



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

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

He hath the substance of all bliss,
To whom a virtuous friend is given:
So sweet harmonious friendship is,
Add but eternity, you'll make it heaven.
—JOHN NORRIS.

The awakening of love in a great soul is a revelation of eternity.

Nature is as playful, as bright as joyous on the Sabbath as on any other day.

No religion or morality is greater than truth and no sin is greater than falsehood.

Who thinks lives,
His is the wine of youth,
His the strange flower of truth,
The fruitage of eternity—
The was and is, and is to be.

Love only can reveal the hidden possibilities of character, and show us the divine natures of men and women.

Oh, memory! oh, artist of still thought,
Paixing our every deed, what'er it be,
May we so live that by thee shall be wrought
No scene which, published, we should blush to see,
But on thy dreamy canvas let us find
Abundant peace in alms-deeds pure and kind.
—ALICE CARV.

Influence, good or bad, comes not from the opinion a man possesses, but from the character he has formed and the life he leads.

There is a soul at the center of nature and over the will of every man, so that none of us can wrong the universe.—Emerson.

O for music, more of music
In this weary world of ours,
That its sweetness might surround us
Like the perfume of the flowers;
That our hearts with good o'erflowing
Might each one a temple be,
Wafting through an open window
Music to humanity,
—REBECCA MORROW REAVIS.

There is nothing nobler in man than courage; and the only way to be courageous is to be clean handed and hearted, to be able to respect ourselves and face our records.

Adversity is rather to be desired than continued prosperity; in the vast ocean of life more are ruined in the haven of tranquility, than amid the billows and surges of sorrow.

The sentiment of the beautiful, the sublime, the divine intuitively perceived by all pure hearts will always come to us from an unknown world, from some impenetrable region and from nature.

Life is short. Man has two minutes and a half to live, one to smile, one to sigh, and a half to love—for in the middle of this he dies; but the grave is not deep—it is the shining tread of an angel that seeks us. When the unknown hand throws the fatal dart at the end of man, then boweth he his head, and the dart only lifts the crown of thorns from his wounds.—Jean Paul Richter.

In the deep silence the mysterious event will occur which will prove that the way has been found. Call it by what name you will, it is a voice that speaks where there is none to speak, it is a messenger that comes, a messenger without form or substance, or it is the flower of the soul that has opened. It can not be described by any metaphor. But it can be felt after, looked for and desired, even amidst the storm.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

A Discourse Delivered at Ixora Hall, Jan. 1, 1881, Through the Mediumship of Mrs. E. L. Watson.

[Reported by G. H. Hawes.]

INVOCATION.

Spirit of the universe, Thou source of all life and joy, Thou who dost pervade eternity,—the years that are gone have recorded Thine acts and fulfill Thy law. The hour in which we now live is glowing with Thy presence, the future is also Thine, surcharged with fire of the spirit and the glory of eternal truth, brooding and beckoning us ever onward and upward,—we thank Thee for the soul-blossoming, and the ripening of spiritual fruits in past time; for that law through which are wrought miracles, of beauty and joy; for that love which has manifested throughout all time, and which glows in human spirits with unspeakable softness, moulding life, tempering its sorrows, and thrilling us with the thought of Thy presence, and the knowledge of the soul's immortality. We thank Thee for that eternal justice which shall reign throughout the ages and crown every human effort for good and meet to every soul its dues. Thou seest Thy children in their present stage of growth, full of yearnings and prophecies that the future must fulfill; and Thou knowest how we grope after the light even though the light is in our midst, since we have not perception to behold it. O quicken our consciousness that we may perceive the bounteous gifts of this hour, and fill our souls with gratitude. We thank Thee, Divine spirit, for the year that is just dead; for its joys,—for the splendors it has achieved, for the inspiration with which it was endowed, for the consolation that came through its ministrations, for the place that came into each and every human heart with its holy whisperings of faith. O may we in viewing the past learn divine lessons, and be filled with gratitude in the contemplation of the golden *Mora*, may we see how rich we are in opportunity. O Divine spirit, to the weak send the angels of power, that the new year just opening its lessons may be enriched and glorified to us. O may those who, to-night, stand upon the brink of spiritual darkness feel the staying hand of the angel of light that shall lead them into the broad and sacred paths of virtue and peace; may those who sit, clothed in sad memories, born of the past year, become illuminated that they may learn the significance of sorrow to their souls and understand the hieroglyphics which the year has engraven upon the spirits' tablets. O decipher for us their meaning—translate this shining lettering upon the face of the present that we may not mistake our way. Guard and guide us by the tender love of those gone on before. We thank Thee for their messages of hope and encouragement. We thank Thee for the instruments Thou has raised up to do noble service for the freedom of human souls. We pray Thee, if it be possible, that in the future, where the earth has been steeped in human blood, let the blossoms of peace spring and teach men how divine a thing is sweet fraternity. O wipe from the eyes of the mourning these falling tears, whisper into the ears of the discouraged hope and bathe us in the spirit light of a new revelation, such as shall unfold to us the glorious possibilities of the least in Thy kingdom, and the joy that awaiteth the faithful.

LECTURE.

Time is unceasing in its flow. Our consciousness divides it into periods and we are apt to believe in the best things of the past, be doubtful of the good in the present and hopeful for the future. There are some, who are perpetually deploring the "lost arts," descanting upon the glories of the past—sighing over "the good old times," undervaluing the real grandeur of their own time. For the benefit of such we will give, what must at best be but a cursory glance at the old in contrast with the new.

First. There is nothing which man has achieved in art and science, that has not been suggested by the material forms of nature, and nature is in a state of perpetual growth; if her forests will not perfect her ideas of harmony and symmetry in form, then she resorts to animal organism; and if these are not sufficient to give perfect expression to her principles of beauty, she in ten thousand ways suggests to the intelligence of man, how he may carry forward the work, which she has begun. In all the grand schools of architecture in the past, nature was the only teacher. Whatever there is of power, symmetry and grandeur in the Milan cathedral, or St. Peter's at Rome, may have been suggested by nature in her forms of animal and vegetable life. The solidity of the column, the power of the arch, the grace of the curved lines. And whatsoever man has achieved in past time he may in the present or future achieve again. It is only a question of necessity. Whenever it shall be necessary or desirable for us to build pyramids like those of Egypt, we shall find the ways and the means; but while we admire such achievement and mourn over the diminution of human genius and power, we forget the spectacle

of twenty or thirty thousand slaves who toiled under the lash of cruel masters. We forget that besides the majestic there may have been misery and abject weakness in contrast with deific strength. Should necessity demand a revival of the lost arts, not twelve months would pass, before more than a "Damasus blade" would be manufactured. The wonders of the Eighteenth Century eclipse the arts said to be lost—it is simply a change in the direction of human energy.

In human government, also, nature is chief guide. She is the divine tutor to whom we may ever go in confidence, knowing she will give us the best thought to meet the exigency of the times. And while we may shudder at the atrocities of the old governments, we must admit, all things considered, they were perfect of their kind and wrought well, just as fossil remains mark the foundation and small beginnings of the complex organisms, which we behold in nature to-day. So in these governmental fossils we find utility and a suggestion of the higher. While to-day the cry of penury and famine may be heard in portions of the earth, we know it does not rise from a people totally crushed. We know that slavery is not willingly and patiently submitted to; in fact, there is no abuse suffered, against which there is not a million voices uttering earnest protest, but if we turn to the records of the past, we find human nature has travelled to its present position through a sea of blood. And our earth to-day, the dwelling place of so many millions of free and happy beings, was in the old times as laughter-pen. There were two classes, masters and slaves, the tyrants and the oppressed. Whereas, to-day, the free people outnumber the enslaved, and we are in the enjoyment of larger liberty than humanity has ever known before. [applause.] In human government we have witnessed in this Nineteenth Century, the greatest triumph over the old systems and the grandest achievement in the enfranchisement and the independence of the whole people the world has ever seen.

There are those who think that as social beings, we are retrograding. We see in the daily papers long lists of divorces granted which speak in hard tones of domestic discontent and abuses of the marriage relation, and we cry out that this is a disolute and immoral age. Glance, for one moment, at Rome when mistress of the world. In the time of Caesar, she reckoned her helpless slaves by the millions; labor was so degraded that stalwart men became paupers, dependent upon the State for bread. No crime that the animals of human wickedness can show, was left unperpetrated—remorseless murders, the betrayal of parents, husbands, wives, friends; poisoning reduced to a system; adultery degenerating into incest; marriage was displaced by concubinage—until it became necessary for the government to interfere and actually put a premium upon marriage; rewards were given to women who had many children—men who did not marry were disinherited, so as Plutarch remarks, "men married, not to have heirs, but to become heirs," and this in the boasted Rome! The same causes would produce the same effect again. The enormous wealth of the few, extreme poverty and degradation of the millions, wealth became the standard of distinction in society—these were the causes of the downfall of Rome, and such will be the fate of any nation that permits like conditions to exist.

From a religious standpoint, we shall find but little reason to envy the old, when man crouched in fear, the human brain manacled and lips inspired were sealed. A religion teaching the certainty of hell to the unbeliever, and the total depravity of man; and we moan over the loss of faith and deplore the skepticism of this age! Do you know what the old faith did? It tortured, burned and enslaved millions of men, women and children; for it was without heart and without brains. It declared that God had deserted his world for thousands of years, and gave it over to the devil. The religion of the old time prostituted the art of painting, for the production of the most horrible conceptions ever flung upon canvas, it was made to burn with the relentless flames of hell. The old religion tortured the body in this world and gave the soul over to the devil in the next. The young were the creatures of sin,—the innocent, rosy-cheeked children were the vehicles of God's ven-

geance, which should be bestowed without mercy in the future world. The old created a hell of fiery billows, crested with the tortured faces of our bravest and best thinkers. The old had faith in the eternity of punishment,—in the inexorable wrath of the infinite.

The new bends over the old symbols with a smile of incredulity—looks at the old pictures of superstitious times with eyes that are dimmed with happy tears, to think how vain those visions were! The new stands in the presence of this declaration of total depravity, and points us to the pages of history, shining with the names of heroic men and women in whom God's spirit lived and wrought, and declares human nature, like all these structures of the universe, has been built by immutable laws grounded in eternal justice; and out of human nature, as out of material nature in its lower forms, shall be wrought finer, grander and more graceful expressions of life—sweeter symphonies of feeling, until at last the divine image encased in the human, shall be unveiled and the expected Messiah shall come in every human life. [applause] The old, pictured God, a Supreme being of a certain adverb-dupois, and endowments whose whims governed the universe, and whose interference many times changed the course of human events—this same being often making stupendous failures. The new sees God in everything—a God who rules all destinies and devils, and shapes the ends of this life to fit still grander schemes. The old religion elated a few selfish souls to a condition of passive happiness, free from evil and pain, also devoid of love intrinsic consciousness. It gave us a few marble saints who sat in white livery in those distant courts, and mechanically played upon golden harps, while the countless myriads of human beings to whom they were related were perishing forever in ineffable pain. The new believes all humanity is endowed with the possibility of happiness, and the work of life is to evolve this goodness, harmony and grace. [applause] The old years were shocked by storm and earthquake in the material universe, which were but the throes of matter to produce higher forms and organisms; the old in human nature was also shocked and shaken by the convulsions of the soul through the efforts to evolve greater and higher forms of thought.

In the realm of literature, even fifty years ago there were few men or women, who read and comprehended the writings of Shakespeare. It is not a hundred years since a young woman in France, was stoned for the audacious idea of teaching girls mathematics. To-day the question of compulsory education is widely discussed, and boys and girls are given almost an equal chance, while the God of our solar system has become our servant in the art of painting and in every home throughout the land, there are pictures of landscapes, and loved faces, true to life!

The good old times when the priestess of the house was kept from dawn till dark at her distaff and wheel preparing material for the garments of her household, and when the most luxurious feast was no better than that the simply "well-to-do" are now accustomed to every day, when Princes and Barons did not live so well as our cart-men and hod-carriers do now, and all the knowledge of the world was shut up in convents and churches in the care of priests and monks,—don't we mourn for the good old days? [Applause.]

We have only time to glance at the new. It is the out-come of the old, the heir to all the good of the past and in a measure has escaped its manacles, its dungeons and its God of hate. The new with its countless daily newspapers, many of which can be bought for a penny, so there is not an urchin on the street who may not know what is transpiring in all the countries on the face of the globe. [Applause.] The new, in which by telegraph we may daily send greetings and sympathy to and receive joyous acclaim and congratulations from all the nations of the earth, and from most distant places may instantly be informed of famine and straightway start relief-ships borne along by sails filled with the winds of heaven, but also our tears converted into motive-power to drive them to any quarter of the globe until the hungry are fed, and the naked clothed. [Applause.]

The new in which the fossil remains of creeds may continue to be paraded on one day of the week before a fashionable audience, but into whose ears the doleful strains are poured in vain, and all the dark dog-

mas may be masqueraded without any dangerous effect!

If any are still in bonds, we know that when we are sufficiently in earnest, we shall shake them off and stand up free. The new! in which every man is free to utter his best thought. The new! in which the grand conceptions and faith of a Socrates and the tenderness of a Jesus, may be actualized without fear of poison-cup or blood-cross. The new, in which we behold the fires of the old hell quenched, and God's love so manifest that the meanest wretch of all the world, if penitent, may hope for another chance.

The new! The new! In which the voiceless dark of death has suddenly awakened into welcomes of love to a land of light, while across the stary spaces golden threads of sympathy are drawn, a thrill with the sweet messages of those we love! The new, in which the cry of the oppressed is heard, at which tyrants tremble and look about them to see how they can make amends, and in which the genius of the past becomes the possession of the multitude.

Under the new, the line of demarcation, called the grave, reveals man as a spirit still marching onward and upward so that the possible greatness in human nature shall yet be rounded out into a divine reality. We pass from these border lines of the present with a knowledge that the future means to man a continuation of growth; a perpetuation of all noble joys, and an eternity of pure love.

The old dragged its weary length in chains
To many a bold tyrant kneeling,
With bruised heart and fear-betitled brains,
And crucified fraternal feeling.

The new with brow uplifted to the morn,
A flame with thought and inspiration,
Welcomes each blessed truth as soon as born
As nature's loving ministration.

His Wife Talks on the Train.
(Brooklyn Eagle.)

Now I'll tell you why I wouldn't go into the restaurant and have a cup of coffee with you while were waiting for the train. I didn't like the way you asked me. Keep quiet, I have the floor. Not half an hour before you asked Mr. Puffer, "Come, let's get a cigar," and away you went, giving him no chance to decline. When we met John O'Howdy on our way to luncheon you said: "Just in time, John; come take lunch with us." And then, to-night, when we found the train nearly an hour late, you looked at your watch, turned to me, and said in a questioning way: "would you like a cup of coffee?"

And I did want it. I was tired and a little hungry, but I would have fainted before I accepted such an invitation. And you went away a little vexed with me, and had your coffee and bread and butter by yourself, and didn't enjoy it very much. In effect you said to me: "If you want a cup of coffee, if you really want it, I will buy it for you." You are the best husband in the world, but you do as nearly all the best husbands do. Why do you men seem to dole things out to your wives when you fairly throw them to the men? Why don't you invite me heartily as you invite men? Why don't you say "come, let's get a little coffee and something to eat, and take me right along with you? You wouldn't say to a man, "Would you like me to go and buy you a cigar?" Then why do you issue your little invitation to treats in that way to me? Indeed, indeed, my dear husband, if men would only act toward their wives as heartily as they do to the men they meet, they would have better companions at home than at the club.

The Rev. Charles J. Young, the eloquent pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, said in his sermon last Sunday morning that the room was full of spirits, but he added: "We can not see them." This is a somewhat strange assertion for a Presbyterian clergyman to make; but if he wishes to strengthen his statement he should invite Dr. W. B. Mills into the pulpit to supplement such sermons by giving names and descriptions of spirits present.—Saratoga, (N. Y.) Eagle, Jan. 9th.

The latest thing in jewelry is a pendant set with diamonds and fitted with watchworks which keep the jewels continuously revolving, thus showing them in constantly changing lights.

Mind or Faith Cure.

According to the current of news now being piled in upon an already afflicted humanity, laboring under the many ill-constructed theories and dogmas, wherein much sophistry and a little of philosophy is well mixed, and well calculated to make confusion worse confounded, the outlook for clear thinking, and fair presentations of facts by the genius of truth, rather than by ingenious twistings for selfish aims, is getting worse instead of better.

When facts are well and distinctly established,—established by various series of well regulated investigations, experiments, and experiences; when a domain of phenomenal facts are so clearly established, that we can not do otherwise than admit each to be the manifestation of a law or principle in nature, pointing out a clearly defined positive philosophy, and according to which it may be practically applied—therefore scientific, then, to ignore such well established truths,—truths upon which the most ordinary scholar may inform himself, and to advance new names, new claims, new theories, where nothing has been discovered, except it be the authors' self-importance, and through which the once clear facts are but mystified and covered over with what may well be termed subterfuge, is to my mind a very incorrect proceeding for any one, and much more so for those who put forth a claim as human benefactors.

To these thoughts I am led by the mind cure craze now claiming so much attention, and whose advocates are now apparently vying with each other as to who can make the greatest promise, and according to the two articles in GOLDEN GATE of 2d inst., (there credited to *Mind Cure*.) it appears to me that the millennium is nigh at hand; not that we are in danger of being swallowed by it, *volens volens*, but that all we will have to do is, to walk in. Among other things we are told mind cure is an "lightening us greatly, etc. It is leading us to look away from the illusions of "sense of mortal mind to our at-one-ment—as pure spirits with supreme love." Wonderful isn't it? Have I been so long laboring under a delusion in believing mind to be an immortal principle? I think not, as also I shall continue to look to grander fields for enlightenment, where clearly defined and established principles have laid a foundation for clear and healthy thoughts, and their logical conclusions.

The law of health, and disease and cure will be best understood by questioning and applying principles in nature and our relations thereto, and in this we will find the law of cure simplified—shorn of its mysteries, yet grand in principle, mighty in its operations.

These principles applying to our present subject are, 1st,—The existence of an ever active, all-pervading principle manifest in and through all matter and space, ever working from within to without, from without to within, in and through all organic and inorganic existences. 2d,—That this ever active principle contains within it all the essential principles and qualities, and is entirely typical of the substances and forms, of whatever kind, in and through which it exists, and to which it belongs. 3d,—In this principle we must also include the law of attraction, which is feeding to perpetuate existence, and repulsion, which is self-defence against any invasion upon that existence.

In illustration of the above I will here briefly state a few well-known facts. The scientist with his spectroscope, gathers the rays of the planets upon sensitive plates, and after due preparation reflects the shades of the substances so obtained upon an area of some ten feet square, there in strata of various well defined colors is the result; and then he points out the several colors as the base of such several minerals, then, showing the results from several planets, each differing in proportions of such colors or minerals, showing conclusively that the rays of the planets contain and convey the properties of their respective bodies. Photography depends upon this principle for results, psychometry depends upon this principle for its reading. The scientist determines the more grosser qualities of this ethereal substance, the psychometrist determines the still finer of the same. The sensitive depends upon this principle for locating for bodies of minerals or water, and were there not a current, containing properties identical and typical of, and belonging to each and every objective substance, there would be nothing for the sensitive to come in contact with through which to receive response to his sensings, and did not these currents communicate and impress upon each other the qualities of their respective bodies or substance, the psychometrist would not be able to define the surroundings of such bodies or substances, and, while the term magnetism, in common use, seemingly conveys and explains the principles contained in the above, it must be remembered that such term only conveys the idea of attraction and repulsion, and does not imply the possession of somatic properties, and the power of transmission, but may use that term when classified as this and that kind of magnetism. This principle is well-known by the long ago and well established name, *Psyche*, or soul of things, and needs no new names, no new definitions, at the hands of adventurers.

And according to evidences obtained through psychologic, or by some called biologic experiments, it appears to be a well established fact, that without this property in the human body, seeing, hear-

ing, motion, sensation, and every manifestation of life would be suspended. Is it not then appropriate that it should be termed *Psyche*, the soul of things, or soul of force? This ever active principle, ever inhaling and exhaling through the variously estimated from four to seven million of pores in the surface of the human body, feeding with new forces upon the substances of surrounding elements, full as important as the use of the lungs, yet selecting with the greatest possible care that which is most appropriate, and most needed to the maintenance of existence, and promotion of growth, throwing off that which has served its purpose, repelling all that is antagonistic; and here it must be remembered that the substances so thrown off by the outward current, and we may say the current itself, contains within it, like all other currents, every attribute of the body to which it belongs, not only of the physical, but also that of the moral and intellectual. The proofs are so clearly and incontrovertibly established, that only those who have not informed themselves upon current events, need be told that the evidences furnished through sensitives, psychometrists, and clairvoyants, are innumerable in variety as well as number, so that the most critically fastidious may find ample proof upon due investigation.

It is perhaps quite admissible to use the term magnetism now so generally used in connection with this, when we remember that it implies the kind pertaining to the individual subject under consideration, that each individual has, and suits a magnetism peculiarly his or her own, it being the soul sphere of such individual. There are many who have not enough, some all they require, and some few that have enough and to spare of this magnetism; the presence of the latter two classes is conducive and necessary for the atmosphere of a healthy home, and in, and through the effects of such an atmosphere the sick are often restored without knowing the cause, while ignorantly they give the credit to drugs.

The ability to voluntarily impart this magnetism to the sick and afflicted appears to be a quality not generally possessed, but such as have sufficient may by practice develop it to an extraordinary degree. Some there are, and which also may be developed—may be termed operating centers, gathering in and giving off. Such are the sensitives with healing powers. Several may work together for one purpose with a center among them.

The desideratum in such magnetism consists mainly in quality, and not in quantity. Let not the coarse presume to afflict the already afflicted sick, with their gross magnetism; let the watchword be with such, as well as with those who are themselves infirm, Hands off! This subject is worthy the careful study of every man and woman, in interest to themselves and their fellow beings.

The coarser character ever feeds upon the finer natures. Such, as well as such who are physically debilitated, or even the apparently healthy, cultivated, and enlightened, whose aspirations for the good and true are imperfect, rendered so by a constant bent of desire for material possession and enjoyments for selfish ends, are often dangerous elements, for the finer, the more aspirational natures to associate with. This, because the former class do not produce what they need of this soul force, therefore consume what belongs to others, and therefore are vampires. One of this vampirical class may enter a healthy home, and in the course of a few hours that home is considerably worsened, robbed! and worse than robbed, because this operation consists in an interchange of properties, leaving the thrown off impurities in exchange for the pure taken away; and we may say here that in this principle lies the philosophy of contagion. A good, old-fashioned neuralgic subject can fill a house of eight rooms in about three hours with neuralgia. All disorders are, as well as health, contagious, the only difference being that the virus of some diseases are easier resisted than that of others, and that the power of resistance is stronger in some than in others, yet resistance produces exhaustion, therefore injury by the association.

Healthy, well-balanced individuals will impart a healthy sphere to everything they handle, while the otherwise, of such as referred to above, will absorb from every available source. Such are not the right kind to be in a meat market, bakery, or kitchen, so beware of "mind-cured" meat, or "mind-cured" provisions, on your table. All homes are filled with the element, or magnetism belonging to, and in every sense characteristic of the occupants, so much so that the sensitive may fully apprehend the character and quality (coarse or fine) of the occupants as he but approaches the door.

Among the sensitives possessing the finer health-giving magnetism, and among healers of this order, there are many of whom it may well and truly be said that they take upon themselves the sins of the world in as much as the physically and morally weak are ever ready to rob him. Among a company in a good-sized room there is seated a consumptive, and away from him, in perhaps the extreme end of the room, with perhaps a half-dozen or more between them, there is seated one possessing a healthy, refined soul-sphere, or magnetism—one who may be classed as a healer—and now the current from the lung of the consumptive feels the life-giving element, a connection is established between the two, and now the consumptive lung sets in for a hearty breakfast, feeding fast upon the healthy lung, and it must here be remembered that the inhaling, or feeding, and the exhaling, or throwing off,

processes differ much in activity, according to favorable or unfavorable surroundings; so here the throwing off process is equally active; and now after an hour or so ask the consumptive how he has enjoyed himself, and with drawing long breath will exclaim, "Oh! I never felt better in my life! I have enjoyed myself ever so much," and now ask the one who has thus been drawn from and his answer will be quite the reverse, and this without either party being conscious of the cause, except it be that the sensitive has learned by experience, because this law operates without asking permission. A constant exercise of will will to some extent relieve and protect the sensitive; but I have not learned of any positive relief except by getting away from such conditions.

There are many healthy, magnanimous souls whose mentality may be classed among the best yet can not produce any apparent results upon the sick, while others with less mental ability may make marvelous cures.

How is it that these qualities of health and disease are interchanged, which is contagious through clothing or the handling of substances? There are instances where dangerous sickness may be averted by putting the garments of a healthy magnetic subject upon them.

I think I have said enough to show that the healing power consists entirely in psychic or soul force, and I can make no other conclusions, and which will apply with equal force to "Mind Cure" and "Faith Cure," that such can only be successful in exact ratio entirely, corresponding to the quality and quantity, and the ability of transmitting of such forces, and, when such forces are not strong, much will depend upon the receptivity of the patient. I fail to see why this principle should be loaded down with new reasons, or latent notions.

If the foregoing is not a true presentation and interpretation of the facts, then I shall be forced to join the Mormons in this connection; the facts are well established, and I know of them, that they have wrought many wonderful cures by gathering and praying around the patient. Ask yourself the question, if such be an evidence of the purity of their faith? no, faith cure like mind cure must tumble and acknowledge the truth including the whole.

Can the defenders of either mind cure or faith cure claim a higher principle than that set forth in the foregoing. I think not. The sensitive, the healer, the magnetic center, needs not depend upon his individual power alone, needs not depend upon assistance from those who surround him in the body, but may be assisted by spirits highly developed in that power, drawing from the spirit world the higher life-giving soul forces; such are the Spiritual healers. The law which now operates upon us and upon each other in the body, applies equally to relationship between us and those out of the body.

Yours truly,

F. C. WISSMAN.

San Jose, Jan. 12th, 1886

Again, the Girl Medium.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I have written you several letters concerning the girl medium, Angie. I could continue these letters indefinitely, but I think I have written enough to show that she was a wonderful medium. Many will ask what became of her and her mediumship. She is now residing in your own golden State. She has been married several years and has several children. She nearly lost her mediumistic powers by a severe attack of the measles, and came near losing her life. They (the spirits) thought that at some future time her mediumistic powers would be restored, and if so, to a more wonderful extent. I have learned, recently, that this is the case, but can not say from actual knowledge. The spirits intimated that the time would come in her mediumship that they would be able to reveal themselves to a whole audience, showing themselves and speaking with their own vocal organs, and lighting the room with spirit lights.

Yours truly,

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Or., Jan. 7th, 1886.

Spiritualism in Portland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Thinking you might like to hear from the First Spiritual Society of Portland, and of the progress of Spiritualism in Portland, I drop these few lines. Our society has been holding meetings about four months with a fair attendance and steadily increasing in numbers and interest. There are mediums being developed for various phases of spirit return, and of rare promise. We earnestly desire a good trance speaker. This field is a good one, and if there are any traveling across the continent I think it would be for their interest to call on us.

The people here are very slow to open their eyes to the truth; but a marked change for the better is apparent on every hand, notwithstanding the late evangelizing humbugery inflicted upon the people here. Yours for the truth,
P. HASKEFL,
Secretary of F. S. S., 81 Fourth St.
PORTLAND, Or., Jan. 12, 1886.

Cultivate those affections and habits which will write upon the tablets of your countenance that which one in reading can but love and admire.

Rev. Bishop M. Simpson, D. D.

It may do good to report through the columns of the GOLDEN GATE the following communication from the distinguished American orator and preacher whose name heads this article. Its value, *per se*, lies in the fact of its genuineness as a communication from the beyond, and in the surroundings of the philosophy it teaches. These two points are of great worth, and upon them we are willing to be challenged at any time. The grammatical construction of some of the sentences might be, doubtless, as not coming from the Bishop direct. His sentences were usually well rounded and in harmony with Murray at his best. Yet this was not always true of the Bishop, for I have often observed in his preaching what I would call simple *lapsus lingue*, such as you may see in the communication, if you are inclined to be hypercritical.

But it must be borne in mind that Dr. J. V. Mansfield's mediumship is peculiar, for it was he through whose mediumship this correspondence was conducted. I wrote, with a pencil, on soft paper, the following communication, which I now open for the first time since I wrote and sealed it securely with a good article of muilage. The following is the letter to the Bishop:

"REV. BISHOP MATTHEW SIMPSON, D. D., OF SPIRIT WORLD—My Dear Ascended Brother:—Please condescend to inform me from your exalted sphere how you find matters there; and if you can and feel disposed will you become one of my helpers—that is, if from your present state you see my efforts approvingly? Have you met our two murdered Presidents, Lincoln and Garfield? And what do you see in store for our nation and the world? Please write through my friend, Dr. J. V. Mansfield, 82 Montgomery street, at Boston, Mass., and confer a favor upon your mortal friend and brother,
TIMOTHY B. TAYLOR."

SAN JOSE, Cal. April 25, 1885.

The reply to the above letter was duly returned to me with my letter, as above, to the Bishop, the paper on which I had written having, to all appearance, been untouched. It was a difficult task to get it opened sufficiently intact to copy it for this purpose; but read the reply and study well its contents. The parties therein referred to are all prominent in history, yet they may not all be known to the reader. Of course, everybody knows who Swedenborg and the Wesleys were; Dr. Lancy was Episcopal Bishop of New York; Otey, of Tennessee; Peck of the M. E. Church; and Fisk was a man of great eloquence and power as an early Methodist preacher. The Alice referred to was a medium whom De Lancy used to control and does yet, I presume.
T. B. TAYLOR, M. D.

THE COMMUNICATION.

"VERY DEAR BROTHER TAYLOR:—How kind and brotherly this is of you to allow me to speak to you from my summer-land home; and since coming here I have been anxious to come back to earth's inhabitants and rectify what I failed to do while a dweller of the sphere terrestrial—not but that I acted up to all the light that was within me, in my ministrations—but since coming here and viewing the past by the light of eternity I see that I saw 'through glass, darkly,' and at times I was not satisfied with my own teaching. As much, you know, was prescribed, or mapped out, by our discipline, there were times when my soul, or the inner man, craved more light, and unless one dare to step out of the church routine he must continue to travel in the same rut, down, down to the silent tomb.

"To me, as to you, the world was upside down. Peck, Otey, Lord, Fisk, and even John and Charles Wesley now acknowledge the same. But says Peck, 'What if we had told the people that we believed in spirit return—we could talk and walk with them arm in arm? The church would have given us the cold shoulder, and we might have been but trifling less than floating vagabonds upon earth; therefore we fed the people as their stomachs could bear it.'

"Charles Wesley told me he was as sure that he saw and talked with his dear departed ones as that he possessed conscious individuality; that his mother saw them and talked with them he never, never doubted. His brother John talked with the God-gifted and highly inspired Swedenborg, gaining much strength through experience related by the great seer. I have often talked with Mr. Swedenborg of his early investigation from 1743 to 1760. His experience was not only very entertaining but instructive. John Wesley is almost a constant companion of Swedenborg. But I am wandering from the subject which I proposed to talk about when I proposed to reply to your questions.

"You ask me, 'How have or do you find matters there?'

"Well, Bro. Taylor, I find them in some respects much as I had earth hope of finding them; they differ in respect to a tangibility of spirit matter, or spirit surroundings. I had pictured before coming here that heaven was a locality and all its inhabitants were ethereal in their nature—rather that the spirit form was void of materiality. But on coming here I at once saw my mistake, for if one form is more material—substantial—than the other, it is the spirit body; this is the real, the substance, of the mortal body, which is simply the shadow. Could you see as

I now do, Bro. Taylor, you would more than ever say, 'Old theology upside down.' Peck and Otey say, 'Many a man would be obliged to leave the church if he spake his honest convictions.'

"Freedom of thought is a very expensive luxury. You, my dear brother, found it so; but in your struggles for freedom of thought and speech the angels have not forsaken you, for such dare to speak the honest gushings of one's thoughts. The angels ever delight to own and bless.

"Will I become your keeper, or one of them?"

"Well, brother, if my assistance can be of the slightest benefit in aiding you in your humanitarian labor the few years you have to remain mortal you have but to command them—not only mine but Bros. Fisk, Otey and Peck proffer you their assistance; and so will your old friend and guide, Dr. Lancy, who is often with you and with Alice.

"Now, as to meeting your honored but unfortunate Lincoln and Garfield I will say I meet them often. Their spheres are identical, as also with T. K. Benton, Hayne, Z. Taylor, Washington, and Dr. Herd of New Orleans, A. Jackson, John Adams, Daniel Webster, and others that I have not time now to enumerate. They are often in council as to matters of your nation; they exhibit all, if not more, interest for your nation's welfare than when they held the reins of the Government by the suffrage of the people. It is generally admitted that a war in Europe is inevitable; it is only a matter of time. While Russia and England are talking about arbitration Russia is strengthening her weak places by fortifications, and when the right time comes for Russia to strike she will then defy England and whoever may be her allies. She will march into India and finally be the supreme dictator of that vast country. That matters may be pacified for a season we have no doubt; but they are smouldering embers that will burst, and the result will be a great war in Europe. Verily it is not quite time to "beat your swords into plow shares, or your spears into pruning-hooks"; nor will that time ever arrive until the world's inhabitants fully realize, as you and more than forty millions of its inhabitants do, that what they do in that life they must meet it here. As for the present and future of America, well, time ever has, ever will, work changes. Although your form of Government far surpasses any other recognized government on the face of the earth, yet time would rectify or remove many an obstacle which appears so obnoxious or distasteful to a republic form of government. We opine for your present executive magistrate a successful reign. It would appear he dares to do right irrespective of what any party or clique may say, think, or do.

"There, my brother, I think I have said enough for once. My remarks are semi-fragmentary, but I trust you will not fail to understand what I have so hastily communicated. Now, brother, in conclusion let me say, 'Cry aloud and spare not—dare to speak out the welling up of your heart—angels will bless you in basket and store, and so will your brother.
MATTHEW SIMPSON."

"The Mind Cure."

[At a recent meeting in her present course at Cartier Hall, New York, the guides of Mrs. Richmond, being asked for their opinion on this topic, gave it as here appended.]

Ques.—What of the "Mind Cure" from the standpoint of Spiritualism?

Ans.—The various degrees of the outpourings of the spirit that are in the world to-day perplex the casual observer. One is easily diverted from the spiritual solution of all these things through the different terms employed to describe the methods or state the manner of healing. "Metaphysical healing," or "mind healing," "faith" or "prayer healing" and spiritual healing are one, but they enter different departments of human life.

There are those who may meet you upon the external plane of "metaphysical healing," or "mind cure," who start aghast at the idea of spirit healing; but these are not permitted, therefore, to be left out, nor permitted to go out without healing power. You all derive gifts from the spirit without knowing it; when you know the fact you are required to recognize their source, but not until then. So "metaphysical" or "mind" healing is one of the different departments or ante-chambers in which the same gift is exercised, but, instead of exercising it through the finger-ends, as the magnetic healer thinks he does, it is exercised through the mind. Whichever is the case, it is no more material and no less so, in its mechanical exercise—the brain is as mechanical as the finger-ends—but it is only an adaptation in another way of the same power.

The "faith" cure is simply a branch of the mind cure, which takes a religious direction, and in this sense it approaches more nearly the spirit healer. There are thousands of magnetic healers, and even mediums, who do not claim or acknowledge their mediumship in their healing. So it proves, whatever your shortcomings may be in different directions, spiritual gifts may be exercised, and they are exercised for the purpose of showing that the gifts need not be consistent with your ideas—nor even show you how they are done. In the theory of the "mind cure" there is a calling into existence of powers and capacities in individuals that often elevate and make them, for the time being, perhaps, aware of new energies of life; but all this would die out in a day if there was no spiritual power behind it.

The Hospitality of Santa Barbara.

EDITED BY GOLDEN GATE.

We have been sojourning here for the past six weeks, making a study of Santa Barbara as a location for hospital work in its broadest sense.

We have been sitting under the shadow of the Old Mission of Santa Barbara and reading aloud to our other self Henry Drummond's book, "Natural Law of the Spiritual World."

What gives this study of the New Mission of Santa Barbara fuller point is that we are fresh from a visit to Col. Hollister's home ranch, "Glen Annie," where we have been able to study a seventy year old boy in the environment possible to such an universal lover of nature on this Pacific coast.

Col. W. W. Hollister is just one of the "big tree" growths of the Pacific. He is endowed, as was Endymion by Diana, with that eternal youth of sympathy with all creation.

They told us before we went that the home ranch at "Glen Annie," twelve miles away, "was practically an addition to the Arlington Hotel."

There is no favoritism. The guests of this big hotel found written notice posted in its spacious corridors, that on Saturday, December 19th, a picnic excursion would take them to "Glen Annie," and all who wanted could freely go.

This spirit of large hearted hospitality is the prevailing spirit of Santa Barbara. It only needs to be rightly appreciated and directed to make of this place a home for the restless and weary from all over the world.

The natural mission of Santa Barbara is one of inter-state and international hospitality; to take care of the sick and wounded in social war.

Thousands are falling around us, in the mad struggle for wealth, or place, or preferment, in the fierce competition of our day.

This duty of taking care of the sick and the wounded in social war, high as it is, is not the highest.

What would be the use of healing humanity if it were only to go on sinning against nature's laws just the same? No; the time has come for a higher mission even than that of healing the sick.

"The devil got sick—the devil a monk would be," and though the devil, as the old song continues, did not keep his word, or he would have been no devil, it shows that the time to turn men's thoughts to the higher aims of life is when they are humiliated by loss of self-control.

Why not make of Santa Barbara a place for spiritual study? A place where something more, and better, than the mere physical and intellectual stages of development are sought after?

The monks of the old Mission of Santa Barbara built in this home of eternal Summer beauty, their church and its accompanying cloisters for devotional study, and raising their thoughts to God from a surrounding that is inspirational enough of itself.

The church of the New Mission of Santa Barbara will then be none too large for the world's great need. When men like Herbert Spencer, and Henry Drummond, and John Fiske of Harvard, are at last bringing religion and science from tugging through the opposite sides of the mountain of human conflict to meet and join hands in the centre—putting daylight through materialism—it is time for the church universal to wake up in jubilee!

And just as the world has found a Stanford on this coast to give a great school for the physical and intellectual, just so the men and women, too, will be forthcoming to found this school for the Spiritual.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Conditions of Mediumship.

The spiritual papers are teeming with articles relative to fraudulent mediumship, and many suggestions are made how to meet this evil, productive of such dire results to the advancement and more general acceptance of the spiritual philosophy.

Undoubtedly there are many causes through which deception creeps in, not always attributable to the dishonesty of the medium, such causes being well understood by Spiritualists themselves, though not apparent or acceptable to others.

Christ and his disciples belonged to the Essenes, a set remarkable for their purity and simplicity, and communists in property. Physical manifestations, I believe, obtruded itself on the Shakers through their unselfish mode of life, free from care and conflicting conditions.

There is one way which I will suggest to Spiritualists, not only how to solve the problem of a future life, but of this also, (mind it is only a suggestion, but founded on actual experience) and that is to form an association for co-operative life.

The doctoring of our present social system by different theories of our political economy philosophers, will never meet the continued encroachments of Centralized Capital on the Product of Labor.

Lompoc, Jan. 16, 1886. A. L.

THE MARSEILLES EXECUTOR.—A story that use to be told of the advice of Charles O'Connor, the distinguished American lawyer, to the heir of an estate, is thus paraphrased by a French newspaper: A Marseilles merchant, who started in business with \$5,000, and became a millionaire, left his property to a friend with the condition that he should be buried with the sum of \$5,000 placed in the coffin.

"I will put a check," he said, "into the coffin for \$5,000. It will be duly honored when he presents it."

"The root of all wholesome thought is knowledge of thyself."

Late Experiences of John Wetherbee.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

I am getting to think more favorably of the recognition of the forms which appear in materialization seances than I did at first in the articles I have written on the subject; the unmistakable proof I have had of the fact that they are spirit manifestations, has somewhat improved the secondary claim of identification.

I have had lately much experience, and among it some incidents that are worth relating. At the seance of Miss Ellen Berry a form, very much like my son, appeared, and I am disposed to think he had a hand in it.

As Miss Berry's cabinet is in the middle of the back half of the room, and as it was absolutely certain that only the medium was in the cabinet, and as I had before me, in sight, two spirits, and the voice of the medium was heard also as the manager was talking to her control, Charlie, and his answers were audible, and the spirit referred to out in the room, there was ocular and absolute proof of three human looking forms beside the medium, and that the aforesaid three were exterporized out of the invisible air, or of elements at the command of the spirits.

Last evening (Sunday, Dec. 10th) at a seance at Mrs. Helen Fairchilds, a very interesting circumstance took place that was quite an eye-opener to some intelligent people who were present; one of them—used, perhaps, to the financial gauge—said "the sight was worth a hundred dollars."

This circumstance was so clear and unmistakable that it needed no endorsement; still, the fact that the Senator and his spirit friend monopolized the space in front of the cabinet, is proof that there was no *hocus pocus*, such as crawling out of the cabinet and afterward rising into the erect posture, but I want it understood as being unmistakable without this collateral evidence.

Mamma (with much show of indignation)—I have called you three times. I am very much annoyed. Charles (who is fond of Bible stories)—Well, the Lord called Samuel three times, and he didn't get mad about it, did he?

The Dyaks of the Island of Borneo.

A book just published by Scribners, called *Two Years in the Jungle*, written by William T. Hornaday, gives an interesting account of the Dyaks, an aboriginal people who occupy the largest part of the great island of Borneo, where the writer, a collector for Ward's natural science establishment, made extensive and minute researches, both as a naturalist and an ethnologist.

Monogamy is almost universal, except in rare instances a chief is allowed a second wife. They believe in strict chastity, both before and after marriage; and, to show how far removed they are from the influence of our Christian civilization, in any lapses from virtue, the disgrace and punishment are meted out equally to both participants in the offense.

From the standpoint of popular theology, must we not dissent from Mr. Hornaday's view regarding missionary work in that inland? Even if religion should not add to the present well-being of that benighted people, what is their temporary happiness compared to their spiritual salvation? But without reference to the welfare, either temporal or spiritual, of these reputed savages themselves, do not the interests of the orthodox Christian faith demand their speedy conversion?

The Opposition Elements Matter and Spirit.

(Joseph Rhodes Buchanan in Mental Science Magazine.)

Matter and Spirit are the opposite polarities of the universe. "Nearer my God to Thee" is an aspiration toward the opposite matter, and yet it is often sung by those who do not comprehend it, and whose whole natures are immersed in the material—their very conception of Heaven and of God being vulgarly material.

Long has the world lived in the night of materialism, from which the Caucasian race is beginning to emerge. Materialism has brutified all things. It has reduced God to a huge and brutish specimen of

man, and man to a cruel minion of a still more cruel but supernal tyrant.

It has debased the science of life into a man of chemical and mechanical theories; and eminent scientists, unrebucked by the pulpit and the press, utter their gross materialism as authentic science, which no man may question—yea, even go so far as to anticipate the time when thoughts can be weighed and measured like liquid gases, and the volts, ohms, and coulombs of electricity.

How calamitous the effects of modern dogmatism,—worse even than the darkness of Aristotelean philosophy "which would not allow its professors to look through Galileo's telescope) they only can realize who live under the shadow of pulpit and college, or near the maelstrom of Mammon in a commercial metropolis like Boston or New York.

It sustains a type of fashionable religion in which all godliness or spirituality is lost, which is not ashamed to build a million dollar temple while human beings all around it unrelieved are perishing in want and crime.

The influence of materialism on the healing art has been equally disastrous. It deadened human sympathy in human souls, and often converted a profession which should be the embodiment of pure benevolence into a conspiracy for torture and destruction of the sick, refusing to the agonized fever patient his best medicine, cold water, treating wounds with hot pitch, pouring out the life-blood with the lancet, and filling every tissue with mercurial poison, until the teeth dropped out.

It is time for the teachers of the healing art to learn that they have been dealing with shells instead of kernels—that the real man is not the body, as they suppose, but an eternal being controlling that body—that man is spiritual, and if we should add to or take from his real being we must add or take that which is spiritual.

Let us then for a time turn attention to that which is not matter, and see what can be done by those who dispense with chemical and mechanical agencies. They have done enough to astonish multitudes, and they are not weary in well doing. They will accumulate statistics which honest science can not ignore. The Mind-Cure treatment will make its mark—and it will float for a time theories born of enthusiasm that will disappear in time as the sea-foam bubbles burst on the shore.

All of the Christs yet painted have been of the meek conventional type. They are very saintly, very pure, but there is something in their placid faces, their look of inexperience, which fails to meet the needs of the man and woman of to-day, struggling to uphold a standard of high action in the face of the world's derision and the discouragements of common practice.

Duties are the education for eternity, which is endless duty. Our pleasures are in exact proportion to our duties.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1886.

A QUESTION OF EVIDENCE.

Our recent experience in the publication of certain alleged evidences of fraud said by a correspondent to have been practiced by a Los Angeles medium for form manifestations, and the subsequent square denial of every point of said charges, by a number of witnesses, confirms us in the conclusion that there is but very little use in publishing alleged exposures of mediums.

If the mediums are honest—and the preponderance of testimony in the Los Angeles case shows that to be the fact with the one referred to—it is certainly an act of great injustice to charge them with practicing deception; and if they are not honest, there is never wanting any number of zealous, and no doubt conscientious, friends to discredit any and all charges of dishonesty that may be made against them.

The seizure of a form purporting to be a spirit, and the finding within your grasp the person of the medium is claimed by many believers in the materializing phenomena to be no evidence of deception on the part of the medium, who, it is held, is thus used, unconsciously, to personate a spirit. If found with masks, wigs, and other trappings of jugglery concealed in the cabinet, or about the person of the medium, there are always many to insist that such things were placed there by dishonest mortals, or by Jesuit spirits, interested in depriving the world of the joys of spirit communion.

That genuine mediums for form-manifestations are sometimes used to personate spirits, and that other circumstances of a deceptive character are occasionally witnessed in circles for this class of phenomena, whereof the medium is wholly unconscious, is within the experience of every persistent investigator in this realm of mystery.

If all of the spiritual phenomena were of this uncertain or deceptive character, it might well be relegated to the domain of jugglery, where it properly belonged. The lode would not pay the cost of prospecting.

But notwithstanding these inexplicable contradictions, investigators are frequently confronted, in the presence of the same mediums, with the most startling evidence of genuine phenomena—of forms taking shape and disappearing within their very grasp, under conditions of light and surroundings, and with evidences of identity, such as to render all deception or collusion impossible.

Hence, the reader will readily understand that we, in common with the publishers of other spiritual papers, are in "a straight betwixt two," hardly knowing when to approve or condemn, in the matter of materializing mediumship, lest we may wrong the one and do injustice to the other.

As far as this journal is concerned, if we ever publish one side of the story, our columns shall ever be open to a hearing of the other side. That is the best we can promise.

MIND CURE.

All are quick to feel the hurt of rudeness and unkindness towards themselves, but not all from this sensitiveness learn to avoid wounding others. Instead of seeing our own faults reflected in the manner and conduct of others, most of us criticize and deplore these short comings as a kind of affliction we are not troubled with, as indeed we are not enough troubled to look at and into ourselves to see that we are not similarly or worse afflicted.

There are human maladies and maladies. Some come within the scope of medical and surgical science; but by far the more serious ailments are those for which herbs and minerals contain no cure. Just here is where the mind cure should find its most fruitful field of labor. Our faults certainly, if not our physical infirmities, come under the direct control and influence of the mind. The first thing, then, is to set the mind right—put it in a clean, healthful and righteous condition for good work. When we accomplish this for ourselves we may then safely assert our ability to help others in the same degree as we have healed ourselves.

As much misery and discontent flows from unhealthy minds as from impure blood, and we believe that the cure of the one would purify the other by spiritual power. So fast as this is accomplished will that which is offensive in us disappear, and in its place will come kindness, gentleness, justness, sympathy and charity to all, and a sincerity in all we do and profess so apparent that none will doubt. Mind is supreme over all; and when its power is fully understood this life will become happier and better for all.

—Mrs. Watson's admirable lecture on "Mediumship," delivered at the Temple last Sunday, will appear in the next issue of the GOLDEN GATE.

MINISTERIAL TILT AT SPIRITUALISM.

A late issue of *The Occident* contains, over the signature of "Rusticus," (Dr. Babb,) a lively tilt at Dr. Slade, the slate-writing medium, with some back-handed slashes at Spiritualism. The following will do for a sample of the latter:

Spiritualism is "the mystery of iniquity," spoken of by Paul in his second letter to the Thessalonians. The iniquity is manifest, and the mystery is that so many people are deluded by a system so shallow, so senseless, so degrading in all its influences, and whose manifold frauds have been so often exposed. Verily, they love darkness rather than light.

Whereof we rise to remark: The truly evangelical mind—especially the one trained in the hard and cruel theology of Calvinism—is not apt to be overburdened with the sweet gentleness of spirit manifested by the Great Teacher, as witness the above extract. The possessor of such a mind is not only apt to fail in carrying out in his own life, and in his intercourse with his fellows, that divine "charity for all," which was so exemplified in the life and work of Jesus; but he utterly fails in his ability to do those marvelous things promised by the Master of "those who believe." Most conclusive proof that he is not a true disciple of the Christ he claims to worship. If he was he could heal the sick, cast out devils, raise the dead, and accomplish many other wonders.

But of that, no matter. What we desire especially to consider here is the "iniquity," as our Christian brother calls it, of Spiritualism, and the "mystery" that so many people believe in it.

If the scales could be made to fall from Dr. Babb's eyes, as they will some day, and he could see the tens of thousands of happy hearts made glad in the positive knowledge that their loved dead (whose bodies are, as the Doctor teaches, laid away in the grave to await a literal resurrection) are not dead, but that they live and love their earth friends still, and are the blessed ministers of mercy to them; if he could realize the vast numbers who have been rescued from Materialism, through this new and glorious gospel of Spiritualism—many of the best minds of the world;—if he fully understood that Spiritualism is giving to the world what all the preaching of all the ages has been unable to accomplish, viz.: the positive proof of the immortality of the soul, the subject would probably cease to be a "mystery" with him.

Can the Doctor tell us what there is that is more "senseless" or "degrading" in the phenomenal facts of Spiritualism, than in any other demonstrated facts of nature? Does nature stop to consult us as to the sense or nonsense of her methods?

A child's hand is seized by some invisible power and made to write words and thoughts far beyond its intellectual capacity—words of wisdom, of humanity, of good advice to the living; the face of some loved one, supposed to be dead, appears upon the sensitive plate with a picture of the living; the spirit of a friend, who believed that death ended all, comes back to us and writes independently within a pair of closed slates, in his old familiar hand, the very words which he agreed to give us, if he found himself a conscious entity on the other side of the grave;—now will the Doctor tell us what there is "degrading" or "senseless" in these and a thousand similar evidences of spirit return we could relate?

O, but he says elsewhere, in his tirade against Dr. Slade, the "slate had to be held under the table!" Well, what of it? The photographer who would take a likeness of Dr. Babb, has to retire into a dark room to develop his negative; and if the Doctor would grow a bean stalk in his garden he is required to thrust the seed down into the dark, damp earth. Not ours to quarrel with the conditions that nature imposes. We have to accept them as she presents them. But in all manifestations of independent slate-writing it is not necessary to hold the slates under the table. We have often held them, in the broad light of day, with no other hand than our own touching them, and received grand messages, written between them, in the dear familiar hands of those we have followed to the grave.

This is all "senseless" and "degrading" in the eyes of Dr. Babb. Well, well, there is no accounting for tastes! It is not degrading to believe that an all-wise God could bring into the world countless myriads of human beings for the pleasure of consigning them to endless torment! Nothing "senseless" in that! It is not "degrading" to believe that God created a couple of big babies, and set them up at housekeeping in the Garden of Eden, and then permitted a big snake, which he also must have made, to tempt them to do that which would cost them misery and wretchedness untold, God knowing all the while just what the result would be! Nothing "degrading" about that!

It is all right for our brother to believe that Jonah lived three days in the belly of a whale, and that the Great Jehovah made the remarkable exhibition of himself mentioned in Exodus xxxiii., 23, but it is very "degrading" and "senseless" for any one to imagine that the spirit of a mother, longing to return and make glad with her presence the sobbing heart of a

darling child, or to bring comfort and hope to the stricken companion she has left behind, should avail herself of the humble ways nature has provided for her to do so!

How men's ideas differ concerning what constitutes degradation!

THE "NEW COMMANDMENT."

"A new commandment give I unto you," said the Great Teacher, "that ye love one another." Most people can love their friends, or their kindred, when not too much engrossed in loving themselves. But it takes a high order of humanity to love one's enemies. Jesus attained to that exalted status of divine manhood, when upon the cross he prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." He has but few imitators in the world to-day in the matter of such compassionate tenderness for mortal enemies.

It is only when one comes to understand fully that one's enemies "know not what they do," when they do a wrong of any kind against another, that one can conceive of the possibility of that condition of mind that animated the breast of Jesus, causing him to utter that ever memorable prayer. Surely, the man or woman who would injure another in his good name, or in his person,—who would rob him of his property, or deprive him of any right,—who would cause a pang of sorrow to any heart, or do aught by another that he would not wish to have done to himself or herself, "know not what they do." And it is because they "know not what they do" that the man blessed with a clearer understanding of his relations to his fellows, and of his duty to himself, can afford to look kindly upon the erring—can feel a tender sympathy for the unfortunate ones of earth who have not yet overcome the wild beast in their natures, but would rend and tear, and make desolate.

We come in conflict with some violated natural law and are made to suffer, with no feeling of vindictiveness towards the unconscious cause of our pain. We may burn our fingers and yet feel to rejoice in the principle of heat that warms into fruition the generous earth, and makes all life possible. Then why should we feel unkindly towards the one who causes us to suffer? Would he do it if he was wiser and had been better born? Is it not his misfortune that he knows no better—that he has not yet arrived at the plain where the Golden Rule becomes the guide and measure of human action?

Here, then, is a broad field of enlightened spiritual work, to teach mankind that to do good to others is to benefit one's self; and, conversely, that an intentional injury to another is sure to recoil with tenfold force upon one's own soul. When this lesson has become thoroughly embodied in human character, then will the morn of the "good time coming" dawn upon the world.

A WONDERFUL TEST.

That grand medium, Mrs. J. J. Whitney, 1122 Market street, is doing a glorious work toward proving, beyond cavil, that spirits from "beyond the veil" can and do return and hold "converse sweet" with the loved and sorrowing ones of earth. Thousands, within the past year, have received the glad tidings through Mrs. Whitney's mediumship. Among the numerous tests which have come under the knowledge of the writer, the one below seems especially striking—striking in the manner in which it came, and the facts given were unknown to either the sitter or the medium; the medium not even knowing that such a person had ever existed as the boy Willie: On the 2d of January, at 5 o'clock P. M., Mr. Geo. White called at Mrs. Whitney's for a sitting. The spirit of his departed wife controlled the medium and said: "Willie is here." Mr. White said, "You must be mistaken." "No, he is here; he has just come; he was drowned in crossing the river near Covolo, Mendocino county; he was crossing the stream on horseback and the current was very strong; he rolled over in deep water, but regained his position and tried again, but was hit on the head by the horse's foot, but not killed; he swam near the shore when the current took him out again and he was drowned."

Mr. White could scarcely believe it, though he had received many truths through Mrs. Whitney. He went directly to his hotel and there found a letter waiting for him from his home, giving all the particulars of the drowning of his adopted boy, Willie, corroborating everything as had been stated, even to the mark on the head showing that he had received a stroke of some kind.

BOSTON SCIENCE.

The public eye and mind is fixed on the Bostonians as a people traditionally without fault or blemish, but it is finding that, like many other legends, it does not stand the test of time.

An excursion of four hundred people, chiefly from Boston, on its way to California, stopped at El Paso, Texas, one day. It is said that nearly every one immediately crossed to El Paso del Norte, on the Mexican side, to witness the bull fights in progress at a festival.

The Hubites explained that they went out of purely scientific curiosity; but the Mexicans, with every body else, are curious to know what phase of science a bull fight presents that could lure a staid Bostonian to look with enthusiasm on the degrading and beastly spectacle. We hope there were no women among the number whose scientific curiosity got the better of them under such low circumstances.

—Sullivan, the pugilist, is making a double record for himself, the one outside the "ring" being the more disgraceful, since it consists in assaulting women and children. His latest victory was in striking an inoffensive newsboy a villainous blow with the handle of an umbrella, causing a serious wound and the loss of the boy's front teeth. There does not seem to be enough of either healthy moral sentiment or law in this notable's favorite cities—New York and Boston—to suppress him or punish his outrages.

FOR MORE EFFECTIVE WORK.

The large and intelligent audience assembling each Sunday at Metropolitan Temple, under the spiritual ministrations of Mrs. E. L. Watson, have resolved to organize for more effective work. On Sunday last the subject of organization was freely discussed in conference meeting, and it was unanimously agreed that the time had come to move in the matter.

Mrs. Watson is now in the third year of her grand work in this city. Her ministrations have attracted many of the best minds in the community; but all this time her audience has been without a name or standing among the religious organizations of the city. A temporary, self-appointed committee of earnest workers have undertaken to provide for the financial exigencies of the case, and the meetings have been kept up until their continuance, under more permanent and efficient conditions, has become a necessity.

The old adage that "in union only is there strength" applies to Spiritualists as well as to every other class of religionists. Without a corporate existence they have no official standing or recognition, and are in no position to receive bequests, or hold property; and whenever from any cause the meetings cease there is an end of even the semblance of an organization. If they would command the respect and recognition to which they are justly entitled, they must organize. The work at the Temple has attained a magnitude, and the attendance upon these meetings a numerical standing, that will brook no longer delay.

While it is true that there is already an efficient organization of Spiritualists in San Francisco, incorporated, and in possession of a fine property as a starter for a building fund, (and it must be admitted that the cohesive power of property is an important factor in all religious organizations), there is still abundant room for another society here. Spiritualists can no more be expected to think alike on all matters pertaining to their philosophy and belief than can evangelical Christians in matters of their beliefs. Hence the necessity for another society, and eventually for others still, as the numbers of Spiritualists increase. Each grade of thought will naturally attract its kind, and each will perform its work in its own way.

The executive committee of the Temple has been instructed to prepare a plan of organization, together with a platform of living principles upon which all can unite, and present the same for consideration at the next Sunday meeting. It is hardly to be expected that they will be able to complete their work by that time, but it is to be hoped they will make good progress therein, and that at an early future day the new society may be launched upon the broad sea of usefulness.

We understand that many of the attendants at the Temple are already members of a society which has been in existence for a dozen or more years and has done much efficient work in the past; but which has not for the last few years held any public meetings. Some are in favor of rehabilitating this old organization, but we would suggest that it would be better to start out with fresh new life, full of a holy resolve, and the magnetism of a pure and earnest purpose. As most of the members of the old society are attendants at the Temple they would, no doubt, cheerfully fall in with the new movement.

With such an organization, fully equipped for work, it would not be long ere ways and means would be provided for the erection of a temple wherein its members would find a home, and their children be trained in those beautiful lessons of lyceum culture so essential in starting their feet in the right path for lives of spiritual and intellectual usefulness.

Then all hail to the new society by whatever name it may be known!

STAUNCH TIMBER.

President Cleveland seems in every way determined to leave the Presidential chair with the same health and vigor as when he took it, and this is right. When a man has filled this responsible position, there should be a strong desire to outlive several terms of his successors, since he is in possession of that experience that must render such after observations delightful.

According to a statement of Miss Cleveland, her brother is in a fair way to enjoy this privilege, in spite of his constant application to work, but probably of a kind more to his liking than some he has divided with, or shifted upon others. Miss Cleveland says that though she has known him so long, she is still surprised to observe how incessantly he works, and how little effect what would be a great strain to most persons, seems to have on him, mentally or physically. Each succeeding year demonstrates that such stalwarts are more and more needed for the head of the nation. Every campaign is more stormy, turbulent and bitter than the one before it, and the time is near when it will require the character of a Norse god to survive the ordeal of an election.

—We had a pleasant call, last week, from Mr. I. C. Steele, of Pescadero, one of the bright, progressive men of mark, whereof California has many. Spiritualists from abroad visiting San Francisco are cordially invited to make the office of the GOLDEN GATE their headquarters. Here they can always find the Spiritual exchanges, conveniences for writing, and a hearty welcome.

NOT PERMITTED.

The fate of the "Passion Play" should have served as a warning to all persons inclined to deal in scriptural subjects for pictorial or stage representation, when the object is gain, notoriety, or heresy. One Russian artist, Verisshagen, is the author of some alleged impious picture, entitled the "Resurrection," and "The Holy Family," in which Christ is represented merely as a human and historical person; the design of the pictures is to show that Christ wrought his miracles by trickery and not by superhuman power. The Austrian and Hungarian authorities are reported as fully determined to punish the author both for painting and exhibiting these pictures that have been duplicated by photography and scattered throughout the capitals of the two countries. The Imperial Government at Vienna is going to make a test case of the affair, and has ordered the prosecution of the artist's agent for selling copies of the original. So the time is not come yet, and we trust it never will, when what is held as sacred by a large proportion of the civilized world can be publicly exposed for ridicule without incurring unpleasant penalties. Free thought and liberalism does not carry with it the right to deride and scoff at Christian faith and tradition; neither does it so incline right-minded persons. If such a person as Christ ever lived the record of his life, teachings, and example are such as to make him that object of reverence and admiration that he is to-day. He was the greatest medium the world has produced, and those that aspire to the things that he did should be guided by the sweet charity and purity of his life. If there were no such life then it is the grandest ideal of one that mind ever conceived.

RIVER OF SILENCE.—We feel a profound pity for that man or woman who is so poorly clad in spirituality as to find no companionship with self, no pleasure in listening to their own soul's teaching, no delight in the silent promptings that come to us from nature's infinite resources. If but the hours we spend in "pecking curiously" at our neighbors were turned within for communion with our higher self, would we not find the divinity within us grow larger, and feel ourselves nearer akin to God? Then let us have often in the river of silence, whose waters flow so near the soul throne. Then will we hear the whisperings of the rose; then will we catch the spirit of its perfect growth and unfolding, and make it our own. Then will we learn that in these material casements lie the imperfect germ of the loveliest flower that blows—the flower of charity, purity and grand character, which is waiting for our tender care and training to blossom and unfold into perfectness.

DEATH OF AN OLD FRIEND.—On Sunday last, near San Jose, the gentle spirit of one of the writer's dearest earth friends, Judge Charles G. Thomas, passed on to the higher life. Although fully ripe for the sickle (he was seventy-eight-years of age), and of late a great sufferer from the infirmities incident to his years, still, his mind was as clear and his heart as warm as in the days of the long ago, when he endeared himself to us by unnumbered acts of kindness. He was as gentle in his nature as a true woman, and as kind-hearted. To his family he was all that a thoughtful and tender husband and father could be; hence, it is not at all surprising that he was their idol. It will not be long ere his aged and loving companion will join him on the heavenly shore. But that he can still be near her, as he waits for her transition, how lonely and sad would he be. And so, one after another, our friends cross the silent river. We have no fears that they will forget us. What a host shall we find to greet us, when our earth-work is finished, and we, too, shall pass on to other and grander scenes and experiences in the Land of Souls.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Hon. J. M. Cory, of Fresno, in sending a subscription for some of our stock, says of the GOLDEN GATE: "In my opinion it is decidedly the best and most complete paper of the kind I have yet seen—really a fine literary paper, without considering its object of research into proof of life hereafter."

—Man, in his best estate, knows very little of himself, or the powers that inhere in his own soul. Of his command over the forces of nature he has some strange hints in the occasional phenomenal exercise of powers he little dreamed of possessing. He is yet but in the infancy of his unfolding. Who can imagine what mighty possibilities lie within the grasp of his maturer development?

—We are pleased to call attention to the card of Miss Lola Collin, published elsewhere. Miss Collin is a graduate of the Boston School of Elocution and Expression, and is a most thorough educator in the graceful art of elocution and correct reading. No young lady or gentleman should neglect this beautiful accomplishment, as it will come in play constantly in after life. To be able to express the glowing thoughts of another in a proper manner is a rare art.

—One of the charges made against Dr. Slade, in the *Occident*, by Rev. Dr. Babb, is, that "he has given spiritualistic exhibitions at so much a head, and written spiritualistic books for pay." From which we infer that Dr. Babb refuses to accept a salary for his ministerial services, and that he writes religious books and pamphlets to give away! Of course he must, or he wouldn't question the right of Dr. Slade to earn a modest support by the practice of his mediumistic gifts.

—The cold wave carried with it in some parts a wave of religious enthusiasm that so fortified seven persons in a Connecticut village against its frigid companion, that they underwent the operation of baptism when the mercury stood but seven degrees above that significant old cipher, zero. The Boston *Transcript* says that was their way of taking pneumonia. But if they did take it, they would regard it as sent by the Lord through that mysterious providence that few Christians associate with cause and effect.

—Dr. A. S. Hudson, of Stockton, writes: "The GOLDEN GATE is winsome; and a gem of its class. Long life to it."

—John P. Howard, a New Yorker, who died lately in England, left twenty thousand dollars for a bronze monument to Lafayette. Lafayette is one of a number of noted men who preceded Gen. Grant to the land of souls, that are yet without monuments to their names.

—The subjugation of King Thubon will result in something richer than a new piece of territory to English interests. The torgery of the white elephant belonging to this dissolute monarch, is said to be worth a million dollars; while the royal regalia is the most valuable in the world, in rubies and sapphires.

—One of the elegant halls in the Alcazar building was well filled last Sunday afternoon, with the personal friends of Mr. and Mrs. Bowles, who had assembled to welcome back from a six weeks' vacation those worthy disciples in, and most successful educators of the new spiritual science known as Mind Cure.

—Pope Leo is said to have an income of one million five hundred thousand dollars annually; and it is stated on the authority of Monseigneur Capel that the Pope's personal expenses are limited to two dollars and fifty cents a day. The Pope is a sensible man, and that sum is enough to supply the rational wants of any one for a day.

—Cranks are not the only men of queer ideas. A bill has been introduced into Congress to retire upon two thousand dollars salary, United States Circuit and District Judges who become disabled through the use of intoxicants.

—Cable communication is a great thing, and quite as dear as it is great. Messages sent from New York to our South American towns by direct cable cost \$8.20 per word, while a message can be sent to distant Bosnia or Servia for only fifty-two cents per word; to Japan it is \$2.70 per word, and to China the same; Khartoum is reached at ninety-five cents, Turkey at \$1 via Malta, or fifty cents via France; Siam can be reached for \$2.30 per word, and St. Petersburg for fifty-eight cents.

Foreign Approval.

["Light," of London, one of the ablest of our foreign Spiritual exchanges, thus kindly speaks of the GOLDEN GATE:]

This journal is at once the latest and one of the best additions to American Spiritual journals. Its role is that of a kind of public opinion in matters Spiritualistic. Our own columns, amongst others, are freely drawn upon; there is, however, much original matter of value and interest. Professor Buchanan details the progress of Spiritualism on the Pacific coast, especially in regard to newspaper enterprise. He cogently remarks, "it is a discreditable fact that Spiritualists are not always aware of their duty or willing to perform it in the way of sustaining the Press."

Some have wonderful talent for giving if they would but improve it—giving not only of their wealth for the support of the gospel, but giving kind words, kind deeds, cheering the sad, encouraging the weary, and strengthening the weak.

Enacts and Prophecy.

In behalf of one of our most worthy mediums Mrs. E. J. Ladd of Oakland, and in justice to her faithful spirit guide, I forward you the following:

Many of the communications given through mediums, touch upon the real existence and return of our loved ones, from the spirit side of life, and occasionally wise counsel and instruction are given on matters pertaining to business.

An instance of the latter took place about the 1st of July, 1885, nearly seven months past, in one of Dr. Schelesinger's rooms, 854 1/2 Broadway, Oakland, at which place Mrs. E. J. Ladd, met with Dr. S. and his estimable lady, the editress and manager of the Carrier Dove, the main topic of the conversation being spiritual literature.

The large instructiveness and well developed spirituality of Mrs. S. at once embraced the thought, and soon after the Dove bore on its wings evidence of the good sense and experience, years of toil had taught its manager. The control continued: "You follow out these instructions and it will eventually come out in book form, the medium giving the size of book with her hands, which was a little larger in width than a common magazine, and said at the end of the year it will make a book."

Mrs. S., pleased with the control's instructions, even in detail, of this form of spiritual literature, spoke of it to a Mrs. W., who at once expressed her disapproval of the programme. But Mrs. S., was not discouraged; she knew that every new thought coming from the spirit world has always been met with coldness and abuse.

The first illustrated spiritual magazine answering the description in every particular as given by this highly-gifted medium's control, was issued Jan 1, 1886, and I venture to state the only illustrated magazine devoted to Spiritualism on record, and if well and truthfully managed, of which I have no fear,—is self-evident of a glorious future.

Dr. S., has affirmed the foregoing, hoping it may be deemed useful and worthy of a place in the GOLDEN GATE.

I remain, AN OBSERVER. Oakland, Cal., Jan. 20, 1884.

Explanation.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

As the annotations by Mr. Row in Light on the Path, published in September number of the Theosophist, explanatory of the rules as follows:

19 "Hold fast to that which has neither substance nor existence." 20. "Listen only to the voice which is soundless." 21. Look only on that which is invisible alike to the inner and outer sense; are too long for you paper. I will make a short explanation for the general readers, others can get the book.

In the evolution of spirit, through matter up to God, the light of the highest life can not be comprehended by the lowest.

Think of a stone trying to comprehend the life of man! It cannot—that higher life is voiceless and invisible to it; really has no existence, and still if rules were to be laid down for the action of that stone in its evolution up to man, by one who believes in its climbing power, he might, to show the great contrast between the plant and human life, say to the stone after following the voice of the plant, looking on it for guidance, there will come an animal voice almost soundless, then beyond that the conditions of spiritual life, which is so different from the stone, plant and animal life, so far beyond the comprehension of stone life, that it is to it in the full sense of the word, voiceless, soundless and has no existence, yet the time will come when the stone must hold fast to this which has to it no existence, listen to this voice, which is to it soundless, look upon this, which is to-day invisible to it.

We would not publish x plus y equals three, still such errors will at times slip into a paper without thought, as we know from experience, with our little Joyful News.

We are glad to see you so successful with the GOLDEN GATE, and wish it may lead as many to a land of spiritual beauty and plenty as the Golden Gate by your city has done.

Yours truly, ISAAC B. RUMFORD

NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

Part of the city of Montreal and its suburbs were flooded in consequence of the recent gorging of ice in the St. Lawrence.

Landlords sometimes have their revenge. One of them in Chicago the other day shot a boarder for joking about the butter.

The Northern Pacific land sales for last six months in 1885 increased 65,700 acres, and proceeds \$79,000, over closing half 1884.

A New York publisher has complained to the United States authorities about the use of the mails for the importation of Bibles from Canada.

A Clinton county, Mich., man is reported dead, at the ripe age of eighty-eight, who had buried six wives and was living peaceably with his seventh.

The £6-inch objective of the Lick telescope has been partly shaped, and the finishing will be done by hand. This work will probably take one year.

At Williams, A. T., the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad is having an artesian well sunk. At a depth of 130 feet an air chamber of unknown size has been struck, from which a steady breeze is blowing through the pipe.

Mr. Weaver (Greenbacker) of Iowa has introduced in the House a bill to appropriate \$300,000,000 to indemnify the soldiers of the Union Army for the losses they sustained in the depreciation of the greenbacks they were paid in during the war.

It is said that the Postoffice Department has adopted and will soon issue a stamped letter sheet. This is a letter sheet and envelope combined, with a perforated line running around the sheet, and so contrived that the sheet may be folded and securely fastened, while the recipient can easily tear it open along the perforated line, leaving the letter intact.

Lavater on Mind Power.

In the "Life of Lavater" we find the following: Gassner was a priest who made cures by mind power, in the name of the Holy Spirit. "Though," says Lavater, in speaking of Gassner, "I saw no effects produced by him, similar to those of which I had heard so much, I am almost as much disposed to believe in this power of action, of man upon man, as if I had been myself an eye-witness. And I think I am authorized to conjecture that this power, which inheres in all men, as the image and likeness of God, is a magical power of the mind over the bodies and powers of the material world, which may continually become more perfect, and by faith in the humanity of Christ, be advanced and matured to the highest and most perfect."

So far had leading minds got, one hundred years ago, but while in all ages this mind power has occasionally been witnessed in its effects, without understanding—it has remained for our age to discover the laws which govern the minds and to bring it to a simple study, within the reach of all—man, woman and child. Its great merit is in its simplicity and the purity of life which it brings.

Thomas a Kempis says: "Simplicity and purity are the two wings, with which man rises above earth and all temporary nature. Simplicity is in the intention; purity is in the affection; simplicity turns to God, purity enjoys him. If thou hadst simplicity and purity thou wouldst be able to comprehend things without error, and to behold them without danger: the pure heart safely surveys not only heaven but hell."

Rev. Frederick Arnold, in his work just now published on Rev. W. Frederick Robertson, of Brighton (England), gives a chapter to anecdotes and sketches of Lady Byron. The following paragraph alludes to her interest in Spiritualism: "Lady Byron seems to have been a believer in what is called 'Spiritualism.' She writes: 'I have a mind to say something about the "manifestations." I omit "spiritual" designedly, as on that word the question is begged. It appears to me that no one who has accepted the resurrection as an historical fact, can refuse assent to the accumulated evidences of these reappearances.'" In fact, Lady Byron came to look on these appearances as satisfactory evidences of the resurrection of Christ—which she says otherwise rests on "testimony in a remote age, and by no means completely satisfactory."

The deceased spiritual medium, Chas. H. Foster, of Salem, is the only person we ever saw who could lift a material substance without touching it. Some years ago he gave a sitting to three journalists in this city, of whom we were one, at a house on Charles street, and after apparently causing music to come from a violin in the room, he took the instrument and threw it eight or ten feet from him on the floor. We saw the instrument lying there, further from him by the width of the table than from us, and found it creeping into our lap. We took it, looked at it, felt all over it, to know whether wire or string was attached, and found nothing; and to this day we never could conceive how it was done. This was more convincing of an unseen power, subject to man's will, than anything else we have ever witnessed in Spiritualism. —Valley Visitor Newburyport, Mass.

DR. THOMAS ON DEATH.—"Death, being universal, we reason that it is necessary, and being necessary we feel that it is right," said the Rev. Dr. H. W. Thomas at the opera-house last week. "We are on the verge of wider and greater knowledge—in the twilight of a morning where the spirit-world will be made plainer. There are earnest, philosophical men and women trying to make it so. The doors between the two worlds will eventually stand open—the grave be divested of its mystery. It may not be in our day, but the time will come when it will be no more strange for one to say 'I have met one from the spirit-land' than to say he had seen one from London. It is difficult to realize what is living after the death of the body. Death is not a tragedy but an evolution. It is but a little shadow-land lying between life and hereafter. We must die to know what death is. Heaven and hell are wherever consciousness is and whatever it is. Where beauty and joy is there heaven is. Death is the shadow that follows the light. The universe is forever and man is immortal."

It is very truly said that by the choice of our friends, we reveal our own character. We naturally sympathize with those whose views and tastes are in harmony with our own, and consequently seek their association. A good man naturally associates with the good, while a bad man chooses for his companions those of his own class. Persons who desire to do right can not be too careful as to the company they keep.

PASSED ON.

FOLGER—From this city, January 21, 1886, Mollie L., the beloved wife of Samuel B. Folger, and daughter of Mrs. and Captain J. J. Smith, aged 25 years, 10 months and 15 days.

Bright, gentle, and joyous with hope and love, this fair young wife was called to lay down the burden of life, which to her had ever been a living joy, and pass on to other scenes. When made conscious that her earth journey was near its end, she said that although life was very dear to her, she was ready to go. And so bravely, and with all-confiding trust, she sank to rest in Nature's loving arms. The funeral was held from Gray's undertaking parlors, where the editor of this journal spoke a few words of comfort to the living. Mrs. Emma Hoff sang sweetly an appropriate solo, and the long procession slowly moved away to the city of the dead.

PUBLICATIONS.

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An Illustrated Monthly Magazine, devoted to Spiritualism and Reform.

Edited by: MRS. J. SCHELESINGER.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

A GIFT—Send ten cents postage, and we will box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money at once, than anything else in America. Both sexes of all ages can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time. Capital not required. We will start you. Immense pay sure for those who start at once. STIRSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

DO SPIRITS OF DEAD MEN AND WOMEN Return to Mortals? Mrs. E. R. Herbert, a spirit Medium, gives sittings daily from 12 to 4 P. M., (Sunday excepted), at No. 418 Twelfth Street, Oakland, Cal. Conference meetings Sunday evening; Developing Circles, Tuesday evenings. Public are invited. no 18

SPIRITUAL SERVICES at Metropolitan Temple, under the ministrations of the celebrated and eloquent inspirational lecturer, Mrs. E. L. Watson, Sunday, January 24th. Answers to questions at 11 A. M. The Children's Progressive Lyceum at 1230 S. M. A cordial invitation to attend is extended to all.

CONFERENCE AND TEST SEANCE every Wednesday evening at Grand Pacific Hall, 1049 Market street, between Sixth and Seventh. Free to all.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.—The "Progressive Spiritualists" meet in Washington Hall, No. 35 Eddy street, every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock P. M. All subjects relating to human welfare and Spiritual unfoldment treated in open conference. All are invited. N. B.—The Free Spiritual Library in charge of this Society is open to all persons on Sundays from 1 to 4 o'clock P. M. Contributions of books and money solicited.

SPIRITUAL SERVICE.—Mrs. M. J. Hendee, the Eloquent Inspirational Speaker, will Lecture at Medical College Hall, corner Eleventh and Clay street, Oakland, Sunday evening the 24th at 7:30. Subject: "What Shall We Do To Be Saved?" To close with psychometrical delineations of character. Admission, 10 cents.

THE OAKLAND SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION.—Meets every Sunday, at 9 P. M., at Medical College Hall, corner of Clay and Eleventh streets (two blocks west from Broadway). Public cordially invited. Direct all communications to G. A. Carter, 350 Eighth street, Oakland.

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.

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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."

PSYCHOLOGY AND MIND CURE.

The College of Physicians and Surgeons of California, offers a golden opportunity to all men and women desirous of following a thorough, practical course of Psychology, Psychometry and Mind Cure, to qualify them for the cure of diseases. Course begins about January 15th next. An early application for certificate of matriculation requested. Fee, \$5.00. Apply immediately at office of the College, room 6, 127 Kearny street, San Francisco.

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.

Are the Phenomena of Spiritualism in Harmony with Science.

By ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE, LL. D., in Medicine and Deep-Sea Diving.

"Life is the elaboration of soul through the physical mechanism of matter."—Spiritual Evolution.

It is common, but I believe a mistaken, notion, that the conclusions of Science are antagonistic to the alleged phenomena of modern Spiritualism. The majority of our teachers and students of science are, no doubt, antagonistic but their opinions and prejudices are not science. Every discoverer who has promulgated new and startling truths, even in the domain of physics, has been denounced or ignored by those who represented the science of the day, as witness the long line of great teachers from Galileo in the dark ages to Boucher de Perthes in our own times. But the opponents of Spiritualism have the additional advantage of being able to brand the new belief as a degraded superstition, and accuse those who accept its facts and its teachings of being the victims of delusion or imposture—of being, in fact, half-insane enthusiasts or credulous fools. Such denunciations, however affect us little. The fact that Spiritualism has firmly established itself in our skeptical and materialistic age, that it has continuously grown and developed for nearly forty years, that by mere weight of evidence, and in spite of the most powerful prepossessions, it has compelled recognition by an ever-increasing body of men in all classes of society, and has gained adherents in the highest ranks of science and philosophy, and, finally, that despite abuse and misrepresentation, the folly of enthusiasts and the knavery of imposters, it has rarely failed to convince those who have made a thorough and painstaking investigation, and has never lost a convert thus made—all this affords a conclusive answer to the objections so commonly urged against it. Let us, then, simply ignore the scorn and incredulity of those who really know nothing of the matter, and consider briefly, what are the actual relations of science and Spiritualism; and to what extent the latter supplements and illumines the former.

Science may be defined as knowledge of the universe in which we live—full and systematized knowledge leading to the discovery of laws and the comprehension of causes. The true student of science neglects nothing and despises nothing that may widen and deepen his knowledge of nature, and if he is wise as well as learned he will hesitate before he applies the term "impossible" to any facts which are widely believed and have been repeatedly observed by men as intelligent and honest as himself. Now, modern Spiritualism rests solely on the observation and comparison of facts in a domain of nature which has been hitherto little explored, and it is a contradiction in terms to say that such an investigation is opposed to science. Equally absurd is the allegation that some of the phenomena of Spiritualism "contradict the law of nature," since there is no law of nature yet known to us but may be apparently contravened by the action of more recalcitrant laws or forces. Spiritualists observe facts and record experiments, and then construct hypotheses which will best explain and co-ordinate the facts, and in so doing they are pursuing a truly scientific course. They have now collected an enormous body of observations tested and verified in every possible way, and they have determined many of the conditions necessary for the production of the phenomena. They have also arrived at certain general conclusions as to the causes of these phenomena, and they simply refuse to recognize the competence of those who have no acquaintance whatever with the facts, to determine the value or correctness of those conclusions.

We who have satisfied ourselves of the reality of the phenomena of modern Spiritualism in all their wide-reaching extent and endless variety, are enabled to look upon the records of the past with new interest and fuller appreciation. It is surely something to be believed from the necessity of classing Socrates and St. Augustine, Luther and Swedenborg, as the credulous victims of delusions or imposture. The so-called miracles and supernatural events which pervade the sacred books and historical records of all nations find their place among natural phenomena and need no longer be laboriously explained away. The witchcraft mania of Europe and America affords the material for an important study, since we are now able to detect the basis of fact on which it rested, and to separate from it the Satanic interpretation which invested it with horror, and appeared to justify the cruel punishments by which it was attempted to be suppressed. Local folk-lore and superstitions acquire a living interest, since they are often based on phenomena which we can reproduce under proper conditions, and the same may be said of much of the sorcery and magic of the Middle Ages. In these and many other ways, history and anthropology are illuminated by Spiritualism.

To the teacher of religion it is of vital importance, since it enabled him to meet the skeptic on his own ground, to adduce facts and evidence for the faith he professes, and to avoid that attitude of apology helpless against the vigorous assaults of and doubt which renders him altogether helpless against the vigorous assaults of Agnosticism and materialistic science. Theology, when vivified and strengthened by Spiritualism, may regain some of the influence and power of its earlier years.

Science will equally benefit, since it will have opened to it a new domain of surpassing interest. Just as there is behind the visible world of nature an "unseen universe" of forces, the study of which continually opens up fresh worlds of knowledge often intimately connected with the true comprehension of the most familiar phenomena of nature, so the world of mind will be illuminated by the new facts and principles which the study of Spiritualism makes known to us. Modern science utterly fails to realize the nature of mind or to account for its presence in the universe, except by the mere verbal and unthinkable dogma that it is "the product of organization." Spiritualism, on the other hand, recognizes in mind the cause of organization, and, perhaps, even of the matter itself; and it has added greatly to our knowledge of man's nature, by demonstrating the existence of individual minds indistinguishable from those of human beings, yet separate from any human body. It has made us acquainted with forms of matter of which materialistic science has no cognizance, and with an ethereal chemistry whose transformations are far more marvellous than any of those with which science deals. It thus gives us proof that there are possibilities of organized existence beyond those of our material world, and in doing so removes the greatest stumbling-block in the way of belief in a future state of existence—the impossibility so often felt by the student of material science of separating the conscious mind from its partnership with the brain and nervous system.

On the spiritual theory man consists essentially of a spiritual nature or mind intimately associated with a spiritual body or soul, both of which are developed in and by means of a material organism. Thus the whole *raison d'être* of the material universe—with all its marvellous changes and adaptations, the infinite complexity of matter and of the ethereal forces which pervade and vivify it, the vast wealth of nature in the vegetable and animal kingdoms—is to serve the grand purpose of developing human spirits in human bodies. The world-life not only lends itself to the production by gradual evolution, of the physical body needed for the growth and nourishment of the human soul, but by its very imperfections tends to the continuous development of the higher spiritual nature of man. In a perfect and harmonious world perfect beings might possibly have been created, but could hardly have been evolved, and it may well be that evolution is the great fundamental law of the universe of mind as well as of that of matter. The need for labor in order to live, the constant struggle against the forces of nature, the antagonism of the good and the bad, the oppression of the weak by the strong, the painstaking and devoted search required to wrest from nature her secret powers and hidden treasures—all directly assist in developing the varied powers of mind and body and nobler impulses of our nature. Thus all the material imperfections of our globe, the wintry blasts and summer heats, the volcano, the whirlwind and the flood, the barren desert and the gloomy forest, have each served as *stimuli* to develop and strengthen man's intellectual nature; while the oppression and wrong, the ignorance and crime, the misery and pain, that always and everywhere pervades the world, have been the means of exercising and strengthening the higher sentiments of justice, mercy, charity and love, which we all feel to be our best and noblest characteristics, and which it is hardly possible to conceive could have been developed by any other means.

Such a view as this affords us perhaps the best attainable solution of the great world-problem of the origin of evil; for it is the very means of creating and developing the higher moral attributes of man, those attributes which alone render him fit for a permanent spiritual existence and for continuous progression, than the mere temporary sin and misery of the world must be held to fully be justified by the supreme nature and permanent character of what they lead to. From this point of view the vision of the poet becomes to us the best expression of the truth. We, too, believe that

"All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee!
All Chance, Directions which thou canst not see;
—All Discord, Harmony not understood;
All partial Evil, universal good."

Finally, these teachings of modern Spiritualism furnish us with the much needed basis of a true ethical system. We learn by them that our earth-life is not only a preparation for a higher state of progressive spiritual existence, but that what we have usually considered as its very worst features, its all-prevailing sin and suffering, are in all probability the only means of developing in us those highest moral qualities summarized as "love" by St. Paul and "altruism" by our modern teachers, which all admit must be cultivated and extended to the utmost if we are really to make progress toward a higher social state. Modern philosophers can, however, give no sufficient reason why we should practise the virtues. If, as they teach us, not only our own lives end here, but the life of the whole human race is sure to end someday, it is difficult to see any adequate outcome of the painful self-sacrifice they inculcate, while there is certainly no motive adduced which will be sufficiently powerful to withdraw from selfish pleasures that numerous class which derives from them its chief enjoyment. But when men are taught from

childhood that the whole material universe exists for the very purpose of developing beings possessing these attributes, that evil and pain, sin and suffering, all tend to the same end, and that the characters developed in this world will make further progress towards a nobler and happier existence in the spiritual world, just in proportion as their higher moral feelings are cultivated here—and when all this can be taught, not as a set of dogmas to be blindly accepted on the authority of unknown ancient writers, but as being founded on direct knowledge of the spirit-world, and the continued actual reception of teachings from it, then indeed we shall have in our midst "a power that makes for righteousness."

Thus, modern Spiritualism, though usually despised and rejected by the learned, is yet able to give valuable aid to science and to religion, to philosophy and to morals. Not only does it offer us a solid basis for a solution of some of the profoundest mysteries of our being, but it affords us a secure hope, founded not on reason and faith only, but on actual knowledge, that our conscious life does not perish with our physical body. To all who earnestly inquire it gives:—

"The deep assurance that the wrongs of life
Will find their perfect guardian! That the scheme
So broken here will elsewhere be fulfilled:
Hope not a dreamer's dream!
Love's long last yearning satisfied, not stilled!"

* This argument applies of course to other worlds and systems, all of which, on the spiritual hypothesis, either have been or will be the scenes of the development of human souls.

A Curious Survival.

[The San Franciscoan.]

The Reverend Aaron Williams was born a thousand years too soon. Only last week, at the noonday prayer-meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, he took occasion to assert his belief in the essential sinfulness of a sound body and good health. The reverend gentleman was consequently wrathful at the young men's gymnasium and bowling-alley, and presumably at the bath-rooms also. "It is truly dreadful to think of respectable young men appearing in the gymnasium in tight, with bare legs, swinging the soul-destroying dumb-bell or the still more pernicious Indian club; climbing into trapezes—inventions of the devil,—turning on a horizontal bar, and going through all the other exercises prescribed by Satan as necessary to obtain admission to the everlasting brimstone. The "bowling-alley iniquity," so eloquently and pathetically described by Mr. Williams, is even more horrible. Man is as prone to evil as the sparks to fly upward, and he is seen at his worst in a bowling-alley. What could be more destructive to the firmest moral principle than the sinful act of knocking over ten pins at one stroke by rolling a big wooden ball against them! The moral depravity of a young man who could do that, and enjoy doing it, too, is something frightful to contemplate.

There was a time in the history of the church when the piety of a saint was reckoned inversely as to the number of times he washed himself, and directly as to the amount of vermin he could support. Such sinks of iniquity as bowling-alleys and gymnasiums never troubled the thoughts of holy men. The devil used to walk abroad in those days in the full glory of claws and tail, and carried off his victims bodily. His wings have been somewhat clipped of late years, and he is reduced to hiding himself under the mask of a gymnasium and bowling-alley. Why filth and disease should be the particular attribute of godliness, and a hollow chest or a consumptive habit an indication of sainthood, is not at first plain; and why robust health and a well-developed body should be the mark of perdition is even more obscure. An extensive research has brought to light the fact that Mr. Williams' course is based on an old and undoubted adage:

"The Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be;
The Devil got well—the devil a monk was he!"

The inference is plain that if sickness had such an effect on Satan it would have even a better effect on young men.

Reverend Aaron Williams is a curious sort of fossil.

OPPORTUNITIES. — Opportunities are what we make them. To the sure-footed, they are stepping-stones to success, but stumbling-blocks to the weak and careless. A man's wisdom is shown by the way he uses them; and the measure of our life is not according to the number of our days, but according to the use we make of our opportunities. They make the staircase of life, and a conscientious use of the passing chances brings others within our reach. The idlest man in the world is he who waits for the brook to run dry instead of using the stones in its bed. Life is a straight line. The same opportunities never come twice, and the wealthiest man in the world can not afford to squander them. They are priceless gifts from God. As the key fits the wards of the lock, so our opportunities are adapted to our lives. The breeze never fills a furled sail, and he who would win success must have every stitch of canvas spread.—*Christian Journal*.

General Toombs had a peculiar way of getting round defeat. In a controversy with a Northerner, who finally exclaimed, "Well, General, we licked you anyhow!" He retorted, "Licked us! No, sir! No such thing! We wore ourselves out whipping you!"

Unforgotten Days.

[Christian Register.]

A calendar is a very indiscriminating series of dates. Whether we take a look forward to days that are prophesied or a look back on days that are spent, it is the same unvarying sequence of numbers. How utterly different, how varied and dissimilar, are the real days that we live! They do not stand in monotonous sequence like a row of bricks; they are varied in hue and form and feature. When we go up on a hill and look back on the road that we have traveled, there are many little things that subside into the general level of the landscape; but there are prominent features in the view which will not be lost to the eye. Everywhere we see the landmarks of our progress. We mark it by steeples and towers, by the dome of some cathedral, by the tall chimney with its trailing smoke, by the river we crossed or the hills we have climbed. So, in taking a retrospect of our lives within the compass of a year, we see looming up the striking events in our own experience. They are memorials in our lives, way-marks in our progress. They are the days of vivid experience. We may not know the date of the month or the day of the week on which they occurred. To know that it was the third or tenth day after some other day, or that it was called Thor's day or Moon day, what does it matter except for dealers in almanacs and for a few convenient purposes of comparison? The thing that we do not forget and which it is most important to remember is that it was a day on which we really lived. Let the calendar markers tell us that the year is dead, we know that it is not, and that no tyranny of numbers, no edict of custom, can possibly slay the memory of these days that have been branded into our very lives. We can turn them over on the leaves of our brain, on the tablets of our heart, better than in the pages of a diary.

Some of them have made their record indelibly upon the conscience. Would, we may say, that these unforgotten days did not rise to reproach us! Some of them are days which register our own misdeeds. Would that with a sponge we might wipe out their reproach! They are chiseled deep in our memory; and the stain on the marble is there, too. Would that we could have some such day back, we say, in its undimmed purity! How we should like to live it over again, and leave undone the act that has sullied it! These are the monuments of our own defeats. Then there are days that are the monuments of our moral victories. We remember something of the toil and the hardship, but most of all the joy of overcoming. There are days in which, like Dante, we have walked through hell; and there are others in which we have risen to paradise.

Other unforgotten days are the days of illumination. Some new light has flashed across the pathway of our lives. We can remember the cloud from which it burst. We see now how it dispelled the darkness. There are times in which we have seen the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night. There are unforgotten nights as well as unforgotten days. We see the thick gloom that has settled over our hearts when we float on a sea of trouble and, like the shipwrecked apostle, "longed for day." And the day came, bringing with it its rosy-colored dawn and its promise of new opportunity. There are days on the mount and days in the valley; hours of rapt vision or of peaceful contemplation, hours of melody and sunshine, or hours of bitterness and tears.

If the conscience reveals to us its scars, if the memory opens to us galleries full of pictures of varied hue and meaning, so the heart has its own share of unforgotten days! Out of it have flowed the issues of life, and back again have flowed into it the issues of some other life, some life inextricably bound up with our own. It is a nature which has flowed through and irrigated our lives with its richness. We can not forget it any more than we can forget ourselves. Our own existence can not be the same, because of the stream of affection which has poured into it. Our recollections do not selfishly center only upon ourselves. Unforgotten days most precious to us are those which reveal unto us the riches of other hearts than our own, days which give a new sanctity to friendship, a new holiness to love, days in which we record the triumphs of others with as much joy as triumphs of our own. Sad is the life which is lived in loneliness, which, as it looks back, sees simply mile-stones in its own progress, and traces no foot-marks of others in its own path. And yet we have not sounded the depths of human experience, if we have not lived some desert days. Like one standing on some vast and sterile plain, there was nothing around us to show that the world was inhabited. For a time, we seemed cut off from human sympathy. What we most needed was some heart that could beat like our own. But, like the richness of Eden, teeming with all manner of fruits and watered by four rivers, is the memory of some other days. They have dropped their clustered fruits and left their fragrance in our lives.

The fuel on the altar of the heart is easily kindled. A familiar scene, a particular flower, a strain of music, a line from some oft-heard poem, or some material thing about us, a bit of ribbon, a leaf from an old letter, some trifling keepsake, something known or used by one we have

loved, may kindle in an instant that altar fire to a fervent glow. If there are "days that are dead," whose tender grace shall never come back to us, there are days that are living in us, whose tender grace shall never be lost.

"Old Things."

This constituted the theme for a discourse by Rev. N. F. Ravlin, pastor of the First Baptist Church of San Jose, delivered before his congregation recently. It is for such radical utterances as these that the distinguished preacher has been denounced as a heretic by some of the mossbacks and fossils of his church.

In a prelude to his discourse Mr. Ravlin spoke of the two prime agents at work among men as termed sense and nonsense, and in giving the exact definition of the phrases, classified them as embracing many distinct yet analogous applications. It is nonsense, said the speaker, for man to oppose the spirit of the age in which we live; to talk of endorsing a retrograde action by the people; to formulate irrational ideas and maintain them without regard to the trend of public sentiment; to try to force a rigid observance of the Sabbath according to the dictates of a few ultra Sabbatarians and contrary to the popular will of the present generation; to make a profession of piety and on occasion scandalize one's neighbors; to talk anti-chinese sentiments and at the same time do all that lies in your power as an individual to keep them here; to oppose the publication of a Sunday paper and employ a minister to labor on that day for your instruction. Most people, said Mr. Ravlin, would much prefer to read a good live daily paper than to listen to a prosy, tedious sermon, and wisely, too; in the former case instruction upon a great variety of topics of immediate local interest was to be had. With a fund of information concerning the spiritual and material interests of humanity, culled from many different sources, the newspaper combines a harmless spice and entertainment for the reader. Within the domain of nonsense the spirit of persecution was conceived and matured. In the past folly made war upon sense, dogmas upon reason. It is sense to do good, it is nonsense to do evil. It is sense to search for the truth, it is nonsense to assume to know it all, and this brings me to my subject, "Old Things;" things that, useful in their day, have had their time. Like the historic elm tree on Boston Common, which, attaining a great age, had been carefully guarded for long years, but which, like all other things in nature, finally succumbed to the laws of progression and has given place to a young and thrifty growth of the same species. So it is with individuals, communities, nations and ideas; they have their time and place for usefulness in the world's economy, and passing that, merit only the remembrance of the good they wrought and their influence in shaping the thought and action of the present. Considered in the aggregate, change means progression, and in religious forms and sentiments a wonderful change has taken place during the last twenty years in Christendom. Humanity is now upon the verge of grand changes that will blot out the last spark of religious bigotry and intolerance. You can't hold on to the illiberal and absurd; reason won't let you do it, truth won't let you do it, God won't let you do it. The old things are in the natural order constantly passing away, and new and stronger and better things are taking their place. Show me the man whose ideas upon any subject do not undergo a change as his opportunities for acquiring knowledge expand, and I'll show you a fossil and a poor specimen at that. To hold on to the old things because of their antiquity or past usefulness is like clinging to an eternity of Winter, with its, to an extent, pleasant attributes, and refusing to welcome the more enjoyable Spring and Summer in store. The old and the new each has its time and place; respect for the old and a cordial welcome for the new that, in its turn, will become stale and unprofitable. Why, I used to be among the bluest of the blue, smileless, and I had almost said soulless, in conformity to my narrow, cramped and altogether uncomfortable realm of spiritual thought; it was a sepulchre, shroud, coffin, and all that sort of thing. I was honest then, as I believe I am to-day, in my convictions; but, like so many others, too bigoted to fairly investigate even my own belief. In concluding his discourse, to which the foregoing is but a mere allusion, Mr. Ravlin eloquently pictured his ideas of an eternal progression, entailing continuous effort and constant change for the minds of men, and always, under the guidance and sanction of the Almighty Ruler of the Universe, for the better.

PRACTICAL TRAINING.—In Germany, I have been told, it is quite common for young ladies after leaving school to spend a few years in domestic service, not in their own homes, but actually hiring themselves out, for the benefit of the practical training. Perhaps it might relieve more difficulties than one if some of the mistresses would enter a training school also, for however intellectual a woman may be, she can not be a true woman and ignore entirely all domestic duties.

Persons had better be honest, and live in comparative poverty, than to be surrounded with every luxury, obtained by defrauding others of their just dues.

Spiritualism Defined.

(E. Foster.)

Spiritualism is the only form of religion that substitutes reason, that 'beam of the infinite light,' for sacerdotal authority. It never attempts to enforce dogma by threats of punishment or by promises of rewards. On the contrary, it presents its facts, exhibits its phenomena, but leaves all entirely free to draw such deductions as their reason may approve. It does not ask you to 'believe,' but tells you that progress is the law of life—that the divine principle moving through matter, and dwelling in man, is ever unfolding more perfect forms of beauty and nobler forms of thought. It knows no boundaries, because heaven and earth, and all the limitless regions of space, are open to research. It knows no fear, because it rests with perfect love upon the power and wisdom of God. It knows no hate, because it knows no fear. Hate is the twin brother of fear, and when both find lodgment in the human heart, then the dominion of hell, instead of the "kingdom of heaven," is within.

Spiritualism is the only religion that opens free and direct channels of communication between the external and invisible worlds. Its paths are not like the macadamized roads of modern theology, obstructed by gates along the way, and toll-gatherers in priestly robes waiting to tax all who travel by its thoroughfares. It invites all, without distinction of sex or race, social, mental or moral condition, to come to its feasts and partake only of such food as they have a capacity to digest.

Spiritualism comes among the discordant sectarian conditions of this world as a wise teacher approaches a class of unruly children. He does not come with ferule and fool's caps, with angry frown and threatening voice, commanding obedience to his will. No, for beneath their turbulence and discord he sees vital forces at play which, when properly directed and educated, will develop noble men women.

A SENSATION IN RUSSIA.—The New York Tribune says that society at St. Petersburg is just now much occupied with the revival of a very curious story. About three years ago there was a spiritualistic seance at the Officers Club, in that city, at which the spirit of a famous departed general was called up, and prophesied amongst other things that there would be great war in 1886, in which Russia would take the leading part. As the ghost of the deceased warrior mentioned amongst the names of officers who would greatly distinguish themselves in the war, those of some men who did not even figure in the army list, the affair was looked upon as a joke and nothing more was thought of it. But, by strange coincidence, amongst recent appointments to the rank of commissioned officers the very names appear which the spirit had foretold, the bearers being men of no family, who had risen from the ranks. As there is no country in the world where superstition is carried to such an extent as in Russia, the incident has caused quite a sensation. It would be very strange that if at the commencement of the year 1886 we should see Russia draw into a war with Austria, as a result of the struggle between Serbia and Bulgaria.

Who would wish to possess continually the power of reading the thoughts of his fellows? Such a gift would be more of a curse than a blessing. It is sometimes hard enough to preserve one's equanimity in view of the revelation of another's real thought, which will flash out unspoken, in spite of the words and looks—in spite of the polished conventionalisms which society prescribes as a shield of defense between man and man. But always to know the thought that is hidden by silence, or veiled by the polite speech—always to see the mental reservations which accompany the uttered words—always to perceive the motive of the wise saw and the modern instance brought up in personal conversation—this indeed were intolerable. Charity covers a multitude of sins; but most of us have reason to be thankful that our charity in this regard is largely assisted by our ignorance.

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PUBLICATIONS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS. OUR SUNDAY TALKS; Cleanings in Various Fields of Thought, By J. J. OWEN. (Late Editor of the "San Jose Daily Mercury.") SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED. Following are some of the Press opinions of the first edition: We consider the volume a most readable and useful compilation, in which the taste and ability of the able writer has been fully illustrated. Mr. Owen is editor of the San Jose Mercury, one of the leading newspapers of the State; edited with great tact and good management, and conducted with care and marked clear-headed judgment. His writings are always readable, terse, vigorous and clear-cut, and in the choice little volume before us, he gives us the very best flowers culled from the bouquet which his mind and brain have combined together.—Spirit of the Times.

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

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

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

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

As a home production this collection of pleasing essays and flowing verse is peculiarly interesting. The author wields a graceful pen, and all of his efforts involve highly moral principle. Although these are newspaper articles published by an editor in his daily round of duty, yet when now bound together in one volume they seem to breathe 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, "Cleanings 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.

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Death—Death. I shall never die, I fear. O heart, so soon forsaken. O tongue, so soon dumb. O life, so soon forsaken!

Years—years. So long the dream of companionship of pain. So long the slow compression of the brain.

Perhaps. There was a void in Heaven, which only she, Of all God's saintliest, could fill perfectly.

It is most sad: This crumbling into chaos and decay: My heart aches, and I think I shall go mad

RICHARD REALP.

Dying.

Passing out of the shadow Into a purer light: Stepping behind the curtain, Getting a clearer sight:

Passing out of the shadow Into Eternal Day, Why do we call it dying? This sweet going away.

BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

Somewhere.

There is always sunrise somewhere, Though the night be round thee drawn; Somewhere still the east is bright'ning

NATHAN D. URNER.

Faith and Works.

No answer comes to those that pray, And idly stand And wait for stones to roll away

J. C. ROCKWELL.

My Creed.

I count the day as lost that I have done No loving deed, nor word of kindness said,

Nature forbids that ever my lips should dare To judge him, who in weakness goes astray,

I hate all selfishness and greed of gain, So may I strive to make my own life free

And at the last, if only I may feel That full of helpfulness my life hath been,

Thou sing'st alone on the bare wintry bough, As if Spring with its leaves were around thee now;

And the breeze as it whispered o'er meadow and hill, And its voice that was heard in the laughing rill,

If none were sick and none were sad, What service could we render? I think if we were always glad

Adversity.

Did our beloved never need? Our patient ministrations, Earth would grow cold, and mine, indeed,

If sorrow never claimed our heart, And every wish were granted, Patience would die and hope depart

Three murders in drinking saloons are reported to-day. Cipher it down to the foundation, and you find that most of the shedding of blood in this otherwise peaceful country is due directly or indirectly to the use of intoxicants;

Philadelphia may be a trifle slow, but some things occur there. For instance, forty-eight people were killed in Philadelphia in 1885 by steam cars which cross the city's streets at grade.

A GENEROUS DONATION.

Robert Brown, M. D., of San Francisco, has agreed to transfer to the Trustees of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of California, seventy-five thousand acres of valuable timber and agricultural land in Dickenson and Wise Counties, Virginia, to sell and apply the proceeds towards maintaining a chair of Mental Physiology, Psychology, Psychometry, and all the occult sciences, located in San Francisco.

Dr. Brown, in the instrument conveying this property to these gentlemen, says: "Believing with Dr. Carpenter and other eminent scientists, and judging from my own long experience as a physician and surgeon, that the human mind exerts a powerful influence over the body, as well in connection with diseases as in human acts, and that Psychology, Psychometry and Mental Physiology, to be effective in the cure of diseases should be combined with the practical sciences of medicine and surgery, in order to avoid the errors of many who assume pure imagination to be reality, and hence wander into pure spiritism, and apply ancient magic to modern gnosticism; I have made this donation to encourage the application of practical medicine and surgery to psychological and mental phenomena, and to provide a field of exploration and study for those men and women who desire to rise above charlatanism and accomplish something of real and practical good to humanity, and to avail themselves of all that modern science and liberal thought may suggest to that end."

Recent advices from Virginia estimate the value of the land at from three to five dollars per acre. An English syndicate is already negotiating for the purchase of the entire tract, and the probability is that within a few months the land will be sold to advantage, and the proceeds placed in the treasury of the College.

The plan of this college has already been formed, and all persons desirous of matriculating in either medicine, surgery, pharmacy, literature or psychology, may do so immediately, as the College will open for students about the middle of January next. The matriculation fee is five dollars.

The dispensary of the College is in practical active operation, and all who desire to obtain certificates of benefits, entitling them to medical treatment for one year, without other charge therefor, beginning at once, can procure them of the Secretary, at 127 Kearny street, room 6, San Francisco, upon payment of ten dollars only. The attention of those suffering from acute or chronic diseases is specially called to this feature of the College, and an early application desired, for the reason that a limited number of certificates will be issued the first year to suit the present accommodations, and those applying now, will be entitled to precedence in renewing them. These certificates can also be had by applying at the office of the GOLDEN GATE.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, 127 Kearny street, San Francisco.

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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.

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PUBLICATIONS.

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Table with columns: Round Trip, Sun. Tkt., Sat. from San Francisco, Round Trip, Sun. Tkt., Sat. to. Lists excursion routes and ticket prices.

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