

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

VOL. IV. [J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER, 734 Montgomery St.] SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1887. [TERMS (In Advance): \$2.50 per annum; \$1.25 for six months.] NO. 10.

CONTENTS:

FIRST PAGE.—Gems of Thought; What Is Spiritualism; W. J. Colville in Chicago; Returned from the Grave.
SECOND PAGE.—Home Life in the Clouds; Practical Thoughts; Puzzling Questions to Joseph Cook, etc.
THIRD PAGE.—Interesting Letter from Australia; What are the Real Adventists? Life in the Beyond; Random Thoughts, etc.
FOURTH PAGE.—(Editorials) A Southern Trip; Coming Reforms; Business Mediumship; "Working for the World;" Spirit Writing; At Home; A Pleasant Surprise; Mediums' Jubilee; "Spread the truth;" What is New; Straw Houses; Anniversary Services; Editorial Notes, etc.
FIFTH PAGE.—(Editorials) Christening the Baby; Frail Men; Rum and Religion; Letter from W. J. Colville; Crystal Wedding; Notices of Meetings; Publications; Professional Cards; Advertisements, etc.
SIXTH PAGE.—Pebbles: The Watseka Wonder; Professional Cards; Advertisements, etc.
SEVENTH PAGE.—Ingersoll's Sayings; The Largest Farm in the World; How to Live; Careful Writers; Publications, etc.
EIGHTH PAGE.—(Poetry) "A Child Shall Lead Them;" Waiting; True Worth; Faith; The Messages; A Note; Capturing a Planet; Thought; Medicinal Clay; Mr. Eglington; A New Medium; Advertisements, etc.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Triumph and toil are twins.

No heart can be pure that is passionate.

Desert may not touch his shoe-tie, love may kiss his feet.

All progress is rooted in the soil of discontent.—*Carlyle*.

Absurd to teach children they have souls. They are souls.

The power of loving is the most magnificent and the most powerful gift of the Creator to the creature.

Insults are like counterfeit money—we can't hinder them being offered, but we are not bound to take them.

The heart is the special organ of love, it is more central than the brain, and out of it are the issues of life and death.

The Past is for us; but the sole terms on which it can become ours are its subordination to the Present.—*Emerson*.

Remorse for sin does certainly prove that the soul is not dead, just as the agony of a wound proves the body to be still alive.

Wherever there is power, there is age. Don't be deceived by dimples and curls. I tell you that babe is a thousand years old.—*Emerson*.

Every man is not so much a workman in the world, as he is a suggestion of what he should be. Men walk as prophecies of the next age.

What a bond a great truth is! This was the glory of Christianity. It substituted a spiritual for an outward bond.—*Dr. Channing*.

Proof, rigid mathematical proof, belongs only to inferior truths, and it is only inferior minds that make it the condition of their acceptance.

Our sentiments, our thoughts, our words, lose their rectitude on entering certain minds, just as sticks plunged in the water look bent.

The true test of civilization is, not the census, nor the size of the cities, nor the crops—no, but the kind of men the country turns out.—*Emerson*.

The whole tendency of the present state of things is to self-indulgence, and this is a deadly atmosphere. He who would do good must not live in it.—*Dr. Channing*.

He is free who is most encouraged to consult his highest nature and to act from it. Popularity enslaves. We want no limits to the range of the human mind.—*Dr. Channing*.

If our connection with the future world is not arbitrary but organic, then how clear is it that our faith saves us only as it regenerates our hearts and gives us cleansed affections.

The kingdom of heaven is not come even when God's will is our law; it is come when God's will is our will. While God's will is our law we are but a kind of noble slaves; when his will is our will we are his free children.—*Geo. MacDonald*.

WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM?

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

This religion is a philosophy; this philosophy is a religion. It takes man by the hand and instead of telling him that he is a sinful worm of the dust, corrupt from the crown of the head to the sole of his foot, it assures him that he is a nobleman of nature, heir to the God-head, owning all things, for whom all things exist, and capable of understanding all. He is not for to-day; not acting for time but for eternity; not a mushroom of a night, but a companion of the worlds of space. Ay, more; he will bloom in immortal youth when the stars of heaven fade and are dissolved. What he writes in the book of life is no writing on sand; it is indelible. What a position, then, is occupied by man! On one hand are the lower forms of nature,—the brutes of the field; on the other the archangels of light, toward whom he is hastening, one of whom he will become after death shall have cast from his spirit its earthly garments.

Spiritualism is not a religion descending from a foreign source, to be borne as a cross; it is an outgrowth of human nature and the complete expression of its highest ideal. Have you a truth? Spiritualism asks not its origin, but makes it its own. You may take the sacred books of all nations,—for all nations have their sacred books,—the Shasta of the Hindoo, the Zendavesta of the fire-worshipping Persian, the Koran of the Moslim, the legends of the Talmuds, and on them all place the Testaments, the Old and New; you have brought together in one mass the spiritual history, ideas, emotions, superstitions and spiritual life of the early ages of man, but you have not Spiritualism,—you have only a part. You may take the sciences,—the terrestrial, internally connected with our telluric domain, teaching the construction and organization of our globe, and the cosmical, treating of the infinite nomenclature of the stars; you have not Spiritualism—you have but a part.

Spiritualism comprehends man and the universe—all their varied relations, physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual. It is the philosophy and science of life here and hereafter. It is the science underlying all others. It reaches to the beginning of things, when the first living form was created; for even then, man the immortal, was foreseen, and the forces of Nature worked only in one direction,—that of his evolution. It reaches into the illimitable future, borne onward by man's immortality.

Would you narrow its domain to the tipping of tables, a few raps, the trance of mediums? You might as well represent the vast Atlantic by a drop of water, the glorious sun by a spark of fire, as Spiritualism by these phenomena; yet these are not to be spoken of lightly. They are the tests of spirit identity of which the world has so long stood in need; waves of the mighty gulf-stream of Spiritualism sweeping past the promontories of the ages, an accumulating flood of ideas and principles. It was born on American soil and has all the tendencies of the American mind. We have taught the world a system of government; it is ours to send back to Palestine a new and superior system of religion.

Is it a graft on Christianity as Christianity was on Judaism? So far as the new must always be on the old and no more. It is not a "revival" of religious ideas. There has been cant enough about morals; what is wanted is knowledge. Give man that and his morals will be right. His demand is not for a revelation embodied in a book, to be expounded by a hierarchy allied with mystery, with partiality for a privilege, but a system meeting the wants of the people, entering directly into their social, intellectual, moral and political lives; which is not afraid of the soil of labor, not offended with the jar of commerce, nor abashed at high places.

It is a perfectly democratic religion, presenting a just view of man's duty, destiny and immortal relations, having its proof drawn from the physical world and responded to by the intuitions of the soul. Can history yield one page wherein the divinity of man is advocated and the right of each to perfect that divinity until it becomes a law unto itself? Spiritualists are

the only people who have this fire on their altars; who, by religion, are democratic. Spiritualism is purely so. There are no caste distinctions in the spirit world; no superiority except that of knowledge.

See how it arose from a simple rap in an old house, in an obscure hamlet, and has gone forth as a conqueror. It never has had a leader and yet its aim and its doctrines are remarkably consistent. The refined and educated medium enjoying the advantages of the city, and the boy-medium of the backwoods, receive communications enunciating the same great truths, and embodying the same philosophy. All over the land such communications are received in substance identical.

There is harmony amidst diversity, for however much communications may differ they do so no more than individual ideas differ, and they substantiate the individuality of the intelligence purporting to communicate. In the fundamental elements of their teachings there is perfect accord. It is a singularity of the spiritual movement, that it has spread with a rapidity unparalleled in the history of any other cause, and yet has not received the aid of any leader. It is leaderless.

No one stands at the head of its believers to direct their movements, or to extend, for personal aggrandizement, its philosophy. Its teachings on the contrary denounce all leadership, all individual worship, demanding of the believer to rely on himself, and seek salvation through and by his own exertion. It has taught equality until leadership is dishonored, and he who would attempt is immediately cast down.

It is a great, universal movement, diffused throughout all ranks and classes of society, and from myriad sources the little streams flow into its vast channels of reform. Other movements have had great and talented men to present and vindicate their claims to the world. They have had leaders who were considered infallible; but Spiritualism sprang into being, and no one can determine when, how, or by whom, and in a third of a century, in a single generation, has extended to every civilized people in the world. Is not this unaccountable, unless the myriad spirits of the departed, with the force of a mighty tidal current behind the veil of their invisibility, push forward the work?

The individual is his own priest. If he has sins he must confess them to himself. If Christ did not die for him, God did not make Satan to torment him. If he has sinned he must work out his own salvation. This doctrine is wonderfully egotistical and brings with it the burden of isolation. Out of such material are the spiritual ranks filled. It necessitates thought and constant warfare. It is not an easy doctrine. Do you wonder that recruits sometime go over to the other side? There is no certainty with them, that the old, loved, revered may any day be unexpectedly overthrown. They go where they think there is certainty and rest. Infallibility of a creed is an easy doctrine. To all questions an answer is ready,—“God willed it.” Nothing unexplained; everything set at rest by the mystery of the God-head.

Man needs not an external revelation, but an internal illumination, whereby he can understand the relations he sustains to himself, his brother-men, and the physical world. Such an illumination is bestowed on, though not perceived by all. The hosts of the spirit world are around us. They mingle with the affairs of men. Their atmosphere is an exhaustless fountain from which we draw our thoughts. It is a fountain of exhaustless flow, Eastalian and life-giving as the fabled springs of perpetual youth; and every one can become inspired with divine life and be a lord and prophet unto himself. This is the work of Spiritualism; and the world's cherished creeds are rapidly falling from their basis of sand, undermined by the resistless force of its tide.

BBRLIN HEIGHTS, Ohio.

DR. RUSH declares his conviction that the German people are largely indebted for their exemption from pulmonary diseases to the strength and volume which their lungs acquire in the practice of vocal music, which is well-nigh universal among the people, extending from childhood to old age. He thinks the education of the voice and practice of singing, involving, as it does, the proper exercise of the organs of the throat and the lungs, should form a part of our physical education.

W. J. Colville in Chicago.

[Spiritual Offering.]

On Sunday last, March 13th, at Martines Hall, 55 South Ada street, Chicago, W. J. Colville delivered two peculiarly able and effective inspirational discourses to audiences which completely filled the hall. The morning lecture was on Henry Ward Beecher. It was a faithful and affectionate tribute to the services and merit of one of America's greatest preachers and truest patriots.

In the evening the present labor difficulties and their eventual settlement was the topic of his discourse. The speaker, while decidedly standing up for the rights of the working people, took no extreme ground, though in some respects the positions of Henry George and Father McGlynn were indorsed; but the difficulty to-day is not that there is too little work to be done, or too little wealth in the world to allow all men to live prosperously; the trouble is that so much treasure lies buried, so many mines are unworked, so much that needs to be done is left undone altogether. Justice lies at the foundation of all reform and the cry for justice cannot remain unheeded either on earth or in heaven. This cry for justice is heard in the mildest appeal for arbitration and in the wildest shriek of Nihilism. Socialistic and communistic theories brought over from Europe principally by the Germans may never be carried into effect in America, as for the most part they do not accord with the spirit of American institutions, still they are honest endeavors after justice and however much we may disagree with Anarchism and the conduct of Anarchists we must be fair enough to those whose doctrines we cannot ourselves accept to give them credit in many instances at least for downright sincerity. Government in Europe is a totally different thing in principle from what it is here. Republicanism and democracy signify self-government, as little government as possible; the powers of rulers very limited; while monarchical systems put as much power as possible in the hands of hereditary rulers. The state in America will never come to be what it may easily become in Germany. The American spirit favors individual liberty and enterprise. Vast corporations reducing all men to a common level will never take the people to this free land; the boycott is a stranger on these shores. Coercion and intimidation will accomplish nothing. Free speech, a free press, educated public sentiment, moral suasion, cogent reasoning, these are weapons which will prevail, and these are the only safe and effective ones for reformers and agitators to use. Tyranny and oppression are often overrated though there is indeed frequent ground for bitter complaint; still capitalists are not in the most instances the brutes and devils many fanatical enthusiasts suppose them to be. Society is now going through many throes incident to the endeavor to adjust matters to a new standard.

Public school education enlightening and seeking to level the masses is bringing about a condition of affairs impossible under the old regime. The question of the day is, how to adjust ourselves to a new environment, how to harmonize with an altered social climate. Eight hours per day for labor on an average is ample, but in a free country there should be no law to prevent a man working longer if he chooses to do so. The rate of wages should be such that every worker, male or female, should receive fully twice as much as he or she actually require for maintenance, and it should be the fault of the worker if he or she has to be dependent on charity when age or sickness comes. As to paying everyone alike, that notion is absurd; there should be a minimum standard of wages, but no maximum. As to the desire on the part of employers to grind down their employes, many employers desire to do the fair thing, and any true reformer should be a harmonizer, a peacemaker, not a stirrer up of strife in communities.

Labor unquestionably is creator and capital is creature. Strikes are folly and cost the worker far more than the capitalists. Co-operation is the remedy; let the working people club together and be their

own employer. Democracy in trade means the people employing themselves, building mills, shops and factories with their own money, and thus becoming free of monopolist millionaires and also independent of the "state," which seems to be the idol of the German socialists. Education, yea moral education, spiritual education is the only sure road to an adjustment of the present difficulties; what dynamite can only hinder, peaceful arbitration, wise co-operation, temperance and frugality will assuredly bring about. The signs of the times are all hopeful, let us increase their hopefulness by brotherly love.

Returned from the Grave.

[Portland (Me.) Correspondence Globe.]

Whether it is really possible or not for the dead to return to life is a question that is agitating the minds of those who know the details of a story which is published by the *Express* this afternoon. The editor of the *Express*, to whom the names of the parties concerned are known, writes: For many years there lived in this city a man whose name was a household word with our citizens. He was a member of a noble profession, and honored his ministry as it deserved to be honored. His "fame was in all the churches;" he lived an honored, active, faithful, most Christian life, and he died a death that was worthy of the man. He was laid to rest by his friends and family, and was followed to the grave by many who had been aided and assisted by the good man in life. A stately monument marks his last resting place, and his memory is still held in high honor and respect. Last week his son was walking down Congress street one evening, and when almost opposite the first parish church he looked down the street and noticed ahead a familiar-looking figure. He was startled at the close resemblance to his departed father and quickened his walk. In front of the City Hall, where the electric light makes it as bright as day, the man ahead stopped and turned about. The two stood face to face and each knew the other. The heart of the son almost stopped beating. He saw his father—not a shadow, but as he was when alive.

"Father," said he.
"Yes, don't be afraid," was the reply of the parent, as he shook the hand of his son and walked with him down the street. The two who had so strangely met walked together for a long time. Not the shadow of a doubt existed in the mind of the son in regard to the one fact—his companion was no other than his own father, as of old. He was calm, confident as of old, loving and interested in those near and dear to him. What message the father brought to the son from beyond the confines of the grave we do not know, but if there is to be confidence put in human testimony—in testimony that would be accepted without hesitation in a court of law,—then it must be believed that a man who has for years rested in his grave, or is so believed to have rested, has appeared and been seen by those who know him, for we are told that to the testimony of the son is to be added other evidence of an equally strong character. As we said at the commencement, we offer no explanation of the wondrous mystery, but shall investigate it in the most thorough manner. If the man who appeared in this city last week was alive, needing three meals a day like the rest of us, and interested in human affairs, then there must be one of the best local sensations ever heard of. On the other hand, if a spirit appeared, if the soul of the departed resumed its discarded body, or if in the likeness of the temporal body the spiritual body was developed, then Spiritualism has been given a mighty boom. We have related only the facts of the case.

ANGELIC WHITEWASHING.—A little girl, who had never seen any snow, heard her father say he must have a new roof on the barn. In saying her bedtime prayers the night before the snowstorm, she put in a business clause, asking the angels "to bring papa a new barn-roof." Next morning the barn-top was piled with snow, and looking out the child exclaimed: "O, mamma! the angels have put a new roof on the barn; but I forgot to tell them to paint it red, and they've whitewashed it!"

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Home Life in the Clouds.

BY LAURA A. BAKER.

I had been awake nearly all night, talking, it seemed to me, with absent friends. They came around me in crowds. I could recognize some by their individuality of speech. Their voice seemed to be impressed on my mind. Their manner of speaking, some with quick, jerky tones, some with slow, measured words, some with their peculiar way of pronouncing my name, and each with his own individuality as plainly marked, and as easily recognizable as if on earth, speaking in an adjoining room. Each had a favor to ask and a message to give. Each had a desire to have their friends know there was communication between the two worlds, through the channels of negative thought, which is most active in negative night; and each wanted their friends to know that death was not always passing away from earth,—that death had no pain in it, and they were not conscious of the change until told of it, and that they often linger trying to make their friends know they are not dead. By and by, one whom I had known well, said: "I want to pay my father's debt. I will give you my story if you will go down to the back parlor, where it is warm, and write it. The Lord has allowed me to tell you. Your sister will be with me, because I can enter your brain through her magnetism, and influence your hand. Every person has an aura of atmosphere surrounding them which is sentient; and through this atmosphere spirit influences of a like density may enter and become, for the time, a part of his individuality. Your sister's magnetism is harmonious with yours, and I am in harmony with her. I want to pay my father's debt. I can never be grateful enough to your husband for his kind care of me. May the good Lord reward him. He would have cured me had not that pretender of science deprived him of the power. We will be ready to-morrow morning at 4 o'clock."

The next morning something awoke me suddenly, and before I hardly realized I was awake, the words, "We are ready, Mary and I," came into my mind as though spoken at the head of the bed. Then I arose, looked at the watch, it was just 4 o'clock. I took writing material and went down as directed. I drew up a little stand before the coal stove, put my feet on the fender, drew the shawl closely about my shoulders, spread my paper, filled my pen, and waited. Soon a sudden sort of tremor came over me; a sudden fullness in the face, a feeling as if a battery pricked my hands, a wave of cold air fanned the room, a chilly feeling seemed to enter my feet and creep up my back. I drew still nearer the stove and the shawl closer; then my fingers worked nervously, and the words, "Good morning, Mary Willis," came distinctly into my mind, and I wrote them almost as soon:

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—The earth-life is so near to us, when we think of it we can feel its pulsations. You have only to think of us to draw us. We are not far away, only just above the white clouds where you see the space between them and the deep blue. All below is the Land of Revery. Through this land all must pass before they can enter the Blue Fields of Ether where we are, and which is the first perfected sphere. Spirit-life commences in earth-life, and goes on all the way up. Remorse drops the grossness of earth and lets the freed spirit rise. I want to tell you how to pass through this land without pain. Ask forgiveness of the Father for every sin for Jesus sake; then strive to think of the comfort of others before your own. Be a wife, a mother, and a friend, in the purest sense of the word. Be ever ready with a helping hand to alleviate distress. Give freely that you may receive freely. The loving Father has a great storehouse in which he keeps treasures for those who will pass them out. Never let an unfed beggar leave your door; mark it with a cross that all may come and receive. Turn not from them that ask aid, for you must yourself ask, "Father, forgive as we forgive;" therefore, hold no animosity, for the Father knoweth it all. Let every neighbor feel that in coming to you he will not ask in vain. Be not slow to proffer assistance; lend a helping hand, and a helping hand will be lent to you. Never deceive or falsify. Hypocrisy is the worst of crimes. The veil is between you and knowledge. On this side is all light. No crime, however trivial, can be concealed from the eye that looks through the veil. Time drops the curtain, and the freed spirit stands out in all its beauty or all its ghastliness. Earth-life clothes it.

"Every spirit comes first to the Land of Light and Life, passing, if impure, blindly through the Land of Revery. If he can bear the light of the Land of Life he remains in it; if not, he must return and come gradually to it, as remorse drops the scales from his gradually growing eyes. Altitude is what we desire. In the earth-life every kindness you do gives you altitude; every act of forbearance, every generous impulse carried out, every pardoned offense, every sorrow alleviated, gains for you a glow in the crown of glory that all may wear. Good morning."

Then I felt a sudden loss. I consulted the clock. I had written one hour. I

drew two or three long breaths and felt an exhaustion, and the need of rest. There was nothing more to be written. My mind was as empty of thought as usual. I waited a few minutes, then put away my writing material, went back to my room and to sleep.

The next morning I was awakened again, suddenly, with the same words, "We are here, Mary and I, and ready." I arose immediately, and descended to the warm room and prepared myself to write. "Good morning, Mary Willis. Please lower the window a little. We must have more air." I did so. Then came the same tremor, the same fullness in the face; then the thoughts came so rapidly I could hardly have time to write them intelligently:

"I am now in the Land of Light and Life. I am where the aches and pains of earth-life can not reach me. I am where my Redeemer liveth, and where the light of His countenance is the light of love that illumines the sphere. I feel the full weight and glory of my Savior's love.

"I am one of the unfortunate ones because I was buried alive. I was not sick so very long, but oh! how terribly I suffered. For three long weeks I sat bolt upright in my chair. I could not lie back. It seemed as if my poor heart would burst, it pained me so; and my lung was so gorged with blood that I could scarcely draw breath sufficient to keep my brain running. My heart was not diseased at all, neither was my lung; they were only gorged with blood, that the nerves of compulsion that clasp the heart like a wire net work could not squeeze through because they had lost their vigor. My physician gave me the right remedy to restore it. But he did not understand the laws which govern life because they were not known, therefore he failed to relieve the fearful pressure, until, by the advice of friends, not friendly to him, my mother consented to call a counseling physician, who claimed great knowledge which he did not possess. This man who called himself a physician said I only needed rest, that I had occasioned a simply aneurism by the sudden cold I had taken, which would give way after a few days rest. This statement and its consequent morphine treatment so thoroughly disgusted my own physician that he left my case in his hands in disgust. Then heaven help me, I had no rest. Before he took my case I could lie down; but never after. Oh, those tedious weeks, while my poor parents and friends held me upright, so I could get my breath, while that pretender of science kept me bloated in every pore with morphine. The aneurism would not give way. As if an aneurism could give way. How I wish I could call him by his right name. You may call him a jewel, because he glistens so before the world, but in heaven he is as black as a piece of coal. May the good Lord forgive him. He robbed me of a life of affections. May God, also, forgive him. My own physician would have saved my life had he been left to his own judgment. May the good Lord reward him. How I love to think of him. How I long to be with him in his practice and tell him what to do. But I cannot; he does not think of me; if he did I could. I am not of his magnetism, and cannot enter his brain until he taps the telephone of desire, by thinking of my name.

"The sudden cold I had taken by sitting in the open window, overlooking the lake when exhausted and over-heated with dancing, congested my whole nervous system. My lover was not blameless for he heard my parents caution me not to go into the cool air, or sit in a draught when heated. While we talked the cold air struck on the back of my head. We rehearsed what father and mother had said, and I made him promise that if I died while with him, he would not allow my body to be opened, no matter what was the cause of my death. That promise was fatal to us both. I went home and to bed and never left it, except to sit in that chair.

I would like to digress a little and tell you people make a great mistake in prohibiting friends from visiting invalids. It is not necessary for them to speak to the invalid; but the sound of a loving voice often sends a ray of hope; for a friend, in sympathy with the invalid, to even stand near the bed, is a great help to recovery. Physicians are in the habit of excluding every one except the nurse from the room; and this nurse may be even one of his own providing and entirely repugnant under favorable circumstances. To compel a poor helpless invalid to bear what in health he would flee from, is almost fatal to recovery. Animal magnetism has a great deal to do with the healing art. We draw from our surroundings that which we need to give us equilibrium, if possible. By association we assimilate. To compel us to take that which makes us worse is cruel. To feel the pressure of a warm hand, gives us strength. It is magnetism, going to magnetism, and vitality to the one lacking. It is nature's law of reciprocity. An invalid's smile means assent. Never allow a friend to leave your house who has called to inquire after the sick, and desires to see him, without apprising the invalid. The friend may be one sent by heaven to give strength. My lover called many times, but never saw me until they said I was dead, and then the promise he had made me deterred him from bringing me back. I was not dead. They buried me alive. There was always a warm spot in the hollows of my feet, and had they put the thermometer in my arm-pits they

would have detected heat there. While I lay in my coffin in the church a slight flush came to my cheek which many of my friends detected, but supposed it was the flush of decay. My lover insisted I was not dead from the first, and his importunities recalled the noted scientist, who said, "Of course she's dead."

"Then they buried me. Oh, God! How I felt when I heard the clods fall on my coffin! In my agony I turned over; and if they will open my casket, they will find it so. My teeth were so sensitive I could feel the stuff they put in my mouth to keep me from mortifying. When they said I was dead I did not believe it. I thought I must be asleep, and when I awoke they would find it out, just as you often lie in a dreamy condition that is neither sleeping nor waking, in which the fear of returning pain makes you long to maintain as long as possible. But they kept on saying I was dead, and called in assistance to prepare my body. I did not mind that, I was so glad to be at rest. The good Lord had said enough, and I had lain back and was at rest. But, oh, how short the rest!

"Father was almost broken-hearted. I could hear them talk from the other room. Father said I was his idol and his pet, and came and kissed me and called me pet names. Mother, methodical, said she felt I must be in heaven. If I was not a Christian I was certainly a good girl, and she felt it must be well with me. Father said he knew I was in heaven. Then sister came and stood by pa and cried, and said if I was not in heaven she did not want to go there. Then she fell down on the floor and cried so hard pa had all he could do to comfort her.

"Oh, how I did feel! I tried so hard to make them know I was not dead, but I could not stir hand or foot; that morphine held me fast. I was paralyzed in every nerve. I should not have felt it had they cut me up; all connection between matter and mind had been withdrawn. Matter was paralyzed, but mind still remained active. The bones of my body had not lost sensation. The life current still flowed in them; and this gave out a little heat to arterial circulation.

"Never, never, never, bury a friend until the eyes drop down. While vigor enough lasts to hold up the eyeball in its place, the currents of the earth may restore vitality, providing the heart and lungs are sound and free from clogs.

"Had my physician known how he might have restored me to health by mechanical action. My organs were all sound, but congestion of the brain had deprived the heart of its vigor. The heart not being full in action deprived the lungs of power to throw vitality to the brain. The network of wire-like cords that cover the heart grasp it like two sets of fingers. One set squeezes one valve empty. This causes a vacuum which is filled from the outside blood. The moment one set of fingers performs its work the other set spring to action and the blood is sent spinning again through the system. At the same time the lungs hold up their vigor of air which the vacuums of the blood appropriate, and the heart and lungs make their interchange of spirit force. The lungs vivify the brain, the brain the heart, the heart the lungs. If either is clogged all are thrown out of gear. It is clogging of the heart that causes paralysis. But my heart was clogged by congestion of the brain, and my paralysis the total paralysis of morphine. Had my physician at first pressed on my left side, just under the short ribs, very gently at first until he heard a gurgling sound in my body my lungs would not have received the overflow which caused their clogging, and the spigelia he gave me would have restored me to health. Even while taking the morphine I might have been restored had the noted scientist understood his own theory. Had he let my head rest upon his shoulder, then with one hand pressed gently on my left side and with the other on my right side at the same time graduating his breathing with mine when I was not so stupid with morphine I could not do it, I should soon have been able to follow him in his breathing, by the magnetic law, until I, too, could have taken a long breath. The alternate forward pressure on my right side just below, and under the ribs, when I inhaled, and on my left when I exhaled, I should soon have been able to lie back and have been cured, and, oh, how I should have loved him for the rest it brought.

"That is the way to treat people who cannot lie back. Morphine does not kill; it only paralyzes. But time will break the set. This is my mission, to tell you how to restore a person supposed to be killed by an overdose of morphine. If no morphine or chloroform can be obtained keep them nine days. The currents of the ground will restore them sooner unless buried in lead when nothing restores them.

"The first thing to do is to be sure the heart and lungs are not clogged. Give a drop of chloroform on the tongue which will throw spirit vigor to the brain, then press on the sides alternately, laying the patient on the face; then wash or bathe the body all over with hard water in which is morphine, chloroform and alcohol. If no water from the ground can be obtained put a trifle of alum into rainwater to make the vigor of alumina contained in hard water. Good-morning, Mary Willis."

There was nothing more to put down. The fullness had left my face, my hand felt natural. There was no cramping of the fingers, no ache in the wrist. I waited a few minutes and tried to think; thought seemed far away. I got up and closed

the window, shook down the coal, looked at the watch; it was 6 o'clock, the servant in the basement was preparing the morning meal, the family stirring around above. I had been writing near two hours, which seemed almost incredible. It was too late to retire again, so I settled back in the chair and thought. Could it be possible my sister, whom I had not seen for a quarter of a century, had really been with me? Had she left without speaking? Could she see me and I not her? Could our spirit friends come to us and entering the aura of our atmosphere, as Mary made me write they could, or at least my thought said so, go to our brain and impress us with thoughts? Was this the voice of conscience that comes to us in the night? If not, then what is conscience? What is it that takes cognizance of what we do, and warns us of danger? What is it that gives us the good counsel? What does the Bible mean where it says, "Night unto night giveth knowledge, and day unto day uttereth speech." Does it mean that in the night the good angels will come and impress us with what we ought to know, which we may speak of the next day? Perhaps, after all, we make the Bible too mythical. Perhaps the knowledge of these angel visits was the great "Light" which we should not put under the bushel. I wonder if this knowledge is the great light that shall "light every man that cometh into the world." If so, then what is going to become of crime? I wonder if this thing has anything to do with the Bible any way? Perhaps this is the way Moses, and Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets talked with the Lord and with God. I wonder how the world has changed since Bible days, and what has broken the connection? What has changed the quality of the heavens? We have records from about fifty years after Christ, who was born, ate, slept and suffered pain like other people, and was supposed to be a man like other men until after his crucifixion, and the Jews won't give it up yet. Where did the thoughts come from that have just left me? How am I different from other people? I don't believe I am. I often see people go along the street talking to themselves. Perhaps they are holding conversation with the same influences that have filled my mind for the last two hours. Who knows? I wonder if what I have just written about morphine is true—that morphine will break the set of morphine and chloroform will bring back vigor to the brain; or, summed up, that is about what it amounts to—wash the body in morphine and give chloroform. The first time I see a corpse I shall look to see if the eyes have dropped back. If those two points are true then the value of this knowledge cannot be estimated.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Practical Thoughts.

BY IDA A. MCLIN.

One would hardly believe that human beings endowed with all the faculties given men and women, by the "Giver of All Good," could, in the course of a few years, become slaves to a habit so debasing to their better natures as continued fault-finding, or growling. That any one person or set of persons should please in every respect all whom they chance to know is not to be expected, for with the great diversity of opinions coming from millions of individualized souls that would be impossible; nevertheless there seems to be in every neighborhood those who seem to take delight in commenting upon and condemning nearly every act of members of their own household, as well as of people in general. That their outer and inner vision is distorted no one will question; but when we find those indulging in the terrible habit, who have for many years been conversant with the sublime teachings of Spiritualism (ancient as well as modern), both through mediums at home and abroad, we are astonished and filled with regret that the good seed should have fallen on "stony places. Surely, there is no religion given to mortals that demands so much of us as men and women, both in the home circle and among the multitude, as is demanded of those who call themselves Spiritualists. We have no "scape goat" on which to cast our sins; each and every soul stands alone responsible for their every act. Therefore does it not behoove us to think kind thoughts, to be charitable towards every one, to cultivate a genial disposition, to smile upon the erring, reproving, if need be, with that gentleness of spirit and sweet sympathy which characterizes our angel friends as they come to us, whenever possible. Do our spirit friends ever come with harsh and bitter fault-finding and condemnation even though we err? Nay, not so. Then, would it not be well for us to follow their example and so regulate our lives—in harmony with our accepted religion—that all who come within our atmosphere will be benefited, that each burdened soul may feel better able to carry their load of anxiety and care. Few realize the blessings that come from a face radiant with smiles and a "heaven bless you dear" from the lips of those we love.

Misses Stella Hays and Irwin Laughlin are two wealthy little women of Pittsburg. The former is fourteen years of age, and one of four heirs to \$5,000,000 left by her grandfather. Irwin Laughlin, ten years of age, is an orphan and sole heir to many millions.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Puzzling Question to Joseph Cook.

The following is no apocryphal tale. It is a true one. About three years ago, I think it was, though I am not sure as to the time, but it is no matter any way, the Rev. Joseph Cook delivered two lectures in Los Angeles, at which time I interviewed him.

I began by asking him to tell me about Mr. Sargent—"Did you know him? Was he a nice gentleman and a man of learning? Was his head level, or was he a crank?"

"Well," said Mr. Cook, "I knew Mr. Sargent and have published my opinion of him, but I can say that, in my judgment, he was a man of much intellectual ability and not a crank by any means. He has been the editor of two or three Boston newspapers, and is the author of some works on Spiritualism. He was the best informed Spiritualist I ever knew. I think he died a Spiritualist. I am pretty sure he did."

"Well, sir," said I, "in the light of subsequent events what have you now to say relative to the report of the observers of the experiments in psychography in Mr. Sargent's parlors, in Boston, in March, 1880, as published by that gentleman in the *Scientific Basis*."

"Nothing, sir, nothing, whatever. I have nothing to take back; it is all substantially true as published by Mr. Sargent."

"Then it still remains true that you cannot apply to these facts any theory of fraud?"

"Yes," replied the gentleman, "but I will say, however, that subsequently I met Mr. Bishop in London, and he partially convinced me that a part of the manifestations which I saw in Mr. Sargent's library were the result of a trick."

"Will you please tell me what part of the manifestations Mr. Bishop referred to," I asked.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Cook, "it was in relation to the manipulation or handling of certain paper pellets, that was all."

I then asked him how he accounted for matter in the slate pencil moving without contact in writing the messages.

Now, mark his answer. I shall remember it as long as I live. He said, "We account for that, sir, as the result of the strong, overpowering, magnetic will of the psychic."

"How do you account for the intelligence given you in the messages," said I. Now again mark his answer. It is important: "That, sir, I do not know; that I cannot tell you."

I asked him if these facts were considered of any value by him as evidence in support of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. "No, sir," said he, "emphatically no! We do not allude to them or use them in any way whatever when we seek for evidence of that fact. We do not consider them worth a straw in support of that theory. They do not amount to 'that' (snapping his thumb and fingers together). Emphatically we do not believe there are any spirits about it at all."

Here, after thanking him for consenting to be interviewed, and for his candor (?) in answering my questions, I bowed myself out of his presence. Now, I think, when the Rev. Joseph Cook told me that he believed the matter in the slate pencil was moved by the will of the psychic he spoke either unthoughtfully or insincerely. I do not believe he thinks so. He has too much sense to entertain any such an absurd opinion.

If there is a law in the universe pre-eminent for its invariability it is that of *vis inertia*. Matter when at rest cannot move itself. Nobody can conceive how the human will, or the magnetism of the human will, (if it is magnetic) can come in contact with a bit of pencil inclosed between two slates. It is surprising to me that Mr. Cook does not see that whatever may be the cause the one he ascribes cannot be the true one. Why, a congress of the most hard-headed, stubborn, old materialistic scientists would not believe that, because it is contrary to all experience and inconceivable. It would require more credulity to believe this than it would to accept the spiritual hypothesis. Evidently this was not Mr. Cook's opinion at the time he witnessed the facts in Mr. Sargent's chambers. "It had been publicly announced that Mr. Cook would, in his lecture the following Monday, give the result of his experiments," at Mr. Sargent's house. In the report occurs this: "In these experiments, as I beg you to notice, there is nothing to decide whether the force which moved the pencil was exercised by the will of the psychic, or by a spirit, or by both." (*Scientific Basis*, p. 36.)

Here, the question of cause seems to be an open one. In the next sentence, however, he says: (the italics are mine) "We do not presume to say how the motion was caused, but only that we do not see how the writing can be explained unless matter in the slate pencil was moved without contact." *Id.*

Now, what I want to know is, whether it is a demonstrable fact that material beings can neutralize *vis inertia* by the power of the will? Is the human will magnetic? If yes, is it sufficiently so to overcome the force of inertia? These may be facts and I may not know them. If they are, will somebody please prove them? Don't all speak at once. B. K.

SANTA MONICA, CAL.

WE keep one another down, when our only aim should be to lift up one another.

Interesting Letter from Australia.

DEAR MR. AND MRS. OWEN AND READERS OF THE "GOLDEN GATE."—It is seven months now since my wife and myself passed through the gateway, (from which your paper is named) as symbolic of the "golden gateway," through which are constantly passing earth-weary pilgrims to the shores of the higher life. We were outward bound, eight thousand miles over the blue waves of the vast Pacific. But over that immense path there passes each way every month a magnificent steamer, with the regularity of an express train. Every voyage is a shuttle that adds a golden thread to the strong cord of reciprocity that holds America and Australia together for good. Many are the ties that bind the two in the interest of trade and mechanical progress. Wherever we turn we are reminded of home. The railways are a blending of the English and American systems. The cable cars in the streets of Melbourne are copied from those of San Francisco. On every street you see dentists, doctors and tailors, appealing to the public for trade on the ground of hailing from America. With the many, bringing to these shores elements of material progress, we came to enlist the Australians in the great spiritual advance that is so ably championed in the GOLDEN GATE. Others have been here before us in the same noble mission, sowing the good seed—Peebles, Mrs. Hardinge-Britten, Charles Foster, Dr. Slade, Gerald Massey, Mrs. Foye, Lena Cooke, Mrs. Watson, and the glorious martyr to his soul's unquenchable thirst, William Denton. We hear good words of all these fellow-workers, and should these lines meet any of their eyes, let me assure them that they are not forgotten, neither is their work unfruitful in Australia.

The voyage from San Francisco to Sydney is twenty-four days. We touch at Honolulu. A drive through its tropical streets and out through cocoa-nut and banana plantations will linger long in memory as a dream of beauty. The natives are mostly a fine looking race. As you pass along the streets they greet you with *aloha* (all good be with you).

The next stop is at the Samoan Islands where our steamer is boarded by several boat-loads of handsome tawny-colored natives arrayed only in a slight girdle around the waist, their flesh covered with delicate tattoo-work, and their golden hair decked with the blossoms of the scarlet Hibiscus. They climb over the sides of the ship like monkeys, with hands full of cocoa-nuts, bananas, bags of limes, war implements, and native curiosities for sale to the passengers. So we purchase a bag of limes, some fresh cocoa-nuts and a native fan. The limes are the largest and finest we have seen, while, for the first time in our lives, we learn what a cocoa-nut tastes like fresh from the tree. We next stop at Auckland, (a city of 50,000) in New Zealand. We meet here, a party of friends interested in Spiritualism, and learn that much progress has been made in this island. At Dunedin, another town, the census reports five thousand Spiritualists. Sir Robert Stout, the Premier of the Colony, and other persons of influence, give it local prestige. They also own a beautiful hall. Only staying a few hours in Auckland, we bid good-bye to these friends, hoping to see them again before our return to America.

Pleasant as the voyage had been,—for these steamships of Spreckles Bros. are floating palaces, and every possible comfort provided for the passengers,—we were not sorry at last to behold the far-famed harbor of Sydney. It is truly worthy of all its fame, and is the local pride of the Sydneyites. Though every time you are introduced to a stranger, almost the first question is, "What do you think of our harbor?" You are quite ready to excuse this, for the privilege of having seen these charming combinations of land and water. We spend two months here, living for the time in Darlinghurst, that part of the city which towers over the low-lying district, glorying in the unpronounceable native name of Woolloomooloo. The botanical gardens and public parks are certainly the most beautiful we have seen, and yet, as we tread the beautiful paths through gorgeous beds of flowers, and every variety of shrub and tree almost known to the world, we cannot help remembering that most of the work was done by convicts, dragging about with them the iron chain and ball. What the Buddhists call the law of Karma, has forcible proof in the present life in Sydney. There are more prisoners in jail in proportion to the population than any other city in the world. You see thousands of rowdyish looking young men on the streets; the local name for them is "Larrikins." My psychometric companion senses the seeds of this materialistic condition in the early magnetization of the place by the lowest criminal classes of England. "Whatever we sow, that we must reap." Truly it is time the world knew something of these psychic laws. We found a few earnest students and taught them for two months in our lectures and classes of physical and psychic culture.

Eighteen hours in an express train carried us from Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, to Melbourne, the capital of Victoria. The ride was mostly through the monotonous "bush" (the term here for open forest). To increase the growth of grass, a large number of the trees

have been girdled; this gives a ghastly effect to the landscape. Towering above everything else are these white forms, looking like the ghosts of murdered trees, lifting their mutilated limbs and bleeding throats to heaven for vengeance against this rapacity of man. That vengeance has not been denied, for terrible droughts, no doubt largely owing to the too rapid destruction of the forest, have impoverished and ruined many of the settlers. The native wattles, being in full bloom, gave a striking contrast to the scene, reminding us of the fact that heaven and hell are closely allied—beauty and deformity, scattering joy and sadness with equal share along all the ways of life.

Melbourne is much more American than Sydney. Its life beats with a quicker pulse. Its streets are laid out at right angles. Parks are here numerous, though not so beautiful as those of Sydney. Though covering an immense area, its systems of railroads and tramways is so perfect, that transit is both easy and pleasant. The climate is largely like that of San Francisco, save that when the north wind blows, it seems like the breath of a furnace, and the dust rises in gales like the simoom of the desert. The working classes are better paid, fed and clothed than in any other part of the world. The great production of wool makes clothing cheap. Instead of herding in apartments, houses or flats, workmen live in detached cottages, which they generally own. The holidays here are numerous, and the people are great lovers of out-door sports, horse-racing, cricket, foot ball, rowing, etc., attracting them in crowds of from twenty to one hundred thousand strong. Picnics are also frequent. On Prince of Wales' birthday we attended a large picnic of the two lyceums here.

Spiritualism has many good friends in Melbourne. One of the early workers in the lyceum, Alfred Deakin, author of the "New Pilgrim's Progress," is now chief secretary of the Colony. The Governor and his lady recently attended an interesting lecture delivered by Herr Reimers on "Music and Psychology." A prominent Spiritualist, Hugh Juno Brown, a writer of several valuable books, not unknown in America, is a wealthy gentleman and one of the magistrates of the city. William Bowley, another magistrate and rich merchant, is a devoted friend of the most advanced truth. One of the first to greet us here was George Spriggs, the celebrated medium, who gave us a reception at his pleasant home. Charles Bright, who has married, since his return from America, a highly intelligent lady, the widow of a former Unitarian minister of Sydney, is now resident of Melbourne, and one of the editors of the *Age*, the principal daily paper. James Smith, another prominent Spiritualist is upon the staff of the *Argus*. All who have followed with any interest the history of Spiritualism in Australia have heard of Mr. Terry and the *Harbinger of Light*. His shop on Russell street is headquarters for spiritual literature. He keeps on hand a large stock of books, importing all the standard new issues. He also does a large business in botanical drugs, as well as in diagnosing and prescribing for the sick through medial power.

Our lectures in Melbourne have been well received by an intelligent class of people. We have quite a large school, and have the nucleus prepared for a branch gnostic society. We have been glad to see in numbers of the GOLDEN GATE sent us, articles read before the society in San Francisco. Our friends will be pleased to learn that we have completed arrangements for the speedy revival of our magazine on a new, enlarged and permanent basis. We rejoice in the many evidences of progress made,—reported in your columns. San Francisco is highly favored. It is certainly gratifying to see that the views, in the propagation of which we met much opposition, are now evidently winning general recognition and hospitality. We hope, at no distant date, to return and establish such a school for the soul and culture of all powers of body and mind as shall furnish the world with new and better methods of education. We are interesting those in this project who will sustain us in actualizing this ideal. To have once lived in California is to long to return, no matter how far we may roam. Notwithstanding, we meet with so much that is American here, the people have very limited and hazy ideas about us. Talking with a well read gentleman the other day, I said to him, "How far do you suppose it is from San Francisco to New York?" "Oh, I suppose about three hundred miles," he replied. The world is a large place, and every country has its own excellences. The people of Australia do well to be proud of their country. The climate, on the whole, is fine;—the skies are bright and clear as those of Italy. Though our Winter is their Summer, and our day is their night, yet the day comes and the same sun shines, and the land is full of fruits and flowers, as fine and beautiful as any in the world. The oranges at Sydney, grown along the Sarraamatta river, are most delicious. The strawberries, cherries, apricots and grapes (which last are now just coming into season), are as fine as those of California, and that is to say as fine as in the world. The people are prosperous and happy; social and religious progress lag behind somewhat. But this large and generous country, offering room to all, the free and democratic natures of the people, ensures their future growth and progress.

Though hoping soon to visit other lands, we are glad to have seen and studied this kindred people and island continent of the

antipodes, from whose distant shores we send loving thoughts to all friends at home, and remain,

Faithfully yours,
GEORGE CHAINEY.
MELBOURNE, Feb. 21, 1887.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Who are the Real Adventists?

It was in the Winter of 1842-3 that I returned from Michigan, then the far West, (whither I had been on my first boyish adventure) to Lowell, Massachusetts. I found everybody more or less excited over the fact that Father Miller was preaching every evening in the Baptist Church upon the "Immediate Coming of Christ and the End of the World." Being of a religious turn of mind, I attended every evening and was soon a complete convert, and although not much more than a boy in years, I became well posted in all the proofs of the great, coming event.

So strong was my belief in the accuracy and truthfulness of the theory presented by Father Miller and other pioneer Adventists, that when the time had seemingly passed by, a still, small voice seemed to say, "There is much in it, yet wait and watch." I never gave up and said the Bible was a lie or that the prophecies were a lot of bosh. There was a short period of time, however, that I was more than half infidel—not because "The Lord had failed to come," but from the inconsistencies of theologians and lack of real positive evidence of life after the death of the body. I had heard Father Miller say, several times, that the event could not possibly be postponed longer than 1847 or 1848, so I continued to watch.

I had about abandoned the idea that the "coming of the Lord" meant the destruction of the physical world. It was in New Orleans in the Autumn of 1847 that I first heard of the wonderful spirit rappings at Hydesville, New York. Thanks to my conversion to adventism and half-way infidelity, I had lost all bigotry; I was hungry for the truth. Somehow I received the news joyfully, for I had said and believed, from a child, that if there was a future life those who had passed over would sometime find means of communication, no matter how great the chasm between.

In the Winter of 1852-3 it was my good fortune to become acquainted with mediums in San Francisco, and became fully satisfied of spirit communion and spirit control, but it was not until the Summer and Autumn of 1859 that it flashed upon my mind that this was the second advent and the veritable "coming of the Lord." I had then become developed as a speaking and seeing medium, and I knew that I had entered into the feast described by Jesus in the 25th chapter of Matthew, (Parable of the Ten Virgins). Oh, what a world of meaning there is in those words, "And those that were ready, entered into the feast, and the door was shut." How wonderfully true, and what a glorious feast it is to souls sick from eating theological husks. But who shut the door? and who are barred out? Only those who, by misrepresentation and lies, have fought this grand truth and savior.

The churches as organizations are doubtless those to whom the great seer and prophet referred, for truly they have closed the door against themselves by claiming that it is of the Devil. It seems not a little strange to me that the Adventists of to-day—that is, those who take that name—can not see the entire fulfillment of the prophecies in the present grand downfall of error and the promulgation of sublime truths by angel voices. Did not John, the Revelator, see that "death and hell were cast into the lake of fire" (Rev. xx., 14)—fire being an emblem of destruction and purification? Are not Spiritualists proclaiming everywhere that there is no death, and that hell, as heretofore taught, is a myth?

The fact is, so far as I can learn, no intelligent Adventists are making any attempt at reconciling those long lists of figures which pointed so positively and unerringly to 1843-4. It is futile to do so. Father Miller was right. It did not extend beyond 1848. He was only mistaken in the nature of the event, and no doubt the great Seer of Bethlehem saw this, for how often in the New Testament does he caution his followers to "watch, for ye know not the day and hour the son of man cometh," and, "verily, I say unto you, the son of man cometh as a thief." How truthfully all this has been fulfilled, is demonstrated in the history of Spiritualism; and Spiritualists are the only real Adventists of the present day, the only ones who have entered into the feast, the only ones who have accepted the messages as heaven-born and heaven-given, and that these manifestations are the commencement of the fulfillment of the words of the prophets of the Old and New Testament, and especially that of angels, divinely given words to Daniel, "Blessed is he that waiteth and cometh to the thousand three hundred five and thirty days."

BEN. FRANKLIN FRENCH.
LOS ANGELES, March 18, 1887.

ADELINA PATTI sang in Minneapolis just 'ty-one years ago in July. She was fifteen years old then, and is therefore about 'ty-six years old now.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

Life in the Beyond.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Your excellent paper comes to me every week so full of good things I feel that I cannot do without it. I not only like the contents, but the paper itself, and the type is so plain, clear and easy to read for tired eyes and head. I have received so much satisfaction and comfort from its pages that I would like to contribute something, and copy a letter from a dear friend of mine (a private medium) from the spirit of her father in answer to some questions I asked of my own father and mother in spirit-life. If you like it you are welcome to use it for your paper.

B—.

"Say to your friend B—, that I have met her father who was my friend. We shook hands as cordially as old friends do after long separation, not perhaps always as you do in the life of the body, but in the spirit of love and good will, such as we feel for each other here. His face was cheerful and light, with a good will to all. I asked him of his wife, B—'s mother, and he said, 'Come with me to see her,' so leading the way we passed through a beautiful grove, through which a soft breeze was singing a low lullaby that was as soothing as a mother's song to her babe, then on by a flowing river till we came to a sequestered spot, where stood a lovely cottage, the windows of which are ever open, soft drapery from them moving to and fro in the breeze of this Summer land; flowers were blooming in rich profusion all around, but were trained and kept in artistic order. Now and then a tree lifted its branches above our heads.

"As we were passing through this garden I observed at one corner a rustic arbor, and in it seated in a fairy chair was a fine looking woman; her face expressed purity of intent, and desire to help others with a willingness to labor for their good. By her side stood two children whom she seemed to be teaching. We paused to observe her and she soon noticed our approach and came gliding swiftly to meet us. This, B—, was your mother. She readily recognized me, and was very glad I had come to see her. Inviting us within we found that the pleasant exterior was far exceeded by the neat and beautifully decorated interior. Her life of earth had reared the walls and added some of the embellishments to this home, but these are continually being superceded and added too by her unselfish, pure and lovely life.

"She cares much for children and sick women. She said to me, 'I was disappointed in some things which I believed in the other life, but it has been more than made up to me by what I have found here; life is so pleasant and good to me here, I can ask for no more than is mine; nothing makes me unhappy only the trouble of those I have left in the other life. I go often to them and know all their sorrows. I try to speak to them, and sometimes they almost hear, and I do all I can to make lighter their burdens. By and by they will come to me, and then I can do all for them I want to.' She says, 'Tell B— to be of good cheer; the way brightens for her as she goes on, and soon it will be all light, and she will be clasped in my arms and I can lead her to the bright shore where the water sparkles in translucent rays and the light of a glad day shines forever more. Let joy and gladness fill your spirit, my child, for all is well for you in this long hereafter where God rules and man obeys. Our love for him casts out all fear, and like children with perfect trust we follow as he leads the way; so, my child, trust ever in His love and strength, knowing ever that he doeth all things well. It is man that errs and is blind to his own best good, seeing not, neither listening to the voice of God which speaks ever within the deepest recess of man's inner being. Learn, my child, to listen to this voice and be guided by its promptings, then will you ever go aright and no harm shall befall you, for you are held in the arms of a sure protector, and we will ever be near to guard and help you.'

"Thus did she talk, far more than I can say to you. I met other of your friends. I am often in company with your brother, E—. A fine, noble nature is his, growing and gaining ever in progression toward all goodness by working ever for poor, suffering humanity, never mindful of self, but ever seeking others' good, and we need never seek far to find those who need our care and help.

"If you wish to ask questions, do so, and I will answer as well as may be under conditions. Be of good cheer; life of earth is only a commencement of a never-ending existence. When we pass from the worn-out body, it is only to find a brighter and better life.

In love and good will,
A—'s FATHER.

A NEW ORLEANS paper tells of a printer who, when his fellow workmen went out to drink beer, during the working hours, put in the bank the exact amount which he would have spent if he had gone out to drink. He thus kept his resolution for five years. He then examined his bank account and found he had on deposit \$521.86. In the five years he had not lost a day from ill health. Three out of five of his fellow workmen had in the meantime become drunkards, were worthless, and were discharged. The water drinker then bought out the printing office,

went on enlarging the business, and in twenty years from the time he began to put by his money was worth \$100,000.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Random Thoughts.

BY MRS. MARY E. BARKER.

Is it not a fact that nations grow as trees grow, and they have to have roots that feel their way out and into the soil Nature has prepared for them before they can produce flowers and fruit? The rose-tree that produces the wonderful and beautiful rose in all its varied colors also produces sharp and stinging thorns that pierce and lacerate the flesh. Thousands of years ago, according to Bible history, the earth was teeming with a spiritual development that promised to blossom as the rose, but the thorns of bigotry and cruel selfishness, through ignorance and superstition, started a creed that for ages blinded and misled the people. Freedom, science and investigation were checked, the beautiful and useful were made to suffer the tortures of blind priestcraft.

Ages of untold misery rolled into eternity until it seemed there never could be light enough to penetrate the darkness: but truth will overcome error and doubt. Already the divine sparks of light and love are reopening new channels. Reason, through the great demand, will open the eyes of the blind that they may see. The waters that forever flow wear away the driftwood and accumulated rubbish, whirling into eddies, dashing against rocks, claiming its freedom into the open sea. The long suppressed love, created vicious temperaments, morbid appetites, that checked progress until a reactive force was necessary, and the demand will create a supply, the cry of reform is heard in every land. When natural elements are suppressed, loathsome hypocrisy takes its place; our holiest rights must not be outraged by pretended truth. Nature's God should be our greatest teacher. Her blessings and uncontrollable laws should be looked into; we owe it to ourselves and humanity.

A religion of science always conforms to honor, and man can only attain to the highest physical and moral welfare, as he conjointly understands the sciences that strictly adhere to Nature's laws. Whether or not man sprung from evolution, certainly it is that he is here and for a purpose, and for what better purpose could he be put here than to attain to the highest and purest soul development. Buds wither and decay. Fruits blight and fall without their natural conditions, so the souls of men are dwarfed through selfishness.

A great epoch of possibilities is dawning for the benefit of mankind. Why quarrel over the ways and means of its discovery? But let us accept the different varieties, and analyze them for our benefit, as they are intended. If we would attain to the highest within us we must search for it.

Art, science, philosophy will continue to live and reproduce more rapidly, and self-preservation will be the law of the land, and we will have no use for being baptized in the name of the Holy Ghost to save sinners, for every one will see the necessity of saving themselves. Bodily energy and brain force will be better developed, and mankind will see and learn more readily.

When science takes its stand with Spiritualism, as it certainly will, then Spiritualism will make rapid strides. Science and phenomena will convert the world, for minds once set free will hold to truth. When high moral and intellectual principles are reached then the soul expands and radiates to drive away sin and disease that are brought on through ignorance, but in reality is not sin but morbid conditions that can be overcome through attainment and best in man. When mankind becomes spiritualistic disease and ignorance will disappear and we will see God, or Good, manifest in all nature. The rose, the lily, the beautiful forget-me-not seems to have been touched by angel fingers, and their fragrance wafted through the air until we are encircled with this beautiful aroma, and we feel thankful that we are a part and parcel of this great Over-Soul. May the pure, the good and loving spirits help us all to stand firm and true and never be found wanting in this grand and glorious cause of helping to free souls from the earthly conditions that encumber them. This in the cause of truth.

SAN JOSE, Cal., March 19, 1887.

UMBRELLAS.—The Chinese, long, long ago, had their queer parasols, and in Burma a man's rank is known by the number of umbrellas he is allowed to carry, the king limiting himself to twenty-four. Jonas Hanway introduced the umbrella into England more than a hundred years ago. The people all made fun of him, but may be it was because they hadn't sense enough to get out of the wet when it rained. There are more than 7,000,000 of umbrellas made every year in the United States. If they were placed open in a row, allowing three feet of space for each, they would make a procession more than 3,000 miles long.

SOME of our religious contemporaries talk as though a subscription to the church paper were the true test of a man's piety.—*Danville Register*.

GOLDEN GATE.

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

734 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

TRUSTEES:

AMOS ADAMS, PRESIDENT; I. C. STEELE, VICE-PRESIDENT; ABIAH BAKER, TREASURER; DR. JOHN ALLYN AND J. J. OWEN.

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

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

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

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1887.

A SOUTHERN TRIP.—The editor of this journal, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Evans, will sail for San Diego on Sunday, April 3d. We shall remain in San Diego about eight days, returning via Los Angeles and Santa Barbara, stopping in each place about the same length of time. Mr. Evans' controls hope to be able to give, in public, in each of the above towns, such astonishing evidence of spirit power as cannot fail to arrest the attention of all thoughtful persons. During our absence, the editorial and business management of the GOLDEN GATE will be in the hands of our apt and faithful assistant, Mrs. Owen. We shall contribute a weekly letter, and perhaps furnish some editorial matter. At any rate, our arrangements are such that the paper will not suffer in the least from our absence.

COMING REFORMS.

Society bristles all over with wrongs that need righting,—wrongs of our competitive labor system—wrongs of our monetary system—wrongs of our social system. We compound all manner of felonies, and even murder itself, by licensing the sale of rum. Pauperism and crime are permitted to increase in the land, because of that cruel system which virtually places all men, in a commercial sense, at enmity with each other—a condition of things in which the weak must go to the wall. In the constant scramble for the bone, the dog strongest of jaw and fleetest of limb is very apt to get away with more than his share, while the weak and inefficient is made to fatten on a large measure of emptiness.

Every person of ordinary intelligence sees these existing evils, and naturally longs to have them righted; but just how it can be done is not so clear to him. The job seems such a big one—is of such a stupendous character—that most people are content to let the world wag on without any interference on their part.

But in the evolution of thought, and the operation of the occult intelligent forces now moving the world of ideas, we have reached a point where we must grapple with these hard problems. And the pioneers in this reformatory work can naturally be expected to come only from the large class of progressive thinkers who have slipped the cables that anchored them to the conservatism of a dead past, and have ventured out upon new seas of thought.

Following the new interpretations of religion that Spiritualism is giving to the world we are to have new interpretations of the truest relations between man and man. The standards of right and wrong are to be re-adjusted to fit a better order of humanity.

In the light of this new philosophy thoughtful minds are beginning to see that education and spiritual unfoldment, and not punishment, are what the sinful and criminal classes most need; that to make men better we must appeal to their better natures, and educate them in the right direction.

The church has been hammering the idea of total depravity into the heads of the people long enough; it is about time it took the other tack, or that some one should lead the way for it to follow, as the Spiritualists are now doing, and develop the innate good there is in man. If we properly cultivate the soil there will be no room for weeds.

The time is coming—the golden time dreamed of by prophet and seer—when all men shall know the truth, and adjust their lives in harmony therewith.

SAYS THE GOLDEN GATE of March 12th: "That powerful bands of spirits, embracing the wisest and best of the children of men of all past ages, are now organizing for the spiritual unfoldment of humanity, is the uniform testimony of all our mediums." This is in direct fulfillment of the prophecy: "Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea for the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time." Rev. xii., 12.—SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

It would seem that no intelligent man or woman in this enlightened age could believe in the existence of that childish bugaboo, a personal devil. What sort of a God can there be at the head of this universe that can tolerate such a rival? Know ye not, foolish virgins of the *Signs of the Times*, that your lamps are without oil?—that ye are watching for a bridegroom who has already come? While the guests are enjoying the wedding feast within, ye are without browsing on the dry husks of a dead literalism. It is not creditable to your intelligence or common sense.

BUSINESS MEDIUMSHIP.

"There is reason in all things," or ought to be. While we would condemn the practice of consulting the spirits in trivial matters, or in matters of a mercenary or speculative character, or in the ordinary dealings between man and man, where, by obtaining pointers from the spirit world, one would be enabled to take an unfair advantage of another in trade; while we would urge upon all the importance of exercising and training individual judgment as a step in the direction of selfhood and growth, there is, nevertheless, a sense wherein it would seem to be entirely proper and justifiable that we should seek for advice and counsel from the spirit world in our earthly affairs.

Take the case, for instance, of a husband or father taken to spirit-life in the prime of life, and in the midst of a complicated business career, leaving a wife, or children, wholly unused to business ways, to manage and carry on his earthly affairs for the maintenance of his family. Who so fitted to give needed advice as that husband or father? and to whom would they naturally look with more confidence and trust, than to him? Hence it will be seen that there is a kind of business mediumship that is entirely justifiable.

Of course it is well that all should seek for the higher spiritual life—should labor for the highest unfoldment of their own spiritual powers; but it is not a very easy thing for the poor widow, toiling early and late for a bare pittance for her orphan babes, and who can barely earn sufficient to hold body and soul together, to develop her spiritual nature to any great extent. Hunger and rags are not particularly conducive to the cultivation of the graces of the spirit. The guardian, mortal or spirit, who would not willingly lighten the temporal burdens of the poor in his charge—who would not assist in devising ways and means to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, would be of but little account as a mortal, and certainly less as a spirit.

Again, one of the most beautiful of all spiritual gifts is that of psychometry. By their powers to penetrate the earth and read the record of the rocks, the psychometrist is often able to bring valuable secrets to light—to trace the trend of auriferous veins and greatly assist in discovering their hidden treasures, for the uses and benefit of mankind. Where is the wisdom in condemning this class of mediumship? The same may be said of any mediumship through which comes valuable knowledge to the world, whether of a spiritual or physical character. If it is right to accept and profit by such knowledge, it is certainly right to seek for it in all honorable ways.

But that mediumship which claims to give "pointers" in stock-gambling, in lotteries, and other disreputable methods for the acquisition of wealth; or which the sordid and vicious seek to make use of to increase their meanness and add to the sum total of their vices—such mediumship can not be too quickly deprived of all power for evil.

The pure in heart will hold no communion with the spirit world that does not exalt, beautify and ennoble their own natures. If they seek for wealth they will do so that, in its possession, they may be the better able to bless their fellow beings, and thus help the world to better things.

"In all of our gettings we should get wisdom," and the more of it the better. We shall then be the better able to exercise that right royal virtue, Charity—an article that is not as plentiful as it should be among mediums, as well as many who are not mediums.

"WORKING FOR THIS WORLD."

No class of people on earth possess a keener sense of personal responsibility and obligation for and to their fellow mortals, than do true Spiritualists, and many are the good works of to-day going on through the aid and individual attendance of this class of believers. Not least among the public benefits designed especially for the poor of large cities, is the coffee stands that have been in operation in the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., for the past four months, where the poor can get a sufficient and good quality of food—soup and bread, or coffee and bread—for one cent. The enterprise is now sectarian, though called St. Luke's Coffee Stand, and was initiated by a Mrs. Benjamin Lewis, now assisted by Mrs. Daily, Mrs. Wilson, and Mrs. Arthur. Two of these ladies are said to be avowed Spiritualists, while the others are friendly disposed thereto.

The stands are at the entrances of the East River Bridge, Hamilton, South and Catherine ferries, with their base of supply well fitted up at 88 Washington street. Poverty has no such stronghold on the Pacific Coast as is found the other side the Atlantic, and it is perhaps not possible for us to exactly estimate the benefit and blessing of such small institutions; but the reported condition of Eastern poor in large cities each Winter, is a great aid to our imagination, and we realize how blessed it is to give. "Working for the world"—giving to the poor! What can bring sweeter consolation to our last moments on earth?

—Mrs. K. Kohn, the clairvoyant medium recently located at 146 Eddy street, has removed to San Diego, Cal. We wish her success in her new home. Judging by the last six-months' experience, we think there must be some spiritual

magnet in the southern part of this State to draw so many Spiritualists and mediums especially thither.

SPIRIT WRITING.

The cut on our fifth page is an exact representation of one of the slates on which the independent writing was obtained at Assembly Hall on Sunday evening, March 6th, through the mediumship of Dr. D. J. Stansbury, a full account of which was published in the GOLDEN GATE of March 12th.

The following is the report of the committee—(Mr. Northway is a short-hand reporter, and Mr. Young is well known in business circles):

SAN FRANCISCO, March 12, 1887.
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—The undersigned hereby certify that they acted as a committee to examine the slates used on the occasion of one of Dr. Stansbury's public seances at Assembly Hall, in this city, held on Sunday evening, March 6, 1887, before an audience of upward of one thousand persons, and we voluntarily testify to the fact of having satisfied ourselves that there was no writing upon the slates, and of having seen them thoroughly washed in the presence of the audience, and one of us privately marked the slates and the other tied them together and hung them to the lighted chandelier, the Doctor being seated about ten feet distant. At the expiration of five minutes we took the slates down and found one hundred and ten names in full to have been written thereon, most of which, when read, were recognized by friends in the audience. Independent writing was also obtained upon other slates, the Doctor holding them at arm's length in full view of the audience. Each slate, before the writing, was plunged into a pailful of water in our presence, and freely exhibited to us and to the audience before and after the writing.
[Signed] W. H. NORTHWAY,
S. F. YOUNG.

Several mediumistic persons in the audience testify to having seen an innumerable company of spirits like a white cloud surrounding the slates. The guides of the medium are supposed to have written the names as fast as the spirits presented themselves. All but six names have been recognized. Some were written at the mental request of their friends in the audience. We consider the above a most satisfactory and convincing exhibition of Dr. Stansbury's mediumship.

AT HOME.

There are those who deplore the lost "good old times" with a sigh, and think how much better people were before there were so many novels and newspapers in the land. Every little while, however, there appears a news item that goes to show that the old order of things is not quite gone yet, and that a few days' travel would bring the more distant residents of our country to localities where the most colonial condition of things may still be found in all its old-time simplicity.

The most "perfectly charming" of these spots is located in the mountainous regions of Kentucky and Tennessee, where live numerous families who have never owned a book or seen a newspaper. People who live and grow old without any of the modern conveniences of house or farm; people who have never tasted the flavor of our cultivated fruits and general garden products, and various grains, but who subsist on corn, pork, and potatoes.

What fields for travel, suggestion, and missionary work! What rich material for the philosopher and novelist! Why all this going abroad for sight-seeing and wonder-hunting, when such strange things and stranger people are to be found at home? And why the pouring out of our millions into foreign countries to convert and educate the heathen when so much better material and more fertile soil lies fallow in our midst?

The world is quick to quote but slow to understand the saying that "Charity begins at home." If there are souls to save and minds to enlighten, should each country not begin first with its own? Between these and their helpers and teachers, no interpreter is needed, and no equipage for long and perilous voyages. A short ride by rail and we are among our own benighted.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.—About thirty-five intimate friends of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Cressy assembled at their residence, 817 1-2 Larkin street, last Monday evening, to celebrate the 57th birthday of Mrs. A. E. Moore, mother of Mrs. Cressy. It was a complete surprise to Mrs. Moore, having been skillfully planned and brought about by Mrs. Cressy. A very pleasant program was carried out, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, recitations, appropriate speeches and original poems. A number of pretty and useful tokens of friendship were brought by the loving friends of that estimable lady, the honored guest of the evening. Then came choice refreshments which were heartily enjoyed by all. The room presented a picturesque appearance in their bright, fresh ornamentations which had been tastefully arranged for the occasion. May the coming years sit lightly on our good sister and friend, and as the evening of life creeps on the spirit will grow more beautiful and know neither age nor sorrow under the radiance of the divine light of spiritual truth.

MEDIUMS' JUBILEE.—God bless our mediums. What but a barren philosophy and an unsatisfying faith would Spiritualism be without them. Upon the positive manifestations of spirit power given through our mediums the entire structure of Modern Spiritualism rests. Hence to ignore mediumship, or underestimate its importance in the economy of our philosophy, is simply to reject Spiritualism altogether, or to so weaken its supports that skepticism may readily tumble the structure into ruins. Inspired by this thought we rejoice in the fact that that grand platform test medium, Mrs. Ada Foye, has invited the mediums of this city and elsewhere to join with her in a "Mediums' Jubilee," to take place at Washington Hall to-morrow (Sunday evening) to celebrate the anniversary of the advent, through physical mediumship, of Modern Spiritualism. We regret that the Hall is not three times its present size, that all who so desired could find entrance.

"SPREAD THE TRUTH."

The good and noble work commenced by the Society of Progressive Spiritualists in establishing a Free Spiritual Library in January, 1884, has steadily increased in interest to the public, as well as to the Society who have tried to keep pace with the demands of an eager, anxious demand for knowledge as to the life hereafter. Your correspondent, upon inquiry of the Librarian, finds that from a small beginning of fifty books they have now seven hundred, and are loaning out, each Sunday, from fifty to sixty. And now they have extended their usefulness so that any one at a distance in the country can receive the benefits of their undertaking by following their "Directions for Country Borrowers" as follows:

People living in the country may draw any of the books contained in the catalogue by sending the number, name and value of the book required, to the Librarian of the Society, 35 Eddy street, San Francisco.

This deposit is made for the protection of the Library against loss, and should be sent by registered letter, postoffice order, or express, to ensure safety.

Be careful in writing your name and postoffice address, to write plainly, that we may make no mistake in forwarding.

On receiving your order, the book will be sent by mail or express, as per direction, as soon as it can be obtained from the Librarian.

Borrowers may retain books for two weeks, exclusive of time consumed in transit, which will usually require another week.

Should a book not be returned in four weeks, the borrower will be notified of the fact; and if it should not be returned within two weeks thereafter, the Library Committee shall construe its non-appearance as a desire on the part of the borrower to retain the book, and declare the deposit forfeited, and use it in purchasing a duplicate copy.

It is not the purpose of the Library Committee to act unfairly, but only to throw such safeguards around the Library as will prevent loss.

Should a borrower order a second time, he will allow his deposit to remain, taking care not to order a book of greater value than the amount of his deposit, minus the accrued postage.

Where parties expect to make a number of successive orders, it will be best to send more than the exact price of the first book to offset future accumulated postage.

Borrowers may sever their membership in the Library at any time by notifying the Librarian, who will return the deposit of the borrower, minus postage expended, and five cents on each book loaned for city messenger service.

Borrowers may renew the loan of a book for two weeks by notifying the Librarian.

When a book is returned, the number of readers it has had while out should be reported, as this information forms a part of the Librarian's monthly report.

A borrower may order as many books at one time as he desires, not to exceed ten, provided his deposits cover the value of all.

Several parties may receive books on one order. They will receive the same by express if there be an office in the vicinity, thereby saving postage.

It is well, in making an order for a book, to also name five or six desirable ones, some one of which may be sent, provided the first choice be out of the Library at the time.

Selections will be made by the Librarian, if desired, for those parties having but little experience in Spiritual literature.

They have plenty of catalogues on hand which will be sent to any one upon application to the Librarian as above.

V.

WHAT IS NEW?

With all our glib talk about the yellow barbarians among us, we have hardly yet made a valuable discovery, or an invention, but China directly lays claim thereto as something centuries old. Natural gas is the latest thing for which the Flowery Kingdom claims priority of discovery and successful application. It was there utilized for the purposes of mechanical arts, and is said to have been conducted through bamboo pipes from natural wells to furnaces and consumed by terra cotta burners.

There has been much talk in the past about the lost arts, but the world is fast learning that nothing is or can be lost. Whatever dies with one man, or class of men, is but laid aside for a time; the knowledge of and method for application is but perfected for a ripe period.

Since all things move in circles all that has ever been done, or learned, or discovered, that would benefit the world's inhabitants, duly comes round again, and is readily claimed as something new by some one. It is very difficult to say what is exactly new and original since mind is older than history, and conceived much that had no means of perpetuation; not perhaps even among those it benefited, for in the early centuries mediocrity was the rule and genius or superior mind the exception. The false supposition so long set forth that when a man died he was dead is the ground for a great deal of error even yet; but the flood of spiritual light now illuminating the world is making people modest as well as wise. Not all are barbarians that are so called.

STRAW HOUSES.—Probably the most unique thing to be found at the American Exhibition in London next May will be the straw house, forty-two by fifty feet, of which the foundation, timbers, flooring, sheathing, roofing, and all else comprising it, chimneys not excepted, will be made of straw. Philadelphia is the place of its construction. Making bricks without straw was one of the ancient impossibilities, but straw timber would have been considered the idea of a mind only to be associated with bedlam. The day is gone by when the proposers of novel inventions are called crazy. Whatever thought suggests in these latter days is grounded in the ability to do. What the future holds is but dimly and roughly foreshadowed in the present, by which wise minds are guided.

—Mrs. Whitney will give another grand platform test meeting at Assembly Room in Odd Fellows' Hall on Sunday evening, April 3d, having been so instructed by her guides. She will continue said meetings during the month of April, and perhaps longer.

—Mrs. Elsie Reynolds, writing from Los Angeles, requests us to say that she will hold a seance in San Francisco on Sunday evening, March 27th, but she does not inform us where.

Not a few, in this Christian age and Christian nation, resort to mediums rather than trust to the power of the living God. The mother, watching by the sick-bed of her child, exclaims, "I can do no more! Is there no physician who has power to restore my child?" She is told of the wonderful cures performed by some clairvoyant or magnetic healer, and she trusts her dear one to his charge, placing it as verily in the hands of Satan as though he were standing by her side.—MRS. E. G. WAITE IN SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Well, if Satan can restore her child to health, while God is looking on and doesn't try, can you blame the poor mother for calling him in? Isn't it a very good sort of a devil that brings health and happiness to suffering humanity?

The Presbytery of Alaska covers a wide territory. At its recent meeting, one member traveled nineteen days in a canoe in order to be present. Another had to be six weeks from home. The meeting was at Fort Wrangell.—EXCHANGERS.

This is truly serving the Lord under difficulties, but as nothing else proves one's sincerity, we should say, "Blessed be thy ways." It is troubles and hardships and obstacles that make true Christian virtues, and help us to find those smooth paths that lead to life of everlasting joy. The faithful souls that toil for the sake of good morals in the outskirts of creation, are the true high priests of the inner temple, whatever be their creed. There is nothing, or much, in the name until it is made significant object and aim.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.—The Thirty-ninth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism will be generally celebrated in this city to-morrow (Sunday). At the Temple, in the morning, Wm. Emmette Coleman will deliver the anniversary address. Subject: "The Value of Spiritualism to the World." Short addresses will be given by Mrs. H. E. Robinson and Mr. G. H. Hawes, and Mrs. L. Mathews will recite an original poem. In the evening the regular speaker will occupy the platform. Subject: "Do the Dead Return? If So, How Does the Fact Affect Mankind?" At Washington Hall, Sunday evening, March 27th, Mediums' Jubilee, as announced elsewhere. On Thursday morning, March 31st, at Scottish Hall, the Society of Progressive Spiritualists will hold appropriate anniversary services at 2 P. M., and also in the evening, the evening services to be followed with a dance. On Sunday, April 3d, at Washington Hall, at 2 P. M., appropriate anniversary services continued, and same services to be continued in the evening, closing with a grand test seance by Mrs. Foye. Mr. McGuire and Miss Crews will appear at said meetings for April 3d.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Just as we go to press we learn, with much regret, of the severe illness of Hon. Amos Adams.

—A grand good time is expected at Mrs. Washburn's garden party April 5th, to celebrate woman suffrage in Kansas. The exercises will begin at 11 o'clock.

—Senator and Mrs. Stanford returned from Washington on Monday. They are both in excellent health. It is understood that the Senator will commence work at once on his University buildings.

—The second "crystal wedding" of that grand veteran in the cause of Spiritualism, and able expounder of our philosophy, Dr. G. B. Crane, of St. Helena, calls forth a fine tribute from a local poet, which we gladly present elsewhere.

—Dr. and Mrs. Schlesinger have removed their *Carrier Dove* from Oakland to No. 32 Ellis street, this city. The next *Dove*, in consequence, may be a little late in its arrival. We congratulate the publishers upon the change, as it will be certainly for the best.

—Spiritualists of Cleveland will celebrate the Anniversary of Spiritualism on the 31st of March. They have engaged Hudson and Emma Tuttle to give addresses. The Lyceum, which is in a vigorous state, will give an entertainment. A grand time is expected.

—Our readers have missed, from our columns, for several months past, the contributions of Mrs. Ella L. Merriam. The lady has passed through a long illness, accompanied with blindness, from which, we are glad to learn, she has now nearly recovered. We shall hope soon to hear from her again.

—The contracts are signed, and every arrangement made for Mr. Colville's reappearance at Assembly Hall on Sunday, Sept. 4th. Seats occupied in September last will be held for holders until that date. The sale of books and papers at said meetings will be in charge of the management of the GOLDEN GATE.

—Every Spiritualist desiring a home while in the city can be suited with board and room by day, week or month, at reasonable rates, by calling on Mrs. M. Miller, 114 Turk street. Every comfort for the stranger is afforded; best of table board, and light, airy and sunny well-furnished rooms. Call and examine for yourselves.

—The article entitled, "What is Spiritualism?" from the able pen of Hudson Tuttle, in this issue of the GOLDEN GATE, will be found especially interesting; so also George Chainey's letter from Australia, Mr. Colville's letter from Chicago, and "Pebbles," by Isaac Kinley,—in fact, we might run through the list of contributions and include them all. The GOLDEN GATE is beginning to command the attention of the best pens in the land.

—The wonder and astonishment of the spirit rap has lost none of its electric charm since its advent thirty-eight years ago. This one fact has never been met and explained by the scientific savants of the world. Mrs. Ada Foye has no superior in this phase, and although she has given exhibitions of this power for years, in this city, on last Sunday evening over one hundred persons were turned away from her meeting, unable to gain admission. This is a pretty good evidence that there is a growing interest for just such startling proofs of the truth of Spiritualism, as Mrs. Foye can give.

CHRISTENING THE BABY.

The novelty of a spiritual christening was witnessed at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Evans, on Sunday evening last. The ceremony was conducted by Mr. H. C. Wilson, President of the California State Camp-Meeting Association, as also the Society of Progressive Spiritualists of this city, of which organizations Mr. and Mrs. Evans are both honored members. Mr. Wilson spoke as follows:

DEAR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS:—On behalf of this family of friends, whose guests we are, I bid you a cordial welcome, and invite your co-operation in the ceremonies, and participation in the festivities of the evening.

As my eye rests upon this worthy young couple, my mind carries me back into the past to beautifully decorated parlors on Jones street, where, amid the ring of happy voices and the perfume of sweet, beautiful flowers, "the twain were made one," as the minister said. A year and a half has come and gone since then. A season of devoted loyalty on the part of the husband, an interval of affectionate tenderness on the part of the young wife. Cares and crosses, sorrows and deep afflictions have come to them, but have been bravely met. Triumphs have been gained and victories have been won as well, but they have been accepted and worn in the spirit of meekness. The most important result of that marriage lies cradled before you, the first sweet little bud of promise germinated in the flower garden of domestic bliss—the richest, sweetest token of affection and undying love that a confiding woman can present to the man she loves.

We have assembled here this evening for the purpose of following a time-honored custom,—that of "christening the baby." In some foreign lands, ceremonies akin to this are made legally necessary in order to secure the little one in the right of inheritance and dower. In this liberal land no such proceeding is made necessary under the law; therefore, it has fallen to a great extent into disuse. As progressive Spiritualists, as investigators of natural law, we recognize a deep significance, a power for good in such an occasion. We have come to realize in a limited degree the influence of mind upon mind, and the control of mind over matter. In this circle of loving friends, I recognize a combined battery of soul force, the power of which no man can estimate. Let our hearts, then, draw near unto this dear, little innocent, with a common purpose. For the time being let us lay all thoughts of self, of care, and of the world aside. Let us pour out the richest treasures of our being, the purest products of our minds, the loftiest and sweetest aspiration of each individual soul at the feet of this blessed little bud from Heaven's garden, feeling and willing that it all will constitute a guard unto her feet while on life's journey, and prove a beacon light on the heights of Spirituality, directing her course unerringly into the joys of the Great Beyond. With our hearts thus attuned, we shall not fail to attract hosts of the pure arisen ones to us to-night and awaken an interest in her, on their part, that will never die.

I desire to say to you that the dear spirit friends have expressed a wish this afternoon, through independent slate-writing, that the little one should be named after her loving mother, Agnes Evans. As this meets with the approval of the parents and other members of the family circle, therefore, in conformity with the wish of all, I do christen thee, sweet babe, "Agnes Evans;" and may the angels bless thee and aid thee to bear it in honor through life.

The world will give her other names, during her lifetime, corresponding to their estimate of her acts. If her life-line runs through the cottage of the poor, we trust she may earn the name of "Sweet Charity." If she be called to the mansions of the great, or the palatial halls of royalty, we hope her demeanor will entitle her to be christened "Modest Humility." Should storms assail her little bark while sailing o'er life's tossing main, let her eyes ever be turned upward and to the front, and we will then name her "Hope." Wherever she may go, or in whatever sphere she may move, we confidently predict that all will hail her as "Purity," while the angels of light will at all times call her "Blessed."

In the person of her father we behold a phase of mediumship calculated to spread the light of Spirituality far and wide, breaking the bonds of ignorance and bigotry and letting the prisoners go free. In the mediumistic development of her dear mother we see forces capable of binding up the broken-hearted and flashing into their souls the silver rays of divine truth, thus bearing them on to grander heights of spirituality. With such a combination of forces as the projecting power, under the fostering care of angel guidance, we feel justified in predicting a grand future for this little household treasure. We seem to see her wielding a power for good on a hundred platforms, and shedding the light of inspiration at a thousand freeways. We hear the praise of thankful hearts ascending on all sides, bringing joy and gladness into her future life from the consciousness of having done her work so well. The sweet smile that at this moment plays over her pretty features, may be caused by the touch of angel fingers, and is but a faint premonition of the glad faces that shall beam upon her through life, and usher her into the grander realities of her spirit home. Our pleasant task is ended. Let the angels add their blessing.

J. J. Owen, of the GOLDEN GATE, then offered a few remarks, closing with the suggestion that there was some one present, invisible to mortal eyes, who would, no doubt, like to say a few words—Spirit John Gray. Thereupon a slate was placed upon the floor, in the center of the room, when, immediately the following was written thereon.

Good evening, dear friends. I am pleased to meet you all here on this happy occasion. I feel that this infant, whom you have formally named, or christened, "Agnes Evans," is destined to make a great move in the advancement of spiritual teachings, and will make many sorrowful hearts happy by showing them a new light. Mr. Owen, we have much for these mediums to do yet, and I will lend you my every aid for your service. Mr. Wilson, I am pleased with the able manner in which you have performed this ceremony. With kind love and best wishes for you all, I bid you good-night. JOHN GRAY.

The guests then sat down to a delightful repast, a fitting finale to a most interesting and enjoyable ceremony.

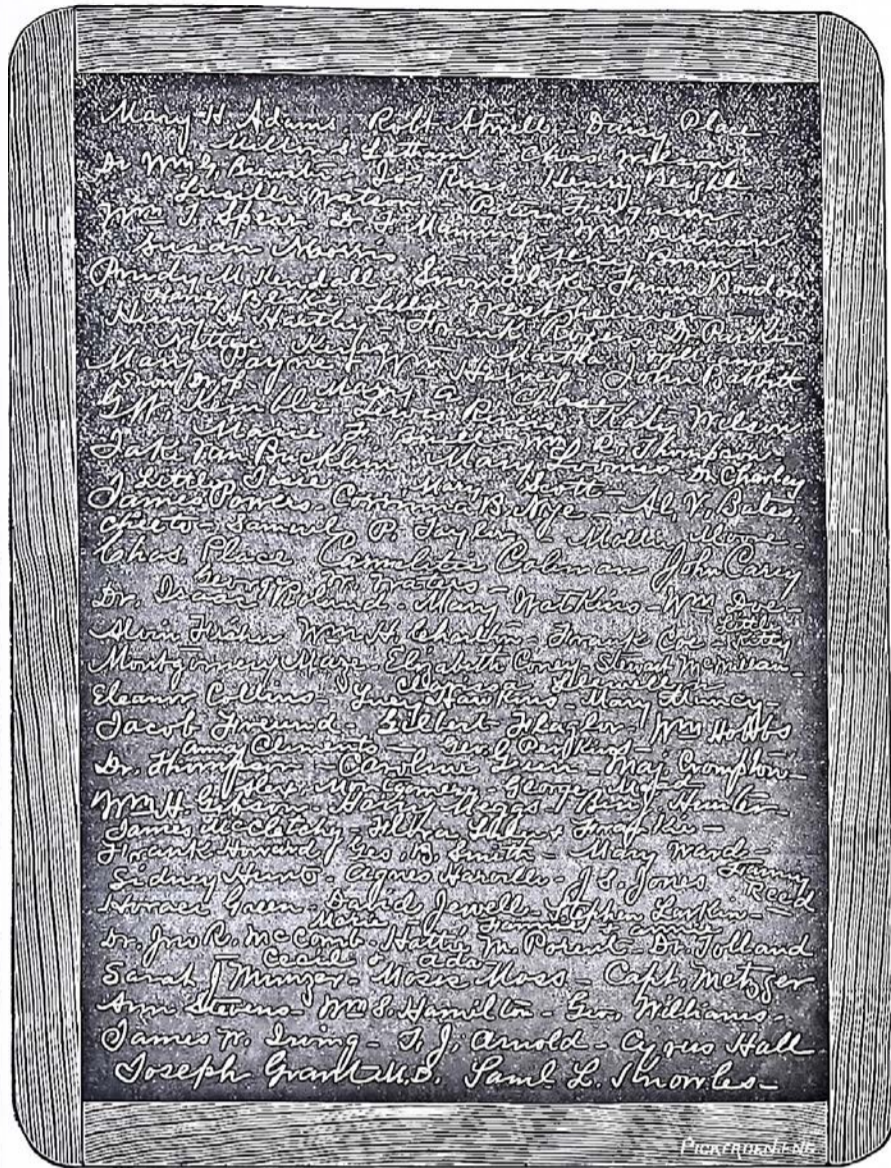
FRAIL MEN.—We often hear of women donning men's attire and hiring themselves out to work in which they would be unsuccessful in their own dress; and many are the instances wherein they have won distinction and honor through their disguise. Until recently there was but one notable case of a man taking upon himself the habiliments of the feminine sex for purpose of advantage and gain. All will recall the first instance, and smile at the remembrance, but the last case in question is more surprising than funny. It is the exposing of the very successful efforts of a Nova Scotia evangelist who was a man dressed in woman's attire, and had created a profound impression by his eloquent and powerful appeals to sinners. His confession was that he was induced to make the deception because of the great desire of the public to hear women evangelists, which goes to show two things: First, that all men are but human, and not entirely above temptation; second, that woman's influence and ability have become established facts, which all men in all ranks understand and admit.

The Banner of Light has entered upon the 31st year of its existence. The Banner stands at the head of the spiritualistic journals of the world. It is an ever welcome visitor in many thousands of homes.

Letter from W. J. Colville.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I know you will be pleased to hear of the great interest now being taken in spiritual matters in Chicago. The audiences on Sundays, in Martine Hall, 55 So. Ada street (where Mrs. Richmond speaks regularly when in the city), have been so large that extra seats have been a necessity. The First Society of Spiritualists who occupy the hall and under whose auspices I have visited Chicago was never in a more



SPIRIT WRITING.

[Obtained through the mediumship of Dr. D. J. Stanbury. For description see 4th page.]

flourishing condition than at present. The most intelligent and influential people are frequent in their attendance, the music is furnished by an excellent organist and well-trained choir, all members of the Society, and the platform is decorated with the choicest natural flowers contributed by lady members from their own green-houses. The hall itself is used during the week as a first-class dancing academy. It is large, light and airy, with handsome furniture and stained-glass windows of elegant design; it seats comfortably about five hundred persons, and can accommodate a much larger number when occasion demands. On Wednesday, March 9th, a musical and literary entertainment was given followed by a dance. It was so well patronized that after payment of all expenses the Society netted over \$100. The Band of Harmony, a social society, meets on Thursdays, frequently at the residence of Dr. Bushnell, the President of the First Society of Spiritualists, 439 West Randolph street. When Mrs. Richmond is at home she answers questions and gives poems, etc., under influence of her guides. I have occupied her place during her visit to Boston, where she occupies mine, not only at Parker Memorial Hall on Sundays but also at 668 Tremont street on several occasions during each week. From all reports, both public and private, I judge Mrs. Richmond has met with just as cordial a reception in Boston as I have in Chicago.

The classes in spiritual science here almost remind me of San Francisco and Oakland. We have averaged over one hundred attendants each day, and the people who attend are among the finest and most intellectual in the city. A good deal of discussion arises but no discord or ill-feeling has marred the harmony of our gatherings. Mr. Chas. H. Heath, who has recently commenced practicing as a metaphysician, has managed all the business of the classes admirably. He expects to accompany or follow me to California, where he intends to devote himself almost entirely to practicing, though he has a fine tenor voice and intends to let it be heard publicly. I have met in Chicago many of the leading mental healers and Christian scientists and have found them most delightful people. The Christian Scientists' meeting, at 45 Randolph street, every Sunday at 3 P. M., I have found a delightful place of resort for inquiries into truth. Exquisite music and charming speaking, both in poetry and prose, has been the order of exercises when I have attended. I am glad to say I have found those adopting that name in this city remarkably free from prejudice and acrimony, while Mr. and Mrs. Swarts of the Mental Science University and magazine I have found as kind, liberal and courteous as any people I have ever met in all my travels.

I see by the GOLDEN GATE, bearing date March 12th, that my book, "Spiritual Science of Health and Healing," had not then reached you, except the one

paper copy I sent you by mail. The book has been out and in the hands of Boston subscribers nearly a month, but there are such dreadful delays in the delivery of freight one is scarcely justified in venturing an opinion as to when goods will reach their destination. A parcel of those same books, greatly to my own and others inconvenience, took fully three weeks traveling from Boston to Chicago. What is the cause of such seemingly unnecessary delays? I see you have me definitely announced to speak for an indefinite period under Mr. Morton's management in San Francisco, commencing

first Sunday in September next. I must say I would rather postpone my advent till Sunday, October 2d. I have written to Dr. Morton to that effect, at the same time if there is any urgent reason why I should commence my work September 4th, I know of no valid reason why I should not, except that it would greatly accommodate me to have one month in which to complete my farewell tour in the Eastern States. I never expect to return to Boston when next I leave it. It has been to me the scene of many vicissitudes, of much mingled pleasure and annoyances. It is endeared to me by many agreeable associations, and is the abiding place of many of my warmest friends, still the finger of destiny seems to point me over the restless billows to Australia and New Zealand when I have accomplished my work on the Pacific Coast. How long I may remain in San Francisco I cannot prophetically estimate. I seem to see Australia before me and deeply regret my return to Boston. Last Autumn greatly disappointed many who were eagerly awaiting my long proposed visit to the Antipodes. I shall now enjoy my work in the Eastern States all the more as I see the word "farewell" ever before my eyes. I am looking forward with inexpressible pleasure to so soon meeting again my many, many dear friends in California, foremost among whom are the editors of the GOLDEN GATE.

With the best wishes and kindest regards to all my many friends and well-wishers who read your admirable paper, believe me, as ever,

Your sincere friend,
W. J. COLVILLE.

CHICAGO, March 17, 1887.

RUM AND RELIGION.—Archdeacon Farrar says that "in India the English have made one hundred drunkards for one Christian." This comes of sending rum and missionaries at the same time. But it somehow happens that heathens, like children, learn the bad before the good. This should not be attributed to depravity, but to the errors of teachers and parents. Christian missionaries go prepared for those great snakes in tropical countries, and they sometimes make the remedy a preventive by taking it beforehand. The ignorant heathen soon learn to do the same thing, and are pretty soon found to be in a worse condition than they ever were with their native resources and no missionaries. When intemperance gets a strong hold, there will be a new field of labor, and so the good work goes on.

—The approaching Camp-meeting in this State promises to be one of unusual interest. It will be held in Oakland at the same place as that of last year. The large increase in general interest in the subject of Spiritualism on this Coast will naturally cause a large attendance. And then with such splendid speakers as J. J. Morse and others who will occupy the platform, the cause will no doubt make a grand advance, and much good will be accomplished.

CRYSTAL WEDDING.

[In memory of the many happy hours spent at your home, to George Belden Crane and Frances Grayson Crane, this humble tribute of love and esteem is tendered, by Lyman L. Palmer, on this your crystal wedding day, March 17, 1887.]

All tempest-tossed and racked with storm,
Two barks were sailing o'er the main;
Their voyage had been very long—
Cross winds had followed in their train.

And one had spread the canvas first
Upon the Northlands Wintry wave,
Where noble men spring from grand sires—
Aye, statesmen wise and heroes brave.

The other 'neath the laughing skies
Of Sunny South her sails unbent,
Where tides of life run full and strong,
And Love's bright day is never spent.

'Twas thus from antipodes they sailed
Out on the wild and trackless main,
Cast here and there by wind and tide,
'Till now they're nearing port again.

The vessels sight each other now
And veer their course, till side by side,
In easy hailing distance there,
At anchor on the bar they ride.

The captain of the North ship pays
A visit to the Southern bark—
The by-gone storms are all forgot
And clouds that made the days so dark.

The captains then their losses list
Of rudder, anchor, sail and mast;
But strange to say they found what one
Had lost the other had held fast.

At last the manifest complete,
Enough there was on board the two
To fit a vessel out as good
As any sailing on the blue.

Upon the chart they then traced out
Their whereabouts exact that day,
And found that they were close to port—
A port called Matrimony Bay.

Then anchors up, all sails are set,
And prosperous breezes drive them on;
The bar is crossed, the headlands passed
A "joyful port of peace" is won.

With will and might they work until
The vessels two are made in one,
And stands upon the ways as staunch
As any bark beneath the sun.

At last the time for launching came;
It chanced to be St. Patrick's day—
Full rigged, the vessel sailed out on
The waters bright of that fair bay.

And since that time the log doth show
That storms have been but few and rare;
That bright the sun has mostly shone
And days of life have been but fair.

And still, thank God, the bark sails on,
Though fifteen years since then have passed;
And on this Crystal Wedding Day
Full spread are sails upon her mast.

There is another port not far,
Whose waters, sparkling in the light,
You soon shall see, and on that bay
Forevermore there is no night.

Upon those shores ambrosial fruit,
Your blasted hopes grown perfect there—
Hangs waiting for your eager hand
In yonder realms so bright and fair.

And so at last when you shall cross
The silver bridge from here to there,
May then your quickened spirits hear
The songs of angels in the air.

And this the language of their song:
"Well done, thou faithful servants true,
Come, enter now the mansions fair,
Prepared by spirit hands for you."

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists will be held Sunday, April 10, 1887, at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street, at 2 o'clock P. M., for election of a Board of Directors, and such other business as may be properly brought before it.

MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD, Sec'y.

MAN is greater than all phantoms. Humanity is grander than all the creeds, than all the books. Humanity is the great sea; and these creeds and books and religions are but the waves of a day. Humanity is the sky, and these religions and dogmas and theories are but the mists and clouds changing continually, and destined finally to melt away.—Col. Ingersoll.

Books for Sale at this Office.*

| | PRICE. |
|---|---------|
| Manual of Psychology: The Dawn of a New Civilization. By J. RODES BUCHANAN, M. D., | \$ 2 00 |
| The New Education: Moral, Industrial, Hygienic, Intellectual. By J. RODES BUCHANAN, M. D., | 1 50 |
| Leaflets of Truth; or, Light from the Shadow Land. By M. KARTL, | 75 |
| Our Sunday Talks; or, Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought. By J. J. OWEN, | 1 00 |
| The Mediumistic Experiences of John Brown, the Medium of the Rockies, with an Introduction by Prof. J. S. Loveland, | 1 00 |
| Spiritualists' Directory. By G. W. KATES, | 25 |
| Spiritism: the Origin of all Religions. By J. P. DAMERON, | 50 |
| The Watsaka Wonder. By E. W. STEVENS, | 15 |
| The History of the Origin of All Things. By L. M. ARNOLD, | 2 00 |

*When ordered by mail, eight per cent added for postage.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHICAL SERVICES AT Metropolitan Temple, by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, Sunday, March 27th. Mrs. E. L. Watson will answer questions at 11 a. m. In the evening at 7:30 she will lecture. Children's Lyceum at 12:30 p. m. All services free.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 1 P. M., in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Good speakers upon all live subjects pertaining to Spiritism and humanity. A free spiritual library, of 700 volumes, open every Sunday from 1 to 5 p. m. All are invited.

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.

PUBLIC MEETINGS EVERY SUNDAY AT 11 A. M. and Tuesday at 3 P. M., at No. 43 Sixth street, Esmond House. Subject "Health and Healing." Miss E. J. Bennett and Mrs. M. C. Walker.

PUBLICATIONS.

NOW ON SALE.

The Grandest Spiritual Work Ever Published.

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

—or the—

Experiences of the Spirits Eon and Eona

In earth life and spirit spheres;

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

A Spiritual Legacy for Earth's Children.

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

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

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

THE BOOK HAS

650 Large Sized Pages,

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

Catalogues, giving contents of the book MAILED FREE to every one. Please send your name and address.

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS,

JOHN B. FAYETTE,

Box 1362,

OSWEGO, N. Y.

june-19-98*

THREE MONTHS FREE.

Weber's Illustrated Magazine of Human Culture, devoted to Physical, Mental, Moral and General Self-Improvement. Will be sent three months free to any one who says where he saw this, and sends us his or her address, together with ten cents to pay postage, etc. This offer enables all to give this new wonderful magazine a trial. \$1.00 per year. 10 cents for agents' outfit.

Address, M. S. WEBER, Publisher, Farmersville, Pa.

DUTIES AND DANGERS IN SOCIAL LIFE.

By Prof. Jones, is worth its weight in pure gold. It is divided in six chapters: Love; Courtship; A Talk to Young Men; A Talk to Young Ladies; Husband and Wife; and Marriage. Sent to any address on receipt of 30 cents.

Address, M. S. WEBER, Publisher, Farmersville, Pa.

THE ALTRUIST

Is a monthly paper, mostly in Phonetic spelling, and devoted to common property, united labor, Community homes, and equal rights to all. It is published by the Mutual Aid Community, whose members all live and work together, and hold all their property in common, the men and women both having equal rights in electing officers and deciding all their business affairs by majority vote. 50 cents a year specimen copy free. Address, A. LONGLEY, Editor, 2 N. Fourth street, St. Louis, Mo.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

A SELECT DEVELOPING CLASS FOR HIGHER MEDIUMSHIP.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR FORMING CIRCLES AT HOME. Portrait Oil Paintings of Friends, at reasonable rates. Pencil Drawings, : : : : \$5.00. Developing Class meets every Wednesday eve. Call or address, W. H. F. BRIGGS, 114 Turk street, San Francisco, Cal.

MRS. L. S. BOWERS,

WASHOE SEERESS AND ASTROLOGER,

126 O'Farrell Street,

SAN FRANCISCO, : : CALIFORNIA.

mar26-tf

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE.

A Well Paying Business!

SUITABLE FOR A MAGNETIC OR MENTAL HEALER,

A Medium, or any intelligent man or woman disposing of \$100 to \$200.

mar26-tf

APPLY AT THIS OFFICE.

FURNISHED ROOMS TO LET.

No. 1 Fifth Street, Corner of Market.

H. C. WILSON

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

LOCATION CENTRAL : : : PRICES REASONABLE.

Everything Strictly First-Class. mar26-tf

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."

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Pebbles.

BY ISAAC KINLEY.

Dream on, O dreamer! What though, for thy mind's ideal, thou wilt find no real on earth nor haply in the skies, thy visions of the higher and the better are the lode-star to the onward and upward. Think not to find the perfectly beautiful character—transparent like the icicle, pure like the diamond, bright like the starbeam. There is mud in every eye thou lookest on, as also in thine own. But for the brightness which thy fancy has painted, thy own eye has grown clearer for the perfection which thou hast only imagined; some of the clogs holding thee back have fallen off, and thou hast climbed higher.

Eternal progress implies eternal imperfection. For the beauty of the here, there is a more beautiful beauty further on. For the brightness of the now, there is to be a brighter brightness for the morrow.

Nirvana—the descendant of the orient dreamer—is but the region of the impossible. The Nirvana of this day attained, and the more highly developed vision will see a brighter. Forever and forever, it will be the bright land of the ideal—the Ultima Thule always sought but never found. But it lies in the direction of the perfect, and the road to it is eternal progress.

What kindness gives, selfishness afterward claims as its right; and the charities of to-day may become pretexts for demands to-morrow.

The universe is made up of vitalities. That which we call death is but the forward flowing of the vital forces. Man is the gathered sheaf of all below him. Is there a higher to which he, himself, contributes, or is he to become that higher through the millenniums to come? When the eternities have made us wiser we may answer.

The beliefs of the reasonable are truer than the knowledge of the bigoted; and yet the reasonable only believe while the bigoted always know. Galileo believed in the existence of the eighth planet; the bigots knew there could be but seven. "For," said they, "as there are but seven days in the week, and seven openings in the human head—two eyes, two ears, two nostrils, and one mouth—therefore, there could be but seven planets," and the philosopher went to his prison. Bruno believed; but the bigots knew, and the astronomer was burned at the stake. They are the careful investigators who believe; they are those that blindly accept who always know.

For the fallen woman how hard it is to stand erect! For her an unjust world has no sympathy. With its feet upon her neck, she can not rise if she would. To erring man it is more generous. To him it reaches out a hand of helping. Seizing this, if he will, he easily springs to his feet.

Sympathy is a quickening spirit whereby weakness puts on strength. Let dishonor come and the strong are feeble and the weak powerless. If a man become intoxicated in his bed-chamber, and the walls tell no tales, he may find it not difficult to resist a second temptation. But for the drunken in the street, a second temptation comes to drown the shame of the first.

I take off my hat to the locomotive. It is the genius of the age in embodied form. Tet those who will not ride keep off the track.

Even so great a man as Bacon denied the diurnal revolutions of the earth; and seriously suggests, as a fit subject of inquiry, "Whether, since the center of the earth is the center of gravity, the concave of the sky may not be the bound of levity?" But Bacon gave us the inductive system, and in view of its grand achievements who would remember against him his petty mistakes?

The Declaration of Independence is our political Sermon on the Mount. When the great Teacher enjoins that we do unto others as we would that they do unto us, and the Fathers declare that all men are created equal, they recognize the same divine truth,—THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE RACE.

Believers in Christianity, know ye not that every wrong of man against man, is a violation of its fundamental truth? Disbelievers in Christianity, know ye not that all religions recognize the same rule as its basal principle, and that to it the universal heart responds? Patriots, know ye not that the foundation stone of your house is the brotherhood of the race? How dare, then, man wrong his fellow-man?

Not sometimes to make mistakes, is to be more than human; never to correct them is to be something less.

Our best lessons are sometimes pounded

into us, and our best teachers are often our own blunders. From these they reap such instruction that they may almost be thankful for the misdirection which led to them.

As we look on the landscape, the picture, or the statue, and study its beauty, our own spirits are beautified. Look into human history. See the moral heroes who have accepted opprobrium and death in the cause of truth and right—Servetus and Bruno, Socrates and Jesus—teaching and dying for the truths they taught. As you contemplate this nobility of soul, your own souls will be ennobled.

How often apparent brightness is but the twilight of the coming day! The soul, looking out from its darkened chambers, mistakes the gloaming for the broad day; and too often content with the first dawning, it draws itself back into the shadow ever after believing it has seen the noonday.

Though truth often comes by flashes, sometimes dazzling and bewildering, the soul, if kept in a receptive condition, will find the first beams but the harbinger of a fuller and diviner illumination.

Here is a man sitting fine dust-grains of gold from the sand. If he could but know that these are only the "floats" and raise his eyes to yonder mountain, he might behold the inexhaustible source. Here is a man gathering from hearsay the dust-grains of truth. If he would, but look to the source, he might find truth without the taint of alloy.

The Watseka Wonder.

[Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

As the "Watseska Wonder" has been republished, I think it well to say a word in reference to it, and give a letter I received when that startling narrative was first published in the columns of the *Journal*. It then appeared so strange to me, that I doubted the whole affair, but to do justice to myself and others, I concluded to write to one of the parties who figured in the story, and soon found that the names, at least, were no myth, for I received a letter in answer to mine from Mr. A. B. Roff. I know that this good brother will pardon me for giving his letter to the public, when it is intended for the general good, and for the confirmation of that which must ever be to him a precious fact.

WATSEKA, Sept. 10, 1878.
DEAR SIR:—Your kind letter just came to hand, and as you surmise, I receive a great many letters in regard to the "Watseska Wonder,"—generally letters of inquiry as to the facts, etc., but they are not at all annoying to me. I love to hear from those who doubt, and hasten to answer their questions; and thus far I have answered every letter and postal card I have received on this subject. I was a Methodist for fifteen years, and tried to live a righteous life, but like you, I had doubts and fears, for I never had the proof of immortality. Mrs. Roff and I fought against Spiritualism for fifteen years; and for several years prior to Mary's death, whenever we talked of Spiritualism doubtfully, Mary would say, "Ma [or pa, as the case might be], if I die before you do, I will return and convince you if spirits can return." She told us this scores of times in the last few years of her earth-life. And sure enough, a few months after Mary died, as it is usually termed, she did return and converse with us, and Mrs. Roff and myself have been perfectly happy ever since with the knowledge, "that if a man die he shall live again." How many times has our dear angel Mary, through life's weary journey, strengthened us in this belief; and, too, how our cup of happiness has overflowed by her visit with us from February 11th to May 21st. How affectionate!—every night and morning without fail she put her arms around our necks, and kissing us over and over again, loving everything and everybody that we loved. You cannot form an adequate idea as to how loving and affectionate Mary was,—much more so than when she was always with us. She was just like a child twelve years old, who had been absent for a dozen years, then returned without an increase in her age. Oh! how lonely we have felt since Mary left us. Although the body is the same, yet it is a different personality.

Yesterday I took a gentleman to see Lurancy, who was introduced to, and became quite well acquainted with, Mary at our house in last March. He resides twenty miles from here. Lurancy looked upon him as a stranger. After waiting for a recognition, I introduced the gentleman. He tried for a full hour to call her attention to something by which she would recognize the former acquaintance of last March, but failed.

But, dear friend, there is another side to this narrative; in brief I will tell you that we have been laughed at, sneered at, slandered and abused, as well as misrepresented; our motives were impugned, etc. During the whole time Lurancy was at our house we never knew but each day would be the last one that she would be allowed to remain with us.

Many friends told Mr. Vennum, that although Mr. Roff is a good man, he can never cure his child; and the better way would be to have her sent to the asylum in Chicago before it is entirely too late. This is but an isolated case. We lived that whole period in a dreadful suspense over us, for we never doubted the result if we were permitted to keep the child. It makes us happy to read kind and encouraging words from friends. The narrative, running through the two *Journals* is correct, and anything further would be of a private nature to the family, too holy and sacred for the scoffers.

I hope, Mr. Editor, that this Watseska phenomenon may meet with a large sale, and be well studied by all Spiritualists. As a believer in the return of spirits, I have long since made up my mind that the demoniac sphere is just above our head, and all around us, verifying the language of Jesus, "Satan goeth up and down the earth seeking whom he may devour," and to entirely absolve ourselves from this sphere is to live above it.

JOHN A. HOOVER.

MOORESTOWN, New Jersey.

THE more we read of the history of past ages, the more we observe the signs of our own times, the more do we feel our hearts filled and swelled up by a good hope for the future destinies of the human race.—T. B. Macaulay.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING.

DR. D. J. STANSBURY.

No. 32 ELLIS STREET, : : NEAR MARKET STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Independent Slate-Writing.

SITTINGS DAILY, 10 TO 4. : : : \$2.00.

Public Circles, Tuesday Evenings, 50 cts. Developing Seance, Friday Evening.

MRS. J. J. WHITNEY.

The Wonderful

CLAIRVOYANT AND TEST MEDIUM

Located at : : 120 Sixth Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Sittings daily, : : : : \$1.00.

ALLIE S. LIVINGSTONE,

ARTIST.

Spirit Portraits Painted. Also Trance Test Sittings, daily (except Saturday), from 10 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Private Seances by pre-arrangement (evenings.)

Parlors, 625 1/2 Larkin St., near Ellis.

mar21-1m*

MRS. JENNIE CROSSE,

CLAIRVOYANT AND TEST MEDIUM.

Will answer six questions by mail. : 50 cents and stamp. Will give whole life reading for \$1.00 and two stamps.

DISEASE A SPECIALTY.

Address 37 Kendall Street, : : Boston, Mass.

mar5-3m*

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED.

MRS. DR. ELEANOR MARTIN.

73 West Lane Avenue, : : : Columbus, Ohio.

Two Dollars and Eight Cents.

mar5-3m*

MRS. SARAH J. PENoyer,

PSYCHOMETRICAL DELINEATOR OF CHARACTER.

Readings, \$1.00. : : : Enclose lock of hair.

Address 128 North Second Street,

EAST SAGINAW, : : : MICHIGAN.

feb26-3m*

ANNA L. JOHNSON

DIAGNOSES DISEASE,

—AND—

PRESCRIBES FOR THE SICK.

At 24 Twelfth Street, : : : San Francisco.

feb26

MRS. WM. H. KING,

TRANCE, CLAIRVOYANT AND CLAIRAUDIENT MEDIUM.

And W. H. KING, MAGNETIC HEALER,

Residence, corner Seventh and F Streets; San Diego, Cal.

Will answer calls to lecture anywhere in the State.

jun26

MRS. DR. BEIGHLE,

WILL DIAGNOSE DISEASE WITHOUT QUESTIONS.

44 Sixth St., room 22, (Manchester House), San Francisco.

Hours from 9 to 5.

NERVOUS DISEASES A SPECIALTY.

MRS. EGGERT AITKEN,

TRANCE MEDIUM—MESSAGE TREATMENT.

Diagnosis given by lock of hair, fee, \$2.00.

Circle, Sunday and Thursday eve'ngs. Consultations daily

No. 830 MISSION STREET.

SHORT-HAND AND CALIGRAPH TEACHER.

MISS GEORGIA HALL,

At 161 Seventh Street, : : : Oakland.

MRS. MARY L. MCGINDLEY,

Mandan, Dakota,

CLAIRVOYANT, INSPIRATIONAL & BUSINESS MEDIUM.

Six questions answered for one dollar.

Life horoscope sent for \$2.00. : Satisfaction guaranteed.

aug21mf

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

MRS. A. A. CONNOR,

METAPHYSICIAN AND D. M.

ALL NERVOUS DISEASES A SPECIALTY.

Office Hours—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, 1 to 4 o'clock p. m.

228 1/2 Page St., near Laguna, : San Francisco.

Consultation, Free. dec11-1f

MRS. L. ELLSWORTH,

INSPIRATIONAL MEDIUM,

1108 1/2 Broadway, : : : Oakland.

FAMILY MATTERS MADE A SPECIALTY.

Charges Reasonable. jan29-1f

DR. LOUIS SCHLESINGER,

TEST MEDIUM.

32 ELLIS STREET, : : SAN FRANCISCO.

Office hours, from 9 a. m. to 12 m., and 1 to 5 p. m., (Sundays excepted.)

Sittings—Evenings, by appointment only.

Terms—First sitting, \$2.50, which includes one year's subscription to the GOLDEN GATE or "Carrier Dove." Subsequent sittings for same persons, \$1 each. aug8

MRS. M. J. BROWN,

No. 114 Turk Street, city.

VAPOR BATHS SCIENTIFICALLY APPLIED.

Chronic and Nervous Diseases Cured Without the Use of Drugs.

Consultation, : : Daily.

The Vitalizing Cabinet-Bath, or Portable Hot Springs. What is the effect? It cleanses the skin and opens the pores, equalizes the circulation and relieves congestion, preserves health and prevents disease, purifies the blood by removing the impurities which accumulate in the fluids and tissues of the body, and imparts vigor to the system, and strength to the mind. dec8-1f

MRS. M. J. HENDEE.

PSYCHOMETRICAL DELINEATOR OF CHARACTER AND DISEASE. MENTAL AND MAGNETIC TREATMENT.

20 Turk Street, : : : San Francisco.

Sittings daily. Circles, Monday and Friday evenings. Developing Circle, Thursday evenings and Wednesdays, at 2 o'clock p. m.

MRS. ALBERT MORTON,

SPIRIT MEDIUM AND PSYCHOMETRIST.

Diagnosis and healing disease a specialty.

210 Stockton Street, : : : San Francisco.

nov14-1f

DR. J. E. & C. MAYO-STEERS'S

SPIRITUALIZED REMEDIES.

Specially Prepared and Magnetized to suit each case, under the direction of spirit controls Drs. Nicolian and Rosie. Send lock of hair, age, sex, one leading symptom, 2-cent stamp, and have your case diagnosed FREE.

OFFICE—251 HENNEPIN AVENUE.

Address, P. O. Box 1037, : : Minneapolis, Minnesota.

may1-6m

MRS. R. A. ROBINSON,

PSYCHOMETRIZER AND TEST MEDIUM.

308 Seventeenth Street,

Between Mission and Valencia, San Francisco.

DO SPIRITS OF DEAD MEN AND WOMEN Return to Mortals?

MRS. E. R. HERBERT, SPIRIT MEDIUM.

Gives sittings daily, from 12 to 4 o'clock p. m., (Sundays excepted), at

No. 418 TWELFTH STREET. : OAKLAND, CAL.

Conference meetings Sunday evening; Developing Circles, Tuesday evenings. Public are invited. nov8



FRED EVANS,

Medium

—FOR—

INDEPENDENT

SLATE

AND MECHANICAL

WRITING.

Sittings daily (Sundays excepted), from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Private Developing, daily.

No. 1244 Mission Street, San Francisco.

A REMARKABLE OFFER.

SEND TWO 2-CENT STAMPS,

Lock of hair, state age and sex, and give your name in full, and I will send you a CLAIRVOYANT DIAGNOSIS of your disease, FREE. Address,

J. C. BATDORF, M. D.,

Principal Magnetic Institute, Jackson, Michigan.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS,

PHYSICIAN TO BODY AND MIND,

Has become permanently a citizen of Boston, and may be consulted concerning physical and mental disorders, or addressed at his

Office, No. 63 Warren Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Mr. Davis would be pleased to receive the full name and address of liberal persons to whom he may from time to time mail announcements or circulars containing desirable information. jul3-5m*

MRS. M. MILLER,

MEDIUM,

Meetings—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings, and Fridays at 2 p. m. Sittings daily, \$1.00.

114 Turk Street, between Taylor and Jones.

Sittings daily. Admission to Public Circles, ladies 10 cents, gentlemen 25 cents.

DEVELOPING CIRCLE.

EVERY FRIDAY AT 2 P. M.,

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

Ladies, 10 cents. : : Gentlemen, 25 cents.

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

nov27-1f

W. C. R. SMITH, Astral Healer.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DOCTOR FELLOWS



Is a regularly educated and legally qualified Physician and the most successful, as his practice will prove. Cures SPERMATORRHEA and IMPOTENCY (as the result of indiscretions of youth and excesses in married life, etc.), by an External Application of his own discovery, which is entirely unknown to the medical profession.

It is a medicine to be dissolved in water and then applied externally to the parts affected by pad and bandage, which accompanies the remedy. It cures by absorption, which is the only reliable method of curing the above-named complaints. Those who are ailing should send for this outward application, if they can possibly do so, as it never fails to cure in the most advanced cases.

Now, reader, if you are one of the afflicted, send the Doctor at once five 2-cent stamps for his "PRIVATE COUNSELLOR," telling all about the above named complaints, what the price will be for a cure, with strong convincing testimonials sworn to.

Address, V. neland, New Jersey, and say in what paper you saw this advertisement.

From the WORCESTER, MASS., DAILY PRESS.—We cordially endorse Dr. R. P. Fellows as an able and learned physician, who has been so highly successful that his name is blessed by thousands of those who found no relief in the old medication, but were cured by the scientific method originated by Dr. Fellows. oct9-12*

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

Are The Best

Established 1860.

USED BY THE BEST PENMEN

Noted for Superiority, Uniformity, and Durability.

30 Samples for trial, post-paid, 10 Cents.

IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR, & CO.,

753 and 755 Broadway, New York.

B. J. SALISBURY,

—DEALER IN—

—{ Real Estate! }—

SANTA ANA, - LOS ANGELES COUNTY, - CALIFORNIA.

Inquiries from abroad answered promptly.

may22-1f



FIRE OF LIFE.

A MAGIC CURE

—FOR—

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA,

PNEUMONIA, PARALYSIS, ASTHMA,

MA, SCIATICA, GOUT, LUMBAGO,

AND DEAFNESS.

Everybody Should Have It.

G. G. BURNETT, Agent.

327 Montgomery St., S. F.

Price, \$1.00. Sold by all druggists. Call and see.

DR. CHAS. ROWELL,

OFFICE—426 Kearny Street, San Francisco.

GOLD

Fields are scarce, but those who write to

Sutton & Co., Portland, Maine, will receive

free, full information about work which

they can do, and live at home, that will pay

them from \$5 to \$25 per day. Some have

earned over \$50 in a day. Either sex, young or old, Capital

not required. You are started free. Those who start at once

are absolutely sure of snug little fortunes. All is new.

H. HALETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work

for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital

not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all

ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from

first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay.

Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if

you are wise you will do so at once.

H. HALETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

WM. H. PORTER,

Ingersoll's Sayings.

At Chickering Hall, New York, Col. Ingersoll made an address to about a thousand people. Among other things he said:

If nobody has too much everybody will have enough.

I would like to see this world so that a man could die and not feel that he had left his children a prey to the greed or avarice or necessities of mankind.

Wealth is not a crime, nor is poverty a virtue, although virtue has generally been poor.

There is only one good—human happiness.

To do right is the bud, blossom and fruit of wisdom.

No perfectly civilized man could be happy while there was an unhappy being in the universe that he knew.

The poor imagine that the rich live in paradise. I know that the most of them live in a gilded hell.

No man has the genius or brain to own \$500,000. The money owns him. He is the key to a safe. Yet these men go on accumulating. It is a sort of insanity. Imagine a man—a good, intelligent man—with 2,000,000 coats (laughter), 6,000,000 or 8,000,000 hats (cheers), a billion neckties (laughter and cheers). Then imagine him getting up at 4:30 in the morning and working hard all day to get another necktie. (Prolonged applause.)

All men are not capable of getting a living now. Some are not cunning enough, not strong enough, not stingy enough.

Millions of machines have been invented to save labor, but the laborer does not own the machine. The machine owns the laborer.

No man should be allowed to own any land that he does not use; but I would not take an inch of land from any one without paying for it.

If it were possible to bottle the air there would be a great American Air Bottling Association before sundown to-morrow, and millions would be allowed to die for want of breath if they were unable to pay the monthly air bills.

The late Wm. H. Vanderbilt is reported to have said not long before he died that when a man makes \$500,000 he ought to be contented and settle down to enjoy himself. To own more than \$500,000 will make any man a slave.

I would not only see homes free from attachment for debt, but free from taxation also. Then we would have a nation of fire-sides and a nation of patriots.

There is something about money that dries up the affections. I suppose that one reason of it is that the moment a man gets any money there are so many trying to get it away from him that he thinks the whole race are his enemies.

I don't blame the rich, mind you; they are the natural products of the system. Blame the system.

The first great remedy is the ballot. The poor are in the majority. If the law oppresses them it is their fault. They have followed the life and drum of some party. No man should go with a party unless it is going his way.

A civilized man will never want to sell a thing for more than it is worth, nor will he want to buy anything for less than what it is worth.

I am not afraid of monopolies. The people will stand oppression to a certain point, and then the end will come.

The Largest Farm in the World.

(St. Louis Republican.)

In the extreme southwest corner of Louisiana lies the largest producing farm in the world. It runs one hundred miles north and south, and many miles east and west, and is owned and operated by a syndicate of Northern capitalists. Their general manager, J. B. Watkins, gives an interesting account of this gigantic plantation, which throws the great Dalrymple farm in Dakota into the shade completely.

"The 1,500,000 acres of our tract," Mr. Watkins said, "was purchased in 1883 from the State of Louisiana and from the United States Government. At that time it was a vast grazing land for the cattle of the few dealers in the neighborhood. When I took possession I found over 30,000 head of half-wild horses and cattle. My work was to divide the immense tract into convenient pastures, establishing stations or ranches every six miles. The fencing alone cost in the neighborhood of \$50,000. The land I found to be best adapted to rice, sugar, corn and cotton. All our cultivating, ditching, etc., is done by steam power. We take a tract, say half a mile wide, for instance, and place an engine on each side. The engines are portable, and operate a cable attached to four plows, and under this arrangement we are able to plow thirty acres a day with only the labor of three men. Our harrowing, planting, and other cultivation is done in a like manner; in fact, there is not a single draught horse on the entire place. We have, of course, horses for the herders of cattle, of which we now have 16,000 head. The Southern Pacific railroad runs for thirty-six miles through our farm. We have three steamboats operating on the waters of our own estate, upon which there are three hundred miles of navigable waters. We have an ice-house, a bank, a ship-yard, and a rice-mill."

Harper's Weekly says: "A citizen who knows Wall Street informs us that women are very popular as clerks and copyists in

that neighborhood, because their employers are not afraid of their divulging the secrets of the shop. They can be trusted better than can the ambitious male employees not to give away 'points.'"

How To Live.

(Brooklyn Eagle.)

The difference in the views even of physicians as to the best means of keeping the clockwork of life going are almost as great as the original differences in the time pieces themselves. Some people think it necessary to eat three or four meals a day in order to keep their lives going, while others declare that the chief destroyer of life and health is food itself. When a sleek, well-fed man called on Abernethy and complained of a general break-up in health, the quaint old Esculapius said: "Give up your dinners; live on sixpence a day and earn it." The ancients were generally content with two square meals a day, and *pradium* and the *cena*, and many modern philosophers have found that they can feel much lighter and more comfortable when they eat only twice in twenty-four hours. Others, on the contrary, both physicians and laymen, whenever they see a person in weak health recommend more food, and when the dyspeptic answers that tough Chicago beef, such as Brooklyn is now rejoicing in, does not "sit easy on his bosom's lord," the stomach, entreat him or her to take more nourishment, such as jelly every five minutes, beef tea every four, oysters before going to bed, and port wine whenever a faint feeling comes upon them. Sir Robert Peel, before he made any great effort in the English house of commons, used to eat a big, rare, rump steak, with a bottle of port. Pitt and Fox used to take two bottles of the same seductive fluid, and so did Lord Chancellor Eldon every night of his life for fifty years. One man thinks boxing will keep him stronger; another, rowing; a third, walking so many miles every day without any object; a fourth, going to bed at a particular hour every night; a fifth, outmeal every morning; a sixth, bathing every day and so forth. Physical exercise is, no doubt, one of the greatest preservatives of life, but when overdone it has killed thousands of strong men by heart disease, consumption, apoplexy, or paralysis.

Mr. Gladstone has recruited his strength for many years by felling trees, and his diet is very simple, a little fish, some bread and cheese and half a pint of bitter ale often serving him for a dinner at his club after a hard day's work. Other brain workers, like Archbishop Whately, have had enormous appetites, and been equal to three ordinary men at the dinner table. Pure air and pure water have a great deal to do with longevity, so much so that in the lake districts of Westmoreland, England, the average age of those who died during a recent very severe winter was above eighty-five years.

Some sanitarians are always saying, "Take a rest; let your mind lie fallow; don't work so much," and seem to think that brain work especially is a constant drain upon one's vital capital. Others, I believe more truly, look upon idleness as the real "theft of time," and point to the great workers who have lived to a grand old age. Mathematicians claim that even the absorbing mental process of working out difficult problems is conducive to longevity. Leibnitz, they tell us, lived his seventy years, Euclid his seventy-six, Lagrange his seventy-seven, Laplace his seventy-eight years, while Sir Isaac Newton died at eighty-five, Plato at eighty-two, Archimedes at seventy-five, and the somewhat mythical Pythagoras at ninety. Some of these ancients, however, were not eminent mathematicians, but may be classed as general philosophers, natural or metaphysical. Poets do not always die before their time, as Keats and Byron and Arthur Hugh Clough did. On the contrary, the much-abused Tennyson will survive, I prophesy, all the terrible criticisms on his conservatism, which have been made about his last poem, and perhaps most severely the ex-Prime Minister Gladstone, who conferred his earldom upon him.

Whatever brilliant abilities man may possess, if the dark spot of falsehood exists in his heart, it defaces their splendor and destroys their efficacy. If truth be not our guiding spirit, we shall stumble upon the "dark mountains," the clouds of error will surround us, and we shall wander in a labyrinth, the intricacy of which will increase as we proceed in it. No art can unravel the web that falsehood weaves which is more tangled than the knot of the Phrygian kings.

Mr. LABOUCHERE, of England, declares that he lately went to church, and that being there he was edified by an eccentric exhibition of pronunciation. The well-known text, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," was so effectually disguised by a ritualistic "priest," as to sound something like, "He that hath yaws to yaw, let him yaw!"

THE trials of life are to prove what we are, to see if we are fitted for higher things. We are tested in the use of ten talents, to prove whether we are fitted to rule the ten cities. The ship is tested, not to destroy it, but to see if it is strong to carry costly freight and precious lives through the storm.—*Peloubet*.

Careful Writers.

Gibbon wrote the first chapter of his work three times before he could please himself, and John Foster, the essayist, would sometimes spend a week or more over a single sentence. Addison was so particular that he would stop the press to insert an epithet, or even a comma; and Montesquieu, alluding in a letter to one of his works, says to a correspondent: "You will read it in a few hours, but the labor expended upon it has whitened my hair." The great French critic, St. Beuve, expended incredible pains on every word, and two or three octavo pages often represented a whole week of incessant effort.

Gray would spend a month over a short copy of verses; and there is a poem of ten lines in Waller's works which he informed us took a whole week to formulate. Miss Austen, Charlotte Bronte, and Hume have recorded the trouble they took. Tasso was unwearied in correcting, and so were Pope and Boileau. Even Macaulay, with all his fluency, did not disdain the application of the file; and there are certain passages in the chapter denoting patient revision.

ACTION ON CHARACTER.—Away on the summit of the Rocky Mountains, a falling rain-drop may be blown either east or west by the slightest breeze. At the opportune moment a breath of air sends it a few inches toward the setting sun, and it falls just over the crest on that side, blends with kindred drops rushing on to the valley of the Columbia, is merged in the waters of that majestic river, and hastens on to find a home in the bosom of the peaceful Pacific, or if it be wafted ever so little this way its course of destiny is changed, and finally through the Gulf becomes a part of the stormy Atlantic. Our thoughts, like falling rain-drops, may, ere they crystallize into action or character, be changed in their course, and so lead to different conclusions or a different destiny.

PUBLICATIONS.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS,

(Secer of the Harmonical Philosophy.)

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

"BEYOND THE VALLEY,"

(A Sequel to the "Magic Staff.")

Explaining Some Important Events in his Private Life.

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

THE PRESS, GENERALLY.

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

Price, Single Copy, \$1.50;

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

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

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

THE NEW YORK BEACON LIGHT,

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

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

Subscription rates:—One year, \$2.00; six months, \$1.00; three months, 50 cents. Postage, free. Rates of advertising:—\$1.00 per inch for first insertion; 50 cents for each subsequent one. No advertisement inserted for less than \$1.00. For long standing advertisements and special rates, address the publisher. Payments in advance. Specimen copies sent free on application. News dealers supplied by the American News Company, Nos. 39 and 41 Chambers street, New York.

All communications and remittances should be addressed to MRS. M. E. WILLIAMS, 222 West 46th St., New York City.

THE PROGNOSTIC STARGAZER.

The oldest Astrological monthly in the world. Single numbers, 10 cents; \$1 per year.

IT REVEALS THE FUTURE!

Contents:—Astrological Editorials; Rise and Fall of Stocks; Fluctuations of the Market; Changes of the Weather; Remarkable Prognostications of Madame Polaris; Useful Information Concerning Conception, Birth and Destiny of Children; Voice of Stars; Good and Evil Lines for All Each Month; Future Experience for One Year; Some Horoscopes, etc., etc.

Address, THE STARGAZER, Box 3408, Boston, Mass.

THE ROSTRUM.

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

A. C. COTTON, Editor and Publisher.

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

THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE,

To be published monthly after Jan. 1, 1886.

This is to be a FREE magazine, from which no communication will be rejected on account of the sentiment expressed. And the editor will reserve the right to be as free in the expression of his views as are the correspondents. Each writer is to be solely responsible for his or her opinions. Each number will contain 48 pages and the price will be \$2.00 a volume, 25 cents for a single number. Address, H. L. GREEN, Editor and Publisher, Salamanca, N. Y.

A GUIDE TO FORTUNE.

Explains the occult cause in nature, why some persons succeed in life and others again fail; and tells how any one may accomplish their wish, and avoid misfortune. Sent to any address on receipt of price, TEN CENTS, in stamps.

Address, PROF. SOL, Box 970, Butte City, Montana Territory, feb19-3m

PUBLICATIONS.

THE WATCHMAN.

AN 8-PAGE MONTHLY JOURNAL,

Devoted to the Interests of Humanity and Spiritualism.

Also, a Mouth-piece of the American and Eastern Congress in Spirit Life.

WATCHMAN, Spirit Editor.

Published by

BOSTON STAR AND CRESCENT CO.

1030 Central Park Avenue,

Miliard Postal Station, : : Chicago, Illinois.

HATTIE A. BERRY, : : Editress and Manager.

ARTHUR B. SHREDD, : : Assistant Manager.

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

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

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

HATTIE A. BERRY,

Editress and Manager.

NEW INSPIRATIONAL SONGS.

BY C. PAYSON LONGLEY.

Author of "Over the River," and other popular

Melodies.

Beautiful Home of the Soul.

Come in Thy Beauty, Angel of Light.

Gathering Flowers in Heaven.

In Heaven We'll know Our Own.

I'm Going to My Home.

Love's Golden Chain.

Our Beautiful Home Over There.

Our Beautiful Home Above.

Oh! Come, for My Poor Heart is Breaking.

Once it was only Soft Blue Eyes.

The City Just Over the Hill.

The Golden Gates are Left Ajar.

Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair.

Who Sings My Child to Sleep?

We're Coming, Sister Mary.

We'll all Meet again in the Morning Land.

When the Dear Ones Gather at Home.

Only a Thin Veil Between Us.

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

THE SPIRITUAL OFFERING.

Devoted to the Advocacy of Spiritualism in its Religious,

Scientific and Humanitarian Aspects.

COT. D. M. FOX, : : : : : Publisher.

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

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Prof. Henry Kiddle (H. K.), No. 7, East 130th street,

New York City.

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

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

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

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

SPIRITUAL OFFERING, Ottumwa, Iowa.

THE CARRIER DOVE.

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine, devoted to Spiritualism

and Reform.

Edited by MRS. J. SCHLESINGER.

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

DR. L. SCHLESINGER, : : : : : Publishers.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER, : : : : : Editors.

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

Address, THE CARRIER DOVE,

32 Ellis Street, San Francisco, California.

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

LIGHT FOR THINKERS.

The Pioneer Spiritual Journal of the South. Issued weekly

at Chattanooga, Tenn.

A. C. LADD, : : : : : Publisher.

G. W. KATES, : : : : : Editor.

Assisted by a large corps of able writers.

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

Terms of Subscription:—One copy, one year, \$1.50; One copy, six months, 75 cents; One copy, three months, 40 cents; Five copies, one year, one address, \$6.00; Ten or more, one year, to one address, \$1.00 each; Single copy, five cents; Specimen copy, free.

Advertisements published at ten cents per line for a month insertion, or fifty cents per inch each insertion, one month or longer. oct23-tf

THE MEDIUMISTIC EXPERIENCES

—OF—

JOHN BROWN, THE MEDIUM OF THE ROCKIES,

With an Introduction by Prof. J. S. Loveland.

This work is not a biography, but simply a part of the mediumistic life of the author. No claim is put forth of literary finish. To make the book readable and comprehensible has been the only aim of the author and editor; and as the former had no education in early life, and has acquired through his mediumship most of what he now possesses, it furnishes another illustration of the good of Spiritualism. Cloth, pp. 167. Price, \$1.00.

For sale at this office.

THE EASTERN STAR.

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

GLENBURN, MAINE.

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

Per Year, : : : : : One Dollar.

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

THE EASTERN STAR,

Glenburn, Me.

SPIRITUALISTS' DIRECTORY,

RECORDING STATISTICS OF SOCIETIES,

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF SPEAKERS AND

MEDIUMS, LIST OF PERIODICALS, ETC.

By G. W. KATES.

Price, : : : : : 25 CENTS.

For sale at this office.

BUCHANAN'S JOURNAL OF MAN.

The first number of this monthly (one dollar per annum), will be issued February, 1887. Devoted to the science of man in all its departments, and to all human progress and reform, especially to "the dawn of the new civilization" arising from psychometric science and the revelation of the entire constitution of man, soul, L. sin and body,—making a journal entirely original for the most advanced, profound and liberal thinkers. Remit by postal order, to

Dr. J. R. BUCHANAN,

6 James St., Boston.

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 studios application and observation, written in a pleasing and interesting style, and full of good "meat," with the intent of benefiting their minds.—*Carson Appeal*.

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

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

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

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

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

The articles in "Sunday Talks" are written in an easy, flowing style, enchain the reader, and teaching grand doctrine. One lays down "Sunday Talks" feeling improved in spirit, with a renewed confidence in mankind and a brighter opinion of the world. The poems are beautiful, and one in particular, "Across the Bar," if name were not attached, would easily pass for the production of some of the noted poets of the country. The poems have a similar tone to the ballads of B. F. Taylor, one of the sweetest poets of America. "Sunday Talks" should have a large circulation.—*Watsonville Pajaronian*.

