

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

VOL. III.

{ J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER, }
734 Montgomery St.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1886.

{ TERMS (In Advance): \$2.50 per annum; }
\$1.25 for six months. }

NO. 19.

CONTENTS:

FIRST PAGE.—Gems of Thought; Pebbles; A Strange Light; John Slater; Quivering Gems, etc.

SECOND PAGE.—Laws of Mediumship; "Why I am a Spiritualist;" How a Presbyterian Minister Became Converted to Spiritualism; Sound Advice; George F. Colby as a Test Medium; The Psychograph, etc.

THIRD PAGE.—The Golden Rule; Lesson of Comfort to the Afflicted; "Follow Your Leader;" A Theosophical Cook Book, etc.

FOURTH PAGE.—(Editorials) Its Meaning; A Highly Commendatory Act; Library Benefit; "The Angel of Light;" Deciding the Matter; Strained Interpretation; Wouldn't Own Him; The "Helping Hand Club;" "Slate-Writing;" Want and Waste; "As Ye Sow," Etc; Editorial Notes.

FIFTH PAGE.—Editorial Notes—continued; Coming to California; The Cause in Washington; News and Other Items; Questions and Answers; In Memoriam; Notices of Meetings; Publications; Advertisements; Professional Cards, etc.

SIXTH PAGE.—Interesting Experiences: A Mysterious Doctor in the Form of a Table; Little Peanuts; Professional Cards; Advertisements, etc.

SEVENTH PAGE.—Was It a Ghost's Hand? The Modern Young Woman; Publications, etc.

EIGHTH PAGE.—(Poetry) Our Treasures in Heaven; Her Sphere; November. The Universal Worship; Advertisements, etc.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

{By George Eliot.}

The best of us are but poor wretches just saved from shipwreck.

The memory has as many moods as the temper, and shifts its scenery like a diorama.

Life never seems so clear and easy as when the heart is beating faster at the sight of some generous self-risking deed.

Certainly the mistakes that male and female mortals make when we have our own way might fairly raise some wonder that we are so fond of it.

There are episodes in most men's lives in which their highest qualities can only cast a deterring shadow over the objects that fill their inward vision.

Love does not aim simply at the conscious good of the beloved object; it is not satisfied without perfect loyalty of heart; it aims at its own completeness.

Our vanities differ as our noses do; all conceit is not the same conceit, but varies in correspondence with the minutiae of mental make in which one of us differs from another.

If the subtle mixture of good and evil prepares suffering for human truth and purity, there is also suffering prepared for the wrong-doer by the same mingled conditions.

There are natures in which if they love us, we are conscious of having a sort of baptism and consecration; they bind us over to rectitude and purity by their pure belief about us.

No one who has ever known what it is to lose faith in a fellow-man whom he has profoundly loved and revered, will lightly say that the shock can leave the faith in the invisible goodness unshaken.

Religious ideas have the fate of melodies, which, once set afloat in the world, are taken up by all sorts of instruments, some of them wofully coarse, feeble, or out of tune, until people are in danger of crying out that the melody itself is detestable.

As we bend over the sick-bed all the forces of our nature rush towards the channels of pity, of patience, and of love, and sweep down the miserable choking drift of our quarrels, own debates, our would-be wisdom, and our clamorous selfish desires.

The eyes of angels too are turned away from serene happiness of the righteous to bend with yearning pity on the poor erring soul wandering in the desert where no water is; that for angels too the misery of one casts so tremendous a shadow as to eclipse the bliss of ninety-nine.

It is easy to understand that our discernment of men's motives must depend on the completeness of the elements we can bring from our own susceptibility and our own experience. See to it, friend, before you pronounce a too hasty judgment, that your own moral sensibilities are not of a hooved or clawed character.

Pebbles.

BY ISAAC KINLEY.

Virtue is its own justification and its own reward. For all the sacrifices laid upon her altar, the votary takes up ten, a hundred, or a thousand-fold.

The rewards of virtue are not wealth, nor office, nor power; for these may be acquired by reason of the vileness, or lost by reason of the virtue, of their possessor.

That is not virtue which only seems to be for the reward's sake. He who has no better motive for speaking truth than that he may be thought to be truthful is only a liar disguised. He who deals justly only that he may be thought to be just, or gives that he may be esteemed generous, or acts nobly only that he may be counted honorable, possesses not one of the virtues by the practice of which he seeks the applauses of men. The praises of the multitude he may indeed receive; but Virtue reserves her rewards for truer votaries.

Action, as well as character, looks to the ancestors. A noble deed ennobles and reflects praise upon father and mother; an ignoble one dishonors its author and slaps father and mother in their faces.

The base are allies by instinct, the vices confederate; and to strike any one of them is to hit all the rest. And so of the virtues; to uphold a single one is to make all the rest the stronger.

The scientist, from a fossil bone, a claw, or a tooth, has been able to reconstruct the animal form that walked the earth uncounted ages ago and tell the story of its life. So consistent is nature in all her parts—one form implying all the rest. I have sometimes thought that there is a moral fitness as well, and that the whole mental and moral qualities of the human animal may be delineated as accurately and from types as slight. A single sentence, a gesture, or the gait in walking typifies the whole man. The person of a bold spirit reasons directly and instinctively conforms his actions to his mental habit. He crosses at diagonals and distances the timid slaves of custom. His convictions are of the conscience and duty constrains him. His native energy vitalizes his thoughts and his terse sentences know no ambiguity. He is a pioneer; but often so far in advance as to be lost sight of by his timid and time-serving compeers. Whether his party be great or small, he is its born leader and representative. He goes before; and the faint of heart, far in the rear, often curse him as a radical, a visionary, or an infidel, not knowing that they are only laggards on the same road and, but for his pioneering, would be fossilized in their tracks.

Higher life? Aye, higher and still higher. Let us climb, but be sure of the foot-hold. Is this solid rock? or will a touch tumble it and us into the yawning cavern below? Higher life? Aye, and every step upward means knowledge gained and the love of the true, the pure, and the beautiful made stronger. Higher life! It is pleasant to climb. This atmosphere is pure, this scene is grand. Up! up! my brother, my sister. How ethereal all things look! How grandly glorious the stars of heaven shine out. But climb as we may, we shall ever find a higher height above. And when we shall have taken the last step on earth and broken the umbilical cord that binds us here, an infinity of distance will still be beyond to be climbed through an eternity of ages to come.

Is there not a correlation of the moral forces as well as the physical? And are not those, as well as these, indstructible? Then herein lies a great truth which parents, educators, and statesmen cannot too well consider. How often may be the energy of crime only a misdirected moral force, and that made a curse which in its normal action were only a blessing! This fact known the remedy is self-suggestive.

I attended a meeting for the reclamation of fallen women. One of the speakers, a minister of the gospel, exclaimed in the fervor of his zeal: "Is there any other character on earth so degraded, so near

the gaping mouth of the pit, as the abandoned woman?" The sentiment was applauded by both sexes and no one shouted, "Yes, yes, her seducer!" A thousand times more to be despised is the man whose smooth dissimulation and deceitful suavity have tempted innocence into ruin. Let him stand on the same level with his victim and receive his share of the lashes of public condemnation.

Do an honorable man a kindness and he will never forget you. Do a mean man a kindness and he will never forgive you. Who is incapable of gratitude is unworthy a favor, and assistance can come to him only in pity for his degradation.

What are your thoughts? Do they soar, or sink? Study them and you can know whether you are climbing or falling.

You can not conceal yourself from yourself. If you are noble you will be firm and self-reliant, though all the world think you a villain. If you are base and have cheated the world into a notion of your respectability you are a moral coward and the plaudits of all mankind cannot make you a hero.

A Strange Light.

The Philadelphia *Times* says that over the tomb of the late Bishop Odenheimer, in Burlington, N. J., there hovers nightly a bright light, which is so much of a phenomenon as to create much discussion and excitement among the people. The bishop's tomb is of gray polished granite, and is situated near the vestry door of old St. Mary's Church, the cathedral of the diocese of New Jersey, of which the Rev. Dr. Hills, the dean of the convocation of Burlington, is the rector. A bishop's mitre is carved on the top of the massive stone, and on the place where old Sexton Prickett points out as being the resting place of the saintly bishop's head, appears nightly the luminous flame that at times resembles the light from a lantern, and on other occasions so radiant that it looks like a halo, such as the old masters have painted around the head of their canonized saints. Since the strange apparition was first observed, a short time ago, crowds of people have visited the old St. Mary's graveyard at night. The light can be seen from a considerable distance; but if one has nerve enough to walk through the lich gate and approach the tomb nothing can be found to explain the cause of the strange flicker, as when a near approach to the tomb is made nothing whatever can be seen. All the ground in the vicinity is high and entirely too dry to admit of any possibility of *ignis fatuus*, or false fire. Only a few have so far had courage enough to approach the tomb after dark, but hundreds have contemplated the light from the sidewalk.

PRAYER.—Thos. Carlyle said:—"Prayer is the turning of one's soul, in heroic reverence, in infinite desire and endeavor, towards the highest, the All-excellent Omnipotent, Supreme. The modern hero, therefore, ought not to give up praying, as he has latterly all but done. Words of prayer, in this epoch, I know hardly any. But the act of prayer, in great moments, I believe to be still possible; and that one should gratefully accept such moments, and count them blest, when they come, if come they do, which latter is a most rigorous preliminary question with us in all cases. 'Can I pray in this moment' (much as I may wish to do so)? If not; then, no! I can at least stand silent, inquiring, and not blasphemously lie in this Presence. On the whole, silence is the one safe form of prayer known to me, in this poor sordid era, though there are ejaculatory words, too, which occasionally rise on one, with a felt propriety and veracity—words very welcome in such case! Prayer is the aspiration of our poor, struggling, heavily-laden soul towards its Eternal Father, and, with or without words, ought not to become impossible, nor, I persuade myself, need it ever."

ETERNAL progression is an idea that enthruses the conscience, mind and soul; it offers inducements; it opens an eternal field. To know that we cannot escape from the effects of our deeds makes us shun evil, and aspire to the good.—*Light for Thinkers.*

John Slater.

{Brooklyn World.}

A most extraordinary young man has for some time past been giving a series of most remarkable services or entertainments in Avon Hall, Bedford avenue, near Fulton street. His evidence of supposed supernatural power are remarkable even in these days of spiritual manifestations.

For two years past John Slater has been giving test exhibitions nightly and twice every Sunday in the upper part of Brooklyn. He was originally located at Irving Hall, now the Unity church, while lately he has occupied Avon Hall.

The hall last night was crowded, some nine hundred or a thousand people filling all the seats on the main floor and in the gallery, while long rows also stood along the walls of the building. Mr. Slater, who claims to be a true Spiritualist, is twenty-five years of age, slim and tall of body, and rather cadaverous in face. He talks with a quick, nervous gesture, and gesticulates in a striking manner.

The medium opened the services, as he called the gathering, by talking in a slow and peculiar manner for about ten minutes. First he toyed nervously with a small bouquet of flowers; then, laying that down, picked up a collection of hymns. He told his audience that in giving his tests all he desired was that those addressed admitted their truth or falsity as the case might be. He placed those addressed on their honor to do so.

After having sung one of a collection of hymns made popular by Messrs. Moody and Sankey, he accompanied himself on a small organ. Mr. Slater closed his eyes and began what appeared to be a most remarkable manifestation of prophecy and second sight. He first addressed a lady sitting in the front part of the hall.

"I have a manifestation for you," pointing his long finger. "I mean you with the handkerchief to your face," and the lady addressed started, colored up and dropped the handkerchief as though shot.

The medium then told her about her sister Fanny, and the lady admitted the truth of his statement.

"Carpenter is the second name given me," said the medium.

"Yes, that is my name," was the answer.

The medium then addressed a lady standing in the rear part of the hall, telling her she felt that if she could get through the nursing it would be all right.

The truth of this was admitted by the lady addressed, and Medium Slater then addressed a gentleman in a corner of the gallery, calling his attention to a little matter in which a green box figured. The gentleman, however, answered each trifling revelation with "I don't remember."

Medium Slater, however, persisted, declaring he could see the entire circumstances, told the gentleman the spirit suggested he had gone to New York on the evening in question. In answer to the medium the spirit said the gentleman had used the ferry in crossing. Finally the trivial circumstance was brought to the gentleman's mind, and he said the medium had related it in all its detail.

The vision of a turkey, the medium said, crossed his path in connection with another gentleman. "You said you would like to have a turkey sent from Goshen, did you not?" asked the medium.

"Ye-es," laughed the gentleman addressed and the audience roared.

Another lady recognized a friend whom the medium mimicked, saying:

"Well, if I want to get married I will, and if I won't I won't." The initials were C. and H. The names Charles and Harriet, and then he told the name of the lady's father.

And so the young man flitted from one part of the audience to the other. In every instance but one his revelations were finally admitted to be true. The one exception was the revelation of a murder, in which the spirit apparently struggled with the medium, and the latter, apparently going into a trance, looked as though he would have fainted, in consequence of which one of the spectators stepped on the platform to give assistance.

With eyes closed and writhing, meanwhile, the medium told in a disconnected way how the murder was committed for

money. Through him the spirit begged that justice might be done to certain children. The spirit called for vengeance and the medium quoted that text of Scripture, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." He also said, "Murder will out."

After spelling the word "J-o-h-n" the medium compromised with the spirit by stating that if the lady connected would go to him at the conclusion of the meeting he would give the message received.

During the evening a collection was taken for four poor families the medium said he was caring for. He leaves for San Francisco to escape the rigors of winter on Wednesday week next.

In the afternoon, during an interview, Mr. Slater outlined to a *World* reporter a truthful and general indication of that reporter's surroundings during the past year. He said he believed in the Bible and the Divine character of its Christ. He was a member of a family of Episcopalian beliefs, one of his sisters being a Roman Catholic. For a long time he knew nothing of his spiritualistic power, nor did he use it until twenty-one years of age. Had he done so before his friends would have incarcerated him in a lunatic asylum.

The gentleman also said his private means were sufficient to support him. He had no need of the money gained by his services, but believed the laborer was worthy of his hire. He preached the doctrine of love. A thief might admit a God above saw him, but that would not deter him. If he knew his spirit friends, his mother perhaps, saw the act, he most likely would be deterred therefrom.

Quivering Gems.

Many people, especially those who make a habit of noting such things, have been puzzled to understand why the diamonds worn in ear-rings by ladies nowadays maintain such a ceaseless quivering motion. It makes no difference that the head of the wearer is in perfect repose, or that she is even speechless, and therefore exerting no muscle of face or feature. The ceaseless twinkle of the diamond goes on, enhancing greatly the flashing beauty of the gem. I was, says a correspondent of the Brooklyn *Citizen*, curious enough to try to solve the mystery of what seemed a very close appropriation to perpetual motion, and I asked a jeweler the secret. He told me it lay in the setting of the diamond, and that the method was a patented device, the invention, as far as he knew, of a John street man. The patentee was reaping a royalty of \$50 apiece from every manufacturing jeweler to whom he sold the privilege of using it. The stone is set in the usual manner, except that a band like the handle of a diminutive basket is attached to the framework. On the under side of this band is a cup-like cavity. On the lower part of the hoop is a projecting pin pointed with rhodium, a metal which never wears out—something like the iridium with which gold pens are tipped. Now, when the diamond is put in position on the hoop, the rhodium point projects into the cup. The consequence is what scientists would call a condition of unstable equilibrium. Like the pea blown with a pipe by a schoolboy, the diamond is given no rest, with the difference that no effort is required to keep it dancing. The metal point never wears out. The diamond is ever seeking to balance itself upon the point and never succeeds. With a microscope I examined an ear-ring which a lady friend detached for my benefit. Then I saw at a glance the ingenious mechanism of the invention.

WHISKY makes men fight, it is true, but they usually fight other drunken men. The champion of beer does not stand in the temple of fame; he stands in the police court. Honor never has the delirium tremens. Glory does not wear a red nose, and Fame blows a horn, but never takes one.

DR. BOYD-CARPENTER, bishop of Ripon, when laying a corner-stone recently, was invited by the architect to become an "operative mason" for a few minutes. "No," said he, "I cannot be an operative mason, but I am a working Carpenter."

MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS has a high estimate of woman's ability as an editorial, writer, and declares that two of the best writers on the Philadelphia *Ledger* are women.

Laws of Mediumship.

[Written for the GOLDEN GATE by spirit W. G. Clayton, through a private medium.]

NOTE.—I have been studying and endeavoring to put my knowledge of things that concern our life here and yours on the mortal side of life into fitting words that should convey what might be of interest and use to you in your investigations into the future life of the spirit after it leaves the body, and so far as I have gone I have tried to make my conception of it clear to your minds. There is so vast a field of thought, so many subjects upon which to endeavor to throw light, sufficiently at least to admit of your having an insight into the workings of our life, that it requires thought and study on the part of those of us who desire and have the opportunity to impart the information that results from that thought and study to those in whom we are interested, and who show an interest in us and the life we have graduated into. I feel much pleased with the success that has attended the experiment I was led to make, of endeavoring, through the means of this medium, to diffuse the knowledge that my investigations, since my entrance into spirit-life, has brought to me, and trust that whatever inaccuracies have occurred in the transmission will be rectified should they be found to be of sufficient moment. In looking over the different essays that I have written through her means, I find nothing that seems to me to be of consequence to change, and feel gratified thereat and encouraged to hope that our united efforts may prove acceptable to those who may hear or read them, and that in the future, as we progress and grow still more accustomed to working together, we may be the means of spreading the light of Progression as far and as clearly as possible. I should like to have these few remarks accompany (if considered advisable by the ones who have the work in charge) the essays into print.

Yours very truly,
WM. G. CLAYTON.

The laws that control our work and the means by which we are enabled to carry on that work are but vaguely understood by those who are still in the body, as is unavoidably the case in view of the limited means of reliable communication between those whose bodily career has not ended and those whose spiritual career has just begun, for when one has eternity before them what might be called a lifetime would be but the beginning of opportunities for advancement.

Look about you on very side and see the different phases of industry. Look at the myriads of people engaged in those industries and think that ever since the earliest records of human life there have been these same wants to be supplied and those who must supply them; then think of how those who pass from earth to spirit-life carry their own personal desires and ambitions with them (since the mind is really the life of each one, encased first in earthly and then spiritual vestments), and what our work is answered. Of course, what merely relates to the furnishing of creature comforts is not necessarily included in this category, although those whose life's work was to provide strictly for such comforts and whose aspirations rose no higher than to eclipse all former efforts in that direction, still strive for a time to imbue some one still having the means of carrying it out with some of their ideas until they find that life has higher aims than they had dreamed of and turn their attention to acquiring knowledge that will enable them to progress to higher planes.

Those whose spiritual education was begun while still in the body and whose desire when they leave that body is to go on with the good work and strive to lead others "upward and onward" find their work to their hand and a vast field to labor in, and those whose desires were trampled upon and kept under by the stern hand of necessity will realize first their purest dreams of happiness before undertaking aught else. Little children who come from homes where they were fondlings and those from homes where they were foundlings, or even worse since humanity has erected homes for those who are deserted by their natural guardians, find their innocent pleasures and desires gratified, and are instructed and helped along by the hands of loving, patient friends and teachers until they are fitted for more than mere pleasure, and in turn meet and help those less fortunate than themselves who are at a loss to comprehend their change of form and why their voices are not heard by the ones who never turned a deaf ear to them before, and comforted by being allowed to stay in the home they knew until they gradually become interested in what is passing elsewhere, and desire to join the others in their pleasures.

The means by which we can, when we find the right instrument, communicate with those still in the body are scarcely to be explained in a satisfactory manner to finite minds, since the conditions are so varied and the means employed so solely of the spirit that it is a most difficult task to attempt to explain the process by which we communicate our ideas to their minds and control their organism to speak, heal, write or manifest in any of the various phases of mediumistic power.

Imagine, if you can, waves of thought, that surge in billows when strongly moved by some great motive, or flow smoothly and evenly when not agitated by strong emotion, that come freighted with messages of comfort, counsel, or simply loving words of remembrance for those that are in sorrow, because their loved ones "are not." That in order to cause a desire to investigate or to make men marvel and exclaim, "Can such things be," materialize flowers or forms, or parts of forms, or cause material things, such as tables, chairs, etc. to tip and rise into the air to the astonishment not unmixed with fear of those whose minds would be most easily affected by such manifestations, and to whom the

light, if it come at all would have to creep in through such means being employed in the first place.

Then the essence of electricity, if I may call it so, comes also to our aid; we form a battery by means of that incomprehensible force, through which we are enabled to direct the current over one wire or another to those whom we desire to effect as instruments to do our will; I fear I can but fail to convey the feeblest impression of the reality by any words I could bring to bear, but I must beg you to be patient with me and I will do my best. The air which encompasses earthly surface for a certain distance into space is filled with minute atoms of this electric power which surrounds each person in a greater or less quantity as they attract or repel them by their own atmosphere. Do you not know in your own experience how much more some people are affected by electricity in case of thunder storms, how some seem to feel every flash in a very unpleasant manner, amounting in some cases almost to prostration of the nervous system, while others will, with the greatest unconcern, sit quietly and seem to enjoy the war of the elements.

When we desire to develop a person as a medium we have to find first one whose organism is affected as ours was and through whose means we feel that we can accomplish what we desire, then we must study the manifold ways in which they are affected by these waves of thought, and currents, and counter-currents, and atoms of electricity that surround them. Then, too, we must take pains to choose a band, none of whom will conflict with the (what we call) "conditions" before we can develop to our own satisfaction (as far as may be) the instrument we have in view. In doing this you see we are not idle, as we must study with patient assiduity many things that with all the research and knowledge upon which we prided ourselves upon possessing in earth life we fail to have the faintest conception of, and impress upon your minds the importance of gaining all the spiritual knowledge possible as an aid towards entering upon the continuance of your life after the change called "death" as understandingly as possible. I cannot write longer this morning but will continue in some ensuing essay.

"Why I am a Spiritualist."

[Extract from a lecture by Charles Bright delivered in New South Wales to a crowded audience.]

In regard to the reasonableness of continued existence, he was often asked what he meant by spirit. He would put another question: What did they mean by matter? They could not define it otherwise than by saying, all that exists. All others were unsatisfactory and mystical. There was imponderable matter in the most perfect vacuum, as Crookes discovered—radiant matter, as he termed it, but we might term it radiant spirit, for their was no tangible distinction of matter from spirit. Take a lump of matter that would stop the progress of a railway train, and then by heat it might be transformed into gas, which the train could move freely through. Hence we were not to declare *a priori* that a spiritual body might not be gradually developing out of the material one, seeing the different forms matter was capable of assuming. Moreover, there was the fact, as beautifully set forth by Thomas Carlyle, when he speaks of men as strange animals coming out of mystery, visible for about seventy years, and then going out into mystery again. Supposing all that occurred in seventy minutes or seconds, should we not say they were ghosts instead of men? And was the ghostly aspect taken off because they were years instead of seconds? It appeared that the forces and intelligence of the human being could not be compressed into this short space of lifetime. Mind and matter, to him, were synonymous terms. The mind of a mineral was manifested in its powers of cohesion and crystallization; that of a vegetable in its forms of motion and growth; and that of the animal kingdom, crowned by man, in intelligence and reason. There was no such thing as dead matter in the universe.

Then came the testimony of others—of men who had to sacrifice all by taking up their stand by Spiritualism—men like Prof. Hare, of America, who was beginning to rank beside Faraday himself, in his researches on heat. When the Dialectical Society undertook to investigate it, men were loud in their assertions that this humbug would go to the wall. The same occurred when Prof. Crookes undertook its investigation. The London *Athenaeum* wrote, "Now we shall see this bubble burst up." But Crookes' reputation was nearly burst up when he concluded that Spiritualism was true. Then came Prof. Wallace, a co-worker with Darwin in his evolution theory, and Profs. Wagner, and Butleroff, Zollner and De Morgan, all satisfied of its reality. Spiritualism declared there was nothing in the universe to be afraid of except the condemnation of one's own conscience, that effect followed cause in eternal progression, and all could be explained by natural law without calling in the aid of the "supernatural."

A CITIZEN of Albany recently received a letter from his brother-in-law telling of an arrival in his family in this way: "I will answer your last question first. Julia is doing splendidly to-day. She was somewhat used up yesterday, and last night especially, in attending and participating in the birthday exercises of our oldest daughter, a lovely girl whom I think you have never met."

How a Presbyterian Minister Became Converted to Spiritualism.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Seeing in the GOLDEN GATE, quotations from the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* where Wm. Z. Roberts relates his 18 years investigation of Spiritualism without receiving any evidence of a continued life, recalls to mind a similar case, that of a California minister of the gospel who investigated through mediums for 20 years without receiving a single evidence of spirit return, until he crossed the writer's path in San Francisco in 1878 when he was told how to investigate. Acting accordingly his spirit relatives manifested themselves with such undeniable proof that inside of one week he yielded up his will to theirs and crossed the wide ocean to Australia, in obedience to their command to find as they (the spirits) promised a more lucrative profession awaiting him in the colonies.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

The gentleman was the Rev. A. C. Gillis, Presbyterian minister of Mendocino, California. He was taking treatments of me, and one day we conversed on Spiritualism. He remarked that he knew all about it, that he had tried into it for twenty years, and gave it up in disgust, as he had never received a single truth. He was severe on all mediums, and denounced them all as frauds. He had ceased to investigate ten years before.

I said: "Mr. Gillis, I am very glad indeed to have met a gentleman of learning and intelligence, who has given the subject so much time and thought, for I have only just entered the field of investigation, and from the little experience that I have had, I beg to differ with you in regard to all mediums being frauds! And while I admire your honesty and perseverance in hunting for the evidence of a future life, still I fear that you have not hunted in the right way. Have you not from your first visit to a medium until the last one, always denounced them in your own mind from the time you decided to see one, and when entering her room, and even while sitting before them had your mind heaping denunciation upon their head, expecting to receive nothing but falsehoods?"

Mr. Gillis admitted that such used to be the state of his mind at those periods of investigation.

I said: "Mr. Gillis, when I am operating upon an individual in order to throw them into a mesmeric condition, my subject has to become very passive so that I can control his mind. When once under control, my thoughts are their thoughts. Now there is no difference between mesmerism and spirit control, the same law governs both. The one is mesmerised by the spirit in the body, the other by the spirit out of the body, and is the most powerful according to my experience and understanding of the law that governs spirit control of mediums, in the same as that which governs mesmerism. Then you are to be blamed 'Mr. Gillis, for all the falsehoods which you have received, during all these years of tedious and unsuccessful investigations. You carried with you an atmosphere of positive evil, and while the innocent medium was becoming passive, she gradually became under your control, and as your mind was not fixed in any particular direction in which to lead her, except your expectation of receiving apparent lies and tricks, so the medium, under your control, became as it were, confused and wandering, with no fixed thought or ability to see or tell any truth. How could she; for she was then drinking from the lying fountain which you were creating. Many who are believers in spirit intercourse, attribute these false communications to 'lying spirits' but under the circumstance under consideration even an evil or lying spirit cannot control, for they must control with the mind the same as we do in the body, and I know that when a subject is under my control (mesmerically) no other mind can influence the subject without my will or consent. And again, no mesmeriser can well succeed in psychologizing his subject if there are positive opposing influences present. Therefore I consider it one of the impossibilities for any medium to get under any disembodied spirit control, while an audience, collectively or individually have their mind in a positive antagonistic opposition to the medium." Continuing I said: "Mr. Gillis, I will give you the address of two of our mediums, and I want you to try once more, and if you do not receive truth, then I will take back all that I have said, and with you believe that there is nothing in it, but I want you to go in the same frame of mind that you would expect your hearers to come to you. You worship God, then go with implicit confidence in His goodness that He will not allow you to be deceived. But remain passive, yet silently hoping for Truth."

I then gave Mr. Gillis the address of Mrs. Foye and Mrs. McDonald (now Mrs. Scales). He made his first visit to the latter medium. Next evening he went to a public circle to Mrs. Foye's, then held at the Thurlow Block on Kearny street. Next day Mr. Gillis said to me that he was on shaky ground; was pleased with his visit to the seance, and made an appointment for a private sitting next day. He had his questions all written in a small pass-book. Every one of them was answered correctly by Mrs. Foye. His father, mother, brothers and sisters all made themselves known. He said there was but one mistake, and that was a

woman that claimed recognition as his sister, but he had none, he said, of that name and age. His father and brother told him how they left this life by the falling of a tree in Canada, which was correct. He went for five days in succession to the medium Mrs. Foye and each day received additional evidence. For the first three days the young woman claiming to be his sister tried hard to be recognized. On the fourth day the spirit said, "Don't you remember the baby girl that was added to the family after you went to the States and who was afterwards, in her twelfth year of age, killed in a bear-trap." For the first time the true fact came to his mind—a fact that he had entirely forgotten—proving to him that it was not mind-reading.

The spirit of his father told him, through Mrs. Foye, to start immediately on the following Monday (that was Saturday) and take the steamer "City of Sydney" for Australia; that there was there an old pastor who was about to retire, and that he (Mr. Gillis) would be installed in his place.

"But, father," said Mr. Gillis, "you do not want me to continue preaching in the Church the same as I have done?"

"Yes," said the spirit father, "go and preach, for now you will know what you are preaching about; before you did not know."

Mr. Gillis preached the following Sunday in Dr. Scott's Church on Post street, and Monday he sailed for Australia where he arrived safely and found things as was represented to him. He was installed pastor of the Church at a large yearly salary. A copy of the paper containing his installment is at my home in San Francisco.

DR. J. D. MACLENNAN.

BUTTE CITY, Montana, Oct. 25, '86.
P. S.—I do not claim that a person with the best intentions can at all times and from all mediums receive satisfactory communications, for like spectacles you must try them to find the pair that you can see through. I do say, however, that a person honestly hunting for the truth and casting all fear of imposture aside will receive the evidence which he desires in a very few sittings with different mediums. There are fraudulent mediums like fraudulent ministers and priests, but pass them by. You will most assuredly meet with the right eye-glass if you but humbly seek, casting selfhood aside until you obtain your jewel; then you may put on your selfhood again and prove the spirits. Try them; you are now within the veil and can do so without resisting the power of the spirit.

J. D. MACL.

Sound Advice.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

When the inspired writer made the declaration that "man was created little lower than the angels," he spoke a sentence of double interpretation, for if he was to be a "little" lower than the angels then it follows that angels are only a little higher than man. I have often thought that this is demonstrated by the investigation of Modern Spiritualism, and I believe, as a rule, we are apt to put too much importance on what the spirits tell us through mediums, and I believe we should always adhere to the rule laid down in the *Banner of Light*, that is, that spirits speaking through mediums, "speak as much of truth as they perceive, and no more." If we were always to bear this in mind, it would save us much trouble and perplexity.

I learned a lesson in this direction: Several years ago, I had called on a most excellent medium for council from the spirit world, upon a matter I was deeply interested in, and I did receive a long message upon the very subject in hand, still I did not fully agree with my angel adviser, and did not heed the advice given. Six months later, I met the same medium again and obtained another sitting, and strange as it might seem, I received another long message on the same subject as my former message, but advised me in quite a different direction. I wrote on a paper asking why the change of opinion, and was informed that this spirit knew nothing about the former message. When, on my explaining the matter to the spirit I received this message: "In all probability, the spirits who advised you before, were personal friends of the party with whom they advised you to do the business; for we, in the spirit world, are still interested in your friends in earth-life, and spirits frequently advise mortals from their own standpoint."

I could refer to certain mediums whose friends in earth-life put the most implicit confidence in what spirits tell them, and I do believe such ones could be led to commit the most flagrant acts, if so advised by the spirits. When the truth is we should never lose sight of our own good, common-sense-judgment, and should measure all communications coming from whatsoever source, by the standard of right and wrong, as God has given us to see the right, always remembering that spirits speak as much of truth as they perceive, and no more. Let reason and sound morality always be our guide, and we cannot be far in error. C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Oregon, Nov. 18, 1886.

MRS. LOUISA KNAPP, the editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal* of Philadelphia, receives a salary of \$5,000 per annum, for twelve issues of the magazine. The journalist says that every penny of this salary is well earned. The magazine is both bright and popular.

George F. Colby as a Test Medium.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In my former letters I have spoken of Bro. Colby as a trance speaker, but will now give you an incident illustrating his powers as a test medium. This occurred to me in public meeting at Masonic Temple in this city. I do not know how many other cases were given on that evening, but relate this one as I was a party to it, and somehow, by the way, I am always receiving tests, although I seek them not, and that is one reason I suppose because I receive so many.

At this time an Indian spirit was in control. He said: "I see standing beside big Chief Reed a tall, heavy built man (describing him minutely) and he says he is Dr. J. A. Chapman." Now this was no test, as Dr. C. was a former Mayor of Portland and his description might have been imparted to Colby many times, but he proceeded: "I also see standing beside Chief Reed a man of medium height, stout built, about sixty or sixty five years of age, sandy hair, quite bald and gray, with heavy eyebrows, and he looks as his name would indicate 'Cross,' and he writes his first name this way (making motion with the index finger of his, the medium's, right hand on the open palm of his left hand, which the gentleman at his side read as Thomas); that is it, he said, his name is Thomas Cross, and he says he knew you at the Salem Reservation and he wants to thank you for your talk and advice you gave him just a short time before he passed over into the happy hunting ground, and he says that what you told him then about the spirit world (top side) has been of great value to him since he went there, as it gave him information of great importance, and what you said to him when you were both standing outside of the Big Wigwam (Reed's Opera House) was true, that his wife in the spirit world was with him then, as you said, and although you could not realize that when he crossed over, and she came to him and took him to the home she had prepared for him, that he could see it all, and thus he felt very thankful to you for what you had said to him."

This I call a test, as I never had told any one of this conversation, and was not thinking of it at the time. The facts were, Bro. Cross was in deep trouble at the time referred to, and came to me as a brother Odd Fellow for council and advice, and as my office was full of persons on business we took a walk up towards the State House, and Bro. C. had made a full disclosure of his situation. I, knowing his precarious health, had admonished him of the little importance of worldly affairs, and told him that the life towards which we were all so rapidly approaching was of greater importance than this life, and as we neared my office in the Opera House, we stood outside where I told him that his wife in the spirit world was with him and was in deep sympathy with him. He said his daughter had told him the same thing, but that while he could not dispute it he could not understand it. To me this was a fine test, as I know the medium could have gained no information in relation to it.

I could relate many more incidents in relation to Bro. Colby as a test medium, but this will suffice for this time.

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Oregon, Nov. 16, 1886.

The Psychograph.

[The following letter written to the inventor of the Psychograph, is interesting reading:]

I have received some very fine tests through the Psychograph. It is a very simple, but most effective instrument, and the only wonder is that no one has thought of it before. It is something like the table and pulley used by Prof. Hare in his investigation, but a great improvement, and it is wonderful with what rapidity it will spell a communication. I just induced two ladies, who called, to place their fingers on the revolving table, and very soon the index moved and spelled the name of a near friend of one of them. Of course she became interested, and as neither knew they possessed mediumistic powers, they were the more surprised. They monopolized the instrument and one of them for an hour received continuous answers, which were of almost demonstrative tests of identity of the spirit purporting to communicate, but to personal too report. On questioning myself, the name of a spirit friend was given. This spirit I asked for a test, saying as I do not touch the instrument and am several feet from it, there can be no possible means of influencing the index by my will. The test was an answer to a mental question, and no one but myself and the spirit knew the correct answer. It was perfectly given. The psychograph is an excellent test of mediumship, and I think will be valuable in detecting it where it exists in a latent form.

R. C.

It is related that at a prominent church in Harrisburg, once upon a time when a celebration was being held, the choir was on the programme to sing an anthem, and their place was designated by the single word "Anthem." The gentleman who was master of ceremonies, a high-toned, pompous individual of the old school, when he came to that part of the programme, announced in a dignified way: "Mr. Anthem will now address the congregation!" Sensation in the choir.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Golden Rule.

"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets."

Is this a part of the Bible we profess to believe to be the word of God? if so how do we observe this commandment? Is it by deducting percentages from the salaries of worthy employes who have spent the best years of their lives in our service, and who, by their skill, integrity and close attention to our interests, have aided us materially in amassing a fortune, and from whose meagre salaries even the smallest percentage means the cutting off of the comforts, and in many instances the commonest necessities of life? Their families may lack culture, may lack bread, what is that to us? If they cannot remain at the reduced price, we will procure others and they must go, for that small percentage will aid us in breaking down the store or the business down the street, and we will have all the trade. Neighbor Jones who was formerly in good circumstances, but who by some error of judgment, or probably by some friendly brother in the trade who could or did reduce expenses below what he could do lost his property, and is now seeking a position to aid him in supporting his family, is asking our aid in securing him a situation. Our influence would very probably secure for him all he desires, but although we know him to be in every way worthy and a true good man, yet we know he has no standing in bank; politically speaking he has no pull, and as we cannot be identified with an unsuccessful man, although we are all affability and politeness to him, we freeze him out by having no time to aid him. Upon our action may depend much of the future of himself and family, yet we close the scene by doing just nothing, or at most we satisfy his pressing wants by a \$5 contribution. Such men do not want immediate cash as much as they want business, but we will ease our conscience (if we have any) by a larger contribution at next Sunday's service, and we will secure the means to do it from the reduction in the salaries of our employes; the church trustees and the minister will see and speak of our large check, for these are the parties who love a "large giver," and in consequence we will soon make up the difference by increased trade.

We may be that minister and Jones a member of our congregation, but he is down at the heel, poverty stricken; we notice he is less attentive to services than formerly. His wife or his daughters were members of our choir, but if they attend now it is in the evening when their attire cannot be so closely criticised, and the pennies they drop into the contribution box, although more to them than is the hundreds of their wealthy neighbor, yet they are but pennies after all, and grand results are what we most desire; hence we find it much less convenient to make our usual call upon them than it is at the neighbor's sumptuous home with a well furnished table and plenty of good cheer to brace us up. Our conscientious scruples, if any, can be secured by a paragraph in next Sunday's sermon about the blessing of the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven, but the paragraph must not be too extended, for we are anticipating another \$5000 added to our salary, with an ocean trip this year, and we must not give offence.

We may be a Wall street Broker, or belong to the exchange, the law countenance gambling in stocks, grain, flour or other produce of the necessities of life, (goods that we do not hold or own, and never expect to own a share or pound of any of them) as legitimate.

Our transactions are more contemptible than the most contemptible of the many contemptible games of chance, and cause more misery, crime, desolation, defalcation and hasty emigration to Canada, than do all other species of gambling; yet society and the law regard them as honorable, and if we are only successful we may occupy a prominent seat in our Halls of Legislation or the Presidential Chair. Our conscience can wait until we have made our millions, and although we have spent our lives in defrauding our brother, a few weeks repentance will smooth our pathway, and we can enter into and enjoy all the blessings of heaven, equally with those who have spent the heat and burden of the day trying to live just and pure lives.

We may manufacture or sell pauper, criminal, disease and death-producing and soul-destroying rum, and have amassed a large fortune in this accursed trade. What if we have added to the paupers, the crime and wretchedness of our fellow creatures, we are enjoying all the blessings of wealth; in our magnificent home we have surrounded ourselves with all the comforts possible; we have a pew in a fashionable church; we profess to believe in the Bible, we contribute liberally to the popular charities, we may even indulge a little in private charity, yet we are doing all we can towards the desolation, wretchedness and destruction of our fellow creatures.

We are the political rulers of the earth. Cotton has lost and rum has usurped the sceptre, and we wield a large share of it. Could our eyes at one glance behold all the misery, poverty, debauchery, crime and wretchedness produced by us in one single day's trade, where is the monster who would not run with a fire brand to his store or his distillery, and stand rejoicing at the bonfire of his last penny's worth of this vile stuff, even if the act compelled him to sleep in the gutter with

the stars for a covering. (We will leave this individual to picture a salve for his conscience, the contract is too large for us.)

We may be a Judge on the bench, and a poor miserable wretch, male or female, debauched by our friend the brewer, the distiller or rumrunner is brought before us; the officer says, picked up drunk, and the poor prisoner yet in such a maudlin condition as to be oblivious to his or her surroundings, incapable of offering any species of defense, notwithstanding some wife, mother, sister or brother, husband or father, may be awaiting anxiously for their loved one's return, their heartaches are unknown to us; we have allowed ourselves to become accustomed to such scenes, and regardless of feeling, we consign the prisoner to a cell, while our friend the brewer, distiller, or rumrunner, who made such a case possible, is enjoying the very money that produced this wretchedness. Their victim only is punished; and we excuse our hasty action upon the plea of necessity; but let us follow this case a little further.

We are warden or officer of the prison, the van arrives, the number of prisoners are checked off and receipted for, the van drives away, and we close the outer gate; all kindly feeling and sympathy stands locked on the outside. The poor miserable wretches, regardless of age, sex or condition, are thrust inside and treated while thus unfortunate as so many human brutes, without manhood, womanhood or feeling. It may be their first offence and they stand trembling with fear, and the effects of the alcohol which has by this time worn off sufficient to enable them to understand their surroundings, but they are met by the coarse and often brutal jest or order of the officer; they are brought to us under sentence to be punished, not redeemed or reclaimed to society, and we forget all responsibility except the one of their safe keeping and punishment. They may be old hardened criminals accustomed to such scenes and of course indifferent to their surroundings, or they may be the innocent victims of circumstances, they meet with the same heartlessness, hence with every evil passion cultivated by association with their fellow criminals and coarse brutal keepers, when their time has expired and they are released, not to meet the outstretched brotherly hand ready and willing to help them onward and upward in the path of duty and love, but the cold, ghastly scorn of that same state of society that has made such cases possible, and innocently, at heart or otherwise, they are driven by despair, to either self destruction, or to again become an inmate of the prison.

We ask wherein is this feeble sketch overdrawn? Is it not a daily experience, and equally applicable to each and every phase of life? Yet this "Golden Rule" has been handed down to us these 1886 years with the same force of to-day.

How are we to reconcile the present utter selfishness of society with its professed belief in the infallibility of the Bible and the law of eternal punishment?

Can it be possible that the whole system as taught, of even a deathbed repentance, with vicarious atonement is so thoroughly impracticable, that our souls reject it regardless of our professions and teachers? Is there an individual on earth who has sufficient self assurance, while believing in such dogmas, to place his head upon the pillow without first repenting in sackcloth and ashes and to the utmost of his ability cleansing his record for his share in this criminality?

Here let us say reverently and truly thanks to our Father and spirit friends for the light given us, in regard to this great change death. Their teachings are practicable, they appeal to our sense of justice, there is no evading the effects of our own acts. If we have wronged an employe we must right that wrong; if we have by negligence carelessness or selfishness caused our neighbor to suffer we must undo the error, if as a teacher we are heartless, and greedy for the enjoyment of the loaves and fishes, we must correct the individual errors and suffer for our false teachings; if on change we defraud another, we will learn that every penny will be exacted, every act atoned for; but, oh, the rumrunner, how can any one so far forget all there is in life worth living for, "love for each other" as to allow himself to engage in this terrible traffic. What is there so enchanting in wealth that we will for a few dollars and a few brief years of pleasure or power, darken our lives, with the misery, wretchedness and destruction of our fellow creatures by engaging in the rum trade. Mr. Judge on the bench and Mr. Officer of the prison, remember your respectability. All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.

Every soul must work out its own salvation. Our every day lives in the mortal, builds and adorns, or sinks in the slums, our home in the immortal, every unselfish act of love, every word of comfort spoken to a fellow-creature is just so many deposits in the grand savings bank of the Summer Land. It will not be necessary to draw our check or visit the bank to enjoy our deposits, we will be in the midst of our capital all the time.

A friend at our elbow suggests a comparison of such an earth life with one spent in utter selfishness, regardless of the rights and feelings of others, instead of a bright, cheerful, glorious pathway whose beauty and grandeur is beyond the power of speech to define, we have a dark, gloomy, filthy, horrible and truly pauperized condition, just as impossible to describe, which we are compelled to inhabit until a desire prompted by conscience or angel guides to begin the work of correcting our own

evil past lives starts us on the road to progression. Our work of love will then commence to be continued for all time.

In the present state of society, how many are there, to whom this comparison, this sketch will not in some manner apply. Brothers and sisters, let us profit by a closer observance of the "Golden Rule."

Fraternally Yours,

DANIEL COONS.
BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 8, 1886.

Lesson of Comfort to the Afflicted.

[Written by the spirit wife of H. H. Kenyon of St. Paul, for Mrs. H. H. Squire, whose husband was about to pass to spirit life, and copied for GOLDEN GATE, Sept. 1886.]

MY DEAR CHILD ADDIE:—I do not love to see you so discouraged and downhearted, for only a little way ahead the sunlight will be for you and yours; the cloud of sickness which is now hanging over you will be swept away by the glorious light of the "New Birth" of your darling husband into Heaven: it will cast its beams of beauty all over you, flooding all dark places with life everlasting: you awake and feel sure that while you can not see him, that he is safely sheltered in the arms of his own darling Edna, who every day calls for "papa to come."

You will be lonely, yes, 'tis true, but with it all will come the assurance that he is far better off than mortal hands can do for him; that here he will be free from pain and suffering. Be content, my child, to let him go; only for a time will you be separated before you will pass over the way to find all waiting for you.

You have many to love and care for you; there is much, very much to feel thankful for. It looks to you now as though the light was all going out, but you will find that it is only the shadows creeping nigh, for your loved one is yours the same. The change coming will be a very great benefit to him, and will give you new strength and experiences in your spiritual work, which will be to you and him worth worlds of suffering. You will hear from each while here, and know each other there; you cannot call it a separation, for we can and do come—separated in one sense and come nearer in another. Often more is gained than lost by the change called death. Your husband will be happy as a bird freed from its bondage; we have this to give him; we know what his surroundings will be; we know his triumphs and failures, and can give him the full assurance of rest and happiness. The element of worry and discontent abides not in him. After passing over, physical torture is left behind. Were you to be in trouble he would come to you with his whole strength; not thinking of himself at all; not suffering because you suffer, but helping you because you would need help. You would think that he would be very unhappy to see you in distress; yet he would not for he will be surrounded by a protecting band of spirits who point out to him all that is to be gained by passing through this experience of seeing his loved ones in trouble, and he will quickly see what is best, and set to work to bring it about; keeping so active as to give no room for unhappiness.

There is a way out of all trouble; there is a bright as well as a dark side; often the darker it is the brighter will be the light when it bursts forth upon you.

No, no, my child, fear not, trust your loved one in our care; we will nurse and care for him very tenderly, and cast our protecting arms around you, keeping you safe from all harm.

The change of passing from earth life to a higher and better one should be greeted with gladness, for it frees the tired soul which has been so bound down for years under the yoke of sickness, and transplants him into a world free from sin and turmoil. Yes, dear, give him to us for a little time, ever looking forward to the time when we will be united in our home in Heaven.

Your dear Edna is with you often and loves you with her whole soul. I keep her with me always and love her as my own life.

You will have two bright jewels waiting for you in their home on this side, in this beautiful summer land, and you also have a dear boy baby to harbor and protect from life's stormy way; you also have home ties in the earth sphere so dear, true and strong and a loving band of angels who surround you with the love and influence of the pure in heart, giving you strength and courage to do your part nobly in this school preparatory to the one to come. Trust us for we love and will protect you, all that is in our power.

Do not allow the trouble that is so near to crush you down, but look for the brighter side and loving ones over the river for assistance, and all will be well with you.

ADELAIDE.

SHE MISSED HER HUSBAND.—"You will have to sign the document," said the insurance adjuster, addressing the widow of the policy holder.

"Where," asked the woman in black. "Right there," answered the adjuster, pointing to the spot where her signature was desired, "and you will have to have your family physician and a friend of your husband sign the affidavits of his death." "Have to go to all that trouble?" queried she. "I don't see why my poor dead husband could not have arranged these details before he died. In just such affairs a widow misses her husband terribly."—*St. Paul Globe.*

"Follow Your Leader."

[A sermon delivered from an orthodox pulpit, reviewed for Golden Gate by Spirit Rev. H. B. Kenyon.]

"Follow me for I am the life and light, the only true living way."

I find upon entering the spirit world that much that had heretofore looked like mountains were only ant hills; that the teachings of our Savior, Jesus Christ, are so simple that a child can grasp his true teachings. If we would stop and look upon him as he was and now is we would be more sure of living the right way.

Christ before his crucifixion was not perfection; if so, why need he progress as he has done all these ages of time? Why must we look at him as the only perfect human being?

I will endeavor to give you my views as I now look upon it from the spirit world. Our Savior was as perfect as mortal man can be. His life within the form was of short duration. He escaped much that others meet; that he would have met them with as much nobility of character as his previous suffering there is no doubt, for he was full of uprightness which we are not all blest with—at least if we are it never has blossomed into a living thing. He was nearer perfection than any at his time of life. His teachings were to love one another; by this will his true followers be known.

"If you do not follow his commandments you will be forever damned."

Now we will look at this closely and see what his true meaning was. We all know if we do a wrong act that we are punished for it until it is forgiven; until then our conscious stings us upon all sides. Which is the way to be forgiven or freed from this sin; to pray to God to remove it and cleanse you free from its stain, or go to the one sinned against and admit your sin, thereby receiving his blessings and forgiveness? Do you not think God at the same time would forgive you more fully than to be selfish about it to such an extent as to forget the one most wronged? What did Christ mean by commanding all to follow him?

He wished to infer that his teachings were the truth and unless we follow them we would bring suffering upon our heads. What did he mean by "I am the true living way—the only true living way"? He meant that his teachings were the only light which would lead us to everlasting life; by following his teachings we follow him as he progresses higher and higher unto perfection.

I inquired of a little girl, "What is Christ?"

"Oh, do you not know?" she said; "Why, he is love and sunshine, and all that makes us feel good."

"How do you know?"

"Because every one loves one another here, and this is where Christ once lived, and he was so full of sunlight that he could not take it all with him when he went up higher, so we have lots of it that he left, and we grow in it just like he did until we get just as full; then we will go up higher, too, just the same; then we will find some more, only better and lots more of it; don't you see?"

Yes, I did see—there is not an hour in our life that a child can not teach us much.

There is not in this whole universe one that does not know right from wrong, and that if they follow the right they will be blessed with a clear conscience; that if they follow the wrong they will be cursed with their own thoughts.

Christ endeavored to instill into our minds the true way of living so that our entrance into the life beyond might be free from all the lessons of trouble in earth-life; that we could pass into the state of higher life without all this, and leaves it with us as to whether we do finally succeed or not. He cannot help you any further than he has.

A mother cannot keep her only boy from a life of sin any further than to always keep the example of truth before him from childhood up; if he cares not to follow, it is he who will suffer—not from receiving direct punishment from our Savior, but through his own soul, which will in the hereafter, if not before, stand out in its true light and be taken for just what it is worth.

"Follow me and I will lead you aright." Yes, true; at the same time we must not expect our fellow-men to follow us until we adopt our Savior's plan of first doing the right ourselves and living so that our fellow-neighbor may feel safe in following us, and until we do this we are not Christ-like. If stripped of our outer garments what would there be left of some of us? It would take a very strong magnifying glass to detect any spirit of goodness.

I think that there are to-day, both in the spirit world and out of it, men and women as full of our Savior's spirit as he was at his stage of earthly existence; that they enter the spirit world with all the glory and purity that were surrounding him at the time of his resurrection. I would not like to think that all these years his teachings had not turned out once in awhile one that was pure in spirit as he wished us to be—"like unto himself."

Who shall be the judge? We cannot judge one by the other. What, with all our troubles and temptations besetting us upon every hand, can we judge our neighbor? If we first see to it that we ourselves are right we can then look up others to guide, and ten to one if we do live the Christian life others will follow

our lead uninvited and oftentimes unobserved by us. True love, true goodness is free from all selfishness.

"I am a jealous God," often comes up to many a soul with affection for their own, torn asunder by the angel of life, taking loved ones home to rest. Do we mean to say that our Savior had faults? If so, how can he be perfection? Point out a greater fault than jealousy if you can? Were we not taught to love and cherish our own? Why should we be cursed for so doing? A true Christian in the sight of God always stands open to sunlight, love and truth. We idolize our loved ones, for we are filled with Christ's spirit; we love him for having given us this faculty of loving; we worship him for instilling into us the God-saving power of everlasting strength to protect our own through life's rugged ways. Why give us all this if we are not to make use of it? Thus we are taught by the greatest book of books. Come down off your high pinnacle and reason with us that each and all may see this simple truth of loving and living the true and only way to everlasting joy and happiness of soul.

FATHER KENYAN.

ST. PAUL, Minn., November, 1886.

A Theosophical Cook Book.

[Brooklyn World.]

Esoteric Buddhism has of late years attracted much attention. So many converts has it made in America that the necessity of a Theosophical Cook Book has gradually become exceedingly pronounced. The Yankee fondness for sausage, meat pie, roast pig, spring lamb, etc., has proved a stumbling block to many an aspiring Buddhist.

But Laura C. Holloway has at length come to the rescue with a "Buddhist Diet Book." A consistent Buddhist, it seems, must be a vegetarian. The Diet Book will attempt to show the Western world how easy and pleasant it is to live without animal food. It says: "The human body in the beginning did not require food to support life. Man ate nothing, but imbibed nutriment by the osmose from the air." This interesting chemical process has fallen into innocuous desuetude and men have taken the solid food of a most questionable character. Buddhism now rises in its Oriental might and protests against all butcher shops. It goes even further than vegetarianism and boycotts eggs, fish and oysters. The development of the astral body is actually impossible under a treatment of roast turkey and mince-pie.

Nevertheless, the good Buddhist need not starve to death. Fruits, vegetables, confections, tea, coffee, lemonade and cold water will sustain both his solid and his astral body in all the vigor that is consistent with Theosophical ambitions. The vast combinations possible to the experienced Buddhist cook are plainly indicated by Miss Holloway. Take an onion, for instance. It may be boiled in two waters or in three as the taste directs. It may be cooked for one hour or for four at the discretion of the cook. It may be treated with or without pepper as the Buddhist fancy chooses.

And as it is with onions so is it with other things. There is a vast variety to vegetarian cookery which is as yet unexplored by our chefs. As soon as Miss Holloway's book appears a great impetus will be given to practical Theosophy, and Buddhist restaurants will spring up on all sides. It may be that the future will see a great dietetic struggle between Succi's food and the "osmose of the air."

It sounds like an echo of the voices of the past to hear talk of trying men up at Andover because they are suspected of not believing that all the heathen who have died without accepting the Christian religion are now roasting in eternal hell. Does it not suggest the times of witch-killing, of the stake and the scourge for unbelievers? Most people who read of the latest New England controversy will smile half incredulously, and wonder if there is anybody left in this century to entertain, in seriousness, such a horrible and blasphemous hypothesis. It is a shocking idea that there are still minds so plunged in mediæval darkness. Unfortunately, the revelations from Andover leave no doubt that such there are. Once in every five years, we learn from Andover reports, the members of the Faculty of that astounding institution have to make affirmation that they still absolutely and wholly believe in certain doctrines prescribed in a past century. Think of it! Think of a man solemnly swearing that in five years of life his mind had not broadened, his thoughts had not grown deeper, his ideas had not become wiser, truer, more wholesome and more charitable and hopeful—that in five years he had learned nothing! And think of making such a man a teacher of youth!—*Puck (New York.)*

THE WEDDING RING FINGER.—"Why do we always wear wedding and engagement rings on the fourth finger?" she asked as they were about to leave the jeweler's shop. "The reason is," said the smiling jeweler, "that in olden times a nerve was popularly supposed to run from the fourth finger to the heart. It used to be called the healing finger, and physicians invariably used it when they mixed their medicines."—*London Times.*

ALL the prisoners in the jail at Keokuk, Ia., were released on election day to give them a chance to vote.

GOLDEN GATE.

Published every Saturday by the "GOLDEN GATE PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY," at

734 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

J. OWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER.
MRS. MATTIE P. OWEN, Assistant.
R. B. HALL, General Agent.

TERMS:—\$2.50 per annum, payable in advance; \$1.25 for six months. Clubs of five (mailed to separate addresses) \$10, and extra copy to the sender. Send money by postal order, when possible; otherwise by express.

All letters should be addressed: "GOLDEN GATE," No. 734 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1886.

ITS MEANING.

To the world of humanity the phenomena of Spiritualism have many meanings.

To the religious nature they bring a spirit of thankful reverence to the All-Father for opening a way to communion with the spirit world. He is overawed with the marvelous fact, and all the better sentiments of his being are stirred within him. The thought that his loved ones can come to him and make their presence known and felt, overwhelms him with a sense of reverent gladness.

To the worldly nature—the man absorbed in the pursuit of wealth, or wrapped up in the things of time and sense,—these wonderful manifestations mean some unknown and incomprehensible force in nature; not necessarily spiritual, and hardly worth bothering with. He cannot see wherein he can turn it to pecuniary profit; and so he concludes to pass it by as unworthy of consideration.

To the man reared in the church, and schooled in the creeds of the religious sects, it is a mixture of deception and diabolism. He looks upon the subject as one most dangerous to meddle with. He would flee from the conscious presence of a spirit friend as from some horrid specter from regions infernal. And so he is not yet ready for the glorious truth.

To the pseudo-scientist—that is, the scientist who insists that nature shall accommodate her facts to his ideas—the phenomena are illusions of the mind; or else they are the tricks of a clever conjurer. And so he dismisses the subject with a self-satisfied conviction that if it were not so Nature would have consulted him about it!

But to the earnest seeker after truth everywhere,—whether Christian or Pagan, saint or sinner, Jew or gentile,—it opens up a new world of light and life. Believing that nature has no secrets that man has not the right to explore, and knowing that there are worlds on worlds of wonderful realms of knowledge that he has never yet explored, he enters upon the investigation of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism with joyful alacrity. With judgment unclouded and mind open to the truth, he carefully pursues his way, often through the mazes of doubt and disappointment, but certain in the end to reach the supernal heights, where all clouds shall disappear.

It is among this latter class that thousands of the best men and women of the community may now be numbered—patient seekers for the light. They have but only to press on; their efforts will surely be rewarded in time, and a glory of certainty concerning a future life will come to them that will reward them a thousand fold for their pains.

A HIGHLY COMMENDATORY ACT.—Mayor Grace of New York City has apparently won "Golden opinions from all sorts of people" by appointing two ladies on the Board of Education. The appointees are eminently fitted for the position, being ladies of high culture and refinement, and both having had much practical acquaintance with the education of our youth. Mayor Grace has taken the initiatory step towards liberating the public schools from the demoralizing effect of political rule. We hope every city in the country will follow his example. Women are by nature especially fitted for training and understanding the wants and needs of childhood and of youth. The Woman's Suffrage Association is jubilant over the matter, and outside of the association as well, his action has been highly commended. An address to the Mayor is in preparation by many well-known ladies expressing their appreciation of his action in behalf of woman and schools. This we understand is to be followed by a public meeting to celebrate the event. One of the members of the Board says: "The most remarkable thing about it, is that every journal in the city speaks heartily in commendation of it." Would any Mayor of New York dared to appoint ladies to so important a position twenty years ago? We think condemnation would certainly have followed. Truly this is an age of progression.

LIBRARY BENEFIT.—A capital literary entertainment, followed by a dance, will be given at Scottish Hall, 105 Larkin street, on Friday evening, Dec. 10th, for the benefit of the Free Spiritual Library of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists. It is the intention of those having the matter in charge to make it the best literary and social entertainment ever given by the Spiritualists of this city. The library, for which this benefit is proposed, has been in existence over two years, and has never yet been any tax to its readers. It now finds itself some one hundred dollars in debt, and its managers take this method to lift its liabilities. Those who cannot attend are kindly invited to send their contributions to S. B. Clark, this office.

"THE ANGEL OF LIGHT."

Our Seventh Day Adventist friends insist that all the good (or perhaps they would say the seeming good) there is in Spiritualism is due to the fact that their Satan, as they claim, sometimes appears to mortals as "an Angel of Light," the more effectually to lead the people to their ruin,—and that he plays his part so well as to be able even to "deceive the very elect."

As Spiritualists repudiate the horrible doctrine of election, as taught by certain branches of the Church; as they believe in no Satanic personality, and have no use for an eternal hell, in an orthodox sense, they would naturally be regarded by those who still adhere to those old traditions, as outside the pale of redemption,—as indeed they are, vicariously, but not in reality; for they realize that if they ever attain to happiness in this life or the next it must be through their own efforts, in response to the aspiration of their own souls.

When a man learn that the only Satan in the universe is his own ignorance and the evil propensities and appetites engendered thereof; and when he learns that in all of God's great plan of creation there is no one but himself to answer for his own iniquities, it would seem, if he stops to think, that he would "seek the better way," and cease to do evil. Man ought to have too much manliness and self-respect to accept happiness at the price of another's sufferings.

When we consider that this earth is one of the most insignificant worlds of our planetary system, and that there are millions of systems greater than ours, and countless worlds which are quite as likely to be inhabited as is our earth to an inhabitant of Mars, how like a child's fable seems the plan of creation and redemption which the Church has taught for ages, and which is still believed by millions of the human race.

And yet to the man spiritually illumined and intellectually unfolded, how grandly beautiful a thing is life. He beholds himself standing upon the apex thereof, as far as relates to life on this planet, and pressing onward and upward, by slow marches, towards the stars. He recognizes the law of growth and unfoldment in man, as perfect and unchanging as in the growth of a world. And in this principle of progression he finds the key to all salvation from sin.

The Angel of Light, Love, and Mercy—this Satan of the Christian world—now flooding the souls of men with his presence, and calling into reverent action all the nobler and diviner faculties of man, is doubtless the "Son of Man," whose second coming was to fill the earth with his glory. The Christ has already come in the persons of his countless messengers from the spirit world, and in their lessons of love and good will to man they give abundant proof that they are his true evangelists. Blind are the eyes that see him not, and dull the ears that catch not the glad song of redemption to the world.

DECIDING THE MATTER.—The *Baptist Weekly* makes a pleasing announcement when it says that "among learned theologians and Christian scientists there has come to be a substantial agreement on the creative days of Genesis." The fact of the ancient theory being now very seldom held should tend to lesson the dogmatism shown by all churches regarding the observance of the Sabbath. Those "six days" now being generally conceded to be "divine ages," vast periods of time, it is pure assumption for man to claim to know when "God rested," and his command to man to do the same. Hence, the time is surely coming when ministers of the gospel and all Christians will cease to wrangle with the world about its day of rest and recreation. The very legitimate subject of contention is that of dissipation. The masses should some way be persuaded that this is destruction to their happiness and life. We believe the churches will have a great part in this persuasion; that they will yet meet the worldlings half way and invite them to come in, one and all, and eat the bread of life, which is true moral and spiritual teaching.

STRAINED INTERPRETATION.—We think some one is mistaken when he says "A good many persons, after considerable mental difficulty, have been taught to believe that when Robert Burns wrote 'Comin Thro' the Rye,' he referred to a little stream in the northwest of Ayrshire called Rye." . . . Now comes Editor A. B. Todd of the *Comstock Express*, said to be an authority in Scottish literature, who was born a few miles from the Burns farm and says "the Rye was but a dew-laden grain field." If the question was put to vote we don't believe one intelligent person in ten thousand could be found who ever for a moment supposed the "Rye" to be other than a field of that grain referred to in the quaint Scotch ballad. To think otherwise reminds us of the child who, hearing the hymn "We're Going Home to Die No More," asked with a puzzled look, "Who is Dinah More?" The import of sentences comes slowly to childish minds, and it is sometimes long years before the obscurity of their understanding is cleared away. But we did not suppose adult minds were ever put to similar strains.

WOULDN'T OWN HIM.—The *Woman's Christian Union* of Burlington, N. J., has raised five hundred dollars which has been offered as a premium to the saloon-keeper who will exhibit the best specimen of a confirmed drunkard at the coming county fair at Mt. Holly. There is considerable in this idea that does not appear in the offer. There is not a saloon-keeper in the land

who would admit that he aimed to make drunkards, orphans and widows. We do not believe one of them could look with serenity on a confirmed drunkard, if he honestly thought himself at all responsible for the wrecked life. If five hundred dollars can induce a retail whisky dealer to bring forth one of his sodden victims for exhibition, it will be sufficient time for a study and contemplation of the results of his life business, that would, if anything could, cause him to discontinue it, at whatever present loss.

THE "HELPING HAND CLUB."

The chairman of a club bearing the above name, furnishes for the *San Jose Times* an interesting account of the workings and character of an institution that it might be well for other communities to copy after.

The club is located at the new Almaden Quick-silver Mine in Santa Clara County, and is the fruition of a thought in the mind of the Superintendent of said mine to improve the condition of the workmen thereof. He caused to be erected within the past year, a suitable hall in connection with which was to be a reading room, stage and kitchen, where all persons over twelve years of age—men, women and children,—could meet when not on duty, for social recreation, games, reading, conversation, performances on stage, music, etc., all to be free of charge, excepting refreshments, which were to be furnished at cost price. The grand bottom principle or idea was to afford the New Almaden public rational and innocent recreation for mind and body, free from any contaminating or deleterious influences; where they would be tempted by nothing stronger as a beverage than a cup of coffee; where recreation and pleasant homes could be found with liquors of all kinds barred out; where they would be free from all temptation, and surrounded by everything tending to elevate.

The main hall, we are told, is provided with a number of small tables where various games are allowed, but no gambling. The reading room is well supplied with papers and magazines. There is also a well selected library from which the members and their families are allowed to take books.

And all these delights of the soul, and others not mentioned, are furnished at a cost so nearly nominal as to come within reach of every employe about the mines. By the payment of \$1 per month, each employe is not only entitled to all of the privileges of the "Helping Hand Club," but he is furnished with medical attendance, and a small weekly payment, in case of sickness. Thus he is virtually insured in health of body and mind, for the payment of a monthly sum that many a laboring man will spend in one evening in a drinking saloon.

What is there to hinder the formation of many such clubs in San Francisco? Surely nothing but the want of a little earnest effort on the part of some one interested.

"SLATE WRITING."—Our Spiritual friend of the California *GOLDEN GATE* would like to have us explain how slates are written on when no mortal hand does the work. We doubt very much if we can tell him, though we saw not long since what was said to be such, but it turned out to be a trick. Perhaps, however, if we could see a slate written upon without any hands doing the writing, (we can't even imagine such a thing), we might form some idea of how it is done. But until then, our friend should not ask us to believe what seems very improbable. We can as soon believe that a spirit can set type as write on a slate.—BOSTON INVESTIGATOR.

We don't know exactly how we can get at the kernel of our good brother of the *Investigator*, for his is a very tough shell; but we do think if we had him in San Francisco for twenty-four hours we could compel him to admit that writing can be produced between closed slates, or on the under side of a single slate placed upon a table, in full light, under his own hands, and with no other hand touching the slates. He might bring his own slates all the way from Boston, if he preferred. Why, Bro. Seaver, if you have never had any proof positive of this fact, your Boston mediums are not up with the time. In our forthcoming holiday number we shall publish two slates written upon by some occult or spirit power, and both of which contain in and of themselves irrefutable evidence of genuineness. One contains writing in twelve languages the other twenty autographs mainly of prominent persons in spirit life. We shall give a history of these slates, and trust our brother will give them the consideration they deserve.

WANT AND WASTE.—It is painful to read of men committing suicide because of their inability to find employment; and in dealing with those numerous callers at our doors, known as tramps, most of us feel we had better assist, to the best of our means, unworthy persons than run the risk of wronging an honest man. To give a poor mortal his breakfast or dinner no one with a spark of tenderness in his or her heart can refuse, provided one is able to do it; but many destitute families have calls for charity from strange men "roaming the country for work," they say. Every now and then the public is generally warned that giving food to this wandering class is but fostering idleness and crime; then follow horrid accounts of the gratitude of tramps shown by plunder and arson meted out to their benefactors. Some declare that honest men won't beg; but we think any one is justified in begging when it comes to starvation or suicide. We read of tens of grapes ungathered because of low prices; and we know that a goodly portion of farm produce goes to waste every year on account of its abundance. Is it not most sad to think that men, women and children go hungry in this land of plenty?

The names of women who have founded and endowed institutions of learning in the United States, during the last years, would make a long list. Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw, of Boston, has established twenty kindergartens and seven day schools, the sum expended upon them is upwards of sixty thousand dollars. Such benefactors of their kind will find the sunset and twilight of life a season of peaceful and gratifying reflection.

"AS YE SOW," ETC.

A few days before his translation, ex-President Arthur said to a friend: "After all, life is not 'worth living, and I might as well give up the 'struggle for it now as at any other time and 'submit to the inevitable.' And yet he was only fifty-six years of age, an age when one ought to be at his best.

One burns out the taper of his life at both ends, by fast living, by destroying his digestion with late dinners washed down by that insidious and stomach-destroying tippie, champagne, and by giving himself up to the exciting follies of fashionable dissipation,—and at fifty, with his overtaxed nature irretrievably ruined, he concludes that "life is not worth the living!" On the other hand, would it not be much better to conclude in time that life is worth altogether too much to impair its usefulness by abusing or destroying its earthly habitation?

Our late President, in the vigor of his powers, was what is known as a "high liver." He was a man of splendid health and of fine physique. With proper care of himself there was no good reason why he might not almost have doubled his years. But he broke down in the prime of life, just as many another man is breaking, and from the same cause.

Plain and wholesome food, with a plenty of exercise and refreshing sleep, accompanied by a generous purpose to do good in the world, will never leave one in that condition of body or mind wherein one will find it in his heart to say that his life is a failure.

Why should it be a failure if one lives as he ought? It is not a failure to thousands who never possessed a tithe of the constitutional health, or the opportunities for usefulness, as did the dying Arthur. Indeed it is a lasting joy to many who, from inherited weaknesses and tendencies to disease, have scarcely ever known the blessing of perfect health.

And then the true test of manly character is in bearing uncomplainingly with the ills of life that we cannot avoid. If life is not worth living it is our own fault. We should make it worth living by living our best. And we can live our best only by first placing ourselves in harmony with nature's laws, and then by a generous exercise of those outreaching faculties of the mind that seek the highest welfare of our fellow-beings.

Life, when rightly lived, becomes a perpetual joy in this life, and then when the spirit passes on to the next it will enter upon a world of new activities and delights.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—We shall publish next week a lecture by W. J. Colville on "What Constitutes a True Spiritualist."

—The *GOLDEN GATE* has no greater admirers than some among the more liberal members of the evangelical churches.

—A good brother writing from Courtland, Cal., says: "The great attraction of the *GOLDEN GATE* to me is its high moral tone."

—We have received a fine poem from Mrs. E. L. Watson for our holiday number, also a gem from Mrs. Ninetta Eames for the same number.

—Would you have health of body and mind—would you live in the serene sunshine of God's eternal smile—think no ill of the least worthy of your fellow-mortals.

—The sincerity of one's convictions of truth may justly be measured by what one does, within the scope of his ability, to impress that truth upon the minds of others.

—Dr. W. W. McKaig occupied the platform at Metropolitan Temple last Sunday evening to the great delight and satisfaction of the large audience present. There is among all our speakers no deeper thinker or closer reasoner.

—N. F. Ravlin will speak at Washington Hall, to-morrow (November 27th), before the society of Progressive Spiritualists, at 2 o'clock, P. M. Subject: "Temperance," in which he will present his views of licensed rum selling.

—Kind thoughts of the erring bear upon their electric waves a power for good that thrills one towards whom they are sent with an aspiration for better things. In giving we receive. In blessing others we bless ourselves.

—All stockholders of the "Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company," should remember that the Annual Meeting for the election of a Board of Trustees for the ensuing year, will take place at 2 P. M. next Saturday, at this office.

—There is something strangely interesting in holding a pair of slates in one's own hands and hearing the pencil within moving by some mysterious power, and then at a signal, on separating the slates, finding the inner surfaces covered with messages from one's spirit friends.

—It is only when man rises above his lower nature and enters the realm of soul to which he belongs that he can begin to realize his true worth, his infinite possibilities of unfoldment, and his proper place in the universe. It is then he learns that matter is the expression of the Divine Mind, of which he is a part, and from which he can never be alienated.

—Among the many interesting articles in our forthcoming holiday edition will be one by N. F. Ravlin reciting the remarkable experiences which led him to embrace the truth of Spiritualism. Mr. Ravlin had been a shining light in the Baptist ministry for thirty years. He is now laboring with great zeal and efficiency in the new field upon which he has recently entered.

—If majorities ruled, the women of several localities and States, would hold the power of the ballot. The last census of Rhode Island shows that State to contain eleven thousand more women than men. Advocates of woman suffrage may look upon this as a sign of future political demoralization, since they cannot be convinced that women have any mind to be honest voters. So many of them, too! We think it is a good omen women are the saviors of the race, so there cannot be too many of them.

—John Slater, who is expected to arrive here in a few days, if reports are true, is doubtless one of the best public platform test mediums in the world. He has been known to give as many as one hundred tests of spirit presence at a single public seance. His audiences in Brooklyn usually equalled the capacity of the large hall in which his meetings were held, and frequently hundreds were turned away unable to gain admission.

—A unique celebration is contemplated in France for next year, which is that for persons who have passed a century. It is thought that ninety-nine can be found whose combined ages will thus sum up over ten thousand years. Judging from frequent accounts of centenarians in our daily press, the United States could make a better showing of longevity than that. As all such movements are catching we may at no distant day similarly honor the aged in our land.

—In the Old World there is a species of industry that seems to be contagious; engineering schemes in the form of tunnels, and in their numbers promise abundant employment to the laborers. The mania has reached Russia, who is going to have a railroad tunnel three miles long, the only one now in the country being but seven hundred yards. Russian engineers are said not to understand tunneling, and if this is true it will give foreigners an increased demand for skilled labor, as other large tunnels are under contemplation in the great empire.

—Mr. and Mrs. M. Stevens of Gilroy write as follows: "We cannot get along without the *GOLDEN GATE*. It is necessary to our happiness. Friday evening is about the happiest evening of the week. I read the *GATE* to my husband and child, and oh! how we do enjoy it all. Allow me to congratulate you upon the excellent character and contents of your *GOLDEN GATE*. The enterprise displayed in the continued marked improvement in the get-up of your paper, invites the appreciative commendation of all rational, progressive Spiritualists."

—Since the cry for war with Mexico has died out, another alarm equally unreasonable has been raised—the filibustering expedition of editor Cutting against our neighboring Republic. Twice the intentions of such a movement has been denied, but advices from New Mexico of the 11th inst. confirms all previous reports; two hundred and thirteen names are said to be enrolled for the wild project. It is to be hoped the Federal officials who are keeping a close watch of the scheme may prove too smart for Mr. Cutting, who is but losing the kindly interest his case first awakened.

—How much Richard Wagner was and is still loved is tenderly shown by the "Crown Room" in Bayreuth Theatre, which is dedicated to the memory of the renowned composer, where on its altars lights are ever burning. Memorials of the dead musician fill the room, and none is more precious than the blackboard upon which are written the words "Rehearsal To-day,"—said to be the last ever traced by the composer at the theatre. Last words are treasured and significant in all hearts; but only to the world, as the life was significant. It has no affection for any one save he who has bettered or charmed it.

—Light-house keeping is not exactly a new business for women, but it appears to be rapidly falling into their hands of late. Light-houses of Stone Point, Bluff Point, Rondout, Beaver Point, Point Fermin, Ediz Hook, Alcatraz, Man Island, and others in the South, are all kept by women. Most of the assistant keepers are also women. They seem about as capable of mastering the two hundred and eleven rules for the guidance of their work, as men; therefore it is evidently the popular opinion that women should have the positions if they desire them.

—Our State elections are each year resembling more and more a suit in Chancery, or the alms of the Circumlocution office Dickens so cuttingly describes. If anything tends to tear down party lines, it is the increasing deliberations of election returns. Before the real result is made known, both sides feel that it would be a grateful relief to know that anybody, no matter who, was elected, so the land could settle down to its regular every-day duties, and once more rest from the political excitement that fills the very air forcing itself upon one, willing or unwilling.

—Recent adverse reports of the Panama Canal are again substituted by those of a glowing character. If they are to be believed there is pretty good prospect for the completion of the work. The shares and bonds of the company are said to aggregate seven hundred and twelve million francs, leaving a balance of two hundred and forty-one millions. The veteran, De Lesseps, declares the canal will be open for traffic in 1889—within the original estimated cost. Whatever "the pessimists" have to say now will be reversed until after 1889, unless there should be a general collapse of the scheme before that time.

—There should be no more discussion or speculation as to the nature of the aurora borealis, since Mr. Edison tells us that in Boston he ran a wire for six hours without a battery by it. So great was the power that Mr. Edison said if he had had a rod at that time connecting New York and Boston, he could have run all the machinery in the latter city. The study of earth currents by Mr. Edison foreshadows the next end of some of the older systems of electrical invention: Telegraph wires, and the meteorological system, and others hinted at, he thinks will be entirely changed by means of the natural earth currents.

—Owing to foreign and intestine difficulties, Patagonia is to be obliterated from the maps of the country. For the same reason the ancient Persian city of Susa, was obliterated from Ponsat maps, a fortified city of immense wealth, when captured by Alexander, 335 B. C. Antiquaries are now making rich historical discoveries on the site of Susa, and Bible history is having a general revival in the land of the Pharaohs. A few hundred years hence, Patagonia will be revived in the same way, and the evidences then found of the present heathen race and its customs, though profane, will be eagerly treasured in some future museum.

—Two friends of the writer,—prominent business men of San Rafael,—who had never witnessed any independent slate-writing, accompanied us, on Sunday last, to the residence of the medium, Fred Evans, to whom both gentlemen were entire strangers. Each of the three took into his own hands a pair of slates which he knew contained no writing thereon. Each held his own slate free from the contact of other hands, and each received messages within the slates purporting to come from the unseen world. Will Bro. Seaver, of the Boston *Investigator*, tell us we were all deceived?

—The monarchies, empires and kingdoms of the Old World are like a numerous family whose sons and daughters are jealous of each other on the ground of parental favors, only, just who the head of these quarrelsome children is not a settled thing. Whatever one does displeases and awakens suspicions in another. The rejection of the lately proposed Franco-Italian Treaty of Navigation by the French legislative chambers, has led the Italian authorities to proclaim the most strict orders respecting the French vessels trading at station ports; and a frigid coolness is the present result.

—John Delonty is, or was, a very foolish man. He married Louise Montague, then loaned John O'Brien, a circus owner, a large sum of money; then he proceeded to worry himself so much over the transaction that he became insane enough to go and carefully lay his distracted head on the railroad track at Flemington, in readiness for its coming train. By this means he made a widow after being married six weeks, with a fortune as handsome as herself. Why he could not have been happy with his pretty wife, and the money he didn't loan is something John could perhaps see through at the present time.

—All attendants at the Sunday services at the Temple receive a card upon which is printed the following: "Our Religion—to do good."—The ladies of this Society with other ladies, have organized an Aid Society for the purpose of aiding Humanity in every way. They have the Jessie Street Kindergarten under their care and support. To enable the society to do good work, they need the assistance of all charitable persons. All are invited to assist in this good work by donating cast-off clothing, money, provisions of all kinds, wood and coal. Those so inclined can do so by communicating with M. B. Dodge, in Vestibule of the Temple, or addressing him at 143 Fremont street, or Mrs. A. E. Robinson, President, 308 Seventeenth street, Mrs. E. F. McKinley, 1307 1-2 Polk street. The contribution will be called for when not convenient to send. Keep this card for reference."

Coming to California.

[John Slater, the eminent platform medium, writes to the Religio-Philosophical Journal as follows.]

By the advice of my physicians I intend leaving Brooklyn on the 22d of November for San Francisco. My health has been poorly since last September, and my control thinks that the air of California will be of much benefit to me. On my way West I shall stop at Chicago for a day or two, and shall be pleased to meet some of the Spiritualists and attend some of their meetings, if possible.

My meetings in Brooklyn have been largely attended. The hall, which has a seating capacity of one thousand, has been packed, and hundreds have at times been turned away for want of room. The secular press has at different times given favorable reports in their columns of my work. I am going to California at the invitation of Hon. Amos Adams, who last spring attended my meetings in Brooklyn. On last Sunday afternoon Mr. J. J. Morse, the English lecturer, attended the service at my hall, and the people present were favorably impressed with what he said.

The hall in the evening was fairly packed with people, not even standing room to be had, so great has the interest in the work being done by the spirit band through my organism, and although I am compelled to abandon for the time being my work in Brooklyn, I hope that the balmy air and climate of California will benefit me, so that at some future time I shall take up the work left unfinished here and go ahead with it again.

The Cause in Washington.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Mr. Frank J. Ripley, the test medium of Boston, is speaking here to very large audiences. His tests are the best ever given here. His guides are logical and clear. In these lectures, send up a question to Mr. R.'s guides and it is answered very comprehensively. This is Mr. Ripley's second month here, and the society are very much pleased with him and next year we shall have him again. A full report will soon be sent by the society's secretary to you.

Yours fraternally,
CHARLES WILLIAMS.
WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 16, '86.

A CELEBRATED writer says: "No woman can be a lady who can wound and mortify another. No matter how beautiful, how refined, or how cultivated she may seem, she is in reality coarse, and the innate vulgarity of her nature manifests itself here. Uniformly kind, courteous, and polite treatment of all persons is one mark of a true woman."

WITH the idea of vengeance as a divine attribute, no wonder men make capital punishment a law—for if God destroys the soul, men may destroy the body.

NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

J. Clegg Wright is now lecturing in Cincinnati, Ohio. He has been well received there.

Germany has a population of 46,840,600, against 45,234,000 by the census of 1880.

The ministers of Minneapolis have withdrawn their invitation to Sam Jones to visit that city and hold a revival.

It is said that the ex-Empress Carlotta has lost her Flemish cook and is haunted with a constant fear of being poisoned.

The building in Chicago erected in 1877 for Moody, the evangelist, and known as the Tabernacle, was burned recently.

Ex-President Arthur died at his home in New York City on the 19th inst. The immediate cause of his death was cerebral apoplexy.

The output of flour at Minneapolis last week reached 160,000 barrels, the largest of any week this year. The exports aggregated 70,360 barrels.

Kate Field, at a recent banquet given by women, thrilled her hearers by an eloquent speech when proposing the toast: "The men, God bless them."

The Vermont Senate was less friendly to the woman suffragists than the House, and killed the limited woman suffrage bill which was passed by the lower branch.

A recent census of the attendance at the several churches in London reveals the fact that less than one-tenth of the population of that city are church goers.

Harvard College is to erect a gateway at its main entrance valued at \$10,000—the money being bequeathed for the purpose by the late Samuel Johnson of Chicago.

The consumption of ardent spirits in Belgium has nearly doubled in fourteen years. There is a place for the sale of intoxicating liquors to every forty-four inhabitants.

D. L. Moody, the evangelist, is at Cambridge, Mass., laboring for the conversion of the students of Harvard College. So far he has found them rather unimpressible.

The South Carolina Synod has requested Professor Woodrow, who is accused of teaching the doctrine of evolution, to resign his chair in the Theological Seminary.

Rev. Dr. Gibson, of San Francisco, is authority for the statement that only two per cent. of the 50,000 young men in that city attend church services on Sunday.

The French, in their thirst for conquest, have considerably overreached themselves in the Tonquin affair. The expenses of the country exceed its revenues by 30,000,000 francs.

The treasury of the city of New Orleans is empty. The Mayor says that he will recommend the suspension of the city officers for December, at least so far as pay is concerned.

In a loft at Kingston, N. Y., there was found the original letter written by Benedict Arnold to the American people to vindicate himself for his attempted betrayal of the country.

Jay-Eye-See are the spelled out initials of Jerome Increase Case, who began business forty years ago as a blacksmith and now owns \$5,000,000, including extensive reaper works at Racine, Wisconsin.

It is stated that the Chief of Police of Washington, D. C., is to be discharged for establishing an espionage over members of Congress who visited disreputable houses. The average congressman can't bear to be watched.

A heavy snow-storm in Nebraska and Iowa on the 16th and 17th inst. interfered seriously with railroad traffic. Numerous trains were snow-bound for hours, and passengers suffered considerable inconvenience and discomfort.

November 18th and 19th the most disastrous storm ever known in that region raged over Lakes Superior and Michigan. Thirty-nine lives are known to have been lost. Quite a number of vessels were wrecked; the loss is estimated at over \$600,000.

According to the report of the commissioner of pensions, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1886, there were in the United States 365,783 pensioners. Of these 1,539 were survivors of the war of 1812, and 13,397 were widows of those who served in that war.

Light for Thinkers, Chattanooga, Tenn., congratulates its readers that an increased attention to the phenomena of Spiritualism is apparent in the South and elsewhere, and that its columns are becoming more a receptacle of the phenomenal facts than hitherto; remarking, "there is nothing more essential than facts," and that "next to witnessing them, to report their occurrence is more useful than philosophy."

The great lenses for the Lick Observatory are now to be shipped from Cambridge, Mass., to their destination. They are insured for \$51,000, but it is doubtful if they could be replaced for that sum, as the maker, Fell, and the grinder, Clark, are now too old to undertake to make them over. By an ingenious arrangement of magnifying rays of light that passed through it, the lens was ground to the two-millionth part of an inch of the required thickness.

My belief makes my own limitation; or rather my disbelief in my own inherent greatness as God's very expression of Himself, makes me the small being I am. If I could conceive that all those attributes we ascribe to God or Good were mine, my very own, and that I am the epitome of all this vast universe, I would no longer see myself the small being that I am. Oh, to what boundlessness of power and blessedness I should expand. Why, men are gods in their god derived powers if they only knew it. I tell you, friends, the sum of all ignorance, and the sum of all crime is this: *we do not know our own worth.* To know our own worth would be to know that supreme Good rules the universe, and that we are spokesmen for that ALL. Spokesmen for *all there is.* I am a wave on the great bosom of *all thought.* Not one atom of that immensity which is not in me and of me. It is I. I AM IT. I am God or Good in expression. So are you. All there is is ours if we will but appropriate it. All life is simply ap-

propriation. "Ask and ye shall receive; knock and it shall be opened unto you. Whatsoever ye ask for, *believe* that ye receive it, and ye have it." Infinite goodness lies about us like the air. It fills all space; nothing but infinite goodness does or can exist.—*Woman's World.*

Questions and Answers.

[Given through the mediumship of Miss M. T. Shelhamer, and published in Banner of Light.]

QUESTION.—Was the death of Ananias and Sapphira, as mentioned in the New Testament, produced through the mediumistic agency of Peter?

ANSWER.—It is recorded in spirit-life that Peter possessed powerful mediumistic qualities; that through the bent of his own peculiar organism he attracted to himself a class of spirits who had the power, under certain conditions of making use of great physical and vital force, in material life, to such an extent as to produce wonderful manifestations, the source of which was unknown, and mysterious to both Peter and those around him, and which led the outside world to look upon this man as an occult being—a person possessing strange powers; one whose good will, rather than his enmity, was to be courted. It has further been recorded by certain historians of ancient times—who declare that they have only presented to spiritual inspection the true narrative of the life-events and work of Peter—that at the time the wonderfully miraculous occurrence in relation to the death of Ananias and Sapphira took place, Peter was under the powerful influence of this band of spirits, and through him, or his organism as a battery or force, this manifestation occurred, which produced such a strong electric current as to force the spirits of these two from the body.

Q.—Will Spirit Pierpont please give some light on the following subject: Where one person, by treating the brain of another by the laying on of hands, etc., produces clairvoyance and clairaudience in the latter, is the lucidity so conferred the result of the molecular activities of the brain of the subject being changed? or is the transferred lucidity the result of an influx of spirit power from an exalted sphere?

A.—Man is a dual being, possessing two sets of powers or of sensations. Man, physically, has the sense of sight, of hearing, of touch and other perceptions. Man spiritually possesses these same senses, independent of the physical, yet complete in their operations when they are awakened into active life. A man on earth may be physically blind; the nervous sensations connected with the optics are perhaps, to an extent, deadened or inactive, but not destroyed; the power of sight is there, but it needs to be quickened or brought into active operation. A skillful physician, applying his agencies to the nerves of sensation, whether they be of an electrical or magnetic nature, or whether they be supplied from some herb of the field, it matters not, may perhaps produce the effect, through his operation, quickening the optic nerves and bringing to them the power of perception, and the consequence is that the blind man is made to see. So it may be that an operator, a mesmerist, or a magnetic healer, operating upon the brain of another individual, supplies to that brain some active agency which is required to call the inner or clairvoyant sight into life and activity; the magnetism he supplies, the electrical force brought through his hand, as an instrument of the will power, which is of itself a spiritual force operating upon the subject, may produce the effect; it brings the molecular activities of the brain into more potent operation, quickens them, and the interior sight is unfolded, the blind man is made to see. Sometimes, however, it happens that the operator is merely a machine, and does not possess the potent forces or agencies required for the unfolding of this interior sight, is himself acted upon by unseen intelligences who through his agency supply to the brain of the subject those forces needed to bring clairvoyant sight into activity. Sometimes it happens that the operator is not used at all, although the result may seem to him to have been produced through his agency, for invisible agencies, coming to the subject, find the moment and the condition favorable for their operations upon his brain, and they bring a potent force which quickens into active perception the sight of the subject and leads him to behold the wonders of an invisible world.

Q.—Is there a struggle for existence in the spirit-life, similar to that in the earth-life?

A.—No. In the spiritual world there is no struggle for existence, as on the mortal plane. No soul can be crowded out of existence in the spirit world; no being, however feeble or incapable of caring for itself, can be stamped out of existence by the hurrying, surging throng of eager individuals who strive to attain positions in the world. There is, however, a sort of struggle for existence even in the spiritual world. The strong, the powerful in spirit, the positive in will or mind force, will always rise to the greatest height, will always attain the broadest places, but however feeble a spirit may be, it has within itself elements of strength which it may develop, if it will. Therefore, though it may be obliged to maintain a lowly position at first through its spiritual weakness, yet by breathing in the atmosphere and magnetism of a diviner life than this of earth, and inspired by the example as well as by the magnetic assistance of other spirits who are high in spirit-life, the weak soul may find stirring within new power and new possibilities of action which it did not dream existed,

and making use of this power find itself gaining in strength, becoming daily better fitted to cope with the conditions of its new life, and rise in the scale of being. In the spiritual world it rests with every individual whether to rise higher and higher day by day, profiting by experience, and gaining new powers constantly.

Q.—Does a neglect to fulfill one's duties while in this life prevent him from advancing upon his entrance into spirit-life, and necessitate his return and continuance in the earth-sphere in order to retrieve his delinquencies?

A.—No individual neglects his duty on earth, but what he feels self-condemned on passing to the spiritual world; and as he casts off the material form, finding his sensibilities increased, grown more tender and keen, this condemnation will deepen, and the spirit will find that he has neglected his duty here, he is not prepared to ascend into the companionship of high, dutiful and faithful souls on the other side of life; therefore he will be held in contact with physical life; he will know that there is a field of action which he should explore; that here on earth lies the duty which he left unfulfilled, and he is constantly attracted to it and cannot rise in the scale of spiritual life if he desires to, because this is his true plane, and he will linger in contact with it until he finds an opportunity of perfecting his work and doing something for the benefit of his fellows. Having performed all that is possible for his fellows he will then feel a sense of freedom, realize that he has done his best, and the fetters which have bound him to the earthly plane will be swept away and his soul will rise to higher scenes and more lofty associations.

THE Boston *Herald's* reviewer of Joseph Cook's "Orient" says: "Mr. Cook never omits an opportunity to blow his own trumpet. Modesty is no more one of his virtues than veracity is. Even the best of the work here brought together is superficial and unphilosophical. Mr. Cook uses his memory more than his reason. There is a great show of other men's thinking, but very little of his own. Mr. Cook is a rhetorician, an entertainer with smart phrases, not a thinker, not a helper to men where they need to have things made clear to them."—*The Index.*

HUNDREDS of boys, says the *Scientific American*, apply for enlistment in the United States Navy, but are rejected because they cannot pass the physical examination. The first question is: "Do you smoke?" The invariable response is: "No sir;" but the tell-tale discoloration of the fingers at once tells the truth.

IN MEMORIAM.

Henry W. Cottle, aged 62 years, passed on to higher life, November 18, 1886, in San Jose, Cal. The universal regret with which this announcement was met is seldom seen, and the sympathy of the whole community, strangers as well as friends, was extended to the stricken family, who were so suddenly bereaved. Mr. Cottle left his home to attend to his business. Before reaching his destination he was thrown from his wagon, the violence of the fall breaking his neck, causing instant death.

The large concourse of friends and acquaintances that attended his funeral, in spite of the cold wind and rain, proved the respect that he had gained among those with whom his lot has been cast for the past thirty years. He has always borne the highest reputation for uprightness and correct living. Among the many beautiful homes of which San Jose can boast, his numbered among the most beautiful. The large, spacious house and grounds gave evidence of his love of home and family. Mrs. E. L. Watson performed the last ceremonies, at house and grave, in words which could not fail to bring comfort to the wounded hearts to which she was administering consolation. The pen is inadequate to paint the beautiful language and consolation contained in her discourse. To her it mattered little whether the day begun on this earthly plane be finished here, or whether it be finished in another home. She assured these mourners that the mere fact of the deceased having been removed beyond their material gaze, would in no way interfere with his carrying on his good work. Even as he had built and beautified their present home, so he would continue his work of love and prepare a future home, where he would be ready to receive them. How pleasant the thought that when we enter the other life, we shall not find ourselves among strangers, but be surrounded by familiar faces and loving friends. She compared the cold, cloudy day, with its falling rain, to the clouds that sorrow casts over our lives; likening our tears to the rain which starts into new and vigorous life the dormant germs contained in mother earth; so our sorrows are often the means of bringing to life germs of beauty and goodness that lie dormant in the heart.

At the opening and closing of these remarks, appropriate hymns were exquisitely rendered by a choir of melodious voices. The casket was loaded with lovely floral offerings. At the grave Mrs. Watson stood in the pouring rain and addressed a few closing words of comfort, which closed the last sad rites to all that was mortal of Henry W. Cottle. MRS. R. H. SCHWARTZ.
SAN JOSE, NOV. 20, 1886.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHICAL SERVICES AT Metropolitan Temple, by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society. Mrs. E. L. Watson will answer questions at 11 a. m. In the evening at 7:30 she will lecture on "Our Thanksgiving." Fine vocal music under the management of Mr. Whiteley. Children's Lyceum at 12:30 p. m. All services free.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 1 p. m., in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Good speakers upon all live subjects pertaining to Spiritualism and humanity. A free Spiritual Library, of 700 volumes, open every Sunday from 1 to 5 p. m. At 7:30 p. m. Conference and Medium's Seance, at which representative test and inspirational mediums of San Francisco and Oakland, will appear. The proceeds will be expended in aiding worthy persons and objects. All are invited.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY WEDNESDAY evening, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111, Larkin street. First hour—Trance and Inspirational Speeches. Second hour—Tests, by the Mediums. Admission, free.

GOLDEN GATE EUROPEAN AGENCY.

H. A. KERSY, No. 1 Newgate street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, will act as agent in England for the GOLDEN GATE, during the absence of J. J. Morse, receiving subscriptions therefor at 12s 6d per annum, postage included.

PUBLICATIONS.

NOW ON SALE.

The Grandest Spiritual Work Ever Published.

Voices from Many Hill-Tops—
—Echoes from Many Valleys;

—or the—

Experiences of the Spirits Eon and Eona

In earth life and spirit spheres;

In Ages Past; In the Long, Long Ago; and their MANY INCARNATIONS in Earth-Life and on Other Worlds.

A Spiritual Legacy for Earth's Children.

This book of many lives is the legacy of spirit Eona to the wide, wide world.

A book from the land of souls, such as was never before published. No book like unto this has ever found its way to earth-land shores, showing that there has never been a demand for such a publication.

This book has been given by spirit Eona through the "Sun Angel Order of Light," to her soul-mate Eon, and through him to the world.

THE BOOK HAS

650 Large Sized Pages,

Is elegantly bound in fine English cloth, has beveled boards and gilt top. Will be sent by mail on receipt of \$2.50. Send amount in money order or registered letter.

AGENTS WANTED.

Parties desiring catalogues giving contents of book, please address

JOHN B. FAYETTE & CO.,
Box B, 51, SANDUSKY, OHIO.

june-19-9m*

ADVERTISEMENTS.



FIRE OF LIFE.
A MAGIC CURE
—FOR—
RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA,
PNEUMONIA, PARALYSIS, ASTHMA,
SCIATICA, GOUT, LUMBAGO
AND DEAFNESS.
Everybody Should Have It.
G. G. BURNETT, Agent,
327 Montgomery St., S. F.
Price, \$1.00. Sold by all druggists. Call and see.
DR. CHAS. ROWELL,
OFFICE—420 Kearny Street, San Francisco.

KNABE PIANO.

KNABE PIANO.

It is a fact universally conceded that the KNABE surpasses all other instruments.

The Popular Harrington, Gilbert and Briggs Pianos.

MUSIC DEP'T OF A. L. BANCROFT & CO.,
114 Dupont street, San Francisco, Cal.
Sole Agents Pacific Coast. nov27

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY BOARDING HOUSE,

"WEST END."

Thoroughly Renovated, Sunny Rooms.

1148 SUTTER ST., CORNER POLK, : SAN FRANCISCO;

MRS. W. W. THEOBALDS.

Cable Cars pass the door. oct27

FURNISHED ROOMS TO-LET.

No. 1 Fifth Street, Corner of Market.

H. C. WILSON

Desires to inform his many friends, both in the city and country, that he has assumed the management of the above named house and solicits their patronage.

LOCATION CENTRAL. : : PRICES REASONABLE.

Everything Strictly First-Class. auct27

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DEVELOPING CIRCLE,

EVERY FRIDAY AT 2 P. M.,

At No. 10 LeRoy Place, off Sacramento street, South, between Leavenworth and Jones.

Ladies, 10 cents. : Gentlemen, 25 cents.

Will also attend private families for developing their circles, at reasonable rates.

nov27 W. C. R. SMITH, Astral Healer.

JULIUS LYONS,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,

Room 18, Temple Block,

LOS ANGELES, : : CALIFORNIA.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of stockholders of the "Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company," will be held at the office of the Company, No. 734 Montgomery street, in the city of San Francisco, California, on Saturday, December 4th, at 2 o'clock P. M., for the election of five Trustees for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may be necessary. MATTIE P. OWEN, Secretary.
SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 6, 1886.

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."

Interesting Experiences.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Spiritualism brings to us a knowledge of future life, and bids us hope through the dark days of black despair. Spiritualists, of all inhabitants on earth, can and ought to be joyful, for we do not live by faith alone, but by the ever-living truths that knowledge brings. Our hopes and belief of a future life are founded on knowledge, and our faith is of the supremely sublime, for it is not a faith whose foundations are sure.

Ten months ago I knew nothing whatever of Spiritualism, but through the manifestations of spirits I have been brought to the grand and beautiful knowledge that our friends live beyond the grave, and can, under proper conditions, return to earth, and hold sweet communion with us.

My daughter, twelve years of age, was controlled to write four months ago, and now is developing as an independent slate-writer, trance, clairvoyant and clairaudient. She has seen seventeen beautiful visions of the spirit-world at a sitting—has seen and described a large number of spirits, many she never saw in earth life, yet the description was so minutely given they were very readily recognized. She heard and repeated beautiful lectures given by Prof. H. B. Norton and others. The second day she was controlled to write, forty-seven of our town people that had passed away communicated through her. The greater part of the number having passed away before we came to Gilroy, and knew nothing of, but since have learned each one to be a fact.

We have three large blank books, of thirty-five leaves each, filled with messages from one hundred and thirty-nine different spirits, some of the messages filling six sides of the slates, the character and language far in advance of the child's knowledge.

Some come pleading for me to send their message to their friends; in a few instances have done so, some being received with joy and thankfulness, others with contempt; thereby two pictures have been brought before us, showing how our thoughts and actions on earth effect those in spirit world. For instance, the next day after sending a message we will receive a message saying, "I want for words with which to thank you for sending my message to [whoever the case may be]. It made them so happy to know I still live and can communicate to them. My conditions now are much brighter, and I can't explain to you how it has benefited me in many ways to know this truth has been accepted by them," when in a day or two their friends will call and know not what to say to express their happiness in hearing from their loved ones. Does this not prove to us that the spirits know and can tell us beforehand just how their messages have been received?

The other picture is not pleasant to look at. I will take this instance to illustrate, but have had many similar cases, I am sorry to say. I have very dear friends (formerly of San Francisco) now living in Michigan; they paid me a visit a few months ago. Shortly before visiting us they had two beautiful daughters, —their all—taken away. When we least expected it we received many beautiful messages from their Bessie and Sadie, begging me to send them to their mamma. I did so, and before I received a reply to my letter they came saying, "When mamma read those messages she said, 'Oh, if I only could believe those beautiful, comforting words came from our darlings how happy I would be, but I can not!' then said how unhappy they were, weeping, and could not progress or communicate any more, as they were thrown out of condition by the rejection of the truth that they still live." When the reply to my letter came their mamma said: "Dear friends, do not feel hard towards me because I cannot believe as you do. If I only could believe those messages came from our darlings I would be happy, but I cannot."

How strange it is that a person who leaves his mortal form should, as a returning spirit, be compelled to establish his identity when he attempts to make his presence known through a medium, and if he is not very careful some careless word may drop while he is controlling that may throw discredit upon all he attempts to give as proof positive of his return.

To show the character of the messages of which we are in daily receipt I will give one from my husband's control, as independent slate-writer: "Keep on, my boy, as you now are. Learn to stand nobly up both in body and spirit; then when you are developed the helps of the higher life will amply brace you up to whatever work you may find it in your way to do. Help comes to those who first help themselves. If you would enjoy most fully the aid of the higher spirits you must aim to grow up to them rather than expect that they will descend toward you. My boy, this is but natural. I hope you will profit by my advice and you will be rewarded with a mediumship of high order in due time. Your control, Sheldon Purdy Pharis."

Did the devil write this and the hundreds of other messages we have received? If so, we return Mr. Devil our sincere thanks, and invite him to call often and stay late. Was it a trick, a delusion? Then blessed delusion come right along and let us hug you to our heart every day of our life. Look at the information

and say nothing of whether the writing was done this way or that way. Did we post the little medium? If so, how did we get the information. Skeptics little know the people who have been our guests if they imagine a moment's time could be found to discuss who had or had not passed over from this section of country. The fact is, the messages were received exactly as claimed, from the spirit world, and no one can explain the phenomena from any other standpoint.

The spirits who have communicated to us have very largely described their experiences and occupations on the other side. And they are shown to be of marvelous variety. In point of fact, the spirits, in returning and communicating at all, do almost invariably give some account of their mode of life on the higher plane of their new existence. First, they identify themselves by earthly tokens to those with whom they would communicate, and then proceed to describe their new life, its conditions and occupations.

To assert that we know nothing more of the character of the future life through the phenomena of Spiritualism than we knew before, is to indulge in the idlest talk and perfect ignorance. They who are spiritually inclined, who possess any measure of spiritual discernment, are fully competent to understand and appreciate the new knowledge of the future life which is revealed to them by means of the phenomena. They who are destitute of these qualifications will naturally continue to ask irrelevant and unmeaning questions.

Father, mother, have you seemingly lost a blue-eyed boy and a fair-haired daughter? Be patient, assuage your grief; they are not far from you. Have you lost to sight a noble father, a precious, loving mother?—mother! old, sacred name! What hallowed and tender associations, what cherished memories cluster around that dear word! be of good cheer, she, in spirit is with you still, and soon will clasp you to her arms as of yore to part no more. As we in mortality prepare for the coming of our little ones, so do our loved ones gone before prepare for our birth from the material into the "Spiritual World." Fraternally,

MRS. MANUEL STEVENS.
GILROY, November 19, 1886.

A Mysterious Doctor in the Form of a Table.

[D. P. Kayner, M. D., in Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

A new phase in the "Healing Art" has presented itself—using deliberately the expression in its fullest sense. Having been requested to investigate a phenomenon which had presented itself to Mr. and Mrs. Hotchkiss, accompanied by an editorial friend we called at 2936 Dearborn street, and, on making our errand known, were soon seated at a small table, from which the drawer was removed in our presence and set one side, so that nothing could be concealed in or about the table to produce the phenomenon. Soon distinct raps were heard upon the table, then it began a series of movements—tipping, turning around and rising up on its "hind" legs and standing poised in that position.

At this stage the lady said: "I was a strict member of the Episcopal Church and knew nothing of Spiritualism. For eleven years I was afflicted with a tumor, which surgeons had stated could not be removed and I survive the operation. One day while sitting at this table it tipped and raised up one end sufficiently to place the elevated end over the tumor and commenced to move forward and back over it. This was about a year ago, and today I have no tumor. The table gave me treatments daily for about ten months and the tumor disappeared."

The table then indicated that it would give me a treatment, I having been in poor health for some time, and without any indications from me, raised up on its "hind" legs and manipulated every affected part.

My editorial friend, who persistently declared he was perfectly well, and had the appearance of being so, was also "treated" by the table which pointed out unhealthy conditions of throat, heart and spleen, and which he afterward acknowledged had been troubling him somewhat. Others have had similar experience. It is evident the table is not only charged with healing magnetism but also with an intelligence which amounts to clairvoyance.

Now, what are the "regular" doctors going to do about it? It is evident their laws are inoperative in this case, and further legislation will be needed. It is an illustration of the saying of Jesus of Nazareth—"If these were to hold their peace the very stones would cry out."

The "Doctor Laws" have undertaken to put all manipulators under a ban, and to fine and imprison them for exercising "the power of healing by the laying on of hands;" and now, behold! the very tables are rising up and doing the work which the doctor's law was gotten up to prevent.

The conundrum for them to solve now is, Whence comes this intelligence and how does it act upon and through so-called inert matter to give expression to thought and to impart healing power? It is evident the "Board of Health" cannot prosecute the table for infraction of the Medical Law until they can swear the table has a brain and the organs of intelligence and reason which they can locate and define—hence their dilemma.

HE who strives after a long and pleasant form of life must seek to attain continued equanimity.

Little Peanuts.

[St. Paul Globe.]

The little train-boy was dying. On his death-bed the sufferer lay, his emaciated face and hands exciting pity and concern. No mother's hand smoothed his brow. No mother's tears and sobs marked the going out of his young life. Father, brother, and sister he had none. A waif upon the world from childhood's tenderest hours, had made his own way. Alone had he waged the battle of life, and from newsboy and bootblack to train-boy he had worked his own advancement.

An accident in which he had lost his leg placed him in the hospital. The amputation proved too much for his constitution and slowly but surely his life flickered and was going out. A brave little patient, he bore all his sufferings without complaint, save that he was anxious to get up and take his "run," as he called it. No one told him that his days as a train-boy were at an end. A fever set in and he became delirious. Train talk he constantly indulged in during his delirium and made many imaginary "runs" into St. Paul on the Milwaukee road.

Weaker and weaker he became. The nurse and physician watched beside his couch. His brow was covered with the dew of death. His last "run" on earth was soon to end.

"De box is on board," said the dying boy, addressing an imaginary conductor, "and yer can't start too soon ter suit me." They bathed his brow, these strangers—the nurse and the physician—and listened to his strange words.

"Dere's just one thing," exclaimed the little sufferer, as if talking to a companion, "if I should get kilt on ary of dese here collisions, dat silver tigger—O, yer know my watch—goes ter Cully. O, what'er yer givin' me? Don't yer know Cully? Why, Cully's my old pard. Him and me done worked together too long fer me ter forget him."

"Dere's Winona," he said as if on his "run." "I'll take der peaches frough fer luck. O, it's no good. Der won't buy of me, I'll try der orange racket. 'Tain't no better, and here we is at Hastings—" "De mist is on; I can't see der river," he said hoarsely, "and here we is at St. Paul at—"

Little "Peanuts" was dead.

GREELEY'S IMAGINATION. — "Stories about Horace Greeley are always interesting," remarked Charles M. Walker in conversation. "The other day I met the proprietors of the *Kingston Banner*, who gave me two that have never been in print. He worked in the New York *Tribune* office ten years during Mr. Greeley's time, and had many anecdotes of that great editor. It was Mr. Greeley's custom on Sunday forenoon to attend Dr. Chapin's church, after which he would saunter down to the *Tribune* office and look through the exchanges. One remarkably cold Sunday he came down to the office after church. The janitor had neglected to build any fires. Mr. Greeley went into the editorial room, and, his feet feeling cold, he took off his shoes and hung his feet in the register. Presently the foreman came down on some errand of business. It was freezing cold, and there was a cold draught rushing through the register where Mr. Greeley sat immersed in exchanges, wholly oblivious of all sub-lunary discomforts.

"Why, Mr. Greeley," exclaimed the foreman, "what in the world are you doing? There's no fire there, and you'll take your death of cold."

"D—it," said the philosopher, pettishly, "why did you tell me? I was warming myself very nicely." — *Indianapolis Journal*.

WONDERS OF DIET.—The Roman soldier who built such wonderful roads, and carried such a weight of armor and luggage as would crush the average farm hand, lived on coarse brown bread and sour wine. They were temperate in diet, regular and constant in exercise. The Spanish peasant works every day and dances half the night, yet eats only his black bread, onions and watermelons. The Smyrna porter eats only a little fruit and some olives. He eats no beef, pork or mutton, yet he walks off with his load of eight hundred pounds. The coolie, fed on rice, is more active and can endure more than the negro fed on fat meat. The heavy work of the world is not done by men who eat the greatest quantity. The fastest and longest-winded horse is not the biggest eater. Moderation in diet seems to be the prerequisite for endurance.

The New York *World* of November 1st, says: "J. J. Morse, of London, lectured last evening under the auspices of the First Society of Spiritualists, at Grand Opera House Hall. His subject was 'Liberty Enlightening the World.' He invited attention to the wide difference between the sentiments typified in the celebrated monuments of the Old World, commemorating the victory of an army or the whim of some royal despot, and that illustrated in the great work of Bartholdi, the gift of one free nation to another. The sentiment, however, he said, was of no account unless developed in action. A more enduring liberty should be fostered under the majestic figure of the statue—a liberty born of a triumph of man over his selfishness and founded on a wider justice."

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. DAVID J. STANSBURY,
No. 1 Fifth Street,
Corner Market Street, : : : SAN FRANCISCO.
Suite 14.
INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING,
And Other Tests.
Sittings, \$1.50. Circles—Tuesday and Friday Evenings,
50 Cents.

DR. LOUIS SCHLESINGER,
TEST MEDIUM.
854 1-2 BROADWAY, : : : OAKLAND, CAL.
Office hours, from 9 a. m. to 12 m., and 2 to 5 p. m.,
(Sundays excepted.) Sittings at other hours by appointment.
Terms—First sitting, \$2.50, which includes one year's
subscription to the GOLDEN GATE or "Carrier Dove."
Subsequent sittings for same persons, \$1 each. au28

MRS. ALBERT MORTON,
SPIRIT MEDIUM AND PSYCHOMETRIST.
Diagnosis and healing disease a specialty.
210 Stockton Street, : : : San Francisco.
no14-tf

DR. J. E. & C. MAYO-STEERS'S
SPIRITUALIZED REMEDIES.
Specially Prepared and Magnetized to suit each case, under
the direction of spirit controls Drs. Nicolian and
Rosie. Send lock of hair, age, sex, one
leading symptom, 2-cent stamp,
and have your case diagnosed FREE.
OFFICE—251 HENNEPIN AVENUE.
Address, P. O. Box 1037, : Minneapolis, Minnesota.
may1-6m

MRS. R. A. ROBINSON,
PSYCHOMETRIZER AND TEST MEDIUM.
308 Seventeenth Street,
Between Mission and Valencia, San Francisco.

A REMARKABLE OFFER.
SEND TWO 2-CENT STAMPS,
Lock of hair, state age and sex, and give your name in full,
and I will send you a CLAIRVOYANT DIAGNOSIS of your
disease, FREE. Address,
I. C. BATDORF, M. D.,
Principal Magnetic Institute, Jackson, Michigan.

DO SPIRITS OF DEAD MEN AND WOMEN
Return to Mortals?
MRS. E. R. HERBERT, SPIRIT MEDIUM,
Gives sittings daily, from 12 to 4 o'clock P. M., (Sun-
days excepted), at
No. 412 TWELFTH STREET, : OAKLAND, CAL.
Conference meetings Sunday evening; Developing Circles,
Tuesday evenings. Public are invited. no18

MRS. M. J. HENDEE,
TEST MEDIUM,
AND PSYCHOMETRICAL DELINEATOR OF
CHARACTER AND DISEASE. MAGNETIC
AND MENTAL HEALER.
Sittings daily, at 20 Turk Street. Developing Circle, Thurs-
day evenings and Wednesdays, at 2 o'clock p. m.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN,
MAGNETIC AND MIND CURE HEALER,
1540 Webster Street, (West End),
ALAMEDA, : : : : CALIFORNIA.
Healing and Developing Circles, Wednesday evenings,
free. aug21-tf

MRS. S. SEIP,
PSYCHOMETRIST.
Sittings, daily. Circles, Friday evenings at 8 o'clock.
Send stamp for circular for Sibylline Circle, the best
method of developing in your own home.
306 SUTTER STREET.

MRS. MARY L. MCGINDLEY,
Mandan, Dakota,
CLAIRVOYANT, INSPIRATIONAL & BUSINESS
MEDIUM.
Six questions answered for one dollar.
Life horoscope sent for \$2.00. : Satisfaction guaranteed.
au21-tf

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS,
PHYSICIAN TO BODY AND MIND,
Has become permanently a citizen of Boston, and may be
consulted concerning physical and mental
disorders, or addressed at his
Office, No. 63 Warren Avenue, Boston, Mass.
Mr. Davis would be pleased to receive the full name and
address of liberal persons to whom he may from time to
time mail announcements or circulars containing desirable
information. july3-sm*

MRS. WM. H. KING,
TRANCE, CLAIRVOYANT AND CLAIRAUDIENT
MEDIUM,
Residence, : : : San Diego, Cal.
Will answer calls to lecture anywhere in the State.
june2

MRS. M. MILLER,
MEDIUM,
Meetings—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings,
and Fridays at 2 p. m. Sittings daily, \$1.00.
114 Turk Street, between Taylor and Jones.

MRS. J. J. WHITNEY,
The well-known
CLAIRVOYANT, CLAIRAUDIENT AND TRANCE
MEDIUM,
Is now located at No. 120 Sixth street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Sittings daily, : : : : \$1.00.

MRS. DR. BEIGHLE,
WILL DIAGNOSE DISEASE WITHOUT
QUESTIONS,
No. 209 Turk Street, : : : San Francisco
Hours from 9 to 5.
NERVOUS DISEASES A SPECIALTY.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED EVANS,
Medium
—FOR—
INDEPENDENT
SLATE
AND MECHANICAL
WRITING.
Sittings daily (Sun-
days excepted), from 9
a. m. to 5 p. m.
Private Developing
daily.
No. 1244 Mission Street, San Francisco.

MRS. EGGERT AITKEN,
TRANCE MEDIUM—MASSAGE TREATMENT.
Diagnosis given by lock of hair, fee, \$2.00.

Developing Circle, Tuesday evenings. Circle, Sunday and
Thursday evenings. Consultations daily.
No. 830 MISSION STREET.

MRS. E. J. FINNICAN,
(Formerly Mrs. Ladd),
CLAIRVOYANT AND BUSINESS MEDIUM,
(Sittings from 10 to 4.)
912 LAGUNA STREET, : : : SAN FRANCISCO.
Take McAllister street cars. nov6-tf-m*

M. A. MISENHEIMER,
DEVELOPING AND HEALING MEDIUM,
Sitters classified according to phases.
Bright's disease of the kidneys and female irregularity a
specialty.
Office hours, 9 to 12 a. m., and 1 to 5, and 7 to 9 p. m.
No. 933 MISSION STREET. nov6-tf-m*

SHORT-HAND AND CALIGRAPH TEACHER.
MISS GEORGIA HALL,
At 161 Seventh Street, : : : : Oakland.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DOCTOR
FELLOWS

Is a regularly educated and
legally qualified Physician of
twenty years' standing, during
which time he has treated
thousands of patients in every
State and Territory in the
Union. The diseases which
he treats are SEMINAL WEAK-
NESS AND LOSS OF VITAL
POWER, as the result of im-
moderation of youth and excess
in married life, etc., etc. It
can be truthfully stated that
the eighty out of every hundred
cases which he has treated have
been radically cured, while
every case has been benefited.
Now, reader, if you are one
of the afflicted, send the Doctor
at once five 2-cent stamps in
his "PRIVATE COUNSELLOR,"
telling all about the above
named complaints, what the price will be for a cure, with
strong, convincing testimonials.
Address, Vineland, New Jersey, and say in what paper
you saw this advertisement.

WHAT IS THE REMEDY USED?
It is a powdered medicine to be dissolved in water and
then applied externally to the parts affected by pad and
bandage, which accompanies the remedy. It cures by ab-
sorption, which is the only reliable method of curing the
above named complaints. Those who are ailing should
send for this outward application, if they can possibly do so,
as it never fails to cure in the most advanced cases.
No stomach medicine used. Price, \$10.
oct9-13*

B. J. SALISBURY,
—DEALER IN—
—{ Real Estate! }—
SANTA ANA, - LOS ANGELES COUNTY, - CALIFORNIA
Inquiries from abroad answered promptly.
may22-tf

WM. H. PORTER,
(Successor to Lockhart & Porter),
—{ Undertaker and Embalmer, }—
NO. 116 EDDY STREET,
Between Mason and Taylor Street, opposite B. B. Hall,
one block and a half from Baldwin Hotel.

PRESERVING BODIES WITHOUT ICE A SPECIALTY.
GOLD
Bodies are scarce, but those who write to
Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, will receive
free, full information about work which
they can do, and live at home, that will pay
them from \$5 to \$25 per day. Some have
earned over \$50 in a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital
not required. You are started free. Those who start at once
are absolutely sure of snug little fortunes. All is new.

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS EMPORIUM.
Men's, Youths' and Boys'
READY MADE AND CUSTOM
—{ CLOTHING. }—
No. 11 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SCHAFFER & CO.
\$1.00 FOR WATCHES
CLEANED AND WARRANTED. GLASS 25 CENTS
T. D. HALL, Jeweler,
No. 3, Sixth Street, : San Francisco
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry retailed at wholesale prices.
Clocks and Jewelry repaired. Orders and repairs by mail
attended to.

Was it a Ghost's Hand?

(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

Another of those unusual events, ascribed by Spiritualists to "materialization of souls from the other world," and by the ordinarily superstitious to what are called by the general term "ghosts," which have recently agitated people in various parts of St. Louis, has just been made known as having occurred something more than a week ago in the house at No. 12 North Seventh street. The ground floor of the building is occupied as a saloon, while the above two stories are used as a gentleman's lodging-house, managed by a Mrs. Ridgeway. Among her patrons is J. G. Haskell, who keeps a small cigar store on Sixth street, between Olive and Locust. Mr. Haskell is a gentleman about forty years old, whose reputation for honesty and for perfect sobriety is high among those who know him, otherwise they would laugh at the story which he tells of his experience in his room on the night of Friday, October 29th. Unfortunately, he has no witnesses to corroborate his story, but the circumstances described by him as the result of his "visitation" were found to exist exactly as detailed. One circumstance which would tend to discredit the facts stated is that Mr. Haskell is inclined towards Spiritualism. Eight or ten years ago, he says, he became interested in a series of seances in San Francisco, "at which he saw many things which did not appear possible of explanation without acceptance of the theory of supernatural agency." He is not willing to admit that he is a Spiritualist, however, and says that he has not attended any seances, nor been actively interested in the subject for at least eight years. He states positively that a thought of any spirit, or of anything connected with Spiritualism, was not in his mind on the evening in question, and that he could not by any possibility have been deceived by a dream or thought that a sleeping vision was a reality. Mr. Haskell occupies the hall-room on the third floor of the building, a small apartment in which no one but himself could be present without his knowledge. His story is as follows: "About 9:10 I closed the store and walked home. Arriving there I went into the room of Walter Ridgeway, a son of the landlady, as I was accustomed to do, and sat for some time engaged in conversation. Going to my room I closed and locked the door and prepared to go to bed. My hands were soiled from the stove, and I washed them. On the washstand stood my light, a large lamp, the chimney of which was an ordinary one, secured in its place by long springs. The lamp had been burning at least ten minutes when I was ready to go to bed, and the chimney was very hot. I stood near the washstand, just about to blow the light out, when I was astounded by seeing a hand clasp the chimney and raise it up. It was a small, white hand, very delicate and well shaped, and on the third finger was a gold ring, which I saw as plainly as I ever saw anything in my life. The glass was raised about six inches, as well as I could judge, from the burner, and then the hand carried it slowly towards my breast. I straightened up, in surprise, and remained standing a few seconds, a little more than two feet from the washstand. The hand and glass approached my breast, and when within a few inches from me the fingers opened and the chimney fell with a crash to the floor, so near my feet that some of the pieces of glass cut one of them slightly and made it bleed. At the same instant the lamp blazed up, the whole top of it seemed to be on fire. The flame was so large and so high that I was afraid the room would take fire, and at once attempted to blow the blaze out. It burned so vigorously that I had great difficulty in doing so, and had to puff as hard as I could three or four times. I stood in the dark a short time, startled by the extraordinary occurrence, and then struck a match and relighted the lamp, to see what the result would be. It burned as steadily as any lamp can without a chimney, and I saw nothing more to wonder at. There was no noise out of the usual run, and nothing occurred except what I have told you. The chimney was broken into the smallest pieces, as if some one had thrown it down with great force. I blew the light out again and went to bed. I tried to remember if I had ever seen the hand before, and the ring upon it was prominent in my mind, but I could not recall them. The next day I was asked how my lamp chimney came to be broken, and then I told the Ridgeway's about it.

THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX.—The riddle of the Sphinx is at length on the point of being solved. The great man-headed, lion-bodied monument, which has for ages been more than half buried by the accumulating sands of the desert, is now being rapidly brought to light; and ere long one of the most extraordinary relics of Egyptian civilization will be once more visible in its entirety. The work has been going on ever since January last, when—at the suggestion of M. Maspero, the chief director of the department of antiquities in Egypt—the French public, in the course of a few hours, subscribed sufficient funds to enable the work of excavation to be carried to completion. The interest of such news for Egyptologists may be conceived, when it is remembered that the last time the Sphinx was dug out of the sands was by King Thothmes IV., fifteen centuries before Christ, or about thirty-four hundred years ago.

Scholars, in fact, are of opinion that the Sphinx is the oldest monument in the world. In the opinion of some, it was erected or chisled out of the rock more than forty-five centuries before the Christian era, which would make it upwards of six thousand years old. The size of the strange image is very remarkable. The body is more than one hundred and eighty feet long. The ears of the human-shaped head are about six feet in length, the other features being in proportion. The learned explorers who are engaged in the work of excavation hold it probable that, when the statue is fully brought to light, a number of other important discoveries will be made.—*Exchange*.

LANDSEER'S LIONS.—Landseer had an extreme fondness for studying and making pictures of lions; and from the time when, as a boy, he dissected one, he tried to obtain the body of every lion that died in London. Dickens was in the habit of relating that on one occasion, when he and others were dining with the artist, a servant entered and asked, "Did you order a lion, sir?" as if it was the most natural thing in the world. The guests feared that a living lion was about to enter, but it turned out to be the body of the dead "Nero," of the Zoological Gardens, which had been sent as a gift to Sir Edwin. His skill in drawing was marvelous, and was once shown in a rare way at a large evening party. Facility in drawing had been the theme of conversation, when a lady declared that no one had yet drawn two objects at the same moment. Landseer would not allow that this could not be done, and immediately took two pencils and drew a horse's head with one hand and at the same time a stag's head with the other hand. He painted with great rapidity. He once sent to the exhibition a picture of rabbits painted in three-quarters of an hour. Mr. Wells relates that at one time when Landseer was visiting him, he left the house for church just as his butler placed a fresh canvas on the easel before the painter. On his return, three hours later, Landseer had completed a life-sized picture of a fallow-deer; and so well was it done that neither he nor the artist could see that it required retouching.—*St. Nicholas*.

BEECHER ON ENGLAND AND IRELAND.—In an interview to day on his trip abroad Mr. Beecher said, among other things: "In England the condition of the people is very fair and in Ireland very wretched. They are not as well off in England as they were. At the basis of all the questions in England lies that of the tenure of land. Landlords find it impossible in many cases to get tenants, and have to hire laborers and work their lands themselves. The distress promises to spread, and what will happen casts its shadow before. There will be a shaking down of land tenure in Great Britain. One-third of Scotland will not be held for game and forestry. The men who work the land will become the owners. There will be more than a social revolution. Disestablishment will come as sure as the sun rises and sets. Manhood suffrage will be fully established as it is not now. There is going to be a system of free public schools similar to ours."

"Will the form of government be changed?" "It will be; not immediately, but ultimately. It will become Democratic-Republican. The great difficulty now in the Irish question is to join local independence and a free common people to the aristocracy and Queen at the top. I did not say this there, but as an American I said that local independence was best."—*Correspondence Inter-Ocean*.

CAUSES OF MORTALITY IN HAND-FED CHILDREN.—Much of the mortality following hand-feeding may be traced to unsuitable food. Among the poorer classes especially, there is a prevalent notion that milk alone is insufficient; and hence the almost universal custom of administering various farinaceous foods, such as corn flour or arrow-root, even from the earliest period. Many of these consists of starch alone, and are therefore absolutely unsuited for forming the staple of diet, on the account of the total absence of nitrogenous elements. Independent of this, it has been shown that the saliva of infants has not the same digestive action on starch that it subsequently acquires, and this affords a further explanation of its so constantly producing intestinal derangement. Reason, as well as experience, abundantly proves that the object to be aimed at in hand-feeding is to imitate as nearly as possible the food which nature supplies for the new-born child, and therefore the obvious course is to use milk from some animal, so treated as to make it resemble human milk as nearly as may be.—*Dr. A. B. Stockham, in Housekeeper*.

A LITTLE three-year-old boy became unruly at home, and his mamma wishing to get him out of the way, lifted him over into a great wood box in the kitchen and bade him stay there. An older brother came in soon after and seeing him there said: "Well, Charlie, what have you been doing now?" "Oh, nawthin," was the reply. "Only mother's having one of her bad spells."—*Boston Record*.

"WHAT do they do when they install a minister?" asked a small boy; "do they put him in a stall and feed him?" "Not a bit," said his father; "they harness him to a church, and expect him to draw it alone."

The Modern Young Woman.

(Brooklyn Citizen.)

The newspaper wit aims his shafts of humor at no object with such keen pleasure and delight as when he directs them at the modern young woman, her caprices and tendencies. And it must be acknowledged that he does so not without cause in many instances. While there are thousands of young women who represent what is best and highest in young womanhood, whose purposes in life extend beyond the frivolities of dress and outward adornments, there is, on the other hand, a large percentage that look upon life "as a joke that's just begun," to borrow an expression from a popular opera.

These young women live under the delusion that social distinction, beauty of person and richness of apparel, make the woman. They are slaves to custom and fashion, and revel in external attractions. They accept the glitter for the gold, heraldry and trapping of the world for the priceless essence of woman's worth which exists within the mind. Their highest attainment is not the possession of a true womanhood, but that their position in society may be a conspicuous one, and thereto they bend all their energies. Hours are spent over the latest fashion plates, while days are given over to the making and perfecting of new apparel. They forget that a true woman exists independent of outward embellishments, that dress is regarded by many as only the ivy that encircles the oak, and is never mistaken for the thing it adorns.

It is not the queen of fashion that sways the scepter of influence or authority over men. It is in the hand of the true, noble, sensible and virtuous woman that authority is placed, and where she dwells there may refinement, culture, intelligence and moral power be found. The influence of such a young woman upon society is that of the most salutary kind.

But what is that of the reigning society belle? Men may admire her for the moment, when, in brilliantly lighted parlors, her beauty and charms dazzle the eye; but what are the after conclusions? "Silly creature, wrapped up in herself and the world," was the comment of an apparent admirer upon a young belle after an eventful social occasion in New York only a few weeks since. Fashion and folly never gained an ounce of respect worth the possession, and never will. Young women, alas! too often mistake adulation for respect, only to find at the end that it was but hollow mockery, and, like a pyrotechnic display, prepared for the occasion.

A true young woman's ambitions stretch beyond the ball-room and the milliner's establishment. She strives to make her life grand in womanly virtue, and by her example inspires others to secure the same priceless crown of womanhood. This is the woman that commands the respect and admiration of the world, not temporarily, but permanently. In her friends recognize a rich store of practical good sense and a beautiful harmony about her character that at once inspire sincere respect which soon warms into love.

PUBLICATIONS.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, (Seer of the Harmonial Philosophy.)

His latest remarkable book, written and published within the past year, entitled,

"BEYOND THE VALLEY," (A Sequel to the "Magic Staff.")

Explaining Some Important Events in his Private Life.

Is as gladly read, and will be as universally appreciated, as any other volume from his pen. The publishers receive orders for it from all parts of the civilized world. It contains six vivid diagram-illustrations, and treats upon subjects autobiographical, and explains questions of universal interest.

THE PRESS, GENERALLY.

And the numerous distinguished correspondents of the author in particular, have uniformly given to "Beyond the Valley" a high and influential position among the many works of this author.

Price, Single Copy, \$1.50;

For Several Copies, a Liberal Discount. The Trade Supplied.

Address the publishers of the "Banner of Light," COLBY & RICH, Corner Bosworth and Province streets, Boston, Mass.

In remitting by postoffice money order, or otherwise, please make it payable to COLBY & RICH. sept1

NEW INSPIRATIONAL SONGS.

BY C. PAYSON LONGLEY.

Author of "Over the River," and other popular Melodies.

Beautiful Home of the Soul. Come in Thy Beauty, Angel of Light. Gathering Flowers in Heaven. In Heaven We'll know Our Own. I'm Going to My Home. Our Beautiful Home Over There. Our Beautiful Home Above. Oh! Come, for My Poor Heart is Breaking. Once it was only Soft Blue Eyes. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. Who Sings My Child to Sleep? We're Coming, Sister Mary. We'll all Meet again in the Morning Land.

Single song 25 cts., or 5 for One Dollar, sent postpaid. For sale at the office of the GOLDEN GATE.

SPIRITUALISTS' DIRECTORY.

RECORDING STATISTICS OF SOCIETIES, NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF SPEAKERS AND MEDIUMS, LIST OF PERIODICALS, ETC.

By G. W. KATES.

Price, : : : : : 25 Cents. For sale at this office.

PUBLICATIONS.

THE WATCHMAN. AN 8-PAGE MONTHLY JOURNAL, Devoted to the Interests of Humanity and Spiritualism. Also, a Mouth-piece of the American and Eastern Congress in Spirit Life. WATCHMAN, Spirit Editor. Published by

BOSTON STAR AND CRESCENT CO. 1090 Central Park Avenue, Mutual Postal Station, : : Chicago, Illinois.

HATTIE A. BERRY, : : : : : Editor and Manager. ARTHUR B. SHEDD, : : : : : Assistant Manager.

Terms of Subscription (in advance).—One year, \$1.00; Six months, 50 cents; Clubs of ten, \$8.00; Single copies, 10 cents; Sample copies, free.

U. S. Postage Stamps will be received for fractional parts of a dollar. (10 and 25 preferred.)

Remit by P. O. order, drawn on CHICAGO, ILL., or by Registered letter. Payable to

HATTIE A. BERRY, Editor and Manager.

THE SPIRITUAL OFFERING.

Devoted to the Advocacy of Spiritualism in its Religious, Scientific and Humanitarian Aspects.

CHAS. D. M. FOX, : : : : : Publisher. D. M. & NETTIE P. FOX, : : : : : Editors.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS: Prof. Henry Kiddle (H. K.), No. 7, East 13th street, New York City.

"Quina," through her medium, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, 64 Union Park Place, Chicago, Illinois.

"The Offering" has a Department especially devoted to "Our Young Folks,"—Mrs. Eva A. H. Barnes, Assistant Editor.

Among "The Offering's" contributors will be found our oldest and ablest writers. In it will be found Lectures, Essays upon Scientific, Philosophical and Spiritual subjects, Spirit Communications and Messages.

Terms of Subscription.—Per year, \$2.00; Six months, \$1.00; Three months, 50 cents.

SPIRITUAL OFFERING, Ottumwa, Iowa.

THE N. D. C. AXE, AND TRUE KEY STONE. (Successor to : : : : "Spirit Voices.")

A 4-page Weekly Journal devoted to the Development of Mediumship and the interests of the National Developing Circle.

INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.

Terms.—\$1.50 per annum; 75 cents for six months; 40 cents for three months; single copies, 5 cents; sample copies, free.

Advertising—10 cents per line, each insertion, average seven words nonpareil to the line.

JAMES A. BLISS, Editor, 474 A, Broadway, South Boston, Mass.

Until further notice this office will hold good: To every yearly subscriber to the N. D. C. Axe and True Key Stone, we will present a year's certificate of membership in the National Developing Circle. JAMES A. BLISS, Developing Medium N. D. C.

THE CARRIER DOVE. An Illustrated Monthly Magazine, devoted to Spiritualism and Reform.

Edited by : : MRS. J. SCHLESINGER.

Each number will contain the Portraits and Biographical Sketches of prominent Mediums and Spiritual workers of the Pacific Coast, and elsewhere. Also, Spirit Pictures by our Artist Mediums. Lectures, essays, poems, spirit messages, editorials and miscellaneous items.

DR. L. SCHLESINGER, : : : : : Publishers. MRS. J. SCHLESINGER, : : : : :

Terms.—\$2.50 per Year. Single Copies, 25 cents.

Address, THE CARRIER DOVE, Oakland, California.

Terms for sittings, one dollar. New subscribers to the "Carrier Dove," on payment of one year's subscription, \$2.50, will be entitled to the first sitting free.

LIGHT FOR THINKERS.

The Pioneer Spiritual Journal of the South. Issued weekly at Chattanooga, Tenn.

A. C. LADD, : : : : : Publisher. G. W. KATES, : : : : : Editor.

Assisted by a large corps of able writers.

"Light for Thinkers" is a first-class family newspaper of eight pages, devoted to the dissemination of original Spiritual and Liberal thought and news. Its columns will be found to be replete with interesting and instructive reading.

Terms of Subscription.—One copy, one year, \$1.50; One copy, six months, 75 cents; One copy, three months, 40 cents; Five copies, one year, one address, \$6.00. Ten or more, one year, to one address, \$1.00 each; Single copy, five cents. Special rates for clubs. Advertisements published at ten cents per line for a single insertion, or fifty cents per inch each insertion, one month or longer.

THE NEW YORK BEACON LIGHT.

An Independent weekly Spiritual journal, giving messages from our loved ones in spirit land, and containing matter of general interest connected with Spiritual science. Free from controversy and personalities.

MRS. M. E. WILLIAMS, : : : : : Editor and Publisher.

Subscription Rates.—One year, \$2.00; six months, \$1.00; three months, 50 cents. Postage, free.

Rates of advertising—\$1.00 per inch for first insertion; 50 cents for each subsequent one. No advertisement inserted for less than \$1.00. For long standing advertisements and special rates, address the publisher. Payments in advance. Specimen copies sent free on application. News dealers supplied by the American News Company, Nos. 39 and 41 Chambers street, New York.

All communications and remittances should be addressed to Mrs. M. E. WILLIAMS, 212 West 45th St., New York City.

THE EASTERN STAR.

C. M. BROWN, : : : : : Editor and Publisher, GLENBURN, MAINE.

A live, wide-awake, semi-monthly journal, devoted to the interests of Spiritualism.

Per Year, : : : : : One Dollar.

It contains a Literary Department: Reports of Spiritualistic Phenomena; Spirit Message Department; Original Contributions; Scientific Essays; Reports of Meetings in Hall and Camp; Live Editorials, etc., etc. "Is just the kind of paper that every progressive Spiritualist wants. Send for sample copies. Address,

THE EASTERN STAR, Glenburn, Me.

THE ROSTRUM.

A Fortnightly Journal devoted to the Philosophy of Spiritualism, Liberalism, and the Progress of Humanity.

A. C. COTTON, : : : : : Editor and Publisher.

All communications to the pages of THE ROSTRUM must be addressed to A. C. Cotton, Vineland, N. J. Price, per annum, in advance, \$1.00; six months, 50 cents; three months, 25 cents; clubs of five, \$4.00; clubs of ten, \$7.00; specimen copies sent free. All orders and remittances must be made payable to A. C. COTTON, Vineland, N. J.

THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE.

To be published monthly after Jan. 1, 1886.

This is to be a FREE magazine, from which no communication will be rejected on account of the sentiment expressed. And the editor will reserve the right to be as FREE in the expression of his views as are the correspondents. Each writer is to be solely responsible for his or her opinions. Each number will contain 48 pages and the price will be \$1.00 a volume, 25 cents for a single number. Address, H. L. GREEN, Editor and Publisher, Salamanca, N. Y.

PUBLICATIONS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS;

Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought,

By J. J. OWEN.

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

SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

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

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

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

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

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*.

Bright, crystallized sunbeams, which gladden the heart, and give fresh inspiration to the soul. The few moments we allotted to their enjoyment have lengthened to hours, and with a sigh of regret we turn from their contemplation, only because the duties of the day have imperative claims upon our attention. These sunbeams have been materialized in the magic alchemy of a master mind. A more beautiful, instructive and entertaining volume never was issued upon the Pacific Coast, or any other coast. Every page is gemmed with bright, sparkling thoughts, the sunbeams of a rarely cultured intellect. As we read page after page of this splendid volume, we are forcibly reminded of the impressions received from our first perusal of Timothy Titcomb's "Gold Foil," or Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." It is a work which represents the highest, purest standard of thought, expressed in the best-chosen language. It is one of the happiest contributions which our home literature has ever received.—*Santa Barbara Press*.

They are each and all of them full of deep thought, felicitous expressions, and clear insight into life and its needs and lessons. They are better than sermons, preaching purity and nobility of character in language too plain to be misunderstood, and too earnest to be forgotten. Throughout the volume are choice gems of thought in paragraphs, as pointed and pungent as those of Rochefoucauld, without any of the latter's infidelity.—*Fort Wayne (Ind.) Gazette*

PRICE (in cloth), ONE DOLLAR

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Our Treasures in Heaven.

BY ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.

The sunny days of youth slip by,
And we are sad to see them go;
The flowers that we gathered lie
In scentless dust, where none can know.
But still they are ours now the less,
Embalmed by blessed Memory,
And, shrined in the spirit's consciousness,
They share its immortality!

The yearnings of our later years,
That lead us on and ever on,
The blasted hopes and blinding tears,
The battles lost and battles won;
How can the soul be profited
By all these bitter blights and stings?
Tis thus, sweet friends, that we are led
To try the spirit's folded wings.

The tears we shed for truth's dear sake,
Are sacred in our Father's sight,
And every forward step we take
Is treading toward his glory-light.
Each pulse of pure, unselfish love,
That to another's joy is given,
In world below or world above,
Is truly treasure stored in heaven!

Each noble thought that thrills the heart
Is like a golden thread thrown
With shining thread to take some part
In patterns of the great Unknown.
And what we think and feel to-day,
The love and hate to earth-life given,
Weaves rainbow hues or sombre gray
Into the robes we wear in heaven!

Like diamonds do our good deeds shine,
Like pearls our tears of sympathy,
While day by day the life divine
Becomes a sweet reality.
And when the screen of sensuous things
Dissolves in wisdom's stronger light,
Renewed are all life's gushing springs,
While glorious visions greet the sight.

Sweet Love, in all her forms of bliss,
Once more repeats her sacred vows,
While truth enwraps the lips we kiss,
And virtue crowns the saintly brows.
And thus eternal cycles run,
While God's kind care to all is given,
And each pure life on earth begun
Is laying treasures up in heaven.

Her Sphere.

No outward sign her angelhood revealed,
Save that her eyes were wonderful mild and fair,
The aureole round her forehead was concealed
By the pale glory of her shining hair.

She bore the yoke and wore the name of wife
To one who made her tenderness and grace
A mere convenience of his narrow life,
And put a seraph in a servant's place.

She cheered his meagre hearth—she blessed and warmed
His poverty, and met its harsh demands
With meek, unvarying patience, and performed
Its menial tasks with stained and battered hands.

She nursed his children through their helpless years—
Gave them her strength, her youth, her beauty's prime,
Bore for them sore privation, toil and tears,
Which made her old and tired before her time.

And when fierce fever smote him with its blight,
Her calm, consoling presence charmed his pain;
Through long and thankless watches, day and night,
Her fluttering fingers cooled his face like rain.

With soft, magnetic touch, and murmurs sweet,
She brought him sleep, and stilled his fretful moan,
And taught his flying pulses to repeat
The mild and moderate measure of her own.

She had an artist's quick perceptive eyes
For all the beautiful: a poet's heart
For every changing phase of earth and skies,
And all things fair in nature and in art.

She looked with all a woman's keen delight
On jewels rich, and dainty drapery,
Rare fabrics and soft hues—the happy sight
Of those more favored but less fair than she.

On pallid pearls, which glimmer cool and white,
Dimming proud foreheads with their purity;
On silks which gleam and ripple in the light,
And shift the shimmer like the Summer sea.

On gems like drops by sudden sunlight kissed,
When fall the last large brilliants of the rain:
On laces delicate as frozen mist
Embroidering a Winter window pane.

Yet, near the throng of worldly butterfly:
She dwelt, a chrysalis, in homely brown;
With costlier splendors flaunting in her eyes,
She went her dull way in a gingham gown.

Hedged in by alien hearts, unloved alone,
With slender shoulders bowed beneath their load,
She trod the path that Fate had made her own,
Nor met one kindred spirit on the road.

Slowly the years rolled onward; and at last
When the bruised reed was broken, and her soul
Knew its sad terms of earthly bondage past,
And felt its nearness to the heavenly goal,

Then a strange gladness filled the tender eyes,
Which gazed afar beyond all grief and sin,
And seemed to see the gates of Paradise
Unclosing for her feet to enter in.

Vainly the master she had served so long
Clasped her worn hands, and, with remorseful tears,
Cried, "Oh, stay! Oh, stay! Forgive my bitter wrong:
Let me atone for all these dreary years!"

Alas, for heedless hearts and blinded sense!
With what faint welcome and what meagre fare,
What mean subjections and small recompense,
We entertain our angels unaware!

—ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

November.

The year is waning! Solemn sounds are heard
Among the branches of each wind-toss'd tree;
Brown leaves the grass; no floral germs we see;
Forsaken nests by winds alone are stir'd
And not by wing of bird.

The skies look cold—wind-driven clouds scud by,
While fitful gales whirl sere, dry leaves away;
Fair once, like friends who come to us one day,
Creep to the heart, bring love-light to the eye,
Then droop and fade and die.

Yet, while winds chill and Summer joys depart,
A host of other pleasures now doth come;
Brothers and sisters scattered, all come home,
Thanksgiving cheer abounds, while fond smiles start,
As heart responds to heart.

Then, curtains down, around the fire we press,
To sing and jest, to romp and laugh and play;
But while the fun goes round, each heart can say,
"November brings Thanksgiving. Lord, be bless
Thee for our happiness!"

—SOPHIE L. SCHENCK, in "Brooklyn Magazine."

The Universal Worship.

When the student of nature looks out into the heavens in a calm, clear night, through a great telescope, what a revelation of infinity opens upon him: One giant constellation alone, the Milky Way, holds five to seven million stars, each a mighty world. What, then, is the universe? How shall the student compute the distances of those island archipelagoes of space? The nearest fixed star is two hundred times further from the sun than the earth is, or twenty million of million of miles, and the Milky Way is twenty thousand billion miles long. If a train of cars should set forth for the sun at the fastest speed of our locomotives, by traveling night and day through every day of the year, it would be more than one hundred and seventy years reaching its destination. And the sun is our nearest neighbor. When, then, would our swiftest engine reach the border land of the Milky Way? Light moves with such rapidity that it would flash fifteen times from pole to pole of our earth in two beats of the pendulum. It spans the vast space between the sun and our globe in a little more than eight minutes. But there are nebulae seen by us from whose shores the light by which we see them started thousands of years ago. The student of the skies tries some other mode of realizing such overpowering distances. He takes the two opposite points of the earth's orbit and plants his flag there, securing a base line of two hundred million miles for his triangle of measurement. Surely the fixed star which he has been watching will seem to have moved greatly in the heavens. But an ordinary telescope fails to show any change of position. He flies in imagination to the nearest of the planets, and taking his stand on it, waits until the evening falls to note the changed panorama of the heavens from a standpoint twenty million miles distant. But, as the stars steal out against the dark background, the old familiar configurations of his earthly sidereal charts greet his eye—the Little Bear, the Great Bear, Orion and the Pleiades, just as he used to see them sixty billion miles away.

It is as though in a walk upon the earth he had paced off a hundred feet and then looked up into the skies. Such is the revelation of the infinite which nature opens upon us. Wherever the student turns, he receives an apocalypse. When he watches the exquisite crystal forms of the snowflakes falling on his window, or the mystery, of the tiny seed sprouting in the ground and sending out its fine white shoots towards the light; when he opens the unseen worlds beneath the lens of his microscope, and studies the hosts of living organisms which are working in our very blood, and weaving in their shuttle-like motions the astonishing fabric of our bodies with unerring instincts and unflinching strokes, or the myriad forms of happy humble life in the air and in the water, each a marvel beyond all human power to imitate; when he sweeps the skies with the eye of the telescope, and in the hush of night follows the majestic movements of the heavenly host, remembering that each speck of life that passes across the field of his glass is a world sweeping away through the space with fearful speed while turning on its own axis round the central orb, the whole mazy dance of worlds proceeding from everlasting to everlasting, after the music of the spheres, no world missing step for a second; when he attempts to conceive the other ocean which throbs from four hundred million of million vibrations to eight hundred million of million vibrations per second in creating light; when he discovers through all space, in all orbs, under all forms of matter, a unity of law, so that the curve of the violet at his feet will draw him the orbit of Jupiter, so that a heap of sand grains thrown on a drum head will group themselves into crystal forms at the tap of the drummer's stick, so that flame will rise and fall in rhythmic oscillations, keeping time with the music of an organ—while he beholds such mysteries he may well bow in unutterable awe, a worship whose only eloquence is silence.

"GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS."

From the "Genealogy of the Wetmore Family," a work recently printed, we extract the following "anecdote" of the Rev. Izrahiah Wetmore, of Stratford, (Conn.):—"When the news of the surrender of Gen. Cornwallis to Gen. Washington, reached Stratford, it was on Sunday, and during the hours of worship. Word was immediately taken to the pulpit, where Parson Wetmore was engaged delivering his discourse. Drawing himself up to his fullest height, and making known the intelligence, he said: 'My friends, the house of God is no place for boisterous demonstrations;—we will, therefore, in giving three cheers, merely go through the motions!' That the 'motions' were given with an emphasis, the reader will easily imagine, and to the congregations of the present day, given to applause, it may convey a useful hint."—*Historical Magazine.*

SENSIBLE.—In a recent harvest thanksgiving service at Crief Parish Church, says London *Truth*, Rev. Principal Cunningham told his parishioners that they were in a great measure to blame for having suffered from a disastrous harvest. But for their Puritanical observance of the

Sabbath, most of the grain that was now lying rotting in their fields would have been safely housed in their barns, for on a recent Sunday, when all the crop was in a fit state to be gathered in, the farmers and their servants either spent the day in church or in bed, instead of attending to their farm duties.

THE STRENGTH OF MAN.—We must measure the strength of man by the power of the feeling he subdues, not by the power of those that subdue him. And hence composure is often the highest result of strength. Did we ever see a man receive a flagrant injury, and then reply calmly? That is a man morally strong. Or did we ever see a man in anguish stand as if carved out of a solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home peace? That is strength. We too often mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake, because he has his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, that he is a weak man; it is his passions that are strong—he, mastered by them, is weak.

HINTS ABOUT HEALTH.—If you are well, let yourself alone. One of the greatest errors of the age is, we medicate the body too much, the mind too little. Gluttony kills as well as drunkenness in civilized society. The best gymnasium is a wood-yard, a clearing, or a corn field. A hearty laugh is known the world over to be a health promoter; it elevates the spirits, enlivens the circulation, and is marvellously contagious in a good sense. Bodily activity and bodily health are inseparable. If the bowels are loose, lie down in bed, remain there, and eat nothing until you are well. The three best medicines in the world are warmth, abstinence, and repose.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FRED EVANS'

Magnetized

DEVELOPING SLATES!



FRED EVANS,

—THE—

WONDERFUL

INDEPENDENT

Slate-Writer!

And

AUTOMATIC

Writer!

Has been instructed

by his guides to an-

nounce to his friends

and the public, that he

is prepared, through his guides, to develop any mediumistic

persons for these convincing phases of spirit power.

Persons residing at a distance can send for Mr. EVANS'

MAGNETIZED DEVELOPING SLATES with instructions of

how to sit. Send four recent stamps for circular, stating

age, sex, etc., in your hand-writing, to

FRED EVANS,

1244 Mission Street, San Francisco.

may 20

JOB PRINTING.

We have now completed arrangements with one of the best

Job Printing offices in the city, whereby we

are able to fill all orders for

—{ JOB PRINTING! }—

In the Most Satisfactory Manner and upon the Best

Possible Terms.

"Golden Gate" P. and P. Company.

SHEW'S

Photograph Gallery,

No. 523 Kearny Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

What is the use of paying five and six dollars per dozen

for Cabinet Photographs, on Montgomery and Market

streets, when the very best work can be obtained at this

Gallery for half the price.

Children's Cabinet Pictures taken by the instantaneous

process for three dollars per dozen; and, no matter how

restless, a good likeness guaranteed.

ENGLISH

FACE POWDER

BEAUTIFIES AND PRESERVES THE COMPLEXION.

No poisons are employed in its composition, and it can

be used freely without injury to the face. The guides from

the angel world evolved the idea that a harmless beautifier

of the complexion would be a blessing to the world, and it

has been placed in all the drug stores of San Francisco, for

sale. Price 25 cents per box.

\$2,000. FOR SALE.

One Acre of Choice Garden Land,

In the heart of the city of Petaluma, near the new bridge.

Desirable, also, for business purposes. The property is

fenced, contains a small house of five rooms, and a large

chicken house with stable room for a cow. This property

has heretofore been held at \$2,500; it will now be sold for

\$2,000 if applied for soon. Inquire at this office.

A PRIZE

Send six cents for postage, and receive

free, a costly box of goods which will

help you to more money right away than

anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from

first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the

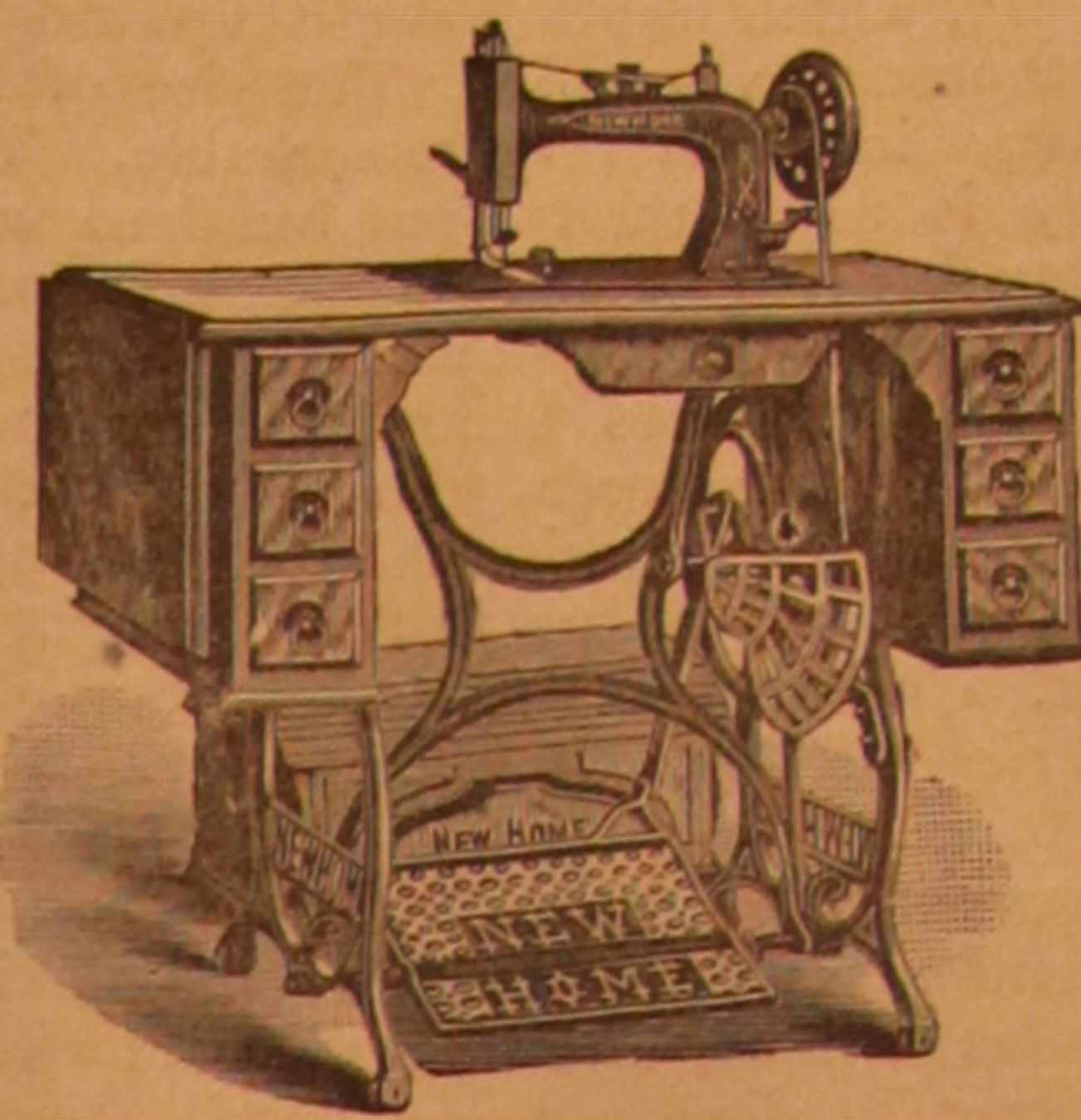
workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & CO.

211 W. Main.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BUY ONLY THE LIGHT-RUNNING

"NEW HOME,"



—AND GET—

The Best Sewing Machine in the World!

Send for circulars, price-lists and terms, to The New Home

Sewing Machine Company.

General Agency and Salesrooms,

634 Market St., opposite Palace Hotel,

SAN FRANCISCO.

ARTHUR M. HILL, Manager.

juns-3m

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE STATION, FOOT of Market Street, SOUTH SIDE, at
A. M., daily, for Alvarado, Newark, Centerville, Alviso, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, Wrights, Glenwood, Felton, Big Trees, Boulder Creek, SANTA CRUZ, and all way stations—Parlor Car.
2:30 P. M. (except Sunday), Express: Mt. Eden, Alvarado, Newark, Centerville, Alviso, Agnew, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and all stations to Boulder Creek and SANTA CRUZ—Parlor Car.
4:30 P. M., daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos and intermediate points. Saturdays and Sundays to Santa Cruz.
8:55 Excursion to SANTA CRUZ and BOULDER CREEK, and \$2.50 to SAN JOSE, on Saturdays and Sundays, to return on Monday inclusive.
\$1.75 to SANTA CLARA and SAN JOSE and return—Sundays only.
8:30 A. M. and 2:30 P. M., Trains with Stage at Los Gatos for Congress Springs.
All Through Trains connect at Felton for Boulder Creek and points on Felton and Pescadero Railroad.

To Oakland and Alameda.

8:00 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 9:00 a. m., 9:30 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 11:00 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p