



GOLDEN GATE

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

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

If there were no lies in the world, truth would lose one-half its force and beauty.

Characters never change. Opinions alter; characters are only developed.—*Disraeli*.

Man, without the protection of a superior being, is secure of nothing that he enjoys, and uncertain of everything he hopes for.—*Tillotson*.

Study rather to fill your minds than your coffers; knowing that gold and silver were originally mingled with dirt, until avarice or ambition parted them.—*Seneca*.

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

It is the business of little minds to shrink; but he whose heart is firm and whose conscience approves his conduct, will pursue his principles unto death.—*Thomas Paine*.

I hate anything that occupies more space than it is worth. I hate to see a load of bandboxes go along the street, and I hate to see a parcel of big words without anything in them.—*Havili*.

Life is a mystery, death is a mystery. I am like the Chinese philosopher, Confucius, who, when he was asked, "What is death?" answered, "Life is such a mystery that I do not seek to know what is beyond it."—*Whittier*.

In every human being there are many grains of gold. When one is down, even by indiscretions of his own, do not stoop to throw additional mud upon him. Strive rather to reach him a helping hand to extricate him from the mire in which he is wallowing. This is true manhood.

As that man can not set a right value upon health who has never known sickness, nor feel the blessing of ease who has been through life a stranger to pain, so there can be no confirmed and passionate love of truth for him who has not experienced the hollowness of error.—*Coleridge*.

There are two sorts of agitation—one partial and slow, the other sudden and universal; one the work of the few, the thinking classes, who slowly elaborate public opinion by dint of pertinacious restoratives of reason; the other the act of the millions who feel a want which is suddenly aggravated, or of which the means for gratification are suddenly exposed to view and instinctively recognized.—*London (England) Spectator*.

There never before was so much of beauty and use and good in the world as to-day, and to-morrow will be much more abundant. Men's power and means of investigation were never before so great, and earth or heaven never so open to study. Lament? Rather rejoice that we were born so late in the new evolution of matter and mind; in the new earth which is fresh every day; in the new birth of the good and true; in the new heavens opened; and in God himself apparently nearer to us—more wise, more merciful, more loving than he ever before revealed himself to any age, race, or generation of men.—*Valley Visitor*.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Spiritualism in the Conduct of Life.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

By many Spiritualism is regarded as the belief in the rappings, the movement of a table, the utterance of trance. These manifestations are but a drop in its wide ocean, the extent of which even Spiritualists do not comprehend. It is a movement in that infinite sea of incomprehensible force. We have been allured and amused with the phenomena, losing sight of the eternal verities. As two thousand years ago the multitude asked for a sign, we, groping for truth demand tests! We are more eager for tests than intellectual strength or moral purpose. This has been urged, too truthfully, for in the first burst of the light we became over enthusiastic, yet it may not be said that we overestimated a cause which has no price.

When we have gone down to the grave in the long years past with one we loved, when we felt the staff of religion break like a reed beneath our hand, when we appealed to philosophy in vain, and sat by the dying ashes of our fond hopes and dreams, vainly asking for a token, a whisper from that unseen, unknown realm into which they had passed, we were in the black night of despair. There was neither hope nor joy, and it seemed a sin for the sun to shine or the birds to sing now that the dead could not enjoy.

Now, when thus despairing, a voice breaks through the silence. The dead speak and assure us of their identity, that they live and love us beyond that thin veil which conceals the immortal from mortal gaze! We are enthusiastic; who would not be? Life has no joy like to this! Its pains and burdens are light now that we know they bear us toward the goal where face to face we meet where partings are unknown. Overestimate! Can he who wanders in a darksome cave, overestimate the sunshine which bathes the world with glory? Surely we fail to appreciate the length and breadth, the height and depth of this great cause, which, like the fabled ash penetrating through the physical world, strikes its roots into the nether realm, and above lifts its branches into the heavens.

Is it a religion? Yes, it is a religion, but we must slightly vary the definition of that word. Let us approach it slowly that we may understand. First is science, the accurate knowledge of laws, of causes and effects. Ethics or morality is that part of science which treats of the relations individuals sustain to each other, and the right conduct of life.

Religion is devotion to the true and right, for itself and that alone, regardless of rewards or consequences. Not fear of an angry God, but fear of doing wrong; not the incentive of heaven, but the assurance of the peace coming from the triumph of the truth.

Thus Spiritualism is a religion, a science and a philosophy blended, forming a system vital with growth, and commensurate with the needs of humanity.

How broad this field! how expansive to all that is noble and divine! Above the jangling war of beliefs, of dogmas, of narrow and one-sided views of man and God, we stand overlooking broad seas with the horizon lifting to reveal the glories of encircling spaces!

No one who has gained these heights ever receded, ever sighed for the old-time bondage.

Here we are to-day, oh friends, immortal spirits as much as we shall be after this garment of clay shall be restored to its mother elements. Here we are walking the corridors of heaven, and boarded over by the Infinite presence of the All-Father. Already have we begun our eternal journey, and fashioning the character of our spirits. What ever we do that has an eternal relation is a treasure laid up above; all else is fleeting shadow, to pass with the day.

Talk about incentives to moral conduct furnished by other religions, there are none comparable to this.

The ideal Spiritualist is a perfect man. Would that I could point to you the beatitudes that cluster around such an one, and breathe into you his lofty aspirations.

That ideal man loves truth for its own sake, because it is truth—not from any

good he expects to derive from it; loves justice because it is justice; loves right because it is right.

The love of these is the perfection of manhood. It sustains the martyr, and makes the burning cross a bed of down compared with their violation. They are the fountain from which flows no bitter waters, and they who here slake their thirst never fail in the loving qualities of self-devotion, purity, and noble self-reliance, and represent the practical application of the spiritual philosophy in the perfection of perfecting manhood and womanhood after the angel ideal.

The horizon of Spiritualism, which we thought settled down at the limits of a phenomena, lift and reveals a sea, vast and illimitable, breaking on remote continents unexplored, and outlined on no chart drawn by the hand of adventurous explorers.

And we who through the evidence of an existence beyond the grave, all our hearts most craved, find that we have entered a sphere of duties and activities we dreamed not of. This is the religion of life, and weighs directly with the cares of mankind. It is a religion that consecrates labor, as the Creator, and is intended in all and every innovation or reform which in any way may benefit humanity.

What wonders it has accomplished in forty years? What may we not prophesy for its achievement in the next decade? Will the battle between labor and capital have been fought? Aye, and unpartisan justice will have decided, giving to each its rights.

Will woman be placed on equality with man? Aye, and the principle recognized that fitness for an occupation depends on well doing the tasks it brings. It were folly to talk of free men and not of free women, and that she is a human being is the evidence of her rights.

There will be no wars between civilized nations, for the weapons of destruction will have become so effective that battles would mean certain destruction of those engaged.

The danger to the State of the ignorant classes, increasingly dangerous, as the terrible power of explosives is placed in their hands, will compel their education.

In the material development the whole people will share in the benefits of the labor performed by the forces of nature. There is enough energy falling on the earth from the sun every hour, to do all the work of the world. There is enough electricity in a single cloud to do the same. To fully utilize the last is almost accomplished, and no one would dare relate, as a dream, what the immediate future will yield. Our dwellings will be warmed as well as lighted. It will be the motor power, increasing the speed of cars, the certainty of the ship, and making aerial navigation possible.

If forty years ago some one had addressed a meeting as I am addressing you, and told them of the steamships, the cars, the telegraph, and telephone, as a spirit prophecy, the press would have sagely said: "This Spiritualism makes men fools and lunatics." The press of to-day is wiser, but should I predict what I feel assured will be the outcome of the next thirty years, I fear it would make the same commentary.

But all these vast achievements are not to come while we sleepily wait. We are commanded by our belief to be up and doing. The powers of darkness get higher, and the world is ever in the throes of its redemption.

The world has dreamed of an Eden in the past; that Eden is in the future. We are rapidly nearing the Fortunate Isle beyond the waves of the western ocean, seen in fancy by our ancestors.

Oblivion will devour the dross of the world and leave the shining truth. Creeds, dogmas, superstitions, shall pass with their day, and the mockery of legislation which attempts to force men to be moral.

We are striving to hasten that Eden for those who follow us. The age of thought, the age of a divine manhood. Then shall the veil, which has gossamer, but now as adamant, be riven in twain, and mortal life be regarded as the vestibule to the immortal temple. Death will bring no separation, and its tears will be transformed to flowers to wreath the brow of joy.

'Tis coming, friends! The angels have proclaimed it! They sang it two thousand years ago: "Peace on earth, good will to men," and their voices have vibrated

in the hearts of the true all these centuries, now to break forth in the full glory of the glad anthem which shall usher in the glories of the new day of a perfected and hence divine humanity.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Spirit Influence.

As to the extent and power of spirits out of the body, upon those still wearing their mortal covering, who can tell? Not those who remain, otherwise more light would be thrown upon the subject, as earnest investigation has produced but partial results.

In the early ages of the world man received the coming of the spirit as a gift of God to favored mortals, without designating in what manner or by what approach. The illumination of the interior nature, or the opening up of the clairvoyant perception being alluded to in the sacred writings of the old testament, as well as the new, but how much it was to be relied on was never practically to be determined, even by the ancients themselves, otherwise the discrepancies between the ancient and modern teachings would not have been so startling as they seem to be at present; the vindictive and angry teachings of the ancient scriptures being in direct contradiction to that peace on earth and good will to men, which characterize the new. If they were all emanations of the same divine power, though at different ages of the world, how can they be reconciled to each other, and how can they prove themselves as partaking of the same divine birthright.

The world has received them as such, whilst the claims of modern spiritualism are ignored completely as coming from God, even if Satan has not received the honors of its parentage, with our blinded eyes we have received what has been told us by the fathers of the church, and have gotten no farther to a clearer elucidation of the matter, apparently, than the fact that illumination is still possible, visions not impossible, and if materialization can be proven, miracles by no means miracles. With all the light we can get, the time has not yet come when we can truly say how much or how far the truth has been reached in regard to the true connection between this world and the other. That our knowledge is meager, is not the fault of the investigator, or that of the earnest seeker, in any direction, the fact being that so subtle are the conditions which divide the lower from the upper world, not even the imaginative can penetrate them, and a tangible realization of their very existence seems almost impossible. We are all apparently blind to the fact that we can not penetrate or understand the conditions that surround us, from our very nature, that we are ourselves to be dematerialized before we can receive the glory of the infinite, and that till then we can see but in part, or as through a glass darkly. That this world is acted upon by a class of intermediate spirits, is undoubtedly true. That under some circumstances it may be approached by even exalted spirits is not impossible; but that the infinite unknown has ever reached through the darkness that surrounds us, to show himself in bodily form to us poor mortals, is altogether incredible. The God of Moses, Isaac and Jacob, is also our God, that his image has been seen by them, and refused to us, is not at all likely, and when we refuse to believe that the seers of modern times are altogether falsifying their condition, that their claims are naught, their visions imaginary, had we not better ask ourselves upon what we base our claims to our belief in the supernatural in the old, and to what extent they should be carried. Such being the case, may we not go still farther and say, the communion of saints does not necessarily refer to those of olden times altogether, or rather not to the communion of saints at all, as even wicked people lay claim to the power of spirit communion; indeed, in these days it is conceded by many that only the wicked aspire to that privilege, but that as it may, does it necessarily follow that either goodness or wickedness are requisite conditions? We hold that both states are represented in this matter and that only those are responsible who are using the power for good or bad use. If, for example, a man has left the world with unfinished work before him, he may seek to return to

find assistance to carry on that work. He must seek his like to do it, and if in the wisdom of Providence it is to be carried on to its perfection, he will find his agents in the same sphere, condition or strata of life to enable him to do so. If it is of a sublimity character, it may be a long time before he deserts the earth, to seek ascension, if spiritual in its nature the spiritual agent necessary will be sought and found, to elevate himself, as well as to elevate the spirit seeking ascension. The lower the influence the less strength is given in the upward direction, and to seek the highest by earnest aspiration, is the only way to good and truth. C. E. S.

Questions and Answers.

[Through the guides of Miss M. T. Shellhamer in Banner of Light.]

Q.—What is the cause of our receiving inconsistent and untruthful communications? Does the blame, if any there is, rest with us or on the controlling intelligence?

A.—This is a case that all investigators—and circles of investigators—should find out for themselves, because one reply will not apply to every case. Sometimes, when experimenting with a mediumistic subject, spirits from the other life are not able to clearly communicate what they desire, what is given as coming from that side of life may appear distorted and imperfect to those who receive, when perhaps the spirits who give are perfectly sincere and honest, and so is the medium they employ; but there is a want of adaptability between the subject and the spirit, or perhaps a want of proper development, and so what is given may be of little value; but by quietly pursuing the experimentation, keeping the medium and what is given through her organism away from the criticizing world, the spirits will become more perfect in their manifestations. In this case, we take it for granted, that all concerned are perfectly sincere, the medium and those who sit with her, as well as the spirit-band in attendance; but if the mediumistic instrument is not entirely honest, then she will attract spirits of a like nature, those who delight not only to deceive the public, but also the medium whom they employ, for she can be no more safe with those spirits than can those who come to her seeking a sign, who are imposed upon by her mediumistic ministrations.

It is necessary not only for a medium to be honest, but also for the sitters—and just as necessary in one case as the other. Those who approach a medium in a vacillating, insincere state of mind, will attract a like character of communication from the other world. There are spirits who delight in imposing upon mortals; they realize their power outside of material things, and that those who seek knowledge from them can not see nor get hold of them; therefore, to an extent, they exercise a certain power over those mortals who approach; and if the mortals are themselves tricky by nature, insincere, ready to take advantage of others, whether it be at the time of sitting or in their daily life, rest assured they may be imposed upon by spirits from the other side who occupy a like plane of existence with themselves.

If our friends who send this question are troubled by receiving communications that are incorrect, and even deceiving, it is wise for them to examine into their own hearts. If they are perfectly honest and earnest in their search for truth, then they must discover whether or not their medium is sufficiently developed to receive correct communications from the other life; if not, they must proceed carefully, give the best conditions to their instrument for her unfoldment, seeing that she comes to the sitting in a state of mind that is free from anxiety and care, with perfect trust in the higher spirits, and then they must also inquire into the character of those spirits who approach. They will ascertain, by a keen, close scrutiny of what is given, whether imposition or incorrectness proceeds from a fault in their handling of the instrument or from a desire to willfully deceive; if the latter, the sitters must turn away, even if they are obliged to suspend their seance until the deceiving spirits are removed; if the former, by coming into close rapport with the spirits, and giving out magnetic sympathy and strength, they may form such a battery of power as to overcome the difficulty, and in time receive that which is required—truth alone.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Man's Aim and Destiny.

BY A. P. MELCHERS.

All indications of man's intuitive aim or natural striving, seem to be in obtaining the light of causation—absolute truth, so-called, and when bent on this first impulse is to seek it through some spiritual source, either through religion directly, or by diving into literature which treats on the beginning of things, evolution, etc. Now, study or mental labor is a spiritual source as well as religion, only the latter gives him precepts by which to guide himself and keeps him morally active, while study keeps him mentally active, and leads to the same destiny. Man's destiny, according to religious teachings, being to become "one with God," while Spiritualism calls it the "harmonious condition," the "positive condition," or the "love condition." All have synonymous meanings, and, practically considered, signify a soul-condition or soul-impetus, which is superior in activity or motion over that of the animal or material condition of man's being as a life-entity. To reach this, mental or moral activity is necessary, for such is exercising his soul-nature independent of his sensuous or material qualifications, namely, his physical appetites, worldly fancies, and inborn or animal passions—selfishness, pride, conceit, vanity and haughtiness, personal or false pride.

Mental activity consists in study, reflection, meditation, reading, the cultivation of the arts and sciences, and literary work generally. Moral activity consists in being benevolent, charitable, sympathetic, conscientious toward his fellow-creatures, humble in the opinion of self, and overcoming or combating one's animal nature—abnegation, self-denial, forgiving and generous to the faults of others, for fault-finding is nothing else but a rousing of one's own deficiencies when coming in *rapport* with those of others. Freedom from the same, causes no ripple whatever in our equanimity, and we rise above it, as it were, having about the same effect as when accused of something not in our category, as murder, highway robbery, or something we hardly ever think of. But let it touch a vibrating chord, even if only existing as an intention, how quick our self-righteousness becomes roused. Such proves that the evil is in our hearts, even if we have never enacted it, or would have permitted our animal nature to overcome us to that extent. Thus purity of thought is included in moral activity, and many a fair exterior is tainted or disfigured within by impure thoughts, angry emotions, and unspiritual desires or wishes, and exert an influence on sensitives which is equal to the act itself, whether committed through moral speech or deeds, and attracting spirits to our sides who are not only of this order mentally, but so in fact, for a spirit enacts what it thinks—thought and action being one to them. Thus purity of thought is as much needed as purity of action, and its practice develops a force of habit which follows the soul into the next life, and hampers it in, naturally trying to follow out its self-developed impetus on impulse for action—even though our reason or better nature revolts against it.

But such is the law of creation. Man reaps what he sows, as it were, or becomes in the next life what he has made of himself in this. Thought being everything to a spirit, it is natural that man should intuitively strive to reach his aim by mental or moral labor—such being a purely spiritual impetus or force of action, and leads to the desired result: superior intelligence or soul-force over the material.

God or intelligence is purely spiritual or divine in nature, and nothing animalistic or impure will enter into a harmonious vibration with the same. Thus to become "one with God," man must free himself from impurity, and which, by Spiritualists, is called the "harmonious condition," because it signifies a harmony with the origin of our being. The so-called "love condition" has also been adopted as the aim, because moral development leads to it, and which signifies humanity in general—universal love.

The so-called "positive condition" is employed by the more practical minded, or those who make Spiritualism a scientific research instead of a religious guide, but who, nevertheless, follow the teachings of the spirits that never fail to accompany scientific investigations—not only as a mode of instruction, but as a necessity. Purity of thought attracts high spirits who are enabled to give the necessary information, while immorality and vice attract mockers and impure spirits whose soul-impetus or natural impulse is for a material effect, and not an intelligent one, thus unable to give light, even when trying to tell that which they know.

Although purity of thought is already sufficient for the admission of light by inspiration, even if man has not yet overcome all his deficiencies and weaknesses; but as he frees himself from these, the higher spirits approach nearer in person and begin to give him more direct information, (through dreams, impressions, clairvoyance, etc.), and as he nears the positive condition he feels content, peaceful or happy, according to circumstances. Bright or intelligent spirits cause him to feel content, pure or loving spirits cause him to feel peaceful or happy, and which are naturally attracted to him according

to his most active soul condition—mental activity attracting the former, and moral activity the latter. If unfolding himself in both branches he attracts spirits who throw out both influences—like attracting like. To the contrary he attracts discontented and unhappy spirits—sensuous or lustful spirits feeling generally discontent, and immoral or selfish spirits feeling despondent, melancholy or sad. If sensitive to their influence he may judge of his own condition by these visitants.

But when the positive condition is reached, i. e., positive to material or animal influences or temptations; positive to one's own weakness, passions or habits; and positive to the discords of others, (positive to fault-finding,) man feels a material passivity overcome him, and substituted by a more active mental impetus or desire for spiritual indulgence instead of that which belongs to the animal or material, and accompanied by an inward peace or feeling of contentment, love, happiness.

To know whether a spirit or mortal has reached the positive condition, a sensitive may be employed. A photograph, letter or particle of clothing placed in the hands of the same, will tell the tale through the influences felt. A happy or buoyant influence denotes it through the love condition or moral culture, a peaceful or calm influence through mental or intellectual culture; and a hushed or divine influence through both. But if a sadness is felt in conjunction with it, that he or she is within near approach of it, and only needs a little more moral purification to make it an absolute fact, or that the being is very near the positive condition, but is debarred from reaching it by a little impurity or selfishness not yet overcome or rooted out,—if a little oppression is sensed in conclusion with it, it betrays the presence of some old or once active passion that still haunts the individual, and which either needs curbing, or more mental activity to allay its craving. Abnegation or study, or a little more benevolence practically applied, may be offered as the remedy for complete happiness in such cases. And where obsession is sensed, a temporary change of conditions may be prescribed. The latter may be known by a feeling of discontentment which accompanies the first-named influences; and if despair takes the place of discontentment, there is some active passion being indulged contrary to the dictates of divine nature. The latter is often due to some old sensual habit in man, and vain force in woman. But in either case a cessation is necessary, for indulging old evils retards the soul's growth, and prevents the same from reaching the positive condition—the aim and destiny of man!

Dr. Babbitt.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

In looking over the columns of the GOLDEN GATE of Dec. 24th I saw the "Letter from Dr. Babbitt," which I read with great interest. In said letter Dr. Babbitt proposes to give an eight weeks' course 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. I would advise all who can to avail themselves of the splendid opportunity that will be presented to acquire a knowledge and practice of higher methods of healing.

The mind cure, as taught by Dr. Babbitt, will be free from the vagaries of some of its professed expounders, and will be presented in accordance with the highest principles of psychology and mental science. I have Dr. Babbitt's "Manual of Healing," also his work, "Principles of Light and Color," and I know there is a great deal of truth contained in his work.

The system of healing, as taught by Dr. Babbitt, and therapeutic sarcophony, as taught by Dr. Joseph Rodas Buchanan, will be the great systems of healing in the future. I have long wanted to see a college established on the Pacific Coast that would embrace the principles and therapeutics as enunciated by Dr. Buchanan and Dr. Babbitt. Graduates from such a college would be free from the charge of charlatanism, and it would place them on the high vantage ground of social, mental and moral attainments. They are schools of therapeutics that will develop the mental and spiritual natures of its votaries.

All who can attend Dr. Babbitt's course of lectures at Los Angeles will form a nucleus for a higher standard of therapeutics than has been attained on the Pacific Slope.

Respectfully yours,

O. F. SHAW.

SAN BUENAVENTURA, Dec. 31, 1887.

FIRST Omaha Florist—"Young De Pink is a slow payer, isn't he?" Second Florist—"Last week he paid up the bill he owed me, and made all sorts of apologies,—said he had forgotten about it." "Eh? Did you sue?" "No." The last time he ordered a bouquet sent to his girl, I made out an itemized bill for the past three years, giving the address each bouquet went to. "Yes." "Well, the boy made a mistake, and delivered the bouquet to De Pink and the bill to the girl."—*Omaha World.*

At Worcester, Mass., Rev. George H. Hepworth declared in a public address, "I am a free lance." The *Spy* gave him fame by printing the sentence, "I want a free lunch."

Life Never Dies.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

If we understand the position taken by materialist scientists it is:

1. Creative energy is the property of matter.

2. This energy develops protoplasm—the basis of life—the properties of which are irritability and contractibility.

3. Man in his entirety is developed from it.

4. Life and its manifestations are the actions and reactions of this semifluid.

5. Man is a machine acted upon by the forces of matter, and was evolved from the lowest form of life by many evolutions, each evolution developing additional and higher faculties.

6. Man is the culmination of these evolutions.

7. All organizations change or die.

8. All organic forms are disintegrated, and the molecules of which they are formed retain their original properties, and enter into new and dissimilar forms.

9. Life, being action, is destroyed when the matter of life is decomposed.

10. That no soul leaves the body is proved by the fact that the body loses no weight by dying.

The first proposition is true, if Paul, Huxley and Clifford are correct in saying, "The infinite is all, through all, illumines all, and is all."

The second proposition we are not prepared to deny.

To the third proposition we take no exceptions.

The fourth we deny, and claim that life is the organizing force, and, like all other forces, is invisible, but powerful in its manifestations. Life being a scintillation from the infinite, is as enduring as God himself.

Fifth—That man is a machine, we admit, but claim that it is organized and acted upon by intelligent life energy, and is a complicated organism through which life, consciousness, thought, mind and reason are manifested, the whole physical form being the seat of life, and the brain the central office or center of sensation and intelligence.

Sixth—If man is the culmination of many evolutions in the dim past, and each evolution developed new faculties, is it not reasonable to suppose that there may be another evolution and higher type of man, when additional faculties will be evolved with a body formed of sublimated matter suited to his superior conditions?

Seventh—That all organizations change we admit, but life never dies.

To the eighth we take no exceptions.

To the ninth we take exceptions, but if for argument's sake we admit that life is action, that does not necessarily imply its annihilation, for it is proved that motion is converted into heat, and heat is converted into action. We admit of change, but not of annihilation.

The tenth, that no soul leaves the body, we deny. The proof that the body loses no weight by dying does not establish the point that nothing left it, for many things can not be detected by the scales. The magnet loses no weight by losing its magnetic power; a single grain of musk will scent a room for years and loses no appreciable weight. Who ever weighed the aroma of the rose or the pain of toothache? But still they exist.

Hundreds declare they have seen exhalations arise from their departing friends, like diffused light, and forming a cloud over the remains like the light of the Milky Way in a clear evening. They have seen the form materialize in this cloud and remain for some minutes. Similar lights are seen in your circles. Prof. Tyndall, in his lecture before the Royal Institution of Great Britain, describes the light of negative electricity in the exact words used to describe spirit light. Is it not the same? If so, that accounts for non-loss of weight in the dead body, as electricity has no perceptible weight. Theoretical Spiritualism teaches that man survives the dissolution of the body and retains his identity. Prof. Tyndall says a theory, verified, is received as truth. Now is this theory verified?

The great lexicographer, Webster, tells us, "The belief in ghosts is as universal as humanity, and it could not have been believed in by all nations and tribes in every part of the world unless founded on facts."

In the Bible we are told of men and women seeing and talking with spiritual beings; and these beings are called "men," "angels," and "Lord" interchangeably. In the case of Abraham and Lot they were called men and angels. Mrs. Manoa talked with a man, and this same man is called an angel, who ascended in the smoke of the altar. Daniel heard one saint speaking to another saint, and there stood before him the appearance of a man, and he heard a man's voice.—Daniel viii., 13-16. The man Gabriel being caused to fly swiftly touched me, and talked with me.—Daniel xi., 21-22. Samuel talked with Saul after he had been dead and buried. Jesus talked with the disciples, was seen by them and vanished.

Tyndall justly says, when facts are changed into words they lose half their sap, but observed facts are vital. I need only to refer to the GOLDEN GATE for witnesses of observed facts of spirit return. The spirits talk like humans; they look like them; they walk like them;

they are photographed like them. If they are not human, what are they? Our Advent brethren say they are demons. The word has come down to us for thousands of years, and like many other words has changed its meaning. Josephus tells us that Titus, in his address to his soldiers at the Siege of Jerusalem, used these words: "What man of virtue is there who does not know that souls that are severed from their earthly bodies are received by the ether, the purest of elements, and join that company which is placed among the stars—that they become good demons and propitious heroes, and show themselves as such to their posterity afterwards." It seems souls of men were the acknowledged demons at that time, and may be good or bad. If the original (and I think true) definition be accepted, then our Advent brethren have unintentionally acknowledged the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism.

We appeal to all who have investigated the subject, if our theory of continued existence has not been verified by observed facts, an innumerable host of witnesses, through all times and in all countries, reply in the affirmative.

CHAS. WHITE.

ALEXANDRIA, Minn., Jan. 1, 1888.

Interesting Marriage Service.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

I have been asked by more than a dozen different ones why I did not write up my daughter's wedding, also the seance in connection with it; so I venture to do so, although it is rather long, but trusting to your generosity for space.

The wedding which united Miss Emily Barker to Mr. Fred Fellows was to come off on Sunday, November 13. On Sunday morning I had a slate-writing with Dr. D. J. Stansbury, of San Francisco. I also sat for spirit pictures. His wonderful mediumistic powers are already known by hundreds, but the proof I got directly after through Mrs. J. J. Whitney does not occur every day. Accompanied by Mrs. Dr. Bentley, of San Jose, we started for the Doctor's. On our way there we bought slates at a bookstore. We both got our pictures taken and slate-writing. One of Mrs. Bentley's communications—from her spirit son, Webster—spoke of the wedding; said he and Maude (my spirit daughter) would be at the wedding. I only wrote one name on each tablet. I thought I would let them write to suit themselves. Two of my slates were put on top of a goblet of water that stood on the stand we sat by, one on the carpet in front of us, and one on the stand. These were the communications:

DARLING MAMMA—We are all so very happy to-day. We will be at the wedding. We have brought it all about, and everything will turn out to your satisfaction. We love you all more and more, and your own spirit home grows brighter day by day.

DEAR SISTER—The spirit world is very beautiful to-day. We have all brought you flowers, and will bring to Emily all the radiance possible from spirit life to bless her and make her life more useful and happy.

Well, I am glad you gave me a chance. I will be on the picture.

I also got a communication from my father, blessing me for trying to bless humanity. Every spirit friend whose name I wrote gave me a communication. Maude passed away an infant; Asa is my spirit brother—starved to death at Andersonville prison; Macon is my guide, and was on the picture, as was also Maude. These were proven to be at the wedding, and Mrs. Whitney, not knowing anything about my slate-writing, or about my folks, or myself, as we are comparatively strangers.

According to appointment, in the afternoon the wedding party arrived at Mrs. Whitney's. When the couple stood up, and all was ready, Mrs. Whitney said: "Maude and Webster say they are going to stand up with the couple." She looked around the room to see who they were, strangers being present. I told her I recognized them as my spirit daughter and Mrs. Bentley's spirit son. On turning toward the couple again, she said, "Yes, I see them—Webster standing by the groom, and Maude by the bride; she is a beautiful spirit, dressed in bridal attire." Before she could go on with the ceremony others had to be recognized.

A gentleman standing back of them, with a hand on a shoulder of each, who says his name is Macon; he is giving them his blessing." Then, turning to me, she said, "Standing one side of you is a man who says he was a prisoner of war, and is your brother." I told her it was all correct. She then went on with the ceremony. My heart was full to overflowing, and tears of joy were shed over what seemed to me a spirit wedding.

But this is not all. It seems I was to be thrice blessed. The good Doctor and his amiable wife, Mr. and Mrs. Stansbury, invited Mrs. Bentley and myself to stay over Tuesday, saying they would have a materializing seance in the evening. We consented. Mrs. Stansbury told us to come early to dinner. On arriving there we found Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Whitney, and Mr. Fanning, of San Jose. The dinner was a feast of good things; but what came in the evening surpassed all else, for we had a feast of spiritual things. Mr. and Mrs. Mozart came to the seance.

We all wandered our way to the seance room, which was on the second floor. We sat around a table, the Doctor and his wife sitting with us, all holding hands. There was no cabinet, but a curtain hung loosely against the plastered wall. The spirits were some distance from the curtain

when they materialized. The gas was turned off, singing commenced, and immediately the room was filled with the aroma of flowers, and almost instantly the table was covered with flowers. The spirits told us to turn up the light, and what a sight met our eyes! The table was covered with roses, pinks, geraniums, and ferns, and, best of all, there stood Maude, Mrs. Whitney declaring it the same spirit that stood up with my daughter Emily when she was married; and I plainly saw it was the same that came on my picture—the same bridal robes. She stood very near the table, greeting us all, and answering questions, then, coming around the table to my chair, she put her arms around my neck, and kissing me, said, "Emily's union will be blessed, she being married under spirit conditions." She then went back, near the Doctor and his wife, and gathered a handful of the prettiest flowers; handing them to me, she said, "Mother, take these with our blessing." The light was lowered, and Maude said Webster would come next, then Jeanette, the Doctor's spirit wife. More singing, in which the spirits joined, their voices plainly heard by all. The banjo was raised over my head; then rested on my head a moment; was struck three times by invisible hands. Then, other spirits, taking the horn and bells, we had lively music for a little while. Maude said they were serenading in honor of the wedding.

Again the light was ordered up, and Webster stood in the corner. He did not use the curtain, but could not come out. He called his mother to him, and talked with her a little while. She said she knew it was her own dear boy—the same features and hair. The light was lowered for Jeanette; a little more singing; then the light was turned up, and there she stood, very near us. She then came close up, talking to us all, and saying she remembered her San Jose friends (Mrs. Bentley and myself) used to sit with the Doctor in San Jose. She told the Doctor to take her picture. He prepared things, then flashed the light on her, and it was taken, just like the one in the GOLDEN GATE. Maude said the wedding, and the harmonious influences it brought, enabled them to present the wonderful things they had done for us.

This proves that when perfect harmony reigns the best results are had; and I have been informed through the Doctor's good wife that they have had no trouble to materialize since, and that was the first seance they had where full forms came out. Bless their holy mission. May they live to convince thousands; and may their genial, happy influence make glad the hearts of many as they made glad my heart. I never shall forget their kindness. God bless them.

MARY E. BARKER.

JESSE SHEPARD AS A WRITER.—It is the opinion among impartial critics that Jesse Shepard's literary faculty equals, if not surpasses, his musical gifts. In the June number of the *Golden Era*, Mr. Shepard astonished his friends and the public by an essay on the "Abbe Joseph Roux," which California's orator, Thomas Fitch, pronounced equal to the best productions of Macaulay or Froude, and which Rose Hartwick Thorpe, the well-known poet, declared "equal to the rarest poetry." That essay made Mr. Shepard famous in the literary world, much in the same manner as Macaulay's essay on "Milton" made its author famous in his day. But the literary public waited with considerable curiosity to see with what dexterity and depth Jesse Shepard would wield his pen in the future, and it is needless to say that the anticipations of his most sanguine friends have been more than realized. Following the "Abbe Roux" article came "Pen Pictures of Persons and Places," containing a masterly portrait of Alexander Dumas. Then came "Imitative Talent Versus Creative Faculty," a strikingly vigorous resume of this most interesting theme, handled in a style that at once charms and instructs even the casual surface reader. In the current number of this magazine, Mr. Shepard contributes another pen picture. His description of the gambling tables of Baden-Baden surpasses, in some respects, all his previous efforts. It takes rank with Tolstoi's "Sebastopol."—*Golden Era.*

Mrs. Ada Foye.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Mrs. Ada Foye, the well known medium, who has recently taken up her residence in the city, was agreeably surprised a few evenings since, by being tendered a real Chicago welcome by her many friends, who, deeming it more pleasurable to extend their respects in a body than individually, assembled in her spacious parlors during her absence, and upon her appearance greeted her as only Chicago Spiritualists can. Upwards of thirty guests were present, including many of the members of the Young People's Progressive Society and those prominent in spiritual circles in the city. The event was pronounced by all to have been the most pleasant and enjoyable one of the season. The hospitality of our kind host and hostess, and the entertaining and interesting selections both in song and verse of those present, rendered a most pleasant and agreeable occasion.

CELIA.

AN author, in his new novel, asks: "If civilization be the analogue of geologic secretion, how tortuous is the trend and dip of the ethnological strata, how abrupt the overlapping myths?"

HOME CIRCLES.—Mr. L.

H. Mace writes as follows to the *Religio-Phil. Jour.*, of Chicago: "Two years ago Spiritualism saved me from insanity. I lost my only daughter, and in consequence of grief I was for months in a dazed condition, and fast going insane. When I began to investigate Spiritualism I was a wreck, and had no hope or interest in life. After attending circles until I was convinced spirit communion is a fact, I engaged a medium to hold circles with my family Sunday evenings at my house. In a few weeks one after another of the family developed clairvoyant powers, and saw spirits distinctly. We then dispensed with the services of the medium, and continued our circles three times a week. Our spirit friends come regularly to every circle. They remain in full form one hour, and occupy seats placed for them. Sometimes they answer questions by a nod or shake of the head. Our home circle has proved to be a blessing and a comfort, and when we are called to throw off this earthly garment I have faith to believe we will be welcomed by many spirits who have learned to know and love us in our dear home circle. We will find ourselves no strangers in the spirit world. God speed the time when all of earth's sorrowing children will realize the sweet comfort of Spiritualism."

Ruskin as a Humanitarian.

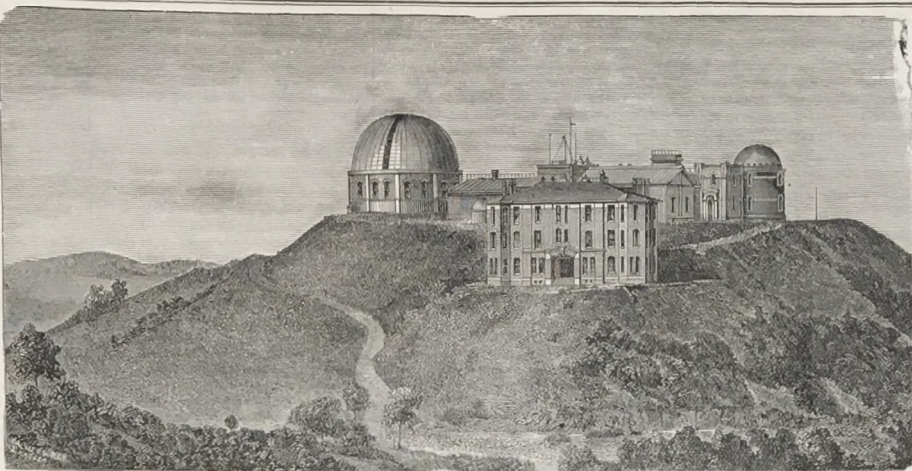
From W. J. Stillman's article on Ruskin, in the *January Century*, we quote the following:

"During our stay at Geneva Ruskin had some mountain drawing to do at the Perte du Rhone, and asked me to drive down with him. Not far from the point of view which he had selected was a group of wretched dwellings misnamed cottages, but which in America we call shanties,—not the picturesque wall-and-thatch structures which the word cottage calls up in England, but built of boards, shabby without being picturesque, and to my American notions only capable of association with poverty and discomfort. Ruskin asked me to draw them while he was drawing the mountains. The subject was anything but attractive or pictorial, and though it should have been enough for me that he wished me to draw it carefully, I only obeyed my own feeling and made a careless ten-minutes' pencil drawing,—all the thing was worth to me. When Ruskin drove up to take me in, on the way back to Geneva, and saw what I had done, he was—and I must say, with good reason,—offended at the indifferent way in which I had complied with his request, and after a few reproachful words, threw himself back in the carriage in a sullen temper. I replied that the subject did not interest me, and that the principal feeling I had in looking at it was that it must be a wretched home for human beings, and promised more fever than anything else, and that, in short, I did not think it worth drawing. Nothing more was said by either of us until we had driven half way back to Geneva, when he broke out with, 'You are right, Stillman, about those cottages; your way of looking at them was nobler than mine, and now, for the first time in my life, I understand how anybody can live in America.'"

"It has always seemed to me that this was a true epitome of man's nature,—first, the aesthetic, outside view of the matter; then, the humanitarian, overpowering it; the womanish pettishness, and the generous admission of his error when seen; and after this confession, his greater cordiality to me—for he always valued more any one who brought him a new idea, though he often broke friendship with those who differed from him too strongly."

In Edison's laboratory, he will have every kind of iron and steel, every kind of known wood, every kind of glass, every metal in all their different shapes, every variety of clay, chalk, every vegetable substance that may be of use, from the firs of the arctic regions to the giant grasses of the Amazon. Half a dozen times in Edison's life his work has been brought to a standstill by the lack of some material known to exist, but which could not be obtained without long delay and great cost. He had to send to Japan to get the bamboo fibre with which he now makes the carbons for his lamps. At present, he is interrupted in his work upon the apparatus for generating electricity directly from heat by the impossibility of finding nickel in sufficient quantities in America.

There is only one wealth in the world—character; and there is only one poverty in the world,—loss of character. And character can not be bought in the open market; it is not for sale. There is no machinery invented by which you can put a gold dollar in the hopper, and have character come out in meal-bags. Character comes with contact. If you are to carry thrift and industry and integrity, if you are to carry faith and hope and love, into the homes that are dark and sorrowful, it can only be done by the personal contact of men and women that have these qualities in them.—*Lyman Abbott.*



THE LICK OBSERVATORY.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Poetry and Spiritualism.

BY DR. JOHN ALLYN.

"So live that when thy summons comes to join
To the pale realm of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

One is to be pitted who has not poetry enough in his nature to appreciate with keen pleasure a gem of purest ray serene like this. As is well known this is the closing paragraph of that beautiful poem, "Thanatopsis." But what is remarkable, and not so well known is, that it was written by Bryant in his nineteenth year. It was published in 1816, and what is still more notable is that it was the first American poetry that was recognized by English critics as worthy of a place in permanent literature. About this time Sidney Smith uttered that cutting sarcasm, "Who reads an American book?" A poem like this, exhibiting such precocious powers of reflection, observation and insight, would seem to hint at the unwelcome doctrine that his soul and spirit gained experience and power in a previous state of existence.

In all this beautiful poem the only reference to a future state of existence is the hope in the closing paragraph that a well spent life will be followed by pleasant dreams. Previous to the advent of Modern Spiritualism the prevalent ideas of a future existence were exceedingly dreary and hazy in their character. If the truth must be told they still remain so to an unpleasant extent. The most distinctive mission of Spiritualism is to furnish definite knowledge in regard to the future existence in the world of disembodied spirits, and the relation of the two worlds.

The following lines were written on closed slates, held in my own hands, at the close of a lengthy communication, the medium sitting across the table and not touching the slates:

"Millions and millions of ages shall roll,
Progression ever the theme of your soul,
By beauty and grandeur your soul shall be led,
And worlds without number your spirit shall tread."

I will not claim, that as poetry, these lines will compare favorably with Bryant's, Pope's or Byron's, but in them are enunciated three distinct ideas; one is the progressive development of the human spirit; another, that the spirit shall inhabit various worlds or material spheres, or at least their spiritual semblances. Another idea, not much less definite, is that the love of art, or beauty and grandeur, will be a source of perpetual pleasure during all this pilgrimage, which will be practically if not really unending. Doubtless the disembodied spirit will, from time to time, inhabit a great number of worlds, seeking and finding such as are in their development suited to its own needs.

Long before the advent of Modern Spiritualism Byron wrote:—

"When coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah, whither strays the immortal mind?
It can not die, it can not stay,
But leaves its darkened dust behind."

Eternal, boundless, undecayed—
A thought unseen, but seeing all;
All, all in earth or skies displayed,
All it surveys, shall it recall."

Above all love, hope, hate or fear,
It lives, all passionless and pure;
An age shall fleet, like earthly years;
Its years, as moments, shall endure."

And where the future mars or makes,
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
Where sun is quenched, or system breaks;
Fixed in its own eternity."

While these verses possess great beauty of expression, they are crude and inadequate in regard to the character of spirit life. Had the writer listened to a few lectures of trance mediums, he would have written more understandingly.

We have good reason to hope that the spiritual telegraph, now being operated through the mediumship of Mr. Rowley, of Cleveland, Ohio, will prove a success. This will be the most useful phase of mediumship for those who wish scientific evidence and communications from exalted

spirits in exact and plain language. And surely the time has arrived in the history and development of Spiritualism when this is needed. And as everything in nature occurs in orderly sequence, we have great faith and hope.

"Rejoice all! the light is breaking,
Streaming up the eastern sky,
Surely darkness will not linger,
When the sun is risen high."

"Odology"—Antidote for Spiritualism.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Some friend of mine sent me by mail a little work with the above heading. I have no doubt my good friend is of the opinion if I would only read this book I would be converted out of the errors of Spiritualism into the broader sunlight of the ideas therein set forth, but I fear he will think, should he read this article, that he has been casting his pearls before swine, for I am only the more convinced of the truth of the spiritual philosophy. But I read the little book as I do all works that fall into my hands that attempt to explain away Spiritualism. The book in question is sent into the world under the auspices of the Christadelphian publications, of Birmingham, England, and is written by Dr. John Thomas, M. D.

The doctor, in attempting to account for the phenomena through odic force, gets himself into a greater muddle than he would were he to admit, like the Roman Catholics, the fact of the phenomena, and lay it all to his satanic majesty; for if his odic force theory were correct it would be quite as wonderful and quite as difficult to explain as that of spirit, and would then be worth the attention of the scientific world, but the odic force theory does not explain the phenomena of spiritual manifestations, and if the doctor, in his researches, had been half as willing to learn the truth as he seems to be willing to warp it, he would not be groping in darkness as he is to-day; for the merest child in the school of Spiritualism knows more of the wonderful, beautiful truths, than revealed than the doctor does, with all his logic and odic force theory. Does not the good book declare that God is a spirit, and does it not command that we worship him in spirit and in truth? But the doctor fails to comprehend that a spirit form is quite as much an objective being and quite as potent as a natural form.

It seems strange to me that the learned doctor's eyes could be so closed to these grand truths. In all my investigations of the phenomena, whether through independent spirit voices, or materialization, wherever and whenever these manifestations are allowed to speak for themselves they invariably declare that they are the spirits of your departed ones, and that life is more real with them than it is with us.

But we will pass from his odic force theory, and examine a little of his argument in handling questions asked by some honest investigator. There are five leading questions, but we will quote only one:

"How do you account for the forms seen by the disciples on the mount of Transfiguration? Is it claimed that the souls or spiritual bodies of Moses and Elijah were seen there?" To this question, asked, as it was, in all honesty and candor, the doctor says:

"I respond that I have nothing to do but believe Matthew's testimony. I have nothing to do with the claims of spirit mongers in the case. Matthew says nothing about forms or souls or spiritual bodies being seen there; but two men, Moses and Elijah, talking with Jesus. Luke testifies to substantially the same thing." He then goes on to say, in substance, that Moses and Elijah must have been there in their resurrected bodies, and concludes by saying, "There is no difficulty or mystery in the case, except with those whose minds are spoiled by philosophy and vain deceit."

His whole work reminds me of a saying I read in the Bible when I was a small boy: "A fool is wiser in his own conceit than some men who can render a reason." The learned doctor makes no bones in changing the wording of the scriptures to suit the convenience of his case, and most especially does he do so in quoting from Samuel concerning the Woman of Endor.

PORTLAND, Oregon.

C. A. REED.

A Poor Investment.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

After reading in your excellent paper Richmond's letter to the Seybert's Commission, and subsequently in the *Banner of Light*, the scathing indictment of its members by Prof. Kiddle, it occurred to me, "Why all this excitement? Why did the good Seybert throw away sixty thousand dollars to coax these people to endorse Spiritualism? What would be thought of the sanity of one who should leave such a sum of money to the Vatican to investigate Mahomedanism, or to the grand Sanhedrin to report on Christianity? Did not Mr. Seybert know that Spiritualism is emptying the churches, and that the bread and butter of the Rev. Fullerton and others depends upon defeating its influence?"

If Spiritualism is true, the Rev. Fullerton and his orthodox friends are teaching fables, and making a good, fat living out of the superstitions and credulity of their disciples. Was Mr. Seybert so simple as to expect them to commit suicide, by destroying such a lucrative business as that of orthodoxy? Could he expect those learned professors of theology to commit hari kari? and even should they endorse Spiritualism, what weight would such endorsement carry with it? Would it not, in fact, to the thinking world, be detrimental? Would one go to an astrologer for lessons in astronomy, or to a believer that the world is a plane for any explanation of Humboldt's "Cosmos"? How much less, then, to the professors of that theology which teaches a dead body resurrection for an elucidation of Spiritualism?

The Rev. Fullerton travels to Germany to investigate the sanity of Professor Zollner. What care I, or a million others, about either or any professor? Does one who has telegraphed across the Atlantic to a dear friend, and received an answer, hurry off to our learned Scientific Society, to Dr. Harkness or Prof. Davidson, to get their opinion of the reliability of our telegraph operators? The whole thing is too childish, admitting that the whole College of Pennsylvania can read the Scriptures in the original Hebrew or Greek. Does that acquirement give them the power or the facility to see farther through a millstone than I can myself? Shall I go, hat in hand, to the Rev. Fullerton or the Rev. Harcourt, who, a few Sundays since, denounced Spiritualism from a San Francisco pulpit, and beg permission to telegraph to my friends on the other side? The fact is Mr. Seybert stultified himself when he threw away sixty thousand dollars to purchase the good offices of bigotry.

If people don't want Spiritualism, let them stop away. Would it have taken a sixty thousand dollar bonus to a college of savants to have convinced the world of the gold discovery in California? Would the miner with his pick and pan have cared a continental for the opinion of Professor Zollner or the Rev. Fullerton? Does the bereaved mother care for the opinion or denunciation of these reverend waks?

Take a case in point: I had sat down, not long ago, with a lady medium; when it was written on the slate "My dear brother, I have with me a little spirit friend; her name is Annie Belle Robinson; she is very anxious, through your aid and mine, to send a message to her bereaved parents." I replied I should be very happy to do what I could. Then came a message which I copied off the slate from Annie Belle to her father, in which she stated that her brother, Harry, was with her; that he very much regretted his disobedience, etc.; that he earnestly desired to communicate with his father, etc. The message covered the three pages of note paper, and finally signed "Annie Belle Robinson;" then she said, "mail that letter instantly to Judge Robinson, Alameda," which I did. The Judge came there and received a message from his son which he said had probably saved his wife from the insanity of despair at the loss of her only son. He had got employment on the railroad against their wish and was killed, coupling cars in Arizona.

Respectfully, A. Y. E.

Mistaken Spiritualists.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

I heard a prominent Spiritualist recently make the remark, when urged to attend a seance, "No, I never go to any public meetings now. I am satisfied that the doctrines of Spiritualism are true; I should learn nothing new by going, therefore I stay away." Is not this the extreme of selfishness thus to enjoy a glory which might be shared by thousands, without in any degree detracting from his own satisfaction, heeding not who may "fall by the wayside" so he but safely reach the goal. This same good man would scorn and revile a person who, finding himself at a bountiful spread table, would gorge himself upon the good things before him, and go his way, leaving others to famish with hunger, when a word from him might have led them to fullness and plenty. And yet he passes through life, pleased with his own heart's content, telling no man of his hidden treasures lest they, too, seeing his great joy, drink also of the "fountain of life" and be saved.

There is another class of people whose course is as much to be regretted as that of the selfish man. He who refrains from speaking a good word for the cause through a fear of ridicule, does not deserve the name "Spiritualist." I frequently hear persons say: "I never talk about Spiritism in the presence of skeptics; they won't believe you, and nine times out of ten will say you are crazy and will laugh at you." How, then, are skeptics to be convinced of the truth?

Can any good be accomplished by this silent—shall I say cowardly—way of hiding the light? Be not faint of heart; tell what you know, earnestly and truthfully, without fear or favor, and few will be rude enough to laugh, and fewer still will dare to doubt. Let all who have become satisfied of the great good and high standard of happiness to be found in the teachings of Spiritualism, become individual workers for the cause. Let them "show their faith by their works," and prove that they are not only not ashamed to proclaim the truth, but will do all in their power to spread it to the ends of the earth.

I. E. T.

JANUARY 6th, 1888.

The following is a bit of conversation which took place between a Boston lady and a friend's cook. The family in which the latter lived have recently moved from a noisy street to a quiet one, a proceeding which chanced not to please the cook. The mistress was showing an old friend over the house, when the latter said to the cook: "You have a nice quiet place here, Margaret, with none of the noise of the old house." "It's the noise of the city that I can't after likin' meself, ma'am," returned Margaret, sulkily. "Do you?" said the lady pleasantly. "Oh, I don't. I can't stand the rattle and the roar of the noisy streets of the city." "Very likely not," Margaret assented grudgingly. "I s'pose most likely your brain isn't as strong as mine, ma'am."—*Pawtucket Gazette.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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GOLDEN GATE.

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SIXTY YEARS.

We know many level-headed men who have crossed the Rubicon of sixty years; and so do you, dear reader. Perhaps you are one yourself. We hope you are, for the purposes of this article, for we want to talk with you.

If you have been a successful man,—that is, successful in acquiring rich stores of character, golden nuggets of wisdom, to carry with you into the other life, we congratulate you. If, in addition, you have gathered together a goodly share of this world's goods, which you can not take with you, but which gives you a grand opportunity to bless the world, then you are doubly fortunate.

You fully realize that "the shadows are lengthening in the west," and that at best your busy days—your buying and selling, your jostling each other in the halls of trade—are nearly at an end.

You remember the time, when, with trusty rifle, you would tramp the hills for many a mile for a shot at a harmless deer. That time is past. The rifle is heavier and the hills harder to climb now than they once were! And then, if you have grown, as we trust you have, you no longer take delight in aught that causes pain to any of God's creatures. While you may destroy animal life as a necessity, it is no longer a pleasure to you.

Sixty years! Well, let us see. If you are possessed of a good constitution,—have not poisoned your blood with bad thoughts, nor burned out the candle of your vitality by dissipation,—you ought to be good for ten, fifteen, perhaps twenty years more, and those really the happiest and best years of your life. They should be your years of ripest wisdom and serene enjoyment.—Not in the wild, mad ways of hot blooded youth, nor in the fierce energies and pursuits of middle life; but in the calm joys of the spirit—in peaceful and pleasant remembrances of the past, and in sweet anticipations of the future.

Even your sad experiences—your mistakes and failures—your heart-aches and bitter trials—that once, perhaps, crushed you to the earth and filled your soul with dark despair, you now look back to as needed discipline to fit you for the higher life of the spirit. Time has glossed over the black lava beds of your woe, and beautiful ferns and fragrant flowers now flourish and bloom where once was bleak desolation.

But now the question naturally presents itself to the mind, How can this brief remnant of mortal existence be made most profitable—how can it bring the sweetest solace to the soul—how the richest compensation of gladness, in the coming time? The answer that comes from the innermost depths of being, and is voiced by the lips of inspiration, is, By doing the greatest possible good to others. Have you a cause you love? Aid it if you can. Know ye of ways for the betterment of humanity? Leave them not to go untraversed because of your indifference.

Let it not be said of you by the children of earth, nor by the shining ones into whose presence you must soon go, He might, but he did not. From your home in the beyond, which we trust may be unclouded with regrets, may you look not back with a single sigh of remorse over opportunities unemployed.

THE LICK OBSERVATORY.—We publish on our third page a fine cut of the Lick Observatory, now completed in all except a few minor details. For the construction of this observatory James Lick gave in his lifetime \$700,000. It is located on Mt. Hamilton, in Santa Clara county, thirteen miles in a direct line southeast from San Jose, and may be seen with a good glass on a clear day from San Francisco. The location is supposed to be the best for astronomical work of any observatory on the globe. In the smaller dome is mounted a twelve-inch glass, the most perfect of its kind. In the larger dome is placed the largest telescope in the world. The object glass, thirty-six inches in diameter, was cast, after many trials, in France, and was finished by Alvan Clark & Sons, the noted astronomical instrument makers of Massachusetts. This glass alone cost \$50,000. It is six inches larger than the glass of the Russian Observatory, which, until now, was the largest on the globe. The Lick Observatory is to be a part of the educational system of our State University. Every appliance of this Observatory is of the best known make and pattern, and great results are expected from it in the future.

STUDY OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA.

Probably there are no harder skeptics in the world, concerning the physical phases of psychic phenomena, than Spiritualists themselves. So pronounced is this fact that we have known excellent mediums for one phase to distrust the mediums for all other phases, and some even to go so far as to imagine themselves about the only honest mediums in the world.

We are not surprised at this. These phenomena, to those not familiar therewith, are so out of the usual course of nature, so at variance with their ideas of things, that by no possibility can they bring their minds to the acceptance thereof. They see, for instance, a human form enter and disappear from a room, apparently through a solid floor or wall, and they find it much easier to believe that there *must* have been some secret passage way, and that form the form of a confederate, than to accept the fact of the spirit manifestation. The better the light and the more solid the form, the more are they convinced of deception. Some who believe in the genuine manifestations in the dark will not accept them in the light.

In our long and varied experience in all phases of spirit manifestations, we have naturally witnessed many marvelous things—some, in fact many, that required the confirmation of every physical sense that it was possible to bring to bear upon them before we were willing to admit the truth. But as these things became often repeated, and under new and varying conditions of security against the possibility of deception, they ceased to excite special wonder—just as the growing grass, or the unfolding and perfume of the rose, or the law of gravitation, or the swinging of a planet in its orbit, or the creation of a universe;—these are facts which we accept—mysteries which we can not deny, but which we do not try to explain.

Delve into nature wherever we may, and the occult and mysterious meet us at every step in our progress. To deny what we do not understand, is not the way to study nature. We should investigate carefully and modestly, and ever with a desire for the truth. The true scientist never denies what he does not know.

So, in our investigations of psychic phenomena, we should "make haste slowly," and cautiously. There is not the slightest occasion for calling whoever may arrive at different conclusions from ourselves, hard names. All are entitled to their opinions, which they should be permitted to enjoy in all charity and kindness.

The wisest of us are but children groping in the dark. We should be thankful for even the slightest hint that may lead us to the light. And especially should we avoid all arrogance of opinion in our dealing with this subject.

AN EVENING WITH THE VOICES.

At the request of the editors of this Journal, Mrs. Eugenie Beste kindly consented to come to their residence, on Monday evening last, and give a séance to them and such of their friends as they chose to have present. We selected such persons as we thought would best harmonize, and thereby produce the best conditions for a good séance, at the same time regretting that our rooms would not afford accommodations for many more, equally harmonious, whom we would have been glad to have present.

Mrs. Beste's principal phase is the independent voices, which, under good conditions, are truly wonderful. The forms also appear in her presence, and at times, as on the above occasion, she gives the most positive tests of spirit identity.

With none of the persons present at the above séance—twenty-eight in all—did Mrs. Beste have any personal acquaintance; nor did she know any whom we intended to invite. She did not arrive at our residence until fifteen minutes after 8 o'clock, and then hastily arranging the circle she took her seat behind a curtain fencing off one corner of the room.

On first entering the room she expressed some apprehension that the large number present would operate to prevent the best results. But, from a better knowledge of our guests, we thought she would find the conditions all that she could desire. And so it proved.

Upon taking her seat behind the curtain she at once expressed surprise at the very strong influence she felt. The lights were turned out, and after a little singing, voices came with great power, in quick succession, and in all keys—singing, speaking, lecturing, answering questions, etc.,—marvelous voices, some that could never have found expression through the vocal organs of a woman. Interspersed with these voices was the appearance of numerous forms—in one instance three at a time—stepping out into the room and holding converse with different ones present.

Accompanying the voices were many surprising tests given. In fact, there was scarcely a person present who did not receive from one to four or five positive tests of spirit identity. The first of these tests, which is but a sample of many others, was as follows: A luminous form stepped out into the room and gave the name of "Nellie Miller," a spirit sister of the wife of a gentleman present. She wanted to send loving greetings to her dear ones in Sacramento. There were only two persons present who knew Mrs. Miller in her earthly life, and they instantly recognized her by her voice. Similar recognitions occurred on other instances.

And so, after another, the full names of over fifty of the spirit friends of those present were given—the old name, in one instance, of a

French teacher, many years ago, of a lady present, and who came and talked, in his native language, with his former pupil. In every instance the names given were recognized.

To any of our readers who may question the color of the facts as herein stated, we are permitted to refer to Dr. Grattan and Mr. L. M. Bowdoin of Stockton, Mr. and Mrs. Salsbury of Santa Ana, Mr. Branch of Modesto, Hon. I. C. Steele of Pescadero, and to Hon. Amos Adams, George Hawes, Dr. W. W. McKaig, Chas. F. Waltham, S. B. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Washburn, and others whom we could name, of this city.

All present expressed delighted satisfaction at the result. As a test séance we have never seen it equalled. There may be those who were not present, wiser than we, who can inform us precisely how these wonders of psychic power and knowledge were given.

TRIUMPH OF SPIRIT ART.

Will wonders really never cease? From step to step in the unfolding of spirit power, each greater than its predecessor, we are led along into the realm of occult or psychic forces, amidst ever increasing marvels of manifestations, until we are lost in the haze of spiritual possibilities that eclipse conception with their magnitude and grandeur.

Only last week we chronicled the production, in oil, of four beautiful miniature spirit heads, taken in the presence of the editors of this journal, by independent spirit power, through the mediumship of Dr. and Mrs. Henry Rogers. Three of these heads are fully recognized by the wife of the writer as of her kindred. Of the fourth one she is not quite certain. It is now our pleasure to note another step in this beautiful manifestation, which is nothing less than the production, by the same independent power, of a life-size bust in oil of "Katy," the beautiful spirit daughter of our distinguished fellow citizen, Mr. Alvina Hayward.

For this picture, as for the one in crayon formerly noticed in these columns, Dr. and Mrs. Rogers had given daily sittings for about six weeks. The time for the development of the picture, or for its transference to the canvas, arrived on Tuesday last, the hour being fixed at 11 o'clock. We were invited to be present to assist in forming the necessary battery.

Mrs. Hayward was present, of course, and when informed by the Doctor that his guides were intending to try the experiment of producing the picture in oil, she was very anxious to send word to her husband, as he had expressed a desire to be present when the transference was made. But the invisibles did not deem it best to wait, as the forces were already gathered for the work.

The studio was the same as that heretofore described in our columns, and the conditions were alike crucial. Dr. Rogers cut out a small zigzag piece from the canvas, about two inches long by a half inch in width, where it wrapped over the stretcher, and handed it to Mrs. Hayward, that, by fitting the piece afterward to its original place, she might know of a certainty that the canvas had not been changed.

The outer room was then darkened, but not so much so that each of the four persons present could be plainly seen. The Doctor was soon entranced by his guide, "Emmond," who offered up a beautiful invocation to the Infinite Spirit for help in the work they were about to undertake. He then passed under another behind the curtain into the studio, where stood the easel and canvas, with the paints upon a dinner plate upon the floor. This room was entirely dark, and its only article of furniture a chair for the use of the medium.

"Pat," who merely holds and takes care of his medium while the spirits artists draw from his body the physical forces needed in the prosecution of their work,—kept up a running fire of pleasant talk, well seasoned with information concerning the progress of the work, and of spirit matters generally. He said that the forces were so very strong that they would endeavor to have "Katy" materialize and show herself to the circle. Soon the curtain parted and there stepped out into the room a lovely form, beautifully robed, and radiant with her own light. Mrs. Hayward was permitted to approach and converse with her, but not to take her in her arms, as we are sure her heart hungered to do. "Katy" told her of her preparation for the picture, of the delight the opportunity afforded her, and gave instructions how she wanted the picture framed and where it should be hung.—"Pat," in the meantime, admonishing her from within not to stay out too long, as "Mary," another spirit daughter, wanted to come out and speak a few words with her mother, which she did a few moments later. This form, which was equally beautiful, seemed more childlike than "Katy." She said, with much other child talk that was full of melody and meaning to the mother's ears, "You know, mamma, that Katy's hair is straight and 'towsy,' but she has made it curl like mine for her picture. She is real pretty, isn't she?" Indeed, how extremely natural and human they are "over there."

A few minutes later "Pat" announced that work had commenced upon the canvas. The curtain was drawn aside for a moment so that we might see the artists—for there seemed to be two or three of them—at work. Their luminous robes flooded the room with light.

In less than an hour from the time we entered the room it was announced that the picture was finished, and we were permitted to gaze, in the full light, upon the first life-size bust in oil ever produced by independent spirit power upon this planet! By this we mean that it was painted without brush or pallet, by some skill known only to the spirit artists.

And such a picture. It is that of a beautiful woman, with a face full of character, and radiant with angelic purity. The features are exquisitely limned, and the colors applied with a master's skill. As a work of art it would surely attract

attention in any gallery in the world. There is an indescribable charm about it that makes one feel as though standing in the presence of embodied angelhood.

We may well ask, What next? Let us patiently and reverently wait and see.

IRVING HALL.

On Sunday last, Jan. 8th, there were large and appreciative audiences on all occasions. W. J. Colville's morning discourse was on "The Star of Bethlehem." It dealt largely with ancient ideas concerning spiritual cycles and dispensations, and threw considerable light on the higher aspects of astrology. The literal story of the three kings coming from the east to offer gifts to the infant Jesus, they being led by a special star which pointed out to them his cradle, was treated esoterically rather than historically, and the latter portion of the address was entirely devoted to an exposition of the inner light, whose beams alone can guide the soul to the true abode of heavenly wisdom.

The speaker did not think it desirable to look out for a personal Messiah, as such expectations were apt to lead to delusion and imposition. If one great mind appears in this age, such a mind will make its influence felt; the power of true greatness is as irresistible as the sunshine. If stars are shining and we point our telescopes toward heaven, we are sure to see them; they only need the telescope of the mind to be directed outward things celestial and interior, for us all to obtain a spiritual revelation so direct and certain that its beams can guide us to wherever truth abides. Only an earnest and receptive mind is needed,—a mind free from prejudice and guile, and then whether we be kings or shepherds we shall be in a condition to behold and do observance to the Christ of truth, not a person, but a principle.

In the afternoon the class lesson on "Karma" was very interesting, though that vast subject was by no means half exhausted.

In the evening the lecture was of a nature to greatly interest all inquirers into the condition of life beyond the grave. An instructive reading was giving from a work of Andrew Jackson Davis, which formed a fitting prelude to the lecture. The experience of the soul on leaving the body was graphically portrayed, and the large audience listened with rapt attention to the eloquent words of the inspired orator as he portrayed scene after scene in the unseen with graphic and picturesque distinctness. Such discourses are certainly of a nature to make people think on subjects beyond the topics of everyday engagements, and what is more, they are calculated to do a great amount of good by enforcing the idea that man is the maker of his own hell or heaven, and as he does to others here on earth, so will it be done to him in the hereafter, and this not in any spirit of retaliation, but through the unvarying operation of an immutable law of absolute justice.

The music was very pleasing. Mme. Bishop sang charmingly, and the audience joined heartily in hymns appropriate to the occasion. It may not be inappropriate to remark that an excellent hymn book, full of beautiful spiritual songs, is in use at these meetings. Copies can be obtained at the hall or at our office at the low price of fifteen cents. The book contains one hundred and seventy pieces, and is well bound in cloth, and gilt lettered.

On Sunday next, Jan. 15th, W. J. Colville's subjects will be: 10:45 A. M., "The Miracles of Cam of Galilee—Turning Water into Wine"; 7:30 P. M., "The Arts and Sciences of the Past Ages Restored with Modern Thinkers and Actors," by special request. Class lesson at 2:30 P. M., subject: "The True Meaning of the Buddhist's Nirvana."

NOT FOR THE CHURCH.—Accident seems to be favoring those French scientists who have lately taken such an interest in epileptic or hypnotic subjects. Italy supplies a wide field for the study of this strange condition, in the town of Subiaco, near Rome, in which it is stated all the inhabitants are under the influence of this singular affliction. The church has given its time in trying to exorcise the evil spirits which, it believes, are responsible for the affliction. The Pope delivered a special benediction through the person of Cardinal Bianchi, but without effect upon the supposed demons. A body of soldiers sent to the place, soon showed signs of yielding to the mysterious sleep, hence it was supposed the taint was in the air, by those not subscribing to the evil-spirit theory. Supposing this to be the cause, there is but one way of exorcising evil spirits which is certainly not by vindictive authority. Evil is but undeveloped good, therefore evil spirits are deserving of kind treatment on the ground of ignorance. Show them the light, and they will come out of their darkness. If they have fastened themselves on to mortal bodies, they must be treated as we would treat human sponges in this life, make them understand that they must rely upon themselves, but that we are willing to help them to do so.

A correspondent writes: "On reading the report of the last published séance, a new thought comes to me. If you can represent 'Bro. Whitlock, who lives in Boston, and get 'messages for him, why not do the same for 'others? What grand tests for our skeptical 'friends might be gotten in that way! Please 'to represent me in a séance, with Mr. Evans, 'and see if you can get messages from my spirit 'friends. Say how much you will have to pay, 'and I will remit.' Were we to undertake this work, brother, what time do you suppose we should have left to edit the GOLDEN GATE, keep our own books, assist in mailing the papers, entertain visitors, pay the bills, and attend to the general business of a publishing office. We have assisted, in a few instances, where great good would come to the cause in a public way; but we could not think of giving our time as a proxy for private work.

MRS. J. J. WHITNEY AT ODD FELLOWS' HALL.

Mrs. J. J. Whitney, the eminent platform test medium, on Sunday evening last, appeared before the largest audience that ever assembled at a Spiritualist meeting in this city. The *Examiner* and *Call* each place the number at two thousand. In fact the immense hall, with its spacious gallery, was literally packed with as intelligent and orderly an audience as could be assembled anywhere.

Mrs. Whitney was under an excellent inspiration, and many of her tests were of a very touching, as all were of a most convincing character. It was an evening of wonderful surprises for many a skeptic.

We will give one test as a sample of many: A prominent and well known writer and speaker of this city, happening in the neighborhood near Odd Fellows' Hall, as the people were passing in, but having no thought of attending the meeting, when a friend came along, and they both concluded to go in and see what it was like. They took a seat well back of the hall, the house already being well filled. Soon it was packed all around them. Mrs. Whitney entered upon the platform, and after some excellent singing by Mrs. Miner and Mr. Maguire, she passed under control of her guide. She said, in substance: "I see a beautiful young lady, with a wreath of flowers in her hand, and she stands near a gentleman seated in the [counting the rows of seats] ninth row. Her name is Louise Boorman. Does any one recognize the spirit?" The gentleman referred to acknowledged the recognition. "She says," continued the medium, "something about a ring, which you will understand." "I understand," said the gentleman. Then quickly continuing, the medium said, "She says you have the ring on your finger now." Holding up his left hand there was seen a plain gold ring on the little finger, which he afterwards told us was placed there on Christmas day, twenty years ago, by the person whose name was given—a loved one who was about to be united with him in marriage, but whom Death claimed for his own ere the consummation of the nuptials.

What can the skeptic say of such a test as that? And yet Mrs. Whitney gives numbers of such tests at any of her séances. We will hold another public séance at the same place to-morrow (Sunday) evening, at 8 o'clock sharp.

IMPROVING IN TONE.

Readers of our daily papers will remember the slurring and contemptuous manner in which, until recently, said papers were wont to speak of Spiritualism. The following from the *Daily Call* of this city, of last Monday morning, shows a most gratifying improvement in this respect: "If this, too, is making many, who doubt that 'Spiritualism is there, and that it is here, and that its followers are mostly illiterate and ignorant 'people would attend any of the numerous spiritual 'meetings that are held in this city every Sunday evening they would have their doubts dispelled and their belief shaken. While the pastors of the churches are complaining of the 'lack of interest shown and of small congregations, the teachers of what may be not inaptly termed the new religion are gathering new adherents to their faith every day and preaching 'its tenets to larger congregations every Sunday. 'All the halls where Spiritualism is preached 'were well filled last evening. At Odd Fellows' 'Hall an audience of over 2,000 gathered to hear Mrs. J. J. Whitney, the well-known independent speaker, who gave numerous tests 'from the platform. Mr. J. W. Maguire occupied the chair and introduced the speaker, and Mrs. Carrie Miner conducted the musical exercises. Among the large audience were a number of children who are receiving their first lessons in Spiritualism. There were many old people there whose sands of time have nearly run out, and who came to get, if possible, 'messages from loved ones who have gone before and whom they hope soon to join, and 'there were some who came to scoff, but when 'they saw the earnest faces of the audience and 'eloquent language of the lecturer, remained 'interested spectators.'

THE SAN DIEGO POSTOFFICE.—We have had no less than four complaints from subscribers in San Diego, during the past week, of failure to receive their papers. One subscriber writes that he had to stand three hours in line, in rain and mud, the other day, before he could reach the delivery window, and was then compelled to go away disappointed. Another, an old and well-known resident of that city, says that he has had no paper for four weeks. We can only say that the papers are regularly and properly mailed. The San Diego postoffice is a disgrace to the Department. With accommodations for a population of only 5,000 people, and an actual population of 20,000, what else can be expected but failure and delay? We understand that the Government refuses to increase the accommodations of the office. Such indifference to the needs of the people is simply unpardonable.

GOING SOUTH.—Dr. and Mrs. Henry Rogers will leave to-morrow (Sunday) for a few weeks' trip to the North, stopping for a short time in Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Diego, where those interested can have an opportunity to witness the operation of the marvelous spirit forces portrayed through them. Their small spirit portraits in oil, which are produced independently at one brief sitting, are not only patterns of exquisite art, and beauty, but they are perfect likenesses of the spirits they claim to represent, and are produced at a moderate cost. The Doctor and his wife have also wonderful mediums for the psychic form, and are for independent slate-writing. We can heartily commend them to all "to whom these presents may come," as most delightful people, as well as mediums of the highest powers.

A SORRY TALE.—The poor man who is under the dominion of King Alcohol makes a sad record when he confides to a pass-book the secret of his daily expenditures, for the same is the secret of his home-life woes, the sufferings and privations of wife and children. One of these tale-bearers was lately picked up in a street of Toledo, Ohio, and gave the following sad account: It told of two weeks' living, which amounted to ten dollars and sixty-nine cents, four dollars and thirty-five cents being for whisky, beer, and "drinks." Out of fifty-nine cents, thirty-two were for liquor. The family had three dollars and twenty-six cents' worth of flour; thirty-seven cents' worth of herring was the meat bill; no luxuries were mentioned. Thus it may be inferred how the rich brewers and liquor-sellers come by their fine homes and spanking turn-outs, purchased at the expense of the home comforts of the poor. We hold that society owes protection to its poor; that it should remove causes that tend to impoverish and keep them poor. Insane persons are dispossessed of weapons by which they might take their own or others' lives. Whisky is a terrible means of destruction; it robs, freezes and starves without killing its victims, leaving them a prey to every misery and temptation the fiend can conjure, which are legion.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—W. J. Colville will lecture in Gilroy Tuesday, Jan. 17th, at 7:30 p. m., in Public Hall, on subjects to be chosen by the audience.

—Dr. W. W. McKaig will lecture before the Spiritual Union, 111 Larkin street, on Wednesday evening next, on "The Witnesses of Spiritualism."

—W. J. Colville delivers a lecture in Hamilton Church, Oakland, every Friday at 7:30 p. m. A course of lectures on "Miracles and Natural Law" commenced Jan. 13th. Lesson in Theosophy at 2:30 p. m.

—Friends of White Cross Movement are informed that arrangements are made for W. J. Colville to lecture on that subject at Irving Hall, Sunday, Dec. 22d, at 7:30 p. m. Admission, ten cents.

—An Ellsworth, Me., subscriber, in forwarding a new subscription says: "Your paper is of such a character that it is with pride I can present it to friends soliciting their subscriptions, and in obtaining such, feel that I have rendered them 'valuable service.'"

—Those sterling workers in the Spiritual field, Dr. and Mrs. Peet, returned a few days ago from the East, where they have been tarrying for the last year. Their many friends here will be glad to know that the doctor is much improved in health. They are located at 512 James street.

—At the annual election of officers for the Spiritual Union, held on Tuesday evening last, Mrs. J. G. Wilson was re-elected President, Miss Nina Milliken Vice-President, Dr. John Van Nale Secretary, H. S. Cogle Treasurer, and T. J. Newton Sergeant-at-Arms. This society meets regularly at 111 Larkin street, every Wednesday evening.

—On and after the commencement of our sixth volume, which will be on Saturday next, our offer of \$1 commission for each new subscriber will cease. Henceforth we will allow agents 25 per cent. commission on new subscriptions and 20 per cent. on renewals. For club rates see head of first column on 4th page.

—At the annual election of Directors for the Grangers' Bank of this city, held Jan. 10th, the old Board, the same officers and the same committees were re-elected or appointed. The Board declared a dividend of \$4 per share and set aside \$8,000 to the reserve fund. This is one of the best managed banks in the State, and the most prosperous.

—M. G. Faghi, an estimable young man from San Bernardino, and one much interested in the Spiritual Philosophy, arrived in this city about two weeks ago and took rooms at the Lick House. He was suffering from the premonitory symptoms of typhoid fever. He sank rapidly, and on Monday last passed to spirit life. His was a gentle, noble nature, and we doubt not he has found peace and happiness in the land of souls.

—Mrs. S. A. Harris answered questions, last Sunday, before the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, in a most thorough and impressive manner, which brought forth rounds of applause. Mrs. Josephine Hoffman was present and gave several tests with the crystal, a new phase that she has just developed. Next Sunday Dr. W. W. McKaig will speak, and Mrs. Hoffman will give tests and psychometrie mineral ore for any one that will bring a piece.

—Dr. F. B. Taylor, well known to many of the readers of the GOLDEN GATE, has been appointed general agent for the sale of that most wonderful of angel-revealed remedies, "Moore's Revealed Remedy," noticed in these columns. The doctor feels that by the use of this and other "spirit prescriptions," together with his strong magnetic powers, no one need die "before his time." The doctor's headquarters and depot of supplies, and personal work, will be at San Diego, Cal. Write to him, giving symptoms, age, etc.

—The January number of the *Genius*, edited by Mr. and Mrs. George Channing, is an exceptionally fine edition. It is full of good spiritual and intellectual food. Beside the cultured editorials, it contains an excellent contribution from the pen of F. E. Crammer; and two reviews from the able pen of F. E. Crammer, and choice poetic gems from Father Ryan, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Walt Whitman, and other fine readers. Mr. Crammer is now in San Francisco and intends bringing out the next *Genius* in this city. The editors will return from "over the sea" in a few weeks, and the *Genius* hereafter will be published in the land of its birth.

A Statement by W. J. Colville.

TO ALL MY FRIENDS IN SAN FRANCISCO: Ladies and Gentlemen.—I must crave the kind permission of the editor of the GOLDEN GATE to further publicize the announcement made by me at Irving Hall, on Sunday last, to the effect that the Sunday meetings held there are now under my sole management and control. I am, therefore, entirely responsible for their conduct and for all expenses connected therewith. Dr. Morton's resignation is in consequence of important business in the vicinity of Los Angeles demanding his constant and immediate attention. Under his management I expect to lecture and teach classes in Los Angeles during March. Until then I shall continue my work in San Francisco.

The arrangements at Irving Hall for the next three Sundays, Jan. 15th, 22d, and 29th, will be: Morning service with lecture, 10:45 A. M. Admission free; voluntary collection to meet expenses; afternoon, 2:30, Lesson in Spiritual Science, followed by answers to relevant questions. Admission twenty-five cents; Evening service with lecture, 7:30 P. M. Admission ten cents. Monthly ticket holders have their reserved seats on all occasions.

It is with many thanks I acknowledge the liberality of my many friends in this vicinity, and the favor I now ask of them is to advertise the meetings as extensively as possible among their friends, and thereby secure such audiences as will render it quite unnecessary to ask for any further assistance toward maintaining the meetings on a firm, permanent basis.

Prof. Eckman will officiate as organist; Mme. Fries-Bishop will retain her position as soprano; other vocalists will assist from time to time, and congregational singing will be continued.

I wish further to state that I request all interested in these meetings to assemble for a brief business meeting on Sunday next, Jan. 15th, at 12:30 (immediately after the morning service), as I have some important matters to bring forward, upon which I do not desire to act until I have taken a vote of the congregation. I hope as many as possible will endeavor to be in attendance on that occasion that we may have a representative expression of opinion. I have the honor to remain

Your sincere friend and co-worker,

W. J. COLVILLE.

"Not Having Seen, yet Believes."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE: My subscription for the GOLDEN GATE will expire on the 18th inst., and I herein enclose a check for the ensuing year. I never attended a seance, and I have no personal acquaintance with any medium; I have not witnessed any of the manifestations, such as independent slate-writing, spirit rapping, picture writing, or materialization, or mind reading, and yet I am well convinced of the propable truth of those manifestations.

The man of Nazareth said to Thomas (in the upper room into which he had entered—the door being shut), "Blessed are those who, not having seen, yet believe." Many years ago, I used to mesmerize persons, and I satisfied myself that certain sensitive had abnormal powers, and manifested them when under the influence of magnetism.

I know clairvoyance is a truth, for I have tested it. I have heard a person deliver a lecture or discourse whilst in a profound, magnetic sleep or trance, and I do not doubt that others have witnessed the manifestations claimed by Spiritualists to be facts.

What is strange to me is that persons who say they believe in immortality refuse to examine the question practically. I hope some plan will be devised to induce all honest people to "try the spirits," and "prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good."

SAMUEL M. KOON.

FANITA RANCH, El Cajon, San Diego county, Cal., Jan. 9, 1888.

—Lizzie Dover, a thirteen-year-old daughter of Mrs. Lizzie Dover, of Tulare, has recently developed excellent mediumistic powers. The mother writes us: "My little daughter, thirteen years of age, has been sitting about two months; did not 'know' that she was mediumistic in any way; 'the first time she sat she went under control,' and has been progressing 'very fast ever since.'"

Many successful treatments are reported as having been given by the healers connected with the Pacific Coast Metaphysical Company. Classes for instruction in Mental Healing are formed monthly. Books, magazines, etc., for sale.

Dr. D. J. Stansbury, the independent slate-writer and clairvoyant physician, accompanied by Mrs. Stansbury, will leave for Los Angeles about Feb. 1st. Parties desiring the Doctor to stop over, en route, may address him at 305 Scott street, this city. After visiting the southern part of our State, Dr. and Mrs. Stansbury contemplate an extended tour of the Eastern States.

FORM OF REQUEST.

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

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

Passed to spirit life, Edwin Fossette, at his home, corner Jersey and Noe streets, San Francisco, Dec. 31, 1887. Funeral services were conducted at the house, Tuesday, Jan. 3, 1888, at 1 P. M., by W. J. Colville, who was invited to address the assembled friends in a touching and consolatory manner peculiarly appropriate to the occasion. Our ardent brother was well known and highly respected in business circles as well as in social life. He has left a widow, but no children. All the relatives are full of hope and trust in the life immortal. Beautiful floral tributes were sent by the business firm where Mr. Fossette had held an honorable position for many years, also by the Order of Foresters to which he belonged, and of which he was an active and beloved member. The interment in the cemetery was in accordance with the ritual of that Order.

Spiritualism in San Bernardino County.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The southward flight, spoken of in my last letter from Tulare, has landed me in San Bernardino, where I shall probably remain for some time, or at least through the winter. Here the Spiritualists have a plot of ground and a building of their own, known as a "Liberal Hall." But a more euphonious, as well as a more significant title greets the eye upon entering the door of this hall. Upon an arch, in golden letters, on a field of blue, are the words, "Temple of Truth." In the rear is an elevated circle-room covered with a suggestion of the starry dome of the sky; and a small arch in the background bears the legend, "Peace on earth, good will to men." The base of this circle-room (which is of semi-circular figure) faces the auditory, and also serves the purpose of a speaker's stand. Here, in this hall, a comparatively few veteran Spiritualists have been holding regular Sunday afternoon meetings.

Spiritualism is almost as old as San Bernardino itself. It has had its seasons of ebb and flow. There was a time when the Spiritualists here were obliged to practice the utmost secrecy in holding their circles, even going up into the canyons of the surrounding mountains to hold them in some retired dwelling, where, with blind-covered windows, they might feel free from intrusions of mob violence. And there has been a time when their hall was not large enough to hold all who would come to learn of the hereafter. There seems to have been for some time past rather an ebb in spiritual matters; but there are now hopeful signs that the tide is returning, and we are hoping and praying for a "boom" that will carry away many of the old-time errors of dogmatic theology, and open the way for the flowing in of the truth that maketh free—from all the horrors taught in the name of religion; free from the bondage which makes people "afraid to investigate Spiritualism," a confession I have heard of as coming from even ministers of the gospel (so-called); but we feel that we, and they, have the "Glad Tidings;" free from that cringing to public opinion that causes even those who have had demonstration of the truth of Spiritualism and are, in consequence, believers, to "hide their light under a bushel," lest they might suffer in popularity or business success by letting the world know that they have discovered "the better way."

Among the things that go to make up a more hopeful outlook for the future is the influx of Eastern people, among whom are many Spiritualists, and they are not ashamed to be seen going to Liberal Hall, as it is said that many in S. B.—even Spiritualists—are.

We are delighted to hear of the wonderful manifestations occurring in San Francisco. We feel that it all indicates the fulfillment of the prophecy, now going up everywhere, that the New Dispensation, the era of spiritual enlightenment, the Earth Cycle, is now bursting into greater things. We expect to hear of still greater things in the near future.

On my first Sunday here (Dec. 25th), the Chairman of the Spiritual Society read from the platform an account of the seance at which was photographed the materialized form of Jeannette W. Stansbury. It was a truly wonderful experience, and strong thrills of spirit influence shook me again and again, during the reading. Oh, if such facts could only be placed before the understanding of every one of the sorrowing, heavy-laden children of earth, how the darkness would flee away, and the golden beams of hope and joy vivify every immortal soul of man. I have secured a copy of that and the succeeding GOLDEN GATE to send to a brother in Washington Territory, who wrote me not long since: "It is a happy thing to believe in Spiritualism; but I am an agnostic—I don't know," and again in another letter, "I like to read those papers you send me," referring to several copies of the G. G., and other spiritual publications that I had from time to time mailed him. Let us do all we can to scatter the light.

At present I am engaged in giving a course of weekly lectures in Liberal Hall. I may also open a school in the same building for the children of Spiritualists and Free Thinkers. May I not ask that all my friends who may read this may wait me a wish for success in the work of seeking to spread the light.

Fraternally, MRS. ELLA WILSON. SAN BERNARDINO, CAL., Jan. 9, '88.

The GOLDEN GATE, San Francisco, is a golden treasury of spiritual thought.—The Better Way.

NOTICE.

Business of a personal and unexpected nature will necessitate my absence from the city for an indefinite period of time, consequently I am unable to give the meetings and classes held by Mr. Colville my personal attention. Considering these conditions, Mr. Colville has kindly consented to entrust the management of the Sunday services in charge and relieve me from all responsibility connected therewith, continuing the meetings in Irving Hall to fill all my engagements with subscribers. The classes now in progress of Metaphysical College, and Hamilton Hall, Oakland, will continue under my management, represented by my competent assistant, until their completion. I expect to meet the friends in Los Angeles, who are interested in the meetings and classes to be held in that city in March, within a few days after the appearance of this notice. With the highest appreciation of the invaluable services of Mr. Colville in the presentation of spiritual truths, and the support of the friends in my efforts to maintain a free platform, I retire from the public work until my private business is settled, health improved, and the good angels (whose willing agent and co-worker I expect to remain during my earthly life) again call upon me to "buckle on the armor."

ALBERT MORTON.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. WIRELESS'S SOUTHERN SLEEP-LOUPE always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the sufferer at once; it produces a natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub smiles as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, soothes the gums, allays all pain, relieves restlessness, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Mrs. Nettie F. Fox—Books.

Reduced in price from 25 to 100 Per Cent. Address her at 1108 Sixth Street, Des Moines Iowa, and send no postage paid on receipt of price named, Mysteries of the Border Land and Golden Key, or Mysteries Beyond the Veil, \$1.25 in full gilt, a beautiful present for a friend, \$1.50. The Phantom Form, or Experiences in Earth and Spirit Life, 75 cts. Omnia's Carols and Christmas Offering, a nice present for the young, 50 cents. Lectures on the Answers to 60 questions by Mrs. O. L. W. Richmond, 50 cts. Same in paper 35 cts. Journeys, or Spiritualism in France, 40 years ago, 35 cts. Obituaries of Bible Characters, an amusing and instructive book, 40 cts.

For 10 cents any of the following: The Independent Voice; Common Sense on Money; Spiritualism What Is It? Including a full account of Abraham Lincoln's Spiritualism. Also Reports from Insane Asylums; Twenty-sixth Anniversary Addresses by Mrs. Richmond and Mrs. Fox; or Spiritualism in Modern Faith, by Popular Thought; a Rhythmic Anniversary Lecture by Mrs. Fox.

The following for 5 cents each, six for 25 cents: Modern Materialization, Answers to Expositors and Fraud Hunters; The Spiritual Philosophy; What Is It? and Its Relation to the Science of Modern Spiritualism to Human Progress, etc., by J. S. Loveland; Organization, Words of Inquiry; Constitution of the Spiritualists; The Death Penalty a Failure; one of the most complete and best works on that subject ever published; Leadership and Organization; Anniversary Oration, Prof. S. B. Britton; God, Heaven and Hell, in the Light of Modern Spiritualism; The Right in Government, by Mrs. Fox; and the Resurrection, in the Light of Modern Spiritualism; Spiritualism vs. the Bible; A rare Vineland Charges of Infidelity; Dealings made by Jno. C. Bandy against Thos. R. Hazard; the Dæmon; Faith.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

MRS. J. J. WHITNEY, PLATFORM TEST MEDICINE, At Old Fellows' Hall, corner of Market and Seventh Street; entrance on Seventh. Sunday evenings at 8 o'clock, sharp.

W. J. COLVILLE, THE CELEBRATED INSPIRATIONAL SPEAKER AND IMPROVISOR. Spiritual Science in Irving Hall, Post Street, near Market Street. Mrs. Marie Bishop, Soloist. Miss E. B. Bessard, Joy, Song and Organist. Lectures at 4:45 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Answers to questions at 9:45 P. M.

SPIRITUAL PHYSICAL SERVICES AT Metropolitan Temple, by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, every Sunday, at 11 a. m. J. J. Colville, President. The Society will answer questions in the trance state, and will lecture in the evening. Children's Lyceum at 12:30 p. m. All services free.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet Sunday at 10 p. m. at Eddy street. Free Spiritual Library, of 700 volumes, open every Tuesday from 1 to 3 p. m. All are invited. Admission no duty.

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

OAKLAND.—SPIRITUAL MEETINGS are held in Shattuck Hall, 414 Eighth Street, near Broadway, every Sunday. Conference Meeting at 7:30 a. m.; Mediums Meeting at 9 p. m.; Lecture at 10:30 a. m.

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DR. W. M. KEELER, SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHER, 404 Franklin Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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CASE, D. B. Edwards, Orient, N. Y., writes: "I had communications (by the Psychograph) from many dear friends, and from the old settlers whose graves—now overgrown in the old yard, they have been highly satisfactory, and proved to me that Spiritualism is indeed true, and the communications I received were the greatest comfort in the severe loss I have had of son, daughter, and mother."

Dr. Eugene Crowell, whose writings have made his name familiar to those interested in psychical matters, wrote as follows:

DEAR SIR: I am much pleased with the Psychograph you send me, and will thoroughly test it as the opportunity may have. It is very simple in principle and construction, and I am sure must be far more sensitive to spirit power than the one now in use. I believe it will greatly supersede the latter in its superior merits become known."

A. P. Miller, journalist and poet, in an editorial notice of the instrument in his paper, the *Washington (Minn.) Advance*, says: "The Psychograph is an improvement upon the planchette, having a dial and letters, with a new sort, so that very little power is required to give the communications. We do not hesitate to recommend it to all who care to test the question whether spirits can return and communicate."

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[TITLE PAGE.]

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T. D. HALL, Jeweler,

"The Supernatural Fiddler."

[The following description of "The Supernatural Fiddler's" first appearance in England is from the fluent pen of George Dix.]

"On the evening fixed for Paganini's first appearance in London, I took care to be present. Of course the place was densely crowded, all the musical dilettanti of the metropolis being there.

"Man he seemed scarcely to be, at the first glimpse of him, as he emerged from the wings. So spectral, quaint, and unnatural was his appearance that those who looked at him almost shuddered, as if some ghostly visitor was gliding on the stage before them.

"He came on sideways, his left hand holding his violin, his right the bow—an old, black-looking instrument, and a bow of unusual length. Paganini's face was quite in character with the stories that were told of him. It was deadly pale—rendered all the more striking by the intensely black, snaky-looking eyes. Long, raven hair, parted on the low forehead, streamed over his shoulders in lustrous coils, like sable serpents; the nose was large and prominent; the eyebrows black, bushy, and but little arched. High were the cheek bones, and sunken the cadaverous cheeks; but the mouth was the most expressive feature. I find it difficult to describe it in words; but, reader, if you refer to Goethe's "Faust," you will see in some of the delineations of *Mephistopheles* exactly such a sneering mouth as Paganini had. As the eyes glittered, and sardonic smiles lurked around the angles of that mouth, I fancied a dagger in his hand would have been much more in character than a harmless fiddle-bow.

"He glided, bowing, to the center of the stage, and there drew himself up to his full height—some six feet, at least. For a moment the house was hushed into utter silence, as he stood, as it were, in deep thought; then, suddenly, he threw back his head, shook aside the long black locks, planted his right foot firmly in advance, and slowly placed his violin in position, surveying it for an instant as if he were holding intercourse with some spirit of music in its interior. Then were to be seen his extremely long, bony fingers, by means of which he could produce such wonderfully fine effects. Next he lifted his bow, holding it for a minute at arm's length over his head, affording an excellent opportunity of seeing his long, gaunt figure, which was of almost skeleton-like sparseness. He was dressed in black, and with the exception of a large, turned-down collar, there was nothing white about him but his face and hands.

"For a moment he stood. Presently, with an almost imperceptible motion, the bow descended, and—

A sound,
So fine that nothing lived 'twixt it and silence,
Was heard. It was the most delicate and fairy-like music. Gradually it increased and swelled into a volume of such melody as I never imagined could be elicited from wood, horseshair, and cat-gut. The audience was enraptured; it was not, could not be fiddling; some demon appeared to be playing upon a magic instrument. The musicians in the orchestra forgot to be critical for once, and bent forward, open-mouthed, gazing at the miraculous performer, who, after every grand flourish, smiled diabolically, lowered his violin, and bowed proudly.

"The Carnival of Venice," one of his own compositions, was played after some short interval, filled up by the "make-weights." In the course of the piece he introduced passages that were irresistibly comic, then suddenly he would bring out passages of such exquisite pathos that tears would almost succeed to smiles. Presently followed a *sonata* on one string, the fourth, on which he discoursed most eloquent music, and seemingly from two violins; and then bowing and smiling, or sneering, one scarcely knew which, he glided off the stage, leaving the audience spellbound, and staring at each other as if they had just seen and listened to some supernatural being."

Ole Bull and Ericsson.

[Christian Union.]

We read, recently, an interesting story of Ole Bull and Ericsson, the inventor, which we do not remember to have heard before, and which we print herewith:

It seems that they were friends in early life, but drifted apart, and did not meet again until each had become famous. Bull had charmed the ears of admiring thousands all over the civilized world, while the part the great mechanic played in naval warfare, during the war, roused the North to enthusiasm and startled the world.

When taking his leave, Bull invited Ericsson to attend his concert that night. Ericsson, however, declined, saying that he had no time to waste.

Their acquaintance being thus renewed, Bull continued to call on his old friend when visiting New York, and usually, when taking his leave, would ask Ericsson to attend his concert, but Ericsson always declined the invitation.

Upon one occasion Bull pressed him urgently, and said:

"If you do not come, I shall bring my violin here and play in your shop."

"If you bring the thing here, I shall smash it."

Here were two men the very opposite

of each other: Bull, an impulsive, romantic dreamer; Ericsson, stern, thoughtful, practical, improving every moment with mathematical precision.

Bull's curiosity was aroused to know what effect music would have upon the grim, matter-of-fact man of squares and circles. So, taking his violin with him he went to Ericsson's shop. He had removed the strings, screws and apron. Noticing a displeased expression on Ericsson's face, Bull called his attention to certain defects in the instrument, and, speaking of its construction, asked Ericsson, as a scientist, about the acoustic properties involved in the grain of certain woods. From this he passed on to a discussion of sound waves, semitones, etc. To illustrate his meaning he replaced the strings, and, improvising a few chords, drifted into a rich melody.

The workmen, charmed, dropped their tools and stood in silent wonder.

He played on an don, and when finally he ceased, Ericsson raised his bowed head and, with moist eyes, said:

"Do not stop. Go on! Go on! I never knew, until now, what there was lacking in my life."

Food of the Poor.

Prof. W. O. Atwater, in his article on the economy of food in the *January Century*, writes as follows:

"That the rich man becomes richer by saving and the poor man poorer by wasting his money, is one of the commonest facts in daily experience. It is the poor man's money that is the most uneconomically spent in the market, and the poor man's food that is worst cooked and served at home."

"I took occasion to make some inquiries myself, among the Boston market-men, and one very intelligent butcher, in Boylston Market, said:

"Across the street over there is an establishment which employs a good many seamstresses. One of them comes to my place to buy meat, and very frequently gets tenderloin steak. I asked her one time why she did not take round or sirloin, which is a great deal cheaper, and she replied, very indignantly, 'Do you suppose because I don't come in my carriage I don't want just as good meat as rich folks have?' And when I tried to explain to her that the cheaper meat was just as nutritious, she would not believe me. Now Mr. — and Mrs. —, who are among the wealthy and sensible people of this city, buy the cheaper cuts of meat of me. Mr. — very often comes and gets a soup bone, but I have got through trying to sell these economical meats to that woman and others of her class."

"I am told that the people in the poorer parts of New York City buy the highest priced groceries, and that the meat-men say they can sell the coarser cuts of meat to the rich, but that people of moderate means refuse them. I hear the same thing from Washington and other cities. A friend of mine, a man of wealth, who like his father before him, had long been noted as one of the most generous benefactors of the poor in the city where he lives, and with whom I happened to be talking about these matters, remarked: 'For my family I get the cheaper cuts of meat because they are cheaper. My children are satisfied with round steak and shoulder, even if they are not quite as tender and toothsome as sirloin. They are strong and healthy and understand that such food is good enough for their parents and is good enough for them.'

"I question whether his gardener or his coachman would be so entirely ready to accept such doctrine; and if the poor people to whom in times of stress his money is given without stint are like many others of their class, not a few of them would be ill-content with some of the food materials that appear regularly on his table."

The Judge's Tenant.

[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.]

For months the unprofitable tenant had stayed in a certain house in the West End belonging to the judge, and month after month had been notified that he must move. Finally, with patience exhausted, the judge went to his debtor and implored him personally to go.

"Fact is," said the tenant, "I haven't the money to move."

"How much will it cost you?"

The sum was named, which the judge immediately handed over, and departed.

A few days afterward an agent for his estate entered the judge's office in high glee, and said:

"Well, at last I've rented that East End house, which has been so long idle; and we get a good rent for it, too."

"How much?"

"Seventy-five dollars a month."

"To whom did you rent it?"

"To Mr. Blank."

"W-h-a! To Mr. Blank?" exclaimed the judge, jumping to his feet. "Why, I paid him money out of my own pocket, last week, to move out of the West End house."

One of the "Country Week" girls

exclaimed upon seeing a watermelon growing.

"My! I always s'posed watermelons

grew in the water."

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Facts and Fragments.

BY JOHN WETTERBERG.

Pons asinorum, strictly translated, the expression reads, "the asses' bridge." The term is old, classical, venerable and respectable. It has been so apt in its application, that it has earned its place in the zodiac of technical terms. It means, if I understand it rightly, "stoop to conquer." The wise Franklin said, "By stooping a man avoids many bumps." If he practiced his own precept he had passed over *pons asinorum*. It has been said by many a successful scholar, scientist, and knowledge deliver that more than once they have made that passage in their way to light.

If modern Spiritualism is based on truth, it is a bridge that has got to be passed by the scientific world, and as it stands to-day, in the words of Alfred R. Wallace (who, by the way, has passed over it), "and though I consider Spiritualism to be as truly an established experimental science as any other, it is not considered such." All, then, who do not consider it such, to such it is "the asses' bridge."

Of all the various phenomena of Spiritualism their intelligence is the button of value, the gold; all the rest is scoria. Of all the phases, materialization, though not the most interesting, and is more or less associated with suspicious conditions inviting fraud, and with many good Spiritualists is not a popular phase, still if it be a fact, and as for myself I know it to be one—but I say, for the benefit of the esoteric, if it be a fact—it is pre-eminently of all the phases a material fact objectively, as we ourselves objectively are material facts—matter in the concrete. Seems to me then it offers itself pre-eminently to science as the *pons asinorum*. No one who has had tangible evidence of these forms but knows in a material sense that they are substantial. The doubter may say, "Yes, but a fraud nevertheless." But their saying so does not alter the fact, nor does it alter the fact because the forms do not always fill the bill of our expectations as to objective identifications; it is matter in the concrete all the same; and being so, it challenges the chemist to analyze it. Some Dr. Priestly will do the work some day for this border line of matter, as the historic one did for the air we breathe, a little over a century ago, by the discovery of oxygen, which necessitated a new and modern chemistry. In fact the discovery was the birth of that science. What we call materialization, and which I have said is matter in form for a purpose, in its statics or dynamics, presents a substance in the chemist's own field that he knows nothing of, any more than he knows now of the atoms and elements of matter—as the atomic theory is a draft on the imagination, only a working hypothesis.

The phenomenon of materialization is the nearest approach, and in fact is the matter of this world manipulated by invisible intelligences. Well, this *pons asinorum* is free; pass over it, materialistic science into this broader field of research, and perhaps, as before, it may necessitate a new chemistry. It would be funny, would it not, if materialization should prove the connecting link between the two hemispheres of life, matter and spirit? It looks like it to me.

One of the things I did not believe once, but I do now, is an incident I will relate. I never doubted the fact, for I had positive knowledge of that, but that the coincident circumstances got twisted so as to fit the fact. But I live in a so much larger world since I became a Spiritualist, have two hemispheres instead of one, that I see intelligence now where I did not once, and think now this fact rooted in the other hemisphere, which has so wonderfully hove in sight in the last forty years, at least sight by the mind's eye, or "the dawning light."

The old lady was very sick and her hands were nearly run out. She was a good woman, a loving mother of a large family. I ought to know for she was a grandmother. October was nearly gone, and with it she would in all probability go, too. Lucinda, one of her children, was sick also, but the mother had not been told of it; it was thought best not to, as she had but little strength. Her mind was very clear and she said, one day, to those watching her: "I saw three forms pass the open door of the other dark room." The room referred to was on the other side of the hall, and the doors of her chamber and the opposite one were both open; there was no light in the darkness opposite one and any form in the darkness looked wierd there. The daughter attending, said: "I guess some one was in there." "No," said she, "there will be three deaths; two of my children will follow me, and before the year ends." Lucinda, as I said, was sick, but the old lady did not know it. The mother died in a day or two, and the daughter followed in a week. As none of the family were sick, but little thought was given to the pre-vision, if it were one, only there was a general wish that it had not been said, especially during the long evenings of that season of the year. About the middle of December one of the sons was taken sick with a fever. He was a middle-aged, strong-minded man, but those dying words of his mother disturbed him greatly, gave

him a feeling that he was the one wanted, so that even medicine lost its effect. He was so weak and low on Christmas, when he was expected to die within the week, that a blanket felt heavy to him, and along toward the new year he was so low that the doctor and all thought his time had come. The old clock in the sitting-room stopped a quarter before 12, by design on the part of some one, or mysteriously as an "old grandfather's" did, as the song says, until some one came into the sick man's room, where the friends were watching him breathe his last, and said: "The clock was wrong down stairs; it is now twenty minutes after 12." The man's eyes opened; he realized that he had not died within the year, for that had arrived and he was alive. He improved at once, and within a week was able to sit up, got well and lived many years. I am not a believer in mind cure, still I believe the mind is the best physic.

So as not to impair the old lady's prevision, I will add this further fact: Early in the new year a letter was received that an absent son, one of the family, had been killed in an accident in December, so the two children did follow her during the year. This happened before the age of telegraph and telephone, and what I state is an actual and literal truth; people must draw their own conclusions whether it was a bow drawn at a venture, a coincidence, or a pre-vision, the facts are as I have stated them.

JANUARY 1, 1888.

Garibaldi's Last Visit to Rome.

(Boston Transcript.)

Italy mourned her fallen hero (Victor Emmanuel); but when the time had come to lay away what was mortal of the beloved son, she rose and clad herself in garments of sombre splendor, and made for him a funeral the like of which the world has not often seen. It was rumored that his old lieutenant, Garibaldi, was coming from rocky Capra to take part in the obsequies. The estrangement between the two of later years—it had never been of the heart, but of the head—was utterly forgotten, will be forgotten in history, and Garibaldi, who had set the Crown of Italy upon the head of Victor Emmanuel, was coming to look once more upon the face of his old companion in arms. This was whispered on the Corso, but few people gave credence to the rumor. It was said that Garibaldi would never walk or stand again. He, too, was laid low by a grievous illness, and his death could not be far off.

It was by a very singular series of chances that I happened to go on that soft afternoon, when the air was full of the whispers of the Spring, up to the great railroad station somewhere in the new part of the city. Some friends were going to meet a young lady who was about to arrive on an incoming train. As we drew near the depot we found it surrounded by a dense mass of humanity. Policemen and soldiers were on every side to maintain an order which no one seemed in the least inclined to disturb. It was a very quiet, serious-faced crowd, and no one laughed or jested. For more than a week in all that great city I never heard a laugh. We asked an officer of the Bersaglieri, who was standing near us, what the people were all waiting for. "Some people say," he answered, "that Garibaldi is to arrive on the train which is now due; but who can tell? They have been waiting for him for two days past, and looking for him on every train." We decided to wait until the train should arrive, and a place was made for me on a step inside some railings, where I stood a better chance of keeping a little breath in my body. Those who were nearest caught the roar of the incoming locomotive, and the tidings spread that the train had arrived. A shiver of excitement shook the crowd, which stirred and swayed and then stood silent again and waited. All eyes were fixed on the impassive front of the great stone station. A man, who must have been a sailor, had clambered high up to a place from which he could command a view of the station. He it was who had announced the coming of the train. It was he who, from his high place, could overlook the heads of the people, and who cried aloud, in a hoarse whisper, "He has come!"

The news was felt, rather than heard, and when the *gens d'armes* and the military guard of honor appeared, and the order was given to make room, the crowd shrank silently back on either side of the roadway, leaving a path wide enough for the line of horsemen, four deep, to pass. These went on unsaluted, though there were officers among them who were the heroes of the people, but, when the carriage appeared, the crowd pressed forward, and a murmur was heard which sounded like a great sigh. A few men shouted out the patriot's name, but for the most part there was a gripped silence, broken only by sighs and exclamations of pity. Men and women wept as the large carriage made its way slowly past them. I was standing on some steps a little higher than the mass of people, and a young woman who was standing below me with her child upon her shoulder asked me to lift the little fellow up that he might look upon the face of Garibaldi. The officer who had befriended us lifted up the child, who was too much awed to cry, over the railings and into my arms. I remember the mother stretched her hands through the grate and patted the fat little leg

reassuringly. The carriage was almost on a line with our vision, and in a moment more had crossed it. Lying upon a pillowed litter, with closed eyes and clasped hands, I saw for the first and only time Garibaldi. He wore the old red shirt and wide, soft, grey felt hat, and there was a sash about his waist, just as I had seen it in a thousand pictures, but the beauty of the face I had never seen suggested, and was all unprepared for. The features, refined by suffering, were faultlessly and delicately molded, the hair and beard were the color of silver, and the white and rose complexion was as delicate as that of a child. The expression was very wonderful, and moved me strangely. The mother turned and lost sight of that face on which every eye was fixed, in order to make sure that her child was seeing.

"Look," she said with an awed face, "look on Garibaldi; look, and never, never forget that you have seen him." When she turned to the street again the carriage had gone by, and the people who had stood bareheaded and silent where the hero passed put on their hats again, and the great crowd melted away.

We followed in our minds the progress of the sad cortege through the thronged hushed streets to the place, to the chapel, where the conqueror lay, as we had seen him a few hours before with his emine robe about him, his crown and sceptre at his head, his good sword at his side. The chapel was lighted by a blaze of waxen tapers, and in each of the four corners knelt a cowed monk, praying for the newly-laid soul. This was what the patriot saw; but of what he felt one can but imagine.

All the wonderful ceremonies that followed in quick succession—the funeral of the King, the death of the Pope, and his lying in state at St. Peter's, the crowning of the new King, the advent of the new Pope—I saw with these eyes. But I look back upon these acts of the great drama of Italy, what I see most clearly is that wonderful white face of Garibaldi, with the heroic past stamped on its features, as it lay among the cushions of the litter.

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