



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.

One small spot,
Where tired mind may rest and call it home.
There's a magic in that little word;
It is a mystic circle that surrounds,
Comforts and virtues never known beyond
The hallowed limit.

—Southey.

Nature forever puts a premium on reality.

It seems to me that Love must be
The Missionary of Eternity.

—Gerald Massey.

He who is faithful to himself will be to all mankind.

The power of manners is incessant—an element as unconcealable as fire.—*Emerson.*

An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of the spiritual endowment.—*Channing.*

Sublimity is the staircase to the temple of religion, as the stars are to immensity.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

Truthfulness is not so much a branch as a blossom of moral, manly strength.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

When men do not love their hearths nor reverence their thresholds it is a sign that they are a dishonor to both.—*John Ruskin.*

O brother—man! fold to thy heart thy brother,
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there,
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly word a prayer.

To be endowed with a benevolent disposition, and to love others, will almost infallibly procure love and esteem.—*David Hume.*

Sagacity in selecting the good, and courage to honor it, according to its degree determines your own degree of goodness.—*Lavater.*

O, may I join the choir invisible
Of these immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence;
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
Of miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge men's minds
To vaster issues.

—George Eliot.

Know, that the great art to love your enemy consists in never losing sight of man in him; humanity has power over all that is human; the most inhuman man still remains man, and never can throw off all taste for what belongs to man—but you must learn to wait.—*Lavater.*

Utter poverty often kills the affection, but a deep, constant, and common feeling of this world's hardships, and an equal participation in all those struggles by which they may be softened, unite husband and wife, parents and children in thought and subdued tenderness making them happy.—*John Wilson.*

Matter becomes beautiful to us when it seems to lose its material aspect, its inertness, finiteness and grossness and by the ethereal lightness of its forms and motions seem to approach spirit; when it imagines to us pure and gentle affections; when it spreads out into a vastness which is a shadow of the Infinite.—*Channing.*

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

SLEEP LIFE—DREAMS.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

Mr. and Mrs. Simmons were a couple pretty well advanced in life, that is, they were on the shady side of fifty. They both had their blue spells, the motherly half having constitutionally more than her share. The father, however, considered himself "a man of sorrows and acquainted with griefs," still as he carried a cheerful outside, few thought his griefs very deep. The worthy Mrs. Simmons thought life had gone hard with her and often had spells of disconsolation amounting at times to sourness, that made her more evenly conditioned husband fret in harness and thus be disconsolate also, so that in joys and sorrows there was about a general average, that is, about equally divided. On one of these disagreeable occasions, Mr. Simmons was made, it seemed to him, unnecessarily uncomfortable and said so to his spouse, who thought him unfeeling and unappreciative of her many sacrifices on his account, and as the evening wore away she retired to bed quite unhappy, leaving her husband equally so. He tried to get into a brown study, or into a contemplative frame of mind, but without much success, so after awhile he went to bed himself. In getting into his comfortable quarters, he tried not to disturb his sleeping half, and wisely gave her over three quarters of the blanketed territory, happy that the remainder was sufficient for his purpose, in his straightened circumstances, and quickly forgetting his troubles he fell asleep.

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles, the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinions flies from care,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear."

"Night Thoughts" are true as a general thing, but Simmons was an exception, for though wretched and not overburdened with fortune, he was a good, sound sleeper and in the arms of Morpheus he forgot his troubles, both real and imagined.

Simmons did not know how long he had been asleep, but he found himself enjoying a pleasant time, chatting familiarly with his daughter. She appeared just as she looked in life, and was in his dreaming mind a still living person. In dreams the events and conditions are sometimes so strange, we wonder when we recall or remember them when we are awake why we did not notice some of the irregularities. The fact of death is often a "lost art," then, it was in this case, for the dreamer failed to notice any irregularity in the fact of his lately lost daughter being alive and talking to him; it seemed to him then, as natural as if she had never departed, and was still a living member of his family. Simmons even in his dream was still in the temporary grief or discomfort, with which he had retired, and of which we have spoken, and his daughter seemed to have been aware of it; how, it is not remembered, said he, in speaking of it. She may have known it from her superior state as a spirit, but Simmons did not in his dream realize that she had died and was a spirit, but he remembers these closing and consoling words, "never mind father, mother will come out all right," and when he heard her say this, he began to realize that he was dreaming, and he was made fully awake by feeling a coaxing hand from the wider side of the bed patting gently. The fact seemed to remind him that he had been dreaming, and that the dream was coming true, and that his wife was thawing out into naturalness and amiability, and after that he was happy, and the rest of the night the bed was more evenly divided. He thought also that the dream anticipated the fact, and that made him thoughtful, and as if for the time he had been with his angel.

We relate these rather ordinary circumstances for the sake of illustrating a point that came up in our colloquy which had turned on dreaming and sleep and which had led Mr. Simmons to relate the foregoing, and considering me an adept in the mysteries of life, he spoke of his other daughter, who had died over twenty years ago, a child of five or six. She is now an adult, said he, and yet I always remember her and think of her as still a little child, but it would be unjust to keep her per-

manently a baby so that I could know her again, and the hymn reads you know,

"We shall know each other there."

I said to Simmons, (and I repeat it now for the information of others, because I think I have good reasons for my conclusion,) that we spend about a third of our lives in sleep; you are now, Simmons, over fifty years old, you have spent about seventeen years of it in active life, you have spent as much more in recreation, study or reading, and at your meals and otherwise, the other seventeen years your body has been resting in sleep. Where is your spirit, your real self, while your body is asleep? Do you suppose that is asleep, too? I think all that time, more or less each twenty-four hours is spent in the spirit world among the departed, the new, old familiar faces.

I lost my little Hattie, I said to Simmons, when she was only six, this was twenty-eight years ago. I remember how sad I made her mother once, when I said we would never see her again. We were both young then and in good health, and were likely to live thirty or forty years, and then our little girl would be a woman of maturity. To see her again, as we remember her dear little form and winning ways and childish face, we must follow her into the land of souls at once, or very soon, so as to be with her, but that would not do if we thought advisable, for we are needed here to look after the three that remain. I look at this matter very differently now from what I did a quarter of a century ago; I am convinced that we spend our sleep-life in the spirit world, as I have said, with the loved and lost, with the old and the later familiar faces, so that when we shuffle off this mortal coil and we wake up in spirit life, it will be no *terre incognita* to us.

Of course the spirit face, the face behind the mask of flesh is not supposed to be wrinkled with age, but more in the youthful prime of our lives, even if we have passed the three score and ten mile stone. That being so, how are we to know the old ancestral faces, long since gone? We can not suppose them as looking as we remember them. If so, we all would be lucky to die at one score and ten, so as to be in the best shape for perpetuity. In some of the legendary lore of my own family is satisfactory proof to me that our spirit faces are not duplicates of earthly one, yet as I have said and the hymn also, "We will know each other there;" but how? It is very easy to imagine difficulties from a mortal point of view. Two of my near, but ancient relatives had visions of the other world and its inhabitants, one describing his aged mother did not find her an old wrinkled woman, though she was seventy-nine when she died; he could not tell how he recognized her only that he did. "Not at all like her portrait," said he, "yet I knew who it was." I referred to this circumstance poetically and here is one of the verses, which seems to suggest an idea:

He saw the face that watched his infant years,
And other loved ones buried long ago,
Brightly transfigured every one appears,
Frail Susan also whom he used to know.

I can call to mind two young relatives, one of twenty years of age and one of twelve when they died. The young lady of twenty lost her mother when an infant, and had no remembrance of her, yet when on her dying bed, she said, "there is mother," with sweet smiles of happy recognition. How did she know her mother? The younger one when she died had also just before departing spiritual visions; she mentioned the names of aunts and other relatives as being present ready to go with her. The weeping ones around that death-bed knew well the old familiar faces that the dying child saw, but how did she know them, when they had died some of them long before she was born, and others before she was old enough to remember them? I know of no other way for these familiar recognitions of long vanished faces, some of these never having been seen before by the recognizer, many forgotten, many necessarily changed by the natural growth from infancy to maturity, except daily or frequent intercourse with them. I am very strongly impressed that I have got at the fact; I think I have had experience that warrants to such an idea; that a large portion of our earthly lives is spent with those who have passed over the river. Why do we not remember our spiritual sojourn when we return to our bodies, that is, when we wake up? is a question that very naturally occurs to one. There

is probably wisdom in this forgetfulness; memory of such association would weaken us for the requirements of our earthly life. A line from Hamlet's famous soliloquy will suggest its wisdom.

"To die,—to sleep,—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—aye, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause."

If Hamlet had known what those "dreams" were, that they were the society of the loved and lost, that they were our future life realized in this life, there would have been no need of qualifying the further words:

"Who would burdens bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns,—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?"

I think Shakespeare answers the question of wisdom without my attempting any argument. I might also quote from that scholarly Frenchman, Allen Kardec, who in his reincarnation ideas, finds oblivion to previous lives no drawback. I have no faith in, and no fancy for the Kardecian theory, but neither is our oblivion to spirit wanderings any objection to the fact, the only question is, is it true?

As I have said, I have good reasons for believing the idea that I have suggested; to me they are satisfactory and rational and certainly it is a pleasant thought that while the body sleeps the time is not wasted. It certainly explains many death-bed visions otherwise unaccountable, and what is better still, how we are able to recognize our child, who died at the age of six when we do not follow her until she is thirty or forty. I was about adding here, an illustrative incident in my experience, but I see this article is getting so long, I will stop where I am, for the incident referred to would make an article of itself.

Angelic Ministry.

[Rev. A. C. Barry, in Universalist.]

It is said of Christ when he was struggling with his terrible agony in Gethsemane, that "there appeared unto him an angel from heaven, strengthening him." He saw the cross ready for him on the morrow. Its dark, cold shadow lay upon his soul, and, shrinking from its horrors, there went up to God the beseeching cry, that if it were possible the bitter cup pressed to his lips might pass from him. Then followed the beautiful petition, so full of the spirit of submission and resignation, "Not my will, but thine, be done!" In a moment the burden of his agony was lifted off, a sweet peace came into his heart, and he was made strong for obedience unto death.

Christianity comes to us all to confirm our intuitions by telling us of a calm and sunny shore, a happy land in some central universe, which we call heaven. And it talks to us of white-robed spirits in that fair clime called angels, who, when we are tried and made sorrowful, come to minister to us, and to strengthen us for the bearing of any heavy and grievous burden. Often, no doubt, there have come to human souls enrapturing visions from this curtained realm of spirits, and that through gates ajar human eyes have caught gleams of glory from the Eden of the blest. In times of deep and perhaps sorrowful meditation, or in some quiet hour of thought, when the heart has been busy with its memories of the departed, have we not felt in the pulsing air the beat of unseen wings, and heard our name pronounced by lips that on earth shall speak nevermore! The fact of angelic ministry is confirmed in the experience of many a one, and it has its testimony in human hearts that have been strengthened and consoled. The dying have seen it verified, and along the path of many a tried and suffering life has been beheld the footprints of ministering angels.

The sacred writings are full of this subject. All through them are accounts of the employment of celestial messengers. In the olden time they talked face to face with men. They came in palpable shape, and warned of approaching danger. They sat with patriarchs in their tents, and marked out paths for them to walk

in. Sometimes they communicated the will of God, or mapped some grand design, or sketched some eventful chapter of the world's history, in a vision or a dream. Often they were sent to execute benevolent purposes to furnish help when no other help was nigh, and to guide the lost and wretched in ways of safety and peace. To how many a wanderer in sin's dark paths—how many a soul in its troubled dreams and its haunting unrest—has a shining ladder been let down from heaven upon which angels have come and gone! And if the vision has been dim and indistinct, or fragmentary and shadowy like a broken and scarce remembered dream, it leaves a pleasant and enduring impression; and the divine hand is clasped anew in a loving trust, while to anxious thought and wearying care succeeds peace and rest.

There is joy, we are told, among the angels of heaven when a sinner repents. The sinner, then, has a place in the angelic heart. The pity and compassion of the angels are his. Shall it then be deemed strange that they surround his hard and thorny path, that they come and stand beside his nightly pillow, that they follow him in his farthest wanderings, striving to impress, to win him, and to lead him from lost ways to those that are pleasantness and peace? The thought that in every low and ruined state the eyes of angels are upon us, and that they follow us with anxious solicitude wherever we go, can but be full of restraining, converting and redeeming power. It was the thought of a hardened man of crime that his mother looked down upon all his ways, knew how guilty he was, saw him in his prison-cell, and sorrowed over her lost and ruined child, that smote down through his hard heart, and caused tears, from a fountain long closed, to fall fast and heavy on the dungeon floor. So it is that man, leprous with crime, is human, and in his heart somewhere there may be a sacred spot guarded by angels. A mother may watch there with all a mother's unforgetting and unforsaking love; or a sister or a child may watch with a constancy that can never grow weary. And we may well believe that they shall not watch in vain, but in the end have their joy made full by the repentance of Him from whom they can not be turned away.

The Uniformity of Nature and the Doctrine of Immortality.

[The Bishop of Carlisle, in the Popular Science Monthly.]

Take, for example, the case of alleged apparitions. I imagine that the tendency in the minds of not a few among us is to ignore apparitions utterly and completely. They are supernatural, and that is enough; they do not conform themselves to the recognized laws of mechanics, optics, acoustics, motion. This is a rebound from the old facility in accepting tales of demonology and witchcraft in pre-scientific times, and it has much to say for itself. Nevertheless, it is scarcely philosophical, and is in no wise demanded by the requirements of science and the conditions of scientific progress. A man may be perfectly orthodox in his physical creed, and yet may admit the weights of evidence in favor of certain alleged phenomena which will not square themselves with physics. Such alleged phenomena are not necessarily in contradiction to physical truth, they lie rather in another plane; they are like two lines or curves in space, which do not meet, and therefore can not cut each other. There are matters of the highest moment which manifestly do lie outside the domain of physical science: possibility of the continuance of human existence in a spiritual form after the termination of physical life is, beyond contradiction, one of the grandest and most momentous of possibilities, but in the nature of things it lies outside physics. Yet there is nothing absolutely absurd, nothing which contradicts any human instinct, in the supposition of such possibility; consequently, the student of physical science, even if he can not find time or inclination to look into such matters himself, may well have patience with those who can. And he may easily afford to be generous; the field of physical science is grand enough for any ambition, and there is room enough in the wide world both for physical and for psychical research.

Mind Cures.

(Continued from page 1.)

Within the last comparatively three months, the possibility and practicability of curing diseases of all forms without the use of medicines or any other physical agencies have been pressed upon public attention with very great zeal and earnestness. There is nothing new in the idea; it is as old as the most ancient of all records, and has assumed various features in various ages, according to the environment. The present form is apparently the result, and a very natural one, of the importance which studies in psychology have been gradually assuming. At present, the idea of "mind cures" is the dominant one, which will doubtless live out its day and disappear; but it is worth while to consider briefly its claims, for it is surely doing no small amount of injury in many cases, some of them being those in which remarkable cures have been claimed. The strong-hold of the "mind cure" as yet is in Boston.

It is quite manifest that the claims which are put forth depend for the possibility of their fulfillment on two things: 1. The actuality and potentiality of "thought transference," and 2. The limit of the power which can be exerted by mental energy, not only on bodily functions, but on the living tissues and organic changes.

If the first point—"transference of thought"—can not be thoroughly established, we have nothing whatever on which to base a belief that "mind cure" is any more than a delusion. The one who is to act the part of "healer" simply turns his own mental power and attention in upon himself, concentrating his energy upon the idea that the patient is free from disease. This he does by sitting by the patient's side, though it is claimed by some that it can be done without even coming into the patient's presence or entering his house. In proportion as his vital force, that is, his nerve force, becomes absorbed in this one thing, it is transferred to the mind of the patient, who is thus brought into physical relation with him, and is under his control to such a degree that what he believes, the patient necessarily believes. The patient thus believes that he is well, and as the result he is well, either immediately or speedily. This is the theory and the action, according to their own statements.

It is but fair to say that the evidence in favor of "mind transference" is exceedingly small. Very careful experiments have been made, both in Europe and in this country, and no fair-minded person can say that the proofs of transference of an idea from one mind to another without external agency go any further than what would be obtained from the doctrine of chances by means of accidental coincidence.

But now, in order to give every possible advantage to the advocates of "mind cures," let us admit for the occasion all that is claimed by any one of the reality and extent of thought transference, and see how far it can carry us. No one professes to deny that the influence of the mind over the sanitary condition of the body is exceedingly great, though it has in medical practice been sadly disregarded, in times past. We know well that in every form of disease the patient can be very largely benefited by those attendant circumstances which give tone and hopefulness to the mind, and especially by the efforts of his own will. We have no reason to question that in many instances the balance between life and death can be held and determined by the patient's actual will power.

We know also that multitudes of cases are daily occurring, involving very great exhaustion and distress, with not unfrequently most acute pain, in which the disease is purely and solely functional, that is, there is no organic change of any tissue, so far as we can ascertain. These patients, as a rule, are in no danger whatever, notwithstanding the frightful symptoms which they exhibit. Their case can terminate rapidly, and even instantly, in recovery, of which perfectly unnumbered instances can be given. Many who have been "bedridden" for years recover in this manner. And one point in addition ought to be mentioned—every possible symptom of organic disease is continually simulated by these functional forms so completely as to deceive the friends of the patient and not unfrequently the physician himself. These cases can be largely controlled by the mind; they are within the reach of the "mind cure."

In many of them, the machinery is in sufficiently good order for running; it lacks only steam. In them, a mind healer may make not only a complete cure, but one that is permanent. In others, the muscles have been so long without use that they have become sadly weakened; and while the stimulus of hope under the influence of the mind healer springs them into energy, so that the one who is fearfully crippled can and does move at will, thus putting on record another "cure," yet the reaction is as sure, though not quite so rapid. Within one, or perhaps two days, the new-found strength begins to sink away, and presently the patient has become much worse than before, and commonly is permanently injured, and hopelessly so, whereas different treatment might have made a slow but a steady and complete recovery. These cases are more common than those first mentioned.

The advocates of the "mind cure"

claim, it is true, that the view here given does not represent the case fairly. They state continually that organic diseases are healed as promptly and as readily as those which are only functional. In regard to this, we must remember two things: First, that functional diseases, as already shown, simulate the organic completely, and are constantly mistaken for them; and that the practice of every physician shows him that their proportionate number is by many fold the greater. But the main difficulty is in the second point, which is that an instantaneous cure of a serious organic disease is impossible through any natural agency. This point, though sure and certain, is taken but seldom into the account.

An organic disease necessarily involves a change of tissue. There is in the affected organ an increase or a diminution of the natural tissue itself, or otherwise a tissue of distinct nature is substituted for it. Referring to one organ merely—the heart. It is laboring, we will say, with pericardial effusion—"water on the heart"—and can continue in life and action only with a hard struggle. Even if the diseased pericardium could be instantaneously made perfectly sound, what could remove the fluid already present and choking out the life of the patient? It passes belief that any agent, either mental or physical, could cause it to disappear. The same difficulty exists as in every form of disease to which the valves are liable. To allow recovery, a physical removal or supply of tissue becomes necessary; and, as our minds are constituted, and in the present state of our knowledge, this is plainly to us an impossibility.

Seeing with the Mind's Eye.

(The San Francisco Mind Cure.)

Many years ago, when a student of art in the School of Design of Paris, the professor gave us exercises in drawing from memory. It was difficult at first, but in the course of two or three months much progress was made, and it became interesting.

The French have an expression that they use quite often: *figures vous*; make a picture to yourself. [This faculty of seeing mentally differs greatly in different people and in different races. The Bushmen in South Africa are very skillful in drawing animal figures on a smooth surface from memory. They commence on a smooth surface with a number of isolated dots, and then run a free, bold line without correction, and the form of a horse, elephant, buffalo, or other animal, immediately develops itself. The Esquimaux nation, with their long, cheerless winters and many privations, develop this faculty to a remarkable extent. There is a *fac simile* of a drawing by a native Esquimaux in one of Captain Hall's works—a chart of more than a thousand miles—drawn from memory by a native Esquimaux, where he had gone in his canoe or by land, and its accordance with the admiral's chart is quite remarkable.]

It is rather remarkable that one can not verify a faint image or lost power by the will. We have to wait till it comes to us. Visional perception seems to be almost a distinct faculty, and ought to be cultivated—especially by carpenters, architects, dressmakers, and many others.

We went to Golden Gate Park on Sunday, and much enjoyed the music and the exquisite freshness of the trees and flowers after the rain. Just on leaving, the calm beauty of the sky, with its few orange-tinted clouds, the odoriferous woods, the hills, the sweep of the lawns and flowers, a peculiar stillness in the atmosphere, the sweet pause between daylight and dark, was photographed on my mind, and I could recall the scene many times during the week with very great pleasure.

Suppose we wanted to plan a great humanitarian institute, we would see it in our mind's eye first, and the man who planned the rack or the thumb-screw saw that in his mind's eye first. If thine eye shall be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness; if thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.

See to it that the pictures you hang on the wall of your mind are of the right sort; there are some that it would be better if we could efface forever—but we must bear the vision until we can rise on to conditions that free us from its spell. Hang up cheerful pictures on your mental wall; make that house of imagery a pleasant place to come to and even stay in.

There is almost no limit to the physical development and health that may be gained and maintained by walking, which is done for the purpose of exercise. Any one can find time and space in which to walk, and one can find congenial company for such trips. A prospective husband is not the best company at such times, for with him the walk will almost inevitably degenerate into a saunter; further, no woman can walk freely when custom or affection compels her to lean on a masculine arm. To be beneficial, walking must be done in shoes broad enough to let the feet be placed firmly upon the ground at every step, and in clothing which will allow free play to lungs and arms. The step should be as quick as can be maintained without causing uncomfortable increase in the action of the heart. The pedestrian should breathe through the nose, carry the head erect, and not be afraid of becoming high-shouldered.

Value of Uncertainty.

(From John H. Clifford in Christian Register.)

Life, which seems so simple and sunny in some of its aspects, so perplexed and gloomy in others, is a holy and unfathomable mystery. It is not well either to spend it all in trying to explain it or to give over all earnest thinking and acting, because explanation is impossible. No man can find the key to life by hunting for it; but he who goes steadily about life's true affairs, neither pausing to ask why nor refusing to work because he is not told why,—he already holds the key, and without knowing it unlocks, one by one, the secrets whose true solution is not in asking and bearing, but in being and doing. To such, it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of the soul. Yet so naturally does that knowledge come that they do not know how they know, perhaps do not know that they know at all. If we could learn to live in a deep and simple faith, which has room for all doubts and is proof against all despairs, against all inordinate mental desires as well, we should get rid of many of our despondencies and many of our illusions,—those fatal bubbles which, one by one, we follow till they burst. We should do without the positive yet unfounded assurance of mere beliefs, flattering to our selfish hopes, but sure to bring us disappointment sooner or later. We could dismiss useless fears and forebodings. We could take life as it comes, firmly and thankfully. We could make it all that it is capable of becoming, in our own persons and in our relations with others. We could be sure that the uncertainties of this finite existence are but the faint shadows of that Everlasting Certainty which broods through all eternity upon the world, continually bringing forth the true, the good, the beautiful, for each and all. We should accept them, shadows as they are, as evidence of the substance which we seek.

The uncertainties of life are the strongest test, and not less the most powerful stimulant of high moral action. We should submit ourselves to the conditions, to the disciplines of life, because we trust in a higher wisdom and love. And we should devote ourselves to the tasks of duty and of self-sacrifice in obedience to the divine instinct which tells us that this is in harmony with spiritual law. To the lowliest task, the humblest soul may go forth; to the loftiest duty, the exalted man may advance; to every call of life, men may respond with a willing mind, a strong purpose, a simple feeling of self-devotion to the highest laws. To whatever work we are called, we may go, however poorly furnished we may seem, sure of rendering acceptable service, if we but come to it in the spirit which all holy work demands. Let us not make needless difficulties harder than those which duty itself brings. Let us heed the call, and not trouble about the work till we come to it, not about the results; for the doing will answer for them. For "we know not with what we must serve the Lord, until we come hither." In perfect agreement with this spirit of childlike trust and obedience does Thomas Carlyle declare that "we are as soldiers fighting in a foreign land, who understand not the plan of the campaign, and have no need to understand it; intent to know wisely and do valiantly what lies to our hand to be done." So, too, did Cromwell grandly say that "a man never rises so high as when he knows not whither he is going." History has nothing more sublime than the examples which illustrate this. Poetry has no more inspiring theme. From mythical Abraham of Chaldaea to Abraham of Illinois, surnamed Lincoln, reaches a line of noble souls, all led by an unseen hand from low obscurity to the highest places of the earth.

Have not, then, the uncertainties of life an untold value for us as they are resolved into the certainties of that life which is not, like ours here, partial and dependent, but whole, supreme, eternal? If we accept them and trust them and work for them, they will secure our spiritual growth, our endless welfare. They will make us more humble and reverent in view of our own limitations and of ideal perfection; more watchful and cautious, in view of our short-sightedness and dependence; more earnest and active, as we see our obligations, and learn that moral obedience is the true key to existence; more steady in our upward aim and endeavor, as we find that power alone can bring greater power, that light alone leads to clearer light; more trustful, since all unsolved things here point to a general solution, which can rest on nothing less than the highest wisdom and goodness, working all things well for every being in the universe.

And that most pressing, most awful uncertainty of all,—the duration of life itself, its interruption here, its continuance hereafter,—is not this, rightly viewed, a great quickener of our sense of life's worth? Does it not throw increasing emphasis upon the obligations which give life meaning? Does it not strengthen the tender ties which make life's holiest relations? Can any one think that he might die in a day, in an hour, in a moment, and not breathe unutterable thanks for life, and secretly strengthen the love which binds him to his dearest friends and to all his fellow-kind?

Above all, do these heightened estimates of life lead the soul to a holier love, resting upon a more tranquil trust for the all-embracing Being, at once its source

and its end. The same passage from this scene to another awaits all human souls. "All men have one entrance into life, and the like going out." The old creed says, "There's nothing sure but heaven." But the faithful spirit knows, by its hourly experience of the good of existence, that nothing is so sure as heaven, here and now, to those who live the life whose spiritual excellence alone can make heaven, here or hereafter.

With all such may we be able to sing the song of trust, that sweeter refrain of the divine rhythm of duty! With the seat of eternal things may we be able to say, "All I have seen bids me trust the good Creator for all I have not seen!"

Whatever takes us out of time and places us in eternity has the spiritual value which religion signifies, which the common spiritual sense of man ever seeks and finds in all just interpretation of life.

Benefits of Spiritualism.

(J. R. Perry in Banner of Light.)

As an evidence that spirits do know what is going on, and take an interest in our affairs, I will relate briefly that in 1876, while attending the great Centennial, I by mere accident was introduced to Mrs. Manks, a splendid test-medium, in Philadelphia. She almost immediately said that there were many of my friends there who wanted to communicate with me. A selfish and skeptical person would very likely have thought she was only inviting me for the sake of a dollar; but I knew differently, as I myself felt their desire. So I said: "If you will give me an hour I will go to your home with you now." She excused herself by saying her house was all upside down, undergoing a clearing. But she could not shake off her Indian control; he wanted to speak with me, and she finally agreed I should accompany her, provided I would excuse the condition of her apartments, to which I readily agreed, and a better and more tasteful seance I never attended; it was astonishing beyond all previous attempts. I inquired of her control whether he could give me the names of my spirit friends present. In answer he said: "Oh! yes; me give many." And he began by saying: "Big chief, your father is here; and Sarah, the music-lady, and Martha—she like you much; and George, the hunter, and Josey, your papoose—him bright spirit; he often comes and places his arms around your neck when you sit in big arm chair and listen to raps on back of it." (If nothing else would make me a Spiritualist these raps would, as they show an absolutely distinct something that is intelligent.) As each spirit was announced, I held an interesting conversation, pertaining to such a knowledge of former circumstances as no other spirit could answer. It will be noticed that each spirit was named with some characteristic that made it a certainty to me. "George, the hunter," was a friend with whom I often roamed the blue mountains during his life, and every incident referred to was characteristic of the man. Oh! what a beautiful, natural, intelligent and convincing seance that was! It thrills me with joy often, and will as long as I live, whenever I think of it. It is impossible to convey the absolute tests which they each gave and which I fully know.

After a bit, the control went to my present home, some hundred of miles from Philadelphia, and on returning he gave a minute description of each of my children, calling them by name, and speaking of mother, who was then eighty-one years of age, saying she was then working in the garden, and stated also that she was a great lover of the garden, which was a fact. She is still living, upward of ninety years old, and now regrets that she can not work in the garden as she used to. Then went on to describe my brother and his surroundings; and speaking of a daughter he called her Hannah, and said I had two Hannahs; that "my blanket squaw was Hannah, and my papoose was Hannah, too"—every one of which tests it was an utter impossibility for the medium to know, and the theory of "mind-reading" is a miserable absurdity to explain it by.

One more incident, which I contend brings out the unknown factor, and I will close. After this Indian control had given me so many good tests, he said: "Now me just see big scratch (a letter) come from the East which bring you heap wampum (money). When you go to big show you find him there—you know Ingin tell you sure." I thanked him for all the tests he had given me, and with a little whoop he left us. I had no knowledge about any letter whatever, but on inquiry as soon as I got to the Centennial post-office, sure enough, there was the letter, from the Mason & Hamlin Organ Company of Boston, wishing to purchase a patent I owned and was exhibiting in an organ there. We came to terms soon after and the "wampum" was paid to me, and they are using the appliance now. Here is the unknown factor; I was told of a thing not in my mind, not in the medium's mind, and which could have come only from some other mind, and I defy the ingenuity of the whole materialistic world to explain it on any other reasonable theory than that of the Spiritualist's.

According to the Catholic belief deceased saints may be invoked, and can accomplish, either directly or indirectly, what is required of them. The belief of Spiritualism is just the same, only they do not call their spirit helpers "saints."

M. Richet on Apparitions.

(Ligue.)

M. Charles Richet, who is a Fellow of the Medical Faculty of Paris, is held in high estimation as a physiologist, and he is editor of the *Revue Philosophique*. We learnt by the November numbers of the *Revue Spirituelle* that he had admitted into the pages of his *Revue* an article, by Commandant Rochas, on the subject of "Levititation," in which the writer stated the phenomenon of bodies rising from the ground by invisible agency; and he quoted the experiments of Mr. William Crookes, F. R. S., on the subject, as related in his "Researches in Spiritualism"; and the *Revue Spirituelle* called attention to the fact that M. Richet appended editorial notes to Commandant Rochas' article, in which he characterized the phenomenon of Levitation, vouched as it was by Mr. Crookes' testimony, as "intra-sensible" or "improbable, literally, 'unintelligible'."

In the *Revue Spirituelle* of December 1st and 15th we find a criticism, by Alexandre Vincent, of a paper read by M. Richet before the "Société Psychophysico-psychologique" of Paris, and then printed in his *Revue Philosophique*. We would transfer this criticism to our columns, but as it runs through two numbers of the *Revue Spirituelle*, we are obliged to give a condensation of it.

The critic quotes M. Richet as saying in the paper mentioned: "For some time (past American, English, and Russian) journals have contained most extraordinary accounts of apparitions, and with such minute detail of seeming reality, that we think we ought not any longer to pass them by without a notice. Several hypotheses have been advanced about the accounts of the apparitions spoken of, the first being that they are lies; the second that they relate to what are truly objective realities; the third is that those who give the accounts are under hallucination."

"The first of these hypotheses seems to me hardly admissible. It is difficult to believe that men of social and scientific eminence in different countries can have conspired together to fabricate and give currency to lies; nor is it probable that such men could be the victims of a wide conspiracy of cheats. To accept such a hypothesis as this would be to abandon oneself to the extreme exaggeration of skepticism."

"The second hypothesis, that the apparitions in question are truly objective realities, would imply that they consist of a hitherto unknown form of matter. In support of this, however, we have hitherto had no conclusive scientific demonstration. Before we can accept it we must have a demonstration absolutely irrefragable, under the strictest verifiable scientific conditions, such, for instance, as an impression made by the apparition upon a photographic plate, or by its moving some material object."

Alexandre Vincent at this point interposes the observation that, in the article on "Levititation" in the *Revue Philosophique*, annotated by M. Richet himself, its author, Commandant Rochas, had translated and transferred to it the very passages (pp. 150-2) of Mr. Crookes' "Researches in Spiritualism" in which he states in full detail the very demonstration demanded by M. Richet. But, perhaps he wrote his paper for the "Psychophysico-psychological Society," and subsequently sent it for printing in the *Revue Philosophique* before he annotated Commandant Rochas' article.

Now we come to the third hypothesis, that of hallucination. M. Richet says—we quote from A. Vincent in the *Revue Spirituelle*—"Medical authorities in lunacy tell us that hallucination is a symptom of insanity, or of insanity impending. But this opinion seems to me too absolute; I know of cases of hallucination where the intellect has been perfectly normal; one was that of a painter who lost a dear sister, and after her death saw her frequently at his side as she used to be in life. An aged Academician, nearly blind, but possessed of all his faculties, saw persons, unseen by others, approach, sit by, and pass him. A girl of my own family, when ten years old, at the time of her father's death, saw an apparition of him approach her. An eminent Russian related to me his having seen an apparition on two occasions; each time he was alone, and the apparition acted in no way upon material objects; therefore, I have no doubt as to its having been hallucination."

M. Richet's critic leaves his readers to make their own comments on these cases; but he suggests that he, a distinguished member of physiological and medical schools, should define the degree of strength in a hallucination which would qualify it for being photographed; and he calls to M. Richet's mind Commandant Rochas' quotation, in his article on "Levititation," from Mr. Crookes' "Researches in Spiritualism" (pp. 13 & seq.), in which quotation is recorded the photographing of the spirit Katie King (would M. Richet say hallucination?) by aid of the electric light.

Mr. Crookes' experiments demonstrating the truly objective reality of apparitions, made during four years, were carefully and scientifically conducted, apparently to meet the requirements of such minds as M. Richet's.

M. Richet seems to censure those who abandon themselves to the exaggeration of skepticism; does he himself unconsciously abandon himself to it? Or, like so many of his orthodox brethren, is not he himself hallucinated by his own materialist notions?

EXPERIENCE DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

You asked me to contribute something to your Experience Department. It is true, as you say, that almost every Spiritualist has had some experiences in the course of his investigations, which if properly written up would form very valuable additions to our literature as well as make very interesting reading matter for a couple of columns of your very readable paper.

With a view to assisting you in maintaining such a department in the GOLDEN GATE, I will contribute the following from my private journal, which to me seemed a very remarkable test of the power of spirits to return and communicate with mortals.

In the year 1869 and a part of 1870, I resided in Mexico, and a greater part of the time while there, I lived in the family of a gentleman whose name was Don Jose De Castro. I found him to be a genial, whole-souled, hospitable old gentleman, about seventy-one or seventy-two years of age, and an enthusiastic Spiritualist in belief, having been made so by attending a spirit circle in Paris, presided over by the late Allen Kardec. While in his family, I made rapid progress in learning that beautiful language the Spanish which was his mother-tongue; and before I left there, I was able to converse with him quite readily upon almost any subject.

He was very fond of discussing Spiritualism, or Spiritism as he called it. I was not at that time, fully convinced of his belief in its teachings, but the incident I am about to relate, went far towards convincing me of its truth. We had many conversations on the subject, and he related many interesting incidents from his large experience on the subject. At length, circumstances compelled me to leave there and return to California.

After I had bidden the other members of the family good-bye, he walked a little way with me, and taking my hand, said, with the friendly fervor peculiar to his race, "Good-bye and God bless you, Mr. Anderson, I fear we shall never meet again in this life, but we shall in that other. In all probability, I will pass over before you do, and if I do, I will come to you, and, if possible, confirm you in a belief in its truth, for I should like much to so convince you."

I thanked him warmly for his expressions of interest and friendship, and, shaking hands, I departed and came to California. I received letters from the family for awhile; but finally our correspondence became irregular and infrequent, and at last, ceased altogether; and for about three years, I had heard nothing from them, and the old gentleman's promise had quite passed from my mind.

About four years after bidding him good-bye, I engaged in mining in Sierra county, in this state. My partner was an old Californian who for several years previous to the time of which I write had been living in the State of New York. When he returned to this State, he brought a wife with him who I soon learned was a spiritual medium.

One day soon after our acquaintance began, we were sitting in the house, she suddenly turned to me, and in a voice quite unlike her natural one addressed me in the Spanish language. Now, up to that moment, neither she nor her husband had any idea that I could speak that language. The substance of her remarks—or rather his remarks for I soon learned that she claimed to be controlled by my old friend Don Castro,—was that he had come back to fulfill his promise to me referred to above. He gave me his name in full, and the date and particulars of his last sickness and death.

I talked with him, for half an hour, during which time he referred to many things which were known only to himself and me.

Being more of a novice in such things than I am now, I thought it very strange that a woman whom I had known but a few weeks, should reveal to me knowledge of events long past in my life, and known only to myself and to the old gentleman, who for aught I knew was still in the physical form.

I immediately wrote a letter to a son of the old gentleman, asking after himself and the different members of his family, and wound up by sending my regards to his father. I was careful not to say anything which would lead him to suppose that I knew anything of his father's death.

In due time his reply came, and told me of his father's death, and all the circumstances connected with it; and it took place exactly as he had related to me through the medium, several months previously.

This is one of the reasons why I am a Spiritualist. E. G. ANDERSON.

The Bottom Drawer.

I saw my wife pull out the bottom drawer of the old family bureau this evening, and I went softly out and wandered up and down until I knew she had gone to her sewing. We have some things laid away in that drawer which the gold of kings could not buy, and yet they are relics which grieve us both until our hearts are sore. I haven't looked at them for a year, but I remember each article. There are two worn shoes, a little chip hat with part of the rim gone; stockings, trousers, and a coat, two or three spools, bits of

broken crockery, a whip, and several toys. Wife—poor thing—goes to the drawer every day of her life and prays over it, and lets her tears fall on the precious articles; but I dare not go.

Sometimes we speak of little Jack, but not often. It has been a long time, but somehow we can't get over grieving. He was a burst of sunshine in our lives, and his going away has been like covering our every-day existence with a pall. Sometimes when we sit alone evenings, I writing and she sewing, a child on the street will call as our boy used to, and we will both start up with a wild hope, only to find the darkness more of a burden than ever. It is so still and quiet now. I look up to the window where his blue eyes used to sparkle at my coming; but he is not there. I listen for his pattering feet, his merry shouts, and his ringing laugh; but there is no sound,—no one to climb over my knee, no one to search my pockets and tease for presents, and I never find the chair turned over, the broom down, or a rope tied to the door knob.

I want some one to tease me for my knife; to ride on my shoulders; to lose my ax; to follow me to the gate, and to be there when I come home; to call "good-night, papa"; for the little bed is now empty; and wife misses him still more. There are no little feet to wash, no prayers to say, no voice teasing for a lump of sugar, or sobbing with pain of a hurt toe; and she would give her own life, almost, to wake at midnight and look across to the crib and see our boy, as she used to.

LIFE IN OTHER SPHERES.—Proctor argues that every celestial body must at some time pass through a life-supporting period, which must be very short compared with the duration of the world's own existence. Concerning the date of the life era in other worlds than ours he remarks: "In the presence of time-intervals seen to be at once infinitely little—infinite great compared with the duration of our earth, infinitely little by comparison with the eternities amid which they are lost—what reason can we have, when viewing any orb in space from our little earth, for saying *now* is the time when that orb is, like our earth, the abode of life? Why should life on that orb cynchronize with life on the earth? Are not, on the contrary, the chances infinitely great against such a coincidence? If, as Helmholtz has well said, the duration of life on our earth is but the minutest ripple in the infinite ocean of time, and the duration of life on any other planet of like minuteness, what reason can we have for supposing that those remote, minute, and no way associated waves of life must needs be abreast of each other on the infinite ocean whose surface they scarcely ripple?"

It is more probable that life is wanting than that life exists at this present time. Nevertheless, it is at least as probable that every member of every order,—planet, sun, galaxy, and so onward to higher and higher orders endlessly—has been, is now, or will hereafter be, life-supporting after its kind."

RAPID GROWTH OF SPIRITUALISM.—A St. Louis clergyman says: "Don't put my name in the paper, but you may say that a clergyman who has been twenty years in the pulpit is greatly astonished at the growth of modern Spiritualism, not only in this country, but throughout the world at the present time. It is spreading in the churches as well as outside of them. Its converts used to be entirely from the infidel and atheist classes—so much so that Spiritualism itself was ranked—and rightly so—as a species of infidelity. But now vast numbers of people who commune with Catholic and Protestant churches are believers in spiritual manifestations, and would rather give up their Christianity than abandon their Spiritualism. The Catholic church made a strong fight against Spiritualism, but it is unable to beat it down. Some of the most intelligent Catholics here and elsewhere are among the most ardent Spiritualists. I can not say how they reconcile the one belief with the other, but they manage to do it—at least they hold to their Catholic faith openly and to their spiritualistic faith secretly. And so with Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists and Episcopalians. There is no Christian denomination today a part of whose membership is not tinged with Spiritualism."

THE LIQUOR BUSINESS.—The Louisville Courier-Journal is not a sanctimonious paper, but it thus speaks of the traffic in intoxicating drinks:

It is a business which is opposed to every clergyman in the country.

It is a business which every merchant and business man hates and detests.

It is a business which is the standing dread of every mother.

It is a business which makes ninety per cent. of the pauperism for which the taxpayer has to pay.

It is a business which makes ninety per cent. of the business of the criminal courts.

It is a business which keeps employed an army of policemen in the cities.

It is a business which puts out the fire on the hearth, and condemns wives and children to hunger, cold and rags.

It is a business which fosters vice for profit, and educates in wickedness for gain.

Drunkenness comprises all other vices. It is the dictionary for vice, for it includes every vice.

Drunkenness means peculation, theft, robbery, arson, forgery, murder; for it leads to all these crimes.

Materializations.

[John Edwards in Religious-Philosophical Journal.]

Some Spiritualists, and nearly all Christians, disbelieve in spirit materialization, but there is a large number of people who do believe it, and that belief is founded on personal experience by and through the senses. All persons' experiences differ more or less. The seer, Andrew Jackson Davis, walking with Swedenborg, lost sight of him at the end of their journey or the locality for which they were bound. Davis wondered why his friend had separated from him. Swedenborg replied that he was with him to the end, but that the conditions had so changed that Davis could not see him. And so it is in our investigations of the spirit phenomena—some people are decidedly more receptive to spirits than others; some persons' natural make-up is repellent to spirit approach and intercourse.

On one occasion twenty of us sat in a circle with Mrs. Hollis, the medium. After waiting for nearly an hour, Mrs. H. remarked that it was no use to sit any longer, for no manifestations could be obtained. As the people were leaving the room, I requested two or three to remain, when I never witnessed more satisfactory manifestations. Mr. Nolan, the controlling spirit, in reply to my inquiry of the cause of the failure of the first circle, remarked that a stranger present from a distant State, who was a Spiritualist, was so constituted by nature, which he could not help, that his magnetism was so dark it could not be mixed with that of the others. Here was one person who in consequence of no desire on his part, defeated the manifestations.

There are hundreds of thousands of as intelligent and well meaning people as this country can boast of, who have witnessed spirit materializations, while at every sitting, and with different mediums and different conditions the manifestations have been, more or less, different. Modern spirit materialization is as yet in its embryonic state, and but little understood by mortals, for it is concealed by the most subtle laws of nature, of which the spirits have not, as yet, been able to fathom, notwithstanding the most profound spirit chemists and scientists are constantly experimenting in that direction.

Spiritualists ought to comprehend the fact, whether outsiders do or not, that spirits are at work investigating in order to obtain results. It was to have been expected that professional jugglers and pretending persons to mediumship would, for gain, undertake to simulate the genuine phenomena; but the most debased are the dishonest mediums who mix their fraudulent devices with the real to deceive. To denounce Spiritualism on account of charlatanism, and ignore the genuine on account of the counterfeit, would blacken the character of every priest and minister in the land, if to be judged by the shortcomings of a percentage of a like class, which no reasonable and charitable person would think of doing.

In witnessing the appearance of spirit materialization, we have to judge as best we can by our senses; and what mortal is wise enough to inform us how the apparitions we see are so suddenly created? What are the different integral parts, comprising the whole, as well as the *modus operandi* of making those apparent full-form bodies, on some occasions far more perfect than at other times? Occasionally these bodies appear in their locomotion, limbs and vocal powers just the same as mortals. They seem also to possess flesh and bones just the same, but, in fact, do not, because in the twinkling of an eye they can vanish, or in other words, dematerialize. Some of these bodies that can walk around, seem as light as astral bodies, and can take horizontal positions suspended in the air. Their weights will change in a few minutes, many pounds. Sometimes they will present the front part of the body, as appearing to our senses, as solid, while, in fact, it is a mere shell, without back, and yet move about, converse, and shake hands at times with mortals. Who can explain the wonder?

The whole Christian world for nineteen hundred years has been laboring under a fatal error, basing the resurrection of the physical body on the example of Jesus of Nazareth, who, they claim, rose from the dead in his natural or crucified body; but that is not so, as proven by modern materialization. Jesus rose in a new materialized body. Now, if there can be shown a single individual on this earth, who was as unselfish, pure and spiritual as Jesus, we can find a person who, when he shall have passed the so-called ordeal of death, will rise as Jesus did in a body materialized for the occasion. The power which removed the stones from the door of the sepulchre, could also have spirited away the body. Why Jesus would not shake hands with his faithful friend Magdelene, was because the conditions of materialization would not admit, just as I have experienced dozens of times. At one time the materialized spirit would shake hands with me; at another time it would not.

Christians lay great stress on the saying of Jesus, "For a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have." It was no time for Jesus to enter into a philosophical disquisition about a spiritual materialization. Jesus treated the case from the

standpoint that his friends who saw him could not realize and regard him only from a materialistic standpoint. Paul, in the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians, clearly states the case. "But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him." All flesh is not the same flesh. There are celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial. It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. "Now this I say, flesh and blood can not inherit the kingdom of God." Now Jesus passed through matter in his body, and on several occasions he vanished in the twinkling of an eye. It is just as appropriate to use the term dematerialization.

In my experiences, if my reason and common sense, aided by my senses, is to me of any value, I have seen hundreds of so-called materialization of spirit bodies. I have seen but four or five of my immediate relatives; all but one I could not identify by appearances—only by what was detailed through conversation. One, a brother, appeared to me a few days after his so-called death and burial, looking as natural as he did while in the flesh. He grasped me by the hand cordially, and in that condition vanished or dematerialized, seeming to pass downward through the floor. The last I saw of him was the crown of his head, which appeared to be illuminated, while a dense white vapor ascended upward.

There are tens of thousands of people who have witnessed a great deal more wonderful things in spirit materializations than I have, yet I rest on solid ground for myself in the grand truth of spirit materializations, just as it occurred in the case of Jesus, and all along down the ages. Barring attempted fraud simulations, there is a phase of transfiguration of the medium, I having witnessed some beautiful ones.

I can not close this communication without entering my earnest protest against the Christian doctrine of a physical resurrection. It is against reason, science and chemical analysis. It is argued profoundly against by St. Paul, and remains unsupported in the example of the resurrection of Jesus, and disproved by modern materialization of spirits.

I presume each individual sees through his own glasses, and because certain persons have not experienced and observed what others claim to have witnessed, is no evidence that those who assert the affirmative are upset by the negative testimony which is no evidence at all.

The Test of Bravery.

[New York Sun.]

Let child or woman fall overboard and a dozen men are ready to spring after and save them. That is bravery, but it is bravery born in impulse. Let a human face appear at the window of a burning building and a dozen men will risk their lives in the effort to extend help. That is bravery, but it is bravery born of pity and excitement. Let man but hear the cry of woman in peril and he will rush to her rescue and deliver her at any cost. That is bravery, but it is the bravery of honor and chivalry. Let man be surrounded by wolves, and all escape cut off, and he will fight until pulled down. That is bravery, but it is the bravery of despair.

It is the battlefield which tests a man's courage. A regiment is in line on the edge of a wood. Between the two is a meadow bare of the slightest shelter. The regiment is ordered to advance. As the line moves out into the clear sunlight every man will reason to himself:

"The enemy is posted in the opposite timber. Before we are half way over he will open on us with shell. One battery will cover our regimental front. This is my last day."

So each man reasons, but every face is sternly set to a "front," and not a foot misses step as the line pushes across the meadow. The shells come, and dozens of men are blown to gory fragments, but the line moves on as before, and the living reason:

"The fire will presently change from shell to grape and canister, and then I shall certainly be hit."

The prediction is verified. Gaps are opened through the double line, but only to be closed again. The regiment has lost its marching steps, and its lines are no longer perfect, but the movement is still onward, and men reason:

"The infantry are in support of the battery. I have escaped shell and grape, but when we come under the fire of musketry we shall be slaughtered!"

There is no hanging back, no obliquing to right or left, no other thought than to push ahead. The grape ceases, and lead takes the place of iron. The lines are further disordered, and the left wing has lost its "front" by thirty feet, but the wave does not stop. As it rolls forward men grip their muskets tighter, their eyes flash, their teeth shut hard, and they reason:

"In a minute more we shall be near enough! Then we shall charge 'em with the bayonet! Then will be a hand-to-hand fight, and I surely must be killed or wounded, but let us at them—hurrah! hurrah!"

"Chawles," languidly drawled Josephine, looking up from her book, "I see one of the new studies is trigonometry. What is trigonometry?" "Trigonometry," replied Charles, toying with an invalid moustache, "is a—a—is the science of pulling the trigger, of course."

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Symbolism.

[Given Through the Mediumship of Mrs. F. W. Leveridge.]

As thou asketh for the symbolic emblems of God—Life, Light, Wisdom, Truth and Harmony—so shall they be given unto thee.

Life, the living principle, sustainer of all conditions, without which there would be an empty waste.

Light, that thou canst see clearly the many workings of life's changing kaleidoscope, and looking through the darkness of obstructed vision, behold the wonderful Author of being.

Wisdom, without which no theory or principle can exist. Many are now tottering and will soon be swept away, for they do not stand upon the rock of wisdom.

Truth, the cardinal virtue, united with wisdom—a sceptre in the hands of a faithful servant of God, powerful enough in executive force to overthrow the dynasties, and religions of the earth. Thou holdest the wand in infancy; it shall grow, penetrate, expand, what is now a feeble sceptre; shall overthrow and make strong a new foundation upon which the new governing knowledge shall stand. They now see through a glass darkly; then shall they see face to face, for I say unto you, the spirit, in materialized form, shall walk and talk with earth children, and they shall be lifted up in new glory. There will be no need of dark circles, sitting in faith to see a spark of light, hear a rap, or audible voice from the unseen visitors, the other self of each one will be in truth a constant guide and companion clearly understood.

This is the millenium; this is what Christians call the second coming of Christ, but what we term the true knowledge of the power and wisdom of God, the sun of whose righteousness is just rising above the horizon to the children of earth. When this effulgent light enters the hearts and souls of earth's children then the Son of God is in their midst, and not until then does Harmony mount her throne and breathe over the face of the earth her time-tuned lyre.

When Harmony reigns then discord and strife flee and the sunshine of peace entereth the abode of man. Then each sign, seal and symbol of God, shall be clearly understood and earth's children be filled with wisdom. The religions of earth shall be rolled away as a scroll, but the Kingdom of God endureth throughout eternity.

Mountains and valleys disappear, waters evaporate, new lands appear, the torrid becomes frigid, and the frigid torrid—constant change and motion mark the separate epochs in the world's history, and thus the movement goes on. As it was in the beginning so shall it be in the end, for all things have an end marked off on the great dial plate of time excepting God and his glorious insolvable kingdom.

HERMES.

"A Beautiful Father."

"Tell your mother you've been very good boys to-day," said a school-teacher to two little new pupils.

"Oh," replied Tommy, "we haven't got any mother."

"Who takes care of you?" she asked.

"Father does. We've got a beautiful father. You ought to see him."

"Who takes care of you when he is at work?"

"He takes all the care before he goes off in the morning and after he comes back at night. He's a house painter, but there isn't any work this Winter, so he's doing 'laborin' till Spring comes. He leaves us a warm breakfast when he goes off, and we have bread and milk for dinner, and a good supper when he comes home. Then he tell us stories and plays on the fife, and cuts out beautiful things with his jack-knife. You ought to see our father and our home; they are both beautiful."

Before long the teacher did see that home and that father. The room was a poor attic, graced with cheap pictures, Autumn leaves, and other little trifles that cost nothing. The father who was preparing the evening meal for his motherless boys, was at first glance, only a rough, begrimed laborer; but before the stranger had been in the place ten minutes the room became a palace and the man a magician.

His children had no idea, they were poor, nor were they so with such a hero as this to fight their battles for them. This man, whose grateful spirit lighted up the otherwise dark life of his children, was preaching to all about him more effectively than was any man in sacerdotal robe in costly temple. He was a man of patience and submission to God's will, showing how to make home happy under the most unfavorable circumstances. He was rearing his boys to be high-minded citizens, to put their shoulder to burdens, rather than to become burdens to society in the days that are coming.

He was, as his children had said, "a beautiful father," in the highest sense of the word.

When Victorien Sardou was yet struggling in obscurity, his only friend was a cobbler, who made his boots for him on credit for six years because he had faith in his genius. Crispin has ever since been a frequent and welcome guest at the dramatist's mansion, and is happy in saying, "I knew you were somebody, sir; and, at any rate, you achieved your success in my boots."

GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1886.

HARDLY FAIR.

A lady, handing us the price of a year's subscription for the *GOLDEN GATE*, the other day, remarked that she would have taken the paper before, but that she had subscribed, first and last, to three other spiritual publications started on this coast, every one of which had suspended and left her the loser, and she hoped the *GOLDEN GATE* would not serve her as had all the others. We assured her that her investment was a safe one, as far as this journal was concerned—that we had "come to stay."

And so we have; but we think it hardly fair that we should be made a vicarious sufferer for the shortcomings and failures of our predecessors. But such is the fact. We are met at every turn with the question, "Will the *GOLDEN GATE* live?" And among a large class of Spiritualists the impression prevails that the paper must soon go to the wall. Though why they should thus imagine is a puzzle to us. Is not the field broad enough? Are there not Spiritualists enough on the Pacific Coast to sustain one weekly paper? Did we not, during a period of twenty-five years, build up and conduct one of the most successful interior journals in the State? What is there to fear?

Notwithstanding all the elements, backing and assurances in our favor, there are scores of Spiritualists in this city, and many elsewhere, who are withholding their subscriptions until they are satisfied upon this point. That, surely, is not the way to make the paper live. But it will live, nevertheless. It is gaining ground daily. Already it is moving well on in its second volume, and it will go right forward to a grand success.

If it were well for us to state all the facts upon which we confidently base our conclusions, no one would for a moment doubt the permanency of the *GOLDEN GATE*.

THE KEY.

A great deal is written about the wickedness and want in great cities, among which New York gets frequent mention. Once in a while we hear something of the practical good that is being done for their numerous unfortunates. The *Tribune* says:

In this city \$7,350,000 are annually expended in charity, according to the statement of the Charity Organization Society, which held its fifth annual meeting last evening. The membership of the society now exceeds 1,000. Over 900 families have been reformed from pauperism in the past year. The statistics prove that one pauper family alone had in five generations cost New York State \$1,500,000. It was shown that begging was a profession, followed like any other, just as far as it was profitable. The record of nearly 1,000 professional beggars, arrested by the society officers, was years of work in that line. Evidences of the fact that charity should be reduced to a science were given.

No more important science study could engage the mind of man or woman than that which operates in this life to make one poor and helpless and another rich and powerful. We believe that poverty would be bred out of the race since it is by inherited tendency that a man succeeds materially, or comes to pauperism. Starting a boy or girl in life with ready money is no assurance against future want. The habits of thrift and economy are better traits to cultivate than a million in gold left by fond but unwise parents. There are mental and moral qualities that succeed better than gold, and when society learns the secret of redeeming from sin and misery human souls, it has found the key that will open a way for millions long shut out in darkness.

GILROY'S GHOST.

The quiet town of Gilroy is having an experience in the line of the spiritual, consisting of unusual manifestations at a house where a prominent and highly esteemed young lady recently died. The present tenants of the house, who are intelligent and respected people, unacquainted with the phenomena of Spiritualism and heretofore unbelievers in it, were aroused one evening shortly after their occupancy of the building by steps on the front porch and three loud raps on the door, which, on being opened, revealed nothing but a beautiful moonlit evening. The residents naturally suspected that some one was playing a trick on them, and a repetition of the steps and knocks on the following evening made them resolve to find out the trickster; but their efforts proved futile. The assistance of a friend was invoked, and sitting with his hand on the door knob he resolved to fathom the mystery. The steps and raps came as usual, the door was instantly opened, but no one was there. The lady of the house by this time had become extremely nervous, but a call and an explanation from a prominent Spiritualist had a quieting effect. As yet the mystery remains unsolved, the steps and raps come sometimes two or three times a night. But as one of its results a prominent citizen, who has often said there was nothing in Spiritualism, now retracts and frankly admits that "there are more things in heaven and earth than is dreamed of in our philosophy, Horatio."

"THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES."

If "variety is the spice of life," what a vast storehouse of condiments must be that so-called Book of books whence so great and greatly diverging a variety of religious sects all derive the authority for their existence, and which all regard as the infallible rule and guide for their faith and practice.

We are led to this thought by the receipt, in exchange, of a neatly printed and ably conducted sixteen-page paper, bearing the above title, and published in our neighboring city of Oakland. It is the organ of the sect known as the Seventh-day Adventists, a people who believe in the sleep of the dead, in the speedy coming of a literal and personal Christ, in the resurrection of the righteous dead to life everlasting, and of the wicked to everlasting destruction—that is, the latter are to be burned up "root and branch," in the great conflagration that is to purify the earth and make it a proper abiding place for the saints. These, by the way, are to be caught up with Christ and kept out of harm's way while the purifying process is going forward, which it is supposed will take a thousand years.

Probably no other class of religionists are quite as familiar with the Bible as these Seventh-day Adventists. They have its prophetic portions at their tongues' ends, and they give to these prophecies a literal significance accepted by no other religious sect. They are armed at all points with passages of Scripture to prove their positions; and with all who entertain a general belief in the Bible they are most cogent and unanswerable reasoners.

As a Christian sect there is none that stands higher in good works, or in all that goes to make up a godly life. They are earnest temperance workers, kind-hearted and charitable in their intercourse with others, exemplary in their lives, and honest in their dealings; but they believe such strange things,—that is, strange to us who regard the Bible as anything but an infallible book, and who know that some of their dogmas are errors,—that, for instance, of the sleep of the dead. We know, by unnumbered evidences in many ways, that the dead do not sleep, but that they live right along, and under suitable conditions may return and make themselves known to mortals.

Our friends across the bay believe, if we understand them correctly, that, as "God breathed into the nostrils of man the breath of life and he became a living soul," so, when the breath goes out of him at death, that is the end of him, until such time as God sees fit to call him forth to a literal resurrection, when he is to come forth a conscious physical entity—though whether his body is to possess the actual elements of his former body, and, if so, how they are to be sorted from the same elements that have been used in the construction of myriads of other bodies, we are not quite clear. But we have no doubt our Adventist friends can tell us exactly how it is to be done.

But, however we may differ with the editors of *The Signs of the Times*, in matters of belief, we nevertheless welcome their paper to our table. In all that is essential to man's true welfare we doubt if we shall differ much. Indeed, we are sure we shall get along together very harmoniously. We ought to be thankful to any body of Christians who have the good sense to fix a limit to the duration of punishment, even though it be the final cremation and annihilation of the sinner. At the same time, we are forced to admit that we can not see the necessity for calling the sinner into being again, after he has once ceased to exist, for no other purpose than to taunt him with his iniquities, and then snuff him out again and forever. Why not let him rest? These are matters we do not pretend to understand, and so we may as well drop the subject.

WHAT WILL THEY DO?

Now comes the automatic type-setter, a new machine invented by Prof. James M. Munson, the noted stenographer, which of itself sets type, justifies it, leads it if need be, and places it on a galley. There is also a machine that distributes type; and a third by which a New York newspaper may be produced simultaneously every morning in every city and town in the country, reducing the newspapers of the land to a score, and the printers to one. Thus is foreshadowed the state of one branch of hitherto remunerative labor in the future. Nearly all our noted men of to-day were at some time in their young lives printers, to which they owe the greater part of their schooling. The printers' trade, down to the present time, has been a good and safe one, but what its army of followers are to do in the coming time, when these machines come into full use, and they surely will, is a question that will make more than one tremble to consider.

NOT THE TRUE CAUSE.

At the Conference of Methodist preachers held in this city the past week, Rev. J. W. Ross, in discussing the question, "Why the Church does not reach the masses," gave, among other reasons, what he regarded as the "real difficulty," that "the masses don't want to be saved."

We think Bro. Ross widely misses the mark. The trouble is that the masses are too intelligent to believe in the errors and inconsistencies of church teachings concerning the nature of man's

relation to the universe, and especially of his eternal destiny. The church teaches a plan of creation that is at enmity with science, and repugnant to common sense, and then deplores the lack of interest in its theories. It offers to the world a God who creates countless myriads of human beings to be consigned to eternal torture, and wonders why the people do not fall in and worship such a Being. It ignores the fact of man's individual responsibility for his acts, but offers a system of atonement for misdeeds that is both degrading to God and man.

Open the windows of your churches, Bro. Ross, to the light that is shining all around you—to the light of science and reason—to the light of philosophy, of spiritual existence and intercourse, and your churches will not be large enough to contain the hungry multitudes who will seek your altars.

AN INVISIBLE LINE.

In the light, (or darkness rather), of orthodox teachings concerning a future life, it has always seemed to us that there was an insuperable barrier in the way of carrying out the plan of reward and punishment—as set forth in the Bible—that is, of sending a portion of the human family to a heaven of everlasting delights, and another portion, and by far the larger, to a hell of unending agonies.

It is true that there is a wide gulf between the very good and the very bad man. It would not be difficult to determine, as a matter of human judgment merely, to which place these two classes should be assigned. But between these two extremes there come all gradations of goodness and badness, with none wholly bad, and none entirely good—the one closely impinging upon the other, until it would be impossible for any earthly judge to separate the two.

Now if we were promised a graduated scale of rewards and punishments in a future life, to fit these various grades of human conduct, there would be a seeming consistency in it. But no such provision is made. "Saved" or "lost," with all that those words signify in an orthodox sense, are the only alternatives.

Let us apply this principle and see where it will lead us: Here are two men—one is a believer in the doctrines deemed essential to salvation, but is not noted for his kindness of heart, or his generous deeds. But he belongs to the church, and may be set down otherwise as a very fair sort of a man. Let us say that he is just on the side of the line, by a scratch, that entitles him to be classed among the sheep, and hence is, as we are taught, "an heir of God, and a joint heir with Christ." For him there is happiness forever more! The other man is broad in his charities, upright in his dealings, kind hearted and generous, but he is an "unbeliever." We will suppose, to make the case stronger, that the two men are alike in all respects—that is, in all that goes to make up a manly character; and that they differ only in the matter of belief, which is not a question of volition; for no one can believe anything except as the judgment is convinced. But not being a "believer," the second party, according to all the teachings of evangelical Christianity, must go upon the left hand with the goats—is doomed to an eternity of punishment. It is not held by Christians that "belief" alone will save a soul; for many a knave is soundly orthodox in belief. Hence, salvation, after all, depends upon character—upon good works.

Wherein, then, is the difference between these two men that would justify the salvation of the one and the damnation of the other? At what point can we draw the line between them? Who that reasons can not see the unjustifiable nature of the orthodox plan? Why it is not even founded in the simplest kind of common sense.

Contrast this plan with what we know the facts to be, as given to us by the myriads of returning spirits. They all tell us they have found no heaven nor hell, such as the world, for ages, has been taught to believe in. They tell us that just as we leave this life we shall enter the next—good, bad, and indifferent; that not a soul in all of God's universe is eternally lost; and that the greatest of sinners will have an eternity of opportunity, if need be, to reform.

Now, there is some justice in this arrangement; for who does not know that man is a free agent only to a very limited extent, if at all; that he is not responsible for the conditions of his birth or early training, nor for his inherited tendencies to evil. Hence, to deny to such a person another chance, removed from the bias of an unfortunate heredity, would seem to be a gross act of injustice. Spiritualism teaches no such injustice, and its teachings are based upon no crude ideas of an ancient and semi-barbarous people, crystallized into what is known as Holy Writ, but upon actual knowledge that is within the reach of any one who would know the truth.

—Do the Spiritualists of San Francisco realize the great work which may be done for good in the Children's Progressive Lyceum? We need more workers in this department to teach the principles of the grand faith that is to make the children better men and women than they could possibly become under the teachings of the theological Sunday-school. Spiritualists, do not forget the children.

STERN JUSTICE.

At this writing a young man of Woodland lies murdered, as the law interprets it, but interpreted by the divine law it was but murder taking "the angel shape of justice." There is a class of young men of to-day to whom the sacredness of woman's name and nature are a sealed book. She is to such simply a toy, and her good name is bandied with the same indifference as if it were the foot ball with which they play. Such a one was Mr. Craft—the young man who met his death at the hands of an avenging father. Mr. Craft's friends claim, as a sort of an excuse, that what he circulated of Mrs. Sill, formerly Miss Harlan, was true,—that he had been on most intimate terms with her. If true,—we would doubt any man who would report such things on himself—he is the more to be despised—the blacker his shame. Every true mother, wife and sister in the land will rise up and say, "Thank you, Mr. Harlan." It is time that such men had a wholesome lesson—time that this beautiful world should cease to be polluted by the vile breath of the traducer of that most holy of holy things, woman's good name.

PERHAPS.

The idea that so often comes to the surface regarding the destruction of our world, is one that is of all others regarding it, the most fascinating. However much people may believe and fear it, they like to dwell upon it just in proportion as it appeals to the element of marvelousness in their natures, of which all possess more or less.

Collision is the most likely cause of our planet's taking off; but since those erratic bodies, that roam so carelessly through space, are found to be quite orderly on better acquaintance, the fear from that source grows less, always with the reservation that one does not know "what may happen." Suppose the earth should collide with another body and be sent into the "vast sea spaces," disintegration might not be so easy a matter as some suppose. As for the people on it, they would hold on, with the aid of gravitation, as now. If we finally come to wreck we might be cast upon a world more to our liking than this, or find "a resting place in a vast and vapory ocean."

Great guilt is no obstacle in the way of the sinner's pardon. God's mercy is infinite. He can save the greatest sinner as well as the least. He that truly repents of his sins and believes on the Lord Jesus Christ, it matters not how deep the stains that sin has made, shall be saved. Let us not limit the divine mercy and power. Whosoever cometh unto him, he will in no wise cast out. Though his sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. What an encouraging truth is this! Let us, then, not despair of the worst of sinners. From the very depths of degradation, when the sinner cries out for God, he can lift him up, adopt him into the divine family, and make him a child and heir of Heaven. Such are the wonders grace can do.—METHODIST RECORDER.

And such is the kind of teaching that is calculated to retard the growth and progress of the race beyond all estimation. Here we are told, substantially, that the vilest of wretches—the man besotted, and bestial, and warped out of all semblance of a noble manhood by a long life of the blackest crimes—the man with scarcely a glimmer of a spiritual nature, and with every impulse vile—may become, in a moment of repentance, a shining saint, and a companion of angels,—who will graciously be permitted to look down from the glittering ramparts of Heaven upon the poor, roasting wretch who rejects Christ, but, like Montefiero, the noble Jew, lived for humanity, and the good that he could do! How long! O Lord, how long is such preaching to continue!

A SENSATION.—A *Chronicle* reporter, nosing among other people's private business affairs, thinks he has discovered something crooked in the alleged transfer, by Dr. Robert Brown, of 75,000 acres of land in Virginia to the Board of Trustees of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of California, as an endowment fund for said College. Said reporter has found a person who was induced to write on to the County Clerk of the county in which a portion of said lands were said to be located, and has ascertained that no such lands are recorded in the name of Dr. Robert Brown. He could have ascertained that fact in a much more satisfactory manner—although it would have spoiled a sensation article, which is the height of the average reporter's ambition—if he had called upon Dr. Brown in person. He could then have seen the title deeds to the property and have had the matter explained to him in a manner to convince any honest reporter of the fairness of the transaction. But then it would have deprived him of the luxury of carrying out the *Chronicle's* Golden Rule of doing unto others as he would not that they should do unto him.

WOMAN'S WORK.—The field of journalism is every day widening for women, many of whom have already won distinction in their labors. Those of this country have a National Press Association, a branch of which has just been formed in Boston, Mrs. Sally Joy of the *Herald* being President. Mrs. C. W. Washburn and Miss E. M. Thatch are the women members of the Boston *Globe's* staff; Mrs. Sally Joy White, a reporter and paragraphist, is on the *Advertiser*; Mrs. E. B. Ellis is society editor of the *Herald*; Lillian Whiting is the book reviewer and literary editor of the *Traveler*, besides writing correspondence for leading journals in other cities; Miss Georgia Hamlin, a witty paragraphist, writes for the *Transcript*, *Herald* and the *Pilot*; Miss Mildred Aldrich is one of the assistant editors of the *Boston Home Journal*.

—In view of the several agents that to-day can be used to produce a painless and instant death, it is surprising to read that one George Waterhouse of New York State, bitten some six years ago by a mad dog, should be smothered to death. Signs of hydrophobia developed during the past week, all the usual remedies failing, the physician resorted to the above means of ending the sufferer's life, which must have added a deeper pang of sorrow to his agonized parents.

MORE TESTIMONY.—The evidence of the genuineness of the independent slate-writing, as witnessed in the presence of Mr. Fred Evans, is steadily accumulating. Mr. Clarkson H. Richards, a keen-eyed investigator of the phenomena, assures us that he called on Mr. Evans the other day, and, after cleaning a pair of slates, he bound and sealed them together, when two messages, one from his spirit mother and the other from an uncle in spirit life, were written upon the inner surfaces of the slates. The messages, independent of the manner in which they were written, were of a character to convince Mr. Richards that they were written by the spirits of his kindred, as they purported to be. This is but another of many testimonies to Mr. Evans' mediumship that are constantly reaching us.

OUR NEXT CAMP-MEETING.—At a meeting of the Directors of the State Association held Feb. 5th, it was decided to hold the camp-meeting in Oakland, commencing Friday, June 4th, and ending Monday, July 5th. Correspondence is being held with speakers and platform test mediums in the East, and two or more will be secured, as well as the best of home talent. The Board have made such financial arrangements that no public appeals for aid will be necessary, and the expense to those attending the camp-meeting will be made as light as possible. Spiritualists throughout the coast should arrange to take in this camp with their Summer vacation. Let it be a delightful reunion of all progressive souls upon these western shores.

Miss Maud Gardener, daughter of ex-Governor Gardner of Massachusetts, is credited with the introduction of a new industry for Boston ladies. She is a whist enthusiast and has consented to give morning lessons in the game to her friends.—EX.

Whist playing an industry! So also is packing around a sore-eyed poodle dog—a task to which many of our rich ladies devote a large portion of their worthless lives.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—The *Pacific Health Journal and Temperance Advocate*, published bi-monthly by the Pacific Press Publishing Company, Oakland, Cal., J. H. Wagoner, editor, will be found to be a capital educator in the family. It is full of wholesome thought on all that pertains to human welfare.

—We publish in this week's issue the second of the series of able lectures on "Mediums and Mediumship," delivered recently before the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, by the gifted speaker, Mrs. E. C. Wms.-Patterson. The third and best of the series will appear in the *GOLDEN GATE* of Feb. 27th.

—Mrs. Watson holds a reception for ladies only every Saturday, from 2 to 4 P. M., at her rooms at the Donahue House, corner of Mission and Fifth streets. Her object is to bring the ladies who attend upon her ministrations at the Temple a better opportunity to become acquainted with her and with each other.

—The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of Woods, Robinson and Atherton, in another column. They deal in stoves, ranges, kitchen furnishing goods, tin roofing, plumbing and gas-fitting, and manufacture all kinds of tin, iron and copper ware, making dairy work a specialty. Give them a trial. You will find them not only first-class workmen, but true men in all their dealings.

—The freedom of this country is fast passing away—in some things—but not those that would benefit society in their abridgement. A young man in Santa Barbara, taking a fancy to learn the sounds that may be blown out of a clarinet, was happily practicing the instrument in his own apartments, when he was arrested and fined. Another man may go to the same city, make an open-air speech and cause half a dozen incendiary fires before morning, at which no one protests but the newspaper men.

—It is a very significant fact that the last negro held in slavery in the South was owned by a negro. When an evil reaches its height, those who have suffered most by its existence finally adopt and practice it among themselves. Were it not prohibited, there are many wealthy negroes in the South to-day who would find it convenient to hold their brethren in bondage. But their time and energies are mainly forced into better things. One hundred and fifty newspapers are edited by colored men in the United States.

—Just exactly what satisfaction it gives one to be convinced that at some stage in the growth of his development, he possessed a tail, does not appear to us. Prof. Fol, of Geneva, claims to have discovered that the human embryo, in one stage of its growth, has a genuine tail like other mammals. There are many who have proclaimed this fact before Prof. Fol, and where he has been and what doing to be so long behind in his "discovery," will be a more interesting question to students than their relation to the ape.

—Some friend has invented another auricular torture, called the "pyrophone," a musical instrument constructed to make music from gas. There were quite enough uses for gas before this came along; but if it has the effect of doing away in any degree with those wheezy and cranky institutions, the accordion and street organ, the public might welcome it as a choice of three evils. This new invention is said to resemble the human voice, which is saying nothing definite or satisfactory, since there are so many voices that throw one into fear and hysterics.

—Two or three years ago there was a general raid on oleomargarine factories, and the authorities were bent on their extermination, so many horrid stories of their poisonous ingredients and the vile methods of compounding them were spun out in the papers to turn the public stomach. But after all said and done, they still flourish, and it must be by public demand. In Chicago alone there are six establishments of this kind that are said to do a rushing business. Any one familiar with the mixed population of that city will not wonder.

—Missionaries are going from all parts of our country to instruct and save the heathen. We don't believe one of them will win such a crown of glory as M. Burgh, who is just going on a mission of mercy to the animals of Paris. He ought to visit every city in Europe and create a sympathy in behalf of those creatures who must suffer all wrong in silence. If the treatment of dumb creatures indicates the degree of civilization of a people, then Europe is more in need of missionaries than China. There are not enough Henry Burghs.

—Among semi-civilized nations there is something in the simple and original methods of getting over the every-day difficulties of life that so perplex and bother refined people. The Burmese give an example in case of divorce that is suggestive. The couple just light a candle apiece and sit down to wait the survival of the best taper. The one possessing this gets the decree. Now, in the case of Christianized people, this long silence held over the burning candles, would give both time to think, and they might come to see both sides of the story and conclude not to tell it to the world.

—A probable member of the British Parliament is said to be Miss Helen Taylor, step-daughter of the late John Stuart Mill. It will be remembered that Miss Taylor has for several years been a very active and influential member of the London School Board, and which she was instrumental in founding. As leader of the Woman Suffrage movement in England, she will stand for election on that ground. The only requirement for election to Parliament being that a member shall be twenty-one years old, and take the oath of allegiance and membership. If Miss Taylor is elected, the woman's cause will be pretty clear in England.

—When the day's work is ended, and the shadows of evening gather over the earth, how sweet the thought that rest is at hand—rest for tired feet and weary limbs—rest for body and mind. And we go down into the silent forgetfulness of sleep to come forth with the rising sun, renewed in strength for the labors of another day. How like the rest that comes to the tired when the labors of life are ended, and we sink into that gentle sleep whose waking will be upon the realities of spirit life—to the labors and joys of an existence whose border land is fringed and jeweled with stars, and whose confines are the boundless shores of eternity.

—The meeting held in Washington Hall last Sunday evening, under a new management, as we noticed in our last issue, in place of Mrs. Foye, we are pleased to be able to say was a grand success, both as to speaking and tests given by the mediums for the evening, Mrs. J. J. Whitney and Dr. Schlessinger. The latter carries consternation to the minds of skeptics—and especially to that class of people calling themselves materialists and disbelievers in any future existence of life after the body is once dead, and as to the former no medium on this coast is doing a more successful work.

—The *Carrier Dove*, for February, contains a fine portrait of our pioneer medium, Mrs. M. J. Hendee, with a sketch of her life and mediumistic experience; also a portrait and sketch of the life-work of that gifted religio-philosophical writer and scholar, William Emmette Coleman of this city. It contains also a portrait of Dr. Benjamin Rush, with a biographical sketch, by Albert Morton; also a full-page likeness of Mrs. Mumler, widow of the spirit artist, with the spirit form of Dr. Rush in the background, standing with his hand resting upon her head, just as the picture was taken by her husband. The *Carrier Dove* is a grand magazine of spiritual truths.

NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

In Norway ladies are only charged half price when traveling.

In New York it is becoming customary to use umbrellas as a shield against the glare of the electric lights on clear nights.

The *Trinity Journal* says that there are not more than 400 Chinese in that county, whereas ten years ago there were ten times that number.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe wants to have a woman's Industrial Council convened, in which every State and Territory shall be represented.

Michigan University is to receive the sculptor Rogers' entire art collection after his death. It includes over one hundred pieces in plaster and marble.

A railroad is to be built from Maricopa to Phoenix, A. T., a subsidy of \$200,000 having been voted by the last Territorial Legislature to assist the enterprise.

The employment of women under ground is prohibited in Great Britain; but the British Factory Inspector reports that 4,458 are at work in mining operations above ground.

An Ohio doctor, who has been collecting facts about opium eating, believes he can demonstrate that the use of narcotics is most common in towns where the sale of alcoholic beverages is not permitted.

A company of capitalists have bought 320 acres of land rich in iron ore at Tintic, U. T., on the shore of Utah Lake, and will erect smelting furnaces and go into the business of producing pig iron.

According to the report of the Surgeon-General there were only two cases of varioloid and one of small-pox in the United States army last year. Vaccination was carried out with great regularity.

Miss Alice R. Jordan, the young lady who is the first to open the doors of Yale College to women, is only twenty-two years of age, and already holds three diplomas, including an admission to the bar of Michigan.

Spiritualism Known to the Indians of the Ohio Valley a Hundred Years Ago.

EDITOR OF THE GOLDEN GATE:

About 1783, Jonathan Alder, then about eight years old, was captured by a wandering band of Indians, in Virginia, and conducted across the Ohio river to the home of the tribe which was then on the north bank of the great Miami river, and now in Logan county, Ohio. So said Jonathan Alder in his journal which Henry Howe quotes in his history of Ohio. Jonathan Alder stayed with the Indians until the treaty of Greenville, in 1795, when he and all the other white prisoners of the Indians were surrendered, according to the conditions of that treaty.

Alder was, when surrendered, about twenty-four years old, and had been married, according to the Indian forms, for some years, and had a family by his Indian wife. But he said they did not live well together, and, after the treaty, parted, and his wife and Indian family moved West with her tribe.

During the time he lived with the tribe, and after he was married to his Indian wife, he was taken into their confidence and became as one of their principal men, was consulted as a chief and attended all their councils. I am indebted to the late Henry Alder, the son of Jonathan Alder, for what I am going to relate. Jonathan Alder never learned to read or write, and Henry Alder, his son, became his amanuensis, and wrote at his dictation and his journal. Henry Alder I knew well and I learned many things about his father's captivity and life among the Indians which have never been published. His journal was never published entire, and was separated, mutilated, and finally lost.

As he related: after he had gained the confidence of his tribe, at certain times the select men would go aside into some deep and dark glen of a moonless night, and join hands in a circle and sing, and that their spirit friends would come and sing with them in audible voice.

Henry Alder tried, he said, to remonstrate with his father against writing such stuff in his journal, as no one would believe it, but his father ordered him peremptorily to write it, as it was the truth, whether anyone believed it or not. Thus we see that Spiritualism was known and practiced among the Indians in the Ohio valley nearly a hundred years ago.

Henry Alder was a scholar and held many important trusts from the people of Madison county, Ohio, as surveyor, commissioner, etc.

LONDON, Ohio, Feb. 1, 1886.

Andrew Jackson Davis and the Philosophy of Death.

[New York Beacon Light.]

As far as our knowledge goes there is but one writer in the world who has ever given either a theory or any number of facts concerning that wonderful phenomenon called death. In the first volume of *The Great Harmonia*, Andrew Jackson Davis has given a vision which he says he saw. He describes the process of dissolution in that glowing and beautiful language which distinguished his earlier writings. In his latest book he gives a number of visions which he claims to have seen of the emanation of spirits from the bodies of persons who had "been buried alive."

It is claimed by those who have opposed Mr. Davis and his writings, that he has written a great deal that is worthless. Well, even granting this, we nevertheless have no hesitation in saying that he has written more Spiritual Philosophy, more of the spiritual world, more of the literature and science of spirituality, than all the writers on such subjects of modern times. Mr. Davis has touched nearly every subject within the range of science, art, and nature and all this without any knowledge of books, or college education. We regard Mr. Davis as one of the most remarkable men who have ever appeared on this planet.

Forty years ago, when he was but a young man, before Darwin, Heckel or Spencer were known to fame, young Davis shadowed forth the doctrine of evolution, and his statements and theories of geological science is just now being discovered by our eminent geologists.

The time is not far distant when the writings of Davis will be appreciated, and his name and works will echo down the corridors of time centuries after those whose names are in everybody's mouth to-day will have been forgotten or lost in the dust of ages.

The naturalness of the process of death which Mr. Davis describes will certainly recommend itself to every unwarped mind.

The substance of his statement is as follows:

He stood at the foot of a bed whereon a dying man lay. The process of dissolution had already begun. Mr. Davis says he saw a luminous body immediately over the body of the sick man; it was the spirit which was being eliminated. Between the spirit and the body there was a bright cord through which a stream of what appeared like brilliant diamond dust was rapidly passing from the dying body to the fast-forming spirit above. This spirit was gradually assuming the proportions of a human being. After two hours had passed the spirit had become luminous, and indescribably beautiful. Turning his attention to the clay mould out of which

nearly all this spiritual body was being eliminated, he saw that it was dark and lifeless, yet around the base of the brain there was yet some light. The cord now began to look pale and lose its brightness, until it finally became disintegrated and separated. Then the spirit rose higher in the earth's atmosphere—but it was evident that no law of this planet had any effect upon it. Still receding and rising he at last perceived a number of friends and relatives of the departing waiting to receive it.

The birth was complete; the real man had been eliminated out of his body. His friends had taken charge of him, and his body in which he had resided so long would soon disappear into invisible matter—in other words, become dematerialized.

The changes in both cases were perfectly natural. It is a mystery to us that all intelligent persons can not understand that it is just as natural for a spiritual body to exist as it is for a physical one, and the spiritual body is just as plainly seen by the clairvoyant medium as the physical body is seen by us with our natural eyes.

When the intelligent world shall arrive at that point where it is admitted there is no death—only a harmonious change from this to another state of existence—then, and only then, will death be robbed of its sting, and the grave of its victory; then only will the king of terrors cease to be terrible.

We regret to learn that the great seer and author has left New York and taken up his residence in Boston. Mr. Davis must be close to sixty, now, and in the course of nature will be transplanted to that Summer Land about which he has written so beautifully. It does not matter much where this remarkable man may live on this globe, he has earned and wears the immortal crown, and it will distinguish him throughout the unending cycles of time.

Louisa M. Alcott says of the education of girls: "I can only hope that with the new and freer ideas now coming up, some of the good old ways may also be restored. Respect shown to the aged, modesty, simple dress, home-keeping, daughters learning from good mothers their domestic arts, are so much better than the too early frivolity and freedom so many girls now enjoy. The little daughter sent me by my dying sister has given me renewed interest in the education of girls, and a fresh anxiety concerning the sort of society they are to enter by-and-by. Health comes first, and early knowledge of truth, obedience and self-control; then such necessary lessons as all must learn, and later, such accomplishments as taste and talent lead her to desire—a profession or trade to fall back upon in time of need, that she may not be dependent or too proud to work for her bread. Experience is the best teacher, and with good health, good principles, and a good education, any girl can make her own way, and be the braver and better for the exertion and discipline."

Professor Swing's conception of religion has at once the merit of simplicity and directness. He says: "The essential idea of religion is that we are the children of a personal or conscious God as distinguished from the thought that we are the result of chemical or material causes. Upon this basis alone the sentiment of piety rests. The difference of opinion regarding all other points may be curious or valuable, but they are not essential. No argument should be deemed vital except that as to whether there be a God. To wait for some adjustment of views as to inspiration, as to miracles, as to the nature of Jesus, is to ask the greater to wait for the less, the sun to wait for the world to analyze the electric light or the glow-worm's torch."

Sylvester Graham, M. D., said: "It has been estimated by some writers on political economy that the soil which is necessary to raise animals enough to supply the alimentary wants of one man who subsists wholly on animal food, will produce vegetable substance enough to sustain sixteen men who subsist wholly on vegetable food. This shows at once the wisdom and the necessity of the Chinese living on rice. What a saving there would be to this country if our large cities were supplied with vegetable food only. There need be no suffering poor in the land if better calculations were made, and better habits formed.—*Pacific Health Journal*."

In the little village of Mount Pleasant, in the potteries in Staffordshire, England, is to be found a child whose extraordinary growth excites great wonder. Little Alice, as she is humorously called, is but four years of age, yet turns the scale at 150 pounds; the circumference of her waist being no less than five feet, while her height is four feet, so that literally she is broader than she is long. She is bright, intelligent, and remarkably pretty, her head being crowned with a mass of golden hair. Her size does not interfere in the least with her activity, as she may often be seen playing with the other children of the village or wandering in their company through the country lanes. Her appetite is enormous.

O Santa San, a young Japanese lady writer, has been taken on the editorial staff of one of the best newspapers in Tokio. This is the first woman in the kingdom of the mikado who has been admitted within the circle of journalism.

MENTAL HEALING.—Mental healing marks an era in human progress. It is not a power mysteriously limited to a special few. It is in every human being. The mind of a finite being is in union with the infinite mind, and, therefore, is as mighty to control the universe. From this law a science has been deduced, and by understanding it disease can be removed, if there be vitality enough in the body to react to the positive mind. No other system has ever taught patients how to become their own physicians. Mental, moral, and physical ills alike fade away before the awakened mental force. The reason that all do not believe that the mind controls the body is because the latter has been the main object of thought. The intellect is cultivated to be most active in material creations. When man experiences joy or sorrow he thinks that what excites these emotions is real; so when he is told that he has mental power that will overcome pain of the body, he can not comprehend. To believe the truths of mind or spirit in opposition to the illusions of sense is to overcome physical evil. And in proportion to man's removing error from himself is he ready to remove it from others. Those who have learned to live purely and seek for mental truth, develop powers so far beyond those who live only in the senses, that the works they do are deemed miraculous.—*E. T. Bennett*.

TESTIMONIAL.

MRS. M. J. HENDER.—DEAR MADAM:—This is to certify that my boy, after a prolonged illness of intermittent fever, and a physician in constant attendance for three weeks, was troubled with extreme coldness of the limbs and inability to use them, until after meeting, accidentally, at the house of a friend, Mrs. Hendee, who at once told me of the peculiar effect of the disease, and treated him, through me, by inspiration, and said that I would find him improved upon my return home, and such was the case, for from that evening his improvement was gradual, but sure. He is now stronger in his limbs than any time since his birth. OAKLAND, Feb. 4th, 1886.

MRS. W. PAIGE.

PASSED ON.

Mrs. Vicena Maynard Morrell, who resided at 113 Third street, San Francisco, Cal., passed to spirit life on Saturday morning, Feb. 6th, at the advanced age of sixty-eight years, six months. The funeral took place on Monday, Mrs. Mayers, Mrs. Aiken and Mrs. Seip officiating. Mrs. Mayo read selections from Lizzie Doten's Poems. The exercises at the house closed by singing, "There is Rest for the Weary," singularly appropriate after her long and painful illness resulting from blood poisoning. Mrs. Morrell was well known as a business medium and psychometrical reader, often occupying the platforms in public meetings in this city. She has been a medium for over twenty years, much of that time has been spent upon this coast. She was born in Louisville, Kentucky, and was attended in her last illness by a faithful daughter and many loving friends. She knew her earth work was rapidly drawing to a close and passed out into the brighter light of an immortal day in the full consciousness of the truth of Spiritualism, ready and willing to obey the summons, "Come up higher." M.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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PASS THEM ALONG.

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

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.

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 assessment. 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.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL SERVICES by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, at Metropolitan Temple, under the ministrations of the celebrated and eloquent inspirational lecturer, Mrs. E. L. Watson, Sunday, February 7th. Questions answered at 11 o'clock a. m. Lecture in the evening. Subject: "The Sheep and the Goats, or the Problem of Crime." 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 from 2 to 4 p. m. February 14th, lecture by Dr. Peet. Subject: "Gods of the Bible." All subjects relating to human welfare and Spiritualism treated in open conference. All are invited.

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

THE OAKLAND SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION.—Meets every Sunday, at 2 p. m., at Medical College Hall, corner of Clay and Eleventh streets (two blocks west from Broadway). Public cordially invited. Direct all communications to G. A. Carter, 350 Eighth street, Oakland.

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. (Sundays excepted), at No. 418 Twelfth street, Oakland, Cal. Conference meetings Sunday evening; Developing Circles, Tuesday evenings. Public are invited. nois

SPIRITUALISM.—Mrs. M. J. Hendee, by request, will devote the entire evening to psychometrical delineations of character, at Medical College Hall, corner of Clay and Eleventh streets, Oakland, Sunday, February 14th, at 7:30 o'clock. Admission, to cents.

MEDIUMS AND MEDIUMSHIP.

An Inspirational Address Delivered by
Mrs. L. C. Wm. Patterson, Before the
Society of Progressive Spiritualists,
Sunday, Jan. 17, 1886.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND FRIENDS: In again resuming my remarks, relative to mediums and mediumship, I shall be compelled to commence again at the foundation and take into consideration—first, the first part of the subject, the word "medium," a word so richly fraught with meaning to the understanding of all true Spiritualists. Webster says: "A medium is an instrumentality of communication, that through or by which anything is accomplished, conveyed or carried, and taken in connection with animal magnetism, Spiritualism, etc., a person through whom the action of another being is said to be manifested and transmitted." We consider Mr. Webster's definition correct in the main; but Mr. Webster had no comprehension of this comprehensive science of soul. In his time Spiritualism was comparatively unknown. He defines the word "psychology" as being "the systematic knowledge of the powers and functions of the human soul, so far as they are known by consciousness," and that is good so far as consciousness went in those days, but it remains for Spiritualists to discover the deeper meaning of the word "psychology," or soul consciousness. We look upon mediumship as being the full expression of this law of psychology, which brings us nearest to the comprehension of soul science and opens the door to never ending investigation and study for generations to come. But in trying to interpret or shed light upon this science to the understanding of all we are met with insurmountable difficulties, from the fact that no soul who has not been blessed with experiences which come through soul study, can grasp these subtle and intricate thoughts and principles. They can not be expressed in language clear enough to be comprehended by the material senses, and hence all which may be said upon this great topic must be addressed to the few who have learned these first lessons in soul science and recognize the fact that they are immortal souls.

As we before said, we look upon all study of the human soul, through the laws of psychology, psychometry, or mediumship, as belonging to the same school, and we look upon all humanity as being the students. It is impossible to narrow this power of mediumship, soul study, or soul communion, down to a limited gift, or segregate to the few the great possibilities of cultivation in this science of the immortal soul, because it is a science which concerns every human soul, and it should be and is free as the air we breathe. That were to repeat the blunders of our ancestors; that were to again compel us to have leaders, priests, teachers, experts or interpreters of the law between our world and the other, between God and man; whereas every human soul should be an interpreter of the law unto him or herself. And never can there be made a law, by any man or woman, by any body of men and women, by any soul or souls either in the body or out of the body which will entirely meet the necessities of all—I mean in that deep sense comprehending individual freedom both in our social relations and also our religious conception; hence any science or religion which has a tendency to make of us irresponsible agents, and place any of our individual burdens upon any other soul or power outside of ourselves, we look upon as dangerous, and but a repetition of our former blunders in the matter of understanding the higher law in relation to ourselves individually.

When we were created, we were every one endowed with an immortal life, which we term soul or spirit, an individuality, with separate individual appetites, tastes and feelings, and we look upon life as the school or preparatory state in which these separate propensities are to be unfolded; and certainly no one soul, nor body of souls, can regulate the desires and necessary conditions for this unfoldment to the satisfaction of all. We may require as yet legal enactments to regulate our material affairs, probably shall require them for some time to come, to the end perhaps that the cunning may prey upon the unwary, and yet escape punishment. We could never see that legal enactments—or man-made laws—answered the ends of justice. At present they seem to be used to defeat justice, since the rich or cunning are seldom punished for broken law, and the poor are oftentimes unjustly punished. But we believe all reasoning, progressive souls will with us declare the utter impossibility of any soul being able to make laws to regulate the soul growth or religious tendencies of the individual. We believe every truly progressive soul has outgrown the necessity of a preacher or priest, to interpret God's will to them, and hence that this science of the human mind, by which we are becoming law interpreters unto ourselves, is free to each individual, who is or should be judge, jury, and high priest of his or her own interior life.

Spiritualists in great numbers have but removed their worship and dependence upon an imaginary God, to an almost as imaginary angelhood; for as we come nearer to the historic angel, "white winged and pure,"—or in other words, as we come nearer to the host of the disembodied, we find the angels to be quite as incomplete

and humanly fallible upon all those questions and responsibilities as are we ourselves. To be sure there are advanced spirits in the other life in great numbers, but their numbers are infinitesimal compared to the countless numbers of spirits who are not advanced. These spirits in most instances, though having lived good lives comparatively speaking while on this earth, were ushered into the other world with very imperfect ideas of the life they were entering, or of the necessary growth by which they could advance in that life to higher conditions of spirit or soul consciousness. Many thousands, believing they had no immortal life, died like the flowers and were taken back to Mother Earth. Many passed over in full belief that first came purgatory, which is in many cases literally true; many were born into this life with no definite hope or knowledge as to where they were going, and many with the full hope of rising to an orthodox heaven to play on a harp forever, however imperfect their knowledge of music might be.

Well, the solid facts of spirit return and spirit control have proven to us that all these souls were woefully disappointed, that they are earth bound, and know not the first principle of this science of soul consciousness, and are unable to get higher from the very same fact they are as ignorant of the principles of soul expansion and soul power as they were upon the earth plane,—wise they may have been in earthly lore, babes are they in spirit life, held on the border land between our world and the higher spheres, the so-called "Summer Land," until the great masses shall rise in soul consciousness on this side, or until they may find or attract some sensitive educated in this science who shall teach them the alphabet of soul consciousness, or give them the assistance by which they may imperfectly unfold as they should have unfolded while in the physical form for this new birth.

This, Mr. Chairman, is what is really meant by mediumistic unfoldment. All this we have been thirty-eight years in imperfectly learning that the spirits of the departed do return; all classes, in most instances, are just as they were in this life; that they are often weak and helpless save as they slowly unfold through the aid of spirits passed higher, who imperfectly reach them through gradations of spirit spheres. And the teachers in each sphere are, as we before said, infinitesimal compared to the mass of undeveloped spirits, who are ignorant and hungering to be taught; and hence that these souls are compelled to look earthward for aid to unfold; that our fathers and mothers passed over are just as ungrown in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, in this soul science, as are we; and often more so, coming often to us for instruction; and any knowledge they may give us, as to conditions and facts either concerning souls out of or in the body, or principles of growth or of soul states must always be subject to doubt, because it is often to them, second, third or even fourth-class matter coming through so many avenues of psychological control, from sphere to sphere, and given imperfectly through media, perhaps tintured with the mediums mind. It is not safe to accept anything which comes without exercising the greatest care, because there, as here, every individual sees according to their growth and understanding of things—and upon material matters the past experience of many souls on earth will prove how disastrous has been their counsel as to bonds, stocks, and speculation in general,—we mean in the majority of instances. There are cases where spirits have advised men in money matters intelligently, but in many cases men who have invested by their counsel have lost, sometimes heavily, too. It may have been a necessary lesson to teach men to rely upon themselves, as we think they ought in all the material affairs of life.

But we are considering to-day the reliability and capability of spirits to advise in the affairs of soul and soul growth. Now, in view of the fact that the masses on the other side are ungrown in this science of soul,—in view of the fact that the masses are earthbound,—are not as advanced as are many souls in earth-life, (mind, I say the masses disembodied) at the present day and hour, upon these principles of psychometry, psychology, clairvoyance, etc., etc., and in view of the fact that soul communion is so imperfectly understood that it is rendered impossible to discover whether spirits controlling media are what they represent themselves to be at all times, as we are unable, as the medium is unable, to distinguish at all times from whence cometh the impressions or inspirations which fall from her lips, or are mirrored upon her brain. We are forced to the conclusion that the spirits disembodied can not give us wisdom past question in any matter, either spiritual or material; that though giving us beautiful lessons, tender sympathy, love unspeakable—and that though capable of coming *en rapport* with our interior natures, understanding our motives and appreciating us as few souls in the body can, yet they are not gods, and the wisest, the most advanced intelligence from higher spheres ever counsel us to rely upon ourselves. The higher intelligences always urge us to forget personalities, "worship principles," or "be governed by principles," to look within our own natures for strength, and to unfold our own individuality; that we may not need to rely upon any other soul either on earth or above it for direction in those matters of soul growth concerning our own interior lives.

Again I tell you, neither father, mother, companion or friend can answer for us in the inner promptings and tendencies, neither in our social relations, neither in our religious conceptions. We must, in all these matters, be guided by our highest conceptions, spiritual and impressional, which is the true God inherent in every man and woman on earth; and right here commences our unfoldment as mediums, and right here commences our individualization. Yes, I mean it; true mediumistic unfoldment is the basic principle of individualization, and individualization is the death-knell of priests, teachers, kings, rulers and potentates, costly cathedrals and tawdry trappings with useless pomp. Right here do we become individual sovereigns in the full sense, comprehending individual freedom in the holiest relations and most sacred religious tendencies of our being. It may seem to the minds of some a fearful sacrilege to thus violate all our idols, our gods, and our leaning posts, the spirits, to compel us, through reason, to relinquish first the old heathen god idea, the worship thereof, the dependence thereupon.

It may seem as great a sacrilege to thus declare the knowledge coming from souls out of the body to be not only unreliable, but to be inadequate to meet the necessities of all, to declare no angel, however advanced, to be worthy of worship, and to be rarely capable, under present conditions of imperfect communication of directing human souls as to what conditions they require in full to bring out the latent soul powers within them. But I do declare, and all research, and all past truth and facts will sustain me, first—that the Mosaic God was man-made, was man's highest conceptions of the all-powerful Creator which they must needs in their infantile growth endow with human attributes, that the human heart or human soul-growth of those times could comprehend; that the commandments were man-engraved and were the highest conception of the morality of those days, man's duty to man, man's duty to the imaginary God. That the Jesus about whom there is so much useless talk, even among so-called enlightened Spiritualists, was a priest-created conception,—that if such a person ever existed the common sense of the nineteenth century (Spiritualists at least) ought to have fully determined that he was human, being born just like any other man, and that his teachings bespoke nothing more than a man, and in no instance the wisdom of a God; that the angels, pure and white, are more rare than the angels dark, helpless and ungrown in soul strength, who are ushered into spirit-life a myriad a minute every minute of the day or night, unripe in soul consciousness, to remain in our earth's atmosphere for the necessary unfoldment, perhaps, for weary ages. Well may old orthodox sing, "Oh come angel band, bright angel band," but the instances when the bright, advanced angels come to earth, or are reached by us through the terrible conditions of ignorant materiality which belts our earth and envelops it with a mass of undeveloped spirits more densely than the sands on the seashore,—I say the instances when the higher angels, the ripe souls can form conditions of harmony and come *en rapport* with souls on this earth plane, are so rare that we are seldom safe in declaring any communication to have come from the higher life fully at all. We also declare that mediums, though doing nobly, though suffering deeply, however honest, good and true in their mediumship, may themselves be deceived, and often are thus deceived by mischievous spirits, hence that we can not rely upon them as instruments to teach or interpret the higher law.

We are not saying this to underrate mediumship; we do not forget the deep debt of gratitude we owe them, nor do we forget or cease to reverence them with unspeakable tenderness for the great work for them to do, and we urge upon you to assist, encourage each other to unfold, develop the science, until every soul shall realize of how great value it is to be sensitive to the control of spirits, the spirits embodied and disembodied. We do not forget the great debt we owe the disembodied for their persistent endeavors all through the dark night of superstitious reign, when blood has flown in rivers to satiate a devilish priestcraft's unholy desires, all through the ages when a gloom, impenetrable, hung over mankind's future destiny, when mankind had no hope outside this dimly-felt, imaginary God (good) above him, and the equally imaginary salvation through the Saviour. Oh, how we do bless the invisibles! they yet kept knocking and knocking, that they kept troubling the waters until we know they live; and we shall live also—all human kind, eternally. But we are declaring that none of these powers beyond us, or with us, spirits embodied or disembodied, neither the God of Moses, Mohammed nor Buddha, can explain the law or interpret the law to each individual soul to the full extent by which we may individually find our highest happiness in the deepest, most holy aspirations and demands of our being; that every soul out of or in the body is endowed by nature with a deathless soul. Thus within every soul is the germ of God, or the germ of good, and the more we look within and cultivate this soul-consciousness the more perfect will it become, the more generous and God-like will we become; thus, as we unfold mediumistically we shall be brought in closer and closer sympathy with every soul in the human family, and becoming thus in sympathy it develops upon every soul to become mark-

edly individualized and rigidly studious, and careful else, while so many are undeveloped and therefore dark and wicked, as who profess and try to act from high motives shall be more or less influenced by those whose motives are not high, through their lack of this very unfoldment in soul-consciousness. We realize from our having ever depended upon unseen forces for the God life, or good life, that we are in danger of again depending upon unseen forces in the control or communion of the disembodied; but while we withdraw our worship of the imaginary God we must not commit the equally fatal error of depending upon the spirits for complete happiness and instruction any more than we should rely upon any soul in the body for this counsel and guidance. It would be but the blind leading the blind. We can not do this in the face of all past experiences with the masses of disembodied spirits communicating; we have found them fallible; we have found their imperfect counsel diversified, no two giving the same counsel, or having the same opinion upon the same topic; we have found them bombastic, calling themselves advanced, ancient, or some high-sounding name, and voicing fallacies which would disgrace a school boy. We know mediums who honestly believe they are controlled by Milton, Byron, and other great poets; but let any critic read the poetry and they will readily see neither Byron nor Milton could ever have written such bad verse. We do not believe the medium dishonest; but we do, in face of reason, think Byron far away and herself or himself mistaken, and we believe also deluded by mischievous earth-bound souls ungrown and dishonest.

Besides, mediums often are controlled by souls yet in the body. We know of a medium being thus controlled, and the man seemed to be there, giving name, age, personal habits, and knowledge concerning family matters, and it came to pass the man was in the body; had not passed out at all. We have heard mediums give names, and express the thoughts of friends yet in the form, often thousands of miles away. Now this proves conclusively that we are all spirits; that spirit is ubiquitous; that space is nothing to spirit; and it would seem to prove that when we are controlled by a spirit yet in the form that the controlling spirit or person uses unconsciously this psychological law, and projects not only their thought but also their individuality and identity of form upon the brain of the sensitive. Do you ever think of your friends without taking in their individual entirety of form first, then their inner consciousness? This, unconsciously to ourselves, is clairvoyance or clear sight. All this only proves how little we have learned as yet compared to what we yet have to learn. All this varied phenomena should be the stimulus to urge us on to deeper study and investigation, and should in no instance discourage thought and research, but should also prompt us to great care as to how much we accept or how much we discard as truth or error to be taken into our lives; should lead us to a calm, careful judgment, weighing and measuring, sifting out from every communication all which is to us good, tossing to the winds all which will not bear the light of a cool common sense. Enough will then be left to establish a sure belief in the immortality, the eternity,—enough left to establish a sure knowledge of the control and communion of disembodied spirits; also to establish the fact that in greater or less degree we are all of us subject, at times, to the control or influence of individual spirits outside of ourselves—spirits both in and out of the body; that we are ever subject to and controlled by the whole mass of mind or soul, pulsating and throbbing through the great soul life of the entire human family—are subjugated by or to the will of the great body or the masses of humanity, and get outside of it, above it, we can not; that as the masses advance in soul unfoldment so shall we individually advance in soul growth; as the masses suffer so shall we also suffer. And this law of mediumship, this law of soul communion, is the basic principle of the universal brotherhood, the universal oneness of the entire human family—black and white, bond and free, ignorant or cultivated, embodied spirit or disembodied spirit all, all, linked together in one unbroken chain, to rise or fall together; and this principle of universal brotherhood, my friend, is the religion of the new dispensation, and, oh! we commend you make your house ready for its inauguration. This is to be the ultimate of all this confusion and inharmony. The forces of humanity at the present are warring with each other and will, so long as the few segregate the property of the many, the opportunities of the many, either material, intellectual, or spiritual; but no sure growth comprehending perfect happiness or rest can ever be attained by any one soul, until the masses rise from their present dark and unhappy states to this wide air of liberty in all things. Some few souls may advance to altitudes of soul expansion, by which they may compass great thoughts and be enabled to scan the future with vision clear, but so long as the starving, toiling, pleading souls, of the great mass of humanity are down in the gutter, shut in prison houses of ignorance without opportunity or light to do better, to unfold unto the highest which may be attained, no one soul can stay in cloud heights and be happy. Like a storm in mid ocean whose torn and tossing waters, send outward to the shore, the wild and broken billows, to die in moaning on the sobbing sands, so does every wail from the prisoned hearts of the dark and lonely lives of humanity, beat, and burn, and thrill,

and scream upon the great chords, of this great instrument, we call life, of which you and I, brother and sister, are each component parts. And we feel it, we suffer with them; whether we will or no we hear and feel this hungry pleading, nor can we escape it in mountain fastness or hidden cave, for humanity is one with us, we are onewith humanity.

Is there not enough to do when we know we shall never be happy while one soul on earth is in misery? Have we not enough to do when we know that we shall never find rest nor peace, neither in this world nor the other, until every soul is expanded into a perfect knowledge of this soul oneness, this soul communion, which means nothing more nor less than true mediumistic unfoldment or recognition of the omnipresence and power of soul over soul, or the relationship of souls, the one to the other, and their happiness thereby or their misery thereby.

Oh! Mr. Chairman, when this knowledge becomes universal no man will dare to rob his fellow man, because of the swift, sure punishment of pain. No woman will dare wear a \$500 seal-skin while her starving sister is freezing by her side. No man will dare educate his children to idleness and gilded laziness while not a stone's throw from his door a family of children are growing up to slavish toil, ignorance and a life of hopeless despair. In fact, there will be no lordly mansions; all will have plenty; none a superabundance. Oh, hasten golden days, by poet sung and prophet long foretold; when justice and equality shall reign supreme and love shall sweeten all our laws.

Mr. Chairman, we have said nothing, comparatively speaking, upon the great question. We have but touched upon the underlying principles; we have but indicated the direction in which the human family are destined to find eternal salvation from the bonds of excess, which is another name for sin. Salvation from ignorance, which means blind materiality; salvation from selfishness, which is the acrid fruit growing rank upon the fruitful branches of this tree of ignorance.

We do not ask of you to believe us unless your soul gives ready assent through your own inner consciousness; but we assure you the time will come upon this earth when humanity will make this soul study their chiefest thought. That whereas, all goodness, all God, has been thought to be above man, beyond man, and to be inducted into his inner nature by a process of faith and forgiveness, it will be found that all goodness, all God, is within man implanted in his interior nature at his conception within "the earth cell and the love cell; by the birth spell and the love spell;" and needs but proper unfoldment and a wise understanding to make of every soul a very God—all potent over matter, all powerful, all tenderness and of very truth—knowing good from evil. This, Mr. Chairman, means the unfoldment of the whole human family as mediums, unfoldment as human soul entities, unfoldment in this comprehensive soul consciousness which will laugh at all material bonds of flesh or space, and recognize and hold in deepest respect and brotherly love the lowliest form of human life as part of itself, as inseparable as night and day. And upon this unfoldment and recognition hangs the future happiness of the nations of men,—hangs the universal prosperity and peace of men, in all material relations, as also in all intellectual, all spiritual attainments. We have but received a few flashes of light. We have caught but a few distant tones swelling and rolling like the mighty harmony of a grand organ. We have heard but imperfectly from the advanced spheres, and these indications have come broken, incomplete; but the years, the coming years, are full of promise. 'Tis but the dawning as yet—the Springtime. We hear the birds softly twitter in the tree branches. We feel in the dim darkness, just softened by the roseate hues of the rising sun, a pulsation of life and animation run like a thrill of joy through every human creature, and we lift our eyes upward and say: Though it has been night so long, so long, so long—a night of agony and despair—at last, at last, oh! Divine spirit, center of all life, we thank Thee for the new-born day.

WHY WOMEN BREAK DOWN.—There is little doubt that women are breaking down more rapidly than men, because they allow themselves to take less real rest. When a man drops his business, he drops it. When a woman lets go of any work she may have in mind, she ties it to her apron strings, as it were. She has been taught through long ages of training that it is a high crime and a misdemeanor to let anything escape her mind, so she is constantly, when she is at rest, pinching herself or prodding herself to see if she hasn't forgotten something. In this way she carries the burden of her work into her resting hours, and sits down among the roses of relaxation with her foot on the treadle of the grindstone of prosy drudgery. If men kept there noses to the grindstone with womanly persistence, they would be nervous and irritable beyond compare. If women would get their own consent to rest, they would have better complexions, better stomachs, and a happier life.—*Inter-Ocean*.

The London *Lancet* says "the appetite is a most misleading sensation," and is seldom an indication of the actual demands of the system. But under intelligent training it may be made to very nearly indicate the wants of the system. A perverted appetite is an imperious master, and a tormentor.

End of a Craze.

All over the land rinks are being turned into pickle factories, livery stables, cow barns, and everything, while many are being sold at sheriff's sale, to be torn down, and thousands of men are ruined by investing their money in a "sure thing." What could be a surer thing for making money than stock in a rink, up to last Winter? Money rolled in so fast that it had to be shoveled away. With the inducements held out to capitalists, large and small, to take stock in rinks, and the evidence before them that the stock would pay a dividend of fifty per cent, only men with great heads, who thought they could see into the future, kept out and saved their money. And what a craze it has been, and how ashamed people will be next year that they ever allowed themselves to go wild over riding around a barn on castors! In the past three years empty-headed idiots who could skate well have been bowed down to and made heroes and heroines of. The champion got the big head, as all brainless people who have suddenly become great are sure to get it, and he looked down from his high position on the common herd who did him honor. Though he came from a variety theatre to the championship, rich and noted people in the more common walks of life had to be introduced to him before he would speak to them, and he was easily insulted by the familiarity of his admirers. The skateress of renown, the pretty, putty-faced idiot, who could only spell simple words correctly, and who might have been a restaurant waiter or a dollar-store fairy, advertised as a queen, and thinking she was a queen, she tried to act as she thought a queen should act, and she put on cheap airs, kicked at everything at hotels, had a carriage to go to and from the rink, and snubbed shoddy aristocracy that tried to patronize her, and seemed bored at attention, and made a little jackass of herself generally. The rink owner was pointed at wherever he went as the peer of Vanderbilt and Gould, and he looked down upon the financiers who had accumulated wealth by slow processes as though they were well enough in their way, but not up to the times. But a change has come. The people who were looked upon as necessary evils to be tolerated by champions, have ceased to lay awake nights to get a chance to shy quarters in the box office, and the trouble has commenced. From one end of the land to the other rink owners are frantically endeavoring to unload, and they are shinning around to borrow money to pay the band, and sheriffs are the most regular customers. The champions, instead of having engagements ahead, and fixing their own price, are begging for a chance to play for a share of the gate money, and pawning surplus apparel to get from one town to another, and now they are willing to be spoken to by eminent citizens without an introduction. Their rich apparel has become worn and threadbare, the sealskin that once covered their queenly forms is in the pawn-shop, or worn and moth-eaten, and the lines that disappointed ambition brings shows through the fresco on their ignorant faces, and they want to go home, and they will go home as soon as the walking is good. There has never been a more sudden rise or a more complete downfall than that of the rink and the champions, male and female.

Harper's Weekly says: "It now appears that the able letters from the Servian Minister, which awakened so much interest on the part of the readers of English newspapers last month, were really written by his wife, an American lady of much cultivation and force of character. Lady Randolph Churchill's recent successful exploits in the Parliamentary canvass of her husband are still fresh in the public memory. These are by no means the only illustrious cases in which the American woman has left her impress upon European politics."

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OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS;

Cleanings in Various Fields of Thought,

By J. J. OWEN.

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

SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

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

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

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

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That Golden Gate down by the sea,
Openeth toward immortality;
This Golden Gate swings from above,
And leadeth to a world of love;
In realms of immortality!

Then open wide your Gate of Gold!
That all the nations may behold
The broad fields ever waiting there
In answer to man's yearning prayer.
Fling wider still your Golden Gate!
And let the angels who await
Just there upon the other side
Come through and in our hearts abide!
Let the waters of life's narrow bay,
Darkened with human care away,
Sweep sea-ward, bearing on their breast
Messages of love unto th' blest,
Who rejoice beyond th' Gate of Gold,
When they of noble deeds are told,
Performed by mortals here below.
Aye! let the bay's tides freely flow
Till cleansed by mingling with the sea;
Heaven touched by our infirmity
Will send its waves of light this way
As comes the sea to bless our bay!

Beyond the narrow shores of time
Revisions of a life sublime,
Joyous with love and liberty;
O, may the angel ministry
Of this, your Golden Gate, e'er be
Unto that noble life a key;
Bright as the sun, broad as the sea,
The truth it brings humanity!

Lines on the Death of H. B. Norton.

His grave is on the mountain's crest,
Not far from his Skyland home;
Below the peaceful valley's rest,
The ocean's billows foam;
The moonlight's silver hair uncured
Spreads o'er the ocean's breast,
And sunset's crimson banners furled
Drop o'er his place of rest.

Was it the heavy task of life,
Because a weary load,
That his feet had grown so tired,
Only half way up the road?
That with hand and brain he faltered
At the golden set of sun,
And the night-watch came to tell us
His work for us was done?

We know his soul's deep longings
Found here no answering sound,
That he struggled for the meaning
Of the life by which we're bound;
Of life and death with soul uplifted
Draw aside the darkened veil,
To read the unexpressed—
Nature's mysterious tale.

But beyond the narrow boundaries
Of this earth-life he will find
All he knew of nature was
As raised letters to the blind;
And with spirit eyes made stronger
With the glory of that day,
He will read the page of nature
With the mists all cleared away.

And beyond the night and shadows,
Its burden and unrest,
He will find the friends he cherished
In the gardens of the blest.
He will tread the mossy grasses
With tired feet no more,
As he wanders by the river
Of life, forevermore.

While here he strove for truth and right,
And the world looked coldly on,
He bore the cross and felt the thorns
Without the victory won.
Not here the crown was given,
He has joined the glorious throng
Who tread the heavenly spaces
To an all triumphant song.

O Christ! is toil and suffering
To heaven the only road?
And, with heartache and sadness,
Must we bear our weary load?
Must we tread with thee the wine-press,
Wear our crown of thorns with tears,
If we reach the heights supernal
As we climb the eternal ways?

Oh, life beyond the mortal,
Pure, holy and sublime,
Shall we reach thy golden portal
When we pass the bounds of time?
Shall we gaze with eyes unhindered
On the beauty of thy shore,
And clasp the hand of loved ones
To be parted nevermore?

—S. H. DRYDEN.

Lazarus and Dives.

I dreamed of a palace of gold,
I woke on a pallet of straw;
My fingers were numbed with cold,
But never a human tongue has told
The wonderful things I saw.

I saw—and the sight was my own—
The mighty ones of the earth
Go down to their graves alone—
With gash, and totter and groan,
As helpless as at their birth.

They could bribe the earth with their gains,
They could gather, and store away;
They could harvest the heaviest grains,
And tug and sweat with their pains;
But they could not purchase a day.

And the hours go by and by,
And the gray creeps into the gold,
But they can not stop if they try,
The seconds that come and fly—
And what can the greediest hold?

Only the rust of the years,
Only the ash of the wood,
Only the dross and the fears,
Only the certain harvest of tears,
Only the drift of the flood.

And is it well to be poor?
Yes, if only God will.
I'd rather be Lazarus, laid at the door,
With the generous dogs to lick at the sore,
Than carry the wealth that kills!

The wealth that chokes up the heart,
And withers the open hand,
That turns the man from the beast apart,
That burns the conscience down to a smart,
And hastens the run of the sand.

Contentment is better than wealth,
And love than the light of a throne;
For gold can never purchase health,
And the hand of disease with steady stealth
Reaps what excess has sown.

—HIRSH HOFFER, in "SAN FRANCISCO."

HEALTHY GIRLS.—Nothing is so terrible as severe neuralgia, and beyond a doubt girls acquire it often enough by the conditions of school life. Headache in a school-girl usually means exhausted nerve power through over-work, over-excitement, over-anxiety or bad air. Rest, a good laugh, a country walk, will usually cure it readily enough to begin with. But to become subject to headaches is a very serious matter; and all such nervous diseases have a tendency to recur, to become periodic, to be set up by the same cause, to become an organic habit of the body. For any woman to become liable to neuralgia is a most terrible thing. It means that while it lasts life is not worth having. It paralyzes the power to work, it deprives her of the power to enjoy anything, it tends toward irritability of temper, it tempts to the use of narcotics and stimulants. A girl who finds herself subject to neuralgia should at once change her habits, if but to grow strong in body. Of what use is education with ill health? A happy girl must be a healthy one. The Greeks educated their girls physically; we educate ours mentally. The Greek mother bore the finest children the world ever produced. The Greek education of girls developed beautiful women, and their beauty lasted till old age. The beautiful Helen was as handsome at fifty as at "sweet sixteen."—Chicago Tribune.

The Fresno Republican is responsible for the following item: "A Sacramento hog rancher buys the dead dogs executed by the city pound-master, and feeds them to his swine. The prodigal son who strikes a job at this ranch will be likely to throw up his position and everything else he can conveniently, and light out very suddenly for the place where he can get veal on toast." This is not a new idea. We have known dead and decaying hogs, and starved animals, to be fed to hogs which were being prepared for market. There is nothing too filthy for the hog to eat, and no hog too filthy for man to eat! The thought is horrifying.—Pacific Health Journal.

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8.30 a. m.	Menlo Park...	8.10 a. m.
10.40 a. m.	San Mateo, Redwood and...	10.02 a. m.
1.30 p. m.	Menlo Park...	1.02 p. m.
3.30 p. m.	San Mateo, Redwood and...	3.02 p. m.
6.30 p. m.	Menlo Park...	6.08 p. m.
8.30 a. m.	San Mateo, Redwood and...	8.02 a. m.
10.40 a. m.	San Mateo, Redwood and...	10.02 a. m.
1.30 p. m.	San Mateo, Redwood and...	1.02 p. m.
3.30 p. m.	San Mateo, Redwood and...	3.02 p. m.
6.30 p. m.	San Mateo, Redwood and...	6.08 p. m.
8.30 a. m.	San Mateo, Redwood and...	8.02 a. m.
10.40 a. m.	San Mateo, Redwood and...	10.02 a. m.
1.30 p. m.	San Mateo, Redwood and...	1.02 p. m.
3.30 p. m.	San Mateo, Redwood and...	3.02 p. m.
6.30 p. m.	San Mateo, Redwood and...	6.08 p. m.
8.30 a. m.	San Mateo, Redwood and...	8.02 a. m.
10.40 a. m.	San Mateo, Redwood and...	10.02 a. m.
1.30 p. m.	San Mateo, Redwood and...	1.02 p. m.
3.30 p. m.	San Mateo, Redwood and...	3.02 p. m.
6.30 p. m.	San Mateo, Redwood and...	6.08 p. m.

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8.00 a. m.	Calistoga and Napa	10.10 a. m.
9.00 p. m.	Colfax	9.40 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	Colfax	7.40 p. m.
7.3		