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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Work is good medicine.—*Texas Siftings.*

The only power that can move the world is thought.

Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.—*Goldsmith.*

Life is a short day, but it is a working day.—*Hannah More.*

Jealousy is the meanest passion that can influence the human mind.

The frenzy of nations is the statesmanship of fate.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.

Truth is the mightiest power in the universe, for it represents the soul life of God.

One good act done to-day is worth a thousand in contemplation for some future time.

Fame comes only when deserved, and then it is as inevitable as destiny.—*Longfellow.*

Talents are best matured in solitude; character is best formed in the stormy billows of the world.

The greatest event in a hen's life is made up of an egg and a cackle. But eagles never cackle.—*H. W. Beecher.*

Leave the doors and windows of your soul wide open, and there is not a sphere of light which will not be open to bless you forever.

Let every man take care how he speaks or writes of honest people, and not set down at a venture the first thing that comes uppermost.—*Cervantes.*

We find it hard to get and to keep any private property in thought. Other people are all the time saying the same things we are hearing to say when we get ready.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

The love which will not make sacrifices to its object is no proper love. Grounded in admiration and the feeling of enjoyment, it is a fit love for a picture or a statue or a poem; but for a loving soul it is not fit.—*Caryle.*

He who is sympathetic has his entrance into all hearts, and is the solver of all human problems. To him is given dominion where he thinks to serve, and the love which he gives without stint as without calculation, he receives back without measure as without condition.

Perfect manners are a part of the character as much as patience and honesty, and their beneficence is displayed not only toward the just but the unjust—in fact, they seem to belong to the texture of the wearer's mind, to be a reflection of the spirit of justice which would give everybody his due, withholding no civility or kindness.

It is not the geologist's hammer, or the astronomer's telescope, or the naturalist's microscope that is going to take away the need of the human soul for that Rock to rest upon which is higher than itself, that Star which never sets, that all-pervading Presence which gives life to all the least moving forms of the immeasurable universe.—*Holmes.*

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Facts and Fragments.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

Experiences are not transferable. The moment an experience is told, it is no longer experience except to the one who had the experience. At one remove it becomes testimony. Sometimes testimony is very close to experience, but the one who experiences knows what can not be conveyed to the mind of any without carrying possibilities, or supposes, that under the best circumstances qualify the experience. Men who have had experiences in certain directions can realize them in others, where those who have not had them can not. It has been my privilege to have had wide experience in the spirit manifestations, and, holding a fluent pen, I have been apt to relate them. I am the more inclined to do so from the evidence I have that I have listeners who believe me. I always intend to be literally truthful. I have never yet had to qualify a statement that I have made, but I would do so in a minute if I ever overstated a fact or an experience.

I will now relate an experience, not of my own, but of a friend. It can be believed as truly as if I had experienced it myself. I know the man well, and know that he knows what he is talking about; and if true settles the question of the reality and consciousness of departed spirits. A person believing the statement I am going to make, and yet doubting our survival of the death of our bodies, would not believe, "though one came from the dead."

He was cleaning out an old vinegar barrel, to use for another purpose, and ran a large hard-wood splinter into the end of his forefinger almost to the joint. The pain was so great he fainted, and soon said, "What shall I do?" and felt that he must see a doctor; but something said, "Don't." He could not tell whether it was an audible voice or not; he was alone, but he heard it as if it were, and went into his chamber and said, "What shall I do? What shall I do?" He was in great pain, and he got a response, internally or externally, he did not know which, or how; it said, "Go to bed and be quiet," and he did so. In the night he does not know whether he was asleep or awake, he saw standing by the side of his bed three forms unmistakably distinct and clear. Two of them he knew; the third one, a little behind, but between the two, he did not know; but it reached its hand between the two, took his hand, held it erect from the elbow, and with its thumb and finger took the buried splinter out of his finger; held it a second or two so that he saw the splinter distinctly in the spirit's hand that was in his own finger, and then it all vanished. In the morning, when he awoke, the dream, if it was a dream, was vivid, but the strange part of it was, there was no splinter in his finger—that had been extracted; otherwise than that he would have remembered it as a dream; but the forms he saw, one of them at least, took that buried splinter out of his finger. Dreams, fancies, shadows don't perform even slight surgical operations. The phenomenon may have been in dreamland, but the fact was physical; it was a practical act. Thinking this matter over, and seeing no solution of it but a spiritual one, I have wondered why I was so neglected. No splinters are ever taken out of me, or any aid given me, and yet I am always working for spirits and Spiritualism. To be sure this man of whom I have been speaking is somewhat mediumistic, so would I be if I could. One thing, bear in mind, no matter how or why this is so, what I have stated is literally true.

She was a healthy, ignorant Irish girl; her father's name was Peter, and was dead; so was her husband whose name was Andrew. Ann, the girl to whom I refer, as well as those departed spirits which I have mentioned, were all Catholics. She served us as a wet nurse. We accidentally found she was a medium. She did not know it, and when a table moved or a rap was heard she thought some one did it. She was the most remarkable medium for tests I ever met. I would give a good deal if she was alive in

the form now. My experience with her in my own house for many months did much to solidify my belief that an intelligent spirit world surrounded us, and gave me perfect evidence that man survived the death of his body.

Ann, after a privileged delay from attending mass and confession for some months, visited the priest, and among her confessions she spoke of her sittings with us for the spirits. The priest alarmed her by his expressed dissatisfaction. He admitted that the spirits, Peter and Andrew, were the father and husband, but to evoke them was a sin that would imperil her soul; but she, knowing no better, would be forgiven, but on no account must it be repeated. The girl was pious, in a Catholic sense, that is, superstitious, and she promised not to do so any more, and was forgiven in the usual priestly way.

Knowing nothing of this confession, I proposed a sitting which she declined, and gave the foregoing as reasons. I was disappointed, but was glad the priest had not called it a fraud, but that the spirits who had been the active workers were really her father and her husband. I could not fully understand the objections; all she could say was, "The priest said it was wicked," and that she did not belong to that circle. I concluded, as I had learned otherwise, that the Catholic church believed in this spirit intercourse, but that it was a sacred matter, and like the interpretation of the Bible, was not for the common people, but for the priests' duty alone as a power, but not for common or popular use.

I succeeded, after a while, and getting her consent to sit just once as a favor to me; she almost felt, in doing so, as if she was committing the unpardonable sin, and I was afraid it would spoil the conditions, but the raps came as quick as we got seated at the little, old table (made in 1750). "Who is here?" said I, and the reply was as usual, "Peter and Andrew." I said to Ann, "The priest says they are really Peter and Andrew, your father and husband, did he not?" "Yes," said she. "Did you love them, and did they love you?" said I. "Oh yes," said she, "and I miss them very much." "Were they good Catholics?" said I. She said, "Yes." "They would not advise you to do anything wrong, would they?" said I. "I think they would not," she replied.

"Well now, Ann, who would know best what was wicked or wrong, two good Catholics who are in the spirit world, or the priest, a man here, who had never been over there?" She said, "Those who had died are spirits, of course." "Well, the priest saying the rappers were your father and husband; who would you mind or believe, him or them?" "Why, I would believe them." "Well then, Ann, let us ask them the question." The spirits, I think, were listening to our colloquy, for they were very quiet, so I said, "Have you been listening to me?" and the raps came very distinct and loud, "Yes," said I. "Peter and Andrew, is it wrong or wicked for Ann to sit in this way for us?" and the answer came loudly, "No." "Do you wish Ann to sit for us in this way to talk with the spirits?" and the answer was "Yes." Ann became satisfied, and I beat the priest on his own logic, and she continued to sit whenever I wanted her to. She is now a spirit herself. I mention all this somewhat minutely first, to show that the Catholic church believes in these manifestations for the higher powers, though not for common people, its laity; second, it may add a little luster on the "fragment" that follows this.

I am always glad when I hear that a medium, or any worker for our cause, reaps a reward in a worldly sense, or is clothed in purple and fine linen, and able to fare sumptuously every day. I see the purple of prosperity has fallen on Jesse Shepard. I have read with pleasure in many favorable and startling accounts, in magazines, secular papers, and in the spiritual papers also, of his present late promotion into magnificence. He seems also to wield the pen interestingly on what he has observed in his various travels. It would seem as if his royal road connections were in many directions. I remember him as a musical prodigy,—I had rather say medium, only he may not like it from what I have noticed, but "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," so we will let prodigy stand. I am no musician myself, but a cat, you know, can look upon a king, and I have a pleas-

ant memory of him in that "feline" sense, though it must be about a decade since I was an eye and ear witness of his remarkable gifts. I have, however, kept the run of him all these years as in duty bound as an observer, and have heard of his popularity and success, and have been, as I have said, highly favored with printed and other information since his pleasant advent at San Diego. There are spots, you know, on the sun, so there will be no harm in my saying there was at least one in the literature to which I have referred, and that was his letter to the *Religio Ph. Journal* of Chicago, where he places mediumship in a low and back seat. I do not think he means it, for he is not the bird to befool his own nest.

I recognize a great difference in mediums and mediumship, but they are all the telescopes, or avenues, for our light, and high and low both become sublime by the fact of being celestial avenues. "Inner consciousness," which we all have at times, will not explain a royal road or transcendental knowledge, nor even the surpassing gifts that have made Mr. Shepard famous and, now in a worldly as well as a spiritual sense, successful. Sensitiveness to the higher influences, no matter what we call it, I like the word "mediumship"; we all understand it opens the door to the knowledge of another life, affording the only sensuous proof there is of it, and that alone makes this mundane life worth living. I am not casting any shadow on my friend, or his position, which certainly is both lovely, deserved, and desirable.

Jesse Shepard, as I have said, has brought up at San Diego, that wonderful point to many Eastern speculative eyes, and while many are interested here in the rise and fall of San Diego stock, I have been more interested in his aesthetic residence as not only one of the blossoms of that distant spot, but also as a setting for him of rare magnificence. Surely the spirits, or, as the poet calls it, "the divinity that shapes our ends," have shaped his with taste and beauty. I have read, and heard some say, it is the Catholic influence, as if he had sold himself to that remarkable and well-sustained religious movement, but I think those who said and wrote so would have gladly done the same, and possibly there may have been the flavor of sour grapes. Though I would consider it a weakness to shut the door in the face of mediumship that has done so much for one, I can see no harm, if the musical gifts and influences had attracted him to the Catholic any more than sure pay attracted Cephas B. Lynn to become a pastor of a Universalist Church. They both can be good Spiritualists and good mediums just the same, if they don't get afflicted with the "big head." I have sometimes thought W. J. Colville might be similarly caught, for music has often attracted him to enjoy cathedrals, and I really see no reason why Brother Shepard should not accept blue and pink rooms, artistic decorations, and palatial housings, even with the associations of bishops and priests.

No one can accuse me of loving priestcraft, Catholic or Protestant, or of favoring, even if I admit the idea, as I certainly do, that "ignorance is the mother of devotion." I think the Catholic church has been wiser in its generation than the children of Protestant lights, for it has always admitted the fact of spirit intercourse and supervision in its modern sense, and it has ruled an ignorant world thereby that otherwise could not have been ruled. True, it has given it a sacred and upward twist and kept it within the priestly circle, as it has the Bible, as if the rabble or the laity could not properly interpret either. I have sometimes thought that there may have been wisdom even in this from what I have seen in promiscuous circles where the phenomena were pearls cast before swine, they having no more conception of their spiritual value than a circle of horses would, and there may have been wisdom in keeping such intelligence among the wise and prudent, and not revealing it to "babes." It has been the superstition of the masses that has made the church powerful, and the Protestant in ignoring Modern Spiritualism has disfigured itself.

Whatever comes from the brain carries the hue of the place it came from, and whatever comes from the heart carries the heat and color of its birthplace.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Ever Old and New.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The old year closes, the new year dawns, as young, as bright, as beautiful as countless years have dawned before. Our hearts may throb and break, or overflow with joy, yet the resistless march of the years go by. We look back into the mists slowly gathering over the yesterdays, regretful of the full measure of happiness they pressed to our eager lips, or with gladness that they are past, and no more the bitter cup of affliction they forced us to quaff to the dregs is ours. What is gone, is gone forever; but oh, what a delicate perfume lingers in the sunny valleys, and what golden light is reflected from the mountain summits of the past!

The year has gone. Many gather at Christmas-tide, and the family circle has no break. There is happiness in the golden ties which weave the hearts of all into one great heart of love.

There are many who, when the day of peace and gladness comes, will miss the dearest face of all. At the hearth will be a vacant chair; at the table no merry voice or laughter sweeter than music. The wind bearing the fleecy snow will tell how cold it is out under the cypress and trailing willow, where a headstone gleaming among the dark foliage bears the name of her who went away to dwell with the angels, taking all the light out of the world.

Other families will gather, and the broken links will be filled with memories of the absent. A few years ago, all the merry children were together, and the fate the years had in store was unthought of. Now father and mother sit on Christmas Day with only one, or perhaps none, and in low voices of restrained feeling speak of the nestlings who have sought homes beyond wide seas and continents. With them life seems doubled in itself, and often thirty or forty years, they sit by their hearth alone, as they did in the first year of their marriage. As they did, but now it is on the shore of a flood of memories.

We can not turn back the hands pointing the years, nor give life to the ashes of the past. The future is ours to do and dare, and gain higher grounds and breathe a purer atmosphere. In the olden time the angels came with glad tidings; so do they come to us, but instead of pointing us to a child in manger lowly born, they appeal to ourselves as possessed of divine heritage and equals of the angels.

If I sit alone at my table this Christmas Day there are heavenly guests who fill the vacant circle. What care I for the gleaming headstones? The cypress may sob its grief to the winter wind, my dead are not there. Nothing is there but the shard, the worn garment, the broken bars which confined the freed spirit. And I know that in all the bowers of paradise there will not be one place for them as sweet as this.

WOMEN are steadily forcing their way in the industrial world. The South Brooklyn Ferry Company have substituted women for men as collectors on both sides of the river. They work ten hours a day, and receive a salary of sixty dollars per month. They have not only proved themselves as efficient as men, but more honest.

THE perfectly just man is he who loves justice for its own sake, not for the honors and advantages that attend; and is willing to pass for unjust, while he practices the most exact justice; who will not suffer himself to be moved by disgrace or distress, but will continue steadfast in the love of justice, not because it is pleasant, but because it is right.—*Plato.*

RECENT measurement of their coffins show that the average ancient Roman could not have been more than five feet five inches tall. The mummy of Cleopatra measures four feet six inches.

Two hours of natural sleep are worth more for real recuperation than a whole night of unconsciousness under the influence of some drug. Artificial sleep is no substitute, in a physiological sense, for "nature's sweet restorer."

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Silent Workers.

BY GEO. A. DELBOSCH.

Decked with the beauties here of life,
I find myself, a spirit, in disguise.
A wanderer, on this darkened earth,
My only home, beyond the skies.

As I survey the ground covered in my search for truth, and the various conditions surrounding the same, I feel, in justice to the spirits trying to manifest to their friends on earth, that a few remarks from me may enable those seeking knowledge to find that hidden truth. In order to gain this knowledge, conditions must be made within ourselves that bring us *en rapport* with the higher conditions of life. Truth needs no explanation; we are taught its principles from childhood, yet policy rules our steps through life, and although we do not always deceive in words, yet we do deceive in actions by remaining silent when we should speak the truth.

In my search for spiritual knowledge, I have often met at seances persons who know of this beautiful truth, yet from business or social policy keep the fact hidden from mortal sight. They say, "Yes, I have known of this fact for some time, but I would not do to tell my friends what I know, as they do not believe in it, and would think I was getting crazy if I told them all I know and have witnessed to my satisfaction."

Thus the world is kept in ignorance of facts, because mankind, through policy, dare not express the truth. Is this honest or just? Suppose these same parties heard a conversation in which one was plotting his friend's ruin, would they hesitate to convey that intelligence and put their friend on his guard that false friendship might not mislead him? Where is the difference as far as the facts are concerned? Are not our friends daily being deceived by false statements made of the laws of life? Are not false prophets now proclaiming to the world statements that are false and perfidious, conveying to the ignorant minds the existence of an angry God who will damn them forever? Who is to refute this false statement except those who know better? Is policy always to keep mankind a slave to false teachings? Are there no higher principles than policy to rule our actions? Does the spirit world teach humanity these lessons? When we find the door of communication between the spirit world and ourselves open (and that death is a delusion), have we no duty to perform? Does the fear of death and the damnation of hell, as proclaimed to the agonizing heart, demand from us the proclamation of truth and justice that we may take from the sorrowing heart the blasphemous thought, that a mother's wayward child is forever damned?

In my intercourse with spirits I find that as they existed here, so they exist there; no change has taken place in their conscious existence, and their progression is like our progression here. By our own desire we progress, and thus learn the mysteries of life; and as we progress toward the higher, the beauties of life become more apparent. Then the greater is our desire to know more of life.

A few weeks ago a lady called on the writer (on business). In our interview, I was impressed with the thought that her spirit mother was present. I said, "Have you lost your mother?" She replied, "Yes, she died many years ago; why do you ask?" I said, "She is not dead; she is now here with you, and tells me to say she wishes you to go to some medium; that she wishes to communicate with you." The lady was amazed. Her dead mother communicate with her! I said, "Yes; she can and will, if you only open the door of communication." I then related some of my experience of investigation. I showed her a likeness of myself taken by Dr. Wm. Keeler, of Brooklyn, N. Y., on which were the faces of thirteen spirits. The lady expressed a willingness to make an investigation of Spiritualism.

We arranged to meet at Mrs. Stoddard-Grays, and at the appointed time we met. Neither of us was known to the medium. (The medium and her son, De Witt Hough, give many fine tests of materialization and dematerialization out in the room, independent of the cabinet.) This lady's mother appeared, assisted by my spirit guide, as this was her first attempt to materialize. She felt the conditions in which she passed out of the body that rendered her speech imperfect; she would only demonstrate by actions the pain she felt on returning to the form. My spirit guide said she would be taken to other cabinets that she could learn the law more perfectly. A few weeks after, we attended a seance given by Mrs. L. S. Cadwell. The conditions being unfavorable, the mother was unable to manifest in the form; but from the cabinet came this message: "Tell my daughter, Carrie, that this is a living truth; take no heed of what any one says to the contrary. Remember what I used to teach you of eternal life. I will try and materialize when you come again." I learned, after the seance, that a woman sitting next to her was trying to persuade her that all the forms appearing was the medium; hence the message from her mother.

We visited Mrs. Cadwell's seance again on Friday, the 2d inst. The conditions were fine and the spirits strong. After the usual manifestations of the spirit friends of fifteen sitters, a spirit came to

the cabinet opening and said to the attendant of the cabinet, "I want my daughter, Carrie." I said, "There is a spirit calling for you," and led the lady up to the cabinet. Her mother, although weak in voice, yet with a determination to be identified, told her daughter many things of her earth life that proved to her that the spirit incased in that form was her mother; and then the spirit turning to me grasped my two hands and said, "May God bless you for opening this way of communication with my daughter," and then disappeared from view. To me that "God bless you" from the spirit is treasured more than earthly gain. I feel that by my co-operation two souls, so long parted by so-called death, are by the laws of life again united, proving to the mortal child that death is a delusion, that all is life here and hereafter, and that the road of communication is open to all who would seek to find it.

What difference does the report of the Seybert Commission make to those two souls now united? Can that report take away the knowledge thus gained? Is there not in this silent way work for Spiritualists to do? Is policy or opinions to rule to the detriment of truth? Is it not time that all possessing knowledge of this immortal truth should rise above conditions and manfully proclaim the truth? Does not all the world require truth? If so, why then in the face of false prophecies that mislead close the doors of communion between the loved ones here and there, bringing misery and sorrow to all who are in ignorance of eternal law? Now is the time to rise and show your manhood and womanhood. If it is a truth to proclaim it, and by silent work prove to your friends that you are not only a friend in name, but that you are a true brother or sister, with all the love that their positions require to draw you to each other. What is the use of knowledge to us if we keep it hidden from view? Is soul life only of importance to us? Are we separated by any law from all other souls, or are we—

Linked by a thousand threads that bind
Each human soul to God's pure love;
With everlasting life to find
The purity in spheres above.

Are we not to-day pupils and to-morrow teachers? How can the ignorant progress if all refuse to teach? Where would you and I stand if our teachers acted with indifference to our welfare? Oh rise and put forth that individual influence we all possess, and by our acts prove to the world that we are earnest workers for each other's good. Let us seek to know the good in all things, and as we find it teach it to those that are hungering for what we have to give. Thus we, by our act, will call to our assistance the silent co-operators on the spirit side of life, and thus strengthen ourselves in our work of love. Popular opinion will always run on the side of truth. Prove to them what is truth, and then false prophecies must end in disastrous ruin. Who is to proclaim this great truth except those who know the fact? Then silently work for its advancement, and if you only raise one soul out of the darkness and dread of death, the angel world will bless you for that act, and when you leave this tenement of clay the rejoicing spirit of some loved one made happy by your act will greet you on that shore in which you then appear as a stranger, and then by its advancement will teach you progression's road, and will prove to you that love begets love. Thus you lay up treasures beyond.

So, traveler, watch, and wait, and pray
That life's hard struggles soon may cease.
Then on to brighter scenes away
Your soul can reach its goal of peace.

Then sweet remembrance of that love
That twined itself within your soul,
Fed from the angel spheres above
From God's pure heart in his control.

Then let the link that binds us here
Prove to each soul a treasure—love.
Then we can meet death's ransom'd call,
And greet each other true above.

Mr. and Mrs. Pettibone.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I have long been a reader of your excellent paper, and if I had to choose between going without the paper or my supper, I think the supper would have to go.

If you will kindly permit, I will give you the result of my patient investigations after the truth. I was only half convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, when I saw a notice of the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Pettibone in the city, and called on them shortly after. That has settled the whole matter for me, as through the mediumship of Mrs. Pettibone I have received the most convincing proof of the truth of your beautiful religion. I have been to many mediums, but have never before received such soul satisfying messages from my loved ones, and could not refrain from writing this humble tribute to your glorious cause.

Yours for the truth, A. S.

People are always talking about originality; but what do they mean? As soon as we are born the world begins to work upon us, and this goes on to the end. And, after all, what can we call our own except energy, strength and will? If I could give an account of all that I owe to great predecessors and contemporaries, there would be but a small balance in my favor.—Guth.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Life in the Cause.

BY A. F. BERCHER.

As man is an epitome of the universe or life in the cause, he is destined to become one with the same again, or in harmony with it at some future time. When this takes place, is an entirely individual affair, as it depends on his manner and mode of living, existing or utilizing his time while in an earthly or material body. The spirit takes form according to the habits, passions and usages made by and indulged in by the physical body—this appendage of the soul being a counterpart or expression of the material body, and constitutes an essence of the same in all its particulars.

The natural unfoldment is an effect of its magnetic or electric emanations, but when man indulges his physical body beyond the dictates of nature he overcharges it with substances or vital force not utilizable as life-giving principles, and when finding no attraction for, or not being absorbed by man's physical nature, they escape into his spirit body and infuse this with material emanations or substances too gross for and in discord with the spirit body. Such is instilling it with animal sensuousness, or a principle not in harmony with spirit or spiritual nature, and in which the soul finds existence after its release from the material body. Feeding the spirit body with matter is unlawful in a spiritual sense, and should be left to nature's care. This building it up from the magnetic emanations exclusively, and even if material in a sense, is of a fluidic order and not atomic, as that emanating from the surplus food partaken of by the physical body.

The material body is a strictly atomic creation and in harmony with material nature, therefore enabled to exist in the same without inconvenience, as this is an atomic entity with a fluidic one (magnetism) as its controlling agency or power—the law of gravity constituting this control. Spiritual nature or spirit so-called is a magnetic or fluidic entity, and constitutes the condition of existence which permeates all material life and holds it in abeyance, centralizing itself in all life conditions in the form of law so-called, and lends it animation, activity and growth. Both are the effects of an interior or superior life principle, God, so-called—this being a purely intelligent entity, and contains all the principles which give life and expression to the effects. Such is life in the cause, and exists as the only absolute condition, both previous to and after the evolution of matter, retaining the individualized effects or life conditions as immortal entities in its embrace after their dissolution from the material to which they were once attached or immured in.

Magnetism is the only material essence that is enabled to amalgamate with or find admission into the entity of intelligence, and as no life condition is enabled to retain its individuality without a material protection, this becomes a necessary creation in the evolution of life. Spiritual nature, as well as man's spirit body, is composed of this element, and therefore its indestructibility after decay or dissolution of the matter from which it emanates. Thus worlds, cities, towns and all that once had life in it remain intact in the future or after their destruction as material conditions. Spirit, though, is the medium between matter and life in the cause (God), and constitutes the entity into which all life conditions pass before entering into the higher state—the so-called positive condition of existence, the absolute. Man is included in this order of nature as well as other life entities, and has even to fit himself for the spiritual entity before enabled to pass into the purely intelligent one, the absolute or life in the cause—such being to unfold a spiritual body which is in harmony with spiritual nature, and which, as already stated, must be composed of purely magnetic emanations, unalloyed by the grosser material, as occurs when overcharging the physical body with sensual indulgences or appeasing its appetites beyond the dictates of nature. To do this, a natural life is needed—one in which instinct leads the way, but subjected to the government of reason, and through which the spirit body will unfold itself in harmony with its future abiding place or entity, and feel no inconvenience in being.

The material essences or magnetic emanations arising from such a life condition are not only in accord with the entity to which it is destined as an indestructible spirit body, but in accord with the intelligent life principle of the universe—its own soul nature, and through which it will be eventually carried into the positive condition of life, God so-called; the latter when the inherent life principle of any living entity becomes superior in motion or activity over that of its magnetic or sensuous nature or body. Whether this can take place in any other life conditions outside of man is perhaps difficult to reason ourselves into. Man being the only intelligent conscious life entity would suggest that he is the only one that is consciously seeking the absolute of existence, God, and thus the only one that will reach it—it being taken for granted that an inherent impetus or individual desire must exist for this effect, and substantiated by the fact that there is no moral, divine or intelligent progress, as it were, without this individual struggle. And to attain it, the life condition must

be fitted for it—this being to reach a state of individual unfoldment which will warrant an attraction to its realms or its condition of intelligent activity. We can not imagine any other condition than one in which the soul nature (the intelligent principle in man and counterpart of the original life in the cause) becomes superior in motion over that of its material or sensuous appendage, and one that is equal in motion or activity to that of the life condition to which it is aiming, God or life in the cause. What this is in being, must be inferred from our own soul nature. Self-study leads to a knowledge of it, and contentment signifies its attainment, or that bottom is reached, as it were. Diving into self is diving into causation, and being an epitome of the universe, man comprehends the nature of God as he comprehends himself.

To know self is to become conscious of the obstructions which impede our way, and to know this is to undertake the mission of self-reform or self-culture, as the case may necessitate. If discords exist, self reform is necessary; if simply lacking in soul activity or divine impetus, self-culture will suffice. Either leads to the desired result, heaven so-called, or life in the cause, God!

Spirit Influence.

BY C. E. S.

What influence does the spirit world have upon this? This is a question asked, and unanswered to any great extent, even by those who, having accepted the philosophy, are yet unprepared to go much into detail as to the extent and possible power allowed to the departed in the protection of their friends, or otherwise, as regards their enemies. If unlimited protection is allowed to those who have gone over those who remain, why should suffering continue at all, which could be avoided, by those who watch the earth bound spirit? Or why should not the angry gods be appeased, as the Chinese appease their wrathful spirits who have gone before with possible enmity in their hearts toward them?

These questions must remain unanswered till we look farther into the philosophy, when we think we can find cause sufficient to require us for so doing, as well as thankfulness for the great good that Spiritualism is likely to vouchsafe us. Magnetic attraction draws spirits to earth in the same way the magnetic aura, passing from one body to another in the form, produces that slumber known as magnetic. In a lesser degree it is productive of influence from one to another. The laws of magnetism, not understood in this world, are scarcely better known in the lower grades of the other. Partial effects only are produced, and will be until the law is better understood. Meantime the work progresses. "Mind acts upon mind," says one, accounting for the tests given by mediums. That is one step toward belief in the possibility of magnetic attraction of the mind in the body. But is the mind in the body? Though still earth bound, is it any more visible because of the body it inhabits? If so, why is it not possible to identify the thought by the body? And yet how completely it is concealed, and how little we really know of what others think till they have in some way materially expressed themselves.

Admitting then that mind reading is possible, which many people outside of Spiritualists are inclined to do, what is necessary to place people in harmony to transmit thought from one to another? The mind of the one must be in a receptive condition, the other more positive. The receptive is plastic, susceptible of being impressed by the positive force or aura of a person in a positive condition. Take, for example, Bishop in his mind reading experiments. His sensitive brain, to be used by those who are making the experiment, is placed by his own will-power in a perfectly passive condition to receive the impression of thought of those who, even while they are determined he shall not know, are still so filled with the thought themselves that the subject's mind receives it and follows the direction their minds point out. Very much we think as the plate prepared by the photographer receives the picture the sun places upon it. Whether Mr. Bishop is a medium or not, it little matters, so long as he helps to prove the possibility of the transmission of thought from one mind to another.

Admitting this, who can disprove that the mind, having lost the body necessary for its sojourn in this world, has not power to continue its action beyond? Who can say that it can not continue to impress itself upon the soul here with whom it can come *en rapport*? The fact that Spiritualism is dangerous, may not be altogether without foundation, as ignorance of anything makes danger liable. There is danger to a "sensitive"—a medium—not aware of his susceptibility to the danger of magnetic force, even in the body, if the wielder of the positive force is unworthy of the trust placed in him. How much more then must be the danger of emanations from the unseen? To guard against this, the aspirations of the medium should be of the highest character. The possessor of low instincts must seek constantly for higher; the danger will then be averted; the medium will become worthy of the trust reposed in him, and the invitation of advanced spirits to "come up higher," will be eventually answered.

A Good Word for Effie Moss.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

The many friends of Mrs. Effie Moss regret that she is so soon called from the work she began here, to respond to the needs of friends in Arizona and the East. The manifestations of spirit materialization through her guides are superior and wonderfully convincing.

While there is very much interest at present in favor of spiritualized mentality, which is a great necessity of the age, yet there are hundreds of people on our streets every day, and in our homes, who are not able to become appreciative receptacles for the indwelling of these lofty thought principles until they come to conviction through meeting face to face material phenomena that appeals to their physical senses; then the veil is lifted from their eyes, and all that they had been trying to cling to through faith becomes tangible; they can drink from the fountains of living truth; the waters quench their thirst, and they go on their way rejoicing. Such have been the results to many of our city who had the privilege of attending the private seances given by Mrs. Moss and her nephew, through the generous hospitality of Mrs. Lizzie and Mr. John Brooks, who graciously opened the way for us and them, by inviting us to their home where they entertained the mediums.

I could give many interesting facts in detail belonging to these seances, but will not impose upon editorial space. But in behalf of the many friends of Mrs. Moss wish publicly to express a desire that she will soon be called back to the field here, where she may reap a harvest of deserved results to herself, and bless the hearts in many a home. MRS. A. J. KNOWLES.

SAN JOSE, DEC. 19, 1887.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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"STAY WHILE YOU MAY"

"Amid the joys and beauties of Earth,
"lest you come, unprepared, before your
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"World. Life purified and flesh made
"clean fit the soul for the delights that
"await you in the Better Land."

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Cures Catarrh, (that most loathsome, offensive, and destructive malady) and all other Throat and Lung Diseases. It purifies the Blood, tones up the Stomach, Splenic, Liver and Kidneys, and cleanses the soul.

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Read the following Voluntary Testimonial from a gentleman well known throughout the Pacific Coast:

OFFICE OF COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO., 439 California St., SAN FRANCISCO, July 23, 1887.
CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL CO.—GENTLEMEN: In November last, I rode all night, in Shasta county, on the outside of the stage, in a very severe, frosty night, reaching Yreka about 7 A. M. I was completely chilled through, and the chill resulted in the inflammation of one eye, so severe that, in three days, an oculist decided that I was in imminent danger of losing the sight of one eye, and ultimately the other eye would follow, and I would become entirely blind. From one eye I could not see objects sufficiently distinct to recognize the faces of my friends. Local applications relieved the pain and retarded the loss of sight, but failed to effect a cure. After suffering several weeks, I formed my own opinion as to cause, and concluded it was a severe case of Catarrh. Seeing your advertisement of the CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL, I called, received an application, purchased a "Smoke Ball," and in three days afterward, while applying the same, it removed a hard substance from my nose, as large as a hazel nut. Instant relief followed. My eye grew better from that time, and soon was "as good as new." I verily believe it saved my eye, and I know not how to sufficiently thank you. I keep the CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL with me now in traveling, and find a great comfort when exposed to danger of catching cold as it never fails to relieve me. Truly yours,
A. K. GUNNISON

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CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL CO., 652 Market Street, Corner Kearny St., San Francisco. jult6

Spiritualism Among the Indians.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Brother Allyn, in his letter to the GOLDEN GATE, seems to be satisfied that all the tribes of the earth may enjoy the benefits offered to those who pass on to the next sphere of existence, even if they never had any knowledge of Jesus of Nazareth. Perhaps it might be a matter of some interest to the readers of the GOLDEN GATE to know that modern spirit communion is much older than many have supposed; that the knowledge of the facts that we can communicate with our relatives and friends who have passed on before,—not only that but see and walk with them in open light,—has been known to the Dakotas for many hundreds of years. A few years ago I was sent from Washington, D. C., as an agent for Spotted Tail's tribe of Dakotas. I found them living in about the same condition as they lived five hundred years ago, as their written history, which they keep on skins, goes to show, with the same knowledge of the next sphere of existence that they claim they have always had and practiced. With the knowledge I already formed upon that subject, I soon found myself among warm friends.

To more fully illustrate what they believe about the future life, I will give an account of a vision that White Thunder (Wah-ke-ah-sha) had. You will get the idea from his own words, as he told it to me, better than I can explain it to you. Now, mind, these people have never lived with white people, can not speak any but their own language, have never worn white man's clothing except blankets furnished as annuities by the Government, consequently have never learned of spirit communion except as they learn by what they see and hear from their guides every day. Wah-ke-ah-sha's story:

"A few years ago our people were living a short distance south of the Black Hills. The Great Father's (President's) soldiers and other white men had killed all of our Buffalo; we had nothing to eat or to wear except what the Great Father sent us. He sent word to us that he could not feed us where we were then staying; that we must move two hundred miles east to the banks of the Minnesota-Sho (Missouri River) where the fire boats would bring us food and clothing. On our way over there, when within two days march of the river, we camped for the night by a little creek. I laid down to rest on some skins by the fire while my wife was getting some supper ready. I suppose I went to sleep, but while lying I saw two men come up to me who I had never met before. They said the Great Spirit had sent for me to come to him. I got up to go with them, but my body did not move. I had two bodies just alike and dressed alike. I spoke to my wife and told her I would soon be back to supper. She did not hear me. I spoke again very loud; she seemed to pay no attention to what I said, so I went, leaving my body lying by the fire. Everything looked so different. I saw plenty of Buffalo, elk, deer, mountain lions, and horses,—all kinds of animals. They did not seem frightened, did not run away; they did not try to kill each other. Everything seemed so strange. The air seemed to be different. We moved through space different; we would look at a place in the distance and we were there just as we wished. The air seemed to have a yellowish color. There was no trouble or annoyance on my mind; everything seemed clear, like a child before it knows anything of the cares of the world. We traveled for some time, seeing many strange people and many strange things. Finally we saw in the distance a big tepee (large house) where there were many people. Then we saw one big chief, who had been sent for me to come to him as he wanted me to see the home where people came when they left their life on the earth; that my guides would show me many places and many different kinds of people, after which they would take me back to my family, when I should tell my people of their future life. I bid the big chief good-bye and traveled on with my guides. They said that only people came here who loved their brothers and sisters in earth-life and did all they could to make every one happy; those who took care of orphan children, and old men and women who had no one to feed them and care for them. They then took me where the air was dark and gloomy. The people we saw there were crying and mourning, and wishing they might get back to earth to undo the wrong things they had done. They would go to the people they had turned from their doors to starve, and try to talk to them, but they could not make them hear, then they had to go away again in their anguish. They could get no chance to get out of this fearful misery and reflection until these injured people should come over on this side, and perhaps they might never see them. Oh, that they had never lived! The darker the air we went through, the more misery and despair the people seemed to be in. Finally we came to the earth again. We found our people encamped two days march from where I left them. I found my wife and children crying; my body was tied up in skins ready to be laid away. I spoke to my wife, but she could not hear me. I got into my old body and tried to get out of the Buffalo skins she had tied about me." Here his wife took up the conversation. She said she saw

the skins move and supposed a dog was behind them and got up to drive the dog away, and there was no dog there. It moved again. She grabbed her knife and cut the cords that bound the skins, when her husband got up and wanted to know why she had tied him up for burial. She had supposed he had died two days before. Her relatives wanted to build a scaffold (their usual method of burial) and leave his body, but she would not; she would take his body with her where she could watch by his grave.

The old chief lived many years afterwards. Many of their people are good mediums, and their belief of the next state of existence is just as White Thunder described it to me. They never transact any business without first consulting their brothers who have passed on before, as they know what is the best for them to do. So, Brother Allyn, I am well satisfied in my own mind that all men and women, be they red, yellow, black or white, if they live a just life on this earth, may be assured of a happy life in the life to come, regardless of whether they knew of the fact that Jesus of Nazareth lived on this earth two thousand years ago. The precepts he laid down were the same as given us to-day by our mothers and friends who come to us every day from the other shore.

There are many interesting facts I learned from these people while living with them. I could write for a week upon their ways of life. Hoping I have not tired you, I remain,

Your brother, CICERO NEWELL.

PORTLAND, OR., Dec. 12, 1887.

A Christmas Greeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

As the Christmas time is here, and greetings are the order of the day, inspired by thoughts of universal brotherhood, and great personal respect for this paper, its able editor and his lovely wife, I know of no better way than to send my thought broadcast, through these columns, of love and good will to all the readers, as one in spirit, one in thought, and one in love this Christmas Day.

To those whose homes are yet an unbroken circle, where all are gathered around the bountiful spread board, enjoying love's expressed effort, celebrating the birth of Christ, I would greet with a "Merry Christmas"; but to the home and heart of earth's sorrowing ones, where the chain is externally robbed of one link or more, I find my mind entering and seeking to bring light and love to those who mourn over the vacant chair and the loved ones whose accustomed places seem "to know them no more." To such a home or heart I would be glad to lift the misty veil of the so-called death, and greet all with a thought of everlasting life. As Christ gave the proof of "there is no death," in the name of the principles of which he was an expression, I, a sister, would greet all who mourn with the words, "All is life; the loved ones are not dead; and, being alive, they are near us in love and truth, although our material eye is dimmed by earthly conditions, and we can not see the loved ones as they linger (oh! so near); for while our thoughts go to them, they are spiritually drawn to us."

As we are thoughts of spirit, all thought must be a spiritual contact or soul communion; and as we find our minds going to another mind, either embodied in this material form or having donned a more spiritual one, we are one with them, and they with us, both being included in the great life of which Christ was a representative; for it is said "He was dead, and was buried, and arose on the third day, walking and talking with his disciples." So all being expressions of the same Life as He, are arisen; and to those who know of this great oneness of all things, the so-called dead are alive and can know no death. Thus I say to my dear brothers and sisters who mourn, "Be comforted;" "All is Life; there is no death."

And to Brother Owen and his co-workers in the publication of the GOLDEN GATE, I write, "Peace on earth and good will to all men" as a spiritual emblem of the broad platform represented by them. Universal mind is reflected within the columns of this paper; all are heartily received who deal justly with others; and justice is a divine attribute. Brother Owen, I strike the chord of greeting with my thought expressed by pen, knowing well that I cause a harmonious vibration throughout the spiritual states of being. When the name of the noble brother becomes a spoken sound it must cause a fluttering of the pulse that is forever beating with the great principle of harmony, binding all souls into oneness with itself. "Now we see as through a glass, darkly," but when we have won the victor's crown, and join the great army of souls at the entrance to the Gates of God, we shall constitute one universal family, all gathered within the mantle of Love, whose lining is Charity, and whose source is Spirit.

To all who read these words I wish a Christ-mas to the soul.

JOSEPHINE R. WILSON.

Mrs. O'HARRY—"Now put in another quart." Grocer (putting in second quart). "Why didn't you ask for a half-gallon at first and have done with it?" Mrs. O'HARRY—"Och, bless ye zow!" One quart is fer meself, and t'other is fer Mrs. Casey."

Letter from Dr. Babbitt.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In looking over your handsome and very interesting sheet I felt as if I would like to talk with your readers a little. You do dwell in the West, sure enough, and yet you are nearer the Orient than ourselves.

I think there is a *double entendre* in the name of your paper, for it dwells at the Golden Gate of the Pacific and proclaims the "golden gate" of the immortal life. The secular papers speak only of the gold that is earthly and perishable; your paper speaks of the gold on the heights of the divine life and of—

"The light which never was on land or sea."

Gerald Massey once told me that he liked Boston much for its high intelligence and progressive spirit, but deemed San Francisco still more wide awake to the great and new movements that are coming before the world. Our magnificent metropolis here, while being a great center of art and literature, is the headquarters of Mammon; hundreds of millionaires sport their tinsel for worldly admiration, and fashion rules so supreme and runs people in some established mold so completely, that it is hard to get them into the grander and new truths that are now dawning upon the world. The deceptive polish of European etiquette, though having its points of excellence, tends to interfere with true individuality and sincerity of character, and we must look far West, where nature is less trammelled by conventionalism for the ideal communities of the future. Rarely will the New York press admit anything in favor of Spiritualism, or co-operation, or magnetic massage, or the wonderful healing power of sunlight, or the exposition of the fallacies of vaccination and Old Schoolism. *The Sun*, on the whole, is more daring than the rest. *The Herald*, a materialistic soul perverts everything spiritualistic, and is not advanced enough to realize that even mind reading is a possibility. *The Herald* is so bigoted as even to disallow the advertisement of the First Society of Spiritualists, where the graceful speaker, Nellie Brigham, holds forth, but has given a considerable space to the account of Hypnotism, which is making such progress in the scientific world of France. *Hall's Journal of Health* is thoroughly wide awake to the light and color forces, and even to psychological and spiritual phenomena. It should be patronized. It is published at 206 Broadway at \$1.00 a year. Dr. Holbrook's *Herald of Health* is another good magazine which has freely put forth some of the wonderful facts and principles of the light and color movement that I have been developing. *The Phrenological Journal*, too, is doing a useful work.

Of course there is a vast number of other important works, but a great fashionable current tends to make people seek respectability so strongly that they become cowards so far as the expression of new truths is concerned. Are you in California afflicted with that feebleness of soul that runs into moral cowardice? Your grand climate, the refined enspiriting air of your mountains, your fine sunshine, and the ozone of old ocean, should develop the finest types of humanity that the world has ever seen, especially if you know how to use these great advantages. There are parts of California whose climate surpasses that of any European country, as is shown by statistics. A friend has invited me to visit your State, and I have a great desire to do so. After I complete the Fall term at my College here I think I will give an eight weeks' course of lectures on chromopathy or sun healing, magnetic massage, mind cure, and the higher therapeutics, at Los Angeles, if a sufficient number of persons will agree to take the course. The course would commence in February, and those who will be studying up anatomy, physiology, and my works beforehand, somewhat, will be able to take the diploma of the New York College of Magnetism, which confers the degree of D. M., (Doctor of Magnetism). I should propose to have some beautiful thermolumens on hand and have the students at work in practical healing a part of each day through the whole course under my own direction. This would make them practical workers, and I should allow them to have half the proceeds of the treatments.

A thermolune is an instrument for concentrating the sunlight on the bare body and modifying it by colors. Its curative power is beyond anything heretofore known, and thus far it has never failed in any case of consumption, rheumatism, dropsy, neuralgia, scrofula, or skin diseases. Sun healing not only builds up and purifies the bodily forces, but kindles the mental and spiritual nature, in a remarkable degree; aided by vital magnetism it becomes still more effective. When people learn to utilize the glorious sunlight of California, Mexico, Colorado, and the surrounding mountain States and Territories, they will attain to a condition of physical strength, health, beauty and mental power that up to this time has never been equalled. But it must be done in harmony with physiological and mental science. Opium, alcohol, and other crude elements used so much under the old system, debase the moral as well as the physical system, are brief in their good effects and enduring in their bad effects, while sunlight, the magnetic aura, homeopathic potencies, mind cure, and

other refined methods are powerful, far-reaching, safe, pleasant, uplifting to the mind and most enduring in their good effects.

E. D. BABBITT, M. D.
New York College of Magnetism,
39 West Twenty-seventh street, New York.

Truth.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

After perusing Mr. Wetherbee's article "Bothered," and A. B. Brown's criticism thereon, I want to tell my experience in regard to seeing and conversing with people who are still in the mortal form. This gift has accompanied me all my present earth-life, and when a public school teacher I never failed to know the right culprit in any mischief or misdeed that had been slyly performed.

A remarkable test of this took place within the last two weeks. I was calling on a very dear lady friend who had attended with me Mr. Colville's first lectures in Metaphysics, and I was telling her that the last day of the second course was to take place on Thursday, the 8th of December, and he had invited his pupils to come with their friends and bring questions, as it was to be question day and not a long lecture.

She was saying how glad she would be to attend, but money was very scarce, when I saw Mr. Colville as plainly as I ever saw him in my life, and interrupted her by exclaiming: "Oh, here is Mr. Colville!" he says, "Yes, I invite all my pupils. I want all to come, no matter at what time they have attended my classes; I consider them my pupils still." The lady laughed and said if I could get a letter to Mr. Colville and word to her to that effect, she would come.

Now comes the test that he did communicate with me, for at the Thursday afternoon meeting he answered so kindly the questions that I propounded, that I took courage and said: "Mr. Colville, when you requested your pupils to attend this class did you mean all the pupils who have had since you have been here?" His reply was in the exact words he said when he communicated at my friend's house, even to commencing it with "yes," as he did then. I think comment unnecessary.

Now, another instance: On that Thursday afternoon I promised a lady I would come to her house on Sunday morning and teach her what I could in Spiritual Science before going to the Theosophical class in Irving Hall. On Saturday, about 9 A. M., she came in spirit to my home and asked me if I was sure to come to her house on Sunday? On affirming my promise more than two different times, she seemed satisfied. Then I questioned her about some business we had often talked of, and to a query of mine she answered it so strongly that it required a nod of the head and wave of the hand to emphasize the answer.

On Sunday I arrived at her house about 10 A. M. Our visit was pleasant, and I told her she came to see me Saturday, but she had no recollection of the matter, not even a dream. I did not tell her what she had said or promised, but in conversing with her husband she broke in with that emphatic answer, gesture and nod all thrown in, and I laughed so loud that they both looked at one another, and I explained by saying: "You were so earnest about it; just as you were yesterday."

Before I left home I told my folks what would happen, but I got a good laughing at, and in the evening I did the laughing. I had won,—that is, I had talked with another being in the form and had positive proof.

Can not mediums see embodied spirits? I do, and converse with them; and some I can not tell whether they are in the form or not, for some are very spiritual in their manifestations.

May be the mediums who allowed Mr. W.'s father to communicate, and Mrs. Brittain's brother to control, were unable to distinguish the embodied or disembodied condition. Mr. Colville and my lady friend both affirmed that they did not know of talking with him. Could not Mrs. B.'s brother have been in the same condition?

"The wisdom of God passeth the understanding of man," "but blessed are the diligent;" and what we know and what we don't know, have no comparison, so let us be meek and lowly in spirit when contemplating spiritual truths. Let us be charitable to all beliefs, all religions, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and then we will draw near unto truth and gather it crumb by crumb unto our understanding, but always knowing that we are finite and we can always live to learn of the infinite. ABRA L. HOLTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOV. 14, 1887.

THE advance of humanity towards righteousness is due, not to the tyrants, but to the martyrs. As fire can not extinguish fire, so evil can not suppress evil. Good alone, confronting evil and resisting its contagion, can overcome evil. And in the inner world of the human soul, the law is as absolute as it was for the hearers of Galilee, more absolute, more clear, more immutable. Men may turn aside from it, they may hide its truth from others; but the progress of humanity towards righteousness can only be attained in this way. Every step must be guided by the command, "Resist not evil."—Tolstoi.

"Light! More Light."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I feel that a few words more are due concerning the work in Tulare. A course of six lectures were given, and notwithstanding the fact that the audiences were never large, and that there was a great deal of outside opposition, a good deal of inquiry has been set on foot concerning that old and yet ever new question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" There had been a regular weekly circle at the house Mr. J. L. Bachelder. Now another one has been established at the house of Mr. Enos Churchill, who has quite recently been converted from blank materialism to Spiritualism. Every week there are fresh applications for admission to these circles, until they are already overcrowded, and the end is not yet. Mediums are developing for writing, for healing, and for trance and test manifestations. One of the most remarkable of the new developments is that of Lizzie Dover, a child of thirteen, who is rapidly developing as a trance medium. Tulare bids fair to become a center of spirit power. Our Whole World Soul Communion was one of special power, and sweet, heavenly influences, an occasion signally marked, and to be long remembered, and yet only two, out of a company of eighteen, had ever before observed a like occasion.

I can not speak too highly of the many and great kindnesses I have received at the hands of the Tulare Spiritualists. I should like to mention some names, but that it might appear invidious. To me it seems evident that they believe in their religion and endeavor to live it out in the spirit of its most essential doctrine—that of the Golden Rule.

In a few days more I shall take my flight southward, and from whatever spot my feet shall again find a resting place you will probably hear from me regarding whatever work I may be enabled by the spirit world to accomplish.

Yours for the spread of the truth,

MRS. ELA WILSON.

TULARE, CAL., Dec. 7, 1887.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1887.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

How the flying minutes make up the warp and
woof of human existence. The busy shuttle of
this loom of life has wrought and outwrought,
in fadeless colors, another span to the web of our
swiftly fleeting years. In bright and gorgeous
hue it weaves again the Christmas-tide from
threads all golden with divine love and affection.

At these marked periods in the year we are
forcibly reminded that we are one year nearer
the Father's home than we ever were before.
But can we as truthfully exclaim that we are
nearer the true Christ sphere? Has our mantle
of character inwoven within its every fold the
loving spirit of charity which can sing the song
of the angels, "Peace on earth, good will to
man?" Have the dark stains of those noxious
weeds,—hated, envy, jealousy,—been removed
from the web of true nobleness, which whitens
only in the purer light of the larger life; a life
incomprehensible and interpretable only to one
who has conquered all the baser parts of his
nature, and has learned the one great law of love?

Whatever of special import the Christmas
brings to a part of the world, to all it brings a
touch of diviner goodness, and makes man feel
a nearer kinship to the All-Good. The great
pulse of humanity thrills and vibrates with ten-
der thoughts and sweeter charities to the best
there is of man the world over.

As the soft breezes of Spring-time expand
the unfolded bud into beauty and fragrance, so
the gracious airs of Christmas-tide unlock the
deeper springs of the human heart, and open
the sealed fountains of generous and loving acts.
So may the flood-tide of harmony and brotherly
love flow and abide with you all in blessings
manifold.

To all readers of the GOLDEN GATE we give
glad Christmas greetings. May they, and all
of us, grow more and more into the likeness and
beauty of the perfect life.

UNITY OF THE SPIRITUAL BODY.

The human body, in its marvelous mechanism,
is made up of many parts, to each one of which
nature has assigned some important duty. The
head, with its imperial front, that so proudly
crowns the physical structure, would be but little
better than a football, and as helpless as the
senseless clod, but for the willing feet and hands
to perform its errands, and the ready heart and
lungs to furnish it with "the sinews of war."

So is it with the spiritual body. When our
lecturers, like that able exponent of the philo-
sophical side of Spiritualism, Clegg Wright, seek
to underestimate the importance of phenomena
in the economy of Spiritualism, it seems to us
very much like the head underestimating the im-
portance of the feet, or the heart turning up its
nose at the spleen.

Modern Spiritualism had its birth in the
"Rochester knockings." It rests upon the sure
foundation of phenomena. Without the sensuous
evidence of its truth it would have no more hold
upon thoughtful minds than would the unverified
speculations of a dreamer. You might preach
immortality till the "crack of doom," without
the proof, and the world would laugh at you for
your pains. Hence the folly of faction among
Spiritualists, growing out of the notion that the
head can live and flourish without the chest, legs
and feet. The physical and mental phenomena
of Spiritualism include many phases, of which
are trance or inspirational speaking, Christian or
Spiritual Science, Theosophy, magnetic healing,
spirit photography, painting, crayon drawing,
mental healing, and various other phases.
They all are "parts of one stupendous whole." Each
is interblended more or less with all the rest.

We contend for this unity of the body of
Spiritualism, and insist that no part can be given
undue prominence without serious detriment to
said part, and positive injury to all the other
parts.

Hence, when we hear spiritualistic lecturers—
trance speakers especially—decrying phenomena;
or so-called Christian scientists ignoring or de-
riding Spiritualism; or Theosophists who have so
outgrown their clothes as to speak disparagingly
of mediumship, (the ladder by which they have
climbed to such supernal heights), we can not
help but think they place themselves in an un-
pleasant light. We should never become too
proud to recognize our poor relations; besides,

one can not always judge by appearances. Angels
may appear in common homespun.

Spiritualism was never intended for the rich
alone. It is the common property of all alike.
We should remember that in this school are all
grades of mind and development, and that all
are essential to the perfect unfolding of the
spiritual body, and as useful steps to the higher
life of the soul which we all hope to reach in the
"good time coming."

WHAT IS MATTER?

Man, in his earth experience, encounters cer-
tain tangible forms and substances which we
call matter, but which, evidently, to his spirit,
divested of its physical body, are but the merest
shadows of things.

Physical science has found many ways for
changing the most solid forms of matter into
impalpable gases,—by means of heat, electricity,
acids, etc.,—and of again restoring them to
tangible forms. But has it exhausted all of its
methods? May there not be other ways known
to spiritual scientists for dispelling and restoring
material forms, of which physical science has no
knowledge?

Prof. Zollner, in his well attested experiments
with Dr. Slade, demonstrated the possibility of
passing matter through matter by spirit power,
without any apparent disturbance of the atoms
of which it was composed,—such, for instance,
as the tying of knots in an endless cord, and in
other interesting ways. We have, ourselves,
demonstrated the possibility of spirit power to
bring material objects—such as hats, coats, canes,
etc.,—into a room where the doors and windows
were carefully locked and sealed, and removing
the same almost instantly.

We have, mediums known as flower mediums,
into whose closely guarded presence will be
brought all kinds of flowers, and sometimes
large plants freshly plucked from the earth,—
brought apparently through solid walls, and
sometimes evidently from long distances. This
phase of mediumship belongs, with other beau-
tiful gifts, to Dr. and Mrs. Stansbury, of this
city. Now, how can this be done, except by
disintegrating the particles of matter of which
the flowers, or the walls of the building, or both,
are composed, and then restoring them again?

Of course the skeptic will say, "Impossible."
So would he say that it was impossible to con-
vert coal into smoke and ashes, water into
steam, and steam into a dry and highly expansive
gas, if he did not know better. If it is possible
for the spirits to tie a knot in a looped cord, we
certainly can conceive of no limit to the things
they may not do of a similar nature.

Spirit "Jeannette" tells us that the shower
of ferns and flowers, damp with dew, and ap-
parently freshly plucked from their stems, which
are brought to her seances, are gathered at the
Park, some two or three miles away! It can
hardly be supposed that these flowers are borne
in their natural, tangible condition, through the
atmosphere. It must be that they are demate-
rialized into something as intangible as thought,
that perhaps they are held and transported in
thought to their place of destination, and there,
by a fiat of some strong spirit will, restored to
their normal condition. If this is, or is not the
way it is done,—in either case it is a stupendous
mystery.

The physical scientist, who toys with the ele-
ments of matter at his will—separating them
into new forms, changing, restoring, or dissipat-
ing,—is forced to admit that beyond his last
analysis there is a possible force, or spirit, su-
perior to matter and capable of evolving its
sublimated atoms into all material or tangible
forms. This, if true,—and the inference is al-
most irresistible,—would make matter the mere
expression of spirit—the evanescent, flitting
shadow; while spirit is the real, unchangeable,
everlasting power behind and working through
matter, dominating the atoms thereof to its
varied and mighty uses.

This brings us back to the question at the
head of this article: What is matter, and what
do we know about it? So very little, we appre-
hend, as to make one blush for his ignorance,
provided he is not a bundle of egotism—such as
some of our material scientists have shown them-
selves to be in their treatment of psychic phe-
nomena.

OUR PRIZE ESSAYS.—Up to the present writing
seventeen essayists have responded to Dr.
Allyn's generous offer for the first, second, and
third best essays on the best method of using
money for the promotion of the cause of Spiritu-
alism. The essays are all to be in the first
day of January, when they will be placed in the
hands of, first, one of the committee, and then
of another, until all have had an opportunity to
examine them. The committee will consist of
five persons, as follows: Hon. Amos Adams,
Hon. I. C. Steele, S. B. Clark, Mrs. Morton
(wife of Dr. Albert Morton), and Mrs. Rogers
(wife of Dr. Henry Rogers, the spirit artist). Each
member of the Committee can have five days
to consider the essays, and the award will be
made on the first day of January.

SPIRIT ART.

It was known, for several weeks past, to a few
friends of Dr. and Mrs. Henry Rogers, of this
city, that those distinguished mediums for the
higher phases of spirit art were sitting for a spirit
likeness, but the subject of the picture was not
so certain. It now proves to be that of a sister
of a prominent citizen of Washington Territory.

On Tuesday last, after the expiration of about
six weeks devoted to this task, during which
time they were almost barred from the exercise
of all other phases of their beautiful gifts, it was
announced by their guides that the picture was
completed, and that they were ready to transfer
it from the spiritual to the physical side of life.
(It may not be generally known by Spiritualists,
even, that these pictures are first produced in
spirit, and then quickly transferred to paper or
canvas by a process as mysterious as their origin.)

The writer, together with a half dozen har-
monious persons, was invited to be present on
the evening of the day mentioned, to witness the
transference.

The Doctor's studio and seance room is a small
front room directly off from the hall on the second
floor. Another door opens into the front
chamber used as a sitting room. Over this door-
way a portiere is suspended. Within the studio
a white cardboard, sufficiently large for a full
size bust portrait, mounted on stretchers and
resting upon an easel, was the central object of
interest. In a dish below the easel was a small
quantity of pulverized crayon. A thorough
search of the room by the writer and all present
failed to reveal any finished picture, or the possi-
bility of any such picture being concealed
within. We then locked and sealed the door
leading into the hall, the sealing being done in
such a manner as to render the opening of the
door impossible without our knowledge.

The guests then formed themselves in a half
circle in front of the curtained doorway. Dr.
Rogers taking a seat within the studio, where he
was soon embraced. The lights were turned
out. Singing, led by a good vocalist,—Mr.
Morse, of Minneapolis,—was then kept up for
twenty minutes, or more, to enable the spirits,
as we were informed, to gather the forces neces-
sary for their work, and also to divert the minds
of the sitters from the picture. Soon it was
announced by the control that the work had
commenced.

After further singing the curtain was thrust
aside for a short time when all could see standing
in front of the easel a noble form, tall and beau-
tiful, robed to the feet in soft luminous apparel,
with his right hand moving and extended toward
the picture. This was the medium's ancient
spirit guide, "Esmond," of whom he has a fine
likeness. We do not wonder, with such a sight
as this before him, that Saul should have been
disposed to fall down and worship the angel
that appeared in his way on a certain occasion.

The seance lasted nearly an hour, when it was
announced that the work was completed. The
light was then gradually restored, and the curtain
drawn aside, when there appeared upon the easel
a picture of wondrous beauty and spirituality.
The face fairly flashes with the light of a highly
unfolded soul. One arm is raised to lift a light,
gauzy veil from her face, and such an arm and
hand no sculptor's genius ever excelled. The
pose of the queenly head is perfect, and the
drapery of the bust arranged with marvelous
skill. Every detail of light and shade seems
faultless. It was, as Dr. Rogers said, his master-
piece. Subsequently, on the same evening, in a
dark circle, with Mrs. Beste, a voice, purporting
to be that of the spirit whose likeness we had
all so much admired, said that this was but the
beginning of work she expected to assist in
accomplishing through these art mediums.

During the process of the work we asked the
medium's control to explain the manner of trans-
ferring the crayon to the cardboard. He said
that the artist projected the fine particles of
crayon upon the cardboard, in a sort of cloud or
spray, distributing them precisely where they
were needed to produce the desired result. One
would naturally suppose, from such a process,
that the picture could be easily effaced, but the
crayon seems to be thoroughly imbedded in the
surface of the card, and will doubtless last as
long as it is properly protected.

MRS. EUGENIE BESTE.

This well-known psychic for independent voices
arrived in this city on Tuesday last, via San
Diego and Los Angeles, in each of which places she
tarried for a short time. At a private seance,
held at the residence of Dr. Henry Rogers, we
had the pleasure, on a recent evening, of listen-
ing to the wonderful voices heard in her presence,
and which, if she could produce them with her
own vocal organs, in the light, would bring her
ten times the income she can possibly receive
through her mediumship.

It is claimed by those who reject the idea of
spirit power in these manifestations, that Mrs.
Beste is a remarkable ventriloquist, and that
being a fine vocalist and elocutionist, also, she
is able to sing and speak, artistically and elo-
quently, in all of these various and peculiar voices.
But any one at all familiar with spirit phenom-
ena, who hears these voices, will not hesitate to
attribute them to their proper source. It is far
more reasonable to believe that they are pro-
duced by spirit power, than to imagine that any
one set of vocal organs can produce such phe-
nomenal results. If Mrs. Beste could produce
them herself, why would she foolishly insist upon
the darkened room, and persist in appearing
before small circles, where the remuneration must
necessarily be small? Perhaps the skeptic can
answer.

But as to the seance: Upon extinguishing the
light, Mrs. Beste soon passed under control of
one of her familiars, and the voices began to be
heard—some of them actually startling in their
volume and tone. There was singing in a heavy
bass voice, with the notes full and round; in
beautiful soprano, in grand tenor, and in the
small voices of children, and all the voices ap-
peared to be at some distance from the medium.
There were musical improvisations in different
voices, alternated by short speeches and conversa-
tions—loud and soft, high and low. The seance
was one of deep interest to the half dozen or
more persons present.

Mrs. Beste will remain in this city a month or
more, before returning to Los Angeles, where
her seances are in great demand. At this writing
she has not secured permanent quarters, but she
may be addressed for the present to the care of
this office. She signifies her willingness to go
into the homes of the people for seances.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE SEANCE.

In our last issue we gave an account of a re-
markable seance for the manifestation of the
psychic form, held at the residence of Dr. D. J.
and Mrs. Stansbury, on the evening of Dec. 5th,
together with a wood-cut of a spirit picture
taken at that time by magnesium light, of Spirit
Jeannette, former wife of Dr. Stansbury, and his
present psychographic control.

In our account we stated what was supposed at
that time to be a fact, by both the Doctor and
his wife, that no forms could be produced except
in one room in the house—the one occupied by
them as a seance room. Jeannette thought that
this statement would be interpreted by skeptics
to mean that there were some hidden doors or
passage-ways leading to that particular room, for
the entrance of confederates. Hence, at another
seance, given at our special request on last Mon-
day evening, she declined to occupy that room,
but insisted that the experiments should take
place in the front parlor on the lower floor.

The following persons, who were present, will
confirm in every particular our statement of what
follows: Dr. G. B. Crane and Dr. John Allyn,
of St. Helena; Dr. C. Gratton, of Stockton; Dr.
G. J. Bentley and wife, of San Jose; E. H. Mor-
art and wife, W. R. Colby and wife, C. F.
Walsham and wife, J. J. Whitney and wife,
Capt. Robert Watson, S. B. Clark, Mrs. Elma
D. Anderson, and J. H. White, all of San Fran-
cisco.

Across a corner of the room, with walls and
floor intact, was stretched a curtain, parting in
the middle, with room behind for two or three
persons to stand. The guests were seated, form-
ing a horseshoe, with the ends resting on the
curtain. Dr. and Mrs. Stansbury formed a part
of the circle at times, and at other times were
within the circle, as they were needed to assist
the controlling spirit, Jeannette, in the work she
had in hand. At no time during the seance was
the light turned so low but that persons could be
seen and recognized across the room, and at no
time was Dr. Stansbury, or his wife, out of sight.

The seance opened with the usual singing to
harmonize conditions, when soon two white
forms were seen rising directly in front of the
sitters near the curtain to the left. On taking
tangible shape they appeared with their arms
filled with flowers, which they distributed as they
passed around the circle. The air was filled with
the fragrance of the flowers.

Then, in a better light, followed the presenta-
tion of some twenty forms, (Jeannette acting as
usher), most of which were recognized. One of
these forms came to the writer, giving her name
as Minnie McKee, saying that she wished to
send greeting to her husband, G. B. McKee, of
San Jose. We knew the lady well, in other
years, as a bright, beautiful soul, and this form
bore close resemblance of her. A thin veil pre-
sented a clear view of her features.

During the evening the wife of Capt. Watson,
assisted by Jeannette, was able to withstand the
glare of the magnesium light sufficiently long to
have her likeness photographed, when she in-
stantly melted away in the light. She stood
with one hand resting on her husband's shoulder,
he sitting by her side.

At this seance Jeannette, the taking of whose
likeness at the previous seance constituted the
most interesting feature of the evening, declined
to stand for her picture, giving as a reason that,
as that was the first time she had tried to mate-
rialize in that room, she was apprehensive that
she could not hold herself in the full light with-
out a veil, and she would not present her face in
that way. Hence, in this respect the seance was
less satisfactory than the former one; but what
we missed in this regard was more than made up
in another.

The absolute and conclusive evidence was
afforded at this seance of the appearance and
disappearance of the forms—not only once, but
repeatedly. For instance, the curtains would be
parted so that the entire space behind was
brought to view, in a light amply sufficient to
enable all to see that no one was concealed
therein. Then, upon closing the curtains, almost
instantly, a white-robed form would part the
curtains and step into the room. Then one, and
sometimes two forms, out in the room, would
step behind the curtains and instantly disappear,
as upon opening the curtains the space would be
found vacant.

"Trap-door," the skeptic will say; and the
eighteen or twenty ordinarily intelligent persons
present will laugh at the absurdity of the idea
that there could be any such mode of exit there
and they not discover it, or that any confederates
could pass through the floor, or those solid walls
behind that curtain. Besides, some of the forms
actually disappeared in front of the curtain, going
out like a flash.

We give above the names and addresses of a
number of persons who witnessed these wonders,
and will verify our statement thereof,—persons
whose word would be taken without bonds
wherever they are known. Whoever declares
that said persons are incompetent to discern the
truth, or that they were deluded by a shameless
imposition, simply acknowledge themselves as
largely wanting in that necessary ingredient of
wisdom—common sense.

IRVING HALL.

On Sunday last, Dec. 18th, W. J. Colville
was greeted with large and highly appreciative
audiences. The morning lecture on "Try the
Spirits" was an opportune and urgent plea for
the cultivation of our spiritual nature, so that
we may be able to duly discriminate between truth
and error, and escape the painful and humiliating
experience of being deceived, which we often
have to undergo through our lack of intuitive
perception.

At 2:30 P. M. the theosophical lesson on "The
Platonic Philosophy" brought out an abundance
of profound and healthful thought.

In the evening the White Cross Movement
was ably explained and defended. The hall was
literally packed, and a finer audience it would
have been difficult to find anywhere in this or
any other city. A delicate subject was delicately
yet powerfully handled by the speaker, W. J.
Colville, who was evidently under a deep and
earnest inspiration. The power of thought, of
pure desire and noble aspiration in controlling
the animal impulses, and transmuting the phys-
ical forces into a mighty, intellectual and moral
power, was forcibly proclaimed in eloquent and
expressive language.

The absolute need of one standard of morality
for both sexes, all classes, and all ages, was
vigorously maintained, while the symbol of the
white cross was traced to nature's pure and
beautiful quality, which, thousands of years be-
fore Christ, originated the honor so long paid to
the cross as a religious emblem.

This lecture ought to be published and circulated
broadcast, and we are happy to add that a com-
mittee of earnest workers are working for its
re-delivery and publication.

The music was beautiful. Mme. Bishop and
Miss Joy win new laurels every Sunday; their
voices blended charmingly in an exquisite duet
between the lecture and the poem. The platform
was tastefully adorned with choice plants, ferns,
and cut flowers, giving the hall a most attractive
appearance.

Particular attention is called to the special
Christmas services on Sunday, Dec. 25th. Grand
festive services will be held in Irving Hall at
10:30 A. M. A special corps of talented musi-
cians have been engaged for the occasion. Among
other beautiful selections will be Handel's mag-
nificent composition, "Let the Bright Seraphim;"
soprano, Mme. Fries-Bishop; cornet obligato by
Mr. R. H. Whiting. Christmas carols will be
sung, with full orchestral accompaniment. Mr.
Whiting will play a cornet solo during the col-
lection for the poor. W. J. Colville will deliver
an inspirational invocation, address and poem.
Subject, "The Message of Christmas to all Hu-
manity."

At 2:30 P. M. the theosophical lesson will be
on "The Theosophy of Jesus and the Truth
Concerning Christ." At 7:30 P. M. there will be
a grand vesper service, during which the music
will be equal to that in the morning. Miss
Beresford Joy will sing "O Holy Night."

Friends who are so kind as to assist in the
decoration are requested to bring flowers, ever-
greens, vases, or whatever they donate or lend,
on Saturday morning as early as possible, as the
decorators desire to get through their work early
in the day. Punctuality in attendance at the
special services is particularly requested.

METAPHYSICAL COLLEGE.—This evening, Sat-
urday, Dec. 24th, at 7:30, a grand concert will
be given at the Metaphysical College, Odd Fel-
lows' Building, Room 7, with the following im-
minent artists: Mme. Fries-Bishop (soprano),
Miss Beresford Joy (contralto), Chas. H. Heath
(tenor), J. W. Maguire (baritone), Prof. St. Ber-
nard (violinist), Miss Noyes (pianist), Fred
Emerson Brookes (elocutionist), W. J. Colville,
who will give a short address on Dickens'
"Christmas Carol" between the parts of the
program, also an original Christmas poem. Ad-
mission, twenty-five cents. On Monday, Dec.
26th, at 7:30 P. M., there will be a children's
festival with Christmas tree. All children freely
invited. A social dance will conclude the enter-
tainment, under direction of Chas. H. Heath.
Music by Prof. Eckman. Admission, twenty-
five cents. The hall is beautifully decorated with
flowers and evergreens, and no pains have been
spared to get up entertainments of first-class ex-
cellence. Offerings for the tree, and for the
poor, will be most gratefully received. On Sat-
urday, Dec. 31st, there will be an old year's festi-
val at 8 P. M., followed by a watch night ser-
vice, to conclude immediately after midnight.

MR. COLVILLE IN GILROY AND SAN JOSE.—
On Tuesday, Dec. 20, W. J. Colville addressed
a large and representative audience in Gilroy
on the subject of "Spiritualism in Its True Relations
to the Christian Churches and the Physical
Sciences." The lecturer held the closest atten-
tion of his hearers during the entire lecture,
which was of a nature to provoke much thought
and questioning. After the address numerous
questions were propounded, the replies to which
were received with much applause. The exer-
cises ended with an improvised poem on three
subjects chosen by the audience. On the follow-
ing day, Dec. 21, W. J. Colville had excellent
audiences at San Jose, where there seems no
abatement in the interest manifested in the
speaker and the topics with which he deals. The
closing sessions of the present class in Spiritual
Science will be held in Germania Hall, Dec. 28
and Jan. 4 at 2:30 P. M. Public lectures will be
given on the evenings of the same days at 7:30.
A new class of six advanced lessons will com-
mence Jan. 10 or 11, if a sufficient number of
students give in their names as members.

— "Lifting the Veil: or, Interior Experiences
and Manifestations," by Susan J. and Andrew
A. Finck,—we have a few copies of this work
for sale, left here by the authors who have re-
cently arrived in this city. Mrs. Finck is an
independent slave-writer, of whom we have heard
good report.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

From the Sun Angel Order of Light.

(Through the scribe of the Sun Angel Order of Light, Mrs. E. S. Fox.)

To Eona is given the privilege at this time of sending far and near, throughout the length and breadth of the land, wherever the GOLDEN GATE finds a place in the homes of the country, words from the higher heavens. When in council within the halls of light we are met, we oft speak the significant name of this best of publications with which the world is blest, and glad are we such an organ of communion with the world of matter is at our disposal. Many thanks, Brother and Sister Owen, and many more await you in a better land—thanks which, when expressed as angels can express them, will be to your hearts as the bread of life and jewels of the kingdom.

Questions come to our home center which disclose to our mind the deep interest felt in the teachings from the higher realms of spirit life, and such, dear Brother Smith, are welcome. This question in your letter now before Eona, "Is it possible for any soul that has once incarnated in a form to ever go back or lose its individuality, and thereby miss the chance for immortality?" will be the theme on which Eona will write at present, leaving the other questions in your letter for Saidie, as she sees wisest and best, only adding this, "Is not their immortality as much an assured fact from the first as subsequent incarnations?"

These subjects call out the faculties of the deepest mind, and this is what we like. We may tell you from actual experience, and you say, this seems strange, but when your own brain is agitated, your own reasoning power called into action, then is the educational work begun, and well begun. To go back: forms are evolved; an animal lives and dies; life is immortal—can never be extinguished—has the animal immortality? It has life; that life is immortal; it has served its purpose in the animal, and the form has gone back to the elements. Exists there its counterpart in a spirit realm? Yes, many animals exist where they are required in the lower spheres of life. Some exist there to die and return? Nay, but to go out into the realm of life as into a reservoir of the Infinite to again take on a form, or Eona might say, to again become life of a form, which as yet has evolved but a two-fold nature, body and spirit. Man in the lower state of his being has yet only evolved this two-fold nature, and still there waits for the indwelling soul yet to incarnate—a time of greater unfoldment, when the spark divine will be attracted, and man becomes, as the old books say, a living soul. No human soul has ever been evolved from matter—ever clothed itself with matter to "go back, and lose its chance for immortality." This is impossible, for the immutable law of God, the Father, if you choose so to speak, is onward and upward in the path of divine progress. Animals are not a need of the higher spheres. We have birds and flowers, and, too, we have ways of travel, but we need not your horse or other draft animals, they are not dwellers of the higher heavens. But many a horse shows far more intelligence than man in his undeveloped state. Brother, see you not men and women devoid of all spiritual life? Seemingly are on a plane but little removed from lower forms of life? These will not retrograde; life is life everywhere; now in one form then in another it continually rises in the scale of being toward the Infinite; and when into a realm of light it has unfolded itself, then are deific babes attracted thereto, and thence dates the real immortality of the being. That you and I live; that we aspire to knowledge of the Infinite; that in the depths of soul we feel our heirship to the Divine, is proof positive we have been born of God, the Father, that we are co-equal with the great Father and Mother Divine, and in due season we can claim an inheritance in the land of the blest. Light and knowledge from those higher spheres earth's children need to-day. So much has come from other spheres, and like a mighty flood swept over the face of your earth, but like a flood it has carried with its tide much which must be swept from the face of the earth.

This is well, and man no longer lingers near the port of starting, but is anxious to be sailing far out on the ocean of life, in the good stanch ship Wisdom, with love for a guide, and truth the propelling power, and with the chart and compass of experience will soon find the harbor of the real life. The lower spheres, the forms, will not go back into chaos, but will continually progress; so from the life in the form which now only holds the two-fold nature, will eventually be evolved the three-fold—body, soul and spirit. Then is assured immortality; however, the immortal, God-like nature, though not yet evolved in the lower life, still only waited growth; it was there, waiting time and unfoldment. Then was incarnated, from that form, one which attracted to itself the higher deific nature, the crowning glory of which is life immortal.

Far beyond earth, you say, is rest and peace. Yes, Eona says, rest and peace. But between the now and then lie uncultivated fields. Therefore, patiently work on, ever trying to overcome all that is of the lesser, that the greater good may

eventually be yours. For, brothers and sisters in earth land, Eona has not gained her immortality except through toil and conflict. She has happy lives and sorrowful ones, long lives and short ones in the mortal, yet from each she has gleaned some jewel which now she counts with her gems, and rejoices that just the experience needed to give to this, her crown, its brightest jewels has been hers. In the land where now we work to dispel the light and truth of the higher realms much must be done to clear the atmosphere of its shadows and fogs of error—much which brings to you sorrow of heart. But these things will eventually pass away; if not in your day, it will in the future, and your coming is a necessity to the planet in its onward march of progress.

These things which hurt and try so cruelly the sensitive organisms of a highly unfolded being must come. Earth, in its relation to the great center of life and light, must necessarily evolve such conditions, and the children thereof must live in such conditions, partake of them and suffer by them, or remain ignorantly contented, living a poor meager life in reality, knowing little of the life beyond, and less of the glorious result of living. Saidie's children feel much of the inharmonious condition surrounding them, but they are in the actual—light-bearers in a world of darkness. Light, Love and Wisdom are at the helm, however, and in due season you will find that all was not in vain. We ask of you, be patient, cheerful and happy, for the gospel ye bear is that of peace; the work ye are doing, ye know not now the full import and glory of, and your reward only waits your own home-coming. Far and near, to each and every brother and sister, Eona sends this message of cheer with the love and blessing of the angel world to every true hearted one. You are working to enlighten humanity, and at the same time are weaving each for himself a garment of spotless purity, which will be yours through the endless forever of life immortal. With love to all.

EONA.
J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angel Order of Light.
OSWEGO, N. Y., Dec. 12, 1887.

An Item of Modern Mystery.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

About three weeks ago, as I was brushing my hair by the twilight of the morning, I noticed that one side of my mirror gave an unnatural reflection of my face. On examination, I found a beautiful picture of a bush with leaves and buds of flowers partly unfolded. The picture still remains on the glass. The bush is of peculiar shape, and I think it is a symbol of something, but I am unable to decipher it or even to tell the kind of flowers it represents. I purchased the glass about three years ago, and put it up by the side of the window, and it has never been taken down since. The original cost was not more than four bits; I would not take ten dollars for it now.

G. ALLEN.
SOQUEL, Dec. 10, 1887.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES!



Ladies who desire and never had a family can, by following my advice, insure the same. The confidence of ladies will meet with that respect and sympathy that only one woman can show to another.

Private home for ladies in confinement, where they can be attended. A sure specific for female irregularities. Also scarificated from the system.

MRS. MARTIN, 342 Third Street.

Third Street Cars pass the door.

Cancer positively cured without operation. Rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic thoroughly cured.

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Spiritualism in New York.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

We are having some very good, very interesting meetings in Adelphi Hall this Fall, and if they are kept up during the Winter they will be a credit to the place and a benefit to the cause of Spiritualism. Mrs. Brigham occupies the platform most of the time, and for her there is nothing to be said but general admiration, and, if praise were allowable, praise. Her answers to questions, her affable manners, her uniform courtesy attract many who are not fully grown into spiritual truths, but who come because they hear more sense than they can get elsewhere.

In the afternoon a quiet medium's meeting has been organized in place of the old quarreling and wrangling meeting held there. It is an immense improvement. Two weeks ago we had at that meeting Dr. L. W. Sapp, of Cleveland, of whom we have heard, with his electric telegraph instrument. He gave some illustrations of its working, and then it was tested by several other individuals—one an operator on telegraph lines. He placed his hand upon the board and telegraphed at once; spelled the name of another operator in the audience, who at once recognized the call. He did not claim the aid of spirits, but simply his earth-learned knowledge of telegraphing. The Doctor stated that he had received messages from patients at great distances from him through that instrument, and had attended to their cases with great success. This may be, and is, for he is a man of unquestionable integrity, true, but for a test before a critical audience, it is wholly a failure. In my public investigation into Spiritualism, I have always found that the only safe way was to take nothing for the work of spirits which we can by any means produce ourselves. Tested by this rule, the Doctor's exhibition was most certainly a failure.

Here let me call attention to a case of telegraphing about which there was no failure, and which I have full faith in the production of at some time: On the twelfth day of February, 1880, Mr. Draper (a pious Methodist) of Rochester, N. Y., put his wife into a magnetic sleep. No other persons were present. In her clairvoyant state she said she saw a person she had never seen before. She said, "He is not prepossessing in appearance, but is very elevated in position, in a reflecting attitude and is busily employed. He is preparing work for you. He is establishing a line of communication." Mr. Granger then said, "Ask him if it is practical to get communication between two distant points by means of these rappings?" "To be sure," he says. "Can you ascertain who the stranger is?" After a brief pause she spelled "B-e-n-j-a-m-i-n F-a-n-k-l-i-n." Ask him to give a signal so that we may know it to be Benjamin Franklin. After a silence of one or two minutes there was such a violent shock of her person that I said, in some alarm, "Are you going to wake up?" "No," said she; "I told him that as you wanted some signal he might electrify me." She said she felt better and clearer from the shock. I asked her to ascertain where a communication between distant points could be had, and she answered, "In your own home," and on asking further how it could be done, he said, "Get two of those young ladies about which there is so much excitement in your city; place them in the extreme parts of two rooms and you (the subject mesmerized) be put in the same state you are now, and I will communicate with you." Directions were then given who to have present when the experiment was tried. The date was fixed for the 15th of the month, but some persons coming in interrupted the plan, and Franklin told them to come on the 20th. The girls (mediums) were separated, two rooms between them. Directions were given for Margaretta to stay in the parlor, and Katie to go into the other room. When they were ready the following message came.

"Now I am ready, my friend. There will be great changes in the nineteenth century. Things that now look dark and mysterious will be made plain before your sight. Mysteries are going to be revealed. The world will be enlightened. I sign my name, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN."

"Do not go into the other room."

Mr. Jarvis soon came in from the other room, and read precisely the same message from that end of the line!

The names of the witnesses were signed to this report, and they embrace Rev. A. Jarvis, a Methodist clergyman of the best old Wesley type, and George Willetts, a member of the Society of Friends, and others equally well known. I have condensed the account, but give the facts. The whole may be found in Capron's History of Modern Spiritualism, pages 82 to 87. We still wait for the general adoption of this manner of getting communications; but the people of India certainly do get them some way.

Last Sunday we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Slade, who returned from Europe about a week ago. He gave us a very interesting account of his European experience; but he nowhere found Spiritualism so generally known and believed in, or so intelligently regarded as "a fact that is here to stay," as in the United States. He was listened to with much interest by a large audience. He is now located at No. 58 East Ninth street, where he is ready to meet his friends, and to attend those who want to find out the truth.

One of those cases of folly, or worse, which often prove a detriment to rational Spiritualism, has just transpired in this city. On Monday last a man by the name of Horace Richards died in West Thirty-fifth street. In some manner the body was obtained by Mrs. Stoddard Gray, who, with her son, DeWitt C. Hough, has spiritual seances every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday at her house, No. 232 West Thirty-fourth street. On Tuesday evening a company assembled at Mrs. Stoddard's to witness the great wonder of spiritual manifestations through this body. Mrs. Wallace, of No. 219 West Forty-second street, Mr. Caldwell, and Mrs. Williams made passes over the body, and asked numerous questions of the spirit, but there was no response, as the body, being dead, of course had no more sense than a log. It was a most foolish, and it can not be denied, a most impudent attempt at a trick; but, fortunately, there were too many, who crowded close around, to allow any deception, and persons who had been invited to witness something remarkable, went away more disgusted than instructed. When will Spiritualists learn that seeking for wonders is no aid to genuine Spiritualism? E. W. CAPRON.

Life in the Beyond—Christmas in Earth Life.

(Given by the spirit wife of H. H. Kenyon at St. Paul, Minnesota.)

DEAR FRIENDS:—As the hour comes for us to draw near and write you concerning our various experiences in the spirit world, we find many anxious ones here waiting to send a word of greeting to dear ones in earth-life, and at these times, and especially this day, that is set apart for other work, we realize that there are very many seeking the way to reach dear ones in earth-life, and that very few find the door open to them. The hosts of heaven would be made glad if there was a medium in every family among you, where this work could be done.

The workers coming here are in a spirit of harmony, and have adopted the plan of talking over some question of general usefulness, and unite in the effort to give our thoughts to the dear ones in earth-life, because there is not time for us to come individually through this our chosen medium. At this time I am surrounded by a group of "foster mothers," whose happiness comes from taking charge of children who have come into this life since last Christmas time was celebrated in earth-life; this has been their work for many years past, and I am requested to write for them.

We enter into the life and happiness of the dear ones in our charge, always being anxious to lead them into the peaceful joys of this life, and are constantly striving to overcome every influence having a tendency to bring sorrow to their life in the spirit home. Children coming from homes where Christmas time has always been celebrated with merry-making and exchange of love tokens, are always anxious to return at that particular time to enter into the happiness of the home where the dear ones remain.

Dear mothers in earth-life, did you ever think that there is any such thing as merry-making in heaven, where your angel ones dwell? Do you realize the truth that a love token placed upon the tree, or an empty chair at the table at such times, would add to the happiness of the dear ones who have gone into the beyond? Do you realize the fact that when you fail to remember them in some real way that they may be repelled from the home nest in earth-life, and compelled to look to those in the spirit home for the loving care that is refused them by you, and that in the new life they may possibly be lost to you?

They are not dead, but do often return to your side and are made happy in knowing that they are not forgotten. As Christmas time in earth-life arrives, the dear ones urge us to take them back "to the old home" so that they can enter into the happiness they are certain to witness there, and we always accompany them at that time with sorrowing hearts because we seldom find any token of remembrance for the angel ones upon the earthly tree. We go gladly, however, and help them enter into the happiness there as best we can. Could you see the darling ones as they mingle with the loved ones in the earth home, unrecognized, your mother soul would go out to them as never before, because "I forgotten" is so painfully stamped upon their faces. They very soon weary of the scene, then we turn our faces heavenward, where a different reception is being prepared for them by the many children who have passed through the same scene and disappointment. The greeting in the spirit home, upon their return, will drive all sorrow from the soul, and could you witness it you would not wonder that the earth home is forgotten for some time in the glorious greeting of a host of children, whose delight it is to make heaven resound with joy that you know not of.

We are rejoiced to know that there are homes in earth-life where the arisen ones are not forgotten, and we are constantly hoping and working to open the door to many others. From one of those homes a beautiful daughter of eight years came to us more than a year ago. She left a home where father, mother, and three

brothers, loved her with the fullness of their souls, and you who have passed through similar sorrow know the thoughts that came over you as Christmas time was drawing near for the first since your dear one had gone into the mysterious beyond. We heard the mother's prayers and were often by her side to give strength so that she could walk firmly in the path before her now. As Christmas drew near the darling one wondered how the mother could get along without her helping hand in arranging the tree; then it was that we were by the mother's side very much to help and give strength. The tree was planted and the hour had come to arrange the love tokens, which was lovingly done by the mother's hand, but when she thought the work was completed there was something lacking, and she seated herself to look it all carefully over, when the fact flashed through her brain that "our Annie" had not been remembered by any token; forgotten? no, never! and then all of the darling's presents of the past were gathered and placed around the foot of that tree. When the door, separating that family from their Christmas tree, opened, we also had returned from the Summer Land laden with beautiful flowers to trim every available place with unseen flowers of rare beauty in greater profusion than could have been done with earth blossoms. Mother's chair was a bower of the sweetest flowers, and, though they were unseen, their influence was present and left its effect of soothing restfulness with the dearest of mothers. It was a time of great happiness to "our Annie" to mingle with the dear ones, for she fully understood that they could not see her, but not to have been remembered would have carried great sorrow into her otherwise happy home in the Summer Land.

We come at this time, hoping to open the doors of earth homes so that there may be greater joy for these darling ones than has ever been received at any previous visit to earth-life, during the time of holidays, and should our appeal reach the hearts of only one home, and cause the arisen ones to be remembered by real tokens of love, we will feel that our mission has at this time been for good to the darling ones under our care.

I am very glad to come to you in earth-life with this appeal of my co-workers, and earnestly assure earth mothers that your darling ones in this life need your love quite as much as before they came into the beyond. In earth-life you can see the effect of withdrawing the influence of love from the young as well as the older ones, and the wonderful beauty and loveliness of the Summer Land of itself would cause "the unloved ones" to forget those in the earth home where there has been no token of love presented them since they came away. "Love one another" was not an empty command, and I would urge all the dear ones in earth-life to remember that your loving influence reaches the arisen ones and brings great happiness to them.

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FORTY PATIENTS A DAY

BY HELEN WILMANS,

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

In Faith.

BY ISAAC KINLEY.

If on the dark earth
Bright flowers have birth,
And the breath of their sweetness
A mortal may know—
If but to pursue
The path of the true,
Shall win these adorning—
These bright flowers adorning—
Our pathway below;
If virtue and worth
May gladden the earth
Despite of its sorrow,
Its hatred and lies;
If beauty may be
In flower and tree,
In ocean reflecting—
The bright waves reflecting
The light of the skies;
If friendship and love—
Dear gifts from above—
And all that we see
A presence may be;
Of brightness immortal,
Of beauty immortal,
Of joys manifold;
If night is made day
By gleamings that play
From splendors supernatural
Our way to make clear;
If heavenly light
Falls plain on the sight,
And voices of angels—
Sweet songs of the angels—
A mortal may hear;
What eye can foresee
The beauty to be
Where light's beaming ever?
No hatred, no lies,
No passion's hot flame,
No crime with its shame,
But beauty eternal
And loving eternal—
The soul's paradise.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

The Maniac.

BY STANLEY FITZPATRICK.

The tempest awakes,
The wild wind whistles,
The forests that writhed and groan;
The rain is hurled
O'er a darkened world;
And the waters shiver and moan.
Down from on high
Cleaving the sky
Falls the scathing lightning flash,
With dreadful shock
That rends the rock
Comes the fearful thunder crash.
Through iron bars
Up to the stars
My spirit goes out on the flood;
This clanking chain
Scorches my brain,
It fevers and maddens my blood.
With demons and ghouls,
And with phantom souls
That gibber and giggle leer—
With the ghost of one
My crime is undone,
I am chained in this cell here.
For the strangest crime
Ever known to time
Is the crime that clings to me;
I murdered a soul—
A human soul—
Far down by the moaning sea;
There in the gloom
I built a tomb,
And I laid its pale corpse there—
It rose from the floor
And stood at the door,
Looking out in dumb despair.
I turned and fled,
Pursued by the dead,
Over mountain and heath and strand,
Through the whole world wide,
Ever there at my side
Stood the soul that died by my hand;
Wherever I go
Its spectral wail will follow me;
It will wail and weep,
And never sleep
In its grave by the deep, dark sea.
Here in this cell—
A living hell—
Flames twice round this heavy chain;
None ever can know
The horrible woe
That is racking me, heart and brain;
They can not see
(Blind they must be)
The ghost of a soul that is slain;
The ghost of a soul
A murdered soul—
That brings me this torture and pain.
There it stands
With pleading hands
And the look it has ever worn;
Its golden hair
And pinions fair
And drooping and sad and torn;
Oh, would that I
Or for its might die,
Or call it to life once more;
Or if it would rest
In the marble breast
Of that tomb on the lonely shore.
O brutish mind!
O fool and blind!
To think that a soul would rest
By the ocean wild,
Tho' mountains were piled
On its still and pulseless breast.
Crushed by this pain,
Bruised the Cain
Alone in my cell lie;
To all I am lost
But this pale, sad ghost
Of a soul that will never die.
FALCONER, Cal., Nov. 29, 1887.

The Old Year and the New.

BY J. G. SAKS.

Good-bye, Old Year! I can but say,
Sadly I see thee passing away;
Passing away with the hopes and fears,
The bliss and pain, the smiles and tears,
They come to us in all the years.
Good-bye, Old Year! Whatever may be
The sins and stains thou hast chanced to see,
Consider, O Year, to purge the same,
And wash away the sin and shame.
Whilst thou wert passing, Christmas came.
Good-bye, Old Year! With words of grace
Leave us to him who takes thy place;
And say, Old Year, unto the New,
"Kindly, carefully, carry them through,
For much, I ween, they have yet to do."

A Noble Retriever.

(Swiss Cross.)

The *Western Mail* first published the following remarkable story of a brave dog: On December 29th last, the steamship, Muley Hassan, was passing through the Straits of Gibraltar, when Captain Thomson went on deck with his retriever, Nellie. The sagacious animal at once ran to the rail of the vessel, raised herself on her fore paws, and commenced to whine. The Captain looked, but could see nothing. The dog, however, got more and more restless, and finally jumped overboard, and swam astern. The engines were stopped, and a boat lowered, when the dog was discovered, firmly holding the collar of the coat of a drowning man, who was lying across two oars. It was afterward ascertained that he was the only survivor from a Spanish revenue felucca, which had been upset in a squall, and that he had been in the water four hours when rescued. It would have been impossible for him to have survived much longer. Both man and dog were in a very exhausted condition when taken on board the Muley Hassan. The above incident has formed the subject of a presentation to Captain Thomson of a silver medal and diploma for his gallantry and heroism in saving the life of the poor Spaniard. Without in the least wishing to depreciate Captain Thomson's effort or deserts, we must say that Nellie most certainly deserves to have some sort of honor conferred upon her, and that she certainly ought to be ranked among the historical dogs who have earned name and fame for heroic deeds.

AN ANTHONY BARBER.—A Boston man has a twin brother living in the West who looks very much like him. The other morning the Boston twin, after being shaved, went home and found there his brother, who had just come East. The Western twin needed shaving badly, and was directed to the barber shop. He entered and seated himself, but the barber paid no attention to him. "What's the matter with you?" said the Western twin, after waiting long enough. "Why don't you shave me?" "Why, I've just shaved you," said the barber. "Much you did!" said the twin. "Look at my face!" The barber looked at the big black beard of a week's growth, felt of it to assure himself that his eyes were not deceiving him, and burst out: "If you can raise a beard like that in twenty minutes, you'd better go into the show business."—*Troy Times*.

Who has climbed to the high of knowledge without suffering; who ever scaled the summit of the Alps without pain and foot weariness; who ever learned the wonders of the skies without treading the paths of martyrdom and suffering? When the light of such lives is turned upon the world they become orbs of splendor which the world must follow, and which ultimately shall lead the meteors wandering from their primal homes back again into the great Light of all Truth that sets man free.—*Cora Richmond*.

"HAVE you seen the inscription on the new academy?" asked Mr. C. "No, I have not," answered his friend. "What is it?" "It is a Latin word," replied Mr. C. "I can't pronounce it, but I can spell it. It is MDCCCLXXXVII."

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OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought.
By J. J. OWEN.
(Late Editor of the "San Jose Daily Mercury.")

SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.
Following are some of the Press opinions of the first edition:

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

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

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

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

The volume is made up of short editorials on thought-provoking topics, which tell of studios application and observation, written in a pleasing and interesting style, and full of good "meat," with the intent of benefiting their minds.—*Carson Appeal*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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