



GOLDEN GATE

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

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CONTENTS:

FIRST PAGE.—Gems of Thought: The Value of Spiritualism: A Spiritual Thanksgiving: All-Souls' Day.
SECOND PAGE.—Letter from Helen Wilmonds: The Spirit Side of Life: From the Sun Angel Order of Light: A Christmas Present, etc.
THIRD PAGE.—All-Souls' Day, continued: What Are You Here For? The Great Problem: Advertisements.
FOURTH PAGE.—Editorials: Let us Give Thanks: Private Mediums: Where Shall We Draw the Line? New Rule of Evidence: Our Prize Essay: Irving Hall: The Lost Ones: Time: Editorial Notes, etc.
FIFTH PAGE.—This Side and That Side: From One Who Wants to Know: A Marvelous Cure: Advertisements.
SIXTH PAGE.—Spiritualism in Oregon: Spiritualism in Seattle: Advertisements.
SEVENTH PAGE.—Facts and Fragments, by John Wetherell: Professional Cards.
EIGHTH PAGE.—Poetry: Call and Answer: I See Thee Still: Prose: Father Wilbur: Edison's Phonograph, etc. Advertisements.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Hide your own troubles, but watch to help others out of theirs.

The truly good man is he who does not lose his child heart.—*Mencius.*

Manners are not morals; but manners and morals are not far apart.

Do not speak of your happiness to those less fortunate than yourself.—*Plutarch.*

Much of the wisdom that comes with years comes too late to be of much use to the owner.

He who loves to read and knows how to reflect has laid by a perpetual feast for his old age.

One who is contented with what he has done will never become famous for what he will do.

Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction.

You find people ready enough to do the Samaritan without the oil and two-pence.—*Sydney Smith.*

The grandest natures are the calmest. Restlessness is the symbol of weakness not yet outgrown.

Distinction is not in being heard of far and wide, but in being straightforward and loving the right and pure.

We are hanging up pictures every day about the chamber walls of our hearts that we shall have to look at when we sit in the shadows.

There are some people who never have a cheering word for the struggler. They make life just as hard as possible for all who are striving to do right.

Good manners is an art of making those people easy with whom we converse; whoever makes the fewest persons weary is the best bred man in the company.

Many are ambitious of saying grand things—that is, of being grandiloquent. Eloquence is speaking out a quality few esteem and fewer aim at.—*Hare.*

Teach self-denial and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.

The knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoyment of it—this is the sovereign good of human nature.—*Bacon.*

Never listen to calumnies, because if they are untrue you run the risk of being deceived, and if they be true, of hating persons not worth thinking about.—*Montaigne.*

The lightsome countenance of a friend giveth such an inward decking to the house where it lodgeth, as proudest palaces have cause to envy the gilding.—*Sir Philip Sydney.*

A gift—its kind, its value, and appearance; the silence or the pomp that attends it; the style in which it reaches you, may decide the dignity or vulgarity of the giver.—*Lavater.*

Nature has presented us with a large faculty of entertaining ourselves alone and often calls us to it, to teach us that we owe ourselves in part to society, but chiefly and mostly to ourselves.

The Value of Spiritualism.

BY DR. C. C. FERT.

Of what value is Spiritualism to the world, is a question often asked, and quite as often answered by those who feel themselves competent and capable; and yet far short of the exact truth are the answers given.

One says its mission is to teach the continuity of life, and demonstrate immortality. Admit it. Admit that a future state is proven by the return of spirits. Admit all that is claimed by its teachers, and advocates, material and spiritual. Suppose we gain a knowledge of that country celestial, of the customs, habits, occupations and professions of its denizens, what better are we for the same? Suppose a man starts out from Boston, and travels east, west, north and south, until he has visited every State, country and nation upon earth, gained a knowledge of the different languages and histories of all, visited their industrial institutions, schools, academies, observatories, chemical laboratories, museums, art galleries, etc., and of how much value will it all be to him unless he appropriates the knowledge thus gained, and uses it for the good of others and the unfoldment of those nobler qualities of being which lift him above simply the intellectual plane, and places his feet firmly upon the broad and philanthropic basis of human sympathy, kindness, benevolence, love, and last and greatest of all, charity.

Many years ago, a great teacher said that a man might sell all he had, and give it to the poor, become a martyr and suffer himself to be burned for the truths he believed in, and the principles which were more sacred than life itself. Yet, if he possessed not charity, he was as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. When we hear people who call themselves progressive, and who argue in public and private that we are all creatures of circumstances, that we are not responsible for our organizations or the influences that control and govern the same, dealing out denunciation in wholesale terms, criticising and condemning without stint those that do not come fully up to their standard in every respect, I wonder if they know how much sincerity there is in their professions, and how far short they themselves fall of that high standard which they set up for others. Many throw away much valuable time upon vague and indefinite theories, vain speculations, conjectures, isms, schisms, fables, doctrines, dogmas, creeds and catchisms which might be spent more profitably to themselves and others.

What will it matter to us whether there is one, three or ten thousand gods, or none at all, when we come to exchange words? Will the question be asked, Are you a Brahmin, Pagan, Christian, Spiritualist or Materialist? No! The question will be, Are you a man, and have you done the best you could under any and all circumstances? Have you lived temperately and industriously, seeking the welfare of humanity? Have you striven to uphold and uphold the right? Have you been kind, just, and above all, charitable? If so, the kingdom of heaven will be found within your own being and no power on this or the other side of the tomb can deprive you of the joy, peace and consolation which will be yours.

But if the time we should use in doing good and helping others is spent in wrangling over isms, schisms, frauds, tricksters, theosophies and theologues, then the harmonies of our own unbalanced and unspiritualized natures will prove to us that we are not yet fitted for those higher joys that real worth and merit alone can bring.

We are all too much inclined to be seeking after foreign missions and chasing after oriental customs to the neglect of important and needful duties at home. To visit the sick, the widow, the orphan and the poor will bring a thousand times more pleasure than all the dogmatic assertions that can be uttered, and to help them to dispel the shadows that obscure and shut out the sunlight of joy from their hearts, will be of more worth than all the evidences of and beliefs in the doctrines of re-incarnation from the days of Buddha to the present time. If we would be benefited by the spiritual philosophy, we must utilize and practice it in our daily in-

tercourse one with another. Intemperance in eating and drinking, sleeping and thinking, must be abated and brought up to a healthful, normal standard. Abnormal acquisitiveness which unfolds avarice, selfishness, greed, gluttony, and many other undesirable traits, must be restrained and educated; in fact, all the animal organs and propensities should be checked and brought under the higher intellectual and spiritual powers, if we would become fitted for that realm of beauty and light to which the nobler aspirations of our inmost nature longs for. We must become as broad, liberal and grand as is our philosophy. We must look for the roses and lilies that blossom in human character instead of the repulsive thorns, thistles and weeds. Let us gather the flowers of love and beauty which grow along life's pathway rather than to be constantly seeking after the sewage in the back alleys of our neighbors.

We all have sinks and vaults for the slops and dishwater of every day life, and we do not invite or desire that our friends when they come to visit us, will go away and tell how dirty we are, unless they tell just where they found the dirt. Then the world will be able to judge of their good sense and taste in seeking the same. Let us look at the front yards and step into the parlors where the noblest powers, best taste and skill of our neighbors are manifested, and as we view what they have built up for themselves and others, let us be glad and rejoice with them in every grand and noble endeavor, thereby fitting ourselves by kindness, loving appreciation and charity for this and all future states that await humanity.

A Spiritual Thanksgiving!

(Boston Investigator.)

In the last *Investigator* we commented somewhat on the national Thanksgiving that President Cleveland has proclaimed, if we may coin a word, for the 24th inst.; and we showed, as we thought, that it would be no great affair. But we have now another kind of Thanksgiving to speak of—a spiritual one, not in the "sweet by-and-by, over the river," but here in Boston on the 24th—and it will be far superior to any Christian Thanksgiving ever known, as our readers will say when we explain.

The Spiritualists of this city, or a number of them, have assisted one of their best laborers, Mrs. W. S. Butler, in leasing a hall on Washington street (formerly known as Boffin's Bower), for the purpose of helping poor and unfortunate working girls. This hall, as is well known to our city readers, was for many years superintended by the Good Samaritan, Jennie Collins, the poor girl's friend, helper, and benefactor; and now that she has gone, (to heaven, we hope, if there is any such place for philanthropists) her mantle seems to have fallen on Mrs. W. S. Butler and her spiritual friends, who propose to take up and continue the good work which Jennie Collins, of happy memory (formerly memory, inaugurated and persevered in for nearly or quite a quarter of a century, winning the admiration and esteem of all who were acquainted with her pure life and useful labors.

It is greatly to the credit of the benevolent Mrs. Butler and her spiritual associates that they have reopened Boffin's Bower, to be a star of hope and promise to many a poor girl in her night of sorrow and misfortune, and will conduct it on its original and truly charitable system. And as an evidence that they are in earnest and will make a very good beginning in their work for humanity, we are informed that they will give, on Thanksgiving Day, a free dinner to one hundred poor, working girls. The angels on high, or in "the land that is fairer than day," if there are any there who can witness this dinner, will probably attend it if they can, and cheer these excellent angels on earth with an approving "manifestation."

The *Advance* admits the elevation and beauty of Miss Phelps' last book, "Between the Gates," but thinks it far astray in its theological teachings, "having no basis to rest upon either in Scripture or philosophy." We wonder if the American Board would be willing to send Miss Phelps to teach the heathen, letting her use "Between the Gates" as a text-book.

ALL-SOULS' DAY.

An Address Delivered by Dr. W. W. McKaig before the Spiritual Union, St. Andrews' Hall, Wednesday Evening, Nov. 2d.

There is a Roman Catholic legend that a pilgrim on his return from Jerusalem, when in the neighborhood of Rome, saw flames breaking out of the ground. As he stood in silent wonder before the marvel he heard the wail of souls in Purgatory beseeching the monks of an abbey not far away to offer up prayers and make intercession in their behalf. Whereupon Odito, Abbot of Clugny, instituted the practice of once a year attending to this important duty. However this may be, it is certain that for centuries the church observed the second day of November as a day to pray for the souls of the dead. As most of them were supposed to be doomed to pass through the cleansing fires of purgatory in order to get rid of some taint of earthly ill that still clung to them, it was believed that their living friends could do much to hasten their deliverance. Under the enlightening influences of time, the purgatorial idea has nearly passed away, but All-Souls' Day in some of the Protestant churches became a day to remember the dead. For a long time it was the custom to go out into the cemeteries, celebrate mass, pray and sing, not from any foolish fancy of making the moral condition of souls any better, but to brighten more vividly the sense of the unseen world. It is said the early Christians often held the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, the most solemn of all the ceremonies of the church, in the graveyards, believing the souls of the faithful dead assembled with them and in some mysterious way participated in the holy Eucharist. A little flock of superstition there is a beautiful thought in these old customs that would be well for us to keep alive and cherish, and as this is the eve of All-Souls' Day, the remembrance of the dead seems to be a fit and proper theme.

To remember the dead, especially if they were near and dear to us, is just what we are all inclined to do. Their memory steals upon us in busy or in silent hours, glides through our waking thoughts and hovers in our night visions. They are so near to us we can hardly tell when they are absent. Indeed so close are they to us that they are a part of our lives, and a very precious part!

The fact is, we can not treat our departed as if they were nothing more than phantoms of thought. They are as real as the world we live in. The influence of the loved ones that have passed out of sight seems more largely diffused than when they were in the form. They are certainly talked about more than the living. They inhabit our rooms, occupy the chairs, play upon the piano. The aroma of their presence seems to be on everything. They speak to us in every book, in every album, in the silent pictures that hang upon the wall. They come to visit us in snatches of old songs, and as we walk abroad in the field, orchard or lonely woodland glade, come to meet us with the old familiar greeting. You may remember how the poet Moore put this feeling into melodious verse; as a father walked through the garden after the death of a lovely daughter he soliloquizes—

"Here's the bowser she loved so much,

Here's the tree she planted;

Here's the harp she used to touch,

Oh, how that touch enchanted."

It is really marvelous, when we come to think of it, how much the world is under the dominion of the past. The souls of the mighty dead still largely hold the scepter of power. They are the Messiahs of religion. The oracles of Buddha still exercise sway in India, and the words of Confucius hold the millions of China as under a spell. The life and teachings of Jesus have transfigured the laws, customs, and literature and art of the most cultured and progressive race. The hymns and odes of the old Hebrew Temple are still chanted in all the churches, and the parochial letters of Paul, John and Peter are read as Holy Scriptures. Indeed, it has become quite the fashion now to seek for wisdom in the lore of the

ancient gnostics and other mystics, as old mines that had long been abandoned, but under our more improved methods of reduction are found to be strangely rich in precious ore. In the realm of philosophy, Plato and Aristotle, for more than a thousand years, divided the empire of thought; and it will ever be a part of liberal education to become acquainted with them. We seem never to tire of such men as Leibnitz, Descartes, Spinoza, Newton, Kant, Hegel, and a vast multitude of kindred potentates who have always exercised kingly rule. Time would fail to call the long roll of the mighty poets, orators, musicians, statesmen, and lawmakers whose brains are dust but whose spirits walk the earth and teach school. They are embalm in our laws, customs, institutions, modes of thought, cenotaphs more enduring than the pyramids or storied marbles within the solemn walls of Westminster Abbey. Why, were you to stop but an hour in one of the courts of law you would hear cited, as authority, the words of legislators, judges and jurists, whose very names have become almost apparitional in history. The brave men who fought King John at Runnymede, and the heroic hearts who took up the idea of liberty more widely expanded and fought King George at Lexington and Bunker Hill, still carry with invisible hands our national flag and inspire the people with patriotic enthusiasm. The dusty trail of the invisible immortals is everywhere and upon everything. We worship in the churches they built, read their prayers, sing their songs. It is their wail we hear in the litany, their shout of victory that comes down to us in the Gloria in Excelsis.

Now, it is quite likely that we may need to learn how to remember the dead so as to derive the most good from their lives. There have come upon this planet at special times, certain great souls who possessed a genius for religion, as Angelo or Wren possessed a genius for architecture, Raphael or Titian for painting, Homer or Milton for verse, or Beethoven or Mozart for song. These men have penetrated the unseen universe, climbed its mountains, listened to the music of its winds and waves, gathered its fruits and flowers, and come to tell us that it is the only real world, that all else is shadow and illusion. They have taught us to look into the silent firmament of the soul and catch a glimpse of its stars. They have put a sweet and tender meaning into the words of God and Providence they never had before. They have quickened our faith, given a rosy hue to our hope. There is no danger of our forgetting these prophets and seers of our race. The temples of the East, the cathedrals of the West, have been erected to their memory. We gather up carefully all they ever said or did and put them safely away into our holy books; even their traditions and legendary stories are thought too precious to lose. But there is another class of men that it is very hard for us to think amiably about.

They are the men who, for ages, seemed to fetter the growth of human thought with narrow creeds and dogmas, and hung the gloom of their imagination over all the sky. It is not strange that we have been inclined to consign them and all their works to the purgatory of hate and condemnation, not caring whether they ever get out. But let us not forget the law of evolution holds its sway in the realm of mind as well as matter. There is first the plowing up of the wild lands, the burning weeds and brush; the seed-sower and harrow must come before the harvest and vintage. You are aware that for many centuries it was the inquiry of the scientific and curious whence came the annual flood that poured through Egypt along the valley of the Nile. As no rain fell in that land, it seemed a strange marvel that in June the river should begin to rise and widen over all the valley. The superstitious believed that a few springs were made to swell into a mighty stream by supernatural agency. The enterprise of modern explorers has torn away the pleasant fancy by discovering that the springs were more than 5,000 miles away, and while Egypt was always dry and cloudless, there were tremendous rainstorms in the far-off region where the Nile gathered its waters. The Nile is in some degree an emblem of many of the great ideas that bless mankind. They had their start in the unseen fountains of a distant past, in

(Continued on Third Page.)

Letter from Helen Wilmans.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Your paper is far ahead of any spiritual paper published anywhere. It must prove successful. There are many Spiritualists everywhere. In this section where children are brought up and educated in the doctrine of eternal torment, there are several native Spiritualists, leaving out the Northern importation of them entirely. Altogether, I think we may call this a rather strong spiritualistic community for its size. There are raps—loud ones—all over my desk as I write this, and little electric sparks bursting about the floor.

Do you know this mental science movement is an outgrowth of the spiritualistic movement. The Mental Scientists deny it, and thereby demonstrate their misguided spirit of conservatism. They must know that it is so; I can not see how they can help knowing it. The leaders, or at least a few of them, have an idea that Spiritualism is not quite respectable. They do not know that the finest minds of the age endorse it, either openly or secretly. Why, the thinking world is almost entirely in the belief of spirit return. I have taken pains to demonstrate this fact among my own acquaintances, and I hear the same report from many others.

For my part, I acknowledge with oh such loving gratitude the supervision and help I am constantly receiving from those sweet, sweet souls gone before. Never a day passes without some token of their presence.

I am not a strong medium, nor a satisfactory one for other people, but I satisfy myself. I hear spirit voices and see spirit forms. Little Jean and Helen, the two departed children of my daughter, Ada, are with me much of the time. A whole day's writing would not suffice to tell how often I have seen these beautiful little creatures; in what natural pursuits they were engaged, nor how much like real children they seem.

Jean was dead born; little Helen came along a year later and gave promise of long life. But she died when just two years old. She had only been gone a few weeks when it chanced one day that we wished to lock the door between the dining room and kitchen. Now, the key had not been in this lock for months, but had been in a vase on the mantelpiece. Ada got the key to lock the door, but it refused to go in. Investigation revealed the fact that the key-hole was full of beans. Ada stepped away from the door and all in a bright flash I saw Helen peeping through that key-hole, and what is more, there was another little girl with her just a size larger. Their backs were toward me, but there was no mistaking Helen. The back of that little golden head always had the most business-like expression imaginable when intent on mischief; and there it was, turned a little on one side, peeping in the key-hole, just as I had seen it in life a thousand times.

One day we were putting down a new carpet in a bedroom, when glancing around I saw the two little ones down on their stomachs, with their curly heads close together, and pudgy feet turned up over their backs, tracing out the figures in the carpet with their forefingers. From this time on I saw and heard them very often. They never seemed particularly angelic; they were very natural, only their complexions were more translucent and their hair silkier and fluffier, lighter and breezier, and everything about them more buoyant and elastic than is noticeable in the children of this earth. But they had their toys, and were evidently fond of their pretty dresses, just like any other small folks.

But I started out to tell you how much the spirits come about me when I am treating my patients. They will give me an idea of the patient's condition very often in symbols. I like this, for instance: A patient came who was in torments of pain with bilious colic. He had had it for days. I treated him, and as I concluded the treatment, I saw pictured out before me a long line of railroad track, and a train of cars running rapidly off in the distance and disappearing round a curve. I knew then that the man would be well in an hour or less, and he was.

These symbols are too common to make an account of; but here is something different. It was a warning of a death that occurred just as predicted. Mr. S. Dorr of Burlington Junction, Mo., brought his wife here to be healed of long standing inflammatory rheumatism. The lady recovered rapidly, and I thought I had the case securely in hand when I was shocked by a symbol I received one morning during a treatment. Mr. Dorr, Mrs. Dorr, and my daughter, Ada, were in the room, and we had been talking of the feasibility of Mr. Dorr taking his wife to Brewton, Alabama, where they had business interests. I had been coaxing him to wind up his business, both in Missouri and Alabama, and come to Douglasville, where I believed the ideal community would eventually be built up. I had no sooner closed my eyes to give the treatment than I saw a three colored ball start from up north and pass rapidly southward, leaving a three colored track behind it that looked like a rather slender rainbow. The ball continued to go south until a town of unpainted houses came to view, when it curved downward and struck the ridgepole of one of the largest of the houses and crushed it in. The colors disappeared

from the track of the ball, and three large, black hearse plumes arose and waved backwards and forwards three times. This was all. But it impressed me deeply. I sought occasion apart from Mrs. Dorr to tell her husband that if he took her to Brewton, Alabama, that she would die there inside of three months. But he said it moved so easily as I had been; he said if Nellie should be worse down there, he would leave on an hour's notice. So they went.

Now, Mr. Dorr was a large man; he was six feet four inches high, and though not fleshy, was full muscled and strongly developed. Moreover, he was a jolly man. (I speak of these things because it is necessary to do so in order to understand what followed). He was intellectual and strong and sweet natured; one man in a thousand. Everybody trusted him, and everybody loved him. After he and his wife had been in Alabama for a time, Mrs. Dorr wrote me that Mr. Dorr had been brought home from his place of business sick. This was all. I heard no more from that place for a long time.

On the 15th of September, as I sat on the porch,—it was night—I saw in symbol an uncoupled wagon: the fore wheels and tongue were passing slowly out of sight on an upward incline. I asked Ada what that could mean. She told me to close my eyes and see what I would get. I had no sooner closed them than an immense black bird, apparently a yard long, seemed to fly towards me from the south and dropped a black letter in my lap. I knew it meant death, but who was dead? I did not at that time consider the size of the bird, which referred to Mr. Dorr's size and was a clue to the whole matter. A few nights later, we were again on the porch, when a gentleman present said he would like to hear from Dorr. I closed my eyes and immediately saw a large pair of boots turned upside down, and close by, there stood a golden harp. I described the symbol and we all laughed at it. I did not believe that Mr. Dorr was dead. I tried to get another symbol. This time it was a wooden bucket which a large foot was kicking over.

It was almost a month before we heard that Mr. Dorr had died on the 15th of September. The symbols which seem almost irrelevant were characteristic of him. Not for anything would he have had his death cause us a pang. He treated it as a joke; he told us that his boots were empty in one symbol, and that he had gone to play on the golden harp. In the next symbol he said he had "kicked the bucket."

Not long after this Ada asked me mentally to see if I could see Mr. Dorr. I closed my eyes and saw a far off rosy sky, a beautiful land and a scene of more than fairy loveliness. I looked through a long tunnel to see this. Presently, a man came through the tunnel; he was wrapped in a cloak; his form was very large, his walk stately; he came closer, raised his hat, waved it around his head, and turned slowly and went back through the tunnel which closed after him. This was Mr. Dorr.

It was well on in the third month after I had the warning of his death that he died. The time was shown forth in the three colored ball with its three colored wake, and the three plumes that waved three times. That it was Mr. Dorr and not his wife, as I had thought, was shown in the breaking of the ridgepole of the house by which it was symbolized forth that her shelter and protection would be gone.

We are very close to the spirit world. Indeed, the spirit world is right here; the only reason we do not all of us see the spirits is because we are wrapped in this wretched belief of matter. Mental Science has come to supplement the knowledge brought us by the spiritualistic movement and to show us how, through a certain process of mind culture, we may tear down the flimsy veil between ourselves and the loved ones whom we call "dead" and be right with them and of them.

I had not intended to write so much, but as I went on it came to me that I wanted my position on the subject of Spiritualism understood. Hundreds of people have written to me to know if a knowledge of Mental Science and the practicing of it is incompatible with a belief in Spiritualism. No, it is not. Mental Science is the outgrowth of Spiritualism. Mental Science means to practically demonstrate what Spiritualism has claimed always. It means to prove that the two worlds are but one world, and that world pure spirit.

HELEN WILMANS.

DOUGLASVILLE, Ga, Nov. 11, '87.

INVESTIGATORS should not expect to learn everything there is in Spiritualism at one or two sances. The oldest Spiritualist is yet a pupil in the science, and constantly making discoveries, yet we hear of investigators who become discouraged because the highest and most convincing phenomena do not come to them at the first or second sitting, and cry "fraud" when they fail to obtain as convincing manifestations as have come to their neighbors. Have patience, friends. That which you will ultimately obtain is worth waiting for. We have known investigators who obtained no manifestation of the spirit till after many months of eager waiting and then they were grandly rewarded. It pays to wait.—*The Better Way.*

THE mulberry tree was cultivated in China, and known by the name of the golden tree, twenty-six hundred years before the Christian era.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

The Spirit Side of Life.

(Written by the spirit wife of H. H. Kenyon at St. Paul, Minn., November, 1887.)

To my dear ones in earth life, and all who read my letters, I desire to come with the assurance that life in the spirit world, or what you term the beyond, is as real as was that when I was with you in the mortal body, and it gives me as much satisfaction to be enabled to relate to you my experiences and sources of happiness here as it does you to receive the same.

My life and experiences here are similar to that of the great multitude who have also passed out of that life into this where the golden thread or chain of love is not sundered, and though mingling here and in communion with congenial ones, they never forget the dear ones left in earth life, to whom they would gladly come with tidings of immortality and the joys of life on this side. I have passed through the "valley of death" to bathe in the radiant glow of the resurrection morning in the beautiful Summer Land on this side of the "river of death," and I gladly come to assure those in earth-life that there is no death to the soul, and I would be glad to strip the grave of all its terrors to the mourning ones in earth-life. Be assured that your resting place will never be the narrow confines of the grave, for the real person, the spirit and soul, never enters that dreary place.

Close beside me is a large company of mothers who are in sympathy with other mothers in earth-life, and I am requested to assure all who have bathed the form of dear little ones in tears as you have brought them down to the grave, and there prayed to know if any one upon the other shore was watching and waiting to receive your darling, to safely carry it into the mysterious beyond, that all your prayers of agony are heard by the angels in heaven, and it gives us great joy to be enabled to assure you that in the Summer Land are very many little children, and also many mothers whose greatest source of pleasure is to receive and care for the darling ones of earth-life as they come into this beautiful home of love. A mother's love for children and her own never dies, and it is in this beautiful realm of little children where we delight to remain. Fear not, your angel child will be gladly received and made happy in the Summer Land. Your guardian angel is always near when sorrow and mourning come to your soul; as the hour of reparation comes near, she calls one of the many receiving bands to her side whose special work is to receive the little angel spirit as it passes out of the earthly form to convey it to the fond care of some mother in the Summer Land, whose greatest pleasure will be to make the new life here one of gladness.

We would gladly hold the curtain aside so that you could see the scene of awakening and reception of these little angels, surrounded as they are by very many other little ones here in this beautiful home, then you would realize that your darling one had only gone before, and if the chain of love is not broken by you, the angel ones will sometime stand at the golden gate to receive and welcome mother into the new home in the Summer Land. Fear not when you come down with your angel one to the grave for the mortal, for its soul has no resting place there, but has been already transplanted to the beautiful home in the Summer Land, where it is listening to a joyous welcome by hundreds of singing, happy children whose great delight is to surround this new one with gladness and contentment.

Do not hover over the grave as though it was the home or resting place of your angel one, but be assured its spirit has passed through the gates ajar, and there stands waiting for your eyes to turn heavenward and to the home on this side the river of life.

Another group of loving ones stand here with me and request that I write for those who have loved and parted at the river; that though you may never have received personal messages from the dear ones on this side, you are not forgotten. We never forget those we love, and watch patiently for an opportunity to reach you with messages of love; but we can not overcome all the influences that surround your earth-life, nor compel you to come to our chosen instruments so that we can commune with you. We fully realize the truth that only a few of us are welcomed back in this way. Yet we wait and watch for the loved ones of earth to pass through the gates ajar, so that we can lead you to love's arbor of restfulness and beauty, where we can tell the story of our longing, watching and trustful faith that the ties of love which bound us to you in earth-life would never break asunder; that though we never found the door open to greet you from this home of beauty, we realized that each season of soul communion made the chain stronger than before, and that when the joyful meeting on this side does come, you also will rejoice in the knowledge that there is a love that endureth until the end. Your loved ones on this side are not dead, and when your soul goes out to them in earnest, loving thought, they are very near you, and do all they can to make their presence known. We always come for good only, hoping always to give you sunshine and trust in immortality.

When you come to this shore, you will understand the true meaning of the resurrection day and wonder that you ever

failed to learn the true meaning of it. Keep your lamp of love for us burning, then there will be greater joy in the beyond than now. When we meet you at the gates ajar, you will know us beyond doubt, for though we come before, we are the same as then. If not, how could you recognize us? Yes, we retain the same "golden hair."

Near my home there is a school known by us as "Musical Gate," where children of ten years and younger are instructed in all that pertains to music and singing so far as they are capable of learning. Here are musical instruments of all kinds and teachers to instruct the pupils, and public concerts are given, when there are hundreds of voices taking part and filling the hall with melody never heard in earth-life; the perfection arrived at here is never reached in earth-life. I mention this fact of "Musical Gate" especially, because our darling, Edna, is one of the many learning music there. Do not grieve because your children pass away before completing their education or arrive at the age of maturity, for here the laws of progress holds good, and they become radiant in maturity, and find schools ready for them to become perfected in all they aspire to.

To all sorrowing ones in earth-life I desire to say that the gates are ajar, and though you do not get a glimpse of the dear ones on this side, we are here, and some day you will pass safely through to learn that mortal eye hath not seen the beauty of the spirit world. ADELAIDE.

From the Sun Angel Order of Light.

(Given by through Mrs. E. S. Fox, scribe of the Sun Angel Order of Light.)

To my brothers and sisters in earthland, greeting: From the land where shadows never come, nor sorrows are known, come I to greet each one with a love that knows no wavering, for in my risen life have I evolved my higher nature until these things of earth, which in and of themselves are perishable and fade away, have no more power over me. I recall my own past, and, though mistakes may have been mine, yet now those mistakes and their seeming failures seem to be but the steppings of ignorance in the fogs of materiality. Happy will each one be when, through the laws of progress, they may stand master of lesser good and rise above the clouds that always have and always will gather in the atmosphere surrounding earth, while creeds prevail and superstition fills the mind of mortal. Life is grand and glorious; its end and aim is beyond the highest conception of mortals who are now fighting its severe battles. Looking over the past, and then over the present fields, we can gather much of great benefit to the present and of untold value to the future. Mortals need to grasp all the knowledge they have gained that they may make the very best use of time and opportunity, thereby securing the greatest good and most rapid progress. For there are fields lying just beyond the present that mortal and spirit both long to explore,—fields lighted by the sun of the Eternal, fields where your soul and mine may be gladdened, and from whence we will be able to give greater light and knowledge to other needy, waiting souls.

In the twelve months in which I have been an inmate of the better land, I have seen much which I would tell to my brothers and sisters to cheer and encourage them in their pilgrimage, and in the work of our Order. You can not see yet the great work Saidie would do for humanity, but from my standpoint I would call back to each and every one, Do Saidie's will; ever bend heart and mind to her work; trust her words; abide by her counsel, and be assured that if light come not at once to your innermost soul, in due time it will shine with greater splendor and you shall see the result of your work with greater satisfaction. You are not obeying a guide who knows not the trials of life, who has not tasted every cup that can be given to mortal to taste, but one who knows well every heart trial, who has tasted every cup of bitterness, known sorrow and anguish as well as happiness. She has passed through gloom and sunshine, and walked pleasant paths, has gleaned from all earth fields, and now, crowned with the pearly gems she has gleaned and polished, she waits to lead her children home, waits to smooth their pathway, lighting the same from her own lamp of experience and wisdom that they wander not in by-ways, glean not thorns and brambles, but the golden sheaves of ripened grain, and gather each for himself the pure diamonds with which to brighten the crown of wisdom they, too, may wear in the sweet by-and-by—the sweet by-and-by, made so by right living by gathering here and there the gems, the grain, and so make of life a grand success.

Could we, who have risen, make our words heard, could we but tell to you our understandings the grand result of living true to the interests and teachings of the Order, we would do you each the greatest good possible. We love to return with our messages to you; we love to do Saidie's bidding in the world of light. It gladdens our hearts to hear her words, and we hear to obey. The lighthouse has been placed firm and strong upon the rock of Eternal Truth. See to it, my mortal brothers, that the light is always sending far out on the Ocean of Life its rays clear and bright. Falter never; no matter how severe the storm, nor how rough the sea. Be ever

true each to his own light, no matter how bright for a season may be the weak lights others may hold; for there are millions that now shine with a faint glimmer which must soon be fed from the higher heavens, or go out, leaving the darkness as black and impenetrable as before.

Man need not wonder why light and truth are so slow in illuminating the Earth. When we see the false lamps placed in mortal hands by spirits; when we see the teachings perverted the higher angels would give to man, we wonder not they are cast aside. They should be ignored by those who would have the holiest and the best. There is higher light; there are purer teachings than the world at large have received through the ministrations of the spirit world within the past forty years. They could only tell to man there was life outside the mortal, and they could return and commune with their loved ones. The story has been repeated o'er and o'er, and now the redeemed ones come with the volume of their earth-life closed and sealed, and point to each the way of progress. They raise in your midst the standard of Love and Wisdom, and we, who have risen from your ranks, come and tell our story to you. Hear and be encouraged. Work for the Order; do always Saidie's will; and greater unfoldment, with its consequent happiness, will be yours. We want to see homes converted into heavens; to make home and its ties doubly sacred in the minds and hearts of the people; and we would that right should reign and justice rule throughout the nation and the world. No selfish purpose finds its way into our hearts; we have, through conflict, gained victory, and would give to the world a gospel which will lead each child of our Father to like victory, victory over self and selfishness, over all lesser good, until you at last with us shall bear your own banner of redemption aloft and enter the land of home triumphant. No sacrifice is too great, no burden too heavy to bear when compared with the life which awaits you here.

Saidie bids me bear her love to her children, and say she is awaiting your home coming. There are fields she longs to explore, but her children must first come home. Brothers and sisters in the order grieve not her loving heart. Keep each home banner pure and white, as it was when first presented by her hand. Allow no blot or blemish to tarnish its surface, nor shadow your own home or name.

Keep all that is pure, high and holy within you as the brightest, best jewel of an immortal life, and may angels bless each and every pathway from this to the life beyond. Then your welcome will resound through your own souls as a grand amen, and you will know you have earned an immortal inheritance, and its title deed is rightfully yours. With the love and blessing of your risen brother.

ORATIO DANIELS.

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

OSWEGO, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1887.

A Christmas Present.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

This month my paper expires, and on making a renewal for the coming year will add a few words.

To me it comes every Saturday night laden with its beautiful truths, and to the progressive mind it reminds one of the "April shower," bringing sunshine, joy and gladness to so many aching hearts.

It is appropriately named GOLDEN GATE, for its truths are golden and should occupy a place in every household. The charming lectures and pen pictures portraying the mediocrity and power of individuals gives me renewed strength. I find much of my own experience written therein. To me it is a glorious, living truth. Twenty-nine years of my life have been devoted to its cause. Each year brings me nearer home. I am only waiting, scattering a few seeds by the wayside, hoping that when my time shall come I shall enter therein with the loved ones gone before.

Your paper I wish to present to a very dear friend as a Christmas present, knowing of nothing that would give more pleasure or be more appropriate. The light is spreading, and soon hope to obtain more subscriptions.

Hoping the coming year will be crowned with success, I remain yours respectfully,
MRS. JANE LUDBY.

NEVADA CITY, Nov. 17, 1887.

PROF. WEISNER, of Vienna, has found that the electric light has a tendency to turn books and other paper yellow. He was requested to examine a number of books from the Technical School, which had begun to show marked discoloration; and, after a series of experiments, he gave it as his opinion that the electric light used in the school was responsible. The discoloration, he states, is due to the action of the electric light upon the ligneous substances contained in the paper, such as wood, straw, jute, etc.; and, when the paper is chemically treated, so as to remove the lignine, no discoloration is produced. The yellowing is therefore simply a phenomenon of oxidation. Ordinary daylight has but little effect of this sort, though strong sunlight will sometimes produce it on paper bleached in a certain way.

THE divine right of kings has received a new blow in Russia in the fact that the Czar has caught the measles.

All Souls' Day.

Continued from First Page.

the stormy times, when the rains, winds, and tempests of another people's thought and life beat over the world. There is scarcely a great truth of liberty, art or piety that did not have its dawn in that stormy era.

Scholars have debated, the clergy wrangled, council fulminated decrees against council, and gone to war over the nature of sacraments, baptisms or the shape of the Trinity, but religion comes to us crowned with blossoms, having escaped the rage and strife of men, all the purer and brighter for the trial. But aside from all this, those old warring creed-makers and theological scalpers were personally very good men. They did not mope about the world with an idle gaze. They were earnest seekers after light, and did the best they could under the circumstances. They did not live in vain. Nature allows no waste of force. Every error over which they stumbled has been for our good. What if they sailed upon the awful seas of mystery in frail barks and were wrecked?

We have built our lighthouses on the black rocks and treacherous breakers where they struck. Surely this is some gain. I have no hard words for the men who put into their creed an eternal hell and flung into its flames of agony unbaptized babies, for they did the best they knew how. It is the men of our day who would chain us to that dead past, and compel us to read our title to heaven by the corpse-candle of the Nicene creed, the Westminster confession of faith or Saybrook platform, who deserve our condemnation. It is hard to have any patience with the men who prefer baked mummy dust to the nourishing bread and fruit that grow on our modern soil.

But we may expand this thought a little further. It really seems very hard to think kindly and mercifully of the men who built the grim Bastilles of the church and turned the house of worship into a Libby prison with its death-line of heresy. We have been prone to believe their brains were the devil's factory, and their religion the wretched stew of a witch's caldron. It has always been the fashion to send such persons as Philip II, the Duke of Alva, Henry VIII, and Bloody Mary to the purgatory of universal execration and leave them there without a ray of hope. But it may be that in the broader charity and more liberal philosophy of our day we may see some reason to revise our opinions and grant them a new trial. It may turn out that some of these old heresy-hunters, rich-killers and inquisitors who burned men and women, and even little children, at the stake were not so bad at heart as they seem. You must not forget that St. Paul thought he was doing God's service when he held the clothes of the men who stoned Stephen to death. That was a savage age in which they lived, an age that recognized no less than two hundred causes of capital punishment in the common law. It was an age when a man who was suspected of having spoken ill of the king was made to criminate himself by being stretched and torn on the rack or tortured by the thumb-screw. It was an age when neighbors settled a quarrel by waging of battle, and an innocent man could only purge himself of suspicion by walking blindfold over red hot plowshares without injury. It would have been a marvel if religion had not in some measure partaken of the ferocity of the times. Surely we may find some little excuse for their evil deeds. They were the children of the age, and no doubt now look down from the height of the immortals with regret upon the dark drama in which they were called to act a part. We should hold no resentful feeling toward the dead, however depraved, ugly and ill-shaped they may seem, for we may never know just how far they were the victims of environment, prenatal conditions or under karmic law. It is certain the universe was not made to perpetuate evil; that only the good lives and comes to perennial bloom; and surely there is much reason to hope that those whose lives were foul and shameful and who did the world much harm, have under the great healing law of change passed on to better things and would gladly make atonement to mankind by being employed in beneficent ministries.

"I can but trust that good shall fall at last—far off—at last, all fall, And every winter change to spring."

Inspired by this hope, we may venture to put a lotus blossom, at least, upon the graves of the world's evil ones.

But there is a more personal and special way in which we may make the memory of the dead minister to our good. Only so far as we sense the reality of the unseen world, and feel the grateful breezes that blow from the other shore, shall we be able to transcend the isolation and awful solitude that physical science has spread over our globe. Our scientists are very fond of calling the universe a cosmos, a wondrous piece of cloth woven by invisible shuttles in the loom of time; but when we come to examine it closely it appears to be full of seams and rents. It is broken up into classes, segregated into parts, between which are placed impassable bars. Thus each plant and animal, for instance, has a special home assigned to it, beyond which it can not stray and live. The flora of the tropics can not grow within the polar circle, and the walrus would pant and die in Southern seas. Even the plants and animals that inhabit

the same section of country are divided from each other into groups, sorts, kinds and species, and while having many things in common are separated by qualities and attributes that are original and peculiar. Over the line of separation they can not pass. No species was ever caught in the act of becoming another species. The missing links, if there are any, have been carefully concealed. The egg of the blackbird never hatches canaries, an acorn never sprouts a pine tree. This gulf of separation is as we travel into space. We cast our eyes upon the distant orbs of the sky, and we can not help feeling a little curious to know what sort of people live up there, and what kind of a history they have been making, but during all the million years that have passed, no word has come from our kindred of the stars. Every night those orbs come out and look down upon us with inexplicable silence. I have taken pains to expand this idea a little, for it is the cave of doubt, gloom and despair in which agnosticism shivers, sighing:—

"What am I?
An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry."

The fact that all the lower forms of life are fenced apart, that our earth is cut off by inaccessible distances from all commerce with the stars, is taken as part of a plan that has placed an absolute, bridgeless gulf between the living and the dead.

Following this vein of thought, Prof. Swing, of Chicago, told his congregation, a few Sundays ago, that no carrier dove had ever crossed that abyss with even so much as a leaf to tell us of the world beyond. Now, tell such a man that this infinite thirst for knowledge we possess, these powers of thought that sweep between the world of time and sense, this insatiable activity of imagination which creates new worlds, this delight in reverencing something better than ourselves, this undying love that feels through unred ashes after the absent ones; tell him that all this is a prevision, an earnest of a grander life, and he will reply, you have only given me a great, fearful hope. It is very beautiful, it seems very reasonable, but what assurance have I that it is anything more than a rosy fancy? Tell that mother, as she drops hot tears over a lock of the baby's hair, or a pair of little, empty shoes; or that lonely soul that has just come in from the grave of a dearer one still, how Moses and Elias came back, a long time ago, and were recognized; how a choir of angels sang the advent hymn to the Judean shepherds as they watched their flocks by night; tell her of the beautiful meaning of Easter morning, with its empty sepulcher and white-robed visitants from the sky, and she will tell you one touch of that vanished hand, one accent from the voice that is silent, would bring more real joy and comfort than volumes of such history. Clergymen, generally, realize how difficult it is to bring consolation to the house of mourning. They go away sadly conscious that the best words have fallen on desolate hearts as the pitter of cold drops of rain on the roof. Only so far as those bereaved ones feel that the love-lines that run from the heart and home out into the unseen world are vibrant with responsive meaning, will they come into perfect peace and rest. Only so far as the curtain drawn between this and the spirit realm becomes tremulous, wavy, at times transparent, will we feel sure there are no desert spaces, no infinite solitudes, and that our lower and rudimentary sphere is intimately connected with the higher ranges of life and intelligence. It is glorious to dwell in the experience so beautifully described by Whittier:

"So sometimes comes to soul and sense
The feeling which is evidence,
That very near about us lies
The realm of spiritual mysteries.
The sphere of the supernatural powers
Impinges on this world of ours."

But let us be careful not to confound the spiritual world with the spirit world. They are two very different things. A man may have the reality of the future life demonstrated by hundreds of the most indubitable tests and be a very poor, lean soul after all. Were a spirit to come to you to-night and tell you of a bright realm just beyond the grave, it would be very joyful news, provided you had been in doubt on the subject. But this is no communication from the actual spiritual world. The actual spiritual world is the world in which the soul lives and draws all its nutriment. It is the source of all the life we see. Every flower, tree and star exists because it is receptive of divine vitality. The visible is the shell of the invisible. We are in the spiritual world now as much as we shall ever be, and need not wait for the next stage to begin our unfoldment. We live in it as actually as the spirits that have passed out of the body. All they have to feed the soul upon is the manifestation of the divine life in justice, truth, love and charity. Let us cling firmly to the spiritual faculty within us as the real organ of communion with the spiritual sphere. As the eye needs light, the ear sound, the lungs air, so our souls need to breathe in the life of the All-Soul. Were an angel to come and talk with you it would only be a visit from one who lived on another street in the city of God. It might be a very pleasant conversation, but might really leave you no better than if a neighbor had run in and spent the evening. But if this visitant has helped you to a higher sense of the divine goodness, left you richer in devout feeling, thrilled with the grandeur of the universe, charmed

with purity, and effluent with love and aspiration, then, and only then, do you begin to know the true meaning of spiritual communion. I fancy the angels know very little more of the immortality of the soul than we may learn while here. They tell us of the future life, but may be in doubt as to the next stage and the next, as we were about the first. Live for the eternal. The consciousness of immortality comes from the foliage of the divine within. In fact we ought to be ashamed to be peeping around and begging for immortality before we are worthy of it. Live your best, live in accord with the still, small voice, and it will not be long till God, heaven, and eternal realities, will come out of the soul as Spring comes out of Winter, as flowers come out of the earth.

Man—The Child of Nature and Son of God.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Mr. J. J. Morse, in an able discourse which appeared in your paper of June 25th, 1887, entitled "Man—The Child of Nature and Son of God," (a natural trinity) so far as I understand, hopes to point out that God the Father, through the mother, Nature, begets the son, man. In other words, that the Earth is a womb of Nature, and the offspring is man. If so, Mother Nature begets many distinct types of living things, and as far as we know man is the highest. The embryo has a stage where the brute appears, but ultimately man is developed. Therefore, woman must be divine, for only in the later development of the germ, through her is God, the Father, revealed in her child. The child, man, now the home of the eternal principle, spirit, inherited from the Father, God, and free, under its influence, to throw off the earthly and natural, and clinging to the Father become perfect, or, blind to the influence, retrograde and finally perish. The idea is not new; the writer of the Book of Esdras (in the Apocrypha) was conversant with the thought. Under the influence of Uriel, the angel, the writer is shown in vision a woman mourning the death of her son, and enters into conversation with her regarding her trial, as follows:

"For ask the Earth, and she shall tell thee that it is she which ought to mourn for the fall of so many that grow upon her. For out of her came all at the first, and out of her shall all others come, and behold, they walk almost into destruction, and a multitude of them is utterly rooted out. Who then should make more mourning than she that has lost so great a multitude, and not thou which art sorry for one? But if thou sayest, My lamentation is not like the Earth's, because I have lost the fruit of my womb, which I brought forth with pains and bare with sorrow; but the Earth not so, for the multitude present in it according to the course of the Earth is gone as it came: Then say I unto thee, like as thou hast brought forth with labor, even so the Earth also hath given her fruit, namely, man, ever since the beginning unto him that made her."—2d Esdras, x, 9-14.

In *The Century* magazine for May, 1885, Mr. T. T. Munger, in an article upon "Immortality and Modern Thought," trenches upon the same field of thought. He inquires:

"And what is creation, with its progressive and orderly development—being acting upon matter overshadowed by the spirit; then a simple play of forces; at length a quickening into life, and then a taking on of higher and more complex forms, till at last the hour comes, and man is born into the world—what is creation but a divine incubation; or gestation within the womb of eternity? The thought is startling; but I disclaim a rhetorical interpretation, and offer it as a generalization of science. What then? The embryonic conditions and processes and laws are left behind, and man walks forth under the heavens, the child of the stars and of the earth, born of their long travail, their perfect and only offspring. Now he has new conditions, new laws, new methods, and ends of his own. Now he has the image of the creating God, the child of the begetting spirit. It is to such conclusions that science is leading."

Finally, the writer of the Book of Esdras and other ancient writers giving the cue, Mr. T. T. Munger and Mr. J. J. Morse follow, leaving the impression that the children of God—mankind—are spirits now on earth, and their material bodies are the garments suitable for this world, and ready to be called away as elected by God, their Father, to appear in other worlds, taking on a suitable body, depending upon the environment, conditions, laws, etc., of their destined abode, according to the wisdom, judgment and will of their Spiritual Father. Yours truly,

EDWIN HUSBAND.

MELBOURNE, OCT. 1887.

* That we are spirits here and now is not merely the "impression" of a few, but a fact acknowledged by all who understand and accept the philosophy of Spiritualism.—E.O.

DE PEYSTER (they have been conversing on art topics):—"Are you fond of majolica, Mrs. Parvnu?" Mrs. Parvnu (who has made several bad mistakes since her entrance into society, and is on her guard):—"Well—er—that depends entirely on how it is cooked."—*Bacon*.

Every good act is charity. Giving water to the thirsty is charity; removing stones and thorns from the road is charity; putting a wanderer in the right way is charity; smiling in your brother's face is charity.—*Mohomet*.

The Great Problem.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I am greatly impressed with your article in the *GOLDEN GATE* of Oct. 20th, entitled, "Power." The key-note and solvent of the labor question seems to be shadowed forth in its suggestions. Let us hope, as therein stated, that "the condition of those who get their living single handed, unaided, while now becoming harder, can never be worse for the so-called working classes, for the last turn of the screw is upon the thumb of industry, and the body must die or be relieved." By this it is apparent that the wage workers have neither time nor brain power to think out plans for their relief, therefore this must be done for them by the humanitarians whose minds are illumined to comprehend this greatest problem of the age, the Capital and Labor question. And as "agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom," let all who have inspirations that may throw light upon these subjects be instant in season, if not out of season, in presenting them to the world. (I feel impelled to gather up the utterances of various people and writing them out for the *GOLDEN GATE* from time to time.) The Evangelist, Moody, probably never uttered a grander thought than when he said "that all men should work six hours each day, and no one should work more." This plan if adopted would save the lives of the three millions of men out of employment in the United States. I have often said that Moody should have a monument erected to his memory with this sentence upon it: "Let us not forget the tolling women whose work is never done, while men work from sun to sun," as the old adage goes.

The last time I heard of saw Henry Ward Beecher was when he preached his Thanksgiving sermon, last year. He said, in speaking of the eight-hour law, "Let no man talk about eight hours' labor while his wife works fourteen." This was uttered with great gusto, and called forth a storm of applause, in which I joined heartily; but there were many things in that discourse by Beecher which seemed to favor the monopolists and the moneyed power, and which I could not endorse, but Beecher was a great agitator on all questions, and one can not tell all the truth. It takes all men in the aggregate to elucidate all truths. May inspired teachers be raised up to teach the laboring classes that excessive toil destroys the possibility of enjoying, and capacity of exercising, their spiritual and intellectual natures, which are indeed the best things in life. We all need to learn to lessen our cares and burdens, as W. J. Colville taught the class in metaphysical healing. "Get rid of mammon and Mrs. Grundy; live simply and without display; mind is wisdom; let these spiritual forces govern you in all things."

Let me say, just here, that mental healing, mind cure and faith cure is permeating all classes of society in Brooklyn. The churches and their attendants are just as successful in performing cures by these methods as the most progressed Spiritualists; and shall we not rejoice that this is so, when there seems to be no united effort among the Spiritualists to sustain meetings or conferences? Let us pray that the highest thoughts be given forth from all the pulpits in the broad lands of earth, that the people can be enlightened thereby as it is proved by Mr. Colville's guides, as reported in the *GOLDEN GATE* of Oct. 20th, to be impossible for Spiritualists to organize. I thought while listening to Dr. Talmage, last Sunday, that he was giving very good spiritual food to the six million souls who sought nourishment in his church. Talmage said, "Sin is ignorance; discord is hell; heaven is harmony, etc." I resolved at once to send him a copy each week of the *GOLDEN GATE*, hoping it would inspire him, as it does me, to nobler thoughts and deeds.

EMILY B. RUGGLES.
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, NOV. 12 '87.

PROLONGED MOURNING.—Women are so apt to prolong their grief for the death of a near relative as for some sudden misfortune, says a writer in the *Boston Budget*. For while your friends and acquaintances will feel with you, and would help you if they could. They will comfort you, drop a tear with you, and listen to all your moaning for once. But if you keep on they will soon turn away. They weary of a grief that lasts, of a woe that is unending. They expect you to get over your trouble again, to have your broken heart mended so that the crack can not be seen. You can never, never, really be yourself if your heart is actually broken; and people live for years who have that happen them; but unless you wish to be shunned by those who have loved you best, you must pretend to have gotten over your grief. You must force smiles, and pretend to be interested in things, and say nothing of the haunting thought forever in your heart. You must take your skeleton and shut it into a closet, and only open the door on dark nights when no one can possibly call. Then you will know what it is—the dead bones of a warm and living joy—but, at least, no one else will.—*Ex.*

PATIENCE strengthens the spirit, sweetens the temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride. She bridges the tongue, refrains the hand, and tramples upon temptations.—*Horat.*

IS THAT YOU, BILLY BONNELL?—I am very much interested in your spirit column published in your Sunday's edition of *The Enquirer*, and with your permission will relate an incident that occurred in September, 1883, but which is as vivid to my mind as though it occurred but yesterday. I was confined to my bed with what my physicians called a serious case of sporadic cholera. One evening about 8 o'clock, while lying on my bed in the full glare of the gaslight, thinking of my condition, there passed across the room at the foot of the bed a person whom I at once recognized as W. T. Bonnell. I called out to him: "Is that you, Billy Bonnell?" He made no reply, but disappeared in a twinkling. Now to the best of my knowledge I had not seen Mr. Bonnell for two or three years, but supposed he was working the wires in the Western Union office in this city. I gave the matter no concern whatever as I thought he was living, but what was my surprise a few days after when I heard that Mr. Bonnell's remains were brought to this city for burial. He having died in Nebraska the same day on which his spirit appeared to me at my home in Mill street. I related this to three persons the next day, and who will vouch for the accuracy of this statement.—"D. G. C." in *Cincinnati Enquirer*.

TAPE WORM

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1887.

LET US GIVE THANKS

That we are intelligent, conscious, individualized entities, capable of being thankful.

That we are emanations from a life principle, whose beginning and ending are the extremes of infinite duration.

That the grave is no longer a voiceless Sphinx staring back into our pallid faces and stricken hearts with the dumb, glassy eyes of oblivion.

That we have our destiny in our own keeping, and that sooner or later all will learn the true way to happiness, which is the ultimate of human existence.

That life is a blessing to whoever lives nobly and seeks for the highest good of his fellow-beings.

That in giving we receive, and in blessing others we add to the measure of our own joys, in this life and in the life to come.

That the Infinite Father and Mother, God and Nature, have no favorites among their children, but all are alike precious in their sight, and alike the objects of their eternal care and love.

That the long night of religious error is breaking, and its dismal shadows disappearing before the dawning splendors of the new day.

That the veil is rent between the two worlds, and the ladder which Jacob saw in his vision, with angels ascending and descending, has become the symbol of a glorious truth to the world. For these, and all the blessings of life, let us, with grateful hearts, give thanks.

Let us be thankful that we are thankful.

PRIVATE MEDIUMSHIP.

It is a gratifying feature of phenomenal Spiritualism that the influx of spirit power now breaking over the world seems likely to make spirit communion so common as, at no distant day, to do away entirely with public or professional mediumship. The inhospitable, and not unfrequently really vicious magnetisms, with which all public mediums are at times brought into contact, are more or less conducive of deceptive messages, and delusive manifestations, which would not be the case in a family circle of aspiring souls. There our sensitives can be carefully and tenderly protected, and no baneful influences from the material world allowed to come in. Then with a strong band of loving spirit friends to guard the portals upon the other side, an altar may be set up within every home where the earnest seeker for truth can hold communion ever with the good and pure in spirit.

We would advise no one to cultivate the gifts of mediumship unless prompted to do so from the best of motives. If you are living an ignoble life and seeking nothing higher, you will find kindred spirits ready ever to drag you down even to lower levels. On the other hand, if you are aiming to live well and worthily, seeking for the highest and best in your own life, and for the elevation of your own spirit, and honestly striving to uplift your fellow men, you will find welcoming hands reaching down from above to assist you. And thus mortal and spirit will grow together in the knowledge of the truth, and together draw nearer and nearer to the source of the Eternal Good.

There is no danger in seeking for the good in spiritual matters; to those who choose to make the spirit world an aid to their own advancement, spirit communion is entirely harmless. And the home circle is the place to seek this advancement.

It would be surprising to most people to know how many sensitives may be found among their acquaintances. There is scarcely a family where one or more psychics might not be developed, if they would only sit for it. Hence, we would urge the organization of home circles. Not less than two evenings of each week should be set apart for this work. After the cares and duties of the day are over the family should form in a happy group for spiritual communion. Let no unkind thoughts, or spirit of frivolity enter the circle room; but each one should bring his best thoughts, with the sincere aspiration that only good may come.

Entered upon in this spirit it would not be long before the various "gifts of the spirit" would be made manifest. Some would be entranced; some would have their clairvoyant vision opened to see and discern spirits; some would receive the gift of tongues, and perhaps some

would develop into physical mediums. And in and through all the manifestations, of whatever kind, the spirit of love and truth would prevail. There would be no frauds or false messages; for the influences which attract such deceptions would find no attraction or lodgment in the atmosphere of such a home.

WHERE SHALL WE DRAW THE LINE?

There are many excellent people in the world, notably the more intelligent communicants of the Roman Catholic Church, together with that large and respectable class of religionists known as "Seventh Day Adventists,"—who concede all the main facts of the spiritual phenomena—that they are produced by an intelligent occult power, etc. But then, without any good reason for the conclusion, they insist that the spirits manifesting are all bad spirits, or the spirits of devils let loose upon the world by the Good Father to deceive the children of his creation and lure their souls to a place of everlasting torment!

This is a horrible imputation of the wisdom and goodness of the All-Father. We can not understand how any one who believes in the spiritual manifestations recorded in the Scriptures,—such, for instance, as the writing upon the wall by a spirit hand at Belshazzar's feast, the three materialized spirits that supped with Abraham, the voice of the angel to Balaam, the materialization of Moses and Elias, and scores of similar manifestations,—can come to such a conclusion. If they are the spirits of devils manifesting to the children of earth now, they must have been in ancient times, for is not God unchangeable?

But, aside from the monstrous idea that a good God would take such a mean advantage of his children in the interest of his arch conspirator and antagonist, Satan, (provided there be any such being), allowing them to be overwhelmed by invisible powers to their everlasting destruction, is it creditable to our human reason to assert that intelligent man is incapable of choosing between good and evil.

When the spirit mother comes to her children with messages of love, urging them by gentle admonition and loving counsel to live noble and pure lives, is it becoming in us that we should stultify reason and insult Omnipotence by declaring her to be the spirit of a devil? Why can't we exercise a little practical common sense in a matter of this kind as in other affairs of life?

A tree is known by its fruit. If the devil can lead us into better ways of life; if he can sweep away the cloud of doubt and gloom that has so long overshadowed the grave; if he can bring us the assurance that our supposed dead are alive, and that death is but the gateway to another life beyond, where the spirit can unfold its divine powers and go on forever in the pathway of progress,—if the devil can do all this, then why not take the devil to our hearts and give him the first place in our affections?

But, rather, why not leave to man the exercise of judgment in this matter of spirit communion? When good spirits come to us let us accept them as such. We are permitted that choice on this plane of existence. We choose our companions here in the mortal, may we not choose those with whom we would associate who have passed on to the other life?

Hence, we conclude that Christians who believe in the Spiritualism of the Bible, stultify themselves in denouncing as satanic all the spiritual manifestations of these modern times.

HIS OWN EXECUTOR.—The most notable benefaction the world has ever known, and probably ever will be, is that lately decided upon by Baron von Hirsch; the sum is twenty million dollars, and is to be distributed among all present charitable Jewish institutions. What distinguishes this noble gift from others of its nature, is the great good sense shown by the donor in being himself his own executor and administrator, in which wise choice there must be a double pleasure,—that of personally seeing his wishes carried out, and seeing the good that must result from such vast means so applied. It must seem a good to have lived, to one in whom the power went to confer untold benefits, is used to that end. How much brighter and more beautiful seems the world, we imagine, to one it has cause to bless. The gates of Heaven are ever ajar to such souls, and the eternal light shines on all their way.

OAKLAND, Nov. 23d, 1887, 535 Isabella St.
DEAR EDITOR:—I have taken your valuable paper almost two years and have had no trouble, until lately it came so irregular. I do not know where the fault is, whether in you or the postoffice. If it continues I shall think that you do not care if I renew my subscription. I must say that I like your paper very much, and shall not give it up if you send it more regular. I remain yours in truth,
MRS. S. VALDEMAR.

We have more complaints, of a like character, coming from Oakland than from all the rest of the State combined. We know that our papers for Oakland are properly mailed. After the names of subscribers are written, they are carefully compared and counted each week that we may be sure that no address is omitted, and yet from three to six complaints are about the usual number that reach this office. The conclusion we reach is that the Oakland postoffice clerks and carriers are so much interested in the GOLDEN GATE that they borrow the papers for their Sunday's reading and forget to return them.

OUR PRIZE ESSAYS.

Through the generosity of that large-souled Spiritualist, Dr. John Allyn, of St. Helena, we are able to offer three prizes of \$25, \$15 and \$10 for the first, second and third best essays, respectively, on the best method of using money for the promotion of Spiritualism, and especially of the sum of \$100,000. Dr. Allyn's letter on the subject appeared in our columns two weeks ago. We now refer to it again with a view to emphasizing the importance of the questions involved in the doctor's proposition. (We would first say, however, that the essays are to be sent to this office on or before the first day of January next, when they will be placed in the hands of a competent committee of two ladies and three gentlemen, to be named hereafter. The Committee will make their awards as soon thereafter as possible, but not later than the first day of February, on which day the prizes will be paid.)

The opportunities for the acquisition of wealth, in this country, and especially in the new and wonderful developments of the States of the Pacific Coast, have, within the last third of a century, been unprecedented in the history of the world. That numbers of shrewd, far-seeing minds, have improved these opportunities, laying up "much treasure," is in no manner surprising.

These men, as a rule, started at the bottom of fortune's ladder. With wits made keen by contact with the humbler conditions of life, they entered upon the struggle for wealth. By wise investments in rising markets, of stocks, merchandise, labor or lands, they accumulated far more wealth than they need for their own use, or that they can wisely leave for the uses of those depending upon them.

Now comes a time of serious thought with such as to the future. The business period of their lives is past. Their work is nearly accomplished. Already are they conscious of the premonition of physical decay and death. They realize that in the life upon which they are about to enter they will have no use for houses or lands, for stocks or bank deposits. And now, if they are wise, they will naturally consider what distribution of their accumulations can they make that will add most to their own happiness hereafter and the happiness of those they may leave behind.

This question is one that now concerns many wealthy Spiritualists, on this Coast and elsewhere, and it is with a view to offering to all such some timely suggestions that Dr. Allyn invites these essays. Surely, those who have suffered martyrdom for opinion's sake, for having been true to their convictions in supporting and defending the cause they love, will naturally feel inclined to make the way easier for others by making some provision for perpetuating and establishing the glorious truths they have been able to demonstrate, and which have been a source of so much joy and comfort to themselves.

The spiritual philosophy teaches us that unimproved opportunities in this life—of work and duties left undone—are a source of sorrowful regret and unhappiness in the life to come. Indeed, it is the plaint with all returning spirits, who have failed to make the best use of all their opportunities for doing good, "Oh, that I had done what I had in my power to do for the welfare of humanity!" And among these lost opportunities the spirit finds none a greater source of unhappiness than that of unused wealth.

It is to be hoped, in these forthcoming essays, that some suggestions may be offered that will be helpful to those who have it in their hearts to devote a portion of their abundant means to the cause they love, and thus may bless humanity, and add to their own happiness in the new life upon which they are about to enter.

NEW RULE OF EVIDENCE.

Our esteemed Chicago contemporary, in a recent issue, referring to Dr. Wolfe's experience with Mrs. Fairchild, the materializing medium, enunciated the sensible proposition that evidence should be judged by its own merits. This is sound doctrine, especially so in the light of the fact that the nature of the manifestations, with all good psychics, depends largely upon their immediate surroundings and conditions. An inhospitable magnetism, or an unkind spirit of skepticism, on the part of investigators acting upon the sensitive aura of the medium, are no doubt often the source of supposed, if not actual deceptions. Hence, we are disposed to consider this fact in determining the measure of credibility in cases of alleged frauds committed by well-known mediums.

A medium for independent slate-writing, whose genuineness we and others have demonstrated repeatedly and most satisfactorily, our Chicago neighbor declares to be a fraud,—to use his exact words, "a shrewd and expert scoundrel,"—and seems hurt because we prefer the evidence of our own senses to that of his unsupported word. He says: "The editor of the 'GOLDEN GATE' knows of the exposure in the 'Journal office,' and thus knows the fellow to be 'a swindler.' This is certainly a new rule of evidence, and one which, if sound, ought to be 'work both ways.' Thus we might say: 'The editor of the 'Journal' knows of our experiments 'with this medium, and the indubitable evidence 'we have had of his genuineness, for we have 'personally assured him of the same, and he 'thus knows him to be a genuine medium!'"

Our Chicago conferee further says: "The 'editor of the 'Journal' is of the opinion that no 'spirit ever made a scratch or wrote a word on 'a slate through the agency of,'—etc., naming the medium referred to. Setting up opinions against positively asserted facts may be Bro. Bundy's judicial way of disposing of a case of this kind; but we mildly venture to submit that it exposes the court to the ridicule of uncharitable persons, of which class we hope we are not.

IRVING HALL.

On Sunday last, Nov. 20th, W. J. Colville's morning subject at Irving Hall was "The Speech of Balaam's Ass." The lecturer commenced by reminding his hearers that the object in view in discussing "dark sayings of holy writ" was to derive, if possible, the twofold advantage of extracting from their spiritual meanings and applying the lessons learned to practical uses in the present day. The literal absurdity of a speaking ass has often been the subject of sarcastic ridicule, but those who make fun of such metaphors are only wasting breath unless they induce those whom they entertain to look below the surface for spiritual meanings.

The character of Balaam affords an intensely interesting psychological study. Balaam represents a very large class of persons to be met with at all times everywhere. He was ready to barter conviction for gold; the gilded inducements held out by Balak proved too strong for him until he was confronted by a spiritual revelation called "an angel of the Lord," who so effectively conquered his base time-serving policy as to compel him to bless the Israelites he was hired to curse. The ass who spoke to him undoubtedly signified a humble and faithful dependent who positively refused to assist him in an evil work. The conversation between Balaam and the ass is recorded much as the incidents in a fable or parable take place; the letter being considerably strained for the sake of the moral and spiritual lesson to be conveyed. An ass symbolically signifies, according to Swedenborg, natural truth, i. e., such truth as a naturally well disposed person receives and follows without any special spiritual illumination. Balaam's ass was a she ass, which means the affection of natural truth; in its most interior sense the story refers to Balaam's conflict with his own conscience, when he hears the ass he "kicks against the pricks," to use a New Testament metaphor, and when at last he sees his danger his intellect assures him of the superior wisdom of that interior conviction against which he had so unsuccessfully fought. Morally speaking, the whole story resolves itself into a subjective struggle within the breast of a typical human being.

Multitudes of people receive spiritual impressions inwardly against which they mentally rebel; angels plead with us through our interior sense of right; the average human conscience is our point of contact with the angelic state; thus the ass (unlighted, natural conscience) saw the angel before intellect could understand the truth. Treating the subject more externally in the latter portion of the discourse, the speaker compared the ass to the faithful dependents who, all over the world, have been for centuries treated as beasts of burden, but whose voices are now being lifted, not to crush, but to save the very persons who have been their oppressors. Spiritual truth often comes with far more readiness to the humble than to the proud, so it is not to the college graduate so much as to the patient, conscientious toiler, we must look for that warning voice which tells us of danger at hand, and of the way of escape from it. The above imperfect abstract conveys but a very slight idea of a profoundly interesting lecture, which was listened to with close attention by a large congregation.

In the afternoon a plain and lucid statement of "The Purpose of Theosophy" was made before a well filled hall. Many important questions on spiritual healing were answered at the close of the address. A very large class in Theosophy and Metaphysics has been formed, and Sunday afternoon at Irving Hall promise to be very interesting.

At 7:30 p. m. the hall was crowded. A vigorous lecture on "The Anarchists, and Their Reception in Spirit Life" excited great attention and called forth outbursts of applause. The music was exceedingly fine. Mmes. Bishop rendered exquisitely a prayer from "Stradella," Miss Joy sang "The Bridge" captivatingly, and between the lecture and poem a magnificent trio was superbly rendered by Mmes. Bishop, Miss Joy and Mr. Heath. A talented pupil of Miss Joy acted as accompanist.

On Sunday next, Nov. 27th, W. J. Colville's subjects will be: 10:45 A. M., Dark Sayings in Holy Writ, No. 3. "Jonah Swallowed by a Monster of the Deep." 2:30 P. M., Class Lesson, "Theosophy of the Egyptians, with Allusions to the Great Pyramid." 7:30 P. M., Lecture for the people, subject, "Co-operation vs. Monopoly, or the True Methods of a Pacific Revolution." Special music.

IN GREATER THINGS.—It is not often that one who fails in small things succeeds in great ones, but Queen Margaret, of Italy, is one who has. Her attempts at novel writing were some complete failures, that not even their high source of authorship could induce a publisher to accept them; and yet the time is not long past that such a refusal would have cost a man his head. But the good Queen is a proficient scholar in Hebrew, and has collected a large Hebrew library, with the latest works of Jewish literature. She laughs with her friends over her fictional essays, well knowing that one's capacity and natural ability is not measured by failure in any given thing, which should only serve to turn us in other directions of mental industry.

—A Los Angeles subscriber writes: "For some reason, to me unknown, last week's GOLDEN GATE failed to reach me, and it is as though a dear member of the family, absent and looked for, had failed to arrive."

TIME.

What an ironical old Fate is Time! He is ever introducing joyous and brilliant beings into this world's glory, lifting them up to the climax of earthly gloom and fame, when suddenly he puts out the lights and the world grows in hushed sadness and wonder over the mutability of Time, but who is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. He does change us, and all around us, but he has but one system for all, notwithstanding his seeming diversity; in man's reverses we see Time through their flickering and differing shades, in as many guises, but he is the same old armed Time, going up and down the earth armed with scythe and hour-glass, that he make no mistake in his business. This old stage manager has just caused to be posted on the walls of Paris, yellow papers that tell of the sale of the mundane belongings of the late Jacques Offenbach, the happy and fun-loving maestro, whose vivacious conceptions have thrilled the world, and whose melodies yet vibrate through the land. Time has sent him hence, also his wife and only son, but spared his two beloved daughters to mournful widowhood. For these surviving children there remains the proud consolation that their famous father still lives in his art, and though Jacques Offenbach may never give to the world another useful measure, his existing repertoire still brings, in authors' fees, ten thousand a year. So the jolly composer, when his children are no more, might build himself a monument of lasting good to his countrymen.

THE LOST ONES.—The one dark shadow that rests upon all earthly homes, not by any religious or philosophy to be quite dispelled, is that of the gradual breaking up of the family circle and the severing of ties that are more than golden. Spiritualists know that it is that the eternal links may be re-united in eternity, where the rust of time may never corrode the brighter chains, that the "shadow sits and waits" for the next member of our domestic circle, but we know not which one will be called last. One must be left in the great world full of people with his or her all gone, gone! But the living faith that has become knowledge to so many, gives us assurance that our treasures are but gathered home from the sorrows and dangers that oft befall those who journey on life's material way. Dark and doubly dangerous would be that way, did no light from heaven cast its beams upon the rocks and pitfalls that beset our feet. A loved one taken is a new guide to our destiny, an inspiration to higher endeavor, a new source of strength, and a daily assurance that death is a mere term signifying no evil, but supreme good, and that out of it may come sweetest joy, when the shadow waits for but one more!

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Read Dr. Peets' excellent article, "The Value of Spiritualism," in this issue of the GOLDEN GATE.

—The elegant upright piano, manufactured by the T. M. Antisell Piano Company, not only economizes space, but it is really the perfection of a parlor piano.

—Dr. O. M. Wozencraft, an old California pioneer and Spiritualist, passed to the other life from Washington, D. C., on Wednesday last, aged seventy-three years.

—Dr. J. D. McLennan, the eminent magnetic healer, has returned from a long and successful trip to Utah, Montana, Idaho and Oregon, to his former residence at 1410 Octavia street, this city.

—The interest in W. J. Colville's Wednesday's lecture in Germania Hall, San Jose, is still increasing. Class meets at 2:30 P. M., and public lecture at 7:30. The audience invariably choose an excellent subject, and the local papers, (the Times), especially favor their readers with extended and excellent notices. The reporters deserve great praise.

—W. J. Colville's class in Oakland is increasing in size and interest as the sessions near their close. The most important directions for treatment are now being given. Class meets in Hamilton (upper) Hall every Friday at 3 P. M. Lecture on "Revelation" at 7:30 P. M. A select class in Theosophy is now forming. All particulars of Dr. Morton.

—Dr. W. W. McKaig, that close student and finished scholar, lectured before the Society of Progressive Spiritualists last Sunday at 2 P. M., his subject being the "Symbolisms of the Cross." It is needless to say he was listened to by a very appreciative audience, who expressed themselves as desirous of hearing more of such spiritual talk from the same or any other source.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Whitney gave a progressive church party Thanksgiving eve, followed by choice refreshments. Handsome prizes were awarded to the best lady and gentleman players, and "booby" prizes to the poorest. A most enjoyable evening was passed by all. Among those present were: Dr. and Mrs. Rodgers, Dr. and Mrs. Stansbury, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Moart, Mr. and Mrs. Washburn, Mr. and Mrs. Colby, Mr. Clark, Mrs. Carrie Miner, Capt. Watson, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wilder of Oakland. A German is promised for the near future, at which some novelties will be introduced.

—W. J. Colville, having succeeded in renting suitable premises, has now formally opened a Metaphysical College in Odd Fellows' Building, Market street, up one flight of steps only; elevator not required. The formal dedication exercises took place on Thanksgiving day, a report of which will appear next week. All W. J. Colville's private classes are held there; arrangements can be made for treatment on the premises with some of the best healers in the city, and a lending library is now open. Books can be borrowed and all information obtained by application at the College on Mondays and Thursdays at 4:30 P. M. Mrs. Moore keeps on sale, or can get to order, all approved works on spiritual subjects.

Spiritualism in Portland, Oregon.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The question under discussion before the First Society of Spiritualists Sunday evening was, "Where are the So-Called Dead?"

This proved one of the most interesting of all the questions ever discussed before our Society. Taking part in the discussion were Mrs. A. S. Duniway, late editor of the *New Northwest*, one of the ablest speakers and writers of the age, Dr. Lydin, Mr. Hunt, deep, logical, eloquent, Lawyer Hewitt, able and talented, D. H. Hendee, old and practical, and the writer of this article, who held the opening of the question; who held that the question, abstractly speaking, was one of the problem of human life. For who could tell where are the heroes of the ages past? where the brave chieftains, where the "mighty ones" who are counted in the world's history as "all to the grave gone down in their fallen fame?" Where are the kings and rulers of the earth of the ages past? Are they kings and rulers still in the unrolling warp of human life?

This question, that might take ages yet to answer, was not the one under discussion, but the question, as intended by the proposer, was "Where are our loved ones—where are our fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, our wives and children, gone before?" This, truly speaking, is the all-absorbing question of this age.

I held that Spiritualism has proved the fact that we survive the change called death, that the tenor of every message from the other shore also proves that they are still with us, "both when we wake and when we sleep." They are with us now; they fill this room; they are interested with us and for us. The fond mother, the devoted father, the loving sister, the true-hearted brother, the noble son, the gentle daughter, crossing over, lost none of the devotion held while in earth life. That the hero, the statesman, the lover of every good cause, become only the more interested by being translated, which fact accounts for the world's progress to-day. And yet there is a fact yet unrevealed, and perhaps unobtainable, as to where are the so-called dead. It is impossible while in the flesh to realize just what spirit life is; so those returning and communicating with us inform us; therefore, we need not expect to know it all; it is quite enough for us to know that they do survive the change—that they can and do return and communicate with us.

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Oregon, Nov. 14, '87.

Spiritualism in Seattle.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The First Spiritualist Society of Seattle was organized on Nov. 7th, and elected the following officers: President, Dr. Fred O. Houbert; Vice President, Wm. H. Gifford; Trustees, Geo. Spray, B. F. Bogardus, Wm. H. Gifford; Secretary, Mrs. Eliza Spray; Treasurer, Mrs. D. P. Smith.

The Spiritualists of Seattle and vicinity are manifesting a great deal of interest under the leadership of Dr. Fred O. Houbert, who has been lecturing and holding circles here for the last four or five months.

Hope all missionary mediums will give us a call.

Yours, LENA L. GIFFORD.

What Are You Here For?

(Christian Register).

Has the question ever occurred to you? Rather, has it not come up a thousand times in your experience? Sometimes it has been a vague and flitting curiosity, sometimes it has made you pause awestricken before the oracle of your own heart. You live in a world of mystery: only a small part of it can you convert into personal knowledge.

"What does it all mean? Is there an end and aim to the universe, and what part have I to play in it? Whence came I? Why am I here? Where am I going?" Of one thing you may be certain: your life has some relation to the whole plan of the universe. And of another thing equally sure: that the whole plan of the universe has some relation to your life. There is not a superfluous atom in the universe, nor can a single atom be destroyed. God is in the infinitely small as well as in the infinitely great. You are not an accident in the world. Your life has a meaning. It has some relation to the life of the great humanity about it. You are made to exert an energy, to fulfill a purpose. You may seek in vain to find what this purpose is, so long as you spend your life in idle speculations on the unfathomable mysteries of the universe. It is not so much by an intellectual as by a moral conception of the universe that your life is to have power. Before you interrogate the external world, interrogate your own conscience and your own heart. "For this commandment, which I command thee this day, is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off. It is not in heaven, that thou shalt say, Who shall go up for us to heaven, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it and do it? But the Word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it." Right here in your own life is the pressure of duty.

It is this which binds your life to others and gives it moral significance in the universe. You are here to take up the duties that come to you. They may be duties that belong to no other person on the globe. They are yours to accept and fulfill.

What are you here for? You are here to make the most of yourself; and, secondly, to do your best for the great world of humanity in which you live. Each of these tasks has some relation to the other; and, if you live with these ends in view, neither your own life nor the life of the universe will be without significance.

Spirit Power.

(Eastern Star.)

In taking up this subject we appeal more to the investigating Spiritualist than to those who have a knowledge of spirit power. A true believer is not one who accepts anything and everything which invades the sacred precincts of Spiritualism. There must be proof of the authenticity of phenomena. This to the truthful and spiritual-minded may be demonstrated in various ways. It has been truthfully said, "Evil they who evil think," and it is most assuredly true that those who search for fraud inevitably find it, but it is a fact equally well known that nothing genuine ever yet existed without its counterfeit.

If fraud is demanded in Spiritualism there stands a class of unprincipled people ready with a supply. It is a parallel case with the mercantile market, when unadorned and genuine articles are placed, in price, beyond the reach of the middle and laboring class, who would, of course, prefer a good article at their wealthier neighbors. Then, instead of striking at the root of the evil, which is "money monopoly" (caused often by rascally business transactions and heirship, than by honest industry), manufacturers are licensed to defraud the public with gross imitations. It is an imperative necessity that the ranks of Spiritualism be kept pure, its platform dignified. Progressive doctrines always appear more or less radical to their predecessors, therefore when new ideas are presented it is natural that they meet with opposition, but as the minds of the people enlarge and become more receptive of the light from a broader, grander plane of thought, they will gradually rise above the mists of prejudice and superstition. They want to become convinced that they are leaving error for right, or rather are adding to a lesser truth a greater one, for Spiritualism in no way detracts from any other religion to help build its own foundation; it reveals the good in all, it unfolds an inner light, and glorifies dark ways and crosses which would otherwise seem unendurable. We speak of "strong-minded" people in this world, and of the powerful influence they may exert. Now there is a common point, upon which nearly all minds agree, and that is, that it is impossible to reduce something to nothing. There must be an existence in some state or form, and there is no part or fiber of this material world but is permeated with spiritual essence, hence growth, development and evolution follow as natural consequences.

If the mind, encumbered by the form, can overcome obstacles, and mould the world to its will, it is not reasonable to assert that this intellectual force can be reduced to a breath of unindividualized ether by laying aside the material, which is, of itself, inanimate. Plutarch says: "The corruption or death of any creature or its annihilation or reduction into a mere nothing, but rather a sending of a dissolved being into an invisible state." Those who have a knowledge of spirit power and return find corroboration of its truth every day of their lives.

The souls of the universe are like an endless chain and though some parts be hid from sight, yet they exist and o'er the shining links the current of thought may pass unbroken.

"The spirit world around this world of sense floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense, A vital breath of more ethereal air."

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THE first statue of Longfellow erected in this country, a bronze, will be unveiled next spring at the poet's birthplace, Portland, Me. It was made in Italy, by Franklin Simmons, of Maine. The poet is shown seated in a carved chair, with one arm resting on the back of it, while the other, holding manuscripts, rests on his lap. The figure is draped in a cloak.

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(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Facts and Fragments.

BY JOHN WETTERBERG.

In a London paper called *Light*, in the editorial "Notes by the Way," are some remarks from a secular but apparently friendly source on some interesting spiritual manifestations, wherein the writer speaks to the trifling character of the manifestations: "They [the spirits] deal in raps, cuffs and squeaks, flirt about fiddles and guitars, tie and untie sailors' knots, abstract weight from tables, clutch with foggy hands that have neither arms nor bodies, chatter incoherently, spell badly, write in bad grammar, like darkness better than light;" adding, "This demeanor of the spirits is more conducive to mockery than to seriousness."

As the writer explains it somewhat, and favorably also to the spirits, I have no criticism to make on what I have quoted, but only some thoughts to offer suggested by the fact of this rather undignified manner of manifesting on the part of the spirits. The apparent frivolity of the spirits has always been a hard matter to satisfactorily explain to a well intentioned skeptic, who says, "They can't be spirits. Would my father, or your mother, or the Rev. Dr. Sharp, be up to such trifling buffoonery?"

People generally associate holiness and etheric qualities with the departed. I was strongly of that opinion myself, and I must say the antics of the spirits were almost as discordant as a comic song would be at a funeral. I suppose, however, the apparent discord was due to too close an association of the manifestation and the underlying fact. The source and the motive is everything. The "Sage of Concord" says: "Trifles become sublime sometimes by their uses, as goats, scorpions and crabs are when hung as signs of the zodiac." It seems to me the antics of which I have spoken, of the spirits, are but signs in our modern zodiac. Sailors' knots, tambourines and dancing tables become dignified by the source of the manifestation. "What a silly old fool that man is to be assuring himself with a pipe and bowl of soap suds, blowing soap bubbles," but when it was known that the man was a scholar, making scientific experiments, and the bubbles were not filled with breath, but hydrogen gas for a purpose, no one thought him a silly old fool. Who knows but there is as much dignity when a table is moved in a funny as in a mysterious manner, perhaps by Franklin now a spirit, as there was a century or more ago when as a mortal he attempted kite flying, and thereby harnessed electricity into the world's work.

It seems to me that the eclipse of faith was full; humanity was struggling for life in a sea of materialism, hungering for hope, and the hope born of revelation would not, in slang patois, "hold water;" the world was full of inspiration, sacred and profane; the spirit was psychically in contact with human hearts, but not intelligently so; the age wanted sensuous proof, could recognize no other, and when the "rap" could not be heard, and count, independent intelligence was manifest in the sensuous manifestation, and proved that the real man did not die when his body did. I admit it would have been better, if the *Light* man looked at the matter and I do also, to some extent, for the advent of Modern Spiritualism to have been both intelligent and olympian; but that is hardly ever nature's or divinity's way. The Messiah, if he was one, was not the offspring of a church, or a palace; his state was lowly, he was cradled in a barn, and his genesis was a scandal. The world is more indebted to lowly than to elevated cradles. Royalty finds no fault with the sailor who saved the fleeing Charles II. in his uncanny boat, when wrecked and otherwise lost, so we thoughtful children of men will find no fault with the methods of reaching us from the other side. There may have been no other way available. In a case of life and death methods are a trifling matter.

I was telling a lady of the return of Allen Putnam, and some of the circumstances. A pleasant looking elderly man listening, said, "You must be a very happy man to be able to believe that. At any rate, I would be, if I could." "Then you don't believe in materialization?" I inquired. "I have never seen anything to convince me, or that spirits have anything to do with any of the phenomena," he replied. "You are unfortunate; it is very easy to be satisfied that there is intelligence connected with them that is not the intelligence of any one present; and that settles the spirit point." "I have been trying," said he, "to understand this thing ever since 1855, and am no nearer a solution now than I was then. I am not very hard to suit; all I want is one question answered. I want the medium, or the spirit, to give me the pet name that my father used to call me. That would settle the fact with me." "You are easily convinced," I remarked, "easier than I would be; for I should feel, knowing myself the pet name, that if it was given, it could have been reached by mind reading."

"Well, I have been trying for thirty-two years to get some one thing to convince me of spirit return, and that simple desire of my pet name anything else to convince me, has not been given."

"That is strange; you must be a non-conductor of physical energy, or there must be a reason why your spirit friends think it best for you not to be initiated. It is not a very easy matter to identify a spirit. One might call to your pet name, but that would not identify your father; some other 'wandering spirit' might give you that evidence, as one did the distinguished Emma Hardinge Britten, pretending to be her brother, and succeeded in converting her to Spiritualism."

"Well, said he, 'all I want is to be convinced that it is a departed spirit. That will satisfy me.'"

"You will excuse me; but you would have more ifs than you think of now; that would make you a seeker still, rather than a believer. There is something very singular about special points that I do not understand myself; you have wanted my pet name, but it never comes, probably never will. For nearly two years I have been waiting my son to do something that I think as a spirit he could do, and if he could not, to tell me why he could not, and if that also is too hard a 'sum' to do, let me know that he knows I persistently ask him, so as to stop my importunity, as he did unexpectedly in relation to another matter, and successfully gave that its quietus. He has manifested a great many times, both by form and by tests, pretty successfully, but he never knows the persistent question to which I have referred. I do not think he could be present with me a waking hour that that question is not in my mind. It has become chronic with me for a purpose. I have written it to impress it on the spirit objectively; I also have it plainly written in my wallet, so as to have it with me autographically as well as mentally. My son will occasionally give me a good test indicative of him, so that I feel that it is he, and he says he is continually with me, interested in my affairs, and hears me talk, sees me write, and knows my thoughts; but he never gives me any evidence that he knows my persistent question, and he seems to be as blind to that request as the spirits are to your pet name."

I like a good test, one that is a good one. Once in awhile I have an experience that settles the question of identity. I often have evidence that settles the claim that spirits are the source of the phenomena. All along the pathway of my life I have had lean periods in spiritual experience, so also have I from time to time turned up unsunned bits of golden truth, that has fully paid me for periods of leanness. I will relate a late one. I attended a meeting at Paine Hall, Sunday afternoon, quite accidentally. Edwin Powell was the medium, and as I have never witnessed his platform tests, and seeing his name on the bulletin, I stopped there. I am not attracted to what they call platform tests; as a general thing they are cheap talk, and no approximation to tests. I do not refer to Stiles, Emerson, Slater, and a few others, who throw a luster of spirit over the rest of the testers, and I will now have to include Powell.

I will not attempt to describe his various tests on this occasion, which were very definite, and fitted the cases every time, but will only mention the one to me. The medium did not know me, but looking down, pointing to me, said: "You sir, I see a spirit near you, and I am impressed to say 'suicide.' I don't get his name." I said: "I recognize it." Later he said to the audience he would answer any questions any one wished to ask, and I asked him if he heard the word 'suicide,' and how it was he could get the act and not the name, as they were both well known. He said: "As I recall the person that came to you, there was a confusion in the state of his mind, as one would naturally have who was about taking his own life." The medium then putting both hands forcibly to his throat, spoke of it as if the trouble was there, and he felt as if it was suicide, and so said it. The circumstances did not fit my son's case, but the fact stated was enough to suggest his presence, and that I presumed to be his object. I was added, though it is generally known, that I had a very bright son, a Harvard graduate, who took his own life about two years ago, though having everything to live for.

In the evening I attended C. H. Budge's seance for physical manifestations. When his light seance was over, he closed with a dark one, as usual, for etherized forms. These are not very distinct, and are recognized by audible whispers. One came, giving the name of Henry. The lady manager said, "It is for you, Mr. Wetterberg." Listening, I heard the name "Henry Jacobs" very distinctly, and I said, "Oh, Harry! I am very glad you are here;" and then the spirit said in a very audible whisper, "John, you made a mistake this afternoon; you thought it was your son that came to you, but it was not; it was I."

Jacobs was an old friend who died thirty years ago. He was an intimate business acquaintance, who came from Seaside, the home of some of my ancestors; he was forty odd years old, fell in love with a young girl, who refused his offer of marriage because he was too old, and in his despondency he cut his throat with a razor.

The reader will see the medium's reference to his throat fits Jacob's case. There was no collusion between the two mediums. They had not seen each other in the interim, and if there had been they would have supposed it to be my son, as I did. Mind-reading is out of the question for the same reason, as the fact was in my

mind all the time as my son. The correction then proved independent intelligence, and that means a departed spirit. I do not think it straining very hard to consider it as Henry Jacobs himself setting me right, and the motive may have been, also, to give this testimony to Spiritualist readers.

Pleasant Dreams.

(Puck.)

"It ain't everybody I'd put to sleep in this room," said old Mrs. Jinks to the fastidious and extremely nervous young minister who was spending his first night in B— at her house.

"This here room is full of sacred associations to me," she went on: "My first husband died in that bed with his head on them very pillars, and poor Mr. Jinks died settin' right in that very chair there in the corner. Sometimes when I come into the room in the dark I think I see him settin' there still."

"My own father died layin' right on that lounge under the window. Poor pal! He was a Spiritualist, and he allus said he'd appear in this room again after he died; and sometimes I'm foolish enough to look for him. If you should see anything of him to-night, you'd better not tell me; for it'd be a sign to me that there was something in Spiritualism, and I'd hate to think that."

"My son by my first man fell dead of heart disease right where you stand. He was a doctor, and there's two whole skeletons in that closet that belonged to him; and half a dozen skulls in that lower drawer."

"Well, good-night, and pleasant dreams."

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