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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Life is sweet to those who live right.
Flowers are God's thoughts in bloom.
Our disposition is much of our own making.
Resolve to be useful to others and not to yourself alone.
It is very dangerous for any man to find a spot that is sweeter to him than his own home.
When you have trouble, keep turning round, and you will find sunlight somewhere.
Amid the thickest gloom through which you are called to pass, carry your own candle.
Act well at the moment and you will have performed a good action to all eternity.—Lactator.
The ancients tell us what is best; but we must learn of the moderns what is fittest.—Franklin.
Events, 'tis said, their shadowings before
Of that which is to be but few discern,
Who, by some strange, mysterious power learn
The golden truth, 'Tis the iris the prescient sight,
Souls grown to wisdom, brows to heavenly light,
A type, a symbol, to renew and grace
The mighty genius of a loving race.
—Ella A. Pittsinger.
In counsel it is good to see dangers,
and in execution not see them, except
they be very great.
Let this be your constant maxim, that
no man can be good enough to neglect
the rules of prudence.
Of all our infirmities vanity is the dearest
to us. A man will starve his other
vices to keep that alive.
Help others whenever you can; you
would yourself be grateful for a helpful
hand in a moment of need.
Few persons have sufficient wisdom to
prefer censure, which is useful to them,
to praise, which deceives them.
For every grain of wit there is a grain
of folly. For everything you have missed
you have gained something else.
The experiences of each year of our
lives ought to enable us to live each
succeeding one better than the last.
A modern philosopher says actions,
looks, words, steps, form the alphabet
by which you may spell character.
He who goes through life using one
faculty, hops on one foot, instead of taking
the strong, smooth gait of a healthy
walker.
Profanity never did man the least good.
No man is richer, or happier, or wiser for
it. It commands no one to society; it is
disgusting to the refined and abominable
to the good.
Let us beware of losing our enthusiasm.
Let us ever glory in something, and
strive to retain our admiration for all that
would ennoble, and our interest in all
that would enrich and beautify our life.
—Rev. Phillips Brooks.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

DREAMS.

As Distinguished from Impressions—Sensitiveness During Intervals of Sleep.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

There are dreams and dreams. When greatly fatigued, mentally or physically, the partially awakened faculties often become impressed with strangely distorted thoughts. Then there are the terrible dreams from indigestion, the peculiar interpretations of bodily discomfort, as dreams of frosts and snows, when chilled during sleep, or of burning forests when over-heated. Galen gives examples of such dreams in the case of a man who dreamed that his right leg was turned to stone, and soon after lost the use of it by palsy; and another patient who dreamed that he was in a vessel filled with blood, which he accepted as a sign that the man ought to be bled, by which a serious disease under which he labored was cured. Derangement of the perfect correlation of the mental faculties, in sickness or the weakness of age, is a prolific cause of the wildest and most incoherent visions. All these causes may be well considered, and after their influences have been eliminated, there remains an order distinct and inexplicable by known causes. The dreamer may not be sensitive to psychic influences while awake, but during sleep exceedingly so. Night favors sensitiveness because of its negative influence. All nervous diseases are aggravated by the coming of twilight, and midnight is the hour when the greatest negativeness is reached, as high noon is that of extreme positiveness. It would be an easy task to fill volumes with dreams that have been received as premonitions or predictions of future events, or forecasts of desired information, which was otherwise impossible to obtain. I do not desire to crowd these pages with any more than will serve to illustrate the various characters of the true psychic dream, and show how the extra sensitiveness acquired in sleep explains this subject. It is misleading, however, to employ the word sleep in this connection, for in sound sleep there is dreamless rest. Sleep is the repose of the faculties, and impressions are not recognized. The peculiar condition in which these dreams occur, is mistaken for sleep, but is nearer trance. The silence of the night and its soothing negative quality, enhances this state, and impressions are borne into the receptive mind on the psycho-ether. Dreams that reach into the future and foretell events concealed from human ken, and which no reasoning or forethought can predict, are of interest as revealing glimpses of a new field of thought—that of prophecy.

In the "Glimpses of the Supernatural," is a dream dictated by a dignitary of the church of England:
"My brother had left London for the country to preach for a certain society to which he was officially attached. He was in usual health, and I therefore had no cause to feel anxiety about him. One night my wife awoke me, finding that I was sobbing in my sleep, and asked me the cause. I said, 'I have been to a strange place in my dream. It was a small village, and I went up to the door of the inn. A stout woman came to the door. I said to her: "Is my brother here?" She said, "No, sir; he is gone." "Is his wife here?" I inquired. "No, sir; but his widow is." Then the distressing thought came to me that my brother was dead. A few days after I was suddenly summoned into the country. My brother had been attacked by a fatal illness, at Caxton. The following day his wife was summoned, and the next day, while they were seated together, she heard a sigh and he was gone. When I reached Caxton, it was the very village I had visited in my dream. I went to the same house, was let in by the same woman, and found my brother dead and his widow there."
The story told by Dean Stanley has been widely circulated. The chiefs of the Campbells, of Inverawe, gave an entertainment. After the party broke up, one of the guests returned, claiming protection, which Campbell pledged himself to give. It afterwards appeared, in a brawl, he had killed Donald, the cousin

of Campbell, and notwithstanding his pledge, he ordered him away. The murderer appealed to the word of honor of his host, and was allowed to stay for the night, where Campbell slept. The blood-stained Donald appeared to him, saying: "Inverawe, Inverawe, blood has been shed; shield not the murderer." Having sent the guilty man away, the last time the vision came, saying: "Inverawe, Inverawe, blood has been shed. We shall not meet again until we meet at Ticonderoga."

In 1758 there was war between France and England, and Campbell, belonging to the Forty-second Highlanders, went to America. On the eve of the engagement the general said to the officers, who knew of what they regarded as Campbell's superstition, that it was best not to tell him the name of the fortress they were to attack on the morrow, but call it Fort George. The fort was assaulted in the morning and Campbell mortally wounded. His last words were: "General, you have deceived me. I have seen him again. This is Ticonderoga."

Vouched for as this occurrence is by the highest authority, it is of great significance, not only as a dream, but it shows that death the weakening of the body brought about a sensitive condition like that in which the dream was received and enabled Donald to again appear.
Among the news items of the San Francisco Chronicle, appeared the following:
"Yesterday morning W. S. Read, of Oakland, with a companion named Stein, started out from long wharf to reach a yacht upon which they were going on a fishing excursion. When about two hundred yards from the wharf the boat was capsized and Read was drowned. He started to swim to the wharf, but when within fifty feet of it he sank and did not rise again. Connected with this sad event is a dream: Last Friday night the sister of the deceased dreamed that her brother had gone out in a boat on Sunday, that the boat had been upset and he drowned. So vivid was the impression of the dream, that on Saturday morning she went to her brother's office, told him of it, and implored him not to go out, but he laughed at her fears as the result of a disordered mind."

Dr. A. M. Blackburn, of Cresco, Iowa, a well-known physician of that town, dreamed that he was called to visit a little girl in the neighboring town of Ridgeway. On his return he came to a broad river which it was impossible to cross. While waiting on the banks, an old friend long since dead, appeared and assisted him in crossing. When the Doctor arose in the morning he related his dream, and so strongly was he impressed with its prophetic meaning that he secured a policy on his life, talked over and arranged his business, and having adjusted all his affairs, he awaited the fatality he said was sure to overtake him. A day or two after he was called to Ridgeway to visit a little girl, and on his return his horse ran away and he was killed. There is an allegorical element in this dream, and the presence of a departed friend who assists him over the stream, gives it a poetic cast. Yet who can say that it was not realized?

A VERY NATURAL MISTAKE.—A Shakeress, with a meek face beneath a large green bonnet, was hastening along Main street the other afternoon, so as not to keep the elder waiting in the big wagon, when she unwittingly ran against a small newsboy, and sent his papers flying in all directions. After assisting the youngster to collect his wares, and dropping a nickel into his hand with the apology, "I'm sorry for thee and my carelessness, my son," she hastened away. The little fellow gazed after the retreating figure with awe, and at last muttered to a companion the question: "Say, Mickey, be that the Virgin Mary?"—Springfield Republican.

There are many fruits which never turn sweet until the frost has laid upon them. There are many nuts that never fall from the boughs of the forest trees, till the frost has opened and ripened them. And there are many elements of life that never grow sweet and beautiful until sorrow touches them.

Don't brood over your complaints. Clutch into the upper stories and brush away the tears, and see what throngs there are whose burdens are heavier than yours.—Minot J. Savage.

THE IDEAL WORKER.

A Discourse Delivered at the Spiritualists' Meeting in Oakland, June 24, 1888, by Dr. W. W. McKaig.

Our scientists have been greatly puzzled to find a definition of man that would clearly and absolutely discriminate him from all the rest of the animal kingdom. Writers like Carlyle and Victor Hugo, who like stunning phrases, have called him the tool-handling animal, the only animal that wears clothes and cooks its food, that laughs and cries, swears and deliberately gets drunk. The ideal worker is a definition that most fitly and completely describes him. The power to create ideals, plans mind-pictures of what one would like to be or do, is the most noble and distinguishing endowment of man. No lower nature possesses anything akin to it. The beaver exhibits a great deal of sagacity in felling trees across a stream to make a dam, and the squirrel has something that seems nearly akin to foresight when it lays away its store of nuts for the winter. The bee is quite a geometer in the way it economizes space in shaping the cells of the honey-comb, and the bird certainly shows a very delicate taste in the deft manner it weaves sprigs of moss, feathers and leaves into a warm, cozy little nest, and then timidly hides it away in the thickest branches of a tree.

But none of these busy, vivacious little workers know what they are about. They are conscious of no creative skill. They do not aim to realize a plan or develop an idea. They are impelled to their toil by a law as unerring and irresistible as that which shapes a leaf, or paints the petals of a flower.
But man works with a purpose. He has a definite idea or motive in his mind he wishes to accomplish. He takes the raw material, wood from the forest, stone from the quarry, and ores from the mine, and shapes them into things of beauty and utility in accordance with an idea or pattern of his own devising.

I.
Let us notice a few specimens of ideal working. Take science as our first illustration. Now, what is science? Mere star-gazing, gathering fossil bones, bits of rock and petrified wood, pinning bugs and beetles on a card, or picking a plant or flower to pieces, and giving to each part a hard name? That is not science, though some people act as if they thought so. That is only the raw material out of which science is evolved. True science is an effort to group all the facts and phenomena of nature in the unity of some great idea or law. For instance, astronomy, now the most accurate and sublime of all the sciences, was at one time apparently a stupendous maze of incongruities. The planets seemed looped and tangled, in a sort of wild dance, where no one was able to find its partner. But when Newton discovered the law of gravitation all this bewildering confusion instantly vanished, and every jarring fact fell into tuneful order, and has kept step and time to the music of the spheres ever since. To find the law that gives unity to the facts of observation is the chief aim of scientific thought. To merge one law into another, till the highest generalization is reached, is the vision that ever haunts it.

And what is art in its highest expression? Certainly not portrait-painting or landscape sketching? It is something more than learning to write by copy or trace a design. It seeks to embody the ideal. For instance, a vision of the beautiful suddenly dawns upon the mind of the gifted artist. It most likely comes at first as a pale ray of unsteady light shimmering across the troubled waters of thought, but it grows brighter the longer he looks at it. How coy the lovely visitor sometimes seems! It flies before the ardent pursuer, and when he gives up the chase comes singing gayly back, teasing him with its provoking charms. He can not rest; he can not sleep; he is in love with its beauty, and says in the language of the old painter, "My Lord, it is in me, and must go forth of me." Perhaps he throws off his coat and goes to work, chipping and hewing at a block of marble for many a weary hour. Per-

haps he patiently stands at his easel trying to catch and imprison the beautiful thought with his pencil. Perhaps he walks the floor, pausing ever and anon to listen to something that sounds like an angel's song. And what is the result? That marvel of the beautiful, the Apollo Belvidere, emerges from his stony sepulchre, the Transfiguration blossoms on the canvas, or the anthem of Creation or the Messiah rolls upon the astonished world.

But when we descend into the realm of the useful and practical arts, we are still in the presence of ideal working. We never get tired assembling at agricultural fairs, or the halls of exposition, and boasting over the wonderful things we have achieved. But what power is it that has hung a light-house for our commerce among the stars? Who taught stout old gravitation to shoulder our bridges and prop up the walls of your houses, or the giant energies of steam to puff and blow, pull and tug at forge and factory wheel? How came the wild and fiery potency of the storm to be running on errands for man across the continent, under the sea and never losing its way?

Inventive thought has been out here at work among the forces of nature organizing them into new and useful combinations. The steamship wheeled its way through the depths of the mind before it slid down into the sea, and in the noiseless looms of imagination first buzzed the factory spindles; The fact is all our inventions, from the telephone down to the bookjack, are simply ideas in harness, though to put to work.

Indeed all men are more or less inspired to action by the hope of realizing some desire, purpose or ambition in life. Even the most careless and thoughtless do not travel aimlessly all day and try and make out in the evening where they are going. Every one is in pursuit of something that dwells in the silent calculating realm of forethought. Look at the multitude that surges all day long up and down these stony aisles of trade. How diverse their mental and social condition. Yet there is not one in that restless, bustling throng from the scavenger on his cart to the great banker on 'change, from the poor woman in faded and tattered garments picking rags out of the mud, to the fashionable lady who dashes down the avenue in a stylish turnout, who is not animated by some lurking hope or desire that gives to life all the zest and meaning it possesses. The only thought uppermost in the minds of many, may be, what shall I eat or drink or wear, how keep the wolf from the door, drive a thrifty bargain, or dazzle in a drawing-room for an hour? They may be lowly ideals, but they are better than none. They are something that causes each one to think more of the morrow than the present. In short, all men are animated by some thought or dream of possible good in which hope builds its nest, though it be on the ground or in the sky.

II.
All these illustrations have helped to prepare our way for a still more important fact in human experience. There is a nobler idea, that early dawns upon the soul, than any we can build into brick and mortar, spread out in lands or vineyards, or pile up in banks and warehouses. It is a glimpse of something far more beautiful than has ever blossomed into art, poetry, song, or literature, and sheds its fragrance upon an age. It is something more real and practical than any thought that ever haunted an inventor's brain, or hung out a lamp of hope to cheer the student in his toil. It is an—

"Ideal too sublime
For the low-hung sky of time."

And gives us a hint of a beauty, loveliness, excellence and happiness that can not be found in the things of time and sense. We call it the idea of the good. We all know, when we stop to think about it, that we possess an idea of perfection, joy, peace and purity than we have not realized, but we feel that we ought to realize a great deal more of than we have.

Now, did you ever inquire whence came this idea of the good? It may be well to think about it for a moment. From that idea comes the rule of life we call duty, and the sweet, beautiful flower we call virtue. But whence this idea of the good? How came we in possession of it? It is certain that it is not the result of education, as some people hint, for it is

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Sabbath-Day Talk.

(Written through the mediumship of Miss Sarah A. Ramsdell, and read at a regular meeting of the Psychic Circle, in San Jose.)

Education, metaphorically speaking, is "the sword of God." Sheathed in the capacious fount of mental science, it is a destroyer, iconoclastic in its mission,—ever has been and ever will be, until love polishes it to the required brilliancy of every human soul. God is no respecter of persons, but places the hand of culture upon every human brow, and places within the soul the signet of unlimited power and achievement, through the spiritualized necessities of every advancing age.

What the cry is to-day, was the cry of 1800 years ago,—more light ere we perish in darkness, more soul development, more God to the front, and less of Satan in practice. Let us in mighty phalanx, if so needs be, ring out the old decadence of systems and methods, and invite to the present growth and need of the heart and intellect, something more conducive to the soul's demand, "which is the living monarch of this day's perception, and will not creep away half fed;" but must drink at all the crystal wells of truth, and must perform assimilate according to judgment and the soul's degree of fastidious conception.

Every age has had its teachers, and every age has advanced more on scientific grounds to substantiate the possibilities of the truths gained. The advanced mentality in this now of time can not be fed on the ancient verbiage that made Hindoo mythology groan under its weight of daring pretensions and falsehoods.

To-day we demand truth—"that bright bird of promise that has ever fluttered for admission into the heart, soul, and intellect," if there needs be a difference in those three divine graces that comprise the all human life. And at the close of this nineteenth century, scientific truth—for there is no other truth—stands clothed with the power of a savior, a redeemer, and a loving guest, dear to every household, and a prize to "God's waiting world."

Education then, belonging to God or the soul of things, must necessarily embrace a wide scope of mental research. "Every soul demands its own," because souls are gauged on a wide scale of differentiation of appreciation and understanding. Therefore, we can not place figs before an appetite wholly unappreciative of their value as a disinfectant of morbid conditions of the human system; neither can we place pearls with graceful effect upon the brow of an imbecile; or again, diamonds to illustrate the brilliancy of the clown's figurative experiments.

The harp of a thousand strings, placed in the citadel of intellectual grandeur, must be played upon with reference to the harmony of creative genius. The soul of each chord in the grand anthem of music must vibrate in response to the musical rhythm in the formative exactness of the soul's ideal perception. The education that would be well adapted to one mind, might come far short of satisfaction to another, although we in the wondrous realm of sisterhood and brotherhood might fully agree on methods of procedure, in the inauguration of a culturing system, where soul might speak to soul, being heard by the God knowledge of our understanding, which is all the knowledge that can be of any avail to us while here, or in a more advanced stage of our acquirements. It is the God within us, reaching out to obtain a firmer hold on that greater God, the All Soul, that only finds its expression in love, and its methods in causes and effects.

Therefore, friends, we would say to you now to-day: First take love into your hearts. It is a humming bird to-day, but by petting may become an eagle of poised power to-morrow. It is all there is of life. It is that kingdom of heaven that we must seek, whereunto all else will be added. When we are in harmony and in love with the whole world and each other, education takes up by the hand, heart, and brain, and goes out for a skirmish with circumstances, to open out the better way for the soul's advancement on broader territory—for the more culturing process of loving zeal that each must feel for the other on the winding journey that eventually leads through the Golden Gate to the mountain heights of a more supernal life.

O, thou great light of electrical forces, poised with a mental wisdom so high and grand that earth to-day can only enter the vestibule of thy scientific workshop! But thy angels in the spheres approaching the inhabitants of this limited range of spiritual growth, are buoyant and happy at the results obtained—since even the tiny raps at Rochester awakened and convinced all thinking minds that God had spoken from behind the other side of the curtain, that contained the bright fountain of soul life and perpetual youth.

And when that knowledge becomes the truth within us, there can be no surface shadows to cover the duties placed before us. And with that wand of peace in our grasp, we must be enabled to remove every difficulty of an antagonistic nature, that would impede our progress to an illumined life from deeds done. While in the body, Christ said, "Unless ye become as little children, ye can not enter the kingdom of heaven,"—meaning that kingdom to be within the soul's domain. And we find that in many ways children are our teachers to-day—our heaven-born inspirers—and we say to you one and all,

Do not neglect them, for they are the speaking blossoms that God sends to earth, and their darling faces are the saviors in our midst. No child should want for love, home, or care. It should be everybody's child, everybody's blossom, whose fragrance would purify the mental atmosphere of many a lone home and heart.

We ask you one and all here to-day to bring something to bear into this institution of educational culturing merit, where you have the expressions of much value in soul enlightenment. Do not forget that your children's minds need feeding from the pools of wisdom, that comes within the scope of their understanding; and while you are formulating methods for your own pleasure and improvement, do not forget to have a corner for the express delight and need of the dear little folks, that are to be the representatives of the coming years, and need the culturing heart and hand of love and tender care now, while the soul is in its budding bloom, and so susceptible to the imprint of virtue or vice, truth or error, wisdom or folly.

There is no place in San Jose, the flowering city of the queen valley, that could present a better opening for a graded school of ethical knowledge, than this very hall, in the hands of a spiritual fraternity. And its managers must see to it that a lack of zeal does not creep in to destroy the interest and good which its soul life represents, and by laws sustain in the letter. Make your meetings instructive, and therefore interesting, by changes in the order of your entertainments. Different speakers should be welcomed here, music should be made a feast to the soul, prayer should be the standing guard to every heart, silently or orally expressed, and development should be the order of the time at disposal.

It should be the pride of every member to make it the holy of holies, where nothing but pure thoughts can enter, charity in expression granted, liberty of speech manifest to a degree of politeness not offensive to any one; and a willingness on the part of all concerned, if need be, to curtail something of their morning breakfast, to eke out a sufficiency to keep the financial basis on a reliable footing.

San Francisco, the London of the Pacific Slope, is high lauded in her temple of spiritual gleanings, and would have her younger sister follow in her wake of advancing spiritual light and truth, not sitting idly under the smoke stacks of varied glory, but compete with her in interest and manifestation to bring the spiritual philosophy to the acceptance of Church and State, that the coming man or woman may not be ashamed of the spiritual status of 1888.

Where art Thou, God? Canst Thou not speak in verbal tones, since nature fails to light the mind with Thy whole presence? Art Thou a hidden autocrat, save in Thy name and secret mysteries? Do we gain strength to feel Thy power, to save the human soul when earth shall claim the part belonging to her domain? Speak Thou Holy Messenger of the skies, speak to the soul, the temple that contains the living spark that never dies. Speak truth, O God, so simple and so grand that children on the street may hear Thy lightest word, and listening in their prattling joys, find that in innocence there is no alloy. And so, great God, we hear from out Thy oral voice, "That truth is innocence," no self at work, but only in Thy name to find the swelling fame in every human soul that lights its altar fire in Thy full fountain of unselfish love, spreading a feast where angels love to congregate, feeling at home and rest in the happy atmosphere of earth.

Love, we take it then, is the platform on which we, as a combined body of soul entities, are to base a newer school of mental culture, and therefore soul degrees in the perfect adaptation or blending of labor with soul capital; and when that law is established between those two autocrats of contending power, the finance of land will unbend to suit the necessity of the demand which is fast upon us, and loudly calling for education on every true and legitimate subject that a broadening light opens up to us.

Surely our country is in peril, and this fair land of American greatness, once pronounced free, is everybody's country, and must eventually come into the tax-pool of self-forgetfulness, and unite in a "free holding system" with the crowned heads of Europe and the tramping kings in their brogans, nervous fingers and aching hearts, pitiful in many cases to look upon. And we go back into ourselves and ask, "What is the matter?" and the answer comes back from the soul center, "Education," sweet singer of the soul. Thy varied tunes well sung must pronounce in truth, substantiated by ocular demonstration, the next freedom ring of a liberated and united people.

Slavery is in no way becoming to human kind—in no way an attribute of spiritual awakening and growth therein, and we would say here in our closing remarks, place no asstringent measures about this temple of progressive tendencies, but invite all to its haven of rest from the week-day toil in mundane things, to friendly consultation and a thoughtful discipline for all, entering into the spirit of to-day's teachings as bringing liberty of thought to a people in bondage, whose shackles will surely fall when all come to understand that the god most to be feared is that hoary-headed old monster within, which takes the proper name of "Selfishness," and dare not face without a cringe the free and loving God-face of atmospheric blending, which is to-day shining

over a top-lighted people who are seeing through a glass darkly. "That justice is mine," saith the Lord of center integrity, "and I will have a people up to the mark of right through the speaking trumpet of mind over matter."

Methods of Truth Teaching—An Embarrassing Position.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I was very much pleased with Mrs. Lillie's remarks, as published in the GOLDEN GATE of June 16th, and particularly with that position where she treats of the many-sidedness of truths. Her remarks run along the same line with floating thoughts that have of late been visiting my own mind upon the subject propounded by the gentle Nazarene more than eighteen hundred years ago—viz., "What is truth?"

That those who are walled in by strong prejudices must be gently led, rather than forcibly driven out into the broad fields of free thought and untrammelled truth, I fully realize—as do you, Mr. Editor—and perhaps I realize it all the more that I once had those prejudices, or similar ones, to get rid of myself.

I heard Mr. Ravlin say on the Oakland Camp ground, two years ago, essentially, something like this: "If you had attempted to give me a full dose of Spiritualism at the start I would not have taken it—I would have turned from it in disgust and dismay. But I was gradually led, and in part, surprised into it. Don't try to force unadulterated Spiritualism down the throats of those who are unprepared for it, but give them a little at a time."

These reflections have been more particularly brought to my mind this morning because of something I saw and heard yesterday afternoon.

Announcement had been made that the Rev. Dr. —, formerly a professor of biology and anthropology, would speak in the M. E. Church of this place, at 2:30 p. m., on the "Value of Life; and the Origin and End of Man." (That is the subject as nearly as I can recall it, not having the notice at hand to refer to.) Having had my attention called to the announcement, a little company of us went together to the church.

A small audience was collected, the great portion of whom, as it transpired, had come to attend a German religious service, two appointments having been blunderingly permitted to be made at the same time and place. The Professor (as I shall call him) had been made aware of this fact, and while first on the spot, gave out that he was willing to divide the time with his German brother, and would, in consequence, be brief in his remarks. Now the Professor is, as I am aware, a Spiritualist, although, as I am told, he was formerly a Methodist minister.

Here was an awkward position to be in, not knowing (as he was a perfect stranger in the place) how many of his little audience had come to hear him, and how many had come to listen to the "droppings of the sanctuary" as dispensed, or to be dispensed, by the German Methodist preacher, and, of course, being "all at sea," in consequence, as to the nature of the remarks that were expected, or would be tolerated. But the Professor was almost, if not quite, equal to the occasion. After accompanying himself on a little wheezy organ to that beautiful spiritual song, "When the Mists Have Cleared Away," he opened by reading a portion of the 27th Chapter of Matthew, 24th and 50th verses inclusive, making a running commentary as he proceeded, in which came the remark that reformers, those who taught in advance of the thought of the times, had always been persecuted, and often martyred. He also remarked that, according to the showing of this chapter, it is dangerous to formulate any fixed creed to govern men's thoughts and actions, for often what is sacredly held as truth to-day, may be as sacredly relegated to the lists of past error to-morrow. After the reading he asked the audience to unite with him in a brief invocation. Some of the heads were reverently bowed while he asked the All-Father, the Giver of life and of light, who pervades all the universe, and in whom we are, to lead us into the light of all truth that we may be free indeed. Then announcing his text the last portion of the 4th verse of the 2d chapter of Job, where Satan is reported to have said, "Yea, all that a man hath will be given for his life," he proceeded to descant upon the value of life.

Incidentally he spoke of the time when he had been elected to the professorship, first, of biology, and, then, of anthropology, and, although at the time he thought the position a rather hard and ungrateful one, yet, now, from his present standpoint of view, he was thankful for it, for the duties devolved upon him led him into a course of thought and study that had revolutionized his ideas concerning life and its meanings. Here the Professor, who had evidently been trammelled by the peculiar situation, seemed to catch an inspiration which we, who had come to hear advanced thought, hailed as the first zephyr of a refreshing breeze from the shores of spiritual life and truth. He had learned, he said, that all life is eternal and continuous. "If any of you, who are present in this audience to-day, were to pass out at this moment, you would not for one moment cease to exist, but your life would perhaps be more perfect in its expression than it is even

now, for then it would be untrammelled by the earthly environment of the physical frame."

Up to this point it was evident that a portion of the audience had been in doubt and suspense as to what was coming; but just here two or three seemed to take alarm, and arose and passed out. The Professor noticed it, of course, and it slipped the wings, so to speak, of his inspirational flight, and he dropped back into the common place, advising particularly young men—there being a few in the audience, to value life too highly to diminish its vigor of expression by any bad habits. He said he addressed these remarks to the young men because he thought they needed such advice more than girls. Here several little boys chose to consider themselves insulted, and resented the indignity cast upon their manliness by imitating the example of their elders—that is, by getting up and going out.

The Professor by this time evidently found himself rowing against wind and tide, and discreetly proceeded to bring his remarks to a close, and in doing so, announced his intention of giving a medical lecture in the same place to-night. Here, again, he, or his guides, seemed to break loose from the embarrassing of the position, for, after saying, "It is not my intention to antagonize the medical thought of the day, any more than it is my intention to antagonize the theology of the day," he proceeded in ringing tones, and with emphatic gesture, to claim his right to think for himself, and to advance beyond the ideas of the past. "This is an age of progress," he declared. "We should progress in the form of thought, as well as in other matters. Some will say, 'The religion of my father, or of my grandfather, is good enough for me. Well, my friends, it is not good enough for me. I live in an age that has outgrown many other things that my father and grandfather thought good enough for them, and I claim to have more light in regard to religious truth than it was their privilege to have.'"

Here a lady(?) got up and went out with an emphasis. The Professor proceeded to deliver a brief closing invocation, and as soon as the Amen was uttered, and before he could even declare them dismissed, with evident disgust upon some of their faces, the remainder of the disappointed portion of the audience, who had perhaps been too well bred to do so before, immediately arose and hastened out of the church, feeling, no doubt, that they had, like poor Tray, been caught in bad company.

Upon going out, a few minutes later, we found the most of them gathered into a little group on the sidewalk, apparently discussing the situation. Probably they re-entered the church and had their services after the heretical element had departed.

It is to be hoped that the notice of the lecture on "Biology," to-night, will be more extensively circulated, and that the Professor shall have an audience the majority of whom shall at least have broken the shell of the efete ideas of a dead past.

But I am free to claim that the audience of yesterday—the disappointed portion—was a fair sample of the representative church-going congregations of to-day. If they had been, the could have received all the advanced thoughts put forth by the Professor, and many more besides. I have said, and I repeat it, that the churches are honey-combed with Spiritualism to-day. Their ideas of the life beyond are all colored and strengthened, more or less, by the teachings of Spiritualism. And, in this sense, Spiritualism has been, and is, a sort of bulwark for the churches, protecting them against the encroachments of blank materialism. And there are many in the churches, both in the pew and in the pulpit, who need but to be gently led a little farther on, to see and realize the truth more fully for themselves.

In proof of this statement, see how many have already come out from the churches into the ranks of Spiritualism, from both the pew and the pulpit. And many of them are among the most active workers, to-day, in the cause of free and enlightened thought, and unfettered truth.

As Mrs. Lillie said, "Little by little the millions are being led to-day; the truth is given to mankind in various ways, and sometimes even beyond orthodox pulpits." And again, "Truth holds up a many-sided picture to her children to lure them to the hill-tops, where they shall behold the light for themselves, and accept it. She, like a kind mother, a loving tutor, or a kindly friend, will advise you, give you a little of the light, hold up one beautiful picture before you, step back a little and then give you something more beautiful, until at last you are ready to receive just what she desires to give you in a plain, unvarnished lesson."

And let me repeat here what I have stated to the public from the rostrum: If the spirit world had not shown more patience toward the matter-bound and matter-blinded children of earth than I sometimes see manifested by Spiritualists toward outsiders the world, on this side the veil, would never have come into a knowledge of the truth of spirit life and communion.

Yours for the spread of light and truth,
MRS. ELLA WILSON.
SANTA ANA, Cal., June, 1888.

Cultivation to the mind is as necessary as food is to the body.

Brigham's Wit.

The late Brigham Young, head of the Mormon Church, was not a model of a religious teacher, but he had a ready wit, which was a great help to him in his remarkable career. From some recent reminiscences, we quote the following.

A certain elder, while chopping wood, had cut his leg so badly that it had to be amputated. As soon as he was able, he came to Young, and stated his case to him as follows: "I have always been a good Mormon; I have several wives, and a good many children, and in my present maimed condition I do not know how to provide for them. I believe truly that you are Christ's representative on earth, and that you have all the power that he had. If you like, you can work miracles; if you like, you can give me a new leg, and now I ask you to do it."

Young assented to all the flattering propositions as they were laid down, and when the elder had finished speaking, he said: "I can give you a new leg and I will, but I want you to think about it a little at first. When the day of judgment comes, wherever you are buried, your old leg will find you out, and join itself to you, but if I give you a new one, that will rise with you too, and the question is whether you would rather suffer the inconvenience of getting along with one for a few years here, or go through all eternity with three legs." The choice was quickly made, and Brigham Young's reputation as a miracle-worker was saved.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(Pacific System.)

TRAINS LEAVE AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT

SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE (for)	FROM APRIL 29, 1888.	ARRIVE (from)
8:00 A.	Calistoga and Napa	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Haywards and Niles	6:15 P.
10:30 A.	" "	1:15 P.
12:00 M.	" "	3:45 P.
5:30 P.	" "	7:45 A.
9:00 A.	Stone via Livermore	1:45 P.
3:00 P.	Knights Landing	5:45 A.
4:30 P.	Reverend and Pleasanton	6:45 A.
7:00 P.	Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso & East	9:45 P.
9:30 A.	Los Angeles and Mojave	12:15 P.
8:00 A.	Martinez	6:15 P.
4:00 P.	Milton	5:45 P.
8:30 A.	Ogden and East	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	" "	10:45 P.
9:00 A.	Red Bluff via Marysville	5:45 P.
7:00 A.	Redding via Willows	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento via Benicia	7:15 P.
8:30 A.	" via Benicia	10:45 A.
9:00 A.	" via Benicia	5:45 P.
3:00 P.	" via Benicia	9:45 A.
4:30 P.	" via Benicia	10:45 P.
6:30 P.	" via Benicia	7:45 A.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	6:00 A.
7:30 A.	Sagehen	7:45 P.
9:00 A.	" "	5:45 P.
3:00 P.	" "	9:45 A.
9:30 A.	Santa Barbara	10:15 P.
7:00 P.	Stockton via Livermore	5:45 P.
9:00 A.	" via Martinez	10:15 P.
6:30 P.	Siskiyou and Portland	7:45 A.

A for Morning. P for afternoon.
Sundays excepted. 1 Saturdays excepted. 1 Sundays only.

Standard Time furnished by LICK OBSERVATORY.

A. N. Towne, Gen. Manager. T. H. Goodfriend, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent.

LOCAL FERRY TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

TO EAST OAKLAND—	6:30	7:30	8:30	9:30	10:30	11:30	12:30
8:00	9:00	10:00	11:00	12:00	1:00	2:00	3:00
4:30	5:30	6:30	7:30	8:30	9:30	10:30	11:30
12:00	1:00	2:00	3:00	4:00	5:00	6:00	7:00
TO FRUIT VALE (via EAST OAKLAND)—	Sabbath	8:00	9:00	10:00	11:00	12:00	1:00
TO EAST OAKLAND (via FRUIT VALE)—	Sabbath	8:00	9:00	10:00	11:00	12:00	1:00
TO FRUIT VALE—(via ALAMEDA)—	6:30	7:30	8:30	9:30	10:30	11:30	12:30
TO EAST OAKLAND—	6:30	7:30	8:30	9:30	10:30	11:30	12:30
1:00	2:00	3:00	4:00	5:00	6:00	7:00	8:00
9:00	10:00	11:00	12:00	1:00	2:00	3:00	4:00
TO BERKELEY AND WEST BERKELEY—	6:30	7:30	8:30	9:30	10:30	11:30	12:30
1:00	2:00	3:00	4:00	5:00	6:00	7:00	8:00
9:00	10:00	11:00	12:00	1:00	2:00	3:00	4:00

TO BERKELEY AND WEST BERKELEY								6.00	6.30
7.00	7.30	8.00	8.30	9.00	9.30	10.00	10.30		
11.00	11.30	12.00	12.30	1.00	1.30	2.00	2.30		
3.00	3.30	4.00	4.30	5.00	5.30	6.00	6.30		
7.00	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00	12.00				
TO SAN FRANCISCO DAILY									
FROM FRUIT VALE (via EAST OAKLAND)								6.25	6.55
7.25	7.55	8.25	8.55	9.25	9.55	10.25	10.55		
11.25	11.55	12.25	12.55	1.25	1.55	2.25	2.55		
3.25	3.55	4.25	4.55	5.25	5.55	6.25	6.55		
7.25	8.25	9.25	10.25	11.25	12.25				
FROM FRUIT VALE (via ALAMEDA)								6.25	6.55

FROM ALAMEDA—	6:30	7:30	8:30	9:30	10:30	11:30	12:30
8:00	9:00	10:00	11:00	12:00	1:00	2:00	3:00
4:00	5:00	6:00	7:00	8:00	9:00	10:00	11:00
12:00	1:00	2:00	3:00	4:00	5:00	6:00	7:00
FROM BERKELEY AND WEST BERKELEY—	6:30	7:30	8:30	9:30	10:30	11:30	12:30
1:00	2:00	3:00	4:00	5:00	6:00	7:00	8:00
9:00	10:00	11:00	12:00	1:00	2:00	3:00	4:00

NARROW GAUGE.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

TO OAKLAND AND ALAMEDA—	7:15	8:15	9:15	10:15	11:15	12:15	1:15
7:45	8:45	9:45	10:45	11:45	12:45	1:45	2:45
1:45	2:45	3:45	4:45	5:45	6:45	7:45	8:45
8:45	9:45	10:45	11:45	12:45	1:45	2:45	3:45
TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.	6:45	7:45	8:45	9:45	10:45	11:45	12:45
FROM OAKLAND—	6:45	7:45	8:45	9:45	10:45	11:45	12:45
FROM ALAMEDA—	6:45	7:45	8:45	9:45	10:45	11:45	12:45
FROM OAKLAND—	6:45	7:45	8:45	9:45	10:45	11:45	12:45
FROM ALAMEDA—	6:45	7:45	8:45	9:45	10:45	11:45	12:45

CREEK ROUTE.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—	7:15	8:15	9:15	10:15	11:15	12:15	1:15
7:45	8:45	9:45	10:45	11:45	12:45	1:45	2:45
1:45	2:45	3:45	4:45	5:45	6:45	7:45	8:45
8:45	9:45	10:45	11:45	12:45	1:45	2:45	3:45
TO OAKLAND—	7:15	8:15	9:15	10:15	11:15	12:15	1:15
7:45	8:45	9:45	10:45	11:45	12:45	1:45	2:45
1:45	2:45	3:45	4:45	5:45	6:45	7:45	8:45
8:45	9:45	10:45	11:45	12:45	1:45	2:45	3:45

Sundays excepted. 1 Saturdays only.

The Ideal Worker.

Continued from First Page.

that which gives to education its highest incentive and perennial charm. It was not caught from parental training, for it is that motive to which all proper training ultimately appeals. It is not the result of early example, the customs, manners, popular ideas and opinions of the time and place where we live, for it is that which decides the difference between moral qualities, declaring some to be better than others. It can not be made by legislation and passed to a third reading, for it is that which all law, all judicial decisions for ages have sought to realize, though very imperfectly. We find, when we come to examine closely into the matter, that we are orbited in a law that makes for righteousness, and it is not our law, for we feel under obligation to obey it. It seems to be an intelligent, potential energy that seeks our well-being, just as the mysterious life force in a bud aspires to become a bloom and fruit. It is not far to seek, for it is not shut up in ancient codes and books and guarded by the priesthood. It is as native to the soul as vitality to a seed.

The idea of the good is universal. It is common to all minds; it speaks all languages. No doubt there are some natures that possess good qualities to an unusual degree. Upon every rosebush you will find a flower that is more brilliant and fragrant than the others. In every family there may be one child that is intellectually keener, brighter, smarter than the rest. In like manner we find some people who possess an assemblage of graces and pleasing qualities far beyond the average. It seems to be no effort for them to be amiable, sweet tempered, gentle and pure. Everybody loves them, for they are very lovely. Indeed, there are some souls that possess a genius for goodness. They fill in the realm of moral character the same place that Leonardo or Raphael fills in art, or Mozart or Beethoven fills in song. We may call them saints, sages, prophets, and messiahs, but we feel akin to them, and know that they have only translated into thought and action what we all feel but could not so well express. The fact is, no soul comes into the world so low down in the scale of being as to have no moral destiny to achieve. As every tint of the rainbow may be found in the muscle-shells taken from the black mud of river-bottoms, so in every soul, however defective in culture, rude in thought, badly flawed by vice, may be heard, though faintly it may be, the voice of the Eternal Law Giver.

The idea of the good is imperative. It does not depend upon our caprice; it speaks in spite of us. No man was ever so bad that he did not instinctively honor what he believed to be right, just, pure, and good. The ideas of men are always better than their actions. The drunkard does not desire to see his son follow his example. The licentious man guards the purity of his wife and daughter as he would the apple of his eye. No matter how big a knave a man may be, he always prefers honest clerks and servants. And what is this but the spontaneous and imperative homage of the soul to the idea of good?

III.

And now let me add that only so far as we live up to our best ideals will we come into a direct and satisfactory consciousness of the worth, dignity and destiny of the soul. When you attempt to carry out some plane of business, or try to embody in life and character some pleasing thought of culture, refined taste or moral excellence, just pause a moment and notice what you have been doing. Let me analyze the process. There is an idea in the mind. It is an object of desire. By an inward spring of energy you resolve to realize it. Powerful motives may try to prevent you from acting, the most winning and artful tempters may try to lure you in an opposite direction. The most alluring, the most keenly felt, the most seductive pleasures, point one way and duty points in another. One path leads over the meadows, fanned by odorous breezes, and the other leads to the desert where not even a stunted palm tree is in sight. But duty is in that direction, unlovely and dreary as it seems. You stand between these alternative motives and say, "I will choose the best."

There is my idea of right. I ought to realize; I will realize it. Now what have you done? You have exercised the will, you have called into play the inmost potency of your nature, that executive power that translates the ideal into the real, a thought into an act, a sentiment into some form of expression. You have touched the creative principle.

Now, let us see where we are. Every effect must have an adequate cause. If there is intelligence in the effect, there must be intelligence in the agency that produced it. Is not that self-evident? Now try your charter of being by that rule. Did that conception of a nobler good, and the heroic determination to realize it, originate solely in the vibration of a pair of nerves or a slight quivering in the gray and jelly-like substance of the brain. Did genius, heroism, art, liberty, government, law and literature blossom purely from molecular arrangements? Did the religious sentiment, which has burgeoned into temples, prayers and songs; into noble lives and heroic deeds that have filled the world with the aroma of their love and charity sprout out from a micro-

scopical atom that one day in the shape of a slug began to crawl? It may turn out to be true that all the higher forms have been developed from lower organisms, that light, heat, electricity and life came from the vibration ether-atoms, still with Wallace and van Hartman, we can not get rid of the fact that all may be resolved into Will and Idea.

Let it be admitted that Darwin was right when he said Adam was the great-grandson of an ape, and that all the brutal races are our poor relations, that we are too proud to associate with; still, there is something very curious and strange about this creature we call man. Why does he not stay contentedly where he is put? The ox and the horse are satisfied with their pasture, and are never found dreaming and philosophizing about fairer climes and richer fields. Why does not the soul coil itself up and go to sleep on its little straw bed in this dungeon cell of a world? Why is it so restless, up at all hours of the night, trying to pick locks and break jail? Surely the soul has caught a glimpse of a more goodly land than this, or it would not be humming such unearthly music while busy with its common daily affairs.

The goldfish, in its glass globe, gliding and sliding there through the water, seems to suspect, from the sidelong glare of its eye, that there is a world outside, yet it can not take into its range the size and beauty of the room. It certainly knows nothing of the gossip and flirtation going on in one corner, or the wise talk about trade, politics, or literature in another, but is surely aware of the approach of your finger, and shies to the opposite side. Now the materialist may call this world an aquarium, if he likes, in which men play at their games of commerce, statecraft, and war. But one thing is certain, this glass globe, this human aquarium, this Cosmos, whose crystalline walls are the measureless spaces, or whatever else you are pleased to call it, is not the limit and boundary of all we know. We have seen the approach of something from the other side. We have seen this flexible veil of materialism flutter and shake as if touched by an unearthly breeze. In short, "Life, as we call it," in the language of Dr. Holmes, "is nothing but the edge of the boundless ocean of existence, where it creams and oozes." To call all these dreams, and illusions of the sense-perceptions, would be just about as fallacious reasoning as to attribute to my window or a crevice in my room the production of the stars and landscape I see.

IV.

Now let me add again, that just so far as we cherish our best ideals, will we come into the vision of the Supreme Good we call God. I most heartily agree with Kant when he says, "The most direct and sure way to God is the sentiment of ideal perfection, which takes possession of the conscience, blended with the contemplation of order and design in the material world." We have already come into the edge of this thought, but it needs a fuller statement.

The materialist says, in the language of Novalis, "I have sailed through the universe of worlds, and found no Maker; I have descended into the abyss where no being longer casts its shadow, and saw only the glimmering rainbow of creation, which originated from no sun, and heard only the everlasting storm, which no one guides nor governs, and looked up for the Divine Eye, and beheld only the black, bottomless, glaring death eye-socket." The gloomy-minded pessimist says, "There may be a God, for all I know, but for all practical purposes he might as well be dead; for never has this timeless, spaceless being ever come into conversable relationship with us. He is the Unknown and the Unknowable. We grope in an awful, starless night."

Never was there blindness more inexcusable. Why, you can not walk the streets without seeing a display of mind. What is a beautiful arch, portal, or building, but a pile of stone and mortar, into which the architect has put an idea? And did it never occur to you that that world in which you live was a mighty thought on its career through space and time? Why this train of things you call evolution, certainly has a very intelligent conductor on board, for it never flies trackless, and is ever moving towards something better.

It was an intuition of this fact that caused Kepler to exclaim, when he caught sight of the harmony of the solar system, "O God, I think Thy thoughts after Thee."

And then this idea of God that shines there like a fixed star in the firmament of the mind—how came it there? Who invented it? How came man—the finite, the imperfect, the limited—to be thinking of the Infinite, the Perfect, the Eternal? How came this minnow in its little creek to be talking of tidal waves, Gulf Streams, and trade winds way out upon a vast and shoreless sea? Well may we exclaim with Goethe:

Had our eyes no sunny sheen,
How could sunshine e'er be seen?
Dwelt no power divine within us,
How would God's divineness win us?

The fact is, when you come to look carefully into the matter, you will find that the idea of the Infinitely Good and Perfect has been so thoroughly wrought into the soul, that, like the picture of Phidias on the shield of Minerva, it can only be taken away by the destruction of the soul. This idea, like negative sun-pictures, may be very dim in some minds,

—almost obscure,—but it grows brighter the more it is contemplated.

And then, what means this sense of moral obligation we all feel? Obligated to whom? To society? To the laws, opinions, and customs of men? Have you never felt this sense of duty and obligation press heavily upon you, when you had no human creditor to claim it? It is a grand and glorious thing—this higher part of our nature seeking for the light,—for it will not fail to find what it seeks. We may truly say of the conscience, "Its great, bright eye most silently up to the Throne is cast;" and though it looks through cloud and vapor, and fails to see the sun, it will still come into the warmth and radiance of his beams.

V.

You will hardly object to my completing this line of thought by going one step farther. Only so far as we earnestly seek to realize our best ideals will we come into the fruition of that experience we call religion. Now, what is religion? It is more than a sentiment of the Infinite, for the poets have that, and some of them are very graceful scamps. It is more than a belief in God, a future life, or some supernatural scheme of salvation, for all that, at the best, is merely the form of religion, not its essence.

When we interrogate the experiences of such noble souls as St. Bernard, Fenelon, Madame Guyon, John Wesley, Jonathan Edwards, Dr. Channing, and that mighty host who have lived on the top of the Beulah Mountains, breathing the perfumed gales from the land of the blest, we find that religion, in its ultimate analysis, is the actual realization of the Infinite—a rest, peace, joy unspeakable in the sweet consciousness of God. This is the sentiment that gives to religious literature all the beauty and grandeur it possesses. It is the point of union where all the jarring sects unite in singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee."

And now, did you ever notice the process by which this blessed experience was brought about? You can work out your notions of science and philosophy into systems; your conceptions of utility into inventions; your ideals of the beautiful into art, poetry, and song; without any special help, for that sort of working may be very agreeable to you. But the very moment you begin to work towards your ideals of the good, seeking to embody them in life and character, you find that you have no hearty relish for the task. You are apt to relax your effort at the slightest excuse. There is your idea of the good. It is prophetic of eternal blessedness. The reason commands it. The conscience approves it. And yet it is one of the strangest facts in the history of the human mind that the noblest thought that can possibly engage its attention is the one it is the least inclined to do. It is the one that requires the greatest amount of effort, and even then we often stumble and fall.

You know this is so. You know how easily our best resolutions waver and break down. In the language of St. Augustine, "We are like those who wish to awake, but who, overpowered by drowsiness, again fall asleep."

Man knows and desires the good. He feels confident that he has power enough to achieve the moral ends of his being, but somehow he lacks the inclination to use it. Now what does he need? He needs the strength, the inspiration, the help that comes from the Most High. And what is that help? Of what does it consist? What is its essence? You are now trying to penetrate one of the most profound secrets that can exist in the human soul. Jesus said, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is everyone that is born of the spirit."

All we can say of this matter is, that if one cherishes pure thoughts, seeks to live up to his best convictions of duty, and holds the soul in a devotional attitude, there will silently flow into the will a power, a spontaneity towards the good that will make right living a joy and benediction. Every peeping bud, waving leaf, glancing sunbeam, passing breeze, or falling shower, reveals a mysterious power and agency secretly at work all around us. Why should we marvel, then, that the agency of God should be needed in the more subtle processes of the mind, in order to enable it to produce the noblest results? In short, religion consists in making human attributes divine—in the silent deification of the human heart.

And now the old question—"What shall I do to be saved?"—finds a rational answer in the light of this exposition. Work towards your highest convictions of right. Do the best you know how. If your purpose flags, give it the spur. If it falls, set it up again. In the meantime, listen for the voice that comes out of the silence; look for the helper that is born within thee.

This is a noble work in which you are engaged. Can the imagination of man or angels conceive of any higher art than that of a soul seeking to embody in life and character the finest moral qualities? Talk of the great painters, like Elliot, Page, Hicks, and the rest, standing before the canvas sketching faces to adorn the world's gallery of design! What art is to be compared to the work of that man who is trying to copy into his thoughts, volitions, and desires, the picture that God has revealed to him? Talk of famous sculptors chiseling into stone their ideals of beauty! How mean and poor

their work seems in comparison with him who is daily trying to carve his soul's tastes and dispositions into habits of love, purity, goodness, and truth. Talk of architects like Christopher Wren or Michael Angelo, rearing aloft the mighty cathedrals where kings are crowned and buried, or building palatial homes and palaces of trade! What is all their work in comparison to the work of that man who is daily building his soul into a temple, where the ineffable light and glory of the Divine Presence, will love to dwell.

Col. Ingersoll, in one of his supposedly smart criticisms of the plan of creation, said that if he had his way he would make health as catching as disease. As a matter of fact, that is the way things are now, but Col. Ingersoll don't know it. No man suffers from disease if he and his ancestors tried to catch health by carefully observing its laws. The tendency of nature is in the direction of health, and Providence is wonderfully kind and lenient towards the sinner, as is shown by the multitude of hoary-headed violators of nature's laws. The universe is run on a pretty just and respectable plan. Ingersoll to the contrary notwithstanding.—*Atlantic Mirror*.

He knows little of himself or of the world who does not think it sufficient happiness to be free from sorrow.

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We received a picture of our niece, Ella Simpson, by independent drawing, through the mediumship of Dr. Rogers, which was so perfect, and so like the original, we have also seen written testimonials from others who have received recognizable pictures, under similar conditions through the Doctor, and we take pleasure in recommending to the spirit pictures produced in this way through his mediumship.—*BANNER OF LIGHT*.

I have received a very marvelous spirit picture, by independent drawing, through the mediumship of Dr. Rogers. "Taking it all in all this is the most wonderful spiritual manifestation within my personal knowledge. Portraits, like those of Anderson, have been made before, but they were done through control of the medium's hand. Never before, I think, were pictures created of such large size and execution without the touch of any human hand."—A. A. HEALY, in "Religio-Philosophical Journal."

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SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1888.

EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

Good average sense should teach a man that the condition of mind and quality of action that produce the greatest measure of health and happiness in this life is the right condition and action to cultivate and practice. There is nothing so promotive of health as temperance in all things, and nothing that affords so much lasting satisfaction as good deeds done to others.

The true Spiritualist has the eternal rock of truth to cling to, though every professional medium for physical phenomena in the land should be shown to be a cheat. Trap-doors, and movable mop-boards, and confederates, so disgustingly pitiful to every honest Spiritualist, can not disturb the serene delusion of his soul in the beautiful facts and sublime philosophy that he knows to be true, and in which he rests secure, "though the heavens fall."

The man or woman who, in the sacred name of Spiritualism, would lend him- or herself to a shameful deception,—such as is being practiced by some alleged mediums for form manifestation in this city,—will yet be made to see the enormity of the offense they are committing. We pity them, as we would the most depraved of God's creatures. The very angels must weep over their cruel deceptions. But the day is near at hand when truth shall prevail, and decency triumph.

We learn wisdom by our blunders, and gain strength by our failures. It is no great discredit to one to be deceived, but rather to his advantage, provided he profits by the lesson it teaches him. The child is not to be blamed for falling into the fire. He learns first, through his ignorance, that fire burns; and ever after he keeps a sharp lookout that it doesn't burn him a second time. We are all children in many things, and no doubt ever will be, even though our knowledge should transcend all of the knowledge of earth.

Titles and wealth count for naught in the country whither thou goest. There will be none to do you honor because of any earthly distinction you may have enjoyed here. The king, the prince, and the beggar are no longer such, but only the man, the brightness of whose aura, or lustre of whose garments, will depend wholly upon his purity or nobility of character. There are many people who believe, or think they believe, this truth, but who live as though they expected the hosts of the spirit world to bow down before them when they shall land upon the other shore.

A Sandusky, Ohio, subscriber, writing to renew his subscription to the GOLDEN GATE, says: "I wish every family on this globe would be 'aware of the truth. What a blessing it would 'be for all.' Yes, indeed; the truth, accepted and lived out in each individual life, would bring the millennium. The everlasting truth of the gospel of Spiritualism—how it would lift the burdens of ignorance and superstition from the hearts of men! How it would banish sickness and sorrow from the world! It would open the doors of the sepulchre, and our dead, reborn to a new life, would come forth to gladden our enraptured vision, and lighten the way to the 'land of the dead' on the other shore."

Who that looked over that vast sea of earnest, intelligent faces—an audience of fully fifteen hundred people—sembled within and around the big tent, on the closing night of our late Camp-Meeting, and listened to the burning words that fell from the lips of the inspired speaker, can for a moment doubt that Spiritualism has a firm hold upon the affections of the people. What church, or half dozen churches, in the great city of San Francisco, contained, on that night, such numbers, or such intelligence? Truly the heavens are opening, and the ladder that Jacob saw in his vision is becoming a glorious reality in the life experience of thousands. Death has been robbed of its sting, and the grave of its victory, by this new evangel from the heart of Infinite Love.

The truth should be the good of all philosophy—of all religious thought. No man should be so wrapped up in his own conceit as to imagine he has all the truth. He can not afford to deceive himself, and certainly, if he is honest, he would not deceive others. It may be humiliating to him to be compelled to cast down his idols, and surrender his cherished opinions; but his readiness to do so, when convinced of the truth, is the true gauge of manly honesty. What matters it if one happens to be wrong, if he only is willing to be set right. It is dogmatic adherence to the wrong, in the face of reasonable evidence to the contrary, that makes the angels weary of their task in the reformation of humanity.

Come up out of the cellar, O brother sojourner in the City of the Mortal! Do heavy cares weigh you down? Are you worrying or borrowing trouble over what you can not help? It does you no good to mope, or go down into the cellar of your nature, where all is dark, damp, and dismal. That is not the way to bear the load. Your angel friends can not help you there, because they can not reach you. They would have you come up and out into the sweet sunlight of the spirit, where they can see the trials that beset you, and assist you in removing them. If you do your best, and then fail, you have real cause for rejoicing. You will yet be crowned victor in the home of the immortals, if not in the land of Beulah.

FROM THE SHADOW INTO THE LIGHT.

The sad news reaches us from St. Cloud, Minnesota, of the transition to the higher life, on the 28th ult., of the writer's elder brother, leaving us the last earthly representative of a brotherhood of seven sons, all of whom lived to man's estate—John, James, Stephen, Edwin, Albert, Daniel, and Isaac,—and now all but one entered upon the realities of spirit life. The *Journal* of that city says of our noble departed brother:

The reaper has thrust his sickle among the bearded grain and taken the best. There was no citizen of St. Cloud who had gathered about himself kinder feelings, who, as he went in and out among his fellows, was regarded with higher esteem, and who deserved it all, than Mr. John H. Owen. He was the soul of integrity, and in his great heart no corner had ever been found for the lodgment of hatred or ill-will. He had no enemies, and he merited none. In the best sense of the word, every man was his neighbor. Generous, unassuming, and warm-hearted, he was only too unselfish. To his family he was devotedly attached, and he spared himself in nothing to make happier those who claimed his love and to whose welfare the best part of his life had been given.

And the *Times* of said city has these kind words: This morning, at eight o'clock, Mr. John H. Owen, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of this city, departed this life at his residence upon the south side, a life crowned to fullness with good works and leaving behind a stainless name and enviable reputation. His death was not unexpected. Since last Friday it has been known to his family and sincere friends that the end was near, and yet, when it became known this morning that John Owen was dead, the shadow of grief settled upon the faces of all, and but one sentiment was prevalent, that of universal regret.

And now but one link remains of the mystic seven to complete the chain of brotherhood in the beyond. Bend low, O brothers mine, and bring to us the sweet influence of your loving strength, that we may not falter or faint by the way. Help us to swing wide the portals of the GOLDEN GATE that tired and overburdened hearts may enter in to the joys of the true life of the spirit, where alone is rest and peace.

SPIRIT ART.

Another of those pictures given through Dr. Henry Rogers, an account and description of the production of which we have given on several former occasions, was obtained last week, just prior to the Doctor's departure for the East. Having witnessed the development of several of these pictures, and knowing them to be produced by an occult power independent of the medium, we accept the statement of the manner of development of the picture herein referred to by Mrs. O. M. Washburn, the lady for whom, and in whose presence it was taken.

The picture purports to be the likeness of a celebrated French physician, Dr. Henri Moprey, a graduate of the Paris College of Medicine and Surgery, who passed to spirit life forty years ago, aged sixty-eight years. Mrs. Washburn informs us that for the last three years the spirit of Dr. Moprey has been very close to her, she having often seen him clairvoyantly, and received messages from him through her own and the mediumship of others. It was at her request that he consented to sit for his picture to the artist guides of Dr. Rogers.

The picture is a life size bust in crayon. It represents a fine, intellectual face and head, with a short but full beard, and dressed in oriental costume. The Doctor claims to have been versed in oriental lore, having traveled extensively in the East, and also having devoted much time to the study of Hindoo mysticism.

Mrs. Washburn assures us that the picture was produced in her presence, in a fair light, and upon canvas whereon she had placed private marks. The time taken in its production was about twelve minutes. She watched the process closely, and saw the picture developed, from the blank canvas to its completion. We hope to be able, ere long, to present a reduced copy of this picture through the GOLDEN GATE, but the main point of interest with it is the manner of production.

—The newly elected Board of Camp-Meeting Association, on Sunday last, re-elected Hon. I. C. Steele, President of the Board for the ensuing year, by a unanimous vote. "The right man in the right place."

A SUGGESTION.

The Camp-Meeting just closed although, in most respects a notable success, nevertheless suggests some changes in the plan of the meetings hereafter that might be advantageous.

If the Association owned grounds, with suitable buildings, convenient to the public, as the case at Onset, Cassadaga, Lake Pleasant, and at other points in the East, any change of plans might be unadvisable. But here our property consists of a large pavilion tent, a few hundred chairs, several thousand feet of lumber, a number of small tents, and other properties, all of which has to be handled and stored from one year to another, at no little expense.

And then we have no such resources of attendance here as they have in the East, with their fifty or more millions of people; hence, it is necessary that our meetings be located very close to the centers of population to insure a profitable attendance. Oakland is too far from San Francisco, and the meetings of the last two years were too far from the populous center of Oakland, for that degree of success which they deserved.

As a rule, people from abroad would prefer to come to San Francisco to attend these annual meetings than to stop at any outlying suburb. Besides, the expenses would be no greater here than there, while the advantages would be far greater.

Now, our suggestion is, that the Association dispose of its present perishable property, the proceeds to constitute the nucleus of a fund for the purchase of suitable grounds hereafter. In the meantime let the meetings be held in this city. We would also suggest that instead of continuing the meeting over five Sundays, as has been the practice heretofore, that their continuance be reduced to include only three Sundays, or fifteen days.

Let us consider the saving in labor and expense this plan would accomplish. The securing of a suitable hall, the engaging of speakers, and the arranging of a program of exercises, would be a small matter as compared with the multitudinous duties of a camp-meeting.

Then as to the attendance: It cost each attendant from San Francisco to the late Camp-Meeting, forty-five cents, besides his car fare on this side of the bay, and the cost of a luncheon on the grounds, if he remained to attend a second meeting. This expense virtually bars out San Francisco from attending these meetings. In fact, they have been mostly supported by Oakland, and for the last two years only by a portion of Oakland.

Let us, next year, as an experiment, hold our State-Meeting in this city, either in a big tent or some suitable hall, and we believe it will arouse such an interest, and accomplish such results, as would be a most pleasing surprise to all adherents to the present camping out plan. Here, surely, are the multitude, and it is the people we must endeavor to reach.

THE POWER OF GOODNESS.

It is told that the son of an Emir, having red hair, was so displeased with it that he wished to dye it; his father said to him: "Nay, my son, rather so live that all fathers shall wish their sons had red hair." Red hair is far from being considered a blemish in these days. But in cases of real physical deformity, might not the fact almost be lost sight of by the determination of the individual to live and be such in mind and soul as to cause others to forget more bodily defects?

Whatever quality or characteristic is most conspicuous in one, that will the world see and distinguish him by. It never goes or looks below the surface for things to admire or criticize in his human creatures, but is readily attracted and quick to estimate and judge of what is open to observation. So, it matters not what virtues and beauties and excellencies live in the soul, if they do become a part of the daily life in manner, word and deed, the world will never discover them. The greatest physical beauty without them can not win long admiration; the most pitiable homeliness may be lost and forgotten where they actuate the life and spirit.

Bodily imperfections hold only for this life, therefore they are readily overlooked when the attributes of the soul develop through misfortune and humiliation. Those whose material forms are not what they would have them, should be consoled by the fact that they have the making of their spiritual body, and that each day here may add to its beauty and perfection.

MISS LINDA GILBERT.

The ways in which one may bless the world who is possessed of wealth, are more numerous than fortunes themselves; but we believe there is not one more noble and Christlike than that of improving and uplifting the fallen.

No one has a grander record in such labor than that of Miss Linda Gilbert, who has devoted her fortune to prison reform. She has a thorough appreciation and knowledge of the power of good reading over the reflective and moral nature; and nowhere does its influence strike so deeply as in those enforced retreats of men called jails and prisons. Good reading and steady work are the only two blessings that can come to one in prison, unless we include that of indulging a literary taste,—writing. But this latter will weary, while the two former refresh and inspire.

Miss Gilbert has, in the last fifteen years, es-

tablished twenty-two prison libraries, and found employment for six thousand convicts. If there were more Linda Gilberts, the world would soon outgrow its need of prisons.

LAST DAY IN CAMP.

The 5th and last Sunday of the State Camp-Meeting dawned bright and beautiful, and the day throughout was all that could be desired. A grand day was anticipated by all regular attendants and they were not disappointed.

In the morning, the guides of Mr. J. J. Morse delivered a powerful address on the lesson of the Crusades. He was followed by Edgar W. Emerson with some very remarkable tests given in each instance to skeptics and strangers. The exercises were also enriched by some vocal renderings by Mr. Lillie. Mrs. Lillie, being present spoke a few words in behalf of Mrs. E. L. Watson, stating that Mrs. Watson had written to her denying the truthfulness of a certain alleged interview by a Chicago reporter, which appeared in a late issue of the *Chicago Herald*.

In the afternoon, W. J. Colville delivered a grand inspirational discourse, in his usual earnest and impressive manner. At this service, also, Mrs. A. J. Knowles, of Santa Clara, gave some experiences with the insane, and spoke some good words in behalf of a class whose mental maladies are all too little understood.

The audiences, both morning and afternoon, were large and attentive; but the great crowd was reserved for the evening, when the big tent was packed to its utmost capacity with a wide circle of standing attendants around about. Mrs. Lillie was at her best, and poured forth her inspired utterances in clear, ringing words, that all could hear and understand.

Thus closed a most successful series of meetings, among its most satisfactory accomplished results being the restoration and establishing of a degree of harmony in our ranks, that the cause of Spiritualism on this Coast has not enjoyed for years.

WORSE THAN DEATH.

In Italy's new criminal code is one very remarkable feature—the abolition of the death penalty to imprisonment for life. This solitary confinement for ten years, the terrible of which is mitigated by hard work.

Good conduct during this period will gain for the prisoner the privilege of working with other convicts, and by continued good behavior he will be permitted to speak occasionally. It is something quite unexpected that any European country should take precedence of the United States in doing away with criminal execution.

It is no doubt a great injustice and an injury to deprive a spirit of its earthly body before that body has subserved all its purposes to the soul. It is scarcely less wrong and injurious to deprive a human being the privilege of communication with his kind. Not to speak to a fellow mortal for ten years! Can any one conceive the anguish, pain and heart-breaking longings that such a penalty must cause a human being! Try it for one day—speak not a word from sun to sun, and then mark the joyous relief that pours into the whole being through the medium of a single word! We, too, impose solitude and silence upon some of our criminals, but it is far more inhuman than death. We are growing, but very slowly in some things.

SUBSTANTIAL INDUCEMENT.—Chicago, with all its drawbacks, seems to be an object of some kind Fate that keeps it prominently before the world as a city destined to great things. The reading world has not digested the idea of its proposed great canal, which is to connect Lake Michigan with the Illinois river. And now we are informed that A. J. Furber, Jr., is preparing to found a great university, similar to that of Heidelberg. He will give, as an inducement for other citizens to join in the movement, one million dollars. This young man is not peculiar in that he is wealthy, but in the fact that being not yet twenty, he has a proper appreciation of the kind of fame most lasting in time—that derived from bestowing benefits upon the rising and future generations through educational channels. The average young man would have built himself a yacht and skimmed the smooth sea of life regardless of its more rugged relations that brave the stormy deep in establishing travel, traffic and commerce between great nations.

TO BE FOUND OUT.—That there is yet some discoveries to be made in lightning is proven by a recent occurrence in Florida, related by a surveyor, who was caught out in a thunder storm. Leaving his compass on the jackstaff, he took refuge under a large tree a few hundred yards away. Going back to the compass after the storm, he started north as indicated by the needle. After going eight or ten miles he came to a farmhouse late in the night and was told where he was and how far from Orlando, whence he had set out in the morning, and which was directly opposite the course he had been traveling. It was then discovered that the effect of the storm on the compass had been to reverse the needle. This is not the first instance on record of lightning reversing the magnetic needle. But it is curious that this effect does not always result in storms, hence the secret to be discovered. It is a very important one to the science of navigation, and rests with someone to ascertain the conditions that may produce it.

DIRECTORS.—The State Camp-Meeting Association, at their recent meeting, elected the following Board of Directors for the ensuing year: I. C. Steele, J. J. Owen, C. E. Eliot, Dr. G. J. Bentley, S. S. B. Clark, Mrs. Egbert Aiken, Mrs. S. Cowell of Oakland, J. H. Shepard of Oakland, W. R. Colby, J. L. Bachelder of Tulare, and G. H. Hawes. At a meeting of said Board, held on Sunday, July 1st, all being present except Dr. G. J. Bentley, the following officers were elected: President, I. C. Steele; Vice-President, Mrs. Egbert Aiken; Secretary, Mrs. S. B. Whitehead; Corresponding Secretary, G. H. Hawes; Financial Secretary, C. E. Eliot; Treasurer, J. L. Bachelder.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Miss Margery Kohn will have the GOLDEN GATE on sale at Mr. Morse's meetings.

—The price of Dr. Stockham's new work on "Temperance and Prohibition" has been reduced from \$1 to 75 cents. For sale at this office.

—Mrs. S. E. W.—"As you write so well, can't you send us something on some more profitable theme? We will send your last long rejoinder to 'A. Y. E.' for his private perusal."

—General Lew Wallace is writing a biographical sketch of General Harrison, the Republican candidate for the Presidency. The two Generals have been warm personal friends for many years.

—Mrs. S. Seip, psychometrist, will hold meetings every Sunday, at 8 P. M., until further notice, in Father Curtis' Hall, corner of Sixth and Market Street Station, Oakland. All invited.

—In a postscript to a business letter R. W. Boucher, of San Bernardino county, writes: "THE GOLDEN GATE comes regularly, and is a 'welcome guest. Long live the GOLDEN GATE,'—'true advocate of morality and religion.'"

—Jesse Shepard's mother, father, and sister recently arrived from England, and are now at "Villa Monteruma." It is reported that his mother had been very ill since her arrival, but at last account was thought to be out of danger.

—A Seattle subscriber writes: "I consider 'your paper the best on the Coast. Indeed, it 'has no worthy rival anywhere, unless it be in 'the dear old Banner of Light.' Each paper has its admirers for special qualities its readers discover therein."

—Dr. F. O. Houbert, a prominent and intelligent Spiritualist, formerly of St. Petersburg, Russia, has been stopping for the last few weeks in this city. He left yesterday for Seattle, where he is expected to take charge of the Society of Spiritualists of that city.

—Sister Sarah Dungan of Ferndale, Cal., writes: "Enclosed find \$2.50 for a renewal of 'my subscription for the GOLDEN GATE. Yes, 'it is more than gold to me. I could not think of doing without it. I was one of the first subscribers, and expect to be as long as the G. G. 'is as good as it is now.'"

—Jonathan Whipple, an old and experienced magnetic healer, recently from the East, who has had many years of practice as a healer, is now stopping at the Henry House, in Oakland, where he may be consulted. A lady will be in attendance to receive children and those of her own sex. Dr. Whipple comes to this Coast with excellent recommendations.

—The San Francisco Children's Progressive Lyceum will re-assemble for their usual exercises, at Grand Central Hall, corner of Sixth and Market streets,—entrance on Market street,—on Sunday, July 8th, at 10:30 A. M. New hall, kind teachers, and new arrangements. A general attendance of children and friends is solicited. Come one and all; see for yourselves and help us along.

—We learn from Mrs. Davis, Secretary of the Progressive Spiritualists Association of Oakland, that their Society will commence work in good earnest again, at Fraternity Hall, now that the Camp-Meeting has closed. Mrs. Ada Foye will occupy the platform at said hall, on to-morrow (Sunday) evening, at 7:20 o'clock. The Children's Lyceum will be held at the same place at 1:30 P. M.

—W. J. Colville will lecture on Sundays until further notice in College Hall, 106 McAllister street, San Francisco, at 10:45 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Admission free. Voluntary collection to defray expenses. Subjects of discourse for next Sunday, July 8th, will be (Morning) "The Influence of Worldly Prosperity on Spiritual Development;" (Evening) "The Influence of Oriental Theosophy on the Practical Problems of Today." A fine musical service will be rendered on both occasions. Mme. Marie Bishop will officiate as Cantor.

—There is a large society of intelligent Spiritualists in this city, who are quietly informing themselves, in ways we have never before heard attempted, concerning the various phases of physical phenomena exhibited here, more especially that of materialization. It is claimed that they are in possession of some startling facts, concerning alleged confederates, trap doors, movable mop boards, etc. If all they claim to have discovered is true, let no believer in the psychic form be discouraged, for it is a grand truth all the same.

—Mrs. Anna Kimball-Chainey desires particularly to state to her numerous friends and acquaintances that she has made satisfactory arrangements with the Metaphysical College, 106 McAllister street, for the holding of her classes there on Mondays and Wednesdays; also, that W. J. Colville's lectures on "Gnosticism" will be given there instead of room 17, Flood Building, as previously announced. The lectures on "Gnosticism" will be given Saturday, July 7th, Thursday, July 12th, and Saturdays, July 21st and 28th. Those wishing to attend are requested to carefully note the dates. These lectures will be of special interest to all students of Theosophy; they will be practical as well as theoretical. The admission is only ten cents. The proceeds will be devoted entirely to the fund for sustaining the "Gnostic."

—W. J. Colville's class in Spiritual Science meets Tuesdays and Thursdays at 10 A. M. Public lectures are delivered Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8 P. M. Admission, ten cents. A grand concert will be held for the purpose of liquidating the debt on the furniture on the great French festival day, July 14th, at 8 P. M. Tickets are now ready, 25 cents each, five for \$1. Friends are earnestly requested to do their utmost to make this effort a complete success. The proceeds devoted entirely to canceling the indebtedness which several earnest friends are laboring earnestly to remove. The faculty of the Metaphysical College take this opportunity of reminding friends who may have chairs in their possession which they can conveniently donate or loan, that at least fifty additional chairs are required to complete the seating of the lecture hall. They are imperatively needed at once. No gift would be so welcome as a plain, substantial chair, wooden or cane seated.

Ada Ballou Among the Prisoners.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

I notice by the last number of the GOLDEN GATE, that Mrs. Ada Ballou has returned to your State from her trip to Australia. This reminds me of her first visit to Oregon in 1874. It would take volumes to write the good that that gifted lady did while with us.

I remember going with her to visit the prisoners of our State Penitentiary. It was a bright Sabbath morning, and nature wore her loveliest garb. But prison walls always have a gloomy aspect, from the law of association, I presume. The chapel of the prison was well filled with the boys in striped clothes, there being over two hundred.

After the singing by their choir, Mrs. Ballou stepped upon the rostrum, and gave a most impressive invocation. She then commenced, in a pleasant, off-hand way, to talk to the men. She said:

"I have not come here to censure you, or to find fault with you, for being in this place. You have already had enough of that kind of talk. But I wish to engage your attention a few moments on something of far more importance—on a subject far more to your interest—not what you have been, not what you might have been, but what you have attained to now. I observe that you have attained to man's estate, physically speaking; but in my mind's eye I trace you back to the days of your childhood, ere the dark clouds had settled over your heads—before the tempter's snare had lured your feet from a path of rectitude—when you were bright-eyed little boys dandling at your mothers' knees, or fondled in her loved embrace. And do you know that every fond mother looked forward with all the fondness of a mother's love to the day when each of you should have grown to man's estate—not only in stature, but in all that makes up the true, the noble man? How far you have fulfilled the measure of that mother's hopes, I leave for you to decide. But let me assure you, one and all, that your mothers still live, whether in this earth life or in the spirit world I know not; and a mother's love never dies; and a mother's hope never forsakes her; and I want to know right here how many of you desire to gratify the wish of your mother? How many this morning are ready and willing, letting the past go (as it cannot be recalled)—how many that will resolve from this time forward to live better lives, and will strive, day by day, to become the embodiment of your mother's fondest hopes and brightest anticipations?"

I glanced around the room. There was not a dry eye in the house; and in after years, the Superintendent of the Penitentiary, while inquiring what had become of the lady (Mrs. Ballou), remarked that for three months after her talk that morning, he did not have to enforce a single prison rule; that every prisoner seemed to be on his good behavior.

This gave me a few hints of what might be done in reforming criminals.

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, June 25, 1888.

A Musical Prodigy.

[Chicago Herald.]

Rochester has a musical prodigy; not a Hofmann, perhaps, but an inspired minstrel, who has created quite as much amazement in the limited circle cognizant with her astonishing performances as did the boy pianist in the metropolitan musical world. This newly-discovered wonder is a sweet-faced young girl of good standing in society, whose parents have concealed her remarkable gift from the general public, and from most of her intimate friends as well, until the secret was inadvertently revealed by the fair musician herself during one of her rhapsodies. The manifestations of her peculiar talent evidenced unusual musical ability and technical skill, and are only exhibited when the girl is in a sort of trance, or, as her parents prefer to designate it, an inspired condition, for they repudiate any belief in Spiritualism, and quickly resent any intimation that they invoke the aid of supernatural means solicited by ordinary mediums. When the young woman passes into this state she seats herself at the piano, closes her eyes, and after a few preliminary twitches of the muscles of her face and a shrug of her shoulders, she passes and her fingers lightly over the keys and begins to sing, at the same time playing her own accompaniment. There is nothing remarkable in this performance, for there are many people who can play the piano with their eyes shut, but the wonder is that with a knowledge of music limited to the rudiments, the girl improvises rare harmonies, strains of soft, majestic sweetness, chords of solemn, touching pathos, and weird, wild symphonies, at the same time singing in low, melodious notes songs in foreign tongues which she has never studied and does not understand, though they are perfectly intelligible to any one conversant with the language. Seldom has she played a familiar air or sung an English song. On several occasions she has also distinguished herself by playing on a church organ in a highly creditable manner with no practical knowledge of the instrument. The music she not only plays is of a weird, wild style, not easily copied, and of too high an order to be of her own composition, and the same accompaniment can not be played a second time.

The girl does not seem to undergo any unusual mental or physical strain in giving

these performances, and when questioned concerning her sensations says that she is removed, as it were, from all that is earthly, and experiences the most delightful exhilaration imaginable. She does not realize where she is, or what she is doing or saying, and when she returns to her material self, can not reproduce her visions or recall her sensations. It was the purpose of her parents to conceal her strange musical precocity, but in the presence of a large number of friends on one occasion she suddenly became inspired and improvised several rare compositions, to the astonishment of the company and the consternation of her mother.

Confirmed Bachelor—"How time does fly, Miss Seaside! Why, it was ten years ago you refused me on this spot."

"Miss Seaside (who wishes she hadn't)—"So long as that! I was young and foolish then, Mr. Smith."

Confirmed Bachelor—"But we are both older and wiser now."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

The Empress of Japan is rapidly becoming proficient on the piano. She takes lessons and practices several hours a day, both her teachers being Germans.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

With the November, 1887, issue *The Century* commences its thirty-fifth volume with a regular circulation of almost 250,000. The War Papers and the Life of Lincoln, increased its monthly edition by 100,000. The latter history having recounted the events of Lincoln's early years, and given the necessary survey of the political condition of the country, reaches a new period, with which his secretaries were most intimately acquainted. Under the caption of

LINCOLN IN THE WAR,

the writers now enter on the more important part of their narrative, viz.: the early years of the War and President Lincoln's part therein.

SUPPLEMENTARY WAR PAPERS,

following the "battles series" by distinguished generals, will describe interesting features of army life, tunneling from Libby Prison, narratives of personal adventure, etc. General Sherman will write on "The Grand Strategy of the War."

KENNAN ON SIBERIA.

Except the Life of Lincoln and the War Articles, no more important series has ever been undertaken by *The Century* than this of Mr. Kennan's. With the previous preparation of four years' travel and study in Russia and Siberia, the author undertook a journey of 15,000 miles for the special investigation here required. An introduction from the Russian Minister of the Interior admitted him to the principal mines and prisons, where he became acquainted with three hundred State exiles—Liberals, Nihilists, and others,—and the series will be a startling as well as accurate revelation of the exile system. The many illustrations by the artist and photographer, Mr. George A. Fox, who accompanied the author, will add greatly to the value of the articles.

A NOVEL BY EGGLESTON

with illustrations will run through the year. Shorter novels will follow by Cable and Stockton. Shorter fiction will appear every month.

MISCELLANEOUS FEATURES

will comprise several illustrated articles on Ireland, by Charles De Kay; papers touching the field of Sunday-School Lessons, illustrated by E. L. Wilson; Wild Western Life, by Theodore Roosevelt; the English Cathedral, by Mrs. van Rensselaer, with illustrations by Pennell; Dr. Buckley's valuable papers on Dreams, Spiritualism, and Clairvoyance; essays in criticism, art, travel, and biography; poems; cartoons, etc.

By special offer the numbers for the past year (containing the Lincoln history) may be secured with the year's subscription from November, 1887, twenty-four issues in all, for \$6.00, or, with the last year's numbers handsomely bound, \$7.50.

Published by *The Century Co.*, 33 East 17th street, New York.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

Since its first issue, in 1873, this magazine has maintained, with undisturbed recognition, the position it took at the beginning,—that of being the most excellent juvenile periodical ever printed. The best known names in literature were on its list of contributors from the start—Bryant, Longfellow, Thomas Hughes, George MacDonald, Bret Harte, Bayard Taylor, Frances Hodgson Burnett, James T. Fields, John G. Whittier; indeed the list is so long that it would be easier to list the few authors of note who have not contributed to "the world's child magazine."

THE EDITOR, MARY MAPES DODGE,

author of "Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates," and other popular books for young folks,—and for grown-up folks,—too, has a remarkable faculty for knowing and entertaining children. Under her skillful leadership, *St. Nicholas* brings to thousands of homes, on both sides of the water, knowledge and delight.

ST. NICHOLAS IN ENGLAND.

It is not alone in America that *St. Nicholas* has made its great success. The London *Times* says: "It is above anything we produce in the same line." The *Standard* says: "There is no magazine that can successfully compete with it."

THE COMING YEAR OF ST. NICHOLAS.

The fifteenth year begins with the number for November, 1887, and the publishers can announce a serial and short stories by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Frank R. Stockton, H. B. Boyesen, Joel Chandler Harris, J. T. Browbridge, Col. Richard M. Johnston, Louis M. Alcott, Prof. Alfred Church, William H. Rideing, Washington Gladden, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Amelia E. Barr, Frances Courtenay Bayler, Harriet Upton, and many others. Edmund Altun will write a series of papers on the "Routine of the Republic,"—how the President works at the White House, and how the affairs of the Treasury, the State and War Departments, the Australian Journalist, will describe "The Great Island Continent;" Elizabeth Robins Pennell will tell of "London Christmas Pantomimes" (Alice in Wonderland, etc.); John Burroughs will write "Meadowland Talks with Young Folk," etc., etc. Mrs. Burnett's short serial will be, the editor says, a worthy successor to her famous "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which appeared in *St. Nicholas*.

Why not try *St. Nicholas* this year for the young people in the house? Begin with the November number. Send us \$3.00, or subscribe through booksellers and newsdealers. *The Century Co.*, 33 East 17th street, New York.

Important Steps of Progress.

[Buhanan's Journal of Health.]

Foremost among the signs of advancing civilization is the proposal from France for a permanent tribunal for the peaceful arbitration of international difficulties, which has not attracted half the attention from the newspaper press that would be given to a base-ball match. Notice was given about the last of April, in the French Chamber of Deputies, of the introduction of a resolution signed by one hundred and twelve members, for an agreement between France and the United States "with a view to obtaining the definite acceptance of the principle of arbitration among civilized nations."

The United States has been foremost in the arbitration policy heretofore. We had arbitration with Great Britain in 1816, about St. Croix River and the lakes; in 1818, about the restoration of slaves; in 1827, about boundaries; another in 1853, and another in 1861; the Alabama arbitration in 1871; and in the same year about the fisheries, and about San Juan. With Spain we had arbitrations in 1819, 1871, 1879, 1885. With Mexico we had arbitrations in 1839 and in 1868, and we have a treaty for referring all disputes to arbitration. We have also had arbitrations with Denmark, Brazil, Venezuela, Chili, Hayti, Paraguay, Peru, New Granada, and Costa Rica. There have been near twenty arbitrations between European nations in the present century, and there seems to be a time coming when war shall cease. Let France, Germany, and Russia agree to arbitration of their own quarrels, and war will be nearly ended.

Nature inflicts upon man great calamities to wake up his sluggish energies.

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jun 27

[Written for the Golden Gate.] Tribute to W. H. Gifford—On His Fiftieth Birthday.

BY LENA L. GIFFORD.

Fifty years to-day, my love—just fifty restless years—
Have you pursued life's changeful ways with all its smiles
And tears,
And standing on the summit now of manhood's golden
prime,
There's naught upon your past we see to blot your life sub-
lime.
Grand fifty years of noble life and earnest thought, and
true,
A picture fair for memory's walls that all the world may
view!
I hold your hand with faith sincere and ask that God may
give
To you full many added years in resplendent peace to live!
Full long may we together stand as in the loyal past
And greet this annual birthday time in love unto the last.
Around your heartstone cluster those who hold your worth
most dear,
And find in you some newer grace with each successive
year,
While friends, the tried and true, with ready zeal acclaim
A generous hand, a faithful heart, a life that's free from
blame!
O manhood's prime! grand fifty years of earnest life well
done!
What nobler record has life's sands for mortal man out-
run?
Sweet faith has marked your later time in gentle spirit
power,
That guarded beside the household hearth and thro' each
busy hour,
To watch and guide, to elevate and harmonize in love,
And through life's best endeavors begin the life above:
While childhood's happy hours beneath your roof have
lapsed,
The best reward the spirit gives is that most nobly earned,
O friend and husband! dearest yet as time's swift measures
run,
Than when together in life's morn our wedded life began,
May all be calm and fair below, and all be bright and pure
above.
For one whose life and work has been one of devoted love,
SEATTLE, W. T., June, 1888.

The Word.

Over the mantle hangs the sword,
Sheathed in scabbard, dented and old;
Red scar, tattered and faded there,
Clings to the hilt; never a word,
All its battles are left untold—
Fighting and blood, or when or where,
The sword speaks; not the sword is great;
Silence is gold when acts are fair.

Who can see it's flashing blade?
Who confers the value it taught?
Where are the ranks that followed its lead?
Where are the fields of carnage laid?
Where the fields that back of it fought?
On what page is there a million men,
Silent? Ah, yes! The man who led
With horse and yonder sword is dead.

Powerless now on the paneled wall—
Nervous—mutter like its master's hand;
Flash gone out of its tempered steel
Since it lay on its master's pall;
Bound no more by the red scarf hand
Near the heart that it once could lead;
Never to mix again in the din,
Or in the van to love or win?

Peace is carved on the rusty sword,
Peace is wrought in the silent stone,
Memory crowned by Love's true art;
Battle and victory speak no word;
Sword art thou of the spirit of one
Whom death embroils in the reverend heart:
Love and honor glean from thy blade—
Battle and victory fade and fade!

—S. H. THAYER, in "New York Independent."

Songs Unsung.

Sweet the song of the thrush at dawn,
When the grass lies wet with dew,
Sweet the sound of the brook's low whisper
"Mid reeds and rushes wand'ring through;
Clear and pure is the west wind's murmur
That croons in the branches all day long;
But the songs unsung are the sweetest music
And the dreams that die are the soul of song.

The faintest hope is the one which faded,
The brightest leaf is the leaf that fell,
The song that leaped from the lips of sirens
Dies away in an old sea-shell.
Far to the heights of visionless faith
The soul's swift flight like a swallow goes,
For the note unheard is the bird's best carol
And the bird unknown is the reddest rose.

Deepest thoughts are the ones unsung,
That only the heart sense, list'ning, hears,
Most great joys bring a touch of silence,
Greatest grief is in unshed tears,
What we hear is the feeblest echo,
A song dies out, or a dream lives on;
The rose-red tint of the rarest morning
Are lingering yet in a distant dawn.

Somewhere, dim in the days to follow,
And far away in the life to be,
Passing sweet, is a song of gladness—
The spirit-chant of the soul set free,
Clouds unstirred are the ones that wait for—
That never rise from the harp strings;
We turn our steps to the years beyond us,
And listen still for the songs unsung.

—ERNEST M'GAPPEY.

Song.

I said to my heart in the morning light:
"Be careless and gay until the night;
The storm is past, the day is bright—
Be careless and gay until the night."
But the heart was gloomy, and only a sigh
Came from its depths as the day dragged by,
And evening brought but less of light,
For all the day had been a sigh.

I said to my heart in the morning's dawn:
"Be thoughtful and sad as the day draws on;
The light that is here will soon be gone—
Be thoughtful and sad as the day draws on."
But the heart was glad the whole day long,
And from its depths there came a song:
I could not say or reason why,
Yet it all was glad and would not sigh.

And I said to my heart: "O heart of mine,
Your moods and ways I can not divine,
A deep, dark, betraying thing,
I can not say what the day may bring."
But the heart was silent and made no reply,
For the heart is only a changeful sky:
An ocean with a treacherous sand,
That lures our hopes in sight of land.

—"New York Graphic."

Heredity and Re-Incarnation.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

In the number of June 2d, Mrs. Harris makes some statements, in her efforts to give reasons for re-incarnation, which may mislead a few, and do some harm as to heredity. She says, "that men and women have the power to make or mar the destiny of a human soul is a monstrous absurdity—an unnatural thing—and can not be."

If the orthodox belief in the eternal bill state and condition was true, then the law of heredity would be a pretty tough and serious problem for parents to meet. Forty years ago, when I first began to investigate this law, I remember that the Calvinists were bitterly opposed to it. Hell and heredity would not harmonize with their diabolical conceptions of a mad God, "who laughed at the calamities of the wicked."

But I did not suppose that in this day and age of light and law, any Spiritualist could be found to dispute the universal law and tendency of life to produce like, which rules in both the animal and vegetable kingdoms. The fact is that the powers and responsibilities of human parentage are far more than is supposed to be possible by the vast majority of those who believe in heredity.

Intelligent parentage, where the marriage has been a union of souls, and not merely a legal yoking together, can control the sex, the style of physical beauty, the disposition, the bent of genius, and largely overcome the effects of past heredities in the offspring. The twentieth century will prove this. But when these divine powers are left to blind chance or animal man, then hit or miss will be the general results; except as the higher powers may overrule.

Take the case of the wife who stole small sums from her husband's pockets while he was sleeping, because he was too mean to give her any money to buy some innocent things she craved, with the result of a son born a natural thief, and who lived and died a criminal; and we have the power of heredity illustrated in the wrong direction.

Now Mrs. Harris would say this born thief should be re-incarnated again to give him a fair show. Well, it looks a little reasonable, provided that the educational powers and facilities in the world of cause are not sufficient to provide for such cases, in some thousands of more sensible ways and means than by re-incarnation. For my part, I have a good deal of faith in the wisdom and power over there.

I do not, however, deny that re-incarnation does take place, though in a qualified and limited manner. The only use I can see for it is where the ego, mind, or human soul has not been developed enough out of the animal state in this life, to desire and will to go on and upward in this growth into manhood, or more properly Godhood. Then it would naturally disintegrate, and be dissipated into the different matter spheres or conditions for other use, the same as with the animal soul and body. But the life or germ would return to the ocean of All Life also for further use.

As the lack of right use, and also the wrong use of the physical body causes it to be relegated back into nature's reservoirs of matter, so the so-called spiritual body, with its finer and more subtle conditions of matter, does likewise, and from similar causes.

But as the Life or God which has been manifested through these two bodies of matter, and which was formed into the shape of man, never was diseased, corrupted, or affected in the least particular, by and from his connection with this diseased and sinning man, the re-incarnation of this Divine Germ into either another human or animal shape and condition would not affect or change the last manifestation, because of the previous use.

If the same germ should attract the same atoms of matter for both bodies, to be rebuilt again, that were by the first existence, then this re-environment would be a real and genuine re-incarnation, and possibly this would still be as absurd as the old Christian belief in the literal resurrection of the physical body, as both limit the resources and powers of the Creator.

In the case of great souls or Christs, many of whom have been given to the earth in the last 100,000 years, I can see two ways by which they may have come, more natural and reasonable than re-incarnation. First—During the development of mind in the animal man in the first ages, Christs, or God-like men, who had been born of woman with a human father on some other planet, aged before materialized and put on complete physical bodies, so they could live as men and women on this planet, to act as teachers and guides, would answer for the necessary needs of those times much better than to come as mindless children to grow up among animal men and women.

Second—After mankind had developed a mind or soul which could think, reason, and choose, then the angel guides on the spirit side could influence the selection of atoms for several generations, until the Joseph and the Mary were brought together, properly bred up for producing the Christ Child.

That this has been the case with all the Christs born on our planet, I have no

doubt; any way it is reasonable and natural, and in accord with law, which is more than can be said of the modern Hindoo idea, which I claim was not taught by any of the Buddhas who lived 3,000 or more years ago.

Re-incarnation, like many dogmas, has been born of ignorance. To make myself more clear, let us go back to the beginning of manifested physical life on our planet. All will admit there was a time when there was none, no matter whether it was 6,000 or 6,000,000 years ago. When the Creator first on this planet formed matter in the shape of a snake, with physical conditions necessary to manifest snake life, He had to breathe His own life into it, as there was no other life to give. He did the same with the dove.

Now, here we have the same life manifesting very differently, and why? Simply because of the different environment of matter acting upon the life manifestation, the same as colored glass does upon light, and this environment of matter from heredity, food, education and surroundings, causes all the various human and animal manifestations of the One All-Life.

Life is the inner force, and matter is its mode and means of expression and use. I would say that the grosser matter we see form the Creator's outer garments, and that the more subtle atoms from the mind atmosphere form His inner. If it be true (and who dare say it is not?) that 10,000,000 of these finer atoms can rest upon the point of a cambric needle, may not matter itself be near enough to the All-Life to be used to form the human mind or soul? Swedenborg said the infinite of all truth is its divisibility, and the same is true of matter.

Now, it strikes me that if the Christian scientist and mind cure folks would learn from the philosophers, both in regard to the certainty and correctness of the communication, and as a means of developing mediumship, many who were not aware of their mediumistic gift have, after a few sittings, been able to receive astonishing communications from their departed friends.

Capt. D. B. Edwards, Orient, N. Y., writes: "I had communications from the Psychograph from many other friends, even from the old settlers whose graves were in the old yard. They have been highly satisfactory, and proved to me that Spiritualism is indeed true, and the communications have given my heart the greatest rest from the severe loss I have had of son, daughter, and their mother."

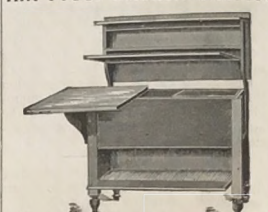
Dr. Eugene Crowell, whose writings have made his name familiar to those interested in psychical matters, wrote as follows:

DEAR SIR: I am much pleased with the Psychograph you sent me, and will thoroughly test the first opportunity I 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 generally supersede the latter when its superior merits become known. "P. Miller," journalist and poet, in an editorial notice of the instrument in his paper, the Worthington (Mass.) "Advocate," says:

"The Psychograph is an improvement upon the planchette, having a dial and letters, with a few words, so that very little 'power' is apparently 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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LEAVE S. F. Commencing Aug. 20, 1888. ARRIVE S. F.

8:30 A.	San Mateo, Redwood, and	6:30 A.
10:40 A.	Menlo Park.	8:30 A.
11:30 A.		10:40 A.
1:30 P.		1:30 P.
4:35 P.		4:35 P.
5:30 P.		5:30 P.
11:45 P.		11:45 P.

8:30 A.	Santa Clara, San Jose, and	6:30 A.
10:40 A.	Principal Way Stations.	8:30 A.
11:30 A.		10:40 A.
1:30 P.		1:30 P.
4:35 P.		4:35 P.
5:30 P.		5:30 P.
11:45 P.		11:45 P.

8:30 A.	Gilroy, Palmar, Castroville,	6:30 A.
10:40 A.	Watsonville, Camp Goodhart,	8:30 A.
11:30 A.	Aptos, New Brighton, Sequel	10:40 A.
1:30 P.	(Capital, and Santa Cruz.	1:30 P.
4:35 P.		4:35 P.
5:30 P.		5:30 P.
11:45 P.		11:45 P.

8:30 A.	Hollister and	6:30 A.
10:40 A.	San Jose and Way Station.	8:30 A.
11:30 A.		10:40 A.
1:30 P.		1:30 P.
4:35 P.		4:35 P.
5:30 P.		5:30 P.
11:45 P.		11:45 P.

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San Francisco to Sequel	\$1.00	Sequel to San Francisco	\$1.00
San Francisco to Santa Cruz	\$1.00	Santa Cruz to San Francisco	\$1.00
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