



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.

Speech is but broken light upon the depth
Of the unspoken.

—George Eliot.

There is no grief like hate.—Edwin
Arnold.

Life is too short for aught but high endeavor,
Too short for spite, but long enough for love.

—Ella Wheeler.

The greatest factor of eloquence is
sincerity.

Love, to endure life's sorrow and earth's woe,
Needs friendship's solid masonry below.

—Ella Wheeler.

Prayer and aspiration draw the spirit to
the higher life.

If sorrow falls,
Take comfort still in deeming there may be
A way of peace on earth by woes of ours.

—Edwin Arnold.

Love supreme defies all sophistry,
risks avenging fires.—George Eliot.

There is strength,
And a fierce instinct, e'en in common souls
To bear up manhood with a stormy joy.

—Mrs. Hemans.

Intellect, industry, enterprises, inven-
tion and reformation are becoming the
primal forces of our age.

That is love's perfection,
Turning the soul to all her harmonies
So that no chord can jar.

—George Eliot.

—Purity, sincerity, obedience and self-
surrender are the marble steps that lead to
the spiritual temple.—Bradford.

Happy is he who lives to understand
Not human nature only, but explores
All natures, to the end that he may find
The law that governs each.

—Wordsworth.

Cheerfulness is godliness and is a part
of nature's religion; a cheerful word often
drops like a sunbeam in the human heart.

—Mrs. E. L. Watson.

Life's realities
Press on the soul, from its unfathomed depth
Rousing the fiery feelings, and proud thoughts,
In all their fearful strength!

—Mrs. Hemans.

Side by side with the growth of knowl-
edge and liberty has grown, at first, a
silent and finally an expressed apprecia-
tion of the nature of womanhood.

But the power
Whose interdiction is laid on seas and orbs,
To chain them in from wandering, hath assign'd
No limits unto that which man's high strength
Shall, through its aid, achieve!

—Mrs. Hemans.

Doing good not only blesses others, but
ourselves, and is an immutable law that
is to form links in the golden chain bind-
ing us to all that is best and truest in the
world.—Mrs. E. L. Watson.

We all may be
The saviors of the world, if we believe
In the Divinity which dwells in us;
And worship it, and nail our grosser selves,
Our tempers, greed, and our unworthy aims,
Upon the cross.

—Ella Wheeler.

Make not our Christmas day a formal
exchange of outward tokens; but spiritual-
ize it by the full and free expression of a
tender heart moved to a noble deed. Let
every token be significant of a deathless
principle.—Mrs. E. L. Watson.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

By the Controls of Mrs. E. L. Watson, at
Metropolitan Temple, Sunday Even-
ing, January 24, 1886.

(Opening remarks and answers to the first two questions
by Prof. Lambert. Reported for the GOLDEN GATE, by G.
H. Hawes.)

When Socrates was told that the pyth-
oness had declared him to be the wisest of
men, he determined to satisfy himself as
to whether or no it was true that he knew
more than those who had a reputation for
wisdom in Athens, for it seemed to him
that he knew but little. His manner of
investigation was by putting questions to
such men as were reputed wise, and he
found it very easy to trouble them, and
convince them that they were ignorant
even of subjects upon which they were
supposed to be most enlightened.

So to-night, you may prove my ignor-
ance and your wisdom, by the nature of
your questions.

Question.—What are the relations of the
principles of Spiritualism to true religion?

Answer.—The word "religion" has had
many definitions. Our definition of it
is, a man's highest conception of truth,
and his desire to obtain the greatest good.

To many religion means a formulated
faith; a belief in certain principles and the
practice of certain ceremonies.

In our opinion Spiritualism is the philo-
sophy of life, and has a direct bearing
upon the moral nature of man, and is
calculated to inspire in him the profound-
est veneration for the true, and the keen-
est desire to perfect the character. This
being Spiritualism we can not see how it is
to be separated from true religion; we
think the terms are synonymous, although
Spiritualism *per se* is not a religion but
rather a science, from which we derive in-
spiration and sentiments moral and pure.

In our opinion, truth of whatever order
is related to morality; the scientific facts
of nature can not be separated from the
moral nature of man. In so far as sec-
tarian systems embody truth and have a
moral influence and tendency, we call
them religious; in so far as they embody
error, they are irreligious and immoral in
their tendency.

As I have said, Spiritualism *per se* is a
science, it is the demonstration of certain
facts relative to the nature of man; it ex-
plains the psychical phenomena which have
transpired in the past, and the mysteries
which have surrounded us as spiritual be-
ings. It demonstrates the fact of man's
continued existence after death and en-
lightens us in regard to the manner of that
existence. These facts are religious in their
tendency, since in them we find incentives
for uprightness, veneration, true worship,
and also inspiration to the noblest service
which we can render to one another. We
find in these the certainty of a realization
of our best and dearest hopes.

Therefore, we can not see any antagon-
ism between any true religious sentiment
and Spiritualism, but on the contrary we see
in the philosophy of Spiritualism principles
which are important to the support and
progress of all religious ideas.

Spiritualism is opposed to certain forms
of faith which are antagonistic to individ-
ual liberty, to free thought; because it is
only by free thought that man can grow
into the truth. Some of the main tenets
of Christianity, as taught for centuries, are
opposed to the highest good of the race
and are irreligious in their tendency. I
do not say that the practices of the so-
called Christians are immoral; that the
Golden Rule (which they have arrogated
to themselves) is other than golden; but
I do say that the doctrine of total deprav-
ity, the fall of man, the vicarious atone-
ment, (Heaven's bankrupt-law) is immoral
in its tendency.

But whatsoever is truly religious and
good in Christianity belongs to humanity,
and is the rightful inheritance of all.

I say, furthermore, that the errors of
Christianity will pass away, and the reli-
gion which has its foundation in scientific
facts will finally prevail throughout the
earth.

Q.—The professor in his lecture, "From
Adam to Angel," declares that every atom
has a soul; that inhering in all substances
is the soul-principle; that the atomic soul
climbs upward into intelligent individual,
conscious identity. Now the thought that
all material atoms possess a soul-principle

that is climbing into a higher intelligent
condition is bewildering. Will the Prof.
say a few words upon the subject?

A.—I tried to explain that what is called
matter and spirit are in reality one and the
same thing; and what is called natural law
in the visible universe is simply the em-
bodiment and manifestation of a supreme
intelligence. In other words, you say of
the attraction of gravitation, here is a law
which holds matter in its grasp, and under
all circumstances like causes produce like
effects; but you separate this idea of law
from that of intelligence, and why should
you? How are you justified in separating
intelligence from law, law from intelli-
gence? Everywhere there is harmony,
purpose, and a definite plan. In what
does that plan consist, and how is it that
nature in all her order and government
and in every manifestation of life is tend-
ing to complex forms and to higher expres-
sions of intelligence? I answer, that mat-
ter does thus and so because of the spirit
which inheres in it; indeed, matter is only
another name for spirit. Each atom of it-
self contains intelligent force.

You say the thought that each material
atom is climbing towards intelligent iden-
tity is bewildering. It appears to me that
the only explanation that can be offered
for all nature's mechanism and for changes
which are going around us, that each
atom of itself is a spiritual force; that it
agrees with all other atoms, and that the
one atom is essential to the perfection of
the entire system. Do you see that thus
the infinite variety is, after all, comprised
in the one, the one in the infinite variety,
and that unconsciously these atoms of mat-
ter below me are related to me as an
identity? That the perfection of the con-
scious being shall take in all these lower
activities, and that what we call unintelli-
gent and inert matter acts according to its
constitution, just as the intelligent identity
acts according to its constitution, obeying
that law of its being which is intelligent
and which we call God. I care not
whether you use the terms law of nature,
or will of God; it is one and the same
thing. Matter and soul are one, only a
different expression of the same power for-
ever.

Q.—Do we imperil our own happiness
if we step down into the pitfalls of igno-
rance and vice, and by weaving a web of
love and kindness help a fallen one up
the ladder of life?

A.—A thousand times, no! He who
bends in pity, ministers in love and brings
the light of intelligence to bear upon con-
ditions of ignorance, is truly exalted.
Take this thought to your heart, that no
condition exists in this world except by the
permission of a divine intelligence mani-
fest and expressed in immutable law.
Whatever condition of suffering you may
be in this hour, from ignorance, sin and de-
gradation, it has a purpose; and the angel
who bends above you ministering in love
and intelligent service fulfills a purpose
for which he was created; the receiving of
the baptism of sympathy, and giving the
bounties of a loving heart—all this is a
portion of that divine symphony which is
composed of the entirety of life.

He whose moral nature is firm and
pure can well afford to lend his light to
the feeble footsteps of one upon the paths
of sin. He who is enthroned in joy, in
wisdom, and faith in God, can well afford
to forget himself in tender, sympathetic
ministration to another's need, and in that
ministry will he find at last his chiefest
blessing.

Q.—Is suicide ever justifiable?

A.—From our estimate of the value of
this life, its sufferings, obligations and ad-
vantages, we say that suicide is not justifi-
able. Yet we know that the poor suicide—
the same as he who takes the life of
his brother—needs our pity rather
than deserves our blame. We see that it
is a false view of life, a weakening it may
be, of the physical; it may be both a fail-
ing of the judgment and discouragement
of the heart, which is overwhelming. But
if the brain was illumined with wise
thoughts, and the insight clear, then this
act were impossible. Then this life
would be seen to be as valuable as any
other life; this world as beautiful and full
of opportunity, love and joy, as any other
world in God's mighty universe; that
death is no escape from the consequence
of sin, from duty, or from one's self.
Oh! the utter weariness that must have
taken possession of the soul that seeks to
lie down in an eternal sleep! Oh! the
utter discouragement that must seize the

heart and brain, the blindness that must
smite the soul ere the performance of this
act! Let your pity go forth to this soul
needing a physician; let your sympathy
flow to the one who seeks to escape the
duties, trials, obligations, and regrets of
this world by gliding into the unknown
beyond!

It is not justifiable; it is the result of a
morbid condition of the brain and spiri-
tual nature.

To you who contemplate this act, re-
member one thing—that death is only a
helper to those who have done their best
on earth; that death does not introduce
you to a better world, only as you earn or
make that world; that you are to build
your heaven; it is the product of your
own life. It is not death that gives it to
you; it is not death that discharges your
obligation to your friends in this world.
That comes only by doing your best; and
having done this, try to live, try to be
happy, try to be brave until the light
dawns.

Q.—A physician tells an intelligent and
highly moral lady, who has been tortured
by obsessing spirits, that by taking her
own life her sufferings would be still
greater. Is not such an idea fallacious?
Would not such a person be improved as
much as in dying naturally, provided her
impressions are that way, and she feels
that her life work is done, and well done,
and is without ties?

A.—Friends, when your life work is
done, and well done here, Nature will
open that gate of pearl and bid you wel-
come to the other side. (Applause.)

Put this question to yourself, my poor
obsessed friend: if it is possible for an
evil spirit to obsess a good and pure
nature here and compel them to do evil
acts, since the good is in the ascendant,
since good men and women are more
numerous than the bad; it must therefore
follow as a natural sequence that good
spirits are more numerous than bad spirits.
Then why may not good spirits obsess an
evil person and compel them to good
acts? (Applause.) Let me say to you
that a pure nature is in no danger from
evil spirits in this world or the world to
come. (Applause.) You are your own
worst enemy.

I do not say that one who has tenden-
cies toward the good and the pure, may
not be overcome by evil influences ex-
erted from this side of life, and possibly
from the other side, but it is only a tem-
porary condition and the charm will soon
be broken. Even if an evil influence is
let in at some door or faculty of the
nature which has been left open or re-
ceptive toward this evil side, it is because
for the moment you were convinced of
good in the evil, you called evil good to
yourself. I do not believe that any per-
son living ever did a wrong act, believing
at the instant that it was wrong. You
may say that this is a terrible declaration
and immoral in its tendency. But there
is a condition of moral blindness in which
wrongs are perpetrated; the soul for the
time being is obscured, the passions over-
powering, the judgment clouded, and
thus we are betrayed into doing that
which were otherwise impossible. But
the soul itself can not sin; it is only that
we temporarily fall into some excess on
the physical side of life.

If this lady is obsessed by evil spirits,
and her angel friends have no influence
over them while in this life, death will not
liberate her from them.

My opinion is that the condition of the
brain is abnormal; she has obsessed her-
self; or she has been psychologized, it
may be, by some stronger mind which is
fully persuaded of the idea of evil spirits.
Think of it! Is the supermundane world
without government? Is evil more pow-
erful than good? If it were true that the
good and pure were unprotected from evil
spirits here, then would I say to you that
mediumship is a curse; get rid of it;
grow positive to the unseen world, for you
know not whether angel or devil will
come in!

It is probable that there still lingers
with this person some of the old ideas of
a devil more powerful than God, the con-
sequence being the fall of man, and utter
confusion in the spiritual universe. If
your prayers for deliverance, your faith,
your divine desires and pure life will not
dismiss these devils, then I would say,
try a perfect system of hygiene, which
will be a much more efficient remedy than
suicide.

No, you have not finished your work.

The field is as extensive here for moral
action as it is on the other side of life.
If you are prepared for the angel world,
help others to the same condition; show
them the angelhood which you have ob-
tained, and open the door of your heav-
enly side to them.

Q.—Will all mankind be finally happy?

A.—All mankind at present enjoy more
than they think they do. Life is not half
so bad as many of us would persuade
ourselves; to every condition there is
given joy. The ephemera, whose birth
and death is recorded by one single pulse
of time, has yet had opportunity to be
glad. Humanity has had this boon: that
to every state and condition, angels of love
and joy have ministered. The families
of men have everywhere and in every age
had precious joys.

Will the time come when all shall be
happy? Look yonder in the spirit realm
and see the multitudes there pressing on
and on, and we in their wake following
after; and thousands, yet unborn, stretch-
ing silent arms, imploring us to do our
work well. All along this ever-ascending
path—the light shining stronger there,
fainter here, and fainter still down there—
all are pressing steadily forward, and hap-
piness growing in the heart forever more.
We believe that all mankind will be hap-
pier than now—that all shall wear a crown
of gladness; but we can not conceive of
a time when no thought of regret will
cloud the human soul; we can not con-
ceive of a time when there will not be
those lingering in the valley still, and
when all shall stand in the full effulgence
of the light of joy. We are only happy
in degree.

Let us enhance our joy by noble living
every day; look with hope toward the
future, believing it will be better than the
past for all, and that to none is given a
cup of bitterness in which there is no
drop of sweet.

Q.—Does man improve in the same
ratio in the spirit realm that he does on
earth? If any difference, state what it is.

A.—Men improve in different ratio in
whatever condition of life. The farther
you advance the more rapidly you ap-
proach the light of perfect truth.

All spirits do not advance with the
same rapidity. There are those who have
a continual thirst for truth, and for them
there is no rest. Others who are still
wrapped in dreams, steeped in lethargy,
spiritually, must wait for the divine
awakening ere they join that hurrying
throng in search of truth and joy.

The only difference is this: the more
spiritual a person is, the stronger is their
desire for goodness and for truth, and the
stronger this desire the more rapid is the
spiritual growth whether in this world or
beyond the grave.

Q.—Is not the individual soul virtu-
ally created at the moment of conception
by the blending of the male and female
nature under the operation of immutable
law? If so, what evidence have we that
it may not be resolved into the original
elements in its future state of existence
and be lost as an individual entity?

A.—The soul, in its human expression,
is virtually evolved at conception. Our
reason for not believing that it will lose its
individual entity is, because there is fore-
shadowed in this conception—this so-
called creation—an infinite plan of unfold-
ment; there is such concentration of
divine forces, the outline of a pattern of
such magnificent proportions that it will
take eternity to accomplish the purpose
which is there shadowed forth. Here is
infinite capability for expansion; we can
not think of a time when the soul shall
cease to enlarge its intellectual range and
when there will be no more to learn.
The desire to learn, the aspiration for
goodness and virtue, is infinite in the hu-
man soul, and here is evidence that we
shall continue to exist as an individual en-
tity.

Q.—Was the resurrection of Christ a
miracle?

A.—Most assuredly no! Science tells
us that at the death of the body resurrec-
tion is going on just in direct ratio to dis-
solution. Millions of years before the
resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth souls
had arisen from the chambers of death
and worn the crown of immortality. It
is claimed that he brought immortality to
light. But according to the Christian
church the resurrection of Jesus was no
evidence of man's immortality, for he was
an exceptional being; it was the resurrec-

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

Apparition of Three Franciscan Monks.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

A year ago I became acquainted with a bright, intelligent Mexican—Mexican by ancestry, but of American birth, for he was born in New Mexico, in American soil, where his parents and grandparents were born before him,—who came to Denver to pass the winter. While talking about the possibility of spirit return one day he told me of a strange occurrence in his past history, which had always been a mystery to him. He rattled off the story in Spanish, and I will reduce it to English as well as my memory will serve, for I took no notes of it at the time.

"There were three boys of us playing together one day at my father's home in Mora, New Mexico. Our ages ranged from twelve to fourteen years, and the other two are now living and can corroborate my statement, or rather the circumstance I am about to relate. There was a piece of woods some two or three miles distant, and it was proposed that we go there to have some fun. On reaching this spot we enjoyed ourselves as boys can, by climbing trees, running races, howling and hooting to our hearts' content, which was only until we had become thoroughly weary. At length we began to return our steps toward home, and soon we reached the sandy bed of a creek that was now nearly dry, where we stopped to rest, one throwing himself down and stretching himself out on the white sand, while another set himself to digging water-holes, and I contented myself with throwing pebbles. We had not long been amusing ourselves in this way when one of the boys on looking up saw something that caused him astonishment, and saying, 'look! look!' in a low trembling tone we turned our eyes in the direction indicated, and we beheld three individuals coming at a leisure pace toward us, dressed in a manner that none of us had ever seen in New Mexico, in long robes and broad-brimmed hats turned up at the sides; nor did I ever see any dress of the kind for years afterwards until I went to Europe. While we were familiar enough with the sight of Catholic clergymen the peculiar dress of the three monks before us was so startling to us and they had come upon us so unexpectedly, we took to our heels and ran as though the devil were after us, nor did we stop to look at the right, left or rear until completely exhausted, when we halted for a moment and ventured to cast a glance backward. But imagine our consternation to see that the three priests were at the same distance behind us as when we first commenced running and were coolly and deliberately advancing toward us. There was nothing in their mein to inspire terror, and I half-relucted at running away from them and tried to persuade the boys to await their approach. They came very near and one of them turned his head with a pleasant smile as though he would speak to us, when my companions again started off like frightened antelopes, and this caused me to turn and run, too. My father's place was now not more than half a mile away, and we did not stop running until we had reached the gate. The dogs ran out barking to meet us; we looked back and the three strangers were not far behind, walking up leisurely. We ran into the house excited and breathless. My father was there, and inquiring what the matter was we could only articulate 'three priests out there following us!' Father went out to meet them and—no one was to be seen. The neighborhood was scoured immediately for half a mile around but there was no sign of a living being in sight. Other children on other occasions had reported seeing the same, and the belief became current that we boys had seen ghosts. As I before stated, my boy companions are still living and can corroborate my story. Like myself they are men of mature years. You may depend upon it that this was no illusion. The three strangers were as real to us as you are. The mystery is, why did they appear to us at all?"

Accounts of spontaneous phenomena are always interesting to your correspondent,—those which come unbidden and unsought,—and I have recorded the above in as nearly the words of the observer as possible for the entertainment of your readers.

R. A. REYD.

DENVER, Col., Jan. 13, 1886.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Avarice.

Nothing makes a miser feel his impoverished condition so much as to travel a little and thus discover there is much of wealth he can never hope to possess.—Chicago Herald.

That is a hard thing to say of a being with an immortal soul; but it is one of the disagreeable truths that are being given to the public mind under cover of "wit and humor." That any one should possess the desire to accumulate to himself simply from a mere love of hoarding from his fellow-creatures is supposed to be fully accounted for by the cranial contour, but as this can be changed it must be conceded that it is simply a perversion of a good faculty. That a man should go through life with all his inherited propensities unmodified we do not believe necessary; but that many not only do so, but also intensify their eccentricities from year to year by indulgence is true.

While a miser may look upon a poor person with contempt he detests and

loathes his brother niggard, not because this second person may have as much or more gold than he, but rather for the reason that what he is blind to in himself he sees in all its unloveliness in another, or so we believe. Each excuses himself with the mental reflection, "I am but a plain, old person (misers are always old), and there is nothing in me to attract love and sympathy; but, my gold would buy it! If I give it for public benefit the world will applaud; if I help the orphan and the widow they will smile and thank me, but I would be no more thought of by either than I was before, though my money-giving brings me praise to the end of my days. So I will keep it, a better friend to me than man."

Thus does wealth blind many of its holders. They can not be made to believe that friends, sympathy and love are without price save that of their own coin; this, they never gave, and there is nought to return to them, so they cling to their soulless metal as a substitute, but find it cheerless, indeed, separated from its life and warmth of human affection.

If perchance these darkened souls "travel a little" they "feel their impoverished condition" through the sharp contrast with those who have not been striving to eat and wear their wealth literally, but are enjoying what it brings to self and others through the medium of exchange. Misers do not learn until too late that all things in life that are good, useful and comforting are interchangeable. When they learn what their gold would have brought them, poverty has no depths of misery they would not accept for their own.

M. PULSIFER.

Some Pertinent Questions about Reincarnation.

"Aunt Rhoda" in the Harmonia.

I have been thinkin' for a long while that I would write you and see if yourself or some of the deep thinkers who write for your magazine could make just one subject, that worries my mind more than all others, clearer to me. I read every number of *The Harmonia*, and think every number the best. I am a Spiritualist: I always believed our spirit friends were around and with us, and for many years I have known they could communicate with us. Now what I want to understand is this Reincarnation business. If I understand them rightly, some writers say that spirits who once inhabited earthly forms, and had an earth-life experience, are often reincarnated again into mortal bodies for improvement. Now, I want to know why they should want two or more earth experiences? All the spirits I have communicated with tell me that earth-life is almost a blind existence, compared with the advantages of spirit life. It seems to me that it experience of earthly existence was the object sought, they could surely gain that by looking on or coming in contact with it. They can enter any house, walls and locks are no obstacle to them; they can find out how the inmates are enjoying their condition in earth-life; they can see how the common laboring classes get along; they can visit the asylums and see the condition of mortals there; they can enter the prisons and see also the condition of suffering and crime-laden mortals there suffering, why? Because the spirits already incarnated were blinded by the coarse covering of a pre-natal conditioned earthly body. They can walk beside the pauper and beggar and gain their experience also; they can visit the mansions of wealth and luxury and find out just how happy and unhappy are the possessors there; they can gain an earth-life experience in so many more ways than we can, they have, so many more advantages for enlightenment and improvement than we who are confined by earth conditions can have, and having gained all this knowledge, why they should wish to be reincarnated again is a mystery beyond my comprehension, when in so doing they would certainly lose their individuality and all the golden store of knowledge they had gained before. I love life here; this old earth is beautiful, and full of sunshine as well as shadows. I appreciate earth life and would be loth to give it up; but still if spirit life is what it is told us by spirits, it is superior in every respect to this, and I have no reason to doubt their statements. I think one experience here in mortal flesh and blood, with the fairest sorrows, and the most happiness that could be crowded into it, would be enough for me, and I calculate enough for any one. Spirits tell us that little babes and children, when they go to spirit life, grow and develop into men and women, and that their progress is much more rapid than if they had stayed in the form. Thousands of us have children there, all of us have friends. My belief is, that when I leave off this mortal form I shall meet them all and dwell with them through all eternity. Is it possible, can it be that time will make father and mother any the less our father and mother, or any the less our brother and sister whom we so love here? Can time make the little ones whom we almost worshiped any the less our soul's treasures over there, even after millions of ages have rolled by? There with angels to instruct us and solve many a knotty problem that so puzzled our beclouded brain while here in the form; over there in that world of love and enlightenment, free to study and learn, and power to return and impart those lessons to us of earth—with all that, and then not satisfied! but wish to reincarnate again into blindness, trouble and ignorance! That is a question, why?

"The Ethics of Suicide."

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The January number of the *Golden Era* has a very able article on the above subject, by J. N. Brown—able because it is well written. The author is evidently a scholar and a thinker. He has mastered the technics of *Æsclapius*; he has delved deep into Somatology and Psychics; he has studied human life. His range of thought is as wide as the universe; but what has he established to sustain his theory? Like too many scholarly writers he has hidden his lack of evidence in beautiful language and perfect periods.

The question is, has a man the right to take his own life? That law, so old that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary—which makes the taking of human life murder, makes no distinction as regards to whom the life belongs. I had no more agency in the giving of my own life than I had in the giving of my brother's. Wherein then shall I discriminate in the taking of either? If murder is murder, it is murder; and if it is a crime, it is a crime.

I may say, "My life is my own, I will do with it as I please." So, too, I can say, "My child is my own; I will do with him as I please." And to a certain limit I may. I can clothe him in costliest raiment, and pamper his appetite with the viands of the gods, or I can let him go hungry and but half-clad. I can teach him the godhead of heaven in humanity, or I can show him in the ways of life all there is of hell. But can I kill him? Possession does not mean permission to destroy.

Concede to the author that if he place a loaded pistol to his head and the impulse is to pull the trigger, that the impulse had a parentage, and the responsibility is shifted.

By the same process of reasoning does it not follow that if he place a loaded pistol to another man's head, and the impulse is to pull the trigger, that this impulse had a parentage, and the responsibility is likewise shifted? If it is not true, his philosophy is fallacious, and if it is, then there is no responsibility for any human action.

Concede to the author that "there is no such thing as absolute right and wrong; that right is right, and wrong is wrong only according to the ideas of right and wrong that have been taught to us—only according to the laws of the lands in which we live.

The savage warrior dangles from his belt the scalps of his enemies with as much pride as the school boy exhibits the marbles he has won from a playmate at the game of "keeps;"—and with as little compunction. He has been taught that it is right, and to him it is right. The cannibal feasts on the flesh of his corpulent neighbor, and does not commit an abhorrent crime. Where there is no law there is no transgression. And yet, a wrong has been done, a crime has been committed.

"Thou shalt not kill" has no modifications. It does not say thou shalt not kill thyself; neither does it say thou shalt not kill thy neighbor, but simply commands, *thou shalt not kill*.

Concede to the author that the "strength of the suicide was overcome, and with all hope and all courage gone, his heart was broken in the warfare." It may have been so; the innocent prattle of a child may have pierced his heart like a thousand arrows, because the prattling lips that should have been his comfort were dumb forever. The light and the joy of life may have blinded and pained him because his own soul was full of shadows and sorrow. The world may have given him scorn and sneers, when he deserved its commendation and gratitude. Crushed and hopeless, his heart may have faltered before the desolate vista of the future. Utter desperation may have hounded him to the deed. But though the angels wept over the misfortunes which drove him to madness, the unrelenting fact remains that he has done that which he had no right to do.

Who blames the hapless wail that steals a loaf of bread to save his pitiable life? Yet has he not perpetrated a theft?

Law is pitiless and inexorable.

The immutable, eternal Power which holds in its keeping the atoms of all entities, makes birth, progression and development correlative. Who plucks the half-ripened fruit from its stem destroys the aim of its existence. It needed the time and the changing seasons, the sunlight and the dew, and the cloudy and stormy weather, to develop it into perfection. Who shall say that it is not so?

MADGE MORRIS.

Exposures.

[The Harmonia.]

Almost daily we run across some article in the secular press, under the heading of "Spiritualism Exposed." Well, we have not the least doubt in the world that something has been laid bare, and every time it will be found truth which is thus revealed. Too often this truth is the ignorance of the medium for entering into a packed circle, or the infantile stupidity of the circle; but in no case can Spiritualism be exposed when such exposure is exulted over as its destruction. As there are all kinds of people in the world to-

day, it warrants us in asserting, that there are all kinds of spirits in the other world. If we go into a "dive" on earth, we do not expect to find saints there, although occasionally we may find an inmate thereof who would have been a better person no doubt if circumstances over which they had precious little control had not literally forced them into such associations. On close inspection such people will be found to be either positive or negative mediums, and as such are really placed there, often unconsciously to themselves, as beacon lights for spirits who went out from similar dens, or for those who wish to study life as it is there lived. Consequently, in such a place we do not expect to gather honey from wasps, but one can satisfy himself to his heart's content how hard a wasp can sting, especially if curiosity tampers with his stinger too freely. Now, a mixed, "harrum-scarum," curiosity circle is a veritable junk shop, and if occasionally one unearths a scorpion, it is his or her luck, perhaps just the thing they were looking for, but all the time wanted it to sting the "other fellow." We have often sat in these jumped-up circles, and if the sitters could have heard what we have, in the way of side remarks, they would, many of them long since have come to the conclusion that before uniform and ever recurring choice test circles can be organized there must be just a little regard paid to the character of sitters; in fact, spirit manifestations are not kept in stock as plows and anvils. The emotional side of human nature plays quite an important part. Persons of cold, icy temperaments will do, in limited numbers, in a circle; but too much snow and ice will freeze a spirit out, just as too much faith will attract practical jokers from the other side. Some people will learn after awhile that mediumship is not a very pleasant vocation, and often when they shout exposure, it is themselves standing before the mirror, not the medium. Spiritualism reveals as yet a little understood law of nature, and before its value is appreciated, as it will be, spiritualism must become more generally diffused in the biped cranium. The human family have hardly yet comprehended the true import of Christ's teachings, then why expect them to comprehend that which is destined to remould and rule the world? Now children must be born and old things and ideas literally pass away before the masses will be qualified to even ape the videttes of the present century. The children of darkness perceiveth not the light, therefore, ignorance with them is both pleasant and supremely blissful. 'Tis ever thus, and ever will be to the end of time, comprehensive minds are too often prescribed by popular monkeys.

Newspaper Criticism.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The size of sheet, typographical excellence, and enterprise exhibited in the publication of many of our dailies, challenge our pride and admiration. Yet, much of the subject matter consists of carefully detailed reports of all the murders, suicides, thieving and wickedness the publisher can hear of.

If an editor, like a coachman, can drive into all sorts of bad places, the people, like passengers, should be allowed expressive discrimination.

The psychological effects of crimes published daily, may be likened to obstructions thrown across the stream of life, which turns its course into miasmatic and dangerous places.

Harrowing details of crime should no more be placed constantly before the common mind than dust should be thrown in the eyes of those who try to see the mountain peak. Weak minds are affected by these, and the demand is a surprise to those who sell them.

If our "dailies" were freighted with wise and loving comments on the really praiseworthy acts happening all around us, the effect would be like warming sunbeams which dispel the darkness, dry up the miasma of sin and strengthen those who toil wearily yet hopefully through night dews of cold distress.

The country does not contain money enough to save an editor from the hell that awaits him wherein an army of souls writhing in anguish will return to his awakened consciousness compound results of psychological bias. WALTER HYDE.

Alameda, Jan. 27, 1886.

THE LAW OF COMPENSATION.—"When a good man dies the people mourn." But when a bad person passes away, one who with what little influence he possessed continually maligned his fellows, people will say "we are glad he is gone." In spirit-life the good man finds his surroundings most lovely, and is perfectly happy because of his true life on earth. On the other hand, the selfish, bad man, who has been instrumental in making others unhappy, is in that life to which we are all tending, one of the most unhappy creatures in existence, and liable to remain so for hundreds of years of our time, until by severe regrets his heart becomes softened, when by good acts he redeems his past follies, and enters upon the road of progress to ultimate happiness. To us there is no question of this fact, as in our long intercourse with the denizens of the spirit-world we have received indubitable evidence that such is the condition of those who have passed on; hence the words of Scripture, "As ye sow so shall ye reap," is literally true.

Experiences of Thomas A. Hazard.

[Probably no Spiritualist in America can recite more wonderful experiences than the grand old veteran in the cause of Spiritualism, whose name appears above. Here is a sample of his latest:]

I had been repeatedly solicited by my spirit wife and children to hold a private seance with Mrs. Fairchild before I left the city. Such a seance I arranged for and attended at 4 P. M., Monday, the 21st of September. The medium and myself were the only persons in the seance-room, even the organist being dispensed with. I sat, as usual, on a sofa near the cabinet. I will not attempt to describe in detail the manifestations of spirit-power that followed, for sure I am that the most gifted mortal that ever lived on earth would be incompetent for the task. Suffice it to say that the occasion could best be likened to a grand social reception at which angels were the guests, who came singly, in pairs, in groups, and in crowds, on invitation of a mortal whose only merit consists in a willingness to receive, and an ardent desire to comply with the conditions of harmony that are required to construct a mystic ladder reaching from earth to heaven upon which spirits can descend to the lower sphere and again re-ascend without mental annoyance or obstruction.

I have on my list the full names of eight male and thirteen female relatives and family connections who made their appearance—most of them more than once—on that occasion. During the whole hour and more the sitting continued, the vacant spaces on each side of me on the sofa were seldom if ever left unoccupied for a minute. At one time both my father and mother sat lovingly beside me, as well as several other family connections, in turn, both male and female, to say nothing of my own immediate spirit family, some members of which were ever at my side and immediately in front of me.

Toward the close of the seance I noticed that my daughter Esther seemed to be in an unusually thoughtful mood, and that she passed quite often to and fro from her seat by my side to the cabinet. After awhile she got up, and passing to the opposite side of the room took a seat at the organ, upon which she played for some ten minutes as artistically as any mortal could have done, I standing by her most of the time.

On this occasion the two ancient spirits came decked in their snow-like illuminated robes, not in the dark, as is customary, but in the usual light seance. One of them, a female, sat down beside me on the sofa, her features being as plainly discernible and distinct as any mortal's. Her face was of a tawny or copper complexion; her hair and features were, as I should think, of the Mongolian type, while those of the male, who sat on a chair directly in front of us, were sharper in their delineation. By-and-by the two ancient spirits got up, and standing side by side outside the curtain of the cabinet, suddenly dropped entirely out of sight, seemingly through the floor. During the whole seance I do not remember that Mrs. Fairchild once entered the cabinet or was a moment out of my sight.

The Wife of Carl Schurz.

[Ben. Perley Poore.]

Carl Schurz, when in the Senate, was blessed with a devoted wife, two lovely daughters, and a baby boy. After one of the Senator's great speeches, a lady said to his wife, "I am sure you feel proud of your husband?" "You can imagine that I do," replied Mrs. Schurz, with a slight accent, her expressive eyes lighting up. "My husband tells me that I am his severest critic, but his last speech was to me very satisfactory. He was in the mood to speak—his voice, everything, was in accord. And eighteen years ago we came to America, and he did not speak a word of English. We were in Philadelphia, but my husband felt the greatest desire to visit Washington. He did come here, and some one took him on the floor of the Senate, and he wrote to me: 'My dear, I have had the honor to go on the floor of the Senate, and I feel that one day I shall stand there and speak, and you, my dear, will be in the gallery listening to me.' I wrote to him: 'O, Carl, how can you think it possible for you to speak one day in the Senate, when now you know not one word of English?' But now," she added, "it has all come true, and you can imagine how happy I am when I sit in the gallery listening to him."

When Mr. Sumner was passing away, Mrs. Schurz came to his house and sent upstairs for me. Leaving the bedside of the dying statesman, I went down into his parlor and had to tell her that there was no hope. "How sad! how sad!" she exclaimed, the tears glistening in her eyes, "to think that he is dying with no woman to smooth his pillow." To those who knew the story of Mr. Sumner's unfortunate marriage, her womanly remark was deeply significant. It was not long before Mrs. Schurz followed him across the dark river.

Queen Victoria has expressed a desire to witness a performance of Gounod's "Mors et Vita" and one will be given for her pleasure. She promises to attend it. This will be her first appearance at a concert hall since the death of the Prince Consort.

A Home Experience.

(See J. Finck in "The Harmonia.")

Much of the phenomena attending Modern Spiritualism is of a private or home character; in fact, that which reaches the heart most effectually is the manifestations that are ever occurring amongst every class within the sacredness of home. But little, and many times nothing, is said of them by the happy recipient, who fears the cold criticism and ridicule of a material humanity. Yet, friends, this extreme delicacy should not exist; these same footfalls of angels have been heard in other homes, and telling them will strengthen others, whose cup of joy has been made full by similar experiences. The time has not been long since we made the inquiry, "Who are Spiritualists?" but to-day we ask, "Who are not?" Those who are too creed-bound to outwardly express it, inwardly believe it, or at least, hope it may be so. I have belonged to two different orthodox churches. In the early days of life I sat regularly under the drippings of a Christian sanctuary, yet I never yet have seen the man or woman who thought hell was made for them, but I have seen and met many who believed it to be made for their next neighbor. Touching incidents of the fact of the constant loving care of the spirit-world have many times occurred in our family, and when related to others, although these same others may have been professed opposers to the spiritual philosophy, yet it would evoke from them some like experience. The presence of the celestial visitants is not confined to the homes of believers, but they are crossing every threshold, with the eager hope of gaining an entrance into the consciousness of some loved and grief-stricken heart. They are ever laboring with watchful and tender care, to break through the creedal walls that custom and so-called religion has been so long building, and in this enlightened nineteenth century, venture to assert, that not one man or woman who is possessed of any degree of human affection and feeling, and ordinary mentality, do in the sincerity of their souls subscribe fully to any church dogmas or doctrine. While we all admit that sweet memories cluster around the past dispensation, because it was the belief, perhaps, of a sainted mother or manly father, yet be it remembered that these same fond recollections cling to many other time-honored institutions and things with which we have been compelled to dispense through the irresistible law of eternal progression. The discovery of the spirit-world is not surrounded with half the seeming impossibilities that was the discovery of this western world of ours—this continent all pulsating with new life, and prophetic of grand possibilities, and destined in the future to give birth to a people who will be truly enlightened, a liberty loving and living race. These late upheavals and strifes between organized men and organized money; these feelings of doubt and distrust permeating both church and state are each and all finger points on the road of time, indicating where we are going. My pen or inspirations have somewhat taken me from the incident that I started to relate, which at the time awakened within my soul such emotions of gratitude and love that I am sure it will touch a tender chord in some other sorrowing, hopeless heart. Not long since a last and youngest daughter had chosen one upon whom she lavished more affection than those of her childhood's home, consequently wedded him of her choice. Now, while my reason and judgment said this was altogether right and proper—these marriage relations, I mean; these relations which the most of us have or will form, yet unhappily for me my soul cries out in agony at other ties that are so often sundered, in this life at least. It too may be a mother selfishness that I have tried in vain to conquer, but the marriage of my children has ever been attended with a heartache worse even than their bodily death could cause. This feeling, however, has been crushed and smothered on each such occasion, in consideration of their feelings and happiness. This last darling daughter was yet to remain in the old home with us, which she did until the illness of her husband required a change of locality, and duty called her by his side. I have written the above by way of explanation, that the following may be fully comprehended.

She came one night to my bedside after I had retired, and imprinted upon my lips a warm kiss of affection, saying: "Mother, we must leave you to-morrow." For some moments a choking sob of grief prevented any reply, but upon gaining self-possession I calmly replied, "Be it so." Both our hearts were too full for further utterance, and thus we separated for the night. When left alone, under the weird influences of darkness, my mind became occupied by the great problem of life—why we lived, loved and were separated; why these painful changes that time was ever bringing to each and all; of the dear ones that had thus left, forming new but no holier ties than that of mother and child. I was thinking that now mine had grown to man and womanhood, soon the last may pass through the home doorway and I be left on life's bleak roadside alone, and in the depths of my heart I prayed to be taken before that be. In that moment of agony I saw the page of a book, upon the top corners of which were the words, "Look on page 26."

This at once aroused me from that state

of intense thought into which I had fallen, and I reached to feel for a pencil on a table standing near by, but failing to find one, I kept repeating the words and fixing their arrangement in my memory, until I was sure I could retain them until morning, which I did, making a note of it, after relating the vision to the family. I was much impressed it was fraught with meaning. Time passed on and the circumstance was forgotten, until one evening, very recently, we were sitting for slate writing, and my son, A. A. Finck; had been asking about some clairvoyant visions he had seen. (Just here I will state, that while sitting for slate writing I can never think to ask any questions, and furthermore, the good spirits for some reason never give me anything in that way.) After we were through with the slate communications, we were speaking of what had been written in regard to my son's clairvoyant perceptions, when it occurred to my mind that I might have learned something of what I have related, and I so stated to him, who replied in a careless, unthinking way: "Mother, I can tell you, it was page twenty-six of our book." In the same manner I replied: "That is so!" We had been passively sitting for spirit communications and were both sensitive and in good condition to receive impressions or inspirations from life's more elevated plane. We got the manuscript and turned to page 26, which was the close of the introducing chapter. Dear reader, bear in mind the book is a product of his spiritual experiences and mine, and was written by and through my son and self, whose names were seen on the corners of the page. Your own perceptions will readily discern why the good angels presented a vision of that particular page at that most needed and welcome time. I copy from page 26 these comforting words: "Through all our eventful and oftentimes perilous lives, have we struggled through most trying scenes, receiving spirit aid and direction when heart and flesh had failed us, and freely lending our humble organisms to the blessed immortals to pour consolation's sweet balm into other sorrowing souls, whenever conditions were favorable and opportunities offered." I was comforted, and saw there was work still for me to do, and I know the same sustaining hands will lead, direct and aid me.

In conclusion I would say, we, as Spiritualists, need more of an affectional nature in our literature. Spiritualism has been largely treated upon in its philosophical, intellectual and scientific aspects, but our kind guides tell us that these manifestations are born of human affections, and I am impressed through the affectional nature of humanity they are to be emancipated from all error, and finally come forth in pure and perfect freedom, a royal people, fitted to walk and talk with the angels.

The Problem of Life.

The Springfield Republican arraigns the churches for their "superficial treatment of the problem of life." In an editorial on Mr. Parkhurst's article in the *New Princeton* on "The Christian Conception of Property," it says:—

"The churches are going on in their regular way of traditional religion, resting on doctrines and forms in strange complacency, disputing now as to the form of baptism, now as to the future of the impenitent; and the work of human regeneration is as completely untouched by it as though Jesus had never lived to condemn such superficial treatment of the problem of life. They do not go to the bottom of things at all, and make it their work to revolutionize society, to arouse it to a sense of the gross injustice on which it is based and whose fruits they, as well as the veriest worldlings, are sharing and perpetuating. When Dr. Parkhurst plainly tells the woman whose cheapness she marvels at that she is thereby an accomplice in the degradation of some poor sewing-woman, he strikes with the lance of truth down through the sham of the social fabric, and we see on what gross wrong our civilization rests. When he says, 'So long as the capitalist and the wage-worker are only coming to a clearer understanding of their prerogatives as against each other, they are only making plainer the line of separation between them,' he hits the secret of all failures to reconcile the two since the world was. The reforms all start from the outside. They reach no deeper. The stream can not rise above its fount. There must be a revival of religion from the basis of the teachings of Jesus, from the one brotherhood of all men as children of a common Father. Everything we do must start from a consideration of its effect on the welfare of others before it can start right. The question before us is, Shall the professed disciples of Jesus carry out his gospel, or shall they leave it to the blind and ignorant gropings of those who do not know him, to their rebellion against society?"

There is nothing more delusive than many of our life-long beliefs. And as to creeds, they are stakes driven into the solid framework of this old world, to which the race has been tethered so fast that it couldn't grow heavenward except in the dreams of its thought life. Oh! foolish people, not to let go, and be lifted by its wings; as the balloon car is lifted by the rarefied ether attached to it; as all heavy bodies are lifted—by the aerial part of them.—Helen Williams.

Consulting a Medium.

(Carlton Rice in Light for Thinkers.)

Not many years since I became acquainted with a Mr. Samuel Snow; he was a miller by occupation. On a dark night some one broke into his mill and took therefrom a load of flour in quarter-barrel sacks. The tracks of the wagon showed the direction the thief had taken, which was down a plank road much traveled. In pursuing the track of the wagon he soon found a sack that had fallen from the load, and the wagon wheel passed over it, cutting it so that the course of the wagon was easily followed for some distance; but finally he lost all trace of it and returned his steps. There was a trance, or clairvoyant medium, a Mrs. Chase, living in an adjoining town; and as flour was high, and a large load being taken, and no clue to the theft or where it was, Mr. Snow thought it would be a good thing to go and see this Mrs. Chase, the spirit medium, as she was sometimes called.

He did go, and from what she told him he found his flour the next day, and in a place he would never have thought of. He never would tell me who had it; only said that he was paid for it and all his trouble in finding it.

An interesting feature of this interview with Mrs. Chase was this: When Mr. Snow came to the house of this woman, two intelligent appearing men left it, and got into their buggy and drove away. Before Mr. Snow left he inquired of Mrs. Chase who the two gentlemen were that had just left, and was told their names; when lo and behold, they were two important officers of Madison Theological University, and ministers at that. This was the largest Baptist university in the United States. Upon Mr. Snow expressing his surprise that the Rev. Dr. E. and Professor — should visit her, a spirit medium, she said others of that same place had been to see her, and she had been invited to visit them at their homes in Hamilton; and she had been there days at a time, and never was better received and treated than while with them.

Their professed object was to learn by what authority or power she did these things. I think the Madison University officials learned something they respected, for I never knew or heard of any of them saying or teaching anything abusive of Spiritualism; but of course it was not to be expected the theological inquirers would express to the students the theories they were being taught were nothing but theological follies, intended to blind the ignorant and superstitious, and non-thinking class of people for the good and ease of the keepers of christendom. No, not a bit of it, for if they did they would take out the "keystone" of their institution, and the entire structure would come to naught, accompanied by all its entanglements of a heaven, a hell, the devil, the trinity, vicarious atonement, immaculate conception, and a second resurrection, and heaps of such sort of rubbish.

That such a fall is coming, and very rapidly, no man who has his eyes open to the signs of times, can for a moment doubt.

The Demand of Religion.

(Rev. John C. Learned.)

There is a large and daily increasing class who are sick and tired of the threadbare forms of thought offered them in the name of religion. They are not religious people; they are not indifferent to any of the deep questions of conscience and the soul. They believe in every vital sanction of virtuous living. But they have ceased to think in the phrases and doctrines of the dark ages. Six days in the week they no longer talk in the language of Scripture. They do not conduct business with it in their counting rooms or greet each other with it on the streets. And if they go into the churches the expressions drawn from the ancient idioms and metaphors of the Jews, or from the scholastic and medieval creeds of the Christians seem forced and far off and meaningless. To thousands of even intelligent and thoughtful persons, they are like a cabalistic vocabulary or a foreign tongue; or they suggest ages of unsettled controversy, and texts are still saturated with superstition or associated with bitter persecution.

Very pious and orthodox people are often greatly concerned with fears for the religious fate of the masses. What is to reach them? How are they to be saved to the churches? For there is undoubtedly great defection among them from the old forms of faith. Not two per cent of the working people of London (we are told) ever enter a church or chapel, and how much better is it in New York or St. Louis? Probably they can never be gotten back into the churches as now organized and managed.

But a matter of still deeper concern to religion is: how can the most intelligent and thoughtful be made loyal to any form of organized faith? And the answer must be: only by making the forms of organized faith adjust themselves to the best thinking and living of this nineteenth century.

Religion must have soul in it; it must be sincere. Empty professions, or one-half believed, will not save church, though multiplied a hundred fold. Speaking in Bible-phraseology from morning till night on week days as well as on Sunday, like a

Puritan or a Palestinian Jew, will not serve religion. Keeping sacraments and ceremonials, whose meaning is forgotten, or whose origin in superstition, contradicts all that we know or believe to-day only makes the matter worse.

Religion, if it means anything good and healthgiving for us, is "the science of sincerity," the art of faithfully following conviction, the aim to embody in conduct all that we hold high and sacred. It is the shrine upon which we lay our affections, our visions of truth, our calls to duty.

This religion may not be fashionable, but true religion never was fashionable. It has often been forced outside the costly temples, synagogues, and churches of custom. "One with God" has often been its only "majority." But that does not hurt it, that is its hope. Some day, when the friendship of the world is no longer needed, the world will come over to its side. Then it will be a sign that it is time for another advance. Then new come-outers and reformers will herald the new progress. Religion leaving the old shell, must then pour itself into the new language and thought of the newer times, assuming new forms at the demand of a higher civilization.

Moving Ponderous Bodies.

(Banner of Light.)

"Youngtown, Ohio, has an electric boy, at whose approach chairs and tables dance and heavy articles totter which his natural strength could not move; the lad is fifteen years old, of slight build, and does not understand his unusual powers," says the *Boston Journal*. Probably he is a powerful physical medium, whose occult power spirit-Indians use to produce the results named above. We remember that many years ago at a stance in Cambridge, Mass. (previous to the issuance of the *Banner*), held at the residence of Lieut. William Berry, a request was preferred by Dea. Henry Potter that an effort be made by the spirits to lift bodily in her chair Mrs. J. H. Conant, the trance medium (who presided at a sitting as above every Wednesday evening), and place her in it upon the table. The especial reason, Mr. Potter said, why he desired the experiment tried, was because he had brought to the seance a clairvoyant medium, one who could see the *modus operandi* behind the veil.

Mrs. Conant did not object, and all eyes for the moment were upon her. Slowly but surely Mrs. Conant and the chair arose from the floor, independent of any visible aid, when she screamed through fear, and suddenly down went the chair and lady. This was a sad disappointment to the party; but by considerable coaxing Mrs. Conant was induced to again allow the invisibles to try the experiment, she promising not to be alarmed as before. Shortly the chair began to slowly move upward, Mrs. Conant holding on with both hands, with her feet resting on the front round, until its legs were on a level with the table, when it gently slid over and deposited its burden safely before the wondering and excited company of some thirty persons.

And now came the question, How was it done? That was what we all were anxious to ascertain, as there was no trickery whatever connected with the strange affair. Well, the lady clairvoyant was appealed to for a solution, and she replied by saying that she saw two stalwart spirit-Indians standing one on each side of Mrs. Conant. Then she saw them stoop down, the one on the left taking hold of the lower side round of the chair with his left hand, while his right clasped the top back of the chair, the other Indian acting in a like capacity, excepting that his left hand supported the chair in an upright position, while his right held firmly the lower round. Then they both slowly lifted the medium, Mrs. Conant, and placed her, as before described, safely upon the table.

The mystery of how it was done was thus solved. All similar manifestations of spirit-power are produced undoubtedly in a like manner, although the occult law by which they are accomplished is yet but little understood by those who have closely studied the subject for many years.

SEA SICKNESS.—Though there are many remedies so-called, for sea-sickness, yet medical science, we believe, refuses to put forth any of them either as preventives or as cures. Prominent among the remedies which keep their promise neither to the ear nor to the hope, are wine and spirits. An anecdote of President Lincoln, related in the *Century*, shows that he knew the uselessness of these remedies.

When he visited General Grant at City Point, in 1864, he was met on his arrival by the General and his Staff. When asked how he was, the President replied:

"I am not feeling very well. I got pretty badly shaken up on the bay coming down, and am not altogether over it yet."

"Let me send for a bottle of champagne for you, Mr. President," said a staff-officer; "that is the best remedy I know of for sea-sickness."

"No, no, my young friend," replied the President; "I've seen many a man in my time sea-sick ashore, from drinking that very article."

That was the last time any one screwed up sufficient courage to offer him wine.—*Youth's Companion*.

Be always displeased at what thou art, if thou desire to attain to what thou art not; for where thou hast pleased thyself, there thou abidest.—*Quarles*.

Questions and Answers.

(Given at the Banner of Light Free Circles.)

Q.—Are you in the midst of a business world similar to this?

A.—Yes; but not similar to this in all the ramifications of business life. We are not dependent upon the same occupations and pursuits which engage the time and attention of mortals. Growing from many of the employments of earth, come similar occupations, only they are more extended, more refined and spiritualized. Thus the man of literature on earth finds his mind acted upon in the spirit-world, and he is obliged to give expression to his thought through similar avenues to those he employed on earth. The musician, whose grand compositions have been expressed in mortal life, finds, when he becomes a disembodied spirit, far grander anthems singing through his soul; loftier conceptions of harmony are born within him which he must fain express. And so with the artist, the sculptor, and many others. The scientist, who in his laboratory on earth becomes so deeply engrossed in his experiments and researches as to give no thought to the lapse of time, will not find his power, his scientific ability, his keen mental acumen dissipated when he enters the spirit-world; larger fields of experimentation open to him, grander discoveries of the operations of law lie before him, and he enters upon the new pathway of labor with zest and earnestness. So with the man who finds stirring within him promptings to experiment with this and with that magnetic appliance, knowing himself that there is something which he alone can discover, that will be of grand, practical utility to his fellows; in the spirit-world he is enabled to unfold, to develop his powers in that direction, and give time and attention to the idea which possesses him. By and by his devotion is rewarded by the very results which he has dreamed, and to his fellow-men he gives these results by way of some practical expression which will be of use to them in the future. And so on. The man of business, who has a keen eye and shrewd mind, finds time and employment for those powers on the other side. If he has devoted himself to his own personal, selfish aggrandizement alone, and has not given thought to the interests of his fellow beings, save as something grand may grow out of them for himself, he will, for a long time after passing from the body, only employ his marvelous insight into life in a material sense, in contact with earth and its people; but if the man of business, with all his shrewdness, has been a philanthropic, warm-hearted man, who desires to see his fellow beings elevated and blessed, then, when he passes to the spirit-world, his powers of thought will be utilized in seeking avenues and ways of benefiting others, not materially, as you bestow a garment upon a fellow being, but in devising ways and means that will bless them spiritually, and in every sense make them grand men and women because of his life. This a theme upon which we can not enlarge, as our time is limited, yet it is a vast one. Could we bring to you the various employments, the occupations of spirits, you might stand amazed and hardly be able to credit our assertions; yet, understand us, we have a business centre and population, in the spirit-world, that no power, no activity, no impulse is ever given to man here, the outworking of which is beneficial to himself and to the race, making him grow and enlarge, that is lost to him on the other side of life, for all that is good and enduring must remain to be manifested in some form and for some purpose in the unseen worlds beyond.

Q.—Are spirit-bodies impervious to water and indestructible by fire in the spirit-world?

A.—The spirit decarnated of this fleshly covering of yours attracts to itself a body similar, perhaps, in appearance to the one which it formerly wore, but this body is composed of spiritual elements alone, and by spiritual elements you are not to suppose they are elements that can not be weighed and handled by spirits; they are as substantial and palpable to the spirit as are those atoms and particles which make up your body to the material sense. These bodies are adapted to the wants of the spirit, but they are not subject to such changes as are the bodies of mortals. For instance: a spirit sailing upon the water might find himself suddenly immersed, but the spirit body does not sink. And why? The spirit having possession of that body becomes, through its discipline and experience in the spirit-world, so enabled to exercise its will as to perfectly control the body and the elements impinging upon it; thus the form cast upon the water is not disturbed, nor can it possibly be destroyed, for the spirit within buoys it up, and through the exercise of its will-power enables it to rise above the water, and float in the atmosphere if need be. We do not have fire in our spirit world as you have it here, although you may hear of spirits making use of fire in some of their experiments and labors; yet it is described to you in that sense; it is very crudely given. Electricity is the vital fluid made use of by spirits. It is this force known as electricity, which supplies all that is needed by spirits for warmth, for light, or for any purpose for which you might require the action of fire.

Those who have finished my making all others think with them have usually been those who began by daring to think for themselves.—*Colton*.

GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1886.

THE NEW SOCIETY.

We publish elsewhere the plan of organization for the "Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society," of San Francisco, as reported by the Executive Committee, and unanimously adopted by the attendants at the Temple on Sunday morning last. The declaration of principles is, surely, broad enough to suit the most advanced thinker on the religion and philosophy of Spiritualism.

As soon as the charter has been obtained a meeting will be called for the adoption of a constitution and by-laws for the government of the society. These have already been carefully prepared by the Committee, and need but the approval of the Society to become the rules for their future government.

We predict for this society a future of good works and usefulness, that will eventually make it a power for the education and progress of humanity. Already great good has been accomplished through the ministrations of Mrs. Watson. Her ready answers to questions, and the masterly discourses that fall from her inspired lips each Sunday, attract to her meetings many of the best minds of the community. There is an atmosphere of refinement about this lady,—a nest of honest sincerity in all of her utterances,—that carries conviction of truth to the minds of her hearers.

The new society starts out right. It has no past to regret—no mistakes to correct. Guided by wise counsels, and fostered and encouraged by angelic ministrations, there is no good reason why it should not move forward to a prosperous future.

It will be noticed that the names of two ladies appear among the Trustees named in the charter. A more equal distribution of trusteeships between the two sexes would have pleased the Executive Committee better; but it could not be done without retiring some old and experienced members, whose solid sense and ripe experience were needed in setting the new society upon its feet. This defect can be corrected at future elections of members of the Board.

The qualifications for membership, provided for in the constitution and by-laws yet to be adopted, are alike of the most liberal character, as will appear in due time.

As soon as the organization is completed, it is understood that the doors of Metropolitan Temple will be thrown open to all, "without money and without price." The admission fee can not too soon be dispensed with.

CHARITY.

A charitable organization of New York city that contributed to the relief of about nine thousand distressed people, during the past year, gives, through one of its members, statistics that show but few of the trades and professions to be quite free from the distress of poverty. Men of no trades, but day laborers at what they could find to do, gave the largest number for relief—five hundred and forty-nine—while seventy-nine is the largest among the trades. Hod carriers, press-feeders, rope-makers, shoe-cutters, trapeze performers, watch-makers, paper-hangers, saleswomen, and photographers, all gave few needy persons, the least being one rope-maker and one undertaker. The least remunerative trade for women is that of seamstress, there being three hundred and eighty-nine for relief; and six hundred and fifty-six washers and scrubbers, all women. While there is a wide difference in the trades for supplying a living, it is found that those possessing a knowledge of one fare better at all times than those who do not. From professional ranks, that of editor only gave one for aid, and among reporters there were none at all.

"EXPERIENCE" DEPARTMENT.—We desire to devote from two to four columns of the GOLDEN GATE, weekly, to the relation of personal experiences in spiritual matters. To that end we invite correspondence on this subject. All Spiritualists are in possession of interesting facts relating to spirit return which, if properly written up, would not only read well, but would help those less favored than themselves in their search for light. Our friends can make this the most interesting department of the paper if they will only give it a little time and thought. We would suggest that they select some capital experience—some that they have regarded as conclusive evidence of spirit-power, and which they have, no doubt, often repeated in private conversation,—and then write it out in an easy, off-hand way, just as they would relate it to a listening acquaintance; and we will attend to the rest. No one need hesitate to aid the cause in this way. If any should do so because of inexperience in writing for the press, we will undertake to see that their sentences read smoothly.

INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING.

This beautiful phase of mediumship, so satisfactory and convincing, is rapidly gaining ground in the world. There are probably, at this time, more persons sitting for development in this phase than for any other; and many mediums for other phases are also anxious to add independent writing to their gifts. Although the number who succeed are yet comparatively few; still, with the persistent efforts put forth on the part of those anxious to acquire the power, the time is, doubtless, not distant when every neighborhood will have its medium for independent slate-writing.

Among those recently developed for this phase, on this Coast, is a leading physician of San Jose, who does not yet wish his name to be made public in connection with the matter. But he is ever ready to "hold the slates" with his personal friends, and generally with the most satisfactory results.

Mrs. Mattie P. Owen (our other self) was in San Jose a day or two last week, and in company with Dr. Jennie Williams, called at the rooms of the Doctor referred to, with whom they were both well acquainted, and requested a seance. He cheerfully complied, and suggested that the slates be fastened together with screws, which was done in their presence, and in a manner to render all collusion impossible. Although the communications themselves, without any such precaution, would put away every suggestion of previous preparation. In a few minutes the pencil was heard moving rapidly within, and soon both of the inner surfaces of the slates were covered with the following communications from old friends of the editor of this journal:

Please tell my friend, your good husband, J. J. O., that I am with him heart and soul in the work in which he is engaged; and many others are standing with him shoulder to shoulder in defense of the principles so dear to us all.

The GOLDEN GATE will prove a phenomenal success. It is upheld by strong hands and stout hearts on both sides of the river.

I. STARR KING.

My FRIENDS:—I greet you to-day as honest investigators of the spiritual philosophy, which is the grandest of the ages, as it brings immortality to light. The atheistic skepticism of to-day, which has been caused by the bigotry of theological dogmatism, is fast giving place to a rational religion of humanity, which believes in the highest good to man here and hereafter. This thought expressed in your daily lives will bring you salvation here and hereafter.

Your friend, H. B. NORTON.

Prof. Norton, as is well known, was late Vice-Principal of the State Normal School of San Jose, and, like T. Starr King, was, and is, a grand character. Other communications were written on other slates in direct answer to questions, which made the seance altogether one of great interest to the sitters.

The world needs the mediumship of our medical friend far more than it does his medicines; hence, we trust he may soon see his way clear to a spiritual work that can not be otherwise than of a very high order, as the Doctor is not only a scholarly gentleman, but he possesses a cultured spiritual nature.

ANOTHER WARNING.

In the wake of land piracy, practiced in Nevada, there is following another evil called water-grabbing, that is the offspring of the other detestable system of robbery. The buyer holding a good title to the land bordering on a stream, is possessor of all he can see beyond and around the stream, which area is in proportion to the amount of land owned. The *Enterprise*, speaking of this matter, says that "in a certain township there are about twenty-five thousand acres upon which there are but two springs. At \$1.25 an acre the sum of \$31,250 ought to be realized by said township. But the land pirate knows that by buying up the land immediately surrounding the spring he practically becomes owner of twenty-five thousand acres. He therefore buys the smallest subdivision the law will permit, which is forty acres around each spring. For these two small tracts he pays \$100, and after giving \$20 on account, he is allowed twenty years in which to pay the balance. So, for what he ought to pay \$31,250, he gets for \$100. In other words, the State has been selling these grabbers, chiefly rich cattlemen, her selected lands at a rate less than one-half cent an acre."

Thus, these easy land laws that were designed by short-sighted legislators to induce immigration, have precisely the opposite effect; for where there is a monopoly of water privileges, small land-owners—the class that should settle a country—can not live. The people of Nevada who last year paid seven cents per gallon for water, will die of thirst in a few years, if spared by other calamities. The press of the United States is a power, and it is to be hoped that its influence may yet lead to an entire revision of our land laws before it is too late.

"ENGLAND'S GUZZLING PLACES."

Under this heading, Robert Laird Collier draws a picture of the degradation of England's poor drinking classes, which is about two-thirds of its immense population. "The drinking habits of France and Germany," he says, "may be put up with, but decency is so outraged in England that one feels only disgust." He thus continues: "London, Liverpool and Glasgow are the chief centers of this wretched life. The public-house and gin palace are the bane of the working classes of England. They are, by their very arrangement, brutalizing in their tendency and effect. These are simply guzzling places, and this is all they are meant to be. There is no light thrown upon the picture. Not one breath of romance or poetry, not one sign of sociability or conviviality is to be found in these

hideous places. You stand up at a bar in usually close, cramped, dingy little rooms, and pour down your rum, gin, brandy, whisky or beer, and pay your four to six cents for it. There you can stand and drink as long as you like so long as you can pay. No tables, no chairs, no games, no papers—just guzzle and pay. These places are ubiquitous in Great Britain, and they suck in men, women and children. In civilized lands there is no such provision for the brutalization of the race as this outside of England."

"SOLDIERS OF SATAN."

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, an organ of Methodism printed at Chicago, says: "Whenever there is one single soul converted, Satan has one less soldier." Isn't it about time that religious writers and teachers, with any pretensions to common sense, ceased the utterance of such nonsensical twaddle as the above? As though all persons who have not experienced what is known in religious parlance as "a change of heart,"—been converted to a belief in Christianity as taught from Orthodox pulpits,—is a soldier of Satan,—that is, an enemy to all goodness, a child of Omnipotent wrath, and doomed to everlasting punishment in a lake of burning brimstone! The average intelligent decency of the age revolts at all such religious bosh.

Converted? Who are the converts to ecclesiastical Christianity in this day and age of the world? Certainly not the men of science, the great thinkers, the humanitarians—or but precious few of them at least. Leland Stanford, who has just given many millions of dollars for the enlightenment of the world, was never "converted." James Lick, whose vast wealth is being devoted to the blessing of his race in many ways, was a downright Atheist. Abraham Lincoln was never "converted," nor Grant, nor most of his generals, nor scarcely one out of ten, or perhaps twenty, of the brave soldiers who laid down their lives that their country might live. And of our statesmen, philosophers, poets—our men of mark in business circles—our great inventors, artists, master workers—how many of all these have been "converted?" According to the *Advocate* they are all "soldiers of Satan!"

It makes us tired to see any class of men persist in assuming to be the especial favorites of the Deity, because they happen to believe more or less of something concerning which they know positively nothing, and whose goodness is of no higher order than that of millions who, with more modesty, believe less. We can not believe our Methodist brother would indite such nonsense if he knew how ridiculous it made him appear in the eyes of all thoughtful "unconverted" persons—of all who know that he knows that he doesn't know what he is talking about.

LEARN TO BE MAGNANIMOUS.

Spiritualists should learn to be magnanimous and charitable towards those of other beliefs. They should cultivate those graces of character that would enable them to treat their opponents with courtesy and respect.

But it is too often the case with many, especially with those who have come out of the churches, that they seem to take delight in saying unkind and harsh things of Christianity as taught in the churches, and of Christian ministers, the Bible, etc.

Now we believe that whatever is a spiritual help to any one is better than no help at all. Catholicism, Calvinism, Methodism, and many other isms, have been strong supports to the souls of millions, and are yet. It would be cruel to deprive these millions of the comfort and joy they find in their religion, until we can convince them of something better. There is nothing gained by ridicule or sarcasm,—nothing by repelling people with expressions of distrust concerning their honesty of religious convictions; hence, we can not understand why those who would win others to their ways of thinking should persist in pursuing a course calculated only to repel, and make themselves generally disliked.

Although we do not claim to be responsible for the utterances of our correspondents, especially not when they write over their own signatures; still, we must insist upon our editorial privilege to "slash" their articles, when we think they transcend the proprieties in matters of proper consideration for the opinions of others.

If writers would simply follow the Golden Rule, and ever speak of others as they would like others to speak of themselves, what a world of unkindness it would save us from. How soon would society be permeated with a healthy glow of brotherly love and good-will towards each other. We would then be able to establish those amicable relations of good fellowship with our neighbors that would enable us to reach them, and convince them of the truth.

If we would reach a man's good sense and convince his judgment of the error of his ways or opinions, we must first convince him that we respect him, and not repel him by treating him as though we believed him to be an idiot or a knave.

—There is a demand for a good test medium in Santa Barbara. The hotels are full of strangers, and there is much inquiry for knowledge concerning the possibility of spirit existence and return,

OF THEIR OWN CHOICE.

Compulsory observance of religious forms and rites carries with it an indifference that sooner or later develops into protest and rebellion.

Last year the students of Harvard College got up a petition to the President and faculty, asking that compulsory attendance at prayers might be changed to voluntary. The move was an unsuccessful one, but the signers were so far from being discouraged that they are again preparing a like petition with better hope of success. Should they succeed there would probably be seen just as many students at morning worship as now, and the President and faculty would then know the better inclination of the young men, who would also feel honored in being trusted to show their own perception of what was due to the College regulations, and the feelings of their instructors. There is nothing like placing trust and confidence in young men and women to do what is right as they understand it, under such circumstances. None can blame them for wanting the credit of doing from choice, rather than force that which while it may be of no special good to them yet contributes to the wishes and satisfaction of others.

DRAMATIC READINGS.—On Friday evening last, Jan. 29th, a large, fashionable and delighted audience at Irving Hall greeted the dramatic readings of Thos. L. Hill and Nellie Holbrook Blinn. The elocutionary gifts and cultivated dramatic powers of Mrs. Blinn are so well known to the California public, that it were a work of supererogation to indulge in any extended eulogium of her brilliant performance upon this occasion. Both she and her coadjutor, Mr. Hill, were the recipients of unstinted and well-merited applause. Mr. Hill is the happy possessor of many marked endowments characteristic of the accomplished Thespian impersonator and character reader. He has a rich, clear, and resonant voice, which he knows how to use most effectively; while his facial expression is of superlative excellence, and has rarely been surpassed. His irresistible comic recitals kept the enthused audience in one continuous roar of laughter, and his rendition of the more pathetic roles were apposite and telling. A fine melody between himself and Mrs. Blinn elicited rounds of hearty applause impartially bestowed upon both the talented participants. The scenes from "Hamlet" and the "Love Chase" were given true to the life, meeting with evident cordial appreciation from one and all. A brilliant future is betokened for Mr. Hill, who is quite a young man, just past his teens, and that ere long he will carve his name upon the temple of fame scarce admits of doubt.

NEW MEDIUMISTIC GIFT.—A correspondent sends us the following. If he had given the address of the lady his kind notice would have served her a better purpose: "Mrs. Lucy J. Bennett, of San Francisco, has recently come into possession of a highly polished stone, or, as some term it, a 'magic mirror,' in which she reads the past, present and future of persons sitting with her. She reads messages from friends passed away, sees spirit forms and faces, and events that have transpired with startling distinctness. This lady has seen much sorrow. Her husband, children and property have all been taken from her, and she is alone in the world,—reduced to poverty. Now the spiritual forces have brought her the means of gaining her own living and assisting others, by this magic mirror which came to her in a very strange manner. Mrs. Bennett is a quiet, retiring little woman who desires to give only the truth and who feels that mediumship is a holy gift. She comes into the field as a laborer for the good of the spirits, but with a very limited knowledge of the harmonial philosophy, willing to learn of the humblest, but with a power of clairvoyance very few possess in so great a degree. That she is honest and truthful no one who comes into her atmosphere can for a moment doubt, and we wish her the success she deserves."

WEEDS.—A botanist set about the work of estimating the number of seeds found upon single specimens of some of the most obnoxious weeds of this country, with the following showing: For shepherd's purse he found the number 37,500 per plant; dandelion, 12,108; wild pepper-grass, 18,400; wheat thief, 7,000; common thistle, 65,366; camomile, 15,920; butter weed, 8,587; rag weed, 4,366; common purslane, 388,800; common plantain, 92,200; burdock, 38,068. These products for single plants make the aggregate innumerable as the sands on the seashore. And yet the owners of soil are everywhere contending yearly with them for their extermination. It looks a hopeless task, and for many it is; but not all are conquered by the weeds so-called, yet all of which possess medicinal properties more or less valuable. The thistle is the king of all weeds, and so powerful and tenacious of life that legislation has taken steps against it, but still it flourishes. In the great social and moral spheres of life we are fighting weeds of equal fecundity, the king of these being intemperance. We seem impressed with the idea that if the chief of evil can be destroyed, the tribe of followers may be easily subdued; but like weeds in the vegetable kingdom, they must each be met and fought as an invading army to conquer or be conquered.

WILL TAKE A REST.—The spirit guides of that most excellent of test mediums, Mrs. Foye, insist that their medium needs, and must take a few months' rest. Hence, a change has been made in the usual Sunday night meetings at Washington Hall. Under other management, and other ministrations, the meetings will be continued, solely in the interest of Spiritualism, during Mrs. Foye's vacation. Other excellent test mediums—independent slate-writers, trance and clairvoyant mediums, etc.—will improve the time, and the interest in the meetings, which Mrs. Foye has been able to maintain for over two years past, will not be suffered to lag. No medium on this Coast has been more successful in convincing the people of the truth of Spirit return than Mrs. Foye, and it is hoped that she

may come back to the work with renewed powers and strength to do the work of the invisible.

OUR SPIRITUAL EXCHANGES.—Among our Spiritual exchanges we may mention such ably conducted journals as *Light*, London; *Medium and Daybreak*, London; *Harbinger of Light*, Melbourne; *Banner of Light*, Boston; *Religious Philosophical Journal*, Chicago; *Spiritual Offering*, Ottumwa, Iowa; *Light for Thinkers*, Atlanta; *World's Friend*, Salamanca, N. Y.; *The Liberal*, Barton, Mo.; *The Harmonia*, Waco, Texas; *The Coming Age*, St. Louis, Mo.; *The Circle Home*, Ancora, N. J.; *Social Drift*, Muskegon, Mich.; *Rostrum*, Vineland, N. J.; *Carrier Dove*, Oakland; *Light in the West*, St. Louis, Mo.; *Investigator*, Little Elm, Texas; *The Spiritual Messenger*, Chicago; *Beacon Light*, New York; besides a number of excellent journals devoted to the dissemination of free thought, and otherwise engaged in liberalizing the public mind.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."—The communication of "Observer," in our issue of Jan. 23d, concerning Mrs. Ladd's mediumship, and certain alleged predictions, seems to have stirred up a large amount of sediment, and really without much cause,—at least such is the opinion of several who have read the article, and the column reply thereto that appeared in last week's issue of the GOLDEN GATE. But we have received other communications in relation to the matter, in which is manifested anything but a spirit of gentleness, and which we consigned to the wastebasket. Our friends will kindly understand that the GOLDEN GATE can not be used as a channel for personal abuse. Honest criticism, and respectful differences of opinion, are always in order, but mud-throwing, never. We propose "to fight it out on this line if it takes all Summer."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Two additional rooms have been secured at the Metropolitan Temple for the use of the new society, one of which will be occupied as a library. It is understood that the fine library of the First Spiritual Union, numbering, as we are informed, some three thousand volumes, will be turned over to the management of the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society.

—We noticed those grand veterans, and advanced thinkers, of Spiritualism,—Dr. G. B. Crane and John Allyn, of St. Helena, and I. W. Mitchell, of Turlock,—in attendance at the Temple on Sunday last. When men of this class find food for thought in our philosophy, and are not ashamed to let the world know it, smaller brains can well afford to cease their questioning of facts and phenomena outside of their personal experience.

—There is a law in London that forbids peddlers, book agents, insurance agents and vendors of all descriptions, including beggars of all classes, degrees, age and sex, from applying at the front door of dwellings without the consent of the owners. This is as it should be, for if people in small towns can not keep their steps and verandas clean because of these traveling nuisances what could they do in large cities that swarm with such persons.

—A French girl lately died of rabies, though treated by Pasteur, who explained that after the lapse of a certain time, his remedy becomes useless; in the present case thirty-six days passed between the bite and treatment. But, it is doubted by many whether Dr. Pasteur's process is thoroughly demonstrated, probably by those who are jealous of his discovery, since many well-authenticated cases of cure are set down to its credit. The three bitten children sent from New York some weeks ago returned quite recently, cured.

—In the *New Northwest* for Jan 21st, Mrs. A. S. Duniway, the brave champion of woman's rights, says, with a heart full of tears: "The forms are held to give us chance to say that our precious first-born is no more. She passed peacefully away at 8 o'clock this morning, and at 8:15 we pen this tear-blurred notice with the hand that closed the darling's eyes. Dear friends everywhere, we know your hearts will beat in unison with ours in this overwhelming sorrow." They surely will. Deceased was Mrs. Clara Bell Stearns, aged 31 years.

—There is a determination in some localities to put mask balls under strict police regulation, and if half the evil that is reported of them be true it is high time they were thus regulated or altogether suppressed. The few respectable people who attend them partly as spectators would be still less if they knew all that comes under police observation. The better sentiment is against them; and that they are allowed at all is only a compromise with an evil that is too popular to be abolished save by degrees, as everything else is done in America.

—Statistics obtained by the House of Lords show that the Signal Service of Great Britain is very unsatisfactory. During the last ten years one hundred and twenty unpredicted storms visited the British Coast, or an average of one storm a month. And elsewhere not a few are foretold that do not come,—but enough storms and predictions come together to keep up the popularity of the weather service stations. We think that Prof. Wiggins would do as well for the British as this report reads. Canada and the United States would willingly part with him.

—A member of a St. Louis fire company is one Lord Dundas, a Scotch nobleman, but who so far has participated only as driver of an engine to several recent fires. This is necessary but not arduous labor, though we presume the most gratifying to self his lordship ever did. The defunct or defrauded nobility of the Old World ought to thank their stars that there is one country on the globe where labor, in the estimation of its people, ennobles even a lord. Here they may mend their broken fortunes and earn a name better than all the titles that could be heaped upon them.

GOLDEN GATE RELIGIOUS AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

Statement of Facts and Declaration of Principles Adopted at a Meeting Held at the Temple, Sunday, January 31, 1886.

1st, That the name of the corporation is "The Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society of San Francisco."

2d, That the purposes for which it is formed are the employing of lecturers and teachers for the elevation and progress of humanity, and for acquiring and conferring upon them such powers as are usually exercised by religious societies; to receive bequests; to buy and sell real and personal property; to purchase and control, rent or otherwise, suitable lots and buildings, or proper and suitable halls for the meetings of said Society; the formation of a school, or schools, the owning and purchasing of libraries for the use of said schools and Society; and an organization for the more general diffusion of the science, philosophy and religion of Spiritualism.

3d, The place where its principal business is to be transacted is the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

4th, The term for which it is to exist is fifty years.

5th, The number of its Directors, or Trustees, is ten, and the names and residences of those who are to act as said Directors, or Trustees, and serve until their successors are duly elected, from the date of these articles, are as follows: Frank H. Woods, Abijah Baker, Adolph Weske, J. B. Chase, M. B. Dodge, J. M. Mathews, W. R. S. Foye, J. E. Owen, Mrs. H. E. Robinson, and Mrs. E. E. Staples, all of the city and county of San Francisco.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

Believing,—

1st, That a Beneficent Power and Wise Intelligence pervades and controls the universe, sustaining toward all human beings the intimate relation of parent, whose revelation is nature, whose interpreter is science, and whose most acceptable worship is doing good to all;

2d, That all truth is sacred, and its authority absolute to the individual that apprehends it, but while one may aid another in the perception of truth and duty, no one can determine for another what is truth and duty, hence that each human being must believe and act upon individual responsibility;

3d, That all action, according to its quality, results in suffering or in joy by the operation of inherent laws, physical and spiritual;

4th, That all human beings are destined to a continued individual existence in a future state, for which the experiences and attainments of the present life are preparatory; and hence, that it is the duty of all to perfect themselves in knowledge, wisdom and love, by making a right use of all the means obtainable, for developing completeness and beauty of character, for aid in which divine inspirations, angelic ministrations and spiritual gifts are ever available to mankind;

5th, That realized communion with those who have gone before us to the invisible world is practicable under suitable conditions, and is a privilege of high value to those who use it wisely;

6th, That the human race is one family or brotherhood, whose interests are forever inseparable; hence that it is the duty of each individual not only to refrain from whatever would wrong or harm another, but also to live for the good of all, seeking especially to aid the unfortunate, the ignorant, the inharmonious and the suffering, of whatever race or condition;

7th, Believing, also, that the achievement of true lives and a nobler civilization can better be attained by association and co-operation than by merely individual action, we, the undersigned, agree to unite our efforts for the practical application of these convictions, and agree to be governed by the following constitution:

[We shall publish the constitution and by-laws as soon as they are adopted.]

—A correspondent from France writes that the masses in that country believe that our civil war was between the Spaniards of South America and the negroes of North America. He farther informs us that as fast as Frenchmen learn that we are very much like the Englishmen, their feeling changes to one of hatred. Foreign ignorance of our military history we can probably discount in our own masses when it comes to French affairs, but we can not return the hatred except perhaps in individual cases. However, we can go on finding fault with the Goddess of Liberty, until we will not feel safe in France.

—These are called hard times, and surely in one sense they were never harder; but it is money matters that is referred to. And yet there are some things that do not suffer by it, one of these being base-ball societies. In Kansas City, where a Woman's Exchange Bureau was lately established on slender means, there is now organized a base-ball league with a ready capital of seventy-five thousand dollars, comprising several wealthy cities in its organization. We suppose it is all right that muscular energy comes first in the march of improvement, so the many things that Kansas City needs for the benefit of its people and the State will, perhaps, come in their turn.

—In her answers to questions, published on our first page, our eloquent and gifted co-worker, Mrs. E. L. Watson, says: "I do not believe that any person living ever did a wrong act, believing at the instant that it was wrong." This may be true as applied to acts done under a sudden impulse of passion; but it certainly can not apply to the individual who deliberately plans a wrong against a neighbor and then as deliberately carries his plans into execution. Take, for instance, the case of one who plans a robbery, or one who sets himself at the task of defrauding his neighbor—it certainly can not be said of him that he did not believe that his acts were wrong. Perhaps we fail to comprehend exactly what our sister did mean.

SEARCHING FOR THE SOUL.—Wilhelm Wundt, Doctor of Medicine and Doctor of Philosophy, is one of the men upon whom many eyes are fastened at present—at least throughout Germany. He is also one of the Professors at Leipzig. He is just now giving a course of lectures upon "The New Philosophy." The key-note of his theory is in the term "physiological-psychology." He is understood to be making a desperate search for the soul by analyzing the brain. It will be well worth one's while to be on hand when the discovery is made. He is a man in middle life, angular and nervous in his appearance. He has an uneven, somewhat jerky way of speaking, but is withal so animated and forcible that it is a pleasure to listen to him.—Troy Times.

Not the Day.

The Chattanooga (Tenn.) saloon-keepers have thought to turn the tables against the Sunday law, by swearing out nearly one hundred warrants against those engaged in all the trades and professions who do business on Sunday. So far as the day is concerned the selling of whisky or the doing of any kind of labor is not in the least affected. The nature of the drink and the character of the work is all that should be considered on any day, which is wholly affected by the business, but not the business by the day. What is a curse on Sunday is a six-fold one on Monday, that opens a six days' traffic in iniquity. Temperance and church people make a great mistake in offering any compromise with whisky selling; they should stand as a unit for prohibition, and vote for nothing else concerning it. Many say, prohibition is impossible, and it may be for some time to come; but that is no reason that it should not ultimately prevail. The same has been said of every great and good achievement that blesses our country to-day.

This world did not reach its present progress through the efforts of those who only attempt the things that present no obstacle and require no struggle; nor by those who can not look beyond present good to that which is better. It is good that all men are not drunkards; but the Prohibitionist would remove the cause that makes even one such. That all do not drink is proof that no one needs to, and is sufficient basis for the hope that this earth may yet be peopled by one race, at least, that will draw its inspiration from regions and themes far removed from bung and spigot. We believe in the "survival of the fittest," and if the conscientious Prohibitionist is not the fittest to survive this war of extermination with Rum and his army of inflamed and bloated followers, then there is no power in brain and sinew fed on healthy blood, and animated with love to man and right to woman and child. That which wrongs one of these wrongs all. It is time we talked of something more potent than Sunday laws when the week is so full of sin and crime.

M. PULSIFER.

Mrs. Helen Fairchild

(Hiram E. Felch in Banner of Light.)

This medium is now located at 74 Waltham street, and has probably submitted to more adverse criticism than any other medium in Boston, owing to the facts that the forms coming from her cabinet have been and are so strong and life-like, exhibiting a vital force in itself wonderful, that many have doubted if they were genuine materializations—myself among the number. But I can frankly say that on my part these doubts have vanished, and I have no hesitancy of now placing myself, after a careful investigation, squarely upon record in favor of her genuine mediumship. I attended a seance at her rooms on the afternoon of Nov. 18th, where I found assembled some twenty-five to thirty ladies and gentlemen of an intelligent and thoughtful cast of mind.

This medium does not remain in the cabinet, but walks about the floor before the company, and while under control manages her seance in a very creditable and business-like manner. On this occasion the seance commenced by the curtain being drawn open by invisible hands, and there stood before us three beautiful forms robed in white, who seemed to welcome the company, and as they retired there came in their place the two forms of my spirit-daughters, "Sweet Brier" and "Daisy Bell." They were as perfect as they could have been in earth-life; they were lovely beyond the power of pen to describe. Then followed spirit after spirit in rapid succession, to others of the party. Then came to me the form of my honored father, as well as that of my sister, Mrs. Dunbar of East Boston. The form of father was marked for its perfection of life-like features.

Suffice it to say some forty or more forms came from the cabinet, among whom was an infant apparently less than a year old. It sat upon the floor in front of the cabinet, and was supported by a spirit-hand from the inside. There could have been no one there. The child played and smiled upon the company, and had every appearance of animated life, as it moved its limbs and head freely, and at times tried to reach the flowers of the carpet.

This closed one of the most interesting and wonderful seance I have ever witnessed. The seance was enlivened by original inspirational music by Prof. C. P. Longley, which added much to the interest of the occasion.

It is reported that the editor of the new edition of Webster's new dictionary, President Porter of Yale, has decided to admit "bulldozing," "boycott," and "dude," into its precincts, but is hesitating about "mugwump."

At this moment it takes twenty-two policemen in relays to watch Lord Kenmare's mansion at Killybeg. Each policeman, by the time all is told, costs nearly \$500 a year, so the government (that is, the tax-payers of Great Britain and Ireland) are at this moment paying \$10,000 a year for the protection of Lord Kenmare's mansion.

NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

Boston constructed more buildings during 1885 than in any year since that following great fire. The total value of these was \$8,000,000.

Paper rails are made in Russia. They are longer than ordinary rails, and said to have a greater adhesiveness in contact with locomotive wheels.

Gov. Hoadly has pardoned a murderer from the Ohio Penitentiary on the condition that he will abstain from intoxicating liquors for the remainder of his life.

Over \$6,000 worth of feathers have been sold from the twenty-one grown ostriches at the Anaheim ostrich farm, Los Angeles, Cal., during the past seven months.

One firm in western Massachusetts last year made 130,000 drums, using half a million feet of lumber, 35,000 sheepskins, 2,200 pounds of cord, and tons of other fittings.

The Government arsenal at Osaka, Japan, is now turning out steel rails as good as the imported; and it is said that before long full railway equipments will be made at home for their rapidly extending lines.

Heretofore ships have been permitted to pass through the Suez Canal only in daylight; but now war ships and steamers provided with electric lights of sufficient power to illuminate the canal 1,200 yards ahead may go at night.

The town of Pasco, W. T., the building of which killed the town of Ainsworth, is said to have a population of thirty-five souls now. Pasco and Ainsworth are melancholy instances of the Northern Pacific's town building propensities.

The telegraph system of the British Islands, under control of the Post Office, now amounts to 156,000 miles, and employs 17,000 instruments. The standard rate is twelve words for a sixpence, address included. Press messages alone now average a million words a day.

The persons who invested in the diving speculation to obtain \$500,000 worth of gold which was sunk years ago in the ship Alfonso XII., off the west coast of Africa, have been rewarded by a harvest of gold from the gray sand fields. The divers have got up nearly all the gold, and have sent it to England.

Of the 5,432 students who are at present attending the Berlin University, 1,128 belong to European countries other than Russia, while 334 come from extra-European lands. America sends 123 of her sons to the seat of learning in the German capital. Asia is represented by ten students, and Africa and Australia have also their contingents.

Dogs doomed to die in London do not suffer half as much as men who pay the extreme penalty. In the chemical death-chamber of unclaimed curs at Battersea, the dogs trot into the tempting room, "lie down, curl themselves round and round, fall asleep," and so go to that bourne whence no four-footed traveler returns. This lethal chamber is filled with narcotic vapor produced by passing carbonic oxide over a surface of anæsthetic mixture—composed of chloroform and bisulphide of carbon.

It is a fact that some persons who get one telegram a year are startled and shocked when that telegram comes. There is frequent mention in exchanges of cases of the sort, most of the cases being comical. But now and then there is a tragical touch. When Miss Alice Miller went to the door of her Baltimore house the other day she saw a special delivery boy and was handed a letter on which was the blue stamp of the service. Straightway the poor woman cried out: "I am going to faint," and that was the last of her, for she died on the spot.

I believe that woman, in her deepest degradation, holds something sacred, something undefiled.—Longfellow.

The GOLDEN GATE from the Pacific coast is a grand sheet which we read with interest. Our older exchanges have heretofore come in for their share of commendation. We wish our paper was larger that we might copy more largely from the many valuable articles. We were interested in "Holiday Greetings," and can adopt its spirit and nearly all of its language.—The Rostrum.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL SERVICES by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, at Metropolis Temple, under the ministrations of the celebrated and eloquent inspirational lecturer, Mrs. E. L. Watson, Sunday, February 7th. Questions answered at 11 o'clock a. m. Lecture in the evening. Subject, "The Consolations of Spiritualism." The Children's Progressive Lyceum at 12:30 p. m. A cordial invitation to attend is extended to all.

SPIRITUALISM.—"Light and Truth."—At Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Every Sunday evening there will be a conference and fact meeting, closing with a test seance by mediums of a variety of phases.

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 1 o'clock p. m. All subjects relating to human welfare and Spiritual unfoldment treated in open conference. All are invited.

N. B.—The Free Spiritual Library in charge of this Society is open to all persons on Sundays from 1 to 4 o'clock p. m. Contributions of books and money solicited.

THE OAKLAND SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION.—Meets every Sunday, at 2 p. m., at Medical College Hall, corner of Clay and Eleventh streets (two blocks west from Broadway). Public cordially invited. Direct all communications to G. A. Carter, 360 Eighth street, Oakland.

DO SPIRITS OF DEAD MEN AND WOMEN Return to Mortals? Mrs. E. R. Herbert, a spirit Medium, gives sittings daily from 12 to 4 p. m., (Sunday excepted), at No. 418 Twelfth Street, Oakland, Cal. Conference meetings Sunday evening; Developing Circles, Tuesday evenings. Public are invited. n13

Models of Hands and Feet.

(T. P. Barkas, F. G. S., in Light, for Jan. 18th.)

On Monday evening, February 28, 1876, a seance was held in a residence in Grosvenor street, Gateshead, for the purpose of testing the moulding of hands and feet in paraffin wax, viz., psychic forms. There were present Mrs. F., Mr. A., Mr. M., Mr. B., Miss Fairlamb, the medium, and Mr. Barkas.

We in the first place placed about two pounds of finely sliced paraffin wax into an iron pail, and poured upon it a quantity of boiling water. This speedily melted the paraffin, which floated upon the surface of the water.

To distinguish the paraffin from ordinary paraffin, and to prove that the casts had not been previously prepared, I threw into the boiling mixture a portion of magenta, without saying what I had done, and the result was that the water and paraffin were slightly colored. We filled a tall jug with cold water, and placed both paraffin and jug below the table, and darkened the space beneath the table by placing around it shawls and other articles.

Having sat around the table for a short time in the dark, or rather in a room lighted by gas from the street, we placed the hot paraffin wax and jug of cold water within an adjoining small room, conducted the lady medium into the small room, and placed a curtain across the doorway between the two rooms, the small room being used as a cabinet. The sitters remained in the larger room.

After sitting about twenty minutes we frequently heard a splashing of water and movements of the iron handle of the pail. At the end of twenty-five minutes the screen separating the two rooms was removed, and we discovered on the floor, just within the doorway, a beautiful model of a small female foot in paraffin wax, a model of a hand apparently of a young man, and in the tall jug of cold water we discovered a paraffin model of a large foot. The whole of these models had been taken from the newly prepared paraffin, as they all had the peculiar tinge given to the wax by the introduction of the magenta. On careful examination of the moulds, I found each of them bore the minute lines and markings that are characteristic of human hands and feet.

After the seance was over we examined the hands and feet of the medium, but neither presented any appearance of having been in contact with paraffin, and neither at all corresponded with the sizes of the hand and feet moulds which we found at the conclusion of the seance. I have the moulds yet in my possession.

The experiments can not be said to have been conducted under strictly test conditions, but it seems very improbable that any collusion could have taken place or any deception have been practiced.

Difficult as it is to believe in the reality and genuineness of the phenomena, it is yet more difficult to believe that they are the result of deception.

My own opinion is that the phenomena are genuine, but to satisfy a critical inquirer who has not witnessed similar occurrences, strictly test conditions will have to be observed.

After the seance the medium was controlled, and we were told that the small foot was that of Minnie, the larger foot that of Josephine, and that the hand was a model of a youth's named John Taylor, all these, it was alleged, being departed persons.

At a subsequent sitting on March 13, 1876, three friends and myself being present, we obtained a cast of one foot. A gentleman and myself tied a cord around the waist of the medium and held it tightly at each end. The medium did not move during the sitting. The heat of the melted paraffin was 171 degrees Fahrenheit, and at the close of the seance it had fallen to 135 degrees Fahrenheit. We obtained a cast of one foot from the paraffin pail, which was quite beyond the reach of the medium.

It appears to me to be impossible by any normal means to take a cast of a human hand or foot, and remove the hand or foot without fracturing the cast.

PASS THEM ALONG.

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

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

WANTED.

WANTED—A RESPECTABLE LADY WISHES A position as housekeeper. Country preferred. Inquire at this office. jan27-1m

WANTED—BY AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN—A home in a small family that is spiritually inclined, or free thinkers. Is, or was, a mechanic; has tools; can make himself useful in various ways; can furnish his bed room. Wages not so much of an object as a good home. References exchanged. Call or address, 740 Pacific street, San Francisco. jan27-3w

TO FRIENDS OF THE GOLDEN GATE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FORM OF BEQUEST.

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

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

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.

A Woman's Heart.

(See June Leader.)

Among the "Gems of Thought," in the *GOLDEN GATE* of last week, we find the beautiful sentiment:

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

And we fall to thinking of the instances in life when it has been verified; of the instances when love was the only emotion that softened and hallowed sin-hardened natures; when we catch glimpses of the divine in natures that were thought devoid of every principle of honor or honesty.

Some months ago one of the scarlet women of San Francisco committed suicide because her "lover" had jilted her. The "Notes" editor of the *Bea*, commenting on the occurrence, has thoughtfully written:

"What a queer thing a woman's heart is, to be sure. There is no man worthy of the never-failing love of a good, pure woman. There are few to whom the unchanging passion of a fallen one would not be a compliment. When a woman loves she loves for all time, and the more unworthy the object, the more she pours out upon it the wealth of her affection. A woman whose virtue has been whistled down the wind, will wrap the tendrils of her decaying heart around some scoundrel, and worship him almost as a good woman would a loyal and true husband. It should not be said that her love only lowered her the more, because it was only a guilty one. Impure as it may have been, and bad as the object of it undoubtedly was, it proved that there was a heart in the woman, which, had fate been more kind, might have made happy some honest man, and proved her own blessing instead of her curse. We should not judge too lightly. Beneath the robes of sin flutter hearts not entirely lost. So long as a woman really loves, she has a remnant of womanhood left. That womanhood may have lowered itself by loving some wretch, but it is womanhood, even though defiled."

And in Dickens' *Oliver Twist*, one of the most pathetic scenes is where Rose Maylie endeavors to persuade Nancy Sykes to desert the man with whom she is living, and enter upon a new life. There are thousands upon thousands of such as Nancy Sykes in the world to-day. Would that there were more Rose Maylies. Part of the dialogue between Rose Maylie and Nancy Sykes is given in the words of the wizard novel:

"Stay another moment," interposed Rose, as the girl moved toward the door. "Think once again of your own condition, and the opportunity you have of escaping from it. You have a claim on me, not only as the voluntary bearer of this intelligence, but as a woman lost almost beyond redemption. Will you return to this gang of robbers and to this man, when a word can save you? What fascination is it that can take you back, and make you cling to wretchedness and misery? Oh! is there no cord in your heart that I can touch? Is there nothing left to which I can appeal against this terrible infatuation?"

"When ladies as young and good and beautiful as you are," replied the girl steadily, "give away your hearts, love will carry you all lengths—even such as you, who have home, friends, other admirers, everything to fill them. When such as I, who have no certain roof but the coffin lid, and no friend in sickness and death but hospital nurse, set our rotten hearts on any man, and let him fill the place that had been a blank through all our wretched lives, who can hope to cure us? Pity us lady—pity us for having only one feeling of the woman left, and for having that turned, by a heavy judgment, from a comfort and pride, into a new means of violence and suffering."

What is the Mind-Cure?

[See "in Woman's Journal"]

It is as broad as God's sunlight, and its simplicity is beyond all language—so how can we put it into words? We can only live and act the mind-cure. Those who have learned this wonderful truth will tell you it is their daily bread. It is reason, science and faith. Not the reason and eloquence of attic purity that appeals to the highest intellect of the metaphysician, but a reason so clear and simple, a child who can say A B C, will understand and apply it. Not the science that tells you how many millions of miles one star is from another, but the Divine science of the Supreme, who speaks to your soul so understandingly that you know and feel what causes disease, and what removes it. Not the faith of past ages, which looked only to death for that peace and happiness promised, but the faith that teaches every human mind that the soul has the right and the power to sweep all disease and sorrow from the face of the earth, and begin that heavenly life on this side of the great unknown. It teaches a truth, love and harmony that you never felt before, and never will feel till you learn to remove all disease and all imperfections, mental and physical.

Nothing can take its place in a home. It teaches the Christian to love the church and read the Bible in a new light and with new interest; it teaches the infidel faith

in another life; it teaches rest, concentration and contentment; it teaches the universe is a pulse of God and gives you confidence in His mercy, and you feel He will give what is best for you; it is open to and for the multitude. We can only say, "Come and learn the mind cure and apply it every hour of the day."

Tradition tells us they who eat the Egyptian or Indian lotus-flower will forget the past, and lead a life of ease and pleasure. There are many to-day in California who are so oppressed with sorrow and disappointment that they would gladly change this little romance to a reality. But all who read this will remember the mind cure will make you forget all pain and trouble of the past and assist you to lead a life of usefulness. And it will teach you—

"Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Only as led by His hand;
A messenger at His gateway—
Only waiting for His command;
Only an instrument ready
His praises to sound at His will,
Willing, should He not require me,
In silence to wait on Him still."

INDIA MAIL CARRIERS.—The load for one man must not weigh over thirty pounds. The postman runs or trots with a letter-bag on a stick which he carries across his shoulder. On the end of the stick is a cluster of bells to warn people to clear the road. Some carry a horn, which they blow if any one is in the road. The distance between the rest-houses is several miles. The men go with a peculiar motion, the body being bent forward, one hand holding the stick on which the mail-bag hangs, the other spread out as though to ward off anything that might come in the way. They half trot, half run. Their clothing consists of a white cloth on the head, and one worn around the waist, extending to the knees. With the exception of a glance, they never notice any one they meet. A postman always brings to my mind the words of Elisha to his servant: "Gird up thy loins and take thy staff in thine hand, and go thy way: if thou meet any man, salute him not; and, if any salute thee, answer him not again."

The *Journal of Education* suggests one more duty, but a good one, for teachers: "How to educate future jurymen, in the schools, is a question of great importance; and yet we fear it is little thought of by teachers in training pupils for the active duties and responsibilities of life. Boys and girls, even when very young, can be educated to pronounce judgment on questions of right and wrong. Under proper conditions, the moral judgment may be trained by calling upon pupils to pronounce upon the conduct of their companions and made to feel that they are responsible for a just decision. The judicious teacher can often appeal to pupils, in good faith, in regard to awarding commendation or in pronouncing a penalty; and their keenness and honesty in giving their verdicts will often surprise him. By similar methods, valuable lessons in practical morality and in the exercise of personal judgment may be taught that will prepare them to act in future life in the jury box."

The attitude of the so-called christian church toward the revelations of modern Spiritualism is one of the paradoxes of the age. Basing their religious beliefs on manifestations very similar to those occurring among the Spiritualists of the present day, they pin their faith to the legends of long ago, of the truth of which they have no credible evidence, and heap ridicule on the only well-established evidence given among men to prove the continuity of life beyond the present existence, although millions of the human race have been convinced on the strength of the evidence obtainable by consulting the medial instruments of the angel world. Believing, too, as they profess, that those who do not believe in their peculiar doctrines will have at least a very unpleasant experience in the next world, surely some effort should be made to save the unfortunate Spiritualists from the Christian's terrible hell. The only obstacle is the difficulty of explaining the phenomenal part of Spiritualism on any other hypothesis than that of inter-communion between the celestial and the mundane worlds.—*The Spiritual Messenger*.

Once for all, it should be understood that good medium does not necessarily mean good man or good woman, any more than good actor, good singer, good runner, or cricketer does. The organization which gives the peculiar condition of mediumship does not necessarily make its possessor honest or wise, any more than does a musical ear, or an eye for form and color. Men of the highest genius in literature and art have been dishonest and immoral. Religion, or its profession, is no guarantee of honesty or morality. Some of the most eminent "divines" on both sides of the Atlantic have managed to make great scandals—but there is nothing new in that. Abraham, Lot, David, Solomon, priests, bishops, and popes, have done far worse things than were ever attributed to spiritual mediums, who, if sinners at all, have been very mild ones in comparison.

The idea which culture sets before us of perfection, an increased spiritual activity, having for its characters increased sweetness, increased light, increased sympathy.—*Matthew Arnold*.

A Strange Occurrence.

[J. W. Fletcher in *Facts for January*.]

Having read with much interest the many remarkable instances of spirit visitation that you have so very carefully placed before the public in your estimable way, I am constrained to send the following account, not because of its direct relationship to Spiritualism, but to show how many marked demonstrations are being given to those who are wholly unfamiliar with the subject, and whose lack of knowledge prevents them from learning any lesson therefrom.

One evening we were sitting around a brightly-burning fire, in a friend's drawing room, and as we were awaiting the arrival of one or two guests preparatory to a seance with Florence Cook, whose fame is almost world-wide, the conversation naturally drifted toward the mysterious, and each had some remarkable tale to relate. Among the party was Madame Tribelli, who was with Col. Mapleson last season as the great contralto prima donna, and whose performances in "Travatore and Carmen" will long be remembered. She related, with all the impassioned fervor of her race, the great love she bore for Titiens, and how one night, when in Germany, she beheld a most extraordinary vision. "I had been very nervous all the day with a nameless, unknown terror," continued Tribelli, "as if something terrible was about to occur. I knew that my dear Therese (Titiens) was ill, but was daily expected to be better. I said my prayers, and retired, and was soon—very soon—asleep. When late in the night, I felt a hand on my forehead. I was awake in a moment. A cloud was before me. It seemed to open gradually, and then rays of beautiful light, like the moon shining through the mist, seemed to fill the room; soon a face looked out so peacefully at me. I sprang to my feet, crying, 'My God, Therese, is that you? You are dead?' She smiled, and I fell fainting on the floor. My maid was soon by my side, and I recovered myself, only in the morning to receive a telegram from London: 'Titiens died last night. Her thoughts were of you;—and she passed away the very hour I had seen her. I am not a Spiritualist, I suppose,—but how did it all happen?'—which is a question I will allow the reader to answer.

Sometimes strange difficulties are encountered by the young ladies who are endeavoring to teach Christianity to the Chinese in the Sunday schools of the Metropolis. One of the most conscientious as well as one of the brightest and prettiest of these teachers was attempting in a Brooklyn school recently to inculcate upon the heathen mind of a sleek-looking Mongolian the lesson of charity toward all. "God loves every one," she said. "We should love every one." The Chinese man looked meekly up into her face and quietly asked: "Does God love me?" "Yes," the young lady replied. "Does God love every one? Do you love every one?" was the next pointed inquiry.

"Yes," she answered.
"Do you love me?"
"Y-yes."

"Will you marry me?"
There was no direct answer to this question, but the teacher has since changed her pupil for a Chinaman of less logical turn of mind.—*New York Tribune*.

THE MEN WHO SUCCEED.—The young men who receive promotion are the men who do not drink on the sly. They are not the men who watch for the clock to strike twelve and leave their picks hanging in the air. They are not the men who growl if they are required to attend to some duty after the whistle has sounded. They are the men usually who pay the closest attention to the details of their business, who act as though they were trying to work for their employers' interest instead of to beat him at every crook and turn. They are the men who give the closest attention to every practical detail, and who look continually to see whether they can do better or not. This class of men are never out of a job. They are scarce; they never loaf, and they do not ask for their pay two or three weeks before pay day.—*Manufacturers' Gazette*.

Some of the railways in Georgia are still a little shaky. The old jerkwater line is especially loose in the joints. A commercial traveler relates a little experience while bounding over that road:

"We were whooping along," he said, "at the rate of about seven miles an hour, and the old train was weaving terribly. I expected every moment to see my bones protruding through my skin. Passengers were rolling from one end of the car to the other. I held on like grim death to the arms of my seat. Presently we settled down to quiet running, at least I could keep my hat on and my teeth didn't chatter. The conductor was in halting distance. I looked up with a ghastly smile, wishing to appear cheerful, and said: 'We are going a little smoother, I see.' 'Yes,' said the conductor, 'we're off the track now.'"

Whatever tends to render us ill-contented with ourselves, and more earnest aspirants after perfect truth and goodness, is gold, though it come to us all molten and burning, and we know not our treasure until we have had long smarting.—*George Eliot*.

A CURE FOR DIPHTHERIA.—Ruth Lockwood, a nine-year-old child, became violently ill with diphtheria, a little while ago. She was so weak that it was deemed dangerous to try tracheotomy, or cutting open of the windpipe. A day or two before the doctor was called he received a copy of the *Paris Figaro* which contained a report made to the French Academy of Medicine by Dr. Delthil. Dr. Delthil said that the vapors of liquid tar and turpentine would dissolve the fibrinous exudations which choke up the throat in croup and diphtheria. Dr. Delthil's process was described. He pours equal parts of turpentine and a liquid tar into a tin pan or cup and sets fire to the mixture. A dense resinous smoke arises, which obscures the air of the room. "The patient," Dr. Delthil says, "immediately seems to experience relief; the choking and rattle stop, the patient falls into a slumber and seems to inhale the smoke with pleasure. The fibrinous membrane soon becomes detached, and the patient coughs up microbicides. These when caught in a glass may be seen to dissolve in the smoke. In the course of three days afterward the patient entirely recovers." The doctor tried this experiment successfully with little Ruth Lockwood. She was lying gasping for breath when he visited her. First pouring about two tablespoonfuls of liquid tar on an iron pan he poured as much turpentine over it and set it on fire. The rich resinous smoke which rose to the ceiling was by no means unpleasant. And as it filled the room the child's breathing became natural, and as the smoke grew dense she fell asleep.

LICENSE WHAT?—"License me to sow the seeds of poverty all over the community! License me to coin money out of widows' sighs and orphans' tears and the blood of souls! License me to weave cords of habit around strong men and lead them captive bound to the chariot wheels of the demon rum! License the sale of rum! License me to make widows and orphans! License me to write 'disgrace upon the fair foreheads of innocent children! License me to break the hearts of fond fathers and mothers whose daughters and sons I will make prostitutes and libertines! License me to take sleep from the eyelids of the weary, broken-hearted wife, whose children I will rob of bread and little shoes for their feet and comfortable clothes for their little shivering forms! License me to befog the minds, paralyze the reason and benumb the conscience of your legislators, and thus corrupt the very fountains of your political life and prosperity! License me to incite the red-handed murderer to his work of destruction, and turn loose on society a whole brood of evil that will fill your jails and penitentiaries, asylums and poor-houses! License me to aid in sending one hundred thousand of our American citizens down to drunkards' graves every year! Throw around me the protection of the law, and call my business a legitimate business while I poison the bodies, enfeeble the minds, and ruin the souls of my fellow-men! Men of America, will you vote me license to carry on any 'legitimate business?' Will you?"

Uncle Zack Baker, of Benton county, is interested in a mineral spring. He has not attempted to introduce a bill offering the spring as an amendment to the constitution, a piece of legislation, though, which may be expected of him.

"What is the water good for?" asked the Speaker of the House.

"Good for everything. It will cure any case of the yaller janders in the world. Tell you what's a fact. A feller come along some time ago with a yaller dog. He was the yalleriest dog I ever saw, but he fell in that spring and when he came out he was as white as a sheet."

"How is it for rheumatism?"

"I'll tell you what's a fact. Do you know young Alf Wilson?"

"I think so."

"Well, Alf had the rheumatiz so bad that he had to carry one leg on his shoulder. He drank that water for three weeks and can now jump a ten-rail fence."

"Will it cure lying?"

"Will it? Tell you what's a fact. A Little Rock newspaper man come up there some time ago and now you can almost believe half of what he says."

The black cap is part of the full dress of a judge, and is worn when he passes the supreme sentence of the law. When Lord Chief-Justice Campbell passed sentence of death on Palmer, the Rugeley poisoner, I observed that he gave the cap a slight twitch to the front; and I have subsequently found that this is the traditional practice of judges, descending probably from a time when covering the eyes was the conventional sign of grief. In "Macbeth," act four, scene three, Malcolm says to Macduff: "What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows! Give sorrow words!"—*Notes and Queries*.

"I should like to write for your paper," said a brisk young man who asked to see the editor. "Bless you, my boy," said the pen-pusher, emerging wearily from a wrestling match, catch-as-catch-can, with the name of a Russian general, "you need not write for it; just hand your money to the cashier, first door to the right, and he'll send it to you all right," and he plunged into a sea of exchanges, while the young man, after falling into the coal closet and walking into a wardrobe, managed to find the door leading to the street, and escaped with what money he had about him.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

Contentment.

(The Christian Register.)

Contentment is solvency,—ability to buy what we need with what we have,—living within our income by restraining our desires from going beyond. Whoever can not buy peace of mind with his present possessions must, then, either go unhappy or anticipate his future in some way; but this is a perpetual poverty. As he is solvent and honest who keeps his enterprises within his means, so he is contented and dignified who keeps his desires within his resources.

Barrow has given a keen account of adversity. He says, "It is a state wherein we are not furnished with all the conditions grateful to sense or fancy, or wherein somewhat doth cleave to us offensive to those inferior powers of the soul." How much adversity, then, and moaning on account thereof, will be cured, if only the senses and fancy and inferior powers be kept in their place under those which are higher! This precept is involved in the distinction which the Stoics enforced continually, that all matters are divided into "things in our power and things not in our power," from which a manly inference was drawn that repining is weakness and unreasonable; for, if evil be in our power, it is both feeble and wanton to whimper about it. "There are two days," says an Oriental maxim, "that give me no solicitude,—the day in the future and the day in the past."

Contentment, thus, may be good or bad. It is good when we have peace of mind relating to "the things not in our power"; for this is to submit ourselves to Providence, walking quietly in faith. But contentment is bad, if it be an easy mind as to "the things in our power," when those things are ill, as when we are satisfied with weak effort, with imperfect performance, and falling short in ourselves. This contentment is like the abasement of a serf who is at ease in being enslaved.

If, of the many things that are pleasant and to be desired in the world, we, perhaps, having few or not so many as we think we could give good account of, easily feel discontented, we must instruct ourselves how to reason about the matter; for, after we have felt the virtuous discontent which spurs us to effort by which to better ourselves, then to feel the discontent of an unquiet spirit is ignoble and harmful. Therefore reason thus: We should be but foolish to wish, as an unconstructed child wishes for a candle or a gew-gaw, to patch together a fate or fortune for ourselves by picking out whatever is most agreeable to us in all other lots; for, plainly, not the greatest human power, nor the greatest mastery of circumstances that ever was, could do such a work. "It takes all mankind to make a man; and each man, when he dies, takes a whole earth with him." The web of our lot was put into the loom thousands of generations back. We could not alter one part of the pattern and leave another as it is, without changing the whole order of things. Plainly, therefore, we must take our lot as a whole. Then there will always be something in it which we would not give up for any other advantage whatever. Foolish it is, then, and childish, to grumble at the lot which, altogether, we would not change, if we could. A man who toils after things, but does not dwell on what he has already, to extract its blessing, is said by Plutarch to be "like him that is painted in hell twisting a rope, and who lets the ass that is by him devour all the laborious textures as fast as he makes them. So most men have such a lethargy of forgetfulness upon them that they lose the remembrance of all great actions, and no more call to mind their pleasant intervals of leisure and repose."

By this means, they break, as it were, the continuity of life, and destroy the union of the pleasant things of the past; and, dividing yesterday from to-day, and to-day from to-morrow, they utterly efface all events, as if they had never been." Again, Plutarch says: "Even trite and common blessings are not to be despised, but ought to take up room in our deliberations. We should rejoice that we live and are in health, and see the sun; that there are no wars nor seditions in our country; that the earth yields to cultivation, and that the sea is open to our traffic; that we can talk or be silent, be busy or be at leisure, when we please." One thing is to be marked in discontented people; that nothing is able to bring them contentment. If they have attained what they wished, it is only to find something incomplete therein; and they are as discontented as ever. It is certain that he who can not live with quiet spirit, and cheerfully, in his own condition, finding much contentment in virtuously making the effort which belongs to his condition, will be unquiet and dissatisfied in any lot whatever, which is a fact going far to show that human lives, in the main, do not differ so widely in happiness, at least in the means thereof, as one will think who looks only on the extremes of gilded or of squalid misery.

Sydney Smith relates that the banker-poet, Rogers, caught a bad cold simply from imagining a window open, but which all the time was shut. It was at a dinner party; and the great sheet of plate glass had deceived Rogers, who was sitting in what he thought to be a dangerous draught.

Look after the establishment of a worthy character, and leave its appreciation to others.

The receipts of lumber at Chicago alone, in 1884, amounted to nearly eleven billion feet, which, if manufactured exclusively into fencing, would circumscribe the globe with an inclosure, five boards high, fifteen times. Commenting on this statement, J. Sterling Morton, in *Outing*, for December, says, "These figures, showing the enormous consumption of forest products, are enough to incisively suggest the speedy total denudation of all the woodlands in America."

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.

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PUBLICATIONS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS;

Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought,

By J. J. OWEN.

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

SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Home of the Beautiful.

(Given at the close of a lecture through the medium, Celia L. V. Richmond, in Washington City, some years ago.)

PART FIRST.

There is a beautiful country not far away,
With its shores of emerald green,
Where the beautiful hills of gray,
From mountains of amber and stone;
These beautiful flowers forever blow,
With beautiful names ye may not know.

There are beautiful walks, star-paved and bright,
Which lead up to heavenly homes;
And beautiful temples all carved in white,
With golden and sapphire domes;
And beautiful gates that swing so slow,
To beautiful synchs ye may not know.

Would ye know the name of this beautiful land,
Where the emerald waters still
In gentle waves on a beautiful strand?
It is called "The Land of the Soul,"
And the beautiful flowers, which ever blow,
Are the beautiful thoughts ye have below.

And the beautiful walks are your life-threads,
Which fashion your future homes,
While the temples grand in the world's great needs,
And its saviors have reared their domes;
Through the beautiful gates which swing so slow
Come the beautiful truths ye learn below.

PART SECOND.

There are beautiful valleys and mountains high,
With rivers, and forests, and hills,
And beautiful fountains leap to the sky,
Then descend in murmuring rills.
There beautiful life-trees ever grow,
With beautiful names ye do not know.

There is beautiful music borne on the air
From bright birds with flashing wings;
And beautiful odors float everywhere,
Which an unseen censor flings;
And a beautiful stream near that land doth flow,
With a beautiful name ye do not know.

And the beautiful landscapes are formed of thought,
Of all that the world has been,
And the beautiful fountains are tears out wrought
Through immortal sunlight seen.
And the beautiful life-trees which ever grow,
Are the beautiful hopes ye cherish below.

And the beautiful melody is prayer,
But is echoed in music's powers,
And the beautiful perfumes floating there
Are the spirits of all the flowers;
And the beautiful stream which divides you so
Is the beautiful river named Death below.

PART THIRD.

Across this beautiful, mystical stream
Flash rare scintillations bright,
And many a witching, mysterious dream,
Is borne on the pinions of night;
And the stream is spanned by a beautiful bow
With a beautiful name ye do not know.

And beautiful barges formed of pearl
Come laden with wonderful stores,
While beautiful banners their folds unfurl
To the dipping of musical oars;
And beautiful beings cross to and fro,
With beautiful names ye do not know.

And the beautiful flashes across the stream
Are your inspirations grand;
While the beautiful meaning of every dream,
Is the real in this fair land;
And the beautiful million-colored bow
Is your beautiful tears for each other's woe.

And the beautiful barges are all the years
Which bear ye away from pain,
And the beautiful banners transformed from fears
Are returning to bless you again;
And the beautiful forms crossing to and fro
Are the beautiful ones ye have loved below.

The Dying Child and its Toy.

(The verses which follow are founded on an incident which recently happened in the Infirmary of the Hospital for Idiots, in England.)

"The child is dying," so the doctor said,
As with the nurse he left a bright-eyed boy,
Who, scarcely conscious, tossed upon his bed,
But closely clasped the while a broken toy.

For ten long, weary months, that toy had been
His joy in health, the solace of his pain;
And still he prized it with affection keen,
Though now too weak to play with it again.

The nurse came back, and, stopping, with a sigh,
Smoothed his fair curls and pressed his tiny hand
As she softly whispered: "Tom, you're going to die!
You'll leave us soon, Tom! Do you understand?"

His thin lips quivered; but his strength was spent,
Though still the toy was held against his breast,
But the kind nurse, as o'er the child she bent,
Knew he had heard her, for her hand he pressed.

And in some minutes' space, still, standing by,
She caught this whisper as he tried again,
"Nurse, do promise me that when I die,
You'll put my toy into my coffin too!"

And as she reassured the dying boy,
Upon his face she saw a glad smile creep,
As, clasping closer yet his broken toy,
He kissed it, and fell peacefully asleep!

Teach us to Wait.

Why are we so impatient of delay,
Lingering forever for the time to be:
For thus we live to-morrow in to-day,
Yea, sad to-morrow we may never see.

We are too hasty; are not reconciled
To let kind nature do her work alone;
We plant our seed, and like a foolish child
We dig it up to see if it has grown.

The good that is to be we covet now,
We can not wait for the appointed hour;
Before the fruit is ripe we shake the bough,
And seize the bud that folds away the flower.

When midnight darkness reigns we do not see
That the sad night is mother of the morn;
We can not think our own sharp agony
May be the birth pang of a joy unborn.

Into the dust we see our idols cast,
And cry, that death has triumphed, life is void!
We do not trust the promise, that the last
Of all our enemies shall be destroyed!

With rest almost in sight the spirit faints,
And heart and flesh grow weary at the last,
Our feet would walk the city of the saints,
Even before the silent gate is passed.

Teach us to wait until Thou shalt appear—
To know that all thy ways and times are just;
Thou seest that we do believe, and fear,
Lord, make us also, to believe and trust!

Yes, love is ever busy with its shuttle,
Is ever weaving into life's dull warp
Bright, gorgeous flowers and scenes Arcadian,
Hanging our gloomy prison-house about
With tapestries, that make its walls dilate
In never-ending vistas of delight.

—Longfellow.

(Continued from First Page.)

tion of God. If Jesus was God his death was a mere farce; he did not die but only seemed to die; he did not suffer but only seemed to suffer.

But if he died as a man, as we believe, and did actually appear after his death and burial as a spiritual being, able to come in through closed doors and become invisible in an instant, then is it an evidence that all men shall transcend the power of death and the grave.

If he was a man, as we believe, and did return to his disciples after death and talk and eat with them, it only demonstrates the fact which Spiritualism reports anew in the nineteenth century.

We deny the possibility of a miracle. To suspend the law of gravitation for one moment would throw all the systems of infinite space into chaos; to suspend for one instant the immutable law governing the principles of human life would be to destroy mankind.

It was in accordance with natural law that Jesus was raised from the dead; in accordance with law he healed the sick and exercised his other gifts.

Fifty years ago would it not have seemed a miracle had you been told that you could speak under the waves of the sea and be heard by nations afar? The feats of science within the last fifty years put priestly miracles to shame.

Q.—What is the spirit body composed of?

A.—Of sublimated matter, the refining processes for the production of which are going on in your physical systems this hour. You have a spiritual body contained within the natural body; it is the spiritual which unites your consciousness with the natural or physical body, and your spiritual body is as natural as the physical—indeed, it is a physical body, only more refined in its character and organization. It is beautifully adapted to the soul's needs; it is symmetrical, with inconceivably tender and beautiful variations of color and expression. It is a sublime manifestation of nature's economy—a miracle in the sense that we know not the secret of its action, but viewed from the side of the infinite, how beautiful, how necessary is all of life and death.

Q.—If we always do unto others as we would have others do unto us, we will sometimes do much harm; is not this motto, "Be just to all," superior to the Golden Rule?

A.—If we do unto others as we would that others should do unto us we act as nearly right and unselfish as it is possible for human beings on earth. We would not that others should do us harm, but that they should minister to our welfare; that they should love us and do us the highest good. If this is done we have fulfilled the whole of the law. That is the life of religion.

Q.—Are time and space unchangeable, or as changeable as matter?

A.—Time and space are our conception of the relations of things. What was once a long period of time to your consciousness now seems but a moment. Time is measured by the intensity of soul; and space, by our mastery of matter. In the nineteenth century we have virtually annihilated time and space. We think around the world in an instant. What once seemed to us insurmountable obstacles have now disappeared.

Therefore time and space, in a sense, is a question of intelligence, a question of the supremacy of the human will and of the spirit.

CLOSING REMARKS.

Around us gather, to-night, unseen friends who read our thoughts, who feel the pulses of our soul's yearnings and wait to minister for our good. This fundamental truth of Spiritualism taken home to the heart and carried into every day life fills a mighty void. When we are unjustly judged from outside circumstances and the superficial glance which we give to each other's lives, to feel that we stand in the angel courts already, and that the searching eyes of angel wisdom read our hearts and know us as we are—this is blessed comfort.

It is sweet to feel that the graves which are filled with the forms of our beloved, only hoard their precious dust, and that as we go out of these doors we are accompanied by the dear ones who love us still, who sit there in the seemingly vacant chair, and whose lips move silently with words of loving encouragement. 'Tis blessed to know that by-and-by we shall all be welcomed to the spirit-world, that our thoughts shall catch the glory-light of immortality; this is strength for hours of utter weariness, this is the incentive for bravely bearing our present burdens, this is the source of the best religious emotion and of the divine idea that all worlds are one; that God is in and over all, and that we are all destined to a glorious goal, all the heirs of wondrous riches, and that the day cometh when the problems of this life shall be solved; when its heart-aches shall yield up their fine gold, and when its river of tears shall be arched by the iris-glow of hope, and its precious promises shall be fulfilled.

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