



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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[J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER,  
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## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Truth alone conquers.

Strong thoughts are iron nails driven in the mind, that nothing can draw out.

Through harmony of body and spirit the soul may bloom into perfect manhood.

How divinely beautiful is the countenance through which a grand soul shines.

Each form of worship that hath swayed  
The life of man, and given it to grasp  
The masters' key of knowledge, reverence,  
Enfolds some germ of goodness and of right  
—Lowell.

Above all things always speak the truth.  
Your word must be your bond through  
life.—Haliburton.

Grope not in shades of yesterday but  
lift the soul into the realm of to-day's  
benificent sunlight.

The man who seeks freedom for anything  
but freedom's self is made to be a  
slave.—De Tocqueville.

This existence is but a stepping stone  
to another sphere, but the entrance to the  
temple of life.—Samuel Watson.

Love inspires, wisdom guides, faith  
opens the gate, and self-sacrifice leads the  
way into the city of peace—the City of  
God.—Dr. J. M. Peebles.

The one secret of life and development,  
is not to desire and plan, but to fall in  
with the forces at work—to do every moment,  
duty aright.—McDonald.

Straws swim upon the surface, but pearls  
lie at the bottom. Showy parts strike  
every common eye, but solid ones are only  
to be discovered by the most accurate observers  
of the human head and human heart.

There are rare cloudless days which  
come into our lives, when the soul seems  
to break its fetters and mounts toward  
heaven—soars outward and upward in the  
great universe of space and mingles with  
the stars.

Divinity is the center pivot upon which  
all advanced circles move, and, by the  
power of love, all are bound; it is the  
golden cord which unites our world to  
other worlds and to all spirit-surroundings.  
—J. B. Ferguson.

Every natural fact is symbol of some  
spiritual fact. Every appearance in nature  
corresponds to some state of the mind,  
and that state of mind can only be described  
by presenting that natural appearance  
as its picture.—Emerson.

What the perfume is to the flower—its  
soul essence—beautiful thoughts are to the  
human mind; they clothe our entirety  
with an invisible mantle—sweet and fragrant  
when expressed in good deeds and kind  
words for suffering humanity.

The science of mind explains cause and  
effect, lifts the veil of mystery from soul  
and body, reveals the scientific relation of  
God to man, unwinds the interlaced ambiguities  
of being, sets free the imprisoned thought,  
and explains the divine principle of man  
and the universe.—Science and Health.

## THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES IN SCIENCE.

An Interesting Address, delivered by the  
Rev. S. R. Calthrop.

(The Christian Register.)

The new theology that is scientific is finding itself, and will find itself, by the very law of its being, greatly different from the old theology. I wish to represent tonight not godless science, but theology, religion, informed and ennobled by science. And the first thing we have got to take up is the conception of the evolution of life on the planet. We then lose at once the idea that God ever created an organism without an organism. That is, the new Genesis says, "The Lord said, Let us make men." He did not mean let us make men up there in the infinite heavens, but down here with the poor little fishes. The Lord said to his small creatures, which men to-day despise, We will build man; and He did. Then the first thing the scientific theology has to do is not to tolerate evolution, not to patronize it; not only to accept it, but to be part and parcel of it. It has got to accept the idea that God built men through the lower animals. This is the only way in which you can justify the divine effort.

There was a purpose from the first dot of life down to this age, and it is impossible in a world like this to build organisms without organisms. The higher is built out of the lower, and sometimes with pain and sacrifice to the lower. The cross of Christ begins down there. We must say, then, that man's body had to be made, and it has been made by the effort of the lower animals to get something they had not got. The prey wanted to run away, and so got swifter limbs. The catcher wanted to catch, and so got more powerful muscles. Man has a deep debt to every animal behind him. It is beautiful to me to think that the effort of creatures I despised has done this for me; and I, in the days of my ignorance and pride, gave them never a thank you. It is going to be written on every society of the future for the prevention of cruelty to animals, "Friends, you are desecrating your own benefactors." The creative emphasis at first was laid on the body, the muscles, stomach, liver, heart, and lungs. These grew royally. And, mind you, this is one debt we owe to the animal world; and he who trades on his animal capital, and neglects this early effort of God, injuring the powerful play of these organs, desecrates God's work. Then the creative emphasis was no longer laid on the association of joints, muscles, nerves, but to make the brain cavity. And the theology of the future, which is scientific theology, will see that the brain cavity was made out of some poor creature that had not a brain at all. It had perhaps one vertebrae a little brighter—not much—than the rest. The next step was to chain three or four of these into a sort of little box, and that took generations and generations of pains. At last, you find in your head the mark that have come from the fish, for they made the first effort in that direction; and you have now got this cavity which you call the skull, and something in it, more or less. [Laughter.]

The theology of the future adores this divine plan, and worships at its shrine. It traces the divine plan, and kneels. But, when this organism is once made, you notice that the creative emphasis comes to another place. It now begins to refine the organism. The outside creation is left very much as it was; but the inside grows, and we pass out of the distinctly visible to the more and more invisible qualities. That is the point. We now have two fine eyes. God made eyes by light shining on innumerable organisms—shining on and on, until better eyes were made from the effort to see. Now, God keeps refining the eye, giving it finer objects to look at and making men observe them. Have you any idea of the difference between the man that sees the divine splendor everywhere and the man that sees nothing but daylight and dark? The angelic eye—that is, the perfect man's eye—is coming fast, when all the divine splendor in sunrise and sunset and night of stars shall be seen in infinite delicacy. So the ear is being trained to more and more delicate gradations of sound. There is a physical alteration that the microscope

can reveal; but there is something that no microscope can discern, and it is that which perceives beautiful sounds. It is the very invisible of the invisible, partly spiritual; for the ear is the organ of man's spirit.

Then there is alteration in the human voice. Think of the difference between the savage's howl and the voice of the master of song. The human voice is now capable of giving all shades of dignity and wonder and grandeur and worship, and this difference is a part of the invisible work of the divine creation. Look at the brain. Take the brain of a savage and compare it with that of a Newton, and you shall see no difference in the texture, a little in the form, in the convolutions, but microscopic identity in substance. You can not put your finger on the difference; and yet it is the difference between knowledge and ignorance, between the animal past and God's mighty future. So the divine emphasis in creation is increasing power all the time, fitting the organism for a bright and beautiful, a noble, a joyous and blessed life. That creation is going on all the time. You can feel it. If any one says to me, "But I can not, I do not see this creation going on," I say to him, Put your mind on noble thinking and being, and it will go on without your knowing it, whether you wake or sleep.

The inspiration of Israel was a heart inspiration; and, from time to time, a new thrill of inspiration enlarged her religion and thought, until we get the perfect Sermon on the Mount. But that is not the method of science, which is to take the lowest things and climb up. If you want to adopt the scientific method in living, take the law of Christ, and see if it will make your home better and sweeter. The incoming of a mightier creation yet is possible, when each individual and family shall try this test. It is a purely scientific test. Try, and see if it does not fit the facts of life.

The most touching picture we can make of such a test is of some poor old woman of seventy, who has lost husband and children, and lives poor and alone, in her one little room, bare and comfortless, with walls of plaster, and the plaster breaking off at that. And so, lonely and sad, somehow the gospel news came to her; and now, when she is old, it does not forsake her. After the hard day's work is done, and she has bread enough for the morrow, she takes her old, worn Bible, and tries, though she does not know it, this experiment. There is nothing in the room, except the walls and stove and floor, that she can see. But to science there is power there, gravitation, chemical power, and a thousand forces; but she does not know it. She tries to feel that there is something there that can just help her in her needs; that she can lie down upon her pillow, and wake in safety. And, again and again, the poor, lonely heart is comforted. She sees the lost ones safe and present in God, and lies down, and wakes encouraged for the morrow. That is the best kind of experiment. It is pure science. If you want to try that experiment, try it. You say you can not pray. Then think the best thought you can by yourself before going to bed; and you will find that there is, somehow, something in the air that backs you.

Again, theology has said that God is infinite; and, now, science has proved the infinity of space. Science says that all space is filled with power, and here she has helped us beyond what tongue can tell. Formerly, space was empty; and the religious mind could not imagine how that could be, if God was infinite. But science shows that space is full. Take one cubic inch of space upward. Through it, I can see Sirius. That means that through that inch the light of Sirius is coming through space. Fifty thousands waves of yellow light, forty thousand of red light, about sixty thousand of blue, and sixty thousand times sixty thousand more are in that space. Then there is Arcturus that brings more light, and there is Vega, and twenty million stars known to science; and every one of them is sending through that inch sixty thousand times sixty thousand waves, and they do not jostle or displace each other. That inch is filled beyond all expression with power, and every inch of space is filled in the same way. Once again, that same inch feels the pull of the earth. It takes a long time for light to come, but gravitation goes through that inch in no time at all. So science has told us that space is infinite. It does not quite say

that all space is God's space; but all space is powerful space, and there is just as much power as space. Oh, if an artist had eyes to sketch that inch of space, how glorious it would be to sketch the dance of atoms, to see them touch each other, to see the beautiful vibrations going on. Fancy the atoms of hydrogen dancing eight hundred million times a second and never jostling one another! Oh, the perfection of that dance! The artist would show us that wherever there is power there is beauty. The theologian goes a little further, and asserts that wherever there is space there is justness; and science is beginning to back him up. Wherever there is space there is reaction equivalent to the action, and that will hold true everywhere. If you behave meanly to space it will go back on you. And, now, Christianity says the final word,—Wherever there is space there is love; and so the end of scientific theology is to fill space with God, with wisdom, might, beauty, glory, truth, righteousness, and love. So we may feel that scientific theology is guiding us into the midst of God; and, if we want to know about him, we have only to examine a cubic foot of space around our own heads. This view gives the conception to the mind of man that the universe is one vast telephone. It is wonderful to me to talk to my friend across miles of space, and hear his voice. But that is only a symbol of what is going to happen. For years, I believed that my mother's prayer reached me instantly, because God was between her and me, and took the message; and I think now that between my mother's prayer and me there is no space. She is with him as I am also, and there is no time between the thought and the feeling. No space, be it that of twenty galaxies, can ever separate hearts that love.

Richard Realf.

["C." in Liberal.]

Since 1860 no name in American literature has had a sweeter sound to me than the one at the head of this article. In *The Woman's World* of Nov. 15, 1885, Helen Wilmans, the able editor of that paper, prints two of his poems. Mrs. W. seems to have been thrilled and touched with a tender pathos, like myself, at the first reading of "Indirection," by this great soul. She says she read this poem first about fifteen years ago, and yet remembers its effect upon her perfectly, and that "it seemed that my hitherto darkened life was suddenly flooded with light; light that has never left me from that hour to this. \* \* \* I began to realize that I was coeval with the Eternities. I permeated all; all permeated me." She wanted to know who he was but "not another word came from him across the space which separated us, and no word concerning him, until one day, years after I had read his first poem, I picked up a newspaper containing his last one, 'A Poet's Death Song.'"

My friend, Mrs. Wilmans, wanted to know something of the great mind that could send off such beautiful sentiments in such harmonious music. To gratify her, and another mind in full sympathy with hers, but a stranger, and far across these beautiful prairies, I give a brief sketch of this man who was very dear to me.

He was an Englishman by birth and had been connected intimately with many persons of distinction in that country, particularly with Lady Byron. His untimely and sad death in Oct. 1878, called up many memories of the soldier, lecturer and charming poet, whose soul was attuned only for the beautiful in art and nature, but which, as is often the case, met with rude blasts and thoughtless crudities of our unthinking world. His life was a strange and romantic one, but he was ever found sustaining the oppressed and suffering of whatever sex or nation.

He came to this country in 1854, and was at that time possessed of great beauty of person and mind, which drew to him many of the choicest people in the world of letters. He devoted himself to literary work, writing numerous essays for ameliorating the condition of the poor. He resembled Lord Byron much, which, with his friendship for Lady Byron and his poetical talent, caused idle stories that he was related to the great poet. In 1856 he was found in Kansas, where he dipped

his pen and sent forth thoughts like gleaming stars on the side of freedom, while flitting about like a wild gazelle, always being found where danger and "border ruffians" were thickest. He met John Brown, their hearts echoed responsive chords, and it was very natural that the hero of Ossawatimie should take him into his confidence.

His pleasing manners, emotional and poetic temperament, with a womanly tenderness, would never lead any one to suspect that he was at all times ready to sacrifice his life for the poor slaves. Brown chose him Secretary of State in his cabinet of officers to march on Harper's Ferry. He was reported killed in that enthusiastic raid, but a few years after he was found doing valiant service for freedom with pen and sword in the Union army. His long career as a frontiersman and his army life told heavily on his once beautiful face and physique; but his spirit, mind, remained as tender and sweet as ever. He became connected with the *Pittsburg (Pa.) Commercial*, made speeches for the Republican party, was a popular lecturer in New England on many reforms, and contributed to the leading magazines some of the finest poems in the English language. Married in 1865 to a lady much older than himself and so unlike him in thought and feeling that harmony was impossible, he applied for a divorce and got it in the lower courts; but the Supreme Court set it aside on some frivolous technicality on the day he was to be married to a young lady in Utica, N. Y. This was a heavy blow, added to his already sad life, which came near killing him. He partially recovered and wrote again with great usefulness and beauty; but his life was broken, and he wandered over to California in 1878, with his heart full of tears, and laid down in that sunny clime and passed on by his own hand to a sphere where such great minds I hope are better understood. The night before he died he wrote "A Poet's Death Song."

EQUAL RIGHTS.—Remember that all men have equal rights. Remember that the man who acts best his part—who loves his friends the best, is most willing to help others, truest to the discharge of obligation, who has the best heart, the most feeling, the deepest sympathies, and who freely gives to others the rights that he claims for himself, is the best man. I am willing to swear to this. What has made this country? I say, again, liberty and labor. What would we be without labor? I want that every farmer while he is ploughing the rustling corn of June—while mowing in the perfumed fields, to feel that he is adding to the wealth and glory of the United States. I want every mechanic, every man of toil, to know and feel that he is keeping the cars running, the telegraph wire in the air; that he is making the statues and painting the pictures; that he is writing and printing the books; that he is helping to fill the world with honor, with happiness, with love, and law. Remember that our country is founded upon the dignity of labor and the equality of man. Remember this, and the second century will be far grander than the first.—Col. Ingersoll.

SILENT INFLUENCE.—If a sheet of paper on which a key has been laid be exposed for some minutes in the sunshine, and then instantaneously viewed in the dark, the key removed, a faded spectre of the key will be visible. Let this paper be laid aside for many months, where nothing can disturb it, and then in darkness be laid on a plate of hot metal, the spectre of the key will appear. This is equally true of our minds. Every man we meet, every book we read, every picture or landscape we see, every word or tone we hear, leaves its image on our brain. These traces, which, under ordinary circumstances, are invisible, never fade, but in the intense light of cerebral excitement, start into prominence, just as the spectral image of the key started into sight on the application of heat. It is thus with all the influences to which we are subjected.

The discovery has been made in Colombia of a shrub which exudes a juice having so powerful an effect in arresting the flow of blood that large veins may be cut by a knife and smeared with it without causing hemorrhage. The plant is called "aliza" by the natives.



Transmitted for the Golden Gate.]

## GLIMPSES IN SPIRIT LAND.

Notes of a Sitting—Remarkable Trance Vision.

NO. 2.

The medium was first controlled this evening by my friend E. She spoke of the realities of spirit life. She said that it seemed to her that she had been in spirit life for many years, for it had become to her so real that she looked back upon earth as unreal and changeable. Said she, we can look upon what we have as ours, and there exists no uncertainty it can not be taken from us. Our houses are for us and just suited to our wants, and do not cease to be ours until we no longer wish them; but we sometimes feel the desire for a change, and then we have other houses suited to our new desires. I do not think, said she, that it is well for people to always live in one place on earth, or always to pursue one business. Change leads to progression. Men should travel more; they would get new ideas and would find themselves with enlarged views as a consequence. I have noticed men, when I have been about earth, intently devoted to some business when their thoughts are confined to one or two ideas. Their brains that have capacity for development have become stunted in their growth and development. Many men worry and trouble themselves to acquire more money than they need. Fortunes laid up for children do not benefit them beyond what is used for their education. Boys are better for not inheriting property. All around you can see those who have been the most useful in the world are those who have had to struggle against adversity and make themselves. All men are better for having struggled. There are many qualities in man that nothing but adversity can bring out. Notice a man who has had severe struggles; see how much more calmly he takes life. The storms through which he has passed have prepared the way for the calm.

At the sitting there was considerable delay before there were any manifestations. The writer had been talking with the medium about unimportant matters, waiting for what might come, when the medium said, "I hear beautiful music, so beautiful and so distinct. You must hear it yourself. She was now controlled by E. again, who said to me, "The music she heard was from where I wish to take the medium to-night; it is from the performance of a society of Germans." There are many musical societies in spirit land. All those who have had a desire to obtain a knowledge of music, as well as an ability to perform while on earth, but who have been unable to gratify their wishes here in their spirit homes, are able to more than realize their fondest wishes. She now told me the name of the society was Salina, situated on an island called Opaqui, or the island of the musical retreat.

The medium now remained unconscious for some time. When she came to her normal state she related as follows:

I have been to hear some grand music. We visited a large octagon building situated in the center of a beautiful square. It was of a white marble. In the front on each side of the entrance was a fine, large tree, one of which was shaped like a harp, the strings being formed of a beautiful, fine vine over which a breeze was quietly blowing, producing a beautiful melody like an aeolian harp. We entered this noble building through large folding doors that opened outward. There were in this society one thousand members. They were arranged around a portion of the building in groups of twelve, and as they sang I noticed each twelve was an octave, and oh! the wonderful harmony they produced! I was told they became so perfect that they can, with their voices, imitate any sound they choose so perfectly that the listener would not recognize any difference.

They were performing a grand historical piece, descriptive of a battle-scene. It opened with an imitation of cannon and fierce beating of drums, and I could hear the shrill notes of the fife, and now I could hear the loud voices of the commanders distinct and clear over all. Now the music represented a charge—the terrible clash of swords and the heavy tread of men as they rushed together; now the confusion of the fierce battle when two bodies come together and grapple for the mastery. Not a sound that would be heard in a terrible battle was left out, and those sounds that would seem to us harsh and unmelodious, blended in full, rich harmony. Had the battle been as real to my vision as to my sense of hearing, it could not have impressed me more. It seemed to me that every instrument I had ever heard was imitated.

There were four directors—one of great eminence named Alonzo—and all four seemed to be superior to the singers, and I was impressed with the idea that they were from higher spheres. The roof of this grand building was arched, and rested upon the walls with a dome of clear crystal in its center that admitted the light. Around the walls were niches holding beautiful statues of celebrated musicians. Overhead it was beautifully and ingeniously painted in landscapes and a variety of scenery, and as you passed along, there would constantly form new combinations of beauty, all perfect and harmonious.

I noticed that each member of the society had a chair resembling some musical instrument. I remember one represented a flute. The stands for music were formed of branches of trees on which was placed a large shell as a rest for the music. These stands were supported on three legs and entwined with foliage.

The floor was mosaic, in floral designs. As you walked over it, it seemed to have a springy elasticity that made it pleasant to walk upon. The beautiful garden that surrounded this building was filled with trees, shrubs, and a great variety of flowers in full bloom, and gave off to the passing breeze a musical perfume, entrancing and delighting the senses with its melodious harmony.

After the medium had returned and related to me the above, my friend E—came, and in our conversation said to me as follows: "The institution we have visited is situated on an island, the whole of which is occupied for the homes of the members of the society, and they devote themselves to the cultivation of music. To give you a better idea of our beautiful land, I must tell you we have many beautiful islands in the midst of broad, electrical streams which encircle our hemisphere,—for our home is a hemisphere,—and on these streams we can travel from place to place. There are many streams that connect our hemisphere with the planet, bringing from that planet the disembodied life, and carrying back new electricity to give new life to maturing plants and animals there. For it is the law of nature to supply the necessary assistance to every animate thing so that it may live to full earthly maturity before it passes to another sphere. And what may seem strange to mortals, we look up over our heads and behold a sky studded with stars as you see them upon earth. These bright stars in the skies of Spirit Land are the bright celestial homes of the spirits that have passed beyond the planet spheres; here, grouped by the great law of attraction, live, in purer heavenly life, the great and good spirits that have passed on before us."

"It is thought by some that spirits live about and near earth. They can stay about earth for a long time in one of those currents of electricity, but they do not generally stay long. Indeed, they are obliged, from time to time, to return to their homes to refresh their bodies and attend to their general wants."

## A Remarkable Medium.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The daughter of the late E. V. Wilson, now in New Orleans, La., Mrs. Wilson Porter, who is temporarily residing in this city, (New Orleans), is giving some excellent tests, not alone privately but in public on Sundays, at Odd Fellows' Hall. She is also a good reader, and altogether she is quite interesting to Spiritualists. But what is uncommon otherwise than her phase of a trance medium, is her ability to handle fire, while under the control of an ancient fire worshiper. This wonderful and novel manifestation of spirit power deserves mention at more length than the writer can devote. This lady can, while under that unseen ponderous power, handle fire with her bare hands with impunity, hold paper in the flames and it will not burn, hold lace and articles of wearing apparel in fire without even scorching. After many operations similar, her hands and arms were examined, and not even the fine hair thereon was singed. She also passes her face through fire, and holds heated lamp-chimneys to her cheeks, hugging, kissing red-hot glass as if it were a sweet cherub. During her stay in New Orleans, which will probably be until Summer, she is accompanied by her mother, Mrs. E. V. Wilson.

There are supposed to be ten thousand Spiritualists in the city of New Orleans; but if there are that many enlightened people there, they make a poor showing. A Pacific coast town, or an eastern city, with one hundred advanced thinkers would promulgate more truth in ten minutes than New Orleans has done up to the present writing.

E. H. MOZART.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 16, 1886.

There are thousands of people who pretend to be Liberals who present the deplorable aspect of bigots as narrow and contemptible as a theological mummy. They have mistaken their calling, and are hugging a delusive phantom. The true Liberal is broad, not narrow; generous, not selfish. He must, of necessity, be a man of brain, a student, and a thinker. He must keep forever in his view the guiding star of reason. He must be conservative, not aggressive, and, above all, he must be constructive as well as destructive. He must be a strict adherent to principle, careful and preservative of his own rights, and considerate of the rights of others. He must guard carefully the sacred right of opinion, and forever hold himself open to adverse opinions, and present himself a martyr at the altar of conviction. True Liberalism is a recognition of the liberties of man, physical and intellectual. It is a recognition of the equality of the human race, and the common fraternity of man. The true Liberal is a man in the grandest, broadest and best sense of the word.—G. F. Rinehart.

A Buffalo firm has been awarded a contract to build a \$3,000,000 railroad bridge in Australia. This is a remarkable tribute to American engineering and mechanical skill.

## The Slate Writing Gift.

(The lately developed medium for independent slate-writing residing at San Jose, to whom we have heretofore alluded, in reply to a letter from a gentleman of Oakland who is sitting for development in the same phase, thus gives an account of his own remarkable development.)

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—Replying to your kind favor of the 21st, would state that my guides promised me if I would come to California, that I would be the recipient of new developments. I had previously been a medium for clairvoyance, clairaudience, trance speaking, impersonation, mechanical writing, also a magnetic physician and psychometrist. What else could I hope for or expect, having been so abundantly blessed? My phases, as you will see, had been mostly on the mental plane. I had been promised slate-writing and spirit photographs. For the latter I had sat many hundred times with but the faintest success. Two years ago I got some little slate-writing, but it left me, and I gave up trying further on account of my health, and came to California in hopes of perfecting my physical and spiritual powers. Now how did I get the development? We formed a circle of congenial friends, and met twice a week, numbering ten to fifteen persons. We sat in the dark. We sat for whatever would come. We sat around a long table—had also a cabinet. One or two persons would go in the cabinet, according to direction. Not always the same persons. Half of our number were already mediumistic, and were controlled to describe and personate, etc. We always had a dozen or more slates on the table, each person generally holding his own slates. We began after a time to have some signs of materialization—spirit lights, clouds of vapor, and very indistinct forms, apparently floated about the room.

We had been sitting thus for nearly six months, some of our members, myself among others, had become discouraged, and frequently staid away from the circle, when one evening, after a very harmonious sitting, we were directed to place all the slates in the centre of the table on top of each other, and everybody's hand on the topmost slate. We heard the writing and to our great joy on turning up the light found that nearly every slate had a message on it. We did the same thing for several succeeding evenings with more or less success. But the question arose, who was the medium? After some experiments we discovered that the power resided in a combination of three persons—two ladies and a gentleman. They could get the writing together, but none of them separately. After a while two of us could get it together, but not alone. Finally I succeeded in getting the writing for different persons, but have not yet been able to get it alone. I can hear the writing and the raps when sitting alone, but it becomes visible only when in company with others. So far I have not failed to get the writing whenever I feel the inspiration to sit for others. Thus my experience is that it is best to sit in circles in the dark, and to stick to it until some one, or more, of the number is developed. I never could have gotten it without the aid of those with whom I sat. I believe that the younger members of a circle will be most likely to get the development. I have been promised some other beautiful phases in connection with the writing if I will obey my guides, who have enjoined me to abstain from giving too great publicity to my mediumship until I be more fully endowed with the power. I sit nearly every day for some friend or other, but I dare not disobey the injunctions of my guides until my development is perfected, then I shall not hesitate to "let my light shine." I believe many mediums have been ruined by following the unwise counsels of overzealous friends who were anxious to have them appear in public before they were strong enough to confront the skepticism of this very materialistic age.

Should I receive any special directions for you, I will with pleasure send them to you at once. Fraternally yours,

SAN JOSE, Cal., Feb. 23, 1886.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Materialization Points.

I consider it so important to settle the matter of materialization of spirit forms as a fact that I like to mention any incident that occurs, that in any peculiar manner demonstrates it. I am the more inclined to do so for the reason that I have so much autographic evidence that what I state is of general interest. The fact of materialization has come to stay, and in my opinion to improve also. There has been marked progress the past year in the phase. I think the grabbers have grown both ashamed and scarce, and the new conditions of many of the mediums have removed all the former suspicious ones. I think, also, the patrons are beginning to be less objectively exacting, wanting exact duplicates of their departed friends; they begin to understand a little that the apparitions depend much upon the medium and the character of the circles—that is its composition—and that intelligent tests are as good evidence of personality as physical recognitions.

I met a Mr. Milford the other day at the seance of Miss Berry. He was a Spiritualist, but had seen but little of this phase and had not a favorable impression of it, but was quite impressed with what he saw on this occasion; regretted that he had a back seat, but saw so much that he be-

lieved what I saw, who happened to be favorably located. Mr. Albro, who is a superb manager, took very kindly to this man's scruples, or doubts, particularly when he said he had a brother who was a skeptic, that he would like to bring there, but he did not want to be criticised by him for any over-estimates. It was arranged then, at his request, that during a seance Mr. Milford might sit in the rear end of the room where he could see all the space (about four feet) between the cabinet and the closed folding-doors, while his brother could sit in the circle front, so together to be sure of no confederacy. On a succeeding Thursday afternoon this plan was carried out, and considerably more. I had been introduced to and was seated by the brother when Milford took his seat in the rear. The seance at this time was about half through. After this arrangement Mr. Albro said he would try to make the experiment extra satisfactory; so he said to the other Mr. Milford, who was left sitting by my side, "Come up to the cabinet," and Mr. Albro lighting a wax taper match told Mr. Milford, the skeptic, to go inside and hold the match so that the whole inside was distinctly visible, and found absolutely empty except the darkly-clothed medium sitting on a small chair in the corner of it. The man not only looked in, as I did, but he went in. When he came out immediately the curtains parted and two female forms, clothed in white, distinctly appeared and also came out into the room—one of them into the middle of the room. The fact that they were human looking and living forms, visible to all persons present, was as unmistakable as the fact of persons being in the circle as spectators, and equally unmistakable that the said two human-looking forms were extemporized out of the vacant air. To the skeptical Milford it was proof palpable, for his brother, who was seated in the rear, said nobody entered the cabinet on the back side, for he was on guard there and there was no other possible way except the spiritual one; and you can now count both of the Milfords as among the army of believers—at least believers in the evidence of their senses. One was an old Spiritualist; now the other is a new one.

I will add also another interesting circumstance which has now got to be quite a common one, at Mrs. Helen Fairchild's seances; this of which I am now speaking was the first one. At about the close of the seance the medium entered the cabinet and saw her influence was about leaving, adding, "If a spirit now appears I would like for Mr. Wetherbee to come up and examine the cabinet." One then appearing, I went up; of course I retired before I reached the curtain, but I went in and went wholly round the sides, and when having done so the medium said, "Why don't you come inside?" which I then did; found it empty except the medium. I lighted a match and so made it absolutely certain; then I stepped out and stated to the persons seated before me my experience, that not a person was in or around it. I noticed the members of the circle were a little amused, and so I looked behind me and there was a white-robed female form standing at the cabinet entrance, near enough for me to touch. It was certainly a very expressive way of telling those present that when I was stating with such positiveness the emptiness of the cabinet, that very careful people can be mistaken. My excuse was, I was not counting beings of another world, "whom now you see and now you don't." Of course I am understood. Certainly the medium was very conducive of the materialization and dematerialization of these forms.

JOHN WETHERBEE.

BOSTON, February 21, 1886.

## THE FINAL RELIGION OF EARTH.

In a lecture delivered in Chicago, in March, 1885, Mrs. Richmond expressed the following beautiful sentiments: "No kingdom of heaven could hold any saints were they not sure that every soul will find the pathway of infinite love as they have found it; there could be no realm of paradise that could enshrine souls in peace, and angels in bliss, while other lives were in torment and sorrow; it would be an impossible picture that Christ could sit by the right hand of God in glory, if any soul were lost forever from the House of God. The religion that is coming to the earth, the spirit of Christ that gives all for others, will be the spirit of man. Your books, your library, your church will not be my church, my books, my library, but they will be the world's; the art that you so much covet will not be the picture I own, but the picture that belongs to the whole world; the poetry that you quote as being divine will not be hoarded up in your treasured library but take to itself wings, and become the possession of mankind; flowers will not be garnered in your own garden and conservatory, but the world may gaze upon their beauty and loveliness; because many of you perceive their brightness, many are made glad by their beauty. Man can own nothing that is not a benefaction; he can possess nothing that is not to bless his fellow-man; for the treasures and gold of earth, all that you gather around you by individual pride and selfishness, become the sepulchre in which you are buried."

A balloon ferry is to be put over the Horseshoe at Niagara.

At the age of seventy-seven, Mr. Gladstone again looms up as the foremost man in England. The wonderful vitality of this eloquent old man is a mystery to Americans.

## "More Light."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Of all the delightful portions of country the present writer ever saw, this along the south of the bay of Monterey by far excels. Especially is this true of the grounds about the Hotel Del Monte, and what is known as the Pacific Grove. Nature has been very lavish of her gifts of "things of beauty," and supplemented by the art of man, these places have become the elysian bowers of the Pacific Coast. I presume, sir, that you have visited this portion of God's heritage, hence any attempt at description on my part would be as unnecessary as it would needs be abortive. While walking through the grounds referred to, I could not help but think what a pity that all this should be given to selfish purposes; the rich, the very rich may enjoy these grounds fully, and they only. And then I had a vision of suddenly becoming immensely rich, and buying out all these grounds, and turning it into one grand orphan asylum and home for the poor, and "as I mused the fire burneth."

Pacific Grove, prior to the present purchase, was leased by the M. E. Church as a camp-meeting ground, and the same denomination still has control of the moral welfare of the locality, at least; so I was informed by Mr. Johnson, the gentlemanly superintendent in charge of the grounds. One of the special edicts of that religious body, is that the parlors used for religious services by every denomination, shall not be used by Spiritualists for lectures on Spiritualism, or anything pertaining thereto. This was learned for the first, last week, when application was made for the parlors by a Spiritualist, for two or three lectures on that subject. That the Spiritualists of Pacific Grove, and there are several of them, should be subject to a rule so senseless, to say the least of it, is to be regretted by all liberal minded; and I think, will scarcely prove to the interest of the company owning the grounds when once known to the public.

Notwithstanding the above edict, the people of the Grove have eat of forbidden fruit, and still live, to wit: Last week, Friday and Saturday evenings, two lectures were given respectively, on "Spiritualism as a moral power," and, "The Phenomena of Spiritualism," these being the first ever given on the grounds, and it is to be hoped are the dawning of better days for the Spiritualists of Pacific Grove.

Here resides Mrs. L. G. Waterhouse, a name known and revered by many people of the Golden State as the founder of the Woman's Home in Sacramento, to which institution Mrs. Chas. Crocker and Mrs. E. B. Crocker were the first and most liberal donors.

Mrs. Waterhouse is an earnest active Spiritualist, fully realizing that she has no occasion to blush for her blessed faith. It was through the kindness of Mrs. Waterhouse that Spiritualism got a hearing in Pacific Grove, for, being herself refused the public parlors for the purpose, she willingly gave the use of her residence, and invited her friends and neighbors to attend the lectures given there. If all the Spiritualists of like influence in the State would be as loyal to their faith as this lady what grand forward marches Spiritualism would make, and what inroads on the strong holds of error.

Dear Editor, will you not sound the trumpet in our Spiritualistic Zion, and call forth our mighty men and women of valor?

Hopefully yours,

PAULAS.

## Spiritualism Defined.

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

Spiritualism is the only religion that opens free and direct channels of communication between the external and invisible worlds. Its paths are not like the macadamized roads of modern theology, obstructed by gates along the way, and toll-gatherers in priestly robes waiting to tax all who travel by its thoroughfares.

It invites all, without distinction of race or sex, social, mental or moral condition, to come to its feasts and partake only of such food as they have a capacity to digest.

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



## The Church vs. Spiritualism.

The attitude of bitter and unreasoning hostility manifested by the church, and particularly by the priesthood, toward Spiritualism, is obvious to the most careless observer. From the scholarly and intellectual lights of the Romish, Episcopal, Orthodox, and other evangelical churches, down to the Talmages and other tallow tapers, all unite, with rare exceptions, in severe and scathing denunciation of this new religion. No vituperation is too severe, no ridicule too gross, no contempt too acrid, to express their horror and condemnation of a faith that has established itself on such broad foundations, and in the hearts of millions, the past forty years, the converts coming alike from the ranks of infidelity and the fold of the church.

It seems singular that those who accept, without questioning, the stories of angels appearing to Abraham and Lot, the appearance of Samuel to a woman of Endor, and his prophetic communication to Saul, the materialization of Moses and Elias on the mount, that "many bodies of the saints which slept, arose and came out of their graves and appeared unto many," that Jesus himself appeared to his disciples and others in a manner strikingly similar to modern materialization, should hold up their hands in holy horror when they are confronted with phenomena of a similar character at the present day.

Why should intelligent men, who sometimes seek to stimulate their hearers to run the Christian race by alluding to their being "encompassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses," i.e. spirits, who do not hesitate to comfort the mourner with the assurance that their "loved and lost" are often present in sympathy with their weeping friends, and who base their belief in immortality upon the resurrection of one man eighteen hundred years ago, and on testimony that would be ruled out of any court in Christendom to-day, why should such men sneer at and scout the abundant evidence of the present time that establishes beyond reasonable doubt the fact of co-communication with our friends in the spirit world, and their occasional bodily reappearance? There are thousands of respectable, credible witnesses to such phenomena, whose testimony on any other subject would be received, and carry conviction to the minds of any intelligent jury. None of these objectors deny the immortality of the soul; on the contrary it is with them a basic belief. Why then should they deem it an incredible thing that this immortal part should be able to communicate with the dear friends it left behind when it journeyed to the invisible world?

There are some obvious answers to these questions, and the first is, the great majority of objectors, and I think it not too much to say *all*, have never seriously, honestly and patiently examined the subject. Fortified, as they fancy themselves to be, in their belief, any demonstration from the outside that appears to them of a hostile nature, arouses them to act at once on the defensive, without stopping to inquire into the nature or character of the attack, and they instinctively resist. It is plain that to continue in such a course is to insure defeat in the end, provided the enemy is the stronger. It would be wisdom on their part to delay hostilities long enough to "consider whether they will be able, with ten thousand, to meet him who cometh against them with twenty thousand."

Again, the lamentable fact that among those who profess to be Spiritualists, and especially mediums, are so many frauds and impostors. Undoubtedly some honest inquirers have been repelled from further investigation through becoming victims to such characters. Then the loose views as to morals held by some Spiritualists, even in prominent positions, have greatly prejudiced the cause. These facts are deplorable, and it behooves every honest, pure minded Spiritualist to present a stern and steady front against all manner of imposition and impurity. I am glad that the *GOLDEN GATE* stands "straight up" here.

But the principal reason why Spiritualism is resisted by the church is, undoubtedly, because it explicitly denies the cardinal doctrines of that institution. Now to a person who has been "brought up in the faith" (and the writer speaks from experience), one who believes in a "jealous" and "angry" God, in original sin and a great deal of it, in endless punishment, in vicarious atonement, *et id omne genus*, a faith that remorselessly tramples upon those doctrines comes with a shock and horror that arouses all one's prejudices and mental forces to instant opposition, believing as one honestly does, that his time-honored views are not only the true and saving ones, but that the opposite are from the devil and simply damnable. To consider them even appears wicked; for has not the church from time immemorial pointed out the only true way; and can it be possible that so many great and good men of the past and present have been mistaken? It is not strange then that so many fair-minded and good men can not be brought to investigate Spiritualism, because that would imply that their views might be erroneous. Considering the strength and tenacity of long-established faith, the cause of Spiritualism would seem to have small hope of ultimate tri-

umph, did it depend on mere faith, and were it not founded on the rock of demonstration. Here we may rest without apprehension, assured that that which can be proved will eventually command respect and conviction. Let us then continue to give to the world all such facts as go to prove the truth of our beautiful faith. There is no mind so bigoted, no superstition so deeply rooted, but must eventually yield to the irresistible logic of fact. It is Spiritualism as a science that must be the ultimate victor.

I almost hesitate to add one more reason why the clergy especially so bitterly oppose us, for I do not like to ascribe unworthy motives to so respectable a class; but it must be clear to them if Spiritualism is true, then their occupation and their salaries are gone. I do not mean to imply that all of them, or even a majority, are governed by sordid motives, but they are all human, and the means by which they earn their daily bread may be a stronger factor in their creeds than they would be willing to admit. To such as make this the principal "call" to preach, argument and fact alike are wasted. They will never see anything in Spiritualism until they are left stranded by their hearers, whom, if Spiritualism ever establishes a paid clergy, which God forbid, they will have a "call" to occupy some rostrum, provided their efforts can secure one.

## The Free Platform Nuisance.

[The "New York Beacon Light" speaks out in no uncertain tones on the free platform nuisance. It says:]

Why will Spiritualists continue to fritter away their strength and resources in the silly and disgusting harangues and oratorical tournament that have so long disgraced our divine cause?

Must the millions of noble, pure and cultured men and women to whom the beautiful truths of Spiritualism are dearer than life itself be forever disgraced and scandalized in order that the half-dozen shallow-brained nincompoops who generally hover about every Spiritual "free rostrum" may pour out their loathsome vagaries, or wrangle by the hour with one another, to the disgust of every intelligent or decent hearer?

Who that has had any considerable experience with "free rostrum" conferences can wonder that sensitive, refined men and women, who seek to guard their reputations and the reputation of their families, hesitate to identify themselves with societies whose rostrums are every week prostituted to the use of these windy cranks?

It is just the "free rostrum" nuisance that beyond all other causes combined, has kept our great cause from making that progress to which its intrinsic worth and unanswerable phenomena entitle it.

If all the sewers of this great town were made to empty their filthy contents on the surface of Broadway, instead of in the rivers, the effect would not be more deleterious to the health and comfort of the inhabitants, than is the noxious nonsense that flows from the sewer-like mouths of our rostrum cranks, to the welfare of our cause and the comfort of its reputable supporters.

Public Spiritual conferences are of questionable utility at best. It would seem that Spiritualists should settle all their disputes and differences among themselves, and when they go before a skeptical and antagonistic world present a solid front; but if they are determined to invite all their enemies in to hear them discuss their family differences, precautions should be taken to prevent a set of tramps and cranks from bringing the meetings into disrepute.

Until this nuisance is abated our cause can never make that progress to which it is entitled.

The *Christian Advocate* (Methodist) finds, "with sorrow and disgust" (which we consider quite natural), the following item in a secular paper:

"The Methodists of—had a full house and a grand time on Christmas eve, at the church. Many presents were distributed from the tree. Every widow received a package of candy. A few married and young ladies were disguised and sold to the highest bidder. The gentlemen were not very spirited bidders, as the highest price realized was only forty-five cents. The purchaser, with his prize, was provided with a ticket for the amount, for which they received lunch together in the basement."

The *Advocate* lays on the rod with considerable vigor:

"It is beyond our comprehension how any Christian can think such performances appropriate to a church. The singling out of widows to receive packages of candy is in excusable taste; but the selling of married and young ladies in disguise to the highest bidder, with whom—though he may be a person of unworthy character, who never comes into a church except for some spree of this sort—the 'sold' lady is to go to lunch, is down to the level of the lowest skating rink."

Should such entertainments become common in the Methodist church, they would soon drive the skating rinks out of existence.—*Christian Register*.

Nothing discloses real character like the use of power. It is easy for the weak to be gentle. Most people can bear adversity. But if you wish to know what a man really is, give him power. This is the supreme test. It is the glory of Lincoln that, having almost absolute power, he never abused it, except on the side of mercy.—*Day Star*.

## EXPERIENCE DEPARTMENT.

## Spirit Form.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Do you believe in materialization? I do; and I will tell why. I might go on and quote page after page of the writings of all past ages, all going to prove that materialization has occurred thousands of times, in thousands of different places, and under conditions where fraud or deception was out of the question; but reference to what occurred in past ages to persons whom we never saw, and of whose existence we have but little or no positive evidence, is by no means satisfactory to us at the present time. Col. Ingersoll said a little miracle right here and now would do more for Christianity than all the logic of all the doctors of divinity who ever lived; and so I think about materialization. A single case clearly shown to have taken place in the present time will go farther to convince the people of this age of its truth than all the instances which could be cited from the pages of history.

Many do not believe in that form of spirit manifestation, and I am free to say that if I had not had absolute proof of it, if I had not in my own experience had at least three of my senses appealed to and convinced of the fact, I, too, would be very doubtful as to the genuineness of that most magnificent of all manifestations of spirit power. But in that particular I have been much favored, having many times witnessed it in wonderful perfection, under conditions where there was no one to commit fraud.

My first experience in this phase dates back to my childhood, the year 1845, three years before the manifestations occurred at Hydesville. I was then living with my father on a farm on the frontier of the State of Iowa. Our house, like that of most of our neighbors, was a rough log cabin standing out on the open prairie. The ground for some distance around the house was quite level, and was covered with the short prairie grass indigenous to that country. There was, however, a small clump of hazel brush not far from the house. I suppose it was about eighteen or twenty feet long by half as much in width, and was, perhaps, three or four feet in height. With the exception of this bunch of brush there was nothing to obstruct the view in all directions for several hundred yards. Now for the materialization:

One bright sunny afternoon in the Summer of the year mentioned above, something went wrong with me, and I came out of the house crying lustily over some fancied injury, and I went, as I had often done before, and sat down behind the bunch of hazel brush, perhaps thinking I could "enjoy" my cry better if quite alone. I had not been there many minutes when a voice—a strange one—addressed me. I looked up, and there right beside me, not more than three feet distant, stood a fine looking old gentleman with a long, flowing white beard. How well I remember his strange appearance, as wearing full beards was not fashionable then, and this old gentleman was among the first, if not the very first person, I had ever seen with a beard. He said: "My child, you should not cry so about such trifles." I wondered where he came from and how he knew what I was crying about. His voice had a wonderfully tender and sympathetic tone and won my attention at once. I wish I could remember all he said to me during the next five minutes; how I must be a brave little man, and meet all my troubles—and I would have many greater ones than the present—with courage. If I did so it would take away the greater part of their pain. He said he would always help me to bear them if I did this, and if I did not do it I would always be unhappy.

In short, he showed such an intimate acquaintance with my inner nature and character that, child as I was, I wondered how he came to know me so well, for I had never seen him before. How often in the years immediately succeeding this event did I wish I could see him and hear his sweet, musical voice again. He talked to me in this strain for perhaps four or five minutes, and then either he or something else drew my attention away from him for an instant, and when I looked back again, not more than a second afterward, he was gone. I looked in every direction for his retreating form, but could see nothing of him. I searched every foot of that little bunch of brush over and over, but found nothing of him.

For months, and even years afterward, I puzzled my brain over his mysterious disappearance without avail. I said nothing to any one about it because I did not know what they would say. One day, some four or five years afterward, I accidentally overheard my grandfather telling of a similar circumstance happening to him, and his words, not intended for my ears, first led me to suspect the real character of my venerable visitor.

Since then I have seen him many times; never so clearly in materialized form as on that first occasion, but always having the same kind, fatherly, benevolent look which he then had. In keeping his promise he has always made himself either seen or felt, and many times both when I have been in any serious trouble or affliction. Indeed, I have come to love him like a father or an elder brother. He is to me as real a personage as any one I

meet in the mortal body; and I think that if I had never had any other evidence of another life than his coming has given me, I would still be a Spiritualist. Reader, would not you, if you had had the same experience?

Yet, in the years of my young manhood, I grew to doubt the very existence of any immortal part to our nature, having been raised in the strictest line of orthodoxy. When I began to reason upon the many inconsistencies of that belief, my judgment rejected it as totally unworthy of credence; and naturally I drifted to the other extreme of doubting the existence of mind as a separate entity.

But I was convinced of the truth of immortality by another materialization, quite as remarkable, and, to me, quite as convincing as the one I have just related, but that must be withheld for another article.

E. G. A.

## Doctor Slade.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Much has been written concerning Dr. Slade's mediumship, but I do not suppose one tenth part of the manifestations occurring through him ever comes before the public. From my own experience I am certain the most brilliant phases frequently occur with no mention whatever. The description that I have read falls far short of doing the phenomena justice.

When the Doctor visited Salem, Oregon, several years ago, I availed myself of the opportunity of several sittings, all of which were truly wonderful. Accompanied by my wife, I first visited the renowned medium in the evening, and was an entire stranger to him. The first communication we received, written between two slates, was addressed as much to the Doctor as to ourselves, and was written by his translated wife, and it affected the Doctor to tears. Then came a communication, written on a slate I had just cleansed with a wet sponge, from an old partner in business with myself, in which the spirit alluded to a circumstance known only to him and me. Then occurred a series of questions and answers, I writing the questions on one side of the slate and then putting a short bit of a pencil on the other side, holding the slate on the top of my head, then just touching the ends of my fingers of my left hand to those of the Doctor's right hand when the pencil would commence writing, bringing convincing proof of the personal presence of my friend, this process of communication continuing for some time much to my gratification. Then followed many other phases of manifestation, such as an accordion playing with no visible hands touching the keys, the needle of a magnetic compass reversing its point, the lifting of Mrs. Reed in her chair some distance from the floor, then setting her down very lightly, no visible hands touching her. A chair was taken, at the request of the Doctor, from the side of the table and set over against the wall and again returned to its place beside the table. The Doctor then took a slate and reached it under the leaf of the table asking me to take hold of the end of the slate, which I did, when he withdrew his hand and placed it on top of the table when some one seemed to be still holding to the other end of the slate, the Doctor saying to me, "Hold on to the slate; don't let it go," when the slate was jerked out of my hand and appeared on the other side of the table reached up by a hand showing the fingers extended on the slate. Soon the slate was returned to my hand; then a hand appeared on my vest reaching for my watch which it took from my pocket and placed it in my hand still holding the slate. At this I firmly grasped the hand when it dissolved within my grasp. This and many other equally astonishing things were done.

The August following I met Judge Harding of the Third Judicial District, and was telling him what had transpired, when the Judge remarked, "I believe that is all true; in fact, I saw enough while I was at Washington (he was once U. S. Senator), to convince me that Spiritualism is true; but," says he, "don't say anything to Tom's wife, for if you do she will go into conniptions about it and it will do no good." (Tom was the given name of my old partner.) I said I had not thought of doing so, and in the afternoon I was again with Slade, when my old partner was again present and wrote on the slate: "Now, friend Reed, I want you to tell uncle (Judge Harding) that he is mistaken,—it will do good; and I want you to pledge me your word and honor that you will see Ritta and inform her that I want her to be sure and come to this medium, for I have matters of importance that I wish to communicate." (I did not know at the time the pet name he called his wife, but learned from her that Ritta was what he called her.) I also received a communication from an old friend of mine (Hon. E. N. Cooke, late State Treasurer of Oregon), written on a slate I had purposely purchased for the occasion and taken with me, privately marked, in which communication was a declaration that took several years to verify. This was written in his own hand writing so nearly that any one familiar with it would recognize it at once. Surely, Dr. Slade is a wonderful medium. C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Or., Feb. 13, 1886.

In Clark county, Kan., during the late storm, a herd of sheep crowded close together during the blizzard, and the snow melting for a while, and then freezing afterward, fastened the entire flock together.

## Spiritualism.

The Storey will contest now going on at Chicago, shows that Mr. Storey, the far famed editor of the *Times*, was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and that he frequently resorted to their healers for relief from bodily pain and to their trance mediums for spiritual comfort. His letters at a date three or four years before his death are saturated with references to the disembodied spirit which came and ministered to him. Mr. Storey's faith in Spiritualism suggests that the number of believers in this doctrine is by no means confined to those who make open profession. Many people believe who are afraid to let the world know of their belief, because of a popular idea that it detracts somewhat from one's influence to have it so said.

There are believers here at Sterling who do not attend public services, and who say nothing of their belief publicly, but who consult mediums in private, and who in hours of confidence declare to their intimate friends that those they knew in life, and that are now dead, return to them, and in hours of silence and solitude come and minister to them. It has been estimated that as many as six millions of people in America are of this faith. Quite a large number reject any and all of what are termed outward manifestations, such as slate-writings, materializations, etc., but cling firmly to the opinion that the dead come back to earth and hold communion in words that can not fail to be understood. Whatever the merits or demerits of Spiritualism, despite the fact that there are impostors who go round and with tricks of sleight-of-hand deceive the unwary or the simple, it is none the less true that there are thousands and thousands who are honest in their faith and believe as does the Christian or the Mahomedan, or the Buddhist, in his faith. Spiritualism has assumed such proportions and so many respectable people are in its ranks that it can not be dismissed with a sneer, nor can every one who accepts it be called a crank. Many most sensible people are in its ranks, and it is unquestionably growing. Its teachers are many, and they adopt all known methods for the purpose of widening and extending their influence.

The above from the *Sterling Gazette* is very similar in tone and substance to articles appearing in the country and city secular press all over the land. If to be a Spiritualist is simply to believe in the possibility of communion between the living and the spirits of the departed, then the *Gazette* is undoubtedly correct when it places the number of believers at several millions. It is also undoubtedly true that many hesitate to make public acknowledgement of their belief because of the disreputable character of some whose names have long been associated with this belief and whose lives have been immoral—bad. Another reason why many fail to declare themselves Spiritualists is that the general public class all believers with frauds, impostors and cheats, who feed and fatten upon the morbid curiosity of the ignorant and the gullible, and along with fortune-tellers, gypsies, astrologers, and all that horde who live by their wits and thrive upon deception. There is still another class, much larger in every community than the unthinking would guess, who regard the subject, or at least their own experiences and belief, as too sacred for general discussion or conversation. If all these are to be classed as Spiritualists, then undoubtedly the number is great. Whatever the number, the discussion of the subject by Joseph Cook in his Monday lectures three or four years ago doesn't seem to have settled the question in the minds of many even in the churches, but has rather aroused curiosity and provoked discussion, until in response to the accumulating evidence of what many are firm in believing are undoubted proofs of spirit return, a spirit of investigation is springing up all over the land and the demand has become so strong, upon men of science, and of well trained minds, that within the last year or two societies have been formed for the investigation of all that class of phenomena which are popularly, though perhaps unjustly, classed under the term "spirit manifestations." Such a society has existed several years in England. One has been formed in Boston, another in Kansas City, and another called "The Western Society for Psychical Research," was organized last May in Chicago, and includes in its membership clergymen, physicians, lawyers, college professors, journalists and business men of all shades of religious belief and disbelief. This society, like the others named, proposes to enter upon a patient, thorough and scientific investigation. What they will accomplish remains to be seen. The British society in the three or four years of its existence does not seem to have exhausted the subject, and there seems to be plenty of room for investigation by all the societies named. And just at present few who have carefully investigated seem to be satisfied with the materialist's reference of the whole subject to sleight-of-hand or mental hallucination—or to the old orthodox idea that it is all of the devil.—*Ogle County (Ill.) Press*.

It appears from a letter sent to the House of Representatives by Secretary Manning, that the expense of decorating the public buildings on the occasion of the death of General Grant was \$2,442, and for the death of Vice-President Hendricks \$5,475.



## GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1886.

## A PLEA FOR A LITTLE SENSE.

The very first issue of the GOLDEN GATE, although abounding in choice Spiritual matter, original and otherwise, was denounced by a western contemporary as a failure, because it contained a grand discourse from Dr. Swing on the "Natural Evidence of Immortality!" That we should copy, with a word of approval, the utterances of a Christian minister, even though in the line of proof of our beautiful philosophy, was enough to bring us under the ban of at least one fellow-worker in the Spiritual cause!

Now comes another contemporary, edited by one of the ablest writers in the Spiritualistic field—Bro. J. M. Roberts, of *Mind and Matter*—and in a column article, sharply criticises us for urging Spiritualists to be "magnanimous and charitable to those of other beliefs," and also for suggesting that Spiritualists should cultivate those graces of "character that would enable them to treat their opponents with courtesy and respect."

It would hardly seem possible that any one could find anything to object to in these modest suggestions; and yet our storm-tossed brother, who never seems so happy as when he is swinging the knout of fierce denunciation, regards such an attitude towards an opponent as highly reprehensible. "Why Spiritualists should be singled out," he says, "for that admonition is not quite clear to us; nor can we understand how those of other beliefs need either their magnanimity or their charity."

Spiritualists should be the "salt of the earth." If we can not expect the practices of courtesy towards an opponent, and the manifestation of a gentle spirit, at their hands, then we know not where to look for such graces of character. We should remember that the opinions and beliefs of others are as sacred to them as ours are to us, and just as much entitled to respectful consideration; and whether they need our magnanimity and charity or not does not absolve us from the recognition or exercise of the common amenities of life.

While our facts are full of meat for hungry souls, and when presented in a proper spirit to others—even to those wrapped up in the mantle of old beliefs and superstitions—seldom fail to attract attention, yet will the invitation to an investigation thereof be repelled with disgust when presented in a rough and ungainly manner.

We can not understand why a Spiritualist should not be courteous and charitable—why he should consider it necessary to beat his arguments into the heads of his opponents with a club. Neither can we see any good reason why Spiritualists should not quit their wrangling, their backbiting and their narrow jealousies, and work together harmoniously for a common good.

If our Spiritualistic contemporaries do not like our way of editing and managing the GOLDEN GATE, they should remember that it is *our* way, not theirs—that they have not a dollar at stake in the enterprise, and that the wisdom of our policy is best manifested in the general appearance and tone of the paper, in its rapidly increasing circulation, and in its assured success.

With this plea for a little sense in behalf of the teachers of our philosophy generally, and the expression of the hope that a broader and more catholic spirit may inspire the gifted pen of our esteemed contemporary in the future, we drop the subject.

## WHAT HAS HE GAINED.

There was on trial in one of the courts of this city, last week, a murder case—that of the People vs. Brown. In this case the defendant, Brown, was arraigned at the bar of so-called justice for killing the man Shay for enticing his (Brown's) wife unto her dishonor. Both of these men had families of grown-up children. Shay had not been living with his family for some two or three years, and was known to be a man of loose morals and dissolute habits, although, after receiving his mortal wound, his wife and daughter kindly and tenderly nursed him until the end.

On learning of his wife's infidelity Brown armed himself, sought for her, and finding her at a restaurant in company with her paramour, proceeded to murder him, inflicting upon him a death wound with a pistol shot, from which, after a few weeks of lingering agony, he died. The murderer was arrested, as usual, and placed upon his trial, and after the usual amount of sentimental gush about wounded honor, emotional insanity, and the like, was acquitted.

Now, what has this man Brown gained by this homicide? He has clouded two homes with lasting shame. He has advertised himself to the world as one who could not hold his wife's abid-

ing trust and affection—as one for whom the mother of his children preferred the companionship of a worthless raker; and he is willing that all the world should know it!

By killing Shay did he undo the wrong of his wife's conduct? Did he win back her love, or add in the remotest degree to his own happiness? Not at all. True, he has rid the world of a creature who was, perhaps, unworthy to live. But was that the best thing for him to do—the best for his victim?

But, we are told, his honor was at stake—his honor, that nothing but blood could satisfy. He only has the right to interpose a plea of this sort whose own honor is unsullied. It is possible that Brown was a vestal saint in this respect. We do not pretend to know. Even then, we think he would have proved himself a truer man,—truer to himself, to his children, to society,—had he taken this sinful woman, and in the manliness of a noble nature, sought, by wise counsel and gentle admonition, to save her to herself, and to a life of purity.

How much better that this unhappy pair should have gone their separate ways—as they will, doubtless, now do—without the shedding of blood.

## SEEKING FOR LIGHT.

An intelligent and prominent business man called at our office, a few days ago, and stated that he was earnestly seeking for light on the question of spirit return. He had read extensively on the subject, and thought it impossible that so many intelligent people, as Spiritualists were known to be, could be deceived. But he must know for himself. To this end he had visited many mediums, but had received no satisfactory evidence of the truth he sought.

Our friend is not alone in his failure to receive readily positive evidence of the all-important fact of spirit return. Many others have searched long and diligently for the light, and while most of them have been abundantly rewarded at last, some have faltered by the way and given up the search.

It is a fact well known to all intelligent Spiritualists that much depends upon the individual seeking for evidence, whether he receives it or not. Some persons can obtain long and convincing communications written between sealed and bolted slates, without the contact of the hands of the medium, while others, without the precaution of sealed slates, can barely obtain a few unconvincing words, and perhaps nothing at all.

In some persons the spiritual perception, or faculty, is largely developed. In others it is almost entirely wanting. Or, if possessing well-developed spiritual natures, some there are who are surrounded by an impenetrable magnetic atmosphere, or aura, that renders it impossible for the spirits to approach them. Or, it may be, the eagerness of the investigator, and the positive condition of his mind destroys the nice conditions essential to spirit manifestation. These obstacles are frequently met with, especially in the earlier stages of investigation.

To all such we would say, keep trying, and success will surely crown your efforts at last. Read up the literature of Spiritualism. Form circles of harmonious persons and sit regularly one or two evenings a week. Seek for the highest and best in your own lives, and let your aspirations be for the good and true. You will thus develop your own spirits, and thereby come more readily *en rapport* with your spirit friends.

Mediumship is yet but little understood. It is not an exact science; or if it is, it is subject to so many conditions, that definite results, in our present state of knowledge, can be predicated with no degree of certainty. It often occurs that the most astonishing manifestations are obtained when least expected, and when the conditions are apparently least favorable. And again, when no element of success seemed wanting, the seance has been barren of results.

We can not force conditions. We must be patient and hopeful; and especially should we cultivate a spirit of receptivity,—a childlike trust and confidence in our angel visitants. It is a grand and glorious truth, as millions of intelligent men and women have demonstrated to their soul's satisfaction and delight.

—During the last year there has been great alarm created over numerous cases of supposed hydrophobia; but Dr. Shady laughs at it. He declares there have only been three cases of genuine hydrophobia reported in the United States in the last ten years, and that he does not believe there has ever been a true case in the State of New Jersey.

—A Washington Territory subscriber, sending us a year's subscription for a new subscriber, says: "I have read your paper from the first issue, and am very much pleased with it. I have been reading Spiritual literature for the last twenty years, and like the GOLDEN GATE better than any other paper I have had the privilege of reading."

—Surprisingly careless are some of our correspondents. One sends us an envelope, postmarked Los Angeles, containing a postal order for \$1.25, "only this and nothing more." Another sends us an envelope, postmarked San (something), containing a postal card with our own address and a number of postage stamps, and not a word else. Our friends should remember that we are yet subject to earthly conditions. We can not read their thoughts.

## PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY.

It requires no great amount of religious lore—no extensive reading or comprehension of the New Testament, or of church history—to satisfy the most ordinary understanding that the Jesus of Nazareth,—if such a person really existed, as many are disposed to doubt—was quite a different personage from the Christ of either ancient or modern Christianity.

All that we can really know of him is the somewhat meagre account given in the gospels, written, as they were, many years after his death, by men whose knowledge of him was mainly at second-hand, and whose imaginations were distorted by the glamour of a superstitious age. Profane history, so-called, is silent upon the subject, with but one exception,—that of Josephus,—and that is supposed to be a pious interpolation of the church.

Of the facts in his history that commend themselves to our reason, and that tally with our knowledge of the order of nature, are that he was a son of Joseph and Mary, born in very humble circumstances; that his early youth was remarkable for intellectual and spiritual gifts, analogous to those often witnessed in these modern days, where the lips of children, under spiritual inspiration, are made to express the wisdom and lore of the sage; that he was trained in the vocation of his father—that of a carpenter. Then follows a number of years in which little or nothing is heard of him, but during which period he doubtless practiced his trade among the people and in the country towns in the vicinity of his birth.

At the age of thirty the real work of his life began. And here we see so much in the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism—of the practice by others of the wonderful gifts which he possessed, and which he said should "follow them that believe," and "even greater things should they do,"—that we can readily understand that he was a grand medium of spirit power for the uplifting and redemption of humanity—not in the sense of a vicarious atonement for a race lost and condemned to eternal vengeance, for nature and reason teach us, and returning spirits affirm the truth to be that humanity was in no such lost condition,—but just as every noble, out-reaching and sympathetic soul is the savior of his fellows.

We are told that Jesus went about doing good, teaching purity of life and conduct, healing the sick, and ministering to the spiritual needs of those who believed in him—just as thousands of pure and noble men and women have done in all past ages, and are doing to-day. He was poor and lowly; at times having "not where to lay his head." He was scoffed at and reviled by the proud religionists of his day; just as those who follow his example in these modern times, and practice the gifts which he said should be given to his true disciples, are scoffed at by the haughty and bigoted religionists of the present day.

Compare the life and teachings of the gentle Nazarene—the sweet-souled and beautiful Jesus—with the gorgeous, man-made Christ, worshipped in our costly churches, and what a contrast is presented! The class of people among whom he ministered—the "publicans and sinners"—would be strangely out of place in the magnificent palaces we see on every side erected to his worship.

All there is in his life and practices worthy of imitation—all that makes him a model for the world to copy,—is his great, loving sympathy for sinful men—his tender heart of compassion for all in affliction, or bowed down with grief. Herein is the sum of all his teachings to the world: Do good to others. And in just so far as men practice this precept they are his disciples—true Christians.

The real mission of Modern Spiritualism to the world is to teach "peace and good will to man; to cultivate spiritual gifts; to heal the sick; to cast out the devils of ignorance, superstition and intolerance; to welcome in the good angels of our better natures; to lift the soul into a purer atmosphere, a higher spirituality, and to seek ever for the best in our own lives and the lives of our fellow beings.

This is primitive Christianity, and it is the kind of Christianity the world most needs. Let us have more of it.

SECOND.—Dr. Talmage says that divorce "is the first course on the menu of hell." If it is to play any part at all in that state, we should give it a second place, the cause or causes rendering such a step necessary is surely the first. Two persons should take each other for better, and not for worse. If they find it to be the latter, they are creating a hell, both present and future, for themselves, when both might cultivate a little happiness if apart. The obligations and responsibilities of matrimony are too sacred to be lived out otherwise than in harmony and mutual love. If the opposite conditions prevail, the sin of continuing in the marital bonds is doubled with every child that may unfortunately be born in so unhappy conditions. The necessities for divorce are deplorable, and we believe if there were no laws granting them, that the causes now leading thereto would rapidly diminish, and finally become very few. Contracting parties

would then be as careful in selecting a matrimonial partner as they would for any kind of mercantile business. Marriage would thus be regarded more as a civil contract, but, unlike them, indissoluble.

## ONCE MORE.

A Los Angeles correspondent sends us another glowing account of materializing phenomena which he claims to have witnessed recently on several occasions, in the presence of one of the several mediums now tarrying in that city. The letter is written more especially to commend said medium to public notice.

Where there is much divided opinion upon the question of the genuineness of any medium for the materializing phase of the phenomena—as is the case with the medium our correspondent refers to—the admission of evidence, pro or con, not strictly of a test character, is only calculated to stir up strife. In all such cases the GOLDEN GATE intends to maintain a "masterly silence," and permit everybody to think as they please,—at least until we can speak from positive knowledge of our own.

No genuine medium for form manifestations can blame us for this; and surely we are not asking too much of any such, who would care for the endorsement of the GOLDEN GATE, that they satisfy us on this point. And here we will undertake to say, that any materializing medium who will come to our parlors, and in the presence of the writer and his wife, and a few others we may select, all of whom shall be Spiritualists, friendly to the medium, and either believers in materialization or willing to believe—and there submit to such rational test conditions as we will provide—conditions in nowise inimical to the known laws of form materialization,—and then if spirit forms appear we shall not be slow in declaring it to the world.

Materializing mediums, who make their own conditions in their own homes, and insist upon no interference therewith, may naturally expect to be discredited by many. In all such cases we believe it is best for each investigator to judge for himself. Surely, we are willing to leave the question an open one, always holding our minds open for further evidence.

Personally, we require no proof as to the general fact of form materialization. We know it to be true. Hence, it is for no purpose of being convinced upon this point that we invite materializing mediums to demonstrate their gifts to us. It is simply for their own advantage—that we may be able to speak of their mediumship intelligently.

We would not be understood as questioning the integrity of any medium who refuses to comply with our request. That is their privilege. In such cases we are simply an agnostic—we don't know. Until we do know we shall respectfully keep silent.

## PSYCHOMETRIC READINGS.

We have heretofore taken occasion to speak of the remarkable psychometric gifts of Mrs. H. E. Robinson, of 308 Seventeenth street, San Francisco. Recently, we have had repeated opportunities for further investigation in this wonderful phase of spiritual prescience and power, as unfolded in her organism, and find it such a mine of marvelous truth, as could not fail to awaken the earnest consideration of any thoughtful person who might be led to examine it.

In one instance we placed a letter, written some sixty years ago, in her hands, concerning the writer of which, who has long since passed on, she could have had no knowledge. She held the letter in her hand for a few minutes, when she described the person the letter was written to; also the surroundings of the writer, various members of his family, and especially one who had caused him much anxiety of mind, and still continues to do so, giving details which no one but a psychometrist, or some one thoroughly familiar with the facts, could have done.

In another instance we placed two photographs—one of a male the other of a female, and both remarkable characters,—in her hands, the faces, of course, being held downwards. She named the sex of each readily. That of the male was Victor Hugo, and the reading was as follows:

"Masculine, full-chested, deep-breathing man; erect and majestic in bearing; positive, self-reliant, independent spirit, who never bowed his head to man but worshipped God because of his majestic power—the power he recognized in himself; too proud to do a mean action; a man not entirely understood because he could not assimilate with all classes; born to rule, but not by martial force; ought to address vast assemblages of people, his words would carry weight of conviction; an argumentative character, but wants facts, cold facts; genial, tender and affectionate; round, full faced, rather heavy built; perceptive faculties well developed; high forehead, full through the front brain; penetrating voice; has wielded a mighty influence; always ready to fight error and to strike a blow for right as his reason taught; and would strive to make others feel as he felt on great subjects; could laugh deep and hearty; loved family and home."

The lady was not a public character, but well known to us, and entirely opposite that of Victor Hugo in character. She gave a most accurate description of the lady's leading characteristics, especially when she said the whole was summed up in "self-sacrificing, and always solicitous for the happiness of others."

We had a delightful hour with Mrs. Robinson as she traversed the vast realm of soul, and we could but feel that this heaven-given power to read the "soul of things" is devoutly to be wished for.

A man gets rich by meanness and poor because he is generous.—THE RAIL-AL.

He sometimes gets poor by selfish indulgence, by whisky and beer-drinking, and by constitutional shiftlessness.

SELF SACRIFICE.—Some time ago we saw considerable written regarding the organization of a society of wealthy ministers for the purpose of aiding less fortunate clergymen. Its intention was a good one, and it is to be hoped its object is not lost. In the South and West of the Eastern States there are numerous men in the ministry whose purpose is so sincere and whose belief is so honest that they labor year after year for the spiritual welfare of their flocks with little or no remuneration for their services. In Rook county, Kansas, there is a minister who rides forty miles and preaches four sermons every Sunday for a salary of two hundred dollars. Georgia has a Baptist minister who has for a year and a half served a church as punctually as possible, walking twelve miles each Sunday to do so, and, as compensation, received but four dollars. Some illiberal liberal might suggest that they are good for nothing else, who would thus toil for a pittance. But their works prove the spirit that actuates them. The Church has not nearly done its work, and its honest shepherd should be better supported.

LOOSE AND TAUT.—Verily are the churches falling from their trust in Providence into ways of worldliness and frivolity. Various are their devices to attract attendance by outside sheep, doubtless deluding themselves into the belief that the end justifies the means. A church in Westfield, Mass., is giving chromos to induce outsiders to attend its evening service. If this were some backwoods town with a practical pastor like Samuel Jones, it would go as a matter of course; but for a New England town to create such a report looks as though Puritanism had lost something of its spirit. But while the border churches are thus pandering to the secular fancy, the interior large and wealthy societies are striving to draw the reins on sinners without any coaxing, by agitating the Sunday law question and working for their enforcement. The Mayor of Philadelphia has issued a proclamation warning citizens against violating the Sunday law of 1794. This Sunday agitation business leans more to a revival of old than the making of new laws for the Sabbath. But the tide of free humanity can never be turned back in America though it may be tinged with crimson.

THE NEW SOCIETY.—The first meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society was held on Sunday last, immediately after the morning services, at the Temple. Present, F. H. Woods, J. B. Chase, Abijah Baker, W. R. S. Foye, M. B. Dodge, J. M. Mathews, Mrs. H. A. Robinson, and J. J. Owen. A temporary organization was formed by the election of F. H. Woods Chairman and J. J. Owen Secretary. Permanent officers of the Board were then elected as follows: President, F. H. Woods; Vice-President, Mrs. H. A. Robinson; Secretary, J. J. Owen; Business Manager and Treasurer, M. B. Dodge. The Board then adjourned for one week at the same hour and place, for the consideration of a code of by-laws for the society. Over one hundred names have been added to the roll of membership of the new society. It is expected soon—possibly by the first of next month—that the society will be able to throw open the doors of the Temple free to the public. The new society starts out with every prospect of success.

JUST THE SAME.—In the estimation of many persons the world is always getting more wicked, and they sigh for the "good old times," when people were simple and innocent. The *Baptist Weekly* has heard so much of this that it determined to take a look back and see just how matters stood in the newspaper world of forty years ago. Its satisfaction with the present is increased by finding the same complaint of failing respect for the ministry, of the growing worldliness of the Church, and of hostility and indifference to the gospel, etc. In fact, there was the same evidence of the increasing wickedness of the world forty years ago as now. If the same investigation had been carried back two or three hundred years, the world would have been found quite depraved and lost. If we could get as minute and widespread details of the good that is being done every day the world over, along with the bad, we should lay less stress upon the latter and be more thankful and hopeful for the former, and do more to increase its measure.

HELP.—The cow-boys are one of the modern terrors. By reputation they are all that is bold, wicked and murderous; but in real character and nature they are known to possess human virtues and sympathies, which they chiefly manifest toward each other. They never desert a comrade who comes to grief. Lately one of the fraternity completed a term of three years' imprisonment in the Joliet Penitentiary, and on taking his leave was handed a package of one thousand dollars in currency, sent as a gift by one of his colleagues. But for this aid the ex-prisoner might have gone into the same or worse course that first sent him to prison. We believe there are more persons sent to penitentiaries for second and third terms than those who go once and stay out after release. They come out poor in purse, and poorer still in the public estimation, in honor and integrity. Confidence is given slowly, if at all, and often it is so tardy that many a poor, despairing man sinks into crime that he never knew before, and the world says, "I told you so."

—Mr. S. N. Aspinwall, wife and daughter, of Minneapolis, who have been spending the winter in this city have taken their departure for the East. They will visit Boston before they return home. Mr. Aspinwall has taken an active part in Spiritual work during his stay here, lecturing, healing, and writing for the Spiritual press. He is a solid man and thoroughly in earnest. On Sunday the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, in recognition of his services, and of his devotion to the cause of Spiritualism, ordained him a minister of the Spiritual gospel. He takes with him the best wishes of the GOLDEN GATE, and many friends.



CONSIDERATE.—A popular and charming actress is the last person to be reminded of death; but the French are peculiar people at home, and do peculiar things, but are not called eccentric. One of the above class of professionals in Paris was lately presented, by an admirer, with an ebony coffin lined with white satin, and a lot in Pierre la Chaise. After all, this was but kind and thoughtful. The memory of one who was cut down like a flower in the beauty of womanhood and the glory of histrionic triumph, to be taken by strangers and laid in an unknown and unmarked grave, might have prompted the generous action. No life is so uncertain and changeable as that of an actress. On the pinnacle of fame to-day, she may lie at the base to-morrow, supplanted by a new and younger and brighter star. They are generally solitary creatures as to home and relatives, or at least it is often their fate to outlive these, and when they die they are not infrequently put away as strangers, and with less care.

Concerning disembodied spirits we have Scripture authority for saying that they can do nothing. The Bible says: "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help. His breath goes forth, he returneth to his earth: in that very day his thoughts perish." Ps. xlii. 5, 6. Disembodied spirits, then, can have no part to act in human affairs.—THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

What of the appearance of Samuel to Saul in the presence of the woman of Endor? And also of the appearance of Moses and Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration? And what, too, of the thousands of spirits that are returning to mortals in these latter days?

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

—The present number of the GOLDEN GATE is exceptionally rich in choice original matter. We can heartily commend it to the perusal of all progressive readers.

—Mrs. E. L. Watson was never in better inspiration than she was on Sunday morning last. She was grandly eloquent, and held the almost breathless attention of her audience. Her answers to questions, on that occasion, will appear in next week's issue of the GOLDEN GATE.

—Mrs. E. C. Wms.-Patterson, the inspirational writer and speaker, of this city, will lecture in Grand Army Hall, San Jose, on Sunday, March 7th, at 7:30 p. m. Subject: "Lights and Shades of the Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism." We trust our San Jose friends will give her a goodly attendance.

—The *Overland Monthly* for March is a splendid number. It contains some most interesting papers on the Chinese question, by able writers; also the usual choice array of fact, fancy and fiction. The number is particularly Californian in its contents, as it should be. We have the writers upon this Coast, and an inexhaustible supply of topics. Hence, we delight in seeing the *Overland* a home product in all things.

If one had to choose between oranges and cabbages as a single article of food, there would be no hesitation in taking the cabbage, and the latter is of little market value beside the former. Every paper in the land has teemed with reports of the frozen orange crop of Florida that was caught in the cold wave, but two or three lines express all the regret felt over the sixteen thousand cabbages that were also frozen as hard as ice in Georgia. They are so big and homely!

—Sir Joseph Hooker has resigned the directorship of the Kew Botanical Gardens, near London, which position he has most worthily held since the death of his distinguished father in 1865. This resignation has caused much regret, not only in Europe, but our country as well, where this faithful worker for a beautiful and valuable science is widely known, loved and honored. He no doubt gives place to a competent successor, whose name does not yet appear.

San Francisco, though young, is noted for its many artificial attractions, to which is soon to be added another of a character that will instruct as well as please. This is the aquarium that is to be built in the San Francisco bay by Mr. Sutro, and will be one hundred and twenty feet in diameter, and contain every kind of sea anemone, mosses, shell fish, and every marine curiosity that can be obtained, and the structure accommodate. Such and kindred works are those that live, after the man is gone, to things of this world.

—Ten thousand dollars is never an insignificant sum, and sometimes it is princely. We imagine it would be highly acceptable and useful to any new order or society just winning its way to prosperity. A clergyman of Nashville, Tenn., "offers to give ten thousand dollars to any believers in the faith cure who will cure by faith a disease which a respectable practitioner pronounces incurable." This is a fair, sober and tempting offer, and will, without doubt, be taken up by some zealous persons—provided his name and address is obtained.

—The Mexican government, though behind us in its laws and many civil institutions, is yet ahead in point of public schools, of which it supports ten thousand, equal, it is said, to many of our colleges in their abundant facilities. Public schools are called the bulwarks of freedom by general sentiment; but there are individuals who look upon them as a tax imposed upon the State by the poor for the benefit of their children. If this be true, it is the only instance wherein poverty won a victory over wealth and power, and deserves to be maintained.

—The German government is very considerate of public feeling and sentiment in the matter of getting up its postal cards. The latest improvement reads as follows: "Only a few lines to-day." Then the space left for the message is followed by the printed formula: "God be thanked, I am in good health, and hope to hear you are also. The weather is —; write soon, and give my love to all. In haste," America is not yet grown so demonstrative, and perhaps never will, but it might make its postal a little larger if nothing more.

## Spiritualism in Atlanta, Georgia.

Your correspondent being somewhat disappointed with spiritual matters in the South by finding our beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism partially dormant, has nothing particular to write concerning our belief. I will pass making any remarks about any southern city except this place. While there are handfuls of Spiritualists in most every place, and many zealous workers, too, they generally lack qualified leaders.

But to Atlanta, which has always held together its little crowds, its circles of true friends. Much credit is due to the few who try hard to hold fast to the nucleus around which they have formed. Mr. G. W. Kates, who has at all times labored hard and long for Spiritualism, is at present chairman of the meetings now being held. Mr. G. H. Brooks, a fine inspirational speaker, who also has the psychometric power, has been here a few weeks. A local paper, *Light for Thinkers*, says: "G. H. Brooks lectured in Atlanta, last Sunday, on 'Death.' The lecture was replete with food for thought. The contrast between teachings of Spiritualism and tradition, on this subject, were ably made. Such lectures are of the greatest importance—for the people should be led out of fear for nature's edicts and placed into proper attitudes with life. To listen to such a lecture is to be the recipient of truths calculated to develop the hearer and make his comprehension of self broader and grander. Bro. Brooks is winning friends here by his practical discourses, and is doing excellent work for the cause of Spiritualism. We heartily applaud his earnestness and ability. As a speaker and medium, we commend him to our friends."

It was our pleasure to listen to his discourse, February 21st, on "Where are your dead and what are they doing?" About two hundred people eagerly listened to his able handling of the subject. At the close he gave psychometric readings, which were acknowledged to be correct. Mr. Brooks' home is in Madison, Wisconsin, but he is traveling south this Winter for his health, accompanied by his accomplished wife. He can be engaged by societies for a course of lectures by addressing him at his home, No. 124 Charter street, Madison, Wisconsin.

Louisville (Ky.) re-union, anniversary celebration by the Southern Association of Spiritualists, will occur at Louisville, Ky., March 28th to April 4th. The location of this re-union, and the time it occurs, should and doubtless will attract Spiritualists from every section. There is always much interest taken in these gatherings and most probably a large number will be in attendance. In Atlanta there are quite a number of private mediums of no mean ability, though publicly, mediumship is hard to find. I think "right here," as the southerners say, would be an excellent place for a good physical medium—one who could give nailing tests, inevitable evidence of immortality.

During my short stay in Atlanta, I have made many friends whom I shall always remember, and though not being deeply in love with the climate or soil of the sunny south, I must confess the people make up in hospitality what the country lacks; and I must say, though a stranger from afar, the kindness of the friends whom I have had the pleasure and honor to meet, make me feel at home, even in Georgia.

I shall leave for Washington, D. C., on Wednesday next, and while there hope to be able to write something that will be of interest to my many friends on the dear old Pacific coast. MRS. MAY MOZART.

## Psychological Experiments.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Having been a student and close observer of psychology and the occult phenomena, for a period of thirty-two years, I thought that a recital of two cases of psychological experiments, would be of interest to the readers of the GOLDEN GATE. In the cases referred to, I conducted the experiments according to the principles of cerebral psychology, as discovered and given forth to the world by that most profound of all discoverers in Anthropological science, Prof. Joseph Rodes Buchanan, M. D. While stopping with a family who had been born and reared on the Sandwich Islands, I saw a native Hawaiian girl of sixteen summers, who had been brought from the Islands by the lady of the house, who was a missionary's daughter of culture and refinement. The girl is possessed of a mild and sunny disposition—and she being a good subject for psychic experiment, I proceeded to put her into the magnetic or impressible condition. She readily yielded to the psychic influence, and I then stimulated the somnolent and clairvoyant faculties of the brain, and she became almost immediately lucid. While in that state, she visited her native Isles, and described personal occurrences which were subsequently verified by letter. Afterward at each successive seance a few passes or waves of the hand, were all that were required to put her into the superior condition, and, while in that state I could direct her clairvoyant vision to any person or place, and she would describe such persons or places accurately, and she soon became so that she could see and describe spirits that were around me while in her normal

condition with her eyes wide open. The last time that I put the girl into the magnetic state, and just before leaving the place daughter of the lady of the house, who had been absent, came home and for the first time in her life saw a magnetic seance, and as she witnessed my experiments on the Hawaiian girl, she requested me to put her into the magnetic sleep, and while my former subject was still under control, I had her (the daughter) take a seat in front of me,—she is a beautiful girl of about thirteen years of age, and she almost instantly came into magnetic rapport, and rapidly yielded to psychic influence. I then placed my fingers by a slight touch and withdrawal on the clairvoyant faculty, and her interior vision became almost instantaneously illuminated. The girl last mentioned, was the easiest subject to put into the psychological condition of any person that I ever saw—in fact the whole family were naturally clairvoyants and mediums, having been born as they were, in the tropical isles of the sea, which are so favorable to the development of the interior condition. The native Sandwich Islanders are said to be very impressible and subject to medial influences.

DR. O. F. SHAW.

SANTA CRUZ, Feb. 28, 1886.

## Mrs. F. A. Logan at Unity Church.

(Santa Cruz Sentinel, Feb. 27th.)

At Unity church, Sunday evening, psychometry, psychology and various phases of mediumship were discoursed by Mrs. Logan and others in such a manner as to elicit thought from their listening auditors.

One incident was a little girl, ten years old, who passed into the trance condition while seated by Mrs. Logan in presence of her skeptical father and orthodox mother. It was pathetically related and brought tears to many eyes. The mother had bewailed the loss of a son twenty-two years of age, who had not been converted; was not baptized and did not belong to the church. Her ministers had from Sabbath to Sabbath consigned all such to irremediable woe, or in other words, to a lake of fire and brimstone, but his little sister, while in the trance, saw her brother in a beautiful place, and exclaimed, "O, mamma, I see brother Bob. He don't cough now. His cheeks are rosy and O, he's so happy. He's coming to bring you a bouquet, and to tell you how happy he is; and O, mamma, I saw little children so pretty, with harps and flowers, in such a beautiful place; and Mrs. Wilson, too; and she wants her dear little baby to come and live with her." (A neighbor who had died and left an infant to the mercy of strangers.) The beautiful visions of this little girl, artless and innocent, gave the broken-hearted mother more consolation than she had ever received from any other source, and the skeptical father could but shed tears of rejoicing that his son was in the beautiful Summer Land to which all are hastening.

## Pearls from Ingersoll.

The moment you drive the devil out of theology there is nothing left worth speaking about. The moment you drop the devil the whole "scheme of salvation" has lost all its interest for mankind. You must keep the devil, because with no devil no priest is necessary.

We do not say that we have discovered all—that our doctrine is all in all of truth. We know no end to the development of man. We can not unravel the infinite complications of matter and force. The history of one monad is as unknown as the universe; one drop of water is as wonderful as all the seas; one leaf as all the forests; one grain of sand as all the stars.

Whoever has quit growing, he is orthodox, whether in art, politics, religion, philosophy—no matter what. Whoever thinks he has found it all out, he is orthodox. Orthodoxy is that which rots, and heresy is that which grows forever. Orthodoxy is the night of the past, full of the darkness of superstition, and heresy is the eternal coming day, the light of which strikes the grand, pure heads of the intellectual pioneers of the world.

I take a handful of dirt in my hands, and into that dust I put seeds, and arrows from the eternal quiver [Homer!] of the sun smite it, and the seeds grow and bud and blossom and fill the air with perfume in my sight? Do you understand how this dust and these seeds and that light and this moisture produced that bud and that flower and that perfume? Do you understand that any better than you do the production of thought? Do you understand that more than you do the thoughts of love that you see in the eyes of the one you adore? Can you explain it? Can you tell what matter is? You have not the slightest conception.

Here is a shoe-shop. One man in the shop is always busily at work during the day—always industrious. In the evening he goes courting a good, nice girl. There are five other men in the shop who don't do any such thing. They spend half of their working hours in loafing and their evenings in dissipation. The first young man by and by cuts out from these others and gets a boot and shoe store of his own. Then he marries this girl. Soon he is able to take his wife out to ride on an evening. The five laborers, his former companions, who see him indulging in this little luxury, retire to a neighboring saloon and pass a resolution that there is an external struggle between labor and capital.

## Was it Spirit Power?

(Under the heading, "A Runaway Horse Stopped by Spirit Power," Dr. L. B. Kellogg, of Ann Arbor, sends to "The Social Debt" the following.)

Some years ago when my brother, D. B. Kellogg, was being developed as test medium and clairvoyant physician, and lived in the country six miles south of Ann Arbor, he had numerous visitors. Upon a certain evening a couple of gentlemen, Mr. R., a hardware merchant of Ann Arbor, and Mr. B., a druggist of Saline, two miles west of my brother's residence, called upon him for a sitting. They came with horse and cutter, as it was Winter and good sleighing, hitched the horse in front of the house, went in and requested a clairvoyant interview with the doctor. He complied with their wishes and was soon under control. He had been in this condition an hour or so when a noise was heard outside, and one of the gentlemen, looking out, discovered that their horse, a spirited animal, had broken its fastenings and was going at full speed down the road. The gentlemen put on their overcoats and were about to follow, when the doctor, being still under control, said to them: "Don't get excited, all will be well and you will not have to walk far. Your horse will stop about half way to the school house, which is lit up, and when he sees the lights he will stop." The school house was about a half mile distant, on the way home, and was well lighted up, a meeting being held there upon that evening. The gentlemen started out with about the same amount of faith in the doctor's power to stop the horse that Simon of old had when he refused to believe until he had put his finger into the wounds, but, nevertheless, they had not gone far when they saw the horse standing in the road, soon overtook him, found everything intact, while the horse was pawing and champing the bit and looking intently at the lights in the school house. There was no visible hindrance to his going on his way, but there was a power that held him and no doubt mystified him as well as the gentlemen, who got into the cutter and pursued their way homeward, and who have since been firm believers and co-workers in both clairvoyance and Spiritualism, and often relate this strange incident as one of the many that have since come under their observation.

The late Rev. Dr. Chapin, referring once to a time-stained newspaper, called it, "a pennant fluttering at the masthead of a submerged generation."

## PASSED ON.

Passed to the reality of spirit life, January 3, 1886, Christopher McGinnis, aged seventy years. He and sister M. were converted from the Catholic church by the sudden development of sister M. as a medium, over thirty years ago. The spirits, through her, with the aid of brother M., did good service to their cause in this city in those early days, and many there are to-day who date their awakening to these truths by evidence given through her mediumship. She always had the sustaining aid of her husband. He lived a respected citizen and consistent Spiritualist to the end of the mortal.

MRS. P. W. STEPHENS.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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## PASS THEM ALONG.

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

## FORM OF BEQUEST.

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

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

## PSYCHOLOGY AND MIND CURE.

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

## SPIRITUALISM.

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

## TO FRIENDS OF THE GOLDEN GATE

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

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

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

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

As no more stock will be sold than will be necessary for the needs of the business—which will not be likely to exceed, in any event, over fifty per cent of the nominal capital—and as the paper will be conducted on the most economical principles, there will be no probability of, or necessity for, future 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 inspirational lecturer, Mrs. E. L. Watson, Sunday, March 7th. Questions answered at 11 o'clock a. m. Lecture in the evening at 7:45. Subject: "The Gospel of Good; or the Bright Side of Things." The Children's Progressive Lyceum at 12:30 p. m. A cordial invitation to attend is extended to all.

SPIRITUALISM.—"Light and Truth."—At Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Every Sunday evening there will be a conference and fact meeting, closing with a test seance by mediums of a variety of phases. Sunday evening, March 7th, opening discourse by J. J. Owen. Subject: "What is Religion?" Closed with tests by Mrs. Whitney.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.—The "Progressive Spiritualists" meet in Washington Hall, No. 35 Eddy street, every Sunday afternoon at 1 o'clock p. m. All subjects relating to human welfare and spiritual unfoldment treated in open conference. All are invited. Dr. T. B. Taylor, of the Glen Haven Sanitarium, will lecture, Sunday, March 7th. Subject: "Is this a Free Country or a Despotism?"

N. B.—The Free Spiritual Library in charge of this Society is open to all persons on Sundays from 4 to 6 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., (Sunday excepted), at No. 418 Twelfth Street, Oakland, Cal. Conference meetings Sunday evening; Developing Circles, Tuesday evenings. Public are invited. \* nort

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.

SPIRITUAL SERVICES.—Mrs. M. J. Hendee, the eloquent inspirational speaker, will lecture in Grand Army Hall, 719 Thirteenth street, corner Broadway, Sunday evening, March 7th, at 7:30. Subject, by request, "How do we Build?" Admission, ten cents.



## Mind and Matter.

(From a letter to the S. F. "Chronicle," in which he explains the teachings of the Boston Metaphysicians. He says:—)

In a Boston course of metaphysics, which I am now undergoing, the chief metaphysician asks of his class questions like these: "Why, when two stores are opened on the same street, and near each other, and both alike as to quality of goods kept, does one succeed and the other fail? Why will one be crowded with customers and the other be bare of them?" Thus he answers: "Because one storekeeper has an inviting mind, and the other hasn't. Because, separate and apart from business, one storekeeper really likes to see people and be agreeable to them for the sake of making them feel pleasant, and the other doesn't. Because customers feel the thought of the inviting mind agreeably, and that of the uninviting mind disagreeably. Because, according to the present school of Boston metaphysics, thoughts are things, like many other things that can't be seen or touched, but nevertheless they are very fine, impalpable, intangible, airy, subtle things, and all of us have within us an almost unknown and certainly unnamed sense that feels these things as they come from the people about us, and this feeling will be agreeable or disagreeable according to the nature of the thought felt. The storekeeper who feels mean inside, who doesn't care a straw whether you are suited or not, or who only cares to suit you for the sake of the custom he may get of you, won't make you feel, and can't make you feel, as pleasant as the one who, with all his desire to draw custom, has a genuine wish that the ham, butter and eggs you buy of him will do you good, and rather than they should not, would at heart prefer you should buy them elsewhere, though he lose your custom."

Our metaphysician asserts that genuine good will and kindly feeling is nothing more nor less than an agreeable, impalpable substance always being sent out from the person who possesses it, and that it makes all who come within his range feel better. If this theory be true, it is getting metaphysics down on something like solid ground. Hitherto, metaphysics has been based on foundations built of air. That is to say, no metaphysician has dared to assume that thought was as much substance as is a tree, only infinitely finer. But our metaphysician goes further, much further. Indeed, I dare scarcely tell how far he does go. He says that clergymen are popular and draw for the same reason that the storekeeper does. That is, if the minister be really glad to see his flock, be they few or many, he sends out to them, from his pulpit, agreeable thought. If he be a perfunctory, mechanical sort of preacher, who has in reality no interest in his calling, and is only in it because, being an "apt scholar" and able to load his memory heavily with so-called facts and figures, his pa concluded he should go into one of the "learned professions," or thought that for the honor and renown of the family one of the boys should shine (or try to) in the pulpit, and therefore put him through a perfunctory course of divinity, when the boy would rather have been a blacksmith, or a blackleg, or something of the sort, why, then, as the metaphysical or rather natural result, he can only when in the pulpit send out a blacksmith, or blackleg, or otherwise order of thought, no matter how much he may try to cover it up with good words and sentiments. He says also that our thoughts can reach people a long way off, and so may theirs reach us and make us feel pleasant or unpleasant, as they are good or otherwise, and is any amount of this sort of unconscious telegraphing is constantly going on about us.

Say that a person is jealous or envious or otherwise down on you, and doesn't want you to succeed in any enterprise, then you will feel that thought; it will depress you, you won't know why or wherefore. It's just the same as though one of those diabolical so-called friends ever stood in front of you while engaged in some undertaking, saying: "You'll fail. It's all nonsense you're trying to do that. You ain't got it in you!" And the possible misfortune is that the thought of friend or enemy may at last discourage you and blind you as to your real ability. Because a current of thought that you live much amongst, or even a current that is directed on you, may make you see and judge things exactly as the person sending it sees and judges them. Say you live or associate among people who are hostile or prejudiced against some particular friend of your own who is absent—one whom you know to be square and honest. Do your best you may find your view of that friend more or less colored by their prejudice, and his or her possible little failings or peculiarities so magnified and exaggerated that you will find yourself at last seeing him or her in the same light and with the same prejudice, though in the depths of your soul you feel or fear you may be wrong. You meet that friend after a long absence, feel his thought, and though you may never acknowledge it to him or her, you are ashamed inside at the injustice you have been doing the person in your thought, and lucky are you to have only done it in your thought and not in words, because it's so hard to keep the tongue from saying in some way what our present view or prejudice may be of another. We may condemn them apologetically, and even

find fault with ourselves for so condemning. Nevertheless when the world is so spoken, out pops the prejudice we've only borrowed for the time from somebody else—the prejudice that we've been infected with for the time being, and the chances are that our thought so unfavorably colored may reach the friend in question and cause him or her a secret feeling of uneasiness concerning us.

So says our metaphysician. He says also that thousands of people give way before the constant pressure and fretting of envious, jealous or otherwise ugly thoughts directed on them by another or others and get so discouraged by it as to be at last able to make no further efficient effort in what they want to accomplish, but that there's no need of their being so flattened out by it, for the reason that if they did but even suspect the cause and resist it and set their minds against it, this resistance would turn the evil thought current aside. He says also that all ugly thought poisons the blood of the person who thinks it and is the real cause of disease, and that the cleaner a person's thoughts the purer will be their blood, and that there is for human beings a condition attainable in which no disease could affect them. He asks us if we ever saw a sour or crabbed nature, or a gloomy or despondent one, tacked on to a healthy body? He calls all kinds of thought that gives pain evil or impure thought, even to grief—for grieving at any loss, either of friend or property, will injure the body just as quickly as the thought of revenge or jealousy. Those people who are continually fretting and worrying are, he says, really fretting themselves to death, and in themselves manufacturing blood poison, just as much as are the jealous and envious. Ugly thought hurts at both ends of the line—both he who sends it and he or she who gets it. But it's certain to hurt the sender.

There is a way out for the other fellow. Good-natured people sending out good-natured thought help themselves and everybody else. Many an old-school physician, he says, does the patient more good by his cheery, good-humored, hopeful thought than he does by his medicines. Our preceptor does not make a wholesale onslaught on any of the schools of medicine. But he does go after doctors who care at heart little for their patients. He puts them on the list with the uninviting storekeeper. He says they carry into the sick-room a kind of thought that kills the patient, or at least makes him worse. Because there is no real sympathy in it. That is the reason why one doctor will kill and another cure, though both may give the same treatment. Sympathy is the best of healing salve, and sympathy, backed by lots of will, will do far more than pills and powders. "As a man thinketh, so is he," is the sum total of our metaphysician's pill, and he gives this a strictly literal, practical application. He asserts that the quality and strength of a man's muscle, the solidity of his bones, the clearness of his complexion, the strength of his digestion and the firmness of his nerves are built up more out of his thought than anything else. If a man or woman will be always thinking weakness or of weak things, they will themselves be weak. If they are always dwelling amid bones and skulls and ghastly sights and sounds, or in the belief that everything and everybody about them are totally evil and depraved, they will look it and feel it, because their minds are magnets attracting elements of like in character to what they are thinking of, and building such unseen elements into their bodies.

This, to me, now accounts for the rigid, raw-boned, sour and severe look of the majority of the deacons of our church in the days of my youth. They had built themselves up physically out of the diabolical view of things they had unfortunately been all their lives taught to think both of themselves and others. That is, their thoughts being things and substance of this gloomy, ghastly character, built an outside in appearance conformable to such character, just as by galvanic action the metal in unseen form takes visible shape on the mold or model which attracts it. If the model be ugly, the shape will be ugly. The kind of thought you send out to a person, far or near, that kind of thought you generally get back in return. It is blow for blow, a contest of mental pugilism, and, no matter who wins, both will get pounded and hurt. If you can get yourself in a frame of mind so as to think kindly of the meanest man you know, so much the better for him and you. You conquer him eventually with this unseen slave; more, you bring out of him the goodness that's in him by wishing he might have it. Of course our teacher doesn't say we must do this. He doesn't expect so much from us at first. It's easy enough to say we love our enemies, but we know that in nineteen cases out of twenty we don't, and to try to love them, that's forcing things and crowding poor human nature. The spirit may be willing, but the flesh crawls and squirms the more we try. There's only one way, says our preceptor, and that comes of the steady desire to be able to see the better side of the vile worm of the dust, whom we hate, and thus steady desire will, in time, bring the ability to see the better side, and, so seeing it, we shall commence to like it, and the more we like it the more power has our thought to bring out the better side of the worm, so that at last it will grow and eclipse the worst.

There is a beautiful consistency in the man's theory, and I think many of you will see it when you put your minds on it. Now there's the people who are always

nursing their complaints instead of themselves. They never get well. Really they think more of the complaint than they do of their health—more of their weakness than they do of strength. Say to them, "Come, now, think of being well and strong," and they're riled immediately. They'd rather talk of how many gripes they've had during the last twenty-four hours, and where it most twisted them, and how many different remedies they've tried, or how many doctors they've had or expect to have. Well, what does this lead to? "As a woman thinketh, so is she." What is she perpetually thinking of? Swellings, pains and aches. What thereby does he or she get? More and more of them. You may say, "Oh, yes, it's all very well so to talk when you're well; have a pain or ache yourself and see how you feel." True, I know that, and you all know how it is yourselves. I know this also, that the more one gives way to pain, the more pain they have; the more they set their thought on strength the more strength will come to them; that the very thought and sound of health and vigor has an invigorating effect and influence, and that whether it regard health or business, the more despite all untoward circumstances we set our mental magnets to the bright side, the more do they draw the bright side toward us. So far I am a convert to this system of metaphysics.

## Optimistic Observation.

(The following, signed "Optimist," which we clip from a Gilroy Journal, shows the liberalizing tendency of that class of papers, which, until lately, were disposed to ignore all occult subjects.)

An estimable and intelligent lady who edits a column in a local newspaper, speaking of the influence that women have to correct the evils of intemperance, and deprecating her lack of power to make them realize it, says, "I wish some strong, bright angel stood before you." \* \* \*

This sounds well and comports with our religious philosophy, that

"Only a film of breath

Divides the life of life from the life of death;"

that spirits from the "mysterious realm," radiant with love and wisdom, may, under proper conditions, stand before us and not only tell of the evils which surround us, but of the beauty and grandeur that await those whose lives entitle them to a crown of honor. But would the writer above quoted believe in a "strong, bright angel," if it stood before her? Or would she pronounce it an impostor or the devil? We ask the question because there are hundreds and thousands of intelligent and conscientious people, so bound by the shackles of creeds and imprisoned in the dungeon of orthodoxy that they enjoy no religious liberty, and perceive not the sun of progressive spirituality. There are hundreds and thousands who worship the lowly Nazarene, and yet would be the first to deny Him were He to appear upon the earth. They believe the miraculous happenings of two thousand years ago, that have been translated, revised and interpolated, but anything to-day that partakes of the marvelous is considered unworthy of belief or investigation. Whoever has the temerity to avow his belief in Spiritual philosophy is a dupe or a fraud, or, as the illustrious Pixley puts it, "a knave or a fool." I believe in the good and diffusive influence of Christianity; but creeds, bigotry and vanity have kept the church back, and she lags away behind science in the march of Progress. And must we say that she has tried to pull science back to keep her company? But the world is growing familiar with the laws which govern us, even if Galileo was forced to recant and Harvey regarded as chimerical. Mounted upon a ray of light, traveling 192,000 miles per second, the astronomer travels for ages, through the boundless realms of space, past suns with their systems, comets whizzing in their eccentric orbits, and notes the size and distance and peculiarities of them all. The geologist digs down in the earth, and reads its history. The physiologist has counted the bones and muscles in man, and discovered the functions of the vital organs. The process of digestion from the inception of food into the stomach until it becomes tissue, has been traced. The relation of the animal to the vegetable world, one breathing the exhalations of the other, has been discovered. Electricity is used for the almost instantaneous transmission of thought. The telephone enables us to talk to people hundreds of miles away, and the phonograph will "bottle up" a speech for centuries. And still the motto is "Onward." The banner of progress waves in the van of science. The way leads through realms unknown and mysterious, and the achievements of the past foreshadow the possibilities of the future. Discoveries have been made inimical to orthodoxy. There was a time it would have cost a man his life to have proclaimed what astronomers and geologists now teach. But "truth crushed to earth will rise again," and now the scientific principles which orthodoxy knocked down in their infancy, have grown to vigorous maturity, and the church not only denies the assault, but claims them as allies. And so it will be in the future. But I have wandered slightly from my text and am trespassing on your generosity. Allow me to close by hoping that the progressive and intelligent women of Gilroy, who dare to advocate the rights of their sex, are courageous enough not to be frightened, and honest enough not to accuse it of being a devil or a fraud, should an angel or a spirit appear before them.

## Cure for Atheism.

("H. K." in Spiritual Offering.)

The New York Sun says, in a recent editorial: "Many of the professors in our colleges are atheists, or, as it is now fashionable to say, agnostics; and it exemplifies the statement by referring to Professor Summer, of Yale College, who, it asserts, is teaching, 'with cruel emphasis, that the scientific doctrine of the 'survival of the fittest' should be applied to human society with all its logical consequences."

This it justly denominates an "utterly irreligious theory." "It is not," the writer says, "love and good will to men, brotherhood, the exaltation of the weak, and the community of feeling and of interest inculcated in the gospel of Christianity; but it is the glorification of strength—every one for himself, and the devil take the hindmost."

The prevalence of the sentiments and principles which receive this sharp, and we think, just animadversion, is due to two causes: first, and mainly, to the irrational and erroneous dogmas upheld by the public exponents of institutional Christianity, in opposition to the simple and rational teachings of its Founder; and, second, to the undue prominence of intellectualism in the prevailing thought and systems of education of the present time. "Ministers of the gospel" cling with unreasoning, superstitious tenacity to theological views, interpretations of "holy scripture," and promulgated doctrines that could have been promulgated and accepted only at a period of human history when mankind were afraid to investigate and think for themselves, being content to believe any statement or teaching, however monstrous, that was imposed upon them by arrogant, tyrannical, and ignorant priests, who lived and fattened on the blindness of their deluded, servile devotees.

This state of things, to an unfortunate extent, still exists, though it is fast passing away; and although Popish priests and Protestant clergymen are very loath to acknowledge the fact, an era of spiritual illumination and freedom has arrived, before the radiance of which the darkness of superstition must inevitably flee away. The clergyman who recently, in a letter to the St. Louis Globe Democrat, remarked—"There is no Christian denomination to-day a part of whose membership is not tinged with Spiritualism,"—without doubt, stated only the fact. Indeed, the indirect influence of this spiritual light has, probably, been greater than the direct, especially in view of the atheism, agnosticism, and irreligious radicalism, prevailing to so great an extent among the devotees of phenomenal Spiritualism, and the mere intellectualists and rationalists who, accepting the sensuous demonstrations of spirit manifestation as a part of their scientific, intellectual systems, are deaf to the teachings of the inner spirit.

Spiritual intuition has been too long, and too much ignored. The discursive, demonstrative faculties and processes of the human mind, based upon sensuous perception and mere ratiocination, have been cultivated at the expense of those higher processes of the discovery of truth which depend upon the deeper, subtler perceptions of the immortal soul. Milton saw this distinction, as is evinced in the lines—

"Whence the soul,  
Reason receives; and reason is her being,  
Discursive or intuitive."

Richard Hooker referred to this faculty when he said:

"Faith, beginning here with a weak apprehension of things not seen, endeth with the intuitive vision of God [and spirits] in the world to come."

Lord Bacon, whose fame depends so largely on his explanation of the proper methods of acquiring demonstrative truth, was by no means unaware of that other kind of truth which is dependent for its apprehension upon the spiritual nature of man and its application with other spiritual beings. Thus he says (in "Advancement of Learning"):

"All knowledge admits of two kinds of information: the one inspired by divine revelation, the other arising from the senses."

A large or exclusive development of spiritual intuition, unrestrained by the logical faculty, leads to mysticism, which is the opposite extreme of intellectualism. What is needed is the due development and use of both faculties—the "discursive and intuitive," by means of which the mind of man may be able to grasp both kinds of knowledge—that which concerns external nature and that which pertains to the spiritual universe. The atheist and the agnostics are, as regards spiritual truths and existence, in a condition analogous to that of color blindness; and they can not believe that other persons can conceive what to them is invisible. As we make the cultivation of the spiritual nature more general, this mental condition will become more rare, and the monstrous systems of philosophy which now attract so much attention and excite so much admiration from those who are merely intellectualists will give way before others based on comprehension of both sides of man's nature and of the universe. Then no partial truth, such as "evolution" or the "survival of the fittest," will be so applied as to extinguish the higher spiritual truths of the universal gospel of "love and good will to men," human brotherhood and divine fatherhood, for these belong to that higher soul condition that characterizes the eternal world.

## F. W. Evans on Spiritualism.

When the little harmless raps came, at Rochester, they were, at first purely physical—no meaning. They amused children and perplexed men and women. When manna first fell to Israel, the people asked, "What is it?" Of the raps, people said "Whence come they and what do they mean?" Soon intelligence was shown, a question was answered, affirmatively or negatively, one, two or three raps. Next came the alphabet, slow, tedious, but by it intelligent communication was established. But with whom? Some said, with evil spirits, and proved it. Others said it is the waterfall or the knee joints, and proved it. Next came trance speaking, exhibiting knowledge, mundane and super mundane, entirely beyond the capacity of the medium or of the audience.

And lastly comes the formation of visible temporary physical bodies, representing deceased friends and persons—materializing and dematerializing in plain sight, confounding the Thomases and to the entire satisfaction and great joy of understanding believers.

If, then, profane and sacred history testify, and it is confirmed by modern human experience, that the visible can be controlled and manipulated by the invisible—that men may be cast into a fiery furnace and not even be singed, can thrust hands into fire and not be burned, be thrown into a den of hungry lions without injury, can divide and hold in check the waters of a mighty flowing river, divide the Red sea, wanting money to pay tribute, can take it from a fish's mouth, cure all kinds of diseases by simply laying on of hands, and recall the departed soul into the dead body again, does it not give some color to the wild expression of Jesus, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, believing, ye shall receive," be it to kill a fig tree, or move a mountain. Jesus and his disciples knew the history of Mt. Zion as a trembling mountain.

When materialized forms speak in audible voices, uttering words of knowledge, as did Moses, Elias and Jesus, then vanished into thin air, are we not justified in concluding that God is preparing to meet man face to face, and that the secrets of all hearts will be revealed. If man's sins be set in order before him, as the primary cause of untimely frosts and other abnormal disorders in the natural elements, injurious to human beings, just as science is unfolding the relation of cause and effect between men's physical sins and the plague, the cholera or fevers as really as of all wars and fightings, do we not see a way out? Elias, a man of like passions with ourselves, prayed it might not rain, and it rained not for the space of six months. Then he prayed for rain and it came in abundance.

When a man, individually and collectively becomes good, no evil, spiritual or physical, can ever befall him, for the elements of which he is composed, and in and by which he exists, will all work together to perfect his happiness.

PROUD OF HIS SISTER.—The Chicago Tribune relates the case of a young man who was regarded as a phenomenon because he took his sister to all the best entertainments, and actually devoted himself to her during the lecture and opera season. Being praised for his unusual attention to his sister, the young man promptly and proudly replied, "No, there's nothing wonderful or extraordinary about it. She is the only woman I know in whom I have the most thorough confidence. She is always the same, always pleasant and affectionate, and, to tell you the candid truth, I am afraid she'll go and marry some of those imitation men around here, and be unhappy all her life. She has nobody else to look to, and I'll take care she does not have to look to anybody else. I suppose some day a genuine man will come along. If he's a genuine man I won't object. Until he does come, she's good enough for me, and if I ever find as good a girl, I'll marry her." The example is most commendable. A young man would do well to seek his sister's society until he finds another lady as good as his sister.

Again the GOLDEN GATE comes freighted with a valuable cargo. We are glad to see that W. Emmette Coleman occupies a position with regard to Spiritual phenomena nearly identical with our own. There are phenomena "due (1) to the action of peculiar powers and forces resident in the human organism indicative of its possession of a supra-material nature, of faculties transcending those of the ordinary physical man; and (2) those due to the direct action of unfleshed intelligence." The GOLDEN GATE calls attention to the fact that every advanced and advancing phase of the marvellous phenomena of Modern Spiritualism has been in fulfillment of the predictions of spirit intelligences communicating through mediums. Early in the history of the manifestation we were promised the materialization of forms, the independent voice, direct writing, and other phases, all of which has been fulfilled.—London Light, Feb. 13th.

The greatest publishing concern in the world is the United States Government. The number of volumes issued annually amounts to about 2,500,000, of which 600,000 are bound.



## A Wonderful Sight.

(From the Beaver Falls (Pa.) Tribune.)

At the Hartman steel works in this place is a large tube extending perpendicularly above the surface of the ground to the height of thirty feet, from which the natural gas is allowed to escape at night, when the works are not in operation. The gas is burned as it issues from the tube, and forms a blaze which illuminates all of this place, and, in cloudy nights, New Brighton. Since cold weather began the present Winter, it has been noticed that in certain conditions of the atmosphere, in addition to the general illumination of the valley for some two or three miles, a vertical, feathery and very brilliant arrow of fire extends almost to the zenith, and at its highest point is, at times, the most brilliant and quite as bright as a rod of iron at a white heat. Saturday night last the conditions of the atmosphere seemed to be particularly well adapted to the display of this truly wonderful phenomenon; and, as the brilliant shaft of light shot like a rocket from the haze that dimmed it within ten degrees or fifteen degrees of the mouth of the tube from which the gas issued, and grew more brilliant and feathery as it lengthened out until it seemed to reach above the regions of Orion, and pale his beauty, it was certainly a wonder such as mortals have never before witnessed. It appeared about 8 P. M., and with the exception of a few times when some increasing or temporary haziness dimmed the lower half of it, the size and brilliancy of the shaft remained up until a little after 11 o'clock. The same phenomenon appeared at the escape pipe at the Phillipsburg glass works, and also at the Braden gas well, a distance of eight miles from where the writer viewed it; and it was, no doubt, quite as brilliant on a nearer view, as the fiery arrow reached from the steel works tube to a point far above the pole star. The splendor of this phenomenon is absolutely beyond the power of verbal description. No language can paint its beauty—no words can possibly convey any adequate conception of the picture it produced. Standing a mile south of it, and looking due north at the tube, from which the burning gas was issuing, we saw the sky lighted to the distance of twenty degrees or more above the horizon. This light, owing to the peculiar natural pulsations of the gas as it rushed from the tube, was in a continually leaping and flashing motion. Nearly to the same height, the atmosphere seemed slightly hazy; above that distance the sky was clear, and the stars in the northern constellations quite bright; then from the mouth of the burning, flaming tube, straight as an arrow, and reaching vertically to a distance of seventy-five degrees or eighty degrees above the horizon, was this feathery, quivering, brilliant shaft of fire. Somewhat similar threads of fire are sometimes seen in brilliant displays of the aurora borealis, but none can, in beauty and variety and intensity, rival this wonderful pyrotechnic display of natural gas on which our wondering eyes gazed on the night of Jan. 30th, A. D. 1886. Can any of our savants explain the cause of it? To a philosopher, or any lover of the beautiful and the wonderful, it is worth a trip of a thousand miles to see it as we saw it Saturday night. We will add that this phenomenon, as well as several others we have witnessed within the past three months, appeared either in, or immediately preceding a light, fleecy fall of snow, and the temperature ranging from twenty degrees to thirty degrees above zero, and when the atmosphere near the surface was hazy, or only very light, and nearly white, fleecy clouds, if any, were visible.

August Neapoleyozykonszizauka, a Pole, took out a marriage license at Wilkesbarre, Pa., the other day.

Postmaster General Vilas has recently ordered that the name of a post office in Eagle county, Colorado, be changed from "Blaine" to "Cleveland."

J. T. Sunderlow, who lives near Keuka, Putnam county, Fla., while ploughing, unearthed a chest, containing Spanish money to the amount of \$3,960. Some of this money was very old, dating as far back as 1678.

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