

GOLDEN GATE

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

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

[From Gerald Massey.]

A luminiferous ether of the soul
Pervades the universe, and makes the whole
Vast realm of Being one.

Distance is nothing in the world of thought.

Spirit to spirit hath not far to run
Because in God all souls are verily one
Throughout all worlds.

What you call matter is but as the sheath,
Shaped, even as bubbles are, by spirit-breath.

If we lift our eyes up from the ground
We can see how surely life is compassed round
With the Divine.

Do but interpret it, all heaven will roll
The life of music through the echoing soul.

Be loyal to the loftiest;
Arise and crown old sanctities anew,
By nobler conquest.

I've often seen how well their beauty wear,
Whose sufferings are for others, not for self.

Hints of the higher life, the better day,
Visit the human soul, outlining, aye,
The perfect statue now rough-cast in clay.

Love comes, and life is defied anew!
And hearts grow larger than their fortunes are.
The horizon lifts around, sublime and far,
With God-like breathing-space,—an ample scope
For loftier life, and glorious ground for hope.

A beautiful life begets itself anew
In other lives, as perfume stealing through
The sense creates the flower to live again;
Its spirit re-embodied in the brain.

The dearest souls, you know, must part in sleep,
And death is but a little longer night,
A little while, and we shall wake to find
Our loved ones with us face to face, and feel
All years of yearning summed up in a kiss.

Christ's was a conscious Birthday of the Soul.

Life is an inner energy, unfurled
Invisible shows from an invisible world.

Both heaven and hell are from the human race,
And every soul projects its future place;
Long shadows of ourselves are thrown before,
To wait our coming on the eternal shore.
These either close us with eclipse and night,
Or, as we enter them, are lost in light.

There is no pathway Man hath ever trod
By faith or seeking sight but finds in God.
Yet 'tis in vain ye look without to find
The inner secrets of the Eternal Mind.

Who hath not marked how graciously the Dawn
Comes smiling when some stormy night hath gone?

'Tis hard to read the Handwriting Divine;
The vanishing up-stroke so invisibly fine!
There must be issues that we do not see.
The whole horizon of Futurity
Is nowise visible from where we stand;
We are but dwellers in a lowly land.

Amidst our wildest night of saddest woes,
When Earth is desolate—Heaven dark with
doom,
Faith has its fire-flash of the soul that shows
The face of the Eternal through the gloom.

May thy life flourish, ripen hour by hour,
And heavenward draw the virtues of thy root;
Our eyes have seen the beauty of the flower,
Do thou unfold the glory of the fruit.

Heroic deeds of toil are to be done,
And lofty palms of peace are to be won.

The Kingdom of Heaven is within, so near
We do not see it save by spirit-sight,
We shut our eyes in prayer, and we are there
In thought, and Thoughts are spirit-things—
Realities upon the other side.

Death's not the only door of spirit-world,
Nor Visibility sole presence-sign.

MEDIUMS AND MEDIUMSHIP.

An Inspirational Address delivered by Mrs.
E. C. Wms.-Patterson, before the So-
ciety of Progressive Spiritualists,
Sunday, Jan. 31, 1886.

[Third and last Lecture of the Series.]

In concluding our remarks upon Mediums and Mediumship, we see no possible opportunity to discuss in detail the different phases of phenomena with which each medium is blessed, nor in any manner to comment upon her conduct,—the prices she charges, or high or low, nor yet of her egotism, nor yet of the so-called fraudulent mediums. A golden hour is allotted to speak upon the grandest theme ever considered upon by mortals, and to waste one moment in idle talk were a high sin, and that great topic, is the principle underlying all things created, and that principle or science of the human mind, namely, mediumship, has direct relation to and really means a search after spirit and eternal life, through the various sensitive organisms of the human family—through the whole human family.

Many people call this science of mediumship or soul culture—Spiritualism, and are undertaking to build upon this science a religion by segregating the knowledge to a limited few, and making the fatal blunder of calling it a special beneficent dispensation; but we prefer the first two syllables of the word and shall call it spirit. We think the two words, "spirit"—"life," has in them the depth of the whole meaning of this science. Spirit, life—Whence came it? Turn backward, oh, wheels of time, turn backward, oh, genuine honest investigator, who would find the soul of things, and step by step, link by link, unwind the tangled web of life. You are lost! we know it; when we open the windows of the soul for the first time, and placing our hands over our eyes, try to pierce the mystery to its hidden fountain, we are indeed lost.

Here are doors innumerable, here are keys innumerable, but how shall we fit these keys into these numberless locks; who shall teach us the hidden art by which we may pass through these "doors into these great silent chambers of the past, where for ages on ages all has been hushed and so still. Here are the footprints of the past ages on ages, races on races, extinct, forgotten, their language and habits buried with them; here are their bones and skulls, their implements of warfare, showing plainly that souls have lived, spirits have lived enfolded in a fleshy casket—and have acted in a great drama, as do we to-day, from whence came they? Whither have they gone? Can geology answer as to the destiny of these generations of souls? Where is the key which opens the door by which we may follow out in the great realm of space after these generations of souls passed on? Is there any key, has any science except mediumship answered intelligently as to the location and destiny of these races on races of souls who have lived and acted in the bygone ages?

But humanity to-day goes deeper and deeper in its research and asks with one voice, Whence came they? Whence came we? And again we are compelled to redouble our energies, to strain our weary eyes far, far away through the great region of the as yet imperfectly unknowable in search of the great "first cause," of all life or spirit. Who shall answer this deepest question, who solve this hitherto seemingly hidden mystery?

Men in all the ages of which we have written account, have been searching in their own way after the author of all these wonderful creations visible in nature; the wandering Arab, the naked savage recognizing the masterful handiwork of a masterful creative mind, have all in a manner befitting their unfoldment in the inner life recognized the wisdom, the perfection of an overruling Creator, a center from whom all these beautiful creations emanated. And in view of the mystery which their infant minds could not,—which humanity's mind has not as yet unraveled to the satisfaction of all, he must needs be held in awe, in wondering fear, and worshiped and adored, and mankind had advanced considerably from the infant manhood's childhood estate, before it was capable of grasping the thought of an unseen power or creative force.

Before the era of the Mosaic God, men must see their imagined God, or the object worshiped as God, be it the sun, the moon, the stars, or the rushing river. But as man advanced from age to age, as our earth advanced from period to period, and became each generation more and more refined and inhabitable, man as a spiritual being advanced also; each age becoming more and more capable of understanding the creative and pro-creative principle, which is the life of all life, and which we now term soul or spirit.

And it has been due to the fact that the Mosaic God, while being endowed with human attributes, was yet also vaguely worshiped or comprehended, as saith the Book, as a spirit omnipresent. We say it is due to the fact that men recognized God (the good) as being spirit—"a spirit," that this Mosaic misconception has so long pervaded and prevailed in the minds of men.

But we as honest investigators know to-day, this false understanding of the underlying principles of spirit or soul, has been not only false, but infinitely damaging and deeply dissatisfying; that it never, in any great degree, gave peace or rest to the minds of men, and spite of priest or rabbi, spite of creed or dogma, the search after God, the search after the origin of all things has gone on.

As each age man and woman have unfolded with our grand old mother Nature, as the earth has blossomed out of a chaotic mass of unproductive, lifeless rock into a garden of beauty and plenty; so have the nations of men arisen and unfolded from a naked savage one degree removed from a wild animal, in fact from the animal, with no spiritual conceptions, to the spiritual being who now fronts the infinite and demands, What is spirit? Whence came spirit? What is the destiny of spirit?

When our earth was a nebulous mass of molten lava, burning in space like a fiery eye, and not a living thing, animal or vegetable upon it, the sun shone upon it, the rain fell upon it, the burning lava from its internal fires shot upward in living streams of lurid light and it whirled and hissed and screamed and groaned with the turbulence of its elements, like the labor pangs of humanity. Oh, how our old Mother Earth suffered, what weary ages before she became calm and peaceful and beautiful. But underneath it all, through all, was a vital force pushing with viewless power, all this mass upward and onward into better states. So has humanity suffered through the weary ages of materiality, pushed ever onward as the ages advanced into better states by this same viewless power; and we shall call this power propelling silently all these forces, both in nature and man, this secret, creative, pro-creative power; which is the life of all life, spirit or soul force and we shall not need to go on a voyage of discovery far away through unknown space to locate it, for we have found the key which leads into the great laboratory where all this mystery will in due time be made clear to us, and that key brings us to again declare, Mediumship is the key of all keys, by which light and happiness is to some day reign supreme upon this earth.

What is the condition of society to-day? Look over the vast continents, behold the great, seething, burning, chaotic mass of mind or spirits who people this earth! Oh, the injustice! Oh, the wretchedness! Oh the unrest! Not one soul, either rich or poor in this world's goods, at rest; all seeking for happiness according to their best light and opportunity; all seeking after God (the good) either negatively or positively, but, oh, how few knowing of the beautiful pathway which leads to the regions of everlasting light,—the pathway before indicated which comes of and through the proper unfoldment of souls in this most beautiful philosophy of soul consciousness, and never will souls on earth or in the other world be happy until this knowledge becomes universal, until all have so far mastered this science that they may understand the relationship of souls. That we are a selfhood, a separate soul entity, and yet part of the great stupendous family of souls, linked together so closely that the happiness of the one though separated in the physical by thousands of miles of space, linked with the great family of souls so inseparably, that though these souls may have passed on to higher conditions ages ago,—so intimately that every pang of pain, every thrill of joy which pulsates through our lives as individuals, or as a grand whole, finds echo upon the uttermost borders of this great sea of soul life.

Hence it is not to be marveled that as we unfold in this sweet, wonderful consciousness,—as we feel through this great, vast sea of unseen spirit forces these thrilling, echoing, thundering, overwhelming tidal waves roll in with increasing grandeur, it seems to ask itself through every human soul,—it seems to pierce the leaden sky with this ever recurring question, Whence came this spirit? What is the spirit?—

Now, we believe,—the science of soul has taught us, that spirit is and ever was in existence,—that it is "correlated with matter, and that hence to our knowledge since matter, ere matter existed, spirit has existed, and farther, we have found through this soul science that spirit, spiritual entities, are eternal; that the disembodied are but refined matter and are correlated to us, as we are correlated to all matter seemingly beneath us; as we are related to all about us, both physically and spiritually, as also to all which is above and beyond us. In fact if we are justly true in our expression we shall declare all spirit to be matter, all matter spirit, for we can conceive of no form of spirit which does not take the form of matter; because, as we interpret substances, spirit must be something or nothing, and it has been through media demonstrated, that spirit is refined matter, and can, under certain conditions, make itself present to us as a material substance, which we may touch and recognize through our own faculties of sense.

This we call materialization, and it is materialized forces of a higher, more refined substance than our own flesh and bone; and it has been witnessed again and again through all past history. This has been called Modern Spiritualism, but my friends, it is not modern. It is as old as humanity; it is as old as creation. It has existed since time began. This essence or force pervades space, and not only peoples worlds with individual lives, but peoples space with trillions on trillions of planets, whose twinkling lights will shine down upon us to-night each one compassing the vast possibilities of myriads of soul entities. Each planet, each soul, the tender thought of this omnipresent Creator; each planet surrounded by, and interblended with, this pulsating spirit life, whose separate souls, or whose thought-waves wash upon the everlasting shores of time, and whose inhabitants are as much a part of us as we are a part of God,—a part of this spirit force,—a part of each other.

This spirit force is of the planetary system, yet above it, and interwoven with its physical life or material states as densely as is the air permeated with electricity, and as necessary to its life, as the oxygen in the air we breathe is necessary to our physical life.

We do not see clearly when we call any principle in nature new, and though this philosophy is new to the outer understanding of the people of this nineteenth century, we are making a great mistake, if we think it is a direct dispensation to us, as distinct from any previous races of men, as we shall be making a great mistake if we allow ourselves to be content with any wisdom we have garnered at the present day. It is to be sure a direct dispensation to the people of this century, but its superiority over all previous knowledge or spiritual dispensations to mankind, lies in the fact, that we are more spiritual as a human family, and hence capable of understanding these spiritual forces in greater degree than were any previous nations or people upon this globe. This is due to a great many combining forces in nature and man. The chemical conditions of the atmosphere and the planet would not have permitted man to live in his present refined state spiritually even a few centuries ago. Man is the microcosm of all beneath him, and the races of men from generation to generation have kept just one period in advance of the planet; or one period in advance of mankind itself in spiritual comprehensiveness or spirit consciousness.

This interior comprehensiveness may not have found full expression, because mankind, as individual entities, had not unfolded sufficiently to give outward expression to the inner convictions, impressions, doubts and spiritual experiences. All was vaguely understood, and most imperfectly shadowed, through the thick mists of material blindness, until at last, out of the depths, came knowledge, scientific knowledge, fact upon fact, all through the realm of nature, to answer our doubts, and give us light as to the formation of worlds, and light as to the races of men,

the kingdoms of animals, the history of vast forests, of fishes, of mammals—passed on into the great eternities—until at last out of the mouths of babes have burst broken expressions, fragments, so to speak, of this pent-up knowledge and power which seems to people the air with the vastness of its completeness, and promises each year a more perfect answer to these great questions, Whence came we? Whither shall we go?

All is not answered yet, Mr. Chairman, to the entire satisfaction of all. We have passed within the outer door only, the vestibule; we have but taken our first steps; there are inner chambers and vast fields of research, all unentered, all unexplored; but there are ages in which to complete the journey, ages in which humanity may try all things, ages on ages to unfold into higher and higher soul comprehensions, and soul understandings of the Infinite. And by all past progress, by the unequalled progress made in the past thirty-eight years of the modern life of this beautiful philosophy, we feel assured the next half century will witness greater, and yet greater strides upward and onward in these broad fields; outward in the wide air of liberty in all things, equality and brotherly love. We feel doubly sure that all these questions now pressing for solution will, within the next century, be answered through the soul life of a large majority of the human family. Within this time great changes must come in the physical condition of the planet, and following as great changes in the physical or material natures of men; for let me assure you again, humanity is the microcosm of all beneath it,—man the summing up,—and our physical states, our mental states, our spiritual states, are all determined, or governed, by the growth and changes in the condition of the planet.

We have made mistakes, or mistakes have been made regarding our formation, our destiny, our duties and relationships the one to the other. With our present light we see where we might have done better, but we have ever done the best we could with the existing state of things, both planetary and atmospheric, both spiritual and mental. But we have not done all we may do, nor all which devolves upon us at the present hour to do; hence, let us throw off our cumbersome garments in church or state and look present issues square in the face. Let us discard all unnecessary, useless pomp, and boldly take up the burdens and labor of the hour. Let us perform our duties unto our fellow mortals in the form first, and beautify and perfect our own lives to the divine harmony of nature and her most perfect ways. Never, never can we work nobly and efficiently until we learn to live naturally, and free ourselves from all damaging customs in church, state, society, home—yea, in the temple of the most high, the human soul. And to this high end let us cultivate ourselves in this deepest, broadest, most comprehensive knowledge, soul culture. Let us not cast out any; let us protect these babes, these helpless, poverty-stricken, misunderstood public mediums, who have been, and yet are, doing so nobly, and who are the heraldry of the grandest philosophy, the most perfect dispensation of the Creator's love ever given to mortals.

And oh, Mr. Chairman and friends, we can not spare one of them, however faulty or imperfect they may be; whether they came from the gutter or the palace; whether ignorant or much learned,—all are keys by which the numberless doors leading into the region of light will swing upon noiseless hinges; and all have a divine right to do their little or great part. Let us forget their faults and follies, and the humblest, the tenderest, the most imperfectly developed, the most bruised, diseased, unbalanced, selfish, cruel or unjust; let these last, as the first and best, receive our tender, loving care. Oh, how we all need wise teachers, who do not condemn the workers for their rags and helplessness of spirit wisdom, or their physical deformity, but teachers whom God has expanded through great tribulations so their hearts will melt with tender compassion when they witness these abnormal, imperfect lives, who have so many bitter lessons to learn before they are equalized and attuned to all heavenly harmonies. Do you know, when a medium commences to truly unfold for work, that her very negativeness attracts oftentimes to

(Continued on Fifth Page.)

(Transmitted for the Golden Gate.)

GLIMPSES IN SPIRIT LAND.

A Wife's Account to Her Husband of Her First Awakening.

NO. 1.

It was so strange to me when first I was conscious. I found myself alone, as most all spirits do. Of course I did not think I was dead, for I perceived I had a body, although it was much lighter and more ethereal than the one I cast aside upon earth.

I found myself, as it were, in a wood,—tried to recollect how I came there, but could not. I did not think of earth, or even dear ones left there; I was so much surprised at my condition. Just imagine me alone in a wood.

I slowly advanced, and as I did so it appeared as if every tree was transformed into some dear one's face familiar to me; but still I did not realize that I was in spirit life. The forms seemed to throw such a shadow over the trees that I saw alone faces that I had seen before—some many years since. Those that were near and dear clustered around me; they seemed delighted with my surprise—asked me how I liked my new home; but I could not tell. I was attracted towards them all, felt I loved them all, but still I could not make up my mind how I had been placed there, as I had not been conducted from where I first awoke to consciousness.

After I had become fully conscious and understood where I was, my mother came forward to see if I could recognize her, which immediately I did. Such a meeting you can partially realize,—she whom I had not seen for so many years. We were left entirely alone; for a few moments I had thoughts for no one else. We did not speak, but looked at one another—that was sufficient. I then found it was unnecessary for words; it was not necessary for us to express ourselves in language to be understood—it was thought returned,—and oh, how delicious! She led me, or I should say bore me (for I did not seem to walk), a short distance and bade me look about. All that was visible were two dwellings. Mother asked where I felt I would be the happiest—which my heart inclined to the most. They were both beautiful—one was gorgeously beautiful, the other naturally beautiful. Now, dear one, can you guess which my heart inclined towards?

Answer—The natural one.

Yes, oh yes, my answer was that my heart was with nature and God and nature blended. That beautiful cottage, where all appeared like rest, would be my choice. Her eyes fairly shone with delight as my answer she read.

Oh, I have a mother now, and I have my dear ones that are still nearer and dearer to me. Yes, until you and my dear-little ones come I shall stay with mother. We then approached our home, for home it appeared already to me. I felt happy but strangely happy; I could not understand my feelings. I had not as yet been aware that I had left part of my happiness and joy behind, that heaven could not be complete without them.

Mother swiftly bore me through the beautiful gardens that surrounded this small paradise to the entrance. We entered together and such a greeting as we had—a reunion of part of our family. I was not detained long for mother insisted on my having rest. So father and she conducted me to a room or apartment which was beautiful yet simple, for nature seemed to surround that even,—and so beautiful were the lounges and easy-chairs that they seemed almost spiritual, and as if they must be living; but with my mother's hand in mine I soon sank in oblivion.

This sleep wipes all earthly materiality away and we become more spiritual, more fit to be with spirit ones that are about us. How long I slept I know not; but when I awoke I found to my surprise, when looking in a mirror that was in the room, that I looked as I did of old when on earth, except I was more spiritual, and without vanity I will add more beautiful than any being I had seen on earth.

When a spirit is born they make quite a time and have quite a gala day of enjoyment, welcoming the stranger's arrival with more festivity than at the union of two parties on earth. This was pleasant, but I soon tired. I found my thoughts wandering towards dear ones that I had left.

And oh! the pleasure of knowing that I was in heaven could not fill that void. My mother saw this. "Child, you are not happy," she said; "your cup is not yet full." At first I wished to return to earth, but when I was told I should visit earth, see and comfort you, then my happiness was complete, for I believed my mother, and did not ask her how it could be; but I was impatient.

She took me by the hand and gently we glided along until we came to what seemed to be the border of our domain, and I could see nothing but space. She asked me if I had courage to go through that dense space with the prospect of seeing those I love. I did not answer; she knew what I would be. In a moment I saw a bright, glittering stream. Mother taking me by the hand we glided through this stream, and it was not long before I stood before you, for you had not become reconciled to being left without the one you loved so much. And I did comfort you, and in my children you gained strength and consolation, and saw how much you

had to be bright and hopeful for, and felt that it would be only a separation of a few years.

I staid with you and the children for some time, when I was told it was time for us to return. I was loath to do so, but upon being assured by my bright one who had given me so much joy, that I could return whenever I was wished for, or whenever I wished, oh! I was happy. What would not I have given for you to have seen me in my happiness! You would then have been doubly happy, and oh, so glad to know you had one waiting in spirit world to make you a happy home there!

We cannot be too thankful to the Almighty Creator for his wonderful love and forbearance and constant care of each soul. None are forgotten; and for this beautiful revelation of our being able to return to earth ought we not to be thankful?

I was then satisfied with my heavenly home. I only thought it was too beautiful for me. What had I done on earth for the Almighty that He should shower such blessings about me? My dear husband, think of me when you read these few lines and remember I am trying to make you happy all the time.

It is hardly necessary to say anything about my little ones. You are both father and mother to them. Oh, what happiness it is to me to know they are left to such kind care, for you try to be with them more than most fathers would think it necessary; but you are rewarded in their love for you.

After I became fully satisfied that I could come, I was happy, and then concluded to take a farther view of my spirit home. It seemed as if I was not a stranger—that all knew me. You must remember that on the entrance of a new spirit to angel life, it is considered as a day of festivity among the relations and dear ones of the new comer.

I can not see how spirits can, in their beautiful perfect, homes even, say they are as happy as they would be if their dear ones were with them; and it would be impossible for them to be happier. I am happy and do not wish to return to earth, but until I have you and my dear little ones with me, it is hardly heaven.

I am at present living with mother, but when my own family have life everlasting, I am in hopes of having my own happy home.

I immediately felt I could not be idle, for everybody about me was busy, and I must be employed. I was told I could do as I wished, to choose my own employment, which I did. Now, guess what it was.

Answer—Housekeeping.

You guessed right. Well, I told mother I would be her housekeeper until I had somebody to keep house for. They had a good laugh and told me there were widowers in the spirit world that would like a good housekeeper, but they did not care to spare me. I did not choose to be housekeeper for any widower, and I can assure you I am too tightly held in my own home to be induced to leave it. What do you think of that?

Well, I was installed as second mistress, for you see they do things differently in spirit world from what they do on earth. You may be astonished, and it may be hard for you to realize that spirits do and live very much as they do on earth, except everything is of a more ethereal nature. We eat, drink, sleep or rest, and have meals prepared as if we were mortals instead of spiritual beings. Our food is of a spiritual nature, and everything you have upon earth is represented, except in a larger and more delicious manner. It would truly surprise you to see our fruits.

We have greater varieties than you have, and I can imagine how you would open your eyes and how your mouth would water if you could see how beautiful our vegetables and fruits are. Dyspeptics need not fear, for every person is in such perfect health that we have no forbidden fruits. In our family we do not eat flesh.

Well, you see I am at home in my new duties, and it is real pleasure to observe the preparations for entertaining loved ones. I forgot to tell you one thing; we do not have actual servants in the spirit world, but we have plenty of assistants. Our life is of a substantial character. It is hard for mortals to realize that we live such a real life.

And now, my dear and best of husbands, remember that you are living for life eternal, and remember more pearls I wish to record for you, for you must advance on earth as I do in the spirit world. Instead of searching for the pearl beyond price, search for the pearls with which your diadem or glorious crown shall be set. Let it be bright and glorious. Now may the blessings of all that are good and great be with my husband, and may you be spared to mould bright characters for eternity.

Good night, but not good-bye.

A Malay gentleman regards the use of a fork at table dirty and disagreeable. "You do not know," he says, "into how many mouths it has been inserted. It may have been washed and scoured, but you are not certain but some lazy servant has neglected the work. On the other hand," he concluded, "I know that my fingers are clean, because I wash them myself, and I am sure they have never been in anybody's mouth but my own."

I am convinced that men do more harm to themselves than ever the devil could do to them.—Lord Byron.

Answers to Questions by Mrs. E. L. Watson.

(Reported for the Religious-Philosophical Journal, by John H. Cummings.)

Below is given the gist of some answers to questions by Mrs. E. L. Watson, in Metropolitan Temple, Sunday evening, Jan. 24, 1886.

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

ANSWER.—There are many definitions of the word religion. My definition is, man's conception of the highest truth, and his desire to attain goodness. The principles of Spiritualism form the philosophy of life. They have a direct bearing on man's moral nature, inspiring a veneration for truth and a keen desire to perfect his character. Spiritualism and true religion can not be separated. The terms are synonymous, although Spiritualism, *per se*, is not a religion. It is a science based on facts, not on superstition. So far as any religion embodies truth, so far is it true religion.

Science explains psychological phenomena, including the mysteries of the past. It establishes on demonstrable facts the truth of man's existence after the death of his body. Spiritualism inspires to the noblest service. It is the realization of our past hopes. Spiritualism and science unite knowledge with religious faith. There is no antagonism between true religion and Spiritualism. Spiritualism is opposed to certain forms of religion, which are antagonistic to liberty and free thought. Christianity is opposed to man's greatest good. The doctrine of total depravity and vicarious atonement is immoral and injurious. All that is truly good anywhere belongs to humanity; and nothing can wrench it away. True religion founded upon scientific facts will yet prevail throughout the earth.

Q.—How can every atom be a soul?

A.—Matter and spirit are one, and natural law operates both in the visible and in the invisible realms; it is the embodiment and mode of Supreme Intelligence. Consider the law of gravitation, for instance. Like causes produce like effects. If law were separate from intelligence, this could not be. In nature we see harmony, an aim and a definite plan. She is ever tending to more complex forms and to higher expressions of life. Gravitation proves the existence of intelligent spirit in matter. Each atom contains intelligence, which is ever climbing upward, and each is necessary to the universal system. There is infinite variety in unity; and all atoms are related to each other, as each identity is to all others. God, or nature, is the source of all life, while matter and soul are but different expressions of the same power.

Q.—Do we imperil our happiness by descending into low places and striving to banish ignorance and vice?

A.—No; a thousand times no! He who ministers in love among the vicious, and brings his intelligence to bear upon ignorance is truly exalted. In forgetfulness of self he finds himself higher. No condition exists without permission. Immutability reigns everywhere. Whatever suffering is caused by ignorance and sin serves a divine object. He who is firm and pure of purpose can well afford to lend his aid to the ignorant and the wicked; and in this work he will find his chiefest blessings.

Q.—Is suicide ever justifiable?

A.—We have answered this question many times. Suicide is never justifiable, yet we should pity rather than blame suicides. Persons are brought to this act by a weakening of the physical or of the spiritual nature, or both. Disease is the cause of suicide. If all were wise, none would commit this deed, for life here is as valuable as any other life; and death is no escape from sin, from duty, or from self. To escape from self is the desire of the suicide; but remember that death helps only him who has done his best here. It does not introduce us to a better world unless we have earned it; and it does not free us from our obligations. Try to be patient.

Q.—Would it not be well for one who is obsessed by evil spirits, and whose life-work is done, to end this life?

A.—When your life-work is done, nature will open the way. If obsession is possible here, it is possible beyond the veil; but to the pure nature, in the flesh or out of it, there is no danger anywhere. Our worst enemy is within us. Good may be temporarily overcome on either side of the line, but the spell is soon broken. You excuse evil and call it good. I do not believe that any person did a wrong act, thinking it to be wrong. A dangerous doctrine, you may say. But the truth is that blind passions over-power us. We are betrayed. Sin is but a disease of the physical man, for the soul can not sin.

If your angel friends are unable to help you while you are on this side of the line, they can not help you if you go to the other side. Your brain is in an abnormal condition. You have obsessed yourself by brooding upon this idea of obsession. Are we without government? If so, mediumship is a curse. Get rid of it. Such believers are obsessed by the old ideas of Satan and the fall of man. If prayers will not dismiss the trouble, try hygiene. Use physiological, not supernatural, remedies. Evil is not positive to good. The best may slip; the wisest minds may be clouded; but let them readjust themselves to the laws of nature, and they will be saved.

Q.—Will all mankind be finally happy?

A.—All enjoy now more than they

know. Angels have ministered everywhere and in every age. They influence us to work well. All are moving forward; and happiness is constantly growing. Shall all be happy? Yes. And shall there be no regret? We can not conceive of a condition when all will be full of joy with never a cloud; but all can become happy in a very high degree. Our very susceptibility to suffering, especially through our sympathy for others, renders our enjoyment the keener when it comes. We can best enhance our happiness by noble living, and by the hope of something better in the future. To none is given the bitterness without the sweet.

Q.—Does man improve in the same ratio beyond the veil as he does here?

A.—Men improve in different ratios there as well as here; but progress there is more rapid than on earth. Some thirsty souls, by their restless energy, advance very quickly in knowledge of the truth, while others sunk in lethargy, must wait for an awakening. The more spiritual the nature the more rapid is the progress.

Q.—Is not a soul created at conception? If so, does it not become resolved into its original elements and lost at death?

A.—The soul is created, or, rather, formed at conception; but, as it develops from infancy to maturity, we see an infinite plan unfolded. There is a concentration of wonderful forces, capable of endless expansion and moved by an infinite desire, which will require eternity for their development. Everything in nature fulfills its end; and nothing is lost. Death can not thwart nature.

Q.—Was the resurrection of Christ a miracle?

A.—No. Resurrection is an immutable law; and it always takes place at death. Countless millions experienced it before Christ, although it is said that he brought light and immortality into the world. If Jesus was God, as the Christians declare, his resurrection was no evidence of our resurrection. His case was exceptional; and his death was a farce; but if he was a man, his resurrection is evidence that all will live beyond the grave.

There never was a miracle. To suspend a law of nature one instant would cause chaos, and would destroy all life. The telephone, the telegraph and the phonograph would have been called miracles a thousand years ago. All wonders are miracles till understood.

Q.—Of what is spirit composed?

A.—Spirit is composed of sublimated matter, and its growth is going on now within us. The soul is a refined, physical form. It is a complete organism, beautiful in its symmetry and color; but we know not the secret of its formation.

Was it all a Dream?

(Mind in Nature.)

A lady who had never been abroad, dreamed that a relative of her husband, who lived in Europe, was dead. Neither she nor her husband knew that he was ill, nor had they received any recent news from him. She saw the funeral procession, the arrangement of which was different from anything of the kind she had ever witnessed. The manner in which the corpse was conveyed to the grave, the dress of the men forming the procession, and the absence of women, were specially noted by her. She also saw plainly the streets through which it passed and the surroundings of the grave. She heard the people speak of her husband and ask if he was there, and the reply, "No, he is not here, but will be soon." A few days after, they received, by telegraph, information of the death of this relative. At that time her husband had not the remotest intention of going to Europe, but a few months after, circumstances arose which made him decide suddenly to take the trip.

She accompanied him, and on reaching the place where the relative had lived and died, recognized the surroundings immediately as those she had seen in her dream, and on learning the details of the funeral, found it had taken place exactly as she had dreamed it; the order of the procession and the dress of the men were described to her as she had seen them.

On the day of her arrival the rooms of the house were shown to her, and one on the lower floor pointed out to her as the one occupied by the now dead relative, while a guest chamber on the second floor was assigned to her and her husband.

On retiring that same evening she remained awake after her husband had fallen asleep, and she saw something come from the door of the room like a greyish white cloud, having the form and features of a man. It came to her side of the bed and seemed to bend over her, when she screamed and it disappeared. Her husband awoke, and she told him what she had seen, insisting that his relative had died in that room. This was denied the next day by the whole family, but admitted later on in the visit. They denied it at first because they thought that she would be afraid to occupy the room if she knew the facts.

At that period of her life she was for some time in delicate health, and while in that state had other similar experiences. Since regaining her health nothing of the kind has occurred.

U. N. G.
The facts given in the above statement can be relied upon. For obvious reasons we can not always give names or addresses to statements of this kind, as it might cause unpleasant notoriety, but the manager is ready at all times to furnish proofs to any one who desires to investigate the cases.

A Suggestion.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The declaration of principles of the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society are so nearly after my own heart that I would like to suggest an amendment to the first and sixth.

In the first declaration, instead of "parent," insert "father and mother;" and in the sixth, instead of "or brotherhood," insert "of brothers and sisters." We want more than an implication that half of the race is female. The idea of "equality of the sexes" needs a distinct enunciation. Why not let the sixth declaration say, "That the human race is one family of brothers and sisters, whose interests are forever inseparable," etc.; and the first say, "That a Beneficent Power and Wise Intelligence pervades and controls the universe, sustaining toward all human beings the intimate relation of father and mother, whose revelation is nature, whose interpreter is science," etc.

The thought comes very forcibly that the progressive minds of the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society have outgrown the old idea of only one parent in the godhead, and that a male. They have surely got beyond that monstrosity of modern christianity, three gods in one, and they all male.

This first declaration truthfully says that "Nature is the revelation of Beneficent Power and Wise Intelligence, whose interpreter is science." And does not this interpreter say that all nature, and every division of it—minerals, plants, trees, animals, however high or low, great or small—is dual, positive and negative, male and female? And why is it thus? Simply because Infinite Spirit, its producer, this Wise Intelligence and Beneficent Power, is male and female. From the foundation of the world, this unseen intelligence is understood by what nature reveals. "The invisible things of God, from the foundation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and godhead."

EDMUND YOUNG.
EAST OAKLAND, Cal.

Independent Slate Writings.

Of this phrase of mediumship Baron Du Prei says:

One thing is clear; that is, that these slate-writings must be ascribed to a transcendental origin. We shall find

1. That the hypothesis of prepared slates is inadmissible.

2. The place on which the writing is found is quite inaccessible to the hands of the medium. In some cases the double slate is securely locked, leaving only room inside for the tiny morsel of slate pencil.

3. That the writing is actually done at the time.

4. That the medium is not writing.

5. That the writing must be actually done with the morsel of lead or slate pencil.

6. The writing is done by an intelligent being, since the answers are exactly pertinent to the questions.

7. This being can read, write, and understand the language of human beings, frequently such as is unknown to the medium.

8. It strongly resembles a human being, as well in the degree of its intelligence as in the mistakes its sometimes makes. These beings are therefore, although invisible, of human nature, or species. It is no use whatever to fight against this proposition.

9. If these beings speak, they do so in human language.

10. If they are asked who they are, they answer that they are beings who have left this world.

11. When these appearances become partly visible, perhaps only their hands, the hands seen are of human form.

12. When these things become entirely visible, they exhibit the human form and countenance.

Spiritualism must be investigated by science. I should look upon myself as a coward if I did not openly express my convictions. For through Eglinton I have conceived the proof that Zollner, who was the first in Germany to have courage to speak of these slate-writings, discovered a grand truth and that all his opponents who have neither read or seen anything in this domain are in the wrong.

THE BIRD-MUSIC OF SOUTH AMERICA.

—In an interesting paper on South American Bird-Music, contributed to the English scientific journal, *Nature*, a correspondence says: "There is a charm in the infinite variety of bird-language heard in a sub-tropical forest, where birds are most abundant, exceeding that of many monotonously melodious voices; the listener would not willingly lose any of the many indescribable sounds emitted by the smaller species, or the screams and human-like calls, or solemn, deep booming or drumming of the larger kinds, or even the piercing shrieks, which may be heard miles away. The sub-tropical forest is more like an orchestra in which a countless number of varied instruments take part, in a performance in which there are many noisy discords, while the tender, spiritual tones, heard at intervals, seem, by contrast, infinitely sweet and precious."

Views of Religion.

[We give below some interesting extracts from the new volume entitled "Views of Religion," published by the American Unitarian Association, comprising selections from Theodore Parker's works.]

MAN'S SPIRITUAL NATURE.

Looking even superficially, but with earnestness, upon human affairs, we are driven to confess that there is in us a spiritual nature which directly and legitimately leads to religion; that as man's body is connected with the world of matter, rooted in it, has bodily wants, bodily senses to minister thereto, and a fund of external materials wherewith to gratify these senses and appease these wants, so man's soul is connected with the world of Spirit, rooted in God, has spiritual wants and spiritual senses, and a fund of materials wherewith to gratify these spiritual senses and appease these spiritual wants. If this be so, then do not religious institutions come equally from man? Must it not be that there is nothing in religion, more than in society, which is not implied in him? (p. 4.)

THE SPACE RELIGION FILLS.

This religious element is the strongest and deepest in human nature. It depends on nothing outside, conventional, or artificial. It is identical in all men; not a similar thing, but the same. Superficially, man differs from man in the less and more; but, in the nature of the primitive religious element, all agree, as in whatever is deepest. Out of the profoundest abyss in man proceed his worship, his prayer, his hymn of praise. The history of the world shows us what a space Religion fills. She is the mother of philosophy and the arts, has presided over the greatest wars. She holds now all nations with her unseen hand; restrains their passions, more powerful than all the cunning statutes of the lawgiver; awakens their virtue; allays their sorrows with a mild comfort all her own; brightens their hopes with the purple ray of faith, shed through the sombre curtains of necessity. (p. 19.)

ONE KIND OF RELIGION.

Now there can be but one kind of religion, as there can be but one kind of time and space. It may exist in different degrees, weak or powerful; in combination with other emotions, love or hate, with wisdom or folly; and thus it is superficially modified, just as love—which is always the same thing—is modified by the character of the man who feels it and by that of the object to which it is directed. Of course, then, there is no difference but of words between revealed religion and natural religion; for all actual religion is revealed in us or it could not be felt, and all revealed religion is natural or it would be of no use. What is of use to a man comes upon the plane of his consciousness, not merely above it or below it. (p. 23.)

INSPIRATION.

Inspiration is limited to no sect, age or nation. It is wide as the world and common as God. It is not given to a few men, in the infancy of mankind, to monopolize inspiration and bar God out of the soul. You and I are not born in the dotage and decay of the world. The stars are beautiful as in their prime. "The most ancient heavens are fresh and strong," the bird merry as ever at its clear heart. God is still everywhere in nature,—at the line, the pole, in a mountain or a moss. Wherever a heart beats with love, where faith and reason utter their oracles, there also is God, as formerly in the heart of seers and prophets. Neither Gerizim nor Jerusalem nor the soil that Jesus blessed so holy as the good man's heart, nothing so full of God. This inspiration is not given to the learned alone, not to the great and wise, but to every faithful child of God. The world is close to the body; God closer to the soul, not only without, but within, for the all-pervading current flows into each. The clear sky bends over each man, little or great. Let him uncover his head. There is nothing between him and infinite space. So the ocean of God encircles all men. Uncover the soul of its sensuality, selfishness, sin, there is nothing between it and God, who flows into the man as light into the air. Certainly as the open eye drinks in the light do the pure in heart see God. And he that lives truly feels him as a presence not to be put by.

But this is a doctrine of experience as much as of abstract reasoning. Every man who has ever prayed—prayed with the mind, prayed with the heart, greatly and strongly—knows the truth of this doctrine, welcomed by pious souls. There are hours—and they come to all men—when the hand of destiny seems heavy upon us, when the thought of time mis-spent, the pang of affection misplaced or ill-required, the experience of man's worse nature, and the sense of our own degradation come over us. In the outward and inward trials, we know not which way to turn. The heart faints and is ready to perish. Then, in the deep silence of the soul, when the man turns inward to God, light, comfort, peace, dawn on him. His troubles,—they are but a dew-drop on his sandal. His enmities or jealousies, hopes, fears, honors, disgraces, all the undesired mishaps of life, are lost to the view,—diminished, and then hid in the mists of the valley he has left behind and below him. Resolution comes over him with its vigorous wing. Truth is clear as noon. The soul in faith rushes to its God. The mystery is at an end. (p. 53.)

THE TRIUMPH OF THE RIGHT.

Look at the facts of the world. You

see a continual and progressive triumph of the right. I do not pretend to understand the moral universe; the arc is a long one, my eye reaches but little ways. I can not calculate the curve and complete the figure by the experience of sight; I can divine it by conscience. And, from what I see, I am sure it bends toward justice.

THE IDEAL OF A RELIGIOUS CHARACTER.

I take it this is the idea of a religious character. It is, first, to be faithful to ourselves,—to rule body and spirit, each by the natural law thereof; to use, develop, and enjoy all the faculties, each in its just proportions, all in harmonious action, developed to the greatest degree which is possible under our circumstances; to have such an abiding consciousness of God that you will have the fourfold form of piety, so often dwelt on before, and be inwardly blameless, harmonious, and holy.

It is, next, to be faithful to your fellow-men,—to do for them what is right, from right motives and for right ends; to love them as yourself; to be useful to them to the extent of your power; to live in such harmony with them that you shall rejoice in their joys, and all be mutually blessed with the bliss of each other.

It is, also, to be faithful to God,—to know of him, to have a realizing sense of his infinite power, wisdom, justice, goodness, and holiness, and so a perfect love of God, a perfect trust in him, a delight in the infinite being of God; to love him intellectually in the love of truth, morally as justice, affectionately as love, and totally as the infinite God,—Father and Mother, too, of all this world; so to love God that you have no desire to transcend his law or violate your duty to yourself, your brother, or your God; so to love him that there shall be no fear of God,—none for yourself, none for mankind,—but a perfect confidence and an absolute love shall take the place of every fear. In short, it is to serve God by the normal use, development, and enjoyment of every faculty of the spirit, every limb of the body, and every mode of power which we possess. (p. 166.)

NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL RELIGION.

Of all melancholy social sights that one sees, few are so sad as a body of men got together to convert mankind to sectarianism by ecclesiastical machinery,—men dead as timber cut down, dead and dry! Out of wire, muslin, thread, starch, gum, and sundry chemicals, French milliners make, by dozens, what they call roses, lilies of the valley, forget-me-nots, and the like. Scentless and seedless abortions are they, and no more. What a difference between the flower the lover gathers by the Brookside for his maiden's breast, and the thing which the milliner makes with her scissors; between the forget-me-not of the meadow and the forget-me-not of the shop! Such an odds is there betwixt religious men and Christians manufactured in a mill. (p. 179.)

THE IMMORTAL LIFE.

I can not believe that any state in heaven is a final state, only a condition of progress. The bud opens into the blossom, the flower matures into the fruit. The salvation of to-day is not blessedness enough for to-morrow. Here we are, first, babes of earth, with a few senses, and those imperfect, helpless, and ignorant; then, children of earth; then, youths; then, men armed with reason, conscience, affection, piety, and go on enlarging these without end. So, methinks, it must be there that we shall be first babes of heaven, then children, next youths, and so go on growing, advancing and advancing, our being only a becoming more and more, with no possibility of ever reaching the end. (p. 362.)

FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

Shall we know our friends again? For my own part I can not doubt it; least of all, when I drop a tear over their recent dust. Death does not separate them from us here. Can life in heaven do it? They live in our remembrance; memory rakes in the ashes of the dead, and the virtues of the departed flame up anew, enlightening the dim, cold walls of our consciousness. Much of our joy is social here; we only half enjoy an undivided good. God made mankind, but sundered that into men, that they might help one another. Must it not be so there, and we be with our real friends? (p. 365.)

A REMARKABLE MANIFESTATION.—An old friend, Signor Damiani, called on us on his way from London to Florence, and was present at our Friday evening meeting. His knowledge of the facts of Modern Spiritualism rendered his conversation most interesting. Among the incidents he related was one which occurred at the house of Mr. Younger, the medium being Mrs. Mellon; a spirit who materializes through this medium, who calls himself Geordie, took from the wall a framed portrait of Signor Damiani, and, inviting him to take a chair at the entrance of the medium's cabinet, placed it in his hand; Geordie and another spirit named Cissy then led the medium out, and Cissy struck some notes on the piano. Geordie addressed the circle, about twenty, on the occasion of Signor Damiani's departure, bidding him farewell with a firm grasp of the hand. Two other spirit forms presented themselves, one being that of the departed son of Mr. Younger. We look forward to our friend visiting us again on his return journey in the Spring.—*Revue Spirituelle.*

The Bad Health of Mediums.

[George Wythe, M. D., in Light.]

SIR.—The illness of Mr. Eglinton is not only a source of sorrow to his many friends, but may be regarded as a matter of serious scientific importance. The physical medium is indeed one who is ever on the verge of disease, and as it is through the phenomena accompanying mediumship that exists the only possibility of demonstrating the spiritual nature of man, and thereby establishing a science of experimental psychology, it is of primary importance that we should do all we can to maintain the health and stability of our mediums.

The medium is one whose spiritual nature, instead of acting chiefly as a concentrating and working force within his own body, acts as an emanating and irradiating force; seeking separation from his body and action, in bodies external to himself—his spiritual force is thus brought into contact, not only with external physical bodies, but with spiritual forces external to himself.

This arrangement, if it could be controlled, might result in the voluntary action of the spirit external to the individual, and that would be adeptship; but the order is reversed, and a foreign spirit takes possession of the partially empty body and controls the medium.

It can be seen that this process in itself is a danger to the medium and must tend to weaken that concentrative nature, which is of the nature of tonic health. True, if the controlling spirit were of the nature of those "angels who excel in strength," the medium would not only be elevated in soul, but nourished with "nectar and ambrosia"; but as the controlling spirit, according to general experience, even when pure and honest, controls for physical purposes external to the medium, the medium is thus more or less disintegrated, and more and more tends to dissolution.

This arises because the vital force and the magnetic aura and the molecular structure itself are withdrawn from the medium and utilized by the control for physical results.

Hence the importance to the medium, that robust, healthy, benevolent, and magnetic sitters should associate with him in the production of physical phenomena, in order that the pabulum of vitality and molecular matter be freely supplied; and hence the danger on the other hand of sitting with diseased or unsympathetic people, or with cold-blooded skeptics as distinct from scientific-minded and warm-blooded inquirers.

The magnetic aura or nervous vitality which mediums lose in producing physical phenomena like slate-writing will tax especially the cerebellum and the spinal column, but in those cases where a luminous mist is seen emanating from the region of the heart, in the production of materialized forms, there is actually a depletion of the blood; and the immediate and sometimes permanent results exactly resemble those which follow accidental or, as in former days, professionally produced hemorrhages.

Thus the medium, who devotes himself to the production of physical phenomena, and especially to the production of human forms, actually lays down his life and sheds his blood in the cause; and I know of no stronger general argument against the ignorant assertions of fraud, as the explanation of physical phenomena, than the almost invariable debility of the medium, which follows a successful seance, while jugglers and conjurers, on the other hand, are generally robust and lively in the direct ratio of their successes!

What then are we to do? As mediumship is almost invariably accompanied by a danger to health, is its practice immoral?

The reply seems to be, that mediums must use every precaution, and that wisely conducted mediumship, like wisely conducted mental and physical athletics, is neither dangerous nor immoral.

Unfortunately mediums, like other human beings, require money in order to maintain their existence, and they are thus obliged to sit with all who desire it, however cold-blooded, unmagnetic, and unsympathetic such sitters may be; and, so far as health is concerned, it would be well if mediums declined to sit with cold skeptics, unless one, two, or three warm-blooded believers formed part of the circle.

Then as to habits of mediums. As the production of physical phenomena more or less depletes and exhausts the medium, his strong and sometimes all but irresistible temptation, like that of nearly all depleted beings, is to recoup his exhausted energies and his loss of blood vitality by the most summary method known—that is by alcohol. There are cases of depletion and exhaustion which demand the immediate application of that restorative, but as a general practice nothing could be more dangerous, and I think by a little method and predetermination the use of alcohol may be almost entirely dispensed with.

The moderate use of tea, coffee, cocoa, of the best quality, and the free use of beef tea, clear soup, and especially of beef tea made from Liebig's Extract of Meat, will generally be found a sufficient extemporaneous restorative. Liebig's Extract may be called the wine of beef; it is not so nourishing as good beef tea, but it is more stimulating, and I would strongly advise mediums to make a free use of it when exhausted.

I would by no means exclude alcohols, but I would very strongly advise their be-

ing taken by measure; and suppose the quantity were, say, three-quarters of a pint of Dublin stout or three glasses of claret or two glasses of the best port wine, I would advise that the whole quantity be measured out into a tumbler and taken slowly and deliberately with the determination that no more should be taken at that time, the deliberate swallowing of a fixed quantity of both food and drink being much more efficient than the hasty gulping of an unfixed quantity.

Further, it would be well if mediums could arrange to live in bracing suburbs such as Hampstead, and either walk or come by rail to chambers in a central position for professional purposes. This arrangement would compel them to take a certain amount of exercise in the open air, and it is always found a salutary arrangement to live apart from our business.

Of course we know that many mediums could not afford to make such arrangements, and in such cases it would be very wise indeed if some other mental and physical work could be engaged in, not only as a source of support, but as a direction very important to health, mental and physical.

In the event of a prostrative illness, minute doses of quinine, nux vomica, and phosphorus, will be found very useful, but medical rubbing by a robust and healthy person, and mesmerism by a healthy and benevolent operator, is the direct recuperative psycho-physical treatment required; but it will often be found necessary to indulge in a long holiday either at the seaside or on the hills, and here Malvern, Buxton, and Eastbourne may be mentioned.

Malvern is especially suitable, as there hill air and medical rubbing and every variety of the soothing and bracing application of water, together with amusing society, can be got in perfection.

Marvelous Spirit Manifestations.

[R. P. Wright in Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

Shall I pen another fact in support of the fact of spiritual visitations? So many articles have been written and published only to be covered up and deprived of influence by a class of religionists who know their self-aggrandizement, social standing and personal preferment must vanish as mists of dew before the sun's rays, if "Spiritualism" should prevail. And while they rant and denounce the possibility of materialization, they continually preach the same doctrine! As for myself, I never in all my life held a conversation with a medium; never attended a seance; but I know full well that I have often, very often, seen and held conversation with spirits; and no instance of the kind ever occurred that failed to produce a feeling of genuine satisfaction.

When I was seventeen years of age, I met a young lady in a village near Louisville, Ky. We loved each other at sight, and in a few days thereafter we became engaged—the nuptials to take place at the end of our school days. Time rolled on. Her father moved to Louisville, and we were thereby thrown together every evening for the next two years.

Our school days being over, preparations were being made for our marriage; but as fate would have it, the death angel swooped down and swept away the spirit of her so dear to my heart. Then the world lost all of its charms and joys, and to this day my love sleeps with her in the grave or follows her in the land of spirits.

A short time after her death she appeared to me, and with tears rushing down her cheeks, besought me most affectionately not to grieve for her so bitterly, saying: "I will always be near you!" And she has made good her word. I see her very frequently, and talk with her often. She has kissed me ten thousand times. It is now ten years since her change on earth, yet her spirit form is the same in appearance.

Besides this young lady, I have seen many others in the Spirit-world, and have often profited by information received from them.

One evening last week I called to see a young lady in this city. Three hours had been passed quite pleasantly. I had put on my overcoat preparatory to taking my departure. I was standing by the parlor stove, facing the young lady upon whom I had called. In the middle of the room was an ordinary parlor chair. Suddenly the young lady, of whom I have already spoken, appeared in the chair. As my eyes fell upon her she suddenly vanished, but the chair rocked violently. The young lady with whom I was talking, heard the voice, and turning she saw the chair rocking, and it continued to rock for a full minute. She was somewhat alarmed until I explained the cause. I expected her to be still more alarmed, but she was not.

At some future day I shall take pleasure in detailing still more evidences of the reality of materialization within my own knowledge.

Says London Light: "That Spiritualism is spreading in Catholic countries is shown by the number of journals devoted to its philosophy in those countries. In Italy, within the very shadow of the Vatican, there are four; in France, nineteen; in Spain, sixteen; seven in Mexico; four in Austria; three in Brazil; and two in Cuba."

Error is, in its nature, flippant, compendious; it hops with airy and fastidious levity over proofs and arguments, and perches upon assertion, which it calls conclusion.—*Curran.*

EXPERIENCE DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

One of the most remarkable tests which ever came under my personal notice, was given by Mrs. P. W. Stephens, a sister of the celebrated E. V. Wilson. It was given in Redding, Shasta county, in this State. She came there for the purpose of giving a series of lectures on the subject of Spiritualism. On the day of her arrival, she, of course, made inquiries, as to who were Spiritualists in that vicinity, and was referred to the writer. She sent for me, and I called upon her, and after a few minutes talk relative to the object of her visit, she asked me to introduce her to some of the Liberals and Spiritualists of the place. I took her to a friend of mine, a Mrs. Wells, and asked her to assist Mrs. Stephens in getting acquainted. She willingly complied, and the two set out to make a round among those who we knew were friendly, or at least not inimical to our cause. With these few words of explanation, I will quote from my journal, of Sept. 11, 1888:

Several days ago, an old lady of about seventy-two years of age, whose name was Mrs. Lamb, was living about six miles from town, in a very unhealthy locality. Being in quite poor health, she conceived, or was impressed with the idea that if she could come to Redding and stay a few days with some friends, it would greatly improve her both bodily and mentally. Before coming to town she lived with a married daughter, who at the time was also quite ill.

The old lady, however, being fully convinced that she would greatly improve her health, came to town, and went to reside with a family named Cecil. For a day or two after coming to town, she seemed much better, but on the morning of the third day she was taken violently ill, and at about 2 o'clock of that afternoon she died. Now comes the strange part of the story.

Mrs. Stephens who had arrived in town, the night before, and who knew nothing of the circumstances just related was in company with Mrs. Wells, making the calls spoken of above.

At about a quarter past 2 o'clock, they arrived at the front entrance of the house adjoining the one where, unknown to them, Mrs. Lamb had just breathed her last. They knocked at the door, and receiving no reply went around to the rear entrance, where they were met by Mrs. Hall, (the lady of the house) and several other ladies. Mrs. Hall invited them in, and they all sat down in her parlor. Of course the conversation naturally turned upon the death of the old lady which several of them had just witnessed.

Mrs. Stephens suddenly exclaimed, "There she stands now," and immediately proceeded to give an accurate description of the appearance of the deceased. She stated that the spirit seemed confused and bewildered, and repeatedly said, "How strange."

Of course all the ladies present were quite sure that Mrs. Stephens could never have seen or known anything of the old lady.

Mrs. Stephens was seized with a strong desire to see the body and ascertain with her own eyes whether the description she had given was correct. Accordingly, she and the other ladies went into the adjoining house, and while standing around the bed upon which the body lay, Mrs. Stephens again saw the spirit of the deceased, and she was enabled to compare the two together more clearly than before.

I may here remark, in parenthesis, that in all my reading upon the subject, I never heard of a case similar to this, where the clairvoyant was enabled to see both the spirit and the body which it had just left, at the same time, being enabled to look from one to the other as she would at any other two objects. The medium said the spirit stood bent over her own body, and scrutinizing it intently, musingly said: "How strange it all is. I wonder what has happened? I will go and tell Mollie about it." No one present knew who was meant by Mollie until Mrs. Stephens said she thought it was the old lady's daughter. Then one of the ladies called a little grandchild of the deceased from the next room and asked her what her mother's name was. She replied that it was Melvina, but that her father and grandma called her Mollie.

This case can not be explained away by mind reading, as no one present knew the daughter's name.

As a sequel to this strange story, I will state that it appears from the testimony of the daughter and her husband, that about the time the events just related were transpiring, the daughter was impressed with a terrible foreboding concerning her mother, and springing up in bed, exclaimed: "My mother! something terrible has happened to my mother!"

These facts, as just recorded, were drawn up and signed by the five ladies who witnessed them, and certified to as being a truthful statement of the facts coming under their personal observation.

A word concerning this case. There was no possibility of collusion, for most of the witnesses were skeptics concerning Spiritualism. Mrs. Stephens had never seen the old lady while living, nor her body until after she had described her, and, besides, there were not a dozen persons in the town who knew of the old lady's presence there until after the occurrences just mentioned.

This circumstance is another link in the chain of evidence which convinces me of the truth of spirit return.

E. G. A.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1886.

A RIGHTEOUS VERDICT.

The jury in the case of Perkins vs. Baldwin, on trial last week in Los Angeles, returned a verdict of \$75,000 damages in favor of the plaintiff. This is the old, old story of lechery and riches on one side, and innocent girlhood beguiled on the other—a story many times repeated on this Coast.

In this case, the defendant, a well known millionaire, a man past sixty years of age, and who ought to have been mending his ways preparatory for the life upon which he must soon enter,—beguiled a young girl, under promise of marriage, to her shame and dishonor, and then, as he had done in numerous other like instances, cast her off to bear her burden of woe alone.

The wisdom and justice of this verdict no right thinking man or woman in the land will for a moment question. Now let us pray that the Supreme Court, before which tribunal the case will doubtless be sent, may be actuated by no sickly sentiment of "excessive damages," to undo the righteous judgment of the lower court.

Cheap enough! What is \$75,000 to the actual value of a soul! Such men as Baldwin, Sharon, Reese, and others of like ilk, should be made to pay rapidly for their iniquities. They should be taught that their money is no protection for them in their outrages upon common decency. As their money, and not their ungainly persons, usually, is the means whereby they are able to scatter moral pollution through the land, intelligent juries should see to it that they are mulcted in such substantial sums, for their crimes against morality, that the luxury of their sinning will soon be found to be too expensive for their purses.

A WISE RULING.

The three schools of medicine—Allopath, Homeopath and Eclectic—who, unwilling to trust to their merits, seek, by legislation, to secure a monopoly of the medical practice in this State, shutting out all other systems, have run against a snag, in San Jose, in the shape of a level-headed Justice of the Peace named Buckner.

A suit was brought against a magnetic healer named Reid, to mulct him in damages for practicing the curative art without having first procured a certificate from some society representing some one of the above mentioned schools. The Justice held, substantially, that the Act under which the action was brought was, from its reading, evidently intended to prevent persons from practicing any of said systems without first procuring a diploma from one of the State societies representing the same. That is, for instance, that no one claiming to be an allopathic physician shall be allowed to practice as such without a certificate from the State society of that school, etc. But that a person advertising himself as a magnetic healer, and practicing that system, does not come within the meaning of the law; hence, he ordered the defendant's discharge.

We commend the wisdom of this ruling. It is certainly founded on common sense. Any system of healing that can not stand upon its merits, but requires to be bolstered up by special legislation, must have a weak spot somewhere.

And then it is an outrage upon individual rights to deny to any one the privilege of choice in the matter of selecting the mode of treatment whereby he would be healed. While we have no objection to the regular schools hedging themselves in and preventing impostors from practicing their methods; yet, we shall ever insist that said regulars have no right to dictate in methods of healing outside of their practice. The law, as it stands on our statute books, is a sort of "baby act," that no physician with a grain of self-respect would ever plead in his behalf.

ONE AMONG MANY.

Occasionally there comes to one a conviction of the wrong that is lived in professing one thing and acting another. The so-called nobility of the Old World profess a charity and fellow-sympathy for the toiling and suffering poor of their lands, but save in rare instances, act the part of tyrants towards them. One Count Tolstoi, "a Russian soldier, author, philosopher and man of the world," has come to see that name, acquisitions and possessions, while they may bring a man comfort and leisure and opportunities here, will not answer for a life spent in willful blindness and oblivion to the misfortunes and trials of the poor, when he enters upon the other and real existence, where there can be no sham nor deception. This count is going to work out his salvation on earth, and has gone to live among the peasants on his great estates, and to put in practice true Christianity, which is peace and good will to all. He does not believe in war, but human fraternity in social life. His soul is the seat of humanity and his mind the abode of noble ideas. We may not realize the result he hopes for save in himself; but his example is a good one and may live after him.

THE ANGEL SIDE.

The better side of human nature—the angel side—contains all there is of hope and progress for the race. In it we behold the prophecy of a higher and purer manhood than the world has ever yet known—the unfoldment of a race that shall be emphatically the crowning work of creation.

Who would touch the heart of the ignorant, the undeveloped, the sinful, and win them to better ways, must appeal to the good there is in them—and there is good in all hearts, even in the most sinful,—and win them by gentle admonitions, and by the all-powerful attractiveness of a loving sympathy.

It does no good to scold men for their wickedness; it only operates to stimulate a spirit of opposition. Neither is any good accomplished by fault-finding, or charging undeveloped human nature with its shortcomings and iniquities. By so doing you but harden the shell and make it the more difficult to get at the precious kernel within. But a gentle word spoken from a warm and loving heart—a friendly act prompted by a spirit of good will—never fails to call forth the best there is in the most obdurate nature.

How blind is the average teacher, or moulder of public opinion, to this fact! Take those great educators, the daily press, and with scarcely an exception, their columns are filled, from day to day, with accounts of crime—with the iniquities and wickedness of men, and seldom with much to their credit. Individuals, whose ordinary lives or deaths would never excite a comment, let them but once commit some heinous offense, and columns are not sufficient to parade the details of their iniquity before the world. And children read these recitals, and talk them over, and dream upon them, and are thus ever feasting their tender minds on garbage and carrion. What other result can be expected than that they should grow to man's and woman's estate with their moral natures beclouded—with their angel side neglected and undeveloped.

Infinitely better for the education and unfoldment of humanity, if the publication of the details of crime, in fact all mention of crime itself, were prohibited by a wise censorship of the press. We believe it would tend amazingly to the diminution of crime to withhold all reference to it in the public prints; at the same time no vigilance should be relaxed or effort abated to prevent or restrain the wrong-doer in his course.

There is a morbid desire on the part of all unprogressed and unspiritualized humanity to feast on horrors. The morgue is more fascinating to many persons than art galleries and gardens of beautiful flowers are to others. The angel side of a human being has but little attraction for them. Such people need leading out of that condition into the light of a better order of life; but how can they be reached while every morning's meal is poisoned with the disgusting details of all manner of villainy?

There are so many good things that can be said, even of the worst of men—so much that is bright and beautiful in human nature, the recital of which would tend to elevate, ennoble, strengthen and beautify character, and help the race on its slow but certain journey up the mountain heights of wisdom and goodness, that it is a sad pity our educators and caterers for the intellectual appetites of the people do not give us more of this sort of moral pabulum, from the angel side of human nature.

THE PENSION SYSTEM.

A bill authorizing the retirement on a life pension of officers of the navy after thirty years service, is under consideration in the House of Representatives. It is in harmony with other acts for the retirement of officers of the army and navy, and if life provision for such is to be the policy of the Government, there can be no special objection to the pending bill; but it is a question whether the system of pensioning public servants should not be limited to those who are disabled in service, and therefore unable to provide for their own support. All whose disability is the result of rendering service, should receive a pension, and this rule should be made to apply to corporations as well as to the Government.

The pensioning of officers of the Government is an established custom of monarchical powers, and is in consonance with the nature of such governments, but the Republican system being entirely different there is no reason for following the foreign mode of treating those who have held office.

If a man renders great service to the Government he should be liberally paid for it, but the creation of a class of public pensioners—people who live on the earnings of others—should be avoided. It may seem ungenerous to turn out faithful servants of the Government in their old age with no provision for their support, but there is no more hardship in it than in any of the ordinary affairs of life. Officers of the navy and army, as a rule, have higher salaries than are received by the average of educated men in civil life. If the law did not provide for their retirement on a pension, they would probably save something and make provision for old age, but depending upon life-long support by the Government most of them spend as they go.

It is not official position, but real merit and actual service that is worthy of reward. As there is no ruling class in America, so there

should be no especially favored class. An aristocracy of intellect, or even of wealth, may exist and excite no alarm, but an aristocracy of officeholders,—men who are legislated into easy and well-paid places, and pensioned for life afterward,—can not be permitted without danger to the Republic.

THE PLAINT OF THE AGES.

"Whither, oh, whither has my beloved gone!" This has been the plaint of humanity, in its mortal bereavements, in all ages of the world. As on by one the heart's idols are borne out and away into the darkness and gloom of death, and the great agony of an unutterable loneliness steals over the stricken heart of the living,—if, in such moments of terrible despair, the veil could be parted and the soul could catch a glimpse of the risen spirit beyond,—if the heart could only feel and know that all was well with its treasures,—what a rest and comfort it would be! The clouds of sorrow would henceforth wear a lining of silver, and the darkest grief would be penetrated with a scintillant ray of hope.

That this knowledge has come to millions of earth's children, bringing such comfort and abiding trust as no words can express, and reconciling them to life and duty until the great change shall come that shall unite them with their loved ones on the shining shore of spirit life, is a glorious fact and fruition of Modern Spiritualism. The same knowledge has come to many in the past, but never seemingly so perfect as in these later years.

Not alone to the inner consciousness, but to the physical senses, also, now come our dear ones from their bright homes of light and love to make glad our hearts with tender remembrances, and sweet sympathies. They come to assure us that they are not dead, but really more alive than ever before; that death has sundered no loving tie—broken no bond of holy fellowship; and above all, that they are ever near us in spirit, whenever we may need them, to soothe and comfort the overburdened soul.

When we remember the close relationship of the two states of life—the sympathetic interblending of the living with the so-called dead,—of souls who were bound together in earth life,—we can understand something of the harm to both of useless grieving for the departed. To the spirit it is a constant pain—a cloud upon its happiness. Its growth and unfoldment in spiritual things are retarded by the sorrow it feels for the bleeding heart it has left behind. And to the latter, it fills the mourning soul with unrest. It poisons the currents of being, deranging the nerve forces, and thereby impairing the bodily health, and unfitting one for the satisfactory discharge of the duties of earth.

This is wrong, and consequently hurtful. But, do you ask, would you have us forget the cherished ones that have been torn from our arms? Not at all. We would have you feel, and know, that they are yours still—a part of your life now just the same as they ever were before; that they have never, in fact, been separated from you. They have merely cast aside the old garment for a new one, and are but waiting at the river's brink for the sound of the boatman's oar that shall bear you to their welcoming arms.

Our spirit friends would not that we should mourn them as dead; but rather that we should rejoice with them that they have safely passed over the dark valley—have come up out of the land of Beulah to a realm of unfading beauty and delight,—the home of the soul,—

"Where sickness, sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more."

SIGNIFICANT.

The celebration, a few days ago, given at the New Orleans Exposition, showed conclusively the state of the Southern mind regarding the old "bone of contention," slavery. The participants were freedmen, ex-slaveholders, and ex-Confederate soldiers. Ten thousand colored men took part in the celebration, and the guns of the Washington artillery, the most famous artillery company of the war, participating in sixty battles for the Confederacy, fired the salutes in honor of the day.

Those who spoke on the occasion are crowned with national honors, and were all officers in the Confederate army but one. The feelings they expressed were those of satisfaction with past results of one of the most bitter struggles that military history records. There is probably not a Southerner of note to-day who would wish slavery restored to the land. They have learned to like the "Battle Cry of Freedom," and are beginning to reverence the national stars and stripes that won for them their grandest victory.

—The *Medium and Daybreak*, London, very kindly says: "The *GOLDEN GATE*, published at San Francisco in newspaper form, is one of the most handsome sheets issued from the press in any country."

—Just what is safe, or not safe to do in these latter times is no easy matter to decide. Danger is increasing on all sides, and the practical joker is becoming too practical for life. Smoking a cigar has always been unattended by hasty calamity; but a man in Birmingham, Conn., lately met with a serious exception to the peaceful rule. He had his teeth loosened, his mustache and eyebrows burned off, and his eyes entirely blinded by the explosion of a cigar he was smoking. This was some one's little "joke."

THE NEW PHILOSOPHY.

Boston, the head center of things transcendental and metaphysical, is just now indulging in a new craze, that we are not sure does not contain a "heap" of solid sense. In fact, it may be that therein is engendered the living principle of all reform, which, when it shall be understood, will give the human race a lively jog in the direction of the millenium.

It is known as "metaphysical science"; but that could hardly be considered as a *new* science. It is rather a new unfoldment of thought upon the nature of the mind and the manifestation of its powers.

It is now held that all thought is refined, etherialized or sublimated matter, like the perfume of the flower, or electricity, which, when dominated by the will, may be projected to long distances, and made to impinge upon the consciousness of other souls to their good or injury, as the thoughts are of a noble or an ignoble character. Therefore, we can think no good or bad thing of our fellow-mortals without sensibly affecting them for good or ill; and, by a law of compensation, or reciprocity, the same thoughts react upon our own spirits. In other words, our evil thoughts are sharpened at both ends, and thereby pierce the sender in their recoil. Or they may be barbed with roses, whose fragrance shall bless alike the giver and the receiver.

The metaphysicians do not state the case exactly in this way; but they mean, substantially, the same thing.

Now, here is the possible prophecy of a grand truth. Psychology fully demonstrates the fact that thought may be projected through space and made to impress the mentality of a sensitive person to whom it is sent, and that, too, no matter how wide the distance. Instances innumerable are on record where persons meeting with accident, fatal or otherwise, have sent out a sudden shaft of thought to some one in close sympathy with them—a mother, wife, or perhaps other kindred souls,—and instantly they have been aroused to a consciousness of the calamity.

Now, what is it that thus traverses space with the rapidity of light, and finds a lodgement in the consciousness of the sensitive soul? It must be some highly subtle force, born of the soul and projected by the will. And if this force can perform such telegraphic service for one person, why may it not, in time, for many or all?

May it not be within the range of probability that the time will come when we shall be able, by a system of mental telegraphy, to dispense with the electric wires, and communicate with our friends, over oceans and across continents, as readily as face to face?

And then, when humanity comes to understand that every evil or unkind thought they think is certain to react upon themselves,—that it poisons the springs of their own being,—even to the extent of impairing digestion, deranging the nerve forces, and, if persisted in, of permanently destroying the physical health,—will it not go far towards prompting a better order of life?

These thoughts are directly in the line of our Spiritual philosophy. We have yet scarcely begun to realize what we are as physical beings, much less to comprehend the amazing powers and capacities of the immortal mind.

NOT MUCH OF A TOUCH.—The *Spiritual Offering* copies from an exchange the following: "Just at a time when California began to make faces at the frozen regions and 'region of cyclones,' old Boreas stepped down and gave her a little touch of his icy fingers." Well, Colonel, we have hardly been aware of any such "touch" here in San Francisco. Do you know that heliotrope, mignonette, fuschias, and the most beautiful roses have been in blossom in our door yards and gardens all winters. Not much frost where such things can be. On two mornings, and no more, do we remember seeing a light white frost upon the roofs of buildings, but not sufficient to nip the flowers. Many a day have we sat with our windows open, the air without being as soft and genial as an Iowa spring morning, and vastly more so than that of several spring mornings we experienced in that State in March last, with the thermometer at zero. The San Francisco winters are as much superior to those of New Orleans as a New Orleans winter is an improvement on those of Iowa.

There is something better than a revival, and that is a Christian life that does not need to be revived.—Ex.

That is true. As reviving presupposes backsliding, and backsliding previous conversion, there is something even better than being converted—a person that does not need converting. But, as this may not be said of all, revivals will continue. Why are they called revivals? It is not clear to us. These meetings are generally gotten up to call sinners to repentance, but nothing of the kind is hinted in the name. They are ostensibly for cold Christians and those fallen from grace. The result is accordingly more truly like the working of a good spirit.

—An Eastern exchange says that Gin Fun, a Chinese laundryman, has joined the Anti-Coolie League, and has posted over the door of his wash-house the sign: "The Chinese must go. None but Melican men employed here." Since the Chinese are adepts in their business, why not employ one to each white laundry to superintend them? They would then perhaps succeed and give better satisfaction to their patrons than now.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Any of our readers having any law business to transact in Los Angeles, or elsewhere, will find a competent and faithful attorney in Julius Lyons, Room 15, Temple Block, Los Angeles, whose business card will be found in the *GOLDEN GATE*.

—We publish in this issue of the *GOLDEN GATE*, the third and last lecture of the series on "Mediums and Mediumship," delivered by Mrs. E. C. Wms.-Patterson before the society of Progressive Spiritualists of this city. It is remarkable for its pure inspiration and elegant diction, and stamps the lady as one of the ablest lecturers in the Spiritual field.

—A Buffalo doctor is said to have lately supplied a silver trachea for a man who lost the one nature gave him. We would like to know how the man contrived to live between the time his own was gone and the operation of fixing the artificial one in place. There are more things reported in surgery these days than our grandfathers could have worked out of their understanding in two lifetimes; and more than modern credulity can accept, ready as it is.

—The *Overland Monthly* for February offers to its thousands of readers a choice intellectual menu. There are papers by Frances E. Sheldon, John S. Hittell, Charles J. Woodbury, Charles Warren Stoddard, Wilber Larremore, Helen Dake, A. A. Sargent, Helen Campbell, Maad Wyman, Albert E. Douay, Laura M. Marquand, C. E. Montgomery, Frank J. Symmes, Alfred A. Wheeler, Bernard Moses, and others; besides a rich and rare variety from the able pen of the editor.

—A vast institution is the Berlin University with its five thousand four hundred and thirty-two students. European countries, other than Russia, send one thousand, one hundred and twenty-eight, while from extra European lands come three hundred and thirty-four. Asia is represented by ten students; and so are Africa and Australia by as many or more. Our own country sends one hundred and twenty-three of her promising sons to the German capital of learning. May they prove worthy the means thus invested.

—An item says that the Captain of the "Idaho" carried whisky to Alaska invoiced as pork. There is surely no resemblance between whisky and pork barrels; and if there was, the difference in the method of getting at "the true inwardness" of these hooped receptacles would settle the question, if the Captain was being imposed upon. But the business was likely an imitation of the Boston missionary shipments that sent New England rum to Africa and called it molasses; but it went in good missionary company.

—Some one has found out that if the military force of Europe were drawn up in a line the distance would be from right to left six thousand miles, as the force would consist of nine million soldiers; yet, that is not enough to keep the peace. Indeed, judging from the state of our own country, it appears that the less soldiers the less fighting, and *vice versa*. We have no army and no coast defenses, but we are getting enough warning from the national press to bring down upon us all the armies and navies of the Old World.

—The slaves formerly owned by one Miss Smith have lately been happily surprised by finding themselves substantially remembered by their former mistress, who lately died—an old lady, leaving much of her wealth to her old-time slaves. To each one she willed one hundred acres of land and one hundred and twenty-five dollars in money. If other ex-slaveholders would do likewise at their demise it would lessen the poverty and hardships of thousands of colored people who spent their young lives to serve their owners, and are now helpless in old age.

—Dr. Dujardin Beaumetz, a French physician, claims to have found a case of spontaneous hydrophobia, in a patient twenty-nine years of age, who had neither been bitten nor scratched by any animal. Were there perfect certainty of the last statement the case would not be more remarkable. What is not of special creation must be spontaneous. Certain conditions and circumstances produce certain diseases. Why might not hydrophobia be one of them? The conditions that produce it in animals are supposed to be known, and also in persons; but, perhaps, they are not all known in the latter case.

—A Maine woman having a husband in Montana lately called for a ticket at the railroad office in Bangor and perplexed the agent by telling him she did not know where she wanted to go—had forgotten her husband's exact address, but was sure it was in Montana. On hearing named all the towns and cities in the Territory, her memory was not revived, and she was finally given a ticket for Helena. It makes one nervous to think of the trials and trouble that confiding woman took upon herself in starting to find a husband in a great country with no more definite knowledge of his whereabouts.

—Most thinking persons hold that evil is but negative good, and we all know that real good often comes from positive wrong; but whether it is more due to the evil thing than to the efforts it inspires to right a wrong, any close reasoning persons may decide for himself. It assumes the form of a question: Is it only by means of evil that we get at that which is good? They are comparative terms, one helping us to see and measure the other. If wrong is ever done away with we shall stand on middle ground and lose sight of positive good; then will come that fraternity that unites all as one family.

—Bologna sent a wonderful Cardinal to Rome, who has long slept his last sleep. He was Mezzofanti, the greatest linguist that ever lived, having the complete mastery of one hundred and thirty-five languages and dialects. Dr. Johnson is credited with saying that a man who spoke several languages never said anything worth hearing. But with his command of words, Mezzofanti astonished and silenced all by his wisdom. It is now proposed to build him a monument in Bologna. This will doubtless be a less difficult matter than the inditing of a suitable inscription for the same.

(Continued from First Page.)

her a host of undeveloped, perhaps mischievous spirits, who prey upon her in the night watches; who project their thoughts, a great variety, upon her poor brain, and cause her to be oftentimes nearly, if not quite, a maniac or a monster? Do you know, every condemning thought you send to her upon the invisible wires of psychological influence, lacerates her spirit,—is, in fact, a stinging blow?

If a medium—if our brother or sister, man or woman, is faulty, is inharmonious, you and I are, in a measure, to blame. We are all the children of a one-sided development, and all of us are in greater or less degree selfish, deformed, imperfect. And we are most deeply at fault if we see, or think we see, a weak place in our brother's or sister's armor, or in their moral nature,—if we talk behind their backs and sting and wound them through this vulnerable place. Who loves his fellow mortal well enough to take him or her in the closet, and with no listeners save the angels, reason, advise, get into their inner nature with the key of sympathy and tender love, and strengthen, by our counsel, these weak places? Oh! how we overdo our kindness when we welcome the disembodied into our circles or counsels, either murderer, thief or libertine,—give them strength and holy counsel, pray for them and treat them with respect, while we bar out the embodied, our friends in the every-day walks of life, the weak, starving, undeveloped, or brand them with pharisaical anathema.

We believe in consistency,—we want no hypocrisy, no pomp or vain display of empty words. We want no garlands of roses to hide or cover hideous error. We want no lullabys to hush us off into unrefreshing slumber; we want no cries of peace, peace, when the world is full of disorder and rank injustice which must be settled and adjusted by a knowledge of causes lying back of these discordant jars and wails. Let us get at the bottom facts; let us trace these monstrous inharmonious manifestations to the fountain head; let us strike at the root of this deadly upas tree, wrong. Oh, how the air resounds with the wailings of human souls, from the cellar, from the attic, from byways and highways, from palace to hovel. Oh! let us not rest day or night until every wrong is laid bare to the gaze of the whole human family. We shall be amazed and our lips will be dumb,—no sound of condemnation, only pity, pity, supreme, once we have found or traced these hideous manifestations to their hidden source.

This is the work of true media; and, oh, we thank God every human soul is called to the work-house,—all are bidden to the field, for labor is there in plenty for willing hands. Every soul is a committee of one to help the other. This knowledge is to be gained—the one from the other; and these numberless keys, these public mediums, these head lights, are the instruments used by the invisibles to lead the way into these hidden alleys, where the maimed, distorted, human, blind and suffering lie dying by the way. These mediums, though doing unusual things and tossing about in the great sea of influences from both embodied and disembodied spirits, are destined at last to become steady, harmonized, equalized, glorified through growth. Here they are, a part of us, a part of the great human soul life. What shall we do with them? Who shall assign them the place of work?

Mr. Chairman, there should be wise regulations so that no one soul should trespass upon the rights of another; and so the greatest good should be accomplished to the greatest number, in all our meetings for deliberation upon these questions pressing upon us for solution; but if a soul wishes to work no other soul on earth or in heaven has a right to say them nay. If we would help ourselves let us help every other soul it is possible for us to reach. We have no property or high or low in the realm of thought for human uplifting which is not the property of every other soul on earth. We have no rights which are not the rights of every other soul on earth; we are a great human community of souls, and we are every one interested in one common end whether we recognize the fact or not, and bless God, as we before said, all are called to do their part to better themselves, to better each other. It is a hopeful sign of the times that so many are moved upon to work. So many souls awakened to look within and listen to the voices. It is a hopeful sign of the times that a body of men and women can discuss for four weeks intelligently and with deepening interest upon this grand topic, "Mediums and Mediumship," which means this, a search after and reconciliation of spiritual forces,—a search after and thirst after God, the good, intensified by the fact that as a human family we are entering the cycles of a new dispensation, the last best gift of God's love, which means we as a great human soul life are coming nearer and nearer to the solution of this great question, Whence came spirit; whither does spirit go. Which means a higher understanding of all things, a broader and deeper comprehension of the Creator and the created, which has been aided by science, by all discovery, by all noble philanthropic, philosophical souls in the ages past, aided by our growth as a human family, through the growth and unfolding of the earth beneath us, which, together with our earth's atmosphere, has wooed and played upon us like gentle zephyrs. As has the sun in the heavens bathed the earth and earth's children with warmth and healing, so has the central

sun of all soul life bathed us and healed us and lifted us upward and outward from cold materiality to a broad, bright and precious spiritual comprehension of the nearness and power of this creative force which we find permeating all things create, which we call spirit, life, or the soul of all things.

Mr. Chairman, it is with the deepest feelings of gratitude, the disembodied spirits come, an innumerable multitude, to listen to your deliberations; both high and low have been benefited, uplifted. And remember, ye who have given your best thought, in deep reverent earnest to the high end, that good to humanity would come of it,—ye who have striven to receive the highest wisdom upon this question; ye have the richest blessings of tender sympathy, gratitude and affection, from the host of invisibles.

We can not close our remarks without expressing our individual thanks to you as a body, to your Chairman and all your officers for these golden opportunities which have been afforded to us to speak upon this great topic of topics, in which and through which lies the hope of humanity, the redemption of humanity. And to add the fond hope that as the years go by you will perfect, broaden and beautify your separate societies, that more societies for the expression of free speech will be formed, that all will eventually work in love and harmony, though working separately, comparatively speaking, in your outer manifestations to the world. Yet all are doing a great, good work, and you will thus be enabling the angel world to present higher truths, clearer light, more perfect information and counsel.

Mediums, press on, though damps and death, And fear, and hate, thee compass round; Stand firm, and front the great abyssal night, Whose haunting spectres faint would beat Thee back with dire alarms. Before thee lies the eternal, everlasting realms of light;

Where ne'er shall come one sorrowing memory O'er these hard-fought battles for truth and right. Look not to earth for sympathy, Look not to mortal man for food or raiment For the naked, tender soul. But look above thee, beyond thee, To that realm of light and love, where plenty is —and reciprocity.

Break down the brazen bars which shut thee from The sweets, and fairs, of harmony and Paradise, And bid the demons, who stand sentinel Between the earth land and the soul land, Depart to shades, where ignorance, superstition, Pride and selfish lust hold undisputed sway. Do thou have nothing but the living light; Of this create thyself. And weave and build a garment and a home In the eternities where death and the destroyer can never enter.

—Mrs. A. C. Foster, a magnetic physician and healer, recently from Denver, Colorado, has taken rooms at 937 Mission street. She brings with her the highest endorsements as a recognized healer of marvelous power.

Joint-National Prayer.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Your contributor's article on "Joint-National Home Service," or Silent Prayer, in last week's issue, calls to mind the prophecy of Revelation at the opening of the Seventh Seal: "And there was silence in Heaven for the space of half an hour." Why not make the time of such household communion in all parts of the world a half an hour,—at evening before sleeping, and in the morning home gathering before the day's work?

Yours, respectfully, J. B. R.

ANSWER:—All those who can give the half hour, morning and evening, to this At-one-ment of thought or thanksgiving, will do so, but it was only to leave no excuse for the very busy ones of the family that five minutes was put as the *minimum* time of silent prayer. Once the harmonizing power of it is realized, the five minutes will grow into the half hour. Let us not ask too much of the world at beginning this thought-union.

MATERIALIZATION OF DRAPERY.—Many instances of the materialization of drapery are given. "I will show you" (said Bertha) "how we dress the forms in the cabinet." Stretching out her bare arms, and turning them that every one could see that there was nothing on them, she brought the palms together, rubbing them as if rolling something between them. Very soon there descended from her hands a substance which looked like very white lace. She continued this until several yards of it lay on the carpet, and then asked me to kneel down, saying I was too tall for her to work easily. She then took the fabric and made a robe round me, which appeared seamless. On being reminded that there were no sleeves, she took each arm in turn and materialized sleeves. Putting her hand on my head, she said, "You have not hair enough," and, rubbing her hand over my head, materialized a wig. This I could not see, but I put my hand up and felt it, and those who were near me said it was in keeping with my own hair. Removing the garment, she rolled it into a compact mass, manipulated it a few moments, and it was gone. In materializing and dematerializing this fabric, her arms, which were bare to the shoulders, were stretched out at full length, precluding the possibility of any deception." It is difficult for all, it is impossible for a certain class of mind, to accept and assimilate these facts. Yet, in the language of Mr. Crookes with respect to materialization—language to which I have reason to know that he has never ceased to adhere—"nothing is more certain than the reality of these facts. I do not say they are possible, but I say that they are."—*M. A. (Oxon), in Light.*

Down by the Sea.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The "Lone Pilgrim" sends greeting to all workers in the field of progress, as well as to those who are inquiring to know for a certainty of a glorious hereafter. Since New Year's day I have been in this city by the sea, endeavoring to impart health to soul and body. It is said that there are from four to five hundred Spiritualists in Santa Cruz. Truly, our lot has fallen in pleasant places, beside surging waters, flowery vales, and green carpeted hills; but what is still dearer to the colporteur is the co-operation of great, noble souls in our efforts to break the bread of consolation to weary hearts. Here we found Dr. T. B. Taylor, of Glen Haven Sanitarium, lecturing on the Sabbath in Unity church, which is owned by Mr. and Mrs. Graves. Doesn't that sound well? Equal partners in the ownership of property, even if they are husband and wife! This is in consequence of their religion—not bound by narrow creeds—yet practicing the Golden Rule. They are true Spiritualists.

We commenced our public efforts in this city in this church, first with a lecture on "Mind Cure and Magnetic Healing;" the next Sunday evening on "Mesmerism and Clairvoyance;" third lecture on "Spiritualism and its Benefits;" fourth, Sunday evening, our rhyme lecture on the "Mythical Past, the Present and the Future." By this time our audiences, which were small in numbers, had increased three-fold. The fifth Sabbath evening appointment we gladly yielded, to listen to the logical, inspired utterances of—[Here follows a eulogistic reference to an eloquent lecture by a gifted inspirational speaker, who has especially enjoined us to say nothing editorially in his praise through the columns of the GOLDEN GATE, nor allow our correspondents to do so.—ED. G. G.] His light shone with resplendent brilliancy here, and he will always find a welcome among the Santa Cruzans, judging from their expressions in his absence. He also spoke good and earnest words for the GOLDEN GATE, and obtained some subscriptions, I believe.

Dr. Taylor's increasing business at his picturesque, well kept sanitarium, in the mountains five miles out, prevents a continuance of his public ministrations here at present. Catching the spirit of the Fact Meetings at the East, we concluded to have one here, and meet every Sunday, at eleven o'clock, to interchange thoughts and ideas. Already much interest is manifested, and that, with our evening meetings, fills up our time Sundays, and patients of almost every malady require our services through the week. The gentlemanly editors of the two daily papers have reported our efforts fairly, and the spirit-helpers are ever at our side, so that we feel sure of continued success in the good work.

Ever fraternally,

MRS. F. A. LOGAN.

SANTA CRUZ, Feb. 18, 1886.

"A Cloud of Witnesses."

(Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

The London *Christian World*, the largest and most widely circulated religious newspaper in England, has grown up to the point of a frank confession that it "distrusts all isolated and exclusive infallibilities, be they of reason, conscience, book, church, or Pope. We believe that a cloud of witnesses bear testimony for God to the soul of man, and that it is a mistake to silence the message of any of them. The wisdom of God has been to let the light penetrate to man through a thousand channels. The wisdom of man has been to drill one hole in the shutter of his room and to cut his brother's throat, or at least to threaten him with hell, if he alleged that light could possibly enter by any other orifice."

Such sentiments in a journal of this kind make us realize the great change going on in the religious world. A new breadth of view, a finer charity, and a deeper sense of human fraternity are gaining ground, and the old spirit of dogmatic sectarianism is on the wane.

The genius of the great modern spiritual movement is world-wide and fraternal. People from the life beyond who visit us from their heavenly homes, are of all nations and all religions, but have broken down the old barriers of national and religious hatred and prejudice, and realize the unity of man. The spirit world has much to do in breaking down these barriers on earth. They influence and help us more than we realize.

A FIRST-CLASS PASSENGER.—"How long did it take you to cross the ocean?" asked Gus de Smith of a very aristocratic lady just returned from Europe.

"I was seven days on the water."

"Seven days! Why, when my brother went across it took him eight days."

"Probably your brother went over in the steerage. I was a first-class passenger," she replied, proudly.

A Southern paper states that Northern capitalists propose to utilize the frozen Florida oranges by making wine of them, for which purpose the frost has not injured them.

There are said to be more attorneys in Minneapolis than in the whole State of Vermont.

The only part of the conduct of any one, in which he is amenable to society, is that which concerns others. In the part which merely concerns himself, his independence is, of right, absolute. Over himself, over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign.—*Boston Investigator.*

A Georgia farmer bought a grand piano for his daughter. His house is small, and to economize room, the lower part of the partition between the kitchen and the parlor was cut out, and the long end of the piano stuck through. Percilla now sits at the key-board, singing, "Who will care for mother now?" and the mother rolls out doughnuts on the other end of the piano in the kitchen.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

MRS. A. C. FOSTER,
MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN AND HEALER,
No. 937 Mission Street,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.
Feb27-1f

JULIUS LYONS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
Room 15, Temple Block,
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.
Feb27-6m-3m*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

JOB PRINTING.

JOB PRINTING!

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

JOB PRINTING!

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DAIRY WORK A SPECIALTY.

Work Promptly Attended to and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

130 THIRD ST., SAN FRANCISCO. 130

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, for 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 assessments. The sale of the reserved stock would be ample to meet any contingency that might possibly arise. But, with careful management, there will be no necessity to draw upon this reserve. On the other hand, from the present outlook and the encouragement the paper is receiving, we confidently believe that the time is not far distant when the business will pay a fair cash dividend upon the stock, in addition to that already provided for.

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

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

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

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL SERVICES by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, at Metropolitan Temple, under the ministrations of the celebrated and eloquent spiritual lecturer, Mrs. E. L. Watson, Sunday, February 28th. Questions answered at 11 o'clock a. m. Lecture in the evening. Subject: "Religion in Schools." 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, 31 Eddy street. Every Sunday evening there will be a conference and fact meeting, closing with a test séance by mediums of a variety of phases. Sunday evening, February 28th, opening discourse by Judge Swift. Subject: "Why Are and Should we be Spiritualists." Séance closed by Mrs. Foye.

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

THE OAKLAND SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION.—Meets every Sunday, at 2 p. m., at Medical College Hall, corner of Clay and Eleventh streets (two blocks west from Broadway). Public cordially invited. Direct all communications to G. A. Carter, 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 1 to 4 o'clock. Developing Circles, Tuesday evenings. Public are invited. no18

LIBERTY HALL SPIRITUAL SOCIETY meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Liberty Hall, Brush street, near Market street local railroad station, at Oakland. All are invited. Admission, free. Dr. Poulson, Lecturer. Marshall Curtis, President.

LECTURAL SERVICES.—Mrs. M. J. Hendee, Inspirational speaker, will lecture in Medical College Hall, corner Eleventh and Clay streets, Oakland, this Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. Subject: "How Do We Build?" Will close with psychometrical delineations of character. Admission, 10 cents.

The Howling Dervishes.

[The following account of a visit to the Moslem ceremony, by Thomas Stevens, in his narrative of his journey around the world, in "Gleanings," for February, will be read with interest.]

The howling dervishes have already begun to howl as we open the portals leading into their place of worship by the influence of a cherik placed in the open palm of a sable eunuch at the door; but it is only the overture, for it is half an hour later when the interesting part of the programme begins. The first hour seems to be devoted to preliminary meditations and comparatively quiet ceremonies; but cruel-looking instruments of self-flagellation hanging on the wall, and a choice and complete assortment of drums and other noise-producing but unmelodious instruments, remind the visitor that he is in the presence of a peculiar people. Sheepskin mats almost cover the floor of the room, which is kept scrupulously clean, presumably to guard against the worshippers soiling their lips whenever they kiss the floor, a ceremony which they perform quite frequently during the first hour; and every one who presumes to tread within that holy precinct removes his overshoes, if he is wearing any, otherwise he enters in his stockings. At 5 o'clock the excitement begins; thirty or forty men are ranged around one end of the room, bowing themselves about most violently and keeping time to the movements of their bodies with shouts of "Allah! Allah!" and Mussulman supplications, that, unintelligible as they are to the infidel ear, are not altogether devoid of melody in the expression, the Turkish language abounding in words in which there is a world of mellifluousness.

A dancing dervish, who has been patiently awaiting at the inner gate, now receives a nod of permission from the priest, and after laying aside an outer garment, waltzes nimbly into the room, and straightway begins spinning round like a ballet-dancer in Italian opera, his arms extended, his long shirt forming a complete circle around him as he revolves, and his eyes fixed with a determined gaze into vacancy.

Among the howlers is a negro, who is six feet three at least, not in his socks, but in the finest pair of undershoes in the room, or whether it be in the ceremony of kissing the floor, knocking foreheads against the same, kissing the hand of the priest, or in the howling and bodily contortions, this son of Ham performs his part with a grace that brings him conspicuously to the fore in this respect. But as the contortions gradually become more violent, and the cry of "Allah akbar! Allah hai!" degenerates into violent grunts of "h-o-o-o-a-hoo-hoo," the half-exhausted devotees fling aside everything but a white shroud, and the perspiration fairly streams off them from such violent exertions in the hot weather and close atmosphere of the small room. The exercise makes rapid inroads upon the tall negro's powers of endurance, and he steps to one side and takes a breathing spell of five minutes, after which he resumes his place again, and in spite of the ever-increasing violence of both lung and muscular exercise, and the extra exertion imposed by his great height, he keeps it up heroically to the end.

For twenty-five minutes by my "Waterbury" the one dancing dervish—who appears to be a visitor merely, but is accorded the brotherly privilege of whirling around in silence while the others howl—spins round and round like a tireless top, making not the slightest sound, spinning in a long, persevering continuous whirl, as though determined to prove himself holier than the howlers, by spinning longer than they can keep up their howling—a fair test of fanatical endurance, so to speak. One can not help admiring the religious fervor and determination of purpose that impel this lone figure silently around on his axis for twenty-five minutes, at a speed that would upset the equilibrium of any body but a dancing dervish in thirty seconds; and there is something really heroic in the manner in which he at last suddenly stops, and, without uttering a sound or betraying any sense of dizziness whatever from the exercise, puts on his coat again and departs in silence, conscious, no doubt, of being a holier person than all the howlers together, even though they are still keeping it up. As unmistakable signals of distress are involuntarily hoisted, by the violently exercising devotees, and the weaker ones quietly fall out of line, and the military precision of the twists of body and bobbing and jerking of head begins to lose something of its regularity, the six "encouragers," ranged on sheepskins before the line of howling men, like non-commissioned officers before a squad of new recruits, increase their encouraging cries of "Allah! Allah akbar!" as though fearful that the din might subside on account of the several already exhausted organs of articulation unless they chimed in more lustily and helped to swell the volume. Little children now come trooping in, seeking with eager anticipation the happy privilege of being ranged along the floor like sardines in a tin box, and having the priest walk along their bodies, stepping from one to the other along the row, and returning the same way, while two assistants steady him by holding his hands. In the case of the smaller children, the priest considerably steps on their thighs, to avoid throwing their internal apparatus out of gear; but if the recipient of his holy attentions is, in his estimation, strong enough to run the risk, he steps square on

their backs. The little things, jump up as sprightly as may be, kiss the priest's hand fervently, and go trooping out the door, apparently well pleased with the novel performance. Finally human nature can endure it no longer; and the performance terminates in a long, despairing wail of "Allah! Allah! Allah!" The exhausted devotees, soak wet with perspiration, step forward and receive what I take to be rather an inadequate reward for what they have been subjecting themselves to, viz., the privilege of kissing the priest's already much-kissed hand, and at 5:45 the performance is over. I take my departure in time to catch the 6-o'clock boat for Galata, well satisfied with the finest show I ever saw for a cherik.

The Knock-Down Cure.

[The medical journals are having a discussion on male hysteria. A correspondent of the "Medical and Surgical Reporter" gives the following case:]

A prominent physician of Paterson, N. J., was arrested a short time since under very curious and amusing circumstances. The physician was summoned to attend a person who was said to be suffering from cramps, and the following is the statement made subsequently to the Police Justice by the patient of the treatment he received:

"When the doctor arrived I was on the lounge in great misery. He felt my pulse and then began to cuff me, first on one side of the head and then on the other. Then he hit me in the eye and knocked me off the lounge and wiped the floor with me. I want him arrested."

"Perhaps it was some sort of treatment the doctor was giving you," suggested Recorder Greaves.

"What! Knock a man on the head and hit him in the eye for a pain at the pit of the stomach? No, I guess not! I want him arrested."

The warrant was after awhile issued, and the doctor, in his turn, made a statement of the affair:

"Why," said he, "I found the man suffering from hysteria. His pulse and condition showed that he really had no such cramps as he described. No doubt he thought he had, but it was purely nervous trouble. I tried to engage his thoughts and get them off the apparent seat of pain, but being unable to do so in any other way, I had recourse to the old-fashioned method of making him angry; I slapped his cheeks and rubbed his ears. As soon as he got angry he experienced a change of the current of his thought, and the attack of hysterics was over. That ended the pain. That is a frequent remedy in a hypochondriacal attack."

What the result of the arrest was does not appear, but the physician was probably discharged.

Musio Kills a Mouse.

[Cincinnati Sun.]

A party of three gentlemen were enjoying a musical evening, two being performers and third the *Sun* representative, merely a listener. The violinist, who was no other than the distinguished 'cellist, Michael Brand, played a random improvisation while a casual conversation was going on, when a small mouse was observed to run from a dark room into the parlor where the party sat. There was no desire to harm the little creature, and he was allowed to have his way.

The gentlemen had heard stories of the antics of so-called "musical mice," though they believed none of them, and it was resolved to try if something could be done with the mouse, which seemed to be attracted by the violin. Accordingly the violinist again began to play, and the trio was surprised to see the animal again appear almost immediately. Coming to a spot a few feet away from the player he lay down on the floor, his nose between his fore feet, and remained thus perfectly motionless. In a minute or two Mr. Brand stopped playing. The mouse did not move, and was watched in silence. An attempt to arouse him by a gentle touch with the violin bow did not disturb him in the least, and it was found that he could be handled quite roughly without any effect.

His eyes were open, and the quick vibrations of his sides in breathing were very plain, but he seemed to be utterly unconscious. He was placed upon the floor, and in a short time seemed to revive slowly. He began to walk about with apparent difficulty, tottering and unsteady. He gradually recovered until he appeared almost in his proper condition, when the mouse was again begun. The first position was resumed at exactly the same spot. The player tried all manner of music, plaintive and gay, piano and forte, low and high on the strings, all kinds of trills and double stops and chords, but without any apparent effect. He played for seven minutes, when suddenly the mouse's form seemed to be convulsed throughout. He fell over upon his side, and, after a few slight kicks, became motionless again. It was over with him. The music was stopped and every effort was made to resuscitate the poor victim, but neither fresh air or any other means of restoration within the range of the party's experience accomplished anything.

Miners tell us that there is one ore in which the gold can not be separated without loss. So there are men from whose minds nothing can be detached without the disintegration of the whole.—Emerson.

SCINTILLATIONS.

[From Light in the West.]

Covetousness destroys the principle of brotherly and neighborly love.

The four corner stones of Spiritualism are Light, Truth, Mercy, Charity.

The difference between man and beast is this: Man is what he makes himself, while the beast is what he is by nature.

The brightness of the Spiritual era is upon the world and man is no longer obliged to look through the hazy gloom of doubt.

It is good to lift up the heart in prayer to God for his loving kindness, but the better way to do it is to hunt up the hungry and feed them.

The work of human redemption is in the hands of good spirits, but they must have our free and anxious aid; else they can do nothing for us.

The glories of the World of Spirits is dawning upon the earth, and light from the heaven of heavens is streaming in at the window of the soul of man.

Lazarus, in refusing to make an effort to give Dives a drink of water, exhibits a spirit of selfishness and meanness that should sink him very low in the estimation of all good people.

We do not pretend to deny that Spiritualism has professional teachers and laymen of the Parson Downs and Mrs. Tabor stripe; but they are few and far between, and do not disturb true Spiritualists any more than Dr. Down's conduct disturbs the underlying principle of the Christ-idea in the Christian world.

Bartholdi's Affection for His Mother.

Is beautiful and touching. Theodore Stanton writes: "I well remember her presence last November in the court-yard of the foundry where stood the statue of Liberty, on the occasion when Victor Hugo visited it. She had never seen the great poet, and asked to be introduced to him. But the son feared lest the emotion produced by the presentation should be too great for her. But she pooh-poohed the idea, and insisted upon shaking hands with the literary king of France. Bartholdi yielded, and, leading her up to the poet, said, 'Permit me to present Mme. Bartholdi, my mother, who was born a year before you.' She made an old-fashioned courtesy. Victor Hugo bowed in his stately way; and, raising her hand to his lips, he kissed it. It was a touching sight to see these two more than octogenarians thus brought face to face. One has since passed away; but the other—whom I met a few weeks ago at table in Bartholdi's cosy dining-room—is still erect and strong. But Bartholdi has shown his filial regard in an original and extraordinary manner. At a banquet given to the sculptor a year ago, I heard M. Bozerian, of the French senate, speak as follows: 'Soon after I had met Bartholdi for the first time, he invited me one evening to accompany him to the opera. The head of the statue of Liberty had recently been completed, and I had been up to the foundry the day before to see it. As we entered the box at the opera, I noticed a lady seated in one of the chairs; and, turning to my companion, I exclaimed, 'Why, there's your model of the head of Liberty!' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'let me present you to my mother.' Bartholdi, therefore, has not only put his own soul into the work that is to stand forever on Bedloe's Island, but he has also breathed into it the features of her who gave him birth, so that the memory of mother and son will go down to the ages together."

The Cry for Manifestations.

[Notes of an address by the Guides of Frank Hepworth, as published in The Medium and Daybreak.]

Spiritualism has now reached such a point of interest, that it can not be ignored. No wise man will simply shrug his shoulders, and dismiss it with a smile. Modern Spiritualism has come to the front so much, and is increasing so rapidly in numbers, that it demands the attention of all thinking men of all classes, all creeds, and all positions.

They may think it a delusion, believe it to be false, and deem its followers to be fools and fanatics, but they do not say this much before they are asked questions. They are as loth to believe it as though it were false. They do not say it is false, but they ask for manifestations.

If they look among the believers in Spiritualism, they find men of intellectual power, and of pure morals, some occupying the loftiest positions in society. They determine to form circles of their own, at home, regardless of conditions. They sit time after time, but have no manifestations of spirit power, hence come to the conclusion, that some are being duped, and that it is an imposture.

Now take any physical science (Spiritualism is a science) chemistry, for instance, you have a professor: he tells you of certain gases, describes different combinations, explains how they act, and what will be the effect. You think you will become a student of chemistry, you would like to prove things for yourself. You enter a laboratory, without an instructor, and try to produce effects the same as the Professor. You can not. You don't know how to proceed. You think you follow

his instructions, but you do not; you err in important points. Now it would be most indiscreet of you to go out to the world, and state that chemistry is a delusion. The same with Spiritualism. Many men, wise in other respects, are ignorant on this subject. They do not understand the laws and conditions of Spirit-life. The professor of chemistry would say to the student, "You must learn by experience, as I have done."

So say the professors of these manifestations of Spiritualism, to the student who is groping his way. Spiritual laws and spiritual conditions must be observed. What is requisite, then? People investigating often enter the circles with minds full of prejudice and bigotry. Never, while they retain these, will they secure proper manifestations. The investigator must disabuse his mind of all erroneous ideas, just as the student of chemistry must do. Let bigotry be cast aside, and enter the circle with a clear unbiased mind. Learn to live more spiritually. Learn to subdue your vices, and to advance in knowledge.

By these means you will be opening the way. Come not desiring manifestations only. You must not come five minutes after you have been acting unkindly to some one. The brighter, the purer, the holier you can keep your spirit, the higher will be the influences that you will bring to the circle. Lay aside prejudice. Come open to conviction. Be pure in spirit. None of you but have an ideal of purity. Strive to live up to that ideal. Some can not comprehend the idea of God, yet they have an ideal of purity: let them live up to the highest ideal. Look within yourselves first, and do not charge others with being fools and fanatics; see if there be not, in yourselves, some condition unsuitable to receive manifestations of spirit power. You may be suspicious of your brethren, but it may be because you are spiritually blind. Do not speak quickly, wait until you are more perfect before you decide.

Her Picture.

[Chicago Current.]

"What you looking at, gran'pa?"

"Her picture, lass."

"What makes you look at gran'ma's picture so much? Can't you 'member how she looked when she was 'live?"

"Yes, lass, but it fades away; fades so quickly my heart is unsatisfied. I can see her in the picture here and look at her a long time."

"What makes you want to so much, gran'pa? The face is old and wrinkled—"

"No, no, lass! You don't see! The face is fair and round, and the roses come and go in her cheeks like they always did when I looked at her long."

"Why, gran'pa! Her cheeks are wrinkled, and sunk in and—"

"What's the matter with thee, lass? Don't I know her face? I can see it as plain as the day I kissed it first in the orchard path long ago—long ago. Them's dimples you see in her cheeks, lass. Roguish dimples that always laughs to gladden the heart that sees them. And that rose in her hair—"

"Where, gran'pa? Let me see."

"There on that side, lass, where the curls shine like gold."

"Why, gran'pa, it's all straight and gray—"

"No, no, lass. Don't I see them? They looked just that way when I first loved her, lass. They never changed. I saw them every day till she died—every day for fifty years, the same golden curls. When your mother was a wee babe she used to play with them, lass, and fill her little fingers with the golden rings. Pretty rings, lass; prettier rings them golden curls made than ever a Princess wore—"

"Prettier than mine, gran'pa?"

"Prettier than anybody's, lass. There never were any like hers before nor since, never, any where. And when she smiled as she does now—"

"Why, gran'pa, she ain't smiling! She's looking as straight—"

"There, there, lass; you don't see. I say when she was smiling as she is now, and the dimples danced and deepened and her eyes sparkled and she shook her queenly head, them golden curls would always fall like glittering rings, that she was beautiful as an angel—look at her now, lass."

"Why, gran'pa, she's just the same all the time. I'll go and ask mamma."

And she ran away to tell them, with great tears in her eyes, and grandpa said grandpa's hair in the old picture was prettier than hers.

They left him alone with her. To him she was never old. He sees the face of the long ago, the fairest of all to him.

He holds the picture so that the sunbeams will fall among the golden curls, and gazes with all of a lover's pride upon the vision of beauty. Unconsciously his hand brushes the picture as if stroking back one of the straying curls his fancy sees. He kisses it again and again, murmuring the fond love-names, and whispering words no other on earth must hear. His heart is thrilled with the passion-spell. His soul is free from the thrall of years and lives in its own immortal youth. The form that he knows so well and the face that is fairest of all have never changed in all the years to love's sweet idolatry.

The angel that smiles from the golden curls and the spirit that worships in dateless youth are joined in a heavenly mystery. Seeing not as mortals see, knowing not as mortals know, yet somewhere this side the eternal shore they wander on in a limitless way.

A Soldier's Yarn.

[Minneapolis Tribune.]

The strangest experience I ever had was at old Fort William, on Governor's island, in New York harbor, over twenty years ago. I was a sergeant at the time, married, and with my young wife had been living in a small house on the lower end of the island, but the commanding officer concluded to tear it down and I was told to select the best rooms of the non-commissioned officers' quarters in the then unoccupied fort. What with my usual military duties and the fatigue of moving and placing things to rights, I was pretty well tired out when night came and slept like a log. My wife was worn out, too, but did not sleep so sound as not to be disturbed every night by what she called "the funniest noises, that sounded just like thunder," but I paid but little attention to her, thinking that it was only the noises of passing steamboats or the wash of the water on the shore. It might have been two weeks after I had settled down that one night I awoke suddenly from a sound sleep with that peculiar feeling of dread of uneasiness upon me which arises from an unknown cause and has been experienced by nearly all of us.

"John, do you hear it now?" asked my wife when she discovered I was awake, "it sounds like some persons at work below."

Listening for a short time, I recognized familiar sounds, and had I not been positive that the doors were locked, with the keys hanging on a nail in my room, I would have sworn that the batteries were manned by experienced gunners. The quick tread of the men as they dragged the guns in, the ring of the rammer, the handling of the shot that lay piled in readiness for use, the return of the iron wheels over the rails as it was run out of the port was perfect in every detail, only lacking the words of command and the report of the piece to complete the illusion.

As I listened the uproar increased in volume until it was impossible for us to hear each other's voices without raising them to a high pitch. The guns were served with what seemed incredible rapidity and the very walls, massive as they were, trembled under the heavy artillery in continual motion, while the balls were rolling from one end of the casement to the other, striking the sides with heavy thuds. Unable to stand this state of affairs any longer, I arose and lighting my lantern, took the keys along with a loaded revolver, and, descending the stairs as lightly as possible, reached the doors. The noise at this point was, if anything, more deafening than when I left my room.

Cautiously inserting the key into the lock I cocked my six-shooter, and throwing the door open suddenly, with raised lantern and weapon presented, entered the nearest casement to find it unoccupied, save by the grim old gun and the shot stacked in their usual places. It was the same in every battery I entered. Not a footprint disturbed the thick dust upon the floor, nor was there a finger-mark upon either the gun or shot. The tompons were in place and no carriage had traveled over the rusty rails. Confounded even still more than I was before I returned to my room, and was disturbed no more that night. The racket, however, commenced again the following night and was kept up, with slight intermission, for a month. My account of this singular disturbance was met with jests and laughter from my fellow-soldiers, which they modified, it is true, when I corroborated it by my wife, but then only so far as to declare that it was a scheme on our part to get removed from uncomfortable quarters to one of the new quarters then about completed. Netted by their taunts I vowed that if ever the noises commenced again I would have other witnesses to them, and I did not have long to wait, for about one month after I was awakened by the phantom gunners. This time I passed out over the drawbridge, and going to the men's quarters, awakened a sergeant by the name of Smith—poor fellow, he served with me twenty years and is now in the Insane Asylum at Washington—and much against his will made him accompany me to the scene. After standing listening to the racket until Smith's face was as white as a sheet and he was trembling from head to foot, I threw open the door. Smith always declared that for a moment he saw the ghostly crew at their places, but I could detect nothing, nor could I ever discover any cause for the disturbance, although I often was awakened by the nightly drill of my invisible artillerymen.

Some months after leaving the island I learned that during the Mexican war an artillery company drilled with these guns some time before they left for Mexico and that they were nearly all killed in battle. I suppose it must have been a freak of theirs to have their re-unions in these casements and practice with their old friends, the guns.

The New York Tribune says, that "the Spiritualists' settlement near Neshaminy Falls, has grown so large, that the adherents of the faith have decided to build a temple at Neshaminy to be devoted exclusively to their religious belief. They have formed themselves into a chartered organization, and will found a town at Neshaminy. At present they own one hundred and ten acres of land, thirty-two of which are given up to park purposes. The rest has been divided up into building lots."

A Spirit Finds a Lost Deed.

(The Spiritual Messenger.)

In connection with the subject of spiritualism we are often asked, "What good does the return of spirits accomplish?" and a closer analysis of the question generally reveals that the questioner refers to a pure dollars and cents standpoint, and instances are then recited of financial ruin having followed the conviction of the truth of Spiritualism. While we earnestly question the advantage of material wealth, and just as earnestly question the policy of attempting to harness the spirit world to the fat side of a ledger, we are glad to be able to record an instance where a spirit father has been able to save to his widow and little ones the little home they were in danger of losing. The family in question live in the town of Winnetka, Ill., sixteen miles north of Chicago. Prior to the husband's death a home had been purchased for the little ones, but the deed had not been recorded, and was of no legal value until such action had been taken. At the time of his passing away the husband and father entrusted the papers to a friend, naming him in his will as the administrator of his estate. The deed securing possession of the property had been lost, and repeated searches failed to discover it. The gentleman in whose hands the papers had been placed had despaired of finding it. In the meantime a stranger visited W. R. Colby, the slate-writing medium at 288 West Madison street, and there received a message from the father of the orphans, giving directions as to where to find the missing deed, and requesting that the message be forwarded to the parties interested. Curiosity prompted the delivery of the message, the directions given therein were followed, and the lost deed was found, was duly recorded, and the home of the widow and orphans was saved. None of these parties were Spiritualists, but are among Winnetka's best citizens. The names of the parties will be given to any one wishing to confirm the truth of the story. Verily, our spirit friends are ever watching over us.

ARAB WOMEN AS FIGHTERS.—From the earliest period of their history the women of the desert tribes were as celebrated for their skill with lance or bow, as for that bronze beauty which the composers of the *quasidah* or the *moallakat* were never weary of describing. Before Islam it was the boast of many Arabian tribes, as it was afterward of certain Tartar hordes, that their women could fight as well as the men; the Himyarites were among the most famous of these. All through those ancient Arabian poems, to which Mahomet is said to have referred as final authority for the meaning of certain words or phrases in the Koran, one finds legends of Arab girls celebrated for their equestrianism, their dexterity with the cinet, and even for the number of men they have overcome in single combat. Islam, by subordinating the woman to the man, and destroying the idea of male and female equality, did much to extinguish the warrior-spirit of the fair sex throughout the greater part of the Orient; but in the deserts of Arabia and Northern Africa, something of those ancient ideas still prevail.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

"Here, Professor, how do you like my new tragedy?" "Very much, indeed. Especially the robbers—they are first-rate. In fact they are the best thieves I ever heard of; even the words they speak are stolen from other books."—*New York Journal*.

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Inspiration—What is It?

(Delivered before the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, in this city, Feb. 21, 1886, through the mediumship of S. S. Aquilino of Minneapolis, Minnesota.)

Webster defines the word as follows:

- 1. The act of inspiring, breathing in, infusing and the like.
- 2. The act of exercising an elevating influence upon the intellect or emotions, an extraordinary elevation of the imagination, or other powers of the soul.
- 3. The result of such extraordinary influences and elevation of the thoughts, emotions, or purposes inspired.

Inspiration comes from God, and like the sunshine and the rain is free to all.

Yet all do not receive it; neither do they understand its sacred meaning. Inspiration sweetens life's most bitter cup and brightens the palace and the cottage with the same holy splendor, showing that God is no respecter of persons, and man has created rank and caste to strengthen his own selfishness. The world is full of inspired people. All writers, poets and historians are more or less inspired. There are delicate, sensitive, imaginative people who see glory and beauty in the most common things of life, and these are the true preachers and reformers, the true mediums standing between the finite and the infinite; they receive blessings from the angel spheres, and hand them down to men's tired and tempted natures. The clear-sighted soul can look upward in hours of trial, and behold the sign of promise in the bending skies, and mounting on the wings of inspiration reach spheres above all earthly storms and tempests, spheres of peaceful rest. When everything in the lower world becomes dark and disappointing, it is well to look upward to the starry world and note how little sympathy they show for the atoms of dust called humanity, blown hither and thither by the winds of circumstances. Everything in nature shows by its light heed of human suffering and utter disregard of physical pain, that it was not intended for a place of great misery and death. When I was a dweller in the flesh, and subject to pain and suffering like other mortals, I found great pleasure and profit in contemplating the uses and wonderful works of nature, and the thought often came to my mind that man of all God's creatures seemed the most unmindful of his goodness. I resolved, by earnest study and deep research into all kingdoms of nature, to find, if possible, the true fountain of inspiration and from it drink honest, simple and truthful facts, which, like clear, cool water, would quench my thirst for knowledge and bring me into a happier association with cause and effect and thus give me a deeper realizing sense of the creative power of the universe. At such time I sought quiet places far away from the noise and confusion of daily life. How beautiful appeared the hills and mountains on a clear Summer's day, when the wind-kissed forests were musical with life's sweetest anthems, and the murmuring streams sang softly and sweetly, seeming to join the forests in a universal song of praise! Then I first learned the power of inspiration, and caught my first visions of nature's God. Looking from the bright waters, grand old mountains, and over-arching skies, how like a glorious picture the fair earth seemed framed in golden mystery, how grand and powerful the sheltering hands of the infinite. Out spread and extending over all, one mighty power; shutting my eyes, I seemed to stand apart from my outer self, and through my inner consciousness communed with the great over-soul of all things. I saw faces with my inner vision which no language could describe. They seemed aglow with love, and looked down upon me through the white mists which hung thin and silvery between my soul and the beauty of angel life. At such times I seemed to lose my own individuality, and was carried afar off to spheres above and beyond my actual daily life. I mingled and commingled with disembodied spirits and shared with them in pleasures and researches into temples and spheres of wisdom unknown to earth, unknown to humanity. Is it any wonder that I used my pen with thrilling power, or that I painted pictures beyond the comprehension of common minds. The shadow of the great unknown was over me, and I was no longer mortal, or cared for material things, what to me was common life, friendship or love. My soul was aflame with high desire; I craved the companionship of gods; I drank from a stream flowing from the throne of Deity; I was brought near to God; though unseen I felt the power. He was ever present with me a life principle and the source of my inspiration; I went alone and often into the wilderness, the very holy of holies of nature's temples; I felt that I must worship alone; I must kneel in silence beyond the reach of the great tide of human existence, and there find the golden key to spiritual mysteries. While contemplating the glorious beauty of the forest where each quivering leaf bore aloft the name of the Creator, I found my heart stirred by noble impulses, and my soul thrilled with inspiration, and I longed with longing unspeakable to leave the earth, and go where I might be with the great philosophers of olden times, whose names and lives are now historic. How simple seemed my greatest efforts; my life, though, the best I could make it, seemed useless; though I had as a writer gained some notoriety. Men called me eminent; I knew myself to be obscure, and felt there was very little real good I had accomplished. I studied mankind, and had traced the

human race back to earlier ages of the world's history, and had tried to compare man, in the simplicity of his primeval state, with the higher intellectual development of modern date. I found superstition waxed as reason waned, then gave too credulous belief to the stories of learned men, who, to some degree readily passed themselves for the immediate vicergerent of the higher Deity, and through them was laid the first foundation for the great moral and religious fetters that were forged for humanity.

Religious devotion became a road to crime. It taught, or forced men to confess a belief in the supremacy of a few of the human species, and the few were carried above their fellows in knowledge and understanding, and they soon commenced to make laws for others. Creeds and theories followed, and soon men were taught to look upon forms and mysteries connected with past ages as being sacred, and they soon learned to ascribe the solemn fooleries of priestcraft to the operations of deities. Many of the ancients believed, and wrote extensively upon the principles of their faith. These same writers handed down to their descendants those scriptural writings which have become a law in modern times. The ancients also handed down to their sons many of their sublime conceptions in the arts and sciences which has added much to the development of human reason, but it has also added to the degrading slavery of the mind. But it can also be said that the superstitions of modern times are greatly different from the ancient; the superstition of modern times does not attach itself particularly to religion, but to institutions and sciences. Many great minds believe anything scientific must be true. Fear of the learned and powerful, and veneration for the rich and great has created an evil darker than the superstition of the ancients, and more oppressive than the sword of tyrants, or the chains of superstition. Inspiration will eventually break the fetters which superstition has forged for the human mind. Inspiration teaches men to use the power which the God of nature has given to the whole human family. Reason is developing faster than fear; the free exercise will soon direct the human mind into the highways of truth, and bring all men into direct communication with the Spirit who speaks and commands through all natural law, and soul-growth will follow.

It was my greatest desire to live among men long enough to show them how to find the true light. I wanted to show them how to think, and where to find true inspiration. I will not say I failed, for I did accomplish a great deal in that direction. Intellect and reason were granted, or created, for the purpose of being exercised in the highest degree. Man can not progress without reflection, and he certainly can not think and reason without inspiration. Until free inquiry is made, until unbiased investigation is allowed in all religious denominations, truth will be like a plant of slow growth. Until divested of all superstition the human mind will not seek God in natural law, and man will not be able to feel the thrilling power of true inspiration.

The great First Cause should be studied, and it requires the most indefatigable and unwearied research. Electricity, which earth mortals know so little of, is one of the first and all-powerful principles emanating from the Creator. It is the power by which all things were called into being, and must be called the grand fiat of nature, and the source of all vitality.

Inspiration is the wings upon which the mind mounts to spheres of true knowledge and understanding. Electricity carries the mind from one object to another, and is the motive power of thought. And from these vital principles come heat, light, affinity, attraction, and magnetism; and inspiration teaches the manner in which they can be made the most useful. Electricity is the power by which all motion, mental and physical, is produced, and inspiration the power that gives all motion its highest action, and the true ground work of all philosophy. And when coming time brings to the human family a desire to know and understand the real facts hidden in the heart of nature, they will become inspired with the love for the beautiful. They will realize the God power, hidden beneath it all, and step by step near the heaven they pray for.

Inspiration should be cultivated and brought to bear upon all the conditions of common life. Its influences should be felt in all hearts, so that music, love, and beauty, may become the thrilling influences guiding and controlling all classes. Then man will find in nature all his soul requires for rapid and perfect growth and development.

The Chicago Committee of Arrangements for the Sam Jones revival had a little controversy at the last moment. One member was decidedly opposed to the introduction of slang in religious services. Another intimated that slang and bad grammar were not so bad as some other things in the world, and as this opinion satisfied the rest of the committee, it was considered proper to continue the preparations.

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