

GOLDEN GATE

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

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

[From the Abbe Roux.]

Solitude vivifies; isolation kills.
Poetry is truth in its Sunday clothes.
To love to know is human, to know how to love is divine.
Commonplace consolations are harsh for delicate sorrows.
Let us be proud of a friendship without ever being vain of it.
Lofty mountains are full of springs; great hearts are full of tears.
Intuition and observation, blended together, form as exquisite wisdom.
A noble spirit can not find in a narrow circle the development of his being.
The desert attracts the nomad; the ocean, the sailor; the infinite, the poet.
Life is a stream upon which drift flowers in spring, and blocks of ice in winter.
When one fights for a holy cause, victory is glory here below, defeat is glory on high.
Each person alights by instinct upon the books which respond to the needs of his nature.
Not all of those to whom we do good love us, neither do all those to whom we do evil hate us.
Happy is he who possesses the gift of tears! When young, he will bear flowers; when old fruit!
The philosophy of the colleges is unsolid food, which loads the stomach without nourishing the body.
Shakespeare! Greater than history, as great as poetry, he alone would suffice for the literature of a nation.
A poplar leaf hides our view of the sun; the slight substance of an earthly care hides from us the immense and radiant God.
This lower world must be traversed as shipwrecked mariners traverse the sea, with head above the billows, eye and arm towards the shore.
The habit of prayer communicates a penetrating sweetness to the glance, the voice, the smile, the tears, to all one says, or does, or writes.
Happy is he who never succumbs, or who, having succumbed, rises again! Prepare to pay the tribute of sweat and tears, owed by every traveler upon earth.
The power of Spiritual truth is strong and swift in its course as the lightning; it comes only to attack error; it is only found destructive where there is that which can be destroyed; it cannot imperil anything that is secure.
While ordinary intelligences are climbing the paths of the holy mountain by force of study, the choicest minds gain its summit with one bound. They do not learn; they understand. Profound questions, sublime themes inspire them, delight them. They have the instinct of the divine. While the argument is going on in the dark sudden flashes overflow them. What matter words and formulas? They see, they possess, they enjoy.

The Lesson of Spiritualism.

[From a sermon delivered recently by Rev. E. P. Adams, in Dunkirk, New York.]

The material or physical forces are not the mightiest. The power of spirit, or mind, is greater than all the potentialities of matter. The time has come and gone for the deification of matter, and a revolution has set in, with regard to our way of thinking. We discover in Jesus and his life the revelation of an immaterial force that acts not only upon inanimate matter with authority, but which effects vital changes in the physical organism of man; restoring the withered limb and disordered brain to instantaneous soundness, and giving health to the sick, sight to the blind, and life to the recently dead. These are things that are as well attested as anything in history, and are doubted by us simply because they are outside of our own experience, and because we do not happen to understand how they can be. This power of the spirit or divine soul in man is a fact notwithstanding our ignorance; and every theory of nature that ignores it is radically defective. The life of Jesus is a demonstration of this most wonderful power.

The record is simple and straightforward. "Jesus went about in all Galilee; teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of disease and all manner of sickness among the people. And the report of him went forth into all Syria; and they brought unto him all that were sick, holden with divers diseases and torments, and those who were possessed with demons, and those who were lunatic, and those that had the palsy, and he healed them. And there followed him great crowds of people from Galilee and Decapolis, and Jerusalem and Judea, and from beyond the Jordan." And all this was done, as it is asserted, "in the power of the spirit." So Jesus himself claimed when, immediately after, in the synagogue of Nazareth, he took to himself the prophecy—"The spirit of the Lord is upon me."

Now we read of these things that Jesus did, and, blindfolded as we are by the dense materialism of the day, what impression do they make upon our minds? We do not discern the mighty operation of spiritual power within man. We lightly accept the so-called scientific conclusion that matter is the basis of all existence; that mind is the result of physical structure; and that when the organ called the brain is destroyed, the mind vanishes; and the man himself with it; whereas the life of Jesus, by demonstrating the power of spirit, establishes directly the reverse. It teaches that spirit goes before, creates, energizes, and renews matter. Spirit is God; is the divine life and power.

The great modern phenomena of Spiritualism confronts us as we come upon this theme of the spirit. It is altogether too great a fact to quietly ignore. It has raised a standard against materialism, or the universal reign of matter, and, whether true or false, has given comfort and hope of another life to multitudes of people.

Its beginning, nearly forty years ago, in rappings and table-tippings, was in apparent weakness and folly; but it has advanced with the rapid strides of a conqueror, till now it has its followers everywhere and counts them by millions.

It claim to have broken down the partition-walls between the world visible and the world invisible, the here and the hereafter, revealing the essential nearness of those that have passed through death to those that are still living, a nearness that renders communion possible. Indeed, in the house of many a Spiritualist to-day there is set apart one reception room for the visits of the departed, no less than another for callers who are still in the flesh, all that is necessary for receiving calls from spirit friends being the presence of a medium; nor is there anything necessarily ghostly in this social intercourse for neither party to it is dead. All that is dead is in the cemetery. The spirit visitor is even more real and better equipped in being than he that has the joy of entertaining him.

Spiritualism claims, then, in the second place, that there is, and that there is demonstrated to be in man a conscious

individuality that is indestructible, superior to all physical conditions, higher than the organized dust called the body, nobler than a mere human animal struggling for existence for some three score years and ten, and then giving room for more beings of the same sort. In other words, man is a spirit; temporarily, for purposes of education, clothed or housed in a material form, but destined, at what is called death, but what is more truly life, to a higher existence as a spirit. And it founds this high claim upon actual and positive experience. Departed friends have been conversed with, have proved their identity in ways and by tests innumerable, have even manifested their old familiar forms by materialization or taking on a form for the purpose of proving identity.

Again it claims that beings who were once our friends on earth, and who have passed on to a higher state of existence, return as our helpers; that they await recognition from us, and, when they find a receptivity in us, exert all their power to lift us up to their higher plane. It thus teaches men that they are ever in the presence of unseen helpers, whom they attract on the principle that like draws to like. It teaches that the noble and wise who have departed are studying, with what science and skill they possessed here, increased by later study and experience, to raise toiling humanity, to bless, sustain and inspire.

Such being the demonstrated facts; first, that the unseen world is in the actual presence of the seen, death having no power to separate friends in reality; second, that individual existence is not lost but simply placed in improved conditions by death; and third, that the spirits of our friends and others are engaged in ministering to our development, such being the demonstrated facts, certain results follow.

1. This knowledge of the future takes away all unreasonable fear of death. It takes away the sting of the terrible dogmas which at the same time made men afraid to die, and did not tend to make them better men. But it does not give them encouragement to live wicked or selfish lives, for it assures them that they shall possess the same moral and mental qualities there as here,—that "if filthy they shall be filthy still, and if holy, they shall be holy still." It teaches that they have been purified by trial, been made patient by sufferings uncomplainingly borne, are in a higher sphere than others that lacked the discipline in this preparatory stage of existence. But it holds out to them the hope that through suffering and deprivations brought upon themselves by wrong courses here, they shall at length learn wisdom and come into good. Spiritualism thus teaches self-improvement, the cultivation of the better nature. It teaches man and woman to begin here and now to prepare for the immortal life and its high companionship. It goes a step farther than I have yet indicated, and teaches that unconsciously to ourselves spirits affect us according to the attraction of our characters. If low ourselves, we attract to ourselves the low; but if our own souls delight in goodness, we attract the good and are helped onward toward goodness. As we might expect, therefore, the tendency of Spiritualism is toward morality and honesty, and my acquaintance with Spiritualists confirms me in this belief. Whether this healthful tendency is as strong as, or stronger than we find elsewhere remains to be seen.

2. Another result is a tendency to progress, and free thought, in the best sense of independence of custom and ancient dogma. That the average of Spiritualists are altogether broad, and free, and large-minded need not be claimed, though it may be claimed that they compare favorably with any known class of people in that regard. It belongs to human nature to think that people who do not hold as we do, have very little of truth, and are not worth listening to. Liberal people do not leave all the bitterness or narrowness to orthodox people. But certainly there is a necessary tendency in the doctrines of Spiritualism to render people not only free in their judgments, but charitable. As to a progressive tendency in Spiritualism, that is unavoidable. It is the religion that has no more any inspiration or revelations, but whose creeds are the changeless heirlooms of the past, without growth or development, that is stationary. But Spiritualism, believing as it does, in constant relations

sustained with nobler intelligences that seek to assist, can not stand still. Her artists, and poets, and seers, and inspirational speakers, ever looking for greater things must find greater things. Progress marks her course. Spiritualism is by no means what it was even a dozen years ago, as any well-informed and unprejudiced observer must know. The tendency of any great idea is, after the early days of novelty are over, to add other vital ideas to itself. Spiritualism found the neglected truth of angelic help, as vouchsafed to men, and it may have emphasized this truth out of proportion; but it did not stop satisfied there, but, in the language of one of its speakers, it also seeks to "develop within each man, however humble in station, or retiring in disposition, the gifts which belong to the individual's nature; to stimulate the genius which is within; to enlighten by drawing out the powers inherent to the individual. Spiritualism prompts to self-knowledge, leading man to seek to fathom the depths of his own being." And adds: "which process can only be rightly conducted when in harmony with the inculcations of the angels who are his teachers and guides." So we see that the individual spirit that God has put into the man is not ignored. They speak of the "in-dwelling spirit," at the same time that they talk of "the spirits."

There is something that ought to be said about the phenomena or manifestations of Spiritualism. In its earlier days the phenomena were naturally the main thing. So it was in early Christianity. First came the phenomena, the miracles and signs, and afterward the meaning of them. In these days a man may become a good, perhaps the very best and truest Spiritualist, and have not a care for rappings, or table-tippings, or seances, or materializations. These things may be necessary to convince the materialist; they cannot help a spiritually-minded Spiritualist. Prof. Kiddle, the Superintendent of public schools in New York City, who became a Spiritualist a few years ago, and lost his place for it, in writing to an editor, says: "You will do a grand service by recalling the minds of men to a contemplation of the higher principles of spiritual science, the science of the soul, to which phenomenalism may help to show the way, but which of itself it can never attain." This extract, by the way, occurs in a very instructive article upon "The Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," an article that I read with the greatest interest and profit. The truth is that Spiritualism has a great mission to perform, and it will perform it to perfection only when it leaves its A, B, C's of phenomena to deal with the higher principles of spiritual science, meeting there earnest men from every religious quarter.

I will also introduce the testimony of another well-known Spiritualist, whose insight into spiritual and scriptural truth I regard as very remarkable. I refer to W. J. Colville. He speaks of the phenomena as necessary for the doubting Thomases. "These manifestations," he says, "are as necessary for doubting Didymus to-day as they were 1,800 years ago. But the higher view of the subject is the spiritualization of mankind. When you are not dependent on cabinets, and seance-rooms and physical media for your evidence of immortality, you have graduated higher; you have learned what these phenomena can teach; and while they are needful for those in primary schools of spiritual education, they, being but accommodations of spiritual truth to mortal sense, must of necessity be superseded by other proofs and demonstrations more entirely spiritual. More blessed are they who have not seen with the outward but with the inward eye, than those who depend on sensuous evidences which may at any time be withdrawn." Again he says: "It often strikes us so very sad to see many test-hunters, greedy for some material exhibition of spirit power, brought face to face with so much external paraphernalia, forgetting altogether that the time must come for them when they can no longer converse with materialized spirits; they must at some time throw aside all those material chattels and either recognize their friends in spirit or not at all. Proofs considered indubitable when sense is judge, melt away into nothingness when tested at the bar of spirit. We must be able spiritually to discern the things of the spirit; must undergo a spiritual transformation; leave the grub and chrysalis

condition of the mind in the sepulcher in which worldly ambitions are buried, and rise to a new life, to a full possession of other faculties than bodily ones, or immortality will be an unknown quantity—algebraic x."

The address in which the words quoted are found is an address upon "The True Spiritual Resurrection" in which Mr. Colville asserts what I consider a very important fact, that Jesus represents the human soul, the divine soul in man in its true quality and power. He holds that the resurrection of Jesus is a reality, and a perfectly natural reality too. The record is that when the woman and the disciples came to Jesus' tomb within three days after his burial his body was not there. Mr. Colville remarks in a bold refreshing way, as one who knows something of the power of spirit and dares declare it. "The triumphant spirit has gained sovereign sway over all material things. To him the limitations of time and sense are forever annihilated. He can improvise a body and disintegrate one, as easily as you can put on and off your clothing. He can render himself visible and again invisible to material sense. Spirit never becomes material, but it can so use material as its servant as to produce any desired phenomenon."

To his view the power of spirit is so great as that, yes, and greater than we can imagine; but then we ought not always to need nor to desire such sense exhibits.

Suppose that I must fully believe in the power of spirit, and of spirits. Suppose I grant you that it can take on or put off matter, appear or vanish, speak audibly, move tables, do unlimited strange things, why then, I can certainly believe that that spirit can communicate with me audibly, can instruct, enlighten, and sustain me in any and every emergency. And isn't that enough? Isn't it vastly better than to be tied to exhibitions? If my inner ear is addressed, why should there be a voice for my external ear? especially since the time shall surely come when spirit shall speak with spirit, with no matter intervening. All these material manifestations are given in deference to our childish weakness, and are imperfections and irregularities.

There are many Spiritualists, who, like Kiddle and Colville, have discerned this fact, and have come into a farther advanced Spiritualism, but who do not fail to recognize the fact that phenomenal Spiritualism has served its important purpose.

Yes, the time was, and not long since, when in the stress of a deluge of materialism, a demonstration was required—one that would puzzle the wise men and the philosophers and Psychological Research Societies, and effect the purpose by its very weakness and folly. Therefore it began in the very crudest way, with two little girls, near Rochester. And the whole business, mixed with truth and fraud, the tramping-ground of jugglery and imposture of every kind, has also been the low birth-place of very high truth. Good has come out of Nazareth. It was a divine necessity. None of us can boast. It is God's work, that no flesh might glory in His presence. It was the day of the doubting Didymus of materialistic tendency, who declared that he wouldn't believe anything he didn't see. To whom the Master graciously granted the doubtful request, "Reach hither thy finger and see my hands—where the nails went through; and reach thy hand and put it into my side which the spear's head pierced, and be not faithless, but believing. Ah! and art thou convinced Thomas? Because thou hast seen me thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

Think as you may of Spiritualism, of the character and causes of its phenomena; it is time that you acknowledged your indebtedness to it. It has stood for the great power and reality of spirit. And as to holding it up to ridicule, or cherishing prejudices against it, that is always shortsighted. It is much wiser to believe that it has a mission from God; that it brings for us a treasure of truth. And let us always remember this wise saying of Paul: "We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not from ourselves." All the "isms" are but earthen vessels in each of which God sends to us some portion of truth appropriate for its time. It is the contents, and not the vessel in which it is

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Rambling Thoughts.

BY MATTIE PULSFER.

Emerson says: "Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your mind." Yes, in this world of divisions, sects, and iron-bound creeds, and beelines of prescribed mental explorations, all true men must be nonconformists. All minds would be original if so many were not fostered in their inclinations to follow in the groove of other's ideas. Sapplings may be warped by the wind, but they need not necessarily grow into crooked trees. Minds may lean upon another's thoughts, but they can just as well be twined and made to rely upon their own. This each one must learn before he can grow spiritually. However much one accepts of another's mind, his own will not be nourished, expanded, or broadened, unless he finds it is thereby stimulated to action—to think for itself. Master minds are those, so strong in their originality and "explorations" of all "goodness," that their fearless independence attracts and holds the wavering throng that are followers without precisely knowing why. The one is called a "fanatic," the many, "poor deluded creatures." But these epithets are hurled to the wind that carries them out of hearing. The power of free thought is magical, and the crowd that is attracted by its utterances, is but an exhibition of the innate tendency of immortal mind to nonconformity—to boundless freedom.

There is at last a promise of a time when the execution of criminals will no longer be made a public spectacle. The use of electricity has been persistently advocated as a means of death for condemned persons, by the spiritualistic press, and at last the idea is taking form. Pennsylvania is the first to offer a bill asking that the punishment for murder in the first degree may be death by electricity. The bill passed the Senate at Harrisburg on the 6th ult., and it is to be hoped it may become a law. Once it is practiced in one locality, its general adoption is certain. When the horrid details of hanging cease to be a part of the world's excitement, and depraved mental appetites are no longer gratified, crime will become less frequent. The sight of cruel scenes soon ceases to shock the sensibilities of those who voluntarily become witnesses of them; thus their effect is to harden, and often do they inspire feelings of revenge, that doubtless lead to deeds before unprompted. Sinners as well as saints have immortal souls, and some time and somewhere they must learn to live in a manner to secure happiness and be of good to others. If they must be violently sent out of our world, it is but humanity that it be done quickly, painlessly and secretly. The law is not for revenge, but for punishment; only barbarians seek to inflict the same suffering on a criminal that he has caused his victims. The ends of civilized justice are satisfied when he is put out of the way of harming others. There is a soul-sickness that this life can not cure, and we believe murderers are kept here to their own detriment.

There are far more prisons than go by the name; prisons called palaces, and prisons called hovels, and even those dignified by the name of home. But a real, original prison—the largest in England, is to be sold and the nine acres of ground belonging to it. Coldbath Fields prison, with its two thousand solitary cells, its inheritance of gloom, desolation and wretchedness and all its heart-breaking history of lives fretted out against its iron bars, or stifled by its sickly air. If, as Longfellow says "all houses wherein men have lived and died are haunted," how fearfully must this old prison be tenanted now! Not by its unfortunate victims alone, but the designers, builders and keepers of those vaulted death-chambers, with their small, heavily grated windows; floor of stone and no provision for fire or warming the chilled blood of their occupants in coldest winter. Hopeless years were here dragged out, and hopeless almost, must feel the liberated souls who perpetrated so much human suffering in their short lives. Haunted indeed, and visibly, one would think, would be these men-made prisons.

In a recent appearance of "Black Crook" in Cleveland, the manager very magnanimously invited the attendance of the clergy, who thereat considered themselves insulted and spared no language to express their indignation. Rev. G. Y. Downing declared he "would as soon accept an invitation from the Devil to watch the fires of hell burn." What ails the clergymen? While we do not say that "Black Crook" is strictly designed to lead one heavenward, it should as certainly not turn the mind and soul in the opposite direction. Thousands and thousands have looked upon this beautiful spectacular drama, as they would have gazed upon a master piece of art, and come away, their minds filled with most elevated and artistic conceptions of the beautiful and grand in our physical being. It seems to us that all beautiful objects, whatsoever, should inspire lofty and pure thoughts, and to the right-minded, we believe they

do. The pious monks and hermits of old shunned the sight of all pleasing things, and it never occurred to them that they were afraid of, and spurning the very creation of Him they sought to adore and sacrifice their lives to. Did He put temptations before man in the ability to improve upon His originals? We do not believe it. We rather think such power vested in mortals was for a noble and exalting purpose—to lift them up nearer the real source of all things lovely and perfect. The man or woman whose mind is not benefited by the presence of fair things, is depraved and should go to a rousing revival meeting and get a change of heart—be born again.

Had Thomas Paine been born in the United States, his birthplace would today be an object of reverence and most careful protection, by a very large class of our people, whose present rights and privileges he so zealously labored to establish and maintain. But, in his native country, he is not so much beloved, his name being too closely associated with the early history of our country, and its resistance to British rule, for England to value his name and associations. Therefore the house in which his eyes first saw the light of the world, at Thetford, Norfolk, on the 29th of Jan., 1737, and where the earlier years of his life were spent, is to be pulled down and no Englishman says, "No!" Every patriotic American feels it to be a desecration that would not be permitted here.

It would seem that great riches would make their possessors very sensible of the contrasts of poverty about them, and turn their lives into a study as to how they could make the best possible use of their wealth when they had done with it personally, but it is not always the case. The various cat and dog homes in this country and Europe were founded from bequests left by wealthy persons. There died lately in Denmark a rich old man who left his entire fortune to the purpose of supplying the school children of his native town with bicycles. A more singular will has just been probated at Jasper, Tenn. A large property was left in trust to be used in any manner that might seem best, to suppress the habit prevalent among men of eating with knives when forks should be used. Millions of dollars have been bequeathed for like trivial purposes, while on all sides stand dire need; good undertakings to be sustained or encouraged; poor homes to be improved and made habitable and neat; home enterprise to be helped or established; public and private charities that need assistance, and a long list of noble uses that money could be wisely put to, and its benefits be felt far and near. It does not seem that in some minds wealth inspires a contempt for all and whatsoever needs its aid; but it may be a species of blindness, the result of indifference that is often felt by those at perfect ease. But how can one be blind, or if really blind, indifferent, when everyday facts must force themselves to all ears and minds? Perhaps the ills of life are like a grim, fantastic show to them, gotten up for variety and pastime.

Why, from the gray, unlovely soil beneath our feet, spring the myriad forms of loveliest color and hue that greet our mortal eyes? The fair creations of each new year are sent with a mission to each heart, and for each hand that plucks them with joy and delight, their message is to him or her revealed. How beneficent are the flowers! They shrink from no one, but have a sweetness for all who are attracted by their beauty. Who can study a flower and scan its delicate purity, and for that moment, feel envy, jealousy or hatred to any fellow mortal? The Great Designer and Dispenser of these types of eternal grandeur shows us through them, how He regards each of his children, irrespective of gifts or worldly place. In the waste places and on the mountain-top, wherever the feet of men may wander, He sets these emblems of his love and impartiality, giving to them a silent language understood, as is the eye, when the tongue is silent. In the cooling dew, or in the burning sun, they are alike gentle and inspiring. They teach humility, kindness, purity of thought, charity, and above all, the power of a beautiful life. Why can we not in all these be like these lowly teachers, so modest in their attractions? Though one may tread upon them and spurn them all his days, they will just the same come and grow and bloom upon his grave; they take no revenge, but a noble one; how dare we do otherwise? We know not what account we may be held to for our neglect to profit by these and other ministers sent from the Infinite to turn our hearts and souls toward the eternal source of all that is lovely and good. Have you an enemy, real or imaginary? Send him or her some flowers, not once, but twice, and again if necessary, to bring forth a warm burst of thanks and good feeling. The old grudge will be gone, and true friendship will take its place. The tender blossoms will speak all you would say, and you will find them low ambassadors of peace.

Thirteen years ago there was started in London a hospital on the plan of discarding the use of alcohol except when every other means failed. Since the beginning only four cases out of tens of thousands have been treated with alcohol, while the percentage of recoveries has been much larger than in any other hospital. This

goes to show that alcohol, even as a medicine, might be dispensed with almost entirely, except in cases of venomous bites and stings. Even for these, nature may have a more potent antidote. There is little to be said in favor of a drink that gives neither warmth nor nutriment to the human body, which alcohol does not. It stimulates, then weakens, and it is this weakness that creates the appetite for the deceptive poison, each dose confirming the victim in the delusion that the system requires what it responds to. Medical treatment has no doubt made many a drunkard, and a public benefit that is based on the abuse of alcoholic medicines, as a hospital, deserves to be called blessed—blessed in its humanity, and its efforts to save its patients from what would be worse than death.

SAN JOSE.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The True Basis of Healing.

All change in the material world is the result of life acting on matter by law. Life the cause, is in itself changeless; but the effects of its action are always changing. Man has studied effects, until his researches have brought him close to the realm of causation. Some have entered and are comprehending spiritual mathematics. The pressure of these quickening thoughts causes man to realize that he does not know himself, and also arouses an eager desire for self-knowledge. This has been responded to by men and women writing a vast amount to help man to understand himself, until material darkness is succeeded by a spiritual fog that the bright rays of truth are beginning to dispel.

Perhaps it is not too much to claim for mental healing that it is one of the most potent means ever given to man to awaken him to the knowledge of his true self; but it is only a means to arouse him to search deeper for the truth.

The various theories that have been taught under the names of mind cure, metaphysics, mental and Christian science, are being succeeded by a science that shows the physical, moral and spiritual relations of life to the human body, and demonstrates them by scientific reasoning. No one disputes theories that are universally practical. Man advances theories before they can be made practical and then complains when they are disputed. No one now disbelieves the law of gravitation. All will recognize the law of attraction through which life holds the human body, when it is scientifically explained.

The laws of life admit of no dispute, but there will be continual contention over them until man has acquired such a complete understanding of them that he has in himself an unerring rule by which he can separate truth from error. This is logical. Logic is based on what has been or can be practiced by all mankind for their good. Sophistry is based on man-made theories that can not be practiced by all and seeks to explain man's laws as God's laws.

The laws of life have been known to a few mystics in every age. There are mystics in all parts of the world to-day, who stand spiritual sentinels ready to reveal the pass-words of life to all loyal soldiers. A mystic is one that understands the mysteries of life. It makes no difference how he has attained them whether by inspiration, by studying nature or by association.

Forty-seven years ago, P. P. Quimby of Belfast, Me., began investigations that resulted in enabling him to remove disease from people by a purely mental process. He says "My practice is unlike all medical practice. I give no medicine and make no outward applications. I tell the patient his troubles and what he thinks is his disease and my explanation is the cure. If I succeed in correcting his errors, I change the fluids of the system and establish truth or health. The truth is the cure. This mode of practice applies to all cases." These clear cut expressions give much light on healing. Mr. Dresser of Boston, who was once a pupil and patient of Dr. Quimby's, has published a few extracts from his writings in a pamphlet entitled "True History of Mental Healing."

These extracts show why he healed so successfully. He performed many wonderful instantaneous cures. Many of his cases were the so-called incurable ones. He said, "They would send for him and the undertaker at the same time and the one who got there first would get the case." He healed successfully and expressed his ideas clearly in writing, because he had a clear understanding of the principles of truth and justice that took him out of the realm of opinions. No one possesses true power until he thinks for himself. So long as he thinks a thing is right because others think it is right, he is eating stale mental food that will not nourish him. Quimby says, "The greatest evil that follows taking an opinion for a truth, is disease."

The new school of science will heal by regulating the fluids of the system, and by teaching truth to the patient and student so that he will renounce his false opinions.

MARVEL.

Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven in all its splendors lie;
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinai climb and know it not.

—Lowell.

Prof. Ausbach at Santa Barbara.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Prof. Ausbach, the prestidigitator who has been so recklessly using Mr. Fred Evans' name as a means of advertising his feats of legerdemain, gave an exhibition of his skill at the theater, a few evenings since, to a small audience, but, quoting from a morning daily, "It was principally made up of intelligent people." There were not many Spiritualists present, which will probably account for the above expression. The writer noticed that only a few of those present on the evening of Fred Evans' meeting occupied seats in Ausbach's audience. It is to be little wondered at then, that nearly every one went away from Mr. Ausbach's audience believing they had found the true solution to the slate-writing phenomenon. It was a clever bit of counterfeiting, but to the writer, who occupied a place in the gallery almost directly over the medium's head, it was easily to be seen that the two productions were as different in their source as the Nile and Mississippi. No silicate could have been removed from Mr. Evans' slate without the writer seeing it by way of his peculiarly elevated and well selected seat. No such attempt was made by him.

Mr. Ausbach is a short, thick-set man, oily-tongued and sleek-fingered, much more dexterous at shuffling cards than anything else. Altogether he is a much different appearing man than Mr. Evans, who prepossesses one in his favor by his honest, upright and truthful bearing. A few days previous to his exhibition at the theater, Mr. Ausbach called upon the writer, a photographer by trade, and asked him to silver a slate for him on which he proposed to print a picture of the late Col. Hollister. He introduced himself by handing the writer his card, or, to be more explicit, by pretending to hand his card and then seeming to pick it off his elbow. After he had made his business known, he suggested that maybe the writer was a Spiritualist and would not like to do the business for him. On the writer admitting the fact, he seemed somewhat disconcerted till he was informed that the writer's sister was the owner of the gallery and a devout Methodist, and would probably do his work for him, which she consented to do.

To explain what followed it is necessary for those that are ignorant of the process of making pictures to understand the way the paper is prepared. First, the paper is floated in a silver bath for from one to one and a half minutes, each sheet separately. They are then hung in a dark closet and dried by the heat of a coal-oil stove. When thoroughly dried it is fumed with ammonia for about fifteen minutes to give it the rich printing qualities. When done, the paper has a glossy, white appearance, and is so sensitive that if exposed to strong sunlight for one minute will turn black. A glass negative is placed in a printing frame over which is placed a slip of the prepared paper. The frame is then closed and exposed to the sun, and where the light penetrates the negative the more freely it will turn the paper black leaving the more obstructed portions white. The colors then can be preserved by a process of washing and toning, needless here to describe.

Under the direction of Mr. Ausbach, the lady proceeded to silver the slate, which he placed in the sun to dry, thereby destroying the printing qualities, if it ever had any. He next placed the negative on the slate to print it, but the surface being already black and the printing qualities killed by being exposed to the sun, it is needless to say it was not a success. There are conditions in photography, as well as in mediumship, that must be observed. He might have been spared his trouble, but since he had undertaken to expose Mr. Evans, he alone was the one to do it. Doctors are not supposed to be taught by their patients.

The writer can produce writing upon slates prepared chemically, and knows Mr. Evans' slates were not prepared that way; and Mr. Ausbach afterwards admitted that such was the case, since by scratching a slate pencil on the slate it would cut the preparation. Thus he was compelled to fall back on his original supposition of a false bottom, the only half-way reasonable theory yet, but one that will not stand the test when placed side by side with Mr. Evans'. We have heard men imitate the song of a canary so perfectly that if our ears had been unassisted by our eyes we should have believed it to be one. Yet one was a bird, the other a man.

In discussing the question with Mr. Ausbach, the writer asked:

"How would you account for Mr. Evans getting communications on slates brought to him by skeptics, all sealed and marked with a private mark?"

Mr. A.—"The applicant goes to the medium, is met by him and informed that he is engaged and can not give him a sitting then, but if he will come again at an appointed time, he will see what can be done; meanwhile the slates are left in the hands of the medium and are prepared by him."

"But, Mr. Ausbach, this can not be so, for there are a number of men here who will testify they never for a moment let the slates go out of their sight."

Mr. A.—"I was reliably informed so, at any rate."

"How do you account for the tests given through him?"

Mr. A.—"All professional mediums have their agents who travel in front, and whose business it is to ascertain all these points. Again, a stranger entering a new

town, will go to some well known Spiritualist and inquire for some good medium. He is referred to Mr. or Mrs. So and So, and then the Spiritualist sits down and writes to Mr. or Mrs. So and So, informing him or her of all he has been able to ascertain in regard to relatives and deceased friends."

It is needless to comment on the foolishness—nay, downright absurdity—of the idea.

HERNON WHITFORD.

Letter from San Jose.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Permit me to add a few thoughts to your very interesting paper. The month of May has come with its panorama of beautiful flowers in all their tints of color and sweet perfume that are so delightful to our sense of sight and smell. The editors of the GOLDEN GATE have lived in our city, and can imagine the magnificent picture of buds and blossoms the month of May presents, but you cannot imagine the beauties Horticultural Hall displayed during the late Floral Fair without taking a stroll inside and seeing the wonderful floral designs planned by the brains and wrought by the nimble fingers of the ladies of San Jose and vicinity. The fair was a success, and its managers deserve great credit, especially the ladies. Almost every imaginable design, from the rainbow to the twinkling star, greeted the eye. If flowers attract spirits from the other side, certainly the hall was doubly filled, and may our camp-meeting prove as beneficial, spiritually and financially, especially spiritually.

Success at the camp-meeting depends on harmony and good feeling towards all, now and during its session. It costs nothing to wear a smile or have a kind word of welcome to those you meet; not for outward appearance only, but let the expression come from the heart, then all will feel happy and that it is good to be there. Every one wants a good time, and this principle, kindness, carried out, will surely secure the highest success. Pardon me for dwelling so long on this, but it is of vital importance, and that we begin now to bear this in mind, talking it up among our friends, that we may be doubly sure of attaining through our efforts the greatest success known since the organization of the Camp-meeting Association.

I hope the good people of San Jose will go, and carry with them smiling faces and happy hearts to help you on in this work, and thus aid in the dissemination of the grand truths of Spiritualism; for humanity is in need of all the enlightenment it can get. May the good angels shower their divine blessings upon us, that we may carry our light with us and shed it abroad to uplift humanity. May it penetrate all dark corners of the earth, and make each one to which it comes a light and warmth unto itself. For the accomplishment of these objects are all true souls working.

The several well filled halls in San Francisco and their many and earnest speakers are indicative of thought and enterprise. With these and two such well edited papers as the GOLDEN GATE and *Carrier Dove*, it seems as if there can be no such thing as fail; but let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." We are to guard well our inner self. He is truly great who conquers self. By ever seeking the true in life our reward will grow purer and brighter, in higher thoughts and aspirations, as our declining years advance.

MARY E. BARKER.

SAN JOSE, May 17.

The Cause in San Diego.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Spiritualism in San Diego is advancing, not only spiritually but materially. Mr. N. F. Ravlin has created a great stir among all classes by his incomparable oratorical ability. Mr. Ravlin has succeeded where all others have failed, and through his remarkable courage he has brought about enthusiasm and liberality among a class of wealthy and influential Spiritualists who have up to the present time lent their aid and presence to the Unitarian church.

Many of our best people, heretofore strangers to our cause, have lately become identified with Mr. Ravlin's work, and are doing all they can to place Spiritualism before the public in a harmonious and philosophical light. Already a large sum has been subscribed for the building of a handsome and commodious temple in San Diego. The grounds have been paid for in cash, so that in a short time we shall have a place to meet in not inferior to any church in the city. Mr. Ravlin came here a perfect stranger, but has succeeded in making a host of influential friends who are determined to make his splendid abilities prominently known in this country. His lectures here have been attended by the intellectual cream of San Diego, comprising some of the most eminent lawyers and critics in the State, and all declare, with one voice, that his lectures, as given here, place his name on the lists of really great orators, by the side of Beecher, Ingersoll, Webster, Gladstone, and the like.

Mr. Ravlin will be retained here for a good while to come, as it is through his administrations that wealthy church members are erecting the above-mentioned edifice. All honor to those who infuse new life into our ranks, and keep the public awake to the interests of 'progressive Spiritualism.'

Yours fraternally,

L. WALDEMAR TONNER.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., May 15, 1887.

(Continued from First Page.)

borne, that we are to receive. See what truth God has sent you in Calvinism, Unitarianism, Universalism, Spiritualism, etc., and when you have accepted and appropriated it, let the vessel go. It is only an earthen vessel at the best. It never contained the whole-orbed truth, and it never will. Take without prejudice from all God's vessels. The great thing is charity, which alone shall be eternal, for that receives of all and is combined of all that is good. "Whether there be prophecies, they shall be done away; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away. For we know in part, and we prophecy in part; but when that which is perfect be complete in all its parts is come, then that which is in part shall be done away." Let us then not join ourselves wholly to any of the "isms" or partial things in a way to be blinded to what God is sending to us in His other "earthen vessels." And, on the other hand, let us not pass by any of the vessels of divine truth, because they look to be "earthen."

Letter from Washington, D. C.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In my last I stated that our Society had incorporated. I now add that we have also incorporated a Building Association, for the purpose of erecting a hall. In a few days we shall have the stock ready, and shall then call upon the Liberals everywhere to bring their offerings to the House of the Lord. Stock (\$5 per share) is issued, so that, in case we fail, the amount will be subject to order.

This is a movement in which every Spiritualist ought to be interested. The importance of a solid basis at this center of forces cannot be overestimated. This is destined to become a city of colleges, universities, and the residence of wealthy people, for educational and other purposes. The Catholics, the arch enemies of freedom, have already an immense holding here in land, colleges, and all the institutions usually connected with that church. They probably own as much as all the other churches combined. They have also completed arrangements for another immense institution—all untaxed.

We, too, should have an institution in which all the ordinary branches should be augmented by professorships of mental and political science. We propose that when the hall is built it shall be free to all Liberal National Conventions, less the actual cost of care, and, when rich enough, absolutely free. This is the proper place for holding such conventions, and there should be adequate accommodations. At this time there is a great paucity of public halls at reasonable rates. Female Suffragists and others will take notice and act accordingly.

Here is an opportunity for some broad-gauge man of wealth to monument himself for all time. What we need most is practical education in the direction of self support; next to this, political science, of which we have none; and finally, mental or spiritual science, that we may understand ourselves, and be prepared for the life here and beyond. Enough of this now.

Once more: The necessity of a defence organization and fund is becoming more and more apparent. We have plenty of Blue Laws outside of Connecticut, and more on the way of enactment. In many of the States, as well as in this District, the doctors have conspired and secured laws which compel us to patronize licensed physicians, and deny to us the benefit of Nature's doctors. Here and elsewhere are laws creating disabilities for our mediums of all classes, and more are being enacted. It is not just that the mediums (whose ministrations are for the general good) should be victimized, as they are, and forced to pay all the penalties and costs of prosecution. This is a sort of vicarious atonement for the defaults of those who have been saved from their errors, if not from their injustice, by these martyred instruments of the higher life and progressive thought. Only lately a woman in Philadelphia was mulcted in one hundred dollars and costs, and, if not successful on appeal, will be imprisoned. Meantime a bill is pending before the Pennsylvania Legislature making the exercise of mediumship a penal offence, and but little effort is being made to defeat the measure.

Against the Blue Laws that are, and those which may be, we should interpose our united protest and best talent. Under the auspices of the Material Liberalists there is a Defence Association, with an attorney at Washington to watch aggressive legislation. But it has not adequate funds for the work, and is limited in its area. There is no reason why all Liberalists should not make common cause against all aggressions upon personal rights. Before any definite move towards a national organization of Spiritualists on this behalf is made, a proposition to this effect will be submitted to the New York and Massachusetts Defence Association. If it succeeds that association will be made the basis. If not, then a loud call will be made to the friends of progress to join a general organization against all aggressions upon freedom, limited only by freedom in others.

When I again write I hope to have something definite on these material subjects.

JOHN B. WOLFE,

President First Spiritualist Association, 103 F Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.

Short Chapter on God—The Earth.

BY ABRAHAM L. HOLTON.

NO. 2.

The same intelligence shown in the mechanism of the heavens is equally apparent in the examination of terrestrial bodies, "while the hymn of the former was of the infinitely great, here it is the murmur of the infinitely small;" force rules the motions of atoms as well as the immense orbits of ethereal spheres. Man may change its name; the object may be changed; but it is all the time universal attraction, let it be named "cohesion" when it attracts the molecules into groups, and gravitation, when it causes worlds to revolve around one common center of gravity. Humanity's name makes no difference in the physical fact.

In all bodies, which chemistry terms simple, are found a geometric combination of atoms, each molecule being a geometric type and model of symmetry. "Under the name of equivalents," Camille Flammarion, the French astronomer and philosopher writes, "are designated numbers which express the relations of ponderable quantities of diverse bodies capable of entering, themselves or their multiples, into chemical combinations, and of mutually replacing each other to form combinations chemically analogous."

A few scientific facts will not be amiss, and we cite the following: Analyze water and we find, by weight, that 12.50 of hydrogen will combine with one hundred parts of oxygen in its formation. It is an absolute law that not one drop of water can be made by adding one part more of hydrogen or oxygen, let the water be formed by the combustion of a flame or taken from our rivers or fountains. To form protoxide of iron, 100 parts of oxygen will combine with 350 of iron. Iron will also combine with hydrogen, and it will always be in proportion of 350 ("equivalent of iron") to 12.50 ("equivalent of hydrogen"), always following geometric laws.

Thus it will be seen that there are absolute rules which matter is forced to obey, and let these molecules of matter be ever so infinitely small they never change, they are invariable, immutable; the molecule of iron never varies, whether incorporated in the meteorite that traverses the heavens, or lies on the track of the iron horse, or welded into the plowshare, or leaps in a blood globule to the temple of a statesman. Nature is a stern mother; it has no vacuum for chance to hide its monster head. While all molecules composing all bodies are passing incessantly from one to another, by the changes in operation among them, all under the empire of geometrical affinities, not one atom is lost, annihilated, or loses its individuality.

The phenomena of heat, light, sound, color, and magnetism, are explained by this conception of atomic movements. By the influence of this force man can not penetrate by a look of the human eye, molecules are approximated or scattered and their movements causes heat, paints the rose, and gives living life to the universe. In space we observe planets quickening their speed as they approach their perihelion, and relaxing it in the distant regions of their aphelion. When the musician causes a note to sound upon the organ, the atoms composing it move in cadence according to their mode of harmony. But atoms must necessarily be infinitely minute. Gunden says: "It has been calculated that the number of atoms composed in one cube of organic matter, equal in size to a pin's head, to be eight sextillions (8,000,000,000,000,000,000,000); that if a billion could be counted in a second, it would take two hundred and fifty thousand years to complete the operation."

The microscope enables us to perceive in the class of infusoria the vibronides, the diameters of which do not compass the twenty-five thousandth part of an inch; these minute beings are provided with locomotive apparatus and move in water with agility; they feed themselves and possess nutritive vessels, and being very active seek their prey and occasionally shoot forward into the abyss of the drop of water with a velocity and force relatively superior to the gallop of a horse. If the master mind who gave life, feeling, and power, to these albinous and gelatinous molecules, had not studied the destiny and purposes of all things, we would find the elephant and horse with the powers of the mite and flea, and at their pleasure or rage they could take a skip or jump and land themselves, if in San Francisco, over to Oakland, and so on, crossing continents in short order, because if the same law, without any modifying intelligence, had created them, they would all possess that terrible muscular velocity and produce terrible results; but wisdom is everywhere seen in all of Nature's works.

That which rules the mineral, weighs the elements, prescribes without variation all combinations, traces absolute rules and directs matter as a sovereign proclaims that organic and inorganic matter is one, and that law rules them possessing intelligence, that Monism, or matter creating matter, ruling, organizing and directing it is one of the myths of the human brain.

Human power can not create anything, or make any changes in the composition of bodies. Nothing comes from nothing;

nothing dies or can ever be annihilated. The same molecules in our bodies to-day were in those who lived before our day. Atoms travel from one being to another, and from one substance to another, guided by the laws of force. Burn a candle, the molecules composing it have passed from mortal vision, but they are in another form only and taken up by the natural forces to be used in another way. Chance has nothing to do with the marriage or death, as we are pleased to call the changes of matter; the true affinities have no trouble to find each other and their true spheres.

In the perpetual exchange of the elements of all bodies, beautiful and radiant nature exists in all its grandeur and invites us to become not only her admirer but her willing pupil, and she is ever a kind and willing teacher. Who has not admired the crystalline molecules of ice and snow? The perfect stars standing out under the microscope as if cut by some master hand. Visible or invisible to human eye, every movement, every association is perfect; always the same lines, the same angles. The crystallizations of bodies can in every case be referred to one of six fundamental types,—the cube, two rectangular prisms, the rhomboidron, and the two oblique prisms. The world has not a geometrist who has produced any figure so perfect as nature outlines in the most humble molecule. The ornaments that adorn our architecture, or that fall from the brush of our artists, can not equal the flower cup as placed on its vegetable stalk.

To banish from nature all spirit or intelligence would be like planning a battle, and when the soldiers appear on the field to suddenly withdraw all commanding officers from both opposing parties. The plan and destiny of thought that enters into the chemical organization of matter, if left to chance would be like those two armies without their leaders, without a purpose, and chaos and confusion would reign.

In the "Answer to Letters of Liebig," who maintains that "law constructed everything," this author avers that "as long as it is believed that law constructed the universe, instead of being its result, and receiving therefrom its light, the human mind will slumber in darkness, and ideas will be opposed to experience."

The best answer to such sophistry is to ask what would we do if we banish the geometric spirit from all matter, and particularly the part played by music, or numbers, for created nature has in it the great law of harmony, and it is not alone in the musical phraseology played by means of human instruments; or those *chef-d'oeuvres*, justly revered, which came to the inspired brains of Mozart and Beethoven; but music, harmony if you choose to call it that, fills the universe. Numbers form entirely every sound in music; the gamut is a scale of figures, the keys, minor and major, are created by figures, and the accords are themselves an algebraic combination. Every note written by a musical composer lives only in reference to time or measure. While tones are derived from the number of sonorous vibrations, colors are derived from luminous vibrations. When we look upon the coloring of our fields we have to remember that a species of music or vibrations of atoms, that the great spirit has set in motion, give those wonderful tints. The blooming flower, in all its gorgeous colors, is the center of a species of luminous vibrations constituting the visible tints. Flammarion has this to say of colors: "Visible colors commence with slow vibrations and stop with rapid ones, which our eye can not detect from 458,000,000,000,000 to 727,000,000,000,000 per second."

Sounds and colors extend above and below our organization, similarly subjected to numerical rules. There are sounds not audible to human ear, and colors not visible to human eye. Thus it will be perceived that the more readily that our minds can detect the vibrations of sound and the finer tints of color, the stronger the numerical tie exists in the construction of our organism.

Form, also, belongs to numbers, and as we gaze upon the undulating mountains and outcropping hills, we can almost feel the vibrations of the mother earth as she birthed them into being. We can follow the law of number into the organic realms. In the mineral and vegetable kingdom, symmetry loses some of its severity, leaving a certain habitude to modifying forces. Numbers are the bases of vegetable classifications; the leaves succeed each other in numerical order around the stem; the flowers do not escape from the rule of figures and beauty, and harmony is thereby perfected.

Animals have not been forgotten in symmetry in manifesting the numerical type, and man himself stands as a revelation of the major vibrations of the molecules of matter from all matter, being "created only a little lower than the angels." And in all species below him can be traced miniature forms that are analogous; for instance, the horse's hoof, if placed upon the dissecting table, resembles a human hand with the fingers fastened together; the fins of a fish are the digits of limbs that are not visible in a material sense.

Thus order reigns on earth as in heaven, and it is numerical order; and by what right, or what sense, can any one deny there is no spirit in the universe? Can matter alone make an exertion? Can materialists claim that the mathematical faculty exists in matter? If they do, it remains for them to tell us to what matter.

Is it to oxygen? Is it to iron? Is it to gold? No, it can not be either of them, since law is the master of all those bodies, and law unites, separates, combines and marries them, therefore law is their sovereign.

In October, 1604, a brilliant star burst suddenly upon the vision of the students of the heavens. Astronomers were greatly troubled; the harmony of the universe was being imperilled! Variable stars were then unknown. Learned men discussed its birth, and augured unforeseen calamities. Amidst it all the thought came up, was it born by chance, or the result of accident? Kepler may tell his solution of the problem in his own happy way: "Yesterday," he says, "in the midst of my meditations, I was called to dinner. My young wife brought a salad on the table. 'Thinkst thou,' said I to her, 'that if, ever since the creation, pewter, potatoes, grains of salt, drops of vinegar and oil, and fragments of hard-boiled eggs had floated in space in every direction, and without order, chance could have brought them together to-day to form a salad?' 'Certainly not so good nor so well-made as this,' answered my beautiful wife." And thus Kepler lived, worshipping the divine spirit that formed the universe, and his beautiful wife, who was the divinity in his humble home, leaving his great thoughts to us, teaching us that if, for one moment, force was taken from matter, chaos would reign.

Plants, in seeking inorganic matter, choose that which make each a distinct species; for instance, wheat contains nitrogenized gluten, and phosphates; the vine contains lime, the potato potash, tobacco saltpetre, etc. To each plant these minerals are adapted, and the intelligent farmer who knows the wants of the plants he raises can greatly increase the productivity of the land he cultivates. Mad waters had washed a tiny rootlet from its mother-bed, and amid a harbor of rocks it spread its little veins and seemed to plead for life; it rested, it shot forth tremblingly toward some point it seemed to divine was for its good, descended slowly and at times seemed almost discouraged; at last new life animated its drooping form; it had burst its way to nourishing fountains, the rocks were rent and it seemed to smile as it lifted its growing branches to the sun. Gazing upon this growing tree we thought, who can deny the "spirit of plants," a special organic force, the counterpart to that which rules the mineral crystallizations? For our part, we bow in reverence to the inherent power which constitutes the vegetable life, and which the matter composing it is compelled to obey.

Science does not say that sound, light and magnetism belong to matter. Experience proves the contrary, but science proves there are so many modes of motion. Then we ask, who ordains a certain mode for sound, and another for light, and still another for magnetism? Why are there no conflicts or breakings of the machinery, harmony rather, in the workings of nature? There can be but one answer, matter in all its motions is only a passive slave ruled by a superior force that embraces it with perfect intelligence.

Savants may drag the spirit that rules all nature at the bottom of their retorts, but they will never find it there, and better learn how to see and feel the life, and form, and beauty and wisdom, in the verdure of the woods and fields, in the rhythm of the flowing waters, the limpid mirror of the lake, the flakes of gold, the solid mountains of iron, and in the voice of the thunders.

Guardian Angels.

The Sunday evening lectures of Mr. and Mrs. Chainey continue to draw fair audiences. On the 20th ult., Mrs. Chainey lectured on "Guardian Angels," which from her standpoint appear to be the most important factors in man's spiritual development. Every incarnated soul, she said, has its guardian angel, from birth to death, and one of the first things taught the arisen spirit on its entry to the spirit world was how to minister to others. There were guardians of worlds, for they, too, were persons. The sevenfold ray of primal light was inherent in the guardian spirit, and we had only to open our souls to the great Spirit for all things to be revealed to us. Every soul is being illuminated by the central sun. The gates have always been ajar to let rays of light into the world, but the last forty years they have been wide open. The guardian spirits were not teachers but sustainers; illumination is from the spirits living in the sevenfold primal ray. All life below the human, we understood the speaker to say, had guardian angels also; but when man attained to harmony of body, soul and spirit, guardian angels would be unnecessary. This would be after many incarnations and passing through innumerable forms. There had been the same illumination through all time, but in an infinite variety of forms. All our best thoughts were the result of turning to our guardian angels. Every soul is mediumistic, and it was the duty of those who received the light to transmit it to others. She exhorted her hearers to seek both spirits and guardian angels—to give a little time daily to meditation; telling them that heaven was all around them, and that they only wanted to open their eyes to perceive it.—*Harbinger of Light, April 1st.*

Hope is the only good which is common to all men.

Electrical Conditions.

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

The conditions under which we are able to communicate are so varied, and in many cases so little under our control, that we are constantly studying to overcome the obstacles that interfere with us, and endeavoring to devise new plans to develop the resources that are all about us, but in a comparatively crude condition. In all the years that these manifestations have been given in one way or another, there have been students that have given the most of their time to endeavoring to solve the problem of electricity, and are yet seemingly as far from the solution as ever, concerning what it is. It is in everything. All life depends upon it, and its subtle intangible current flows through everything that "lives and moves and has its being." It is the divine essence of life, and its quality is as elusive to us as to you. But the evidences of its power are indubitable. The whole system of life, in whatever sphere it may be, in whatever it may undertake to do, is controlled by the power. The great "life principle," "law of Nature," or God, whatever you may call it, that governs all that is, is this power that none can comprehend.

This is the power we must use when we attempt to communicate with you. This alone the controlling element that is in the waves of air that roll in, one after another, bearing our thoughts toward the desired point from which they may be disseminated. This the power that attracts us one to another for good or evil, and without one's volition leads them sometimes to say and do the things they do. Through this means we are enabled to gain control of another personality when the proper combination of characteristics is found, and cause them, for the time being, to be another person as far as thought and action are concerned, and in other cases be able because of the strength obtained from the electricity contained in the atmosphere surrounding those coming in contact with the medium through whom we work to write independently, which is usually the most convincing "test" that can be given.

The electricity which characterizes some persons, when it comes in contact with the atmosphere surroundings others, causes infraction of the rays of electricity (if I may so express it) and produces a condition that renders us powerless to give any satisfactory communication to them. Hence the frequency with which one hears the remark, "I can not get any satisfaction from that medium who was so satisfactory to you, and gave you such wonderful tests." The two currents clash, and discord results. Why this should be may be explained by the well-known fact that "two positives make a negative." Some who desire to have indisputable tests will get nothing of any consequence, because of this over-anxiety, and the effect it produces on the "sensitive plate," it expects to reflect its desire in clearly defined lines, as the sun would cause to appear upon the prepared plate of the photographer the image before it. The strong will and determination to force compliance with its demands will produce the same effect that too long a sitting before the camera, exposing the sensitive plate too long to the action of light, will produce. The atmosphere is overcharged and no satisfaction can result.

Spirits that are near the earth, and possess the desire to do so, can use this power to personate, and give tests that seem wonderful to the sitter, and often carry conviction to the mind, when the person represented is not present. But if the end is accomplished, and good results follow, why should it produce such dissatisfaction? To be sure it is a source of pleasure to feel that the friends one loved in life are present and cognizant of our presence, as very many times they are indisputably. But should the information desired and received come up to the requirements and accomplish the desired end, what matters it whether the thought came direct from the personality desired or not. (In one of my previous communications I expressed my views as differing from this, but have since had occasion to change, and so wish to correct the impression I then gave.) When knowledge concerning the higher life is sought for, and some intelligence capable of imparting correct ideas gives the information desired, and awakens a new train of thought and desire for advancement, what matters the name appended to the communication.

Let reason come uppermost, and the desire to advance our knowledge of what will be of indisputable benefit to the spiritual welfare of the seeker after knowledge of all that will advance them in the higher life, raise you above questionings of things that are of no material import, and lead you to investigate with more thoroughness what pertains to the higher life and its questions.

WM. G. CLAYTON.

THE NEW Year is celebrated at six different times in Persia. At Teheran the Jews have one day, the Armenians another, the Russians a third, the Roman Catholics and Protestants a fourth, and the Sheahs or Persian Mohammedans a fifth, and the regular Mohammedans still a sixth.

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SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1887.

A QUESTION OF BELIEF.

A mere belief in the phenomenal or physical facts of Spiritualism is of but little use to one. In fact we are not sure that it is not a hindrance to one's spiritual unfoldment or advancement, as it bars one from the possibility of the acceptance of the orthodox means of grace presented by the churches, which is certainly better than no help at all to a better way of life. One had better "get religion" in the old way—be frightened into repentance and conversion,—provided it makes a better man of him, than to live an unworthy life as a mere believer in the truths of Spiritualism, without profiting by the lessons which such belief ought to inspire.

It is to be regretted that all Spiritualists are not *Spiritualists*—no more to be regretted, perhaps, than it is that all who bear the name of Christian are not Christians. The tree must be judged by its fruits. Each individual tree, although belonging to a common class, must be judged by the fruit it bears. If the fruit is bad it needs grafting with a better variety. So it is with man; if not naturally inclined to bear good fruit, he needs to have engrafted into his life the better fruits of the spirit; and it does not matter so much how this is done provided it be well done.

Now, a belief in the continuance of life beyond the gateway of death, and in the fact that we reap in the next world as we sow in this, is naturally calculated to open one's spiritual eyes to the necessity of leading an upright and manly life here. If the thought that the loved ones who have passed on to the other shore are watching over us with tender solicitude, and patiently waiting for the time when they can welcome us to their homes and hearts in the land of eternal verities beyond the river of death,—if the consciousness of this fact is not calculated to call forth and arouse in one all of the better feelings of his nature, then surely nothing in the world will.

It can not be expected that a conversion to a belief in the facts of Spiritualism will at once change the nature of a gross and undeveloped mortal into a high order of angel. This belief must take time to work its way down into his soul and become a part and factor of his being. It will surely accomplish this change eventually, or the man must be wanting in all the finer impulses and elements of a progressive human being.

We know that with thousands, life has been made sweeter and richer through a belief in the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, especially those who have been lifted out of the night and gloom of materialism. It has dispelled the clouds of doubt that lowered over their souls, and brought the sunshine of hope and joy to their lives. They can now exclaim, with one of old, "O Death, where is thy sting, and grave thy boasted victory!" Is not this a guerdon worth striving for?

MRS. WHITNEY'S MEETINGS.—The most ardent advocate of the spiritual philosophy would have no cause for complaint at the splendid work which the guides of Mrs. Whitney are accomplishing at Assembly Hall. Another very large audience greeted this wonderful test medium last Sunday evening. Thousands who are attracted by Mrs. Whitney's wonderful mediumship each Sunday evening are never disappointed; for test after test seem to issue from the lips of the entranced medium as rapidly as the vocal organs can be controlled. The guides introduced some new features at the last meeting. Mental questions were asked and answered with unerring correctness, giving such minutiae as would apply only to individual cases. Independent voices were distinctly heard during the singing, and remarked by many in the audience as not coming from the vocalists. This phase occurred with Mrs. Whitney on previous occasions in Oakland and elsewhere. Many in the audience last Sunday evening were visibly affected by the tests given. Mrs. Whitney is attracting the attention of the most intelligent and thoughtful people. Facts and names are accurately given with honesty and candor, and with an air of culture and refinement that at once fascinates and convinces all investigators. She is doing a great work for the cause of Spiritualism by her tests in convincing hundreds of its glorious truths.

—For "Rambling Thoughts" read "Random Thoughts," as the heading for the excellent collection of articles on our second page from the gifted pen of Mattie Pulsifer.

OUR SPIRIT PICTURES.

The spirit pictures which we have given from time to time in these columns, produced, as we claim, by independent spirit power, through the mediumship of Mr. Fred Evans, have attracted no little attention and much favorable comment among the readers of the GOLDEN GATE. These pictures, as we have heretofore stated, are produced upon the slates by a spirit artist who gives his name as Stanley St. Clair. From two to five minutes is all the time required in their production. They are sometimes sketched upon the underside of a slate placed on a table or the floor, and frequently without the contact of human hands. Sometimes they are produced between slates held by the medium, or other persons in his presence; but the work is always done with great rapidity, as is the writing upon the slates—a stateful of writing being sometimes seemingly photographed upon the slate in a few seconds of time.

The pictures are all of persons who have passed to spirit life, and as they appeared in mortal life. No high art is claimed for them; and yet, as slate-pencil sketches, considering the brief time, and peculiar manner, in which they are produced, they are certainly excellent. That this development, which came to Mr. Evans only a few months ago, will lead to a higher order of art we have no doubt.

The picture of Dr. Benjamin Rush, which appears in this issue of the GOLDEN GATE, was produced upon a slate which was first thoroughly washed and dried by a committee chosen by a public audience at the theater in San Diego, on the occasion of the recent visit of Mr. Evans and the writer to that city. That it is a good likeness of the eminent physician no one familiar with his features will deny.

A peculiarity of all these pictures is the utilizing of the space around the sides with private messages from the spirit world to persons present or in the neighborhood of the seance. Why this is done we are unable to say, unless it is to show that the picture was actually produced at the time and place claimed for it.

We have now given enough of this class of pictures to fully illustrate the fact we would impress upon the minds of our readers, which is their independent spiritual origin; but whatever new, or especially interesting phase of this development we may receive in the course of our experiments with Mr. Evans, we shall hasten to give our readers the benefit. We are promised a likeness of Mr. Evans' psychographic control, spirit John Gray, which, when received, we shall give in connection with a picture of the medium himself. These pictures we shall hope to make genuine works of art, as far as they can be in a newspaper print.

The reader will bear in mind that for many months past we have had, and do now have, every possible opportunity for careful and thorough investigation of Mr. Evans' psychographic powers. We regard him as the most wonderful medium in the world for this phase of spiritual phenomena. Those who would question the genuineness of these manifestations of his powers are simply ignorant of the facts.

We will add that we obtained a fine likeness of Father Pierpont, at our seance given to the reporters of the Los Angeles press recently, which we left in the hands of the *Express* editor, with the promise that it should be forwarded to us. Should it come to hand in good shape we shall give it a place in our columns with the rest.

"BUGBEARS."

Were it not disgusting, it would be amusing to read the accounts of so-called "ghost" and "spook" stories, that almost daily appear in secular print. There seems to be a prevailing opinion that men, women and children are no longer human when their bodies are laid in the ground, but that they are mysteriously converted into species of monsters and frightful things only designed to lift the hair and chill the blood. The "ghosts" and "spooks" that come back to open our eyes and senses to the future, are to the world generally in no wise related to the throng surrounding the possible white throne, playing upon harps and praising an imaginary Creator. The same ones whose lifeless forms were clung to and caressed and grieved over when they were finally put out of sight forever, are spoken of as "hideous and uncanny," when they would come back and assure their bereaved friends and relatives that there is no death, but for the body; that the other life is the real one, free from the shadows that obscure our mortal being. Every day, houses are being deserted to get away from those the occupants once loved and idolized; away from these messengers of "glad tidings and great joy," away from the clinging fondness of our still loved ones, but whom we turn from as spirits, in fear and trembling. They come and are received not. Alas! for all poor, desolate hearts!

VERSATILITY.—Those persons are doubtless the happiest who have the ability to adapt themselves to various pursuits. If variety is the spice of life, it is the equilibrium of the mind, keeping its thoughts from roaming in profitless fields, since all yield it food. This versatility of taste is never so prized as in old age, when accelerated time seems to lose something of his swiftness, when one has a new occupation to dis-

tract the mind from the fixed order of recurring things. Probably the happiest of our literary men is Oliver Wendell Holmes, who has led so varied a life as to have forgotten its length, and is the only living exception in our country, to the rule, that humorists weep while the world laughs at their wit. Holmes is as happy as the funniest poem he ever wrote, and with all his noble rearing and classical philosophy, he is simple and approachable as a child, the effect of true wisdom on all great natures. As sergeant of the Concord Battery, physician, artist, lecturer, and, at last, instructor in anatomy in the art school of the Boston Museum, and always a poet, he has been a most persistent and happy worker. He passed so quietly from one place to another, and so prospered in each that the current of his life has been like a stream in a rockless bed. It is carrying him serenely to the great ocean, and soon we shall miss him.

EXTRAVAGANT CLAIMS.

To the enlightened Spiritualist, or the healer by magnetic or spiritual methods, some of the claims of our Christian scientist friends seem to us very extravagant, to say the least. This extravagance is emphasized when the claim is made by those who are subject to physical defects or ailments, as we have noticed in several instances.

It is no doubt a grand thing to be "one with God." All ought to aspire to a consciousness of that exalted spiritual unfoldment. At the same time we should never ignore the helps that may come to us from all of God's creatures. We can learn wisdom from the animate and inanimate world—from all things that exist. Surely we ought to be willing, modestly, to be "one" with any of God's angels—that is, willing to sit at the feet and be instructed by those of lesser light and wisdom than Omnipotence itself—to accept help and truth from any and every source whence they may come.

In making the acquaintance of those high in the social or intellectual scale, it is not an indication of a sound head or a good heart to discard all of one's humbler friends and acquaintances. And that, it seems to us, is very much like what some of our good spirit mediums do when they dismiss the spirit teachers and guides who faithfully attended them in their earlier unfoldments, and insist upon receiving instruction at once, and only, from the Infinite Source of all knowledge.

And then in the matter of healing, what cases have our Christian scientists to show that can compare with the work of such healers as Mrs. Dr. Beighle, Dr. Abbott, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Dr. Sage, Mrs. Dr. Ellison, Mrs. Hendee, and others that could be named in San Francisco, as well as elsewhere? If they have a better method it will surely appear in time. Certain it is that it has not yet been made manifest.

An instance of the utter failure of this method has been brought to our knowledge, wherein a lady, afflicted with deafness, was treated by the "Christian science" method, at a cost to her of \$300, but without the slightest benefit. She was then told that the innate evil of her own nature—the very thing that Christian science ignores, declaring that there is no evil,—prevented the cure!

The idea advanced by these new healers that all disease is of the "mortal mind," and that the spirit, being "one with God," has Omnipotent power over the body—that there is in reality no such thing as disease or pain,—is simply a stupendous fallacy. The body being composed of matter, is subject to the laws of matter; except when brought temporarily and locally under superior laws, as in case of what is known as levitation, or moving of ponderable bodies by spirit power. We know that fire burns and a sufficient degree of cold freezes—that water taken in sufficient quantities into the lungs will drown, and that poison will destroy life, etc. These are general laws of matter that no amount of Christian science teaching has been able to overcome. Then why ignore these facts?

We would not be understood as underestimating the influence and power of spirit over matter. No doubt mental moods affect physical health, and a strong will, strongly exerted, may resist and overcome disease to a certain extent; but there is a point beyond which it can not go—at least not in man's present stage of development. What possibilities may lie in store for him in the future are yet only a matter of conjecture.

The lesson of this screed is that modesty is becoming to much wisdom, and that in climbing to the heart of God we can do so the more readily by humbly sitting at his feet and listening to his teachings as manifested through all nature.

CHILD MEDIUMS.—It is difficult for us to see how unbelievers in the spiritual philosophy can, with satisfaction, set the matter aside on the ground of "fraud" and "delusion," when ignorant and innocent children are chosen to "confound their elders." The nine-year-old daughter of a Minneapolis, Minn., washerwoman, is lately manifesting powers that are unaccountable to her family and others not acquainted with Spiritualism. The girl has no education whatever, but writes messages in a clear, beautiful hand, from deceased persons, the writing being from right to left. These communications generally being given in a trance state, the mother became alarmed, and one day called in a prominent business man for advice. After talking with the girl for a few moments only, she fell into one of these "unaccountable states," and wrote the gentleman a message from his wife, for some time deceased. The child's case has awakened so much interest that a public test will be made of her powers. Those who distrust mediums of larger growth, should seek these child-channels of communication with the other world; indeed, we believe they are especially ordained for the conversion of skeptics, who should not neglect the kind offers of Providence to lead them into the kingdom of heaven, since it is promised of old that "a little child shall lead them."

A GOOD MAN GONE.

Jim G. Anderson, (as he always wrote his name,) late editor of the Richmond (Mo.) *Democrat*, passed on to the higher life on the 10th inst., of rheumatism of the heart. It was for this gentleman that we obtained by proxy, through the mediumship of Fred Evans, about a year ago, some most remarkable tests of spirit power—four stateful of messages from his kindred in spirit life, none of whom—not even their names—were known to Mr. Evans or the writer. We had no personal acquaintance with Mr. Anderson, but from the kind words spoken of him by his editorial successor of the *Democrat*, we can only wish that we could have known him well. The *Democrat* says of him:

The writer heretofore had known the deceased many years and was probably more intimately acquainted with him than any person in Ray county. We knew him in all his various moods—in adversity and in prosperity, and knew him always as a sunny tempered, genial, benevolent gentleman; as an employer he was courteous and kind, never asking an employee to do what he would not do himself. To the poor and needy his hand and his purse were always open, and no man in Ray county gave more largely to charity, according to his means, than Mr. Anderson. There are many weary, world-sick people who can remember when he lightened their burdens with a cheering word and relieved their immediate wants with his cash. To the writer he was more than a brother, and this poor tribute to his worth is written with a heavy heart indeed. On account of his peculiar views in regard to the hereafter Mr. Anderson had many heated controversies, and yet throughout them all he demeaned himself as a gentleman should, never once descending to degrading personalities. His was always a warfare in the open field and never from ambush. He was a firm believer in the doctrine of spirit communion, and who can say he was wrong? He had what he considered indisputable evidence that the spirits of departed loved ones can and do communicate with the living and was earnest and honest in the belief. He died in the belief that one day his spirit would return to cheer his grief-stricken companion and aged and bedridden mother.

The "indisputable evidence" alluded to was doubtless that furnished him by the crucial tests above mentioned.

It may not be amiss for us to refer to these tests again, and we do so for the reason that we regard them as absolutely conclusive of the truth of spirit return, and well worth remembering by all Spiritualists.

Mr. Anderson wrote us a letter enclosing a lock of his hair, and asking that we represent him—in a sitting with Mr. Evans—in an endeavor to procure some messages from his spirit friends. No names were given, of course, nor ballots enclosed. He was entirely unknown to us, save that he had written us once before asking for an exchange of papers. Accompanied by Mrs. Owen, we took the letter to Mr. Evans, and placed it upon a pair of slates with our four hands resting thereon, Mr. Evans sitting upon the opposite side of the table, with his hands unoccupied. Other slates were placed upon the table, and one or two upon the floor. As we before remarked, four of the slates were written full. There were five or six messages, all signed by names unknown to us. One of the messages purported to come from the spirit father of Mr. Anderson.

We forwarded these slates to Mr. Anderson and in due time received a reply that the messages were wonderful tests of spirit identity. The peculiar writing of the message from his spirit father was recognized at once by all familiar with his chirography. In that message, the names of two persons were given as being with the spirit writer, which, Mr. Anderson informed us, were the names of two of his sisters who had passed to spirit life.

Thus was the proof to us absolutely conclusive of spirit existence, as it must have been to him. But now our friend has solved the problem for himself, and knows of a verity that there is no death. We have use for you, brother, on the GOLDEN GATE. Come, join our little band of faithful workers, and let us feel the inspiration of your gentle and noble spirit.

GEORGIA'S DISGRACE.

Judging from the character of woman's aim wherever she gives herself to public work, it is not difficult to see what her influence would be upon all social and moral questions of the day. Everywhere, among all classes, she is toiling for the moral and spiritual improvement of not only her sisters, but brothers also.

For long years there has gone forth a pitiable cry from Georgia in behalf of the convict class of that State, whose condition in all respects is far more deplorable and degraded than that of any slave before our late war. The convict-leaze system of the State, by which these unfortunates are divided into gangs, and let to contractors for sixteen dollars a head per year, unmercifully worked, poorly fed, and herded, all ages and sexes together, in places not fit for dogs, this vile and inhuman system so long permitted by man, is now justly assailed by the Temperance Union women of Georgia. They are petitioning the Legislature to make such changes in their present condition, as will readily suggest themselves to all right-conditioned and humane minds.

It is surprising that those vested with hereditary power for alleviating all woe, and righting all wrongs, have done nothing to wipe out this disgrace of our country. So far from being tolerated, it would never have been permitted by women, whose sense of fitness and propriety is every day needed in all matters relating to corrective and reformatory measures and discipline.

It is becoming more apparent, each day, that women should have the political right of expressed opinion on questions that more nearly concern her than men; more nearly, we say, because there are many things of vital public and social welfare that do not and can not appear to the mind of man as they do to woman, for the reason that they really belong to the sphere of woman to regulate.

UNJUST DISTINCTIONS.—The political situation of French women is a strong and most inconsistent one. There is probably no country where women have played a more important part than in France; but they have not, and never had, the

legal consideration and privileges that women enjoy elsewhere as a matter of course and simple fairness. While the French law allows women to do what they please with their personal property, many of them doing large mercantile business in their own name, their privileges go no farther. Neither single nor married women are permitted as witnesses in civil suits; can not testify to a birth or death, nor to the identity of a person known to them, neither can they join in family councils. These are gross distinctions to be made between the legal status of the sexes, and it is high time they were done away with. There is a proposition before the Chamber designed to this end, and it is to be hoped it will be accepted.

WORK.

The disfavor with which this latter-day generation looks upon manual labor, is an unhealthy sign. Looking abroad upon the world, especially our part of it, with its astounding achievements and facilities of easy living, it conveys to the young mind an idea of ease and luxury without suggesting the enterprising energy and toil that produced it. Parents who have worked incessantly and hard to provide their children with privileges and advantages that did not exist in their young days, allow their boys and girls to grow to man and womanhood with a feeling of pity, if not contempt, for the working classes. They are willing to work with their brains when perhaps they have none of any special capacity; but to work with hands—do menial service—is a disgrace they would rather die than endure.

Money will everywhere to its owners bring exemption from manual toil, but this class should not forget, nor allow their children to, that some must always work, or the earth would cease to support its children, and organized society become debased and savage.

Heads and hands have worked together since time began, and by all noble minds one is as exalted as the other, because neither could do without the other. Like the roots of the tree, that do their work in obscurity, the hand-toilers are alike essential to the leaf and fruitage—the final result of all work. They do not quarrel with the beautiful, delicate blossoms, that receive all the praise and admiration, but are satisfied with the harvest. Neither should the blossoms forget the source of their nourishment.

Idleness and ignorance of work honors no one, but it may and does wrong many, particularly the idle themselves. Self-helplessness should be cultivated for its own sake. Nothing is of true value that does not come to us through self-exertion. Another's knowledge will not make us wise. Rest brings no pleasure unless we are tired and need it. No one can know absolute happiness who has not learned to love and feel a pride in honest work. The most satisfactory work is that which employs both head and hands.

AARON'S ZEAL.

At the regular meeting of the Congregational Club, held at the parlors of the Baldwin Hotel, in this city, on Monday last, Rev. Aaron Williams arose to read a paper, which was nothing less than an arraignment of Rev. J. W. Thomas, Chaplain of the City and County Hospital, for "unchristianlike conduct," in saying to the inmates of said institutions, "with malice aforethought," and an amazing heartlessness, "There is no hell!" That a Christian minister should be guilty of such stupendous atrocity quite staggers us, and leads us to exclaim, in the words of the poet, "Whither, O whither are we drifting!"

As the terrible indictment fell from the speaker's lips, Dr. Beckwith was so shocked and overcome with the appalling nature of the charge that he refused to listen to the further reading of the paper, declaring that he would have to retire if the reading was persisted in. Dr. Barrows, also, who had just then recovered somewhat from the stunning and shocking nature of the blow, declared himself opposed to listening to the dissemination of the "scandal," as he mildly termed it, probably being so confused at the time that a word of sufficiently awful import to properly designate the offense failed to put in an appearance.

The matter was put to a vote, as the report states, and the reader was forced to desist, but he declared that he would publish the whole paper in the daily journals. With this the matter ended and the Rev. Williams sat down, vowing that he would make his charges known to the world within a few days. We really hope the zealous brother will do nothing of the kind. We speak in behalf of a long-suffering community, urging, at the same time, moderation of opinion toward the reverend culprit, until the Andover professors have had time to settle the question.

God will only punish men for wickedness, and not for holding opinions. That is the truth which cuts into the knot of sophistry and ends that great error, that error itself a guilt. The church should be more intolerant of selfishness, cant and hypocrisy, and less indignant with original opinions. The minister should be the pattern of intolerance of what is immoral, and the model of tolerance of all that is honest doubt and honest belief in what differs from himself.—PHILIP BROOKS.

The above is an example of pulpit sentiment, and it foreshadows a time when ministers will no longer be held heretical, and excommunicated for expressing opinions above the comprehension of their flocks. Ministers are leaders, and they should be given full liberty to seek out new and pleasant paths, and fields of greater richness wherein to better nourish the hungry souls that are ultimately starved on old prescribed sectarian rations. Like good shepherds, wise pastors are carefully and gently preparing for change of pasture, foreseeing the day when most of their followers will make a general stampede for the green and broader range of spiritual food lying just in view beyond the mists of early creeds and dogmas.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—The GOLDEN GATE has fifty subscribers in the little town of Tulare.

—It is understood that the accomplished vocalist, Mr. Maguire, will have charge of the singing at the camp-meeting.

—David Taylor, of 796 Broadway, New York, has our thanks for a beautiful song and chorus, entitled, "Let not Your Heart Grow Weary"; words and music by Lew Usher.

—There is a no greater disturber of mortal peace and happiness in the world than an unruly tongue. The person afflicted with such a member needs the prayers of all good men and angels.

—Mrs. Bowers, the Washo seeress, intends to leave for Nevada on the 28th inst., to be absent for an indefinite period. The good lady's health has become impaired, and she feels the necessity for a change.

—When we consider the many unfriendly obstacles in the way of man's moral and spiritual advancement on this plane of existence, we are led to wonder that his virtues are so many and his vices so few.

—We intend to have a representative of the GOLDEN GATE at the great Eastern camp-meetings the coming Summer, and hope thereby to add largely to the circulation of our paper in the Atlantic States.

—Mrs. Clara Foltz, the well known lady lawyer, and sister of Chas. M. Shortridge of the San Jose Mercury, has accepted the editorial management of the San Diego Daily Bee. She ought to make the paper a success, as she no doubt will.

—Amid all the clashing and inharmonious of social and business life, grand souls live and grow in goodness; which clearly indicates that they are superior to their surroundings. And these souls are the true salt of the earth—the living examples of the divine in man.

—Dr. G. B. Crane, the veteran Spiritualist of St. Helena, has been in town the present week—his first visit to this city for over five months. Although climbing well into the eighties, the Doctor's step is as elastic as that of many a man of fifty, and his mind as vigorous.

—When will man learn that he is "his brother's keeper"—that he has an interest in all men and all in him, and that no wrong can be done to any that does not react upon him? When this fact becomes a part of universal human life, then will the millennium have come.

—The serious illness of Mr. Evans' infant daughter has broken in somewhat upon his plans for public work, causing delays that could not be avoided. It is his intention, with the approval of his guide, and as opportunity occurs, to comply with the urgent invitation of friends, and visit a number of adjacent towns.

—Two lots on the corner of G and Ninth streets, San Diego, have been deeded to the Religious and Philosophical Society of that city. The cost was \$13,000. We are informed that the Society will proceed at once to the erection of a temple for the dissemination of Spiritualism, under the ministrations of Mr. N. F. Ravlin.

—Sunshine, of Philadelphia, reports that the Pennsylvania "representatives being ashamed of it, the anti-medium bill will not be enacted," and the State will thus be spared the threatened humiliation of seeking to engraft seventeenth century Puritan methods upon the nineteenth century statute-book of the Quaker Commonwealth.

—Human nature is weak at best. It stumbles off and falls, and needs to be forgiven many times. But in its strivings for the better way there is hope that will yet bear precious fruit. God pity the man or woman who has ceased trying to lead a better life. And none needs pity more than the one who has no charity for an erring fellow mortal.

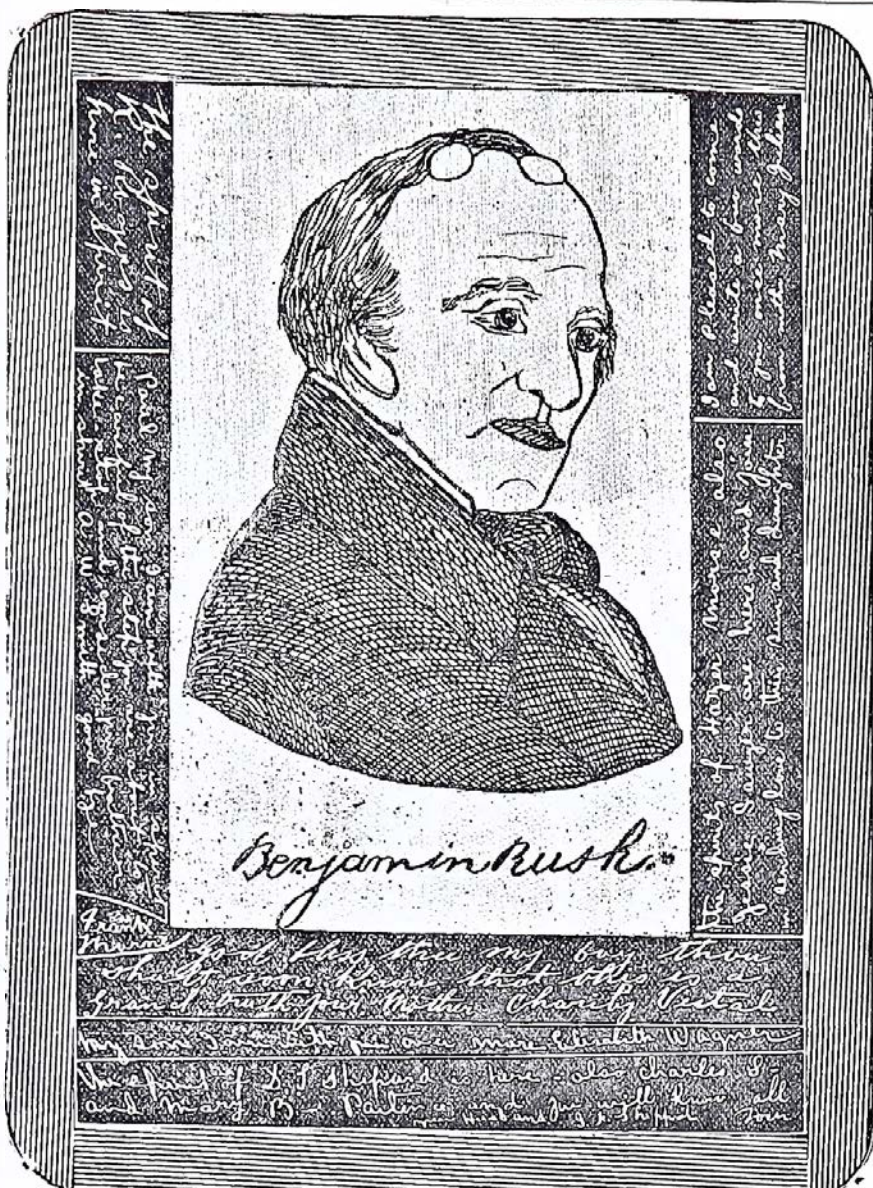
—The Golden Era, for May, contains a sketch and portrait of that grand pioneer, E. W. Morse, of San Diego. Mr. Morse is one of the foremost business men of Southern California, with a great, big, genial soul in him that worldly success has not hardened. He is one of the principal contributors to the erection of the new spiritual temple mentioned elsewhere.

—The writer dropped into the office of the Carrier Dove, 32 Ellis street, on Wednesday last and found the charming editress pleasantly domiciled in her new quarters. We spent a delightful hour with the good Doctor and wife, as we sipped a refreshing cup of tea and discussed things spiritual and material pertaining to our common work.

—The arrangements for the camp-meeting are nearly completed. Unlike the meeting of last year, the Board of Directors have everything at hand to begin with—tents, lumber, seats, etc.—all carried over from the earnings of last year. The GOLDEN GATE will have an office upon the grounds, and in addition to our own publications will keep for sale the books noticed on our fifth page.

—The Carrier Dove for May, which is a little late in its arrival, contains portraits of H. C. Wilson, President; C. E. Elliot, Vice-President; Mrs. S. B. Whitehead, Secretary; Geo. H. Hawes, Corresponding Secretary; and S. B. Clark, Treasurer, all of the Board of Directors of the State Camp-Meeting Association. There are also portraits of Mrs. H. R. Wilson, and spirit Pearl Wilson. Among its excellent table of contents is letter from W. J. Colville.

—L. L. Whitlock, in Facts for April, says: "It is to be regretted by all who have the good of Spiritualism at heart that such disagreements as now exist in regard to physical phenomena should control the rank and file of professed Spiritualists to such an extent as to make them even bitter in their denunciations of those who do not think as they do, or who differ in their manner of investigation; especially is this the case with the question of materialization."



SPIRIT PICTURE.

[Taken through the mediumship of Fred Evans, April 6th, before a public audience in San Diego, and under the supervision of a committee chosen by the audience.]

—We have received from Bro. H. H. Kenyon a supply of the new work entitled "Beyond," giving most interesting experiences in spirit life, through a private medium in St. Paul, Minnesota. The medium, for whose benefit this work is published, is a most worthy lady and excellent medium. The book is worth many times its price (fifty cents). Send in your orders. When ordered by mail, send five cents extra for postage. The entire proceeds of sale will be sent to the medium.

—Society is very largely a hollow sham. Its standard of merit is one whereby true worth is made secondary to the factitious circumstances of wealth and birth. And then our system of finance and trade, with its sharp competitions, is a constant invitation to dishonesty. To succeed in the acquisition of much wealth one must necessarily gather to himself the fruits of the labor of others. He must buy at a profit to himself what others must needs sell, and sell what they are obliged to buy. Hence, there is a constant temptation to circumvent his fellows.

—A note from Dean Clarke, dated Boston, May 6th, reads: "Brothers A. A. Wheelock and Frank T. Ripley have informed me that 'they are thinking of going to California this season. Mr. Wheelock thinks of reaching you 'in season for your camp-meeting. He is a 'Boanerges upon the platform, and I think the 'Californians will be pleased with him. Mr. Ripley has the reputation of a very fair speaker 'and a good platform test medium. Both will 'doubtless do much good if accorded proper 'conditions, which I would bespeak for them.'

—The reporter of the Examiner got the report of Mrs. Whitney's meeting of last Sunday evening considerably mixed up, owing to the fact that he was not present and had to depend on hearsay evidence. The message from her son, Harry, was received nearly two years ago, but in the Examiner it would appear to have been given on last Sunday evening. Mrs. Whitney is in no way responsible for the mistake, and regrets that it occurred; however, she realizes that it is not of that magnitudinous character that would warrant decapitation of the Examiner scribe.

—A Centerville, (Iowa,) correspondent writes us these approving and friendly words: "When 'The GOLDEN GATE swings back upon its 'hinges and lets in its flood tide of radiant 'light from the West, my soul is all aglow with 'its mellow sheen. May you long live to gild 'the grand truths of our philosophy with your 'golden thoughts and experience, and when you 'pass through the 'Golden Gate,' may you, 'like the setting sun that images itself upon the 'ice-crested mountains of your golden State, so 'image your thoughts upon the mountain-tops of 'this century, that they will reflect a radiant 'light upon the pathway of the coming generations, is the sincere desire and prayer of 'yours, etc.'"

—The Woman's Temperance Union of New Jersey is making a most unique record in its peculiar and original dealings with the liquor traffic of that State. It lately concentrated its powers on a saloon-keeper of Moorestown, and failing in several attempts to win him from his unholy pursuit, it was proposed that it buy out his entire stock in trade if he would sign the pledge. This the man did, and the women proceeded at once to destroy their new and singular purchase, to the astonishment of many who thought it might have been converted into ready funds for the association. The idea that 'wine, beer and whisky is any better sold by temperance people, or less potent for harm, is an odd one, but this must have been the opinion of those who would profit by what was condemned in another.

CROSSING THE RED SEA.—A colored minister in Florida thus held forth: "My brudring, de Israelites went ober de Red Sea on de ice. Dey got ober all right, and dat's de reason why Moses sung songs ob praise. In de mornin', when de sun was up hot, Pharoah and de 'Gyptians came wid dere great lumberin' chariots ob iron. Dey broke tru de ice, and dey all went to de bottom ob de sea." "Stop, dere!" exclaimed a hearer, "I want to ask a question. I've read geography, and Egypt's a hot country; it's under de tropics. It's near de quater, and dere aint no ice dar. How could de go ober on de ice an' dar's no ice dar?" To which the preacher responded: "I'm glad you asked dat question; now I can 'splain. Dat comes ob readin' g'ogeryph instead ob de Bible. My brudring, when de chillun ob Israel go ober de Red Sea, dat was a great while ago, before dere was any 'g'ogeryph, before dere was any quater. Dat's de reason dar was ice, my brudring."

SPIRITUALISM is the only true consoler. While the Christian mourns and refuses to be comforted when some dear object of his affection is called to the higher life, the Spiritualist knows that those from whom he is severed in earth life are with him still—invisible to the mortal senses, may be, but tangible and ever present to the spiritual perceptions. Lifted above material doubt and uncertainty the Spiritualist, whose life is pure and in harmony with the Divine Spirit, may feel "the touch of a vanished hand," and hear "the sound of a voice that is still" to material ears. The Christian hopes; the Spiritualist knows.—Harbinger of Light.

"Don't ask me to go to church with you again," said a Minneapolis citizen to his wife; "it won't do you any good." "Why not, John?" she asked. "Didn't you enjoy the sermon?" "Enjoy the sermon!" he repeated. "Why, the preacher kept boomin' St. Paul, an' never said a dinged word about Minneapolis."—New York Sun.

"Papa, am I a little sinner?" "Yes, myson, we are all sinners." "And, papa, the Bible says the devil is the father of sinners, doesn't it?" "Yes, dear, I believe that it does." "Then, papa, are you the devil?" His offspring's logic was too much for him, and he slipped out of the room without answering.

AFTER many long and weary centuries of waiting, the holy city of Jerusalem is experiencing a boom at last. The railway train rumbles through its ancient streets, the sound of the carpenter's hammer is heard, the population is increasing at an unprecedented rate, and suburban lots are rapidly rising in value.

THE Czar has decided that the sentences of death pronounced against the Nihilists convicted of complicity in the recent attempt to assassinate him, shall be commuted to imprisonment at hard labor for life in the cases of all but two of the condemned.

MR. GLADSTONE'S epigram, "Ireland blocks the way," condenses the British situation into four impressive words. Home rule alone can clear the track.

SIXTY-FIVE thousand persons in the Old World have purchased tickets for America—mostly from Ireland and Scotland.

Lines.

[Affectionately inscribed to Mrs. J. J. Whitney, by one who has been greatly comforted and blessed through her angelic ministrations.]

Dear welcome messenger of Truth,
Accept this humble lay;
Thou bearest the heavenly balm
To soothe, to elevate and charm
The toiler on his way!

The sweetest manna for our woe,
In measure pressed and full,
Thou bearest on thy loving lips
To cheer the soul in its eclipse
With message beautiful!

Thou dear evangel of the light,
In this fair work of thine
Like some pure star, serene and bright,
Thou leadest us into the light
Of peace and joy divine!

Dear mother of an angel boy,
And little angel Maud!
Thy love is like the Summer sun,
Shedding its healing rays upon
Each stricken child of God!

Thou holdest a sweet harp divine,
On which the angels play—
The heavenly instrument is thine,
'Tis theirs the music, rare and fine,
Its magic chords to sway!

That harp is thine! 'tis like the gold
That glids our peaceful shore!
Angelic hands have touched the string,
The balm of heavenly love they bring,
To cheer us evermore!

GEN. LOGAN never had either the habits or the tastes of a student. He was thoroughly posted on war topics and political history, but seldom reading anything except the newspapers and poetry, of which he was very fond. He could recite many of the plays of Shakespeare from memory, and the poems of Macaulay, with their martial measures, were his favorites in verse. He was fond of Burns, also, and recited his lines frequently. He was by no means an illiterate man, for he had a good education for the days in which he lived, and graduated at a Kentucky college. His carelessness in speech gave him the reputation of being a poor grammarian, but he could have corrected his own manuscript if he had chosen. Mrs. Logan always revised his written speeches, not because he was not able to do it, but because he preferred that she should. Perhaps the best specimen of his oratory was an address he delivered at the dedication of the monument to Gen. McPherson in this city in 1878, and it was really a fine production. He wrote the most of it in pencil while on his way from Chicago to Washington on the cars, and after his arrival he shut himself up in his room all night revising the manuscript. Mrs. Logan was not with him on the occasion, and she never saw the speech until it appeared in print.—New York Sun.

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Oh! Come, for My Poor Heart is Breaking.
Once it was only soft Blue Eyes.
The City Just Over the Hill.
The Golden Gates are left Ajar.
Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair.
Who Sings My Child to Sleep?
We're Coming, Sister Mary.
We'll all Meet again in the Morning Land.
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Only a Thin Veil Between Us.

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TRUE PATRIOTISM.—"To die for one's kentry am gloryus," began Brother Gardiner, as he arose in his majesty, "but to live to plant beans an' set out onions an' raise 'taters am bettah still. I want to say now and heah, before the political campaign opens, dat any membah ob dis club who neglects his garden patch to hurrah for any candidate or help along any boom will be walked up here powerful sudden! Politics nebber yet put a dollar in any honest man's pocket, nor added an honest loaf of bread to any laboring man's cupboard. De office-hunter, who will shake hands wid you an' buy vile whisky for yur stomach, will to-morrow pass you coldly by an' see you want for bread. Let dem alone. Let dem do de hurrahin', de boomin', de marchin', an' de drinkin', an' you'll hev a bettah lookin' coat on yur back, and more respect for yerself under yur waists. Dat's all jist now, but I shall keep de subick in pickle for a furdur occasion."—Detroit Free Press.

NOTICE.

The committee having charge of the decorations at the coming camp-meeting would respectfully solicit donations of flowers, evergreens, or potted plants to be used on that occasion. Care will be taken of such plants, and at the close of the Convention they will be returned to owners. Those who will assist us in this way can send their address to the committee and the donations will be called for. Small bouquets thankfully received. Address, Mrs. J. Schlesinger, 32 Ellis street, San Francisco, or Mrs. C. L. Elliot, Henry House, Ninth street, Oakland, Committee on Decoration. m14-3w

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

PROF. WAIT WILL LECTURE AT THE DRUID'S Hall, 413 Sutter street, every Sunday evening, 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 meetings at 124 Golden Gate Avenue, every Monday and Friday evening, at 8 o'clock.

OAKLAND SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION MEETS every Sunday at Grand Army Hall, 419 Thirteenth Street, Oakland. Children's Lyceum at 10:30 a. m. Lecture and Conference Meeting at 7:30 p. m. Dr. C. C. Post, formerly of San Francisco, will occupy the platform until further notice.

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.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY Wednesday evening, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111, Larkin street. Interesting addresses, followed by tests by the mediums. Admission, free.

CO-OPERATION.—ALL WHO ARE INTERESTED in co-operative enterprises are invited to attend the meetings of the Sinaloa Colony Club, at 39 Fourth Street, every Sunday, at 3 p. m. Free admission. No collection.

PUBLIC MEETINGS EVERY SUNDAY AT 11 A. M. and Tuesday at 3 p. m., at No. 1205 Market Street. Subject: "Health and Healing." Miss E. J. Bennett.

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Prof. Swarts in the large issues of his February, March and April numbers of Mental Science Magazine, 161 La Salle St., Chicago, (these three for \$1c. in stamps) gives the simple requirements, and the reported results in the test of Absent Mental Healing now conducted by himself and wife for numerous patients in nearly thirty States. Effort extended through 1887. No time to answer letters nor begin cures till after you read and follow the requirements in the February number; order them.

The Miseries of Selfishness.

[Written for the Golden Gate by Spirit Simon Snow, through a private medium in St. Paul, Minn., May, 1887.]

MY KIND FRIENDS:—I thank you for so earnestly inviting me to write you of my experiences in this world of progression over the river and beyond the sunset of mortal life.

I am glad to come to you with words of comfort and assurance in reference to the truth that man is immortal, and that all will eventually be saved from the misery brought upon themselves by a life of selfishness and wrong while upon the earth plane.

This is a vast country, inhabited by people from every path and condition in earth life, and it is here as there, where no two persons occupy the same condition in the scale of information and progression; therefore you must not expect every one from this side to return with the same story of experiences; one may come to you with a glorious description of the life and reception here; another would in truth come to you with an opposite story, all on account of the life that had been lived on earth, and though one story was glowing with all that was grand and joyous, and the other with scenes of sorrow and unhappiness, each would be perfectly true.

Remember always that the change you call death is not death to anything except the mortal, and that the real person—the real man, the spiritual—has not changed, but enters the new life on this side with all the soul growth that has been cultivated in the school of earth life: that and no more, and you would be perfectly astonished to see how some persons appear upon awaking in the life of immortality in the spirit world, or heaven.

There is great rejoicing among the angels because so many doors are held open for them to come and tell the story of life and conditions on this side to the dear ones yet in earth life, so that all may know the path that leads to happiness over the way.

It is not all of life to live there in the physical; earth life is simply a school preparatory to that in the beyond, and those who follow the pathway of selfishness will reap unhappiness in the life on this side, and will have very many sad lessons to learn before they can enter into a condition of rest and happiness here; selfishness and the spirit that leads to charity and love for your fellow man brings greatly differing conditions into this life, and could you in earth life realize the effect of a life for self alone, you would be amazed; it is sorrowful to receive a soul into this life from the sphere of selfishness and speculation, where no thought had been given to anything except to become rich in what you call money: very many come here who were rich there in money, but perfect paupers so far as the spiritual, or soul growth is concerned; they were looked upon as almost a god there, but when they come into the new life they are amazed at their littleness, and the receiving angels weep because a life has been wasted in the preparatory school of earth.

The first severe lesson the selfish spirit experiences after coming over the river, is to realize that the money they had worked so hard to secure, the money they had starved their souls to obtain, is being scattered to the winds by those who did not have a hand in accumulating it; this brings sorrow to the spirit, and here he learns that though money was power, and if it had been rightly used by him while there, would have done good to his fellow man and brought happiness to him in the real life here. It is a source of great comfort to look back to earth life and see deeds of charity scattered along the pathway; it is also joyful to have spirits meet you with happy faces because of the remembrance of some kind act to them in earth life.

I am one of the great army who are receiving angels for this class of mortals who have spent their earth life in the strife to become rich in that which can not enter the kingdom of heaven. Gold and silver is of no value here except as it has been used in earth life to relieve the poor and worthy toilers for the comforts of earth life; you do not have to go far from any door to find the honest, poor and suffering ones in earth life. It is a noble effort to gain gold in earth life, provided no soul is ground down to mother earth to secure it, provided none are wronged and it is used for real good to your own and your fellow mortal. Very much happiness will come to you in the spirit world from making the effort to get rich, but getting selfishness in getting gold is where the curse enters the soul.

I wish it were possible to portray the misery brought to this side of life by those who have made gold their sole aim, in earth life. If those souls could be pictured to you as they really are, as they are seen by themselves and all on this side, it would be one of the most heartrending and touching pictures that is possible for mortal man to conceive. With them earth life has been almost a failure, and they are obliged to start anew and learn the true objects of human life, or life in the spirit world, and it is very slow work to get rid of the effect of a selfish life on earth, and the worst of all is the fact that this gold has usually been secured by squeezing the heart blood out of their fellow man, and that wrong comes up very clearly before the spiritual vision and with it comes no happiness, for wrong do-

ing can bring no joy into the life on this side. We would be glad to print in dazzling brightness upon the brow of every one in earth life, these words, "wrong none," then if lived up to, there would be none of this misery produced by selfish greed brought into this beautiful country beyond the sunset of mortal life.

There is no way whereby the effect of a selfish life on earth can be avoided, therefore I come with earnest words to proclaim that as you sow, so must you reap; also that a tree is known by its fruit, and it is for the good of all in earth life, as well as for those here, that the lessons of real life be truly understood.

We thank you for the chance to give mortals some information in reference to the life on this side and some of the means to be used there to secure happiness here. When you come here you will learn that life is not ended but just commenced.

In Slumber for Five Years.

[Scientific American.]

An extraordinary case of suspended animation is reported from Thenelles, a town in France. The subject is a young woman, twenty-five years of age, and since the 20th of May, 1883, she has been continuously in a state of deep sleep. She has been examined by physicians and specialists a number of times, and recently by a select committee, and from their observations it was learned that her sleep resembled a lethargic torpor, in which her respiration was normal, and her pulse, although feeble, was found to be rapid—about one hundred pulsations a minute.

Every attempt to arouse her from her stupor has proved unsuccessful, and the senses appear closed to every influence. Sounds, pinching, blows, piercing the body with a needle, alike have no effect. The eyes are cast upward so far that it is not possible to examine the pupil, nor is any reflex movement of the eyelids noticeable when the eyeballs are blown upon. The jaws are firmly set, and several of the teeth of the subject have been broken in ignorant attempts to force them apart.

The subject was in a very delicate state of health before falling into the lethargy, and was of a nervous, highly-strung temperament, and was thrown into a series of convulsions by a sudden fright, which was followed by the deep sleep from which she has never been aroused. It is possible to feed her with liquids, administered with a spoon, and this is done several times a day, the food consisting usually of milk, and milk with the white of egg, syrup and other liquids. The fluid is poured into the mouth and thence it flows into the pharynx, when a swallowing movement may be observed.

The *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, which has a long article concerning this case, considers the patient an hysterical epileptic, thrown into a condition resembling that period of hypnotism which is designated lethargic sleep. It is probable that life will continue for some time longer, provided the digestive processes continue uninterrupted, although death usually marks the end of these long periods of inanition.

MRS. GARFIELD ON WOMAN'S WORK.—Several years ago, Mrs. Garfield, finding herself obliged to make her own bread wrote to her husband about it, saying that, while she was one day at work, a great triumph came to her, through her making this reflection: "Here I am, compelled by an inevitable necessity to make our bread this summer. Why not consider it pleasant occupation, and make it so by trying to see what perfect bread I can make?" She went on to write that the sunshine seemed flowing down from her spirit into the white loaves, making the very bread seem better, and rendering her like the "regal master" where she had before been the "slave of toil." She then proceeds to give her ideas of woman's work, in the following words of sound philosophy: "Now, I wonder if right here does not lie the 'terrible wrong,' or at least some of it, of which the woman suffragists complain. The wrongly educated woman thinks her duties a disgrace, and frets under them, or shirks them if she can. She sees man triumphantly pursuing his vocations, and thinks it is the kind of work he does which makes him grand and regnant; whereas, it is not the kind of work at all, but the way in which and the spirit in which he does it."

APES AS WORKERS.—The ideas of M. Victor Meunier with regard to the domestication of apes are discussed in the new number of the *Revue d'Anthropologie*, by Madame Clemence Royer, the French translator of Darwin. Madame Royer does not doubt that, under a proper system of training, apes might be made good workers. They lack perseverance, indeed, but in general intelligence they are, she thinks, superior to the dog, the horse, or even the elephant. She points out, however, that it would be necessary to feed domesticated apes with great quantities of fruit, bread, and eggs, that the process of educating them would be costly, and that for many generations they would probably be injuriously affected by the climate of Europe. Her opinion is that, if the experiment is to be made, it should be made first of all in tropical countries, where apes might be taught to labor in connection with the cultivation of coffee, cocoa and cotton.

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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*.

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

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

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

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

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

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Look Up.

BY ELLA L. MERRIAM.

When the mind is disturbed, and the energies weakened, by the annoyances and disappointments of life, "look up!" When the heart is heavy, and affliction has thrown her sable mantle around your stricken soul, look up! When the mental sky is overcast, and an approaching tempest threatens your affrighted, shrinking spirit, look up! Look above and beyond the murky atmosphere of undeveloped spiritual conditions, where the azure skies are all aglow in the uninterrupted and undimmed radiance of eternal sunshine! Look ahead! The long and dark starless night precedes the dawn of a glorious day. "God often places His rainbow of eternal promise in a shower of tears!"

The fleeting clouds that so often obscure our mental vision are "of earth earthy," and with true spiritual enlightenment, combined with a proper desire and proportionate effort, may be dispelled, not only from time to time, but for eternity! Oh, how vast are our undeveloped spiritual powers! How innumerable and unconceivable our possibilities! Not only for celestial, but our earthly advantage and enjoyment. We can ill afford to waste our precious time, groping about in the fog and obscurity of undeveloped conditions, when we might revel in the sunshine of progressive altitudes. We must look upward and forward; never backward nor downward!

Let every error, every disappointment, every obstacle to be overcome prove a golden block to be placed in the monument of our spiritual achievements that will tower above the clouds and storms of earth-life, resplendent and glistening among the gilded domes of the celestial city! We are no longer "worms of the dust," but wearing the image of our Creator. We are miniature Gods! Arise, O mortal immortal, and possess this promised land! Win from day to day these unfading laurels. Enter upon the full enjoyment of thy rightful inheritance, "progressive delights," now and evermore.

Handsome Mrs. Kate Chase.

Some days ago an afternoon reception was given by the wife and daughters of Mr. A. B. Mullett, formerly supervising architect of the treasury. Among the ladies receiving with the hostess was Mrs. Kate Chase, as she now calls herself—the once famous and always beautiful Kitty Chase. It was the first time she had appeared at any social gathering in Washington for many years, and this woman, who fifteen years ago ruled Washington society as it never was ruled before or since, was not personally known to one-fourth of the guests present. Beside her stood her daughter Ethel—a slim, indefinite kind of a girl, possibly to be pretty, but never to be as handsome as her mother.

As for Mrs. Kate Chase, her beauty is of that noble sort that age can not wither nor custom stale. Besides, she is a woman who has passed through great storms without letting them agitate her unduly. She is now nearly forty-five years old, but she looks ten years younger. She has lost the first brilliancy of her youthful complexion, but she can't help being superb and distinguished. In the day of her power she was intensely feared and admired, but never inspired or seemed to try to inspire affection, so that the animosity she awakened on the part of those who saw her for the first time in many years assisting at a party was of a critical kind. No doubt this suited her quite as well, because pity is something she always disdained.

She is no longer rich, and inherits Chief Justice Chase's financial abilities in a marked degree. The sum of what she has now is the small competence left by her father, who lived and died a poor man. Whatever claim she has upon Canonchet is worth nothing now, and this woman who could order twenty-two gowns with all accessories from Paris not many years ago, and repeat the order whenever she felt like it, appeared the other day in the simplest kind of a black costume. But it was nevertheless elegant and appropriate, because it couldn't be anything else with Kitty Chase as its wearer. She always had a perfect genius for clothes, and her striking beauty gained effect from the style in which she dressed.

MODJESKA'S POWER OF CHARACTERIZATION.—Count Bozenta tells an interesting story of the wonderful powers of character impersonation that his wife (the charming Modjeska) possesses. It was in Poland and on the occasion of one of many hunting parties. At such times, according to custom, the ladies joined the gentlemen at noonday at a settled rendezvous. While all were waiting for Mme. Modjeska, who had been delayed, an old peasant woman, in clumsy sabots and with her hands rolled up timidly in her apron, came to the party and in a mournful tone related the story of her woes. Her only pig had been put in the pound for trespass on another's property. She was so persistent in her demands for aid that the count's brother became angry and ordered the coachman to drag her away. Just as the man was about to carry out the order

the old woman threw herself into her brother-in-law's arms and laughingly disclosed her identity. She had completely fooled every one in the party except her husband, who was in the secret, and he himself isn't sure but that he would have been taken in had he been ignorant of the scheme.—*Boston Journal.*

He Saw his Wife's Ghost.

[New York World.]

Charles L. Beecher, of No. 16 Mill street, New Haven, Ct., who committed suicide April 25th, is now believed by many to have been driven to his death by a belief that he was haunted by the ghost of his wife. The fact that he took so much pains in preparing for his death is thought to indicate that his mind had given way. He first shot his pet dog and then seated himself in an easy-chair and took aim through the medium of a hand-mirror and put a bullet through his head. He had previously told some of his neighbors that he could not live in the house owing to the frequent appearance of the spirit of his wife, who died about three months ago. He said her figure, increased to twice its usual size, appeared to him on the wall of his room very often. The vision always seemed to be carrying a babe in its arms, and this, he said, was the figure of an infant that his wife had lost.

Corroboration of the ghost story was given by a sixteen-year-old girl named Collar, who lives in the house adjoining the one occupied by Beecher. This girl, together with a servant employed in the house of L. L. Camp near by, went into Beecher's house one evening, at his invitation, to see the ghost. Miss Collar says that a huge figure like a shadow did appear on the wall carrying a babe in its arms. Beecher sat in his chair and pointed to the apparition, exclaiming: "There she is; there's my wife!"

Miss Collar says she ran up to the wall and slapped the vision, but when she did so it moved off to another portion of the wall, and when she repeated the slapping operation the same thing took place. The servant girl who was with her says that she, too, saw the figure. Beecher has been seen moving things out of the house of late. Some say he did not treat his wife well toward the end of her life. When she died, one of the neighbors went to Medical Examiner White and told him that the case would bear investigation; nothing ever came of it. Beecher was once a very well-to-do boot and shoe dealer here.

Mesmerism a Cure for Drunkenness.

[Ondit in Daily Telegraph.]

There has been so little of real worth presented to the student of humanity by the disciples of Mesmer that the following may not be rejected as superfluous. About eighteen months ago I was conversing with my friend B—, who is an enthusiastic believer in mesmerism, and has repute as an amateur practitioner. My contention was that his favorite science (?) had contributed absolutely nothing to the world's good to cause its recognition by either scientists or philosophers. "Can you give me," said I, "one instance in which you have conferred an actual benefit by the practice of your favorite art?" He related several, from which I select the following:

"There lives by my parsonage," said my friend B—, "a man who, for many years, has been a confirmed drunkard. Repeatedly were his wife and children forced to flee from him, for when in his drunken frenzies, he attempted to murder them. Again and again have I striven to induce him to flee from his horrible vice, but my efforts were always futile. One day he called to see me when he was suffering acutely from the effects of drink. I resolved to place him under mesmeric influence. This I did, and while subject to me made him promise not to touch strong drink again, and if he attempted to break his pledge, might the drink taste to him filthy, as putrid soapsuds. I then restored him to his normal state, and he left me. He kept his unconsciously given promise. In the course of a couple of years this man raised himself from a condition of poverty to the comfortable position of a thriving market gardener. Not a fortnight since," resumed my friend, "my neighbor's wife laughingly said to me, 'There is no fear of my husband ever drinking again, sir. You know he has to be in the market very early in the morning with his vegetables. Yesterday morning, while he was drinking a cup of coffee at the hotel, an old mate said to him, why don't you drink some spirits, are you afraid?' To show his friend he was not afraid, he ordered a glass of brandy, but no sooner did he put it in his mouth than he spat it out again, saying the filthy stuff tasted like rotten soapsuds." My friend, B—, said that, till he told me, to no one had he mentioned the fact, and that what he did to his poor neighbor he did in order to see if it were possible to use mesmerism as a remedial agent in cases of drunkenness.

The case opens out a wide field, in which he who desires to contribute to his quota to the *summum bonum* of his brothers may see space to work. The name of my friend is, doubtless, well known to you, sir, but that he is now travelling in Europe, I would have asked him to make a personal narration of the facts.

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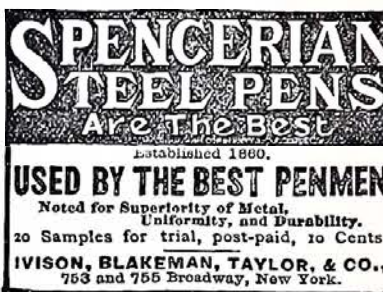
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YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once.
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RUPTURE
Quickly and Permanently Cured by the Celebrated MAGNETIC ELASTIC TRUSS. Original and ONLY GENUINE. Electric Truss. Perfect Retainer. Easy to wear. Instantly relieves every case. Has cured thousands. Estab. 1875. Send for Free Illustrated Pamphlet No. 1. MAGNETIC ELASTIC TRUSS CO. 304 NORTH SIXTH STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO. 3704 SACRAMENTO ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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Photograph Gallery,
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What is the use of paying five and six dollars per dozen for Cabinet Photographs, on Montgomery and Market streets, when the very best work can be obtained at this Gallery for half the price.

Children's Cabinet Pictures taken by the instantaneous process for three dollars per dozen; and, no matter how restless, a good likeness guaranteed.

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BEAUTIFIES AND PRESERVES THE COMPLEXION.

No poisons are employed in its composition, and it can be used freely without injury to the face. The guides from the angel world evolved the idea that a harmless beautifier of the complexion would be a blessing to the world, and it has been placed in all the drug stores of San Francisco, for sale. Price 25 cents per box.

nov 20

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Silent City.

BY CLARENCE CHACE.

In the City of the Silent—
In the white land of the sleepers—
Dwells the blessed angel, Peace.
There all angry tumults cease;
There the strife of earth is ended,
And the murmuring of the night wind
Is a sweet and holy prayer
Breathed upon the silent air.

In the waking of the morning,
In the flush of dawning glory
On the purple eastern sky
As the God of Day draws nigh,
There is never rude awaking,
There is never lightest calling
From their long and dreamless sleep
To the life we mortals keep.

When the sun, on high ascending,
Kisses all the shining dewdrops
With the tender kiss of love,
There is peace below, above;
When the evening's cooling shadows
Creep among the silent arches,
All the bright-hued, golden west
Speaks of rest—unbroken rest.

Though the tree tops sway and tremble
When the Storm King walks among them,
Or the lightly falling snow
Shrouds the frozen earth below,
Or the sighing of the south wind
Hails the dawning of the Spring-time—
Through the seasons' mystic range
Still they sleep, nor sigh for change.

Oh, how sweet to lay the garment
Of the soul where all the toiling,
All the turmoil and the care,
All the sorrow and despair
And the pain have ceased forever—
When the soul serene, unfettered,
Breathing scarce a lingering sigh,
Soars triumphantly on high.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Thoughts on Life.

BY ROBERT CUMMING.

O, Life! through ignorance, how much thou art
A thing not worth the having. Sure, thy cost
Is greater than thy profit to the heart
Of bleeding millions now so cruelly tossed
On thy rough billows—wronged, repulsed host,
Wounded and wounding with unwitting jeers,
Starving and taunted, all in self engrossed—
"Over-abundance" ringing in their ears
To soothe their cries for bread and wipe away their tears.

Knowledge! deliver! may thy rays extend
Till day shall bid the painful night begone!
For 'tis where comfort, truth and beauty blend
Fate's stern decrees assume their mildest tone:
O, would that these in every land were known—
In every home, to match the sunny climate,
Inviting sweet perfection to her throne:
For only these can render life sublime,
Prolong the page of bliss and close the book of crime.
TOPOLOMANO, 1887.

Opportunity.

BY HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

I do not know if, climbing some steep hill,
Through fragrant woodsy pass, this glimpse I bought;
Or whether in some midday I was caught
To the upper air, where visions of God's will
In pictures to our quickened sense fulfill
His word. But this I saw: A path I sought
Through wall of rock. No human fingers wrought
The golden gates which opened sudden, still,
And wide. My feet were hushed by my delight—
Surpassing far the lands: my path lay plain.
Alas! so spell-bound—feasting on the sight—
I paused, that I but reached the threshold bright,
When, swinging swift, the golden gates again
Were rocky walls, by which I wept in vain.

Now.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Sometimes a single hour
Rings through a long life-time,
As from a temple tower
There often falls a chime
From blessed bells, that seems
To fold in Heaven's dreams
Our spirits round a shrine:
Hath such an hour been thine?

Sometimes—who knoweth why?
One minute holds a power
That shadows every hour
Dialled in life's sky.
A cloud that is a speck
When seen from far away
May be a storm, and wreck
The joys of every day.

Sometimes—it seems not much,
'Tis scarcely felt at all—
Grace gives a gentle touch
To hearts for once and all,
Which in the spirit's strife
May all unnoticed be;
And yet it rules a life:
Hath this e'er come to thee?

Sometimes one little word,
Whispered sweet and fleet,
That scarcely can be heard,
Our ears will sudden meet.
And all life's hours along
That whisper may vibrate,
And like a wizard's song,
Decide our every fate.

Sometimes a sudden look,
That falleth from some face,
Will steal into each nook
Of life, and leave its trace
To haunt us to the last,
And sway our every will
Through all the days to be,
For goodness or for ill:
Hath this e'er come to thee?

Sometimes one minute folds
The hearts of all the years,
Just like the heart that holds
The infinite in tears:
There be such things as this—
Who knoweth why or how?
A life of woe or bliss
Hangs on some little now.

Light.

I said, one day, "O, Life, you're little worth—
Made up of toil, and care, and ill-bested hope,
With pain, and sin, and all the blights to cope;
The day of death is better than of birth."

Even as I spoke, Love put a hand in mine,
And its dear presence drove all gloom away,
As shadows flee before the dawn of day,
And life became a heritage divine.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee—
Learn thou first what these can teach.

—[Adelaide A. Procter.]

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

From the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

[Mrs. E. F. Fox, scribe. To the children of the heaven crowned Order. Greetings from the heart of Saidie.]

Some time has elapsed since you have read Saidie's printed words, but she has not during this time been idle. Far and near have her messages of love and wisdom been sent, assuring each child of her love and protecting care. And here and there has Saidie, the Guides and Messengers wended their way, building walls of protection, strengthening needed fortifications wherever they had been erected.

For in times of warfare must we be ever vigilant, ever brave and enduring, and Saidie says in sorrow of heart, a time which before has she predicted has come to the band and their true workers. Those in the spheres nearest earth have brought to bear upon the true children of the kingdom the power and force of their might. But Saidie records triumph for the hosts of heaven and their truth and wisdom.

For a long season Saidie has planned to establish her center. She worked faithfully and earnestly to impress the minds of her children who are now stationed there, and who will be ever her chosen ones as they were in the distant past crowned and chosen for this work. Saidie blesses them anew and bids them be strong, brave and true. Well have you endured the noise and confusion of battle, and sweet will be the peace you have earned. Saidie has come from her home of Light to bring peace; her gospel is that of love, her teachings are from the fount of truth and her work shall prosper. In her heart rests the pure desire to uplift and help every one, and in her heart of hearts has been anxious to do this; she has worked and battled with adverse circumstances and conditions, until now, her strong foothold being gained, adverse influences cast aside, she enters the field of loving work with the purpose which has for ages actuated her, that of helping each one who will lend their co-operation to unfurl the banner of redemption. For the earth and its children must yet be redeemed from the thralldom of injustice and priestly power, and no force of mortal or spirit who are striving to gain selfish ends, who are working with the unholy purpose of building up a false idea, shall be able to overthrow the truth which is man's redeemer.

Saidie has seen many erroneous ideas regarding the Order of Light, which she faint would correct. To many minds the truths therein expressed and taught are not comprehended in their beauty and purity. All are not, nor can they be at present, unfolded to see many things that will appear in their true light. Saidie censures never, far from that, but children, many things seem to others incredible which when taken a broader view of, seem perfectly in accordance with the highest reason. Many incarnations have been a fact, at the threshold of which many have passed, waiting long for proof.

Matehood, the crowning beauty of manhood and of life, is seen and understood not in its perfection. Matehood exists, a fact of life, born not of earth, but is an inheritance from the Father, born in the heart of Deity. We are all dual, born with dual nature, within which are enfolded all Divine possibilities—born into matter, that, through growth and experience in this Divine school, we may unfold our powers and reach our angelhood. From the bosom of the All Father we are carried in the bosom of Nature, rocked to sleep in the cradle of incarnation, waking again in that of materiality, there to work out problems of life which at last will give us its sure results, life immortal. Life is noble and good, but in the needed wedding of mind with matter is evolved that which we call lesser good, out of which at last evolves the greater glory. Good and only good can be immortal, however strong evil may be, and whatever force and power it may employ to gain and hold its power, it can not for always endure but must fade away and die, and in its stead will reign justice, right and truth. True, it may be ages ere this era in the annals of time may be reached. Saidie longs to see the day when such triumph shall be recorded.

No power but that of truth will sustain itself in the land; all forms and titles, all isms and orders will fade away that have not the foundation of purity, holiness and truth. Sweet may sound the words, smooth may flow the sentences, it matters not, the foundation in due time must decay and the structure fall. Saidie has need to give to the world that which will bear the test of ages. Natures that are clothed with ever so fine garments, must unclothe their true natures, be made manifest to children who are trying with all the love and goodness they can command to uplift the standard of immortal life.

The life which the inmost soul reaches for, the goodness which is longed for by the pure and true, the home which all would reach, the happiness each would earn, that which is positively true and eternally good, is worth the earnest endeavor of an immortal soul. No fanciful, idle dreaming, no faith in that which will pass away, even as it is being pursued, but facts upon which to rest, a safe anchor for all our hopes and a sure relief from every heart ache, is well worthy the aspiration of an immortal being. Saidie invites not her children into a church with its creeds, its ministers, its forms and ceremonies. She has laid the foundation stone of no earth-bound institution, but within an Or-

der, which is but a counterpart of one in the higher heavens, where are assembled minds ye have no knowledge of, who meet there for no purpose but to counsel together for good, who in wisdom and love conceive of no grander work than that of uplifting humanity, bringing joy out of sorrow, happiness pure and lasting from the depths of misery and of sin. What higher good can be conceived—what greater love can be expressed—to bring knowledge to weary hearts—knowledge of a brighter home awaiting the earth pilgrim—knowledge of the dear ones waiting there—knowledge of the dearest life relation of human souls, and to light the weary pathway home?

We work not for gold nor gain, but that right and justice shall triumph. We ask the hearty co-operation of each and every one, who feels the soul hunger for the true bread of life. Minds are searching for truth; hearts are longing to know; husks will no longer satisfy. Manna from heaven is demanded, and not in vain. Saidie's voice will never be silent until each child shall know of the truth. She will haste at the call of her own, and will give to each as she sees wisest and best. Could humanity but see, would that eyes and ears might speedily be opened, wisdom then would find a lodging place in every soul.

But Saidie and her workers must still patiently work and gladly sow seed beside all waters. Reaping time comes not yet. Toil in the fields indeed we will; faint and grow weary we may, but we will rest in bowers of peace by the wayside, and at last our work will be crowned with sure success. Seed time and harvest follow each other and the untold eternities of the future will tell for what we have so patiently, so persistently worked. The car of progress will stop not until every mind shall know the end and aim of human life. May peace be yours, SAIDIE.

J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

P. S.—Members of the Order can receive written communications from their guides and soul mates by enclosing one dollar to pay the scribe for her services. OSWEGO, May, 1887.

Problems in Life.

BY GEORGE A. DELEREE.

How supremely great is the meanest thing on earth and how mean the greatest.

When we look into nature forgetting our prejudices and take the works of the infinite as shown us through nature's laws, we cannot but admit the wonderful work in all created things. Take a spider, look as it performs its daily work; see the web that it spins to make itself a home. It seems to our minds a useless thing on earth, yet it has its place here just as we have, and its mission to fulfill. While we try hard to have others perform our work and live in all the ease and comfort we can at the expense of other's labor, the spider shows its superiority in adhering to divine law in progressing by its own work. Yet man proclaims his wisdom in all things. Yet he is the only thing in nature that tries to shirk his responsibilities through life. Still he claims Justice as his due, but wants to hold fast to it and let the mass outside of himself do all his work, that he may live in ease and comfort and with his upraised arm crush out the life of anything that stands in his way—as not fit to live. Who delegated him the Judge of what is fit to live and when the life of anything should cease? Does he create life? Has he the power to say what shall or shall not live? Is Justice to him always asleep? Is there no divine law that some day will make him feel the responsibility of his acts? Harmony and Justice go hand in hand and he who can not see the justice due to another is not capable of dealing out justice to anything. Look into nature's laws. Do they not point all to universal justice? If that fact is established, do men expect to be relieved of their responsibility for doing that which is out of harmony with divine co-operating laws of justice?

They will find that the God that created love as the highest principal in life, also made man to understand the power and principal of love, and to make happiness complete we must expand that power in our souls that brings us nearer perfection, and the higher our ambitions reach, the more perfect we become. Then we feel the gentle touch of love even for the meanest thing, and know it has rights here that we should respect and defend. Justice should ever be uppermost in our mind, giving to all things that which we claim for ourselves; beginning that duty now, not waiting until we pass on to the land where justice demands you to take your place for the deeds done in the body. There you find no avenue of escape; so, while you are here, with life and vigor, go forward and do your duty manfully; then you will not have to seek for an avenue to return and through another organism perform the work you left unfinished while in the mortal form. Commence now, while the life-force permits you to move your body as the will-power directs. This is the appointed time. Don't hesitate; delays are dangerous. Live for to-day; do all the good you can, and to-morrow's light will bring that sunshine into your heart that will make the day brighter with the knowledge that you did the best you

could, and some soul was made happy by your acts.

O, seek to know the power of love—
The beauties that are cast in life,
And learn each lesson as you go
Daily through storms of earthly strife.

Then, as you seek for knowledge, and become a co-operator in God's universal laws of justice, you will acknowledge how supremely great is the meanest thing, and how supremely grand the problem of progressive life for every living thing through nature's high and holy laws of justice.

NEW YORK, May 12, 1887.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

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

To Oakland and Alameda.

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