A doctor was brought in. Mrs. T. went into convulsions which so

prostrated her that it was weeks before she was sufficiently recuperated to go out; indeed, for a time her reason was despaired of. The cause of all this suffering was the sad news delivered at that early hour that on the previous night a terrible railway accident had occurred in which poor George was instantly killed and Mr. T. seriously injured. He, however, recovered his health before his wife was able to leave her room. Her brother's body was brought home and buried from the room in which we had all seen the mysterious light evolve and disappear, thus carrying out the old superstitious belief of the "corpse candle."

After these sad events were all over I left for my own home, but returned to stay with Mrs. T. for a week at Christmas. Time had somewhat dulled the sorrows of the preceding Summer, though there seemed to be ever a sadness hovering over the household, which culminated in another shock to our nerves.

Two or three days before Christmas we were startled one morning by the housemaid coming into the dining-room just after breakfast with ashy face and almost incoherent speech; she was so agitated that it was some time before we could understand her. However, her story was that on entering the bathroom a few minutes before, she was startled by seeing a man stretched on the floor. At the first glance she thought it was Mr. T., but remembered that he had just gone to his business in the city. At the same moment she noticed that the man was very pale, with heavy black side whiskers, dark curling hair, and with one hand lying across his chest, grasping a weapon of some kind. She described him as having no coat or vest on, and light gray pants, with stockinged feet. Scarcely had she taken in these details when she realized that there was nothing there but the bare floor, the object had disappeared.

After the dreadful experiences of the past Summer the woman was quite unnerved, and declared that the house was bewitched, and refused to stay another night in it. We could not persuade her either to shake her belief in what she asserted she had seen or to remain another day. She left the house that afternoon. Now, here was another inexplicable event. Had the woman really seen anything, or were her nerves unstrung, and she imagined she saw a form such as she described. We could not say, but only hoped that it was so.

New Year's night came round and with it a visit from Mr. G., the attorney, who had leased the house for Mr. T. During the evening he remarked that he had received a letter from his client, the owner of the house, who was then in Italy, saying that she would like to sell the house, and requested Mr. G. to find, if possible, a purchaser, as the associations connected with her husband's death were such that she could never live in it herself again.

Being questioned as to the particulars of the death, he told us that the unfortunate man had suicided by shooting himself through the heart with a pistol, in the bathroom. The description of his personal appearance and manner of dress when discovered tallied exactly with that of the housemaid's given a few days previously. This intelligence, coupled with the other strange sights and sounds experienced in that house, was too much for Mrs. T. She moved out of the house in a few days, and Mr. T. gladly disposed of his lease at a pecuniary loss some time after. Who the next tenants were and whether they ever had any like experiences I never heard. I saw some time ago an item in some newspaper which stated that a book was soon to be published in London, giving the history and incidents connected with a number of houses scattered throughout England, which have borne for years the reputation of being haunted. I am waiting for that book to come my way. I have a presentiment that I shall yet come across another chapter in the history of that weird house near the Regent's Park.

M. A. M.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 30, 1886.

A Warning Unheeded.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The experience column of your paper I always read with much interest. It brings us face to face with facts which, if duly attested, shed much light upon our human pathway. What thinking mind is there that can not in a review of the past perceive influences at work that they knew not of at the time? Side by side our unseen friends often walk with us and try to guide us, and happy are we if we can feel and heed their influence. I myself might have been spared a great calamity had I known at the time anything of Spiritualism and the fact of spirit communion.

In 1865 I had been in business for myself in this city ten years and was successful. About that time I was solicited by a friend to give a position to a young man of family, and did so. He proved capable and efficient, and I was much pleased with him, so much so that I made him my confidential clerk. Everything went well and I prospered. In 1869 my wife surprised me by saying, "I am impressed with the idea that Mr. F. (my clerk) will hurt you, and I want you to discharge him. I can not tell how I get the impression but it is very strong." I laughed at the idea as being a woman's whim.

Time passed on for some months when the warning came again, stronger than ever, and my wife was deeply impressed with the danger I was in, and urged me

to part with my clerk; but I was destined to be obstinate and blinded.

In the early part of 1870 my wife gave me the third and last warning. She was deeply impressed, and said she felt that it was the last time she should speak of it. I myself felt that it was serious, and reviewed the condition of my business affairs, but could not see that anything was wrong. I had just dissolved with my partner—all was settled up satisfactorily, and I was at a loss to see where I could be hurt; but in a few months the crash came. I need not enter into details; suffice it to say that my confidential clerk, with others, had robbed me of the earnings of my lifetime, and I was obliged at that late time in life to buckle on the armor and commence life anew.

No more impressions came to my wife, and in 1881 she passed over to the unseen. I believed in immortality but knew nothing of the spirit world. My wife said, "Papa, if such things are permitted I will return to you." I waited, not knowing how such things could be until suspense became almost unbearable, when a lady friend and Spiritualist directed my feet to a true medium where I found the golden chord was not broken, that soul touched soul, and that the two worlds were one.

I had never forgotten the warning given me, but as time passed on and my intercourse with loved ones in spirit life became more free I sought and obtained the desired solution of what seemed to me a mystery. I was told that my wife was mediumistic and that father and mother in spirit life had, being cognizant of the situation, through her, tried to save me. Happy are those who see and believe and do not have to go through tribulation to find the light.

W.

"One Fact Worth a Thousand Theories."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Yours requesting me to furnish you more of my experiences is at hand. I would do so with the greatest pleasure were it not so laborious for me to write, or perhaps I should say, were I not becoming so mentally lazy.

I could fill a book with what I have seen of mediumship and humbuggery on both sides of the Continent from Boston to San Francisco, and along the line intermediate and collateral, and I think with some of your clear-headed contributors that you can publish nothing so convincing of the grand truths of Spiritualism as are its phenomenal facts. Facts are the test of truths, the basic structure of all philosophy.

Thoughtful, zealous friends of our cause can not shut their eyes to the danger in which we are getting involved by our people following the example of sectarian Christians. They form a theory and twist their facts into a shape to support it, whereas one fact, clear and indisputable, is worth a thousand theories.

A friend tells me he does not like my views of form materialization; they are in conflict with his preconceptions of a future life and its philosophy.

I reply that I do not like the fact of physical death, but am compelled to meet it by a law from which there is no appeal.

And he rejoins: "I have not seen materialization myself, and I can not believe anything so wonderful on the testimony of anybody, however honest; they are deceived."

"And why have you not seen for yourself?" I inquire. "Have you endeavored to do so? If not, never charge Puritans again with bigotry; be consistent, if you can't be liberal."

You ask, "What do you think of Mrs. Watson on frauds?" Had you omitted the two terminal words, I should answer, "She is a grand, clear-headed woman, of whom we should all be proud;" but my answer to the question, as it stands, must be a little mixed. I have read the essay but cursorily; may think differently on a more careful perusal. I discover the "missing link," as we say of Darwin, in her argument, by the absence of a confession that she has attended materializing seances. By it I am reminded of Sir David Brewster's refusal to witness levitation, because, as he alleged, that it contravened natural law, thereby assuming that the laws of nature were all developed.

It appears to me that Mrs. Watson rests her main argument against "frauds" on the unphilosophical assumption that a fraudulent susceptibility and a mysterious physiological peculiarity, or gift, can not co-exist in the same person. As well might she claim that blind Tom can not be a musician because he is a moral idiot. We all know that the physical is independent of moral law, why not then the moral and mediumistic independence?

When our San Francisco "sectarians" will act in the spirit that governed Mrs. Brittan, we shall progress. She refused to visit a materializing medium here because some told she was a "fraud." She did visit the same medium at Col. Kase's in Philadelphia, was convinced of her error, and did what all who hold the good of the cause paramount to all else, acknowledged her error and became a convert to materialization.

Truly thine in the grand cause,

G. B. CRANE.

"To be or not to be," is not the question; but to be as we ought to be,—ah! that's the question.

Boston Letter from John Wetherbee.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

It was half-past one. As I was going to walk, it was time to be moving; there was no need of any hurry, however; so moderately and thoughtfully I started on my way to Rutland street—a mile and a half distant—to attend, this pleasant Saturday afternoon, a seance at the Berry sisters. Soon striking the border walk of the common as it bounds Tremont street, I sort of lost myself; that is, I took no note of time, or anything else. I could hardly call my condition a brown, peripatetic study, for I did take note of the greener look of the grass than it was a week before, and I noticed the newly budding trees growing greenish, also, and I was in an Easter frame of mind, the day following being Easter Sunday; not, however, with any reference to "the star of Bethlehem," but to that more modern Easter, the advent of Spiritualism. Passing one particular spot, memory seemed to joggle me, and I am inclined in this connection to mention the joggle. I used to know a man—this was over twenty years ago—who was a clairvoyant, and this incident occurred: (I have passed the spot a thousand times and have thought of the incident as many, but on this occasion it was so impressive that it forces me to be expressive.) I was walking with this man at the time referred to and had noticed that he had nodded once or twice, apparently to the vacant air, for nobody was passing. Doing so again, I said: "Who are you bowing to?" He replied, "St. Paul; you can not see him." It struck me as an eccentric answer, and I turned around, and he did also. The sun was shining brightly, as it is now. There was nobody who had passed and very few people in sight, and none nearer than the telescope man, some twenty rods away. My friend, it seemed, was a human telescope, for he assured me that the mall was quite full of persons that he could see but whom I could not. I thought it a pleasant illusion on his part, but a longer acquaintance with him (who, by the way, was a very intelligent, cultivated gentleman, and one whom I liked very much), I am able to say, I am sure, he was not deceived in the fact. I am not so sure of the personality of the spirit he saw, but I am as sure he bowed to a spirit as I am that Swedenborg held intercourse with departed beings, or that my grandmother, who was a seeress, did also, though I once considered all such things as fancies,

"Ghosts of happy, fond illusions."

I am sure now they were as real as any of the occult experiences of every day life.

This man has been in the spirit world now almost a score of years, but, as I have said, I do not know when I have so vividly thought of him as I did at this time when on my way to the Berry's and passing the spot that I have mentioned. His well remembered presence stuck to me and would not down at my bidding, nor did I bid it "down," for I am growing hospitable to impressions. I sometimes think these memories of the departed, when they come to me and stick to me, when they do come are evidences of their presence, and in some cases they have proved to be. I was on my way to a materializing seance. I was hoping this old friend would appear;—that would have been a good test—but he did not; still, in the invisible gathering, he may have been one, for many spirits are present on such occasions who do not find it convenient to appear.

By this train of thought I was in a very good condition to enjoy a seance, and the seance was so remarkably good that I think most of those present must have been in the right frame of mind also. The circle comprised about thirty persons. A large portion of them were strangers, and some few who had never attended a seance before. Everything is so orderly at the Berry's seances, and Mr. Albro, the manager, so accommodating and polite to new faces, that anyone's blood must be bad indeed to be rude, even in thought. On the present occasion I do not think there was a person there who did not feel that they were being honestly dealt with, both by the medium and by the spirits. A man sitting next to me, who had never been at a seance before, was asked by Mr. Albro to take the key he held and go with him and lock the door that opened into the back parlor, and they did so. When the man came back to his seat he said he was sure the doors were locked. I can assure the reader that when those doors are locked there is no way of getting into that cabinet or into the room except on the principle of matter passing through solid matter. It is so hard for people to realize the honest fact of this thing that I am apt to dwell upon it; it is the tribute due for my privileges and my experience. I will state a circumstance; it did not occur on this occasion, but I mention it now, because anyone will see, if I am clear enough in statement, that I know what I am writing about: It was my privilege to be one of six persons who were asked to come up and surround the cabinet. I knew each of the other five as honest seekers after truth. I was one of two who stood in front of the cabinet, the other four stood at the three other sides, thus covering the four sides of the simple rectangular enclosure, or cabinet, which stood in the center of the rear half of the room. There being no hole in the floor, and the carpet whole and intact all over

the room, the four posts of the cabinet resting on the carpet, having no floor of itself; nobody but the medium was then in that enclosure, and that being so with the guard surrounding it, it was absolutely certain that there could be no mortal additions. I went inside with a wax taper, making it perfectly light. Others looked in, and there was nothing in there except the medium (Miss Berry), sitting in one corner on a small chair. Coming out of the enclosure the curtain was instantly opened again and two forms came out—a male and a female. The latter was recognized, and I shook hands with the male form, and know positively that neither of them were the medium, and as positively also that they could not have been mortals, and therefore must have been what they claim to be—beings of the other world—that is, spirit manifestations. Who they are, or whether they are the special persons they claim to be, is a secondary matter for persons to judge by the objective or intellectual evidence for themselves. I think the latter evidence the most reliable, but the fact of their being materialized spirits is as absolutely certain as that two and two make four.

I have taken so much space to present my position and my reason for being so positive, that I will not go into the details of the seance that has inspired this article, and which was so remarkably good. There were some remarkable tests, and the phenomena generally were very interesting. I will mention one circumstance that interested all present because the fact was so palpable, and the relation of it will, in a measure, illustrate the character or quality of the seance. The circle was of a horse-shoe form; the chairs on the left side, and for a short distance, were a little removed from the wall, from nothing to twelve inches, so that the person on the end seat would be about flush with the organ; that is, there would be space behind the seats for a person to stand, but it would be a pretty close fit. A form came to the cabinet opening and retired, and did so twice. We were expecting it to come out, but, instead of that, up sprang, between the back of Mr. A. B. Brown's chair and the wall, a female form robed in white. Mr. Brown arose, moved his chair, and led the radiant maiden out into the room and up to the cabinet. It was his daughter. His seat was the fifth from the end and the fourth from me, and fully eight or ten feet from the cabinet. I can say positively that there was no possible way for any person to have gotten there without passing behind me and my knowing it. The upspringing from that spot was as unmistakable as anything could possibly be. The phenomenon was distinctly witnessed, by all present, particularly by those on the opposite side of the room. To me it was peculiarly interesting because it was one of the clearest materializations outside of the cabinet, and in plain sight, that I ever saw, and when a phenomenon of that kind occurs it is palpable proof that it is a spirit and not a mortal manifestation, and I want all who read this article to understand that that is what I mean exactly. Mr. Brown, who is a well known man who lives in Worcester, stated to the circle, after his daughter had retired, that she had given him also a very good test. She was aware that his son, her brother, was going abroad; he had only decided to go the day before, but she knew it as well as he did, though he had not spoken of it to her in his interview, or to any one else. Other interesting circumstances could be mentioned that occurred at this seance, but this article is growing lengthy, so the statement of this one incident will illustrate its character as well as if others were related.

I like very much your remarks in reference to the testimony of persons who had interesting experience with a medium in Los Angeles. I think when the medium or the spirits are unwilling to give test conditions when the request is reasonable, and by parties who have the public ear, and when the request is for the good of the order, it is an argument against them. There is a growing disposition in the mediums, or the spirits, to meet this general wish, and though I would not be trifling in my carelessness, a medium hereafter has got to be reasonable in satisfying me or I do not train in their company. I am aware they are a sensitive set, and their sensitiveness is a factor in their mediumship; still, as the Rev. M. J. Savage says, "We can all better afford to wait than to be deceived." The exact truth is what we all want, and those who can not be tested must retire, especially on a matter as important as materialization. And if impressions are anything, and experiences, it seems lately as if this wish is to be gratified and that the spirits are seeing the point.

NEARLY all the great historic characters are impossible monsters, disproportioned by flattery, or by calumny deformed. We know nothing of their peculiarities, or nothing but their peculiarities. . . . Washington is now only a steel engraving. About the real man who lived and loved and hated and schemed we know but little. —Robert G. Ingersoll.

A PERSON sitting for a picture should not think of dictating to the photographer whether he shall, or shall not, go into a dark room to develop the negative. The operator is supposed to know his business. Just so with a medium. We should take the conditions as we find them and not prejudice. Wait until the seance is over to "sift the wheat from the chaff."—Light in the West.

[Transcribed for the Golden Gate.]

Visit to the Planet Mars.

[Through private mediumship.]

I have come to give you an account of my visit to the planet Mars; it will be interesting to you and will serve as an addition to your collection.

The inhabitants of this planet are very diminutive—about the size of Tom Thumb and Commodore Nutt, whom I remember well. They are very perfect in form and organization, and appear to us very amusing. Their surroundings all being in proportion you can imagine the appearance of a babe among them, as well as the size of their houses, etc. Their advancement is far behind that of the inhabitants of earth. They have not yet developed the power of steam. They travel in sailing vessels. I noticed one vessel of curious description that was used to carry passengers between two shores, that had the appearance of an ark with windows on each side. The water over which it plied was like the bay opposite your city; but while it takes you but half an hour to make the passage it takes them several hours to make the same distance. The male dress of those that I saw was a short frock with very full trousers. The higher rank wear what has the appearance of velvet. The women are in a condition of servitude like those of the lower races upon earth. Their various governments are monarchical, nothing like Republicanism existing, although the idea is now commencing a development. The planet is constituted like this with all the minerals, but many of them are as yet undiscovered and of course unused. Among a few of those who are the most advanced they use firearms rudely constructed; but more than two-thirds of the inhabitants are in a savage state and have no knowledge of mechanics.

In religion they are idolaters, recognizing a supreme being that is good and a devil, and they believe that worshipping him will appease him so he will not visit upon them his power, and they construct hideous idols representing their ideas of the intense evil of his disposition and pay obeisance to them. They are not unlike a large portion of the Chinese in their stage of advancement and their religious ideas. They have not yet obtained a knowledge of their planet, their means of traveling are so imperfect they use a compass, but not as you do. There are many countries yet undiscovered and many races not yet known to each other. The physical strength of a man is about that of a boy fourteen years old with you—great in proportion to their size.

Although physically inferior to us they possess the same mental capacities; it would not have been just to have created beings on a planet whose spirits were to progress through the spheres with us and have them inferior in capacity.

The control said he saw much that interested him. They have beautiful scenery, and the planet is divided into land and water much like the earth. Those that are most advanced in mechanics use water and wind power, but their appliances are very rude. As a whole they are about four hundred years behind the planet earth.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

The New Planchette.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

My attention was arrested a few weeks ago by an article in a city paper describing an apparatus which may be termed, perhaps, the "New Planchette." It consists of a smooth board, say 20x22 inches (the size is of no consequence so long as it be large enough to meet the requirements), on which is marked in three or four rows, as may be convenient, the letters of the alphabet. At the upper left-hand corner of the letters mark "Yes," and at the right "No." Under the alphabet the numerals including the cipher are placed; at the left "Good-even," and at the right "Good-night." I presume it is a matter of no consequence that this arrangement be strictly followed. Perhaps the result would be just as satisfactory if the letters, figures and words were put on the board promiscuously.

Now make a small triangular table, the two sides longer than the base (the sides of mine are four and one-half inches and the base five and one-half inches), and it is about one-fourth of an inch thick. In each corner insert a leg two or two and one-half inches long and one-fourth of an inch in diameter. Now let two or more persons place the board in their laps, put the planchette on it and each place the fingers of one hand lightly upon it and wait for results. If nothing occurs in half or three-quarters of an hour put it by and try again another day. In my own family we obtained results at the first trial and they have increased in interest at every successive sitting. I will not say what these results are, but leave it for those who are disposed to try the experiment to find out for themselves. They are of sufficient interest in my own family to make us desire to continue our sittings, and promise to be startling enough to furnish an item for your "Experience Department."

I am a Spiritualist, but I made my apparatus simply as a pastime and with not a particle of faith that it would amount to anything, but greatly to my surprise the phenomena that has followed the experiment has "stumped" me.

HAYWARDS, May 1, 1886.

W.

GOLDEN GATE.

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

734 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

J. J. OWEN, Editor and Manager.
Mrs. Mattie P. Owen, Assistant.
R. E. Hall, General Agent.

TERMS:—\$5.00 per annum, payable in advance; \$1.25 for six months. Clubs of five (mailed to separate addresses) \$7.50, and extra copy to the student. Send money by postal note, when possible; otherwise by express.

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

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1886.

A GRAVE QUESTION.

A correspondent asks, "Does a belief in Spiritualism, as now understood, encourage vicious habits?" And to illustrate his question he refers to a case of moral turpitude on the part of a certain Spiritualist, and adds, "Did not said person feel free to indulge, and was there not more of a fellow-feeling that excused him than if all parties concerned had retained their traditional belief in fire and brimstone?"

Our friend's question is one of grave import. If we could discern anything in the teachings or philosophy of Spiritualism that sanctioned immorality of any kind, we should hasten to close the GOLDEN GATE forever, and by a life of penitence and prayer seek to undo the wrong we have done in teaching such a doctrine. But let us candidly examine the matter.

As a science or philosophy there can surely be nothing more in Spiritualism to incite a disregard of the moral code than there is in the science of astronomy or geology. What is there, what can there be in the *proof* of another life that can favor immorality? And all know, who have ever listened to the inspired utterances of our teachers, or held personal communion with their loved ones on the other side, that the lessons which they teach may be summed up in a few words: "Live purely, walk uprightly, do no wrong."

That all do not live up to this high standard is no doubt true. Neither are those who believe in "fire and brimstone," always wholesome examples of morality. In many cases of clerical impropriety—in fact in nearly all—there are found many to "excuse" and uphold—just the same as in the cases of delinquent Spiritualists.

Again: belief does not seem to have much effect upon man's moral nature; it never has. The gross man—the sensualist—may believe in Spiritualism; he will be very apt to be gross and sensual still, unless the central thought takes firm hold of his conscience that all wrong-doing will follow him into the other life and leave its impress upon his spirit. The same is true of a belief in Christianity: it takes a high order of spirituality to eliminate the tendency to an immoral life from a gross, animal nature.

Spiritualism teaches that there is no escape from the consequences of one's acts. Christianity, on the other hand—or a belief in "fire and brimstone," as our friend puts it—offers a chance for escape, through the atonement of a crucified God. Though one's sins may be red as scarlet, all through a long life of iniquity, they may be made as white as wool, in a moment of time, with one's last breath! Which of these two systems naturally holds out the strongest inducement to a moral life?

No, no! a thousand times no! There is no immorality in Spiritualism—no excuse or apology for an immoral life. On the contrary, it is constantly appealing to man—is ever urging him by a thousand hints and admonitions, to come up higher—to aspire ever for that spiritual unfoldment wherein all impurity of thought and act shall be dominated by a divine manhood—pure and beautiful as the manhood of a Jesus.

OUR WOMEN.

The last report of the Commissioner of Education is very interesting, especially as regards the young women of our country, who are shown to present a large increase of those who are pursuing the higher branches of education, both in co-educational colleges and those for women only. The report also shows that there are two hundred and thirty-six educational institutions for women, in which are nearly three thousand instructors, and thirty thousand five hundred and eighty-seven students. Besides these there are found in preparatory departments, co-educational colleges and schools of science, twelve thousand seven hundred and twenty others, making forty-three thousand three hundred and seven in all. This, however, does not include the women students in schools of science outside the preparatory departments, which would make the number much larger. One hundred and sixty-two institutions, either for women exclusively or favoring them, are authorized to confer collegiate degrees.

Woman has always been man's superior, morally, and she is fast becoming his equal intellectually and practically. If there is any saving grace in our land, it is vested in these women that through our educational halls, and therefore go out fitted to battle with life. Why should they be refused its best weapon, the ballot?

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The seers and prophets of the present day are unanimous in their predictions that the world is on the eve of great disturbances, both of a moral and physical nature. The thousands of intelligences from the world of spirits that come back to comfort and instruct humanity, all join in the same prophetic warnings of commotion just ahead, such as the world has seldom or never experienced.

The ordinary intelligence, though gifted with no powers of prophecy, can readily discern the operation of spiritual forces, working havoc and destruction to old ideas in church and State. Society is being shaken to its foundation with new and radical thoughts, as the forerunner, no doubt, of some great moral cataclysm of whose nature and extent no one can estimate.

A change like a new creation, as the outcome of the mighty influx of spiritual forces, is taking place in the enlightened religious thought of the world. Old things are evidently passing away, and the "new heavens and the new earth," which John saw in his vision, are already opening out before us.

In the civil and social world there are portents of mighty changes near at hand. The wide-prevailing unrest among the laboring classes, the increasing army of the unemployed—(caused mainly by the unprecedented march of invention in the matter of labor-saving machinery, which is everywhere supplementing muscle in the work of the world)—demanding a re-adjustment of the relations existing between labor and capital,—all of this friction is significant of great changes in the immediate future, which we can only hope may be brought about without physical violence.

In the physical world, also, we have predictions of great convulsions,—of devastating storms, of fierce cyclones, of mighty upheavals and changes in the surface of the earth, that are soon to take place. These predictions may be merely the result of disturbed spiritual conditions; and yet we know that the surface of this planet has undergone many changes in the past; continents and oceans have changed places many times. That the crust of the earth is yet by no means permanently fixed, and will not be for ages to come, is a physical certainty.

There must be a divine purpose in all this, the meaning of which will be revealed in time. Perhaps, in a spiritual sense, it is the fulfillment of the prophecies which our Second Advent friends are disposed to interpret literally as the end of the world and the second coming of Christ. Christ has already come to every one that possesses his spirit of love and good will to man. Therein he has set up his kingdom on earth.

It was predicted that in that great day the dead should be brought to life. Has not that prophecy been abundantly fulfilled in the return and manifestation to mortals of myriads of spirits of those who were supposed to be dead?

But whatever these portents may signify—whatever calamity may come to our planet—we know that we are safely sheltered in the mighty heart of the Infinite Spirit of the Universe. We may sink into the depths of the sea; we may be borne to swift physical destruction on the wings of the cyclone; by an explosion of its internal forces the earth itself may be scattered into star dust; and yet no harm can come to us, for the soul is a part of God, and can not die.

A PLEA FOR JUSTICE.

"For Justice
All place a temple, and all season Summer!"
—RICHLEAU.

If we can not always be charitable, let us at least be just. No man is just who condemns another without evidence, or who refuses to be convinced of the error of his opinions. It is almost impossible for one to be just whose heart is barren of human sympathy and kindness. It is then that the animal nature dominates the man, and he looks upon his fellows with distrust—as fellow-animals, ready, like himself, to circumvent and destroy.

If we neglect the means for our spiritual unfoldment—if we live too much in the physical—we are apt to become cynical and sour,—doubting everything and everybody, until at last we actually come to distrust ourselves. In this condition of mind it is impossible for one to be just, much less, charitable.

Spiritualists should guard against this foe to all soul growth. Our judgments of a man are apt to take the color of our feelings towards him. If we think unkindly of him—believe him to be a cheat and a fraud—although we may have no personal knowledge of him—it is very hard for us to deal justly with him.

We do not think it hurts any one to be kind-hearted and generous towards even the worst of criminals. If we had been born and raised under the same conditions as the criminal, and he under our conditions, we should naturally and very probably have been in his place and he in ours. It is only a matter of difference of environment that makes one man honest and another a thief—one a drunkard and a vagabond, and another a worthy member of society.

We should consider this fact in all of our dealings with our fellow-beings. In the light of true Spiritualism how vain and empty is all pride of birth and ancestry. If nature has given us a "sound mind in a sound body"—has made us in any sense superior to another—we should be modestly thankful for the precious boon. We should manifest that superiority by a larger expression of the superior virtues of humanity.

It is grand to act justly towards others from a sense of justice—grander to deal justly with one's own spiritual nature, and to so live that the divine spirit of love and harmony may ever flow into one's soul, radiating his life with the sunshine and warmth of a gentle and beautiful spirit.

PRACTICAL CHARITY.

Probably no more liberal people can be found anywhere than those who believe in the gospel of Spiritualism. As no one can be a good Spiritualist without having a brotherly interest in his fellow beings, it is natural that among those of that belief should be found grand, liberal souls, whose charities and good deeds are without stint.

But the trouble with Spiritualists in the past, in the matter of organized charities, has been their own disorganized character. They have been so completely individualized—so independent in their opinions upon all subjects, agreeing only upon certain evidences of a future life—that it has generally been with much difficulty that societies could be formed with barely a sufficient amount of cohesive power for stated meetings for instruction. Organized efforts for humanitarian work have been mainly out of the question.

But in the more efficient spiritual organizations now rapidly springing into existence all over the country, and also in the broadening and enlightening culture of Spiritualists themselves, the time has come for action. And just here the question presents itself of the necessity of beginning right.

Some attempt has been made to organize a Ladies' Relief Society, in connection with the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society of this city; but as yet without success, owing, probably, to the fact that the keynote of the movement has not yet been struck.

One of our clearest-headed and most successful business men—a thorough Spiritualist, who has given the subject much thought,—suggests a plan of practical charity which strikes us most favorably. It certainly possesses the element of originality; and surely if there is a newer and better way of work, either in reformatory or eleemosynary efforts, Spiritualists are the ones to lead off therein.

His plan is to start out, on strictly business principles, somewhat as follows: Let the work originate with, and rest in the Board of Trustees of our new Religious and Philosophical Society. A committee of the Board should be appointed to carry out the plan. Secure a large store-room in some convenient locality. Employ a competent book-keeper, manager, and solicitor—the latter to be provided with a horse and wagon to gather in the contributions of the people.

There is scarcely a family in this city who have not, stored away in garrets and cellars, more or less of old truck in the shape of dilapidated household furniture, crockery, old clothing, and various articles of no use to themselves, but which could all be utilized for the benefit of the very poor, and which the owners would be glad to part with.

Have circulars printed and distributed among families describing the nature and object of the movement, and requesting the donation of this dilapidated material for the purpose intended. Have it sent for and brought to the general depository, where its value should be appraised and the donors credited with the value, with a view to a complete business system, and where also the various articles should be put in repair, children's garments made from the old clothing, etc.

Now then, as to the plan of distribution: Destitute and deserving persons should be permitted to purchase any needed articles from this store, at a low price and on long credit—on the theory that the best way to help others is to teach them to help themselves. Many would probably never be able to pay, and their purchases would eventually have to be charged to profit and loss. But some would pay, in time, wholly or in part, and that would help procure other things, such as groceries, fuel, medicines, etc., that would have to be provided for the sick and destitute.

The sale of these second-hand goods should not be confined to the poor. Let the public have a chance to purchase; thus, a large trade could no doubt soon be established, while the supply would be comparatively inexhaustible. This would secure ample means for the payment of rent, clerk hire, etc.

Here is a brief outline of the plan, which would establish a grand charity on a business basis, and make it virtually self-supporting. All of this could be accomplished without the organization of any auxiliary society. The work once properly inaugurated, under the supervision of the Board of Trustees, it would henceforth take care of itself. It is surely a matter worth considering.

—J. J. Morse, the eminent English trance speaker, writes us as follows: "I want to thank you very much for your leader of April 10th, 'And the greatest of these is Charity.' It embodies so much truth, sound sense and nice discretion that every one of our journals ought to reprint it. Alas! so few can see the distinction between reprobating wrong-doing and unquestioning condemnation of wrong-doers. 'True is the old parable still about 'casting the first stone.' Wishing you all success I am faithfully and fraternally, J. J. Morse." Such approval, from such a high intellectual and spiritual source, makes us content to endure any amount of unfriendly criticism.

ONE OF MANY.

Why the Christians should be so bitter against the Jews for crucifying Christ, who was himself a Jew, is strange. And strange, too, that the Jews worship and preach to the world him they crucified; so there is the Christian religion and the Jewish religion arising both from the life history of one man. But the dogmas of the two so differ that Gregory XIII, in 1572, issued a decree that the Jews should be forced to hear a Christian sermon weekly. On the Jewish Sabbath the priests went to the Ghetto and drove the Jews to church with whips. Men, women and children—if the latter were over twelve years of age—must appear to the number of one hundred males and fifty females; but later the number was set at three hundred. At the church door they were strictly counted, and while in church inattention and sleepiness was punished by blows and kicks. This evidently became irksome business, for the obligation was after a time limited to five times a year. The custom was dying out entirely when Leo Genga XII revived it in 1824. But in the first year of Pio Nono's papacy the hateful custom was abolished.

Nothing so forcibly shows the mental progress of the world to-day, as the present standing of the Jews, as a people. Though possessing no country of their own, they occupy important positions in all countries and among all peoples; but no where is their social and intellectual recognition so marked as in England, where their nationality is quite forgotten in the eminent service rendered that country by D'Israeli and others.

The world has had many crucified saviors, put to death by various persons; but the crimes do not make them outcasts upon the world. It practically says only a Jew can crucify to that extent.

"COME TO STAY."—Our able co-worker and faithful fellow scriber, Albert Morton, of the *Carrier Dove*, kindly refers to this journal as follows: "We have one journal—come to stay—which is a credit to Spiritualism, exquisitely neat and tasteful in typographical make-up; ably edited, by a journalist of long experience, who is familiar with the history and literature of Spiritualism; filled with instructive and sparkling editorials, contributions, and extracts—the latter we have learned to our cost, for its scissors are continually cutting from our exchanges the choice clippings which we cannot reproduce in justice to our readers, for many of them have the good sense which prompts them to take both paper and magazine. We are proud of our contemporary and co-worker, the GOLDEN GATE, and have felt that its advent filled the need of a high-toned Spiritual paper."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—"P. A. S."—Your article will appear next week.

—The difference between the man who *knows* and the one who thinks he knows, but does not, is the difference between a wise man and a fool.

—Rev. D. A. Dryden will lecture at Irving Hall, in this city, to-morrow evening. Subject: "The Modern Saloon in Relation to American Civilization."

—President Mental Science University and editor *Mental Science Magazine*, 161 La Salle street, Chicago, will open a large class May 18th; tuition \$50. Indigent students favored. Apply soon.

—We shall publish, next week, an able discourse,—hitherto unpublished, and especially prepared for the GOLDEN GATE,—by that eminent inspirational speaker, J. J. Morse, of Boston.

—We publish a large extra edition of this week's GOLDEN GATE, containing a most interesting funeral discourse by Mrs. Watson, and the remarkable diagram of independent slate-writing by Fred Evans.

—The arrangements for the camp-meeting are rapidly approaching completion. The Presiding officer of the meeting, Hon. Amos Adams, who is now in the East, is expected home by the latter part of the coming week.

—Wanted—a silent partner, with a few thousand dollars' capital, to aid in pushing a most useful, profitable, and well established industry in Australia. Will yield a large return. For particulars address "B," this office.

—Mrs. S. L. Bowers, the Washo Seeress and Astrologer, of this city, will visit San Jose for a short time and then go to Santa Cruz. We commend her to all Spiritualists and investigators. See her card on our fifth page.

—The first quarterly meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society will be held at the residence of Mr. F. H. Woods, at 913 Pine street, next Wednesday evening. A full attendance is desired.

—"Esoteric Christianity and Mental Therapeutics." By Dr. W. F. Evans. A grand book. Just out. His best. Order it of A. J. Swarts, President Mental Science University, 161 La Salle street, Chicago, for only \$1.50 post-paid.

—Mrs. J. E. Haines, of Harwich, Mass., writes: "I have sent for sample copies of several Spiritualist papers, and think I like the GOLDEN GATE better than any I have received. I inclose \$1.25, for which will you please send six months the same to my address."

—Very liberal cash offers will be made privately to all who get subscribers for *Mental Science Magazine* of Chicago. It gains rapidly. Single copies ten cents. All desiring offers will receive them; also copies of May and June, and pamphlet by editor, for eight cents in stamps.

—A few days ago Bro. S. Johnson, of Tulare, sent us the names of three subscribers to the GOLDEN GATE; he now sends us twelve names more with the money, deducting no commission for his trouble. With such earnest workers in behalf of our paper there can be no such thing as failure.

—Dr. Stansbury dropped in upon us again on Wednesday. He intended to remain in the city only two or three days. He expects soon to be permanently located here—or at least semi-permanently! The Doctor's wonderful mediumistic powers are gaining in their convincing energy every day.

—His is a thankless task who officiously insists upon convincing the multitude of a supposed error whereof they *know* the same to be true. This is the position of some of our over-zealous denouncers of alleged fraud. Why not stand aloof and concede the right of other sensible people to determine for themselves?

—Many persons have gained distinction for preserving the lives of their fellows, but only one after the manner of M. Dupuisch, a strong, hearty man, who has just been given a medal for saving the lives of many by allowing his blood to be transmitted into the veins of others. The French government is quick to recognize the service of any of its countrymen while living. But post-mortem honors are slowly given.

—Spiritualists who have any law business to transact in this city, will thank us for recommending that careful, scholarly and industrious lawyer, Samuel M. Shortridge, of 234 Montgomery street. We have known Mr. Shortridge from his boyhood, and can bear glad witness to his untiring industry as a student, and his thorough scholarship as a lawyer. As an advocate he has but few equals. He has set his mark high, and we doubt not he will reach it.

—That gifted trance and test medium, Mrs. J. J. Whitney, at 120 Sixth street, still continues to astonish skeptics with her marvelous manifestations of spirit presence. Not all, be it understood, who visit this or any other medium, succeed always in obtaining satisfactory messages. Much depends upon the spiritual and magnetic conditions of the sitters; but we apprehend there are few mediums who make less failures, or that succeed better when conditions are favorable, than Mrs. Whitney.

—Among the many excellent articles in the May number of the *Overland Monthly* is a very able paper from the pen of Dr. E. A. Clark, of San Jose, entitled, "Must Life Commencing Here Necessarily End Here?" The subject is one quite unusual for a secular magazine; but publishers are beginning to learn that the average reader takes a deep interest in all subjects relating to a future life. The Doctor wields a graceful and thoughtful pen, and we hope to hear from him further on that or kindred topics.

—The great destruction of property in Belgium is attributed to the criminal classes, who take advantage of the strikers to destroy and plunder. So it is everywhere. The vicious and willfully idle keep in the wake of struggling and oppressed labor, so that when it can no longer endure its wrongs these vagabonds take advantage of the disturbance to better their conditions at the cost of the honest laborers, who get blamed for the misdeeds of the real miscreants. Between capital and pauperism, the honest working and producing classes have a hard time of it.

Letter from Warren Chase.

MY DEAR FRIEND OF THE GOLDEN GATE: Your card and the papers overtook me here from Louisville, Kentucky, as I am on the wing all of the time, and constantly engaged in our work since my return East, and if I were not, should soon put in an appearance in your city again. I had occasionally seen a copy of your paper, and take pleasure in recommending it as worthy of the support of all Spiritualists and reformers; and I can and do assure our friends, that knowing you as I do, and long have, I can assure them of your ability and devotion to our cause, and to all reforms which I am happy to say, it embraces and you advocate. I feel sure you will make the GOLDEN GATE to the Pacific slope what the old *Banner of Light* is to the Atlantic and the East, and I rejoiced when I learned you had started a paper, such as I knew you could and would make in defense of our cause, in which my heart, and soul, and mind, has been engaged for nearly forty years and in which I expect to use the few years I have left of this life, and then renew the work on the other side. I trust our spirit friends will aid you all they can, and I sincerely hope our friends in this life will hold up your hands and keep your larder supplied with the necessities of life and comfort. With the best wishes of your old friend and your co-laborer in spreading the new gospel of good news, I remain ever

Yours truly,

WARREN CHASE.

EVANSVILLE, IND., April 30, 1886.

Did Origen Inculcate Lying for Christ's Sake?

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In your issue of May 1st, Dr. T. B. Taylor states that one of the "fathers of the Church," Origen, taught that it was right to "lie for Christ's sake." I happen to own a copy of the writings of Origen, and have some acquaintance with his works; but I have no knowledge of any such passage therein. As he was a voluminous writer, it is possible I may have overlooked this passage. Will Dr. Taylor, therefore, be kind enough to indicate, in the GOLDEN GATE, in what portion of Origen's writings it may be found? Or, failing this, will he state his authority for affirming that Origen so taught?

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

PRESIDIO, San Francisco.

(Continued from First Page.)

fragrance here, and I am glad of this life. I love my friends, my friends love me; I would like to stay in the body if it was God's will, a little longer. But unless I can do good, unless I can come back to health and be of some use in the world, I would rather go on and take up the life over there, to do what I can in the new conditions which I know await. "I have no fear of death," she said, with the tenderest, sweetest of smiles wreathing her countenance, which seemed to illumine the entire body with the light of another world.

To her that world was as real as this. She knew that the power which called her into existence could take care of her, and so rested peacefully in the arms of the Infinite.

A sweet lesson has been this true life to all who knew her; a spiritual lesson was her death, or the change from the physical to the spiritual body. If you can not see her now as she sees you, it is not for want of reality encompassing her; it is rather for want of those fine organs, the unfolding of which we call death. Remember, friends, that you may not see the realities of that life which stares you in the face. If you could, methinks you could not bear the waiting, the shadow and grief of this world. And yet, this life, when understood, and every one of its multitudinous changes, is full of beauty and use, for it is God's world as truly as is that which we name as the spirit-realm.

And the soul which animated this form of clay, utilized each organ of that beautiful body, has uses for every one of the changes that came to it here; the loves and griefs were God's angels working out that wondrous problem of eternal life for her, and no tear has ever kissed that lovely countenance that was not permitted to flow by God, the loving Father, Mother and Eternal Friend; no grief ever visited that tender breast that did not leave some divine signet there to become in this glorious time for her, a lamp, a fragrance and a source of gratitude. No battle fought by this brave soul—and oh! who lives but must fight some battles here below—but what brings to her this hour a glorious victory, for now she sees why the struggle was needed and what it has done for the spiritual nature.

Our human life is the seed-time of God; He sows these spiritual natures within the mortal frame that they may learn wisdom, that they may behold His glories in the outward world, and step by step climb to that life which this life makes ready for. This life of ours in the earthly form is as needful to the happiness of that life there in the spiritual kingdom, as the light of the sun is to the flowers which unfold in this soft Spring-time; and death is truly the Spring-time of our human life; it is just the awakening of those divine germs which have slept through the Winter of our discontent; and as the light of the spiritual world streams into the human soul, these germs, these latent faculties, unfold and flash into new beauty there in the garden of the Infinite.

So this darling friend is not dead, but now sings her song of Easter-joy—the song of the resurrection of the soul, and would waft her tender greetings to those who mourn.

To know that the world of spirits is a world of divine realities, and oh! that there is no bridgeless chasm between this and that; that there has no edict gone forth by which it is forbidden our angel friends to come and give us loving greeting; that there is no impassable barrier between our hearts that ache and those that rejoice now in the glories of the resurrection morn; the thought that sometimes when your soul is at its best, she will be able to come and meet you here in the shadows of your mortal life, and lay her tender thought in joyous offering upon the altar of eternal love; to know that her heavenly life will not be spent in eternal idleness, but in such labors of love as shall make her more dear to you; when the little time we wait here upon the mortal shore is passed and the boat now anchored loosens its moorings and goes sailing out safely under the captaincy of God, to be anchored on the thither side, and that then with ineffable joy you shall be reunited with those you love.

Dear friends, we can not mourn with you to-day, for we have the vision of this new life just arisen before our eyes. We see that all that made her sacred in your sight on earth, remains, and that the ties of love are strengthened; that the services which she has rendered will one day deepen and brighten in their significance and relation to your spiritual growth.

So we would say unto you, join her song of thanksgiving in this hour; let no tears of grief flow, but be glad that her night-time of suffering is over, and that the radiance of the spiritual morning-tide pours in upon her consciousness. Oh! rejoice with her this day of her reunion with her spirit friends. That death-chamber was thronged with those who had come to meet her, who had waited, who had made divine preparation for her coming, and death was just a swift, short journey into the realities of that new life.

So to-day think of your "darling pet" as in the Spring of her beautiful womanhood; think of her as free once more from everything that sapped the springs of joy; think of her as the loving wife, mother, friend, who would send you words of consolation, an altar of love dropped down into your hearts from out that kingdom of her new life. Be glad that God's world is

eternal and that it compasses our own poor, mortal state; that her eyes will look upon the same splendor as your own, and a thousand times more, those that wait for the opening of your inner consciousness. Think of her as in a realm of perennial flowers; where all the noblest attributes of the soul have free play, and thus be comforted.

Believe there is no loss in death,
But her dear life with fragrant breath
Fills all your little world with light;
Believe that, ONE WITH TH' INFINITE
Our lives flow on beyond the tomb,
And there eternally shall bloom.

Decease of Mrs. Anne Sophia Floyd, Mother of Mrs. Hardinge-Britten.

(Emma Hardinge-Britten, in Medium and Daybreak, London, England.)

On the early morning of March 31st, at 2 A. M., my precious and most beloved mother breathed her last on earth, at the advanced age of ninety-three years. Those who may remember my advent amongst the Spiritualists of London, returning to England in 1865, after many years' residence in America, will not have forgotten the sweet face, dignified form and noble presence of the white-haired old lady, who was my constant companion, my better self, the inspiring genius of all that was good and true and useful in my girlhood's growth; the strength, counsel and consolation of a tempest-tossed and troublous life in later years, my good, faithful and honored mother. Few of the "old guard" who then welcomed my estimable mother, for her own sake far more than mine, now remain to feel the mighty void her earthly absence has made. Mr. and Mrs. Burns, and dear Mr. S. C. Hall, seem to me to be the last of the once bright, strong and numerous phalanx who might remember my mother as she was, and who would have wept with me to see her during the last few sad and weary years, with every faculty dimmed, wasting and almost extinguished—nothing left but the feeble glimmer of light, which enabled her to utter the ceaseless prayer to "go home," to join the beloved ones who had preceded her.

That supplication of a very weary spirit is at length answered, and the tired body "sleeps the sleep that knows no waking." For me, my sister, and our two dear companions, all that remain of a once large family circle, a star has gone out that will leave a large part of the hemisphere above us in unlighted darkness. Whilst we bid her "Godspeed" to her well-earned rest, and follow with prayers of thankfulness her triumphant entrance upon the life where sorrow and suffering enter not, for us that yet linger, the earth and the home lack the sweetest element that earth and home can give—the mother—the precious mother—the best friend poor mortals can ever know.

Anne Sophia Floyd would be known as a memorable woman could the history engraved in the archives of eternity ever be read on earth. Born in the year 1793, her father, a once wealthy and honored West India merchant, was the first Liverpool commoner that drove a private carriage, at his fine residence, situated at the top of Duke Street. My grandfather, Mr. Thos. Bromfield, raised from his own means, in 1799, a regiment of volunteers to aid in guarding the town against the expected invasion of Napoleon Buonaparte. As a little child, my mother was taught to watch and report the signals which heralded the approach of the West India fleet, when Birkenhead could boast of but one building, and that a signal station and light-house.

Where Lime Street Station now stands, was my grandfather's marble yard, and wonderful tales of old Liverpool and its magical changes beehave narrated to me many and many a time, when I and my faithful mother have landed from the various voyages wherein for many years she was my companion, a perfect encyclopedia of history, a link between at least two banished generations and the present time.

This dear lady was as much sought for and admired in the society of the intellectual and the educated, as her lonely child has been on the platform of phenomenal power. The record of her good, useful, changeable life, though passing strange and full of interest, will never more be alluded to or touched upon in print, but that life has been one of the levers, which in many directions has helped the world forward on the march of progress; and I may with truth say of her, as others more known but less deserving, "Earth has one angel less,—Heaven one angel more!"

On Saturday, the 3d inst., we laid away the empty but honored casket in Harpurhey Cemetery. The few simple words in memoriam, which I deem would be pleasing to the angel mother whose earthly memory I desire to honor, will be spoken by my esteemed friend, John Lamont, and then—my mother's only place on earth will be in the hearts of her loving daughters, Margaret and Emma.

"Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern."

EVERY man will be his own judge, and made to see his own conduct in the horoscope of the after life; and such searching light will be thrown upon it, that no one iota, not one act or thought, will be left in the background; all will be brought to light and made to pass judgment upon it. The motive is what will burn into the soul.—*Light in the West.*

The Exercise of Judgment.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In an editorial on "Charity" in the GOLDEN GATE, of April 10th, the following is quoted, apparently from the Bible:

"Judgment is mine, saith the Lord;" and then we are told that certain Spiritual teachers seem to have usurped the Almighty's prerogative in their condemnation of some erring fellow-mortals (otherwise fraudulent mediums). In the first place, no such passage as that quoted can be found in the Bible. "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord," is what the Bible says. It is true that in a large number of Biblical passages judgment is ascribed to God; but in others it is likewise committed to men on earth.

In John vii. 24, Jesus is represented as saying, "Judge not according to appearance, but judge righteous judgment." This is a very sensible and excellent precept, and it is just what the friends of truth and honesty in Spiritualism endeavor to do. When purported spiritual manifestations are presented to them, they endeavor not to judge by the superficial appearance of things, as so many Spiritualists are inclined to do (accepting as genuine that which is spurious), but search deeper into the matter, in order that they may give righteous judgment. Paul says, "Prove all things: hold fast that which is good." In order to prove the character of spiritual phenomena, it is absolutely necessary that we use our judgment. In fact, a good judgment is the crowning attribute of human nature. "Reason is the flower of the spirit" and judgment is simply the exercise of reason. God never intended any one not to exercise his best judgment. The fact that man is endowed with the capacity of judgment, and that a man without judgment is perforce a fool, proves that it is no usurpation of the Almighty's prerogative to judge others, evil-doer as well as the righteous. It is our duty to judge and condemn vice and crime, and to do all we can to suppress it. It is our bounden duty to aid in preventing our brothers and sisters from being preyed upon and swindled by knaves and charlatans; and no sentiments of false or mock charity should swerve us from the straight line of duty. True charity does not require us to aid the vicious and criminal by silence concerning, or approval of, their misdeeds. That is true charity both to the evil-doer and his victims which does what it can to check the wrong-doer in his or her course, and prevent the victims from being increased in number or from being further preyed upon. Justice and charity should go hand in hand. So-called charity without justice is productive of much evil in the world; and so-called justice exercised independent of the considerations of charity is in itself often rank injustice, cruelty, oppression.

Rash, hasty judgments, whether of a favorable or unfavorable character, should ever be avoided. In all cases "judge not according to appearance, but judge righteous judgment." Be careful and cautious, avoiding prejudice on either side. Seek honestly and candidly to know the exact truth. Be neither quick to condemn nor quick to approve. Search for the facts. Examine all the evidence in any given case, and let reason, unbiased and untrammelled, be the arbiter. If convinced of wrong doing being practiced, let no false charity excuse or condone it, unless there be extenuating circumstances calling for the exercise of true charity. True charity must never be lost sight of even with the vilest wretches. No motives of vengeance or vindictive retaliation should mar our justice to the wrong-doer; but the love of the supremacy of right, the welfare of humanity, the protection of society, demand that the criminal should be exposed and restrained; and no false charity should interfere with the exercise of "righteous judgment," to the suppression of evil and the advancement of the good and true.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

PRESIDIO, Cal., 1886.

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 10th. Morning service, at 11 a. m., questions answered. Lecture at 8 p. m. Subject: "The Vital Needs of the Hour, or, Co-operative Labor vs. Strikes." The Children's Progressive Lyceum at 12:30 p. m. A cordial invitation to attend is extended to all.

SPIRITUALISM.—"Light and Truth."—At Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Every Sunday evening there will be a conference and fact meeting, closing with a test séance by mediums of a variety of phases. All Speakers and Mediums invited. Sunday, May 9th, 8 p. m. Subject: "The Irreconcilability of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism." Dr. Schlessinger will give tests to skeptics. Mrs. J. Hoffman will close with tests from the platform.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.—The "Progressive Spiritualists" meet in Washington Hall, No. 35 Eddy street, every Sunday afternoon at 1 o'clock p. m. Mr. C. A. Stone, of Kansas City, will speak on the subject "Mind and Mind Cure," Sunday, April 9th. All subjects relating to human welfare and Spiritual unfoldment treated in open conference. All are invited.

N. B.—The Golden Gate 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, 410 Thirteenth street. Public cordially invited. Direct all communications to G. A. Carter, 360 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. no 18

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. 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.

PASSED ON.

Mrs. Mary V. Mott, wife of J. Harvey Mott, the noted medium, passed to the higher life Wednesday, April 28th, at 5:30 p. m. She had recently come to California, hoping her genial climate would enable her to continue her earth work longer. But consumption had already done its fatal work, and the spirit has been set free. She passed on in the triumphant knowledge of Immortality.

As her physical powers relaxed her spirit vision opened, and with outstretched arms, and smiling features, murmuring the strains of "Sweet Bye-and-bye," which she had so often sung in circles, she eagerly welcomed the angel messengers. Mr. Mott feels his great loss deeply. Mrs. Mott has stood by him so efficiently and so long, that it seemed as if he could not give her up. But he sorrowed not as those who have no KNOWLEDGE. Her last act was to smilingly stretch forth her hands to her husband, whom she recognized to the last, and with the fond assurance that she would ever be near him, she intelligently and joyously passed to the spirit world. She made a thoughtful disposition of her effects, leaving words of wisdom and love, and tokens of kindness for friends who stay, and fondly and joyously anticipated her reunion with loved ones gone before.

A few friends, with songs and flowers, will quietly return the mortal body to mother earth, on Friday afternoon. Miss Susie M. Johnson is expected to be present; and also on Sunday afternoon, address the people of Santa Ana, in the Opera House, on the glorious truths of our religion.

D. EDSON SMITH.

SANTA ANA, Cal., April 29, 1886.

QUARTERLY MEETING.

The first quarterly meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society will be held at the residence of F. H. Woods, at No. 913 Pine street, Wednesday evening, May 12th. A full attendance is desired.

J. J. OWEN, Secretary.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

MRS. L. S. BOWERS,
THE WASHOE SEERESS AND ASTROLOGER,
The most reliable Prophetess that has ever been on the coast. The first one who ever predicted the discovery of the Comstock ledge.

She seldom fails to discover stolen property, and can be consulted on mines, etc.

WILL VISIT SAN JOSE FOR A SHORT TIME, MAY 8-11

PUBLICATIONS.

THE SPIRITUAL OFFERING,
Devoted to the Advocacy of Spiritualism in its Religious, Scientific and Humanitarian Aspects.

CHAS. D. M. FOX, : : : : Publisher
D. M. & NETTIE P. FOX, : : : : Editors

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Prof. Henry Kiddle (H. K.), No. 7, East 130th street, New York City.

Prof. J. S. Loveland (L.), San Bernardino, California.

"Ouida," through her medium, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, 64 Union Park Place, Chicago, Illinois.

Among "The Offering" contributors will be found our oldest and ablest writers. In it will be found Lectures, Essays upon Scientific, Philosophical and Spiritual subjects, Spirit Communications and Messages.

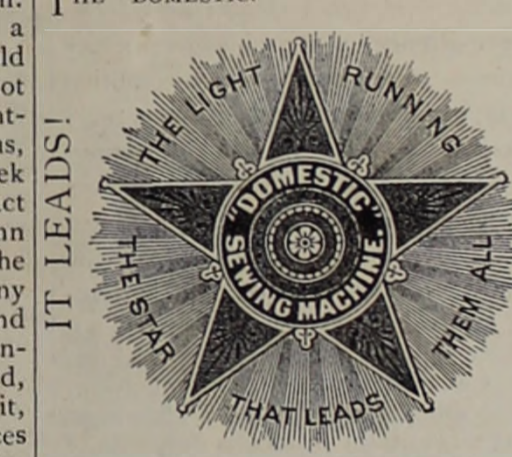
Terms of Subscription—Per year, \$2.00; Six months, \$1.00; Three months, 50 cents.

Any person wanting "The Offering," who is unable to pay more than \$1.50 per annum, and will so notify us, shall have it at that rate. The price will be the same if ordered as a present to friends.

SPIRITUAL OFFERING, Ottumwa, Iowa.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE "DOMESTIC."



From its position AT THE HEAD, the

"DOMESTIC"

AFFORDS A SHINING EXAMPLE OF WHAT AN HONEST EFFORT TO MAKE THE BEST WILL DO.

J. W. EVANS,

General Agent,

29 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

mar24-tf-sthp

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

TO FRIENDS OF THE GOLDEN GATE

For the purpose of placing the GOLDEN GATE upon a basis that shall inspire public confidence in its stability, and also for the purpose of extending the field of its usefulness, a number of prominent and influential Spiritualists have organized themselves into a Joint Stock Company known as the "Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company," with a capital stock of \$15,000, divided into 3,000 shares of \$5 each. The corporation is invested with power to carry on a general printing and publishing business; to buy and sell, hold and inherit real estate; to receive, hold and dispose of bequests; to deal in books and periodicals; in short, the foundation is laid for the future of a large publishing, printing and book-dealing business.

It is agreed that each share of the capital stock of said Company subscribed for shall entitle the holder to an annual dividend of ten per cent, payable in subscription to the paper. That is, the holder of five shares, or \$25 of stock, shall be entitled to a copy of the paper free, so long as the corporation exists, together with all the profits and advantages which the ownership of said stock may bring. (The paper at \$2.50 per annum—the lowest price at which it can be afforded—being equivalent to ten per cent of \$25.) For any less number than five shares a pro rata reduction will be allowed on subscription to the paper. Thus, the holder of but one share will receive a perpetual reduction of fifty cents on his annual subscription. That is, he will be entitled to the paper for \$2 per annum. The holder of two shares will pay but \$1.50; of three shares, \$1; four shares, 50 cents, and of five shares, nothing.

By this arrangement every share-holder will receive, as we have before stated, what is equivalent to a perpetual annual dividend of ten per cent. The subscriber for twenty shares of the stock, or \$100, would be entitled to four copies of the paper. He could, if he chose, dispose of three of these copies among his acquaintances, at the regular subscription rate of \$2.50 for each per annum, and thereby realize what would be equivalent to a cash dividend of seven and one-half per cent on his investment, and have his own paper free in addition.

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

As no more stock will be sold than will be necessary for the needs of the business—which will not be likely to exceed, in any event, over fifty per cent of the nominal capital—and as the paper will be conducted on the most economical principles, there will be no probability of, or necessity for, future assessments. The sale of the reserved stock would be ample to meet any contingency that might possibly arise. But, with careful management, there will be no necessity to draw upon this reserve. On the other hand, from the present outlook and the encouragement the paper is receiving, we confidently believe that the time is not far distant when the business will pay a fair cash dividend upon the stock, in addition to that already provided for.

This is no vagary of an inexperienced journalist, but the firm conviction of one who has had a quarter of a century of successful experience in journalistic management. You can order the stock by mail just the same as in person, and will receive therewith a guaranty of free subscription.

While the paper is now placed beyond the possibility of failure, still its future usefulness will depend, in a large measure, upon the liberality of its patronage. All Spiritualists who can afford it should not only take the paper but also secure some of its stock, which will be a safe and profitable investment.

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

FORM OF BEQUEST.

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

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

MR. AND MRS. FRED EVANS.

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

SPIRITUALISM.

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

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Signs of the Times.

Taking into consideration the extraordinary character of the age, this impetuous, progressive and ever restless nineteenth century, we are led to believe that no period in the world's history can equal it. The startling events continually taking place, bring into light stirring impulses, and lofty characters. We faintly realize what it is to live in this age. The past has its lessons of wisdom, and well it is for all intelligent minds to heed them; the present has many themes and events of ennobling interest to give ample employment to the inspired minds of our most intelligent thinkers, and employ all their faculties of reason and judgment, and engross all human thoughts. The past and the present become lost in the question of what will the future bring? Is there anything better than to wait?

Can we with our weak brains make pathways of human endeavor? Can we educate society in anything, or pave the highways laid down by those who know the nature of the vast contentions that are agitating the world to-day, from one end to the other? No where is there rest or peace. Human reason seems not to have developed beyond a state of mediocrity. Book knowledge and all bygone wisdom seems petrified like the bones of the ancient sages, and the most precocious intellects fail to measure the wants of the age, or afford a supply for the necessities of humanity. All creeds and theories seem unsuited to the mental and social conditions of the human family at this particular period. The lack of harmony in religious belief works strongly against the development of man's moral nature. All classes of men are rushing, pulling and pushing forward to grasp the greatest universal good; and in the dizzy excitement they become selfish in their extravagant hopes, and inordinate ambition, and the result is at all times unsatisfactory.

Nature has marked man for nobler ends. The human soul should endeavor to reach more profound acquisitions. Man should think less of the material out of which he is constructed, and more of the spiritual which is his natural destiny. Man has adopted a forcing system in all things. All his attitudes and aims are of the earth, earthy, and the most evils must follow. The poison of disquiet and discontent weakens all vital and inspirational forces; irresolution in action, mistaken impressions create the most adverse circumstances, which bring anxiety and perverted aspiration, and universal infidelity in infinite good.

We often ask the question, where will this incessant straining for outward and visible advantage end—what will be the result and its effect upon the present and future ages? This question can not be laid aside; it can not be allowed to die for lack of action. Learned men, legislators, governors, teachers, professional men and reformers, do not have a true appreciation of the greatness, the intrinsic value of the power they hold and should wield for human good. They are not doing what God wills all intelligent beings should do for the age in which they live. There was never a period in the world's history, when the avenues of knowledge were more open to the mental requirements of the people. Men can not long be insensible to the advantage of a new systematic induction into the vast arcana of knowledge. The vast treasure houses of science are open to attainment by the poorest classes. Education is within the legitimate reach of all who feel the thrilling desire to know the laws and real principles of life. A desire for knowledge is the sign of an awakening spirit; thought and earnest contemplation mould the character into goodly conditions, and afford a view of a more active and glorious life.

All men should seek to gain knowledge and prize learning. The soul gains its perfect growth through knowledge and culture, and no man should be allowed to attain a place of commanding influence in life without self-development and mental culture. The responsibilities of the humblest and most common life demand that the individual use his best reason and judgment in all the business affairs and social conditions of life, both in public and private. It has become necessary to place one fact before the people of this age, and that fact is universally true. When men cease to contend over religious matters, of which they understand so little, and employ their time which is now devoted to spiritual and religious warfare; when they learn that higher education in all branches of science and philosophy will afford them a clearer view of the mysterious plans of the Almighty, they will begin to grow spiritually, and progress in intelligence, and acquire a power essentially needed to make honest and useful lives; they will commence to develop qualities of heart and mind, which can not fail to make them influential and honored citizens of the world. When by force of knowledge and mental superiority one man attains success, and sits in high places among his fellows, those less fortunate exclaim, "Circumstances have done it." They forget that knowledge often shapes circumstances. There are in all grades of life perverted and misplaced individuals, but it is morally certain that if a man possesses intelligence and honest desire to rise he will sooner or later attain his right place in the world.

There are many who realize the truth of my statement. There are those in the most humble walks of life who evince talent, genius, and a love of knowledge, yet lack facilities for acquiring it. Does the awakened spirit rest until it seeks out fountains from which it may quench its thirst for knowledge? Never; it forthwith commences to lay hold of everything that affords mental development, rising gradually in knowledge and understanding. Stimulated to acquirement by the joy of new and purer atmospheres, it can not rest until the highest attainments are reached, and those self-developed men who gain knowledge from pure love of it, are the forces upon whom God bestows the power to command. No man can feel well satisfied if he is not well fitted for the orbit in which he moves. Let all who aspire to give light to others, first make sure that their own lamps are filled with real illuminating fluid. They should not presume to furnish rays of intellectual light for others until truth and soul development render their commanding forces worthy to lead.

We recognize with gladness the dawn of a new day for humanity. After a few more convulsive vibrations in the social world, there will be recognized a new evidence of the essential brotherhood of men, and harmony will come like oil poured upon the troubled waters. There will be peace for those who recognize spiritual growth through mental culture. Knowledge is a link between the lowliest and the most exalted. A learned man can not pass through life unhonored, no matter what his material conditions may be. Knowledge will shed a refining halo around him, affording a joy and a certain amount of beauty to even the triteness and drudgery of daily life.

The signs of the times prophecy changes of all kinds; progressive changes in all phases of human life; all nations of the earth feel the exultation of an unfolding and expanding power, spiritually, morally and physically. Men are passing through the avenues of evolution. Religious struggles do not cause fear and suffering as of old. Knowledge of nature and divine law has given humanity a brighter and clearer view of the soul's immortal birthright. The trusting soul tries its new found wings, and soars beyond the spheres of religious contention, no more depressed by the fear of death, assured and strengthened by real truth and a knowledge of infinite love, as displayed in all things appertaining to human life and human happiness. The future will bring better conditions for humanity and divine knowledge to all. S. N. ASPINWALL.

MINNEAPOLIS, May, 1886.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

To My Mother.

I would pay thee a loving tribute; not to thy memory alone as in the past I was wont to do, but with a clearer knowledge of thy existence, a consciousness of thy immediate presence, a joyful recognition of thy loving attentions and faithful care. I address thee, my angel mother! O glorious truth, whose bright rays have shed over my lonely pathway, this new and most radiant light, that has penetrated the innermost recesses of my heart, and revealed to my eager eyes, my mother! O, with what joy do I repeat that sweetest and dearest of names, mother. Angels can repeat nothing more divine. The most thrilling and entrancing strains of heavenly music methinks can produce no sweeter melody. Thy presence is to me an unceasing and joyous reality. My hungry heart receives thy loving demonstrations, and for the first time is satisfied, O my mother! Would I had the wisdom of sages, the eloquence of Cicero, the inspiration of angels, that I might bestow upon thee, one tithe of the love and admiration that fills my heart to overflowing, but has no appropriate vent.

Day and night, does thy sacred presence comfort and influence me and impart a sweet inexpressible peace to my soul. With an eager longing do I await the day when the veil that mortality places between us, shall be withdrawn, and thy dear face, radiant with heavenly brightness, reflecting the tenderness and love embodied within thy soul, shall be revealed to my spiritual vision. O, bright star of my earth night! Shine on in thy eternal brilliancy—Illuminating my future pathway and guiding me safely through its numerous shadowy and intricate windings into the never-fading brightness of Summer Land, where among its supernal delights we may love and life forever reunited! ELLA L. MERRIAM.

LOS ANGELES, April, 1886.

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE is a close observer of the signs of the times. In a recent address he declared that one thing was settled, viz., that no political party would go into power after this administration, without the consent of the prohibitionists. He coincided in the opinion of the late John B. Gough, that the temperance forces were never so well organized and so powerful for good as at the present moment.

MR. GLADSTONE spoke truly when he said that "the evils of intemperance were greater than the combined evils of war, pestilence, and famine." This being true, are not the following words true: "The proper control of the liquor traffic is by far the most important issue before the American people." So says President Seelye, of Amherst College.

The Inner Teachings of Buddhism.

[The San Francisco Mind Cure Journal.]

The truest, the finest, the sweetest things have only found their way comparatively recently into books. How sweet are the English and Scotch ballads that have floated down from such a distant date that no one knows who wrote them; and the fairy tales of our childhood that we never tired of hearing; and the Arabian tales that took us right back to the glorious times of good Haroun Alraschid.

The deepest knowledge can only be given to the few, because there are but few that can receive it.

In "Fragments of Forgotten History," published last year in London, 196 Strand, it is stated that there are certain steps which lead the novice—Indian neophyte—up to the rank of an accepted chela or disciple. The first step is the right knowledge of the real and unreal; the realization of the nothingness of phenomenal change, and of the eternal reality of spirit; and when the neophyte has grasped the illusive character of the objects around him, he ceases to crave them. The internal desire is always forging fresh links in the chain of material existence, even though denied outward manifestation. "Thy right is only in the act," says the teacher; it ends with the performance of the act, and never extends to the result. We must perform our duty for its own sake, and never allow the mind to dwell on the fruit of our actions either with pleasure or with pain, purified from the taint of selfishness the act passes by like water over the lotus leaf, without melting it; but if the act is done as a means to the attainment of a personal end, the mind acquires a tendency to repeat the act, and this necessitates further incarnation to exhaust that tendency.

Then Sama must be attained, which is a perfect mastery over the emotional mind and the cleansing it from all evil and foolish desires. Our thoughts governed by the law of association make us contemplate incidents in our past life, and thus produce as much mental disturbance and draw as much work upon our mental energy as if we had repeated the acts in question many times over. Sama is the breaking up of the law of the association of ideas which enslaves our imagination. When our imagination is purified, the chief difficulty is removed.

The next qualification is Dama, which is the complete mastery over our bodily acts.

Then comes the cessation of desire, and constant readiness to part with everything in the world. There must also be the absence of resentment of wrong. When this qualification is completely attained, there arises in the mind a perennial spring of cheerfulness, washing away every trace of solicitude and care. Such are some of the steps which the aspirant for chelaship must take on his upward way, and in some respects they resemble our mind cure teachings. The Gentiles, says Paul, not having a law are a law unto themselves.

The Mahatmas have neither personal interests to subserve nor individual preferences to express; they show no hostilities nor friendships; they sympathize and feel for the struggling masses of humanity; they are instructors and educators; they look not to the exterior man, high or low, rich or poor, polished or coarse. The spiritual eye penetrates the outer mask of existence and perceives the inner springs of our nature. The inner teachings also state that the "fall into generation" separated man more widely from the nature spirits, whom it was his duty to raise into humanity, and intensified their hostility to him. The effect of this hostility upon the woman was more calamitous than that upon the man, on account of her greater weakness. She has lost the position she once held, and it will never be recovered till man's spiritual nature asserts itself and successfully overthrows his material inclinations. Her liberation does not depend upon laws and enactments, any more than did her subjection in the first instance.

In this strange lore the wonders of the planetary rounds are revealed, the passage of the soul through the mighty chain in various re-incarnations, and the laws which govern them, also the importance of our earth life or lives in the grand purpose, which is evolving higher and higher states of perfection; the great planetary periods with their mighty alternations of sleeping and waking, the days and nights of Brahm. All these thoughts have swayed the Indian people and influenced their daily life.

They are born religiously, live religiously, and die religiously. The inner teachings state that when a man's ego or self is deprived of its physical body by death, and is purged of his earthly thoughts and desires in Kama Loka, the higher self passes into the more spiritual state of Devachan, and there unfolds all the psychic and spiritual forms it has generated during its life on earth. It progresses on these planes till the latent physical forces begin to assert themselves, and then it curves round to another re-incarnation. The psychic and spiritual forces generated by an individual produce two sets of effects. One determines his stay in Devachan, the other governs his next incarnation.

The doctrine of re-incarnation is the cor-

ner stone of the esoteric or inner teachings. It is founded on the natural fact that effects must be proportionate to causes. The thought energy represented by the unsatisfied physical inclinations of an ego or self, being in its nature indestructible, requires physical existence to work itself out; hence the necessity of re-incarnations. If any human ego or self is entirely devoid of physical tendencies and inclinations, it is said to burst the wheel of births and re-births, and attain Nirvana, even as our earth itself, having completed its course, will pass into Nirvana. Devachan is an exalted state which rewards our merits. Avitchi is its opposite, where all spiritual wickedness brings about its own punishment and requires no outside agent to reward or punish us for our own wickedness or virtue—we do it ourselves. On the soul plane we are governed by a similarity and unfoldment of thought. Persons having the same thought will in Devachan feel near each other, and a vast panorama of thought will unveil itself there within a space of time measured by five or six movements of a pendulum. It is only under very rare conditions that these beings can communicate with living men, but their thoughts are to us an ever-living source of spiritual energy. The great interest taken by advanced minds in England and their presence in India has done much to bring these teachings to light and remove the rubbish of ages under which they have so long been buried.

New and precious truths are being resurrected to-day, and people are rising up from the graves of flesh and sense, but while we do not recognize in the Indian teachings the joy and hopefulness of the teachings of Him who brought light and immortality to light, we see nevertheless as under the clear light of an Oriental sky the stately columns and capitals of spiritual facts.

The Prime Minister of the King of Siam in the "Wheel of the Law," published in London in 1871, says that he writes for the instruction of the young, and thinks the course of instruction pursued in the temples unprofitable. He has had much conversation with the missionaries, but remains untouched by the manner in which they present the teachings of Christ. I have often thought that our mind cure Christ teachings would be peculiarly adapted to the Indian mind. He says that the Buddhistic Church has lapsed. The term "Wheel of the Law" is applied to the Buddhistic doctrine, because they say that all existence of which we have any conception is an endless chain of causes and effects, that as long as we remain on that wheel there is neither rest nor peace, and that rest only can be attained by reaching Nirvana, the land of peace, the lotus land of spirit.

Unbelief.

(Mrs. A. M. Diaz, in Mental Science Magazine.)

As yet the idea scarcely dawns upon us, that as Infinite Spirit is the Highest Power, we, its spiritual manifestations, are supreme over all inferior life. The Bible speaks of being kept under the law, shut up unto the faith which should afterwards be revealed.

While kept under the fleshy laws we are shut up unto the faith in the spiritual ones, as when kept under the law of the paddle and canoe we were shut up unto the faith in steam and electricity; and in the condition known as disease, while kept under the law of material appliances we are shut up unto the faith in the supremacy of spirit, though assured that whosoever soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life.

"Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves to obey, his servants ye are?" We yield ourselves servants to obey weaknesses unnumbered, forgetting that our obedience is due only to Infinite Good (God), and that "as for God, his way is perfect," and that this perfect inner life—what the Orientals call the *Supreme Self*—will work in us freely to will and to do, if we keep the material self in abeyance.

Well might the Psalmist pray: "that thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations." For this it will be necessary that "believers" show real belief in what they so solemnly declare to be foundation truths. As for instance,—God is spirit, is infinite, is perfection, is omnipotent, is omnipresent, is Life. Now, as like produces like, man, begotten of God, must be spirit. Also, an infinite Life must be the All; must contain all; contain man. There can be nothing outside of infinity; no existence apart from a life that is everywhere, that is the All. We live from it, are its offspring; that is, we spring off from it. "With Thee is the fountain of Life."

We are the flowing of an everywhere present fount, or source. This central Life is God, and as God signifies Good, we are the existence or out-living of supreme, omnipotent Good, are of its substance. No sin, or sickness, or fear, or any kind of inharmony could overcome us, were we true believers, and did we understand what we are.

"Know thyself." "Knowledge is power." Such knowledge would, indeed, be power, the power and might of spirit. Those who have attained it to any degree can, just to that degree conquer in themselves disease, fear, and everything called

evil, and by holding themselves in the true understanding, and by intercommunion, can effect the same for others, doing this by no power of their own as individuals, but, rather, as we have seen, by dropping individuality, thereby becoming unobstructed mediums through which supreme, ever-present Good may overcome evil; overcome it as light overcomes darkness, heat cold, harmony discord. There is no miracle implied, any more than when darkness is overcome in a room by setting therein a lighted lamp; the unreal giving place to the real, as it always must, having no life of its own. The Good is the real, and this reality may be symbolized by light and heat. These work by their own laws, and from their own source or Principle. Evil is the unreal, and this unreality may be symbolized by darkness and cold. These have no laws, no source, or Principle, they are mere negatives—no things.

Harmony and discord are another illustration of entity and non-entity. What we call matter is non-entity. It is unreal, transient, an appearance, constantly assuming new conditions as it is affected by the more real life behind it; powerless under the workings of this greater reality, which is centered in spirit. "All power in heaven and earth" (in the high and the low) is spirit power. As God is spirit, and is all potent, it follows that by living more and more in the spirit—more, that is, like what we are by virtue of our high birth,—we become more and more potent. It is like the heir coming to his own, and taking possession. But we do not yet begin to conceive of the dominion which is our birth-right. We are delving in the earth, chain-bound, where it is our right to reign as kings over the usurpers which now enslave us.

Claude de Saint Martin makes pathetic appeals to man to resume his high estate and the royalty belonging thereto, and thus be freed from subjection to the lower estate. He says, "Everything would bow down and tremble before us, if we left free access in our being to the Divine Substance." "It is in the inward light of your being, alone, that . . . all its marvellous powers can be made perceptible in their living glory. . . . Thus the divine region (of spirit), being above every region, on attaining it, we attain the supremacy over all things; for this were we born in the source of Eternal Desire and Universal Spirit." "For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life.—(11. Cor. v. 4.)

Emerson remarks of these superior conditions, "Like a new soul, they renew the body; we become nimble, lightsome, tread on air." Dr. Channing says, "If this truth (spiritual power) become a reality to us, we are conscious of having a new life principle," and adds, "The consciousness of possessing it ought to wake the dead." And, truly, it is time to wake from spiritual death, and, as another preacher says, "Start up and live!" "Awake, thou that sleepest! Arise from the dead! Be renewed in the spirit of your mind, and put on the new man!"

Yes; let us awake, arise from the dead, and live. Live, consciously, in this Power, this Lord over all. Live, too, like what we are, expressions of the Divine, letting our whole life show forth the great indwelling Presence. For physical healing is but the lower workings of that law which reaches upward to bring the entire nature into harmony with the Divine, so that we may be filled with the fullness of God. Think what this means. Filled with all the fullness of God!

TEACHING THE GIRLS.—Give your daughters a thorough education. Teach them to cook and prepare the food of the household. Teach them to wash, to iron, and darn stockings, to sew on buttons, to make their own dresses. Teach them to make bread, and that a good kitchen lessens the doctor's account. Teach them that he only lays up money whose expenses are less than his income, and that all grow poor who have to spend more money than they receive. Teach them that a calico dress paid for fits better than a silken one unpaid for. Teach them that a full, healthy face displays more lustre than fifty cosmetic beauties. Teach them to purchase, and see that the account corresponds with the purchase. Teach them good common sense, self-help, and industry. Teach them that an honest mechanic in his working dress is a better object of esteem than a dozen haughty, finely-dressed idlers. Teach them gardening and the pleasures of Nature. Teach them, if you can afford it, music, painting, etc., but to consider them as secondary objects only. Teach them that the happiness of matrimony depends neither on external appearances nor on wealth, but on the man's character.—*Mother's Magazine.*

MARK TWAIN has made more money by his pen than any other writer, except Sir Walter Scott, Milton, Addison, Swift, Southey, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Coleridge were beggars by the side of this literary Cressus. Mark found out at the beginning of his career that the public would not pay for instruction and good advice. He saw that the people wanted fun. They wanted to be entertained and amused. So he put on the jester's cap and bells and went into the harlequin business. Result, a big bank account, purple and fine linen.

"All's well that ends well;" and in order to make it end well, do well.

Concerning Mediumship.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Some months ago I attended a circle at the residence of that excellent medium, Mrs. Peck, of Oakland. There were about twelve persons present, many of them strangers. A middle-aged lady, who came into the room accompanied by a young lady and gentleman, was seated at my left in the circle, and one of the things attempted by the control of Mrs. Peck was to make gentle passes over the young lady. Soon an influence seized her and she commenced to use her own hands in making passes over the head and shoulders. This was more than her company could bear and they hastily left the circle, and in great excitement dragged the girl with them and left the house. Not knowing who they were I did not presume to interfere, but I felt for three days that such excitement and vague conditions would invite a wicked control, if there be any, and I could not rest until I had hunted some hours and finally found them in the northern part of the city. The middle-aged lady answered the door-bell and instantly recognized me as one of the sitters at that fateful circle. She was pale with excitement, wringing her hands in agony, and moaned, and talked, and prayed as she led the way into the parlor: "Oh, if the good Lord will only forgive them and save my poor niece."

After listening to her almost insane ravings for awhile I asked if I might see her niece. She assented, and, leading the way, I was ushered into the presence of what seemed to be all the family, and there on the lounge was the rigid form and closed eyes of a lovely young miss of sixteen—the one I had seen at the circle—and they told me how terribly she had acted day and night—had not eaten anything—and they had to watch her all the time; also that in coming from that circle they had to carry and drag her along as best they could, for she had no power over herself. I drew near the lounge, and, gently taking a hand, sat quietly until the hand began to get warm, and then said, "I am so glad that you can come and get partial control of the medium." Tears at once started, and an effort was made to speak but without success, seeing which I said, "Yes, I know it is important to be able to communicate with the children of earth." Again an effort was made, and the spirit spoke in a whisper and was soon able to articulate distinctly. The audible expression was, "No—no—I—won't hurt Celia; no, I won't hurt Celia. I—I am her mother; she is my own dear, darling child, and, oh! I've tried so hard all these years to take care of her." I said, "Yes, and there is no love more holy than the undying love of a fond mother." The frame quivered, and tears fell abundantly. I begged the family to cease their moanings and come near to hear what the spirit was saying. Then the spirit talked freely to her sister and to other members of the family, and gave directions concerning the treatment of the medium. She did not upbraid them for any unkindness, though she, too, was excited as well as they, and could not therefore disengage herself from the medium.

I had long since learned that it will not do for me to make upward and rapid passes with the idea of aiding the spirit to leave; so, instead, while holding the medium's hand, I said, "This is a great achievement to be able thus to control your daughter and talk to us," to which she replied, "Oh, yes, and I've tried so hard, so hard." When she had ceased speaking and it seemed necessary that the medium should be permitted to awake in her normal condition, I asked if the spirit would please come again, perhaps this evening, and for the present allow the medium to awaken and take dinner. Seeing that this seemed desirable, and that we had treated her kindly, she withdrew,—the medium opened her eyes, arose, and was herself again. By request I tarried until after dinner and answered questions as best I could.

WALTER HYDE.

ALAMEDA, Cal.

JESUS laid the greatest stress on these words: "Love one another." How much ground that covers. If we do that will we rob, cheat, or swindle each other; or will we have the tenderest regard for each other,—speaking no ill, doing no ill?—*Light in the West.*

"You are Mr. Talmage?"

"I am, sir."

"Well, sir, I am an evolutionist and I want to discuss that question with you. I am also an annihilationist. I believe that when I die that will be the end of me."

"Thank God for that!" devoutly ejaculated Mr. Talmage, as he walked off and left the man perfectly dazed.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

A REMARKABLE OFFER.

SEND TWO 2-CENT STAMPS,

Lock of hair, state age and sex, and give your name in full, and I will send you a CLAIRVOYANT DIAGNOSIS of your disease, FREE. Address,

J. C. BATDORF, M. D.,
Principal Magnetic Institute, Jackson, Michigan.

SHORT-HAND AND CALIGRAPH TEACHER.

MISS GEORGIA HALL,

At 151 Seventh Street, : : : Oakland.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. DAVID J. STANSBURY,

45 N. FIRST ST., SAN JOSE, CAL.

MEDIUM FOR INDEPENDENT SLATE WRITING
AND OTHER MENTAL AND PHYSICAL
PHENOMENA.

Specialist in Diagnosis and Treatment of all Chronic and Acute Diseases of the Blood and Nerves, including Eye, Ear, Throat and Lung Troubles.
For diagnosis of disease, definition of character, or directions in development, send lock of hair, hand-writing, or leading symptom, with fee, \$2.00, inclosed. Send your own slates, if desired;—write your questions on separate slips of paper and enclose in a plain envelope (sealed).
ALL LETTERS PROMPTLY ANSWERED.

DR. J. E. & C. MAYO-STEERS'S

SPIRITUALIZED REMEDIES.

Specially Prepared and Magnetized to suit each case, under the direction of spirit controls Drs. Nicolian and Rosie. Send lock of hair, age, sex, one leading symptom, 2-cent stamp, and have your case diagnosed FREE.
OFFICE—251 HENNEPIN AVENUE.
Address, P. O. Box 1037, : Minneapolis, Minnesota.
may6m

MRS. DR. BEIGHLE,

WILL DIAGNOSE DISEASE WITHOUT

QUESTIONS.

319 Turk Street, : : Between Leavenworth and Hyde,

Hours from 9 to 5.

NERVOUS DISEASES A SPECIALTY.

JULIUS LYONS,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,

Room 15, Temple Block,

LOS ANGELES, : : : : CALIFORNIA.

feb27-6m-1m*

MRS. M. MILLER,

MEDIUM.

Meetings—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings, and Fridays at 2 p. m. Sittings daily, \$1.00.

106 Seventh St., near Mission.

MRS. R. A. ROBINSON,

PSYCHOMETRIZER AND TEST MEDIUM.

308 Seventeenth Street,

Between Mission and Valencia, San Francisco.

MRS. J. J. WHITNEY,

The well-known

CLAIRVOYANT, CLAIRAUDIENT AND TRANCE

MEDIUM.

Is now located at No. 120 Sixth street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Sittings daily, : : : : \$1.00.

MRS. S. SEIP,

1910 Market Street,

CLAIRVOYANT AND PSYCHOMETRIST.

Readings from Rock, Letter, or giving age and sex. Sittings daily, \$1.00. Circles, Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday, 25 cents.

DR. JENNIE E. WILLIAMS,

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN AND PSYCHOMETRIST,

Office—305 Kearny street, San Francisco, Cal.

Hours—From 9 to 12 o'clock M., and 2 to 6 o'clock P. M.

Electric and Medicated Baths a specialty. All Nervous and Chronic Diseases speedily cured by entirely new and improved methods of treatment. Electricity, Magnetism and Massage scientifically applied.

DR. T. C. KELLEY,

MAGNETIC HEALER,

946 Mission Street, : San Francisco, Cal.

Treats all cases of Acute and Chronic Diseases, by Nature's vital forces, without the aid of drugs or mechanical appliances. Office hours, from 9 a. m. until 5 p. m. Consultation free.

MRS. REID,

MEDIUM FOR INDEPENDENT SLATE

WRITING,

No. 35 Sixth Street, S. F.

Hours from 1 to 5 p. m.

For Ladies only.

MRS. A. B. SOUTHER,

MATERIALIZING MEDIUM,

202½ Ninth Street, below Howard, : : San Francisco.

SELECT CIRCLES:

Sunday and Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock.

no12-1f

E. G. ANDERSON,

SHORT-HAND REPORTER.

Depositions, Dictation and all kinds of Short-hand Work done with neatness and dispatch, and on reasonable terms.

Room 11, 526 Kearny St., San Francisco.

MRS. ALBERT MORTON,

SPIRIT MEDIUM AND PSYCHOMETRIST.

Diagnosis and healing disease a specialty.

210 Stockton Street, : : : San Francisco.

no14-1f

DR. R. BROWN & CO.,

PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS AND ELECTRICIANS,

Santa Cruz, California.

These wonderful Magnetic Healers will diagnose diseases without any explanation from patients; diseases of women a specialty; rheumatism positively cured; all rectal diseases cured, such as ulcers, fistula, in-ano, fish-bone, polypus recti, stricture, etc., which is the cause of consumption and decline, depletion of the nerve forces, etc.; electric treatment given; cancers cured without cutting; guarantee to cure all cases they undertake; medicines can be sent to the country, with instructions how to use them, after diagnosis is given by lock of hair, fee \$2. Consultation free. Office hours, 10 a. m. to 4 p. m., and 6 to 8 p. m. Dr. R. Brown & Co. are also sole agents for

DR. BERLIN'S HYDRASTIN UTERINE SUPPORTERS

For the State of California. These Supporters are doing wonders in curing displacement and ulceration of the womb. All ladies afflicted should call on these Doctors and have a talk with them, and if you can be cured they will soon effect that cure. Agents wanted for these Supporters in every town in the State.

PUBLICATIONS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS;

—OR—

Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought,

By J. J. OWEN.

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

SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PRICE (in cloth), ONE DOLLAR.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DOCTOR FELLOWS



Is an Independent and Progressive Physician and the most successful, as his practice will prove. He has, for twenty years, treated exclusively diseases of the Sexual Organs, in the cure of which he stands pre-eminent. Spermatorrhea and Impotency as the result of self-abuse in youth and sexual excesses in mature years, causing night emissions by dreams, loss of sexual power, rendering marriage improper and unsatisfactory, etc., are cured permanently by an outside application in sixty days. No Stomach Medicines used. It is one of Dr. Fellows' valuable remedies, which is entirely unknown to the medical profession. It is not a catch-penny get-up, such as a pad, belt, pessary or magnetic appliance, but simply a medicine to be applied externally on the parts affected, which cures by absorption, and which is the only reliable method of curing Seminal Weakness and Loss of Sexual Power. Send five 2-cent stamps for his "Private Counselor," giving full information. Address, Dr. R. P. FELLOWS, Vineland, N. J., and say where you saw this advertisement.

SHEW'S

Photograph Gallery,

No. 523 Kearny Street,

SAN FRANCISCO, : : : : CAL.

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

Children's Cabinet Pictures taken by the instantaneous process for three dollars per dozen; and, no matter how restless, a good likeness guaranteed. 5

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS EMPORIUM.

Men's, Youths' and Boys'

READY MADE AND CUSTOM

CLOTHING.

No. 11 Montgomery Street, : San Francisco, Cal.

SCHAFFER & CO.

\$200,000 IN PRESENTS GIVEN AWAY. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get FREE, a package of goods of large value that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the \$200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

CUT OF LADIES' VEST.

This cut illustrates our beautiful and neatly fitting Combination Vest for Ladies.



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

THE VEST fits and conforms to the body like a glove, and while exerting its healing and sustaining powers, it imparts a genial, warming, soothing influence upon the entire nerve ganglia. It tones and recharges the spinal nerves, imparts inward life and activity, until the whole being is aglow with magnetic warmth and energy.

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

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

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

By sending us correct measures, we can send a perfect fitting Garment to any part of the United States. (We send blanks for the purpose.) All letters of inquiry, inclosing stamp, will receive prompt attention.

Our MAGNETIC INSOLES, i. e., FOOT BATTERIES, will warm your feet and keep them comfortable in cold weather. \$1.00 a pair, or three for \$2.00 by mail. Send stamps or currency at our risk by mail.

CHICAGO MAGNETIC SHIELD CO.,

108 POST STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

My Ship.

BY S. H. DYKSEN.

I stood beside the morning sea,
Upon its shilly strand,
And saw the waves, like snow-white feet,
Creep softly o'er the sand.
The ocean's voice was truly weird,
My soul was sad, ah, me!
For the bark which held my cherished one
Was putting out to sea.
That beautiful, angelic face,
That golden hair, ah, well!
She passed beyond the shoreless verge,
And smiled a sweet farewell.

A few short months, I stood again,
Beside the shilly shore;
How my soul struggled with its pain
To hear the ocean's roar.
The waves dashed high, the storm was wild,
And through the blinding rain
I saw my boy's white arms outstretched,
And saw them not again.
West out in storm and night,
My noble boy, with soulful eyes,
Passed from my aching sight.

Again a silent sail I saw
A-neath the shilly strand;
A snowy sail, as fair and white,
As foam upon the sand.
A face looked o'er the vessel's side,
'Twas the face of my darling girl,
Her hair fell o'er her marble cheek
And o'er her shoulders of pearl.
A light was in her glorious eyes
As she looked a last adieu;
And she had gone from my heart of pain
To sing as the angels do.

The path is beaten to the shore
With wandering, tired feet;
'Neath Summer's sun 'tis traveled o'er,
And Winter's cold and fleet;
Oft times my ships which went to sea,
Sailed with my hopeless tears.
Ambition's aims, my plans in life,
And toil of many years.

And so, as night succeeds the day,
As flowers drop leaf by leaf,
I count my treasures o'er, as gone,
And say that life is brief.
Still as the twilight shadows fall,
Or in the moonlight pale,
I wander to the wave-washed shore,
To think upon my ships that sail
Far out upon that shoreless space
So wrapped in mystery;
And on the old gray rocks I sit
And gaze far out to sea.
Ah! can it be in some other clime
Far out on some other shore;
The ships which sailed away from me
Will anchor and sail no more?
And shall I see them all again
Upon that shining strand?
And will the treasures toiled for here
Be placed in my open hand?
And will the hopes quenched here in gloom
Shine there like a sun of day?
The mist and clouds which bury us up
Will they all be cleared away?
I sigh and dream, 'till my yearning soul
Reaches out to that fair land,
Where the ships which held my treasures lost
Are there on that golden strand.

A Lost Letter.

NOTE.—Extract from a letter picked up on Margate Pier:
"I am so sorry you are obliged to go away to-day. You do not know how much I care to be with you. You are so different to other men,—so kind to me. If I had known a man like you years ago, I might have been a better woman."

Just read this letter, old friend of mine;
I picked it up upon Margate Pier,
In a whirling world of women and wine;
'Twas blotted and blurred with a fallen tear.
Come, think one minute of years ago,
When the chance was with us—a soul to save,
The whim was in us to love, you know,
But the woman, she fell to a fool or knave.

"'Tis easy to picture the tortured heart
That faced despair and a grief like this."
She saw her lover unloved depart
And turn again to a hateful kiss.
"Had I been loved by a man like you"—
O weary woman! O fearful fate!
'Tis a passionate cry; but it strikes me through,
Who sigh too soon, but who love too late.

"Who was the woman?" I seem to trace
Her footprints here in Vanity Fair:
A mother, perchance, with an earnest face;
A wife with a glory of Titian hair;
A soul perplexed, and a faith at stake,
A life high lost—there are thousands such
Who face the world, when their heart-strings break
For the one kind word and the tender touch!

Who was the man? What matter at all?
'Tis man who ruins and sows the tears;
'Tis men who tempt, but women who fall,
And I am never absolved in the deathless years.
The least we can do, O brothers, is this,
Whilst love is with us, and life seems down:
We can soothe the sad with a gentle kiss,
And dry the eyes that our sins can drown!

Go back, lost letter of wild despair,
I will cast you forth on the infinite sea;
But the day glides on, and the Margate air
Is piercing sweet to the world and me.
But still I never can forget—can you?
That cry that nothing can soothe or cease:
"Had I been loved by a man like you,
I had lived far better and died in peace!"

—CLEMENT SCOTT.

His Messenger.

Marjorie, with the waiting face,
Marjorie, with the pale brown hair,
She sits and sews in the silent place,
She counts the steps on the outer stair.
Two, three, four—they pass her door,
The patient face droops low again,
Still it is as it was before—
Oh! will be come indeed no more,
And are her prayers all prayed in vain?

Through the warm and the winter night,
Marjorie, with the wistful eyes,
She keeps her lonely lamp alight
Until the stars are dim in the skies.
Through the gray and the shining day
Her pained fingers, swift and slim,
Set their stitches, nor one astray,
Though her heart it is far away,
Over the summer seas with him.

Over the distant summer seas
Marjorie's yearning fancies fly;
She feels the kiss of the island breeze,
She sees the blue of the tropic sky.
Does she know, as they come and go,
Those waves that lap the island shore,
That under their ceaseless ebb and flow
Golden locks float to and fro,
Tangled locks she will comb no more?

Many a hopeless hope she keeps,
Marjorie with the aching heart;
Sometimes she smiles, and sometimes she weeps,
At thoughts that all unbidden start.
I can see what the end will be:
Some day when the Master sends for her,
A voice she knows will say joyfully,
"God is waiting for Marjorie,
And her lover will be his messenger."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ACME VAPOR BATHS.

Electric Treatment.

Those suffering from Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Lumbago, Vertigo, Lead Poisoning, Blood Poisoning, are especially recommended to try these Baths.

SINGLE BATH, \$1.00. — SICK TICKETS, \$2.00.

MRS. E. L. BUCKINGHAM, 307 Turk St., San Francisco.

MRS. D. N. THORPE.

Fashionable Dress-Maker.

221 Fulton Street, Near Van Ness Avenue, SAN FRANCISCO.

Will receive work at her room, or go out by the day. Terms, Moderate. ap10-1f

WM. H. PORTER.

(Successor to Lockhart & Porter).

Undertaker and Embalmer.

NO. 115 EDDY STREET.

Between Mason and Taylor Street, opposite B. B. Hall, one block and a half from Baldwin Hotel.

PRESERVING BODIES WITHOUT ICE A SPECIALTY.

OAKLAND COAL OIL DEPOT.

R. WISE,

—DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF—

Illuminating and Lubricating Oils.

COAL OIL STOVES.

Lamps, Chandeliers, Lamp Sticks, Crockery, Glassware, Kitchen Utensils, Etc.

873 BROADWAY, ap10-1f OAKLAND, CAL.

FAIR DEALING

—AT—

712 AND 714 MARKET STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

O'BANION & DAGENAIS,

—HAVING BOUGHT OUT—

Mr. T. H. Brooks (formerly Jones & Brooks), and having filled the stores with all the latest styles of

CLOTHING,

FURNISHING GOODS,

AND HATS.

We have added to the business

—{ MERCHANT TAILORING. }—

And are buying the Best Stock that can be found in the market. Will make suits at all prices, from \$20 up. Will Guarantee Good Fits and Perfect Satisfaction. Our motto will be: "FAIR DEALING."

Goods sold for what they are worth, and strictly at one price. ap3-1f

FRED EVANS, Medium —FOR— INDEPENDENT SLATE AND MECHANICAL WRITING.

Sittings daily (Sundays excepted), from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Private Developing, daily. Select Developing Class, Tuesday and Thursday evenings. No. 1244 Mission Street, San Francisco.

JOB PRINTING.

We have now completed arrangements with one of the best Job Printing offices in the city, whereby we are able to fill all orders for

JOB PRINTING!

In the Most Satisfactory Manner and upon the Best Possible Terms.

—{ JOB PRINTING! }—

"Golden Gate" P. and P. Company.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

R. P. WOODS, R. A. ROBINSON, M. R. ATHERTON.

WOODS, ROBINSON & ATHERTON.

—DEALERS IN—

STOVES AND RANGES!

Kitchen Furnishing Goods,

TIN ROOFING,

PLUMBING,

And GAS FITTING.

MANUFACTURERS OF

TIN, IRON AND COPPER WARE.

DAIRY WORK A SPECIALTY.

Work Promptly Attended to and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

130 THIRD ST., SAN FRANCISCO. 130

CHEAP LANDS!

CHEAP LANDS FOR SALE

—IN—

SAN LUIS OBISPO CO.

650 Acres of Choice Fruit Land

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

Price, \$12.00 Per Acre!

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

1350 Acres of Excellent Grazing Land.

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

Price, \$10.00 Per Acre.

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

AMOS ADAMS,

110 Ninth St., S. F.

JANUARY, 1886.

WIN more money than at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed readily. None fail. Terms, free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

PUBLICATIONS.

THE CARRIER DOVE.

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine, devoted to Spiritualism and Reform.

Edited by : MRS. J. SCHLESINGER.

Each number will contain the Portraits and Biographical Sketches of prominent Mediums and Spiritual workers of the Pacific Coast, and elsewhere. Also, Spirit Pictures by our Artist Mediums. Lectures, essays, poems, spirit messages, editorials and miscellaneous items.

DR. L. SCHLESINGER, } : : : Publishers.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER, } : : : Publishers.

Terms—\$2.50 per Year. Single Copies, 25 cents.

Address, THE CARRIER DOVE, Oakland, California.

A TREASURE FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

"THE RECORD OF A MINISTERING ANGEL,"

By MRS. MARY J. CLARK.

All thoughtful persons interested in the great question of the higher life, of the life to come, and of the ceaseless relations of the living and the dead, will hail the advent of this book. In the pages of this "Record of a Ministering Angel," Mrs. Clark has ventured with free and fearless steps into regions as mysterious as they are sacred. This book will bring comfort and hope to the sorrowing ones who have followed the cold forms of loved ones to the grave. The work has already met a cordial reception. 12-mo., beautifully bound in cloth, price, one dollar; can be obtained wholesale and retail of the author.

MRS. MARY J. CLARK, Utica, Illinois.

THE COMING AGE,

A Popular Journal for the Household.

Devoted to Spiritualism, Physical and Occult Phenomena, Psychical Research, Science, Health, Hygiene and Human Rights. One dollar a year. Sample copy five cents.

HYGIENE PUBLISHING CO., Publishers, 211 North Eighth St., St. Louis, Mo.

THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE,

To be published monthly after Jan. 1, 1886.

This is to be a FREE magazine, from which no communication will be rejected on account of the sentiment expressed. And the editor will reserve the right to be as FREE in the expression of his views as are the correspondents. Each writer is to be solely responsible for his or her opinions. Each number will contain 48 pages and the price will be \$2.00 a volume, 25 cents for a single number.

Address, H. L. GREEN, Editor and Publisher, Salamanca, N. Y.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE STATION, FOOT OF MARKET STREET, SOUTH SIDE, AT

8.30 A. M. daily, for Alameda, Newark, Centerville, Alameda, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, Wrights, Glenwood, Felton, Big Trees, Boulder Creek, SANTA CRUZ, and all way stations.

2.30 P. M. (except Sunday) express: Mt. Eden, Alameda, Newark, Centerville, Alameda, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and all stations to Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz.

4.30 P. M., daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos and intermediate points.

4.00 P. M. every Sunday, Hunter's Train to S. J. stopping at all way stations.

EXCURSION TO SANTA CRUZ AND BOLD-DEER CREEK, and to SAN JOSE, on Saturdays and Sundays, to return on Monday inclusive.

8.15 TO SANTA CLARA and SAN JOSE and return, Sundays only.

All through trains connect at Felton for Boulder Creek and points on Felton and Pescadero Railroad.

TO OAKLAND AND ALAMEDA.

6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30 A. M. 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30 P. M.

From FOURTEENTH and WEBSTER STREETS, OAKLAND—6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30 A. M. 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30 P. M.

From HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—6.15, 6.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 A. M. 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 P. M.

Sundays excepted, 9 Sunday only.

Ticket, Telegraph and Transfer Offices, 222 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

L. FILLMORE, W. T. FITZGERALD, G. F. & P. Agt.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A PRIZE

Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

PUBLICATIONS.

THE WATCHMAN.

AN 8-PAGE MONTHLY JOURNAL.

Devoted to the Interests of Humanity and Spiritualism. Also, a Mouth-piece of the American and Eastern Congress in Spirit Life.

WATCHMAN, Spirit Editor.

Published by

BOSTON STAR AND CRESCENT CO.

1090 Central Park Avenue,

Miliard Postal Station, Chicago, Illinois.

HATTIE A. BERRY, Editress and Manager.

ARTHUR B. SHEDD, Assistant Manager.

Terms of Subscription (in advance)—One year, \$1.00; Six months, 50 cents; Clubs of ten, \$8.00; Single copies, 10 cents; Sample copies, free.

U. S. Postage Stamps will be received for fractional parts of a dollar. (15 and 25 preferred.)

Remit by P. O. order, drawn on CHICAGO, ILL., or by Registered letter. Payable to

HATTIE A. BERRY,

Editress and Manager.

THE N. D. C. AXE,

AND TRUE KEY STONE.

(Successor to : : : "Spirit Voices.")

A 4-page Weekly Journal devoted to the Development of Mediumship and the interests of the National Developing Circle.

INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.

Terms—\$1.50 per annum; 75 cents for six months; 40 cents for three months; single copies, 5 cents; sample copies, free.

Advertising—10 cents per line, each insertion, average seven words nonpareil to the line.

JAMES A. BLISS, Editor,

474 A Broadway, South Boston, Mass.

Until further notice this offer will hold good: To every yearly subscriber to the N. D. C. Axe and True Key Stone, we will present a year's certificate of membership in the National Developing Circle.

JAMES A. BLISS, Developing Medium N. D. C.

THE NEW YORK BEACON LIGHT,

An Independent weekly Spiritual journal, giving messages from our loved ones in spirit land, and containing matter of general interest connected with Spiritual science. Free from controversy and personalities.

Mrs. M. E. WILLIAMS, Editor and Publisher.

Subscription rates—One year, \$2.00; six months, \$1.00; three months, 50 cents. Postage, free.

Rates of advertising—\$1.00 per inch for first insertion; 50 cents for each subsequent one. No advertisement inserted for less than \$1.00. For long standing advertisements and special rates, address the publisher. Payments in advance.

Specimen copies sent free on application. News dealers supplied by the American News Company, Nos. 39 and 41 Chambers street, New York.

All communications and remittances should be addressed to Mrs. M. E. WILLIAMS,

232 West 46th St., New York City.

THE ROSTRUM.

A Fortnightly Journal devoted to the Philosophy of Spiritualism, Liberalism, and the Progress of Humanity.

A. C. COTTON, Editor and Publisher.

All communications to the pages of THE ROSTRUM must be addressed to A. C. Cotton, Vineland, N. J.

Price, per annum, in advance, \$1.00; six months, 50 cents; three months, 25 cents; clubs of five, \$4.00; clubs of ten, \$7.00; specimen copies sent free.

All orders and remittances must be made payable to A. C. COTTON, Vineland, N. J.

SPIRITUALISTS;

Send to

"LIGHT IN THE WEST,"

314 Chestnut Street, St. Louis, Missouri.

For copy of a 16-page semi-monthly devoted to the philosophy of Spiritualism. \$1.00 per annum.

MOTTO—"Let there be light."

MANUAL OF PSYCHOMETRY.

THE DAWN OF A NEW CIVILIZATION.

By Joseph Rodas Buchanan, M. D.,

Author of "Autophology," "Therapeutic Sarcognomy."

For sale at this office. Price \$2.00.

SPIRITISM, THE ORIGIN OF ALL RELIGIONS,

By J. P. DAMERON,

Author of "The Dupuy Papers," "Devil and Hell," and "The Evil Forces in Nature."

For sale at this office. Price, \$1.00.

IN FOUR PARTS,

Complete for 25 Cents,

"WOMAN'S MANIFEST DESTINY AND DIVINE MISSION."

Send orders to "Mrs. E. Hughes, St. Ann's Building, opposite Baldwin Hotel, San Francisco."

ap10-3m

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

TIME SCHEDULE.

Passenger trains will leave and arrive at Passenger Depot (Townsend St., bet Third and Fourth), San Francisco:

LEAVE S. F. : Commercial City & Hill. (Arrive S. F. 10:30 A. M.)

10:30 A. M. San Mateo, Redwood, and Menlo Park.

11:30 A. M. Santa Clara, San Jose, and Principal Way Stations.

12:30 P. M. Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Salinas and Monterey.

1:30 P. M. Watsonville, Camp Goodrich, Aptos, New Brighton, Sequel (Capitola), and Santa Cruz.

2:30 P. M. Monterey and Santa Cruz. (Sunday Excursion)

3:30 P. M. Hollister and Tres Pinos.

4:30 P. M. Soledad and W. V. Stations.

5:30 P. M. (Sundays excepted.)

6:30 P. M. (Sundays excepted.)

7:30 P.