

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

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## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

The first and worst of all faults is to cheat one's self.

Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.

Whose escapes a duty avoids a gain.—*Theodore Parker.*

No star ever rose or fell without influence somewhere.

Nothing so fruitful as sacrifice, nothing so lasting as love.

He who hath most of heart knows most of sorrow.—*Festus.*

No happiness so happy as that which has been waited for.

Speech is the golden harvest following the flowering of thought.

Perish discretion whenever it interferes with duty.—*Hannah More.*

The greatest cause of all iniquity is found in over much prosperity.

Take your stand by the altar of truth and be not led or driven thence by sophistry or ridicule.

I know nothing more sad than to see how men coin their brains into money and then call it success.

The wealth of a nation is in the soul of its people, and in the breast of its sons, and not in their pocket.

Language is the amber in which a thousand precious thoughts have been safely embedded and preserved.—*Trench.*

Ignorance of the right, or the unwillingness to follow it, these are the two obstacles to be removed in order that man may rise to the free imitation of God.

Our lives should be like the days, more beautiful in the evening, or like Spring, aglow with promise, and like Autumn, rich with golden sheaves when good words and deeds have ripened on the field.

Life without the higher glory of the unspeakable, the atmosphere of a God, is not life, is not worth living. I would rather cease to be, than walk the dull level of the common place.—*George MacDonald.*

In life and in every successive death, through the long annals of the soul, like meets like, and the natural result of actions are fixed. No man can ever evade this order inviolably established by heaven.—*Plato.*

The memory is perpetually looking back when we have nothing present to entertain us; it is like those repositories of animals that are filled with stores of food, on which they may ruminate when their present pasture falls.

It is a great truth, wonderful as it is undeniable, that all our happiness, temporal, spiritual and eternal, consists in one thing, namely, resigning ourselves to God, and leaving ourselves with Him, to do with us and in us just as he pleases.—*Prof. Upham.*

## WHAT SPIRITUALISM BRINGS TO THE WORLD.

From a Lecture Through the Mediumship of Cora L. V. Richmond.

In the social state, which is the flowering out of man's unfoldment spiritually and morally, there is that growth which corresponds to the expression of the average human life. While there never has been a period of human history in which the social states of the world, taken as a whole, are so exalted as now, still it is so far from that ideal state, from that perfect state that will one day come, that man may sometimes seem to be discouraged; human life may seem to be a mass of frivolity accompanied with selfishness and corruption. Yet beyond this picture is the ideal, typical home, the center of all social life; around this home clusters more than anywhere else the message that Spiritualism brings to the world. We ask you if it is not a more exalted social state that unites lives more perfectly; that makes the bond of human sympathy greater; that teaches the husband and wife to bear with one another's failing, instead of indulging in dissonance and discord? Then it forms a more subtle link, when one little blossom has fallen from the parental tree, one bird plumed its flight unto the kingdom of life eternal, that voice comes laden with divine messages, freighted with words of love, forbearance and charity; is not that an ineffable bond? Even when the life was here it was sacred, and a tie greater than any other in the household, when that life is in the spiritual kingdom and again is known to be a portion of the household is it not a link of harmony, and peace, and love forevermore?

All imperfections in human life, may be sometimes intensified when a new truth enters the mind and strives to take possession of the whole human being, so that man's faults are brought more to the surface by the very opposition to the truth; as it presents itself there may seem to be some antagonism, but when the truth is perceived, when the light is revealed, when it actually shows that all true affections are of the spirit, and not simply of the earth, does it not make an exalted household? Is it not true that in the most perfect Christian household there is the most perfect harmony? So in the household pervaded by a knowledge of spiritual life there is the least sorrow, the least contention, the least selfishness; ministering presences are there to always admonish, to always bid you remember the duty one toward the other. If there shall have seemed in any social state or condition that has accompanied Spiritualism into the world a deviation from this, it no more belongs to Spiritualism than the delinquencies of Christian clergymen belong to Christianity, or than the defalcation of a professedly Christian banker belongs to Christianity. The life of every Spiritualist who accepts the teachings of Spiritualism must be made better, but all Spiritualists do not begin on the same level, some are more imperfect than others in certain ways; even the most abject who can receive a message from the spiritual state is thereby benefited. You would not deny a man, though he were a criminal, a message from the departed friend if it could come to him; you would not deny to the man condemned as the lowest in the land the ministrations of the angel mother if that ministrations could come. It is not a flaw in Spiritualism that it does not refuse the message even to those in the lowliest and most degraded state. What is religion for? Surely not to convert the godly, nor to turn the righteous to repentance. True religion is to seek out the unfortunate, to find those who are in sorrow, to minister to those who are in need.

The ministrations of Spiritualism meets every human state according to its need. It does not say to the man who is degraded, because you are degraded therefore you shall receive no message of encouragement, of light, of hope, and strength, but it says to him: even in your darkness there is light, and even in your state of misery and self-degradation, there is the encouraging voice of ministering angel, sister, mother, father, brother and friend, to uplift you from that shadow,

and this by no means shuts out their love, the love of Christ, the exemplar of man, or the love of God.

While Spiritualism produces no political revolution, and no social revolution, that seems to be such upon the surface, you must remember that everything comes by growth. You cannot perceive the fruitage the day after the seed is planted, nor can human life all at once express what is being wrought in the world by the presence of Spiritualism. But it is unquestionably true that kings upon their thrones feel the impetus of this movement of spiritual life, and turn toward it. It is also true that the least of the subjects in a monarchy may feel this spiritual light, and turn toward it for strength and succor in the hour of need. But as religion is not in any external form, but is the real life of humanity, so you must not expect that a new doctrine is to be formulated, tabulated, and set forth in numbers, as in ecclesiastical orders, by which you may enumerate its strength.

The late Archbishop Hughes of New York, said: "The greatest danger to the Roman Catholic Church is not from Protestantism, for we can determine the strength and numbers in the Protestant Church of all denominations, but Spiritualism—and he called it by the name Spiritualism—is the greatest danger to the Roman Catholic Church, because we do not know its numbers." Figures may be beneficial if you wish to boast of numerical strength, but they form a superficial basis which is of no real value to religion. Numberless as the sands upon the seashore, numberless as the leaves of the forest, numberless as the flowers that deck the prairies, hillsides and valleys, are those to whom Spiritualism brings the message of hope and life. Because it is so, and because they cannot be numbered, because one half of you who are here may not be avowed Spiritualists, but you may be seeking for light; because all over this distant land of the West, all through the different social states, circles and castes of European society, are those who turn to the inspiration and communion of spirits; because there is, besides this, numberless fluttering wings in the upper air, wings of new thought that never have been dared to be uttered in modern times before, wings of new aspirations that lead heavenward and have no name; because Spiritualism does not need to be labeled, and tabulated, and formulated into a creed to be valuable in the world, it is feared.

The religion that Spiritualism brings is the vitalization of whatever had grown feeble, and faint, and dim, upon the altars of human love, hope and faith; not the vitalization of creed, but the vitalization of human worship and praise unto God, and loving kindness unto man. The new religious state that Spiritualism brings, is not the setting apart of a certain belief or theme of worship, and crystallizing it into a creed, until some one can say: Oh, yes, those are Spiritualists, they number so many, but as in the vision of John upon the Isle of Patmos, he saw "a great multitude which no man could number, coming up out of great tribulation," so even in Spiritualism, he who perceives with the vision of the spirit can see the great multitude of human hearts whom theology has never comforted, who have not found the knowledge of immortal life, who have not received the message of Christ, who do not understand the meaning of the Christ Spirit; who mourn over death and the grave and earthly adversity; as though they were afflictions; and these Spiritualism comes to.

Spiritualism does not offer to comfort those who have joy, nor to heal those who are not sick, nor to give faith to those who do not doubt, nor to make better those who are righteous. But in the great multitudes that pass to and fro upon the earth, Spiritualism finds numberless ones who have sorrow, numberless ones who have doubt, thousands and hundreds of thousands who are suffering and in pain, those who do need the message of Life Eternal and to whom ministry is given. Besides this, so subtle is growth in the direction of true life, so pure and simple and perfect is its presence and power, that it is not to be marked as the rising tide by certain figures on something that is placed there for record; nor yet as the rising of the Nile by the figure of the cross that noted the highest water tide. The religious power of Spiritualism is in

itself a silent effect, in the fact that it does not proclaim itself, in the fact that it does not say that I am better to-day than I was yesterday; it does not continually look in the mirror and praise its own righteousness; it does not enjoin upon man that it is his daily duty to watch himself grow; you might as well expect these snowy lilies to bend above the fountain and praise themselves continuously in the waters as reflected there for their growing whiteness, whereas looking toward heaven ever they grow quite unconsciously, being absorbed in the light that is there.

Was it not Narcissus, who, gazing forever on his own image in the stream, was changed into a flower so that he could admire his own loveliness? So that the self-righteousness that is continually aware of its own growth is not the most perfect growth, it is not the kind that makes up the religious light of the world, that kindles the altar fires of the true spiritual life, that makes humanity grow better. If you do not know it and are steadily looking toward the whiteness that unfolds from within, the spirit becomes as the lily, and those who gaze upon it can see how bright, and fair, and beautiful, and glorious it is.

We have known those unto whom Spiritualism wrought this wonder, that their friends have said, how much happier they seem, how much more joyful, how much more kind, how much more loving to their fellow-beings, how much more exalted their purposes in life; what a changed man this one has become under the light of this new knowledge! It is even said of those who accept the ministry of spirits, and recognize the light, that it must be in the life, and in the household the moving power of existence; what cheerful countenances the Spiritualists always wear; the countenance thus becomes the mirror reflecting that which is within the spirit. Those who do not fear death, those to whom there is no terror in the life beyond, those who endeavor to live according to the highest light that they have during the day, though they may sometimes fail; but if they will still persevere knowing that the light is there, then they will wear countenances that are full of sunshine. The true Spiritualist, to whom this religion has become a constant and ever-living presence, cannot wear a sorrowful countenance; in him there is no sorrow but what has been changed into joy, though the tear of sympathy may freely flow. Sympathy is not sorrow, but it is that strength which is able to uplift those who are in sorrow, and assuage the grief of those who mourn.

Into the household of mourning Spiritualism enters, offering the comfort which has been offered under other names in all ages of the world, but which is not a living reality unless it brings comfort, and if it brings it there is no mistaking its presence and power. The voice of a ministering spirit who says to the one about departing from the earthly state: fear not; our hands are extended to meet you as you go down into the silent valley; on the other side of this small stream, that divides the outward from the inner, we are to meet you; and all that is highest and best is there. There can be no terror unto the one remaining behind who knows that the spirit newly risen is not dead, nor afar off; there is a constant and perpetual message of joy, and comfort, and peace, and gladness.

The living soul is working its way in the hearts and lives of man, in the individual life of man and woman, in the household, in society, in the larger circle of society which is the nation, and finally in the whole world.

Do men see it? No, they are too busy in their task and toil, in their pursuit of gain, in the glamour of pleasure, or in their schemes of ambition. Does the world feel it? Yes, but tremulously without knowing its meaning, or understanding its name. Are there lives who understand it? Yes, a few to whom it has come as a divine revelation, to whom it is the message bearer of the new life, to whom it offers and affords recognition of the new religion. What are to be its temples in the future? All temples wherein man praises God; all human lives wherein the heart worships God by goodly deeds and loving kindness to man. What is to be its creed? The eternal light of God's love, and the eternal fraternity of man. What are to be the evidences of its fellowship? The thought, the word, the deed unto others. What is

to be the sign and token, the signet-seal upon the brow? That ennobling charity that is not for self, that exalted goodness that does not even praise its own goodness, that light and purity that is so pure as not to see the flaw in others, that wisdom that is surpassing, because unconscious of self-existence, and that triumph of love and truth that shall adorn the human heart and the human life. What will be its distinction in society? Oh, when it comes, the king and peasant may gaze into one another's eyes and claim fellowship and brotherhood; when it comes, titles, rank, earthly conditions and circumstances will melt away before the light of its honest, searching gaze; the spirit will respond to spirit, revealed according to the state. Will it do away with existing fabrics of religion? No, they are crumbling now, age after age they fall of their own weight; it is only the beautiful vine of spiritual truth that prevents them from being hideous ruins, unsightly images in the sight of man. You have heard of that vine that grows in tropic countries, that at last cuts away the most solid stone, growing over monuments and ruins of ancient vaults and tombs, makes a garment of living light and beauty forever. Even thus, like this stone-cutting vine, is this light, verdure, and flowing beauty of spiritual truth, growing over the tombs of human darkness, fear and hatred, charnel-houses of human crime; it cuts the walls that entomb men in living sepulchres; the walls of blindness, fear, hatred and doubt, and declares the light of Heaven and the glory of God's presence. As upon battle-fields, where the soil has been enriched with human blood, the verdure and blossoms of spring-time are more divinely fair because of this baptism, so from out the sorrows, pains, anguish and desolation of human life, the religion of Spiritualism makes the blossoms to grow of faith and immortal love.

You who have sorrowed as those without comfort, to whom this has come as a living joy, can testify, where, over the tomb in your heart, the blossoms of immortal life have sprung, and the beautiful lilies of eternity now grow. You who bore the burden of a daily care greater than death, and greater than the fear of death, to whom each day and hour was as a weariness unspeakable, to whom there came no ray of hope, no brightening strength, who could not find it by outside altars and shrines where the word was spoken, you can testify, you unto whom the voice of love hath come, ministering in your hour of need, awakening hope that was dead, kindling the consciousness of its immortal presence, and bearing the blessed tidings of Life Eternal.

Doubt not that Spiritualism will work its way in the world under this, or under a diviner name; for what shall it matter what the name shall be, so the truth be there? And if the New Messiah shall come on earth and bear not the name of Spiritualism, it will be because in some dark corner or some prison wall of outward pride, you have enchained the name; but whatever the name that at that hour represents the highest and most God-like attributes of man, whatever shall be nearest the celestial kingdom, whatever shall best typify the angelic love, and the love of God, that will be the name that the Messiah will wear. Until then this light bears you on unto its fruition; girds you around about with its strength unto the culmination; bids you overcome each weakness, each folly; contend with the world, not by striving, but by deeds of kindness and love. Until then it is the new light, it is the new truth, the new Christ, the new religion to your souls. It will make, in your homes and by your firesides, and in your social circles, the new society; it will make in all the nations of the earth that which poets, and prophets, and wisest statesmen, and divinest human beings, have forever predicted, the grand and wonderful fraternity of nations that shall encircle the world with a chain of living light.

SCENE at Harvard College: Junior (translating the New Testament)—"And the an'—and the Lord said—Lord said unto—unto Moses." (Here he hesitated and looked appealingly to a neighbor, who, also being unprepared, whispered, "Skip it!") Junior (going on)—"And the Lord said unto Moses, 'Skip it!'" (Great consternation.)—*Texas Siftings.*



[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## The Mysterious Writing.

BY C. M. BROWN.

"Well, Lizzie, I'm sure what we shall do to-morrow for work is more than I can tell, for I have tried every place in town, and their invariable reply was, 'trade's dull.'"

"Then, sister, if we can't get work, how can we obtain bread?"

"Heaven alone knows, for I don't," replied Jennie Snowman to her sister's question; "but this I do know, that we must sustain life by some honorable means, and to-morrow I shall try once more. Ah, me! This is a hard world for the poor and friendless! Just think, Lizzie, of the many millionaires rolling in affluence o'er this broad land, while we, and millions like us, are actually suffering for enough work to earn the bare pittance that keeps the poor flesh on our bones! It seems to me that wealth is unequally distributed, and somewhere there's a great social wrong existing. Looking about us we behold men and women rushing from one shop to another profusely scattering their money for personal adornment, taking no thought of the many worthy poor, thinly clad, going from place to place vainly seeking employment."

"Very few philanthropists adorn the selfish edge of humanity with their benign presence, so on and on rush selfish humanity all struggling to see who can spell NUMBER ONE in the largest capitals regardless whom they grind beneath their heel in their blind rush! Here we are, Lizzie, in this great city and no work could I find yesterday by tramping all day without any dinner, returning home foot-sore, tired and weary. To-morrow night the last meal in the house will be gone, and where will the next and the succeeding ones come from?"

"I declare, Jennie, you are quite a philosopher, and if I were you I would bill the town and 'paint it red' before a week! But, seriously, I feel that you have the right of it, and the one thing that remains for us to do is to each start out to-morrow and make one more trial, and if that fails another, and still another, and if die we must we will die trying to live!"

"Bravely said, sister mine, and somehow I feel this instant that success will attend our efforts. I am going to get the slate and pencil and figure up, as near as possible, how much money it will take to pay our rent and support us for the next month, as I have a project in view that I think will net us about \$20."

As Jennie proceeded to get the slate her sister remarked:

"I'm afraid, like its predecessors, this project of yours will fall through, and as to how much it will take for one month to pay rent and support us we ought to know pretty near by this time; however, you must be just so precise in everything, I suppose."

As an explanation we will say just here that Jennie and Lizzie Snowman were orphans, their father having been accidentally run over and killed by a horse-car, while their mother, some six months after, had succumbed to the dread disease, consumption, brought on by exposure, hard work, and a weakly constitution, thus leaving them to battle the world alone at the ages of fifteen and seventeen respectively, Jennie being the senior. For one year they had managed to earn a livelihood, one having a clerkship in a dry-goods store, and the other taking in fancy sewing, but owing to the great financial crash of '79 and '80, they, with thousands of others, were thrown out of employment, and it is thus we find them.

Jennie brought the slate and pencil forward and laid them on the small wooden table, that had been used in the family for twenty years, preparatory to sitting down. The pencil was attached to the slate by a string as a safe place in which to find it when wanted. Lizzie, who was sitting just across the table, observed some writing on the slate and said, casually, "What's that you have written on the slate, Jennie?"

Jennie happened to turn on the instant and saw writing thereon, and before sitting down, exclaimed: "I'm sure I don't know what's on it, as I washed it clean not over an hour ago and hung it up to dry!"

Jennie now had it in her hand and was hastily reading what plainly appeared in a bold hand. As she read, her face paled and she sharply exclaimed: "Lizzie Snowman, did you write this on here?"

"Why, Jennie, I write it! What on earth has come over you? and what is it, anyway, that will cause you to turn so pale and speak so sharply to me?"

"Excuse me, Lizzie, I did not mean to speak so, but read for yourself."

Lizzie took the slate and read thereon the following:

MY DEAR DAUGHTERS:—While you may perhaps doubt that it is your father who pencils these words to you, I want to assure you that it is really I. I am not dead, but live, in all the fullness of the word. My present object is to tell you that brighter prospects are in store for you. I am influencing an old friend in your welfare, and to-morrow, at half-past 10 o'clock, a letter will be left at your door which will be the means of assisting you in an honorable way to earn a living. As a proof that it is I, turn this slate over, lay it on the table, and I will write a word to you.

Your loving father,  
ALFRED J. SNOWMAN.

Lizzie now took her turn at turning pale and gasped, "Jennie, who wrote that?"

"Well, if you did not, and of course

you didn't, and I know I didn't, and neither one of us has left the room since I washed that slate, some unseen power did it, and if 'twas father, we can prove it by following his suggestion."

"Oh, Jennie, don't try it, as 'twill scare me half to death."

"Pooh! You are a scare-crow, indeed! Now, Lizzie, if that was our father who wrote that, I would like to know what harm he would do us. I mean to try it, anyway," and, suiting the action to the word, she turned the slate over and laid it on the table and awaited developments. Hush! What was that! Scratch, scratch, came on the slate in rapid succession, as though some one was hurriedly writing on it, and both girls' eyes took on a strange look, while at the same instant came a succession of audible raps, apparently on the underside of the table, and all was quiet. For two seconds the sisters looked in each other's eyes, then Jennie took up the slate and found, much to her surprise, written, in the same bold hand, the following message:

DEAR DAUGHTERS:—According to promise I write these few words. Your mother is with me, and we are keeping ward and watch over you. The letter will reach you, by the clock on your mantle, exactly at twenty-nine minutes past ten to-morrow. Keep good courage.

Your loving father,  
ALFRED J. SNOWMAN.

Passing it to Lizzie, she also read it. "Well, Jennie, this is wonderful and mysterious, and I can't account for it!"

"Neither can I, Lizzie, account for how it was done, but I really think it is from father, for I feel it in my bones."

At this juncture, rap, rap, came on the table. Lizzie again turned pale, but Jennie retained her composure, and taking the slate out of Lizzie's hands, she was about to place it on the table, when scratch, scratch, scratch, came on it before she had time to hardly think, and at the same time the pencil swung out from under it and rap, rap, came on the slate in quick succession. Turning it up she read written right under the last message,

"Jennie is a psychic of wonderful power for slate-writing."

FATHER.

Both sisters were mystified and astonished at this remarkable manifestation of an occult power hitherto unknown to them. Commenting on it, Jennie said: "Well, Lizzie, I have made up my mind that it is indeed our dead father who has written this, but he can't be dead, or else how could he do it? He says he is not dead but lives in the fullest sense of the term, and I am going to believe it."

Lizzie shook her head dubiously and ventured no further remark. The night passed away without any further demonstration from their unseen visitor, and morning dawned bright and clear. As it wore away both girls began to grow apprehensive that their experience of the night before was, but a transitory one, and that the prophesied letter forthcoming at precisely at such a time would not appear.

The little clock on the mantle pointed at twenty-five minutes past ten and their nerves were strung to their highest tension during the next three succeeding minutes. One-half minute more and the time would be up. Even as their minds spoke it, the postman's knock sounded on their door and Jennie answering the summons found a letter in waiting for her. It is needless to say that it was a letter from an old and esteemed friend of their father's, offering them permanent positions in his large dry goods establishment. Gladly they accepted the position, but never lost sight of the mysterious way in which to communicate with their father and mother and other friends, and to-day Jennie Snowman is a private medium and of rare merit for the slate-writing phase.

GLENBURN, Me., Feb., 1887.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—The mother of John Quincy Adams and wife of President Adams in writing to her husband, then in the Continental Congress, in March, 1776, said: "I long to hear you have declared an independence; and, by the way, in the new code of laws which I suppose it will be necessary to make, I desire you would remember the ladies, and be more generous and favorable to them than your ancestors were. Do not put unlimited power in the hands of husbands. Remember all men would be tyrant if they could. If particular care and attention are not paid to the ladies, we are determined to foment a rebellion, and will not hold ourselves bound to obey any law in which we have no voice or representation." After the men folks of this one-sided government had declared their own independence, and (by implication) their wives dependence, she wrote again in the following manner: "I cannot say that I think you generous to the ladies; for while you are proclaiming peace and good will to men, emancipating them, you insist on retaining absolute power over us."

No one can say a finer thing of another person than he or she habitually overestimates others. Every person contains all. If my friend sees more in me than I can see in myself, it is because, being more divine than I, his finer sense perceives my undeveloped divinity, and counts as my present development. Why, it must be that the angels see us as angels, since they can see nothing that does not respond to some sense of their own. To the pure in heart all things are pure. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder. So vulgarity and deformity in the eye of the beholder; and when it is cast out from there it ceases to exist.—Helen Wilmans.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Brief Chapters on God—The Natural Sciences the Teacher.

BY ABRAHAM L. HOLTON.

Man, by the law of his nature, possesses an inquiring mind, and as the thirsty plant lifts its branches toward the refreshing shower, so the human mind reaches out for a belief in which it can find repose. God has not revealed all things to us in his great creative power;—we believe with Professor Proctor, an astronomer, who stands second to none, that worlds "have grown and are still growing, day by day and year by year,"—but he has given us what is better, the spirit of investigation, universal doubt, and therefore progression. If a man doubts, there is hope of him; he will be carried toward knowledge by the insatiable desire to know.

In glancing over the pages of history, we learn that man has left mile-stones by the way, marking his progressive understanding of the Supreme Being. Among the earliest of his conceptions of Deity we find Jupiter holding the thunder in his hand, Apollo conducting the sun, and Neptune reigning in and over the ocean. The Buddhists affirm that their "God resuscitated a dead man, made a mute to talk, a deaf man to hear, an oak to grow in one night, a drowned man to vault upon the surface of the ocean, revealed the regions of the third heaven to an ecstatic, kept safe and sound a martyr in the midst of the flames, and carried a prophet a hundred leagues in the twinkling of an eye."

To-day our Materialists in treating and triturating matter, in their laboratories, in accordance with the methods of modern science, declare that they find no trace of spirit; God never manifests himself in their manipulations. Our theologians we find poring over ancient tomes, ransacking moth-eaten manuscripts in old monastic libraries, and deciphering long since dead hieroglyphics, interrogating, comparing, translating, stretching a little here, paring a little there to prove this point or annul that—the object of all this research being of no more importance than the assertion of the angel Raphael, "That from the pupil of the left eye to that of the right eye of the Eternal Father, measured thirty thousand leagues."

All have been, all are sincere, and all have been aiming to arrive at the truth. And while we leave the philosophers of Olympia and the Orient to sleep in the arms of desuetude that they have and are falling into, we must turn our attention to the philosophers of the nineteenth century, who traverse through God and do not recognize him, for they are blinded by the light, it being too strong for their mental vision to comprehend; and to the last, the theologians, who are followers of the fifteenth century and look at him through a prism that materially lessens and covers the image of what they think God ought to be. This God is expected to put a bridle upon the fury of the deep, to bless one nation and curse another, and, like a faithful husbandman, waters this, shades that, prunes awkward branches, destroys that he hates, nourishes that he likes, and keeps a register of all dates and names, faults and follies, faiths and facts.

A majority of the believers in a God think of him as in the image of a man somewhere overhead, holding the reins of the universe in his hand, seeing all things, hearing all things, and if a want is prayerfully made known to him, he calls an angel and orders that the laws by which he has ruled be changed, that the want may be answered.

This likeness, of the ancient and modern civilization, that God is in the image of man, thereby humanizing himself, is the result of ignorance of scientific truths, and shows us the intellectual condition of nations and their legislators, and the progress of the human mind in its development, at all times, toward the material and not toward the spiritual.

To confute this materialism that has fastened itself upon the vitals of all faiths, it behooves us to look upon creation with the eyes of the spirit, and not alone with the eyes of the body, and then we will not have to stop at the surface, for our spirit is the offspring of the principles of creation and finds readily the infinite in nature. Spiritual science is thereby deduced, and faces no longer automatic mechanism—materialism—a God obscured, but that he is the power and art of nature, and that all things, atoms and beings, are a part of him, and that in every changing form of matter the eternal, the spirit lives.

God, if he exists, cannot be destroyed by science; therefore, science must be called upon to teach that the universe is not ruled by a changeable being, but by an organizing harmonious intelligence with a plan and destiny for beings. Thus, by scientific experiments, would the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism be unfolded and "not languish as now, as an eminent "Doctor" says, and be "only food for babes and not for strong intellects." If Spiritualism would conquer all adversaries it must not rest on its truth by the height of pure reason, but it must measure itself with its opponents on the same level and fight with the same weapons.

It is reasonable to study Nature by scientific methods, and science is a patient and gentle teacher that invites her students to examine natural phenomena that holds the proof of divine intelligence and pur-

pose, and we in these brief treatises expect to prove the over-ruling power of God, and "if a man die he shall live again." SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1887.

## What is Spiritualism?

[The closing words in a recent lecture by Dr. E. B. Wheelock.]

It is the real eagle of America; the bright eagle of the upper heavens; the royal ensign of everlasting liberty, spreading its wings supernal from shore to shore; from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from coast to coast, with its broad breast upon the earth's equator; with extremities extending to the poles; whose beak reaches up on high, and rests supremely grand in that afar off Summer-land, the land of eternal bloom. It is the culminated song of angels; the music divine of each rolling sphere; the blending of the divinity of our earth with the divinity of all the celestial orbs. It is excelsior of all that is good; the night song that sings of sweet home, the home of the weary, and the home of all. It is the divine drawing-room for the souls of the oppressed, and the perpetual dwelling place of seraphs, and the paradise of "just men made perfect." It is no less than the reflected sunlight of the everliving God. It is the sweet voice of the loved and loving of this rudimental life chiming in holy anthems with the heavenly music of those whom the church have called dead. It is the morning dawn of a new and bright era; the heralding angel of religious freedom, and the despoiler of human fetters; with progress for its watchword and onward for its motto. It is the unsinkable ship upon the celestial sea of a new Zion, destined to ride triumphant over the boiling waves of human pride and passion, over all the mountain waves of present prejudice and hate; over all the silly whims of human ignorance and folly, and proudly sail at length into that haven of supernal beatitude; into that city where our fathers live; where our mothers dear, and our sweet lovers dwell; where earth's heroes no more sweep down the battle plain, with saber stroke, or dying groan. But where each immortal spirit with aspirations high, and with the vigor of eternal youth will ever climb the flowery hills of a new paradise, unending, where the beggar and the prince, each robed in the royal vestments of eternal beauty, will ever more keep step to the bugle notes of one unending harmony.

Such to me is the culminated essence of both Ancient and Modern "Spiritism." Why then should we wonder that a materialistic priesthood should ever feel to fight and give it battle? For to be carnal minded is death now, as much as in any other age of the human world.

## Early Spirit Voices.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In the month of December, 1848, I had purchased a ticket to go to California via Cape Horn, on board a sailing vessel about to leave the port of Boston. I had disposed of my business, settled up my affairs, was taking leave of my relatives and friends, when the man of whom I had learned my trade, who had, for the past year, been in my employ, proposed that I should remain and go into business with him, and made me such liberal offers that I concluded I would accept it if I could sell my ticket. I went to the office where I had purchased the ticket and found I could do so at an advanced price. This done, I went back to the old place of business and made full arrangement to go into business again. That evening as I was returning from a visit in a remote part of the city, I passed near the grounds where I had formerly been engaged, when suddenly some one called me by name and said, "You must go to California!" I looked all about, (it was a bright moonlight night) expecting to see some one, but no one was to be seen; but the voice was clear and distinct: "Cyrus, you must go to California!" I hastened home, went to bed, tried to sleep, but could not; the command was imperative. In the morning I saw my new-made partner and informed him that I must go to California. In less than one week I was on my way to the Golden Gate, all in obedience to the voice which said, "Cyrus, you must go to California!" If it was not the voice of a spirit, what was it? C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Feb. 23, 1887.

THERE is nothing the matter with us that a "wrathful" God should wish to destroy us. Are we selfish? Why then society compels us to be; it puts each one of us on our own defense; it says: "I'll ruin you if I can; gather up what you have, and what you can get; and hold it close or it will get away; and once away I will not help you to get it back again. I give to those who have, and take from those who have not." Thus placed in antagonism to every other person what could even a "wrathful" God expect of us? To live in such an atmosphere is hell; the only hell in this world or any other. And if within ourselves we find enough of the divine to survive so vile a condition, so base an atmosphere, and to enable us against such an overwhelming current to force our way to a heaven of generous, noble ideas, surely God has a right to be proud of us, and we ourselves should take fresh hope from such a thought.—*Woman's World.*

## Some Day.

[Written for the Golden Gate by Spirit Rev. O. Bartholomew, through private mediumship.]

DEAR FRIENDS:—There comes stealing over me at eventide the oft repeated promise, "Some day I will meet you there." There comes to each human heart, sooner or later during earth-life's pilgrimage, the earnest wish to know how those who have passed out of our sight are over there.

There is very little consolation or satisfying evidence handed to you in earth-life by the earnest preaching to God's people. You fail to find there that which will, to a great extent, heal the wound caused by separation, by breaking of bonds that have been a source of great satisfaction in earth-life. There comes not the consolation that should from those who are set apart to teach spiritual lessons and truths, in reference to the home in the great beyond. Your true, loving soul rebels against words which are full of emptiness. You are grasping for some firm hold on which to take fresh courage and start again to meet alone the many trials of earth-life, and continue to hope and reach out for some knowledge in reference to the condition of loved ones gone before, and it generally comes first in some form and in an unexpected way; so much so that you are prone to think it mysterious and unexplainable, therefore, very often considered worthless.

There comes to the material brain much that is deemed useless and waste of time, which would be valuable if followed out, would prove of great value if more closely investigated. Does it always prove a thing worthless because you fail to grasp its true meaning? Does it not rather show that there may be in this great world much that we are ignorant of, and that you will only learn through experience and close study?

Take a room full of educated people, and how many will agree upon any one subject? Take the subject of Heaven. You may find one or two among the thirty who have any firm idea of its location and inhabitants; the rest are too much occupied with other things to give any thought to a subject that concerns them not at their present stage of life, and would prefer to change the subject, assuring you that "some day we will know all about it." Yes, some day I shall meet her; some day I shall claim my own; some day I will pass to worlds to me unknown, and find friends, who were thought to be lost in the beyond, ready to lead me on my way. Not remembering the truth that they had failed to bid the loved ones return and enjoy their confidence and loving thoughts during all these years of separation. My friends, it casts a shadow of sorrow over us on this side to realize the truth that our loved ones in earth-life do all they possibly can to forget our great and undying love for them. Forget! who can forget, though they close their eyes ever so tight?

The loved ones on this side do not try to forget, but realize the fact that unto all there will dawn a "some day" when longing for recognition will cease. This day comes to one in childhood, to another later on. Let come what will, as years roll by, there awaits all the long hoped-for "some day," when dear ones meet to part no more; when there will be no longer pushing aside our longings for "some day" to be recognized.

There is so much in each human heart that requires waking up and stimulating to prevent the tendency to let very well alone, and not seek for anything better. This "oh-well-never-mind" spirit or method of stupefying thought has crushed many fond hopes forever. The great selfishness and interest in ourselves crushes out all particular interest in our neighbor. There is not much time to look after the comfort of any one except self. I frankly admit that it does keep some very lively to keep any satisfactory record of the doings of their neighbor. To all such I would advise being looked after, in place of looking after others in that way. That is not what we mean by lending a helping hand to your neighbor and fellow-man. Could you put yourself in your neighbor's place and surroundings you would surely be ever ready to lend a helping hand in times of need and sorrow. Aid and sympathy to those in need is only lent. You will surely receive your full reward "some day."

You may think that "some day" is rather indefinable, but you will not always think so, for you and that day are certain to meet face to face. It comes in all its full force, in all its glory, to be ours or not, just as we have lived in years gone beyond recall. Every harsh word, every evil deed leaves a scar slow to heal, and when you pass into the great world of new life, may each and all come with a glad some heart and cheerful word, ready for the glad coming forth of the long looked-for "some day."

Yours,  
O. BARTHOLOMEW.  
ST. PAUL, Minn., Feb. 1887.

"I WANT a Bible," said a tall, gaunt woman, stepping into a book store on Woodward avenue. "Do you wish the revised edition?" inquired the clerk, civilly. "I ain't pertikuler. 'I jes' want one in the house so I'll have a safe place to keep my specs in. A family Bible that won't never be meddled with is the kind, I reckon." She got it.—*Detroit Free Press.*



[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Spiritual Phenomena.

BY JOHN WETTERBEE.

Phenomenal Spiritualism is the sensuous manifestation of disembodied intelligence. The other hemisphere of the subject may be called the ethical or philosophical; the latter is the logical outcome of the phenomenal phases.

I should like to quote some of the remarks of the exponents of the latter publicly and privately made regarding the other, but with what I have to say in the way of observation and argument it would make my article too long, and possibly it may be any way.

There seems to be a growing disposition among inspirational, trance, or platform speakers, generally, to reduce phenomenal Spiritualism in public estimation as inferior, or a lower half of the subject; that the ethical or philosophical is what should hold the attention of Spiritualists; that those who run after the phenomena, and are interested in the sensuous manifestations, are wonder-seekers. When one is satisfied of their basis in truth they should leave off being "tickled with a straw" and let the new truth be manifested in their lives. Many of the platform "lights" would seem to indicate that the attending their lectures, listening to the flowing words of these ornaments of the platform, was the fulfilling of the law, and that the multitude that kept a lively and constant interest in the phenomena, which is quite large, seemed to think that the manifestations were the whole of Spiritualism. Well, in one sense it is, and we can get along without preaching better than we could get along without the phenomena; but before I spread myself on that point I must preface it a little.

I am something of a literary man, and am a lover of a well-rounded thought or truths; I am a fascinated listener and reader of eloquent sense, written or spoken. I think I am a good judge of verbal expression, and appreciate them; but I am on the side of phenomenal Spiritualism—not that I love the ethical less, but I love the phenomenal more, for the latter is the only distinguishing feature of Spiritualism. Eliminate the phenomenal phases and this hopeful "light" has no *raison d'être*. It (phenomenal Spiritualism) is the bedrock of our thought, the alphabet and multiplication table, and cannot be relegated to a back seat or a subordinate position.

The speakers are very few, and are the best who are the exceptions who do not seem to look down upon the practical exponents of the phenomena, and on those who spend much time at seances for the sensuous manifestations, the latter as if neglecting the more important duties to themselves and to the cause. They often speak of the phenomena so slightly that one draws the inference that they take but little stock in the sensuous phases any way. They seem to have knocked down the ladder of their ascent and expect after-comers to get the light second-hand from them; and coming to the point, they seem to be giving the impression that the manifestations abound more in frauds than facts.

It strikes me that this is founded more or less on jealousy. Finding themselves talking to small audiences while so many are attending circles, and seances, and meetings where the phenomena are a feature, who, they think, ought to be listening to them, that it would seem in some cases as if they would like "to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs," not knowing the consequences. I am aware that "golden eggs" in that sense are scarcer than "angels' visits" among the mass of Spiritualists, still the proverb will do very well to paint the moral or adorn the tale of this article.

Now I am wholly as I have said on the side of phenomenal Spiritualism, and I give it a front seat in this great modern movement. I think I am one who understands and appreciates high-toned, advanced and valuable utterances on the side of our truth, and its teachings, and of their importance in our daily lives. I am a great admirer of eloquence, and am familiar with it. I also know logic from incoherency, fluency from the pabulum of thought. I can take a page of Theodore Parker's writings almost anywhere and find a larger residuum of solid thought than in ten pages of any of Parker's words inspired by that heroic worker's spirit, so you will see I am not carried away with spirit utterances, though I give them due credit; but take the best of Theodore Parker's earthly utterances and the best spiritual utterances from inspired speakers (aside from their phenomenal character), and the phenomenon of a few raps, which are not the mechanical work of a mortal, that say "I am your sister and I am still alive," will make all the foregoing utterances of splendid and eloquent talk "kick the beam." That is my estimate of phenomenal Spiritualism. "Talk is cheap," using a slang utterance, whether from Beecher or from one of our "lights;" but a phenomenal "air from Palestine," or from "over the river" is not in that sense cheap and need not take off its hat in the presence of the most august words. Spiritual phenomena can say in the words of the play to all the words ever uttered,—

"I am a ghost of high degree  
Other ghosts take off their hats to me."

The value to me and to others of Mrs. Richmond's superb and finished addresses, W. J. Colville's masterly utterances, and others that might be named, is their phe-

nomenal setting, their evident royal road of ingress. Take away their phenomenal character and the world is full of as able and attractive utterances, and were it not for the phenomena associated with the spiritual platform it would subside in interest—that is, the luster that fascinates, not the talk, good, bad, or indifferent. The spirit world heaves in sight, mentally, by our sensuous phenomena, and gilds even refined gold and paints the lily of thought. Were there no phenomenal association we could find ethics and philosophy that would satisfy as well as the best we have on our platform. Do not understand me as relegating into common place the words of our platform "lights," and as being no better than theological pabulum; that is not what I mean, but the whole reason why it is better and more attractive is the luster thrown on it by the phenomena, in favor of which I am speaking.

To show that I am not unappreciative of inspired teachings, let me say a word further of Mrs. Richmond. I remember her before she was twenty. She was then an uneducated girl, giving wonderful lectures. Her command of language and thought attracted the attention of N. P. Willis, one of the best judges of the fitness of her words to express her ideas, and he paid her great and public compliment.

I remember also at a parlor gathering, twenty-five or more years ago, where there were many distinguished and scholarly people. Prof. Mapes was there, Prof. Felton, and other professors of Harvard College. She was to have a subject given her when the time was ready for her to speak, and Prof. Mapes announced it as "The Difference Between Momentum and Force," and she spoke for a half or three quarters of an hour in a way to astonish this gathering of educated people. It was an abstruse subject, and was handled like a scholar. I suppose there were six or eight *savants* present, who could have equalled it by preparing themselves, or they would have been out of place as professors of Harvard College. But she was but little more than a fair-haired, young girl and without any education. That the address was one of uncommon ability, even for a scholar, the following colloquy will show. Prof. Felton (who was afterwards President of Harvard College) said to her, somewhat surprised and astonished at the marked ability in the address, "Why don't you own Mrs. Hatch, (that was her name then) and say the address was your own effort, and take your stand as one of the most gifted ladies in the land?" I heard her say to him in reply: "I would be glad to, only it would not be true."

Now that simple incident tells the whole story. Phenomenal Spiritualism and that alone had opened up a new world and its denizens, our departed friends, had a supervision of this world and were able, through sensitive people, to utter words of inspiration and of knowledge, and that was the fascination, more than the manifest learning through the royal road, for there were others present who could have equalled her, give them time enough, but without the knowledge that comes from this sensuous phenomena we would never know that the "dead" were still alive, and without that information wholly due to the phenomena preaching would have been "twaddle," moonshine, sentiment, but not evidence. I think our phenomena have answered Job's question affirmatively, and that is the fascination of all our teachings and has thrown its luster on a thousand things that now shine that never would have shined but for our light.

A spiritual speaker, then, who disparages our phenomena, thinks it of no account, or only a secondary matter, especially if he is one under influence, is throwing stones at his benefactor, for, but for phenomenal Spiritualism, the setting that makes them at all interesting, nine out of ten of them would not get a hearing, and their occupation would be gone.

"Seek first the kingdom of heaven and all other things shall be unto you." So can we say, seek the sensuous evidence that we survive the chemistry of death first, and, in like manner, will all other things be added; if it does not manifest itself in the seeker's life to the credit of that evidence, it is the measure of his unbelief, he has not yet got the evidence. The essential thing, and the best thing for him to do is to keep seeking. He can alternate a little, listen to talk if he wants to, but the satisfaction of his hunger is to be sure of his fact, and when he gets it he has the pearl of great price. I have read considerable in my lifetime. I have listened to preaching and to essays, and digested oceans of wise and bright thoughts, but the one that weighs down all others is the sensuous proof that my "loved and lost" still live, move, and have a being in a world that is brighter than this, and that is phenomenal Spiritualism.

Boston, February, 1887.

THERE is only one way to stop this everlasting wrangle between man and woman, and that is to make them both understand that the All-Good provides all there is. Woman is not responsible for this beneficent arrangement. It is not her fault if she owes nothing to man, as it is commonly supposed. It is not man's fault that he is not Providence to woman as he proudly makes out when he wants to refuse her the right to equal suffrage, and as he insultingly makes out when she says, "Then if you are Providence, feed and clothe me as any Providence would who understood the business."—*Helen Wilmans.*

## Letter From Vermont.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

It is but a few weeks since I first became acquainted with the GOLDEN GATE, and since that time it has been a weekly visitor; and I may add, a welcome one, too. To tell the truth, as we Northerners say, I am "freezing" to it, and of course it freezes to me; yet, unlike our Vermont ice, it does not make its readers cold, but on the contrary has a warming effect—not "too hot," but sufficiently to set up in our spiritual natures a heathful, vitalizing glow. We think you have an excellent paper, and may it indeed prove to be a "Golden Gate" to thousands of seeking minds who wish to rise from the lower to the higher conditions. So much for the commencement of a letter. And now, perhaps, your many far-off readers might be pleased to hear a word from the old "Green Mountain State." We are having, on the whole, a severe Winter—extreme cold days with severe west winds, and then a change about to south winds and thaws; and so you see we are "up and down," speaking mercurially. February, thus far, has been somewhat milder than January, and the sleighing has become quite thin, and many carriages are seen on the highways. At the present writing, however, the feathery snowflakes fill the air, almost like a white sheet let down from the clouds above, and as night is setting in the west wind is playing all kinds of antics with them; and thus the weather changes from cold to warm, and from warm to cold. Those who have weak lungs and who can afford it "skip out" in November to a warmer climate in the different sections of the South land and come back with the birds in Spring.

With regard to the advancement of the spiritual philosophy, I think it is gaining grounds in our State. Of course, orthodoxy with its old-time leaders is out against us; but the rank and file of the churches are looking upon all advanced ideas with a far less critical eye. We hear more and more about "character building," and less and less about "our Church" and its creed. Of course there are exceptions, but the majority of the churches, especially in our large towns and villages, have an eye more to the lower conditions of humanity and the different reform phases, and how they can better their fellow-men by helping them to rise. My experience in talking with many of the leading clergymen is that there is a slow but sure growth towards surer foundations upon which facts are based, for you are well aware that a word dropped by an orthodox person on the side of liberal thought means a great deal in these days of progression—in these days of advancement beyond the dogmas of dust-covered ages. These liberal words dropped show that the American people read and think, and thousands of them in our best circles in society are beginning to think aloud. An extreme orthodox minister said in a discourse a few Sabbaths since, "We have more reasons to fear the element within our own borders than all that infidels can do." But I have no fears for the growth and perpetuity of true Christianity; the Church of the future will be one of principle and not bigotry and superstition.

Throughout the State there are many workers in the spiritual ranks, though there are but few organized societies—one at Hyde Park, Vt., and another at Essex Junction, Vt.; I think these are the principal ones. It is surprising to note how many persons who are members of our different churches and who are practically Spiritualists in belief yet have not the moral courage to declare themselves as such. The Queen City Park Spiritual Association hold their meetings each year in the latter part of August, and it continues one month, at the above-mentioned Park, Burlington, Vt. The Park is situated on the eastern shore of that beautiful sheet of water, Lake Champlain, around which cluster so many historic scenes during the earlier days of our commonwealth.

Each returning season adds new interest, both as regards the natural scenery in and about this beautiful location, and the progressive work the cause is bringing about through its faithful, chosen instruments. Dr. E. O. Smith, of Brandon, Vt., is the able and popular president of the society, and any data with regard to the work in Vermont will be ably and truthfully given by him. Every year there is less and less of "press slang" with regard to the meetings at the park, and more of favorable comment, when anything at all is said, while the regular church-goer is far less bitter in his attitude towards these gatherings; in fact, the church-goer comes with the rest of the crowd on Sundays, and they are attentive and respectful hearers. I was surprised, when there two seasons ago, in noting the large crowds, and those from out the better element of society in our New England villages, and from the city of Burlington near by.

Among the speakers I listened to at that time was Mrs. Sarah Byrnes, of Boston;—subject, "The Chemistry of Religion." To simply say it was grand, would be but a faint description of that soul-stirring discourse. Another speaker, Miss Jennie B. Hagan, took the audience by storm. Miss Hagan is a Vermont girl, and her peculiar phase is improvising poetry from subjects given her by any one in the audience, speaking readily without a moment's hesitation. I happened at

that time to take a seat by the side of an old editor of this State, and a member of the Congregational church for a number of years, and as he was something of a writer and quite a reader, he gave Miss Hagan the two following subjects to speak from, viz., "Glaciers of the Alps," and "Ocean Caves." Readily she took her position upon those lofty peaks, imperceptibly taking her audience with her. Word after word, sentence after sentence, rolled from her lips, while every gesture was in harmonic keeping with her subject. Gradually she took us down, down those dizzy ice-jeweled crags, sparkling like myriads of diamonds in the beautiful sunlight; down, down, we glided. Gradually she dismissed this subject, and the scenes connected therewith, while quietly and most grandly did she lead the way down into the silent chambers of old ocean's caves.

All that she saw it would seem we saw, so vividly did she portray even the minutest thing. The wrecked ship that long, long years ago went down with their precious cargo of human lives and treasure, were faithfully pointed out and the moral application made. The little sea plants were noticed, while the larger and smaller inhabitants of the ocean were not forgotten. The bits of coral, even from their earliest life along down to the hardened reefs of the same, had their lessons; and she wisely, through her guides, told us of Him who never slumbers nor sleeps, but in whose loving, watchful care all of His creatures securely rest.

It was, indeed, a picture that beggars description from the lips of any mere earthly orator, or from the pen or pencil of any earthly artist. As gradually as we descended into those silent regions, we ascended again, while every foot-step brought out precious gem-truths, that will make all of life's pathway sweeter and purer. And when the last words were spoken, and the petite figure of Miss Hagan receded from the platform, my congregational editor drew in a long sigh, and said, "Well, Doctor, that beats me. I am not a Spiritualist, and yet 'tis mysterious. I can't account for it. What is it? To say that she previously prepared herself, is entirely out of the question; or that she collected her ideas from the audience, is as equally out of the question, for that hour's recitation transcended anything of an earthly character; so I give it up, and repeat, what is it?"

And thus my friend and I parted, both equally delighted with what we heard, yet he leaving with the little cloud, "what is it?" hovering over his mental sky. To me it was plain enough, for I realized that the angels had come to stay. What he saw was mystery unaccountable; with me it was a plain, simple fact.

One of the features of Vermont life in the Winter season is the toboggan and snow-shoe craze, caught a few years ago from our Canadian friends; and now a small village that has not its toboggan slide is rated back to the Middle Ages.

This present week is "carnival week" in Montreal and thousands of people along the border towns have taken a trip to the Canadian city to see the ice palace and other sights.

But I have already trespassed on your space. I wishing success to the GOLDEN GATE, I will bring this letter to a close.

G. S. GREEN, M. D.

ENOSBURG FALLS, Vt., Feb. 10, '87.

## Mr. Eglinton at Munich.

[Banner of Light.]

A letter from Munich informs *Light* that Mr. Eglinton reached that city safely after a very cold and tempestuous journey. He was met at the station by Baron Shrenk and Baron Schaeffelen, who accorded him a hearty greeting. Baron Shrenk is alluded to as a gentleman of great ability, who has long been an active Spiritualist, and is at the present time Secretary of the Munich Psychological Society, which comprises amongst its members several men of social and scientific eminence. Mr. Eglinton had already begun work, having given his first seance at the residence of Baron Schaeffelen, a retired doctor of chemistry and a leading member of society, when some very fine psychographic results were obtained with slates and pencils which had never been in Mr. Eglinton's possession. Mr. Eglinton had also arranged for private seances at the residences of Baron Du Prel and others, including certain professors. They are to be followed by a series of seances with the Munich Psychological Society if satisfactory arrangements can be completed, results of which are to be published in the *Sphinx*, the organ of the Society. Mr. Eglinton has also expressed his intention, before he leaves Munich, of offering seances to the editors of influential newspapers. Prince and Princess Lichtenstein are in Munich, and the Prince, who is a medium of rare power and obtains all the phenomena of physical mediumship, even to direct writing and materialization, is undergoing magnetic treatment. From Munich Mr. Eglinton proposes going on to Vienna, and thence to Pressburg in Hungary.

If the earth's atmosphere extended to a height of seven hundred miles the rays of the sun could not penetrate it, and we would be in darkness. At the depth of seven hundred feet in the ocean the light ceases altogether, one-half of the light being absorbed in passing through seven feet of the purest water.—*Chicago Tribune.*

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Pass Them Along, Friend.

Yes, after reading our blessed GOLDEN GATE, and equally soul-inspiring *Carrier Doves*, keep them moving; lend them to friends and neighbors; label them thus:—"Don't destroy these papers, but lend them, friends," and start them on their mission of good, trustingly desiring them to become an open "Golden Gate," giving glimpses of spiritual truths, and "Carrier Doves" bearing heavenly messages to weary souls; feeding both mind and spirit with substantial facts, rather than the blind faith so universally offered as food for the soul of man. It is only by constantly reading such papers, and hearing about the truths and wonders of Spiritualism, that the good work goes on. Children, whose only reading is of an orthodox description, grow up biased and one-sided in their spirit growth. Instead of a broad faith and deep, earnest trust in God's laws, having a large charity for all men whether they differ from us or not, their opinions are cramped into the creed of their church; and having drawn a line about their belief they can not, nor dare not, go outside for good, without a fear of incurring God's displeasure, when in fact the truth should make us free, instead of enslaving us.

In all departments of life the same feeling exists. A good Catholic friend said to me, thirty years ago, "I would like to go to your church and hear your minister, who they say is very eloquent, but it is against the laws of our church to attend any other."

Over twenty years ago, when attending a medical college in New York, a grave, but earnest friend, who was professor and dean of a medical college in Philadelphia, said: "I would attend some of the lectures in your college if I could do so without being known, but it is unprofessional for one in my position to be seen in, or to recognize by attending, a woman's college like yours." Where was the real freedom of such a condition of things? In both cases they recognized me as an equal before God, but owned themselves slaves to their church and college laws. Could they have attended without being seen of men they would have gone quickly; they did not fear displeasing God. There was nothing wrong in going, but society of church or college was their master and their ruler. How is it different to-day? Very little. Only the heaven of the spirit has crept into church, and women are beginning to be recognized as man's equal at the bedside of the sick. Custom has made women doctors, and Spiritualism respectable and capable of being recognized by orthodox Christians and doctors, that's all.

So let us keep broadening the way, lifting up those who know nothing of the beauties and perfections of our spiritual philosophy, by word and deed, giving them books and papers to read, and engage them in argument in a kindly spirit. Grant them all the liberty they now enjoy to believe in their creed, but add a little more if you can. We must not try to demolish the creeds and orthodoxy, but to build a fairer, a more worthy and lasting edifice in which to worship—one so broad and deep that all mankind, with their creeds, isms, and idols of every sort, can join in praise to the one Omnipotent God of all truth! We have no time in which to wrestle with old dogmas and decaying creeds. Why, if it had not been for a few earnest souls who keep alive the true spirit of the churches, they would have crumbled away long ago. Let them remain friends; but let us give all our energies and spiritual strength to building up—many of us better than we know—upon uncontrovertible facts and undeniable truths; bring intelligence, honesty and purity to the front, and so demonstrate the laws of God, that all his children, both in and out of the churches, shall desire to join hands and acknowledge spirit power. Spiritual education also will do it. Educate our children in spirit as well as in body; teach them *how* to distinguish "the still small voice," which we call the conscience, but which is the God speaking to us (the spirit) of which we are a part. In no way can we overcome man's avarice and ignorance so effectually as by educating his spiritual nature. And, friends, there is no practical way of educating him and leading our youth upward and onward, like the weekly reading of such literature as the GOLDEN GATE and others, containing as they do every noble Christian attribute taught by the churches without the creeds and dogmas of those religions.

Like the pebble thrown into the water, though lost to view, yet do its tiny wings of motion keep widening out until at last a soft wave reaches the opposite bank. Just so may each copy of our GOLDEN GATE, by being lent, and continually passed along when read, reach and bring joy into many a home, from mountain-top to canyon depth and valley width, until the faint ripples of truths grasped at, will reach the heavenly shore, where our angel-loved ones can rejoice with us in good work done on earth.

MRS. L. P. J. HERRING.

LOS GATOS, February, 1886.

SUCH a line as this won't answer, Mr. Tennyson: "City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime." It occurs in our new poem, but it is entirely too much on the Peter-Piper-picked-a-peck-of-peppers order of poetry.—*Chicago Times.*



## GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1887.

## SATANIC OMNIPRESENCE.

There is quite a large number of denominational Christians who are disposed to believe in the phenomenal facts upon which Spiritualists base their knowledge of a future life, but who discredit the import thereof which Spiritualists attach thereto.

Especially is this true of our Adventist brethren, who claim that all spirit manifestations are the work of Satan. Believing, as they do, that the spirit of man consists only of the breath of life, and that when he ceases to breathe that is the end of him until his physical body shall, at some future time, be sorted out of the elements into which it disappears, and come forth in a literal resurrection,—believing this, of course they must have some explanation for the marvellous phenomena of spirit manifestation, and so they naturally go to the Devil—for it!

Now, admitting for the sake of argument that there is such a being in the universe as a personal Devil—a malignant spirit of evil contending with the Almighty for the souls of men—surely no believer in the existence of such a being will admit that he possesses the attributes of omniscience and omnipresence, for those attributes would make a very God of him. And yet he must possess those attributes to perform all the manifestations of Spiritualism. Let us see.

In this city alone there are probably not less than five hundred mediums of all kinds, through whom spirits communicate. Some of these mediums the spirits are using for painting, some for music, some for grand teachings of the lessons of life, some for independent slate-writing, some for healing the sick, some for form presentations, some for entrancement and others for other phases. Here, what purports to be the spirit mother comes back to cheer and comfort her orphan babes; there, the wife comes to her husband, or the husband to the wife, to lift the load of doubt and gloom from the heart of the living. And all of this is being repeated in all lands, and in tens of thousands of homes.

If this is the work of one individualized Spirit of Evil, whom the Creator permits to harass the human race, and finally to drag them down to eternal perdition, of course he must be in thousands of places at one and the same instant of time; hence, he must be omnipresent. There is no escaping this conclusion.

We modestly declare that we have no knowledge of any such person as Satan. Perhaps our Adventist friends, being better informed, can throw a little light on the subject, and answer us this question: Is the Devil omniscient and omnipresent? If not, then we must conclude that if he performs all the wonders of Spiritualism now transpiring upon this planet, to say nothing of what may be going on on other planets, he must skip around right lively.

**ANOTHER PROPHECY.**—How the troubles of this little planet do multiply with her years! One difficulty or excitement is not allowed to subside before another is upon it, so that if Mother Earth does not die by calamity, she is likely to do so of grief. The pervading spirit of evil prophecy has taken possession of another negro, named Henry Jones, of Clarendon county, S. C., who is sending fear and consternation to the minds of his people with stories of coming woe. As usual he declares himself to be an ordained prophet to foretell the future to his race, and says that he is commissioned by Jesus to select twelve of his sisters of the church to be his disciples and follow him through the world. He predicts a famine in two years, when he says that one dollar in gold will be worth two quarts of corn; but he probably means that two quarts of corn will be worth one dollar in gold. He says the end of the world is near, etc.

**A WONDERFUL CUPBOARD.**—Sir John Sloane, of London, devised a unique method of keeping his "memory green" in the hearts of his descendants; one of his last requests was, that a certain cupboard in his museum should not be opened for a century. All down the hundred years the little cupboard has been sacredly guarded as either the casket of hidden wealth or the receptacle of some dread mystery. The time having expired a short time ago, imagine the disgust experienced by the wondering heirs when on opening it it was found to contain only an immense bundle of love-letters, written by and to Sir John. These harmless, long-lived missives were of no earthly interest to the curious beholders, and his surviving relatives look upon Sir John as entirely too practical a joker, in the face of the fact that all the tender emotions of these years should have been so sadly and suddenly shattered.

## "CONCEALED INFIDELITY."

That is what our clever contemporary across the bay, *The Signs of the Times*, the organ of the Seventh Day Adventists, calls some of the teachings of the GOLDEN GATE, whereof it gives its readers the following sample: "The gentle 'Nazarene did not die to become an atonement 'for the sins of a fallen world, but to set an example to mankind of fidelity to principle, 'even unto death. His pure life and noble 'teachings speak to the soul now as never before."

The *Times* "would like to ask" how we found out that there was such a person as "the gentle Nazarene," and that his life was pure and his teachings noble, except by the Bible; and that in accepting this much from the Bible and rejecting the atonement of Christ, and other myths and fables related of him, we convict ourselves of inconsistency.

Now therein is where we think our Adventist brother is wrong, as he will doubtless admit upon reflection. It is quite within the range of reason and probability that there should have lived in Nazareth a worthy couple by the name of Joseph and Mary; that they had a son who manifested remarkable intellectual and spiritual powers, and that he lived a pure life and taught the gospel of brotherly love and the Golden Rule. There is surely nothing improbable in this, and we can well accept it without accepting all that was written of him by his followers, much of it many years after his death.

Let us illustrate: We can believe there was such a man as Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormon religion, and of such a woman as Mary Ann Lee, the founder of the sect known as Shakers, without believing all the wonderful stories that have been said of them by their enthusiastic followers. Says our neighbor:

Our object in noticing this statement from the GOLDEN GATE is to expose a sort of infidelity that is becoming very common. It is a concealed infidelity, with which Spiritualists expect to entrap many professed Protestant Christians. They refer to the historical narrative of the Bible as though they accepted it fully, and thus gain the confidence of the unwary. Having thus concealed their hatred of the Bible, they proceed to undermine faith in it by perverting its teachings. The infidel who denies the Bible as a whole, rejecting even its historical statements, is not half so dangerous as one who professes a portion of it in order that he may more easily undermine its principles. It is simply an aggravated case of Judas betraying his Lord with a kiss.

We do not think Spiritualists are disposed to "conceal" their opinions on any subject; and certainly no intelligent Spiritualist has the least "hatred" for the Bible. Why should he? It is in many respects a wonderful book, especially in its hidden spiritual meanings, and in its history of the religious life of the ancient peoples of which it speaks. Because one may not believe in a literal interpretation of all its statements, it does not necessarily follow that one must "hate" the book. One seldom accepts implicitly the statements of even one's most favorite authors.

If the learned revisionists of the Scriptures, who are men of profound learning and great piety, do not believe the Bible in its entirety—that is, the version of it with which the Christian world is most familiar—surely, Spiritualists, Universalists, Unitarians and even Seventh Day Adventists, ought to be permitted to entertain their respective opinions thereof without being called hard names.

We do not accept all the statements of the Koran, nor the Book of Mormon, nor the sacred writings of any people, and yet there is much that is good in them all. He is a very small pattern of a man who "hates" anything that others sincerely and devoutly revere. Speaking for ourselves, we can even respect the opinions of those who hold to the doctrine of the sleep of the dead, a literal resurrection of the physical body, and a final conflagration in which the bodies of all ignorant and undeveloped souls will be called from their graves and subjected to a general extinguishing and annihilating *auto-de-fe*.

"Infidelity," as a scare word, in matters of religious opinion, has lost most of its significance in what our neighbor would call "these latter days." There are altogether too many people who do not believe as somebody else does,—all of whom are infidels to the other party,—to make the epithet even approximately severe.

## SAMUEL JONES.

If we believed in special dispensation of Providence, we should consider the coming of Rev. Sam Jones to San Francisco as such. As it is, we believe he will come under the inspiration of good spirits who feel compassion for his wickedness, and who still hope it may be saved from the day of wrath. It is reported that he will wrestle for a time with Oakland, if he survives his labors in San Francisco. We predict that the mission of this divine to the Pacific Coast will not be finished in these two cities. He will surely be called to join the crusade that is being waged single-handed now in Stockton against the workers of sin. Then, there are several interior towns that need his presence, judging from daily newspaper reports.

The "boom" that is agitating almost all towns and cities of California, is somewhat diverting in its tendency, but it can not turn the mind and life of the average Californian to ways of pleasantness and paths of peace, as rumor says the persuasiveness of Rev. Samuel Jones has been doing all over the Atlantic States. The time for this gentleman, and all other good workers, to come is now. That he will be impartially received is not to be doubted. His method of dealing with sin and sinners is original, and will not be unduly criticised. The good he may do should be fairly valued.

**INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING IN SAN JOSE.**—Mr. Fred Evans, the wonderful medium for independent slate-writing, of this city, with whose marvelous manifestations of spirit power our readers are familiar, will appear before a San Jose audience on Sunday evening, March 13th, at Theater Hall. He will be accompanied by the editor of this journal, who will deliver a short address on the subject of independent slate-writing, introducing Mr. Evans. The psychographic

control of this medium will undertake to produce messages from the so-called dead, to their friends in earth-life, between sealed slates prepared by a committee chosen from the audience.

## AT ASSEMBLY HALL.

The most remarkable public test meeting we have ever attended in this city was that given by Mrs. J. J. Whitney and Dr. Stansbury at Assembly Hall, on Sunday evening last.

There were present about 800 people, and the seance, which lasted an hour and a half, never for a moment lagged in interest from first to last.

Mrs. Whitney, who occupied the platform first, gave between thirty and forty positive tests, without hesitating, and in all but two or three instances her tests were recognized. This lady has made remarkable progress in this phase of her powers. We regard her now as equal to the best of our platform test mediums.

Dr. Stansbury followed with independent slate-writing, similar to that described in our last issue, and which no fair-minded person could witness without recognizing the honesty of the man and the entire fairness of the exhibition.

Upon one slate, which the audience saw fairly cleaned and suspended to the gas jet, appeared the names of about forty persons in spirit-life. Upon another came a message from the late Mrs. Georgiana B. Kirby addressed to the Sisterhood of the Seven Links. Upon another still there appeared the following message addressed to the editor of this journal:

EDITOR OF THE GOLDEN GATE:—Ever since the moment when the inspiration was given you to found a spiritual paper the angelic world has been concentrating its forces on this far-western shore, for the double purpose of making the GOLDEN GATE a grand success and the development of a high grade of mediumship, in order that there might be on the one hand a wider dissemination of spiritual truth through its columns and the most perfect demonstration of spirit power through your mediums. To this end many high and noble spirits of the past and present age have combined for effective work, and as co-workers together with you and them we rejoice in the knowledge of the truth.

J. W. EDMONDS. E. V. WILSON.  
ROBT. DALE OWEN. ED. S. WHEELER.  
SIR ASTLEY COOPER. WM. DENTON.  
S. B. BRITTAIN. SELDEN J. FINNEY.

These mediums are winning golden opinions for the reliability and excellence of their platform tests.

## THE STATUS OF MAN AND WOMAN.

The women of Brooklyn, N. Y., surely need the ballot, if it could add anything to their defense against the tyranny of a class of men at whose mercy so many find themselves. Among other stories from that and neighboring cities of poor working women and girls comes one of discriminations against unfortunate widows, that quite dispels the illusion about the advantages derived from widowhood over single women.

The widow in question maintained herself and family by sewing. She went to a real estate agent to rent a flat. On his being informed that she would be responsible for the rent, the agent said he could not let her have it, and continued: "Our rules won't permit it. I'm sorry. If your husband was the most worthless man in the world and you were supporting him he would still be legally responsible, and you would have no trouble; but no agent in the city will let a flat unless some man goes security."

Is not this something for every American woman to resent? That an industrious, temperate and refined woman should be rated lower than a miserable sot of a man for honesty and reliability? It may be argued that this course is adopted by those agents because they do not like to risk the possibility of putting a woman to trouble; but it does not answer the case. The refusal to let flats or other places of residence to widows shows that their word of honor is held to be less trustworthy than the work of the veriest beast that ever walked upon two legs.

**MAN'S INGRATITUDE.**—We of this part of the world have considerable to be thankful for, if we do not all have the best that is going. In the first place we owe less of a national debt than Russia, Turkey, Germany, France, England and Spain, while our bonds are the dearest in the world. The human family is a very large one, and some of its members are poorly provided for. We belong to the five hundred millions that may be called well clothed; seven hundred millions are but partially clothed, while two hundred and fifty millions are partially naked. Of these numbers five hundred millions live in houses in whole or in part furnished with civilized appointments; seven hundred millions live in huts or caves with no furnishings; two hundred and sixty millions have nothing that can be called a home. The greater the provisions of nature and art the greater the dissatisfaction. The desires of man increase as they are gratified, and when he owns a nation he wants the world. Blessed are the contented poor.

**A SILENT WITNESS.**—Chemistry has furnished not a little evidence in cases at law, its silent testimony never being gainsayed or cross-questioned. Two barns were lately burned in Germany containing unthrashed wheat, the insurance of which could not be collected because it was said their contents were only straw. When the matter got into the courts chemists were employed to analyze the ashes. Phosphoric acid, of which wheat possesses nearly ten times more than straw, was found in sufficient amount to prove the claims of the farmers. Wood ashes, cement, and other mineral substances in great quantities, were not capable of preventing the test of science from proving the truth. Nothing is destructible except as to form, and even this is only changed for another. The thing gone or lost to our recognition we may be prizing as something new; or, for some hidden motive or ignorance, be denying that it ever existed. There is a higher chemistry that will ultimately prove all things. Let us be ready for its test.

—There will be a reunion of the Southern Association of Spiritualists in Cincinnati, commencing on the 27th of the present month. A grand time is anticipated.

## SPIRIT ART.

There is on exhibition at this office a life-size bust in oil of Mrs. E. L. Watson, the gifted inspirational speaker, painted, as the artist (Mr. W. H. F. Briggs) avers, in the dark, and while he was in a state of trance, and wholly unconscious. The picture was exhibited in one of the anterooms at the Temple, on Sunday last, but in such a poor light as to spoil its best effects. It is now in a better light, and is the admiration of all who have seen it. It is regarded as a striking likeness of Mrs. Watson at her best, as all portraits intended to survive the subject should be.

Mr. Briggs claims that he was controlled in this work by the spirit of Polygnotus, a Greek painter who lived several hundred years before the Christian era. However this may be there are touches of art in this picture of a very high order. The coloring is especially fine, and the paints are so smoothly rubbed into the canvas as to admit of the closest examination.

Mr. Briggs claims no knowledge of art himself. It is only about a year and a half ago, he says, that this controlling influence first came to him. Since then his guide, assisted by others of the Old Masters, has been training his hand, but always in the dark and at night. This, he assures us, is the first picture he has been permitted to finish. He is certainly a remarkable psychic and deserving of encouragement by all Spiritualists.

Mr. Briggs values this picture at \$250, and says that he would not undertake to paint another like it for less than that sum. But if the friends of Mrs. Watson will purchase this for the Religious and Philosophical Society, or for Mrs. Watson herself, he will donate one-half the price to the Society. In other words, he will sell the picture for \$125, including the frame, which is worth \$25.

Mr. Briggs has other inspirations in store, provided he can obtain the necessary material therefor, which the sale of this picture would afford. He has been an invalid for several years, and passed through much suffering during his development; but he is now fairly well, and anxious to be about his Master's work. He invites the closest criticism of this his first effort, feeling that it must stand or fall by its own merits, and not by any singular circumstance of its production.

We hope the means may be raised for its purchase, and a worthy medium thereby aided in the undertaking of other works of a like nature. Any letters or orders for Mr. Briggs will reach him promptly through this office.

## THE MISS CREWS' BENEFIT.

The entertainment given to Miss Crews under the auspices of the Sisterhood of the Seven Links, on Monday evening last, was a decided success. The parlors of Mr. and Mrs. Washburn, which were opened for the occasion, had been tastefully decorated with trailing vines and flowering blooms, and presented a bright and pleasing appearance.

The musical and literary exercises in almost every instance met with warm and hearty approval from the critical and cultured listeners who thronged both parlors and halls. Miss Crews was of course the central figure of interest; and it being her first appearance before the public it was a trying moment for her. All sensitives can fully appreciate how difficult it was to remain passive under like circumstances. That she was extremely nervous when she gave her first number on the program, "The Storm at Sea," was very marked, especially to those who had heard her when in her own home surrounded by only a few kind friends, but she seemed to gain confidence, and, later on, her following selections were rendered with more firmness and decision. Her last selection, "Drops of Morning Dew," was, to our mind, more like her at her best; it was exquisitely executed. She was the recipient of handsome floral tributes and much applause.

Mr. Jos. W. Maguire, whose rich musical voice is always a treat to listen to, gave two solos; Mrs. Cressy kindly favored the audience with one of her choice vocal selections, and Laura Crews, a little miss of seven, gave a song and dance to the delight of all. Miss Hammond acquitted herself with great credit in her cornet solo; so pleased were the audience that she was compelled to repeat it. A guitar and zither duet included all the musical program. This was given by Mrs. Jacobs and Mr. Fedderland, and was considered one of the gems of the evening, and was loudly encored.

Of the literary part, we consider the quarrel scene between Cassius and Brutus as particularly fine, by Mrs. Aylesworth as Brutus and Mrs. Cramer as Cassius. Both Cassius and Brutus were represented in a manner to call forth the highest approval from the Shakespearean students. Mr. Cramer recited Mark Twain's "Grave of Adam" most admirably, and created much merriment.

The full receipts for the fair benefice are not yet exactly known, but it will be nearly or quite eighty dollars—not a bad beginning for the first effort of the Sisterhood.

**WORK OF THE LADIES' AID SOCIETY.**—The Ladies' Aid Society and Advisory Committee of the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, met at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Robinson, 308 Seventeenth street, last Wednesday evening. Mrs. Robinson, the President of the Aid Society, read her report, which showed to exactness the incoming and outgoing of the kindergarten fund. Mrs. Robinson is a noble, unselfish worker for humanity, and in no field is there broader scope for usefulness than in the line in which her sympathies and efforts are enlisted—in behalf of the poor little children without home influences. The Aid Society, when it adopted the Jessie street school, saved a home for about sixty waifs, wherein their tender feet are led toward honorable manhood and womanhood, and it did nobly. About forty persons were present, and a lively interest was manifested in the good work of the Society. Light refresh-

ments were served, after which a collection was taken up to replenish the exhausted funds of the Society, which amounted to over sixteen dollars. The next reception of the Society will be held at Mrs. Ryders, of which due notice will be given. The report of the Secretary of the meeting comes too late for this issue, but will be given in full next week.

## REMARKABLE MEDIUMSHIP.

We have witnessed many phases of mediumship, but never, until Tuesday last, that of the perfect control of the brain and voice of the medium by one spirit, and of the hand by another, at one and the same time. Thus, while the medium, with eyes thoroughly bandaged, is talking incessantly under the control of a sprightly child spirit, the right hand, controlled by another spirit, is busily at work sketching faces and forms of one's spirit friends, or scenes in spirit life.

The lady who performs these wonders is Mrs. Allie S. Livingstone, of 625 1-2 Larkin street, this city. The writer and his wife were present at her parlors on the day above mentioned, where they were joined by Hon. Amos Adams and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Slater. We were pleasantly received by Mr. Livingstone, who informed us that his wife was suffering from the effects of a fall, and consequently was not in the best condition for her controls to work through, but she kindly consented to try.

The medium's eyes were first thoroughly blindfolded by placing a pad about four inches in length and two inches wide over each eye, and binding the same with a handkerchief. These pads extended down to the mouth, and a tape was tied around the face below the nose, so that not a glimmer of light could reach the eyes. Members of the party tried on these blinders, and they were surely perfect for the purpose intended.

The medium then passed under control, when she demonstrated her power to read, without the use of her material eyes, and the hand soon began to select the crayons for a portrait. In a few minutes she sketched a pretty face and head of a young girl, which, when finished, she claimed would be recognized by some member of the party present, but which she was unable to complete at the time, owing to the unfavorable conditions.

This medium will produce a beautifully executed likeness of any spirit with which the artist controlling her hand can come *en rapport* in from ten to fifteen minutes. It is only when the brain is controlled by one spirit that the hand can be used by another. The medium said that her chief control had been absent for six months, but that she had heard from her recently and that she would return on the following evening, when the child control would stand aside, except when requested to come in.

To persons not familiar with mediumship this writing can have but little meaning; but those who have satisfactorily investigated spiritual phenomena, will find in the manifestations given through the mediumship of Mrs. Livingstone something of rare interest. She is a lady of refinement and culture, who shrinks from public notoriety. She needs but to be known to have her spirit pictures eagerly sought for.

## A MARKED PREFERENCE.

In the midst of wars and rumors of wars, disturbed social conditions and all manner of conspiracies, the means for the uplifting of the race goes steadily on, and each month records the entrance of new workers into the many fields of usefulness and honor. Among those aspiring to lives of public service, we always look for the name of woman, upon whom so much of the future's weal or woe depends.

In the storm and confusion of Ireland's present troubles, the cause of education is steadily pursued, and the Irish College of Physicians register the names of several young women who passed the required examinations; Miss Brinck, a Swede, and Miss Van Overbeke, a German, are among them.

It is said that of the students in the University of Zurich, ten per cent are women; twenty-nine of them are studying medicine, fourteen, philosophy, and two political economy. In London there are at present forty-eight female students of medicine; and in Paris one hundred and three.

The medical profession is a favorite among women, though one of the most arduous and health-taxing. We believe, however, that they stand its hardships and exposures quite as well as men. Their nervous system is of a finer and more enduring quality; and being the natural nurses of children, their sympathies are stronger, and their intuition quicker than those of men, and therefore more successful. Woman is also the natural physician of women.

**PASSED ON.**—Gen. Jonas Winchester, a pioneer Spiritualist and journalist, of this State, passed on from his home in Columbia, on the 23d ult., in the seventy-sixth year of his age. Gen. Winchester was formerly a partner with Horace Greeley in the publication of the *New Yorker*. He was the first State Printer of California, and was at the same time editor of the *Pacific News*. He was afterwards editor of the *Golden Rule*, a journal devoted to the interests of Odd Fellowship. Mr. John Taylor, of Chinese Camp, a kind and valued friend of the General's, officiated at the funeral, and his remains were buried in Odd Fellows' Cemetery. The funeral was largely attended, as the deceased was widely known, and beloved by all who knew him as a grand and noble soul. Death, for him, was but the stepping out of an old and dilapidated tenement into a new and beautiful one, where all is bright and fair.

—The attention of all lovers of choice spiritual music is called to the list of songs by C. Payson Longley, the eminent musical composer, published in another column. Bro. Longley devotes his grand musical inspiration especially to the composition of music suitable for the spiritual seance, the public meeting, and the family fireside. We commend his songs to all who can sing, and surely all should sing.



## EDITORIAL NOTES.

—There will be a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company, at this office on Wednesday next, March 9th, at 2 o'clock P. M. A full attendance is desired.

—The annual election of Trustees of the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society will take place at the Temple to-morrow (Sunday) morning at 11 o'clock. A full attendance of the members of the Society is desired.

—Mrs. L. P. J. Herring, of Deer Ridge, in the Santa Cruz hills, writes: "Your paper is 'the best of its kind I ever read; and the spirit' of kindness breathed throughout its pages is 'Christlike in tender yet strong language.'"

—Hon. Amos Adams, President of the GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Co., will leave for the East next month, with a view to visiting the Eastern camp-meetings. Of course he will represent this journal in his travels.

—Dr. W. W. McKaig will lecture before the Oakland Spiritual Association, at Armory Hall, Oakland, to-morrow (Sunday) evening. Subject: "Man Considered as a Pleasure-Seeker." This lecture will be the first of a course of five lectures before said Association.

—Kansas is the first State to confer the right of suffrage upon woman. It was through her bleeding wounds that freedom was first made possible to the slave; it is now meet that she should lead off in the enfranchisement of the best half of God's humanity.

—We succeeded, on Sunday last, in our regular experimental seance with Mr. Fred Evans, in obtaining the best slate (always excepting the one with the twelve languages) we have yet received through his wonderful mediumship. It will appear in our next week's issue.

—We have received from the publisher and composer, David Taylor, 794 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y., two beautiful pieces of piano music entitled, respectively, "Golden Chords Waltz," and "Golden Sunrise Waltz." This music can be ordered through any of our music dealers.

—Mrs. Whitney and Dr. Stansbury will give another of their remarkable platform test seances at Assembly Hall in Odd Fellows' Building, on Sunday evening, March 6th. Admission, ten cents. The house ought to be packed, and we doubt not will be if the weather proves favorable.

—C. Payson Longley, the inspirational musical composer of Boston, says: "I rejoice with you 'in the grand success of your highly spiritual' journal. You are 'the right man in the right place,' and the angel world and spiritually-minded men and women will surely sustain you 'in your glorious mission.'"

AMONG THE CLOUDS.—Fourteen thousand feet above the sea, on Mt. Whitney, blooms a lovely but lonely flower. It has not a single floral companion, not even a blade of grass or shrub, nor living creature, bird or insect, to keep it company. This remarkable flower stands fifteen hundred feet above the timber line, among the clouds, and nearer the silent stars than the rest of earthly blossoms. Rev. Mr. Traverser describes it in the New York Times as shaped like a bell-flower, gaudy in colors of red, blue and purple. It is called *polemonium confertum*, or Jacob's ladder. Its fragrance partakes of white jasmine, with an assimilation of musk. All other vegetation has ceased to exist at this spot, and not even a thimbleful of soil surrounds it, and no moisture but snow and ice. It goes to sleep in icy capsules every night, and opens its petals to the morning sunlight dripping with tears of opal and pearl. What the mission of this flowering sentinel of the mountain peak is we can not know, but certain it is that all beautiful things of earth were not ordered for man's special benefit and pleasure.

## NOTE OF THANKS.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.—Dear Sir:—Permit me through the columns of your paper to express my most sincere thanks to the many friends, and especially to the Ladies of the Sisterhood of the Seven Links, under whose successful management a complimentary benefit was tendered me at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Washburn, at 2728 Howard street, Monday evening, Feb. 28, 1887.

Not alone for the financial benefit but infinitely more for words of love and encouragement received at this first public exhibition of the beautiful gift which the angels have blessed me with. Words so poorly express the language of the heart that I can simply say, *I thank you, one and all*. As the flowers receive the dew of the evening to gather strength to expand into new beauty in the morning so will the memory of your kindness stimulate me to greater efforts in the future for the development of my *heaven-bestowed gift*.

Lovingly yours, LEANA CREWS.

221 Shotwell St.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 2, 1887.

## IN MEMORIAM.

Passed to the home of the soul Feb. 4th, Brother C. W. Siddell. Brother Siddell was President of the Sacramento Spiritual Association at the time of his new birth. He was an exemplary citizen, a worthy member of society, an intelligent and earnest Spiritualist, and a long-standing and esteemed Brother of Odd Fellowship, under whose auspices, assisted by many of his spiritual friends, were the obsequies performed. The spiritual ceremonies were performed by Mrs. J. W. Stephens. He was a native of New Brunswick. He left an only daughter. We know it is well with him.

Mrs. J. W. STEPHENS.

SACRAMENTO, Feb. 15, 1887.

## FORM OF REQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the GOLDEN GATE, the following form of bequest is suggested:

"I give and bequeath to the GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, incorporated, November 28th, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, — dollars."

## Re-Incarnation.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Having just glanced over the contents of the GOLDEN GATE, bearing date Feb. 12th, and finding a letter from Mr. J. J. Morse, in which I am anonymously alluded to in connection with the oft-recurring subject of re-incarnation or re-embodiment, I wish to offer a few ideas and one positive fact at least, to your numerous readers.

So far as I can understand, the words re-incarnation and re-embodiment are not synonymous, at least they are not considered so by the guides of Mrs. Richmond, or the editors of the *Banner of Light*, though for myself I can readily understand the position of some that they mean the same thing. A difference in idea does, however, suggest itself when one hears these two words spoken of, or sees them in juxtaposition in print. Incarnation is usually translated conversion into flesh. In theological treatises we find the word frequently translated thus, while embodiment means certainly no more than taking on flesh. Incarnation seems to suggest to the mind that spirit becomes flesh while embodiment implies only that spirit uses flesh as an instrument of expression. It seems clear to many minds, therefore, that while the same idea may exist in the minds of those who use these different terms, the one term does not, etymologically speaking, signify exactly the same as the other.

Most believers in the successive embodiments of the human spirit maintain that the individuality of the spirit is not more affected by successive earthly embodiments than it is affected by the constant changes transpiring in the physical organisms of every one of us, changes so radical according to physiology that in a very few years our structures are completely remodeled. A confounding of personality with individuality appears to all intelligent advocates of re-embodiment the primal source of confusion and contention on this subject, and to enter upon an extended discussion of this profound theme would, of course, occupy far more space than any reasonable correspondent would seek to have devoted to a letter. Re-incarnation does not appear a nice or happy word to convey the idea intended, as the spirit is never made flesh; it may be embodied in a material form, but it does not thereby become material. The spirit and its body always remain as distinct as the body and its clothing.

Such at least is what I gather, not alone from my own inspirers, but from the most lucid teaching on the subject I have yet met with. Verbal quibbles are, however, in my judgment, so little to the point and tend so little to real advancement that I should be the last person to try and raise a dispute between those whose belief is substantially the same, while their phraseology may often considerably vary. I should not have trespassed on your columns thus far on a verbal question had it not been that this particular inquiry, "What is the difference between re-incarnation and re-embodiment?" is constantly occurring, and whenever a correspondent of the *Banner of Light* introduces the word re-incarnation in a communication, the editor puts re-embodiment after it in a bracket, or uses an asterisk to point the reader to it at the foot of the page. Precision in language certainly tends to lucidity in the conveyance of ideas, and I must say in passing I have derived, as I am sure many others have, much information from the *Banner of Light* simply from its precise editorial attention to phraseology.

Now, as to my own individual reminiscences of former earthly experiences, the assertion was ventured in San Francisco and many other places, for I am happy to inform your readers, Mr. Morse included, that I never feel afraid to express an honest conviction or to relate an interesting experience in my own history, because certain people who think they know everything are not prepared to accept a fact which does not tally with their own individual preconception of the scheme of the universe. I may possibly have said to Mr. Morse and others in his house when I engaged rooms there a few years ago, during a brief sojourn in London, that I had at different periods of my life received distinct impressions of four embodiments; but the number of these embodiments aside, the question of re-embodiment can be dealt with just as well if I relate one striking experience as though I went on to narrate several of a like nature.

For the benefit of those who insist that Allan Kardec's published writings are the source whence English and American mediums derive their knowledge of re-embodiment, I record the following brief chapter from a volume of my own personal reminiscence: When a child of not more than five years, I was the subject of many remarkable spiritual experiences, none of which I in any way understood at the time. I would frequently see my mother who passed to spirit-life in my infancy, and so real did she appear to me that I continued to believe she was yet in the mortal form till the circumstance of her being invisible to others when plainly visible to me, led me to recognize her as a being on a super-terrestrial plane of existence.

About that time I used to talk to my nurse, a woman who knew nothing of Spiritualism and was in no way mediumistic, concerning a distant land and a by-gone age. I described Siberia as it must have been

prior to the glacial period in Northern Asia. I would talk by the hour of my experience in that fair, warm, beautiful country of the enlightened races, who dwell there, even entering into particulars of physical geography. I was quite sure I had lived there thousands of years ago. Memory recalled past experiences connected with ancient Siberia as readily as I can now recall the events of fifteen or twenty years ago.

Now I ask to be informed by those who ridicule the idea that I could ever have lived there in the distant past, how such stories ever formed themselves on my lips; how did I remember what had never occurred? I was not in a trance; a spirit was not using my organism for the narration of another's experience; I was altogether myself and speaking from memory. I never saw one of Kardec's works or any other treatise on re-embodiment till I was over sixteen years of age, and I never read anything about ancient Siberia till I was twenty, at which time I recollected my early childish memories which had left my mind apparently for many years only to return with redoubled force, when carelessly turning over the leaves of a book on ancient religions, in a Boston library, my attention was suddenly called to a treatise upon the ancient condition of Northern Asia, what was my astonishment at seeing before my eyes a plain unvarnished statement by Rev. James Freeman Clark, in his admirable work, "Ten Great Religions," corroborating at almost every point what I had been so mysteriously proclaiming to astonished but ignorant ears when a child of five.

Opponents of the theory of re-embodiment are continually affirming we have no recollection of any previous existence. My experience may be uncommon, but it is nevertheless real; my childish memory, aided no doubt by some inspiration I did not comprehend, revealed to me my past, and I venture to say, with all due deference to those who think they know it all, that I in common with others who have had like experiences cannot give up facts for theories.

Mere denial is not argument; and if it be contended the evidence is insufficient to prove re-embodiment, we who feel we know it to be a truth answer, If it cannot thus be proved it most certainly has never as yet been disproved. Can any one point to an argument against re-embodiment which is neither sarcastic, flippant, or shallow? If there are sound and convincing arguments on the other side, arguments as philosophical as profound, as temperate as those put forward by believers in re-embodiment, both in the East and in the West, I want to read them and give them my closest attention; but though I endeavor to read carefully and dispassionately the counter-statements, especially those of gifted writers, I cannot see where they make their points, or on what scientific base their assertions rest.

As to theosophy, metaphysics, occultism, etc., these are subjects which the world over are engaging the attention of the profoundest intellects. If mystery enshrouds them does not mystery enshroud not only all spiritual phenomena but the entire realm of nature, until we have penetrated the mystery and discovered the law which governs all natural results?

I hope I may never be a blind partisan. Nothing is farther from my wishes than to blindly accept all the vagaries presented to the world with high-sounding titles; but when one comes to know of good actually accomplished, facts unmistakably demonstrated in connection with what is called theosophy and metaphysics, though the rose in such cases might smell as sweet by any other name, and though it is possible and even probable as you suggest in one of your editorials headed "What's in a Name?" that Spiritualism embraces all the good in so-called metaphysics and theosophy, I can readily see that you, in harmony with all truly advanced minds, believe fully in the genuineness of facts related. You only inquire as to the best words to employ when describing them, and honestly desire to render to Spiritualism what rightfully belongs to it.

In this connection let me say, I fully agree with you, and also to some extent with Mr. Burns, editor of *Medium and Daybreak*, London, who has been alluded to in GOLDEN GATE quite frequently of late, and who has devoted considerable space in his columns to commenting upon articles in yours. I was much delighted with the good-natured rebuke you administered to some of his uncalled-for criticisms. He is a very hard worker in the cause and deserves even more praise than he gets for his painstaking labors; but when prejudice against a doctrine or an individual inspires his pen his scathing denunciations of persons and ideas are decidedly unjust.

Personally, I care nothing whatever for hostile criticisms. I am so thoroughly used to them, and have learned to take them as a matter of course. They offend flattery from other sources, and are no more distasteful than undeserved praise; but when misstatements and misrepresentations are continually indulged in it seems a duty one owes the public to protest against being held responsible for ideas one has never promulgated, or even secretly entertained. I never in my life indorsed many of the views Mr. Burns opposes and attributes to me, and if he sees them advocated in printed lectures delivered through my mediumship he must read what is not written on the paper. Mr. Burns protested against certain views of "purgatory" which have

never been indorsed by my inspirers or myself on any occasion, but they were fathered on to my public utterances; then, in a very recent issue of the *Medium*, the statement that some Spiritualists cared for nothing but what they passively received through mediums was misconstrued into a statement to the effect that Spiritualism itself taught nothing higher, and we must go to theosophy if we desired superior teachings. I emphatically protest against misrepresentation, and I am decidedly unwilling to be misquoted, as such conduct on the part of an editor is exceedingly unfair and cannot conduce to any good end. I have known Mr. Burns for many years, and have transacted much business with him; our relations have usually been amicable, and whenever I have heard him falsely accused I have boldly defended his honor. I have no wish to pick a quarrel with him, but some of his recent references to myself and my work have been so misleading, not to say insulting; and as he has taken almost all his offense at what has appeared in GOLDEN GATE, and at what was done in California, I do not think you will feel I have endeavored to introduce into your columns a personal grievance. I have no thought of returning to England, so what appears to me in English papers is not very extensively read by parties with whom I am immediately brought in contact at present; still fair play the world over—we have all a right to expect, and I do trust in future garbled statements founded on what I have not said may appear in print less frequently than formerly.

The work in Boston is still progressing favorably. A change in the usual program will occur in March, as Mrs. Cora Richmond will take my place in Boston and I hers in Chicago. My next letter will be from that city. I hope to be able to report very favorably from that great metropolis of the West. No more to-day except good wishes from your sincere friend,

W. J. COLVILLE.

668 Tremont St., Boston, Feb. 23, '87.

## Spiritualism in Nanaimo, B. C.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Thinking that some of your readers would like to hear something about Spiritualism from this district, I therefore take up my pen to drop you this short letter on that subject:

A year has nearly elapsed since the popular trance medium, G. N. Colby, visited Nanaimo. At that time there were only some four or five who were avowed Spiritualists, but since his visits to this place there has been a great number of people that have investigated the subject. We have now a spiritual society and a circulating library; we have also three circles that hold regular sittings to develop mediums. This has all been done through the interest Mr. Colby created by his able lectures, and by proofs given to the people at his private sittings.

I cannot speak too highly of Mr. Colby as a lecturer, as a test medium, and also as a man; he is a courteous, kind-hearted, honorable man, temperate in all things, and is one whom Spiritualists may well be proud of. I have heard many of the best speakers, both in the normal and abnormal condition, and I am sure Mr. Colby stands in the front ranks as a speaker. His efforts are always eloquent and logical; he is also a first-class test medium. He gave over two hundred sittings, and I know from conversations that I have had with most of the sitters, that he gave them splendid proofs of spirit return. I will give you and your readers the opinion of a prominent member of the Episcopal Church, after having had a private sitting with Mr. Colby, he said: "If you stay here, Mr. Colby, for a few months you will give the people more proofs of the immortality of the soul than all the churches in the province have given since the first church was established."

He made converts of some intelligent people who had been very much opposed to Spiritualism. The churches, of course, did all they could to misrepresent and prejudice their members, and others, against Spiritualism and to keep them away from the lecturer and private sittings, but despite all these efforts the lectures were pretty well attended, and he was unable to give private sittings to all that came; many had to be denied. He has also been instrumental in starting a State spiritual society in Oregon, and one in Victoria. To show how popular Spiritualism is becoming in Victoria, I inclose a report of the ceremony held at the funeral of Captain Walker from the Victoria weekly *Standard* newspaper, which, if you insert in your valuable paper, will greatly oblige Yours fraternally,

JOSEPH MITCALF.

A POONA (India) paper, the *Kesari*, speaks as follows with reference to Dr. Joshee, the Hindoo lady who graduated in Philadelphia last year: "We are very glad to announce the safe arrival of Mr. and Dr. Anandibai Joshee in their native land. We cannot but admire and praise Dr. Joshee's great courage in crossing the ocean, and the perseverance with which she studied and earned her medical diploma at the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia. When we consider the opposition and the strong prejudice entertained by the people of this country against female education, and also the troubles and trials endured by Mr. and Dr. Joshee in venturing to do this great thing against public opinion, our admiration for them increases very greatly."

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

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHICAL SERVICES AT Metropolitan Temple, by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, Sunday, March 6th. Mrs. E. L. Watson will answer questions at 11 a. m. In the evening at 7:30 she will lecture. Children's Lyceum at 12:30 p. m. All services free.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 11 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.

FREE PUBLIC MIND-CURE MEETINGS ARE held every Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. and 2:30 o'clock p. m., at Grand Pacific Hall, 1045 1/2 Market street. The morning meetings are devoted to questions and answers and healing patients. At 2 o'clock a paper is read, followed by testimonies and closing with a social. These meetings are for the purpose of showing people how they have power in themselves to remove all disease and trouble.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY Wednesday evening, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 117, Larkin street. First hour—Trance and Inspirational Speaking. Second hour—Tests, by the Mediums. Admission, free.



[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## From the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

[By Georgie, messenger of the Order of Light. A voice from one of the Order messengers.]

As a messenger of the Order of Light, Georgie comes this morning to redeem her promise to write. Georgie sees cast before her a symbol of love and harmony, a perfect ring which catches and reflects the ray of light from the central sun. Peace and happiness are therefrom reflected, and the hearts of Saidie and the band are made glad thereby. Light more perfect, peace more complete, comes through the power of love and harmony, and hearts are made receptive to light and wisdom through its central power, which binds close in bonds of union and strength the hearts of earth's receptive ones, who are so united to the dwellers of the higher spheres. Georgie would speak to the inner consciousness of each and every one, and bid you be banded in oneness of purpose with the angel host, from spheres of light, where reigns not selfish purpose, but the grand and holy purpose of doing good to each other, thereby promoting the highest good to mankind, and through his unfoldment, that of nature. For it is a natural law, that as man becomes unfolded in his Deific, his divine powers, he holds the same over the elements of nature. The storms and cyclones have their counterpart in man, and as his inner being becomes more refined, more in harmony with the great All-Good, nature herself will unfold in greater beauty and perfection. The wild storm of wind, the grumble and noise of tempest will be subdued. Like the cold storm of Winter is the untutored heart of selfishness, striving to gain its own ends through its own power, but at last recoils upon itself in some culminating act that brings swift recompense, which turns the thought into a new channel, and the heart becomes weary with the ill-success which is the sure result, founded in justice, meted out in mercy, and through which life's lessons are studied to be learned and treasured in the grand storehouse of good. Holy thought and purpose are oft born of trial and discouragement, twin disciplinarians of the human race. Georgie means not that wrong-doing is a necessity, but trial and sorrow have their lessons of good, and the book of experience is an open book, which each and every one must read, and from which lessons must be well learned, from its title page to the last word, "Finis."

Were this earth more harmoniously centered its children would be correspondingly so; but in its relation to the center, it has thus far evolved inharmonious conditions, and its children have been fed upon error, false teachings have been thrust upon them, and the great desire for happiness in the future life has caused many, very many, to feed upon the soulless creeds of the age. Georgie sees selfishness that has been born of such ideas and principles greatly at variance with the true idea of happiness. The band for whom she is willing messenger are radiant and happy, yet never idle, they sing and chant glad songs and anthems, not only that they are redeemed, but that the law of love and progress (which is an expression of Deity) has found full fruition thus far in their lives, and has been sown in the hearts of the Father's children, and will spring up, bearing its rich wealth of bud and bloom, to gladden and eventually crown the life with its golden harvest.

Those who have reached a pinnacle of the mount progression are never satisfied with their attainments alone, but turning would beckon their human brother up the same dizzy heights, cheering and counseling them in their onward march. As a messenger from the band who meet in council in the halls of light, Georgie would give to the mind of the earth-members the idea of inharmonious as a storm of wind. When we, as spirits, enter your atmosphere, take upon ourselves robes of materiality, we are subject to its laws, and while near earth we hear the wind and storm that may be raging without the walls of your dwelling. Georgie would inweave this as a lesson into each inner being to whom she may address herself, for if Saidie and the band, who should be the guides into the great Temple of Truth, come into the atmosphere of your presence, it must be one of harmony and peace, without the jar of contentment and strife, or much force must be expended ere their work can be done. This is given Georgie to say to each and every one, and if there be indeed wind and storm prevailing, may it ever be without the walls of home, that it disturb not the peace and quiet of homes where angel feet delight to walk.

As a loving spirit Georgie comes and would scatter gems of wisdom, that each may receive for their own use and good, that no heart need feed upon dry husks of error. Saidie comes not to lower, but to elevate mankind; she teaches never error, but truth sublime and sacred, which as bright jewels she may see set into the crown of wisdom each head may wear. And Georgie as her messenger would scatter adverse thoughts, and so prepare the way for the truth from spheres of light.

Harmony there is which is not born in the higher spheres, and Saidie bids me say to each one: See where you have cast your anchor; if it be in the seeming smooth sea of selfishness, and be of selfish purpose, be it ever so smooth be sure

you will find therein rocks which will cause trouble. Doubt is oftentimes a grand power to open the eyes to actual truth; it is well to sound the sea upon which one is sailing, that it be well known if from its rocky bed there project danger points which will cause disaster. To trust is well and right, but to trust wisely and well is far better. In each heart should be cultivated the highest sense of honor and of right, then harmony, with the All Good, will be the result, and Saidie and her bright band will have a golden chain to which they will attach themselves, and the heart so held with links of gold will be uplifted, and all that is high and holy be rebuilt.

For this they work untiringly and unceasingly; they send forth their messengers bearing the lamp of truth to earth's weary hearts, who hunger and thirst for the bread of life, which, in the darkness, reveals not itself to them. As messengers we go forth, bearing our missions of love and peace as a baptism of blessing to make hearts glad, and in our flittings to and fro there are always songs unsung within. We fly on wings of love to do the bidding of the angel world, and happiness forms the wings. It is a glorious privilege to enter, as oft we do, doors where an angel's presence is needed and whisper peace in its atmosphere, strew flowers within its walls, and herald the incoming of divine truth, which will be the elixir of life to the waiting souls.

There are a multitude of spirits who are joyful messengers of light and knowledge, love and wisdom, who enter homes, and speaking in whispers of a better way and of better things, so prepare the way for wisdom fathers and mothers to enter with their love and presence, which ever proves a blessing rich and full. Glad are we that unto us has been given the messenger's light, glad that as spirits we can come into your homes and make our light and truth seen and felt; for we can promise each one who receives the same, the presence of angels who are able to minister to their every need, to cheer, comfort, sustain and guide through all trial they must meet in their way.

No idle words of promise are spoken but those which will prove true. We can not always clear the way,—can not divert accident or calamity; these must be met, must be endured as part of your life experience; they are lessons to learn, needed to round out your life imperfectness. But we can shed light upon the way; we can counsel with you, give words of cheer, comfort, and, if need be, of warning. Into an atmosphere made harmonious we can enter, and in whisperings soft and sweet, bid you build yourselves up as a temple, holy and pure, that your spirit may be able to take a joyful flight home therefrom. And we would impress upon you oft the necessity of perfecting, as far as possible, the mission of the present incarnation, that the robes immortal be woven to be worn when you again reach the shore of the better land.

Make not the homeward journey unnecessarily long. Georgie would rejoice to see many home-comings, such as her eyes have seen. The angels have rejoiced greatly to welcome home returned ones. And when each one is liberated from the form now worn, may their welcome be, "Well and faithfully done," from the lips and heart of the mother who loves with an abiding love each child within the folds of the Heaven-crowned Order.

Given by Spirit Georgie, messenger of the Sun Angels' Order of Light in the Heavens, through Mrs. E. S. Fox.

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

OSWEGO, February, 1887.

## Some Definitions—Not by Webster.

[Helen Wilmans.]

Pity—denotes an inequality of condition, and is a fraudulent effort at equalization by a bogus restitution.

Sympathy—is half brother to pity; but makes a closer approach to equality by having in its veins a large infusion of the love principle.

Love—is the equalizer, honest, upright, beautiful, giving freely, taking freely, on the dead level of perfect reciprocity.

Anger—is the prompt, fiery friend that breaks up old, solidified conditions, sending the person up to newer and better ones.

Martyrdom—an obsolete word, which once meant dying for freedom. We live for freedom now.

Patience—a hitching-post to which social ignoramus permit themselves to be chained, while the impatient and restless rape the world and rake every advantage into their own enclosures.

Veneration—a superstitious awe for something in which we are bankrupt ourselves; therefore an imaginary virtue; figment of empty heads; or, at best, the faint foreshadowing of the latent manhood of the man.

Endurance—also obsolete. The man who in this age and generation when smitten on one cheek turns the other, places himself in a position for the exercise of the boot vamp, and the world's verdict is, "Served him right."

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Religion is only love going about doing something.

God pity a man that has got a forked-tongued wife.

The happiest creature is he who has a thought for himself.

I'd rather be a noble, generous sinner than a stingy Methodist.

The hardest fellow I have to deal with is my wife's husband.

It is mighty hard to keep a five hundred pound, fat, slick Methodist straight.

I do not know any human being who has any special claim on God.

What is creed but an old skin stuffed with sawdust, good to be exhibited in a museum.

THOMAS A. EDISON is reported as fatally ill of lung difficulties. He is now in Florida. It is announced in the daily press that he has latterly given in his adhesion to Spiritualism, as a believer, which is no more than just, in that, to our mind, he has been a medium all through his remarkable career, and his valuable inventions have been inspired by practical friends of humanity in the higher life.

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## A Friendly Review.

BY J. M. HARPER.

I am rather a novice at writing for the press, but, with your consent, wish to review a short address, by Hon. Thomas Fitch, at Tacoma. It first appeared in the *Banner of Light*, and reappeared in the *GOLDEN GATE* of Oct. 2, 1886.

We as individuals differ materially on subjects of vital interest, and with honest convictions, too: Brother Fitch, in treating the subject, "Life Beyond the Grave," says, "If materialism be true, we may as well strike such words as sacrifice, integrity and unselfishness from our vocabularies. If there is no hereafter, no moral accountability, no conscience, no innate perception of right and wrong which come to us from the other life as moonbeams come through the rifts in darkening clouds; if all these are but sounding praises invented by priests and used by politicians, then should not every man help himself to whatever may contribute to his comfort without regard to the rights of others?"

Not so, my good brother; really not so. This all seems very strange to us, that simply disbelieving in a discontinuation of life beyond the grave would tend to such immorality and depravity, as that one should be destitute of honor, know no justice nor unselfishness. But every one would cheat, lie, steal and take by force when opportunity offered,—simply because they could see no farther than the grave. No, a belief or disbelief in the future (in our opinion) has nothing to do with our present actions or motives; they are and of right should be strictly children of the present. Should we, as Spiritualists or Christians, act only as prompted by prospective gain; only do a kind act or bestow a timely favor on a needy mortal, when the recompense, financially, is forthcoming, we would then fall far short of a good title to the honored name of Spiritualist or Christian.

We think, and hope, the good brother has erred a little in his statement. Should Brother Fitch see even a stranger, in perilous condition, rushing helplessly to inevitable destruction, were it in his power to rescue that unfortunate one, he would do so without a moment's delay to count the cost or to ascertain if the pay for his services were accessible. Neither would he stop to consult the future in regard to the extra jewel that his crown might contain, but rather think he would do just as thousands of kind-hearted, conscientious materialists have done—just reach out a helping hand, even though he knew he would scarcely be thanked for doing his duty.

We have been an open advocate and student of the sublimely beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism for nearly twenty years, and have found lasting consolation in its harmonious teaching. We have also had the good fortune to be intimately acquainted with a goodly number of noble souls (although they conscientiously and stoutly maintained they had no souls) that for honesty, integrity, unselfishness and exalted refinement were not to be excelled by the most devoted of the faithful. In my experience they seem to be almost universally a benevolent, kind-hearted people. I have had running open accounts quite lengthy with several Materialists, and have yet the first one to find that was not strictly honest in every transaction. Would to God we could truthfully say as much of the advocates of future rewards and punishment.

The Christian will not deny that the infidel is just as generous to the needy as the sectarian; that the Materialist will aid the sick and afflicted, assist the widow and orphan, and are generally as useful members of society, as the faithful, but insists that kindness toward fellow-mortals, sincere desires and noble principles are minor adjuncts in the great scheme of the soul's salvation, even worthless unless accompanied by the saving faith, which faith alone in the merits of Christ Jesus is sufficient to insure struggling mortality a seat in the blissful heaven that all mortality is aspiring to.

Now, with the kindest regards for the opinion of both Brother Fitch and our Christian brethren, we are of the opinion that the true heaven is not a far-off locality, but instead an internal condition or state of the individual. We each and every one of us have the all of heaven or the other place continually in our own keeping. When we can cross-examine our inner selves and arrive at an honest verdict in the affirmative that we can grant our sister or brother the honest religious conviction of their opinions—although differing materially with our own—without questioning their sincerity; when we can conscientiously comply with the Golden Rule—which, by the way, is many centuries older than Christianity; when we find no fault with our brother's shortcomings, but instead have sympathy and kind wishes in place of condemnation for the lower developments of humanity, encouragement and kindness, hoping they may overcome and rise superior to the oppressions of their troubled souls; when we can patiently endure the effects of violated law (disease) and calmly submit to the ailments of mortality, by a more comprehensive knowledge of the laws of causation, and have uprooted the principal noxious verbiage of the garden of the soul and the pure, sweet, fragrant flowers begin to appear in the

shape of kind, benevolent acts and lofty aspirations, we are then nearing the Golden Gate that admits us to the sweet communion of angels.

Brother Fitch further says: "There surely is another life than that of earth, for those gone before still live in our memory, though no more living in the flesh than the radiant children of the stars." We certainly do not question a continuation of life and personal identification; but also think the stars, or other planets and worlds, are very similar to our own little world,—only some of them a great deal larger and probably much older, and their inhabitants possessed of flesh and physical structure, very similar to our own, probably very much our superiors intellectually. But we fail to find any evidence in a continued existence of our loved departed, simply from retaining a consciousness of their former visible existence.

The good brother's next proposition is strictly in evidence of a continued existence; he says: "For there is ever before each of us the testimony of our own souls." Yes, verily, this is evidence that need not fear successful refutation, for all scientists, even the materialistic element, concede that all matter is eternal, and hence indestructible. If so, the spirit body, the future tabernacle of the soul, is surely indestructible; that highly refined material body that our most scientific chemists fail, as yet, to take cognizance of through any known chemical process. Yes, it eludes their most eager grasp; but thanks to the good angels, they have succeeded, through the assistance of the sensitive mortal, to lift the mysterious veil and enable poor mortals to partake of the bread of life and live forever. For there is an overwhelming preponderance of evidence in support of the positive existence of the spirit body—the future body of the soul; as well attested by thousands of mortals through the blessed gifts of clairvoyance and spirit photography.

Then, we think, the brother loses his bearings again and promiscuously wanders; he says: "Words can not adequately express the conception of the other life which awaits the mortal spirit on its exit from the body." We think the general teaching of our translated kindred, that have been visiting us daily for the last thirty-eight years, from the homes of the spirits, with messages of their cares and labors of love, ought to give us a fair conception of what awaits us on our next step up the ladder, viz., that the shuffling off of the physical, or birth of the spirit, is so in harmony with the general surroundings that many are conscious of the entire transition. And others on awakening to consciousness over there, after the transition, can scarcely be persuaded that they have been transferred. They see they have a real, tangible body; they see people that look familiar, and generally acquaintances and kindred can communicate with them as usual, and are loth to believe, at first, that they are what we call *dead*. And really there is no death, but all is life on the ascending grade.

In conclusion, we will say, this feeble effort (which is much longer than we intended) is with the kindest intent and best wishes to all. Hoping the day is not far distant when all earth's children will be made to rejoice in the solution of the greatest problems—that when a man's earthly pilgrimage is over he does still live with his loved ones forever more; and, still better, that we grow nobler as we ascend the endless ladder through the higher heavens, onward and upward through the spheres of eternal usefulness, and gardens that are prolific with delicious fruits and lovely foliage of beauty and splendor, that are eternally blooming with angelic flowers of rarest dazzling hues and sweetest fragrance.

COLFAX, W. T., Feb., 18, '87.

HAVE you considered this fact—that truths are not to be taught; that all teachers can do is to arouse the thought in a pupil that will lead to the growth of truth in his mind. Sometimes the simplest word from a child will do this more effectively than volumes of profoundest wisdom. Indeed it often happens that superior learning in a teacher stupefies the mind of a pupil, oppresses and confuses it, closes it up instead of opening it. I have very little respect for what the world calls learning; as a rule it is the substitution of somebody's cut and dried ideas for the natural, fresh and spontaneous ideas that would come of themselves by these other and older—and thereby more respectable ideas. The world little knows what it has lost in originality by its wretched substitution of what it calls "erudition."—*Helen Wilman.*

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jun12

## PUBLICATIONS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

## OUR SUNDAY TALKS;

Gleanings In Various Fields of Thought,

By J. J. OWEN,

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

SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## From Lupa.

CHIPPWA (meaning mourning dove.)

O porter at the Golden Gate,  
Can room be made within for me?  
Behold, I stand without and wait,  
With listening ears—eyes strained to see.

I've traveled far, my weary wings  
Have fluttered o'er Sierra snows;  
I've paused to drink at mountain springs,  
And, later, rested 'neath the rose.

I shall not linger long, for I,  
By law of destiny, frequent  
The border lands, where culture vies  
With savage nature yet unspent.

I come to plead for those whose lives  
Are always passed beneath the shade,  
For that torn hand which always strives  
With thorns which in its path are laid.

And yet, oft times they do not know  
There is a better way for them;  
They callous or they quicken, so  
Are stupid or are desperate men.

The low desires inherited,  
The company of those as low,  
The hunger of the soul unfed,  
The outer and the inner foe,

Might prove too much for many more,  
Had nature treated them the same,  
We measure height by what is lower,  
And may misplace our praise and blame.

The glory of the higher debt,  
Which gives ourselves for others' good,  
Is even undesired yet,  
And, surely, is not understood.

So, when the mantle falls on you  
From risen prophets, seers and saints,  
Remember him whose hopes are few,  
Who, struggling by the wayside, faints.

And, when your blessings overflow  
Enough to reach from sea to sea,  
And you of human needs would know,  
Oh, leave the Gate ajar for me.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Life's Difficult, Dark Way.

BY MARY W. MCVICAR.

If on the path so difficult and dark  
More signals had been set,  
How many faded cheeks and tear dimmed eyes  
Less often had been wet;  
For who would tread a dangerous way  
If told here peace and there disaster lay.

If we could find some guide for stumbling feet,  
Could know some good secure,  
We might unflatteringly press on,  
Life's penalties endure;  
But bowed and blinded on we grope,  
With scarcely courage left for hope.

We see a path which opens out all fair,  
Then how foresee, or know,  
It leads to deadly quicksands farther on,  
Without a guide to show;  
Give us more signals, in a world like this;  
Alas! so much we lose, so much we miss.

## The Measureless Deep.

I think sometimes that the silence itself has a soundless  
ghost,  
A stillness deeper than ocean, where gather the countless  
host  
Of shades that are shade's reflections, of glooms that are  
shades of gloom,  
And echoes of thoughts unfathomed which never in words  
find room.

There are thoughts which move at midnight, too deep for  
a vision's reach;  
There are waves deep down in silence, too strong for the  
grasp of speech;  
And a mystic intuition in infinite depths of space  
Too far to impress reflections or shades on a mortal face.

We know in the silent chamber the beats of a distant heart,  
We have seen with an inner vision the curtains of silence  
part,  
And far in the shaded distance have read, as on magic  
scroll,  
The words no sound could utter, addressed to an earnest  
soul.

There are things so deep and sacred they flee the approach  
of sound,  
There are ideas pure and holy no natural hedge-rows  
bound,  
And somewhere, well adjusted, unseen, unheard, intense,  
Are the truths which reach us only through a seventh-mys-  
terious sense.

We hear not, speak not, feel not, yet we think, and trust,  
and know,  
While the viewless mystic currents sweep by in their end-  
less flow,  
While above the mirrored crystal there flutter the ghostly  
wings,  
And a song too sweet for language its jubilant anthem  
brings.

The grandest truths of the ages have entered the heart  
like this,  
The things we can never utter producing the greatest bliss;  
Mysterious intuitions, swift shades of a shadow-thought,  
Have flooded the soul with sweetness in miracle wonders  
wrought.

We know there are soul vibrations, a subtle and glorious  
bond,  
Uniting the world material with a something so far beyond  
that it reaches us in soul waves, too delicate far for touch,  
That the brightest words are heavy and burden them over-  
much.

So we learn its beautiful wisdom. Its peaceful currents  
flow  
Too far for the reach of evil, too high for the touch of woe,  
Too deep for our words to fathom, too soft for the grasp of  
sound,  
In a place which God hath guarded with a silence most pro-  
found.

Then welcome the mystic message, the peace beyond all  
compare,  
Too sweet to be grasped or measured, found but by a voice-  
less prayer,  
The sign of a higher presence, a rapture which may not  
cease  
Till it reach the great Nirvana and blend into endless  
peace.

A symbol of something coming, revealing some time to be,  
The ripples of glory lapping the shore of an endless sea;  
The secret of life eternal, too grand for the bonds of speech,  
Conveying a soundless message to the waiting souls on the  
beach.

So the soul receives its message, by a route we may not  
trace,  
From the depths where fathomless silence broods ever in  
endless space;  
Where the finite may not measure with its puny rule and  
rod  
The truths which the soul receiveth direct from the heart of  
God.

—T. EDGAR JONES.

## The Spiritual Body.

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

I will endeavor to give you as clear an  
idea as I can of what our spiritual bodies  
are, although it may seem so intangible to  
you, so illusive, and I fear so unsatisfac-  
tory an explanation, that I enter upon it  
with some hesitation.

As I said, in a former communication,  
we are in effect "thought." These  
thoughts are encased in matter while we  
are in earth-life—that is, are tangible, that  
one can see, hear, touch, and that  
warmed and animated by the spirit within  
makes life pleasant and bright for us, or  
mars its pleasure and brightness by the  
sorrow that evil desires come to us.

When the spirit leaves this material  
body it is the same spirit, but the material  
that encased it, and which was all we  
knew it by, is no longer its habitation, but  
it seeks its place in the unseen world with  
none of the earthly habiliments clinging  
to it, by which one still in earth-life would  
recognize it. Its unfoldment is largely  
drawn from what its life has been, of  
brightness or darkness, and it is as intan-  
gible and elusive to the mortal touch as  
the shadow on the wall of one that you  
know, and whose presence you are assured  
of by that shadow which is so clearly de-  
fined as to be unmistakably that of your  
friend, and yet which you cannot feel  
with any of the sense of feeling.

Its condition is so purely spiritual that  
while it is without doubt the same person-  
ality you would scarcely feel that it was a  
satisfaction to your mortal sense, but to  
the freed spirit, who, upon first opening  
its spiritual eyes, sees the familiar faces  
animated by the joy of greeting and wel-  
come, the spiritual body is as real as the  
material would have been had it been still  
in the material itself, and what was its  
material form is as unreal as that of the  
spirit would have been when seen by it  
while in the body.

As the spirit progresses upward and ad-  
vances farther in the spiritual spheres this  
covering becomes brighter and more eth-  
erial, but still retains its personality as far  
as I can trace. Clearly defined as we are  
to one another at times we are only a  
presence at others. It is often so when  
we are attracted to you as you sit in cir-  
cles. We do not materialize at all, but  
simply throw our influence upon and  
about you, which is felt but not seen,  
even by those who are in spirit-life, as we  
are.

This, which causes so much wonder-  
ment to you, is a perfectly natural but  
unexplainable phenomenon. When we  
desire to be recognized (in order to have  
the spirit, who for the time being is occu-  
pying the form of the medium, and, there-  
fore, subject to his bodily conditions) we  
draw from the circle sufficiently to mate-  
rialize for his sight, such sight being sub-  
ject to physical conditions, and many  
times we are unable to accomplish this  
without detracting from his power of de-  
lineation too much. At the same time he  
may be perfectly cognizant of our pres-  
ence, and to whom we are attracted, but  
as his spiritual sight is hampered by the  
unaccustomed bodily conditions before  
referred to he cannot see us.

It is somewhat as it would be to you to  
be knowing to the fact, that one you were  
acquainted with was in the room and very  
near you, but in such position that you  
were unable to see them while feeling per-  
fectly assured of their presence. Our  
ability to come near to each other in spirit-  
life is sometimes governed by similar,  
wholly spiritual conditions. Those of  
lower planes cannot ascend under any cir-  
cumstances until they have progressed  
sufficiently to admit of their so doing.  
Their conditions, which are dependent  
upon the atmosphere which their lives and  
desires have formed about them, keep  
them where they are until they have be-  
come sufficiently emancipated from that  
atmosphere to allow them to advance.

We go among those of lower planes to  
aid in educating them, and lend a help-  
ing hand to lead them upward, but not  
to associate familiarly any more than you  
do with those whom you pity and whose  
condition you strive to ameliorate, but  
with whom you have nothing in common  
further than your humanity.

The fact of our being spirits does not  
naturally bring us into any closer com-  
munication or connection with one another  
than the fact of two people being from the  
same city implies acquaintance with each  
other. We are attracted by thoughts and  
similarity of feelings when we were per-  
sonally unknown before, and those with  
whom we were connected by ties of blood,  
but are as dissimilar in all that attracts  
friends as pole is from pole, are no longer  
held to us, but find their own level and  
their own companionship. Let me im-  
press upon your minds one fact—that  
however extended your knowledge may  
become you will find when you lay aside  
mortality and enter into spiritual condi-  
tions much that will not agree with your  
preconceived ideas in every particular,  
since each one sees for himself with what  
inward light he has to guide him, and  
from the position in which he stands, and  
finds himself still subject to conditions he  
cannot alter or explain.

W. G. CLAYTON.

In a volume upon Talma's tale, recently  
published, is quoted as an evidence of  
Talma's knowledge of English the fact  
that he had at his death a set of "Shaks-  
peare's Aromatic Works." This misprint

for "Dramatic" is an old blunder of an  
English word in a French book.—*Boston  
Journal.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the loud and confi-  
dent tone assumed by theological teach-  
ers regarding death and its spiritual effect  
upon the race, not one of them has been  
able to prove that death is anything more  
than a natural incident in human growth.  
No one can show that it is not another  
birth—the opening of a door to let man  
through into something grander and  
higher. It never would have been given  
along with life, unless it was bestowed in  
infinite love—and in love and trust it is to  
be accepted. All the processes and stages  
of human life point to development, which  
could not be had without man's learning  
the lessons which constitute the sum of  
his experience. Therefore, let him cease  
to torment himself with dissatisfactions,  
cease to be uneasy in consequence of  
ignorance, cease to rebel against laws that  
are framed in the highest wisdom and love,  
and seek rather so to live that the best re-  
sults may flow from the tide of events  
which it is inevitably each mortal's inher-  
itance to encounter in the fields of time.—  
*Banner of Light.*

A CURIOUS INSTANCE of premonition is  
related in the case of Isaac Musgrum, one  
of the victims of the boiler explosion at  
Thompson's mill. He lived at Geneva,  
with his wife and one child. On Sunday  
he was much depressed, and told his wife  
that he feared some great calamity. She  
tried to cheer him up. At 2 o'clock on  
Monday the explosion occurred and he  
was killed. At the same hour, before it  
was possible for the news of the explosion  
to reach Geneva, his little child, playing  
in the yard, ran into the house, crying as  
if her heart would break, and exclaiming:  
"Oh! my papa is killed, my papa is  
killed."—*Pittsburgh (Pa.) Times.*

The efficacy of mesmerism as an anæsthe-  
tic was fully proven by Prof. J. W.  
Cadwell during his stay at Portland re-  
cently, in which city he was at the time  
giving a very successful course of lectures.  
The incident alluded to is briefly told  
in the following item from the *Eastern  
Argus* of Jan. 3d: "Mr. Cadwell to-  
day attended two ladies, whom he mes-  
merized, in the office of Mr. Fernald, a  
dentist on Middle street, where they each  
had six or eight teeth successfully removed,  
some of them very difficult to extract,  
they being totally unconscious of the opera-  
tion."

GENTEEL POVERTY is a pitiable thing,  
but it is less pitiable than genteel slovenli-  
ness. The shabby individual is a more  
respectable figure in life than the slatternly  
one. It is no crime to be out of fashion,  
but it is an offence against decency to be  
stylish and dirty.

It is said that when the Spaniard gives  
to the poor he does it with uncovered  
head, and humbly. Perhaps he does it  
in the spirit which implies that he is thus  
"lending to the Lord," and the kindly  
act moves him to reverence.

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Philosophical Journal.*

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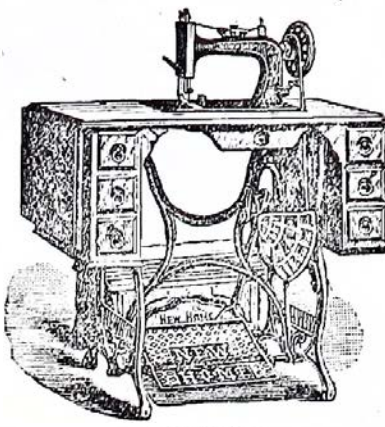
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