

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

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

The more inclusive your sympathies the brighter your heaven.

The soul that would illuminate other souls must be tranquil.

Truth images itself in all things, from the atom to the universe.

Soul expansion destroys selfishness as the seed is destroyed in germination.

Selfishness is not individuality, but a moral cancer that consumes individuality.

Modesty is to worth what shadows are in a painting, giving to it strength and relief.

Every beautiful, pure and good thought which the heart entertains is an angel of mercy, purifying and guarding the soul.

Great efforts from great motives is the best definition of a happy life. The easiest labor is a burden to him who has no motive for performing it.

The external mind thinks out its conclusions; but the soul acquires its most precious truths by simply keeping itself pure enough to receive them.

There are too many people in the world—too many, perhaps, among us here—who are not what they ought to be, because they are weak. They see what is right, and admire it; but they have no courage or determination to do it.—*Charles Kingsley*.

We lead but one life here on earth. We must make that beautiful. And to do this, health and elasticity of mind are needful; and whatever endangers or impedes these, must be avoided.—*Longfellow*.

There is nothing that can give you peace but yourself. There is nothing that can give you peace but the triumph of your principles.—*Emerson*.

We have social strengths. Our affection towards others creates a sort of vantage or purchase which nothing will supply. I can do that by another which I can not do alone.

If a man thinks himself a "miserable offender," let him away with the offence, and be done with it at once and forever. It is dangerous to reiterate so sad a cry.—*Theodore Parker*.

With every exertion, the best of men can do but a moderate amount of good; but it seems in the power of the most contemptible individual to do incalculable mischief.—*Washington Irving*.

I would not have you stand so much on your gentility, which is an airy and mere borrowed thing from dead men's dust and bones; and none of yours except you make and hold it.—*Jonson*.

If any man is able to convince me and show me that I do not act or think right, I will gladly change. For I seek the truth, by which no man was ever ignored. But he is injured who abides in his error and ignorance.—*Antoninus*.

The richest genius, like the most fertile soil, when cultivated, shoots up into the rank weeds; and instead of vines and olives for the pleasure and use of man, produces to its slothful owner the most abundant crop of poisons.—*Hume*.

SPIRIT HOME OF A BRITISH PEER.

A Singular Experience Related by Emma Hardinge-Britten.

It was sunset on Lake Ontario; I lay on a couch to which indisposition had confined me for several hours, watching dreamily the fitful changing hues of the sky, and the gorgeous reflection of its gold and purple glories on the tossing waters of the shining lake. Painters' canvas never yet displayed the wealth of coloring that the artist sun cast like a mantle over the enchanting scene. Each moment changing, too, its glorious pageantry, it seemed as if the dying day called up from the world of infinite ideas this phantasmagoria of beauty, to teach me the loveliness of death, when nature reigns supreme, and the strong, the good and beautiful are passing away. Passing away! Yes; though the scene I looked upon was motion, life, in its fairest garb of loveliness, 'twas life going out; the lamp of day soon to be quenched in the solemn mystery of darkness, and that day's death. Death! Death! how the word shaped itself upon the purple sky and glittered on the sparkling wave crest; "Death" came sighing in the breeze, and stole like a shadow through my darkening room; crept up the stairs and in at the half closed door; moved stealthily across the carpet, and when the last, long, slanting ray of scarlet light faded from off the window sill, I felt the cold, gray phantom at my side, and heard it muttering in my ears tales of strange, weird, unearthly things, fantastic legends of the shadow land, where death sits throned. In vain the phantom hovered around me, with its ghostly, whispering voice. To me death ever has been, ever will be welcome as the stars of night; which trail their golden length in the pathway of the dying sun—beautiful as sunset, holy as moonlight, or the morning star, the herald of another and a better day; death was then as now, the liberty angel opening the gates of the old, and enfranchising the soul into the grander glory of the new, and yet on this particular evening the cloud of death thoughts which succeeded the farewell of the day now dead, seemed to bring with it none of the joyous feeling of anticipation, with which I am accustomed to contemplate my voyage over the "beautiful river." No; anticipation was crowded out, and a heavy, leaden weight of retrospect oppressed me, in which came trooping up the forms of many a dweller in the long ago, to whom I knew too certainly death had not been the sunset herald of a glorious night and radiant morrow, but the closing of a day whose shroud was darkness, deep and dreadful.

Suddenly all my wandering thoughts were fixed on one whom for years I had not seen or scarcely thought upon. He was a man whom no description can fully represent to the inhabitants of the Western Continent, for he was of a class unknown in American experiences—a peer of the British realms, the elder brother of a wealthy, noble, and far descended house, and a marked actor in that peculiar life drama which is only played amongst the members of the British aristocracy.

You can not follow me, my American friends, were I to attempt for you a description of the stately Earl and his peculiar sphere of action; happy for you, you can not, for the sum of all is told when I translate his life in this: His birth, position, the law of primogeniture, and other specialties of his state, had manufactured a great Earl, a rich nobleman, and a capacious mind, into a very bad man, notorious for his enormous gallantries in public life, and his equally enormous tyranny in private life. This man had lived for self, and used time, talents, wealth and station for no purpose, that I can now remember, or ever heard quoted, than for the gratification of self and selfish passions. I presume that he had never committed any act that could bring upon him the penalty of the law, but in Great Britain our court of honor, probity, chastity and equity, exist only in public opinion, and this pronounces verdict against the poor, never the rich, otherwise this great Earl would scarcely have escaped a felon's fate.

In my youth I knew this man well. I had often read Shakspeare to him, sang and played for him, and despite of some

awe with which his singularly stately presence inspired me, returned his regard for me with perhaps more of love than the young and innocent generally yielded to him. My full understanding of his character was the revelation of after years. Since I have been in America the journals of home have brought the intelligence of the great man's transit into "the land of his rest." I had become a believer in Spiritualism about a year; and then, as often since, had wondered why that spirit never sought communion with the girl who loved him kindly, and with whom moreover the dark shadow of wrong had never been associated in his memory. Still he came not. Sometimes I wondered whether "the great gulf" of Scripture was all a fiction, and the rich, bad man could not cross it.

This night my mind was full of him, and the spirit Earl was the last normal thought I can recall, ere I passed into that strange, waking, dreamlike state baffling all description, which we so vaguely call a trance. I passed through what seemed many spheres of mist and gloom. They occupied much space, but gave me no other idea but that of traversing vast distances. At length I stood in a land of buildings, connected with each other, which seemed to be the destination to which my spirit's flight had been tending.

The experience of the infinite element, spirit, can never be translated into the speech of the finite element, matter, hence I can not attempt to describe in the language of matter, the inconceivable spaces through which my spirit seemed to travel, nor the splendor with which I was surrounded. Human eye hath not seen nor heart conceived of the beauty outwrought by the spirit, or distance where infinity offers no horizon; but the character of the buildings I traversed I can at least describe. They consisted of chambers, galleries, staircases, halls and corridors, and their furniture was oriental splendor, made splendid by the geni of spiritual enchantment.

Three points in my journey, however, were most remarkable. The first was the amazing and palpable darkness that filled these palaces, revealing clearly every color and shape, yet heaping up an atmosphere of blackness on all round in such dense folds, that I could taste it, suffocate in it, almost cut it; 'twas awful, overwhelming stifling. 'Twas darkness made black, night incarnate.

The next point of interest was the total absence of inhabitants; not a living thing was visible, and though in process of my wanderings I seemed to traverse worlds, and to have occupied ages since my entrance, so deathlike was the stillness, so utterly unbroken was the interminable quiet, that I felt as if an eternity of horror would be cheaply purchased by the sight of even an insect or a reptile; but the crowning fact of my strange experience was the effect of the scene on my own spirit. At first entrance, I was affected by a profound melancholy; but as I proceeded this deepened into a despair so hopeless, that memory and even the sense of pain at last fled. At certain stages of my pilgrimage the awful gloom and solitude produced in my mind the most agonizing longing for light, air, companionship, but even the energy to frame a wish at length abandoned me, and though sensible of a dim possibility by powerful exercise of will of summoning aid to my side, I lost at last the faculty even of suffering, and wandered on, seemingly, for years, centuries, ages—a living annihilation, an incarnation of hopeless woe. God, angels, life, worlds, all, all was dead but me; and I was eternity and death!

The most distinct memory I can now retain of sensation in this purgatory was a vague wonder as to whether I was thus suffering for expiation of my own sins, or learning by horrible experience the condition of others. I think that the amount of energy expended in this effort at reflection opened up a new phase in my dreadful pilgrimage for it seemed answered by the tones of a sweet, bell-like voice, whose low but clear intonation seemed wafted from the immeasurable distance of some far off world. It said, "You are now in the spirit homes of earth's rich dead, Emma; here dwell the Dives of earth, whom men say, die so very rich; here they live in the splendors they loved, the wealth they adored, and surrounded by idols they made and worshiped. Your sufferings, our Emma, are theirs, in the realization of the life for which they have

sold themselves, and now you may judge of the value of the coin for which the cold-hearted, selfish, cruel, rich man sells his soul. How like you the exchange?" I shuddered and wept bitterly for the insane rich of earth. "Where are they?" I murmured. "Everywhere," replied the voice. "Myriads move around you, and wander and feel as you do, but none see the others, or you; it is the condition of entrance to the spheres of self-love, that the eye shall behold nought but self, realize no other existence. They toiled in earth life to attain this state, here they reap the harvest they have sown."

"But this darkness," I cried; "Oh, for the light, for but one ray of the blessed sunlight! Why can not the sun of heaven penetrate these awful abodes?"

"And so it does, child. Here, as everywhere, is heaven and light and sun; but where are the eyes that can behold it? If heaven is not within us, in vain we seek it elsewhere. If our eyes are forever turned in upon self, they are blind to all besides, and from the soul's center goes forth the true light or darkness of land of souls."

"Oh, that I could see but one of the inhabitants of this doleful region," I thought, and with the wish came its instant gratification, for, raising my eyes, I beheld the form of a living being approaching me. At first the delight of seeing a thing of life again impelled me to rush toward it, but the singularity of the figure, and its evident incapacity to perceive me, arrested my steps, and I stood watching with curious interest my new companion. The figure was that of a very, very old man; indeed, to judge by his wonderfully wrinkled face and withered aspect, he might have been the sole surviving wreck of centuries. His height could not have exceeded that of a child of four years, and the garments that hung in threadbare and patched folds around his meagre, shrunken form were a world too wide for the poor anatomy they covered, and yet I knew this pitiful figure bore the evidence of decrease rather than natural deformity, and that his present childish dimensions had come from the shrinking of a once mighty form of manhood. Yes, I knew this, not only from the revelation of the past, which each spirit bears about engraved on the unmasked soul, but because I could trace in these withered features and that diminished shape, the wreck of the once proud, stately and handsome Earl, whom in my childish days I had looked upon as the beau ideal of aristocratic manhood!

Oh, how terrible it was to look upon him thus! His face wore an expression of unutterable grief, but withal a look of mild resignation and hopeless regret, that pierced my very soul. Slowly and feebly he passed on without regarding me, but as he neared me, ere he had finally disappeared, I heard him sigh. Oh, heaven! how he sighed, and what a world of long, long, bitter memories, useless regrets, and wasting sorrow came sobbing on the air, laden with the sigh of that suffering soul. Ah, me! It was indeed the breath of a wailing spirit, "gnashing teeth and outer darkness."

With his departure, even the interminable solitudes of his home seemed more tolerable; but again I heard the sweet cadence of my invisible angel's bell-like voice chiming in my ear, "Yes, Emma, 'tis him, even Lord—. You wonder at the strange transfiguration which death has wrought on your splendid peer; but ask yourself by your memory of this earth-life, what size you deem his soul must have been, when its mocking mask was first rent off, and disclosed the spirit with its one grain of ideality, and that all self. Emma, you pigmy has grown by suffering since his entrance here, from an almost invisible monad to the size you just beheld. Yes, Emma, self was all that existed in the great man's soul, and self is but one spark in the divine unity of illimitable fires that must all burn in perfection and harmony, ere the central sun of soul is fully unfolded. Until then, true life does not even begin. Judge then of the size of yon embryonic spirit, when first he shook off the clods of earth to stand revealed, not for name, lineage, wealth or station, but just for its worth, no more. And even now, that is all that is left of the once great Earl."

"Alas, alas!" I cried, "Teach us, angelic guides, though suffering be the road, and blood and tears the baptism,

teach us how to live for self, through others, so that at last we may pierce the soil in which our seedling souls are germinating, and stand unfolded in our own earth struggles, full grown spirits, men and women souls."

"Hard is the path of riches, strong the pleadings of self, ruinous the crushing weight of uncurbed passion," replied my guide. "These, with the sophistic lull of custom and over-weening devotion to the gauds of earth that minister only to earthly loves, have dwarfed many such souls as his, and shrunk up the rarest blossoms of genius, kindness and intellect, until these doleful spheres are thick with worlds of people of whom yon man is a type."

"Their destiny," I murmured; "oh, send me not away comfortless."

"Despair, remorse, regret; then penitence, submission, such deep humility as shone upon that old man's piteous face are theirs. Then, becoming once again as little children, the morning of a new life shall dawn for them, and glorious will be the evening that shall close their day of labor, and see them as they should be, full grown spirits, and heirs of the everlasting kingdom, where earth and its baser nature never enters."

The pale moon was full and high, and the vault of heaven thick with world flowers, when I again, with natural vision, looked on the face of earth. Perhaps after so solemn a lesson as that of the past hour, the action may appear grotesque and unworthy, but it was nevertheless irresistible, and consisted in springing from my couch, opening my portemonnaie as (though its contents would never I think in its most piteous condition prove a temptation to any one) pouring them upon the floor, trampling them beneath my feet, and crying aloud to the mighty power in whose hands poor tempted souls are passion tossed, or "stayed in perfect peace," to "lead me not into temptation," and deliver me from the evil of my own soul. For many and many a day after this, I esteemed my poverty a privilege; it was long before I could dare to speculate even with necessary foresight upon any arrangements that required me to calculate upon the possession of money; dreadful, awful, tyrannical, soul corrupting money! Though I believe I shall never, in this respect, be tempted beyond the meed of the bare day's provision, yet do I remember my vision of warning with an awe that forever comments on the fatal truth, "How hardly shall a rich man enter the kingdom of heaven!" I do not love to think or speak of this vision; my soul is pained to be assured of its truth; to know that about me are the dreadful "homes of the selfish rich;" that in the invisible world of which earth, sky, suns, and systems are full, are eternally pacing the unresting feet of the solitary worshippers of self, in their hideous loneliness, the frightful penance of gratification of their souls' idolatries. Heaven have mercy on them! and if at the earnest request of the gifted medium, at whose request this is now presented to the public, the additional narration of this vision may, in perusal, but warn one foot back from "coming into this place of torment," the lesson, sharp and agonizing as it was to me in learning, will not have been given in vain.

NEVER hurt any one's self-respect. Never trample on any soul, though it may be lying in the veriest mire; for that last spark of self-respect is its only hope, its only chance; the last seed of a new and better life; the voice of God which still whispers to it, "You are not what you ought to be, and you are not what you can be: you are still God's child, still an immortal soul. You may rise yet, and conquer yet, and be a man yet, after the likeness of God who made you and Christ who died for you." Oh, why crush that voice in any heart? If you do, the poor creature is lost, and lies where he or she falls, and never tries to rise again.—*Charles Kingsley*.

The Griffin (Ga.) News relates that at a negro wedding in that city a short time ago, when the words, "love, honor and obey" were come to, the groom interrupted the preacher, and said: "Read that again, sah; read it once mo', so's de lady kin ketch de full solemnity ob de meaning. I'se been married befo'."

Written for the Golden Gate.]

Look for the Causes.

BY LUPA.

Hundreds heard, and thousands more have read, Mrs. E. L. Watson's grand words on the White Cross movement, yet, while listening to them, I could not help feeling that among the directions for a pure life one branch of the subject was slighted, though probably it was only for lack of time. The point was, the part intoxicating liquors, tobacco, and injudicious food play in keeping afar off that "good time coming," which many wish for but few hope to see. "What thou doest, do quickly," O friend of humanity, for the evils are terrible and the effects increasing. Read the reports in medical journals, and ask yourselves if bodies saturated with these poisons can be pure, for purity is not entirely a matter of will. The unlawful and the lawful uncleanness of the nation show that unholiness have been kindled, but by what?

Dr. Decaisne, of the Societe d'Hygiene of Paris, made careful investigation of many cases of smokers, and after mentioning the disorders of the circulation, and a condition of the blood resembling anemia, which are produced by the practice, he says that laziness, stupidity and indisposition to apply the mind to study were traced to the same cause, and when the habit was formed early, he found it gradually brought a predisposition to the use of alcoholic stimulants, and that, in some instances, the starting point of a criminal career dated from the first indulgence in the vice—producing, by slow degrees, when acting upon a constitution still extremely flexible, a complete moral and intellectual transformation as well as physical degeneracy.

The New York Sun says: "But if the habit of chewing is decreasing, that of smoking is gaining," and can we doubt it when we try to number the millions of little fires that are kept burning for no other purpose than a present sensual gratification at the expense of mind, body, and the welfare of future generations? What is more horrible, except delirium tremens, than a death from tobacco paralysis? and what can be more selfish than for these victims of their own willful vice to force others to care for them in their helplessness?

From the evidence we see that the use of tobacco leads to that of alcohol, but what is its cause? There seems to be no doubt that hereditary influence has done something toward bringing about the present condition, as has also public opinion and example. False ideas of sociability have their effect, but I believe there is also a physical reason traceable to, and connected with, the immoderate use of articles of food which should be partaken of sparingly, if at all. First, I would refer to meats, which are known to create fever in the whole system, called strength by the working man, and under the stimulus of which he performs his labor. The man of work or of leisure says his dinner will hurt him unless he takes a chew or a smoke, for tobacco stimulates, really or apparently, the formation of gastric juice to partially take the place of the saliva that has been wastefully spit away. I have sometimes wondered if the liking for fatty food, almost invariably to be observed in tobacco chewers, is not an instinct to supply the waste or prevention of fat by the weed. One who had been a vegetarian for thirty years, and a close observer, said: "Animal food is often impure and diseased, and it excites the worst passions of a man."

That tobacco and alcohol are closely related is evident to any one with the senses of sight and smell alert, and if the use of the former leads to and causes the latter, and that effect is proved to be "evil and only evil, and that continually," we shall see that we must do more than cultivate the will, more even than to close the saloon, for, if the craving desire for something is not gratified in that particular, it will take something else as a substitute, and medical reformers could not do a nobler thing than to closely observe men of different classes, gather statistics, and reason from effects back to causes till they learn what first creates the physical desire for stimulants and narcotics, and whether or not the quality and quantity of food is in any way responsible. Certain it is, the saloon would not be a saloon without these two. Criminal reports state that more than half the cases of crime originate in places where liquor is sold, or are committed by persons who become intoxicated in such places.

That alcohol produces terrible and incurable diseases few will deny, but some say wines and beer are not harmful; yet, the great chemist, Leibig, says: "The white wines are hurtful to the nervous system, causing trembling, confusion of language, and convulsions. The stronger wines rise quickly to the head, but the effects are of shorter duration. Sherry and strong cider are more intoxicating than the generality of wines, and have a peculiar influence over the gastric juices. The intoxication of beer is heavy and dull, but its use does not hinder the drinker from gaining flesh. The drinkers of whisky and brandy are going to certain death." All these drinks contain alcohol, and "alcohol," says Dio Lewis, "is a poison to muscle and brain." Men drink

to make themselves warmer, yet scientific investigators say it does not raise the temperature of the body one degree; they take it to keep themselves cool, but Henry M. Stanley testifies to its injurious effects in tropical Africa.

The proposition is to "prohibit the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors and other poisonous beverages except for medicinal, mechanical, chemical and scientific purposes and for use in the arts," but Prof. Nichols, editor of Boston *Journal of Chemistry*, declares that it is not necessary in the arts or sciences, and, years ago, Prof. Muzzey, at the head of the Dartmouth Medical School, said it is not a necessity in the preparation of medicines; he gave instructions as to what can be used instead. Dr. Felix Oswald writes: "As a result of thirty years of professional experience and practical observation, I feel assured that alcoholic stimulants are not required as medicines."

In the *Scientific American* we read: "It is our observation that beer drinking in this country produces the very lowest kind of inebriety, closely allied to criminal insanity. The most dangerous class of ruffians in our large cities are beer drinkers." The New York *Pharmaceutical Record* says: "Alcohol is at the bottom of a large proportion of the crimes committed in the United States."

So we can not help seeing that individual impurity is greatly aggravated by improper and intemperate eating, with the use of narcotics and stimulants. Anything which produces a restless, feverish state of the system has a sympathy for some kind of sensuous indulgence, which calls for one lower and so on down, the last in turn clamoring for the first, forming an endless round, always circling downward toward individual and national ruin.

A mock effort is being made to compel the production of what they call pure liquor, but it can not be done. Why? Listen to what was written by a German brewer's son: "I tell you we make no such hellish stuff in Germany as we make here, but there is a demand, and we take advantage of this present demand. Gold is heavier than conscience." So long as the business is profitable will men drink dissolved alum, copperas, sugar of lead, and arsenic, and so long as licenses are granted will there be no lawful redress; saloons will flourish, prisons multiply, inebriate asylums arise on every hand, and the air ring with the screams and the howls of the insane, while mentally and physically diseased children will swarm like destroying locusts over the land, for this vice directly increases sexual impurity, at the same time breaking down the individual will power, and women and children suffer. Because they suffer they must rise in rebellion. The pouring out of the tea into Boston harbor was not half so glorious an act as would be the spilling of the four acres of rum in the heart of London in what is called the Rum Shed.

Cardinal Manning says: "The evil is to be conquered only by an uprising of the people themselves against the system which has so long made their homes desolate and their lives intolerable, and shall it not be told in honor of the women of America that they joined heartily in that uprising against a common enemy? Shall we not help create an overwhelming public opinion on the side of peace and purity? Shall we not say, as did J. G. Holland, 'I neither drink wine nor give it to my guests. I hate it, and I denounce it as a nuisance on which every honest man should put his heel.' Let us closely watch the words and acts of public men, so that when we take the ballot in our hands we may so dispose of it that there shall be no more need of a hospital for wealthy and dissipated New Yorkers, where they can be privately treated for delirium tremens; let us so dispose of it that there can not be, as now, four thousand more places in New York for the sale of liquor than for the sale of food; let us close the eight thousand licensed saloons in California, and keep in our own homes the millions of dollars annually which the liquor business costs, besides saving the thousands of lives destroyed, and thousands more crowded full of wretched tories."

The last census tells a horrible story of criminal, insane and indigent adults, and homeless and idiotic children, results produced mainly by intoxicating drinks. If alcohol is not needed for any useful purpose, and is, as has been declared in a Chicago convention, "the enemy of society, a fruitful source of corruption in politics, and a school of crime," in heaven's name, and for the sake of suffering humanity, destroy it with all its causes, lest, like the fungus which grew from the wine cask and filled the cellar, it take possession of all earthly space, a horrible excrescence that will steadily and surely crowd out all things good. Said one who had felt all the horrors of which he spoke: "Oh, issue of hell! red with the fiery wrath and curse of Jehovah, stand back and answer the indictment I bring against you to-night! Blessings wait upon all other creatures under the shining sun but you, while only curses follow you in this world and the next. Good there is in all things else but you, even in the meanest insect that crawls upon the earth, or the smallest island-builder of the sea or tiniest speck that floats in the illimitable and all-embracing azure fields of space, all the countless worlds between, but for you, in you, from you, by you, through you, there is, there never was, any good. Evil, and only evil,—born of the devil, coming from the devil, leading to the

devil, damned of God, damned of man, an evil and a curse forever and forevermore! Without you, oh, how happy this world might be, and how it would blossom again with the beauty and peace of the Eden of God!"

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Probation After Death—The Church View of the New Doctrine.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The world moves, and with the mighty tide which surges through the sea of thought, the churches which boast of their infallible doctrines as being fixed as the stars of heaven, heave and creak at their moorings like ships chained to the wharf sway to the coming of the tide. The closing of the Book of Life at death, the following of the ledger in which no further entry was possible for eternity, has been for generations a fundamental doctrine, and the power of the church was made strong thereby. True, there is no word in the Bible in evidence of this doctrine which is an after thought to prop the theological conception of the destiny of man.

Men began to question the justice of confining probation to this mortal life, and of an eternal punishment for the errors of its brief duration, and when the spiritual philosophy poured its flood of light from the supernal sphere and proved the next life a continuity of this, there was awakened in the churches a strong reaction in favor of probation in the future state. Yet the subject would have probably remained without exciting any other attention than that of a theory, to be discussed as such, and with many others, by tacit consent, allowed to rest, had not the missionaries found it an insurmountable obstacle to the acceptance of Christianity by the heathen. The lowest, naked savage of the African jungle shrank from a doctrine which consigned all his ancestors, without the least hope of reprieve, to the torments of hell. The next life, to him, was shadowy, and his ancestors intangible as the wind, but they were not assuredly in torment.

This difficulty was encountered by missionaries in the early days of Christianity. It is said a Norsman chief who had been converted, as he put his foot into the water to receive baptism, asked the priest: "Where are my companions in arms who have perished on the field of battle?" The priest, true to his convictions, replied: "In hell." "Then," said the Norsman in wrath, as he withdrew, "I will go there with them." The missionaries report that if they are to succeed, their theology must be revised. The dead, as well as the living, must have an opportunity to repent and be redeemed. Theory no longer, but practical application and plain justice, taught the civilized man by his savage brother! It is amusing to hear the special pleading to sustain this belief, already lingering beyond its time.

The Chicago *Advance* is a type of a large class who look with horror on the change. Its intensity leads to heated rhetoric, and it bemoans the activity on one hand which popularizes this heterodoxy, and the indifference on the other. It says:

Is it a time for dallying? Is it not rather a time for protest and opposition of the stoutest sort? Is there any regard in men's breasts for the truth as it is—not in the fancies and conceits of poetic brains, but in Jesus? If there is any moral fibre in the churches, now is the time to bring it out and accentuate it. To yield the point demanded, in the present circumstances, and send out men to China, Japan and India, and elsewhere, who hold the doctrine of future probation, is simply to put our churches under the lead of a faith and a policy which will lead them straight toward Universalism. They may not get there at once; but that is where they will land. If we are ready for this, very well; but let us refuse to be hoodwinked. The *Advance* is firm in the faith that the great body of Congregationalists are not yet prepared to take the risks of entering on this road—especially when every step this way, so far, has been at the price of something precious crushed under foot."

In all candor we ask the *Advance*, and the class it represents, this question: Suppose the new doctrine leads "straight toward Universalism," even to that sweet belief that sometime all mankind will be redeemed from the stain of sin, and that God, the Father, has not made the awful blunder of creating nine-tenths of his children for the unchangeable fate of bearing for eternity the flames of hell, what then? Is this more dreadful than the contrary? Is there one who hopes the doctrine of probation after death not true, and for the eternal suffering of those who have sinned?

I do not believe there exists that bad soul! "The price of something precious crushed under foot!" Is the belief in hell fire, the existence of a personal devil, of endless punishment, so precious that we are to moan our regrets as the Israelites did for the flesh pots of the bondage they had escaped? These doctrines have been set before the heathen world and have received rebuke. There is no choice, say the missionaries; there is no choice, exclaim those who have most deeply and fervently thought on the subject in accord with the spirit of the age.

"Congregationalists" may not be prepared; the churches may not be, but the time will come, is rapidly coming, when they will not only crush these "precious doctrines" under foot, but revolt at the thought that such terrible dogmas ever formed a part of Christian faith.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Compensation and Retribution.

BY ELLA L. MERRIAM.

The natural and inevitable law of compensation brings its sure and proportionate reward or retribution, according to the character of the deed committed. Gradually the thinking portion of humanity are becoming conscious of this important truth, whose existence is so inextricably intertwined with theirs, temporally and eternally. This universal law controls all Nature, and upon its obedience or transgression rests our weal or woe. Ah, the infinite wisdom and the unyielding justice of this arrangement! Behold the infinite love and justice of our "All Father" toward his children manifested in this natural law, leaving no good thought, word or motive unnoticed or unrewarded, while the errors we commit are inevitably followed by their unhappy results. We, indeed and in truth, are free moral agents, to a great extent making or marring our own happiness. The higher our ascendancy in the scale of spiritual progression, the more enlarged and cultivated our mentality, the more reasonable will this seem to us, for our spiritual sight will gradually reveal to our unfolding minds clearer, nobler and more comprehensive views of nature's sublime and inexhaustible truths.

There are no errors in this universal law, but effect follows cause in spiritual as in material conditions. This great principle or system, when once recognized, proves the greatest blessing to humanity, and must do away with false and unjust censure against an unmerciful God or a pitiless Fate. It will prove an unerring plumb line by which we can build up a happy, useful and progressive life, a golden rule wherewith we can measure whatever of happiness or misery we desire. Thro' its understanding we may intelligently select from the abundance of both good and poor material by which we are surrounded, and weave, day by day, our chain of earth experiences that will draw us upward ever to higher planes of spiritual enjoyments, or drag us downward through the slums and sloughs of moral and mental degradation. It offers such unbounded encouragement to erring mortals—is such an incentive to our best and most persevering efforts—for as we sow so shall we reap. Not in one future, final harvest at the "last great day," receiving for our varying perplexed and wearisome efforts of earth life, dotted here and there with good and evil results, either eternal happiness or misery, but from day to day do we receive whatsoever we earn of pleasure or pain, of spiritual wealth or impoverishment, gleaming each moment the material from which our character is being formed, either of true spiritual loveliness or deficiency and deformity.

Be not deceived. No atonement, no personal sacrifice can possibly undo the errors or blot out the responsibilities of a life-time, nor give undeveloped spirits the capacity for those refined and purer pleasures that await the truly progressed. Every thought, word and deed brings its inevitable good or evil results. Let us ever observe this divine law; ever be on our guard against our evil propensities; ever seek to develop our virtues; ever seek for the good, the true in life, measuring out to our brothers and sisters deeds of love, charity and assistance, for so shall it be meted to us again, and our reward will daily and hourly grow brighter and richer as we gain new heights of wisdom and knowledge in a slight foretaste of those heavenly joys that lie just beyond the confines of mortality.

The Origin of Evil.

[A paper read at the Gnostic entertainment, April 28, by F. W. Gale.]

When we would study into the laws of being and attempt to solve the mystery that surrounds us, some of the questions that arise and must be answered before we can understand the harmony that pervades the universe, are, Whence came evil, who created it, and how can it be destroyed?

It is written that "God made all things, and without Him was not anything made that was made," and again that "He saw everything that he had made, and behold it was very good." Whence then came evil? We cannot conceive of absolute good and absolute evil coming from the same source. But let us consider the question, Is there such a thing as absolute evil?

We talk of evil thoughts; why are they evil? We speak of evil deeds, and preach against their perpetration; what makes them evil? That which one individual would call evil another could see no harm in, and what he would consider wrong a third might practice as his highest good. Where, then, is the standard by which to determine what is good and what is evil? The answer is, your own consciousness. It depends altogether upon your own state of unfoldment whether or not it would be wrong for you to do a certain thing, and that which it would be wrong for you to do might not be for another. It is when we do that which is opposed to our highest consciousness of what is right that we do wrong, and it is only for the wrong done knowingly that we shall have to pay the penalty. Not that there is a God of Vengeance, who is cognizant of all our actions and arbitrarily inflicts punishment upon us for our wrong deeds, but it is according to

the law of a loving Father that a wrong done brings its own punishment, in order that we may know we have done wrong, and when we "cease to do evil and learn to do well," the punishment will cease, and we will then be forgiven in its true sense.

But, you will ask, "If God made man in His own image and after his own likeness, and he was very good, how could it be possible for him to do wrong?" Man, as he exists in the mind of the Infinite, is perfect, and he will be able to express that perfection when he shall have attained a full consciousness of his true being; but until that time he must of necessity be only able to express that degree of consciousness to which he has unfolded. As it would be impossible for man to be created with infinite knowledge, we see that in order for him to obtain understanding he must be placed in a position where he can have experience in all the conditions of life, for it is only by comparison that he can distinguish between the different degrees and know the truth between them.

In our ignorance we look upon certain conditions that cause us inconvenience as evil, and generally endeavor to overcome them, that we may escape from the suffering they produce; not recognizing the cause that brought about the conditions and striving to remove it understandingly, in order that we may rise to a higher plane of consciousness, but simply trying to get out of the conditions because they are uncomfortable. Instead of this we should recognize the fact that all external conditions are but the outward expressions of an interior state of mind, and when we see those expressions are inharmonious, we may know that we are not thinking and acting up to the highest light we have, and should then endeavor to discover in what way we are transgressing. If we do this, and after finding the error cast it out, we not only will be freed from the troublesome conditions, but will have attained a higher consciousness than we had before, in which the old conditions are not likely to recur.

We must recognize the fact that we think and act on different planes, and that upon whatever we are, we will be influenced by all the conditions of that plane, but when we become conscious of a higher condition, and live up to it, those of the lower no longer affect us. So if we are affected by any condition that we call evil, we may be sure that there is something in our own thoughts that corresponds to them, although we may not like to admit it, for that which is lower can not control that which is higher.

The answer then to our inquiry, stated briefly, is that all we call evil is the result of thinking and acting in opposition to our highest consciousness, and that it is possible for us to do so because we have not infinite wisdom, and must learn from experience; but when we profit by our own experience and work in harmony with our highest knowledge, we shall become more and more conscious of that realm of being, in which the "peace that passeth all understanding" is attained, and all that we call evil will disappear.

761 Valencia street, April 28, 1887.

Appreciative Words.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I do think the GOLDEN GATE is so filled with good things that it must be to each subscriber and reader a beacon light of truth and fraternal love to encourage and strengthen them as they pursue life's journey, while they, in turn, send words of kindly greeting to you, uniting all to each and each to every one in one bond of fraternal love and sympathy as they press the thorny paths of life. Through the GOLDEN GATE we are enabled to keep our eyes upward and behold the truths there provided on its pages, it helping us to look past the thorns and forget the pain intended by scorn and persecution, hatred and malice, and gives each a knowledge that the fraternal love will conquer all else, and go on conquering every foe which may arise. Yours fraternally,

MARY E. ROCKWOOD.

SANTA BARBARA, April 30, 1887.

Dr. C. A. Smith.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I would inform the friends of Dr. C. A. Smith that he is at Fresno City, Cal., holding evening meetings at L. D. Hoppick's, treating the sick and infirm, both body and mind, and giving general satisfaction. Please notify the public of the same through the GOLDEN GATE, whose mission is to conduct the golden rays of light that are being transmitted by the golden thoughts of spirits to those mortal minds seeking for the golden sunshine of truth. That the GOLDEN GATE may be successful in its mission is the desire of its friends and well wisher,

A. C. DOAN.

FRESNO CITY, May 2, 1887.

AN OLD SINNER.—An elder, while baptising converts at a revival meeting, advanced with a wiry, sharp-eyed old chap into the water. He asked the usual questions whether there was any reason why the ordinance of baptism should not be administered. After a pause, a tall, powerful-looking man, who was quietly looking on, remarked: "Elder, I don't want to interfere in yer business, but I want to say that this is an old sinner you have got hold of, and that one dip wont do him any good. If you want to get the sin out of him you'll have to anchor him out in keep water all night!"

THE SPIRIT WORLD.

A Clever Exhibition of Ghostly Skill—Col. Owen's Protege—A Young Sailor Who Became a Medium—How He Did It—Seance with Skeptical Reporters—They Go Home Mystified—Entertainment at The Grand Opera House.

[Los Angeles Express, April 18th.]

Col. J. J. Owen, erstwhile editor of the beacon light of the Santa Clara portion of the northern citrus belt, the San Jose *Mercury*, arrived in the city on Thursday, and on Friday afternoon visited this office and informed the editor that if convenient he would like a reporter to be detailed to visit his rooms at the Montrose, Saturday night at 8 o'clock, and there witness an exposition of what is known in Spiritualistic circles as "independent slate writing," the placing of two slates together, with a bit of pencil between them, by a medium, the laying on of hands by the spectators, and the visitation of an alleged spirit who inscribes messages upon them.

The medium claimed to be possessed of this wonderful power, Col. Owen said, was a young man named Fred Evans. Accordingly, Saturday evening, an *Express* reporter knocked upon the door of room 18, at the Montrose; a voice answered, "Come in," and the scribe, entering, found himself in a very cosy apartment, and standing in the presence of an extremely youthful-looking and handsome man, attired in a neat suit of black, of well-cut features and possessed of a dashing pair of clear, large black eyes.

"A reporter, aren't you?" he asked, and being answered in the affirmative, he said: "I thought so. You see, I told Colonel Owen to invite the members of the press, that I might show them what I could do before my formal appearance at the Opera House to-morrow night."

Then Mr. Evans (for it was the medium himself) showed the reporter a chair, and the two, sitting opposite each other at a pine board table, were soon conversing. The conversation naturally turned to the medium himself, and in response to queries from the *Express* man, Mr. Evans, in a very agreeable way, related the following regarding himself and his career:

"I was born of sea-faring people, in Liverpool, England, twenty-five years ago, and from the time I was eleven years of age until I attained the age of twenty-two, I followed the sea for a living. I first came to this country aboard the British steamer *Arabic*, an 'ocean tramp,' you would call her, arriving in San Francisco in 1885, via the Suez canal and China. I quitted the vessel then, and for nearly a year I followed the calling of quarter-master on the Oregon coast route. Indeed I was a sailor

WHEN I BECAME MEDIUM,

And I will tell you how it came about. Chum and myself on shore and on fun bent, wandered into a seance being given by a medium on Geary street. I became interested, and revelations of that which I thought no other living person knew, were made to me by this medium. I attended her seances nightly. Finally I became wrapped up in the study of Spiritualism, and when told by another medium that I possessed all necessary requisites to be a medium, I consented to try and be developed. I listened to advice given me on the subject, and for three months I sat at a certain hour, half-past 10 to half-past 11 o'clock each night, in my thoroughly darkened bed-room, endeavoring to commune with the spirits. At the last sitting I determined I would sit no longer, and would pronounce the thing a fraud if I did not get a manifestation. I had been told my forte would be slate-writing, and, provided with two common school slates, I sat down and waited an hour over the usual time. I went to sleep on the chair, and when I awoke I noticed, directly in front of me, a small ball of fire apparently rolling about in the air. I started to reach for it, thinking it was imaginary, and it floated away. I waited half an hour, and was about to retire, when a large ball appeared at my chamber door. It, too, floated away presently, and, thoroughly mystified, I climbed into bed. Nothing disturbed me, and I went to sleep only to be quickly awakened by a loud knocking on my bedstead boards. I jumped up and asked who was there. The answer came,

'A SPIRIT GREET'S YOU.'

I conversed with it, and was told I was fully developed. After giving me this information it passed away. I sat regularly nightly after this, and each time I got writing on the slates I held in my hands. That is the story of my development and my conversion to the doctrine in which I now implicitly believe."

Evans told this story without any of that display characteristic of many so-called mediums, and in a manner that would generally carry to an auditor the conviction that he was speaking the truth. At 9 o'clock Mr. Berry, a *Herald* representative, and Mr. J. W. Maddril, of the *Tribune*, entered. Evans announced that he would proceed with the seance, and then directed the "pencil-pushers" to arrange themselves about the pine table, and they did so. Colonel Owen himself took a seat next to the *Express* representative, Mr. Maddril sat to his left and Mr. Berry next. Evans' seat was directly opposite his audience, across the table. Then, at the medium's request, a most minute examination was made of four common school slates, about 4x6 inches, in size, framed with pine wood usually used in slate manufacture. After the slates had been inspected, Evans took

from a box a slate pencil, and scratched the surfaces over with it. He then spat upon them, cleaned them off, and then handed them again to the newspaper men. They were as of yore. Taking two of them and placing them together, Evans dropped a bit of pencil between them, and then sealed them together with common red sealing wax. The same performance was gone through with the other two slates, and, laying one pair above the other on the table, the medium directed all four persons to place their fingers upon them and "arrange a battery." Then the little party sat in silence, and awaited coming events. Evans assumed an easy position in his chair, and very shortly signs of his laboring under a severe mental struggle were made apparent. He writhed and twitched his fingers, and finally grasped a pencil and commenced writing, upside down, with lightning-like rapidity.

"He has heard them," whispered Col. Owen, as Evans finished.

Turning the paper about, one could readily decipher the writing. It was in words as follows:

"Yes, I will write on the slates to the press."

"JOHN GRAY."

"Who's John Gray?" Was the simultaneous inquiry of the newspaper men.

"He is Mr. Evans' 'psychographic control' as it is called: More properly speaking, the medium's guide to the spirit world," was the whispered response of Col. Owen.

At this moment the grating of the bit of pencil between the two uppermost slates could be distinctly heard, and in a moment Mr. Evans had ordered hands removed. He picked up the slates and handed them to Mr. Maddril, at the same time requesting him to force the slates apart. Maddril did so, and on the top slate of the two were written in excellent chirography the following messages which are here given verbatim:

[We omit the messages as of no particular interest to the general reader.—E.D. G. G.]

One of the slates was then thoroughly washed in water, all present had first tasted and found pure, was placed on the table, and between it and the table-board was placed a bit of pencil that had been used on the slate just examined. On this single slate the party placed their fingers. The same mental struggle in Evans was apparent after a moment, and he quickly inquired in hollow tones, "Is that you Johnny?" With one accord the trio of reporters glanced at Col. Owen. "He is asking for his spirit control," was his response. "Is that you?" continued Evans. "Well, will you show the reporters that what we believe is truth by writing on this single slate, after I mark it with a cross, by writing across and over the cross I place on it, will you?"

Then Evans grasped a pencil, and in the same way he did before, wrote a few words. Inverted they read:

"YES! I WILL."

Evans then quickly picked up the little slate and with a bit of pencil drew two lines, crossing each other, obliquely over its surface. It was then replaced and the scribes' fingers, with those of Col. Owen, were soon upon it. In a remarkably short space of time the grating noise was heard. Evans, when it ceased, ordered the slate lifted and to the intense wonder of his audience there upon its surface was a message, its letters written in colors of purple, red, green, blue and white, over the cross Evans had placed upon it. So much were they amazed that nothing but "Ohs! and Ohs!" were reuttered for several moments.

"That I consider my best demonstration of the proof that spiritual power exists," said Mr. Evans, as well he might, triumphantly. The messages, in its parti-colored writing, read as follows:

To the gentlemen of the Los Angeles Press:

DEAR FRIENDS—I am pleased to meet you all here this evening to witness this phenomenon. I know that many of you would like to bear witness of 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 this 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 your medium's guide.

Good Night.

JOHN GRAY.

After a most minute examination of the table, the furniture in the room, its walls, ceilings and windows the party gave up the solution of what they thought a problem, when Mr. Evans said he would, if possible, endeavor to communicate with the artist-spirit,

STANLEY ST. CLAIR.

At once the party returned to their seats. The *Express* reporter cleared off a slate and it was placed as had been the one on which was the cross. Hands were then laid upon it and in less than three minutes Mr. Evans had a communication with St. Clair, his artistic spirit. He wrote upon a paper what St. Clair had to say. The unseen delineator said he would, for the press, draw a picture on the slate, and in a few minutes Evans lifted the slate from the table. Engraved upon it in slate pencil was a likeness of John B. Pierpont, the poet, an artistic bit of work. About the portrait, in legible hand, 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 at the request 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.

Evans' auditors were thoroughly mystified. It was inexplicable, unfathomable.

Evans, as the party retired, smilingly bade them good night, and asked specially that they attend his performance which took place at the Opera House last evening.

AT THE OPERA HOUSE.

Four hundred people gathered in the Opera House last night to witness Evans go through his slate-writing manifestations. Ex-Mayor Spence, Mr. Jesse Yarnell and Mrs. O. H. Bliss were chosen a committee to scrutinize his work. The manner of preparation was exactly the same as used at the reporters' seance, detailed above, and of course the committee left the stage more mystified and as ignorant of Evans' modus operandi as they were when they went upon it. Ex-Mayor Spence told Mr. Evans he would give \$50 to some charity, if he, Evans, would have written on a slate the name Mr. Spence should subscribe on another one. Evans said he would if Mr. Spence would call at his rooms. One Sala Ausbach, in the audience cried out, he would take the Mayor's offer and gave a hundred dollars if he did not make the name appear on the slate and that "he wouldn't do it with spirits either." Considerable excitement was created and when Col. Owen and his protege, Mr. Evans, retired the audience became a noisy one. The entertainment was a successful and mystical one, and Evans was dubbed an "artist."

[From the Los Angeles Times, April 18th.]

About 400 people gathered at the opera-house last night to attend the seance of Fred Evans, assisted by J. J. Owen, late editor of the San Jose *Mercury*. Evans is a young man, and was picked up by the peculiar editor some months since, who thought he had discovered a most wonderful being. In consideration of the row that was kicked up last night and quelled by Owen, it might not be out of place to give a brief history of that gentleman. For twenty years Owen was a prominent citizen of San Jose, and was sent to the Legislature from Santa Clara county some years ago. Mr. Owen entered the newspaper business soon after he took up his residence in the Garden City, and during the twenty years of his residence there, he was an able advocate of the principles of the Republican party. He built up the San Jose *Mercury*, and when he disposed of that paper, about two years ago, it was the best-paying newspaper property in the State outside of San Francisco. Mr. Owen's friends, and in fact, the whole Republican party of Santa Clara County, objected most strongly to his disposition of the old party paper, and a number of the local leaders of the county met the gentleman, and almost begged him not to leave them at that particular time. It was just before the last Presidential campaign, and Mr. Owen finally consented to remain until after the election, but he could not consent to remain any longer than that, for a new life or a new set of ideas had taken possession of the venerable editor, who made a State reputation, and he could not give up the army of cranks who had thrown their nets around him. His friends had noticed for several years that he was becoming a strong believer in Spiritualism, and they feared that he was throwing up his useful calling to add his influence to the shadowy ranks. Their conjectures proved correct, for, after taking a trip to Honolulu, Mr. Owen started a Spiritualist paper in San Francisco, called the GOLDEN GATE, and since then he has been a strong supporter of the mysteries of the "spirit land."

As we said before, the editor picked young Evans up a short time ago, and the two are doing the slate-writing trick all over the coast. Evans manipulates the slates, and Owen lends dignity to performance by taking his seat on the stage and acting as master of ceremonies. He fills in between waits by telling what he knows about spirits, spirit-power and slate-writing, and helps Evans to read the writing on the slates. Evans is a very young man, who does not look as though he is yet out of his teens. He is a pale-faced wide-eyed youth, and his every action shows that he has been a hard worker in the peculiar profession he has adopted.

Soon after the audience became seated at the opera-house last evening Owen appeared on the stage and announced that the circle was completed and the seance would begin. He made a neat little speech, and was frequently applauded by the believers present.

[Then follows a long account of the seance similar to the one copied from the *Express*, which we omit.—E.D. G. G.]

HOW RUSSIA HONORS HER HEROES.—

A monument is about to be erected at Temir Khan-Sehura, in Central Asia, to the memory of Agaphon Mikitin, a Russian artilleryman, who was killed at Geok-Tepe. Having been imprisoned by the Tekes, Mikitin refused to fight against his compatriots, although he was subjected to the cruelest tortures. He died after his fingers had been cut off and his back scalded. Another monument to this brave soldier has been erected in his native village in Poland in the form of a Russian church, toward the decoration of which the Czar contributed 3,000 rubles. —*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"MOTHER, HAVE I GOT ANY CHILDREN?"

asked little Johnny Fizzletop. "Why, no, child; what put that into your head?" "I read in the Bible about children's children. That's what put it in my head." —*Texas Sifting*.

Effect of Alcohol on the Heart.

The heart, when in a healthy condition, as is generally known, is about the size of an ordinary fist, and weighs about eight or nine ounces. It is a hollow muscle, which, by contraction, propels the blood to the remotest parts of the extremities. The amount of work performed by this little organ is enormous; it beats about one hundred thousand times per day, and exhibits a strength at each pulsation equal to ten pounds. Now, as a healthy man's heart beats about seventy-two times a minute, four thousand three hundred and twenty times per hour, or one hundred and three thousand six hundred and eighty times per day of twenty-four hours, its lifting power is equivalent to the enormous sum of one million thirty-six thousand eight hundred pounds, or more than five hundred tons per day, one foot high! Several causes, such as rapid walking, running, lifting, mental labor, excitement of any kind, may increase the heart's action, and thereby bring an extra strain upon it, and produce more or less temporary or permanent injury. It can, therefore, be readily understood that it is of the utmost importance to preserve the heart's integrity, and thus insure the safety of the rest of the body.

If we turn from the healthy man and examine the heart of a chronic inebriate, we will find that his heart (like his nerves and muscles) is subject to degeneration; it becomes loaded with fat, upon its exterior and in its walls. This increased weight of course greatly weakens its action, as may be readily discovered in the habitual drinker, whose pulse is weak, feeble, intermittent, and whose extremities are generally cold, because the heart is unable to do the work required. All physicians know that alcoholism is a common cause of heart disease. The muscular tissue is turned into fat, and such a person, if much excited or frightened, or caused to run a distance, will suddenly die and be precipitated into a drunkard's grave, because the heart is enfeebled and can not lift its five hundred tons per day.

It is stated on high authority ("Steele's Hygienic Physiology") that two ounces of alcohol (which is equal to about two ordinary drinks of whisky or brandy) increases the heart's action six thousand beats in twenty-four hours; which is an increase of work for the heart equal to the lifting of a weight of seven tons one foot high! After the feeling of stimulation at the outset of a debauch has passed away, the drinker feels a terrible reaction, a physical languor, a letting down; the heart flags, the brain and muscles are exhausted, and rest and sleep are imperatively demanded. The machinery is nearly run down—the patient must have sleep or he dies. After a long continued use of alcohol, or where a large quantity has been used in a short time, we find fatty degeneration of the muscular fibers of the heart, so that it loses its power to drive the blood to the extremities, and very soon fails to respond to the spur that has urged it on to ruin. This fatty degeneration from alcohol is also to be found in the muscles, liver, nerves and kidneys, in the form of fat cells, *unhealthy fat cells*, which show an insufficiency of oxygen in the blood. When you see a flushed face or a bloodshot eye in a person who you know indulges in alcoholic liquors, even in a moderate way, you may put it down as a fact that these superficial appearances indicate positively the condition of the internal organs. The delicate linings of the brain, heart, stomach, liver and lungs are congested, and are the color of the blushing cheek. When the alcoholic habit has become chronic, the color becomes permanent, and the discolored, blotched skin reveals the condition of the internal organs. Owing to the affinity of alcohol for water, all the membranes become somewhat dry, thick and hard; they shrink upon the sensitive nerves, causing pain; their thickness and hardness stiffen the joints and make the muscles weak and flabby, and in this way every organ of the body feels the change.—*James Gray Jewell, M. D., Resident Physician, Home for Inebriates, S. F.*

HE LEFT HIS BOOTS.—"We wish to return our sincere thanks," says the editor of an Idaho paper, "to the enterprising but misguided burglar who broke into our residence the night before last, under the impression that he was cracking the crib of the druggist who lives next door. He entered at a window and carefully removed his boots, setting them down on the floor. To this circumstance and the fact that we saw him come in, we are indebted for the first good pair of boots we have had in ten years."

A BRIGHT young teacher in one of the up-town schools, says that the other day she explained to her class that the meaning of the word "vicissitude" was change, and then asked a boy to give her a sentence in which the word was used. The urchin, with much pride and evident certitude, immediately sang out, "My mother sent me to the grocery store for the vicissitude of a \$5-bill!" —*Troy Times*.

Father gently said: "Don't stuff victuals into your mouth that way, my son; Oliver Cromwell didn't eat after that fashion." The boy, after pondering for a while, said to himself, "And I don't believe Oliver Cromwell walloped his boy for finding a bottle of whisky in the shed when he was hunting after a horseshoe, either."

PUBLICATIONS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS;

—OR,—

Gleanings In Various Fields of Thought,

By J. J. OWEN.

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

SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We have read the "Sunday Talks" and shall continue to do so, for let us open the book where we may we are sure to find something that makes us feel the better for reading; every article is the expression of the thoughts of a manly man to his fellow man.—*Monterey Californian*.

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

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

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SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1887.

HOME AGAIN.

After a very pleasant and successful trip to Southern California, taking in San Diego, Los Angeles and Santa Barbara, the writer returned to his post on Friday last, to meet the somewhat general and encouraging comment that the paper had really been improved by his absence!—A fact which we are glad to acknowledge, as it reflects credit upon our judgment in selecting an assistant!

Our trip was a triumph of the spirit world. The medium, Fred Evans, whose wonderful psychographic gifts we sought to demonstrate before the public, excelled our highest expectations. In private seances, with sharp-eyed reporters for the press, as well as upon the public rostrum and under the keenest scrutiny of skeptical committees selected by the audience, his guide never once failed to produce messages from the unseen world. In public, never less than four, and in one instance six slatesful of messages were obtained, including in nearly every instance a sketch of some prominent Spiritualist passed to the other life, and all written under conditions that forbid any honest suspicion of unfairness. There were never, at his public seances, less than forty, and in some instances as many as sixty messages written to persons in the audience.

In coming closely into the life of this medium, as we have, we have learned to esteem him highly as a man, and for the many excellent traits of character that reveal themselves only upon intimate acquaintanceship. His mediumistic powers, as an independent slate-writer, have never been equaled. We would like to take him before the Seybert Commission, and before college professors and academies of sciences of the East, where we are sure he would be able to confound the wise, and open the eyes of the spiritually blind to the truth. But this would require time and money, neither of which—especially the latter—are just now at our disposal. We hope to be able, sometime, to carry forward these experiments to a grander fruition.

TRUE MONUMENTS.

We may admire the monuments of stone, marble and bronze that a grateful people build in memory of their valiant and honored dead; but we rather reverence the living memorials some of these noble men and women reared in their lifetime. Conspicuous among these is the Peabody buildings for the 'poorer classes of London, for which purpose Mr. Peabody gave five hundred thousand pounds. At the average rate of one dollar twenty cents a week, which in all cases includes free water, sculleries, bath-rooms and laundries, the income has increased to the large sum of four million five hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Last year the receipts from rent amounted to one hundred and forty thousand dollars, while the cost of management was only ten thousand. After this long lapse of time, there is a complaint that the bequest is not benefiting the class for which it was really designed, but we do not see how this objection can be maintained, since Mr. Peabody in his provision for these houses spoke only of the comparatively poor, who should share their benefits. Nothing was said of the extremely poor,—the poorest class of the great city who live in old ruins and water wrecks, two-thirds of whom to-day never saw the inside of a decent tenement house. It was for day laborers and mechanics whose dwellings were designed, and by this class they have been, from the first down to the present, occupied. While it is to be regretted that their provision did not include all the poor of London—the income fully warranting the necessary increase of buildings—it can not be denied that the Peabody tenement houses have been managed strictly in accord with the wishes of their founder, and are, moreover, a noble and lasting memorial to one whose deeper feelings ran in a broader channel than was always indicated on the surface.

The liberated spirits of such benefactors of their fellows, doubtless find their chief happiness in watching the results of their designs, and in the attempt to influence their wealthy brothers to make a wise disposition of what a kind fate has given them.

—Meeting an old friend, and supposed skeptic, at Mrs. Whitney's public seance, last Sunday evening, we inquired if he was entirely sure that he wasn't lost. He informed us that he had become a Spiritualist through the mediumship of a little daughter of ten years, whose hand had been controlled to write messages from dwellers in the spirit world, giving the names of the writers, many of the messages being of a high order. And so the good work moves on.

UNJUST CRITICISM.

It illy becomes Spiritualists to criticize the matter of the communications that come to us from the spirit side of life. It is the manner of these communications—the fact of their production by an occult intelligent power—that we seek to establish, and when once established it will be time enough to criticize and question the nature or matter of said communications.

We are met by those who claim to be the defenders of our philosophy and phenomena, as an objection to the slate containing messages in various languages, obtained under our hands, through the mediumship of Fred Evans, and which appeared in our holiday number of the GOLDEN GATE, that the Greek is not classical, that the German is slipshod and ungrammatical, and that from these and other inaccuracies, the presumption is that the writing was a trick of the medium palmed off upon the writer.

Such criticism as this, coming from professed Spiritualists, is anything but fair or manly. Every medium has the right to be considered honest until proven otherwise, and no one can in justice express a doubt of an asserted fact of mediumship until he has demonstrated the alleged claims of said mediumship for himself.

Now we have never claimed that the messages given through the mediumship of Fred Evans were in perfect English, German, Greek, Chinese, Hebrew, or any other language in which they may have been written. On the other hand we find them often defective. We find similarities of expression, and peculiarities of chirography running through most of them—not all—which would seem to indicate that these messages, in form and expression, are largely the production of a single mind, as it is quite likely they are—the medium's control acting as an amanuensis for those spirits who have not yet learned how to master the conditions and produce the writing for themselves. Thus, being, in form, the production of one mind, and that one not highly cultured, they necessarily take on the imperfections and crudities of expression of that mind.

We have often received through this medium messages in perfect English, and expressing a high order of mentality, written in the *fac simile* of the handwriting of cultured spirits who have evidently learned to dispense with the spirit amanuensis in expressing their thoughts independently. It is the fact of the writing in the manner claimed for it, that must appeal to every honest skeptic, as it surely ought to every professed Spiritualist. Once establish the fact of an intelligent force in nature capable of producing messages within closed slates independently, and we shall not be long in finding a valid reason for any imperfections in the messages that may occur.

The same imperfections, by the way, may be found in other phases of mediumship—in the trance especially, where the medium is supposed to voice the thoughts of some grand spirit. The instrument is found to be imperfect, and not capable of expressing all the spirit would say.

The intimation made by some that we, with all our natural caution and unrivaled opportunities for investigation, have been made the dupe of a juggler, is beneath our notice.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

We had the pleasure, on Sunday last, of listening to those estimable and talented ladies, Mesdames Hopkins, Lord and Plunkett, the founders of the "Hopkins University of Christian Science," of Chicago, who have recently attracted no little attention in this city. Mrs. Lord, the editor of *Woman's World*, was the principal speaker, and those who were able to hear her were well entertained. She was followed by Mrs. Plunkett in a short address, and it is to a portion of her remarks we desire to take friendly exception. If we understood her correctly she declared all magnetic or mesmeric healing, and healing through spirit mediumship, as not in accordance with Christian Science.

As the method taught by our sisters is surely not that taught and practiced by Christ, we are at a loss to know why it should be called "Christian" Science. Christ healed by the laying on of hands; and, no doubt, many wonderful cures have been and are being continually made in the same manner by spiritual and magnetic healers who lay no claim to Christian Science, but who never hesitate to give credit where it undoubtedly belongs—to the spirit world.

Our Christian Science friends will doubtless remember that there came a "certain ruler" to Jesus on a certain occasion, saying, "My daughter is even now dead; but come, and lay thy hand upon her and she shall live." He took her by the hand, and we are told "the maid arose." Again, he touched the eyes of two blind men by the roadside and they were made to see. And again he anointed the eyes of a blind man with clay that he had moistened with spittle and his sight was restored. Other instances of the kind might be mentioned. And now we are told that none of these methods are in accordance with Christian Science.

The unfoldment of one's own spiritual powers should be the aim of every individual soul. In this we fully agree with our Christian Science sisters. At the same time we would not ignore or reject any helps to this unfoldment that the spirit world may bring to us. The

spirits of the wise and good who pass to the higher life, and there attain to the added wisdom of that life, must surely be capable of rendering valuable assistance to mortals in their upward journey. Hence, in rejecting this assistance it is not possible that our sisters stand in their own light, and deny themselves a means of growth of which the better representatives of true Christian teachings do not hesitate to avail themselves.

It is quite probable that no one has all the truth; and while there is no doubt much good in the teachings of these estimable ladies, there are some things, perhaps, whereof they are in darkness and error. There is no monopoly of truth; it is the common heritage of all who are able to discover it.

SOME THING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

There is that in the name of "woman" which inspires a feeling toward her tending to elevate her above the standard of man; not perhaps that she is better on the whole than he, but rather that she should be, and is largely held to be. However this may be, it is true one never ceases to be shocked and pained at the recitals and accounts of her mistakes and deviations from the straight and narrow way, whether in private or public life.

During the last twenty years her general conduct has been more closely scrutinized than was ever that of her brother man since time began. Bearing the blame of his first sin and downfall, she has labored under a disadvantage that the sons of Adam do not inherit, notwithstanding the imposed difficulty of "earning their bread." For more than a score of years the mothers of the race have been endeavoring to prove their political and intellectual equality with man; in the latter they have so far succeeded as to establish a close competition with him in places of trust, responsibility, honor and learning. The public does not admit human fallibility in woman placed in these capacities, and cries out in horror if she does fail, or commit a breach of trust. Mrs. Sarah E. Howe, of the Woman's Bank of Boston, who recently had the misfortune to abscond with fifty thousand dollars, is one woman among ten thousand men, more or less, who have done the same thing, without ever raising a hint of a suggestion to put women in their places. But, because of one woman's unfaithfulness, it would seem from the tone of comment thereon, that the cause of her sisters in political slavery, is to suffer or be doomed entirely. But rules never lose their force, however many the exceptions; and this woman defaulter is the only "new thing under the sun;" it can not dim the opening career of her honest sisters.

ÆSTHETICS.—The refined taste of the editor of the *Religio* is shocked by the unartistic execution of the slate pictures given in the GOLDEN GATE, and he begs that they may be discontinued. It is a little strange that a good Spiritualist, like our esteemed contemporary, can overlook the value of these pictures as evidence of spirit origin, merely because they are not (what they do not profess to be) works of high art. Our æsthetic brother is especially worried about the picture of Prof. Denton, and appeals to the widow of Prof. D. to sustain him, but notwithstanding the opinion of his witness, we still maintain that the picture is a fair likeness and a creditable piece of work, considering the manner in which it was taken—a rough outline drawing, rapidly executed on a slate, and transferred to our columns by means of a coarse wood cut. It is the mode of production, and not the picture itself, that is remarkable, and for this, and this only, was it published. Its value as a proof of spirit power is in no wise impaired by its roughness of execution, and, keeping this main fact in mind, we trust that our esteemed brother will not hereafter allow his exquisite artistic taste to spoil his appetite for nourishing spiritual food.

MRS. WHITNEY AT ODD FELLOWS' HALL.—The interest taken in the public test seances given by Mrs. J. J. Whitney at Odd Fellows' Hall on Sunday evenings, is something remarkable. In point of numbers and earnest interest taken, no such meetings for the promotion of Spiritualism have ever before been held in this city. Last Sunday evening the receipts, at ten cents admission, amounted to \$140, showing 1,400 persons present, exclusive of a large number of free admissions. The house was literally packed above and below. Mrs. Whitney gave some eighty tests, mostly to strangers, and with unerring accuracy. Although she has been able to give tests from the platform for a year or more, this wonderful development has come to her within the last few months. As a platform test medium we doubt if she has her superior in the world to-day. Her audiences are of the best class of people. Perfect order prevails, and her tests of spirit presence are of the most convincing character. Go and hear her.

Some amusement was created in front of the Morris House yesterday afternoon by a prestidigitator named Sala Ausbach offering to duplicate by sleight of hand every manifestation produced by Fred Evans, the spiritualistic medium, now in town. Ausbach offered \$50 for a private seance, and \$100 to be given to some charity if he failed to do all the tricks. The offer was not accepted.

SANTA BARBARA PRESS, APRIL 28TH.

As Mr. Evans was visiting friends five miles out of town on the afternoon mentioned, from whose residence he went directly to the boat, it is evident that Mr. Ausbach could not have made the offer to him. We are informed that an intelligent Spiritualist of Santa Barbara, on the following day, and after we had left the city, accepted the gentleman's challenge, and readily detected the trick of a false bottom to the slate, whereupon, as might naturally be expected, Mr. Ausbach failed to come up with his coin. As he is engaged in the business of teaching jugglers' tricks, he takes this method of advertising his wares.

—Investigators of the spiritual philosophy should not fail to read the "Watseka Wonder," copies of which may be had at this office. Price, fifteen cents.

ON THE WING.

The "Pilgrims" Homeward Bound—Something about Santa Barbara—Our Thousand Dollar Man Backs Down—Another Successful Public Seance, Etc.

[EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

SANTA BARBARA, April 27, '87.

As compared with the mad rush and whirl of business life of Los Angeles and San Diego, Santa Barbara presents a picture of quiet repose.

Here are to be seen many of the sleepy old relics of Mexican architecture,—the one-storyed, tile-roofed, ungainly adobe structures of a past age; but they are rapidly melting away before the advancing tide of a new and better civilization. The town has caught the inspiration of the whistle of the approaching locomotive, and is preparing to take its place among the cities of the Golden State as the queen of them all in point of beauty of location and salubrity of climate.

If the reader will examine the map of California he will find the trend of the coast at this point almost due west, for a distance of about fifty miles, to Point Conception. The cold northern trade winds that sweep the coast during the Summer months are broken at this point, and by the time they reach Santa Barbara are softened into gentle breezes, with just enough of the fresh breath of the sea to make the air a delightful solace to all weak lungs.

The town is located upon an undulating plateau at the base of the Santa Inez mountains, embracing the horseshoe-shaped bay of Santa Barbara, and in natural advantages is really one of the most picturesque and beautiful cities in the world. Its present population is about six thousand, to be doubled, doubtless, within the next five years. From its lack of railroad communication with the outer world it has hitherto been heavily handicapped in its race for fame; but that objection will soon be removed, and then we may reasonably expect to see Santa Barbara speedily rise to the importance which her beauty of location and salubrity of climate justly entitle her.

We see here everywhere the footprints of that grand soul, Col. Hollister, who lately passed on to the other life. The Arlington Hotel, one of the best caravansaries in the State, was the creation of his brain, together with many other public and private buildings. He had unbounded faith in the future of Santa Barbara, and zealously planned to that end. His dreams were just coming to be waking realities when the summons came that called him hence. But he has lost none of his interest in the town, or in his old friends, as he comes back frequently to assure us.

My last letter left the reader in suspense as to the outcome of the thousand dollar challenge made by one George L. Wilson of Los Angeles. It will be remembered that he made the offer that if "Evans & Co.," as he designated the firm, would procure "one word of writing" within slates that he would purchase and place in the hands of the same committee as that chosen by our Los Angeles audience, he would pay Mr. Evans \$1,000, and that he would deposit the money in the hands of the committee. Well, as we anticipated, Mr. Evans' prompt acceptance of his offer caused the rash challenger to "take water." It was a square case of "back down," and the cause of Spiritualism must needs struggle on without such aid as seemed for the nonce within our grasp.

We arrived in Santa Barbara on Saturday evening last, where we were most cordially received by expectant friends. On Sunday evening Mr. Evans gave his usual seance to reporters, and with his usual success. The papers here are largely under the thrall of an unjust public opinion concerning Spiritualism; hence, their editors find it difficult to state a simple fact favoring our phenomena without intruding a sneer, or quibbling over the matter of the communications received. The *Press*, after describing the reporters' seance quite fairly, adds the following:

The visitors were all skeptics before the seance, are so still, and will no doubt always remain so, but unanimously decided that there was something very remarkable about this slate-writing business. The test was about all that could be desired by those present, but if any good can result from these communications, not one of this number was able to discover it.

Thus, "not one of this number" was able to discover any good result in the demonstration of the existence of an independent intelligent force in nature—a force capable of producing intelligible messages from the so-called dead to the living, within closed slates without the touch of mortal hands! Had these reporters lived in a past age they would doubtless have been unable to "discover" that any good could result from believing the new was round instead of flat; or that Sir Isaac Newton, or Copernicus, or Prof. Morse, were anything more than cranks when they demonstrated to the world certain great facts of nature. The conservatism that would belittle or ignore a truth of any kind, because of its unpopularity, is the conservatism of cowardice. It is what the world's great reformers and discoverers have always had to contend with. It sat on the banks of the Hudson, in Fulton's day, and sneered at his "folly" of attempting to propel a vessel by steam; it ridiculed Columbus in his proposed voyage of discovery,—in short it has "made faces" at the prophets and seers in all ages of the world, and will probably continue to do so until humanity ascends to higher levels.

After the reporters' seance on Sunday evening, which was held at an early hour, I addressed an intelligent audience, at Lobero's Theater, on the "Claims and Mission of Spiritualism," and at the same place, on Tuesday evening, Mr. Evans gave a public seance, which was an unusually fine success. There was none of the hoodlum element present which we encountered in San

Diego and Los Angeles. The audience was composed of the best people of the town, orderly and passive, thus giving the medium the best possible conditions. The committee consisted of Messrs. Porter and Noble, and Mrs. Iverson—all skeptics, but honest and fair-minded people. Five slatesful of messages were obtained, including a likeness of the late James Brownell Clark of Oakland. Had the wishes of the medium or of the writer been carried out, we should have had a likeness of Col. Hollister, as we were both desirous of obtaining a picture of our old friend; but the spirit guides are the sole masters of the situation, and they give us what they will. Spirit John Gray gave the test of writing upon a slate upon which a cross had previously been made in plain sight of the audience and committee, the slate being placed under the foot of one of the committee. The writing appeared in twelve different colors or shades. [All of the slates obtained at this seance may be seen at the office of the GOLDEN GATE.] Of the numerous messages received, the following from Col. Hollister was so characteristic of the writer thereof as to be readily recognized by the audience present ere the reading was one-half finished:

DEAR FRIENDS:—I am glad that this opportunity has been given me to write a few lines to my many friends here. I know there are many things left undone that I might have straightened out. But you know none of us are perfect. But I am glad to say that I am happy here in the spirit world; and though I left things a little mixed upon earth, I found everything as straight as a string in the spirit world. I am glad to predict to my many old friends that the good time that they have long looked for will soon come to pass, and dear old Santa Barbara will take the lead of California. This is what I have long looked forward to; and I will rejoice with you in the spirit world as though I were in Santa Barbara. But before this comes to pass you will have a little trouble with your railroad, which will soon be overcome, then prosperity to Santa Barbara. Give my love to my dear wife, sons, and my daughter. Tell them there are many things I regret, but let the past be buried. My old friends, Barker, Barber, Winchester, Morris, Benn, Maxwell, Owen, and many others, you all have the best wishes of W. W. Hollister. Good-night.

The message by Spirit John Gray, written in twelve colors upon the under side of a slate placed upon the floor, and under the feet of one of the committee, is also worth producing:

MY DEAR FRIENDS OF SANTA BARBARA:—I am much pleased to see you all gathered here this evening. Some of you come here out of pure curiosity, some to investigate, whilst others come already satisfied of the truth of spirit return, and are eagerly awaiting a message from the spirit world. But you are all interested in knowing of a future life; and this is the mission of the medium and Mr. Owen to present such proof as I will from time to time demonstrate through them, and it remains for you to accept or reject as you will. If you accept you will find it to your own happiness and peace of mind. I will bring the medium here again soon. Until then, good-night. From spirit guide, JOHN GRAY.

Mr. Noble, of the committee, reported that, to use his own words, "there was not a scintilla of an attempt at deception practiced by the medium"—that everything was fair and above board, and that the writing was produced in some manner unknown to himself. The two other members of the committee confirmed Mr. Noble in his report.

And now we must pack for home. In all of the places we have visited, Mr. Evans gave all the private sittings he was able to, the sitters almost invariably bringing their own slates, and in no instance failing to obtain messages from their spirit friends within. Scores of applicants for seances were necessarily turned away for want of time.

And so endeth the southern journey of Yours truly, J. J. O.

LA REVISTA ESPIRITISTA.—The English term for the above Spanish words is *The Spiritual Review*, and we have just received the first issue of the March number, for it is a monthly publication, of sixteen pages, designed to uphold the cause of Spiritualism in Chili, in whose chief seaport, Valparaiso, it is published. In its leading editorial it gives a brief outline of the rise of Modern Spiritualism, and answers the question, why this new *Review* is started, by saying that there are over four hundred periodicals in different parts of the world now sent forth, bearing the banner of Spiritualism for the enlightenment of their readers, and that its aim is the same as theirs, which is, in brief, as follows: First, to prove, by means of verifiable phenomena, the reality of communication with a world of spirits. Second, to demonstrate that spirits are identical with the souls of mortals who formerly inhabited the earth. Third, to demonstrate that the future of every living person is intimately connected with their earthly life. Fourth, to prove, by an infinity of communications, that the future life is not a stationary nor final state, but one of continual and eternal progress. We cheerfully add this *Review* to our list of exchange papers.

GOING EAST.—Dr. Stansbury, the well-known independent slate-writer and test medium of this city, is contemplating an extended trip through Oregon, Washington Territory and British Columbia. He will go overland via the recently completed California and Oregon railroad, visiting en route, Ashland, Salem, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle and Victoria, from whence he will go East via Northern Pacific railroad to attend the Eastern camp-meetings. He expects to be at Cassadaga, Lake Pleasant, Onset Bay, Neshaminy and Chattanooga camp-meetings, returning to San Francisco about Oct. 1st. Societies desiring to engage the Doctor's services for public seances, or platform tests, may address him at 32 Ellis street, this city, until the middle of June. He will be in Sacramento from May 9th until 14th holding seances, of which due notice will be given in the local papers, and at Stockton from 16th to 21st inst.

—Miss Susie M. Johnson returned on Tuesday last from Victoria, British Columbia, where for the last six months she has been doing good service upon the spiritual rostrum. She left yesterday for Los Angeles, the scene of her former labors. Miss Johnson is an able speaker, and a good and noble-souled woman, and as such is well deserving of a liberal support.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—W. H. F. Briggs wishes to express his thanks to Brother Wilson and other friends for the kindly attention to the burial services of Brother W. F. Furney.

—Brooklyn has a Rheumatism Club. Its object is more cheerful than its name would imply, being "to promote social intercourse among young people."

—Prof. A. E. Carpenter and wife will arrive in San Francisco about the middle of May; he will give public exhibitions in psychology, while his wife will use her mediumistic gifts for the benefit of those who desire her services.

—The eminent lecturer, writer and scholar, J. J. Morse, with his wife and daughter, expects to arrive in this city about the 25th of this month, so as to be in good readiness for his labors for the camp-meeting.

—While in Los Angeles recently we made the acquaintance of that excellent business and test medium, Mrs. Lizzie Lenzberg, who gave us some fine demonstrations of her beautiful gifts. Her card may be found in the GOLDEN GATE.

—Dr. York and wife leave to-day for the East; he will lecture on his way to Sacramento next Sunday evening, and at Salt Lake City the following Sunday. They carry with them the best wishes of the GOLDEN GATE and a host of other friends.

—A monument is proposed to the memory of Dr. Benjamin Rush, and is to cost \$40,000. The funds are to be collected by one dollar subscriptions from physicians. Dr. J. M. Toner, of Washington, D. C., is treasurer of the committee in charge.

—Mr. Colville's new book, "The Science of Health and Healing," is rapidly disappearing from our shelves. The edition is nearly exhausted. Those who would secure a copy of this valuable work should not delay ordering it. See notice elsewhere.

—Wanted—the following GOLDEN GATES: No. 16, May 8, '86; No. 22, June 19, '87; No. 25, July 10, '86; No. 26, July 17, '87. Any one furnishing the same we will give two copies of any other number on hand for each one furnished.

—Why can not our mediums, our speakers and teachers learn that denouncing one another is the poorest possible way of building up themselves? Let only those whose life has been so ordered that neither man nor angel can take exception be the ones who shall raise their voice against their brother or sister professional.

—We are requested by the members of the Gnostic Society to tender their thanks to the editors of the GOLDEN GATE for kind notices, and also to the following persons who contributed in making a success of their recent entertainment: Mr. Walter Leman, Mrs. Mattie Owen, Dr. Thomas Hill, J. W. Maguire and Mrs. Clark, and to all the many friends who generously aided to the evening's success.

—The Century for May opens with a most interesting history of the finding of Pharaoh, or rather what is left of him after several thousand years of retirement as a first-class mummy. The evidence seems to be conclusive that the despoilers of Egypt's royal tombs have discovered the remains of the very person that made himself so highly objectionable to the children of Israel that they tired of his exactions and struck out one day across the Red Sea for new lands.

—The Overland Monthly for May contains an interesting interview by Mrs. M. H. Field, with that grand pioneer, the relict of the late Dr. Bascom of San Jose. In it are some rich reminiscences of pioneer days, racy incidents of the then long journey the "plains across," and all told in a charming manner by the gifted writer and interviewer. As Mrs. Bascom is known throughout California as a lady of rare worth, and remarkable conversational gifts, the Overland will no doubt be in demand.

—Mrs. Livingston, the spirit artist of this city, has recently developed another remarkable gift. Heretofore while her vocal organs were under control of one spirit, with eyes thoroughly blindfolded, her right hand would be controlled to draw, in colored crayons, beautiful portraits of one's spirit friends. Now, while sketching portraits with the right hand, the left hand is controlled to draw landscapes, which are sketched upside down—both hands working simultaneously, and with blinded eyes. Here is truly a singular phase of mediumship.

"BEYOND."—We have received from H. H. Kenyon, of St. Paul, Minnesota, a neat little volume of one hundred and forty pages entitled, "Beyond: A Record of Real Life in the Beautiful Country Over the River and Beyond." This work embodies the personal experiences, in spirit life, of the wife, father, and other kindred spirits of the compiler, through the mediumship of a member of his family. Some of these experiences have appeared in our columns, to the delight of many readers. We expect soon to have some copies of this book for sale. The price will be fifty cents.

—Mrs. Dr. F. Sage, 202 Stockton street, and who, by the way, is a graduated physician, combines materia medica and metaphysics in a remarkable way in her treatment of disease. She does not rely entirely on any one system, but has the rare faculty of gleaning the good in all the systems and making it a part of her practice. She holds that we, as residents of a world of matter, are subject to material laws as well as spiritual laws, and that by a proper adjustment of the two comes perfect health and perfect harmony; that this result is often more rapidly brought about by material appliances in connection with the mental. The Doctor is a lady of high spiritual culture and refinement, and carries in her very presence great curative powers. We most cheerfully commend her to those who need a physician.

A Centennarian.

[The following letter, written at our request, is from the pen of an old friend of other days whose one hundredth birthday will occur on the first day of July next. Let none of our "boys" of eighty or ninety henceforth consider themselves old.]

POWAY, Cal., April 27, 1887.

MR. J. J. OWEN—Dear Sir:—I address you, not only to renew a long interrupted personal presence, but to comply with your request that I should write to you. It gives me pleasure to do so; and to assure you that, though long separated, I have not been unmindful of your labors and success. Your championship of the public interests, and the interests of Republicanism, has been able and successful.

Now you have sheathed the political sword for the more harmonious and agreeable cause of Spiritualism. Although my sight has grown dim, I have looked upon the fair sheets of the GOLDEN GATE with pleasure. Its typographic and editorial execution are alike creditable. Under its lead the cause is likely to prosper.

Although I was brought up under the teachings and instruction of Congregationalism, I have probably swerved somewhat from it. I think it is manifest from the Old Testament, and especially from the New, that Spiritualism is not a new doctrine although expressing new views.

It has been God's method, in various forms and ways, of holding intercourse with his creatures for their benefit and instruction, through the human instruments of prophets, with the burning and unconsumed bush, with the call to Abraham to forsake idolatry, with Joseph by charms, and in a variety of forms. Thus affirmed by Paul in his introductory verse to Hebrews, in the New Testament, when Christ, previous to his crucifixion, ascended the mountain and was visited by Moses and Elias, or Elijah, who spoke to him of his death that should be accomplished at Jerusalem. Whatever may be affirmed of the appearance and agency of the Old Testament as to the ministry of angels, it is manifest that the visitants to Christ were departed spirits. So I think there is sufficient foundation for faith in Spiritualism in the Scriptures. I have had little opportunity to witness the performance of spirit influence, but incline to receive its truth from what I find in Bible history.

It seems to me more in accordance with the Divine goodness to suppose that as a very small proportion of the human race have known of Christ and his gospel, they should not be shut out from future happiness and condemned to endless torment—that there is yet a day of grace for them. Our earth-life is one of trial to prepare us for a higher life, and what is unaccomplished here must be attained hereafter. A method of punishment, which necessarily consumes us, is not eternal. The Spiritualists may well say, "Behold, I show you an excellent way,"—more in accordance with Divine Wisdom.

I think your advocacy of the cause is calculated to win. You deal in facts, not in extravagances, adapted to human reason. And I am glad to know that your paper is on a sure foundation and not dependent on accidental subscription.

There is reason to expect a greater increase of knowledge, as time advances, else what is the meaning of this passage: "It shall come to pass, in the last days, that I will pour out my spirit upon you; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams, and they shall prophesy."

I have given you a hasty sketch of what is passing in my thoughts, and what will soon be more clearly known to me. Wishing success to the cause of light and truth, I am, most respectfully,

Your friend, ALFRED COWLES.

THE GNOSTIC ENTERTAINMENT.

The members of the Gnostic School are to be congratulated over the grand success of their maiden effort, of April 28th, in entertaining the public. The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Cramer, the regular meeting place of the Society, was opened for the occasion. The large, airy rooms had been specially ornamented by skillful hands, and, by the aid of Flora's kingdom, the place wore a brilliant appearance, softened by the mellow lights which flooded the scene in red, yellow and blue rays.

There was a fine array of talent on the program, and an audience composed of the very elite of intellectual, spiritual and esthetical circles of San Francisco. The program which we give below was carried out in a highly satisfactory manner, the crowning effort of which was the rendition of a scene from the "School for Scandal," by that grand, veteran actor, Walter Leman, as Sir Peter, and Mrs. Flagg as Lady Teazle. They were loudly encored, and in response Mr. Leman gave a recitation which was greatly enjoyed. The exercises were as follows:

Piano solo, Mrs. Morris; original poem, "The Gnostic School," Mrs. Wilson; essay, Mr. Gale; song, Mr. Maguire; fancy dance, "La Cachuca," Master Frankie Cramer; reading from Dickens, Dr. Thomas Hill; "Pyramus and Thisbe," Mrs. M. E. Cramer; duet, "The Lone-Hand Galop," Miss M. Robinson and Miss Josie Hill; "Baitsey and I is Oudt," in dialect, Mrs. N. G. Aylsworth; recitation, "After the Battle," Mrs. M. P. Owen; "When Betsy and I were Gals Together," Mrs. Moore; scene from "School for Scandal," Sir Peter, Walter Leman, Lady Teazle, Mrs. Flagg; "Lackey 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.

The library fund was replenished by something near forty dollars, which was "well done" for a first attempt. We hope they may be encouraged to give such entertainments often, for much good is gained all around by them.



SPIRIT PICTURE.

[Taken through the mediumship of Fred Evans, at Childs' Opera House, Los Angeles, on Tuesday evening, April 17th, the slate being held upon the head of Mr. Bliss, a member of the committee selected by the audience to prepare and hold the slates.]

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

A Vision of Paradise.

While half reclining in a leafy grove
This tale I heard. Spell-bound, I could not move,
For both the rapt locutors I had known
On that pale orb far down the milky zone:

QUESTION.

"Oh! whither art thou going, restless soul?
Among the shining worlds of boundless space,
Canst thou not find some final resting place?
With all thy longings, canst thou find no goal?"

ANSWER.

"O'er mountain tops of ev'ry radiant star,
And through the myriad circles of the dead
I've wandered, by thee, angel, kindly led;
That if, perchance, some paradise afar
From one I lost on earth my steps might find.
Yet still I seek in vain forever more,
For what had seemed a paradise before,
At once grows dark and bleak with wailing wind.

"Where she is not there can I ne'er remain,
But doomed to wander, searching ever more,
E'en heaven itself becomes a stygian shore,
And ev'ry wind that blows sounds this refrain,
'Thou shalt behold thy lost one never more.'"

A glorious smile lit up her joyous face;
Fell down the golden billows of her hair;
In all the world was never aught so fair;
And silent thus she stood a little space;

Then this she said: "Look! lo, these many days
I've waited for thy old familiar smile,
Our lonely silent journey to beguile;
In vain I found no recognizing gaze."

REPLY.

"Found, found at last, thou blessed, loveliest child!
I see my long lost bride, my angel dear,
Are one. Thy thrilling rapturous voice I hear,
I see thy eyes, I wake from visions wild.

"Along the shore of yonder lethal stream
I've wandered long in dim, uncertain light,
But now thy glorious face shuts out the night;
No more I seek thee in some changing dream."

RESPONSE.

"No more apart—" the long day's task is done.
Welcome to this our own unending home.
Thou seest the emerald hills and sapphire dome,
The tempered glories of the circling sun.

"Thou seest the score of years since last we met,
Have drawn no ageing wrinkles on my brow;
Time brings no sorrows here. As I am now
So shall I be when countless suns have set.

"Thy life has not been vain, though length'ning years
Have made thee pine for me, and pray for rest.
Thy youth shall come again, no more by age oppressed,
As promised long by sages, priests and seers."

Close by her feet, in adoration mute,
He fell. "Adore me not, I am thy bride;
Come, faithful friend, be ever by my side,"
Filled all the air like cadence of a lute.

On yonder orb men call'd her wondrous fair,
And praised the cloud-drifts of her shining hair;
Her slightest glance was treasured as a royal prize,
For all the world was mirror'd in her eyes.

But Azrael touched her eyelids with his wing,
Prayers rise to Heaven, and fragrant censers swing.
Nor tears nor prayers her Father's will can move—
He shields her with the aegis of his love.

And now I see them walking, hand in hand,
A rosy light illumines all the land;
Their steps scarce bend the flowers beneath
Their feet;

Chill winds no more, no more the noonday heat.
Far in a grove I see a palace rise,
Its turrets touch the clear, cerulean skies,
Its doors, inlaid with gems, stand open wide,
And hand in hand they enter, side by side.

—A.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

PROF. WAIT WILL LECTURE AT THE DRUID'S Hall, 473 Sutter street, Sunday evening, May 1st, at 7:30 o'clock, on the "Orderly Method of God in Creation, in the Universe of Matter and Mind," and will answer all questions relating to the laws of life. Regular class meeting at the same place, every Monday and Friday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, and at 124 Golden Gate Avenue, every Monday and Friday evening, at 8 o'clock.

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

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHICAL SERVICES AT Metropolitan Temple, by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, Sunday, May 1st. Services at 7:30 p. m. Children's Lyceum at 12:30 p. m. All services free.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY Wednesday evening, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111, Larkin street. Interesting addresses, 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. Benner.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

CALIFORNIA SPIRITUALISTS' CAMP MEETING ASSOCIATION.

Third Annual Gathering, to be Held in Oakland, Opening Sunday, June 5th, and Continuing Thirty Days.

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]
Home Life in the Clouds—Experience of Spirit Mary Willis.

BY LAURA A. BAKER.

NO. 4.

When brother returned I was not there; but he found me near an entrance where I had gone to welcome an old lady with three children. One of them, a little boy, unusually strong, looked around and said, "Grandma, where are we going?"

"I don't know," replied the old lady. "What did we come for then?"

The old lady sat down and began to cry, and this was why I went to her. I was so close her tears affected me. Tears draw us. No one dares approach a person in tears unless he is drawn to them; something we do not see would push us away. I went to her and took hold of her hand, and said: "What is the matter, lady?"

"Oh," said she, "I don't know what to do. We are in a strange country. We were traveling, and now we are here. I don't know how we came here. I went to sleep in the car, and when I woke just now we were here. Neither of us have seen any one. I don't know what we shall do."

"I will tell you," said I. "Very likely they had an accident and you, not being awake, did not realize it."

"No, I hardly think so. I am a light sleeper. I think I should have known it."

"How fortunate you did not wake up," said I. "You were saved from all fear. I was not so fortunate. I knew they were going to bury me. I suffered untold agony. I tried to make them know I was not dead, but I could not, I had taken so much morphine."

"Why did you?" she asked.

"Oh, I didn't do it. It was the doctor who gave it to me. He said I had an aneurism of the heart and needed only rest to break it up; so he gave me morphine until he brought on total paralysis of the body. I took it so many days it became to lose its power over the mind, and he had to be increasing the quantity. It was then the danger came. I tried to make them know I did not want to take it, but I could not, my tongue was so stiff. If I had taken a little salt on my tongue when I first found I had taken such a cold, I should not have needed any doctors at all, and I might have lived a long time, so grandma said when I told her how I came to die."

We all go to those whom we are capable of instructing. If any one were to come to me and ask a question, it would be because something in the air pushed him to me. That is the way we find our friends,—by a natural drawing together. The purest draws those of a natural affinity to it, just as a strong magnet draws flakes of iron filings. And thus, also, we congregate; those having the same magnetic base, though differing in density, will enjoy themselves together, but it takes sublimation of force to teach. If I were a great scientist, some scientist from another sphere would come down to teach me. In heaven women are scientists as well as men. Your sister is a scientist, because, while on earth, her occupation as a teacher made her one, and her natural desire led her in the line of nature. She has been my teacher ever since we found each other. We are very much attached, and when I have completed my experience she will take the thread of nature's laws where I leave them, and give you many profound secrets, which are not secrets when once discovered, because there is nothing pertaining to the relation between heaven and earth that is not free.

I told the lady to have no misgivings. Very likely some of her friends would soon come to her. There was a man not far away at the time, and as I saw him approaching, I left, just as brother came up.

Brother told me he could not make mother understand a thing; so he came away, and was glad to leave. It made him feel bad to stand around and not be recognized. He wouldn't go again.

After brother left me to go home, I went to an entrance and found a lady who had just come in, lying on the bank crying. I asked her what was the matter. She replied the children would not let her in to get warm. She said they were not very good, and had turned her out, because she would not let them have all the property, and she had lain down on the ground and fallen asleep, and "now they do not let me in to get warm." I put my arms around her and told her I would care for her until the children let her in. She said she was afraid they never would, for one of them drank whisky and the other was not very good. She said she had not tasted food for a long time and was very hungry. I asked her why she went without. She said she did not want the people to know how bad they were, because she had tried so hard to make them good. I said perhaps she had made a mistake and tried too hard, and had made them bad instead of good; that such mistakes were very common; that children were always good if properly brought up; that there was nothing so pure as a little child; that Christ likened the occupants of the kingdom of heaven to little children.

"I am sure," said she, "I always tried so hard to bring them up properly. I

never allowed them to do anything bad on the Lord's day, not even to skate."

"Oh, well," said I, "the children may have the property now. You don't need it. We are all spirits here."

"Spirits here! What does that mean?" "It means that you are a spirit now, yourself."

"What can you mean?" said she.

I seemed to fail to make her understand. "I mean that you have left the earth, and are a beautiful angel now. Look at me, I am not like the people of earth. You will be like me now, and will not need their care." Then her sight began to grow.

"I am not like you," she said. "I am like the people of earth."

"Oh, yes, you are just like me. Just look at your hands; they are large like mine. Look at your dress. How it shines! Don't you see you are like me?"

"Oh, no, not like you, for your face is like the sun, your eyes are like the stars, and your hands are like dippers, they are so larger. They are not small and delicate like mine."

Then her eyes were opened and she saw that she, too, had changed. I was not like anything she had ever seen before, for I had spread. My individuality was not lost, but changed. I was not bound up like the people of earth; and I, too, until that moment had not discovered how large I was. When her eyes began to grow she could not bear the light that emanated from my face, because they were weak, like a child's. But as we talked she grew stronger. The light emitted from my eyes she could compare only to the light of the sun. Even my dress dazzled her. How true it is that we become as little children when we enter heaven. Even the faint lights are more than we can bear, unless we are very pure. And like a little babe, we may lie and sleep, and sleep, we know not how long; perhaps for years. But we can not sleep long until we first see heaven and try if we can bear the light, just as a little baby must first try the reality of existence before it can rest in oblivion to the change. How emblematic, inversely. A little child comes into suffering, with needs born. The grown up infant is born into bliss, with needs all supplied, and the aching body that covered the growing soul-child, left behind.

The peaceful, restful leaving behind is death; the awakening from the first sleep is the resurrection, and the trying of the light is the judgment. We may be obliged to sleep until our souls grow strong. Then we awaken refreshed, and find something pleasant to do, or to see. Maybe some friend stands by us. Maybe we have left that country entirely, and never find it again, for we have passed the judgment and must go in our line, as our moral altitude on earth has fixed us. This going to judgment is going into the realm of Jesus, and our own earth-life judges us. No other judge is needed. Arbitrary law rules here. Each man is his own judge and jury. Every one sees back before he leaves. If he can bear the light of the land and the heft of his own remorse, he may stay. But if he faints and can not be restored, he is tenderly carried away, where the waters of oblivion may wash over his spirit, until the soul principle starts into life. Then the kind gardener transplants him, like a tender exotic, in the dimly lighted mold, where the soft earth is warmed by the heat of a Father's love. God, the Father, loves us all, and knows the conditions by which we are surrounded. He fixes our day, and creates our years and months, and sets the conditions which surround us. Man may be likened to the mortals that grow in different pits, pushed there by surrounding forces; and what is crude ore to-day, may be burnished steel or glittering gold, when the heat of the hammer of affection has brought out the inner worth; so the Godgiven germ of his own life is recognized by our Father; and if surrounding circumstances have kept it dormant, he puts it back into the crucible and molds it over. If, like a plant, it starts and stops and grows crooked and dwarfed, the kind gardener lops off the crooked boughs, and plants his seedling in the soil best adapted to healthy growth. Only the Lord is a respecter of persons. He keeps the records of the Books of Life; and every deed that is written therein, is burned also into the golden sheets of the inner brain, where, when the cap of time is removed, the freed spirit of memory may read.

As a little child cries with pain when it draws its first breath of vitalized air, so the freed spirit resurrected from the body cries in anguish when he takes his first draught from the bitter waters of memory, and no fire can burn with the intensity of remorse. This is the crucible which molds man's spirit action back into harmonious relation with assimilation, or affiliation. But even here, in the darkened regions, lighted only by the phosphorescent glow, or the faint glimmer of sunlight stealing softly through the drawn curtain, messengers of love and mercy come to teach. Even Christ, the Great Teacher, having no sin himself over which to weep, was sent to preach to those less favored before He was allowed to see the glory of His own kingdom. And Christ and His angels walk there still. For in every realm and in every heaven is a Christ; and every Christ is ruled over by a Lord who takes cognizance of every event, and whose ear is always open to the sweet sounds of prayer, and whose eye sees every tear. The sensitive air of every land feels the drawing of growth; and the cheese of the milk of human kindness swells

until its fragrance flows out in every direction to meet the demand. Human kindness is an attribute of God, and the first sprout of the soul plant. Now, marshal around it all the other virtues, and the Tree of Life will bloom perennial.

When we awaken from our sleep we grow strong if we take hold of the hand of a friend. If we do not see clearly, and that friend touches the lids of our eyes, the scene brightens immediately. All things are so beautiful here; even the darkened land is glowing with beauty for the occupants whose eyes are fitted only to see it, because not able to stand the glare of brighter lands. All the sweet sounds of the universe are flowing through every sphere, and free to every one who has the power to appreciate them. This is the duty of messengers to point out that beauty and call forth harmonious sounds. If you look into your vegetable garden in the Spring, your beds of lettuce, beets, carrots and onions are all springing in their own tender, individual growth. Go into your flower garden and the crocus, the daffodil and star flower bloom beside the tulip just in bud; while the violet gems the ground, and scents the air with her blue, and white, and yellow bloom. Go into the garden of the gods, where the mills have slowly ground the residuum of the scum of mankind, and the great sieves have winnowed out the dust and the chaff, to return again to dust and stone, or into the coal beds for the bearer of the hods, and you will see where the fragments of seed that still contain the eye of the germ are planted.

If the soul principle is far enough developed to maintain a separate individuality, it will grow again into the spirit form of the body it once inhabited. Here are the tender shoots of spirit humanity. Here are eyes and heads, with the body still in the slime of the mold. Here are forms wriggled out that see not, for the eyes are not yet grown; and there the lovely child that only sees and hears, but takes no cognizance, for the intellect has not yet sprung; and over there the voice is the only sign of individual action. The flowing streams of harmony have magnetized and drawn it along; and by and by those sweet strains will be cut off and woven into words. One flowers in speech, and sight, and smell, and sends the fragrance of his strength down to give sentient thought where only sound was. This is the Valley of Dry Bones, where the separate factors of spirit entity are again drawn together over the spirit beds of phosphorescent bones.

The lady could not understand the size of my hands, so I said: "Just look at yours; they have grown since you came here; they are like mine, only larger. They are like deep wells of charity, not shallow like mine. The good deeds you have done have sunk them down in the middle, and they are deep and broad, too. Your eyes are like diamonds, and your face shines like burnished gold. Your teeth are like pearls, and your feet like twin covers that cover over the sins of men. Your face is so beautiful that even I am dazzled by its glory."

"Oh, how happy you have made me," she said. "I never thought I could be so happy. Then my friend laid her head on my shoulder and we both wept,—she for joy, and I because she died. All the time I had been talking to her, her earthly life had been growing up through her face until its beauty dazzled even me. The binders that held her so close in their grossness, had been severed, one by one, as each good deed loomed up, until she stood before me, a spirit power, flowing out into space. Her life on earth had been one of self-abnegation, but she had required too much self-restraint of her children, and crippling them in their desires, she had fostered evil and gnarled the limbs of healthy growth, and the wrongs she did to them they had returned to her in mature years."

When we ceased crying I told her this was the way the messenger angels spend their time. "We just do all we can to help every one who comes. They are all weak and trembling, and we go to them and speak to them. Sometimes they are so weak they cannot see us at all; they only hear our voice; but when we have been with them a short time, they grow stronger and see us and the beautiful things around. Still, no one ever sees half the beauty of heaven until it is pointed out. And no one could ever point out the hundredth part. No one could have eyes strong enough to bear the light. As soon as a person's eyes are opened by a friend so they see clearly, they cry immediately. But after the tears have washed over the balls they become stronger, and see clearly immediately. The washing takes out grossness left by contact with us, just as a piece of lead put into a fire and melted leaves a dross in the spoon. We call this blindness the dross of earth, and this purification is the way we sublimate ourselves."

"What did you do," she said. "I felt so much stronger as soon as you came, and I saw you immediately?"

"You imbibed of my magnetism. You were strong because you were a pure and good woman on earth, else you could not have seen me. You would only have heard my voice; then, while you slept, which would have been soon, I would have taken you in my arms and deposited you in some safe location, where were people in your condition in life. They would have come to you, and you would have seen them immediately."

"How could that be if you are all pure and good here?"

"You do not understand me. We are

all pure and good; but we have been burned in the fire of regret, and the dross of earth drawn off.

"I don't understand exactly how you mean."

"I mean if we are too pure for your eyes to bear our light, you are blinded by it, and we must take you where are those who are more like yourself, and even there you will not be able to see all, else you could not be burned or purified by their magnetism sufficiently to ascend."

"How is it that you can go to all these places if you are so pure yourself? If purity makes you ascend, how do you go down?"

"Oh, I can not tell you that. When you have been here a short time, you will have a strong desire to do something for some one. Then, immediately, something will occur to give you the opportunity. This is what we call being sent. There is a need somewhere that has reached you and awakened in you the desire. After I had been here a short time, so many loving things were done for me, I had a great desire to do something for some one else; and so I went to the gate and waited, and when an angel came in and gave me a child to hold, I was overjoyed. It was only a wee bit of a baby, and could not speak; but when I had held it a while, it looked up in my face and smiled. It never cried once. After awhile I took it away to the nursery."

"Where did you say?"

"To the nursery. We have large nurseries here where the children are educated."

"Who educates them?"

"There are plenty of teachers. I go there sometimes, when I feel like it. I never stay long; it makes me feel tired; then I go away and lie down and rest; after that I am strong as ever."

"Where did you take the child you had?"

"Oh, not far from here. Come; I will show you." She gladly arose, feeling strong to walk like myself. We went toward the enclosure, and when we were in sight, she exclaimed: "What is that that shines so?"

"That is the nursery fence."

"I never saw such a fence!"

"It is not exactly a fence, but a division. No one could enter that enclosure, who was not fitted to teach those children. The light is so dazzling they could not bear it."

"So the light is the fence, is it?"

"Yes," I said, "that is the way to keep out intruders. Any one who could bear the light of that division would be a suitable person to enter. Just then the doors flew open, and we entered. I was not quite ready myself for what followed, for the lady fell down and cried. I looked, and there stood a man. He went to her, raised her in his arms, and kissed her, and called her his darling. I said to him, 'Why, I never saw a man in the nursery before.' He smiled, and said: 'I came here to wait and care for our little one. This lady is my wife. I will keep her now. Good morning.'"

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Spiritualism.

[From The Oregonian.]

In your Sunday issue of the 24th inst., as an editorial appears an article entitled, "The Same Old Fraud," which I think requires a passing notice from persons holding the views that I do. Although the article in question is chiefly made up from quotations from other papers, still enough is original to reveal the animus of the writer, who evidently has been "a victim of misplaced confidence;" a person who, having been deceived himself, takes it for granted that all others are being deceived; and who, having discovered a fraud or a number of frauds, concludes therefrom that all are frauds, which we think is not a fair or wise conclusion.

The leading idea presented by this article would, if extended, gather all religious beliefs, whether Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Gentile, and hold them up before the world in a spirit of contempt or ridicule. The article referred to is too sweeping in its conclusions to be just. It mentions that a certain "Hannah V. Ross, (a woman I had never heard of), a so-called remarkable materializing medium," had been caught and exposed in Boston, and that at various times and in sundry places other "so-called mediums," including the Eddy family of Vermont, had shared the same fate; and among other things, that an old gentleman had been induced to purchase what purported to be a picture of the spirit of his son, and had paid \$50 for it, and the said old gentleman fully believed that it was genuine, when in the opinion of the writer it was a fraud. Many other things are mentioned as evidently frauds and shams, and hence the writer concludes that "without the shadow of doubt Spiritualism (the writer uses the word spiritism) is the most contemptible and widespread delusion of modern times." It is forgotten that as it would seem to a rational mind the very fact of the discovery of a fraud or counterfeit is one of the strongest proofs of the existence of the genuine article. For instance, the discovery of a counterfeit twenty-dollar piece does not prove that all are counterfeit, but on the contrary it is only evidence of the fact of there being genuine twenty-dollar pieces in circulation, and that the counterfeit would cut no figure were it not for the genuine.

The writer of this article also fails to mention (which is a fact) that, as a rule, Spiritualists are the very ones who detect and expose the fraudulent mediums mentioned. For there is no class of people (if my experience is correct) who are keener or more alert to sift out the wheat from the chaff, the genuine from the fraudulent, than Spiritualists themselves. It is a well-known fact that this has been carried on even to persecution. Frauds and impostors abound in the land in every department of life. It enters the body politic and sits in council in our high judiciary. It enters our legislative halls and helps enact the law which governs us. It shows its head in the sacred desk and makes a mockery of religion. It stalks abroad in the marts of trade, for shoddy cuts a figure there. The medical profession owns its presence; manufactories own its presence, notwithstanding all its guards and safety valves; and even the products of the soil and dairy cannot escape its influence or evade its presence.

In fact, everything that is genuine and true has its counterpart in fraud and falsehood. Is it therefore strange that the greatest, the grandest phenomenon the world ever saw, either in ancient or modern times, should have its full share of frauds and impostures? Certainly not; we know it and we feel it. We are fully awake and alive to these facts, and yet we do know, or think we know, whereof we speak when we declare unto you that Spiritualism is true; that we do survive the change called death, and that our loved and gone before do return and make themselves known to us and direct us to a higher and better life. And you may rest assured that Spiritualism has come to stay. "It is true." Its batteries are planted; its hosts are marshaled. Cold materialism shall not prevail against it, neither shall superstition nor ignorance uproot it. The potent power of ridicule shall not harm it, nor the tongue nor the pen of man impede its onward course. Having eternal and everlasting truth for its foundation, scientific facts for its phenomena, the uplifting and upbuilding of humanity the object of its mission, with God and the angel world for its guide and supporters, it must and will prevail.

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Or., April 26.

Canine Smugglers.

The most adroit smugglers across the Pyrenees, that divide the frontiers of France from Spain, are a breed of dogs of the shepherd class, whose origin can be traced back a thousand years, as proved by old tapestries showing the retreat of Charlemagne through the mountain defiles. These dogs have their homes in the wild regions that girt Navarre to the west; and being taken across the frontier and laden with Spanish lace and tobacco, they make their return through secret passes, and during the dark hours of the night, to the great mystification of the custom-house guards. They are said to scent the officers from afar, and remain hidden until the

danger is past; but then, on the other hand, when once their homes are reached, they are the finest watch-dogs to be found in the country. During the Carlist wars, some of the dogs accompanied their masters to the field; and their services were found to be very useful in preventing a surprise on the outposts. The Germans, ever alert to increase the efficiency of the army, made the novel experiments, in the recent manoeuvres, of employing trained dogs of the same species, in the transmission of messages on the line of outposts, resulting in great success. The animals are much petted by the men; and, when not in active service, they do duty with the field watch and sentinels, and are so efficient in giving the alarm that their use is henceforth to be extended.

The Bonapartist Chestnut Tree.

There is a curious story about a chestnut tree in the Garden of Tuileries, which a Paris paper has just recalled. It is known as the "Chestnut of the 20th of March," and the peculiarity about it is that it always puts out its foliage before any other tree in the garden. This year, however, it has violated all its traditions; its leaves did not appear until after many of its neighbors had begun to show their foliage, and it is this fact which recalls the following story: One day when Louis XVIII was talking with one of his courtiers, Count Limoleon, about the weather, the latter imprudently alluded to the famous chestnut tree. "What is the chestnut tree of the 20th of March?" inquired the King. "I hear some one speak of it every year." The Count saw that he had made a bad mistake, but tried to repair it. "Sire," he replied, "every one avoids speaking to your Majesty of this chestnut tree, because it is a souvenir of one of the most unhappy episodes of your reign." "What is that?" asked the King. "The 20th of March is the date on which the usurper Bonaparte, after his escape from the Isle of Elba, arrived in Paris and took up his residence in the Palace of the Tuileries." "Well, I know that," replied the king; "but what has it to do with the chestnut tree!" The followers of Bonaparte observed that on that day there was one tree in the garden which was covered with leaves, while the others had none at all, and the mob from Paris came to see the tree which it was said put forth its leaves in honor of the usurper. "Well," said the King, "this merely proves that trees are like men in some respects; they do not all have the same opinions. And did you say that since my second restoration this particular tree had continued to have leaves on the 20th of March?" "Yes, sire, it is true." The reply seemed to annoy the King, and although he said nothing about it, the courtiers decided it would be best to cut down the Bonapartist tree and substitute one that was more proper and loyal in its habits. But what happens? The year passed, and as the King did not say anything more about the tree it was believed by the courtiers that he had forgotten all about it. They were very much astonished, therefore, when on the 20th of March, 1824, the King, who never went to the Garden of the Tuileries, expressed a wish to see the famous chestnut tree. Their amazement was extreme, however, when they arrived at the garden and found the tree in full bloom, with even more leaves and flowers than before. Their mortification may be imagined. The King, however, reassured them by remarking, after he had taken a good look at the tree, "Well, let it remain and represent the Bonapartist opinion if it will. So long as this is the only thing which conspires against us the Bourbons have little to fear." The tree is still in the Garden of the Tuileries, but it is not the one which bloomed on the 20th of March, 1815, when the Emperor returned to Paris.

Right Thinking.

[Open Court.]

Clear thinking, then, is quite as important as correct living; and the man who helps to make others think aright thereby helps to advance not only intellectual, but moral progress, and to augment the sum of human happiness. He, on the contrary, however unexceptionable his conduct and pure his motives, who helps to befog, mystify, and confuse the minds of men by sophistry and error, is as much the enemy of moral as of intellectual advancement. Slovenliness in thought is certain in time to result in slovenliness in morals. Thought cannot be divorced from conduct, even though the thought, true or erroneous, of one generation shows itself the most conspicuously in the conduct of succeeding generations. A teacher of error may be sincere; but his sincerity in no way severs the connection between cause and effect, and therefore in no way diminishes the results of the error. Indeed, intellectual error is harmful in proportion to the sincerity of its adherents, upon which its growth depends. . . . The importance of right conduct and the value of direct moral teaching, both by precept and example, and of moral agencies and influence of every kind, are admitted by all. There is not so general an appreciation of the work of those who stimulate thought, increase knowledge, and in science and philosophy, as well as in poetry and song, help to educate the race in the principles of truth and error.

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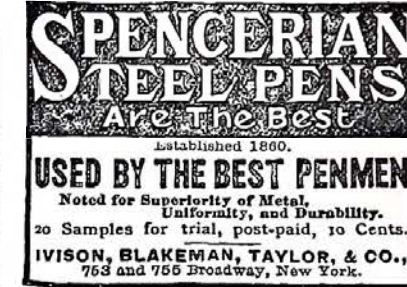
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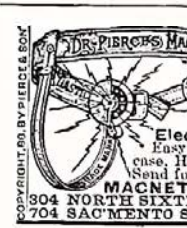
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The souls of all time keep its ultimate shore ;
And journey you east, or journey you west,
Unwilling or willing, sure-footed or sore,
You surely will come to the River of Rest—
This beautiful, beautiful River of Rest.

Yet dim and vague these hintings are
Of scenes the spirit's eye doth see,
Like misty sails that flit and fade—
That flit and fade far out at sea.

Growing old happily,
Ceasing to grieve.
Eyes that grow dim to the earth and its glory
Have a sweet recompense youth cannot know;
Ears that grow dull to the world and its story
Drink in the songs that from paradise flow;
Growing old graciously,
Purer than snow.

—ANON.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE

W. W. T.

On the other hand the discredit into which the Papacy has fallen, and the most total disappearance of faith in its faithful, demands the aid of the Jesuits; a

If we are not determined to make great efforts in favor of our ideals and our doctrines, to carry them, self-denyingly, into practice, like the Jesuits; if, like them, we do not devote ourselves personally and regularly to the teaching of the young,

Well, then, the mission of Christian free thought, or, which is the same thing, the Christianity of Jesus, is to snatch woman from the infamous den which is called "the confessional," and from the idolatrous altars, and raise her from her pitiful prostration to all the height of her dignity, equal to that of man by nature, and superior by the holy mission she is called to fill in the world. For this we desire a radical transformation in the matter of religion; we aspire ardently for the absolute disappearance of the Catholic religion and the return to the primitive Christianity of Jesus to his simple, pure, ideal and practical religion. But we repeat for the last time that we wish to reach this blessed and happy result, not by passion and violence, but peacefully, worthily and calmly, by instruction and persuasion, because this is the method most honest and honorable of combating a cause, which rests entirely upon general ignorance, and of reaching finally a fruitful, effective and full triumph.

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