

GOLDEN GATE

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

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{ J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER, }
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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Labor is often the father of pleasure.—*Voltaire.*

Earnestness is enthusiasm tempered by reason.—*Pascal.*

The hand of the poor is the purse of God.—*Du Vair.*

Jealousy is a secret avowal of our inferiority.—*Massillon.*

Modesty is sometimes an exalted pride.—*George Sand.*

Virtue in its grandest aspect is neither more nor less than following reason.

Man, like everything else that lives, changes with the air that sustains.—*Taine.*

The way to fame is like the way to heaven—through much tribulation.—*Sterne.*

We are very much indebted to such a linking of events as makes a doubtful action look.

Memory is the flawless mirror of our lives, in which we may behold the actions of the past.

One can journey with delight in the ideal, but one reposes well only in reality.—*Vicillard.*

One clear, ringing thought given to the world is a nucleus around which similar thoughts must gather.

The emptiness of all things, from politics to pastimes is never so striking to us as when we fail in them.

It is true wisdom to speak but little of the injuries you have received, or the good deeds you have done.

All men love freedom; but the just man demands it for all mankind, the unjust man for himself alone.

Happiness is the shadow of man; remembrance of it follows him; hope of it precedes him.—*J. Petit-Lenn.*

Nature is full of freaks, and now puts an old head on young shoulders, and then a young heart beating under fourscore winters.

Nearly all people stand in great horror of annihilation, and yet to give up your individuality is to annihilate yourself.—*Ingersoll.*

The greatest results in life are usually attained by simple means and the exercise of ordinary qualities. These may for the most part be summed in these two—common sense and perseverance.

When a tender affection has been storing itself in us through many of our years, the idea that we could accept any exchange for it seems to be a cheapening of our lives. And we can set a watch over our affections and our constancy as we can over other treasures.—*George Elliot.*

Quick souls have their intensest life in the first anticipatory sketch of what may or will not be, and the pursuit of their wish is the pursuit of that paradisiacal vision which only impelled them, and is left farther and farther behind, vanishing forever even out of hope in the moment which is called success.—*George Elliot.*

Spirit Pictures.

The engraving here given is from an electrotype kindly furnished this office by the publishers of the *Banner of Light*, in which paper it appeared on the 26th ult. It is from a crayon drawing by the remarkable medium, Dr. Henry Rogers, of New York. The *Banner* says:

"In order to give our readers some idea of the artistic perfection of the portraits thus produced, we present an engraving of one, though the delicate finish of the original can not, except in a very meager sense, be given in an ordinary newspaper print. The most that can be appreciatively realized in it is the outline, yet no one will fail to see that the picture is one of grace and beauty."

In relation to the manner in which the pictures are produced, the *Banner* says:

"In November last we gave an account of our having called upon Dr. Rogers while in New York and receiving indubitable proof of the power and genuineness of his mediumship for the production of portraits of friends who have become denizens of the life beyond. On that occasion we were invited into a small room opening from the parlor, and took our seat at a table on which were a number of ordinary framed slates with blank surfaces, some sheets of white paper and a number of pencils of different kinds. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, both being mediums, also seated themselves at the table. A piece of blank paper, after being depleted by us of one of its corners, for identification was placed, with a small piece of crayon, between one pair of slates, which were then fastened face to face by strong Indian-rubber bands. Two other slates were bound together in like manner, with only a minute fragment of a slate pencil between them. Then each pair of slates in turn were held in our own hands a very short time—not exceeding five minutes—at the expiration of which the invisible presences signified by raps that they were ready to be opened and examined. This was left for us to do, when upon the inner surface of one pair of slates the following message appeared, written in a free, delicate hand:

DEAR FRIEND:—I have here found the opportunity, so long sought, to give you a portrait of myself. Accept it from me, dear friend, as one more proof of my continued existence, and of immortality.
Your friend in spirit as in life,
ELLA SIMPSON.

Upon opening the other pair of slates, the paper sheet was found to contain a beautifully executed crayon drawing (head and bust) of a young lady. The likeness was by us recognized as that of the young friend whose message we have given above, and certainly, as a work of art, in linear drawing and shading, it is faultless. This portrait—now on exhibition at our book store, 9 Bosworth street—was taken at Amesbury, Mass., and shown to Ella Simpson's grandmother, Mrs. Harriet Patten, eighty-five years of age, without a word being spoken in regard to it. At the moment of seeing it she exclaimed, with great surprise, "Why! that is our Ella, ain't it?" Others of the family unhesitatingly recognized it as a good likeness of our deceased relative."

A more minute account of the conditions under which these portraits are produced is given by Judge Wilson Cross in the *Banner* as follows:

Mr. Abram Cramer, an elderly gentleman who resides in Gardner, Jackson county, Kan., journeyed two thousand miles, encouraged to believe in the production by spirit-artists of a life-size portrait of the dearly beloved one who, for many years, shared his now companionless home. Arrangements were made with Dr. Rogers and his wife for a series of daily sittings. The invisible agencies make their own conditions for the production of these

wonderful delineations, in compliance with which preparatory sittings were continued daily until the announcement was made that all was ready for the final test and a time for it was appointed. It will be understood by those who have any acquaintance with the spiritual philosophy that such preliminary meetings would not be required, were the production of the picture to be aided by the unmixed magnetism of the mediums; but in as much as a strange element is necessarily introduced in order to provide a way for the expected visitor whose likeness is sought, it becomes important, indeed a *sine qua non*, that their several magnetisms—mediums, and guest or patron—should be brought into concordance, and made to act harmoniously as a unit of force, sus-



ceptible of being drawn upon by the invisible operators.

The appointed time of the final sitting was Wednesday evening, Nov. 9th, which proved to be atmospherically favorable for the projected work. There were present, Dr. Rogers, Mrs. Rogers (mediums), Mr. Cramer, Miss Anderson and Judge Cross. At about 8 o'clock a thorough examination of the operating-room was made. A rear door opening into the hall had been padded and draped to intercept sounds. It was bolted and locked, and, to make things doubly sure, paper was pasted over both door and jamb at their juxtaposition, and the door-key deposited in the pocket of Judge Cross. The one window was curtained over inside blinds; a writing-desk and a few simple articles made up its store of furniture, all of which, including drawers and recesses, were critically examined. Nearly midway between the side walls, and directly opposite the parlor doorway, which was heavily curtained, stood an ordinary artist's easel, sustaining a board on which was fastened a sheet of thick drawing-paper, two by two and a half feet in measurement. Over the face of this was a movable cloth covering. These also were examined, even the tacks in the paper being removed to make sure that there was no penciling upon its under surface. In the parlor, to the left of the door, a large music-box occupied a diminutive stand. These were all the preparations observable.

Before being seated, Mr. Cramer tore from the upper right hand corner of the drawing-sheet, for its further identification, a piece measuring about two inches either way from the point of the angle, after the manner of old-time indentures. Four chairs were then ranged on the parlor side of the curtained doorway, in which were seated Mrs. Rogers, Judge Cross, Miss Anderson and Mr. Cramer, all joining hands. The burning gas jet in the parlor was lowered to a mellow twilight, and the music-box set going, when Dr. Rogers took his seat just inside the curtain and was immediately entranced, and was so held by his guides to the completion of the work in hand.

The sitting occupied three-quarters of an hour, the hands of Mrs. Rogers being meanwhile ice cold, and Miss Anderson being a part of the time in a deep sleep

or trance. The music-box was mostly playing, with an occasional alternation of singing, the light lowered a little, and afterward gradually turned on to fullness, when it was announced that the two pictures were done, and permission was given those present to examine them. Of the result of the examination, Judge Cross says:

"Notwithstanding the fullness of my faith I confess to no little surprise at the completeness and perfection of the work. In an artistic point of view merely, they stand unrivalled. The large sheet contained the draped head and bust of an elderly lady, with a full, round face, clear eye, shapely but marked features, wearing altogether an expression of such tenderness that it would have added but little to the surprise of the moment to see them ripple into a smile as we looked upon them. A light, gauze-like mantle fell from the head over the shoulders, through which the form was discernible; a narrow band, holding a jewel from which rays of light radiated upward, bound the forehead, and an exquisitely-wrought lace ruffle encircled the neck. To call the whole beautiful is faint praise. It was at once a glory and a testament. All present were grateful beyond the power of words, and Mr. Cramer shed tears of joy as he looked upon the realization of his long-cherished dream and pronounced the likeness perfect. It seemed as if—

"To his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him."

"In anticipation of success, he brought with him a cabinet-size photograph of his late wife, now nearly two years ago, which, by a close comparison with the picture, made it evident that he was under no delusion, although, as had been predicted, the latter had a younger and fresher look. There could be no mistaking the resemblance; every feature was the same in both, and a stranger having scrutinized the one could not fail to recognize the other."

To the correctness of the portrait, Mr. Cramer certified in writing, adding, "It has been examined by many and pronounced a most beautiful and artistic piece of work. The picture is a stronger likeness of my wife than any she had taken while in the body."

Written for the Golden Gate.

Consecrated Wealth.

BY N. F. RAYLIN.

Material riches consecrated to the good of humanity are a good thing. They are conducive to spirituality, and promote the accumulation of the true riches. They are held in subserviency to the higher interests of the spiritual nature, and are never allowed to usurp the central throne of the affections.

In the light of spiritual unfoldment a just estimate is placed upon temporal things. Gold is looked upon as a means to an end, and never as the end itself. When we make mere worldly gain the chief end of life, we are on the road to spiritual poverty; and even though that road may lead over golden hills, and through tunnels that penetrate the richest mines of earth, yet its terminus is the "poor house" of the spirit world.

There are a goodly number of wealthy Spiritualists whose wealth needs consecrating to the spread of the sublime truths of Spiritualism. They would be enriched immensely in spiritual things, while the world would receive, at their hands, the glorious light of the New Dispensation.

On this Coast the *GOLDEN GATE*, the *Carrier Dove*, and the *World's Advance Thought*, all need the encouragement and financial support that consecrated wealth would give them. They should each be put upon a firm financial basis, so that those who conduct them would never be obliged to worry and fret over unpaid printers' bills, and other expenses that must be met. It is impossible for them to give to the world their deepest and best spiritual thought if the flow of inspiration is interrupted by financial embarrassments. Then, our best and purest mediums should be supported, and be paid a sufficient salary, so that their gifts could be given freely to the world, and never be debased by being made a matter of merchandise. Pure mediumship ought to be lifted

above the material environments of the earth plane, so that even though the phase be physical, it shall be so only to elevate the inquirer to higher and better conditions, and not to content one with mere physical manifestations. This is the bane of much that is called Spiritualism to-day. Good physical mediums, from circumstances of poverty, are obliged to use their powers almost solely to supply themselves and those dependent upon them with the absolute necessities of life, with scarcely a thought or hope of ever growing out of those conditions themselves, or of lifting those that come to them "seeking a sign" to a higher plane of spiritual unfoldment.

While the mind of the medium is concerned for the dollar of the sinner, and the latter is content with mere physical manifestations of occult power, little or no advancement is made in the knowledge of spiritual truth. Low conceptions of Spiritualism are the result on the one hand and a temptation to fraudulent manifestations and mythical communications on the other. Thus a twofold injury is inflicted upon both medium and investigator, while the cause itself is scandalized and retarded. It would be vastly otherwise were all worthy mediums, by the power of consecrated wealth, placed above want, and none but such as are worthy received either recognition or support at the hands of Spiritualists. The same might be said of that higher phase of mediumship, the gift of inspirational discourse. For the support of such, as a general rule, an admission is charged at the door, and thus lectures upon the sublime philosophy of Spiritualism are made to seem to be given solely for sordid gain. Many are thus kept away who would otherwise enter and be afforded at least an opportunity to receive the light. "These things ought not so to be."

If we have the truth, and if our philosophy is indeed what we claim it to be, then, from the love of both it and humanity, should hoarded wealth be consecrated to the good of the cause. To what better use could rich Spiritualists, who stand upon the very verge of that better country, put their surplus wealth? To what advantage are unused material treasures? They are mere earthly dust, and of no value whatever in the spiritual world. They are a hindrance to spiritual growth here, and their deleterious effects reach to the world beyond.

I would that Spiritualists who have wealth could see this subject in the light of eternity, and act accordingly. Spiritual temples would be erected in every city. Able speakers and mediums of the "best gifts" would be put into them; schools of the Harmonical Philosophy would be founded and endowed; spiritual literature would be scattered broadcast over the earth; and soon the full-orbed sun of the New Spiritual Dispensation would flood the globe with light, and life, and love, and everywhere man would rejoice in the knowledge of immortality. The time is near at hand when a move will be made in this direction, and men will pour out their treasures like water to aid the spirit world in their endeavors to enlighten the nations. No Spiritualist will be content to live for himself alone. If he has powers they will be laid on the altar. If he has wealth it will be consecrated. If he has animosities, or jealousies, or envyings, they will be put away. Each and all will conspire together for the general good, and as spiritual unfoldment is attained, the corruptions and infirmities of nature will be eliminated, even as the dross is separated from the pure metal.

SAN DIEGO, April 18, 1887.

PLEASURE is a shadow; wealth is vanity; and power is a pageant; but knowledge is intrinsic enjoyment, perennial fame, unlimited space, and infinite duration. In the performance of its sacred office, it fears no danger, spares no expense, omits no exertion. It scales the mountains, looks into the volcano, dives into the ocean, perforates the earth, wings its flight into the sky, encircles the globe, explores sea and land, contemplates the distant, examines the minute, comprehends the great, and transcends the sublime. No place too remote for its grasp, no heavens too exalted for its touch.—*De Witt Clinton.*

Out in the intellectual sea there is room for every sail.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]
Home Life in the Clouds.

BY LAURA A. BAKER.

The following morning was like the preceding, and this continued for days and days, always awakened at just such a time, with the same words always wrote with the same nervous, prickly trembling in my hand, and all thought leaving suddenly at six o'clock, "We are ready Mary and I." "Good morning, Mary Willis."

I knew no more, after I turned in my coffin, until I felt a hand pressed under me. I looked, a woman beautiful as an angel stood beside my coffin and bent over me. She smiled and said, "Don't be afraid, I have come to help you." I said, "I am glad. Being buried alive is not my idea of perfect happiness." Then she put her arms around me, and we left the grave and went and stood at a little distance away and looked around. There were the graves all cold and silent, and tall stones, but not a human being in sight. Then the lady said, "We will go now the evening air is too chill." I said, "I am glad, for mother would worry if she knew I was not dead, and out in the cold." The lady smiled and said: "You must not talk too much, it will tire you." Then she put her arms around me and we went away, past green fields, shady nooks, bright waters, into the air. After we had traveled a little while, the lady said, "How do you feel?" I said, "I think a little stronger." "Then don't talk," said she. "Lie still and go to sleep."

I did so, and when I awoke I was in a strange place. There was nothing there to see but space. It did not look right. Everything seemed strange. Now I saw a bush standing by. I took hold of it and fell down and cried, I felt so lonely. Then a voice said: "What is it, little girl." I said, "I don't know what to do. I was dead and buried and a lady came and took me out of the grave, and brought me here, and now she has gone and left me, and I don't know what to do. I ought to go home. Mother will worry when she finds I am not dead, and am away; I ought to go home."

"Home is a great way off," said the voice of a lady, and now I saw her sitting on a bank. "Your mother does not know we have taken you from the ground." "But I ought to go home and let mother know I am not dead." Then I cried as hard as I could cry. I felt so lonely and deserted. Then the lady came to me, and put her hand on my shoulder and said, "Don't cry so; it is all right." But the sound of her voice made me cry still harder. Then I lay down again, on the ground, and covered my face and cried. I thought I should die I felt so bad. Then some one spoke my name. I looked up, a body just like my sister stood near, and said "Hush, Molly!" "Why do you cry so? We will all come soon. Go now and find a place for us; not lie there and cry all the time, that is not right. We will all be here soon. Now stop crying and be a good girl. Lie down and go to sleep again. I will stay and watch. You will tire yourself all out. Let me wipe off the tears. Now stop and go to sleep." But I only said, "How did you get here, Barta?" "I just came. Go to sleep," said she. Then she set down by me and took my hand and fanned me, and held my head on her bosom, and I went to sleep, and when I awoke she was gone.

I have since learned, that the bond of sympathy is so strong, we often draw our friends after us into spirit land. By thinking of them, we draw them to us, if they are in strong enough sympathy to be affected by our thoughts; just as, while on earth, if you have a friend whom you dearly love, who is in some great trouble, your thought goes to him, until you seem to have a divided self, part of your brain thinking all the time of him, and part trying to perform the duties at home; just so it is here. My desire to go home had kept my sisters all the time thinking of me, until I had drawn her to me; that is, I had drawn her spirit to me; but her soul principle and her mentality, still remained in the body. When I awoke she was gone; but I was stronger and could walk about, and for a time saw so many beautiful things I did not think of home. But soon the same feeling came back, and my heart seemed overflowing with grief. Heaven no longer looked beautiful to me. I did not yet know where I was, and when a lady said: "What is the matter? Why do you cry so?" I said "I don't know what to do; I am so far from home." Then she said, "It would be of no use for you to go home; your mother would not know you. Did they not bury you? They could not see you were you to go back. You have no home now but this." "But," I said, "My sister was here before I slept, and now she has gone." "No," said a voice, that was only the memory of your sister. Her spirit followed you, and wound itself over another lady who strongly resembled your sister. Your sister's spirit could not speak to you; but she would, by natural law, impress another person of her and your magnetism, with the thoughts she would wish to utter. Your sister has returned to earth. She visited you in her dream, and I returned her spirit in the morning.

Then I felt better and was quite contented to stay. A lady who stood not far off, said: "Good morning, Mary. How

do you feel this morning?" I said, "Not so lonely as I did." Then the lady said, "Oh, well, there is nothing to cry for; heaven is very beautiful; Jesus is here and all the angels and all the good people from earth. You have only to be happy." Then she put her arm around me and we walked around together. I felt so strong I could see everything; at least I thought I could, and I often exclaimed, "How beautiful, how beautiful." "Yes," said the lady, "and you have only to enjoy it now." She looked so lovely I felt drawn to her at once. At last I asked, "Do you always come to every one that comes to heaven, and try to make them feel at home?" "Oh, no," said she, "I am only one of the messengers. We are a large family. Some of us have been here many years. We all love our duty and never miss an opportunity to welcome the new ones. I came here fourteen years ago. You will be surprised when I tell you who I am. I am the mother of the wife of your old family physician, and your connection with my daughter's family drew you to me. That is the way we find our duties. We fell a drawing and following the impulse go until finding some one, we stop and assist them. That is the way I found you. I felt inclined to come here, and when I heard you cry, I knew you and how you came here." "But how did you know?" "Oh, I cannot tell you that. The knowledge comes to us." "Fourteen years seems so long," said I. "Oh, no, not long. Time is long and short as we count it. We do not count time as you do on earth. We count only by events, and never count idleness time. When we sleep, there is no time. Only action counts. Now let me tell you where I have been, so you may see how we count. I have been all over the great earth everywhere. I have stopped in palaces with kings, and rode in chariots with queens. I have dwelt where sorrow and pain is the common lot of all. I have been in lands where the sun never sets, and where the light never shines. I have seen mankind in all conditions of life; have watched the forest fires burn, and counted the small winnowings on the shores of Africa. I have been in the far off isles of the Pacific, and have staid sometimes years in a place; but I never went without a mission or left until my duty was done. Now, how long do you think it is since I left earth?" "I should say a thousand years." "Well, I have been here but a little while, as the world counts time. You see, your idea of time is not like ours. We count by what we do. I must go now, for I have a message to carry to a small child who is not needed in the world. Its mother is too full of trouble to care for it properly, and I must go and tell her I will come for it soon. She will feel bad, but it is best, and I must go."

Then she left me, and I wondered if I should ever have anything to do like her. She seemed so happy and so beautiful. Her dress shone like stars, it was so bright; and her eyes were like diamonds they sparkled so. She did not walk or fly; but just floated away. I looked after her a long time, then fell down on the grass and cried again. How long I lay there I do not know; but a voice came to me and said: "Mary, get up! Why do you cry so much? What is the matter with you?" I looked up, surprised, and said, "I am so lonely and miserable; I wish I were not dead. I must go back home again. I do not wish to stay here. My mother and father, and all the family are on earth, and I must go and live with them. That was a place good enough for me. I don't want to stay a bit longer." Then the voice said, "Mary, my child, God wills that you stay here with Him. He has work for you to do. Don't be foolish, and cry all the time; but go and do what the God of wisdom, and goodness, and love wills you to do. Be a good child and not cry all the time; that only tires you so. You are not strong enough to do any work; but there is plenty to do in God's vineyard. Just stop crying and get up, and I will tell you something to do." So I got up and saw a man standing close by me whose face was like the sun and whose dress was like stars all woven together, and whose eyes are like shining luminaries, that might light up a world and loose none of their brilliancy. His garments fell around him like folds of softest velvet, and were long and misty. His feet were like the mantle of charity, so large and beautiful, were they. He was not small like other men but more like a cloud with the form of a man. His hands were not hands, but great hollows that held peace and comfort for the weary and heavy laden. His face shone so my eyes were dazzled by its brilliancy, and I felt so small and weak beside him, that I just fell down and cried again harder than ever. Then he took hold of me and said, "Mary, Mary, why will you not be comforted. You are one of my little lambs, and I have come to bless you and hold you in my arms; and now you cry and turn from me as a little child turns from a stranger. Why will you not be comforted. I love you very dearly, and will care for you all the days of your life. Now stop crying and let me wipe off your tears." Then he stooped over me and kissed me, and soothingly murmured, "Now darling don't cry any more, you are one of my little ones. 'Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of Heaven,' and you have entered the City Eternal, not made with hands." Then I felt better. I stopped crying and smiled and said, "Jesus Christ our Lord and Savior." He

smiled and said, "Yes, that is what man calls me; but I am only one of you. I am only one of God's little ones; the same as you are. We are all His children and he loves us all. We must do his bidding and not sit idle any longer. You have work to do as well as I, and must be about it. Go, now, and help that little child." Then I looked and saw a child not more than a year old, whose mother had been too busy to care for it, so the good Lord called it home. It is very strange how we know things. As soon as I saw that little thing, I seemed to know all about its earth life. No one said anything, but the knowledge seemed in some way to be with it. As soon as the Lord had spoken with me I grew strong immediately, and could see that I was in a city. There were houses all about, but they were not like any others that I had ever seen. It is hard to describe them. To me they looked like white clouds chiseled out. They are a kind of marble that sets after it is made. I have often seen people working on them just as though they were soft clay; but after they have been made awhile they are very substantial. We do not see any clouds, but many of the buildings in the City Eternal are as brilliant as the silver hem that slides over the edge of white clouds with a darkish center below. Our atmosphere in the city has a bluish tint, so our houses stand out distinctly. I am inclined to think the eye that views it, has something to do with the color seen. I have heard people say some of the buildings are green; but I have never seen one. Viewed at a distance they are a soft grey, like the blue hills against the sky, but some of them are so brilliant we can hardly see them. We cannot see the roofs of some of the houses even at a distance. I will tell you how we made ours, by and by. GOOD MORNING.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Consider the Lilies.

BY ELLA L. MERRIAM.

"Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not; neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these!" A valuable and beautiful lesson is contained in the above words. They teach us that the purest, brightest and most refined lives are more often observed in the humble walks, the obscure localities, and the unostentatious pursuits of life; that there are many souls arrayed in true spiritual loveliness, that blossom unseen and unappreciated by but few. But to those who have detected their presence and rare excellence, they prove a constant source of joy, and from their pure and refined lives, perpetually emanate rare fragrances and heavenly influences. It is not the worlds, praise or censure we should seek, for they judge from a purely material standpoint, but the inner virtues and graces cultivated and refined, prove the unfailing, ever-increasing treasures that contribute to the pleasures and wealth of both worlds. False and artificial acquirements should not enlist even our passing attention. We should seek to be pure in thought, word and deed. Let the countenance be a true index to, and our daily lives a beautiful expression of the loving and sympathetic soul within. How magnetically attractive are such earth spirits. How like a gleam of celestial brightness they flash upon our pathway, touching our troubled, toiling spirits with softest, sweetest influences. With proper instruction and a sufficient endeavor, we may all grow inwardly and outwardly into this progressive condition.

Our desires must be spiritual and not carnal. For our guide we should heed and obey those gentle impressions that come to us from those dear ones, who are ever near to comfort and assist us, and in like proportion as we recognize and apply them, will they become more and more distinct, until we will soon wear perpetually within a mentor and monitor far exceeding any theory or creed of human invention.

Let us seek to become pure as the lily, bright as the morning sunbeam, and our modest, loving and unselfish earth lives will bud and blossom perpetually, to brighten, soften and refine the many obscure and cheerless routes that lead to the bright goal we are all striving to reach.

HOING CORN AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY.—Mrs. Mary Swords, who will be eighty years old this month, is as active as any woman twenty years her junior. She attends church every Sabbath regardless of the weather, and lives by herself, doing her own housework. Last season she cultivated vegetables enough for her own use, besides devoting much time and labor upon her flowers, of which she is very fond and has a great variety. Last October she went on a visit to Ohio unaccompanied. She was born in York county, Pa., married in 1828, moved to Ohio in 1836, and to this county in 1856, where she has resided since. Her husband built the second house that was erected in this town. He died in 1875. The old lady has six children living and four dead; has had thirty-six grandchildren and thirteen great-grandchildren. She very seldom uses glasses, her eyesight being good enough except in small print.—*Cor. Nokomis, Ill., Globe-Democrat.*

In matters of art it is necessary to instruct mankind; in affairs of morals he should be left to think for himself.

Absolute Truth.

[By J. R. W. through Spirit Guides.]

Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God, because many false prophets are gone out into the world. This was the warning given by the inspired one of Bible history, and to one who reasons will there be a responsive echo to the wise and kindly admonition. The question then arises, How are we to know the genuine "Simon pure?" How, amid the distorted ideas, regarding truth and its attributes, can mortal man glean from the great variety of mind, the one pearl of great price?

There are standpoints of to-day that, like houses built of ice, dissolve when the rays of the noonday sun are brought to bear upon it. We are only an expression of certain unfoldment, at the time being. As we learn through experience and knowledge, we seem to have the truth, until, through change and development, we perceive that the lessons of the past month or year are now only distortions of the truth as far as proof of the problem at the present hour.

Man speaks of God as though he knew him as a being of truth. How far can the mind, through the senses, conceive of quality or quantity only from our finite limitation? He may set up an ideal formed by our highest mental capacity and claim it as the I AM of the whole system of worlds or creation. Friends of earth, it is well to try the spirits and forget not the spirit within thine own temple; purge first thine own condition, search well among the thoughts environed there, that all are good and pure. It is said, "All unrighteousness is sin," therefore see that ye are free from this sin. Lend not thy countenance to lust or evil communication, for thereby art thou become a portion of the condition. Let thine answer be yea, yea, nay, nay; unfurl thy banner of to-day, "Excelsior" thy motto, and, like the blade of grass or floweret blue, gather to yourself the best from every condition your surroundings will permit, asserting that which seems the best for the hour, knowing well that art but a babe in the womb of time, awaiting unfoldment that will be a harbinger of seeming truth, until another and another yet has come to teach the awakened mind of the endless chain of knowledge that has yet to come before there can be found mind to truly, positively assert an absolute knowledge of the truth: it being condensed within range of finite expression, is a something beyond man and belongs in all its grandeur to the infinite realm of perfected existence.

Let the waters of thy life be clear and pure, that the pebbly pebbles that lie beneath its rippling waves be seen through its pure, unsullied liquid depths, and when tributary streams join with thine, if muddy and unclear, thine, in its purity and loveliness, will form the contrast that shall be the lesson, conveyed to the inquiring eye, of a correspondence to an attribute of your highest idea of truth as it pertains to godliness.

There are minds who have passed on to other spheres of action who were sure of truth from individual idea, but they found their idol only a pictured condition built within the plane of sense. Selfhood is a hard thing to erase. Seeming self is an illusion; many who think themselves beyond its limits find they are groping with its illusory unfoldments. There are planets and worlds about ours to which this is no comparison, and when we have passed from the one to the many, and can sum up the great problem from its many embodiments, then, and not until then, can the human mind know of God and absolute truth.

Then the counsel given unto all is, first be sure of thine own understanding of truth, whether it be of mortal selfishness, or of one ray or gleam from the infinite source, reflected through finite mind, a star to guide our frail barks to the manger, wherein its infancy the finite finds the infinite. Then, basking in the light of truth, thy soul will find eternal youth. Thus speaks the guide to mortals here. Try every spirit from each sphere, but first be sure of that within, and let him speak who hath no sin.

A Rochester Woman is Told What Pompeii Died of.

[Rochester Post-Express.]

A Post-Express reporter chanced to be standing beside the delivery desk of one of the city libraries when a well-dressed lady of 30 approached the desk. The librarian was cutting the leaves of a new copy of "Last Days of Pompeii," every now and then stopping to read a passage from the famous novel. The lady glanced around listlessly and said: "I would like to find something new in the way of nice reading. Nothing very strong, you know, something light and amusing. That is a nice looking book you have there. What is it?"

"It is the 'Last Days of Pompeii.'"

"'Last Days of Pompeii,' Pompeii—Pompeii—who was Pompeii? What did he die of? I never could bear tragedy."

"I believe he died of an eruption. Yes this is rather tragical," replied the librarian with the faintest smile imaginable. The lady departed after securing something "light and amusing," and without the slightest idea that she had furnished any amusement.

The Entrance into Spirit Life.

[From Spirit W. G. Clayton, through a private medium, transcribed for the Golden Gate.]

The life that opens before us upon our first entrance into it after we have left the body affects different ones so unlike that I feel impressed to endeavor to give you some idea of why it is that so many different experiences come to be transmitted through different sources, so that to one reading here and there among different books and papers the communications seem at variance and contradictory; they often mislead the minds of those not quite sure of their belief, and many that are strong believers in the phenomena of Spiritualism, but possess little knowledge of the grandeur of the philosophy, leading them into a quagmire of doubt and speculation as to "whether there is anything after all reliable in it."

Take a spirit who has lived all its life so far in an atmosphere of strictly moral, strictly Christian (as the term is generally applied, alas! often misapplied) condition. Its first idea is that Jesus will come and lead it to "the Father," from whose lips the decree shall issue as to where it shall be placed, in what category its life has warranted it to enter. A "Christian life" (as it understood the meaning of the term), had perhaps been its aim and desire, and it finds itself not met by Jesus, but among those who are attracted to it by ties of affection or the laws of affinity; the feeling is one of disappointment (after its first sensation of pleasure at meeting the friends it loved), that all its preconceived ideas were as a dream that passes away when the morning cometh.

Then again a spirit that had fallen into the mistake of believing that there was no future life, no God, that annihilation, as of the grass of the field that is cut down and withers away, was the lot of man after death,—imagine with what surprise, not to say consternation, it beholds the visions that are revealed to its spiritual sight when "the heavens are opened" and the new life begun, and familiar faces appear and welcome it.

You cannot imagine what scenes I have witnessed when spirits have come here out of the haunts of vice, and the darkness of ignorance, utterly unprepared and unwarned. I have witnessed scenes that could not be believed to have occurred by those whose knowledge of the future life has been untouched by this belief of progression and the "bow of promise," and enables the believer in this philosophy to enter upon the new conditions attendant upon passing out of the body understandingly. The first impulse in nearly all cases (especially where there is intelligence), is to find some one through whom they can convey the impressions that come to them so forcibly to those they left behind, who are perhaps sorrowing as those that have no hope or longing for some sign that there is a future, and that those who die "still live."

Many who hold this belief, or think they do, find that their investigations into the subject have given them very little actual knowledge of the life upon which they enter, as they did not seek it in the right way. Their belief was confined to the receiving of "tests," the frequenting of circles, for the satisfaction (in a greater or less degree), that they there obtained of the presence of their departed friends; but they gave no study to the matter, took no deeper thought for the grand opportunities for perfecting the knowledge which might have been turned to practical use while still in the body, and so, greatly to their surprise, they find themselves in the "infant class," as it were, of what comprises real Spiritualism or progression.

Oh friends! to whose notice my words may be brought, seek knowledge of the higher life, give it your earnest thought and take the lessons that come to you through your own intuitions and the words you receive from those whose communications appeal to the thoughts that lie deep down in your own heart, into your daily lives, that you may strengthen thereby your own and other spirits, with the strength that comes from a fuller conception of the great possibilities of eternity.

WM. G. CLAYTON.

LOUIS XVI.'S LAST ORDER.—An interesting document is about to be added to the treasures of the Hotel Carnavalet, Paris. It is the last order signed by Louis XVI. ordering the Swiss Guard on August 10, 1792, to cease firing and to abandon the Tuilleries. His Majesty and his family had been driven from the Palace and had taken refuge in the National Assembly, holding its sittings in the Salle du Manège. A company of Swiss Guards, under the direction of Captain De Durler, was advancing in shooting order to deliver the royal family, whereupon a number of Deputies and citizens begged the King to sign a formal order to put an end to the combat. Louis XVI. signed the document with a trembling hand. Captain De Durler preserved the document which his descendants have now placed in the Musée Carnavalet.

"AND that is silver ore, is it?" said Mrs. Snaggs, as she examined a piece of curious-looking mineral. "Yes, my dear," replied her husband. "And how do they get the silver out?" "They smelt it," "Well, that's queer," she added, after applying her nose to the ore. "I smelt it, too, but didn't get any silver."—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

Modern Spiritualism.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

[Prepared for the Anniversary exercises in Tremont Temple, Boston, March 31st, but laid aside for an extemporaneous Address.]

The electric cord that insures the stability of the universe is harmony. It is an axiom of no mean importance that every truth in nature is in harmony with every other truth. Wherever there is any discord one of the claimed truths is out of tune.

Modern Spiritualism must be tested by that rule. So far it seems to be in harmony with every other truth. When it is not, the disturbed truth must be overhauled as well as the truth of Spiritualism.

I will quote two, or three disturbed truths, so-called, or voices from the "right side of nature," not the book of that name, but the world outside of our modern light, to indicate the state of advanced modern thought unilluminated by Modern Spiritualism.

Practically, however, that is impossible, for, as Tyndall says, every new discovery casts a light beyond itself, and Modern Spiritualism has done that; whether based on truth or not, it has lifted the whole religious world on to a higher plane. Beecher's case illustrates it even in his funeral, white roses instead of black crape. One of our ablest ministers, M. J. Savage, who is a scientist also, says there is no proof of a life beyond the grave. *There is only Hope.* "Hope that springs eternal in the human breast." But he says mournfully: "Dust and ashes seem a somewhat poor and impotent conclusion for such a magnificent, grand, terrible life drama as we are playing on this grand old earth."

But the voices of our light say to him, "Dust and ashes" are not the conclusion, "But the tired spirit waiting to be freed, On life's last leaf with tranquil eye shall read by the pale glimmer of the torch reversed, Not *finis*—but the end of volume first."

Another says, all the whisperings of the universe to the human heart, all the folk-lore, the traditions which the human heart has tried to fan into a sustaining flame of truth are classed in modern thought as superstition. Once they answered for nutriment. But Ichabod is written there, their glory has departed. Even Coleridge mournfully said:

"Where are now the fabled beings that peopled space?
All gone! They live no longer in the faith of reason,
Yet the heart hath need of such a language.
Oh! never more will I chide his faith;
In the might of stars and angels,
This visible nature and this common world
Is all too narrow."

Our voices of the light say to all these whisperings of the ages, "No, not superstition,"

"But the spiritual world
Lies all about us, and its avenues
Are open to the unseen feet of phantoms,
That come and go and we perceive them not,
Save by their influence."

Which changes these weird fancies into realities—men no longer looking like trees walking.

The pulpit of Christendom, depending upon revelation, has to admit that it is sadly in want of proof. So all "the Rachels still mourn for their children, refusing to be comforted, because they are not."

But our light says to the Rachels, "Be comforted for they still live."

"Earth is our little island home,
And heaven the neighboring continent;
Whence winds to every inlet come,
With balmy scent.
The tenderest whispers thence we hear,
From those who lately sailed across;
They love us still, since heaven is near,
Death is not loss."

The eminent and scholarly Dr. Storrs says there is no proof of future life from human experience. He says that seems to affirm as strongly as possible that the grave and the moldering dust are the end of human life. His only hope is in Jesus who rose from the dead.

Our voices of the light say, in language that makes his most eloquent sermons retire out of hearing through the intelligence of a few simple raps, "I am your sister whose earthly form is moldering in the grave, but I still live."

The Rev. Mr. Alger, one of our scholarly religious lights, says: "Death is a leap in the dark." What a cold chill fell on his expectant congregation when he uttered those hopeless words.

But the voices of the light say, "Death is not not a leap in the dark," but, in the words of Victor Hugo, "the grave is a thoroughfare opening out into eternal light, the morning of a new day."

Solomon Schindler, the eminent Jewish rabbi, whose utterances command the attention of our leading religious thinkers, says, in a late discourse on the "Resurrection and Immortality," these mournful words: "Imaginations may paint the glories of a resurrection day in the most glowing colors, but the time of credulity is passed, nothing can stand in this age of reason that is not supported by facts. In regard to our existence after death we know absolutely nothing."

Yes, our voices say "the time of credulity is passed and nothing will stand but facts." But instead of knowing absolutely nothing of our existence after death, they say all round the compass—

"There is no death! what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the world elysian,
Whose portal we call death."

Those who read the eloquent but melancholy words of Talmage in his tribute

at the funeral obsequies of Beecher, may remember these words when he said: "The disposition to speak well of the dead is a beautiful thing in human nature." "There will be two ears that will not hear one word of all these tributes of appreciation, and there will be two eyes that will not read one word of complimentary journalism—the eyes and ears of the mighty man whose dead body lies before us. Take him out to the silent city of the dead where sleep so many to whom he once ministered. They will not greet him now, but on the resurrection morn will rise near him." When?

Practically annihilation. What a melancholly outlook after this life's fitful fever is over; death then would be an end of human life, "dust and ashes" the finis.

How charming are the voices of the departed from "over the river" that change this hope that springs eternal in the human breast all over the world and all through the ages into knowledge or prophetic truth, and—

"That ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortals tread—
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead."

Here are the conclusions of three celebrated religious teachers. I quote their words. Though they are voices of the night, and from the outside they are luminous with our truth, and it is the luster of our discovery, extending, as Prof. Tyndall says, into fields beyond itself.

The Rev. Joseph Cook said, after careful investigation of the spiritual phenomena, that after all the error, fraud and delusion had been deducted there was a residuum of truth worthy of the attention of scientific and scholarly people.

The Rev. R. Heber Newton says: "I have satisfied myself that if there is any value in human testimony, the phenomena of Spiritualism, after all the frauds and illusions are discounted, hold secrets that more than point to the old belief of a future life."

The Rev. M. J. Savage, after referring to three things he was sure of which seem to prove that the soul is an entity that can get along without its human body, and then speaking of the spiritual phenomena within his own experience, says: "When all the frauds and all the delusion have been brushed one side, there remains a respectable, nay, a striking and startling body of fact that as yet has no place in our recognized theories of the world and of man."

Joseph Cook's residuum of truth, Heber Newton's residuum of truth, pointing to a future life, and M. J. Savage's residuum of a startling body of fact is all we need from the outside world for our *raison d'être* in its estimation, for here is an admission of a residuum of truth by the enlightened opposition.

Modern Spiritualism means phenomenal Spiritualism, the sensuous proof that man survives the dissolution of his body.

Now, in closing, we reduce all the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism to their lowest terms: they mean simply *intelligence*. That is the bottom fact, the "panning out." The genesis of all intelligence is human; that is indisputable. If a spirit is the factor of such intelligence, then we are holding communion with a human being who has survived the chemistry of physical death, and our claim is established. It is no matter whether the intelligence is wise or foolish, true or false, reliable or unreliable, the only question is, Is it intelligence? And is it from the other side of life? If the latter, then Job's and the world's great question of the ages is answered affirmatively. We are now celebrating the thirtieth anniversary of that affirmation.

As fast and as far as this light has spread we can say, in the words of the anthem: "Sound the loud timbrel over Egypt's dark sea," and to the world what the prophet said: "Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness and put on thy beautiful garments!"

Spiritualism in Nanaimo.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

The Nanaimo Spiritual Society have had Miss Susie M. Johnson lecturing in this place for a season; the meetings were well attended, and the audiences highly pleased with the able lectures delivered. We opened by singing hymns from the spiritual lyre. The collections were so good that we are making arrangements for her to visit us again. There were fourteen subjects handed up in one night for Miss Johnson's control to speak on, and nearly every subject was important and of an interesting nature.

The Rev. E. Robson delivered a bitter and illogical special sermon against Spiritualism, and had printed in a local paper a garbled report of a lecture, supposed to have been given by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, in New York City, entitled, "Spiritualism, its theory and practice," taken from a book published three years ago, by Elder E. F. Hanson, Belfast. The title of the book is, "Demonology or Spiritualism, Ancient and Modern." The reverend gentleman also inserted in our local paper articles taken from old numbers of the *Micromes*, by Capt. R. Kelso Carter, entitled, "Substantialism and Spiritualism," and "Spiritualism Exposed." All this has led to a controversy in our paper, the *Free Press*. All of which but draws attention to the beautiful truths of Spiritualism, Yours in the cause of truth, JOSEPH METCALF.

NANAIMO, B. C.

"Remember Thou Art Dust."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

In a recent number of the *Buen Sentido* (or "Good Sense," a Spanish weekly published at Lerida, Spain, I find an article with the above heading, that, like most articles in the same spiritualistic sheet, shows truly *good sense*, but also somewhat more. This essay shows a graceful, but pointed and admirable criticism on the actual condition and prospects, as well as the past history and cardinal defects, of the Catholic church of Spain and elsewhere. The criticism is so apposite (and yet brief) that I thought the trouble of translating it for your readers would be amply compensated by the pleasure it would afford them, and so give it to you as follows: W. W. T.

"Again Ash-Wednesday is at hand, and again the church marks the forehead of its faithful ones with the proper sign to remind them that they are dust and must return to dust."

"It is its system: to humiliate man, depress him, degrade him, vilify him, brutally him; so that he may forget all that he has of ethereal, of spiritual, of divine, and not try to raise his forehead and scale heaven with his thought, but remember only that he is but a handful of earth and that of this is formed his muscles and bones, which he must drag around and sink himself in the mud like the worms beneath his feet."

"It is its system: to belittle man, but aggrandize itself; annihilate the sovereignty of his reason, but make itself sovereign; to quench in his soul the flame of divinity, but raise itself up as God; persuade humanity that it is but clay, so that it may endure with resignation its tyrannical dominion."

"Thus has it succeeded in reigning for centuries after centuries over the souls and bodies of its followers; has subdued consciences and seized upon the riches of the world."

As Solomon said in Ecclesiastes: "I will go and have abundance of delights and enjoy riches."

"I made me great worlds; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and orchards; and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits;

"I made me pools of water to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees;

"I got me servants and maidens, and had servants born in my house; also I had great possessions of great and small cattle above all that were in Jerusalem before me;

"I gathered me also silver and gold and the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces; I got me men-singers and women-singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts;

"So I was great, and increased more than all that was before me in Jerusalem; also my wisdom remained with me;

"And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them; I withheld not my heart from any joy; for my heart rejoiced in all my labor; and this was my portion of all my labor."

"Thus spoke the church and so it acted. "It had all the delights and enjoyed all the riches."

"It builded houses and planted vineyards and gardens and orchards."

"It got men servants and maid servants; all men the first and all women the latter."

"It heaped up silver and gold and possessed kings."

"It had its wine poured out in jars and in vessels of the most precious metals; and enjoyed every pleasure and delighted in the things of which it had despoiled its men servants and its maid servants;

"But all things have their time and nothing is permanent under the sun."

"And so it has happened with the church."

"It thought itself in possession of eternal youth, but the friction of time has made it old, and it has hardly the memory of its first beauty."

"Its bones creak like those of a corpse that is passing away and the sepulcher awaits it."

"It was born humble and meek of heart in the lap of Jesus."

"Its purity was like that of the tear that aurora falls on the petals of a flower."

"It grew up among briars; thorns tore its feet and blooded its brow."

"And yet it uttered no cry."

"Its language was always a prayer for its murderers; a hymn of emancipation for their victims."

"It was hated and yet loved; it was tormented and yet pardoned."

"Tyrants loaded it with chains, but it did not curse the tyrants. It covered them with a look of boundless love and said: 'My God, pardon them, for they are blind.'"

"By its love it broke the hate in the heart of the wicked and disarmed its persecutors."

"Free from its fetters it raised its head and, alas! fell in a swoon."

"On coming to itself it was no longer the same. The demon of pride and avarice had shown it all the glories and all the riches of the world, and said to it: 'All this shall be thine if thou wilt fall down and worship me.'"

"And it fell on its knees."

"Christ was again nailed to the cross; first by the synagogue, next by the church."

"Christianity was transformed and was called Catholicism."

"The church ceased to be the immaculate mystic spouse of Jesus, and became the concubine of tyrants."

"After that it confiscated and seized all riches temporal and eternal; it hated, persecuted, invented tortures, kindled pyres, raised scaffolds, and hurled brother against brother, son against father, kings against kings, and peoples against peoples."

"It mastered the human conscience, stretched it on a bed of mud, spattered it with filth and said to it: 'Sleep and I will watch for you.'"

"It shut up thought in a narrow circle bristling with dogmas and said to it: 'Out of this thou shalt not pass!'"

"But a day came when thought, guided by a ray of the sun that penetrated that den of darkness, filtered through the thick web of dogmas, and, beating its wings freely, took possession of the place."

"And free thought has filed off the chains that held souls in captivity."

"It is now sprinkling ashes on the forehead of the church and exclaiming: 'Catholic Church, the sceptre of the world has passed out of thy hands and into mine.'"

"Blind faith, by virtue of which thou didst reign, is dead in living spirits."

"Thou didst own all, but hast lost all. Reason has destroyed thee; liberty is suffocating thee;

"Thou thoughtest thyself immortal, and art dying; Omnipotent, and thy power can not gag me; eternal, and thou art sinking into nothingness!"

"Remember, O church, that thou art 'dust, and returnest to dust!'"

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Charity.

BY ELIZABETH M. CAMPBELL.

This earth sphere is but a school wherein we fit ourselves for a higher and nobler life beyond. Let us not, then, in our hasty pursuit of fleeting pleasures, or idle follies, forget the loftier attainments to which we should aspire as heirs of that life.

There is that within the breast of the most degraded of earth's creatures, which, at times, urges them forward to better purposes. They feel, and that keenly, that where they should have wrestled with some demon of evil, they went madly on, never heeding the phantoms of sorrow and despair which followed in their footsteps. At such periods of retrospection, who shall say that their aspirations may not reach as high a standard of excellence as their more favored brethren?

God-like instincts must have been, to a greater or lesser extent, implanted in every human breast; and who are to be accounted the most triumphant,—those who, surrounded by elevating influences, go safely and honorably through life's journey because the snares of the tempter holds no enchantment for them, or those whose everyday existence is a struggle to overcome temptation? Surely the latter class will not be utterly condemned because of their inability to do right, if they strive so to do, but fail in the attempt because the evil, implanted it may be, in their natures predominates over the principles of right!

If I could raise a plea for such erring ones, it would be that they have too little of the sympathy of those, who are more largely endowed with beautiful thoughts and feelings, whose sympathies would be almost sure to prove beneficial to them. We are too apt to turn coldly away, just when we should have had an abundance of charity; charity that might have resulted in much that was good, that might have been the harbinger of peace to some storm-tossed soul.

So in this great school of moral training, with all its culture and refinement, its by-ways of shame and pollution, let us each see to it that we perform our duties well.

Let us not be satisfied with insuring our own happiness, but seek by wise counsel to aid those who stand on a lower plane, and—

When the shadows around them grow dark,
And they sigh for rest in the grave,
Oh, bid them once more their hopes embark,
Upon life's less perilous wave!

Oh, tell them the grave does not end all,
That a purer existence shall dawn,
When the body shall fade and fall,
And the freed soul heavenward drawn.

Tell them to struggle for truth and right,
Though temptations strong may assail,
And tell them that life will be more bright,
When o'er evil, right shall prevail.

Then shall those weary souls find rest.
From the blighting power of sin,
And peace shall come to the tired breast,
And a wreath of victory win.

NANAIMO, B. C.

In no way has sciences done so much for humanity as by developing and illustrating the love of truth for its own sake. The service it has rendered to humanity is equally a service to religion. In no better way can it serve the cause of religion than by revealing to the fullest extent the truth of which it is the medium.

Arrogant science and arrogant religion can not walk together, but between pure science and pure religion there is no more estrangement than exists between light and heat.—*Christian Register.*

A Word from Sinaloa.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Friends, we often think of you in connection with the work here, and though you are publishing your journal avowedly in the interest of Spiritualism, it is of that character which tends to lift up those of that faith, if such it might be called. Properly speaking, Spiritualism means nothing, for, if limited to believers in the ability to communicate with the departed under certain conditions, nearly all people in all ages have believed in that, only it has usually been forbidden as unwise or dangerous. We have no dispute with it, and are only too glad to find many in its ranks who look to blessing humanity. It is of little importance what we call our belief compared with what we prove it to be by our lives.

Your paper is so thoroughly practical that I concluded you would be pleased to hear of our practical work down here, under the leadership of one of the remarkable men of the age, Albert K. Owen, a man who in the short time he has been able to be with us thoroughly impressed me with his fitness for this great work in the cause of freedom. Our efforts here are devoted to the freedom, not only of the wage-workers of the United States and the peons of Mexico, but to the cause of spiritual freedom, also, by preparing the condition favorable for the best manifestation of spiritual power. If in any country in the world the proof of the recorded demonstrations of eighteen hundred years ago could be given by a repetition of the same, this appears to be the favorable place, and if a relief of the minds of the people from the harassing worldly care and competition be needed, Mr. Owen's plan of co-operative living should furnish that without damage to wholesome individualism.

I did not come here enthused with the leader or his plans, but was impelled by an inspiration (on first hearing of the movement over a year ago) to join it as a pioneer. We are now glad we came, though at one time the conflicting forces were striving so hard to crush out the young colony, it looked as if our time and money had been wasted. To every suggestion from dissatisfied ones that we should leave with them, and not remain here until there was no chance to get away, our reply was, "We are here to stay a year, and if the people go away, we will find enough in the country to subsist on until they come back again." The people did not go, except only fifty or less, and all the reports they spread about our suffering, starving, etc., are simply misrepresentations, though Mexico had a dry season last year, and adequate preparations had not been made for the people who came, in such unexpected numbers. As to substantial food there has been plenty all the time. More fruit would have been better, but in a month or less that will be here, and fresh from the garden, where the melon vines are now six feet long, tomatoes half grown and corn in silk.

Every day our love for this country and the colony enterprise increases, and though still only surrounded by poles and canvas, with the soil for a floor, we are glad we came. If the dirt does have a chance to get on us it can not stay, for there is the Fuerte River, where it is splendid to swim even in Winter. What will it be during July and August? Sometimes in the calm atmosphere at 10 or 11 P. M., we enjoy a swim. When I think of the possibilities of this country, with its ability to support a large population on the finest of living, at the least expense of labor, and with such favorable conditions for spiritual unfoldment, the pen seems useless in its ability to record the facts.

If you have any questions to ask, send them along.

ISAAC B. RUMFORD.

VEGATON, Sinaloa, Mexico, 1887.

PEOPLE ask if they shall live after death, who have not yet lived at all; and the only answer is "Live now!" As well display the learned conclusions of the college before nursery benches as hope to help the world's dead with the vision of heavenly glory. The certainties of the future lie in positive realities of to-day. People think that they can merely exist now, and then be ushered by and by into the completest consciousness and enjoyment of life. But it is worse than useless for one who does not, in any sufficient sense, live now to question as to the hereafter. The problem lies nearer here, while the final answer for him must yet be far away. The crucial moment is ever the present. The wise man has not far to look to find his future. And when the experience of to-day is deepened and lifted to its limit of current blessedness, from that lofty altitude the mysteries of the Highest will not be too distant. Indeed, they will be mysteries no longer, except in matters of detail, which latter, in any sphere, are generally interesting in proportion to the faintness of the perception of the central and abiding fact.—*E. F. Hayward, in Ecce Spiritus.*

PROSPERITY.—If a man were called upon to fix a time or period in the history of the world when the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous, he would, without hesitation, name that which elapsed from the death of Domitian to the ascension of Commodus.—*Gibbon.*

GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1887.

MENTAL TELEGRAPHY.

It is within the memory of many, who declare they do not feel very old, that the world was startled by the transference of human thought on electric wires over continents, across oceans, and around the globe. The marvel had scarcely become domesticated when the world is again startled by the discovery of the possibility of practically annihilating distance between human voices in conversation. Though the telephone is in every house and office, and has transformed the great city into a vast whispering gallery, still we stand before it in wonder. How the voice can be seized upon and held in form by a magnet and sound-waves transmitted by electricity, co-operating with the magnet, so accurately, too, that not only is every word heard, but the nicest modulations of the voice may be distinguished a hundred miles away or more, is one of the stupendous marvels of the age.

And now comes the London Society for Psychical Research and confesses, after the most elaborate investigation, "That there does exist a group of phenomena to which the word 'thought-reading,' or, as we prefer to call it, 'thought-transference,' may be fairly applied; and which consists in the mental perception, by certain individuals at certain times of a word or other object kept vividly before the mind of another person or persons, without any transmission of impression through the recognized channels of sense." The editors of this Society, in two recent volumes entitled "Phantoms of the Living," seem to think that the vision of a distant living person, or the power of projecting the "double," and the vision of a distant person, at or near the moment of death, may be explained by telepathy.

Now let us pause and see where we are. If a human mind in the body can, as these learned men aver, project its thoughts in such a way as to impress upon another human mind, is it a violent assumption to say a disembodied mind may be able to do the same thing? Why should we think a human mind in the body had more power than one out of the body? Is it not more reasonable to suppose that a spiritual entity in a purely mental state should possess greater power? That the more a spirit is untrammelled by the endless succession of sensations, the greater its mental potency.

And let it be remembered there is nothing supernatural in all this. That the mind, whether in or out of the body, is a part of nature, and must operate along natural laws. And now as the globe is woven all over with electric lines of thought, along which pulsate, every hour, an epitome of the world's history, and as the population of great cities and communities are trading or gossiping wide apart by means of sound-waves traveling along a thread of wire, why should it be thought strange that one who was with us a few days ago in the form, through mediums, magnetic clairvoyants, and all sorts of nerve-telegraphs or auric telephones, should slide back to converse with those they love?

A SKEPTIC CONVINCED.—A very interesting test, with those two grand mediums, Drs. Schlesinger and Stansbury, has come to our notice which, though not as startling in its nature as many, is of a very convincing and satisfactory character, and while frequently met with by those of large experience with mediums is especially interesting to investigators who are just beginning the study of our phenomena. A skeptic in a seance with Dr. Schlesinger was so overwhelmed with testimony that he took his wife the following day, and while she was sitting with Dr. Schlesinger, the gentleman went up to Dr. Stansbury's office, in the same building, and had a seance, during which he wrote a ballot asking his little boy if he had been able to talk to his mamma, and what he had said to her. The ballot was placed between two slates which were held entirely by the gentleman. The result was the boy wrote on both slates, telling what he had said to his mamma. On going down stairs to his wife, he asked: "What did you get?" She began telling at once, almost word for word, what her boy had said, which was the same as appeared on the slates. The lady and gentleman were both highly pleased, and they were firmly convinced that they had received messages from their darling boy. It is these little experiences, constantly occurring in the course of the skeptic's investigation, that makes converts to our cause, rather than occasional demonstrations of a more marvelous character.

MUSINGS IN A CEMETERY.

Spiritualism has not only stripped the angels of their wings, but is robbing death of its emblems of terror and despair. The streamer of craze is still affixed to the door, the rooms darkened and the cheerful everyday garments cast aside for the sable weeds of mourning, but the gloomy fashion is beginning to lose its charm. As the conviction brightens that death is only a door softly opening out of one apartment of our Father's House into a higher and better one, sadder garments and black hearses with dark, waving plumes will disappear. Already the ugly coffin has given place to the more shapely casket covered with flowers woven into crosses, anchors, shields, and other beautiful floral devices. A writer in a recent number of the *Forum*, says: "To don the sable weeds of mourning because some one we love has been promoted from this world of pain and temptation to an eternity of peace, is, to say the least, strangely inconsistent; while to tell all the world that, despite our loved one's immeasurable gain, we can only think of our own loss, is to proclaim our selfishness with a frankness which is as unworthy as it is unnecessary."

The names chosen for most of our metropolitan cemeteries indicates a growing tendency to banish, as far as possible, all shapes of despair and somberness from the popular mind. New York has her Greenwood, Philadelphia her Laurel Hill, Buffalo her Forest Lawn, Washington her Glenwood, Cincinnati her Spring Grove, and Chicago her Rose Hill. These names, almost picked up at random, are fair average specimens of nearly all the rest, and they all indicate that the old, neglected graveyard in the lonely woods, or on the hillside, has become a lawn, a lovely park, where death is shorn of all the emblems of woe. "Nothing," says Coleridge, "can make amends for the want of the soothing influences of nature, and for the absence of those types of renovation which the fields and woods offer to the notice of the serious and contemplative mind." The quiet charms of nature are realized in our modern cemeteries. The trees are left standing, and the choicest variety of flowers,— "those floral apostles that, with dewy splendor, weep without woe and blush without crime,"—are planted in profusion. The hillsides are gracefully terraced, and the walks bordered with sweet-smelling plants and shrubbery, where the birds nest and sing, and the setting sun flings its ray-brush.

The architecture of the cemetery is still largely a memorial of the selfishness, folly and vanity of the living. Here pride builds her monuments upon the dust of her children. In the language of the writer above quoted, "Monuments of marble, granite, iron, bronze, sculptured and molded in every conceivable shape, and emblazoned with epitaphs which ascribe to the dead, whose bones lie beneath them, every conceivable virtue, meet the eye on all sides; and one might well ponder where the bad people, or even people of only average goodness, are buried."

Perhaps the custom of erecting such memorials to the dead is too deeply planted in superstition and family pride to easily give way to a chaste simplicity. Still, we may make the marbles of Italy or New England, the soft-tinted freestone, or gray, hard granite, instead of reflecting folly and insincerity, stand as symbols of the unearthly light that has come to gladden all our homes. Dark lettered epitaphs, or broken columns, are hideous discords in a Christian cemetery; they are relics of the Pagan idea of a frustrated plan and baffled hope.

Away with the weeping willows, the drooping cypress, with their spots of dark, damp shade. They are emblems of darkness; metaphors of despair. The wild grass, the sweet brier, or woodland flowers, are far more fitting the place. Take away the jaunty marble urn, emblem of ever-flowing tears. The rose, violet, jessamine, marguerites, and a hundred other floral varieties make a prettier and more becoming lachrymatory, or urn of tears.

HOW A CLERGYMAN WAS CONVERTED.

While deprecating the use of spiritual mediumship for the advancement of speculative purposes, and a weak clinging to spirits for advice in the ordinary affairs of life as unwise and debasing, we frequently learn of instances wherein advice in relation to mundane affairs given by wise spirits has been the greatest service in promoting spiritual unfoldment and physical health, conducing to the alleviation of mental disturbances and good results in many ways.

A venerable clergyman recently called upon us to express his deep sense of gratitude to the angel advisers and the medium through whom he had been guided in matters in a manner which had been greatly to his benefit in spiritual and physical improvement. His health being impaired in consequence of his ministerial labors in Scotland he visited a medium residing there for advice. The medium described his condition and surroundings so clearly and minutely as to inspire him with confidence to follow the advice given to come to California in order to gain restoration to health and prolongation to life.

His compliance with the advice resulted in great

benefit to health. A short time since he called upon Mrs. Albert Morton, 210 Stockton street, of this city, for further advice, and, greatly to his surprise and gratification, received a complete corroboration of the advice and instruction given through the medium in her distant home. The evidence of the constant care and guidance of angelic guides was complete, filling his soul with gratitude for their loving ministrations.

We have recently had personal communications through this highly developed and conscientious medium whose quiet, unassuming labors have been faithfully performed in our city without cessation for nearly fifteen years. We can not better express our appreciation of her beautiful ministry than by repeating the following tribute given to her audience by Mrs. E. L. Watson on the platform of Metropolitan Temple. Mrs. Watson said: "The noble wife of my manager, Mrs. Morton, is one of the first mediums in this city, and is daily ministering to sorrowing hearts in her own quiet and beautiful way. God bless that dear, noble minister of the gospel of angel love."

Through the ministrations of this medium, whose life exemplifies the elevated teachings given through her, refined minds are being led to an appreciation of the spiritual gospel which is bringing "Peace on earth, good will to man."

WOMEN IN INDIA.

Joseph Cook's Boston Monday lecture, delivered at Tremont Temple, March 28th, in the presence of two thousand persons, was a consideration of "How we can help improve the condition of the women of India."

The learned Hindu widow, the Pundita Ramabai, was present, and also added a few remarks on the subject. She spoke earnestly in behalf of her Hindu sisters, and vividly depicted their enslaved conditions. She said:

It has been the object of my life, and it is the one hope I entertain, that I may do at least something towards the elevation of my countrywomen. When I go home, I propose to open a school for widows, in which they can be instructed, and at the same time supported, if they are not able to support themselves. In this way alone, as far as my knowledge goes, can we render good service to the women of India; and, indeed, to the men of India too. For our men do not believe that anything good can come out of women.

I believe it is through women alone that India can be elevated, and through women alone that not only India, but the whole world, will be elevated. And it is the duty of every man and every woman who believes in goodness, and in the elevation of mankind, and in doing good, to give some help to our people who desire it of them. And the help should be given in this way, educate women, and through them the men and children.

The Pundita is the daughter of a distinguished Brahmin, of Mysore, who strongly advocated educating the women of his country, and suffered much for it. His daughter is an accomplished scholar; she speaks Marathi, Hindustanee, Bengalee, and can extemporize in Sanskrit verse. In 1883 she went to England where she has perfected her knowledge of the English language. She arrived in America on the 5th of March, 1886; she came in response to an invitation from Miss Rachel L. Bodley, dean of the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia. That the Pundita Ramabai will prove a savior to the down-trodden sisters of her land we do not doubt; and by elevating the women of India she will bless womanhood in all lands. She has the earnest sympathy of every true woman in her divine mission.

SCIENCE AND IMMORTALITY.

Over five pages of the *Christian Register*, of April 7th, is devoted to the important question of immortality, viewed from a scientific standpoint. The editor of that journal had previously asked a number of prominent scientists their opinions as to whether science proved or disproved immortality of the soul. These questions received a response from over twenty of the leading lights in the scientific world. The *Register* in summing up the evidence says:

It must be noticed that doctors in science, like doctors in theology, do not agree. There is, therefore, no decision to be accepted or set aside, but simply a disagreement to be analyzed. If we could multiply these witnesses; by a hundred or a thousand, the evidence before us would be no stronger.

One thing the reader will readily observe, and that is that in all this multiplicity of opinions the weight of evidence is, that if science does not prove the immortality of the soul, it certainly does not disprove it. The opinion of some of these learned savants is that it is a matter entirely out of the pale of science. Herbert Spencer is one of that number. Prof. Wallace, Crookes, and Coues to the contrary. Elliott Coues says on this point:

These questions are quite within the pale of scientific investigation, and susceptible of being answered by science in a way which goes far toward justifying faith by knowledge of the truth.

We quote further on this point from Prof. Wallace who says:

Spiritualism has made us acquainted with forms of matter of which materialistic science has no cognizance, and with an ethereal chemistry whose transformations are far more marvelous than those with which science deals. It thus gives us proof that there are possibilities of organized existence beyond those of our material world, and in doing so removes the greatest stumbling-block in the way of belief in a future state of existence.

After reading carefully the summaries of these great minds, so widely at variance on this question as they are, we are led to conclude that man's research in any particular line does not make him any more capable of deciding question out of his special domain, than the ordinarily close observer.

—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists held their regular service in Washington Hall, last Sunday. President Wilson made a few remarks and then introduced Dr. C. C. Peet, who spoke at considerable length on immortality, its evidence from a material standpoint. He was followed by E. Fair and Judge Collins, by a few remarks on the same subject. These afternoon meetings are very profitable and interesting, and are usually well attended.

—We learn from *Light*, of recent date, that the great English medium, Wm. Eglinton, is soon to be married.

ON THE WING.

Mission of Fred Evans and the Editor of the Golden Gate to Southern California.

[EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

SAN DIEGO, April 14, 1887.

Our work in San Diego closes to-day. We gave two public meetings at Leach's Opera House, both of which, notwithstanding the sloppy condition of the streets, were well attended. At the first meeting four slatesful of messages were obtained, and at the second six, including a fine picture at each seance.

Mr. James T. Welden, a member of the first committee, (and a fair and honest skeptic, by the way,) came the second evening, bringing his own slates, declaring that if he could get the writing thereon he would publish it in all the daily papers of San Diego. Mr. Evans invited him to call at his rooms at 10 A. M. on the following day and bring his slates, and he would see what his guides could do for him. He came at the appointed time and received a message within his slates from a loved sister, written in her own hand. At the meeting of the First Spiritualists' Society, on Sunday morning, Mr. Welden was present and made a public statement of the fact. He also caused the same to appear in the daily papers. Mr. W. is a prominent contractor and builder here; he is a gentleman of culture, and well known as a thoroughly honest and upright man.

In our work here we have obtained some rich experiences which will prove valuable to us hereafter. We find here, as we shall probably find everywhere else, that the claim of a spiritual source for the intelligible messages received upon the slates, arouses the bitter hostility of all those who would have it otherwise. The arrogant, opinionated skeptic, who can not, by any means, discover the *trick* (as he considers it), finds his sagacity overmatched. He is humiliated in his conceit and pride of superior knowledge, and it makes him angry. The ignorant and thoughtless readily fall in with their intellectual (not moral or spiritual) betters, and are ready to create disturbance when admitted to our seances.

At our second meeting, on Friday evening last, there was quite an attendance of the rougher elements, who evidently came for a disturbance. It was half an hour before order could be restored. An excellent committee, consisting of Dr. Goss, Mr. Gilman and Mrs. Bellamy, was finally secured, and, notwithstanding the nervous condition of the medium, consequent upon the inharmonious aroused at the outset, the influences worked readily and almost immediately. Six slates were obtained, containing some fifty messages, including a fine picture by Spirit St. Clair, and interesting experiments by the medium's guide, Spirit John Gray, and also by the Spirit of Prof. Norton, who is deeply interested in our work. The latter comes to us frequently, his messages being invariably a *fac simile* of his well-known chiromancy. As when on earth his messages are models of English composition. He produced the writing, in the above instance, upon a wet slate just taken from a bucket of water, and which had to be dried before the message could be read. Upon a close examination the writing was found to be produced by the attrition of a slate pencil upon the surface of the slate. John Gray produced writing in colors over a white pencil cross upon a slate prepared, sealed and held by the committee. Indeed, the manifestations were most astonishing, far exceeding those obtained at our first public meeting in San Jose.

As we were advertised for only two public meetings here, under the instruction of the guide, the remainder of our stay was devoted to private seances. And at these seances some of the medium's best work has been done. The sitters, in nearly all cases, brought their own slates with them, and never failed to find them written full. In several instances the bottom and two inner surfaces of the slates would be found written over, and all without the contact of mortal hands. It should be remembered that Mr. Evans never removes them for a moment from the sight of the sitter. When not under the sitter's hands, or lying upon the table, they will be placed upon the floor or mantel, but always in plain sight. The writing comes with wonderful power and directness.

On Sunday morning I lectured for Bro. Ravlin before the First Society of Spiritualists, of this city. Notwithstanding the rain and mud, there was a goodly audience present. The city is yet without graded streets, and with only here and there a patch of good sidewalk; hence in rainy weather it is almost impossible for the people to turn out.

Bro. Ravlin is doing a grand work here. His honest, earnest zeal in behalf of the truth is widely felt. The society to which he ministers has been recently incorporated, and is proceeding to secure the means for the erection of a temple that shall be worthy of the cause. Already two wealthy Spiritualists have subscribed ten thousand dollars each, and others stand ready to give liberally for the work. It is their intention to raise \$500,000. Bro. Ravlin is ably assisted in his work by that well known trance and test medium, Mrs. Wm. H. King. Her inspirational discourses are replete with earnest thought and sound spiritual philosophy, and are listened to with deep interest. She is full of holy zeal for her beloved cause, and may ever be found in the front ranks ready to do and dare. Her husband, the well-known magnetic healer, is practicing his wonderful gifts here, and with his usual remarkable success. We are delighted to know that they are prospering in worldly affairs (who isn't in San Diego?), and are daily growing in grace and goodness.

Among the other mediums who are doing good work here, we are pleased to mention Mrs. Curyea, Mrs. Spalding, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Kohn and Mrs. Brown, all faithful ministers of the new

gospel; and of the able supporters of the cause, in the ranks, we take especial pleasure in naming Mrs. Bushyhead, wife of the long-time sheriff of the county. Her elegant home is ever open to the faithful minister of our glorious gospel, and her heart is ever found overflowing with the gentleness and sweetness of a beautiful spiritual womanhood.

Here, as elsewhere, materialization is the bone of inharmonious and contention in the spiritual ranks, leading often to bitter wrangling. Why can not all Spiritualists agree to disagree, if they want to, upon that subject. We know the materialization of the psychic form to be a stupendous fact, and yet we haven't the slightest objection to, or dislike for, those who think otherwise. Under the present condition of darkness necessary for the manifestations, there is much to arouse suspicion in the skeptical mind; hence we ever urge the importance of excluding that class from materializing circles. They must learn the alphabet of the spiritual phenomena before they can be expected to comprehend such transcendent mysteries as that of spirit materialization.

AN EVENING WITH JESSE SHEPARD.

We save our richest experiences in San Diego for the last—an evening with that musical wonder, Jesse Shepard. We met him years ago in San Jose, and again at a later period in the same city, and listened to music that surely seemed not of earth. His marvelous powers have expanded with the passing years until now he is in the zenith of his greatness.

As the seance was complimentary and strictly private,—given only to thirteen persons,—we will not mention the names of the favored ones. Mr. Shepard is always very careful, in his private seances, to admit none but harmonious persons; hence, it is considered a rare treat, by all who have ever heard him, to be able to obtain admission to such circles.

The circle was formed in the shape of a horse-shoe, with the medium and instrument—which was a fine parlor organ—at the open end. (Unless he can have a first-class piano—which is hard to find in San Diego—Mr. Shepard prefers the organ.) A harp was placed upon the organ, hands were joined, and the lights turned out. After a little singing by the circle, the wonders commenced. Such strains of music pealed forth from the organ as no mortal ear ever listened to outside of Jesse Shepard's circles. The harp was caught up in the air, and, floating about the room, rested upon the heads of different ones present, playing a most beautiful accompaniment to the organ, showing conclusively that other hands than those of the medium were touching the chords. At times such delicate and ravishing melody came forth from the harp, that one found himself holding his breath in amazement. And then such singing! The grand masters of song of ages ago, who control Mr. Shepard's vocal organs, can hold his voice through a range of over four octaves, and with a power and expression that thrills one as with an electric battery. In some of his numbers, powerful spirit voices were heard accompanying. Spirit hands and voices were felt and heard by all in the circle, and many fine tests were given. Spirit John Gray came to the circle with his medium, and materialized and talked as we have often heard him in circles formerly held by Mr. Evans. Indeed, "it was good to be there," an experience of a life-time, that no one present can ever forget.

We may add that Jesse Shepard has made substantial investments in San Diego, and intends to make this city his future home, whereof we shall have more to say by and by.

I want to congratulate my able assistant on the very excellent paper she is making in my absence. The readers of the *GOLDEN GATE* thus have a double assurance of the permanence of our enterprise.—If one of us falls in the harness by the way, the other, with the help of the angel world, will go right forward with the load. God bless my brave companion. J. J. O.

THE Gnostic ENTERTAINMENT.

The members of the Gnostic School will give a musical and literary entertainment at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Cramer, 324 Seventeenth street, on the evening of April 28th, for the benefit of the library fund. The society has been exceedingly fortunate in securing the services of the veteran actor, Mr. Walter Leman, who has kindly consented to take the character of Sir Peter Teazle. This fact alone should fill every seat to be sold. Dr. Thomas Hill, well and favorably known to all attendants at Parlor Entertainments, will also give a reading from Charles Dickens' writings. The following excellent program has been arranged for the occasion: Instrumental music, "Evening Song," Mrs. Morris; Original poem, "The Gnostic School," Mrs. Wilson; Poem, "Progress," Mrs. Dillard; Song, Mr. Maguire; "The Lost Heir," in dialect, by Miss Hornbrook; Fancy dance, "La Cachuca," Master Frankie Cramer; Reading from Dickens, Dr. Thomas Hill; "Pyramus and Thisbe," Mrs. M. E. Cramer; Duett, "The Lone-Handed Gait," Miss M. Robinson and Miss Josie Hill; "Baitsey and I outd," in dialect, Mrs. N. G. Aylsworth; Scene from "School for Scandal," Sir Peter Teazle, Mr. Walter Leman, Lady Teazle, Mrs. Flagg; Essay, Mr. Gale; "When Betsy and I were gals together," Mrs. Moore; Essay, Mrs. Seip; "After the Battle," Mrs. M. P. Owen; "Lacksey setting the Hen," in dialect, Mr. C. Cramer; Scene from Julius Caesar, (by special request) Brutus, Mrs. N. G. Aylsworth, Cassius, Mrs. M. E. Cramer; Vocal duett, Mrs. Clark and Mr. Maguire. To close with a dance. Admission, fifty cents. Tickets can be had at this office.

—The third anniversary of the White Cross Society was recently held in New York. The annual report read by B. F. De Costa, D. D., showed the Society to be on the high tide of prosperity; rapidly increasing in numbers and influence. All noble souls can but wish a god-speed to the good work.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Mr. Colville's work on "Spiritual Science of Health and Healing" is rapidly being disposed of. Price one dollar. Send in your orders to this office promptly.

—Mrs. Ada Foye has received an urgent request, accompanied by a good substantial offer from the Spiritual Platform Association of Sidney, to occupy their platform for the next two years.

—Pere Hyacinthe is arranging to preach in the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Avenue Alma, Paris, soon. It is thought that this step will sever his connection with Catholicism forever.

—The "pilgrims," with faces turned homeward, are tarrying a little while in the City of Angels. They expect to arrive in San Francisco the 29th of this month. Their trip has been a very decided success. They have scattered seeds which shall ripen by and by, and bear rich fruit to the "holy cause."

—Mrs. Watson, the beloved pastor of Metropolitan Temple, has been seriously ill, but we are happy to inform our readers, the tide has turned and she is slowly convalescing. We hope it will not be long till she will be herself again and able to resume her labors on the platform.

—We have received from that grand pioneer and queen of the spiritual platform, Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten, a copy of "Nineteenth Century Miracles," for which we are greatly indebted. Some person borrowed a copy of the same from our shelves and has forgotten to return it, and we are glad to replace it with this fresh, new one, the gift of our good sister.

—Her Majesty, Queen Kapiolani, of Hawaii, and retinue arrived in this city Wednesday morning. It is the good Queen's first voyage away from her native, island home. She is en route for England, but will visit some of the Eastern cities before sailing for Europe. The party remain in this city about a week, then go directly to New York. Her Majesty is dearly loved by the Hawaiians for her gentle nature and generous heart.

—The *Mental Science Magazine*, published by A. J. Swarts, Chicago, devotes a large portion of the editorial matter of the April number to answering questions pertaining to spiritual science. They are just such practical questions as arise in every one's mind who is studying the subject, and are clearly and ably answered. There are other interesting matter in the same edition, and it is an excellent exponent of the philosophy of mental science.

—Mrs. Ada Foye gave another interesting exhibition of occult power, at Washington Hall, Sunday evening. The striking feature of which was that messages were received in Italian and German languages, neither of which does Mrs. Foye speak or understand. The Hall was well filled, and the seance opened and closed with appropriate music. She will hold similar meetings every Sunday evening, for the present, at the same place.

—The platform at Metropolitan Temple was occupied again last Sunday evening by that brilliant young orator, Lidel Baker. "Behold Forty Centuries Look Down Upon You," was the subject chosen for his address. It was an eloquent effort, full of poetic fancy and beautiful imagery, showing a brain well stored with historic knowledge and classic lore. Miss Joy sang in her usual fine style, charming her listeners with the melody of song.

—The entertainment given last week in Dr. Jewell's church, by the poet and balladist, James G. Clark, was a pleasant surprise. It is something new in California, where large companies, musical or dramatic, are the rule, for a single performer to attempt to furnish "an evening of song," but Prof. Clark did it, and succeeded, to the satisfaction of the large audience, if applause is criterion to judge by. Mr. Clark has a very sweet voice; his enunciation is distinct; he sings and recites with great expression and feeling, and the character of his pieces are of an inspiring and elevating tendency. This evening, April 23d, he gives an entertainment in the Park Street, M. E. Church, Alameda.

A GOOD SPIRITUAL WORK.—Mrs. J. J. Whitney's Sunday evening meetings, at Assembly Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, are becoming more and more popular, judging from the increased attendance at each succeeding meeting. The *Examiner* says there was at least fifteen hundred persons present last Sunday evening to witness the marvelous manifestations through this wonderful medium. Something over a hundred tests were given, all of which were in a clear tone, and in an unhesitating manner. She spoke with great ease during her entrancement and held the close attention of the audience throughout. Mrs. Whitney ranks today with the best of platform mediums, a fact which should be very gratifying, both to Mrs. Whitney and her guides, for it has been so recently that she has been brought forward for this public work. She will hold spiritual services at the same place next Sunday evening.

THINKING AND ACTING.—It is much easier to think right without doing right, than to do right without thinking right. Just thoughts may, and woefully often do, fail of producing just deeds, but just deeds are sure to beget just thoughts. For when the heart is pure and straight, there is hardly anything which can mislead the understanding in matters of immediate personal concernment. But the clearest understanding can do little in purifying an impure heart, the strongest little in straightening a crooked one. You can not reason or talk an Augean stable into cleanliness.

The Ideal and Real Heaven.

[Written for the Golden Gate, by Spirit Rev. O. Bartholmew, through a private medium at St. Paul, Minn., April, 1887.]

MY FRIEND KENYON:—In reply to your question of how did I, a preacher of the gospel of glad tidings to the sorrowing in earth life, find the real heaven upon arriving here, I would say:

How did I, who had handed down to my flock, teachings of my Lord and Savior, find it upon the banks of the eternal? Did I open my spiritual eyes and find the "Heavenly Gate" closed and I refused entrance, or did I behold, upon the great white throne of beauty and love, our Savior, Jesus Christ, ready to take me to his bosom and bid me enter the state of perfect happiness?

I expected to see all, and was painfully alive to the fact that none of this was for me; in place of all this grandeur of golden streets and the smiling face of my Creator, I opened my eyes and feasted upon the most beautiful landscape ever placed before man's eyes, and there was all that heart could ask for in its loveliness. There were valleys, mountains, rivers, flowers, meadows and birds, all in perfect harmony and keeping with each other; naught to make me shudder or question as to my being worthy of all this, nor did I wonder whether I "had been born again," or had only stopped on the way, and soon to pass on to another state of things. I cared not to think of changing, and was content here. I did not feel a pang of pain because things were not as I expected. No, there was so much that I did not expect that I entirely forgot my pet theories; they were entirely swept away, and I was now where I could see the real heaven for myself.

I had not been in this lovely place very long before the rippling laughter of a child broke on the stillness, and a little one of about four years came to me with as many flowers as the little arms could hold, and threw them down upon me with, "there now, just smell and smell, and see how good you will feel." She was very beautiful, light and angelic. I took her in my arms and found that she was real, and asked her what would become of me? "I do not find things as I expected," I said to her.

"Very few ever do find things here as they expected, but they like it here and I expect you will stay here until you want to go; I think it is very nice here, but every one does not find so many nice things at first as you have; guess you was real good."

"Well, I was a preacher." "Oh, my! and expected to see your Saviour just as soon as you got here. Well, you will not, for he is way up, up to perfection, and you are not yet prepared to see him face to face, for none of us are perfect: that is what I learn in school." "Do you go to school here?" "Oh, yes; and learn how to be good and kind to every one. My teacher told me that I would not see "Our Savior" who loves us, until I was so perfect that I could not stay here; then I would go to sleep and wake up in another place, and I would live there same as I do here, until I was so good I couldn't stay there, and so on, until I got where he is, but I am not in a big hurry to go, because I have so much that is nice here; you will not be in much of a hurry to leave here, but all of us belong to him, and he does really love us; he is so good he loves everybody, and angels will help us to learn all about him; they love to teach us everything; we can trust them; don't you see?" "Yes, I think so; but all is so different from the way I had pictured it when in earth life."

Old friends came to meet me with loving words and embraces, and I visited many places more beautiful than pen can picture. I find places of high culture and schools of every grade where we can become perfected in any branch of knowledge we desire; in fact there are the best advantages on all sides for progression, with willing hearts and happy faces to help me to grow spiritually. Could I ask for more?

That there was much I did not expect to see, is true; at the same time there is this about it: then I was speculating, while now I am in the reality. If we build wrong theories about heaven from any source it makes no change in the reality, nor the genuineness of the spiritual world. I find that mistakes, if tending towards good, do not make us unhappy. Here we are brought face to face with the reality, and so surrounded that we see the mistakes and now go ahead in the right path; everything now is so clear that there are no mistakes made, no more laying aside of errors made, for now there is no excuse for mistakes. If we are ready to lay aside false notions brought with us and accept the real, we soon find ourselves in the line of progression.

I have met many who are as set in their views now as before, and they are waiting for the real to pass away just to please them; instead of accepting the real and laying aside their own errors, they remain just as when they came into this new life; they do not appear to have any confidence in themselves now, and act as though these conditions would pass away, for they knew just how it would be here—knew just how wide the streets were and the purity of the gold they were paved with; and they also knew just how near the throne their seat would be, and though the gift of song was not in their soul, they would be changed and be

ready to sing sweetly with the redeemed and make no discord in that glorious choir; they are disappointed and not willing to think that their old views are wrong, and that the realities of this lovely country are very far in advance of the imaginary heaven as taught among men. Truth and reality go hand in hand, and when you find that you are in the wrong, the best thing to do is to gladly accept the true if it be new. If you do, your life on this side of the river will be one of gladness as well as surprises, and you will be anxious to in some way send the glad tidings to dear ones in earth life of the real joys awaiting them upon this shore, and that there is no death; that what you call death is simply birth into this world of far greater beauty and perfection.

Yours truly, O. BARTHOLMEW.

Mohammed's Birthday.

[Tangier Correspondent Boston Transcript.]

The feast of Mohammed's birthday has recently taken place here, and, indeed, it took place rather unexpectedly. The prophet's birth was on the 9th day of the month of Molud, and it is the custom to begin the celebration on the first day of the month and keep it up for ten days. Now, the Mohammedan month is the lunar month, and it is the duty of the Bashaw, or Governor, to proclaim the beginning of Molud when he, or some solid citizen in whom he has confidence, has seen the young moon. This year, acting on uncertain information, the Bashaw started the festivities a day—or rather a night—ahead of time.

During this period, preliminary to the celebration of the 9th, the country people are flocking into Tangier, coming generally by villages, or, if from greater distances, by "Kabyles" or tribes, and they are to be seen coming along the beach in crowds composed of men mounted on horses or mules, or riding side-saddle on small donkeys, or on foot, and all carrying guns, generally flintlocks of Moorish make, and with these many women, with some babies slung over their shoulders. Where all the people slept I do not know; there were many tents on the market-place, and you could see men sleeping in the streets at night, but the majority must have gone back a distance into the country at nightfall. In the daytime this crowd was very interesting to watch. The different tribes have distinguishing marks. For instance, the "Riff" men shave all the head, except the space above and behind the right ear, where they wear a tuft or queue. Others leave a tuft on top, and so on. These countrymen are the descendants of the Barbarians, the Phœnicians, Greeks and Romans, found here, and are not of the race of their conquerors, the Arabs. That there has not been much admixture of blood is apparent in their features and color, which, though sun-darkened, is uniform in the race, and has not shades from white to black, which marriages with negro slaves have generated among the Arabs.

Some of the foreign Ministers and residents have tents put up at the head of the slope, and invite their friends to witness the performance. The view from one of these tents, from where I was, was very striking. In the foreground a dense, moving crowd; dark mountaineers, with their long guns and arsenals of pistols and daggers; women shrouded in coarse sackings, exposing only an eye and a bit of nose to view; grave, bearded Moors in white haiks, as they call the vast white folds they put over their other raiment and turban; Jews in their long garberdines; in the middle distance the town of Tangier, its white cubes of houses rising like a pile of child's blocks to the "Kasbah," or citadel, and in the distance the blue entrance to the Mediterranean, bounded by the Spanish hills, and thirty miles off, the rock of Gibraltar showing clearly against the Eastern sky. The mountaineers indulge in much powder play, constant discharges, sometimes so near, that as the guns are discharged on the ground the gravel is blown into one's face.

One savage ballet I noticed; about twenty of these ruffians, divided into two platoons, face each other, and at the sound of pipe and drum, dance forward and back, passing through each other's lines, brandishing their guns high in the air, until at a point in the dance, when the platoon gives a wild shriek, reversing the muzzles of the guns to the ground, and given a simultaneous leap in the air, they fire off their guns altogether. Then this platoon runs off to an attendant who stands by with an open bag of powder to reload, and its place is taken in the dance by a fresh troop. I saw this thing kept up for an hour, to the intense delight of performers and audience. The feet and legs of some of the participants were bleeding from wounds made by the careless discharge of guns, but this was quite disregarded. Generally some eyes are put out and lives lost by explosions at these celebrations.

BRING together all the children of the universe, you will see nothing in them but innocence, gentleness and fear; were they born wicked, spiteful and cruel, some signs of it would come from them, as little snakes strive to bite, and little tigers to tear. But nature, having been as sparing of offensive weapons to man as to pigeons and rabbits, it can not have given them an instinct to mischief and destruction.—*Voltaire.*

Words of Encouragement.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Many years have come and gone since I first stood by a loving mother's side and saw spirits control her left hand and arm to write their messages of love and guidance from the spirit-land. In these early days it cost more than in the present hour to believe in and give credence to the teachings that came from the world of souls. I might fill volumes with the communications that came through her mediumship, prominent among which were messages from your own eloquent Baker, who was shot by my side on the fatal field of Ball's Bluff. Bro. Owen, much as I deplore war and its horrors, yet often a thrill will run through these veins as I think that your correspondent was a color-bearer under that grand patriot whose soul entered its spirit home amid cannon's roar and flying shot, whose requiem was sung by the whistling minnie ball and screeching shell. But thanks to the evolution of this nineteenth century the mind of man is expanding, and soon arbitration will take the place of the battle-field, and o'er the graves of our honored dead will spring the sweet flowers of peace and untrammelled freedom.

That dear sainted mother has passed on to meet the hundreds who made use of her gifts to tell their loved ones who lingered here of a brighter home that awaited them when the unfoldment should come. In all those years since I came to an understanding of these things my pen has ever been busy toiling hour after hour and day by day for the down-trodden and oppressed of earth's children, and most of the free thought journals of America contain more or less of my contributions; neither have I neglected to read carefully and ponder well most of the subjects that have appeared in their columns, and yet among them all the GOLDEN GATE stands pre-eminent as the most advanced journal of the age. Why Bro. Owen that one discourse given through the organism of Bro. Colville, "The Philosophy of Re-Embodiment," and published in your paper of April 2nd, is worth a whole year's subscription. It must be you dwell in a more favored locality than we; for while we have grand mediums and thinkers here, yet it seems as though a more conservative element pervades New England. Our periodicals are overflowing with good things, and yet I regret to see thinkers and writers like Brothers Chase and Wetherbee have to go towards the setting sun to give their ideas expression.

All honor to your GOLDEN GATE and the glorious advanced ideas it spreads broadcast o'er our land. Yours, for unfoldment, FRED L. HILDRETH. WORCESTER, MASS., April 11, 1877.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

PRO. WAIT, REPRESENTING THE REMEDIAL Institute of West End, Alameda, who has recently given several courses of lectures in this city to large classes, composed principally of those interested in so-called Christian science, mind-cure or metaphysics, having been publicly requested to contrast the system he presents, based upon the elucidation of the Law of Laws, with what is taught by Mrs. Hopkins, Mrs. Plunkett and Mrs. Root, will do so Sunday evening, April 24th, at the Druids' Hall, 423 Sutter street, and hereby extends an invitation to the above mentioned ladies, or their representatives, to be present to defend their teachings, which will be shown to be erroneous in many vital respects.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHICAL SERVICES AT Metropolitan Temple, by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, Sunday, April 24th. Services at 7:30 p. m. Children's Lyceum at 12:30 p. m. All services free.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 4 p. m., in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Good speakers upon all live subjects pertaining to Spiritualism and humanity. A free Spiritual Library, of 700 volumes, open every Sunday from 1 to 5 p. m. All are invited.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY Wednesday evening, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111, Larly street, 2nd mt., at 8 o'clock, Mr. Fair will speak. Subject, "From Darkness to Light." Followed by 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.

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If you wish to know whether Christianity is superseded, try to live out some of its cardinal virtues. Try forgiveness, for instance. See if you find it a trite, threadbare, overused habit in your own life; see if it is something that comes to you naturally and easily; see if it is a capacity that you have so fully attained that you can mete it out seventy times seven to one who has persistently wronged you. Try, and see; and then perhaps it will appear that the man who could forgive the enemies that crucified him lived on a moral plane of life to which the world, with all its intellectual and material advancement, has not yet risen.

BE CALM.—In the differences that may arise between us and our greatest enemies, while they permit themselves to utter the vilest abuse, we should make a strong effort to contain ourselves; we should be calm and repress the stirring of passion. If we once allow ourselves to get irritated, we shall no longer be able to preserve our self-command, and, at last shall find that those will decide against us who would otherwise have been disposed to take our part.

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:

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Interesting Letter from St. Petersburg.

BY DR. S. H. LINN.

Mr. Eglinton's great work is ever progressing in the Russian capital, and still forms the universal topic of conversation in all circles, from the Imperial court downward.

The Emperor was present at a seance and expressed himself greatly pleased with the slate-writing communications he received; while at a dark seance, attended by different members of the Imperial family, one of the grand duchesses was lifted up and made to float in the air.

Mr. Eglinton will carry away many substantial souvenirs of these seances given before the great Russian nobles who have vied with each other in pressing upon him handsome presents as "slight tokens" of their approval of his work; but none of these rich gifts afford him half the delight and personal satisfaction he has experienced on feeling that it has been permitted him, during his visit to St. Petersburg, to be the means of permanently driving out all doubts as to a future existence, to replace them with a beautiful certainty in the minds of some waverers, born with these same conflicting doubts, and carrying home conviction to the hearts of scoffers and avowed disbelievers.

Of the many instances of this, one of touching pathos will serve as an example. An Admiral of the Russian navy, a believer in Spiritualism, had the misfortune some time ago to lose his daughter-in-law. The young lady's father was a thorough skeptic, an advocate of the doctrine that this life forms the "sum and substance" of man's existence, that no other is vouchsafed to him, utter annihilation following. Mr. Eglinton's arrival in St. Petersburg afforded the Admiral an opportunity to take his friend to a slate-writing seance; but he was hardly prepared for what followed. The bereaved father, on taking the slate he had brought with him, and which now contained a long message in Russian, was perfectly amazed on recognizing his daughter's handwriting. When he could sufficiently collect himself he read the message written him, while tears filled his eyes; then putting down the slate he buried his face in his hands, and the strong man, conquered and convinced, gave way to the sobs he could no longer control. The simple, loving message of her thankfulness at having an opportunity to commune with him, coming from her he considered gone from him forever, and coming as it did with incontrovertible proofs of its genuineness for it was written just as he knew she would have spoken, and in Russian characters, opened his eyes to the blessed truth that he would surely see his beloved daughter again, that she was "not lost, but gone before." It was a touching sight, the change wrought was truly wonderful, as wringing the medium's hand to express a gratitude too deep for words, he left the house in a different state of mind from that in which he had entered.

Another startling and striking test brought conviction to the heart of a "doubter" who, to use his own expression, did not know "what to make" of all the wonders he saw accomplished through Mr. Eglinton's mediumship. One day, taking from his pocket four closely folded bank notes, he asked Mr. Eglinton whether the numbers of these notes, placed just as they were in the locked slates, could be accurately quoted by the spirit guides, at the same time saying that such a proof as that would of necessity carry conviction with it and set his mind at rest forever. Mr. Eglinton, having just returned from a tiring seance, hesitated for a moment, well knowing that such a severe trial would tax his strength to the utmost; but the desire to do good, and the interest at stake made him unwilling to refuse compliance with the request, so it was decided that two or three sittings, of fifteen minutes' duration each, should be devoted to the attempt, the first of which was immediately entered upon, though, as Mr. Eglinton had anticipated, without success. The next day, however, he proposed that the second sitting should take place. Again four different folded notes were put in the slates, which were then locked and handed him. He held them for a time when his face began to show signs of distress, he became pale and agitated but by degrees grew calmer; then the sounds of writing between the locked slates was heard, and finally came the well-known sound that it was accomplished. The key of the slates had not left the pocket of the "waverer" and it was he who now proceeded eagerly to unlock them—when sure enough appeared the correct number of each bank-note clearly and unmistakably written. As each number consisted of six figures there were twenty-four figures in all. This was proof palpable enough to convince the most hardened sceptic, and more than enough to banish any doubts lingering in the minds of those who were fortunate enough to witness it.

Let us wish Mr. Eglinton's work all the prosperity it richly deserves, and may the good seed he has been the means of sowing take deep root and bring comfort to many hearts, filling the previous aching void and springing up to an abundant harvest.

Odie Forces.

[Los Angeles Herald.]

Representatives of the press were last night invited to attend a seance, or display of odic forces, by Mr. Fred Evans, a most remarkable medium, about twenty-four years of age. Mr. Evans is of Welsh descent, and for a few years was a sailor before the mast, from which position he rose to that of quartermaster. A little over two years ago he made the acquaintance of Mr. J. J. Owen, formerly the iconoclastic editor of the San Jose *Mercury*, in Santa Clara county, who became deeply interested in the remarkable medium, and accompanies him in his travels and exhibitions.

By request of Mr. Owen, Mr. Kemp, of the *Evening Express*, Mr. Madril, of the *Daily Tribune*, and a representative of the *Daily Herald* attended the seance last night, at the rooms of Mr. Fred Evans, on the corner of South Main and Fourth streets. Mr. Evans is a very pleasant gentleman of graceful manners, slight physique, and a powerful medium of the unseen forces that act with terrible energy on the human mind. The representatives of the press saw all the movements of a mechanical nature, but not the movement of the hand that wrote the communications and made the artistic representations.

A slate, clean and free from all marks, except an X, that extended across it, made with a common slate-pencil, was laid on the table and sealed to another clean slate, with a small piece of white pencil laid between them. The three representatives of the press laid their hands upon them for a few minutes, when, upon opening them, by breaking the seal, the following sentiments were written, in ten different colors, over the cross lines, each line containing only one color:

To the gentlemen of the Los Angeles Press—DEAR FRIENDS—I am pleased to meet all here this evening to witness this phenomenon. I know that many of you would like to bear witness to the truth of spirit return; but, also, too many are afraid that their belief would be ridiculed and scoffed at by their many friends. All that I ask is a fair report of their test of spirit power, for by so doing it will encourage us to give you more proofs in the near future of your spirit friends. This from the medium's guide. Good night. JOHN GRAY.

The spirit of Stanley St. Clair was asked to make a picture, and produced a good likeness of John Pierpont, the poet, while the slate was firmly held by the three representatives.

About the portrait of John Pierpont was written the following:

DEAR FRIENDS OF LOS ANGELES:—You who have it in your power to spread this knowledge of spiritual nature, I have drawn this spirit picture of John Pierpont for your benefit, and on representation of the press, and if you will speak of it as you see it you will amply repay yours in spirit, artist, STANLEY ST. CLAIR.

The spirits also sent, through the medium, the following communications of a personal nature:

Tell Joe that Dan Lynch is here in spirit and will write him more soon.

MY DEAR JAMES—I am glad to see you here investigating the grand truth. Tell all the dear ones that I am happy. MARY AYERS.

TO JAMES J. AYERS:—God bless you. It is with feelings of happiness and joy that I come back to write these few lines to you. I know you often doubt the possibility of spirit return, but I will soon prove it to you beyond a doubt. You know there is much in this belief to make your stay on earth happy, for it will cause you to look forward to a brighter future and to a happy reunion with friends gone before. I am joined with James, Joseph and William in sending love to you from the spirit of ELIZABETH AYERS.

Please tell Jay that the spirit of Elizabeth Hanchett is here. Jay can tell his wife that Bud and Max are here. H. HANCHETT.

The spirit of Henry Osborne, also his mother, too, is present.

I have come to tell you all that there is a life after death, and that it is not as bad as your preachers paint it. WM. MCFARLAND.

Tell John that I have come to assure him of my happiness in spirit life. W. J. DAVIES.

The spirit of G. Otis is present.

I have come to make my presence known. A. EASTMAN.

Please tell Willie Spalding that I am with him in spirit though absent in body, and that I hope soon to demonstrate my presence to him at his own home. MAY SPALDING.

Jane Cleveland wishes E. R. to know of her happiness in the spirit world.

Mr. Evans will hold a public meeting this evening, in the Opera House.

Habit.

[Popular Science Monthly.]

"Habit is a second nature! habit is ten times nature," the Duke of Wellington is said to have exclaimed; and the degree to which this is true no one can probably appreciate as well as one who is a veteran soldier himself. The daily drill and the years of discipline end by fashioning a man completely over again, as to most of the possibilities of his conduct. There is a story which is credible, though it may not be true, of a practical joker, who, seeing a discharged veteran carrying home his dinner, suddenly called out, "Attention!" whereupon the man instantly brought his hands down, and lost his mutton and potatoes in the gutter. The drill had been thorough, and its effects had become embodied in the man's nervous structure.

Riderless calvary horses, at many a battle have been seen to come together, and go through their customary evolutions

at the sound of the bugle-call. Most trained animals—dogs and oxen, and omnibus and car horses—seem to be machines almost pure and simple; undoubtedly, unhesitatingly, doing from minute to minute the duties they have been taught, and giving no sign that the possibility of an alternative ever suggests itself to their mind. Men grown old in prison have asked to be re-admitted after being once set free. In a railroad accident to a traveling menagerie in the United States some time in 1884, a tiger, whose cage was broken open, is said to have emerged, but presently crept back again, as if too much bewildered by his new responsibilities, so that he was without difficulty secured.

PUBLICATIONS.

MIND-HEALING.

Prof. Swartz in the large issues of his February, March and April numbers of *Mental Science Magazine*, 161 La Salle St., Chicago, (these three for 20c, in stamps) gives the simple requirements, and the reported results in the test of Absent Mental Healing now conducted by himself and wife for numerous patients in nearly thirty States. Effort extended through 1887. No time to answer letters nor begin cures till after you read and follow the requirements in the February number; order them.

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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*.

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Strange Forces in Nature, and Their Relation to the Healing Art.

[By George W. Rains in Spiritual Scientist.]

Persons remarkable for mesmeric healing power were known before the time of Mesmer, one of whom, Valentine Greatrakes, an Irishman, performed wonderful cures. At London, Oxford, and other cities in England and Ireland, in 1666 and the years following, he attained such notoriety that thousands of patients, from all parts of the country, flocked to his residence. He made no charge for his cures, which were performed mainly by placing his hands on an moving them over the affected parts. The Bishop of Dromore stated that he could, as an eye-witness, assert that Greatrakes cured dizziness, very bad diseases of the eyes and ears, old ulcers, goitre, epilepsy, glandular swellings, schirrhous indurations and cancerous swellings. The celebrated Robert Boyle, President of the Royal Society of London, said that many physicians, noblemen, clergymen, &c., testify to the truth of Greatrakes' cures. The chief diseases cured were blindness, deafness, paralysis, ulcers, swellings, and all kinds of fevers.

From remote periods the mesmeric treatment was employed to alleviate human suffering and healing the sick. Thus, on the tombs and temples of ancient Egypt, on the mummy cases, as well as on amulets and charms, are seen representations of the priests, who were the physicians, performing the ceremony of making mesmeric passes over the sick, and placing their hands on the afflicted parts, precisely as is now done for like purposes. It was daily practiced in the temples of Isis, Osiris, and Serapis; in these temples the priest treated the sick and healed diseases, either by magnetic manipulations, or other means producing somnambulism. In India likewise, from a very early period, the higher phases of mesmeric phenomena appear to have been well understood.

The distinguished chemist and physicist, Baron Von Reichenbach, of Vienna, in 1845, asserted that he had discovered a new force, naming it the Od, Odyle, or Odic, or all-pervading force. By numerous experiments, extending through some years, most carefully and scientifically performed, he established the existence of a remarkable influence or force, given out by magnets, causing a faintly luminous emanation from their poles; also by crystals, by the magnetism of the earth, by the sun's rays, by chemical action, by electricity, in short, to a certain extent, in all matter; also by animals, particularly by the human hand. Moreover, that this force and the so-called fluid of animal magnetism were identical. Thus was placed on a scientific basis the action of the hand in making passes over mesmerized subjects, an additional force by that means being imparted to their nervous system, closely connected with the vital force.

The assumption of a fluid or force, as the cause of the mesmeric phenomena, had been, and still is by many, denied, who otherwise recognized and practiced the art; it had early been seen that individuals fell into the magnetic or somnambulant state without the aid of any one, and hence could not have received any new force; thus it was said that the whole was the result of the imagination. This assumption derived new weight when Dr. Braid, of London, published his process of Hypnotism, in which, by a simple process of gazing at an object, the mesmeric or biological state was produced without any outside assistance. The larger number of physicians now accepted most of the facts of mesmerism, and among them was Dr. Carpenter, the distinguished physiologist.

Experiments, carefully made by able physicians, however, had confirmed the existence of the Odic force, and the question arises, How can all the facts be reconciled? It appears to me that this can reasonably be done. It is assumed that the Odic force is contained in, and given out by all persons, only varying in amount; and that this force is in intimate relationship with the nervous system, and hence closely associated with emotional states of the mind, as well as with its unconscious action. This being premised, it follows that any disturbance in the natural distribution of the Odic force in the system, whether it be by a fresh accession from without, or by any action of the emotions or unconscious cerebration, produced by a suggestion or dominant idea, might result in anesthesia or any other state of the mesmeric phenomena. It can thus be understood how it is that the power of the imagination, so-called, can cause such astounding effects. This force of the imagination, in its therapeutic relations, opens a wide and most interesting field of exploration to the physician.

Dr. Tukey, in his recent valuable publication, has fully entered upon the subject, and discussed it in an able and scientific manner for the use of the medical profession. Of the power of the imagination over the human body there are numberless well-attested cases: the effects are real and absolute, and not imaginary or fanciful, as some, having confused ideas, supposed.

The imagination, in its medical sense, is a complex, mental power of great interest and importance. It is able to convert bread pills into emetics or cathartics of great potency; thus, in an experiment by Dr. Durand, in a hospital, one hundred

patients were given inert draughts such as sugared water. In a short time after, he entered the wards, full of alarm, pretending that a mistake had been made, and that a powerful emetic, instead of syrup of gum, had been administered, and preparations were made accordingly. Of the one hundred patients, eighty were acted upon as if an emetic had really been given.

The marvelous action of the mind over the circulation of the blood in the capillaries is shown in the case of a lady vouched by Dr. Tukey, who saw a child, in whom she had a particular interest, coming out through an iron gateway. She saw the heavy gate swing to as in the act of closing, and it seemed to her inevitable that it would close on the ankle of the child and crush it. She found that she could not move to his assistance, from a sudden, intense pain in her own ankle, which she had in no way strained or injured. With great difficulty she reached her home, and found on examination a red circle around the ankle, with a large red spot on the outer part, just at the place where the gate would have struck the limb of the child. Next morning the entire foot was inflamed, and she was confined to her bed for several days.

Pathetic Credulity.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

An old and well-known Spiritualist showed me on his parlor wall the other day a shadowy crayon sketch, full length of a little girl, who in one hand held up her apron full of flowers, and with the other held to her nose a rose which she had picked out of the heap in her lap. "I gladly gave \$50 for that," said the old gentleman, as he surveyed the sketch. "It is a picture by a spirit artist of my little granddaughter, who died at four months, and is now eleven years old." Evidently the old gentleman believed, if the picture was as he said it was, a good likeness, that the child had not only grown up in the spirit land, but had found somebody to curl her hair with tongs and dress her in a conventional frock, and then sent her to the occupation of gathering flowers on the other side of Jordan.—Philadelphia Press.

The "pathetic credulity" herein mentioned, and which appears to be so conspicuously manifest to this light weight (religious) philosopher, is hardly luminous for my limited comprehension, inasmuch as to believe in the impossibility of anything analogous to the production here described ever being true and genuine, in the face of accumulated testimony, furnishes to me, not only one of the most conspicuous and lamentable examples (though not an unusual one) of "credulity" and persistent bigotry and unreason; but it also necessarily presupposes that development and progression pertain solely to the lower or mundane strata of life, and that the beauties of material existence can have no spiritual counterpart, or that, if they do, then, the spiritual in man here, can not or must not, under favorable conditions, take cognizance of the spiritual in man or nature there, even if it does exist. None of which theories or assumptions present themselves to me as either philosophical, tenable or attractive.

The visionary and idealistic materialists of the church seem to me less consistent than those out of it, inasmuch as while one assumes to believe in the theory of spiritual things, and who adopt a text book, full of spiritual illustrations and examples, the other has no text book, and does not make any pretensions to spiritual beliefs at all, while both equally shrink from and ridicule the presentations of any tangible evidence of its verity.

C. A. M.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 10, 1887.

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

What Is Love?

BY FUCHSIA.

Is love a star-eyed passion flower,
That blossoms only in the hour
Of life's sunshine?
Is it a glowing heavenly ray
Of light illumining one brief day
With joy divine?
Is love a blessing or a bane?
Does it bring joy, or peace, or pain
Unto the soul?
Love is complex; and manifold
The phases which it doth unfold
To gain life's goal.
Pure love is an immortal flower!
Crowning the soul with God-like power
To give and bless.
The soul that freely doth bestow
Its priceless wealth can never know
The blight of selfishness.
But oh! to love and be beloved—
To give all to the one beloved—
Were bliss indeed!
To give, and, giving, feel no loss,
No shadow of impending "cross,"
Were heaven's own creed.
Love is God manifest in flesh!
In Christ His divine tenderness
Shone all complete!
Thus, human hearts, through sacrifice,
Create on earth a paradise
All pure and sweet.
March 18, 1887.

The Oracles of the Oak.

BY BELLE BUSH.

[The following poem was suggested by a lecture of the late Henry Ward Beecher, in which he made the spirited remark that it is glorious to live in an age like this, and to dwell in a land like ours.]
'Tis glorious to live in an age like this,
And dwell in a land like ours;
Where ripen the seeds
Of the loveliest deeds,
And the fairest of human flowers.
'Tis glorious to feel in our inmost soul
The wine of a higher life,
Though it bubble up
To the heart's deep cup
Through agony, toil and strife.
The flowers that bloom in the month of June
Are beautiful things to see;
But the noble forms
That endure the storms
Are dearer than those to me.
The lily may smile and the rose may blush,
And the violet cheer our way,
But the oracles spoke
By the stately oak
Seem a loftier lore than they.
They tell of years that have glided by
Since it lay in the acorn's shell,
A tiny thing
That the elves of spring
Tended and guarded well.
They tell of seasons of light and love
When birds in its branches sung—
Of summers brief,
When every leaf
Was a musical lisping tongue.
They sing of surly November's blasts,
When the Angel of Death swept by;
Of its vernal pride
That in beauty died
In the gloom of a wintry sky.
In crimson and gold each leaf went down
To its grave on the forest floor;
But the stately oak
Stood firm and spoke
To the winds with an answering roar,
Saying to them in a kindly voice,
"Ye may rob me of beauty's crown;
But in the path
Of our awful wrath
I fling my gauntlet down;
"I welcome the winds and the wintry storms;
I gather a strength from each,
And the lay I sing,
As I wait for Spring,
A lesson to men may teach."
The lily may smile, and the rose may blush,
And the violet cheer our way,
But the oracles spoke
By the stately oak
Have a loftier lore than they.
Oh, would it might reach to the hearts of men,
And bid them be strong and true
To the brotherhood
Of the brave and good
Till right shall the wrong subdue!
Would they might feel in this fearful hour
The trust that sustains and warms,
That gives to the soul
A calm control
When nations are racked with storms!
Ah! then they would stand like the stately oak,
Defying the storm king's wrath,
And through the night
To the beautiful light
Hew for themselves a path.
Then they would sing, "'Tis a glorious thing
To live in a land like ours,
Where fearful needs
Make valiant deeds
And quicken the spirit powers."
With the birds they'd sing, "'Tis a blessed thing
To dream of the ages past,"
More blessed still
To feel the thrill
Of the age that is ebbing fast.

Outwards or Homewards.

BY F. W. BOURDILLON.

Still are the ships that in haven ride,
Waiting fair winds or a turn of the tide;
Nothing they fret, though they do not get
Out on the glorious ocean wide;
Oh, wild hearts, that yearn to be free,
Look, and learn from the ships of the sea!
Bravely the ships, in the tempest tost,
Buffet the waves till the sea be crossed;
Not in despair of the haven fair,
Though winds blow backward, and leagues be lost.
Oh, weary hearts, that yearn for sleep,
Look, and learn from the ships of the deep!

Who Gather Gold.

They soon grow old who grope for gold
In marts where all is bought and sold;
Who live for self, and on some shelf
In darkened vaults hoard up their pelf;
Cankered and crusted o'er with mould—
For them their youth itself is old.
They ne'er grow old who gather gold
Where Spring awakes and flowers unfold;
Where suns arise in joyous skies,
And fill the soul within their eyes.
For them the immortal bard has sung:
For them old age itself is young.

FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT

President of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists.

DEAR FRIENDS AND FELLOW-WORKERS:—It becomes my duty to-day, as the executive officer of this Society, to drive another stake by the highway of our spiritual thoroughfare.
Regular meetings have been held Sunday afternoons, with the exception of the camp-meeting season. The speakers occupying the platform have shown the greatest moderation and commendable control at all times. This is a healthy sign of intellectual and spiritual growth, a true measure of the soul development of the worthy participants. Your attention is not called to this matter in a spirit of offensive boasting, but of congratulation, that all great questions affecting the weal or woe of humanity can be calmly and thoroughly discussed on our free spiritual platform without any fear of disintegration. A few years ago many questions were tabooed in spiritual meetings, fearing inharmonious would result therefrom. We are delighted with the change produced and appreciate the discipline received here in our conferences that has raised us to this higher, harmonious plane.
Our philosophy teaches that no soul can attain to a high degree of excellence and thereby to spiritualized happiness without being well disciplined and devotedly in love with all the spiritual graces. People may not be well balanced and yet lay claim to great happiness, but we are privileged to believe they are mistaken, or, at best, have a very crude idea of happiness. They may have made but little progress on the highway of harmonious living, entertaining unkind thoughts, be filled with impatience, conceit, pride and vanity, and yet claim great happiness; but when they recover from these infirmities, these diseases of the soul, and the warm rays of love and wisdom shall permeate the inmost avenue of their being, they will, for the first time, realize the bonds of true happiness. I believe that the road to happiness is approached only through the gates of intelligence which swing on the hinges of free thought. In material matters we act and think for ourselves, but in spiritual matters we trust too much to the guidance of others. We take without investigation the utterances of our spiritual priests as slavishly as the most orthodox Christian. It is the province of this Society to correct this error. It can not thrive on a free platform. Here people must think. Each auditor occupies the position of a judge, weighing and considering arguments and ideas as presented. This is a healthful mental discipline, stimulating thought, exercising reason, both efficient workers in the vineyard of progress, opening up the broad avenues that lead to the brighter day of greater soul development. We trust that the angels of love, peace and justice may continue to brood over our assemblies; that vigorous action and harmonious desires may find here a perfect blending, to the end that we all may be worthy laborers in the cause of truth and the establishment of the reign of peace on earth.
While we have no fulsome flattery for any individual member, we wish to acknowledge the invaluable services of the many earnest workers who have aided us during the year. Our little doorkeeper, for the faithful discharge of her duties, is entitled to the same respect as the executive officers of the Board of Directors, and no line of distinction should be drawn between them. The reports of the Secretary, Treasurer and Librarian speak well for the efficiency of these officers and the prosperity of the Society. Correct business principles characterize them all. The Directors fully realize that loose business management has relegated more spiritual movements to the shades of oblivion than any other cause.
Our Library is no longer an experiment. It has won an honored position and proven itself worthy of your fostering care. All liberal Spiritualists should feel it a duty to contribute to its support. Money is needed monthly, while spiritual, liberal and scientific books are always desirable. Let us take a just pride in building up the Library, and the time will soon come when it will be one of the most practical of spiritual institutions and the grandest teacher in our midst.
A comparison between the Treasurer's report of this year and that of last shows good financial progress. Let us remain true to our trusts and the building of a great hall, a home of our own is fully assured, being simply a matter of time. Take courage, then, my brothers and sisters, being ever hopeful for the sweet possibilities of the future.
We are under deep obligations to our local speakers or conference talent, embracing the names of Judge Collins, Judge Dameron, Messrs. E. Fair, Wm. Reed, E. G. Anderson, C. Severance, James Battersby, A. P. Bouten, L. P. Hopkins, J. B. Adams, J. F. Meed, and Messdames M. J. Hendee, Eggert Aitken, R. H. Wilson, M. Miller, Dr. Jordan, M. A. Ellis, M. C. Kasten and E. Price.
We have occasionally received valuable platform assistance from Mr. Ravlin, Dr. McKaig, Mrs. Mason and Mr. Tucker of Oakland, Dr. York and Mrs. Schwartz of San Jose, Dr. Schell-house of Topolobampo, Dr. and Mrs. Schlesinger, Dr. Stansbury, Messrs. Colby, Owen, Faust, Dr. Peet, Auditor Strother, Mrs. McKinly and Mrs. Wiggins of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Thompson of Philadelphia, Col. Logan of Denver, Dr. John Allyn of St. Helena, Dr. Taylor of Tacoma, Lois Waisbrocker of Portland, Dr. S. N. Aspinwall of Boston, Miss Wright of Reno, Mrs. Patterson of Indiana, Mr. McLure of Fresno, Mrs. King of San Diego, and many others whose names we hold in grateful remembrance, and hope to see them many times again on our platform.
Within the year we have conferred ordination service upon Sister King, of San Diego, and it gives us pleasure to report the good work she is now doing. She is a worthy accession to our corps of licensed missionaries now representing us in California, Minnesota, Massachusetts, Australia and British Columbia. The memory of Mrs. Dr. Payne, our second ordained missionary, is still green, and it is gratifying to know that she is still engaged with us, as clairvoyants have several times attested.
One of our number, sister J. H. Forbes, has passed on to the higher life. Her pleasant face, so full of gentle dignity and womanly sweetness, has gone from our view; but we feel to rejoice with her dear, aged mother in the fact that the good angels can raise the veil that separates the two worlds, giving us the blessed assurance of a continued and improved existence "over there." That what the church has taught as the "dark river of death" is really the crystal, purring stream of life, spanned by a bridge of beauty on which the music, made by the patter of angel feet, may be heard as they come and go on their errands of love to the dear ones on earth.
Supplemental report: The warm endorsement by this Society of the Spiritual Benefit Meetings, held Sunday evenings in this hall and elsewhere during the last eight months, demand from me a brief report. The plan was that of open conference and mediums' seance, with volunteer talent. The profits have been divided among worthy mediums and to the relief of destitution. I now hold vouchers for forty-one persons in amounts aggregating \$413.15, being an average of a little more than ten dollars each. I am indebted to Dr. Louis Schlesinger for his valuable services through the whole series of meetings. This ex-

periment has shown that benefit meetings are popular, and have pointed this way to still greater fields of action that may be tilled to great advantage by willing hands and philanthropic hearts. The tears of gratitude that have recognized my efforts, in a few cases, have more than remunerated me for all I have done.
We hope that the year to come will be more prolific with gentle words and noble deeds of loving kindness, than any other in the history of our organization; so much so that their enumeration will be chief feature of my successor's report at the next annual meeting.
Respectfully submitted,
H. C. WILSON, President.
WASHINGTON HALL, S. F., April 10, '87.

Cigar-Making.

The following extract is from one of Mrs. Helen Campbell's articles in the New York Tribune: "The sewing-women employed in suit and clothing manufacturing during the busy season have no resource save this; and thus prices are kept down, and the regular cigar-makers constantly re-enforced by the irregular. In the present case, it was chiefly with regular makers that the house was filled, one room, a little less than twelve by fourteen feet, holding a family of seven persons, three of them children under ten, all girls. Tobacco lay in piles on the floor and under the long table at one end where the cigars were rolled, its rank smell dominating that from the sinks and from the general filth, not only of this room, but of the house as a whole. Two of the children sat on the floor stripping the leaves, and another on a small stool. A girl of twenty sat near them, and all alike had sores on lips and cheeks and on the hands. Children from five to six years up can be taught to strip, and thus add to the week's income, which is far less for the tenement-house manufacture than for regular factory work, the latter averaging from eight to twelve dollars a week. But the work, if done at home, can be made to include the entire family; and some four thousand women are engaged in it, an almost equal but unregistered number of young children sharing it with them. As in sewing, a number of women often club together, using one room; and, in such cases, their babies crawl about in the filth on the wet floors, playing with the damp tobacco and breathing the poison with which the room is saturated. Here, as in tobacco factories, women and girls of every age become speedily the victims of nervous and hysterical complaints, the direct result of nicotine poisoning, while succeeding there come consumption and throat diseases, resulting from the dust. Canker is one of the most frequent difficulties, and sores of many orders, the trade involving more dangers than any other that can be chosen. Yet, because an entire family can find occupation in it, with no necessity for leaving home, it is often preferred to easier employment. It is the children who suffer most, growth being stunted, nervous disease developed, and ending often in St. Vitus's dance, and skin diseases of every order being the rule, the causes being not only tobacco, but the filth in which they live. It is doubtful if the most inveterate smoker would feel much relish for the cigar manufactured under such conditions; yet hundreds of thousands go out yearly from these houses, bearing in every leaf the poison of their preparation. In this one house, nearly thirty children of all ages and sizes, babies predominating, rolled in the tobacco which covered the floor and was piled in every direction; and, of these children under ten, thirteen were strippers, and did their day's work of ten hours and more. Physical degeneration in its worst forms becomes inevitable. Even the factory child-worker fares better; for in the factory there is exercise and the going to and from work, while in the tenement-house cigar-making the worn-out little creatures crawl to the bed, often only a pile of rags in the corner, or lie down on a heap of the tobacco itself, breathing this poison day and night uninterruptedly. Vices of every order flourish in such air, and morality in this trade is at lowest ebb. Nervous excitement is so intense that necessarily nothing but immorality can result, and the child of eight or ten is as gross and confirmed an offender as the full-grown man or woman. Diligent search discovers few exceptions to this rule, and the whole matter has reached a stage where legislative interference is absolutely indispensable. Only in forbidding tenement-house manufacture absolutely can there be any safety for either consumer or producer."

It requires a brave man to speak out, we are told. But it also requires a brave man to keep his mouth shut. It is vastly easier sometimes to speak out than it is to hold your tongue.

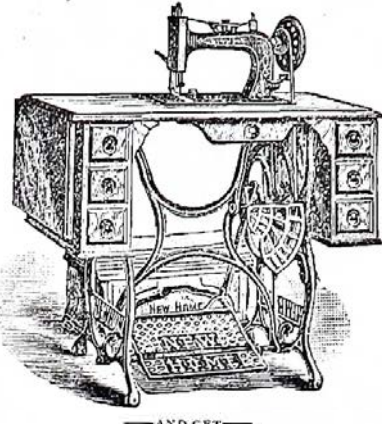
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2:30 P. M. (except Sunday), Express: Mt. Eden, Alameda, Newark, Centerville, Alameda, Agnew, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and all stations to Boulder Creek and SANTA CRUZ—Parlor Car.
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\$1.75 TO SANTA CLARA and SAN JOSE and return—Sundays only.
8:30 A. M. and 2:30 P. M., Trains with Stage at Los Gatos for Congress Springs.
All Through Trains connect at Felton for Boulder Creek and points on Felton and Pescadero Railroad.
To Oakland and Alameda.
8:00 a.m., 8:15 a.m., 8:30 a.m., 8:45 a.m., 9:00 a.m., 9:15 a.m., 9:30 a.m., 9:45 a.m., 10:00 a.m., 10:15 a.m., 10:30 a.m., 10:45 a.m., 11:00 a.m., 11:15 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 11:45 a.m., 12:00 p.m., 12:15 p.m., 12:30 p.m., 12:45 p.m., 1:00 p.m., 1:15 p.m., 1:30 p.m., 1:45 p.m., 2:00 p.m., 2:15 p.m., 2:30 p.m., 2:45 p.m., 3:00 p.m., 3:15 p.m., 3:30 p.m., 3:45 p.m., 4:00 p.m., 4:15 p.m., 4:30 p.m., 4:45 p.m., 5:00 p.m., 5:15 p.m., 5:30 p.m., 5:45 p.m., 6:00 p.m., 6:15 p.m., 6:30 p.m., 6:45 p.m., 7:00 p.m., 7:15 p.m., 7:30 p.m., 7:45 p.m., 8:00 p.m., 8:15 p.m., 8:30 p.m., 8:45 p.m., 9:00 p.m., 9:15 p.m., 9:30 p.m., 9:45 p.m., 10:00 p.m., 10:15 p.m., 10:30 p.m., 10:45 p.m., 11:00 p.m., 11:15 p.m., 11:30 p.m., 11:45 p.m., 12:00 p.m.
From FOURTEENTH and WEBSTER STREETS, OAKLAND:
8:30 a.m., 8:45 a.m., 9:00 a.m., 9:15 a.m., 9:30 a.m., 9:45 a.m., 10:00 a.m., 10:15 a.m., 10:30 a.m., 10:45 a.m., 11:00 a.m., 11:15 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 11:45 a.m., 12:00 p.m., 12:15 p.m., 12:30 p.m., 12:45 p.m., 1:00 p.m., 1:15 p.m., 1:30 p.m., 1:45 p.m., 2:00 p.m., 2:15 p.m., 2:30 p.m., 2:45 p.m., 3:00 p.m., 3:15 p.m., 3:30 p.m., 3:45 p.m., 4:00 p.m., 4:15 p.m., 4:30 p.m., 4:45 p.m., 5:00 p.m., 5:15 p.m., 5:30 p.m., 5:45 p.m., 6:00 p.m., 6:15 p.m., 6:30 p.m., 6:45 p.m., 7:00 p.m., 7:15 p.m., 7:30 p.m., 7:45 p.m., 8:00 p.m., 8:15 p.m., 8:30 p.m., 8:45 p.m., 9:00 p.m., 9:15 p.m., 9:30 p.m., 9:45 p.m., 10:00 p.m., 10:15 p.m., 10:30 p.m., 10:45 p.m., 11:00 p.m., 11:15 p.m., 11:30 p.m., 11:45 p.m., 12:00 p.m.
From HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA: 8:15 a.m., 8:30 a.m., 8:45 a.m., 9:00 a.m., 9:15 a.m., 9:30 a.m., 9:45 a.m., 10:00 a.m., 10:15 a.m., 10:30 a.m., 10:45 a.m., 11:00 a.m., 11:15 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 11:45 a.m., 12:00 p.m., 12:15 p.m., 12:30 p.m., 12:45 p.m., 1:00 p.m., 1:15 p.m., 1:30 p.m., 1:45 p.m., 2:00 p.m., 2:15 p.m., 2:30 p.m., 2:45 p.m., 3:00 p.m., 3:15 p.m., 3:30 p.m., 3:45 p.m., 4:00 p.m., 4:15 p.m., 4:30 p.m., 4:45 p.m., 5:00 p.m., 5:15 p.m., 5:30 p.m., 5:45 p.m., 6:00 p.m., 6:15 p.m., 6:30 p.m., 6:45 p.m., 7:00 p.m., 7:15 p.m., 7:30 p.m., 7:45 p.m., 8:00 p.m., 8:15 p.m., 8:30 p.m., 8:45 p.m., 9:00 p.m., 9:15 p.m., 9:30 p.m., 9:45 p.m., 10:00 p.m., 10:15 p.m., 10:30 p.m., 10:45 p.m., 11:00 p.m., 11:15 p.m., 11:30 p.m., 11:45 p.m., 12:00 p.m.
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(Mr. EVANS will be absent from San Francisco from April 30 to May 1st, 1887.)

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TIME SCHEDULE.

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8:30 A.	San Mateo, Redwood, and Menlo Park.	9:00 A.
10:40 A.		9:50 A.
11:30 A.		10:03 A.
3:30 P.		10:02 A.
4:05 P.		1:30 P.
5:15 P.		4:59 P.
6:30 P.		6:00 P.
11:45 P.		7:30 P.
		9:15 P.
8:30 A.	Santa Clara, San Jose, and Principal Way Stations.	9:03 A.
10:40 A.		10:02 A.
3:30 P.		1:30 P.
4:05 P.		1:45 P.
10:40 A.	Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Salinas and Monterey	10:02 A.
3:30 P.		6:00 P.
10:40 A.	Watsonville, Camp Goodhall, Aptos, New Brighton, Sequel (Capitola) and Santa Cruz.	10:02 A.
3:30 P.		6:00 P.
7:50 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz, (Sunday Excursion)	8:55 P.
10:40 A.	Hollister and Tres Pinos.	10:02 A.
3:30 P.		6:00 P.
10:40 A.	Soledad, San Ardo and Way Stat'ns.	6:00 P.