



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

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Modesty is woman's courage.

Truth conquers by itself; prejudice, by appealing to externals.—*Epictetus*.

Nothing is nobler than magnanimity, meekness, and philanthropy.—*Epictetus*.

A ship ought not to be held by one anchor, nor life by a single hope.—*Epictetus*.

You will commit the fewest faults in judging, if you are faultless in your own life.—*Epictetus*.

Watch your own speech, and notice how it is guided by your unconscious purposes.—*George Eliot*.

There is a language in nature that the soul, when it senses the power thereof, understands.—*Eena*.

Be not so much ashamed of what is inglorious as studious to shun what is untruthful.—*Epictetus*.

Every incident in life creates a language of its own by which it must appeal to the soul's comprehension.—*Eena*.

In eternal cares we spend our years, ever agitated by new desires, we look forward to living, and yet never live.

Dost thou not know that Fear and Distrust, once sown in the heart of Love, spring up from the seed into a forest that excludes the stars?

It is labor itself that is the great purifier of the mind; and by degrees the secrets will grow upon thyself as thy mind becomes ripe to receive them.—*Bulwer*.

Life is the one pervading principle, and even the thing that seems to die and putrefy, but engenders new life, and changes to fresh forms of matter.—*Bulwer*.

How all our wisdom shrinks into naught compared with that which gives the meaneast herb its virtues and peoples the smallest globe with its appropriate world!—*Bulwer*.

What happens to you, it was before preparing for you from eternity; and the concatenation of causes had from eternity, interwoven your subsistence with this contingency.—*Marcus Antonius*.

Men, in fierce struggle with things divine and human, quenching memory in the stronger light of purpose, lose the sense of dread and even of wounds in the hurrying ardor of action.—*George Eliot*.

Our delight in the sunshine of deep-bladed grass to-day, might be no more than the faint perfection of wearied souls, if it were not for the sunshine and the grass in the far-off years which still live in us, and transform our perception into love.—*George Eliot*.

How often it is difficult to be wisely charitable,—to do good without multiplying the sources of evil! To give alms is nothing, unless you give thought also. It is written, not "Blessed is he that feedeth the poor," but "Blessed is he that considereth the poor." A little thought and a little kindness are often worth more than a great deal of money.—*Ruskin*.

W. J. COLVILLE'S LAST SUNDAY-LECTURE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Mind-Cure: Its Facts and Fallacies, Including a Friendly Review of a Lecture by Dr. Stebbins.

The very title of our lecture should be sufficient to prove to all strangers who may be here that we do not endorse all the vagaries of the Mind-Cure system, and that we do not stand pledged to declare that Mind-Cure, as it has been ordinarily interpreted and expounded, is the universal panacea, or that all the ills to which human nature is or can be subject can be disposed of by a few simple applications of what Dr. Evans has called mental medicine. Mind-Cure always appears to us a very inadequate expression. We use the term Spiritual Science, as being far more expressive, or even Mental Science, if you like the word mental better than spiritual, though it positively expresses less. The word mental literally signifies intellectual, while the word spiritual goes deeper into the soul of man, and treats upon the purely moral and affectional qualities of the spirit: the word mental being confined to what you may term the mind or intellect, signifies something different from what we term the spirit, which expresses the moral intuition rather than the intellectual elements in human life. Spiritual Science relates to the whole of life and will: to narrow it down to Mental Science is to lower it, as Spiritual Science is a much ampler term, while Mental Science implies much more than simply Mind-Cure. Mind-Cure gives a great many people the idea that mental healers undertake to cure insanity and nothing else; and while it is true in a certain sense that all diseased people are insane,—because sanity is health and insanity is the absence of reverse of health,—and while those who heal by mental methods ought to make a specialty of healing those whose disorders are avowedly mental, and whose ailments have baffled the skill of physicians and shown themselves invulnerable to all the attacks made upon them by *Materia Medica*; at the same time it appears to us that Mind-Cure suggests the idea that there is no science about it and that there are no scientific qualifications for healing required on the part of those who pose before the world as mental healers. Now, nothing can be farther from the truth; for if true Mental and Spiritual Science is to take the place of the old medical systems, if instead of a *Materia Medica* we are to have spiritual remedies, those who are to be the successors of the old-school physicians will not be ignorant and unenlightened people, who, by some peculiar form of incantation, can perform wonders, but rather do we need the most learned men and women, the wisest, the most level-headed, the most generous, pure-minded, and spiritually-unfolded, to embark in the great enterprise of the physical, mental and moral redemption of humanity.

There are some people who suppose what is popularly termed Mind-Cure is something that anybody and everybody can learn in a few lessons; and while a medical student has to go to college and study for years and pass difficult examinations before the faculty will award him a diploma, it is supposed by many that any ignorant person, any charlatan or impostor, can pose successfully in the role of mental healer, and that those indeed who are genuine healers, so far as there can be any mental healing at all, are illiterate persons, the popular impression being that illiteracy is no disqualification for mental healing.

Now we do not for a moment deny that an illiterate person, a person who has never passed through college, or a person who has never had what may be called a good liberal education, if well disposed, generous, kind-hearted, sympathetic, and spiritually-minded, can do a very large amount of good. But such a person is highly cultured in the spiritual faculties. A person who is highly moral, very generous, sympathetic, and in love with humanity, one who will work at any sacrifice to himself for the good of the world, is one who has an education or an unfoldment far beyond any education that can be gained by merely attending school or college. There are many learned men with their degrees and diplomas who are lacking altogether in the finer sensibilities of human nature. There are many doctors who go forth from the colleges full of nothing but pride and

conceit. They have, it is true, a smattering of medical information, but are anything but moral and anything but spiritual, and are the very people whom you would not like to introduce into the bosom of your families if you really knew them. There are many people everywhere who have been highly educated, who have graduated with honors from the most renowned universities in the world, who instead of being spiritually-minded are carnally-minded to a remarkable degree; and as it requires a spiritual person, one who is noble-minded, one who has something to commend him to humanity far in advance of outward attainments, to touch the deepest springs of human nature, we should decide that even an illiterate pauper might be in a very true sense educated or unfolded far more than a literary man who was lacking in all that is finest and noblest in human development. Therefore do not understand us to say that an illiterate person cannot be a successful healer. But while many illiterate persons are successful healers, those illiterate people are people who have a great deal of character, a great deal in them which is truly admirable on account of their unusual moral and spiritual qualifications; and this spiritual education, which raises one above the literati of worldly renown, must be regarded in an especial sense as a revelation of God to the world.

But leaving this matter of literacy and illiteracy, in the scholastic sense, and proceeding to the question of what the necessary qualifications really are for a good moral or spiritual scientist, we should say that no education can be too rich and varied, no knowledge can be too profound, no intellectual culture and no experience can be too great, to duly qualify one to enter into what may be termed the metaphysical profession. We consider it a very great mistake when people suppose that in the far East and in Palestine, in the days of Buddha and of Jesus, that the greatest healers and teachers of the period were unlearned people. It is true they may have gained their knowledge intuitively rather than through collegiate courses; it is true they may have been enlightened by a purely spiritual development of their intellectual understanding, and may have had therefore an illumination rather than an external education, but it is emphatically stated in the New Testament that it was a great surprise to all the people round about that Jesus was eminently literary. They enquired, "Whence hath this man letters, seeing he has never learned?" What does it mean to have letters, but to be well up in all literary matters, to be an authority on literary subjects, to display literary, even scientific knowledge?

You are told that when Jesus was twelve years of age he entered into the temple and disputed with learned doctors of the law who constituted the Sanhedrim, the very highest council in Israel, and made an impression of the profoundest nature by answering the wise men's questions, and also asking them questions in return. Their wonder and astonishment was that his erudition was so perfect, his knowledge so profound. You are told plainly in the records that Jesus, that great and wonderful man, who, between thirty and thirty-three years of age, performed those wonderful cures that defied duplication by his contemporaries, though he had possibly never studied in the colleges of the world, was nevertheless highly educated. He had gained his education somewhere and somehow, for it was the surprise of the learned men of the day that he knew so much; the marvel of the people at large was that he was so literary, being only the son of a village carpenter.

We are told in Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia," that when Gautama Buddha, who afterwards became the Savior of Asia, was brought before the most learned men in his father's kingdom, though only eight years old, he knew more of science, of mathematics, of history, more of the deepest subjects which the learned were wont to discourse upon, than his preceptors: the sign and seal, the credential of his divine mission was, that he knew more than any one else in the kingdom.

No premium whatever has been placed upon ignorance in the Jewish or Christian Bible, nor in the great records of the far Orient; but on the other hand, those who have been called and have shown themselves able to respond to the call to teach and to heal have either through ordinary

avenues of instruction received information of a literary and scientific kind, or in some mysterious manner, commonly styled marvelous or miraculous, through the opening of their spiritual understanding, have come to a knowledge of truth in all its ramifications and applications. Therefore we maintain in this age that we do not endorse a company of ignoramuses who pose in the role of teachers and healers; we do not desire that superstition and quackery should prevail over reason and common sense. We do not endorse those movements that decry learning and extol ignorance, but on the other hand we declare that in the future, when the world becomes more spiritualized, its universities will teach far more than they teach now, professors will know vastly more than they know now, the successors of the modern clergy and doctors will be far more learned men than any who have yet occupied pulpits or adorned the medical profession; and as the word doctor really means a teacher (it is simply a Latin word meaning a teacher), the original intention was that the doctor should educate his patients instead of treating them in some mysterious manner with minerals and drugs. The very fact that doctors of medicine were spoken of, as well as doctors of divinity, proves that the word doctor was intended to convey the idea that patients were to get well through their own understanding of truth, by their acquaintance with the laws of being, not by continual dosing and experimentation.

If, therefore, the true position of the modern doctor is understood, and any man or woman is entitled to write M. D. after his or her name, they should be teachers of medicine—not administrators of drugs, but teachers of the people in the science of health. We are told of an Oriental monarch who kept continually by his side a celebrated physician whose work it was always to keep the king in health, and who would be decapitated if the king fell ill, but had large revenues as long as the king remained in good health. While the penalty of decapitation we should not advise for infliction upon the doctor who allowed his patient to become ill, we can see far more reason why a doctor should be paid for keeping persons well than permitted to run up long bills, the longer the illness lasts, the longer and the more the patient suffers, the longer time it takes the remedies to work. Doctors nowadays are very frequently paid for killing patients, or, at all events, for not prolonging their lives or even ministering to their comfort. Among the funeral expenses the doctor's bill is generally a very large item, and many a poor widow left with children dependent upon her, unless she has to do with a very benevolent physician, has found it very hard work to satisfy the claims of the doctor and the undertaker, who are usually very closely allied in their business—so closely that an outsider might almost suppose they were partners. The doctor's bill and the undertaker's bill are often sent in together; and as the doctors of all countries have grown rich upon the ailments of the public, as they have grown rich by keeping people always in their hands, as the family physician has been often only the family doser, the family experimentalist upon the lives of its members, a panderer to the family hysteria, there can be no doubt whatever that in the light of modern civilization, which educates every boy and girl in the country, that professors of the science of health, teachers of the science of being, those who might well be called Ontologists, will soon take the place of the Physicians and Druggists of past days. Wherever civilization spreads the druggists begin to make their living out of soda water rather than drugs. Many Apothecaries have already learned that in a healthy and intelligent population they must depend very largely upon their soda water fountain for their revenue, and there are many of the best druggists in the country who make much of their profit upon the fancy articles they sell, such as tooth-brushes, soap, sponges and other things people continually need and which metaphysics has not attempted to do away with. Wherever persons become enlightened they take less and less medicine. One of the most influential and learned men in America and a great ornament to the medical profession, Oliver Wendell Holmes, made a statement almost equivalent to the following: That if all medicines had been thrown into the sea it might be good for man but bad for the poor fishes.

There are a great many doctors who by diligent study have come to the conclusion, and have openly made the statement, that the less medicine taken the better. Such doctors are of course in no sense quacks or impostors. Those honorable and scientific gentlemen who adorn their profession are those who instruct their patients how to keep well a great deal more than they advocate dosing or taking medicine. If you take a really learned doctor's advice it will often prove well worth a great many times his fee. If you observe those rational laws which the doctor lays down for you concerning diet, exercise, fresh air and proper moral conduct, it may have been a very good thing for yourself and your family that you called in an intelligent, scientific man when you or any one else felt indisposed. If a doctor is really qualified, if he is what the term "doctor" implies, he is a teacher of health and a teacher of morals; such a doctor, though he be ever so wealthy, though the revenue he draw from his profession be ever so great, must be numbered among the instructors of the rising generation and the benefactors of the less well informed.

We therefore utter no words of contempt or abuse when we speak of wise and noble men who abound, we are happy to say, in the various schools of medical practice, in all of which we have found the most intelligent and liberal-minded persons of our acquaintance. But those fussy and superstitious doctors who are always dosing their patients are a nuisance to society, and even though they have a diploma they are the greatest quacks of all.

We affirm that Mind-Cure in and of itself means simply that the mind must cure whatever is wrong both in mind and in body, and that the universal specific is mental and not physical. "Who shall minister to a mind diseased?" is the question continually asked by sufferers. How long will physicians continue to treat ailments which are purely mental as though they were bodily? is a question that comes up in all our popular literature. We need greater sagacity and a much wider sweep of intelligence to reach the mind than merely to reach the body; the endeavor to tinker up the flesh while the mind is ill at ease is no use whatever. The endeavor to cure people of dyspepsia when it is not their food that disagrees with their stomach, which is not out of order except as an after consequence, for their ailment proceeds from mental unrest, from grief, disappointment and unhappiness, from something that weighs upon the mind, a heavy load upon the heart, a sting of conscience rebuking them for an error, is all in vain when you rely on pills, powders and balsam. If you could get at the reason why people suffer from dyspepsia, if you could get at the reason why good food makes them sick, or remains undigested, if you could get at the reason why they are unhappy and unable to obtain relief, you would then be able by dealing with and removing the cause of the unhappiness to heal them. If you could not remove the thorn from the mind, which afterwards produced the semblance of a thorn rankling in the flesh, you would at least be able to do what a spiritual teacher was able to accomplish in his own case—help them to receive from heaven grace sufficient to bear it.

If you could reach the innermost springs of human nature, find out why people are miserable and touch their mental and their moral condition, it would be surprising to see how many wasting lungs would cease to waste, how many pallid cheeks would begin to glow again with the bloom of health, how many dull, sad eyes would be lighted with the fires of youth, happiness and peace, how many poor, miserable dyspeptics would enjoy their food, and find that anything that was fit for man's consumption agreed with them.

If we can touch the springs of action, and go directly to the sources of trouble and annoyance, by reaching the realm of causation instead of forever dealing with effects, we are able to change the condition of a person because we change the source whence that condition flows.

Mind-cure, even in its humblest forms, even in its seemingly unscientific application, has, without doubt, produced results far beyond any that could be produced by any form of drug medication or mineral administration. Not only is this

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"Rational Spiritualism."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Having been absent from the city for some time, it has not been convenient, even if I had wished to continue my argument with Mr. Clark. But since his exposure of personal history under the above quoted heading in your issue of Nov. 20th, I have no desire to do so. It is true he has wholly failed to try to sustain the assertions and positions previously assumed, and which I assailed and denied as groundless and untrue; yet the outline of his views and course of study, as given in his last article, is so free from dogmatism, and so straight forward and sincere, that I feel no wish to interfere with the present status of the gentleman's mind, believing that he is on the highway of progress, and bids fair in due time, and, after a more full and thorough investigation, to work his way out of the mud and mire of that form of materialism, where he now stands. All that I now care to do in the matter, is to call his attention and that of your other readers to an extract from a French work, written and published in Paris by a French engineer, named Love, under the same title or heading that he adopts, to wit: that of "Rational Spiritualism." The extract is found copied in a Parisian monthly, in an article written by B. Bussereau, on "Republicanism and Materialism." The writer shows that although in France, Republicans are generally supposed to be materialists, many of them being so, in fact, having gone from the extreme of the old doctrines of the church and of monarchy, to the other extreme of belief in nothing but what the five senses palpably demonstrate; yet in truth, there are no solid reasons why they should do so, but the most convincing reasons for a position wholly different and superior thereto. He shows this in great detail, and in a very interesting way; but as it is foreign to my immediate aim here, I omit it and come to the part that concerns the purpose of this communication. It is the description of the nature and character of materialism—*true materialism*, as realizable in life so far as unopposed by higher views and unchecked by nobler and truer thoughts and aspirations. To this end he quotes from Love's "Rational Spiritualism," the extract which I now translate from the original French, and which runs as follows:

"If all the phenomena of the universe are only the result of a play of the properties of *matter*, without the intervention of special agents in whom force resides, and without subordination to a being superior to all; if the soul has no existence; if the tomb must engulf forever those intellectual and moral faculties of which mankind is so proud, then there is not logically and there will not be, in fact, at any time whatever, aught but one single principle consistent with this doctrine, and that is, *absolute selfishness*, (egoism).

"From the moment, indeed, when man has nothing more than this life as his portion, he has no obligation towards his fellow-men, of any sort, beyond those acts that may serve his own interests and lead him to this sole end;—to enjoy his existence the best and the soonest he can, at the expense of all others and by any means whatever; for, in his order of ideas, what is *just* is that which serves his desires, and what is *unjust* is that which is an obstacle to the same. Justice and injustice have not and cannot have any value outside of the individual himself.

"Thenceforth a thorough *fool* is he who studies any other science than that of the weaknesses and defects of others to profit by them; who tries to cultivate other instincts than cunning; who pushes his knowledge of mathematics beyond the rules of interests, partnerships and mixed relations;—who learns other books than the code, the only one to know in, order to turn aside troubles; who weakens his nerves, by cultivating the sentiments of family, friendship and nationality; who fails to treat these things, these social conventions, as they ought to be from his point of view, as *silly sensibilities*; in a word, who does not strive to suppress every emotion capable of reacting unfavorably on his organism and of rendering him less fit to take the greatest part possible in the good things of this world. A thorough *fool* is he who has any other end than that of gaining or even stealing the money that can give him an abundance of everything, provided he can do it safely; who does not in case of need, make merchandise of his sister, his wife, his daughters; who does not fall down admiringly before the pirates of public wealth, and seek to imitate them.

"Most maladroit again would he be, who, while convinced that honesty is but a word, virtue a chimera, religion a bridge for weaklings, the sentiment of conscience and honor a malady of the brain, should not extol honor and conscience, religion, honesty and virtue, in order to keep alive that precious crowd of dupes without whom he could not practice his ruinous industry or nourish his odious personality.

"I challenge materialism to escape these fatal consequences, and in fact, it does not escape them, it gives way; for our actual society harbors, not the mere germs of the enormities that have just been outlined, but the thing itself, in full bloom, in open sun, producing every day new germs, whose outgrowth invades all the layers of society. Just at this point, it is, that we have cause for astonishment that we do not witness presently, a general overturning of social conditions, which would come, if the secret of the

situation did not lie in part in that important fact, at which I terminated the picture of the fruits of materialism—to wit; that many of those even who profess (or affect to profess) this doctrine with the idea of drawing from it to their advantage, all the profits possible, labor (when they get into power, or will do so, as soon as they get there) to prevent its extension, for the very simple reason, that if the morality which flows from it, should spread and become universal, society could no longer be divided into two camps—one, of dupes, the other, of robbers, but would of necessity, be transformed into a vast arena, where everybody would become, in turn, plunderer and plundered—assassin and assassinated."

Commenting on the above, Mr. Bussereau refers to the famous maxim uttered by Bismark as the sum of German materialism, that *might rules right* and adds that since republicanism means what is just, equitable, sincere, loyal, fraternal, generous and good, while materialism leads only to injustice, robbery, lying, cunning, selfishness and cruelty, according to the needs and tastes of the hour, it is clear that republicanism and Spiritualism naturally go together. Why then, is this union not constant and general, as well as natural? Because of the weaknesses and vices of human nature, but especially because, in most cases, those who style themselves materialists are better than materialism. They are materialists in name only, but not in fact.

W. W. T.

Hard Questions to Answer.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Reading the very interesting discussions which appear in your valuable paper of late entitled "Common Sense Materialism," "Rational Spiritualism," etc., by our talented friends "E. A. C." and "W. W. T." puts me in mind of a discussion we had in this city last winter, before the First Society of Spiritualists. The discussion involved the subject matter held in controversy by our two friends; perhaps I am wrong in calling ours a discussion as it was not, strictly speaking, but should be more properly termed questions and answers. Your humble servant was the respondent.

The questions asked were: "what is a spirit," "what is its component parts," "what is its size, shape, color, weight, etc." To these questions I admitted my inability to answer, owned that those were subjects beyond my grasp, and yet by reasoning by what we had seen and learned we were able to form some idea concerning spirits. That in the spirit-realm it had objective being, could see and be seen, feel and be felt and had individuality. It could not occupy two different localities at the same time, and that it could travel from place to place with great rapidity, and thus it was to all intents and purposes real being. Of its chemical composition we were not able to speak.

The proposer of the question took umbrage at our answer, as altogether too indefinite; said that he was a scientist, mineralogist and chemist—that when he was asked to analyze any material substance, such as mineral, vegetable or animal substance, he was able to tell about it, giving to the utmost minimum all its component parts, etc. I proposed to put him on the platform and ask him questions in the field of science, to which he readily assented.

I said, "Please inform the audience what the life principle is in the blade of grass; what is and what gives it its color and shape; what is the name of the gases, the acids, respectively? Please state the process of the tinting of the delicate forest flowers; what is the perfume of the rose or the lily?" He at once confessed his inability to do this. Then I asked the privilege of asking one more question—if he would please inform us "What is the component parts of electricity; what its shape, size and weight?" He was again compelled to acknowledge his inability to answer such questions.

Mr. Editor, had we not all better own that there are things we cannot grasp or comprehend? If we cannot solve the problem of the blade of grass, can we be expected to analyze the spirit world? Does it not prove to us really how much there is to learn? It should convince any one that "there are more things in the heavens and earth than is dreamed of in our philosophy." Would it not be well for us to not be too positive about what none of us know, and what at best must remain for an indefinite period of time only as an opinion? C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, OR., NOV. 28, 1886.

NEVER, under any circumstances, read a bad book; and never spend a serious hour in reading a second-rate book. No words can overstate the mischief of bad reading. A bad book will often haunt a man his whole life long. It is often remembered when much that is better is forgotten; it intrudes itself at the most solemn moment, and contaminates the best feelings and emotions. Reading trashy, second-rate books is a grievous waste of time also. In the first place, there are a great many more first-rate books than ever you can master; and in the second place, you cannot read an inferior book without giving up the opportunity of reading a first-rate book. Books, remember, are friends; books affect character; and you can as little neglect any other moral duty that is cast upon you.—*Lord Coleridge.*

Golden Grains of Comfort.

[The following extract from a letter to a sorely bereaved heart, which the GOLDEN GATE is permitted to copy, seems to exhale more of heaven's own atmosphere, and sparkle with a clearer spiritual sunshine than very many of earth's pilgrims are wont to enjoy. The writer is an Eastern clergyman of rare metaphysical acumen and wonderful power of thought and expression.]

I know you will not attribute my delay in writing you to indifference, to any least lack of most dear and tender sympathy for you in the hour of your great bereavement, in the most dark day of your unspeakable sorrow; *I know you will not*, for though the lines of communication have, for the last five or six years, not been kept up between us, I have not lost out of my mind either the name or face of yourself or brother; have thought of you almost daily, tenderly and lovingly, and sacredly kept alive the beautiful memories of precious past hours, when you and he and I sat together in your quiet Eastern home in delightful discourse of great men, great books, great schemes, great poets, great orators.—Of beauty, duty, conscience, God, the Christ, hope, faith, love, the hereafter. Oh, what glad hours were those! "How sweet their memories still." My dear friend, sometime on higher planes, in sunnier climes, in vaster realms, in balmy and serene airs, we three shall meet again in perfect equipment of discourse, in companionship as pure and holy as the angels experience and enjoy. For evermore just ahead of the godly man and woman, of all chaste and Christly souls, there is something better and so much better as to distance our most buoyant and ecstatic dreams.

Here we see through a glass, there face to face. "Here we know in part, there we shall know even as we are known." We live on from one world into another. Each on-lying and up-lying world is an infinite improvement upon the one we pass out of and flings back the light of interpretation upon it. So we not only come into something better by passing into the worlds that lie ahead, but they give solution to all the problems, riddles, enigmas of this.

"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter. 'First, the blade then the ear, then the full corn in the ear.' The 'full corn in the ear' explains the ear and blade which are a riddle until it appears. So is this life with its woes and heartaches, its tears and griefs, its desolations and bereavements, its births and its deaths an utter riddle, infinitely more perplexing than the Sphinx, only as there is another world where there is no night, whose steady and eternal splendor will make all this present plain.

"God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold, We must not tear the close shut leaves apart, Time will reveal the calyxes of gold."

This thought runs like a thread of pure gold through all the scriptures of God, "Wait on the Lord."

Let us, dear friend, have the courage to wait, to give God time; patience and faith to wait on the Christ until He works his miracle of resurrection at the grave of our Lazarus. Let us wait even though we cannot check our tears, even though in spite of our faith and our prayers a pitiless, hungry pain tugs at our heart, even though we sit in the night of our loneliness and gaze in the phantom faces of the dear dead, let us wait in silence, holding our lips so that they may not murmur, and checking back our heart that it give birth to no ugly child of complaint, until the west winds of God's wisdom blow out of our sky all mists and clouds, and the springtime of God's love comes again, bringing light and life and music and interpretation.

I know you will wait and be patient, for you know God and believe in and love Him in whom He has revealed Himself in Fatherhood and Brotherhood of men, as the saving High Priest who can be touched by the feeling of the infirmities of His people.

God liveth ever! Wherefore, soul, despair thou never. Our God is good in every place; His love is known, his help is found, His mighty arm and tender grace Bring good from ills that hem us round. Easier than we think can He turn to joy our agony. Soul, remember 'mid thy pains God o'er all forever reigns!

Laws of Mediumship.

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

In my last essay I endeavored to give an idea of the means by which we were enabled to project our thoughts earthward, and so far succeeded that I think you have a clearer conception of it as far as finite mind can conceive of what pertains exclusively to the spirit. We realize the importance of giving thought and study to this subject, as we are often asked by persons who desired to investigate into the workings of the power that produces such results for good or evil through mediums.

There are those whose minds are so filled with the idea that because one has become a spirit all that was of the earth earthy has been dropped with the bodily form, that we feel called upon to explain somewhat further this subject. Now would you expect to take say one of those personages known as "tramps," or even a child born in the slums of great cities, by the hand, and simply because they had been bathed and clothed in new raiment, introduce them into your circle of acquaintances and put the utmost confidence in whatever they might say to you of the

position they had been in, or take their judgment of what they thought of their present surroundings? Would you not be disposed rather to hold your opinion in abeyance until such time as you had opportunity of seeing how they bore the change from their past position to one which was in many ways new to them and from which they could not descend again to the same position as of yore? Why should you then in going to a medium of whom you know nothing expect the messages that come through his organism from spirits whom you never knew to be infallibly true and accept with no reservations all that they told?

The lower order of spirits—those who are nearest the earth plane—are more prone to manifest themselves than those of higher intelligence; these feel a hesitancy about intruding their presence upon strangers that those less sensitive do not feel and therefore are apt to lead people's minds astray as to the principles and objects of what the spiritualistic belief as a belief, or rather religion, is. Messages for comfort or identification are of course necessary and a source of great good, but the aim of the higher grades of spirits is to spread the knowledge of what life is, and to the best of their ability help those who are still in the form so to progress that when the body is laid aside the spirit can enter upon its life with intelligence and a knowledge of what to expect, and not be obliged to begin its new career by unlearning what it had been at great pains to acquire in its earthly sojourn. Spirit is what is the life, not the material form by which one is known, and which is only as the shell to a nut, whose power for progression is useless until it is released from the shell that encases it. Man has the power to use his faculties to progress and educate his spirit while still in the shell, which the nut, being what we call inanimate, has not; but while he should strive to do this he should strive to do it understandingly and not accept as truth what will not bear the test of reason. The subject of what Spiritualism is in its highest sense is too exhaustive a subject for one essay. There are so many points to discuss and so much to be said upon each one that it would not do to attempt it in this writing, but I shall be very glad, indeed, to give my views upon the subject when I feel that I can without bearing too heavily upon my medium.

NOVEMBER 22, 1886.

An Explanation.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

MR. EDITOR:—In the GOLDEN GATE of Nov. 13, is a letter from John Brown Sr., in which he tells your readers that a communication, written on a slate, through the mediumship of Dr. D. J. Stansbury, of San Jose, would appear in his "Mediumistic Experiences," published by Moses Hull, Des Moines, Iowa.

As the book is out, and the aforesaid communication is not therein, it seemed proper to me that an explanation be made to your readers. And I know no better method than to state the facts in the case. As editor of the "Mediumistic Experiences" of Bro. Brown, I wrote to several parties for terms of publishing the same. Among the number was Bro. Moses Hull of Iowa. His proposition reached me while Bro. Brown was at the camp-meeting in Oakland. I immediately forwarded the letter to him. On its receipt, as he states, he went at once to Dr. Stansbury and informed him that he wished to submit the letter to the spirit friends and get their opinion and advice. A slate was prepared and a communication written, signed by A. Lincoln and Horace Greely, advising him to give the job to their old friend Moses Hull. Bro. Brown had not shown the letter to any one—had not known the contents himself but a few minutes, and had kept the letter in his pocket while the writing was being executed on the slate. Deeming this a most unexceptionable test, I forwarded the message to Bro. Hull to be printed in the book. But it has not been done. The reason, I cannot tell, until I hear from Bro. Hull. Unless the message is lost, I will furnish it in due time to the GOLDEN GATE, as I consider it a most remarkable test. But the above is enough to show the good faith of Bro. Brown in the statement that the message would appear in the book. It had been sent for that purpose, and he had as good reasons to expect that, as any other part of the MS. sent. J. S. LOVELAND.

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL., DEC. 1, 1886.

CULTURED COMMITTEE-MEN.—Any one who has known what it is to have dealings with the unlettered school committee-men will appreciate the following: "Give a sentence in grammar," said a committee-man to an applicant for a country school.

"He sits down." "Taint right. It should be, 'He sets down.'"

"That taint right, nuther," said the second committee-man. "It's 'He sot down.'"

"Gentlemen, you air all wrong," solemnly observed the third committee-man, inflating his chest till he resembled a pouter-pigeon.

There was an expectant silence when the latter proceeded:

"It's 'He has sot down.'"

The council looked doubtful, but he added with confidence and emphasis: "You all need to be mighty spry ef ye pass my catekisin!"—*Youth's Companion.*

"Solid Chunks of Wisdom."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Many Spiritualists of California will recollect the remarkable spirit manifestations, through the wonderful mediumship of Wella P. Anderson and L. Pet Anderson, especially the fine work of art, the productions with pencil of excellent portraits of prehistoric personages of the Ancient Band during 1871 to 1874, in San Francisco, for J. Winchester, Esq., now of Columbia, Cal. Undoubted tests of the identity of these ancients were given by Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, describing them clairvoyantly, corresponding accurately with, to them then unknown, previously given descriptions, from James Cooper, M. D., of Bellefontaine, Ohio, one of the oldest and most famed lecturers and medium of psychometry, clairvoyance and clairaudience, who is also known as the translator of the remarkable book of 357 pages, published in 1880, at Chicago, Ill., originally written in hieroglyphics, mechanically, through an illiterate medium, entitled: "History of the Prehistoric Ages, written by the Ancient Historic Band of Spirits, through the hand of Leonard Herbert Nason, of Chicago, Ill., and translated by James Cooper, M. D., of Bellefontaine, Ohio."

Now, I take pleasure in presenting to the readers of the GOLDEN GATE, some sentences of profound wisdom, written by "the Ancient Band," originally in hieroglyphics as a test of the ability of spirits to write "something sensible." Dr. Cooper wrote me, then in Chicago, under date of January 4, 1881: "Dr. Nason sent me several business cards, a short time ago, on the back of which the Ancients had written, and a few days ago I sent him the translation. You ought to see them—they are solid chunks of wisdom." I then visited Mr. Nason, and he told me this: "At a certain accounting-room where I tried to sell my book (the above history) some skeptical gentlemen talked foolishly and asked whether the spirits could write something sensible in their presence. My hand was at once controlled, taking some business cards that were there at hand and wrote a few lines on the back of each. I did send them to Dr. Cooper whose translation those skeptics believe we made up ourselves." Below I give you an exact copy of these splendid sentences: BERNARD KILHOLZ.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., NOV. 23, 1886.

Card 1.—"No one is entirely lost, (depraved) for, be he ever so low in the moral scale, it is but the *house* that is dilapidated, the tenant, (the soul,) is white and pure, for it came from God."

Card 2.—"Condemn no one because he does not do as you think he should, for, remember, no two person see the same thing alike and no two have the same idea of right."

Card 3.—"Equal and exact justice to all, not excepting animals, is what God demands of you and no more."

Card 4.—"Meet adversity with cheerfulness and its lessons will be profitable, even though suffering result therefrom."

Card 5.—"Be ever kind to children, for they are uncut jewels that the careful lapidary can cause to reflect the light."

Card 6.—"Be kind to all and thus plant flowerseeds along your pathway that they who follow, in after years, may enjoy the perfume and be encouraged to do likewise." "THE ANCIENT BAND."

THE MIND CURE.—One of the mind cure "Professors" having explained his theory, saying that there is no such thing as disease of the body, that no medicine produces any effect except through the imagination, that poison destroys life only because of the belief that prevails regarding its effects, a reporter of the Chicago Tribune asked: "If you poured nitric acid on a man's hand, and he thought it was water, would it burn him?" The professor thought it would, because, "although the man himself might not be aware of the fact that nitric acid was being used, the mind of the man who made the substance would be present. You see, our science doesn't depend upon one mind alone. If it did, all would be plain sailing. However, there are minds which have gone before us. The universal opinion is 'that nitric acid will burn the flesh,' and it is this opinion which would cause the injury in the instance you cite. It would be a case where the 'majority rules.'"

"But," said the reporter, "I suppose that a rattlesnake's bite would be poisonous," even though the person bitten thought it the bite of a mosquito.

"Of course it would be poisonous," the professor replied, "because it is universally agreed to be so, and the minds that have formulated this conclusion are more powerful than the mind of the sufferer." The reporter put one more question: "How was it with the first man ever bitten by a rattlesnake? There was no previous opinion in regard to the effect of the bite, and he didn't know whether the bite was dangerous or not. Did the poisonous fangs prove fatal to him?" The expounder of the mind cure philosophy was nonplussed, and he replied, in the old orthodox way: "Young man, I see that you are not a believer, and—you'll find the door right behind you."—*The Index.*

A WOMAN in Australia recently found a \$2,000 diamond pin in a can of Chicago pork. It is not stated where the rest of the hotel clerk was found.

(Continued from First Page.)

fact claimed for Mind-Cure by those who are its acknowledged advocates and defenders, but in Dr. Stebbins' recent lecture he made no attempt to deny it, while a recent writer in one of the popular magazines, Dr. Buckley, (in *Century Magazine*, June 1886,) who is a Christian minister, declared that cures which were performed either by faith, by prayer, by spiritual mediums, or through visits paid to the shrines of Romish saints, were all of them in many instances well-authenticated cases of recovery.

There is no doubt either in the scientific or religious world to-day, that what is called Mind-Cure is a great fact, and where Dr. Stebbins seems to us to have made a misstatement is, in supposing that this wave of mental healing is a mere transitory appearance, and that while it is here to-day it may not be here to-morrow. Dr. Stebbins and all other ministers and (to use his own language) all doctors may make up their minds that it has come to stay. It has always been in the world, but in ages of religious darkness and superstition it has been shrouded, and never until quite recently taught as a science to the world in general.

All the charm said to attach to the relics of saints and to objects blessed by ecclesiastical dignitaries, all the charms said to attach to certain holy places, holy wells for instance, answered very well as an evidence of supernaturalism to those closely wedded to the theological beliefs of the medieval centuries; and until public school education was offered to every child of this republic, until people demanded the why and wherefore of everything, until miracles were challenged and the realm of the supernatural was fearlessly invaded by the scientists of this generation, a weird and fantastic garment of mystery was naturally woven around all cures that were performed without the aid of ordinary material assistance. But now that all these facts, gathered up from the East and West, North and South, from recent times and from remote ages, are brought to bear upon the great law of the universe, and people ask, "What is the reason of this?" we know there cannot be an effect without a cause, there must be a way of reducing all these facts to a science, there must be a law that lies behind them all. People no longer credulous as they formerly were, no longer blind believers in the church as they have been until recently, no longer prepared to believe that God acts spasmodically and intermittently, as though the universe were run by machinery which God put into it at first, and wound up, and with which he occasionally interferes; no longer ready to believe there is a peculiar sanctity attached to certain externals: the world to-day says it must know the law which governs all these phenomena, the intelligence of to-day says there must be a reason for this, and there is just as truly a law governing spiritual or mental action which operates in answer to prayer, resulting in a faith cure, or in a cure which is the result of drinking the water of a holy well or touching a cup that has been blessed either by the Pope or any other ecclesiastical dignitary, as there is a law which causes an unsupported body to fall to the ground.

It is to-day admitted in the scientific world that prayers are answered; that there is a result following upon earnest faith; but as yet *physical* science has been the only science taught in the Academies, while theology, instead of being a divine science, as the word signifies, has been relegated to the realm of the unknowable, the mysterious, the mythological and supernatural.

We believe in prayers and we know they are answered; but God answers prayer as much in harmony with his divine and immutable law, as He causes the grass to spring up and the fields to be covered with ripened grain in obedience to an immutable law. We know there is a result which follows earnest faith, as much in harmony with the constitution of the universe and in accordance with fixed laws of being, as the phenomenon of sunrise or of sunset. We know those events take place. The mind has in all ages asserted its sovereignty over sense, but naturally rather than supernaturally.

We are now beginning as a people to see that there must be a reason why for everything, that God is not an occasional interferer with the regular course of natural events, but is the very life, inspiration and soul of all law and of all unification and government. True spiritual or mental science (science meaning knowledge upon this subject of the power of the mind over matter) will lead in years to come to the practical understanding, not of physics, but of metaphysics, to the erection of colleges in which spiritual science will be taught, and the relation of the soul to the body explained, as to-day you are taught the relation of one part of the physical organism to another in anatomical and physiological classes. The time is coming when mental and spiritual science will be taught everywhere, when physical research committees will be composed of men and women whose qualifications have made them peculiarly adapted for the Psychological Professor's Chair. There will be Psychological Chairs in all the world's Universities ere long; Professors of Psychology, which means the science of soul or spirit of man, will become as common in every hall of learning, as a Professor of Chemistry is now well nigh universal.

If any one imagines that the mental

cure movement, vague and chaotic though it may be as yet, is going to die out as the blue glass movement did, referring again to Dr. Stebbins's similes, we tell them there is no analogy between Blue Glass and mental science, as true *Mind Cure* acknowledges the whole of the mind of man, not merely one-third of it. If you are going to advocate a light and color system of cure, you certainly cannot see it perfected if you believe in blue glass only; you must have red glass and yellow glass as well as blue, for one primary color is not likely to do all the good which can be accomplished by the three primary colors acting in concert.

The Blue Glass movement may be called a "craze," because it recognized one of the primal colors and ignored the other two; and while blue no doubt has a quieting effect upon the nerves, and blue, being the color of the sky above you, is symbolical of constancy and truth, and is most eloquent in the language of colors, whether it be the blue of the turquoise, which has always symbolized fidelity, or the blue of the forget-me-not in the floral kingdom, which has always been regarded as a token of constancy to one's friends, blue cannot and does not meet more than one third of the necessities of human nature. Thus the Blue Glass cure passed away; it was not possible for it to act alone without its comrades of the prism.

If pure white light is administered, and is allowed to flow through all channels of communication with the mind; if the influence of all colors and all sounds upon the human mind and nervous system is understood—and we all know that both sounds and colors have immense effect upon both men and animals, and even upon the growth of plants—we have no hesitancy in saying that a scientific system can be built upon a recognition of the curative and sanitary influences of light, sound and color. But to take one portion of sound or one portion of color and say that fragment will cure everything, is to be a crank and ride a hobby, for every one is a crank and rides a hobby who believes that what he chooses to take up with will do all the work of healing, while he leaves more agencies untouched and disregarded than he acknowledges or advocates.

In Mind-Cure as well as in physical science we must learn to be *in*-clusive rather than *ex*-clusive. Bigotry and narrow-mindedness will never succeed in doing more than making ripples upon the surface of human thought; but those who go deeply into spiritual science will find at length the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life, which the Rosicrucians and other mystics in Europe were so eagerly hunting for in the seventeenth century. It will never be found in the mineral world, nor yet in the vegetable or animal kingdom; but humanity will discover it in the spiritual nature of man; they will find it cradled deep in the soul which is immortal. When you are told in the first book of the Pentateuch that God said unto the human beings whom he had formed in his own image: "Subdue the earth; I have given every green thing and every living creature into your charge," does not the author of the narrative really put this sentence into the mouth of the Eternal: "I have given you a body which contains all there is in the three kingdoms of nature; I have given you a complex organism to control, and if you can control that perfectly, you will be the acknowledged lord and sovereign of nature in the physical domain."

And so in every age it has been found that those who have had power over wild beasts, who have charmed the deadly serpent, have been those in whom the lower nature was held in abject submission to the higher; but the moment a man loses control over himself, immediately he lets the lower passions rule, then the lion can devour him and the serpent can sting him to death. There is no safety for man, no immunity in the midst of danger, until he arrives at that point where he is able to command and control everything beneath what is divine in himself by his own divine strength. Such is an epitome of the teaching of all sages.

So we say perfect health and perfect happiness are always results of spiritual culture, and that as the spirit rises superior to the flesh, as the divine nature in man asserts its sovereignty over the animal propensities, as man says in his higher nature to the brute within him, "Lie down and obey me," as he compels every mortal passion to yield to the supremacy of mind, to that extent and no farther will he be exempt from all danger and from all suffering.

You are told in the olden days that Elijah raised to life one who was apparently dead; that when he stretched upon the widow's son, who appeared dead, and looked up earnestly to heaven, calling upon the Eternal Being, the spirit came back into the body of the child, and he restored the boy to his mother. There is, perhaps, no adequate reason for believing the boy to have been really dead; the final link which bound the spirit to the flesh may not have been snapped; the probabilities are that the boy was in a deep trance and past all ordinary methods of restoration; those who gathered round him, including his poor, heart-broken mother, believed him to be really dead, and he would soon have been dead in reality if it had not been for the Prophet's touch and divine power. Elijah was a man of like passions with humanity indeed, but one who controlled those passions, a man who could stand alone on the top of Mount Carmel challenging eight hundred and fifty prophets of Baal and of the Groves, and compel them to behold the sovereignty of divine truth in the midst of an idola-

trous and licentious company. If he was thus able to stand alone in the interests of eternal truth, daunted by no superstition and no danger, such a man could surely perform a wonder others were unable to attempt.

When we are told of the self-denying life of Jesus, of his long fasting in the wilderness, of his encountering and overcoming temptations in their most subtle and attractive form; putting every carnal appetite under his feet, together with all vain-glorious desires and self-ambitions, refusing to use magical power to minister to sense, refusing to make a spectacle of himself by performing an ostentatious miracle, refusing to make compromises with the powers of darkness and thereby trying to serve God with only half his heart, and the world, the flesh and the devil with the other half,—it is no wonder to us that, having reached those spiritual heights on the summit of which he declared that his kingdom was not of this world, refusing all solicitations to head an army and figure in the role of a personal, warlike Messiah, that he not only spoke about putting all lower things beneath his feet and standing erect in true spiritual manhood, but proved that he had gained a complete victory over himself and thoroughly tamed his own passions, by controlling those of others. It takes a greater than an Alexander or a Cesar to bid temptation and disease depart, and even to raise to life again those who are apparently dead. So when the disciples of Jesus, unable to come up to his standard in the performance of noble works, asked their Master, "Why cannot we do what you have done and what you have told us we also can accomplish?" He rebukes them not only for want of faith, but tells them of the necessity of prayer and fasting, *i. e.*, of continual aspiration toward heaven and perpetual reining in of the lower instincts, as necessary prerequisites to the exercise of such highly spiritual powers.

If we take notice we shall observe that all through the New Testament record those who could perform such wonderful works were men who would dare everything in the interests of a righteous cause. It was no light thing to be followers of the persecuted Jesus in the first century; it was no fashionable and conventional move to join one's self to a Christian society then; it rendered one liable to be persecuted on all hands, to be relentlessly pursued by foes even to the death; the primitive Christians would fight for their religion and for their conscience at any sacrifice, and by the spiritual victory which they gained over pride, self-interest, and worldly ambition, they developed the power which made them in a special degree healers and teachers of mankind.

There is no other road to equaling the wonders of past ages except by treading in the pathway of self-sacrifice in which the prophets, Jesus and the disciples trod.

When the question is asked, what then are the qualifications for real work in a metaphysical direction, what are the qualifications for real healing? We answer: You must heal yourself of pride, of selfishness, of carnality, put all Mammon worship beneath your feet, in place of the death of sin rise to a life of righteousness; overcome all desire for personal aggrandizement, and cultivate a supreme wish to benefit all mankind. Before you can be truly a healer in the highest sense of the word, the understanding of truth and the living a life in harmony with it, the knowledge of truth and the love of it are both necessary. The true metaphysician, whose works follow him and prove the divinity of the science which he professes, is one who has first healed himself of all inordinate love of self, for then only can he go forward and heal his brethren.

The power to teach is the result of the understanding of truth; the power to heal is the result of the fervent love of truth coupled with love to all humanity. You may teach others, and yet yourself be a cast-away, as Paul expresses it; you may address the intellect, you may expound spiritual verities and may help others to understand truth, but you will never be a successful healer until you are a spiritually-minded person.

So long as people go into the work of healing for the sole object of making money, so long as they desire the gift merely as a means of livelihood, so long as there are any who take up mental healing simply for the sake of tiding over a difficult crisis in their financial career, but would willingly lay down the work as soon as they have piled up money enough to live without trying to help their fellow-creatures, there will always be some who make metaphysical healing appear ludicrous, as such persons will be noted for their failures rather than for their successes. But all persons who go into the work with a sincere and honest desire to bless mankind, and while they do not refuse to be compensated for their time and services by people who are well able to pay, would never turn a poor patient from their doors because he had not the fee in his hand to pay for a treatment must succeed. A true healer never refuses to give instructions gratuitously to those who are unable to pay, for true spiritual workers, while they acknowledge that the laborer is worthy of his hire, whenever they confer blessings upon others only allow themselves to be compensated by people who can afford to pay, and then only for the purpose of meeting necessary expenses. All true workers would go on working, and working quite as fervently if they came into the possession of immense wealth; as those who love their work, however they may be circumstanced finan-

cially, do it for the love of it; willing workers, and these only, are true mental healers or true spiritual scientists in this or any age, in this or any country.

We hear it continually said that mental healers are mercenary, that people go into the work only to make dollars and cents. Now, while a great deal is exaggerated and a great deal is only unkind comment on the part of those who are more mercenary themselves than the mental healers whom they accuse, still there is no question that the very large prices charged for teaching and the very heavy fees exacted for treatment, and the attitude which many have taken towards the poor and needy, has brought an immense amount of reproach, some of it merited, upon what has been termed mental science, Mind-Cure, or metaphysical healing; but mental healers as a body are certainly not an especially money-grubbing section of the community.

The use of the term Christian Science by Mrs. Eddy and her followers has naturally led people to suppose that the power to heal is a secret confided to some woman who gives particular interpretations of Christianity—a secret, moreover, to be obtained by payment of three hundred dollars for an ordinary course of instructions, and two hundred dollars more for a supplementary course, before people can exercise genuine healing power. Mrs. Eddy styles herself the discoverer of metaphysical healing. She is in truth no more so than is any other person who has discovered metaphysical healing, which is only the discovery that mind is sovereign, and that the body can be made completely subservient to it. Mrs. Eddy no doubt was cured in the way she states in her book. She no doubt did find that all the methods of material science were unavailing in her case, and then a spiritual revelation came to her, and Divine power healed her as she was reading her Bible. She no doubt has received spiritual illuminations which have opened her understanding to see the nothingness of the vain show of matter, and the exclusive reality of spirit. But for any persons to imagine that they must make pilgrimages to Boston and sit at the feet of Mrs. Eddy in order to understand spiritual healing, is for them to be lamentably deluded. Any person who imagines there is any Mecca or Jerusalem upon the earth, or any one teacher who has in her keeping a special secret from God which she can sell at a large figure to those to whom she chooses to impart it, is the victim of a pernicious form of superstition.

When you are sitting in your own private room, waiting for the spirit, the spirit can come to your attic or to your cellar as well as into Mrs. Eddy's class-room, though if you feel you are not so intuitive as to be able to receive the truth direct from the source of all life, that your relations with the spirit world from various causes are not so intimate as the relations of some others, then as it is God's will that we should help each other, by joining classes and sitting at the feet of teachers and holding communion with those in the higher life who have graduated beyond this earthly school, you can obtain very great assistance and help both from those who have cast off the material form and those who are yet subject to earthly limitations. It is an absolute fact that those whose clairvoyance is undoubted, and who have given the most satisfactory tests of their power, have seen spiritual helpers by the side of those who were engaged in a work of benevolence. Your "departed friends" do assist you, whatever may be said to the contrary. We do not say that all who derive assistance from their spirit friends, know it; but when some who do know it hide a truth simply for the sake of satisfying the demands of what they think to be the influential part of society, the really influential, whether in the Christian church or anywhere else, will never approve of cowardice or hypocrisy. If you believe in Spiritualism and pretend you do not, there is not an honorable member of any Christian church who will respect you when he finds it out; but if you go before the world and state your convictions saying frankly, "I believe this, I feel it is true," letting the public know that you have the courage of your convictions, there may be people who will say, "I do not agree with the opinion of such and such persons," but all honest persons will add, "I respect their honesty and admire their straight-forwardness." We would far rather have our opinions contested and be considered in the wrong theoretically than be considered either cowardly or dishonest, as we must be if we cloak honest convictions. In the present state of the world's attitude towards all psychological subjects, to draw a veil of mystery over any work in which you may engage, to hold back facts with which you may be acquainted, may answer very well for those who seek only to sway the uneducated, but it will never take with enlightened people who have as much intellect as yourselves and as much power to understand and appreciate spiritual truths as you have.

Wherever metaphysicians endeavor to hold themselves aloof from others, organizing themselves into sects, and try to make out that all the power they have is locked up in some little narrow combination, they will find that truth will be like the wind, in which Jesus likened the Holy Spirit, when he said, the wind bloweth whither it listeth, and you cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth, so is every one who is born of the Spirit.

We do not use the term Christian Science ourselves. Why? Because there are many of our Jewish friends, who have

not the slightest intention of giving up the grand old religion of Israel, who are to-day performing cures metaphysically, and doing fully as much good as anybody who has taken a course in Christian Science either from Mrs. Eddy or any one else. Many of our friends, who have been in our meetings regularly, are Jews, and intend to remain so, and these have found nothing whatever in metaphysics which has shaken their faith in the religion of Israel. There are also many who are members of Christian churches, and who intend to keep up all their church associations, who have found nothing in metaphysics out of harmony with the teachings of Jesus and his apostles. If we use such expressions as spiritual science, spiritual knowledge, mental science, mental knowledge, we shall express the true idea,—viz., that the unfolding of spiritual and mental powers, not the learning of a form, not the ability to repeat off in a parrot-like manner a number of formulas, constitutes ability to heal, which is a result of one's spiritual and mental culture, allying one with the higher powers of the spiritual universe.

We need to know that the true metaphysician is one whose own mind, whose own spiritual and intellectual nature is in the ascendant, for we have power to help others into the higher chambers of being only when we ourselves have risen. Spiritual and mental science means nothing more than spiritual and mental culture. People calling themselves Christian Scientists, declaring that it is almost a sacrilegious act, almost idolatrous, to advocate even fresh air and proper attention to dietary laws, are simply absurd. Jesus said to several whom he healed, "Go wash and be clean;" and while the spiritual significance of those words is undoubtedly far deeper than the letter, and referred to the washing of all impurity from the mind, not merely to taking a bath, yet we all know the cleanliness enjoined by the Mosaic law contributed very largely to the health of the Israelites, in the midst of nations suffering from dreadful diseases, and such is always the case where sanitary laws are observed. But we must always remember that results on the external plane are the natural outcome of our mental and spiritual state; that as we become more and more allied to spiritual realities, more and more mental, moral conquerors over sense, we become more and more scrupulous in all that appertains to health, even on the material plane. Instead of the body being neglected, and mental science meaning that you should ignore the body and all demands of the body, what is meant by pure metaphysics is that mind should be assigned its rightful place over sense; mind must be supreme and matter its servant; the body is the instrument of the soul, but the soul must be the exclusive performer upon the instrument.

We have nothing to say in reply to Dr. Stebbins' lecture, only that to our way of thinking he did not go far enough into the science and philosophy of the subject; he does not appear to have thoroughly grasped the great spiritual principle which underlies Mind-Cure, and we do not wonder if he and many others have not, for it is very rarely that mental healing is so presented to the world that it can gain acceptance at the hands of the thousands who have been educated in the prevailing materialistic (even though religious) modes of thought.

When the New Testament is interpreted in harmony with reason and the higher intuitions of man we shall regard perfect health as the reward of perfect purity; and when we thoroughly understand metaphysical healing we shall know that we must pay close attention to our every thought, and that only by moral purity can we advance to the perfection of external blessedness; we shall know that we must cure the mind of jealousy, pride and carnality, finding an outlet for error and an inlet for truth. To get people into such a way of thinking and acting that they think more of the welfare of their fellow-beings than they do of their own private interests, will be to bring nearer the glorious time when health, happiness and virtue will be forever united upon the earth.

True metaphysical science is the basis of all reform. The true metaphysician is found in the Kindergarten and in the Moral Education Society; the true metaphysician is found attending to the culture of good habits in those whom he treats and educates; but instead of whitewashing the sepulchre or making clean the outside of the cup and platter, patching up the body while the mind is yet in error and the morals are yet debased, the true mental healer affirms the spiritual to be the realm of causation, the realm whence all words and actions spring: "As man thinketh, so is he." As long as we entertain pride, vain-gloriousness, selfishness and sensuality, so long shall we be the victims of suffering and death; but so soon as we think only righteous and humane thoughts, and get ourselves into true and loving relation with God, the Infinite Being, shall we rise superior to all lower things, ride safely over the tempestuous billows of the outer world into those calm havens of perpetual peace and rest, where beatified spirits, their earthly pilgrimage safely ended, live in the enjoyment of a rest that is forever active, in a state of being where there is no fatigue, no sickness, no decay and no death, throughout the boundless ages of eternity.

A RUSSIAN PROVERB.—Before you go to war, pray once; before you go to sea, pray twice; before you take a wife, pray thrice.—*Plundererke.*

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1886.

SPIRITUAL OBSTRUCTIONISTS.

The world is full of obstructionists and probably will be for ages to come. That all of this class are Spiritualists is far from the fact; nevertheless, it is no doubt true that Spiritualism has its full share.

It is quite probable, however, that the seeming abundance of the genus among Spiritualists is due to the fact that they naturally gravitate to those centers where they can make the best display of their qualities; and the free platform affords them this opportunity.

With no other system of religion or philosophy is this opportunity so favorable or general as among Spiritualists. Obstructionists abound, no doubt, in the churches; but there they are subject to restraints that hold them in check. They are found in all deliberative bodies, but there the merciless majority extinguishes them upon the slightest provocation. But upon the free platform the Spiritualist societies, they are the autocrats of the occasion. It is there they ventilate their vagaries to their hearts' content. Government, law and order, the standards of morality and public decency, all come in for a share of their wild and indiscriminate denunciation. Good men and women, who do not care to bandy words with them upon the rostrum, turn away with disgust; and many would-be investigators of the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, are quite satisfied to proceed no further.

Luckily for the cause there are infinite heights and depths to the spiritual philosophy beyond and above these disturbing influences, where all thoughtful souls can pursue their investigations and studies unmolested. We hope to see the time when every spiritual platform in the land shall be barred to these baneful elements, and only such teachers permitted to occupy the same as are commissioned of the angel world to bear messages of truth and love to mankind.

If Spiritualists would command the respect and esteem of good people they should learn to respect themselves, and especially in their associated labors or exercises should they cut themselves loose from cranks of all kinds—always, of course, in a spirit of kindness for the unfortunates who are thus badly warped and sprung in their moral and spiritual make up.

Our platforms should be models of dignity and of good morals, to say nothing of good manners. The stranger who drops in to listen should go away to think, and to come again. He should find himself face to face with thoughts and sentiments worthy of his consideration, and not shocked by utterances degrading to every sense of manliness or decency.

We are pleased to be able to state that the free platform is no longer the popular means of public spiritual instruction it once was. In many of the best spiritual societies it is not tolerated, and is fast losing favor with others. We care not how soon it shall be banished altogether, and only the qualified teacher permitted to instruct in public.

"YEARS OF EXPERIENCE."—We have just received a copy of a fascinating volume of 315 pages, from the press of Putnam & Sons, being an autobiographical narrative of interesting experiences in the life of Mrs. Georgiana B. Kirby, of Santa Cruz, prior to her coming to California in 1850. Mrs. Kirby, who is an advanced thinker and a vigorous writer, gives in incisive English, her thoughts and recollections, the most valuable of which consist of her experiences with the famous "Brook Farm" experiment in communistic, or co-operative farm industry, of some half century ago. Mrs. Kirby was the intimate friend of Mrs. Eliza Farnham, with whom she was a faithful co-laborer in reform work. Her book will have a wider use and influence than to simply adorn the library shelves of her many friends.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS' FREE LIBRARY.—Work done by the above for the enlightenment and benefit of humanity during October and November: Books on hand Oct. 1st, 658; books added during the two months, 19; books on hand Nov. 30th, 677; books loaned during the same time, 427, averaging 47 1-2 each Sunday, that being the day on which the library is open to the public. A social was held at Scottish Hall, 105 Larkin street, last evening, for the benefit of the above; and the proceeds of to-morrow evening's services at Washington Hall will be devoted to the same purpose, and we trust both will net a good sum, all of which goes to the benefit of the public by the purchase of new books.

A SUGGESTED REMEDY.

As society is at present constituted there will always be a large class of people unable to take care of themselves,—the indigent sick, maimed, blind, insane, unprotected children, and others, have to be provided for.

The State makes liberal provision for these classes, as it very properly should, for it is only by a liberal system of taxation for the maintenance of the indigent that many people of means can be induced to aid in bearing what should be a common burden of society. If they were not compelled to pay their share, the large-hearted, benevolent few would be obliged to bear the entire load. But there are untold burdens for which the State makes no provision, and which have to be borne by the generous souls of the land.

As yet, in this country, we make but little provision for what is known in the Old World as the pauper class, for the reason that we have no such distinctive class,—that is, paupers in health, disassociated from conditions of actual helplessness. We naturally assume that every person of mature years, in fair bodily condition, can earn his own livelihood—if he does not he ought to be made to.

But we find a condition of things in our country to-day widely different from that of half or even a quarter of a century ago. From an overwhelming influx of foreign population, from the rapid increase of labor-saving machinery, and from other causes, we are approaching nearer and nearer to the unenviable social conditions of the more populous countries of Europe, where society is divided by insuperable barriers of caste, and where the rich are very rich, and the poor deplorably poor. It is true that we still have a very large middle class, and probably always shall—a population of thrifty, well to do farmers, who are abundantly able to take care of themselves,—but the great surplus of humanity—the contingent remainder, so to speak,—naturally gravitate to the great cities, which are growing out of all proportion with the country.

In these cities, together with the brightest and best, are gathered vast numbers of the most helpless and the worst. Here are to be found conditions of poverty and crime that the quiet tiller of the soil never dreamed of. Here are depths on depths of wretchedness and degrees of squalid misery, all unknown except to those brought in daily contact therewith. Hence, here it is that the kind hearted are taxed as nowhere else. Here are noble men and women—more especially the latter—who devote their lives to the amelioration of the poverty and misery they see around them.

With all their effort they are unable to stem the tide of woe sweeping over these great cities, but are borne along with it into greater depths, until the heart of the humanitarian and philanthropist is appalled by the mighty work before him.

This stupendous fact demands an organized effort to overcome, such as has never yet been attempted in this country—an effort in which the State should lend a liberal hand. Not for the temporary relief of the destitute, for that only aggravates the evil; but for providing outlets for the masses of surplus humanity now gravitating to the great centers of population—outlets that shall lead to their self-support and prosperity.

There are yet vast sections of the globe—almost entire continents—whose natural resources are unsurpassed. Schemes for colonizing these new countries should be organized in all of our great cities, and the multitudes of surplus and unemployed humanity should be encouraged and assisted to strike out into these new worlds. To this end private benevolence should lend its best efforts. Congress should open the way by the purchase of large areas of land, both in our own and the adjacent countries of Mexico, and of Central and South America. State legislatures should lend a helping hand; and thus could the hope for the betterment of their condition be aroused in the breasts of tens of thousands, and their ambition stimulated to better things.

This, in our judgment, is the only rational remedy for the giant evils to which we allude.

"PREJUDICE."—Was there ever a more abused word than prejudice? Whatever one advocates or does not advocate, believes or disbelieves, is called prejudice. Temperance and intemperance are only prejudices; Christianity and Spiritualism are prejudiced against each other. In fact, prejudice does away entirely with all honest opinions and convictions; it does not allow one to be distinctly individual, but makes him or her the subject of that invisible and hateful thing called prejudice. Now we don't believe it is so much the "stronghold of ignorance" as it is the substitute for a more fitting word of expression. We believe that one mind is as willing and anxious to be rid of its errors as another; but that most persons are so constituted that they cling tenaciously to the old until they are well and thoroughly convinced that there is something better in the new, is caution, not prejudice. Some reason and accept quicker than others, but it is not prejudice that makes the difference. Give all persons time, and they will accept the living truths of the new philosophy.

—Mr. Fred Evans, the slate-writing medium, who has been sojourning at the Gilroy Hot Springs for the last two weeks, under the advice

of his physician to take a vacation, returned a day or two ago, and will be ready again for business on Monday next.

INTUITION VS. LEARNING.

It is the tendency of learning, with average natures, to be arrogant and overbearing,—that is, with natures developed wholly on the intellectual plane. With proper spiritual unfoldment modesty and courteous humility step in to dispel all vainglory and self-conceit.

The true scholar is never puffed up with his own importance; and why should he be? The largest measure of knowledge that the most apt and devoted mind can possibly acquire in the full period of a mortal life is so utterly insignificant as compared with what it is unable to encompass, that it would seem, in the light of this fact, that the more one knows the more humble he would become. But such, we regret to say, is not always the case.

We can imagine the consternation and actual shame that must have come over the old Rabbis, in the Temple at Jerusalem, when all their learning and profound wisdom were eclipsed by the masterly utterances of a beardless boy. Their logic and erudition melted away before the arguments of a youth whose inspired words glowed with the luster of Divine Wisdom.

And thus it is in the present day: From the lips of babes, in an intellectual sense, come forth words of wisdom that confound all the learning of the schools; hence, there is nothing left for the latter but to arrogantly deny, or contemptuously ignore truths of the utmost significance to humanity.

Science is so hampered by forms, and circumscribed by the things of sense, that it is folly to expect that it will accept as a truth anything it cannot weigh in its scales, or melt in its crucibles. In the realm of psychic phenomena the ordinary scientist is as much out of place as a blacksmith would be in a watch factory, or a "bull in a china shop." Hence, we are not particularly anxious to secure the endorsement of scientists for facts and phenomena which they seem to be utterly unable to comprehend.

Spiritualism is based on facts that are plainly and fully evident to every earnest and honest investigator. If one's spirit friends come to him and demonstrate their identity in a matter satisfactorily to him, all the theories and speculations of a skeptical world going to disprove that fact will have not a feather's weight with him. He knows what the materialistic and skeptical scientist could never find out in a thousand years.

So what is the use of Spiritualists bothering their heads about what scientists may or may not think of their philosophy. They know it to be a grand and glorious truth, and that is enough for them. All laggards in human thought and spiritual knowledge will come jogging along up to the wedding feast one of these days. The viands may be cold—the bones of the "fatted calf" may be well picked—but there will no doubt be enough for all, and no one will be to blame but themselves that they were not there on time.

Until learning joins hands with intuition, as it did with Judge Edmonds, Dr. Hare, Robert Dale Owen, and a score of other eminent scholars, it is only an occasional crumb of comfort that Spiritualism can expect from that quarter.

ONLY SELF.

In speaking of gallows repentance Beecher says, "What a lot of mischief that thief on the cross did!" Why attribute the mischief all to the thief? The cross of Jesus would have been just as potent had he been crucified alone. Had Jesus not assured his companion in suffering that he should be with him "that day in Paradise," the supposed atonement would have carried just the same weight and power as it now does. It is true that good men and women have, since that dark day, been comparing themselves, and measuring their deserts by those of that poor thief to whom Jesus gave such sweet promise.

Thieves are not hung in these days, and only the lesser ones are punished at all; the big ones go to Canada to improve their knowledge of that country, and come home after a few years forgiven and respected citizens. As for criminals repenting on the gallows, their robes are made white days before they ascend the scaffold. It is a fearful thing to hang a man, and if anything can be done to nerve him for the ordeal we think the Church should be allowed to do it. The forgiveness illusion is no longer than the judicial process of death; then begins the true repentance and real suffering that no faith but that put in one's self can complete and end. The executed criminal soon sees that the crimes he did were a part of his physical inheritance; that he is not therefore wholly responsible for them. "The evils of his life are left behind; the divine spark of good goes with him, and upon this he begins to live anew and work his own salvation, never thinking of the cross or a Jesus to help him.

—We have received from the inspired pen of Cora L. V. Richmond a charming little story for our holiday number. Among our large number of workers on the spiritual platform there is none of sweeter spirit or grander inspiration than Mrs. Richmond. She has and is doing, through angel guidance of a high order, a most glorious work for the uplifting of mankind for the advancement of his spiritual nature.

THE LATEST STOCK CRAZE.

San Francisco is just now inundated by another of those tidal waves of excitement in mining stocks which no amount of former disaster in that species of gambling can prevent thousands from rushing into and sinking the hard earnings of years.

With no new discoveries of ore bodies; without, in fact, the first grain of sense or reason, the stocks of most of the mines on the Comstock, have, within the period of a few weeks, jumped upward, in some instances, from a few cents to as many dollars per share.

The brokers knew there was nothing to warrant such a rise, and naturally thinking that prices would soon recede to their former level, sold "short," only to see their stocks from day to day and week to week, still going upward, until it was impossible for them to fill their orders, and so some five or six firms have already gone down in the crash, carrying into the common abyss of ruin the hopes and coin of hundreds of their customers.

For many days the vicinity of Pine and Montgomery streets has been a seething caldron of eager-faced men and hard-visaged women,—for women are quite as eager to indulge in this kind of gambling as are the men,—all bent on risking their money in a game not a whit more honorable than many of the gambling games prohibited by law.

Of the women engaged in this business, it is due to the sex to say that most of them are of the servant-girl order, and generally foreigners. It is a deplorable fact that these women are notorious stock gamblers. The earnings of hundreds of them go regularly into the pockets of the brokers; and the more frequent their losses the more eager they seem to try it again.

Of course, behind all this excitement are the cool-headed "bunko-steers" of the great bonanzas. They are carrying vast blocks of these stocks, having gathered them in, during the last few years, at almost nominal figures. They have given the country a rest for some time to enable the working classes to get something ahead to their credit in the savings banks, and now they want it. At the right time they will quietly "unload" and gather in their millions, the bottom will drop out of the market, and their poor dupes, stripped of their all, will go back to their shops, to their pots and kettles, to secure another nest-egg for the next "deal."

And so we go round and round, ever repeating our follies. The man or woman who has once been "rattled" by this poison-weed of stock gambling is lost forevermore to reason and good sense. He nevermore learns anything by experience. We are yet far from the millennium when such things can be. And yet we know that there is a brighter side to this picture of humanity. There is an ever increasing number who would spurn to add to their gains by such reckless games of chance. Public sentiment should condemn it, as it should every other vice that leaves the trail of the serpent in the souls of men.

THE LABOR PROBLEM.

We have just received a copy of a new and interesting book entitled "The Labor Movement; The Problem of To-day." It is a complete, and lucidly written history of the movements among the producers of the world in all ages looking towards the betterment of their condition. An able man, or one better fitted for such a task, than its editor, George E. McNeil, of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics, would be hard to find. He has been identified with the cause of which he writes, for forty-one years, receiving his first initiation into the movement in 1845 when the Fall River mill hands came out for the purpose of getting a reduction of one hour off their fourteen hours daily toil.

The author and editor is greatly assisted in his work, by many of the world-renowned leaders of the movement, among whom may be mentioned Grand Master Workman, T. V. Powderly, of the K. of L.; Dr. Edmund James, of the University of Pennsylvania; Hon. J. J. O'Neil, of Missouri; Hon. S. M. Farquhar, of N. Y.; Hon. Robert Howard, of Mass.; Henry George, of N. Y.; F. K. Foster, of the Printers' Union; P. M. Arthur, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers; P. J. McGuire of the Brotherhood of Carpenters, and many other equally and famous writers.

The work shows great care and painstaking in the selection of the proper matter to make a readable as well as a thoroughly reliable book, from the vast amount of material on the subject.

The work will amply repay a careful perusal by all who desire to be informed on this great subject.

The author says in his preface: "The worker, the thinker, the student, the statesman and the capitalists, are all forced, by the pressure of events, to consider the Labor Movement and the Labor Problem, and this book is an attempt to contribute something to its peaceful solution." The work contains six hundred and twenty-five pages, is handsomely bound in three different styles, and is illustrated with forty fine steel engravings of labor leaders. It is a work pre-eminent in its kind, and should be read by all who are interested in the Cause of the Producer, and it is sold at a price which puts it within the reach of all.

Mr. A. Roman, of 120 Sutter street, San Francisco, Cal., is the agent for this Coast. Sold only on subscription.

COMING ABOUT.—Liquor dealers in Tehama county are licensed four hundred dollars per annum, and held in two-thousand-dollar-bonds. Low as these sums are the town of Butte City, with its A. O. U. W. and K. of L. lodges, shops, stores, hotels, etc., contains but one saloon, and it is said that other towns in the county sell intoxicating beverages in about the same proportion. We don't believe there is another county in the State that can make as good a record. Temperance is very soon to become the chief issue in politics. Men of temperance principles will be elected to the chief offices;

high license will prevail and the liquor traffic will become gradually contracted to that extent that there will be no more retail houses and the wholesale establishments will mostly die natural deaths of "popular sentiment."

"NOT A SPIRITUALIST."

It is customary for the secular press, in noting instances of the many strange things now occurring all over the world, to say that Mr. So-and-so, "who related to us this strange incident, is not a Spiritualist," etc.; or "the lady who witnessed this marvelous exhibition of occult power, repudiates the idea of being considered a Spiritualist," etc.

Now, suppose they should happen to be believers in the spiritual phenomena, who carried to the secular editor accounts of the strange things they had witnessed, then what? Simply that they would be regarded as deluded and unreliable witnesses, and their stories unworthy of credence! Such is human nature.

Let us apply this rule to other facts of nature and see how it would work: Some astronomer, "sweeping the blue vault of night" with his telescope, witnesses some strange appearance in the heavens for which his experience and scientific knowledge enable him to render a reasonable explanation. His testimony is to be rejected, and that of some person accepted who doesn't know the difference between a planet and a fixed star! These illustrations might be extended *ad libitum*, but one will suffice.

How fearful are many of the witnesses to psychical phenomena that somebody will mistake them for Spiritualists! Why, suppose it were true, good brother or sister, that you had an honest belief in the existence of spiritual beings, a belief based on evidence that was entirely satisfactory to your mind, do you think it would be any discredit to you? Is it any disgrace to know what the entire Christian world believes to be true? If so, then do we place a premium on ignorance. We should as soon think it was discreditable to know the multiplication table, or be able to work out a ship's reckoning by starlight.

You are "not a Spiritualist," then, my brother? We are sorry for you. We have no doubt you would be a happier man if you were one—that is, one of the right kind—one who felt the full significance of all the name, in its truest meaning, implies. To be truly spiritual is to live in an atmosphere of soul, above the sordid things of this life. It is to be something more than a mere animal bent on worldly pleasure and selfish enjoyment. It is to be good and grand. It would be a good thing for the world if there were more of this kind of Spiritualists in it.

A REMARKABLE TEST MEDIUM.

Mr. John Slater, the wonderful platform test medium, arrived in this city on Tuesday last, from Brooklyn, New York, where, for the last two years, he has filled, weekly, one of the largest halls in that city, hundreds of eager investigators, at times, being unable to obtain admission. He is accompanied by a cousin—a Mr. Reckless—as business manager, who is also a medium of much power.

Mr. Slater is a tall, slim, beardless young man, with a bright, intellectual face, full of expression, and a quick, nervous manner. He seems to be strung upon secret springs, as it is apparently utterly impossible for him to keep still for a moment. He talks rapidly, and impresses one, familiar with spiritual gifts, as being a most perfect instrument for the use of the invisibles.

It is claimed for him that he has given from the public platform as many as six hundred tests of spirit presence and identity in a single hour—the time to which he invariably confines his public seances. Judging from a brief exhibition of his mediumistic powers, given at this office, on Wednesday last, in presence of some half dozen persons, the number is not overstated. He gives names in full, and incidents of life-history one after another, and with a rapidity of movement and language, that is indeed wonderful.

Mr. Slater has secured the large Assembly Hall in Odd Fellows' Building, on Market street, for a series of Sunday meetings, the first of which will be held on Sunday, Dec. 12th. His meetings will be held at 2 P. M. and again at 8 o'clock in the evening, with an admission fee of ten cents, or twenty-five cents for reserved seats. During the week he will give private seances at his rooms in the Florence House, corner of Powell and Ellis streets.

While we have in San Francisco some of the best mediums in the world, that Mr. Slater will stir up a lively interest on the subject of phenomenal Spiritualism in this city, is a moral certainty. He especially invites skeptics to come forward and test his powers.

THE MAGAZINES.

The *Overland Monthly* for December has an able article from Prof. Hilgard on the "Beet Sugar Industry of California," which all interested in the industrial advancement of the State should read. The *Overland* is steadily ascending the literary heights.

The *Century* for December, as is usual with its pre-Christmas editions, is a capital number—a little ahead of all former editions. It contains its second paper on the Life of Lincoln, and an admirable article on "Ashland, the Home of Henry Clay," together with a rich and rare assortment of the best and brightest thoughts the world can produce.

St. Nicholas for December,—we would that every boy in America could say, *Our St. Nicholas*,—is a sparkling fountain of good things, with many beautiful illustrations, and much choice reading for the older heads. We regard it as a grand educator of the young.

THE GOLDEN GATE will publish a holiday edition of sixteen pages. The editor says it will be full of good things. We do not doubt it; nuggets of wisdom can always be gathered from its columns.—*Beacon Light*.

MENTAL DIVERSION IN DISEASE.—Mind-Cure is rather a revival than a discovery. Dr. Benjamin Rush knew its magic over one hundred years ago; and so did other physicians when they gave bread-pills and disguised water to their suffering patients. The former tells how he once called to visit a woman in the last stage of typhus fever. He and the patient had been playmates in childhood when they often went together to see an eagle's nest in the top of a towering tree. Going into her room he stood speechless until he caught her eye, and then in an eager voice exclaimed,—"The eagle's nest!" The strong tide of memory with its buoyancy and joy of young life swept over her spirit, turning back the dark waters of death. She caught his hand rapturously, and though unable to speak, began to mend from that minute, to entirely recover and live long after. So-called faith cures consist more in forgetting than believing. Just as soon as one can cease to think of his or her suffering just so soon the cure begins. Half the physical ills of mental existence are fostered by nursing and discussing them. The entire natural world around us seems designed especially for the cure of sick minds and bodies. It is varied, beautiful, cheering and inspiring. The grandest novel ever penned does not possess half its charms.

WOULD THEY?—Most men not confined in mad-houses are supposed to be rational, but the lives of some seem to contradict the assumption. The majority of them live and act as though the places they occupied on this little ball of earth were permanent, regardless of coming generations. That their fellows are dropping off from among them does not appear to deeply impress them with the shortness of the longest mortal existence. If it did, could they be persuaded to jostle, crowd and run over their fellows? Would they spend the Springtime and Summer of life in collecting mere material wealth? and would they use it to place themselves in position and power above their brothers? We think they would be very modest in all things, and very generous, giving no thought to their place in life only as it enabled them to assist their weary fellow-sojourners. They would look up to heaven and down to earth as their mortal and immortal destinies and be very humble in their lives.

A PARADOX.—The *Quarterly Review* says: "The men who write bad books are the men who criticize bad books;" and this it calls "log-rolling in literature." If by "criticise," it means to condemn, surely none are better able to judge of the goodness or badness of a book than the authors of bad books themselves. We do not believe these same persons could make the mistake of underestimating a good one. Strange as it may seem it takes a good thinker to write a bad book. We don't think the talent of the leading French novelists of to-day, is more than equaled among our purest and most refined authors. The former write as though they were speaking from their native element, and yet one cannot rid one's self of the belief that they are doing themselves an injustice in pouring out their genius through such filthy channels. The foregoing may not have much to do with "log-rolling in literature," but it is certain that good writers can write very bad books.

ANTICIPATION.—Is there anything that gives more genuine pleasure to life than anticipation of pleasant things and events? We think not? It turns the dullest day into sunshine, work into cheerful recreation and privation into sweetest contentment. We pity that one who has nothing in anticipation. Come disappointment, or fullest realization, no one should ever lose hold on the future, never cease to think and feel that there is still something held in reserve for them far better than all yet attained. This happy looking forward is a powerful armor in the conflict and trials of life that no thrusts of adversity can penetrate, and of which no enemy can dispossess us. Come what may of ill, let joyful anticipation fill the soul to overflowing. It is the influx of spiritual promise; it is the out-pouring of loving souls around us who would have us taste of eternal joys in this vale of parting and tears.

ANNUAL MEETING.—The first annual meeting of the stockholders of the Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company, was held at the office of the company on Saturday last. The manager's report made a favorable and satisfactory showing for the business of the paper. The following gentlemen were elected to constitute the Board of Trustees for the ensuing year: Amos Adams, I. C. Steele, Abijah Baker, Dr. John Allen and J. J. Owen. At a subsequent meeting of the Board Amos Adams was elected President, I. C. Steele, Vice President; Abijah Baker, Treasurer; Mattie P. Owen, Secretary; and J. J. Owen editor and Manager. The Board adjourned to meet on Wednesday, January 12th, at 2 o'clock P. M.

"JOHN BROWN, THE MEDIUM OF THE ROCKIES."—We have received a neat little volume of 167 pages, bearing the above title. The book is edited by J. S. Loveland, and contains an interesting introductory from his pen; otherwise it is the literary production of that grand old pioneer of Spiritualism, John Brown, Sr., of San Bernardino, California. The book is an autobiography, and is filled with the recital, of what, to the great world, may seem strange things, together with much matter that cannot fail to be otherwise interesting. Mr. Loveland has something to say of this book elsewhere in our columns.

—Photography goes more than skin-deep for imperfections of its subjects. It is reported that the negative of a child lately taken showed the face thickly covered with an eruption, which, however, did not make its appearance on the original until three days later. Still a more remarkable instance of the kind, was the photograph of a person that showed numerous spots. A fortnight after the subject was taken ill of small-pox. Thus our great modern art of picture taking is becoming an ally of the medical profession.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Our holiday number will be out promptly on time next week and we shall hope to have all orders filled by Saturday evening.

—The gentle rain has come, freshening the earth with new bud, and leaf, and flower, and gladdening the farmers' hearts with hope of coming harvest.

—The increase of subscriptions to the GOLDEN GATE, during the last six months, as compared with the preceding six months, is over two hundred per cent.

—The journey from monad to man—from atom to angel—although a long one, will be reached at last, as man, ever pressing forward, keeps step to the march of the ages.

—Mrs. L. S. Bowers, the Washo seeress and astrologer, who has been absent for some time, has returned and is located at 104 Powell street. She is a grand pioneer medium, and a truly worthy lady.

—Any one having any doubts as to the permanency of this paper, need but refer to the list of names constituting the Board of Trustees, which appear in the editorial heading, to have their doubts dispelled.

—That grand teacher, W. J. Colville, will have a nook in our holiday edition, a nook which will be eagerly sought for, as is all which comes through his ministrations, by his host of friends, on this coast and elsewhere.

—A good sister, in a private letter to the writer, says: "You know The [referring to her husband] has never been a convert to Spiritualism, and is only now investigating. Your 'GOLDEN GATE' has been to him truly a 'golden opening into the life beyond—God bless it!'"

—If Mr. John Slater's meetings should temporarily attract many who would otherwise attend the other spiritual meetings, the managers of said meetings will find their compensation in the fact that through his wonderful ministrations hundreds will be led to investigate their facts and philosophy, which will result in a larger attendance in the immediate future than ever before.

—Paul A. Smith left Los Angeles last Monday, December 6th, for Sinaloa, Mexico, to be gone six or eight weeks. Mr. Smith goes at the instance of many of his friends to inform himself about the country, climate, etc., in Sinaloa, and regarding the colonization scheme, known as the Credit Foncier; and will return and lecture throughout this State concerning observations made there.

—Mr. Greely was noted for his original comparisons, and he perhaps never made a more blunt one than when he said that "of all horned cattle the college graduate was the most useless to him." Mr. Moody, the evangelist, must have been reminded of this in his recent endeavor to impress the Harvard graduates with a sense of their eternal destinies, but failed to move a muscle of their classic countenances.

—That sweet singer, Miss Joy, to the delight of the large attendance on those meetings, will appear in solos at the Temple service, Sunday evening. Prof. Whiteley giving us real treats in his part of the rich program given each Sunday evening by the GOLDEN GATE Religious and Philosophical Society. It is not a wonder that the meetings are increasing in size each week, a fact largely due to the persistent efforts of that efficient manager, M. B. Dodge. He is wide-awake and knows how to meet the demands of the public.

—There are some minds that are so determined to be original that they get behind the discoveries and fixed facts of the day. A German astronomer now comes forward with the theory that the aurora borealis is the result of sunlight reflected by water and ice. A scientific paragraph going around says that "all things not understood are by the common mind re-attributed to electricity; that it is made the scape-goat for every strange occurrence in nature." As it pervades all space and enters into all life, a great deal may safely be ascribed to its agency.

—Bro. E. F. Betton, of Bolinas, writes: "Find enclosed \$1 for five copies of GOLDEN GATE of Dec. 4th, and the rest for the holiday number. 'I was so much pleased with the last number that I wanted to get a few to send to my friends to let them see for themselves what a Spiritualist really is by Colville's lecture. I think it is most splendid. I just think there is nothing like the GOLDEN GATE, for it really is my Bible to read on Sundays. The editorials are most excellent; they are a balm for the soul to teach men to walk in the ways of wisdom and truth, beside the able writings of others.'"

THE BEST PHYSICIANS.—All physicians give fewer drugs than formerly, and have greater faith in the curative powers of nature and good nursing. A French physician gave good advice to his medical friends. As the celebrated physician Desmoulins lay on his death-bed he was visited by the most distinguished medical men of Paris, as well as other prominent citizens of the metropolis. Great were the lamentations of all at the loss to be sustained by the profession, in the death of one they regarded as its greatest ornament. But Desmoulins assured his brother practitioners he left behind him three physicians much greater than himself. Each of the doctors, hoping his own name would be called, inquired anxiously who was sufficiently illustrious to surpass the immortal Desmoulins. With great distinctness the dying man answered: "Their names are Water, Exercise and Diet. Call in the services of the first freely, of the second regularly, and of the third moderately. Follow this advice and you may be well without my aid. Living I

could do nothing without them, and dying I shall not be missed, if you make friends of these, my faithful coadjutors."—*Youth's Companion.*

The "Corner Grocery."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The heading to this article is now, and has been, a settled and permanent institution in our city, and I venture the assertion that in no city of the United States, according to its population, can you find such a swarm of these sugar-coated tramways to ruin and perdition than in this fair city of the Golden State. There is hardly a prominent corner that is not dotted with one of these, as Rev. Dr. Sprecher designates them, sinks of iniquity.

Now, Mr. Editor, let me not be misunderstood in this matter. I am not condemning, neither do you, the grocery business as a business exclusively in itself, because it is legitimate, honest and respectable, but I am condemning and will be sleepless in my efforts to crush out that adjunct in connection with it—"that mysterious dark corner, at one end of the store, partitioned off by a green-painted screen, called a bar." In this connection the proprietor of one of the holes, with a stock of groceries that you might put into a good-sized wheelbarrow, said to the writer the other day, "There is nothing in it only for the bar, for," said he, "I make more money on five gallons of whisky than selling groceries behind the counter for two days."

This is only too true, and yet this class of men do not pay any higher license than the exclusive saloon-keeper, or the man without groceries. This seems to be unjust, for the corner individual gets a profit, and big profits too, on some goods, in addition to his bottled lightning, whilst the saloon-keeper simply makes on his liquors, beer, etc., charging no more per drink and selling a superior article than the grocer. If we are to tolerate this necessary evil in our midst let us have it straight.

It is to the "Corner Grocery" that the wives and daughters, small boys and girls, take their pitchers and tin cans to purchase their slops in the name of beer, to have their ears tingled with the obscene and immodest joke and the ribald jest, making impressions both lasting and enduring. From these corners many criminals graduate in crime and spend their best years in our jails and penitentiaries. And we blush to know that it is a well-known fact that many of our public officers, including not a few school directors, who ought to be men of pure hearts and clean lives, have been proposed, voted and balloted for, and their election assured from a back room in some corner grocery or other saloon, and thus slided into office on a whisky barrel. And yet we are told that a man must have a good moral character, vouched for by a certain number of reputable citizens in the neighborhood where he intends to set up his "way to the alms-house," before he can get a license signed by the Mayor, Auditor, and License Collector, whoever they may be, to keep a saloon or corner grocery. What a good, moral character to keep a nest of rattlesnake on his premises, to erect a bar with his bottles labelled, "Poverty, starvation, delirium tremens, insanity, murder, and from this to the gallows."

Rev. Dr. Sprecher, says, in his sermon on "Cause of Crime," delivered two Sundays since in Calvary Church) "That the liquor saloons are crime breeders, and that they are responsible for one-half of the crimes that are committed in this and other cities." He also stated, from figures, that there are 3,000 saloons in this city where liquors are sold by the glass. He could not have included the corner holes in this number, for I have been informed more than once, that, all told, there are over 4,000, which I hope is not the case. The writer has known more than one conscientious individual who started a *Temperance Grocery Store*, ignoring entirely any trace of liquor, but failed for the want of patronage, and by his own Church Society. Now, if the ladies, whose influence is most potent for good, will only withdraw their custom from all grocers selling liquors, they would very soon die a natural death. As we must, in the nature of things, have more or less of this blighting and withering curse within our borders, I strongly advocate a license so high that only a few can reach it, and I trust that the GOLDEN GATE, with its outspoken sentiments on this subject, together with its widely circulated columns, may be an instrument to attain this desirable end.

ROBERT BARRY.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 8, '86.

JAMES GORDON, a millionaire, lately passed to spirit-life from Cincinnati, Ohio. According to report from knowing ones, has left a munificent sum of money to Miss M. T. Shelhamer, medium of the *Banner of Light* free circles.—*Light for Thinkers.*

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."

John Slater.

[The New York World of a recent date devotes the best part of a column to this remarkable medium, accompanied by a modern libelous newspaper abomination intended for a likeness. We copy as follows:]

John Slater, the Spiritualist medium of the Twenty-third Ward of Brooklyn, is daily making many converts to the tenets of his peculiar belief. That he may be fairly entitled to at least a certain degree of consideration is shown by the fact that he has occupied a permanent position in the one spot for the past two years, and there are hundreds of people willing, if not anxious, to testify of him in much the same language as did the woman of Samaria, who, referring to that central figure of Scripture history, exclaimed: "Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did."

The medium is but twenty-five years of age. And the lines of suffering on his face, and his authoritative, not to say brusque manner, contrasts strangely with his slim figure and boyish face. Young as he is, he has clearly mastered the art of clairvoyance, as far as that art is known. And by his surroundings and general manner one is deeply imbued with an impression that such mastery has been acquired, not through design but mainly by accident.

The prevalence of Spiritualism and mediums clearly indicates the fact that such religion or belief is making rapid headway with the masses, and it does not appear to be retarded by the numerous exposures of tricksters at the business which are constantly being made public. In all classes of society, especially among people of previous religious beliefs, large numbers of people give a certain amount of credence to the doctrines as laid down by disciples of the doctrine of a tangible existence of spirit-life. Among the lower classes, too, where intellectual attainments are at a premium, the ordinary fact that one man can read another's thoughts makes a deep impression. When such ability is enlarged and accomplished by formula and doctrine it is especially impressive in the eyes of the hitherto thoughtless and ignorant. [Then follows an account of a reportorial interview.]

In answer to the question as to what Mr. Slater considered was his peculiar mission, that gentleman told in a great many words how he tried to help the poor, to make the world better and happier by proving that dead loved ones, or those having passed away into spirit-life, were fully cognizant of all that was transpiring in the material earth and were inexpressibly pained to see injustice, fraud, oppression, or any other kind of wrong committed by their friends.

N. F. Ravlin.

[The Chronicle has this notice of N. F. Ravlin's discourse before the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, Sunday, Dec. 5th:]

Rev. Dr. Ravlin of Oakland, who not long since was the popular pastor of a Baptist church in San Jose, addressed the Society of Progressive Spiritualists in Washington Hall, yesterday afternoon, and in the course of his address gave his reasons for leaving the Baptists and connecting himself with the Spiritualists. He had been asked, he said, to state the reason why he had left the Baptist church and had joined the Spiritualists. It was, in the first place, because he had outgrown his cradle. He had no controversy with the Evangelical churches, but he claimed the right to leave the old, worn-out pastures for new ones. He had found that the grass was getting very short where he was. When he buried his dead he could not find consolation in the Calvinistic creed which he needed. The doctrine of that creed was that body and soul were separated at death and that sometime—thousands of years after, perhaps—the soul and body would be reunited. But after his son died he had appeared to him in bodily form in the street, and he had seen him with his eyes as plainly as he now saw the Chairwoman sitting beside him. And, since that, repeatedly, he had seen and conversed with him. "Only last night," continued the speaker, "as I sat alone in my parlor, I saw the faces of my son and of my father, who died forty years ago, and of my dead wife. Nothing can convince me, against the evidence of my own senses, that I did not see them and hold sweet converse with them there. It is now a part of our family devotions to communicate with our friends and relatives who have passed over the river of life, not death. Another reason why I have left the Baptists and joined the Spiritualists is that the former does not help to true manhood, self-reliance and self-government as Spiritualism does. The doctrine of the Baptists and of all the Evangelical churches is that Jesus died and paid it all. If elected we must be saved willy nilly. That is Calvinism. Is there any manliness or manhood about that? No. If you want to render a man's life utterly fruitless, do everything for him and leave nothing for him to do. The Spiritualist doctrine is that there is no atonement for you except what you make for yourself. Under the spiritual regime you cannot come out of the prison house into which your own deeds have brought you till you have paid the uttermost farthing. This a strong incentive to rightdoing. Another strong incentive is the Spiritualist doctrine that our deceased friends are about us, in spirit form, watching over us. I know I am a better man to-day than when I was in orthodoxy."

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHICAL SERVICES AT Metropolitan Temple, by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, Sunday, December 12th. Mrs. E. L. Watson will answer questions at 11 a.m. In the evening at 7:30 she will lecture. Subject: "Why am I Here? or, A Question of Destiny." 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 11 a.m., in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Good speakers upon all five 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.

FREE PUBLIC MIND-CURE MEETINGS ARE held every Sunday at 11 o'clock a.m. and 2 o'clock p.m., at Grand Pacific Hall, 1045 1/2 Market street. The morning meetings are devoted to questions and answers and healing patients. At 2 o'clock a paper is read, followed by testimonies and closing with a social. These meetings are for the purpose of showing people how they have power in themselves to remove all disease and trouble.

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

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The Temptation of Power.

(Abstract of a sermon by R. Heber Newton, reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

"That I abuse not my power."—Cor. ix., 18.

It is easy to abuse power. Its use carries in it the danger of this abuse. To use his power so as not to abuse it is the crowning glory of the strong man. Power robs the strong man of sympathy with his weaker brothers. The accomplished musician rattles off a fugue upon the organ and then loses patience with his dull pupil, who beats all the music out of the score. One of the greatest preachers whom I know can never sympathize with the troubles of the rest of us, because his work comes so easy to him that he does not see why any one should find it hard. The woman of faculty berates her stupid Bridget for mistakes that are perfectly incomprehensible to her. Many a successful employer of labor would find, could he analyze his experience, that half of his trouble with his "hands" grows out of his expecting all the virtues for a dollar a day. Be our power as great as it may, we may well imitate the spirit of George Eliot: "If there is one attitude more odious to me than any other of the many attitudes of knowledge, it is that air of loft superiority to the vulgar."

Power tempts a man to selfish indifference to the claims of others. Strong natures, by the very force of their individualities, are in danger of growing unconsciously selfish. They push their own plans mindless of who is crowded to the wall. Napoleon, that colossus of our century, had a colossal selfishness. He used everybody remorselessly to further his own aims. On starting for the first campaign in Italy, he told a friend who was editor of a newspaper: "Recollect in your account of our victories to speak of me, always of me."

I once asked a successful manufacturer, who thought me rather sentimental in something I had said about human brotherhood, "Would you knowingly tread down another man who stood in your way?" He answered, "Most assuredly, if my only way up was over him!"

How few men of power attain the beautiful consideration for others of Turner. When a certain young artist's picture was rejected by the Royal Academy, because there was no room, he quietly took down his own picture and hung the young man's in its place. When he saw Laurence mortified because one of his portraits was hung by his own "Cologne," whose glorious color killed the portrait, he covered the sky with a wash of lamp-black in water-color and left it thus through the exhibition.

Power carries in it a tendency to an over weaning conceit which is apt to ruin both career and the character. Napoleon grew intoxicated by his very successes, and during the impossible threw away his throne. It is notorious in Wall Street that the great operators sooner or later lose their heads, and are swept away in some speculation which they never would have ventured on but for their long run of successes. All round us men and women of some real power are fancying themselves far bigger folk than they are, and are vainly trying to do things beyond them. They are spoiling good decorators to make bad artists, and good ballad singers to make bad opera singers.

Power tempts its possessor into skepticism as to the existence of other and higher powers. Napoleon turned away Robert Fulton from his door, scornful of the omnipotence of steam. He thought that Providence was upon the side of the heaviest artillery. Gun powder was more to him than patriotism. He knew of no ideas that could resist his Old Guard. Croesus expects to win his way everywhere by gold. He thinks the universe is run by a finance committee. He cannot understand that a penniless man may be able to withstand his omnipotence. The enthusiasm of ideas is a force he cannot gauge. Let us see to it that our very success does not blind us to the existence of the forces which drive the universe, the Infinite and Eternal Laws.

Taking What There Is.

[Christian Register.]

At the devotional meeting which preceded the recent session of the New York State Conference, Rev. Robert Collyer told the story of one of his children, who, on being asked, as he came in to breakfast, what he would have said, "I'll take what there is." The simple incident was well enforced by the leader, and its suggestions unfolded by other speakers.

We doubt if Robert Collyer himself could have preached a better sermon on contentment than was preached by his child at the breakfast table, and we doubt if there is any healthier sentiment for the Thanksgiving day we celebrate than that which is founded on the gratitude of contentment. With many people, gratitude is a sentiment which is only called forth by exuberant and extraordinary blessings. Holmes, in his witty poem on "Contentment," has rhythmically catalogued some of the things which are associated with the subject in the minds of many people. The list of wants it includes is a very liberal one,—so liberal, indeed, that many may suppose it includes all that is necessary to happiness. But we all know that the spirit which sighs in this poem for "only" so much would have a few sched-

nle of wants when the first was supplied. A contented mind is proverbially associated with a continual feast. But it makes all the difference in the world whether the feast is in the mind or somewhere else. The philosophy of life that seeks contentment in external things—in physical elements necessary for its comfort, in stocks and bonds, in houses, lands, in a special bill of fare and a certain cut and quality of raiment—misses the mark. It strikes at the circumference instead of the center. Long ago it was said that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth. The gratitude which only flourishes in the midst of abundance is as precarious a possession as the things on which it is founded. It is very likely to take wings and fly away when the virtue of contentment is most needed. On the other hand, the spirit of asceticism is open to the charge of not accepting all the occasions for gratitude which it might possess.

On the whole, we think there is scarcely a better basis for the gratitude of contentment than that expressed in the boy's "I'll take what there is." It may be much, it may be little. It may be purple and fine linen; it may be locusts and wild honey. It may be palace or hut, mountain or valley, sickness or health, prosperity or adversity. It takes life, as in the marriage formula, "for better, for worse." It is an old philosophy. It was the philosophy of Job. He practically said, "I'll take what there is."

It is only the soul that has such a spirit that really discovers how much there is to take. The avaricious man is always poor. He never really enjoys what he has in sighing for those things which he has not. The contented man is always rich. It is the sunshine in the soul that reveals the largeness and the beauty of that which God has given us.

The Girl of the Period.

[Gail Hamilton, in New York World.]

She had been duly and amply forewarned. She had read about herself till it might well seem that, whatever solid virtue she should attain unto, all sweet spontaneity would be utterly impossible. Not a quarterly reviewer, not a monthly magazinist, not a weekly religious and family newspaper, scarcely a daily morning reporter, but had tried his hand at her education, her development, her weaknesses, her costuming. From a thousand sources she knew the risk she ran in loving fine clothes and yachting and crinkled hair and the Episcopal church. But she went gayly on crinkling her hair and reading her prayers. She knew—for she had perused it a hundred times—that she ought to stay at home and knead bread and sweep the house and make it pleasant for her brothers; instead of which she went to school herself, studied Greek and the higher mathematics, and graduated just like a boy. Even that did her no good. She had learned her anatomy perfectly well—just how many bones she had; where they were single and where they were double; where they were jointed with a ball and socket and where they were jointed with a hinge; what they were expected to do and what would be the terrible consequences if they were compressed. Yet she laced them in just as vigorously and relentlessly as had her grandmother before her, who had never a bone on her conscience, and lied about it just as innocently, reiteratedly and unconvincingly. Nay, with all the abstruse metaphysics and mathematics, and all the concrete science and languages which she had, as it were, taken aboard, she danced along her butterfly life, loving her dance and her butterflydom no less for her dainty dalliance with science, for which, in truth, she never possessed a grand passion, and only wished she could be more of a butterfly than fate had permitted. So needless is all anxiety lest by any tortuous process whatever a sow's ear can evolve itself out of a silk purse!

And then, of course, to point the moral, she made a foolish marriage. Reared not only with refined tastes—which is desirable—but with expensive tastes—which is unlucky—she must needs fall in love with a young man similarly reared, who had correspondingly fallen in love with her banded and blooming face, with her light feet, her ready laugh, her merry voice—a young man who had no fortune to maintain her in the flowery paths she loved, who had nothing to help himself with but his fresh young manhood unassailed, trained by a good education, good blood in his veins, good principles in his will, good habits behind him, and a stout heart for what should lie before. While the novelty lasted the glamour lasted and the heavens smiled; but when the stress of life began, when a new little soul looked helpless and unknowing into their own, she knew, both knew, that the reign of the butterfly was over. The young man must fare forth for bread the wide world over. Then arose the young woman—a girl no longer, but the youthful mother of the period, with her child in her arms—and fared forth by his side.

THE matter of weddings at night is stirring up the Catholics of Philadelphia. Archbishop Ryan decrees that marriages must be in the morning with a nuptial mass, and, failing that, in the afternoon. He adds that the decree will not be relaxed for reasons of mere convenience.

THERE is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, that beams and blazes in the dark hours of adversity.

How to Read.

[John Morley.]

Nobody can be sure that he has got clear ideas on a subject unless he has tried to put them down on a piece of paper in independent words of his own. It is an excellent plan, too, when you have read a good book, to sit down and write a short abstract of what you can remember of it. It is a still better plan, if you can make up your minds to a slight extra labor, to do what Lord Stafford and Gibbon and Daniel Webster did. After glancing at the title, subject, or design of a book, these eminent men would take a pen and write roughly what questions they expected to find answered in it, what difficulties solved, what kind of information imparted. Such practices keep us from reading with the eye only, gliding vaguely over the page, and they help us to place our new acquisitions in relation with what we knew before. It is almost worth while to read a thing twice over, to make sure that nothing has been missed or dropped on the way, or wrongly conceived or interpreted. And if the subject be serious, it is often wise to let an interval elapse. Ideas, relation, statements of facts, are not to be taken by storm. We have to steep them in the mind, in the hope of thus extracting their inmost essence and significance. If one lets an interval pass, and then returns, it is surprising how clear and ripe that has become which, when we left it, seemed crude, and full of perplexity.

All this takes trouble, no doubt; but, hen, it will not do to deal with ideas that we find in books or elsewhere as a certain bird does with its eggs, leaves them in the sand for the sun to hatch and chance to rear. People who follow this plan possess nothing better than ideas half-hatched and convictions reared by accident. They are like a man who should pace up and down the world in the delusion that he is clad in sumptuous robes of purple and velvet, when in truth he is only half covered by the rags and tatters of other people's cast-off clothes.

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Symbolical Dreams.

(C. W. Rohner, in Harbinger of Light.)

Dreams, says Homer, come from the gods (*hai onar ek Dios estin*). But it would be a mistake to think that all dreams come from God, or the gods, which is a convertible term with elevated and progressed human spirits. All nations of antiquity entertained so profound a respect for dreams, especially for so-called symbolical dreams, that they appointed special interpreters to read these divine messages, and turn their poetry into everyday prose. The Magi, the Chaldeans, Joseph, Daniel, and other inspired men among the Hebrews, were such interpreters of the word of God, or of the words of the gods. The Greeks and Romans also furnish examples in abundance of the functions of a portion of their sacerdotal castes, who were specially charged with the interpretation of omens and symbolical dreams.

So we have the authority of all antiquity bearing testimony to the fact that some dreams at least are not the fabrications of idle brains, but messages emanating from higher and superhuman sources, and sent us either as warnings or as information about events going to happen. Most dreams of any realistic value are couched in the poetical language of symbolism.

One of the most interesting symbolical dreams of modern times is that of Mrs. Washington, mother of George Washington, the *Pater patrie* of America. Mrs. Washington was by no means a dreamer, but one of the most practical common-sense women one could imagine. Her famous son was only about five years old at the time when the dream occurred, which made a life-long impression upon the lady. It is as follows: "I dreamt," says Mrs. Washington, "that I was sitting in the piazza of a large new house into which we had but lately moved. George, at that time about five years old, was in the garden with his cornstalk plough, busily running little furrows in the sand, in imitation of Negro Dick, a fine black boy, with whose ploughing George was so taken that it was sometimes a hard matter to get him to come to dinner. And so, as I was sitting in the piazza at my work I suddenly heard in my dream a kind of roaring noise on the eastern side of the house. On running out to see what was the matter, I beheld a dreadful sheet of fire bursting from the roof. The sight struck me with a horror which took away my strength, and threw me senseless to the ground. My husband and the servants, as I saw in my dream, soon came up, but like myself were so terrified at the sight that they could make no attempt to extinguish the flames. In this most distressing state the image of my little son came, I thought, to my mind more dear and tender than ever, and turning towards the garden where he was engaged with his little cornstalk plow, I screamed out, 'George! George!' In a moment, as I thought, he threw down his mimic plow and ran to me, saying, 'Hi, ma! what makes you call so angry! ain't I a good boy—don't I always run to you as soon as you call?' I could make no reply, but just threw up my arms towards the flame. He looked up and saw the house all on fire; but instead of bursting out a-crying, as might have been expected from a child, he instantly brightened up and seemed ready to fly to extinguish it. But first looking at me with great tenderness, he said, 'Oh, ma! don't be afraid; God Almighty will bless us, and we shall soon put it out!' His looks and words revived our spirits in so wonderful a manner that we all instantly set about to assist him. A ladder was presently brought on which, as I saw in my dream, he ran up with the servants nimbleness of a squirrel, and the servants supplied him with water which he threw on the fire from an American gourd. But that growing weaker, the flame appeared to gain ground, breaking forth and roaring the most dreadfully, which so frightened the servants that many of them, like persons in despair, began to leave him. But he, still undaunted, continued to ply it with water, animating the servants at the same time both by his words and actions. For a long time the contest appeared very doubtful, but at length a venerable old man, with a tall cap and an iron rod in his hand, like a lightning rod, reached out to him a curious little trough like a wooden shoe. On receiving this he redoubled his exertions, and soon extinguished the fire. Our joy on the occasion was unbounded. But he, on the contrary, showing no more of transport now than of terror before, looked rather sad at the sight of the great harm that had been done. Then I saw in my dream that after some time spent as in deep thought, he called out with great joy, 'Well, ma! now if you and the family will but con-sent, we can make a far better roof than this ever was; a roof of such a quality that if well kept together it will last for ever; but if you take it apart you will make the house ten thousand times worse than it was before.'

This dream, though extremely curious and full of ambiguous details, requires neither a Joseph nor Daniel to interpret it; especially if we take Mrs. Washington's new house for the young colony government; the fire on its east side for Lord North's civil war; the gourd which George employed for the three and six months' enlistments; the old man, with his cap and iron rod, for Dr. Franklin; the shoe-like vessel which he reached to George for the

sabot or wooden-shod nation, the French, whom Franklin courted a long time for America; and the new roof proposed by George for a staunch, honest Republic—that equal government which, by guarding alike the welfare of all, ought by all to be so heartily beloved as to "endure forever."

The last civil war in America, however, has proved that the beams of the Republican state-roof were not sufficiently firmly "kept together" to avert that last immense conflagration, and even now the fear of little George seems to be nearer than ever to its realization, viz., that another civil war, on a still more gigantic scale than either the original war of independence or the late bellum servile, will sooner or later break out amongst the mixed populations of the transatlantic Republic, when not unlikely the original settlers will be pushed into the back ground by their German cousins, whose number approaches now already closely upon twenty millions of souls, and souls too more ready perhaps to appreciate the blessings of Republican institutions than the successors of George Washington, the modern Yankees, who are said to be both physically and morally deteriorating fast, so that their place will and must be filled, when the time of the final breaking-up of the original scheme has arrived, by those who are most numerous and most able to wield the rudder of the state-vessel; and this condition is complied with better by the modest, plodding, and enduring German population than by any other nationality now living in the Union.

The latest movements and social agitations in America prove what I say here, as the Germans seem to be heading the new march of progress, and all that is required to make the attempt successful is a good organization, an honest spirit of self-sacrifice and martyrdom, and the proper mettle in the leaders of the coming struggle between the diverse nationalities now constituting the plaid of the States of only apparently united America.

But I must stop here, otherwise the notorious prophet of Tungamah might be traced to his lonely island-home, where matters might be made as hot as ever for him, which would be a pity indeed, as the prophet means harm to nobody apparently but to himself, brought about by the usual stoning process of prophets, which seems to be a game of modern as well as of ancient times.

Henry George on Spiritualism.

(Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

In his "Progress and Poverty," page 485, speaking of the effects of a decline of civilization, Henry George says: "In religion it would not take us back into 'the faith of our fathers, into Protestantism or Catholicism, but into new forms 'of superstition, of which possibly Mormonism and Spiritualism may give some vague idea.' It would be difficult to find so much ignorance packed into so small a space in any statement of any benighted bigot of our age, or of any age. To class Mormonism and Spiritualism together is like putting the polar region and the equator in the same latitude. To call Spiritualism a form of superstition is like calling light darkness. Mormonism claims special and miraculous revelations given to a priesthood and by them to the people. Spiritualism gives proof palpable to the soul and senses of the natural and real presence and return from the higher life of our departed friends,—messengers of glad tidings to the people, and showing no favor to priest or prince. Mormonism aims to sanction and sanctify the foul crime of polygamy by pretended miraculous revelations; Spiritualism repudiates the hideous falsehood; no spirit ever came from the higher life to sanction this moral leprosy. Mormonism is ecclesiastical tyranny; Spiritualism is liberty and light and growth in knowledge and obedience to spiritual and natural law. The one enslaves and brutalizes; the other emancipates, uplifts and purifies. Vulgarity and uncleanness may sometimes cling to Spiritualism, as barnacles cling to the hull of a good ship, but they inhere in the very nature and being of Mormonism. Ignorance is the only excuse for this absurd and insulting classing together of opposites; and that is but a poor excuse, for a writer should know something of topics which he touches, or else let them alone.

Only a few pages further on comes this gleam of white light: "What, then, is the meaning of life—of life absolutely and inevitably bounded by death? To me it only seems intelligible as the avenue and vestibule to another life. . . Far, far beyond our ken the eternal laws must hold their sway. The hope that rises in the heart of all religions! The poets have sung it, the seers have told it, and in its deepest pulses the heart of man throbs responsive to its truth."

How strange the change from darkness to light! Such changes characterize the book, and make it a stimulus to thought, yet not a safe guide. Its theories, wise and unwise, are sustained at times eloquently and ably, and then logic and argument halt and stumble, facts fall back and assumptions takes their places. Mr. George is not a demagogue, but an idealist and an enthusiast whose imagination sometimes outruns his judgment, and whose zeal is not always balanced by his wisdom. Duty to Spiritualism makes it imperative to frankly criticise his false utterance on that great matter, of which he would do well to learn more or say nothing.

Visiting the Astors.

I know a man who desired to get an audience with the present heads of the Astor family. They are not easily accessible for strangers. Every caller is required to state his business to a clerk, who communicates with one of the great millionaires, if necessary, but more than likely refers the matter to a competent subordinate. But my friend was bound to see the Astors, just to gratify his curiosity, for he had no business with them. Their offices are in a bank-like structure, in a side street close to Broadway. On one front door is the name "John Jacob Astor," and on the other "William W. Astor." He entered an interior that was fitted up with high rails and enclosed desks, so that the visitor had to make his application to a face that appeared behind an aperture in a wired fence. Two begging Sisters of Charity were being politely, but firmly, rebuffed, and several tenants were paying their rents. To all inquirers for an Astor the same answer was given—that neither was to be seen. The curiosity-seeker comprehended that he would fail unless he resorted to some winning device. "I have an appointment with the old gentlemen," he said, drawing his watch, after the manner of a hurried man; "I suppose they are in?" "I will see," replied the clerk; "shall I take in your card?" "If you please," and the impostor produced one, "and say to them that I am sorry to be five minutes late."

The ingenuity of the attack brought victory. He was shown promptly into the presence of the two Astors. They were old-fashioned, gray of hair and whiskers, and not in any way remarkable to look at. The apartment was the private office of John Jacob Astor, but William was there and seemingly dominant with his larger stature, fuller face and more emphatic manner. The furniture was very heavy but plain, and the place suggested the president's room in a bank of modern pretenses. William still held the card in his hand, and was evidently trying to recall the name as that of somebody who had made an appointment.

"What is it, sir?" he said, inquiringly. "I call to see whether it would be of any use to make an offer for some real estate that belongs to you," responded the caller, coolly. He knew well enough that he was safe, because the Astors sell no property under any circumstances. Said William: "I hardly think so. What piece had you in mind?" "The Astor House. "There is a project to buy that, and—" "Quite impracticable. No offer in any amount would be considered." But he had seen the Astors, all the same.

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PUBLICATIONS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS;

—OR,—

Gleanings In Various Fields of Thought,

By J. J. OWEN,

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

SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

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

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

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

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

The compilation brings before us, in a compact form, the talented author's best and noblest thoughts on life and morals. Nothing in quiet hours will give more food for wholesome reflection than one of Bro. Owen's essays.—*Gilroy Advocate*.

The volume is made up of short editorials on thoughtful topics culled from the columns of the author's newspaper, which tell of studious application and observation, written in a pleasing and interesting style, and full of good "meat," with the intent of benefiting their minds.—*Carson Appeal*.

As a home production this collection of pleasing essays and flowing verse is peculiarly interesting. The author wields a graceful pen, and all of his efforts involve highly moral principle. Although these are newspaper articles published by an editor in his daily round of duty, yet when now bound together in one volume they seem to breathe more of the spirit of the cloistered scholar than is wont to gather round the ministrations of the editorial tripod.—*S. F. Post*.

Bro. Owen's ability as a prose and verse writer is unquestionably of a high order, and in thus grouping a number of his best productions into a compact and handy little volume, he has conferred a favor on many of the *Mercury's* readers, who, like ourselves, have read and appreciated the "Sunday Talks," and from them, perhaps, have been led to form a higher and more ennobling idea of the mission and duties of mankind. *San Benito Advance*.

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

The volume is readable and suggestive of thought.—*S. F. Merchant*.

They embrace editorials on miscellaneous subjects, poems, sketches, and short articles, and are really what he styles them, "Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought." The contents are as creditable to Mr. Owen's literary ability as the handsome looking volume is to the taste and resources of the *Mercury* printing establishment.—*S. F. Call*.

The articles in "Sunday Talks" are written in an easy, flowing style, enchainning 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 Pajaronian*.

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 alembic 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

The Star.

Beside the eternal sea one night I slept;
But soft stars fanned me, I from my dreamland broke,
While angry storm-winds down the black west swept,
And while night's clouds yet lingered I awoke.
Afar, through infinite skies divinely clear,
The star of morning trembled purely bright,
As though thought, feeling, warmed her silvery sphere,
And throbb'd within her living heart of light,
With mellow radiance, pale, yet beautiful,
She touched the summit of the dipping mast.

The swelling sails above the ship's dark hull,
The scudding mists that o'er the gray sea passed;
And still the changing, and unchanging sea
Throbbed with vast pulses toward the star of morn,
And strove to soothe his moan to melody,
Lest she, fair orb, should set in fear and scorn.
Young birds began to twitter in the nest;
Thin grasses whispered, dreaming of the sun;
From high sea-polished cliff, sea-gulls at rest,
With grave-eyed wonder watched the shining one.

As though they deemed her some transfigured bird,
A tender flower, awakening at my feet,
Sighed in a breath more clear than spoken word,
"Hail, blessed life! Hail, starry sister, sweet!"
Ineffable love filled all the extent of space,
Hushed grew that deep roar by the rocking bar,
And while the dim veil rose from Nature's face,
I heard a voice that issued from a star,
And said: "Behold! I am the star that shone

"O'er great Targatus, o'er Sinai's light,
On Moses, Dante! I the firebrand thrown
By God's own hand at the dark brow of night!
Lo! I am she, whom men believe no more,
And yet I live, and yet my life shall be,
When earth lies shattered, human destiny o'er.
Ye nations, I am ardent Poesy!
Up ye who sleep! Faith, Virtue, Courage, wake!
Mount, thinkers, sentinels, each untrodden height
Behold! he comes, for whom a path I break!—
The angel LIBERTY, the giant LIGHT!"

—VICTOR HUGO.

With Thee.

If I could know that after all
These heavy bonds have ceased to thrall,
We, whom in life the fates divide,
Should sweetly slumber side by side—
That one green spray would drop its dew
Softly alike above us two—
All would be well, for I should be
At last, dear loving heart, with thee!

How sweet to know this dust of ours,
Mingling, will feed the self-same flowers—
The scent of leaves, the song-bird's tone,
At once across our rest be blown—
One breadth of sun, one sheet of rain
Make green the earth above us twain!
Ah, sweet and strange, for I should be,
At last, dear tender heart, with thee!

But half the earth may intervene
Thy place of rest and mine between—
And leagues of land and wastes of waves
May stretch and toss between our graves.
Thy bed with Summer light be warm,
While snowdrifts heap in wind and storm
My pillow, whose one thought will be,
Beloved, that I am not with thee!

But if there be a blisful sphere
Where homelike souls, divided here,
And wandering wide in useless quest,
Shall find their longed-for heaven of rest—
If in that higher, happier birth
We meet the joy we missed on earth,
All will be well; for I shall be,
At last, dear loving heart, with thee!

—ELIZABETH AKERS.

What She Thought Of.

"The sweetest thing," She held it up before me,
A trifle fashioned out of flowers and lace,
And then she placed it, for my admiration,
Upon the curls above her pretty face.

"It is a charming thing," I answered, looking,
Not at the bonnet, but her face, the while,
And she, who thought I meant the thing she thought of,
Looked so delighted that I had to smile.

An hour later, as she sat beside me,
I whispered something of Love's Paradise;
She answered not—I saw that she was thinking
By the grave look which darkened in her eyes.

"A penny for your thoughts," A moment's silence,
Then this reply in gravest tone was given:
"I wonder"—oh this yearning after knowledge—
"If angels have new bonnets up in heaven?"

The Gates of Heaven.

To-night as I sat at my window,
As the West was all agleam
With that strange and wonderful splendor
That is fitting as a dream,
I thought that the hands of angels
Had swung Heaven's gate aside,
And I caught some glimpse of the glory
From the hills on the other side.

Is it not a beautiful fancy,
This sunset thought of mine:
That the gates of Heaven are always
Swung open at day's decline?
That those whose day is ended
Of earthly woes and ills
May pass to the morning's gladness
That waits on the Heavenly hills?

Perhaps, while I sat there dreaming
Of the gateway in the West,
Some soul went through the portals
To a long and endless rest!
Went in through the sunset gateway
To the city paved with gold!
Passed into the new life's gladness,
To be no longer old.

When for me the sunset gateway
Shall at day's decline unclose,
And I enter through the portals
To that last and long repose,
I wonder if I'll remember,
In that land so fair and far,
My strange and beautiful fancy
Of the sunset gates ajar?

—Denver Tribune-Republican.

A Thought.

Weave of strains a fairy ball,
That songs of prayer to God may float
On a sea of azure blue,
Of forget-me-nots and dew.

Music, tender thoughts of prayer
Wafted from the heart of care;
Singing in Thy sweetest choir,
Whisper this unto our Lord:

Tell me how from duty's sting
To extract some pleasant thing,
And amid life's heaviest care,
Smile and lift the cross I bear.

—GRACE HENDERSON, in "S. F. Bulletin."

Called by her Dead Lover.

A few days ago, says *The Salt Lake Herald*, we chronicled the death of Miss Athaliah Gilbert, of South Cottonwood. At the time of the announcement there were reports current that some events out of the ordinary were connected with her disease, but at that time there were no means of ascertaining the particulars. Yesterday, however, Mr. James Gilbert, the young lady's father, and several other Cottonwood people were in the city, and from them a reporter learned the facts which follow. All the names mentioned are those of responsible and well-known citizens, and unreal as the narration sounds there can be no doubt of its authenticity.

The young lady was sixteen years old at the time of her death, and appears to have been possessed of one of those warm, lovable, bright, and even-tempered dispositions which endear the owner to every one with whom she comes in contact. Though so young, she took a busy part in all church duties, and in improvement associations and the Sunday-school her name always had a prominent place. Some three or four years ago she formed an intimacy with a youth named John Cunliffe, the son of a neighbor, and despite the tender years of both, they became strongly attached to each other, and provoked no end of comment at their old-fashioned devotion and steadfast affection for one another.

This state of affairs continued until she was fifteen years old, when the association was rudely broken by the death of young Cunliffe. He lost his life from the kick of a wild horse about a year ago. When the intelligence was brought to Miss Gilbert, her father says, it gave her a shock from which she never recovered. She almost sank beneath the blow, and at his funeral her paroxysms of grief were so violent that it was feared her reason would depart. In time, however, she resumed her accustomed duties, but it was evident that the blow she had sustained had sunk deep into her life. She seldom roused herself from a deep lethargy of sadness and day by day her color and strength and the freshness of youth seemed to be ebbing away.

A few months ago she alarmed her sister by telling her that "John" had visited her chamber and had told her that she must prepare to come to him. She manifested no fear, but according to her sister, had told him she could not leave her parents, but he had only said that she must come. Once again, later, she told her sister that he had come to her with the same message, and she had now evidently given up desiring to remain, as she told her sister how she wished to be dressed at her burial, and whom she wished to dress her. Soon after that young Cunliffe's father came to Mr. Gilbert, sorely disturbed, and told him that one morning, as he was lying down, his son had come to him and stood at the foot of his bed. His father had asked him what it was he desired, and he replied: "I came to see you, father. I am staying at Gilbert's, and I am going back there now. I have been there ever since I left you. Where else should I be?" Mr. Gilbert attempted to reason the old gentleman out of his notion, but he insisted that it was no dream or vision, but that his son had actually visited and spoken to him, and that in broad daylight. In the meantime, Miss Gilbert continued to maintain that her last day was approaching, and no amount of persuasion seemed to shake her belief. One week ago last evening, she and her parents were attending a birthday party at a neighbor's. Miss Gilbert was sitting at a lunch-table, chatting with some companions, when, without a word of warning, she fell to the floor motionless. Her father and mother raised her, and both said her heart had ceased to beat. Their cries and lamentations and their frenzied attempts to rouse her, they state, rallied her for a few moments, and she was hurriedly conveyed home, where she expired shortly afterward, leaving her friends almost stupefied with grief. Her funeral was one of the largest convocations of mourners ever seen in that locality.

Does Alcohol Supply Force?

[Dr. B. W. Richardson.]

Many years ago, Prof. Liebig announced the theory that alcohol was "respiratory food." By the term respiratory food he meant that it underwent combustion in the body and thus produced heat and developed force. All the moderate drinkers and toppers rejoiced at this supposed discovery, and consoled themselves with the idea that taking whisky punch was only a pleasant way of eating; and that a man when "gloriously drunk," was merely developing a tremendous amount of force. But scientists ascertained, after a time, that Prof. Liebig, to use the language of Prof. Davy, F. R. S., "adduced no physiological evidence in support of his assertion." Prof. Liebig observed that his neighbors and countrymen loved beer, wine and brandy; he loved beverages himself. He observed, also, that nearly every nation employed some kind of alcoholic drink. The very natural conclusion in his mind was, alcohol is used in the body for some good purpose; and his theory was merely an attempt to explain such a use.

If Liebig's theory were true, then alcohol would disappear in the body, and

only its ashes, the products to its combustion, would appear. Unfortunately for the theory, MM. Lallemand, Perrin, and Duroy, three French chemists, by careful experiments proved that, when taken into the body, alcohol passed out again unchanged. Hence it was not burned; and hence it did not produce either heat or force. Dr. Edward Smith, F. R. S., repeated their experience and confirmed their results. The fact that alcohol is unchanged in the body, was still further confirmed by the observation that none of the products of the combustion of alcohol, its ashes, were to be found in the blood or the excretions.

The inevitable conclusion from these experiments is that alcohol does not contribute to the production of either heat or force.

Says Dr. E. Smith, M. D., F. R. S., "Its direct action is to lessen nervous force."

"Is 'vital force' augmented by it, or not? All the facts seem to answer in the negative."—*British Medical Journal*.

Says Dr. T. K. Chambers "Alcohol is primarily and essentially a lessener of the power of the nervous system."

"As their general action is quickly to reduce animal heat, I can not see how they can supply animal force. I see clearly how they reduce animal power, and can show a reason for using them to stop physical pain; but that they give strength, that they supply material for the construction of fine tissues, or throw force into tissues supplied by other material, must be an error, as solemn as it is widespread." "To resort for force to alcohol is to my mind equivalent to the act of searching for the sun in subterranean gloom until all is night."

I HOLD that the infidelity of man on the outside is relatively harmless, and that the greatest infidels—not purposely, not professedly, but the men that are, after all, really working a disesteem for the Bible—are the Christian men, doctors, professors, teachers in the Church, who are destroying the real spirit of the Bible, while they are tempting to quarrel into existence their own theory of the Bible; it is the men that love the Bible that are the true teachers and indorsers of it, not the men that are the loudest and the most intensely earnest about the text and the dogma.—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher*.

STRONG EVIDENCE.—"Did you carry that prescription to old Mrs. Smith last night?" said a doctor to his office boy.

"Yessir."
"Did she take it?"
"Yessir."
"How do you know?"
"Crape on the door this morning."
—*Lynn Union*.

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