



# GOLDEN GATE

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

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## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

There is no difficulty to him who wills.—*Kossuth.*  
 For that I am I know, because I think.—*Dryden.*  
 Thought alone is eternal.—*Owen Meredith.*  
 Thought is a motion of matter.—*Moleschott.*  
 There is no darkness but ignorance.—*Shakespeare.*  
 'Tis the mind that makes the body rich.—*Shakespeare.*  
 There are thoughts that make man, man.—*Young.*  
 What is the hardest thing in the world? To think.—*Emerson.*  
 The truest self-respect is not to think of self.—*H. W. Beecher.*  
 Men are as their thoughts, for in thought their lives are wrought.  
 Thought has ever been the great factor in civilization.—*Becker.*  
 Fill the chamber of thy soul with bright, happy thought-pictures.—*Patonia.*  
 We bring forth weeds  
 When our quick minds lie still.  
 —*Shakespeare.*  
 The garden of our thoughts should be well watered from the fountain of truth.—*Patonia.*  
 The most beautiful faces are those which wear the impress of great loving thoughts.—*Patonia.*  
 Virtue dwells at the head of a river, to which we can not get but by rowing against the stream.  
 Go speed the stars of thought,  
 On to their shining goals;  
 The sower scattered broad his seed  
 The wheat thou strew'st be the souls.  
 Thought has not only marked the progress of the past ages, but it is the factor in the present era which is "hallowing our day."—*H. W. Beecher.*  
 Every now and then a man's mind is stretched by a new idea or sensation, and never shrinks back to its former dimensions.—*O. W. Holmes.*  
 Is not the prayer also a study of truth, —a sally of the soul into unfound infinite? No man ever prayed heartily without learning something.—*Nature.*  
 What we call miracles and wonders of art are not so to him who created them; for they were created by the natural movements of his own great soul.—*Longfellow.*  
 A thought is often original, though you have uttered it a hundred times. It has come to you over a new route, by a new and express train of associations.—*O. W. Holmes.*  
 I believe that for every active mind, in its own direction, there is a thought waking every morning,—a new thought, that every day brings new instruction and facility; that even in dreams of the night, we are helped forward.—*Emerson.*

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

By Mrs. E. L. Watson, at Metropolitan Temple, Sunday Feb. 29, 1886.

[Reported for the Golden Gate by G. H. Hawes.]  
INVOCATION.

Divine Intelligence, whom men call God, so great Thou art and yet so tender to the least of these Thy created souls! This Sabbath hour we leave our daily care and come to Thee, asking guidance, such as Thou alone canst give; Thy wisdom shall be light unto our ignorance; Thy love shall quench our fires of hate; Thy harmony destroy our discords, until our lives flow on into that melody which makes the life and glory of Thyself.

O Spirit, toward whom all human beings turn when in their sorest need, and to whom all souls are evermore indebted for all the joys of life, Thou canst convert our griefs into such good that we shall be more glad for them than for many of life's joys.

O Soul of Things, Thou shinest in every star; Thy voice is heard in every low, sweet harmony; Thou rockest the mighty deep and thrillst the blessed land where we have found such tender rest, such delicious food, and which, canopied by these splendid skies, has become a beautiful home for man.

O Spirit, though we are small and weak, Thy greatness is such that Thou canst give to us and feel no loss; Thy patience, too, is infinite, and though we falter and loiter on this upward way, Thou everallest softly unto each and waitest there within the splendors of Thine eternal self-hood until we reach Thy feet.

O Spirit, Thou wilt let this service be a help to all our daily tasks; though we are bounded by the chill and wintry air, and though the skies are somewhat curtained from our gaze, we know that Thy love, when it shall fill our hearts, will warm this place and make it glow like the heart of Summer. We know Thou dost convert the grossest form into something more beautiful than now our eyes can look upon. We know that what we now call nature's laws, are but Thy will expressing itself in this complex thing we call our life.

O Spirit, however crude the altar man may rear, however humble the offering of praise he brings to Thee, we know that Thou dost accept it all. Even as the day's glory is made up of shadow and shine of earth and sky, of all these countless forms that whirl and swim, so are all our lives counted by Thee as a part of that great harmony and joy in which Thou dwellest. Oh, let us lean on Thee in such sweet trust that we nevermore may go astray or feel a doubt of Thy wisdom and Thy kindness.

Let those who are burdened, in whose hearts are storms of bitter fears, and whose vision is all distorted, behold Thee in Thy loveliness as Thou dost now appear in fragrant flowers lying at our feet and lifting up their perfume full of gratitude to Thee. Let us be like them, our hearts breathing forth sweetness and joy.

Thou Life of all the world, we lie in the arms of Thy sweet love e'en as the earth in her dear atmosphere, mantled and o'er-brothered with the light of stars, and moon, and sun, so Thou, sweet Spirit of the earth and air, and all the wide, wide heavens, doth dwell within our hearts and make Thy temple here; hath bridged the chasm that seemed to lie between us and those we love, who have tasted death and the glories of the resurrection hour.

O Heart of Good, we trust in Thee to bring from all our ignorance, and pain, and sin, such beauty as shall seem like these sweet flowers whose roots and germs were buried first within the dark, dread bosom of the earth, and then came forth at the invitation of the sun and laughed and smiled and made their fragrance sweet for us and Thee; so let our lives, though buried now within the darkness of sensuous things, bring forth at last the germinal goodness sleeping there, upreaching to the bending skies and laughing back to the sunshine of Thy love all the sweetness that we have called our own, but still is Thine for evermore.

QUESTION.—There are mediums who are able to find running streams of water in the ground by holding a crocheted stick or "divining rod" over the surface; is this the work of spirit guides, or can the phenomena be accounted for on scientific principles?

ANSWER.—Both may be true. There is in the human constitution a sympathy between all forms and elements in nature. Man has been truly called the epitome of the universe, combining in his soul and body all the elements of the physical and spiritual universe. By the attractions which may thus exist between the elements in his constitution and the elements outside of it he may obtain knowledge as to deposits of ore, water, etc.

But in my opinion it is more reasonable to suppose that in the instances of this nature to which the most of you could refer, there was a sensibility to spiritual intelligence, that it was the result of psychical influences exerted by some spirit friend who was near and interested in your investigations and experiments. Certainly a spirit would have power to do this; but that there is any quality in the rod used that determines this, we do not believe. It is simply a magnetic force ex-

erted upon it proceeding from the person; one rod would be as good as another.

Q.—Last Sunday evening you condemned revolution as if it necessarily meant war; should we merely reform the existing institutions, or pull them up by the roots, as you said of our educational department?

A.—Revolution that means war is sometimes right and desirable; but revolution, which means radical reform, without the shedding of blood, is certainly more desirable and always to be labored for in place of violence and destruction.

Generally speaking, reform of existing institutions is more practicable. Men grow slowly, and everything in nature and human society tends to amelioration. Sometimes it is necessary for the preservation of the planet that there should be a liberation of accumulated forces, and as the result we have the active volcano, and violent earthquake. But in the usual order of creation, amelioration, reform, is the rule. There is constantly going on about us in the material world revolutions and reforms so gradual that we can scarcely note the changes as they come, and must take a look backward in order to see how great the change.

As a general thing, we live the best we can; each of us live as near as possible to the standards of life which we are able to clearly see, which are growths of our own mentality. We must think the good thought before we can perform the good act—thought comes before action; but that, too, might result from this gradual growth. Nature bespeaks reform on every hand. Change is imminent everywhere; a change from better to best is the aim of all nature's activities. So that in suffering the wrongs that exist in society to continue, nature is simply waiting for the right time; she is ripening her forces, making due preparation for the transition, so that nothing shall be premature.

As I have said, the shedding of blood is needful, but, as a general thing, nature's methods of revolution are those that come by slow ripening of life's forces, the gradual dawning upon the human consciousness of better possibilities and higher states.

Q.—Is happiness the chief object of life?

Happiness is the fruit of right living; happiness is the natural consequence of obedience to the laws of your constitution. You can not, therefore, separate happiness from the good, and we can answer that in this sense it is the chief object of life. Not the happiness of the body, of the sensuous nature alone, for he who enjoys only the sense of the flesh know not great joy; it is only he who finds this a step and uses it for mounting to higher altitudes who knows the joy of living; he, who feeling that he has triumphed over sense, who has fought bravely with temptations and won the victory. Then, sweeter than the shout of happy soldiery when victory for them is declared, prouder than the trumpet blare which cries a great man's power, is the consciousness of that man, who has seen what is good and true and been able to climb to it and to live it in his soul. To feel one's self attacked by a thousand malignant enemies that make raid upon our virtues,—beings that strive to bind us through our passions and drag us from that high estate to which we all are heirs—to feel ourselves proclaiming victory over these; to stand upon a battle-field so proudly and nobly won, this is to know true happiness. This must be the grandest object of our life; to conquer that which is pernicious in ourselves, and that which militates against the highest nature of the soul; to conquer all things below us, convert chaos into beautiful forms of life and bring from discord sweetest harmony. To work all life's fallow ground; to tear up the virgin soil where now may grow only weeds, and sow it thick with golden seeds that abound with life most beautiful, impatient to burst forth into bloom and sacred fruits; and where there are desert wastes afar, o'er sweeping which are scorching winds of bitter passion; to turn into these the fresh, full, silvery tides of spiritual being until the banks shall overflow and water all those scorching sands; until the very atmosphere shall call from the flashing music of the tides their soft tributes to send them back again in sweet baptismal rain, and from this mighty labor of the soul to see those wastes made to blossom like the rose!

At last to wrench from nature crude her wondrous secret; to convert her ores and precious stones into things more fair

that shall stand for attributes of spirit life; to see the chill, dull atmosphere of mortal being glittering with ten thousand starry thoughts that have their birth in God's own bosom—this it is to labor well and to earn rich happiness. And this, whether we know it or not, is the object and aim of every human soul. Though now we lose our way; though we now see not into the mystery by which we are surrounded; though vain seems all our labor, and impossible to attain the heights and the vast plains out-lying there beneath the gorgeous sun of wisdom's day, still the steps are possible; they were carved by the law of God.

By and by the mist will melt away and the rough stone of life, which like that quarried there in nature's mighty warehouse, awaits the artist's hand to give it form, will by the slow dropping of our human tears reveal a diviner shape. And in these ways so wondrous and so little known by us, God works His will with men until at last that blessed vision which glows before us all and which we name our happiness, shall be fulfilled, and each soul know why it is here, why it has waited long, why toiled and struggled against a cruel fate—a fate that at last becomes its servant, and shapes the higher life to which it was born and of which it is the natural heir.

Q.—If the spirit world occupies the sidereal heavens, does it revolve with the earth, accompanying it on a common axis?

A.—Most assuredly. And each day of natural life adds something to the spirit world. Around about this earth rises that higher plane of being; the very flowers give off this moment something to that spirit world. Swinging rhythmical with your own sad earth, the shining heaven to which your eyes uplift, travels with you through space with the same rapidity and with like motion and on a similar axis. The same sweet sun that kindles now your atmosphere, sends down its wondrous refracting rays into that outer invisible sphere which we have found to be the spirit world. It is the product of your earth as e'en now your bodies are; and so, also, are your souls. Even as the body's life gives off its emanations to the surrounding atmosphere, adding to its beauty, so from the spirit indwelling are going forth the elements to help build the objective life of that spirit world which revolves one with your earth.

Follow me far out through fields of space and you shall behold that each planet has a spirit world, to which its liberated souls may travel when death hath set the spirit free. Each planet is kissed by the air of its own native heaven, and each soul born from the lower earth may safely ascend, guided by accompanying guardian souls, who have watched over it from the cradle unto life's sunset.

Your earth passed through a long period of preparation before the appearance of one living thing. Long before there were eyes to behold, there waited the light; auricular air existed long before there were ears to hear. By a similar process there was preparation for the spirit world, and for the reception of the first soul that made its way out of this primary state.

There in that ethereal realm you will find the best of all life's beautiful things. Your own true thoughts will blossom into fragrance there; all architectural design which is but dimly fashioned here, there springs both to perfect proportions. The artist's wondrous workings on canvas, though beautiful here, take on fairer shape, and colorings more delicate in the heavenly state.

Q.—If a man is just what nature made him, and he commits a criminal act as the result of his organization, where is the justice in inflicting physical punishment for the act?

A.—Nature's method of educating the soul is, to visit the reaction of the action upon that soul. To suffer the consequence of our acts here in the physical realm gives us knowledge of the nature of the forces by which we are surrounded and with which we have to deal. Nature's punishments are always for education and reform and never for the satisfaction of any vengeful ire. So should it be with man, and crime should be dealt with in such a manner as to bring the person to their spiritual sense and reveal to them their true relationship to their fellowmen. When a man commits a crime as the result of his organism, he should meet with such restraint, as will educate his soul to higher things.

The consequence of our acts we each

should suffer. This is legitimate and by this we learn wisdom and self-government.

Q.—How shall we harmonize as Spiritualists?

A.—Be glad for every truth that comes to each and blend all these truths into a sweet bouquet of fragrant, fraternal thoughts. Make others joyous with your smile and rejoice in each others gifts. It is nature's vast variety that makes the charm and loveliness by which we are surrounded. Truth refracts her light according to the needs of each, and what is food for one may be poison to another. It is our different states that create our different necessities. Nature satisfies every claim we have upon her, and strives to mete out to each what is their due.

How shall we harmonize as Spiritualists? Be in your individual life from envy and jealousy so free that if a man succeeds where you have failed, you clap your hands for joy, knowing that the strength which he has shown indwells within yourself.

How harmonize? Let all these notes from this mighty instrument which we call nature, blend their tones in one grand, earnest effort for the good of all. If you cling unto your ism simply for the sake of pride and feel yourself so wise that you can not listen to another's speech, then there are lessons for you to learn before you are worthy to become grand Nature's pupil.

If you are a Spiritualist you stand just within the border line of a vast immensity of truth; you hold the key of such treasury as never yet was poured upon the world, and your heart is so full of love there is no room for hate or jealousy.

How harmonize? By feeling glad for every angel visitant through whomsoever it may be made known; for every touch of heaven's hand upon the sore and bleeding heart of poor humanity; for every flash of light that kindles here within the heart and leaves love's image there.

How harmonize? Feel the glory of man's estate while here on earth and long to educate the world in these dear principles which make it known that humanity is already divine; divine in its nature from its outermost rim to its innermost core, and shining with prophecies that are as sure to be fulfilled as the stars shall keep their place, notwithstanding all our wild dispute.

Oh, friends, be glad for every altar and shrine in the world, reared by Catholic or by Atheist, or by whomsoever else, for in it is expressed a dear and tender thought which will bless our sad humanity.

How harmonize? Uproot these standards which are only a sign of narrowness, and not of wisdom, and know that greatness is that does; live your life so truly that you shall feel it is one with all the heavenly harmonies; so filled with goodness that it will be no wonder that angels come and visit us and make themselves manifest in our homes.

How harmonize? Oh, let your thoughts flow out most tender and pitiful towards him who does the wrong; be so loving towards the one who has grieved and hurt you, that you will not rest until he, too, is healed.

Oh, hearts! like the different notes upon the key-board of this organ, let your lives blend so harmoniously that when each key is struck it will seem sweeter than the other, and all the best.

Q.—If a robber enters a house and the owner of the house kills him, is it a crime?

A.—Most assuredly; a crime against that tie of brotherhood which makes the criminal and the person sinned against, one. Most assuredly a crime; for the opportunities that earth may offer to this man are wrenched forever from his grasp. You have taken that which you never can restore. He shall suffer the consequences of all his robbing proclivities; he will find that he can not fellowship with honest men, and there is that honesty within the most dishonest soul that causes a feeling of pain and wildest grief when it realizes it is not welcome among the good. He whose outward life is at variance with his inner self will suffer the consequences which justice will visit upon him in various ways.

Take not the life of any man, though he may be a murderer. Shall the nations sit in judgment and then take up the glittering knife and perform an act which is worse than that of him they slay? A thousand times no!

Take the life of no man; as nation or individual be guiltless of this crime of robbing a man of those earthly opportunities

(Continued on Fifth Page.)

[Transmitted for the Golden Gate.]

GLIMPSES IN SPIRIT LAND.

A visit to an Island Devoted to the Culting of Those Who in Life have Become Insane from an Unnatural Devotion to One Idea.

NO. 3.

The medium after an entrancement of about one hour, returned to her normal condition and related to me as follows:

I have been to an island; we went in a beautiful boat. I was conducted by our friend, and as we passed along she pointed out what seemed to be a body of land in the distance and said to me, "That is the island we are to visit." It seemed so large, I exclaimed: "It seems to be a continent rather than an island!" We landed and passed along, gently gliding over the land to the centre where there was an immense building. It was surrounded by a garden, and streets diverged in all directions. We approached a gate which was attended by a spirit man, in appearance about forty years old. Our friend said to him: "I wish to send news to earth regarding this island and its purpose. I have the vision with me of a medium from the planet earth. I wish her to convey a description as correct as possible to a dear one." Upon that we entered a beautiful garden with walks meandering through charming groves and bowers, and by beautiful lakes and fountains, over gentle slopes among such exquisite beauties as could only be produced by the most perfect taste and highest art combined. We ascended a slight elevation, on the top of which was an aquarium formed of a transparent stone resembling the opal. It was round and about twelve feet across the top. It was supported on a stand of scroll-work, having light supports, and stood from the ground about the height of my breast. The water in this beautiful basin was filled with a great variety of fish, many new and strange to me. My attention was called to one species about six inches in length, of a bright red color, and as I looked it changed into a deep blue—from that into a bright gold color and then to white. My friend spoke to it and it seemed to recognize her voice; she called it pet. It came and touched her extended hand. I now looked at the beautiful aquarium and watched the effect of the rays of light as they woke up the beautiful blue of the opal, and lit up the changing hues of the beautiful fish inside, and gave off the varied colors of the rainbow on the sparkling water.

We were accompanied by the person who we met at the entrance, and as he conducted us along the charming grounds he called our attention to many curiosities and symbols of ancient art and thought.

We approached the building and entered one of the wings, which seemed to be one large room in which were several hundred women. I was now asked to give close attention and I would be able to learn for what purpose they were here. I then learned that these had all been insane upon some one idea. My attention was called to one who sat near me holding the miniature of a man in her hand. Before her stood a small figure, apparently in marble, of the same person. My guide then said to me: "The portrait she holds is of one she has loved and wronged upon earth." The severe reaction, as she realized the extent of the wrong she had done in blighting his life's happiness, had made her insane. She is now endeavoring to restore to him the happiness she has caused him to lose by returning to earth and ministering to him, and just in proportion as she does, the picture and statue fade from her vision, and other thoughts and a more happy state of mind take their place. And such is her process of cure. All those in this apartment were afflicted in the same way.

We now passed into the next wing, where I saw a large number of people. One of them the guide spoke to and asked him if he had any objection to relating the cause of his being there. He answered "no," and immediately spoke to a female who stood near, and she handed him a purse, an old-fashioned knit one, with rings sliding along it. He said to me: "I was wild in my youth, reckless, and fond of dissipation. In my recklessness I stole this purse with a large sum of money. I was detected. My mother was a widow with a small patrimony; it took it all to restore the stolen money, for I was under age and she was responsible. The effect of this was, with my increased dissipation, to disease my mind and cause my death; the stealing of this purse was the primary cause. I am now trying to overcome the terrible wrong I have done by daily visiting earth and endeavoring to restore the lost happiness and comfort of my poor mother, and obtain the forgiveness of him from whom I stole the purse. Until I can do this I can make no progression. When my mother comes to spirit land it will be accomplished, for then she can have what she is entitled to; but until then I shall not be able to fully restore it to her." I saw all in this apartment were afflicted in the same way, and I saw purses innumerable. I was told that when he had been really forgiven the wrong he had done, the purse would vanish from his sight and its constant presence no longer remind him of his great wrong, then he would be in a condition to progress and leave this island for a more advanced state. We now passed into a third apart-

ment; this was filled with persons of all ages and both sexes. A person approached somewhat advanced in years and said, when upon earth his mind was absorbed in the art of painting; his ambition had been to excel the old masters who had passed away before him, particularly Raphael. He called our attention to one of the panels in the side of the room where we beheld a beautiful and life-like portrait of Raphael, so like life I thought it would speak; he continued by saying, in his youth his devotion to his art was such that he had sacrificed domestic happiness, wealth, and his own spiritual progress; that his heart was so absorbed in this one object that everything else was forgotten at last. After close devotion to his art in Italy and among the haunts of the old masters he had succeeded in gaining fame and distinction as great as Raphael at his own age; but his too close attention to his art had entirely absorbed his mind and he went insane upon this one idea. By his selfish devotion to his art he had destroyed the domestic happiness of himself and his friends, and now, until he could restore that which his selfishness had destroyed; his progress would be stayed.

I could visit no more of the apartments at this time. There were many of them. The building was large—three stories high—with an immense dome over the center. It was formed by a great number of wings converging from that center.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Mission and Work of Spiritualism.

It is strange that the question should ever be asked, What good has Spiritualism done, or is doing? Prejudice is calculated to thwart the judgment of most people in its mildest form, for there are degrees of prejudice, and the most extreme phase of it is what generally goes by the misnomer of religious intolerance or bigotry. It would be impossible to estimate the suffering that mankind has endured,—the tyranny they have submitted to through this species of tyranny. Unlike tyranny in some other modes, it has been a tyranny both of body and soul. That the gradual progress of the race in intelligence, and the rapid diffusion of it through that portion of the press that was untrammelled and courageous enough to give utterance to the truth, has, and is, doing much of late years to emancipate people from this tyranny is evident, yet there is still a vast field for work in this direction, and Spiritualism is one if not the chief factor that is destined to disperse the last remnant of intolerant superstition and dogmatism.

The leaven of free thought is working and permeating all grades of society and demanding the why's and wherefore's of the stultified theologian, and also of the materialistic scientist. The facts of Spiritualism are fortified with an amount of evidence so voluminous and respectable in its character that it can no longer be ignored. Persecution, ridicule, and everything that a bigoted priesthood could foster or bring to bear against it, has only acted like the boomerang of the New Zealander and recoils to its hurlers. It is only a matter of time when the scientific (?) materialist will have to admit that there is a power and intelligence existing outside and independent of his materialistic matter that defies the scales of his laboratory.

He will be compelled to admit that the anatomy of the horse or man is neither endowed with intelligence or power, but like the steam engine is simply a physical structure through which power can be demonstrated in accordance with its power of existence, and, like many other scientists who, after an earnest investigation conducted under the most rigid test conditions that their sagacity could devise, have been compelled to admit that the phenomena they have witnessed were produced by intelligencies beyond our sphere of life. These barriers entirely removed, then mankind will be fully prepared and conditioned to intelligently investigate the social evils connected with our system, and solve the problem (the problem of the age) how to counteract and destroy the tyranny of capital over labor. The tyranny of the feudal barons and chiefs, kings and despots is relegated to the past. The tyranny of capital has taken their place; how to meet it is engaging many of our most eminent philosophers. Taking past history as a guide, I think it may be safely stated as an axiom, "that every tyranny will evolve its own remedy." If progression is a law or principle inseparable from our planet and all its dependencies, then this in the nature of things must be so, and the sequence must be a remedy found for existing evils. Spiritualists are largely engaged in investigating our social evils, knowing it to be their duty to improve the conditions of the human family, and thereby facilitate communication between the two worlds. The present time seems pregnant with possibilities of great changes; there is an unrest hanging like a pall over the whole civilized world, and a feeling and knowledge that many of our still existing institutions, like slavery and polygamy, are dregs of a false social system.

LOMPOC.

As an illustration of the cosmopolitan character of San Francisco, an English traveler, lately visiting here, writes: "I had my boots blacked by an African, my chin shaved by a European, and my bed made by an Asiatic; a Frenchman cooked my dinner, an Englishman showed me to my seat, an Irishman changed my plate, a Chinaman washed my table napkin, and a German handed me my bill."

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Penumbral Sketches.

BY JOHN WETHERSSEE.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, the bright poet of our Hub, says in his little work, "Mechanism in thought and morals," "We all have a double, who is wiser and better than we are, and who puts thoughts into our heads and words into our mouths." I have no doubt we all have a "double," I think I can tell some stories of the "double," but I will not do it now. I think the "double" referred to by this bright doctor and poet is not the "double" of which I am referring and of which I will have something to say one of these days, if I do not make a bore of myself before "one of these days" arrives. The other double "who is wiser and better than we are," I think is only another name for guardian spirit, or some invisible and departed influence, but I will not extend even in that direction now. The book that contained the remark was lying open before me and the passage marked, and just then having read an item of Agassiz, the distinguished scientist, the marked passage in Holmes' book by coincidence, seemed to be an answer to the item, which was in brief, a fact mentioned in the scientist's life, a new work. He had been trying for two weeks to decipher the somewhat obscure impression of a fossil fish on the stone slab in which it was preserved. Weary and perplexed he put his work aside at last and tried to dismiss it from his mind. Shortly after he waked, one night, persuaded that while asleep he had seen the fish with all the missing features perfectly restored, but now awake, he tried to hold the image, but it escaped him; he, however, at another time had the dream again, and before it had escaped him, he being provided with a pencil for such an emergency, secured the data and reproduced the idea. He hastened to the Jardin des Plantes and, in chiseling away the surface of the stone under which portions of the fish proved to be hidden, thus he succeeded to classify it with ease. Now, it seems, that was a dream; there certainly was an intelligence in it. Was it the "double wiser than we are?" That is, ourself in a higher mental condition? or an intelligence outside exerting itself while the body lay sleeping? It was a little singular that Holmes' item and the Agassiz item should have hove in sight simultaneously, and it reminds me of a personal experience.

An interesting circumstance in my own experience occurred once, that had always set me to thinking. I had been writing an article on a natural history circumstance. I wanted a poetic pointer to head it with. Not finding any motto to suit me, I began to write one and getting lengthy but interesting, I wrote on and succeeded in writing quite a poem of sixty or seventy lines, and it rather pleased me as an article by itself. I am almost inclined to send it to you, but I think I will write the circumstance that is in my mind and let the poem run. All I wanted was a beginning to it; it was bald or ragged in commencement and so I set out to write a new beginning, and every effort was a failure. There was always a seam, or fracture where I joined the new head on to the rest, or statue of the poem, I did not not like to give it up and wasted a whole evening and ended in failure, and I went to bed, no farther along, or any nearer accomplishing the object than when I began early in the evening.

In my sleep, and it was quite near morning, I found myself dreaming, and was still, pencil in hand, composing poetry, or trying to, and found I had succeeded in writing a fitting head for my purpose. I was aware that I was asleep and dreaming, and I was saying to myself, now, what a pity it is that I cannot remember this when I wake up. It was only six lines, but I seemed to know and remember then so many things in my sleep life that never appeared above the surface after I was awake, that I felt almost sure that this would not. I was anxious about it, and I kept reading it over so that I could call it to mind when I awoke, and then I began reading it, for the last time, slowly over, touching each word, and when I got to the last word, and, pressing it with my supposed pencil, I found I was pressing the pillow under my head. I was awake, but had hold of that last word and so did not mentally let go of it, but hauled in the whole string, got up and wrote it down and thus secured it. I certainly had no more to do intellectually with the writing or composing of those lines of poetry than I had with writing Milton's "Paradise Lost"; that is as a waking intellectual effort. From a circumstance that occurred afterwards, I think it was the work, or the assistance, of a kindly disposed departed spirit. I must own, however, the production is hardly grand enough to have required celestial aid, but there is the fact that I did not in my normal state do it. Perhaps one of these days I will say more about it, but will now only add the lines so produced—

I am not what I seem. Within me dwells An older entity. With it at spells, I hold communion as with a star; A star within whose light has traveled far. This strange companion sometimes tells me That forever we have been in company.

Of course there are dreams and these are dreams. Most every one has had a few of the mysterious ones and read of thousands. There are curiosities in dream life as there is in literature. It seems to

me that some of "such stuff" as Shakespeare says, "As dreams are made of," becomes slightly an illuminated material when looked at with lens of modern Spiritualism, intimating in some cases an intelligent method.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Reincarnation.

Has the immortal, ever-existing soul, or the I AM of man been reincarnated through all gradations of existence below his present form? If I am answered in the negative, will some one in the plenitude of their wisdom inform me where the immortal soul has been, and what has it been about in the eternity of the past, if it has not been coming up through all gradation of unnumbered forms that exist from the infinitesimal atom below its present status? Immortality existed in the eternity of the past as well as it will in the eternal future. In my opinion, there is one unbroken chain of progression from the least entity, running through all gradations of existence up to the Anglo-Saxon race, the highest race of beings known to mortals.

The law of progression, in order to develop all there is, must start from the least and so through all grades of existence to the highest. There are many in the spiritual ranks who do not believe in the soul's reincarnation. I think it is because they do not understand the signification of this newly-coined word. It has not the same meaning that Pythagoras entertained of incarnation backward; it means progression of the soul from the lower condition of existence to be reincarnated into the next higher form by the law of unfoldment, as each atom is a microcosm of all there is in nature. The soul has only to grow out of one form that is inherent within itself, to the next higher form which existed in its nature. The soul does not have to go outside of itself to be reincarnated into any form that may grow out of any other atoms, for all forms and possibilities are inherent in each soul that they can ever be developed too. It is the soul, not the body that is reincarnated.

When the soul leaves the material body, the body goes back to the elements it belongs to, to be reformed into other bodies, and the souls, either of the animal kingdom or that of man, go into the lower order of spirit life, there to wait until a new material body is prepared, one degree higher than the body it left. Then the soul is reincarnated into the newly formed body, begotten by higher developed earth parents, than the body was that it left, prior to the one it now occupies. The earthly parents only beget a garment, or a material body for the immortal soul, or the I AM of man, to manifest through in order for the soul to gain experience in the earth's gross form. The soul is of too pure a substance to come in direct contact with the grossness of earth. Therefore it has to have a medium for itself and spirit-casket to dwell in. The spirit is the covering or atmosphere that always envelops the soul. The spirit changes its form, by the influence of the soul, in every body in which it passes through, but the soul does not change, it ever remains the same divine part of the universal godhead. All the soul ever gains in passing through all gradations of forms is experience. The earthly bodies are only garments for the soul to put on and off, when they will no longer answer their purposes.

When I speak of souls controlling earthly bodies, I do not mean to be understood that the soul is of any better materials than the soul atoms, which compose the earthly bodies, but they are much further advanced in experience than the soul atoms of which the earthly bodies are composed. Every atom in the broad universe has inherent within itself an immortal undeveloped soul that will eventually be developed up through all conditions of progressive forms of existence. Every atom is a part of nature, and nature will yet develop all parts of herself. "All are parts of one stupendous whole, whose visible body nature is and whose invisible body is God the soul."

All of our mental faculties seem to change through experience, and in every reincarnation of the soul into higher forms it has developed a new organ for the experience it gains in that condition, and it has done so in all of the lower conditions of existence up to our present standpoint. Our soul needs all the experience of those lower forms through which it has passed as much as it needed the experience we have gained from our childhood, in order to constitute us an intelligent human being; and when the soul passes out of its present form, and is reincarnated into a more etherialized body, in that form it will develop a new organ or cell analogous to the cell of the honeycomb in which the knowledge gained in that sphere may be stored. As all of our knowledge, through experience, from the atom up to our present existence, has been stored and sealed up until needed, or, like the honey cell, cupped over for future use, there has been nothing lost in coming up to the present, for we have brought all with us.

In order to illustrate this more fully I went into spirit life in my trance state, and while there my spirit wife, who had been there some thirty years, informed me that while I was there in spirit I could go back on my life line, which I came up on, through all of the forms of the lower kingdoms. I seemed to unlock a door that opened into my inner self, and

traveled back on the line I came up on to some of the highest forms of the animal kingdom, and when there I knew I had been there before. My wife said I had been gone just one hour. In that hour I seemed to live my life all over as far as I went back. I could remember all I had formerly passed through, but when I came out of my trance it was all sealed up, and I have only a faint memory, like a dream, of it now.

The world is not all real, as our coarse vision seems to see it. We do not know of many real truths, for progression is changing old ideas into new ones very fast. All nature is progressing. The truth of to-day may be the error of to-morrow. There are many professors of the different orders of Christianity who seem to think all the truths which are essential for our future happiness were revealed to mankind through inspiration from two to four thousand years in the past. The inspiration of that time, to those people, can not be the inspiration which we need for these days. We need an inspiration from the truthful, advanced denizens of the higher spheres, for our instruction, for progression from those days to these. Require it and we have it. But the superstition and ignorance of many church members will not believe it though many have risen from that which was supposed to be death, and have informed us there is no death, only a change or reincarnation from one body to another higher and more progressed. With respect for all progressive truths I am as ever a true friend to spirit instruction. M. L. SHERMAN. ADRIAN, Michigan, Feb., 1886.

A Curious Experience.

[W. S. Haskell of Oakland, Cal., in the Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

While in Lowell, Mass., Prof. Cadwell was giving a series of mesmeric entertainments, in which I became greatly interested, and not having seen anything of the kind before, I could not believe it possible that one man could have such wonderful power over another. Being determined to sift the matter, I asked if he could impart the knowledge to others. Assuring me that he could, I took lessons, and to my great surprise I found that I could influence easy subjects in a wonderful manner. This knowledge set me to thinking and reasoning thus: If we continue to live after the change called death, a law that holds good now, might then; in other words, if I can control a person's actions under certain conditions, perhaps a spirit can do the same. I placed myself under the conditions said to be required for spirit control; the consequence was I began to feel some power working on me, and coming to California about six months ago, I was controlled to speak, and have been ever since. Although I am convinced of the reality of spirit control, there seems to be a deficiency somewhere, for my control has given me no less than six different names, besides talking in a rambling manner, hardly ever telling the same story twice, sometimes seeming to try to do me harm, and at other times to do me good. I have become rather afraid, so much so that I have left off going to circles or meetings, and seem to feel some better, but the control is with me just the same, and speaks more or less every day, when I am alone. I am not unconscious, but I have no power to prevent myself talking at times.

Now, Mr. Editor, if any one has had a similar experience I would like very much to have them communicate the same to the Journal.

BORN AFTER HIS MOTHER'S BURIAL.

The Rev. John Lindsey, now preaching in Richmond county, Virginia, was born four months after his mother had been buried. His mother, to all appearances, died, and was buried in Stewartville cemetery. The night following her interment, persons, for the purpose of securing the jewelry buried with the body, unearthed the remains, when consciousness returned, and she was enabled to return to her home. Arriving at her late residence, she rapped at the door, and was answered by her husband, who was overjoyed to meet again in life his beloved wife, whom he had mourned as dead. Four months afterward the Rev. Mr. Lindsey was born. The mother survived several years. This statement is made by the Rev. Mr. Lindsey, and is literally true. —V. J. SAN.

The following was telegraphed from New York to the Boston daily press, Feb. 20th: "Before Isaac Powelson, of Bloomfield, N. J., died, a year ago, he enjoined his wife to never allow his daughter Mary to leave home. Mrs. Powelson and her daughter disagreed last week, and the latter was ordered to leave the house. As she was packing up her things in the room she heard her mother scream, and, rushing down stairs, found her in a faint. When restored to consciousness, Mrs. Powelson declared that she had seen the spirit of her dead husband, and that he had come down from heaven and told her not to let their daughter leave home. The daughter remained."

The *Alta* remarks that there is an air of firmness in the attitude of Vermont when she enforces her prohibition law. One of the Courts of that State has just fined John O'Neill \$6,000, and sentenced him to forty-nine years and a half for selling liquor. The State Supreme Court has affirmed this extraordinary sentence.

"Leaflets of Truth."

(The following answers to important questions are from a work just published, entitled as above. The answers are claimed to be given through the private mediumship of a lady whose name is withheld. They are remarkable for their force of reasoning, and indicate great clearness of perception on the part of the controlling spirit.—E. G. G.)

QUESTION.—How are what are termed Fire Mediums able to handle fire without being burned?

ANSWER.—It is the correlation of forces. Spirit is a force. Matter is a force. Both are expressions of life.

The dominant force is always the native force. But the spirit force is the intelligent force; that which thinks, reasons, observes, reflects. It is the will force which governs the matter force.

Now if enough will power, or force, be concentrated upon any part of a medium it can overcome the native action of matter—for it is a superior or ruling force.

Fire is one natural action of the force matter, and to be burned, or changed in form by fire, is a corresponding action of matter.

But fire, and the action of fire, is a delegated force as differing from a superior force—a force caused and perpetuated by intelligent force.

Now for the face or hands of a medium to be burned by a flame is, of course, a very small action of a very great force, or possibility, as it exists in nature.

Do you not see that if the intelligent force of the will, concentrated upon that small point of action of a delegated or native force, be superior in power to the power of the native force which perpetuates continually its equilibrium, it can not act? (A native force may be stated to be that action which will always, under like conditions, produce like results.)

The natural action of the fire upon the flesh is suspended—held in check—by action of will exerted through the flesh; not the will of the medium, but the will of the combined intelligences acting through her. If she were afraid, or had no faith in their power—believed it would burn in spite of their efforts—their will could not act; her will would be antagonistic to theirs, and render her an active instead of a passive agent; and probably enough will force could not be concentrated to make power enough to overcome both her mental force and the native action of the flame.

Hence it is obvious why a jar, any sudden or startling action of the audience, might cause her to be burned; it would cause her mental force to resume its normal active condition, and her passive receptibility would be destroyed. Thus the will power acting upon her would be interfered with, for it was acting through her as an agent, a conveyance.

It is the same principle as that an iron ring may have its adhesion of particles temporarily destroyed to join it within another iron ring. Only the iron ring is the easier thing to do, because it contains no spirit force, or intelligence, to be rendered passive, or that may interfere with the performance through the action of outside influences.

You will understand by the comparison to the ring that I do not mean the flame was made incapable of burning something else, but merely unable to burn that portion of the medium's body protected by the will power of those acting through her; because those particles of her body rendered temporarily non-combustible by will force concentrated there.

I do not think the terms magnetism or electricity so well explain the philosophy as will force.

Of course the will acts through the media of electricity or magnetism as it ever does—but neither magnetism nor electricity is the directing power; and the force which I have called will, which is the intelligence in every individual, is the first cause, hence the moving, acting power.

I think a sufficient answer to the theory that the controls coated their medium's face or hands with a covering of magnetism or electricity is in the fact that a magnet itself may be burned by fire until it lose its magnetic power; that any most highly electrized machine may be burned when so electrized. More: electricity itself may burn.

It must be a force superior to this that can prevent the natural action of fire upon an object.

Perhaps the controls themselves may not have known how they did it—that is, the philosophy of it. Or they may have known that magnetism and electricity are conveyances of will force, and have attributed to the carriage the moving power of the horse!

To resume: The intelligence or will which promotes and permits all the actions of the forces of matter, according to laws, is a diffused force, just sufficient to keep the matter forces in motion. Or matter has delegated for its use just sufficient power to fulfill its own laws. Hence a concentration of sufficient will power at any given point may break through this round of material action. It is thus that God may upon occasion act without, or seemingly contrary to, the very laws of his material universe, yet in accordance with another superior law which he has ordained. And his more advanced children, as they learn of this superior law, are permitted to use the same according to their own possibilities, which is according to their knowledge. No restrictions are put upon intelligences save law. As knowledge of law is acquired, will force may act according to law.

QUESTION.—What is the Will?

ANSWER.—What is God? He is the

Will of the universe, as he is the Light of the world. That which can create.

The light, the warmth, the electricity, the life of the world, are the emanations from that which creates and perpetuates.

Well, every human spirit is a child of the Father in a spiritual sense, as much as the child of the mother's womb is body of her body. The spirit of your child may not be akin to your own spirit so much as may be that of another child in the remotest parts of the earth. But you and your child and all your children are akin to the Father in the spirit. The possibilities of the manifestations of the First Cause are illimitable, innumerable; and no manifestations of intelligence in the universe, however diverse, but have likeness and are related to That Which works over all, through all, in all. For were any not possessed of the spiritual essence of the Creator, there would be no life in them.

This spiritual essence is the intelligent Will of the universe. That from which all life comes.

Hence it is obvious that all intelligence in life is possessed of will. It is the Will in the individual spirit that makes that spirit what it is—that makes it exist at all; it is the life.

Because it is life itself it is so little recognized or comprehended by the possessor in the first stages of existence.

The growth of intelligence is like a little seed planted in the ground; as it puts forth one shoot after another, sensing in turn the circumstances under which it pushes upward (which is its soil) and the impressions which it receives from contact with other life about it (which are the air and moisture that help or retard its growth) the young, struggling shoot of humanity is too busy sensing its own evolutions to pause to feel or strive to understand the will within itself that pushes it on and on.

Gradually, as it reaches more advanced stages of existence, it begins to realize the sensation I am—it perceives dimly that by force of its own inalienable life it may cause.

It feels, as it senses more and more its own selfhood, that it may affect other individuals less developed in consciousness of individuality, of power, of will.

Certain emanations of will, conscious or unconscious, of an individual are what has been termed animal magnetism.

One of its directed emanations you have called mesmerism. (These are emanations acting upon other wills.) When the emanations of the great Over Will acts through or upon inanimate things it is electricity, it is light, it is heat, it is motion, it is force, in differing effects. But it is always The Will that is working through them.

You say there is electricity in your hair when it crackles as you brush it. It is the life, the emanations of the will of your spirit, that makes your body alive, that causes it to crackle. Dead hair will not do so, unless, possibly, it may if it has been worn long enough upon a living head to have imbibed these living emanations.

Thus we may say, that which is alive is that which possesses will force to cause or produce effects.

That which is devoid of life may be caused to act, but has no power to act within itself.

Thus there are the two great primal forces. The Cosmos Force, which is the force of undeveloped unintelligent matter; it is a force that is caused by action of the Odic Force; it is a force that is delegated, that could not exist without a cause. The Odic Force is the force which can cause, hence it is a force of intelligent will, of reason, a force of conscious spirit action.

The action of the Odic Force is all we know of God.

But remember, we as the direct spiritual offspring of God possess, each one of us, an indestructible germ of this Odic Force, this will power, a germ of which every seed is typical, inasmuch as each perfect seed bears within itself all the possibilities manifested by the parent from whence it was produced, and which possibilities need only time and proper conditions to develop. The tree loses nothing by the seeds which naturally fall; they are merely excesses of its own vitality. So we may suppose the great I AM loses nothing of force, or possibilities, or power, by endowing us, his spiritual children, continually being born into the world, with this will force, or by constantly perpetuating the Cosmos Force, which he has caused.

So far as we know we differ in the possibilities of our spirit nature from God most in this: Not one of us can create a germ of life—can create one atom of the Odic Force, which is behind all force.

The earthly father and mother may create the other parts of their child, but the life germ comes directly, we suppose, from God. Although the parent may affect or make impressions upon the unborn will of the child, as by mesmerism grown wills are affected, or as impressions are made upon the yielding mind in childhood, yet no impression can be made which may not in time be eradicated, and the individual spirit or will become pure and true to the great principles of purity and truth as they exist in the mind of God. As they are crystalized and polished, and made more perfect, they resemble more and more the Father, as drops of water are like the fountain from whence they fall.

A Chinaman who was called as a witness in Queensland, was asked how he would be sworn, when he replied, "Me no care; clack 'im saucer, kill 'im cock, blow out 'im matchee, smell 'im book, allec samee!" He was allowed to "smell 'im book."

EXPERIENCE DEPARTMENT.

Another Remarkable Case.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

About twenty-three years after the case related in my last, I witnessed another materialization, so strong, so clear and so convincing that I have never doubted its truth since.

Looking back over my life and reviewing the many evidences I have had, of the constant ministrations of spirits, it seems a wonder that I should ever have doubted their existence; but our minds are strangely constituted, and we often find means of explaining away, to our partial satisfaction at least, that which, if told to another, would be very convincing—so it was in my case. Though a clairvoyant and clairaudient all my life, never going very long without either hearing or seeing some spirit friend, yet my mind found means to explain away things which ought to have been proof positive. How do you think I did it?

I knew that my paternal grandfather and an uncle had been all their lives "troubled" in the same way; and they explained it by calling it "hypochondria." Many times in babyhood I had heard them deprecate the recurrence of those spells of the "hypo" which brought such curious imagery up before them, and wish they could find something which would relieve them of such tendencies. So, when I began to have similar experiences, I naturally explained it away just as they did, by imagination, hallucination, hereditary tendency, etc.

But I started out to tell you about another remarkable case of materialization. It occurred after I had grown to manhood, and had been several years in California. I had just finished reading those masterly productions of Mr. Darwin, "The Origin of Species" and the "Descent of Man." Those who have read them will remember how very clear they are, and how much more they suggest than they assert. I had just arisen from them with almost a settled conviction of the truth of the materialistic theory, and had begun to conclude that after all—

"Life is but a fleeting show For man's illusion given."

In this frame of mind I went to bed one night, and almost immediately went to sleep. The room in which I slept had two windows, and on this evening, the full moon's rays streamed in, making the room almost as light as day. After sleeping some time, I awoke very suddenly, and was instantly as wide awake as I ever was in my life. I turned over and faced the outer side of the bed, and there, standing almost touching me, and arrayed in garments different from any I had ever seen her wear, with a sweet smile upon her face, and love lighting up her whole countenance, stood the dear one of my heart who had gone over to the "great majority," several years previously. O, the bliss of that recognition! the memory of it thrills me with joy, even though years have passed since it occurred.

She spoke, and, calling by the name she had always used in addressing me, said: "Gerry, I am not dead. I never died. There is no such thing as death." How my heart leaped for joy when I heard those words. The tone, the gesture, the manner—in fact her whole bearing was as natural as when we had plighted our troth years before.

How long she stood there after this, I know not, but I stretched out my arms to clasp her as of old, and she sank down to the floor beside the bed and disappeared.

I immediately sprang from my bed and struck a light, though it was sufficiently light without it, and examined the room in every part. Nothing unusual could be found; the door was locked as I had left it, and the windows were lowered a few inches from the top, just as when I retired. I looked at my watch and found I had slept four hours.

That is the reason why I am a Spiritualist. E. G. A.

An Inspired Cow-Boy.

[Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

It appears from the New York correspondent of the Chicago Tribune that the most extraordinary musical event of the last week in that city, has been the sudden descent upon the town of a person calling himself the "cow-boy pianist." He is the typical "guy hooter" in appearance. Long, coarse, black hair, broad-brimmed slouched hat, and blue shirt with open collar showing his brawny neck. His name is Babel. He is about twenty-three years of age and went to New York to challenge the world of pianists. He calls the instrument a "pianner," and is spoken of by his ranchman agent as an "executioner."

Like all the men about Fourteenth street and Steinway hall, the Tribune correspondent regarded this strange apparition as something of a guy until he heard him play. He went with a small party of musicians and critics to John Pattison's rooms to see the wild Western youth macerate the masters and enjoy the prairie school. But the cow-boy astounded him. In facility, force, brilliancy, and rapidity of execution, he confesses that he was amazed. This cow-boy does not know one note of music, and declares that he never received a lesson in his life. His antecedents are known. They corroborate

his statement. Up to within the last six months he has been upon a ranch on the borders of the Indian Territory. He has all the characteristics of the cow-boy, but he fingers like a musician who has given a life to the instrument. He played a sonata of Beethoven, a scrap of Schumann that he had, and then he improvised. A cloth was laid over the keys so that he could not see them, and he played with the same knowledge of the key-board.

This remarkable character gave the following history of himself.

"On one occasion my father bought an old Chickering piano for twelve bushels of corn from a party of emigrants. I was then about sixteen years old. My father did not know anything about pianos, but he thought it would be handy for mother to iron on. It was put in a corner, and the old woman used to cut our clothes on it, and when she wasn't using it it was covered with old harness and potatoes. When I was twenty-one I started one night to go to a round-up. You know what the boys are out there. We had a ride of sixty miles and we stopped half-way and got drunk. About three o'clock in the morning I started to go on. My pony got his foot in a gopher-hole and threw me, for I was pretty full, and broke my arm in two places. They had to take me back and go to Fort Sill, which was sixty miles, for a surgeon. Well, I was laid up for several months. One day I had a shock. I did not know what it was then, but I know now. It was electricity. It tingled down to the ends of my fingers. I did not know what was the matter with me. I was scared. I got up and I wanted to look in that old 'pianner.' I took the harness off and got it open. Then I began to play. I hope I may die here if I know how I did it, but I played it. It made me so glad I howled. The old woman thought I had gone mad. If I ever saw the music of it before I hope I may drop."

The Tribune correspondent concludes his report by saying that "this astounding story is corroborated by several people, and, strange as it may be, is not outside the range of psychologic phenomena. The fellow plays as one possessed. He has taken the rooms on Thirteenth street formerly occupied by Mrs. Langtry, and is arranging to give a concert here, probably at Steinway Hall."

HEAVEN AND HELL.—To the secularist there is no heaven or hell. He agrees with the great Persian poet, Omar Khayyam, who, many centuries ago, wrote these magnificent lines:—

"I sent my soul through the invisible, Some letter of the after-time to spell; And, by and by, my soul returned to me, And answered, 'I myself am heaven and hell.'"

"I myself am heaven and hell." A truer word was never spoken. Heaven is wisdom, virtue, happiness; hell is ignorance, vice, and misery. Let us all fight against the powers of hell in this world, where alone they exist, and strive to realize here the only true kingdom of heaven (for us?) that ever was or ever will be.—G. W. Foote, "N. S. S. Almanac, 1881."

IF A STRIKES B, WHAT B SHOULD DO.—Recently Felix Adler spoke to the Society for Ethical Culture, at Chickering Hall, on "Our Enemies—how they can help us." He wrestled with the question, "If A strikes B, what is B to do?" and said the idea that Christ had of turning the other cheek was impracticable. It might do with some villains who had a spark of conscience left, but not with hardened characters. "My idea," he said, "is not that we should love our enemies—that is impossible—but that we should be physicians to our enemies. A person who has wronged me is morally sick." He explained that if a man hits you, the thing to do is to hold his hands until he gets over wanting to hit you again. Then talk to him gently. If the man who hits you is too violent, cure him by calling a policeman.

THE OLD WAY.—Man—"Now, legs, I want to go down town this morning; do you feel able to carry me?"

Legs—"No, I can't carry you. On looking over myself I find I am lame, and, besides, on close examination, I find the corn on one of my toes is very sore. So, really, I can't take you to-day."

Man—"Well, you are the master, and I accept your verdict as law, and I will stay at home."

THE NEW WAY.—Man—"Now, legs, I am going down town to-day—walk."

THINKERS.—Our problem is, how to make men think—think boldly, clearly, grandly, and beneficially; think of their own welfare, and for the welfare of mankind; think the bright and happy thoughts which have never been thought before, which glitter as new coin from the treasury of heaven; think the thoughts which the age demands, by which great mysteries are illuminated, and the problems of science, government, and sociology resolved.—Dr. J. R. Buchanan.

An auxiliary rudder for steering seagoing vessels has been proposed. It consists simply of two discharge pipes, placed one at each side of the vessel's stern as far below the water line as possible, and connected with a steam pump capable of forcing a powerful stream of water through the pipes, which, impinging upon the water in contact with the vessel, forces it to the side opposite that from which the stream issues.

A Few Words to Mediums.

[Light for Thinkers.]

This class of workers in the spiritual vineyard, are becoming so prevalent, that we must pay them the respect which numbers demand, as well as the obligations which their gifts have placed upon us.

We do not give sufficient heed to the requirements of mediums—nor observe the laws of life which mediumship imposes.

The duties of the public, to the mediums, are grave and great—and from the mediums to the public, sacred and obligatory.

It is to the mediums we now desire to talk. The public will receive due attention and be given advice, in occasional doses.

Mediums, unto you we turn with hunger and thirst, for spiritual bread to support our starving souls. Shall we eat and drink at the table of culture and refinement, from viands prepared in cleanliness and purity, by those possessing healthy magnetism?

We, as the public body of Spiritualists, have a right to expect mediums to be honest, virtuous, temperate, refined and earnest. We have a right to expect you to exercise your gifts under proper conditions and for a proper compensation.

We have a right to ask you not to deny the source of your powers.

We must expect you to consecrate your lives to the fuller development of the mediumship which spirit friends seek to use. Is it asking too much, to say to you we desire to see you above any and all reproach in both daily life and mediumistic exercise? We say to you, that the great progress being made toward organizing the forces of Spiritualism for public work among humanity, will necessitate and force the choosing of only those who are competent and trustworthy to be placed as the moral teachers and phenomenal expositors of our philosophy.

Do not be weary in your high calling. Though men may deride and scoff at you, though they may threaten and persecute, though they may illy compensate your losses of time and vital forces—yet, unseen friends will sustain and bless you, and your rewards will come in good time. Be true, be steadfast, be hopeful, be zealous, be unselfish. Take good care what associations you form. Mediums are too often encumbered with uncongenial home elements. They are too often amidst improper business surroundings. Correct and improve your environments. The world needs you and will yet bless you for devoted labors. You are the cornerstone of the superstructure of Spiritualism; and as such should be cemented with love and spirituality. Much is expected of you and much will be given to you.

The Helping Hand.

[Bishop Simpson.]

I shall never forget the feelings I had once when climbing one of the pyramids of Egypt. When half way up, my strength failing, I feared I should never be able to reach the summit or get back again. I well remember the help given, by Arab hands, drawing me on further, and the step I could not quite make myself, because too great for my wearied frame, the little help given me—sometimes more and sometimes less—enabled me to go up, step by step, step by step, until at last I reached the top, and breathed the pure air, and had a grand outlook from that lofty height.

And so, in life's journey, we are climbing. We are feeble. Every one of us, now and then, needs a little help; and, if we have risen a step higher than some other, let us reach down for our brother's hand, and help him to stand beside us. And thus, joined hand in hand, we shall go on conquering, step by step, until the glorious eminence shall be gained. Ah, how many need help in this world—poor afflicted ones; poor sorrowing ones; poor tempted ones, who have been overcome, who have been struggling, not quite able to get up the step; trying, failing; trying, failing; trying, desponding; hoping, almost despairing! Oh, give such a one help, a little kindly aid, and the step may be taken, and another step may then be taken; and instead of dying in wretchedness at the base, he may, by a brother's hand, be raised to safety, and finally to glory.

Miss Alice C. Fletcher addressed the Melrose Women's Club, lately, on the Indian question. Miss Fletcher went among the Indians to prosecute her archeological studies, and returns to the states fired with the same apostolic ardor which made Helen Jackson write "Ramona" and "A Century of Dishonor." Miss Fletcher's lecture converted a good many people to a fuller belief in the wrongs of the Indians, and the bad faith of government officials in their dealings with them.

It seems that one of the principal reasons why Longfellow is so endeared to our hearts, is that his lines contain so much of strength and helpfulness. His deep sorrows brought him near to the great heart of humanity. In the struggle with grief, he is the crowned victor; more, he found strength in sorrow; yes, even more, there is left behind no trace of the bitterness which we find flavoring the lines of many other poets.—Ella C. Drabble.

GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1886.

THE BETTER WAY.

It is through many trials and hard struggles that man learns the better way of life. His appetites and inclinations, inherited and acquired, are often such cruel taskmasters, and have such dominion over him, that it seems almost impossible for him to break the chains, and, following the light within, rise to the higher levels of his being.

But comparatively few ever learn to walk in this better way; they grope along among the shadows of selfishness, and the retarding influences of unworthy things, ever unmindful of their duty to themselves and their fellow beings, until death steps in and closes out the opportunity for such unfoldment on this plane of existence as is best calculated to advance the spirit's growth on the next.

We are too apt to live as though this world were the utmost boundary of life—as though we were to remain forever in a mortal state, with the red tide of physical being ever ebbing and flowing through the heart, in the flush and potency of health and physical power. We build as for centuries of earthly existence, all unmindful of the fact that we can remain here only for a few years at most, and can take nothing with us of an earthly character into the life beyond—not a foot of land—not a dollar of hoarded treasure—not even the poor raiment wherewith we are clad.

Life is so grand a thing, when rightly lived—is so full of promise, of blossom and fruition, and is so prophetic of grander things to come—that it is indeed pitiful to see the frivolous manner in which most people manage to fritter it away. Take what the world regards as the most successful lives: They do but little good, often, as compared with what they are capable of doing—live far below their highest ideals—and finally pass on leaving others to fatten in idleness upon the unimproved accumulations of their years of toil.

Prudent thrift, with a view to providing against the haps and hazards of existence, is ever commendable, but it should always be attended with thoughtful consideration for the welfare of others. No man can afford to live for himself alone. He is linked to his fellows by inseparable moral ties which he can not transcend or ignore, without serious consequences to his own future happiness.

And herein, it seems to us, consists the grandest mission of Spiritualism—to teach man his true relation with this world—his duty to himself, to his family, to society. While it is a glorious privilege to be able to know that life is continuous upon another stage of existence, and that there we shall meet and know the loved ones whose earthly forms we have followed to their long home, yet those facts will keep for us, and await us when we lay down the burden of life, whether we know it in this life or not. Infinitely grander and more important to us, here and hereafter, is the truest adaptation of ourselves to this stage of existence, and the best use of all our powers and faculties here.

Spiritualism, in its definite teachings of what is best calculated to enhance man's happiness in another life, can not but eventually so impress his nature here as to prompt him to most earnest endeavor in the uplifting of his own physical and spiritual nature, and in so shaping his life that the best results will follow.

PEACE AFTER THE STORM.

There are none of earth's children so blessed, so free from care, but that sooner or later the night of sorrow will come. "Into each life some rain must fall, some days be dark and dreary;" and into many, whose natures are so sensitive to the warring elements of life, there is lightning and thunder, with the "wild, fierce, rain," when their storm-beaten souls are tossed piteously on a tempestuous sea—when no beacon light penetrates the gloom of their despairing hearts. But when almost overwhelmed, with the dashing billows on every hand, there comes the still small voice, bidding the soul "peace, be still." And the angry waves are hushed as the rosy herald of the morning lifts the shades of the night; and we stand in the garden of peace, with the golden crown of Hope blossoming from the wounds of yesterday. Yes, troubled seafarer, after the night of terror comes the exquisite repose. Never fear, a father's hand is at the helm; he will bring thee safely home. If we would but early learn the divine purpose of our own existence, and the spiritual light given it, how many false steps would be avoided. Some one has said, "that sometimes the wise will suffer, the foolish must. O then, be early wise."

REINCARNATION.

A communication from a prominent Spiritualistic writer, favoring the idea of reincarnation of the human spirit, appears in this issue of the GOLDEN GATE. We admit it for the purpose of eliciting thought on the subject.

To our own mind it is a stupendous fallacy, except in a certain sense, which partakes more of the nature of evolution. We can well understand that, as physical beings, we are the culmination of all forms of life below us; but that the conscious Ego of our individual natures, that had its origin in the marriage of two infinitesimal atoms of matter, embodying two unconscious spiritual principles—the positive and negative,—that this consciousness, enriched by the varied experiences of its journey from infancy to old age is to go back and go over all the experiences of life, again and again, is too much for our comprehension.

If we could bring with us from a former state of physical existence to the present the experiences of that preceding state, just as we know we carry the experiences and memories of this present life into the next, we could recognize some wisdom in the plan. But we can do nothing of the kind; or if we do so unconsciously, then really are those experiences of no intelligent advantage to us.

We know it is claimed by some sensitives that they have, at times, dim recollections of a former life; and some are so impressed with this fact, and are so sure of their footing, as to be able to name and locate their former individualities. Now, while we do not question that mediumistic persons sometimes have such impressions, we are inclined to believe, with the controls of Mrs. E. L. Watson, that these impressions are due to spirit psychology. In other words, the sensitive is brought in rapport with some former spirit existence, and is thus made to see what to him he mistakes for his own spiritual experiences.

This seems to us a far more reasonable explanation of such impressions, than to imagine, for instance, that the spirit of a Danton or a Charlotte Corday, in some future age, should go back to a monad, and retrace all the unfoldings of foetal life, of infancy, youth, manhood and age, under another name and another individuality.

Of what use is the experience of one incarnation if it can not be used in the next? Nature never goes backward. There is no need for it. She is ever moving steadily forward.

Our correspondent, if we understand him correctly, claims that the experiences of each incarnation are stored away and sealed up for future use, as the bee stores away honey in the cell; and that at some future stage of spiritual advancement these treasures may be appropriated by the spirit. But it would seem that if there was ever a time when the spirit needed the benefit of such experiences it would be while it was passing along from one incarnation to another, groping its way, as it must, through the gloom of ignorance and the mazes of unfavorable mortal environment.

If each incarnation involves an independent experience, and these experiences are not made helps to each succeeding incarnation, then it seems to us that nature is taking a very roundabout way to accomplish the end of a perfect manhood. She has a bigger job on hand than did the children of Israel when required to make bricks without straw.

PSYCHIC FORMS.

Notwithstanding the cry of fraud raised by many honest and earnest Spiritualists against all mediums for form manifestations, and notwithstanding the many apparent, and frequently actual deceptions, met with by most investigators in that realm of research, it is no doubt true that the materializing phase of the Spiritual phenomena is making most rapid and astonishing headway in the world. The seances of the principal mediums for this phase are constantly crowded; and while there are many doubters, many others are overwhelmed with what to them is positive proof of the return, in tangible form and identity, of the spirits of their loved dead.

The truth, often so hard to be attained, is what every honest investigator wants; and this can be reached only by patient research. In pursuit of this "pearl of great price" it behooves us to advance cautiously, and not to judge hastily. There are many things in this new and strange domain of nature that we do not understand. In fact, what the wisest of us do not know about form manifestation, or materialization, would, no doubt, make a large book, and perhaps many of them.

The possible fact of materialization, or the appearance of psychic forms, is conceded by all Spiritualists; but many, in view of the obstacles in the way of obtaining positive knowledge thereof, consider the time spent in such investigations as worse than wasted. But this, it seems to us, is an unwise begging of the question. If it is a truth, it is indeed a marvelous one which every Spiritualist ought to know and understand.

The greatest drawback to the investigation of the materialization phenomena is no doubt the fact of the alleged exposures of mediums. These

exposures consist, generally, of the seizure, by what is known in seance parlance as "spirit-grabbers," of a so-called spirit form and finding in their grasp the medium instead. To the enemies of Spiritualism, as well as most Spiritualists, such an "exposure" is claimed as proof positive of fraud. And yet, those who have given the subject the most careful study, claim that it is no evidence of deception. And they give as a reason that the spirit form, having been evolved from the body of the medium, must necessarily go back to the medium; that when rudely seized the sudden shock prevents the natural re-adjustment of spirit, or rather, we should say, of the subtle material forces, of which the psychic form is composed; and that at such times the controlling powers find it necessary, in order to avoid serious injury to the medium, to bring the two forms instantly together.

If this is a truth, and can be satisfactorily demonstrated, it would revolutionize thought in the matter of fraudulent manifestations—at least as regards the grabbing phase of these alleged exposures. But we should need to see it in a light and under conditions to render deception absolutely impossible, before we could consent to commit the GOLDEN GATE to any such proposition. In fact we are in no hurry to jump at conclusions until we know exactly where we are going to land.

"WAS CHRIST A CHRISTIAN?"

The following dispatch, dated New York, March 4th, was considered of sufficient importance to telegraph across the continent:

Rev. Heber Newton writes to the "Churchman" a caustic rejoinder to some observations in that journal of last week, reflecting upon the reverend gentleman's alleged lack of reverence in asking the question from his pulpit: "Was Christ a Christian?" He says: "The real purport of my sermon was simply the by no means unfamiliar one to bring to some people's thoughts the actual Christianity of this nineteenth century, which is, alike in its institutional and dogmatical forms, so very far from representing the thought and spirit of the real Jesus of history as to warrant the question, 'Was Jesus a Christian?' I think I revere the real Jesus quite as much as some folks who are greatly shocked to hear him spoken of, not as he looked, through the means of their fancy, but as he actually walked our earth."

The question is, or ought to be, one of the utmost importance to every honest Christian. That Jesus was not a Christian, as gauged by any modern orthodox standard, requires no master mind, like Rev. Heber Newton's, to determine. Indeed, the gulf is quite as wide between the teachings of the gentle Nazarene and the generally accepted Christianity of the present day as it was between his simple declaration of principles and the proud and haughty Judaism of his day.

Within the shadows of the spires of the costly piles dedicated to Christian worship, in this Christian land, may be found hearts bleeding from cruel wrongs—souls perishing for sympathy—homes where no love is, but ever wretchedness and want—children in beggarly conditions, growing up into lives of crime and shame. Jesus had no such church to preach in; he had no high salaried operatic quartet for a choir, nor a ten-thousand-dollar organ for an accompaniment. He wouldn't have liked it if any of the apostles had suggested such extravagance—at least not while there was a poor man or woman in all Judea who needed food or shelter; or an orphan child that needed a home and training. The wealth invested in church property in San Francisco would give a forty-acre farm and a cow to every poor man in this city who would consent to go upon the land and improve it.

The Church has drifted so far away from primitive Christianity, and has become so conservative and dogmatic in its methods, that there seems to us no hope that it will ever get back to first principles. And so it finds all its progressive minds just naturally drifting out into broader fields and a more liberal atmosphere. Heber Newton seems likely to be the next one to break his shell, and plume his wings for grander flights.

And just herein is where the present age is a vast improvement over any past age. Formerly it was "believe or be damned," in both this world and the next, and most people preferred to believe rather than take the desperate chances of being damned. Now, all thoughtful souls, with any considerable amount of intelligent self-respect, prefer the other thing. They realize that the time is past when the anathemas of the Church are of any serious inconvenience to them, either in this world or the next.

And yet this very large and intelligent class,—whether composed of Spiritualists, Atheists, or Free-thinkers of any kind,—with very rare exceptions, are really genuine Christians in the sense that Jesus was a Christian. If they do not believe in God they do in goodness, which is one and the same thing. If they do not pray with their lips, they do with their hearts, in a thousand generous ways. Their souls may never have been "washed in the blood of the Lamb," but they have been anointed with the divine unction of ever-blessed charity—have been baptised with love for their fellow-men, which is the true grace of God.

And so we conclude that Bro. Newton knows what he is about. To our mind his question is a timely one: "Was Christ a Christian?" The Church and the world need to ponder well this question. All mankind should have more of the true Christ principle in their souls. There is no fear of any getting too much of it. This is "the pearl of great price." If they cannot find it in the church, may they not find the precious boon in the teachings of Spiritualism?

GOOD AT LAST.

Boycotting is gone mad in Ireland. A midwife lately declined to attend the wife of a proscribed man.

Chamfort says there is no history worthy of attention but that of a free people; that of a people subjected to despotism is only a collection of anecdotes. Then, the greater part of all history is frivolous, for it is mainly a narrative of the efforts and struggles of oppressed and enthralled people for redress of their wrongs and for freedom. Such is the history of Ireland especially, that not only attracts attention, but almost worldwide sympathy and aid. Boycotting English landlordism has furnished many anecdotes for future Irish historians, to omit which would be to leave out the connecting link between English supremacy and Irish independence that is yet to be.

The strongest Irish sympathizers can not honestly deny that boycotting has been carried to unjust and cruel extremes, not, perhaps, had it acted directly upon the wealthy nobles it was designed to affect, but because it fell upon innocent persons employed by the great landowners who could still live in luxury and ease, no matter how things went with those sent to represent and look after their interests in Ireland. All remedial measures, when taken into the hands and heads of the people at large, invariably go to extremes, working more or less wrong. Boycotting sick men, women in confinement, and innocent young girls, all because England is unjust to Ireland and refuses to give her a free government, is the same spirit that prompts a man to take revenge upon the domestic animals owned by his enemy. But since wrong begets wrong, it is self-corrective, and out of cruelty comes humanity.

THIRTEEN.

It is said that when kind Alfonso went to Aronjuez to see the cholera patients last Summer, he lunched at the palace with thirteen persons. Observing the fact, the King jestingly referred to the superstition connected with such a circumstance, and made the waiter give him a list of the guests that he might see whether any one died within the year. He had no occasion to refer to it, for he himself passed away.

Another story is reported of a Boston man who walked into the dining-room of one of its clubs last week, and observing twelve at the table, he objected to making the thirteenth, being somewhat scrupulous on the subject, and so took his dinner at a side table alone. He was joked about it, and later in the evening took a seat at the main table. Of all present he was said to give the best promise of a long life, but he died two days later without warning.

Persons are dying suddenly every day, and those, too, who often look good for many years more of life on earth. All know that King Alfonso had cause enough for dying when he did, and would probably have done so had he taken a solitary meal at Aronjuez. It is quite likely there is something more fatal to human life in the composition of a royal or club dinner than in the number thirteen. However, it is something that can be experimented upon, and those who feel themselves strongly fortified by faith, might volunteer as subjects.

EVER NEAR.

Basking in the light and warmth of sunshine, we contemplate it as coming from an infinite distance, but could we ascend to a height of only forty miles, we should lose it entirely, the air at that distance being no longer dense enough to refract the life-giving rays. It is therefore due to the atmosphere immediately surrounding us that we live in an ocean of light and genial temperature.

So with all our pleasures and joys, we find them, or think we do, in contemplating and anticipating things from afar, while it is really the things and persons around us to which we owe all.

A trip in a balloon, or the loss of some near object, shows us our mistake in both instances. The springs of peace, honesty and love are ever near, lying about us on all sides, if we could only look closer to ourselves and not beyond to the imaginary. Because we lose sight of material things is no reason that we should be bereft and cast down. If we seek we may find their better and immortal counterparts ever in this world which has its spiritual side.

The location of the spirit world is often a subject of conjecture and supposition to those who have no belief regarding the hereafter. But it is like a child crying for the moon, when he can not comprehend its light. The spirit world, like the sunlight, is all around and near to us, and all we need do to realize its presence is to open our minds and souls that its light and inspiration may flow in, and our "loved and lost" come and say, "Look near, for here we are."

BUDDHISM.

Wong Chi-Chum, a distinguished writer in his own country, who has been reviewing the work of missionaries in China, says that no Chinese of good character ever becomes a convert to Christianity; but that the "proselytes are poor, laboring men and ignorant countrymen, with the addition of certain, designing, unprincipled persons who change their religion that they may gain a livelihood." Thus, it will be seen that in China, as in other countries, the working classes are held in low estimation, although the "Flowery Kingdom" never would have borne its pretty appellation but for the toil of these "poor, ignorant, laboring men." The most interesting part of this man's opinion is that the doctrine of the Chinese philosophers and sages is exercising a much greater influence among the educated classes in Europe than Christianity is doing among the educated classes in China. We know Buddhism has, by its romance, and quaint teachings, inspired one of the grandest poets of the age; but we do not know that anything more practical has come of it among Christians.

FINANCIAL MISTAKES.

The testimony from the "other side" is uniform, that the mortal making the best use of his opportunities for doing good in this life will stand the best chance for happiness in the next. Upon this point the *Banner of Light*, that has done so much to lift the cloud of superstition from the souls of men, says:

Many spirits have returned saying, had they thought to have aided our grand work peculiarly before leaving their earthly bodies, which they might have done just as well as not without the slightest injury to their own people, they would be better satisfied than they now are. We remember well one case in particular—that of J. M. Beebe—who died wealthy. On communicating with us shortly after, through a medium, he said: "Oh! if I could inhabit my earthly body once more, even but for half an hour, I would make a far different disposition of some of my property than I did. I now clearly see that I might have done much for humanity which I neglected to do, and thereby bettered my own spiritual condition; and I am unhappy in consequence of not having done so." Another case was that of a wealthy man of Lynn, Mass., a Spiritualist, who passed on several years ago. He subsequently returned, saying: "My brother, I might have given the 'Banner' establishment \$20,000 before my demise, and my own people would never have missed the money. I had but a faint idea of the importance to the human race of your institution, else I should have done so. But from my spirit standpoint I see what a mistake I made."

BABY TOLLERS.

The Philadelphia Record says that fifteen thousand children are employed in New Jersey factories. Since our public schools are for the benefit of the poor, there should be compulsory laws forcing attendance at school of all children under fifteen, for a certain number of months every year, for all above five years of age; and to employ children below that age in any laborious work, should be made a crime. New Jersey surely needs some educational laws, along with other States of our Union, if we would not see illiteracy stamp itself upon the face of the country. In the Old World, infantile employes are common. The colliery districts of Great Britain have hundreds of three-year-old babies doing duty in their grimy regions. So traveling correspondents report, and as their letters are received by the best papers of our land, credit of such statements is not withheld. Our country is growing fast; with our progress and improvements, living becomes a sterner problem for the masses. Let us see that our babies are not drawn into the struggle for bread.

VOTING.

Kentucky is trying hard to regulate the whisky traffic; fully thirty bills relating to it have been introduced the present session of the Legislature, more than two-thirds of which are local. Some one has ascertained that there are more votes sold for drinks than for large sums of money, one town in New York making the report that two hundred such exchanges take place there at every election. This shows that the love of whisky is often stronger than the love of country and the desire for good government. If there is anything that should disfranchise a man, it is that of selling his vote, be it for ten thousand dollars, or for five cents to buy a drink. When one ceases to vote from any other motive than principle, he ceases to be a good man and a true citizen, and should forfeit his right of suffrage. One of the early objections raised against woman's voting was that she would sell her vote to the highest bidder. She will yet prove it a base slander.

DARKNESS.

Spain is a fruitful theme for newspaper comment, and in its increasing descent down the hill of progress, is ever a new one. It stands as a decaying monument to ignorance and darkness of mind dominated by the power of church rites and superstition. The population of Spain is between sixteen and seventeen millions, of which it is said there are at least five million men who can neither read nor write, while the totally illiterate women are nearly seven millions. This leaves a very narrow margin for intelligence,—so narrow, indeed, that it must be pretty nearly confined to the priesthood, who have gained the reward of their labors in this mental darkness. A few days ago we noted the fact that the municipal authorities of Madrid had granted the right of suffrage to women. We wonder what use they can make of it that will benefit themselves, in their inability to read or write? Spain is more in need of education than suffrage, which is no good thing unless joined to intelligence.

"LEAFLETS OF TRUTH."—We have received from the author a remarkable little volume, just published in Chicago, bearing the above title. It consists of answers to a variety of questions, given, as it is claimed, through the mediumship of a lady whose name is withheld. The answers indicate a clearness of perception and a profundity of thought on the subjects discussed, that can not but commend it at once to the favorable consideration of every intelligent Spiritualist. We have taken the liberty of reproducing the answers to two of the questions discussed, notwithstanding the author's copyright, from which the reader may form an idea of the author's style and force. Price, \$1. Address Prof. S. R. Miner, 3906 Cottage Grove avenue, Chicago, Ill.

THE CAMP MEETING.—The coming camp meeting in June promises to be a grand reunion of the Spiritualists of the Pacific Coast. The grounds selected are located at the corner of Oak and Twelfth streets, Oakland, overlooking Lake Merritt. They are easy of access, ample in size, and contain a number of large oak trees. The Committee are pushing forward the arrangements successfully. At their last meeting they resolved that no person should occupy the platform except by permission of the Board of Directors, and also that no meetings should be held in the forenoons. This is a wise step.

—Free class in maternity, on Mondays and Thursdays, at 1:30 P. M., at the California Moral Education Society and School, No. 841 Market street, room 19.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Bro. J. E. Woodhead, manager of that grand monthly, Mind in Nature, sends us the first volume of his magazine neatly bound. Thus we have it in shape for handy reference. It is a golden suggest of advanced thought for which we return thanks.

—Six months ago, says The Father's Love, there was only one Mind Cure meeting a week in San Francisco. Now there are eleven. Such is the marvelous power of the new thought. The next six months will see yet greater developments.

—We are pleased to note the arrival, on Tuesday last, from Honolulu, of the wife, daughter, and young son of our old and esteemed friend, Capt. John Hassinger, of that city. They will visit relatives in San Jose and elsewhere, and then settle down for a year's sojourn in San Francisco.

The Christian Register, the able and liberal representative of advanced Unitarianism, which is simply Spiritualism with the proofs left out, admits to its columns a capital article on "Science and Spiritualism," by Prof. A. R. Wallace. We shall transfer it to the columns of the GOLDEN GATE next week.

—In view of the recent theft of a ten-thousand-dollar swag from the Sub-Treasury in this city, we modestly venture the hope that the present incumbents will leave such portions of the building as they can not conveniently carry away. It might be well for our City Fathers to appoint some one to watch the stone flugging in the vicinity of the building.

—The Carrier Dove for March contains fine lithographic portraits, with biographical sketches, of those excellent workers in the Spiritual vineyard, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Mathews. The editor announces that Dr. Albert Morton, of this city, will hereafter have editorial charge of the Biographical Department. Spiritualists should remember that they can have the Carrier Dove and GOLDEN GATE at \$4 per annum.

—Hon. Amos Adams, President of the "GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company," will leave about the first of the coming month for a few week's visit to the East. He will take in Washington, Boston and New York in his travels. He has never been back to his old home since his arrival upon this Coast, some thirty-five years ago. A host of friends will wish him bon voyage.

In publishing a list of our Spiritual exchanges, a few weeks ago, we inadvertently omitted the name of that excellent little weekly, published by Bro. James A. Bliss, at Boston, Mass., and known as The N. D. C. Axe, but whose entire name is The National Developing Circle Axe and True Keystone. The paper is too good to be handicapped with such an awful name. We hope our brother will take the suggestion kindly, to drop all of the name except the True Keystone.

—One of the most sensible judicial decisions that has appeared in some time, comes from Amiens, France, where it has lately been decided that Catholic priests may legally marry. Now, let other countries follow suit, and the Catholic priesthood will be a happy as well as a learned and instructive class of citizens. In all their refinement of study and learning, a fireside surrounded by wife and children would be as jewels set in gold, and would add a lustre to their lives that no other circumstance could give.

—A call, recently, at Mrs. H. B. Maxfield's studio and class rooms, No. 518 Taylor street, brought us face to face with a number of charming productions of her skill. Some of her flower pieces, especially, struck us as wanting in nothing but their natural perfume to be perfect. Mrs. M. is not only an accomplished and painstaking artist, but she possesses the happy faculty of calling forth the higher faculties in her pupils. We commend her to all young people who would make rapid progress in painting and drawing.

A Trip to the Garden City.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

We visited San Jose last Sunday, March 7th, and spoke to the Spiritualists of that lovely city, in Grand Army Hall. I was surprised at the size of the city, and sorry to find our beautiful philosophy is not more largely understood and represented. It seemed to me San Jose ought to be largely Spiritualistic, it has every advantage in nature, and the people seem to be energetic, refined, intelligent; and it occurred to me that if we, as a body of Spiritualists, were more completely organized on the coast, in our center of thought, San Francisco, or even Sacramento;—if we were organized as a State association and had a corresponding bureau; or, better, as a coast association, and empowered to send out delegates, both trance, inspirational and test mediums, and also organizers, missionaries and agitators, from hamlet to hamlet, oh, how soon our philosophy would be represented and understood in every neighborhood, in every home, on the Coast; and how much strength this central society would give all other societies upon the Coast. This organization and bureau should be in, or connected with, our GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company, and should have for its president and officers efficient and judicious men and women, who would make it a study how best and most completely to reach the people, choosing for every place those best adapted to meet the desires and advancement of the separate societies who require laborers. We believe this plan, if fully carried out, would be the plan of all plans by which we should all advance more rapidly, and

we should soon note a rapid increase of members, as also an advancement of thought and spiritual growth in our own immediate surroundings, and also in the State and upon the Coast.

The Spiritualists of San Jose are earnest souls, the small band, so to speak, pulling against a city of churches and the strongly oppressive influence of an orthodox atmosphere, which affects them we fear far more than they are aware. We met with warm hearts and tender hospitality. Dear Sister Keyes opened her door to us and by every delicate sisterly attention made us feel we were at home and also among angel visitors, an innumerable throng. Brother Vinter is an earnest, determined worker, and always ready with his word of cheer and kind sympathy. We wish the Spiritualists of San Jose prosperity in spiritual wealth, of growth, and increase of numbers. We are to return next Sunday, where we are to hold a public seance and also an evening lecture. We found the GOLDEN GATE well represented and fully appreciated as the best Spiritualist paper on the Coast, if not the best now published. And every soul wishing it, as do we, both the paper and its indefatigable editors, abundant success, we remain,

Fraternally yours for Truth,  
E. C. WMS.—PATTERSON.

NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

It is reported at Washington that Southern California will claim the right to name the next Republican candidate for Governor.

Not a member of the Grant family attended the funeral of General Hancock, and it is not known that the Grants sent any message of condolence to Mrs. Hancock.

The large railroad hotel at Lathrop, Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express office and the railroad baggage rooms were burned on Friday morning. The loss will amount to about \$12,000.

It is hardly worth while to go abroad in search of human suffering when hundreds of women in New York, according to Labor Commissioner Peck, are toiling for twelve and a half cents a day.

The Legislative committee on the political rights of women in Kansas have recommended the passage of the House bill giving the right to women to vote at all municipal elections in cities of the first, second, and third class.

The Gaulois of Paris informs its readers that "General Crook, at the head of 6,000 men, one-fifth of the entire army of the United States, has been pursuing for the past two weeks ten Apaches, who have been giving him a break-neck run through the immense territory of Arizona."

Why do we scarcely ever, in these days, hear sermons of the Jonathan Edwards stamp? For these reasons, among others: because, even in his own day, Jonathan Edwards disgusted, offended, and stunned the greater number of his adherents by utterances that he himself entirely believed, but which we now read with shudders of inexpressible abhorrence; and became the wider knowledge of mankind, the revelations of science, the more vivid apprehension of Christ's revelation of God as a God of love, the deeper hold upon the meaning of the incarnation, the atonement, and the resurrection, the destruction of a degraded fetishism of a letter worship that that stopped short at the letter of Scripture without attempting to understand it,—these and other influences of the dawn have so educated the moral sense of congregations that they revolt at teachings which they feel to be false to all that is likest God within their own souls.—Canon Farrar.

A correspondent in an exchange warns American girls against marrying German officers. Their uniforms are attractive and elegant, he says, but their possessions are generally limited to a slim figure and good clothes, with often a title and debt to boot. Besides, as he uniquely puts it, "their utter lack of deference or even respect for women is revolting to one bred in our chivalrous country. Let a lady go into a crowded concert-room or beer-garden, and she may stand some time; but let an officer appear, and a dozen chairs spring up?"

Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Order of Jesus, would keep no one in that society who was not useful to it. As a general rule he wished subjects to be young, strong, of pleasing countenance, well formed, and graceful. He used to say, "A bad figure makes a bad impression." Once he allowed some fathers to receive a certain postulant, if they judged him suitable. Learning afterwards that this man's nose was ill-formed, he regretted he had been admitted.

The rivalist Sam Jones says some good things which might not be so well received as they are, if they were spoken under other circumstances. Speaking against the custom of pew-renting, he said in a recent sermon: "A man who has not enough of the love of God in him to induce him to pay as much voluntarily to the cause of his Master as he will for the rent of a pew, has enough selfishness to damn his soul."

Old Dr. Donne hit the nail on the head, when he said, in 1630, "Nothing hinders our own salvation more than to deny salvation to all but ourselves."

A Good Word for Mediums.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I noticed an article in the Banner of Light of February 6th, copied from your paper, and it is of so truthful a character, and free from bigotry, and just to all parties, that I want to thank you for its production. Though I have never seen your paper, yet I do know it is worth reading, if produced by so faithful a hand, and true heart, and clear brain as that short article indicates.

I have been a public advocate of Spiritualism for seventeen years; have spoken in twelve different States, consequently have seen some of the outcroppings of the fruits of selfish bigotry, which come not only from those bitterly opposed to the teachings of our gospel of truth, but also from some branches of its pretended friends. It looks strange to me, that those who have investigated the phenomena of mediumship, can not see that in order to be a medium for minds "beyond the river" to control; that minds this side may also have the power to influence.

Let, for instance, six people form a plan to attend a seance of any kind, with the pre-determination to catch the medium in a fraud. Can they not see that by the very power of control that their "loved and lost" were expected to appear, or talk with them, as the case may be, if the medium was true as the angels, their own minds are liable to control the medium under such conditions? I have had the privilege of being in remarkably convincing seances of materializations, where the most skeptical could find no fault, and yet afterwards these same mediums were pretended to be opposed. But such exposures are "too thin," and only expose the ignorance or conceit of the expositors. There are some, I am sorry to say, among the Spiritual ranks that are bound to maintain that there is no such thing as true materialization, and will go to any length or depth to maintain their position. But I know as truly that I have seen my loved from the other side as I know any manifestation of spiritual power is in existence. If I have not seen this phase of spirit power I have not seen a table raise nor heard a rap. I have the same evidence of one as the other:—seeing and hearing, with good light and good conditions. And yet I have not seen a shadow of what is taking place today, for I have been in this Western land for six years where there is none of the power displayed that is illuminating the Eastern horizon. Stand by the mediums, Brother Editor, and the angels will stand by you. P. C. MILLS. SARGENT, Neb., Mar. 3, 1886.

Mrs. L. D. Blandy, daughter of Ira Davenport, Sen., and sister of the celebrated "Davenport Boys," passed to spirit life on Saturday, Feb. 13th, at her residence, 766 Dudley street, Boston, aged thirty-nine years one month twenty-one days. Her demission was caused by an enlargement of the heart. Mrs. Blandy was gifted with the same order of development for physical phenomena which rendered the Brothers Davenport so powerful in the field of Spiritualism's demonstration; she having given seances successfully in New England and throughout the Middle and Western States—creating everywhere a favorable impression.—Banner of Light.

The Christian's idea of religion is that it is something that ought to suppress free thought and free inquiry, get possession of the Government, control legislation, govern the schools, regulate public libraries, and run the world generally. The Christian believes in schools, if he can teach them; in governments, if he can administer them; in laws, if he can make them; in churches, if he can preach in them; but he is opposed to anybody else having anything to do with politics, literature, education, or religion.—L. K. Washburn.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FRED EVANS, Medium —FOR— INDEPENDENT SLATE And MECHANICAL WRITING. Sittings daily (Sundays excepted), from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Private Developing, daily. Select Developing Class, Tuesday and Thursday evenings. No. 1244 Mission Street, San Francisco.

DR. A. C. FOSTER, SPIRITUAL PHYSICIAN, LOCATES AND PRESCRIBES FOR DISEASE. Persons treated at a distance by lock of hair and seven lines of writing. Sixteen years' practice—nine years in this State. OFFICE—937 Mission Street.

PUBLICATIONS. THE COMING AGE, A Popular Journal for the Household. Devoted to Spiritualism, Physical and Occult Phenomena, Physical Research, Science, Health, Hygiene and Human Rights. One dollar a year. Sample copy five cents. HYGIENE PUBLISHING CO., Publishers, 213 North Eighth St., St. Louis, Mo.

(Continued from First Page.)

which are the preparation for that higher state to which we are all forever tending.

Q.—You speak of seeing God in the sense of an individual; if there are so many spheres which one holds this individual called God, and do the most exalted spirits speak of seeing him?

A.—God includes the whole of life—the least as well as the greatest;—forms objective to our eyes, and splendors whose radiance we could not bear were they unveiled to the inner sight.

God includes the beauty and the apparent deformity. The laws of nature are His intelligence. I individualize these attributes of power and virtue, wisdom and love, because it is thus that the human soul comes nearer to these attributes and makes them a portion of its own life. There is that influence in this thought of God, there is that splendor in the thought of infinity, which charms the soul, and the soul being able to conceive of infinity, proves it a part of that infinity.

Is God an individual? No, not in the sense of the individual life of which you are cognizant here, but in the sense of attributes of power that may declare themselves through various forms. We feel that individuality; it is boundless, and yet it is articulated in every line and curve of beauty, in every beam of light, in every breath of love.

Do we see him? Yes, in every manifestation of wisdom and love. We feel his power in the rule of nature's law which keeps the worlds within their orbits and human souls in theirs.

We can not talk of God; we can only say there is a mystery, a veiled splendor and wisdom, and a glow of love which our souls are not big enough to compass, but which they evermore yearn for and which they must forever worship. Even the Atheist feels the influence of this power and cognizes the grandeur of this force and life. Although he calls it force, what is the difference? since force is the same to him, as God to others; in reality all worship at the same altar.

Thus do we see God the mortal and the immortal, the finite and the infinite.

It is a good deal more profitable to make ten men think they are above you than to make one think you are above him.

TWO REMARKABLE CURES.

J. C. BATDORF, M. D., JACKSON, MICHIGAN:—In the early part of the year 1884 I was attacked with a Kidney disease, which soon became so severe that I was forced to give up working at my trade and was confined much of my time to the bed. I consulted all the doctors in town, taking medicine from four but without any benefit; in fact I grew steadily worse for five months that it was thought by several that my disease had developed into a hopeless case of Bright's Disease. In this unhappy and suffering condition my attention was called by a friend to your method of diagnosing disease by lock of hair. I sent immediately for a diagnosis, was pleased with its accuracy and sent for your magnetic remedies. After using the medicine about two weeks, complying with all your directions, the relief was so great that I began light work in my shop, and at the end of a month felt about as well as I ever did. I took two months' treatment to insure a permanent cure. I have been a well man now for fourteen months with the ability to do all the heavy work in my shop that is necessary. Your remedies have indeed been a blessing to me, and I believe others so afflicted would be equally benefited by using your remedies. Yours in truth, M. GIBNEY. Anderson, Grimes County, Texas. Sept. 16, 1885.

J. C. BATDORF, M. D.—Dear Sir: Your magnetic remedies have entirely cured me of a terrible stomach disease which had become so painful at times that it seemed as though I could not live, and I can safely recommend your treatment to all suffering from diseases of any kind. I have worked very hard and am prostrated with nervousness and a pain and weakness in the lower part of my back; troubled also with dizziness by spells. Will you please send another month's treatment for same. I enclose \$1.10, price for the medicine. Please address Mrs. Melissa E. Luits, Coloma, Berrien county, Michigan. COLOMA, February 13, 1886.

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 ministration of the celebrated and eloquent inspirational lecturer, Mrs. E. L. Watson, Sunday, March 14th. In the morning the By-Laws will be presented for adoption. Lecture in the evening at 7:45. Subject: "Sufficiency unto the day is the evil thereof; or, The continuation of the bright side of things." Questions answered at 11 o'clock a. m. 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.

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 1 to 4 o'clock p. m. Contributions of books and money solicited.

THE OAKLAND SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION.—Meets every Sunday, at 3 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. K. 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. no18

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

Spirit World; its Nature and Location.

(In the columns of our London contemporary, the "Morning and Evening," Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace...

There is being continually given off from our earth a fine, etherialized or spiritualized substance or matter, which is so fine in its nature that our senses are unable to perceive it.

The refining and spiritualizing process ceases not here. The laws of nature are incessantly at work, improving on their last efforts, and eliminating a still finer material from this already refined zone.

As these zones have the earth for their foundation, and are in accordance with the aspirations of its inhabitants, they accompany it in its orbit and flight through space, always bearing the same relation to the countries of the earth; so that the most perfect harmony reigns throughout.

In changing from a lower to a higher zone, the act is not accompanied by a scene similar to our change from the physical to the spiritual. There is no worn-out casket to shuffle off and leave behind.

The earth is the schoolhouse in which the soul is individualized, and tutored in the subtle powers that control its earthly tenement, the body, which it must achieve, ere it has more important tasks and duties assigned to it.

many stumblings, bruises, pains and failures, mistakes and regrets; and at times, outward appearance, it may seem as if it were to be lost in the pleasures of the senses, and never rise to a higher knowledge and perception of its birthright and divine nature.

Thus is given to the world through that much despised, maligned and condemned power, Spiritualism, a knowledge of the hereafter, its conditions and surroundings, without the aid of miracle or mystery—a blessing and consolation which the world has not hitherto enjoyed.

Why Not?

(Under the above caption "The Delineator presents this series of wise and sensible suggestions to women.")

Have a bonnet to match every costume when you can make it yourself, and ribbon is so fashionable and inexpensive?

Have the bronze buttons on your bodice go all the way to the collar, and have a button and a button-hole in the collar, so that there will be no necessity for your wearing an inharmonious lace-pin?

Have your collar finished with a side-plaiting of narrow ribbon, and a coquettish little bow just on one side; it would be becoming and in good form?

Have all your underwear hem-stitched, if you can do the work yourself and have plenty of time?

Have sufficient personality to arrange your hair as is most becoming, even if it is not la Mode's latest caprice?

Have sufficient knowledge of what ought to be to refrain from wearing fancy hair-pins on the street?

Have your walking suit, if you are stout, made of smooth cloth in a dark shade, as that will apparently lessen your size?

Have a little more patience with people when they try to do their best, even if they fail?

Have an improver in each of your skirts, so that will not be changing?

Have white knitted Saxony lace put on a white wool dressing-jacket? It will be so pretty.

Have the wisdom of the serpent in choosing gowns, if you are not to have many; and select those that will be in harmony with you and your surroundings at all times?

Have the wit to make the best of everything, from an old gown to a bit of lace?

Have one of the new red cloaks, if they are becoming; for if a good quality of cloth is purchased, it can be dyed and re-dyed and still preserve a good appearance?

After Death—What?

(From a recent lecture by George A. Bacon entitled, "The Bugbear of the Ages; or, After Death—What?")

Though unique in its views, it was forcible in its illustrations, and strong with emphatic affirmations. The conclusions reached, said the speaker, were the result of his own experience and investigations—corroborated by an innumerable number of candid, truth-loving intelligent men and women.

Referring to the great bugbear of the ages, which he said was the fear of death, he contended that "man makes a death that nature never made."

Wherein can man serve his kind more practically or righteously than in seeking to remove this nightmare of the past, which has so long dominated and paralyzed his reason?

When death, so-called, takes place, where is or what becomes of that which the body was known to possess—thought, intelligence, personality—that which the scalpel of the anatomist can not find, nor the retort of crucible of the chemist discover—the man stripped of gravitating body?

It is no less true than trite that "all things, visible or otherwise, are but expressions of the producing cause; the cause must be reality, or no effects would be produced.

The essences and emanations that are evolved from the physical body constitute the clothing, or body, of the interior man. The newly promoted individual finds himself possessed of all his original faculties and powers, and amid conditions that are as natural as those he left behind.

The average moral man, who, irrespective of all creeds and dogmas, is disposed to help others as well as himself; who contributes his full quota to the happiness of all; whose normal nature expresses itself in deeds of kindness, goodness, usefulness, etc., such breathes an atmosphere refreshing in its purity; he opens his eyes upon landscapes more picturesque and beautiful than ever he looked upon before.

"When at eve at the bounding of the landscape, the heavens appear to recline so slowly on the earth, imagination pictures beyond the horizon an asylum of hope—a native land of love; and nature seems to repeat silently that man is immortal."

guises. Counterfeits are unknown. He carries with him his intelligence, affection, memory, will, desire—all that constitutes his personal identity. He gravitates to his proper place with all the exactitude inherent in the principles of attraction and adaptation.

"The spirit world," says Mr. Davis, "is developed by a reverse complementary action of the materializing process." The world to which men gravitate after death is as natural and substantial as this, and subject to all the natural laws that pertain to spirit life.

Type-Writing and Love.

Type-writing has its advantages. For business purposes it is excellent; but it must be admitted that there is something cold and chilling in a friendly letter written with this machine.

A remarkable invention has been recently patented by a young lady, Miss Geneva Armstrong. It is an adjustable trough for stock cars by which animals in transit can be fed and watered as easily and by the same means as the engine.

"When at eve at the bounding of the landscape, the heavens appear to recline so slowly on the earth, imagination pictures beyond the horizon an asylum of hope—a native land of love; and nature seems to repeat silently that man is immortal."

Presentiments.

The following is taken from a work published in 1874 by D. S. T. Trowbridge, for many years a resident of Decatur, Ill., but now living at Vera Cruz, Mexico, where he represented the United States as American consul fourteen years.

"A colonel told me, two days before the battle (Shiloh), and when there was no knowledge or even a belief that a conflict was so near at hand, that he felt impressed with a feeling that an action was impending and that he should be seriously wounded in the thigh; and asked me for a tourniquet and how to apply it in order to staunch the flow of blood.

"I have in my recollection several similar cases, coming personally to my observation, and am not aware of a single case wherein the foreshadowings were not realized. The above cited case was that of General Haynie. Colonel Dollins, of the (81) Regiment Illinois Infantry, predicted his wound in the head to me on the morning of the assault upon the breastworks at Vicksburg and asked me to give him my personal attention in case his forebodings should be realized.

To these men the clash of the steel gave them mystical lore.

The Problem of Life.

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

The churches are going on in their regular way of traditional religion, resting on doctrines and forms in strange complacency, disputing now as to the form of baptism, now as to the future of the impenitent; and the work of human regeneration is as completely untouched by it as though Jesus had never lived to condemn such superficial treatment of the problem of life.

The South Americans put up sausages in bark. Concerning this, no comment is necessary, only to say that the South Americans desire to preserve every phase of the dog.—Arkansas Traveler.

Serious Oddities.

[Boston Investigator.]

The danger of extempore prayer is, that it may degenerate into the ludicrous. Take, for example, the case of the elder who was invited to pray on the day after a battle, and who said,—"Oh! Lord, I never see such a day as it was yesterday, and I don't believe you ever did!" Or, take the case of the minister giving praise at harvest time:—"We thank Thee, Oh! Lord, for Thy great bounty," said he; "we thank Thee for the fine weather; we thank Thee for the bountiful harvest, and that Thou hast enabled us to gather in the wheat throughout all this district—with the exception of Farmer Mill's little three-cornered patch down in the hollow not worth mentioning."

Affectation is the aping of another, the assuming to be what a person is not, and is always an evidence of weakness and vanity. It is a confession that one is not what he desires to be, and that he wishes to be esteemed above what he deserves. A person who is self-reliant, and willing to appear to be what he really is, is always natural, and appears in his own true character. Affectation can not be concealed from persons of discernment, and always lowers an individual in their estimation. If one by real worth can lift himself to a higher intellectual and social level, then it becomes natural to him, and to act in harmony with his true position is entirely proper. Every man should be true to himself, and should develop and maintain his own individuality. God made men different; and he intends them to be different. Instead, then, of aping others, every man should endeavor to develop his own talent and bring it to the highest possible degree of perfection.

SCIENCE.—By science man becomes acquainted with causes and effects of things, attended in an extensive and sure manner to his preservation, and to the development of his faculties. Science is to him the eye and the light, which enable him to discern clearly and accurately all the objects with which he is conversant, and hence by an enlightened man is meant a learned and well-informed man. With science and instruction a man never wants for resources and means of subsistence; and upon this principle, a philosopher, who had been shipwrecked, said to his companions who were inconsolable for the loss of their wealth, "For my part, I carry all my wealth with me."—Volney.

There is a great boom in milk drinking in New York. Wall street indulges extensively in the healthful beverage. Every sidewalk fruit stand has its can of milk, and nearly every down-town bar has it on sale, while there are numerous peripatetic merchants who deal in the fluid. The price varies from one to five and ten cents per glass, according to the gentility of the locality and the excellence of the article sold.

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PUBLICATIONS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS. OUR SUNDAY TALKS; OR, Gleanings In Various Fields of Thought, By J. J. OWEN. (Late Editor of the "San Jose Daily Mercury.") SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

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

It is calculated to elevate the mind above the mere greed for gain and momentary pleasures, and cause the thoughts to run in a more elevated channel. It contains some magnificent gems, and is of that character that will command a place among the literature of the day.—Pioneer. As to the contents of the book we can not speak too much praise. The selections are principally made up from the best things which have for several years been written for the Mercury by Mr. Owen. It is a collection of the beautiful thoughts—thoughts characteristic of the cultivated mind and warm heart of the author, clothed in the purest and best English. Mr. Owen, as a writer, has few equals on the Coast, and his "Sunday Talks" were penned in his happiest vein.—Footlight.

The compilation brings before us, in a compact form, the talented author's best and noblest thoughts on life and morals. Nothing in quiet hours will give more food for wholesome reflection than one of Bro. Owen's essays.—Gilroy Advocate. The volume is made up of short editorials on thoughtful topics culled from the columns of the author's newspaper, which tell of studious application and observation, written in a pleasing and interesting style, and full of good "meat," with the intent of benefiting their minds.—Carson Appeal.

As a home production this collection of pleasing essays and flowing verse is peculiarly interesting. The author wields a graceful pen, and all of his efforts involve highly moral principle. Although these are newspaper articles published by an editor in his daily round of duty, yet when now bound together in one volume they seem to breathe more of the spirit of the cloistered scholar than is wont to gather round the ministrations of the editorial tripod.—S. F. Post. Bro. Owen's ability as a prose and verse writer is unquestionably of a high order, and in thus grouping a number of his best productions into a compact and handy little volume, he has conferred a favor on many of the Mercury's readers, who, like ourselves, have read and appreciated the "Sunday Talks," and from them, perhaps, have been led to form a higher and more ennobling idea of the mission and duties of mankind. San Benito Advance.

Owen has a poetic way of saying practical things, a neat and attractive way which makes them readable and easily assimilated and digested, and this volume should have a wide circulation.—Foot Hill Tidings. The volume is readable and suggestive of thought.—S. F. Merchant. They embrace editorials on miscellaneous subjects, poems, sketches, and short articles, and are really what he styles them, "Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought." The contents are as creditable to Mr. Owen's literary ability as the handsome looking volume is to the taste and resources of the Mercury printing establishment.—S. F. Call.

The articles in "Sunday Talks" are written in an easy, flowing style, enchain the reader, and teaching grand doctrine. One lays down "Sunday Talks" feeling improved in spirit, with a renewed confidence in mankind and a brighter opinion of the world. The poems are beautiful, and one in particular, "Across the Bar," if name were not attached, would easily pass for the production of some of the noted poets of the country. The poems have a similar tone to the ballads of B. F. Taylor, one of the sweetest poets of America. "Sunday Talks" should have a large circulation.—Watsonville Paganonian. We have read the "Sunday Talks" and shall continue to do so, for let us open the book where we may we are sure to find something that makes us feel the better for reading; every article is the expression of the thoughts of a manly man to his fellow man.—Monterey Californian.

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