



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

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#### GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Craft is merely the supplement of inferior abilities.

The fundamental qualities of true friendship are constancy and fidelity.

The earnestness of life is the only passport to the satisfaction of life.—*Theodore Parker.*

Temperance is reason's guide and passion's bridle; the strength of the soul and the foundation of virtue.

He that thinks himself the happiest man really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest, is generally the greatest fool.

There is a respect due to mankind which should incline even the wisest of men to follow innocent customs.—*Dr. J. Watts.*

The pebbles in our path weary us, and make us footsore more than the rocks, which require only a bold effort to surmount.

Work is a necessity in one way or another to all of us. Overwork is of our own making, and, like all self-imposed burdens, is beyond our strength.

Time is, indeed, the theatre and seat of illusion; nothing is so ductile and elastic. The mind stretches an hour to a century, and dwarfs an age to an hour.

It was a very proper answer to him who asked why any man should be delighted with beauty, that it was a question that none but a blind man should ask.

At whatever period of life friendships are formed, as long as they continue sincere and affectionate, they form, undoubtedly, one of the greatest blessings we can enjoy.

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

The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two roads—industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both.—*Franklin.*

A backbiting tongue hath disquieted many. Strong cities hath it pulled down, and overthrown the houses of great men. The tongue of man is his fall; but, if thou love to hear, thou shalt receive understanding.—*Son of Sirach.*

Magnificent failure is better than insignificant success. Better to plan and labor for great things, even though we fail, than to be content with what lies easily at hand. Better to be Napoleon, an exile and prisoner, than a royal nobody, reigning in peace.

It is in the minute circumstances of a man's conduct that we are to inquire for his real character. In these he is under the influence of his natural disposition, and acts from himself, while in his more open and important actions he may be drawn by public opinion, and many other external motives may have taken part in them.

#### SOME EXPERIENCES IN EARTH AND SPIRIT LIFE OF THE SPEAKING CONTROL OF J. J. MORSE.

Given at the Request of Numerous Friends, at Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, Cal., Sunday Evening, May 20th, 1888.

(Reported for the Golden Gate by G. H. Hawes.)

The request has been preferred to us that we would place before you some of the experiences we have encountered, alike while clothed with flesh and since our entrance into the second career of human kind, towards which you are all traveling. Much as we dislike to indulge in matters that strictly pertain to our own personal experience, yet at the same time we can not refrain from meeting the request that has been placed before us, as by so doing we are assured we shall give decided pleasure to many of the earnest and noble souls that have favored us with their attention in this building, for so many months past. This, then, is our excuse and our apology for dealing with matters that are strictly personal. If, when we have done with the little that we can possibly tell you in the time at our disposal, you shall say that you are pleased, and perchance a little edified, by what it will be our privilege to place before you, our recompense will be complete, and all the facts that we can offer will be justly due to you.

Our experiences in the mortal life date a long way back; as mortal time would have it, nearly three hundred years ago. When we first appeared upon the stage of mortality, in the township within a two-days' journey from the imperial city of Peking, those who were our parents little thought that in after ages their child would stand in a position to give instructions to those whom it was the fashion of its people in former times to consider as barbarous people, beyond the planes of culture and of kindness. Yet, so curious does fate work, that that seemingly impossible and improbable result has been arrived at, for reasons, and by causes, that we will briefly advert to later on.

Trained in our early youth in those moral precepts that one of the grandest of men has handed down to humanity—one of the purest and most earnest of mankind, whose wise and philosophic sayings have been remembered and not frequently excelled in after time—we gradually grew in all those excellencies which were considered and esteemed fitting for one of the station in which your narrator was born.

The Five Classics gave us so much of history, so much of strange and solemn mystery, and also led us carefully to the study of those poetic effusions that are considered so essential to the due and proper cultivation of refined intelligence, and also to a due observance of the ceremonies proper to every condition of life, as laid down in the Book of Ceremonies. You will pardon us for saying so, but, absorbing the wisdom of the sages, whom we reverence still, we gradually unfolded mentally and morally, and learned to render that due respect and obedience, which was then inculcated as proper to be rendered to the various orders of society that existed in our land.

The Emperor, Kea-ting, was the ruling power at the time we speak of, and our parents—to whom, in blessed honor, we always strove to render that filial obedience so truly due to the authors of our physical existence, and which, even now, we see no reason to withhold—earnestly desired that we might attain to some social eminence in the labors of our empire. So, in due course of time, we passed through the local colleges, and meeting our examinations therein successfully, we were enabled to proceed to the imperial city, and by and by, in due process of time, passed all the examinations in the highest institutions of learning, and was fitted for a place in official life.

As you doubtless know, our people of the oft-called "Flowery Kingdom," known to you as China, esteem education and moral culture and intellectual refinement as among the highest of the graces that pertain to life. It is a common supposition, we know, to esteem us as pagans, ignorant and barbaric. A great mistake, to say nothing of injustice. The followers of Buddha can scarcely be con-

sidered as inferior in intellectual culture and ability, and the records of our own land, when truly read and understood, will, we think, certainly compare favorably with those of any other country of the same intellectual calibre and ability. Vast indeed, as you know the land is, containing something like one-twelfth of the inhabitants of the earth, having millions of square miles, and some hundreds of millions of people over so wide an area, containing so many different characteristics, and still feeling the effects of many errors handed down from barbaric times, it is easy enough for those untrained in the ways of thought peculiar to so great a country, and not knowing all its peculiarities, to come to the rash conclusion that all of its people are paganish, heathenish, barbarous and ignorant.

Time will do our nation justice, and wiser sense and deeper counsels prevailing in those who claim to be so very exalted, will, we think, put a different complexion upon the history of the land, as you understand it even now.

Pardon us one word more. So much of the history of the land which you have received has filtered through partisan and opposing religious channels, that it is largely tinged with the idiosyncrasies and personalities of the people who have given it to you, and it can scarcely be considered an accurate presentation of the people, their customs and religion.

We took at last an official place in the second rank, of what you know as the civil mandarins of the country; mandarin being only a term to describe the conditions of rank. We were married, and severed that much, in consequence of our marriage, connection with the home. Our parents passed to the abode of the blessed. We erected shrines and tablets to their memories, and rendered, in after years, all those solemn rites and observances which are due from the children to the parents. Life differed but very little with us from the life that others lived in similar positions; we fulfilled our duty, and those of you who know something of what official life is may well conceive the kind of life that was ours, with this difference: principals were held to a strict accountability for all the observances of life apart from pure official action. Our place was, perchance, a little more onerous, than that which officials occupy among yourselves.

Age advanced, and we found our labors increasing and accumulating, but realized that at last the day would soon decline, the sun would no more shine upon the river's bank for us. The white flower from the blossoming tree that had shared our life, had passed away from the realms of mortal life, leaving a vacancy, permit us to say, that none other ever filled. Time flowing on, the end came nearer and nearer still. We had no fear of the future—what Buddhist has? The present was occupied in the due fulfillment of the duties devolving upon us; the past was, comparatively, without regret, and so we faced the coming of the end with the calmness of perfect trust. And yet Christian apologists tell you that our people are so indifferent to death because they have no sense of what lies beyond it. This is an injustice that only partisanship can possibly excuse. We can not claim to any great honor beyond our position of the second class that we have referred to; no great memory clings about us for the tasks we performed here on earth, and little thought we then of the complications and relationships that would little by little attach themselves to the land we yet love.

So the end at last came. One sweet, calm, beautiful eve, as the sun sank to rest behind the hills, the poor tired body that had been racked with fever's fires grew wondrous quiet; the leaping pulses, like excited racing steeds, at last became still. A strange quiet, unlike ought that had ever before been felt, stole in upon us, and a delicious, restful ease spoke of freedom from every ache and pain. There were friends around us, who, knowing that the end was coming, felt grieved to lose the outward friend, though fully trusting that it was only the outer garment that would cease to be amongst them. The quietness deepened still to a well nigh solemn hush, as the sun sank lower, and the rays of his departing glory flashed in through the open casement. It seemed that that shaft of light grew to a gleaming highway reaching from the home wherein we lived, up beyond the hills, above the glorious orb itself, beyond it into an azure

blue, that seemed as a shimmering coast line, which, dimly perceived in the far distance, opened invitingly to the astonished gaze. And then when the glory of the sun was extinguished in the deepening of the evening, the highway vanished and the sea was gone, and the coast line disappeared, and the darkness, deepening to a black intensity, gradually descended.

Then, when the darkness had grown its deepest, and all outward sounds and sights were hushed and lost, it seemed that the glory that had vanished came back again, but this time within the body, not outside thereof. This light increased in golden beauty, pulsing with a quick brightness, flashing and darting like scintillating glories, until it seemed to flash right up before an inner face, and then, flaming forth a moment in the glorious divinity of spiritual beauty, beyond all power of words to describe, it vanished. With its going, there went all the material sensation and outward consciousness and life; a sleep—the deep, untroubled quietness of the sleep of death—laid hold of the weary frame and nursed it to eternal rest.

How long in minutes and seconds, it would be impossible to say, but not so very long this deep unconsciousness prevailed. And then a strange sensation of awakening life began to dawn upon the consciousness, and little by little we began to have a strange and yet familiar sensation. We felt that we were removed, but how or where it seemed that we were just too indifferent to discover. You who have been exceeding sick unto death's golden door, and in the height of some delirious fever have at last wholly lost consciousness, but have presently revived with the fever gone and the mad racing of the pulse quieted and still, lying there with a delicious ease upon you, a coolness in the blood you have not felt for many hours before, too indifferent to disturb the sweet repose, and enjoying it as something all beautiful and divine,—you who have passed through these things can realize something of the languor and ease that burst over our consciousness as we returned to life, and found, presently, that we had exchanged the lower life of earth for the upper life of the spirit, as you understand it to-day.

Presently the sound of voices in low murmur broke upon our ear, and soon we were able to gaze around us, and by our side saw the father and mother, the honorable parents whose excellent memories we had preserved and revered, whose gentleness and love had been to us as the summer sunshine out of winter's cold; as the warm rain of the early springtime to the bleak and parched earth. Their welcome to the new comer, and words of affectionate regard, were such that would, in their sweet purity, have revived the very dead themselves.

And then looking into the throng that greeted us, the one sweet face that was to us, perhaps, fairer and better than all, greeted us with the old familiar smile, with the old sweet regard, and the wife that we had loved—that wife, a woman whom people tell you occupy so low a position in pagan countries, (another misapprehension, to put it mildly), greeted us with the warm affection that beats in every woman's heart, let the color of her skin be white, or red, or black, or yellow. Her fair face and loving hands greeted us again, and have been, from that time to this, a loving inspiration, that has grown brighter and sweeter as the times have rolled away.

Thus, friends, was our passage through the world upon the mortal side, the method of our departure from it, and the circumstances of our first entrance into the spirit life. What had we to fear? Nothing. The same wise Providence that can order the lives of men may be trusted to order their careers beyond. While it is not needful that you altogether use your time for the worship of your departed ancestors, and should not lay too much stress upon what the future life may be, yet if you have any comprehension of the universal power of being, at least you can trust that which does so well for you here on earth, will also be in your favor in the world beyond.

We found ourselves surrounded by our own people, by the old, familiar circumstances, the old, familiar faces, even the dwelling places like unto those of earth, but vastly brighter and superior to those we had known. Our travels, however, never took us beyond the province where

we were born; but all we had hitherto been familiar with, stood there revealed to us again beautified, and, shall we call it, spiritualized? And the old classics were there in wondrous collections. There were the spiritual counterparts of all and more than we had previously known, and their deeper meaning more clearly brought out, seemed to shine the brighter and the fairer in the new atmosphere in which we read their precious tracings.

Life was quiet and happy, simple and restful, as it is for most tolerably well ordered lives, when they first enter into the second state. But presently, for all such lives, there begins an unrest. The soul of man calls for action, and man must be up and doing sooner or later; eternal pleasure will not satisfy the soul.

Whither, then, should we direct our efforts, became the first inquiry. We counseled with my family and friends, with teachers whom we had known while on earth, and for a time was content to pursue studies in accord with the opinions distinctly and peculiarly belonging to our own country. But after a while we began to realize that great as was our own land and numerous its people, there were other lands and other people who were part and parcel of one great family, and the discovery dawned upon us that the rivalry and differences of states and nations would ultimately melt away, and in their place there would be one great family of life, wherein each nation should be but as a single child. For us the thought is always that the state is but the amplification of the family, and that the authority should be more paternal than despotic. Then from the exalted plane of life we should extend that argument, and say that the world's population should be but one great family also. And so the truth of the unity of interests, and the unity of purposes, that will yet dawn upon you, and animate the family of the world, burst upon our mind, and made the starting point of that mental expansion and spiritual advancement which we have earnestly and zealously tried from that time to this to present.

Some while after our entrance into the spirit life, having gained these larger views of personal duty, and feeling that each thought was not our own, but for the advantage of our fellows, we considered in what and how could we best serve the world from our own previous national standpoint?

On investigation, we found that though our people were familiar with certain kinds of intercourse between the spirits of the departed and the inhabitants of earth, there was not the opportunity, by reason of what you would call the dead weight of ancient tradition resting upon them, to lift them out beyond what they were familiar with in this connection.

Our attention was then turned to the consideration of other countries, and we noticed where and how it might become possible for certain changes to be effected, not only in other countries, but in our own country, especially by the instigation of outside agencies, and the removal of the evils that all old and concrete states suffer from. So, as a consequence of this, we began to counsel with spirits of other nations, wiser than ourselves; when, something like a hundred years ago, we learned that a definite purpose was being evolved in certain sections of the spirit life for opening up again absolute communication with enlightened nations, as they were called, and the realm of the spiritual life itself.

You must understand, friends, and you must pardon the digression, that the coming of Modern Spiritualism, some forty years ago, on the material plane, was preceded by a comparatively long and anxious period of observation and inquiry upon the part of enlightened spirits in the spirit world, who carefully considered each step, examined every possibility, and, as wisely as they could, ultimately concerted upon the methods whereby the wondrous upheaval you are acquainted with should be projected into mortal life, and work the strange results that you have seen it accomplish within the narrow compass of less than half one hundred years.

This was to us a most important undertaking. It inspired us and appealed to us, and we humbly urged our competency to be associated in some capacity with the great and glorious work that we foresaw would be ultimately accomplished. Our

(Continued on Third Page.)



## Belief in Spiritualism Universal.

Not long ago a friend, in returning a spiritualistic journal which he had been reading, made this remark: "I have, until now, supposed myself to be a free-thinker, but upon reading this, have discovered that I have always been a Spiritualist."

Another friend, a Catholic lady, and myself were recently engaged in looking over some volumes of poems, when I happened to make the remark: "How Spiritualism permeates the writings of our best and grandest poets." She immediately replied, "Why, we are all Spiritualists!" She is a lady of intelligence, well versed in books and authors.

I was also in conversation with another strict Catholic friend, who said she did not believe God ever made a hell, it being inconsistent with his character, and who related many incidents and legends believed in the Roman Catholic Church, pertaining to supernatural visitations—angels' visits, remarkable dreams, miraculous cures, and other incidents of like character too numerous to relate.

Rev. Father Pendergast recently delivered a lecture in Oakland, purporting to be against Spiritualism. The *Oakland Tribune*, which published a synopsis of his discourse, attributes to him the following remarks: "Those who class Spiritualism among the impostures of the age are palpably ignorant upon the subject. Some of the most illustrious men of modern times—such men as Gladstone and Bancroft—have been convinced by the manifestations, and to say these men have been deceived is simply absurd. No intelligent person familiar with these manifestations can deny their genuineness. Spiritualism is as old as the world, and has been practiced and believed in by every nation that has ever existed." He also quoted from Bible references at great length, and from history, to prove the phenomena of clairvoyance and mediumistic power. The temptation in the wilderness, the instance of the casting out of the unclean spirit by the woman whose master made such gain from her divination, were cited, and the power Christ gave to the Apostles to cast out devils, as practiced by the Church.

Exorcism was daily witnessed in the first three centuries of the Church's existence; yet the ability to cast out devils is a claim of the Catholic Church to-day, and is still practiced in Europe. The form of torture is still to be found in the Roman Catholic ritual. Father Pendergast, in conclusion, offered as an explanation of spiritualistic phenomena the assertion that they were caused by fallen angels, who, with Lucifer, were cast out of heaven. He told his hearers that these phenomena did not proceed from the souls of men, but from fallen angels, who are the enemies of God and man.

How can the reverend gentleman reconcile this with other teachings of his Church, for all good Catholics believe in the miraculous appearance of the Virgin Mary at a certain healing spring in France, and upon each recurring anniversary of her appearance pilgrimages are made to this place, believing that at that time the waters contain healing power. And their church histories abound with beautiful legends of the appearances of saints and angels' visits, as also does the Bible; one instance of many being when Abraham sat at the door of his tent, and entertained beings from another world unaware. How the good Father can reconcile these authenticated statements with the sentiments of his recent lecture, I am at a loss to discern, and am constrained to exclaim, in perplexity of spirit, "Consistency, thou art a jewel!"

I was, a few years ago, an intimate friend of a lady, by birth and education an English Jewess. During our friendship, this lady lost suddenly, by death, a very bright and promising child. She had buried several other children years before, but this time her grief seemed insupportable. During these days of bereavement and mental anguish, she several times said to me: "I knew my child would die, for invariably before a death in my family I have a warning, which takes no definite shape, but always appears in the form of a white cloud immediately over the spot where the loved one is to pass away. I always know what will follow."

Several days after this I called again upon her, and found her much more cheerful than heretofore; and soon the cause became apparent, when she related to me a dream she had a night or two before. She had retired for the night, trying to compose her mind in an agony of spirit, feeling that at times the sorrows of life were too heavy to be borne, when she fell asleep, or lost consciousness, and saw distinctly her little daughter playing in a most beautiful garden, with several other children of her neighborhood, who had passed from the earth life several years before. She said her child seemed to come to her and say, "Mamma, do not grieve for me; see how happy I am. There is no cause for sorrow." She then awoke, but could not shake off the impression the dream had made, nor did she wish to, but said to me, "I feel much better, and believe my child is happy."

This lady was not in the least superstitious, or given to relating such incidents, never before or since having conversed with me upon such a subject, our religious

views being so different. Nor did either of us then know anything about Modern Spiritualism, or connect the circumstance with it in any way. And here recur to my mind some beautiful lines, which I remember to have read somewhere, and which I deem not inappropriate to insert in connection with this incident:

"A baby came into the world one day,  
And the parents smiled in pride,  
As over the wires the message flew  
To the friends both far and wide.

"A baby went out of the world one day,  
And the parents wept aloud,  
For the stainless soul that had gained the light,  
For the form in the snowy shroud.

"And I pondered this question o'er and o'er,  
(Philosophers, pause awhile)  
Why do we smile when we ought to weep,  
And weep when we ought to smile?"

A lady, a member of the Baptist Church, said to me the other day, "Admitting Spiritualism to be true, what good is there left for it to accomplish? Christianity has done and is doing it all." Now what sane person can look abroad over the green earth, and not witness the crime, degradation, and wickedness going on at our very door? We have no need to travel over seas and across continents to heathen lands far away from civilization in order to bring home to ourselves the sad truth, that although Christianity may be said to have cleansed the "Augean Stables," and accomplished Herculean works, for which it should ever receive the lasting gratitude of all lovers of enlightenment and progress, still who can say there is no need for any other agent to come forward and give a helping hand in some grand reform movement? And who shall say that Spiritualism is not destined to finish the work Christianity began, carried on, and has left unfinished, unable longer to satisfy the cravings of the soul with its dry crusts, its doctrines rehearsed over and over for eighteen hundred years, until we cry for something better?

I tell you, my friends, those who scoff, sneer at, and belittle Spiritualism, are making as grave a mistake as those who, centuries ago, in the same spirit, laughed Christianity to scorn, and persecuted and derided its followers. Human nature has not materially changed since that time, and it seems to my mind almost incredible that people to-day, with so much enlightenment, education, and reason to guide them, still willfully close their eyes to the light, and prefer to walk in the darkness.

Not many weeks ago, I attended the funeral of a dear friend. It was a regulation funeral of the Protestant Church, conducted as such ceremonies have been for generations, with the exception that the minister, one of the most noted in San Francisco, expressed himself a little differently from what clergymen were wont to do a few years back. He said: "My friends, men do not die any more. They merely disappear. Business men, especially of late years, are hardly ever sick more than twenty-four hours. They don't take time to be sick; the body wears out. We go with them to where the beautiful gates stand ajar, and there we leave them, trusting they may find entrance to the Elysian fields beyond."

A friend at this funeral said to me afterwards, "Well, I suppose this is the last of us." I said, "Oh no! that can not be." He replied, "How am I to know death does not end all?" I answered, "My friend, there is a cloud of witnesses, willing and anxious to testify to the truth of another life, not by faith merely, but by actual knowledge. You say you can not believe them, and you will not investigate for yourself. How can you become satisfied?"

He made no answer, but I heard him the other day denounce Spiritualism before his children, and yet this gentleman is a leader among men, a talented, gifted, generous soul, attends church from a matter of principle, helps support the churches of every denomination; still, not many weeks ago he attended one of the Spiritualists' camp meeting services in Oakland, and afterwards I heard him use these words: "It is an advanced Christianity they are teaching; I perceive many beauties in their philosophy." Still, I know he is groping amid the shadows of doubts and fears.

It has been my lot to meet many people of different nationalities and creeds. (I deem it a privilege to be enabled so to do, it prevents one's mind from becoming narrow in its views.) Among others I know a young man, a Dane, well educated and intelligent. I have upon several occasions loaned him copies of the *GOLDEN GATE* and other spiritualistic journals, which seemed to please him. He always speaks in the highest terms of those papers. Several months ago, upon handing me back a copy of the *GOLDEN GATE*, he observed casually, "I often translate articles from that paper for the *Danish Pioneer*, a liberal journal published in Omaha, the oldest Danish newspaper in America, and which claims to have a circulation of twelve thousand subscribers." This young man first became interested in Spiritualism by attending by chance some of the meetings at the State Camp in Oakland, this summer, and as he is a contributor to that paper, I doubt not he may in time be influenced to write in the interests of our beautiful philosophy.

Another friend, who sings in one of the church choirs of this city, in a discussion about Spiritualism, said to me the other day, "How can you be so foolish as to give credit to such nonsense? I must send you the last book on the Seybert Commission." I said, "Yes, yes, I will read your book if it will afford you any satisfac-

tion, but I should probably be more convinced than before there is a truth in Spiritualism." Although he intended to make a vigorous onslaught upon my views at first, he cooled somewhat before our interview ended, acknowledging there is a mystery about it he could not understand.

Receiving a letter a short time ago from a very dear friend, this sentence occurred: "Were it not for the kindly influences I feel about me I should long ago have given up the struggle of life; but a sense of my obligation to my family coming with a strong conviction, I still continue to carry the burden, and hope to do so until the end." He afterwards informed me in a letter in answer to one of mine, that he knew nothing of Spiritualism, not having the time to investigate, but recognized the beauties of many of its teachings.

I have in my employ a very capable Chinese boy. A few days ago he said to me, with some excitement, but bearing the stamp of truth and earnestness, "Oh! Mrs. ——— I have one friend in San Francisco. Few weeks ago his friend died, a boy who came from China with him, and lately he appeared to my friend and told him to make a certain investment, giving him directions how to proceed, assuring him he would realize a sum of money, stipulating that he should send a certain portion of it to his wife and child in China, who were destitute. The rest he was to keep himself; he followed the directions given, realized the sum specified, sent what was required to the family of his friend, reserved his own portion, and recently sailed for his native shores." Said I, "Jim, do you believe such stuff?" He replied it was a positive fact, and that a belief in spirit return is very prevalent among the Chinese. Some will say this is poor authority. You forget, a truth is a truth, wherever found. A diamond is only carbon-crystallized charcoal, but whether discovered in the diamond fields of South Africa, in the wilds of Asia, or upon the shores of our own beautiful land, is no less a gem of rare value.

The Hindoo lady of high caste, Pundita Ramabai, who addressed a large audience upon several occasions at the First Congregational Church in Oakland, in such a touching and eloquent manner, in behalf of the oppressed women of her country, is no less a noble soul because she comes to us from a heathen land. The Hindoos, it is well known, are believers in the supernatural, but as is also the case with the Chinese, it is in such a crude form that it repels rather than attracts. Our modern Spiritualism is far above their superstitions and beliefs, as our people are in advance of others. Some will say, Why has not Spiritualism elevated them? We answer, Because the class of influences surrounding them is not of a high order. The soul does not by the mere act of disencumbering itself of the body immediately attain to perfection. Sometimes it takes ages to outgrow the earth conditions, therefore their Spiritual influences cannot elevate them until they themselves become purer, better, more enlightened. Thus it becomes apparent how very necessary it is for us to cultivate high aspirations, grand thoughts, good desires, right motives, so that we may attract to ourselves the good, the true and the beautiful from those higher spheres. This, as I understand it, is one of the many beautiful teachings of modern Spiritualism. These are but a few of many similar incidents I am continually meeting with, and are they not good signs? Do they not show how the good seed is being sown, and it does not require the eye of prophecy to discern in the not far distant future a bounteous harvest will be the result.

Now, Mr. Editor, owing to your exceeding modesty, I feel assured you will much prefer to omit my closing remarks; but please repeat verbatim, or else you will spoil my article, for I feel you and your able co-workers are worthy the highest commendation for the noble stand you have taken in this great work, although at times your brave hearts have somewhat faltered, as it requires the metal of which heroes are made to uphold a cause however just which is misunderstood and misrepresented as Spiritualism has been; but in spite of all hindrance, the Truth is spreading, as it ever must, and you, who have unflinchingly stood in the very front of the battle, unmindful of shot and shell, bearing aloft your standard of enlightenment and progress, will take your proper places in the ranks with those who have in all ages given the light of their genius, their time, influences and riches, in order to benefit, elevate and make happier their fellow man.

This letter might be indefinitely extended, but having some little consideration for your patience and that of your readers, I will conclude for the present, and subscribe myself, as heretofore,

A SEARCHER FOR THE TRUTH.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Charity.

"For if ye have not charity, ye are lacking in all things." If this be true I fear there are very many people to-day who are "lacking in all things." It is a notable fact that those who "have not charity," are lacking in most of the graces and good feelings of life. If we should spend our leisure time in looking over and studying our own faults, we would have but little leisure, and less inclination, to notice the faults of others. "To err is human; to forgive, divine." Let us strive, my erring brothers and sisters in humanity, to be more like the divine nature. Let us remember that life's precious mo-

ments are speeding fast away, that every human heart has unavoidable sorrows enough without anyone adding a straw to the burden.

Friends, "it is never too late to mend." If you have carelessly, or thoughtlessly, wounded some sore heart by unkind criticism or ridicule, I beg of you to begin now, while you read this article, to be sorry; and to resolve that from this moment to the end of your life, the shielding "mantle of charity" which "covereth a multitude of sins," shall henceforth and forever be used by you rather than the sharp and bitter tongue.

J. E. T.  
SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 22, 1885.

## RULES FOR THE SPIRIT CIRCLE.

The Spirit Circle is the assembling together of a number of persons seeking communion with the spirits who have passed from earth to the world of souls. The chief advantage of such an assembly is the mutual impartation and reception of the combined magnetisms of the assemblage, which form a force stronger than that of an isolated subject—enabling spirits to commune with greater power and developing the latent gifts of mediumship.

The first conditions to be observed relate to the persons who compose the circle. These should be, as far as possible, of opposite temperament, as positive and negative; of moral characters, pure minds, and not marked by repulsive points of either physical or mental condition. No person suffering from disease, or of debilitated physique, should be present at any circle, unless it is formed expressly for healing purposes. I would recommend the number of the circle never to be less than three, or more than twelve. The best number is eight. No person of a strong positive temperament should be present, as any such magnetic spheres emanating from the circle will overpower that of the spirits, who must always be positive to the circle in order to produce phenomena.

Never let the apartment be over-heated; the room should be well ventilated. Avoid strong light, which, by producing motion in the atmosphere, disturbs the manifestations. A subdued light is the most favorable for spiritual magnetism.

I recommend the seance to be opened with prayer or a song sung in chorus, after which subdued, harmonizing conversation is better than wearisome silence; but let the conversation be directed toward the purpose of the gathering, and never sink into discussion or rise to emphasis. Always have a pencil and paper on the table, avoid entering or quitting the room, irrelevant conversation, or disturbances within or without the circle after the seance has commenced.

Do not admit unpunctual comers, nor suffer the air of the room to be disturbed after the sitting commences. Nothing but necessity, indisposition, or impressions, should warrant the disturbance of the sitting, which should never exceed two hours, unless an extension of time be solicited by the spirits.

Let the seance extend to one hour, even if no results are obtained; it sometimes requires that time for spirits to form their battery. Let it be also remembered that circles are experimental, hence no one should be discouraged if phenomena are not produced at the first few sittings. Stay with the same circle for six sittings; if no phenomena are then produced, you may be sure you are not assimilated to each other; in that case, let the members meet with other persons until you succeed.

A well-developed test medium may sit without injury for any person, but a circle sitting for mutual development should never admit persons addicted to bad habits, strongly positive or dogmatical. A candid inquiring spirit is the only proper frame of mind in which to sit for phenomena, the delicate magnetism of which is made or marred as much by mental as physical conditions.

Impressions are the voices of spirits, or the motions of the spirit within us, and should always be followed out, unless suggestive of wrong in act or word. At the opening of the circle, one or more are often impressed to change seats with others. One or more are impressed to withdraw, or a feeling of repulsion makes it painful to remain. Let these impressions be faithfully regarded, and pledge each other that no offense shall be taken by following impressions.

If a strong impression to write, speak, sing, dance, or gesticulate, possess any mind present, follow it out faithfully. It has a meaning if you can not at first realize it. Never feel hurt in your own person, nor ridicule your neighbor for any failures to express or discover the meaning of the spirit impressing you.

Spirit control is often deficient, and at first imperfect. By often yielding to it your organism becomes more flexible, and the spirit more experienced; and practice in control is necessary for spirits as well as mortals. If dark and evil-disposed spirits manifest to you, never drive them away, but always strive to elevate them, and treat them as you would mortals, under similar circumstances. Do not always attribute falsehoods to "lying spirits," or deceiving mediums. Many mistakes occur in the communion of which you can not always be aware.

Unless charged by spirits to do otherwise do not continue to hold sittings with the same parties for more than a twelvemonth. After that time, if not before, fresh elements of magnetism are essential. Some of the original circle should withdraw, and others take their places.

Never seek the spirit circle in a trivial or deceptive spirit. Then, and then only, have you cause to fear it.

Never permit any one to sit in circles who suffers from it in health or mind. Magnetism in the case of such persons is a drug, which operates perniciously, and should be carefully avoided.

Every seventh person can be a medium of some kind, and become developed through the judicious operations of the spirit circle. When once mediums are fully developed, the circle sometimes becomes injurious to them. When they feel this to be the case, let none be offended if they withdraw, and only use their gifts in other times and places.

All persons are subject to spirit influence and guidance, but only one in seven can so externalize this power as to become what is called a medium; and let it ever be remembered that trance speakers, no less than mediums for any other gift, can never be influenced by spirits far beyond their own normal capacity in the matter of the intelligence rendered, the magnetism of the spirits being but a quickening fire, which inspires the brain, and, like a hot-house process on plants, forces into prominence latent powers of the mind, but creates nothing. Even in the case of merely automatic speakers, writers, rappers, and other forms of test mediumship, the intelligence of the spirit is measurably shaped by the capacity and idiosyncrasies of the medium. All spirit power is limited in expression by the organism through which it works, and spirits may control, inspire, and influence the human mind, but do not change or re-create it.—Emma Hardinge-Britten.

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—A—

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It is no great matter to live lovingly with good-natured, humble and meek persons; but he who can do so with the forward, willful, ignorant, peevish and perverse bath true charity.—Thomas a Kempis.



## Experiences in Earth and Spirit Life.

Continued from First Page.

wish was granted, and we labored as a faithful subordinate with the hosts on the other side, and asked that we might find the road whereby we could become an active worker in the great enterprise soon to be launched.

In looking over the nations of civilization, we determined that England would be the best and most favorable vantage ground for us to commence our labors upon, for reasons that are not pertinent to the present subject, nor necessary to be placed before you. We undertook the labor from that point of view. You will remember we have already stated to you that we did not see it practicable to commence with our own nation, but as the English nation and others, the Portuguese and French, have been for the past generations quietly infiltrating their customs and thought into the nation so long closed to them, we saw that, indirectly, we should be helping to bring on the storm which will yet break down every barrier of national seclusion, moral and spiritual barriers far more dangerous and difficult to be scaled and removed, than the celebrated wall of which you have heard so much, and which, when removed, would enfilter the nation's life with a new power, and bring to life again all the latent excellencies, added to by the advantages of other nations, which shall make it once again a truly great and powerful people on the face of the globe. Hence, then, we took our course in the direction stated.

To do this effectually, it was necessary that we should become familiar with the habits and characteristics, thought and disposition, mental and spiritual achievements and desires of the Anglo-Saxon speaking races. This led to an investigation, wherein we were assisted by many bright minds, resident in the spiritual world.

We have to pass this in review before you rapidly, and can at best deal only in general statements, for it would be impossible to enter into details in the story we have to tell, and we pray you if it seem incomplete, not to lay it to our unwillingness to tell you more, but to our inability to bring all we would be glad to say to you into the time at our disposal.

So when the movement was nearly ripe for giving to the world, this movement of Modern Spiritualism, we searched the great metropolis of England through to find some agent or servant who should ultimately be plastic in our hands, attuned for our purpose, and through which, as best we could, we should be enabled to accomplish the work we had before us. What was that work? You have heard us here, these ten months, plead for the unity of human life; you have heard us plead for the universality of right, for obedience to virtue, for intellectual, moral and spiritual culture, for the development of every noble aspiration, for obedience to the universal principles of life, and most of all, for the removal of the fossilized superstitions which weigh the people down; you have heard us speak against official and ecclesiastical corruption, licentiousness and vice and wrong, all too inadequately we know, but yet with all the power we could pour through the instrument we have used. We feel that we need scarcely tell you what the purpose was we had in view when we were seeking for an instrument over fifty years ago. The search was long and careful, and at last successful.

Before this man, who stands before you, was born, this man who for years has been the faithful servant of those who love the truth in which proud position we are glad to stand—he who has been faithful in the day of small things, where the hail fell in cold showers about him, and the cold winds of persecution beat pitilessly upon his face; when in poverty he struggled as his feet first turned up the hill that he has since with painful steps ascended, before this modern thought was so favorably received as it is to-day; he whom, we rejoice to say, has for nearly twenty years been our faithful, honest and obedient servant; before he was born we foresaw the road which he would have to tread. Casting our influence upon the mother, in whose womb he rested, we formed and shaped the psychical possibilities of his after years, so that when the time came for the ice to be broken, the psychic waters would well up in a flood of usefulness, and there should be realized the fruits of the long preparation.

At first in comparative luxury, surrounded with all that could make life agreeable, he appeared on the stage; but do you not know that all the best workers of the world are prepared by suffering, and purified in tears for the labor they have to undergo? So the early days of the genial surroundings vanished like an illusion of the senses, leaving only the roseate hue upon them, and harsh pangs of poverty, and all that poverty meant came upon him. He obtained an education that would not rank with the ordinary common school in your country; was buffeted from place to place on the billows of uncertainty and misfortune. It seemed that the life was going to be wrecked entirely, and the young man would have no place or use in the world at all. But all these were but preliminary and preparatory for the purposes that we on the spirit side were directing to their proper issue, and in due time the ice was melted, the waters welled up, and the medium, as the world says, dawned upon the stage. Then finding care and comfort from the spirit side, and loving friends upon the mortal side, and one also who,

through weary years of labor, has stood a constant comfort, the loving, faithful wife, eased the path, and rendered the years of toil smoother than they could have been otherwise.

By this agency and these means we entered into the great work that we realized—the necessity of doing well nigh one hundred years ago. You who have heard us, and almost all the civilized countries of the world where our teachings and our words have gone, must be the judges of the value of the work that we have essayed to do. The very most, in all humility, we would say concerning it is, that for our parts we have endeavored to do the best we could.

One little incident, perhaps of interest to you, may be here stated. There are a great number of you in this large audience who are acquainted with the spirit who controls our medium, who is known to you by the name of the "Strolling Player." This is a friend of ours—yea, more than that, one we are proud to call our brother. In sorrow and in anguish we encountered him many years ago, just after his entrance into the spiritual state. Life had been hard and troublous with him; fate had seemed to turn against him at every step until the ending of his life. Seeing that there was that within him that was truly great (as there is within you all), we did the little that we could to relieve the gloom under which he labored, and to bring to life again those excellencies of character those who know him upon our side esteem him so highly for. He, for some seventeen years, has been the faithful spirit laborer working with us, and bearing far more active part in the labors of these controls and lectures, as you call them, than you are at all aware of. He has been a most faithful worker, a most honest spirit, a most loving and true-minded friend.

There are others with us, for we can not of course claim the honor of being the sole cause of all that we have placed before you from time to time; in a word, there are some twelve of us who are associated with this medium, and by the varying characters we severally possess, and the different subjects of information which we have made our study, we are able to meet the great varieties of questions and issues that are placed before us for our consideration.

Here, then, friends, you have in rough, in very brief outline, placed before you our career, and our relationship to this great movement in which we bear so small a part. Now what is the lesson of it all? It is this: That what we have been able to do is possible for you; yea, more than that, for the advantages of spiritual culture to-day are so great, as compared with the advantages of the same culture a few years ago, that you can well nigh become even as Gods yourselves. We do not pretend, nor would we like to understand, that all the matter we have so easily related to you to-night has been accomplished without struggle or without effort. Growth in the spiritual world is as much a matter of work and effort as it is among yourselves. There is no royal road to knowledge; whatsoever you wish to know you must labor to understand. Understanding is the basis of knowledge, and understanding is the result of patient inquiry, and inquiry means mental effort. We have had our failures, and there are cross marks upon the record where we have stumbled in our efforts to reach something that then was just beyond us. But in spite of all we have steadily gone on, gratefully acknowledging the help that wise and patient friends have given us from time to time.

Where is our home? you will ask us. Wherein is it adorned, and by whom is it blest?

That home is just as real and actual as a home would be among yourselves. The old peculiarities of architecture we were so familiar with that have come down from the earliest times, wherein what has been described as the tent line, gives you a striking curve, are still retained; but this has been softened and spiritualized, and, as we think, improved, but still the peculiarity is perceptible, the nationality is well disclosed. "What, have you been in the spirit world so long, and have not outgrown your national predilections?" Why should we? Is not each great division of the world a common family? And are there not common ties and instincts that bind the members of these race divisions into somewhat of harmony and unity? Why should we turn from the household that has been the center of so much felicity merely because you have been transported to another province, to a higher country? May there not be within the spiritual side of life something deeper and tenderer still than that you, as members of the American race, shall feel when you enter into the spiritual world? There is a spiritual side to this race that you shall love deeper and tenderer still when you have entered it. Nay, the very flag that you have worshiped, and which we might just as reasonably say was a species of idolatry upon your part, as some people tell us that our reverence for the Imperial Standard is a species of idolatry upon our part—this very flag, we say, with its red, white and blue, with the halo of stars glistening upon its field, will, when seen in the spirit life, under spiritual conditions, have a wealth of meaning, a world of beauty, that you have never dreamed of before. You shall find it disassociated from all carnage, and of blood, and of hatred, freed altogether and purged entirely from the painful memories of turmoil, political strife and

war. In the higher and better life you will find it only associated with the loftier aspirations of a noble and generous people like yourselves.

So you see when the spiritual side is read, when men dive beneath the surface, the Gods are sometimes wiser than you think them, and may lead you into more pleasant pathways than you can conceive of; and leading you through outward symbols into interior realities may often give you something which at the time may seem altogether puerile or material, but which, after experience has come to you, causes you to understand that the outward sign was only the external significance of the inner and enduring reality.

The partner that we have referred to, the twin soul we might also call her, engaged in an occupation that reflects, if you will allow us to say, some considerable credit upon those who indulge in it. How many children of this world pass into the spirit state untrained, misshapen in mind and body, lacking those sweet affections which might have sustained their lives, deprived all of the loving care that ought to have been theirs; those little walls upon the seas of spiritual life are not without care and guardianship in the realms beyond; hundreds of wise and genial souls take them in hand, and in schools and safe retreats and in pleasant places and useful colleges build them up, and make them strong in form, in mind, in virtue and in soul. With this task, this good friend of ours, finds pleasant occupation still, and as the task is not likely soon to end, because so many need its fulfillment, and are constantly urged forward into the worlds beyond, in such endeavor will she, and hundreds of those like her, find plenty to engage heart and mind many generations to come.

In brief, then, friends, to weary you no longer with the recital so peculiarly personal, with but little merit, save as the simple statement of a few brief experiences, we will now bring our remarks to a close. Our object has not been to give you opinions or fine spun arguments or oratory concerning the great beyond, but only just to tell you what one of those who are in the rank and file of this great work of yours has passed through, and what such a one has endeavored to accomplish. We give you thanks most sincere and hearty for your patient hearing of what we have placed before you. Sometimes, perhaps, we have tried your patience and disturbed your friendship by remarks and propositions that may have sounded over bold and somewhat ungenerous; but we have so hearty and sincere a love for truth, and all that truth implies, that you will excuse us for our zeal if at times we seem to have overstepped the bounds of patience in your hearts and minds.

We have been asked to tell you what was our name. The name that we are known by, friends, is that of "Tien Sien Tie;" as before stated, a mandarin of the second class, who strove as best he could to do his duty to those dependent upon him, to his father and his family, while here on earth; who by patient effort and earnest desire to master the necessities of the labor about to be undertaken, endeavored to prepare himself to speak to those older peoples of the great principles of truth and purity and justice, of those high interests of wisdom and of progress, which by realization in your hearts and lives shall set noble examples to the peoples of the world to-day.

With this, then, we have done; no more need we tell you now, save that in your favor and loving regard we repose in confidence, feeling you will take this simple recital of our experiences, imperfect, as already stated, in that spirit of sincerity that prompts it, and when the end shall come for you, and the deep darkness shall descend upon you, and the golden highway shall gleam before you, and your feet shall stand upon the strand beyond it, may it be our privilege, as surely it would be our pleasure, to grasp your hands, and bid you welcome to the golden country beyond.

But let us ask you one thing ere you leave; remember black or white, red or yellow, no matter where the man may be from, or where he lives, or what his faith may be, he is a child of the one great paternal principle, one embodiment of the great divinity of being, a member of the universal human family made up of its infinite diversities in character. We plead for justice always; the faith of the yellow skinned is as dear to him as is the faith of your own hearts and minds to you; and by and by when you read, apart from partisan zeal, the history of the great country from which we have drawn our mortal birth, you may, perchance, do it greater justice, render it more honor, and feel that after all the past and present in their one great desire to attain to justice and to live righteously, and to reach the kingdom beyond in safety, have both animated and are animated by one common state of sympathies and impulses.

REVENGE IS SWEET.—In the time of Washington, a Christian man journeyed to the General to beseech the life of a neighbor sentenced to death. He was told his "unfortunate friend" must perish. "He is my worst enemy," said the intercessor. "And have you," asked Washington, "walked sixty miles for your enemy's sake? I grant you his pardon." What a revenge was this!—*Quiter.*

It is impossible that anything so natural, so necessary, and so universal as death, should ever have been designed by Providence as an evil to mankind.

## Mediumship, and its Development.

[Light, London.]

One of the questions frequently put to those who have some experience in the ins and outs of Spiritualism is in some form or other such as this: Is it wise to seek to develop physical mediumship, and especially in the young? And then come others: How can I best develop the mediumship, the germs of which I know to be latent in me? How can I cultivate the gift of automatic or passive writing? What must I do to stimulate the clairvoyant sense? And then others of another group: How can I be sure that I am in communication with what is pure and good in the world of spirit? How am I to account for the fact that, while my aspirations are pure, I am apparently surrounded by deceiving spirits, or at least that the evil is so mingled with the good that I can not separate them? Why am I deceived by an intelligence which is certainly not merely foolish but designedly misleading? Why am I the sport of a series of Puck-like jokes?

Anyone who has had much experience of practical Spiritualism will recognize these questions as, in one form or other, repeatedly recurring. There are some, no doubt, who, having been so fortunate, in the early days of their experience, as to form relations with an intelligence at once good, wise and powerful, are outside of the pale of risk. But these are not so much the seekers as the sought. They have possibly not set themselves at all to search out the hidden mysteries, but the powers that govern these occult realms have, for purposes of their own, sought out these persons, discerning in them gifts which they could profitably utilize. The most convincing evidence of the varied truths of Spiritualism comes from such sources; the most striking evidence of the set purpose with which the world of spirit impinges on this world of ours.

But outside of these favored few are many in whom the desire stirs for communion with the unseen world. The very fact that such a desire exists foreshadows the probability that it is designedly implanted, and will be gratified if due regard is had to the methods by which the latent gift is developed. These may fitly seek for the best information as to what to do and how to do it.

Another class, the merely curious, may be unreservedly advised to pause before they play with fire. If anyone desires only to gratify a morbid curiosity, will take no pains in himself to subdue the flesh to the spirit before he penetrates the realm where spirit is all potent, will treat the matter as an after-dinner game, playing his pranks, or even seeking nothing more than some tricks of psychical conjuring, then assuredly he will not, in the best result, benefit himself, and runs grievous danger, if he be sensitively organized, of attracting to himself some being in harmony with his own mental state who may "enter in and dwell there" to his abundant torment. It has been a curse to Spiritualism that so much of what has been made known of its phenomena has been derived from a source which wisdom must condemn. It is not safe, on grounds of mere prudence, to trifle with dark seances, or to yield an unreserved welcome to the beings that too often haunt them. They will not benefit those who come into relations with them. Not infrequently they obsess the careless sensitive, and are responsible for what ignorance mistakes for insanity. We are as far as possible from giving any countenance to the foolish opinion for which Dr. Hammond in America, and Dr. Lytleton Winslow in England, are responsible, viz., that the pursuit of Spiritualism, in some of its phases, has filled our lunatic asylums. That falsehood has been abundantly disproved, notably by Dr. Crowell. But the abuse of Spiritualism, as of hypnotism, is very dangerous.

Assuming, then, that the inquirer has some proper sense of the end in view, some regard for self-culture and the development of latent gifts, we are disposed to say that these may fairly be cultivated with the best results. The developing circle, unless the incipient medium knows its constituent elements, is to be avoided. It is better to develop the gift, some trace of which has been manifest, by patient efforts alone, or in company with some chosen friends, who are willing to devote time to the endeavor. If the mediumship takes the form of clairvoyance, or automatic writing, or clairaudience, this may be done alone. If, on the other hand, the psychical gift depends on the conjunction of two persons, as was the case with Mr. Oliphant and his late wife, their regular sittings, preferably in the early morning or late evening, should be commenced and continued till results are obtained. These may be such as are desired: in that case the sittings should be continued as directed by the invisible beings who communicate. They will know best how to proceed, and the judgment of the sitters must be exercised as to the character of those with whom they have entered into relations. Probably the addition of some chosen friends to the circle may be needed. The sittings should always be regular and short. In no case should a seance be continued after the word has been given to cease. It is then that harm is done by the intervention of other spirits, who are often deceptive, and who use the "power" that they find ready to their hands. On the other hand, the

results from the first may be unpleasant; manifestations frivolous or noisy; communications false or foolish. In such a case the inquirer should patiently try to open relations with some more desirable source of information. Failing this, and the frivolous or lying messages continuing, the circle should be broken up and a fresh one constituted.

It is, perhaps, not unnecessary to add that the mental attitude of the sitters should be one of as perfect passivity as possible; that the aspirations should be such as befit a serious and solemn act; and that any attempts to evoke any particular spirit should be discountenanced. We do not, by this advice, mean to say that there should be no desire for the presence of a particular friend; we allude only to that ceremonial evocation which belongs to the domain of black magic.

A man of integrity will never listen to any reason against conscience.

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A Course of Lectures through the trance mediumship of

J. J. MORSE,

WITH A PREFACE BY

WILLIAM : EMMETTE : COLEMAN.

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APPENDIX.—Answers to Questions.

The above lectures were delivered to Mr. Morse's private classes in San Francisco, Cal., during October, 1887, and are now published for the first time. The two lectures upon mediumship are especially valuable to all mediums and mediumistic persons. Cloth, 12 mo. pp. 159. Price, \$1. Postage, 5 cents extra.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1888.

## EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

Notwithstanding all the hindrances to the advancement of Spiritualism, it is, nevertheless, rapidly and steadily making its way to hearts hungering for the evidence of immortal life. It gives a silver lining to the cloud of sorrow that hovers over the living in the hour of their mortal bereavement. It dries their tears, and bids them to wait patiently the last change that shall open the gate to the heavenly mansions where their loved ones dwell.

We are inclined to the opinion that if there was less liberty in this country, there would be much more honesty. Then the grocer would no longer sand his sugar, or sell his butter thirteen ounces for a pound. The coal dealer would hardly presume to sell eighteen hundred-weight of coal for a ton, and the merchant would at least approximate the truth, because he would be compelled to. It is hardly safe to entrust the average American citizen with the liberty he is permitted to enjoy in this country; and yet we ought to give the "experiment" a fair trial before we concede the mistake.

"What shall the harvest be?" What shall it be, young man, with you, who are sowing the seeds of dissipation in the fruitful soil of your life? Will it be a harvest of tares, or of precious corn? In every life there comes a reckoning sometime; it is the harvest time—the gathering in of the sheaves. What empty granaries of character we see on every hand—men and women "going home" from their life labor, with no song of gladness upon their lips. They have sown to the wind; they will now reap the whirlwind of everlasting regret. Let it not be said of you, O mortal, with the wealth of golden opportunity in your possession.

It is said that to a person drowning all the events of his life pass in panoramic array before his vision—no sin that he has covered up, no wrong that he has ever done, is withheld,—and he sees himself just as he is, in the light of his quickened faculties. Such, no doubt, is the case with the risen spirit. In the clearer perceptions of the spirit, disentangled from the mortal body, he sees himself as he really is—is brought face to face with every wrong act of his life, with every unkind word he ever uttered, and is thus made to understand his responsibility therefor, and the course he must pursue to put himself in harmony with the law of progression, and undo the mischief he has wrought.

The faculties of the soul—benevolence, kindness, charity—which are not kept in active use, will gradually lose their powers of expression; while on the other hand, those faculties or qualities which are kept most constantly employed, will become brighter and keener thereby. Men do not become entirely good, or thoroughly bad, in a day. If we live on a low plane, and allow ourselves to think unworthy thoughts, or indulge our bodies in degrading appetites and passions, our natures will expand in that direction, and that, too, at the expense of our higher selves. We can grow in the direction of the true and good, or we can grovel in the gutters and sewers of our natures, as we will. Why will man feed his spirit on husks, and clothe himself in moral rags and tatters, when he might live like a prince?

My friend owns a beautiful flower garden; at least, he thinks he does? He pays the taxes on it, and employs a gardener to care for it. He claims that privilege, and we shall not contest the claim. But are those flowers really any more his than they are ours, or yours, reader, if you please? His eyes can take in no more of their beauty than can ours. He can enjoy no more of their exquisite fragrance than can we. Is he not rather our steward in caring for our common property? So we might extend this idea of property rights until the humblest child of humanity becomes a very Cæsar. Are not the air and the sunshine, the songs of the birds and the rippling of the brooks, the mighty expanse of ocean, the majesty and grandeur of the universe, the joy of friendship, the glory of life and love,—are not all these ours? What more, O mortal, would you have?

It is an old saw—"It takes all kinds of people to make a world." For the best interests of the world—or rather for the highest unfoldment of humanity—teachers are needed, who, to attain the highest proficiency in their calling, have no time to enter the lists in the competitive struggle of life for the acquisition of wealth. They must give their lives to their work, and pursue the one high object to the end. The wealth-wonners of the world must recognize this fact. They also must recognize the further fact, that is, the Spiritualist portion thereof; (and here is the application of the lesson of this fragment), that but few of them could, and probably none of them would, ever undertake to edit and publish a journal in the interest of the cause they profess to love. Hence, to them, as the custodians of the earth's treasures, may we not rightfully and confidently look for the means for carrying forward this grand work?

Selfishness of a certain kind, under the existing order of things, is a necessity of individual and public life. It is only in a condition of society where all are unselfish that the individual can afford to be like his neighbors. Should he allow himself to be singular in this respect, seeking his neighbors' welfare wholly at the expense of his own, he would soon have but little, except his character, that he could call his own. So it is with nations. To maintain themselves against the rapacity and greed of the invader, they are compelled to appeal to that first law of nature, self-preservation,—to hedge themselves within barriers of selfishness. But there is an ideal condition of society where no precaution of this kind would be necessary—where every individual could wisely devote his life to the welfare of his neighbor, and in so doing would secure the largest measure of happiness to himself. That is "the good time coming."

## FOR THOSE WHO SEEK.

While there is a great deal on all sides that should be done away with, there is really nothing gained by fault-finding. The present state of the world's progress is due to those individuals who, having the conception of truth and right in their minds and souls, press on through all circumstances and conditions to meet it, to make it theirs and then give it to those struggling on behind them. The counterfeits they meet on the way does not lessen their faith in the genuine, however long it eludes their search.

It is a sorry fact that not all are seeking this truth, but its misrepresentation—fraud. Having found this, nine-tenths of the so-called investigators of the mysteries of the after life go back satisfied to their poor starting point, and declare to others there is not but fraud and delusion. These are the pullers-down who, besides boasting a barren and useless triumph for themselves, add to the density of mortal ignorance and spiritual darkness which they demand that spirits shall penetrate, without any kindly assistance from them.

When we build a house or plant a garden we do not hesitate about the first because some others before it have collapsed; neither do we doubt that the soil will return the seed sown a thousand fold. Why are we so confident in these matters? Because we work honestly and with good intentions, and take precautions that we do not deceive ourselves in our building and sowing.

No one ceases to invest in diamonds because there are paste jewels. We do not cease to coin gold and silver because of their counterfeits. No genuine thing in its material world is stamped out of existence, because of false imitations. Why is our faith so readily shaken in spiritual matters? If there are false spirits who lend their aid to deceptive mediums, does it not argue that there are also true and noble ones ready to come to those seeking them?

## VOWS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

The Boston *Investigator* has by some means obtained a copy of the "Jesuit's Vow," and as it is interesting to free people, we here give it to our readers; this, however, is but one of several equally strong declarations of the formidable instrument of faith and practice:

"I do renounce and disown any allegiance as due to any heretical king, prince or state, named 'Protestant,' or obedience to any of their inferior 'magistrates or officers.' . . . I do declare from 'my heart that the Pope is Christ's vicar general, and hath power to depose heretical commonwealths and governments, all being illegal without his sacred confirmation, and that they may 'safely be destroyed.'"

Being a relic of those dark ages when this world was in mental slavery, the above possesses an enhanced interest considered in the light of the world's present growth and enlightenment, in which all but its mere form is gone. There is no spirit in its letter; it merely indicates the durability of fossilized religion—a religion that holds its votaries through the power of formality, and show, and dogmatic assumption.

Our modern secret societies are protected from the common scrutiny by oaths, bound about by grim penalties that are summed up in the coffin, and skull, and cross bones. While they are loyal to the country and its constitutions, some of them are banded against it, and in sentiment and theory are traitors.

In spite of all its enemies, progress is still progressing. Superstition and religion still live, but are far behind the world's advance. Going in circles they come round to sight once in so often, but they are like ripples on a vast sheet of water, receding and growing less, at last to be lost on the shore of time.

## RETURNED.

Mrs. J. J. Whitney returned from the East last week, just too late for a notice in our Saturday's issue. She returns when she is most needed to raise the drooping spirits of the "doubting Thomas" class of spiritualistic babies, whose faith in Spiritualism fell to zero when they discovered that their "materialized" dolls were stuffed with sawdust—that their Cleopatras, Joans of Arc, Mrs. Siddons, Carrie Roberts, etc., etc., whose nightly antics they had gazed upon for years, at a dollar a head, were nothing but vulgar confederates arrayed in cheap tinsel and illuminated paint. (And yet the psychic form, under proper conditions, is nevertheless a glorious truth.)

From the time of her departure until her return, a period of about seven months, Mrs. Whitney's trip was a round of ovations. In the East especially, and before the great camp meetings where she appeared, her success was truly phenomenal. Thus has she demonstrated her power as a platform test medium to be second to that of no other medium for that phase, now before the public. Both herself and husband speak in glowing terms of their trip, at the same time they are both more than pleased to get back to San Francisco, where their friends are legion.

Mrs. Whitney has secured her old quarters at 120 Sixth street, for private work, where she may now be consulted. She has secured Odd Fellows' Hall for the fall and winter months, where she will make her re-appearance before the San Francisco public on the first Sunday evening in October. We doubt not the hall will be crowded, and that her future work here will excel that which has given so much satisfaction in the past.

The GOLDEN GATE gladly welcomes this grand medium home again.

## "SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE."

"If woman should be given the ballot while she is so superstitious, the result would be disastrous. A bloody civil war would be likely to result. Women should not have the ballot until the holy ghost is educated out of her head. I am really sorry to deprive good, intelligent women of the ballot because the holy ghost is in three-fourths of the women of the country.—*Lyman Smith.*"

The above is certainly the most unique argument against woman suffrage ever presented by any one; but it is quite senseless. We would like to know what constitutes the difference between the "holy ghost in women" and the "holy ghost" in man. By the words "holy ghost" we take it that Mr. Smith means religion, and as religion has never been found objectionable in man as a voter of his country, we do not see any justice in its being made a barrier to woman's enfranchisement. While women are indeed the mainstay of the churches, we believe the result of their voting would be far from "disastrous" to anything that deserved perpetuation. Some things, aye many, would suffer speedy annihilation, were they given the power of the ballot; but these same things "must go" sooner or later, with or without her vote, for all-privileged man is getting his eyes opened to their danger and iniquity at last, and there is a force concentrating that will finally wipe out these stains upon our fair country. Their abolition may come only through "a bloody civil war," if so, blood will never have been shed in a more righteous cause. By war one kind of human slavery was abolished, and it may be only by war again that the slavery to King Alcohol can be stamped out. If so, let it come, "holy ghost" or no "holy ghost."

## THE POWER AT WORK.

According to clerical authority, no city since the days of Sodom and Gomorrah, has stood in greater need of purification than San Francisco. Its sins is a most fruitful theme of pulpit discourse, from which platform it is seen that the demon working most effectually in San Francisco to-day is Alcohol.

Rev. Dr. Harcourt, in the first of a series of sermons lately given at the M. E. Church, Howard street, quoted some figures that should have been considered by all present with more than a listening interest. He stated that there were over three thousand places in this city where liquors were sold. The population being three hundred thousand, gave a drinking saloon to about every one hundred inhabitants, which would be one to every twenty voters. Deducting from this twenty the number of men who never go to saloons, and it leaves fifteen citizens to each saloon. Just think of it—a saloon to every fifteen of the voting population!

If ever woman's influence was needed to counteract an evil, it is certainly here, in the power of the ballot. This not being sanctioned, there is another force at work, certainly destined to awaken not only San Francisco, but the whole world to a sense of its errors, working such intellectual and moral reforms as have never before been witnessed in any age. The wonderful, spiritual outpouring is not destined to cease at arousing curiosity only, but it will carry the conviction to each man that he alone is his own savior, his own redeemer; that all wrong-living, be it willful or ignorant, bears a bitter penalty.

AN INDUCEMENT.—The *Progressive Age*, of Big Stone Gap, Va., whatever may be its own aspirations and tendencies, does not seem to find attainment easy; or, if so, is generous enough to wish to show its successes with as many as its sanction will accommodate. So it advertises as follows: "Wanted.—About fifty men to come and sit around our stove in the *Age* office. We keep good 'fires and easy chairs.' It is an excellent place to 'discuss politics, religion and ghosts. Those who 'can bring their dinners with them and sit all day, preferred.' Some one says, idleness is the sepulcher of a living man. The editor of the *Progressive Age* may not be holding out inducements to idleness, since 'politics, religion and ghosts,' are weighty and lively themes, and no two persons can discuss either of them without awakening suggestive ideas. We hope the latter topic may receive es-

pecial attention from those so generously invited by the good Virginia editor. If the *Age* is truly progressive, it will lend a listening ear. What it hears may tinge the sentiment of its columns with a new light.

## J. J. MORSE'S LAST LECTURE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The long and successful labors of Mr. J. J. Morse in this city, extending over a period of fourteen months, were brought to a successful conclusion in Washington Hall on Sunday evening last, where Mr. Morse has been holding a special course of Sunday evening meetings during the past two months. A very large audience was present, and the utmost cordiality and good feeling prevailed. The speaker's desk had been tastefully decorated with a profusion of flowers, ferns, and evergreens, donated and arranged by Mrs. Lena Clark Cook, Mrs. Churchill, Mrs. J. Schlesinger, and Mrs. S. B. Whitehead.

The vocal exercises comprised a solo by Mrs. Parks ("The Brook," Tennyson), who was accompanied by Mrs. Morris, and "Sometime," and "Old Folks at Home," sung by Miss Florence Morse, each of the ladies acquitting herself in the most admirable manner, and being heartily applauded.

Prior to the regular lecture, Mr. Morse made a brief speech, as he said, "upon his own account," in the course of which he emphasized his dependence upon his controls, crediting them with whatsoever honor might be attached to his mediumship. He was grateful to the Spiritualists of San Francisco for the many kindnesses to his wife, daughter, and himself, and he would long remember all his varied experiences since he came amongst them. He paid a genial tribute to the GOLDEN GATE for the reports furnished of these meetings to its readers, and he fully appreciated the attention thus accorded him.

The lecture by the controls was upon "The Future of Spiritualism Throughout the World," and presented in a clear and perspicuous manner the status and possibilities of our cause in Europe, England, Australasia, and the United States. The importance of remembering the part the spirit world must always have in our work was urgently insisted upon. "For," said the speaker, "if the spirits were to strike, where 'would be your test mediums, your trance speakers, your inspirational lecturers,—in a word, 'where would be the actual working evidences of 'a future life and intercourse therewith, that are 'the foundations of Spiritualism? Gone utterly, 'and Spiritualism would be but a tradition of 'past experiences.'"

Many excellent points concerning the future character of our cause were made, and its glorious, all-embracing nature in the future was clearly outlined; to all of which the audience listened with absorbed interest, only broken by outbursts of enthusiastic applause.

At the close of the meeting, a general descent was made upon Mr. Morse by nearly all present, and for a long time he was kept more than busy handshaking with his hosts of friends. Mr. Morse's labors have been productive of great good, while his courteous yet independent manner, his unflinching adherence to our cause and his spirit friends, have won him the respect of all earnest Spiritualists, who are not ashamed of their faith. For, in his own words, he is "first, last and always a Spiritualist and a medium," a statement alike creditable to his head and heart.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

A very delightful reception was given by Mrs. J. J. Whitney at her parlors, 120 Sixth street, on Thursday evening.

Correspondents must bear with us; we have many articles marked for publication, which will appear in the beautiful sometime.

We call attention to the excellent article in this week's issue of the GOLDEN GATE, entitled, "A Belief in Spiritualism Universal." It is the careful production of a thoughtful mind.

Bro. J. J. Morse will address the Spiritualists of San Jose, every Sunday morning and evening during this month, in G. A. R. Hall. No doubt he will command large audiences, as he deserves.

The Religious and Philosophical Society will reopen their meetings at Metropolitan Temple, to-morrow, (Sunday) evening, at the usual hour. Mrs. Watson will speak upon the subject, "The Rock on Which We Build."

Bro. S. A. Morris, of England, writing to renew his subscription to the GOLDEN GATE, says: "We look forward with pleasure to its 'coming, never having had any spiritualistic 'paper we enjoyed so well.'"

A Cambridgeport, Mass., subscriber, writes August 20th: "Enclosed please find subscription 'to GOLDEN GATE. I cannot do without it. 'It feeds me so much more than the ———, 'which I have always taken hitherto.'"

As an indication of the interest taken in psychic phenomena by the progressive thinkers of Australia, we may state that they raised by subscription the sum of \$500 to pay the expenses of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Evans' trip to that country, sending him the money in advance.

The *Daily Report*, referring to the *Chronicle's* dispatch charging W. R. Colby with being a mail robber, an ex-prison convict, gambler, and dead-beat, calls it "a reporter's mistake." A funny "mistake" that, especially when Mr. Colby went to the publishers of the *Chronicle*, prior to the publication of the dispatch, with affidavits disproving the charges, which they took no notice of.

The U. S. Senate Committee has reported in favor of the adoption of the Joint Resolution proposing an amendment of the Federal Constitution to prohibit the "manufacture, importation, exportation, transportation and sale of all 'alcoholic liquors as a beverage.' Now if the American voters only had the moral courage to strangle the rum monster by a Constitutional prohibition of the kind proposed, what a world of crime, ruin and misery they might avert.

—Mrs. M. E. Cramer will lecture at 106 McAlister street, tomorrow (Sunday) evening, at 8 p. m. Subject, "Metaphysics." All are invited.

—"The Topsy Talkers," a charming little game for children and youths, invented by Mr. Briggs, the artist, formerly of this city. For sale by Mrs. M. V. Gerrish, 316 Taylor street. Price 25 cents.

—W. R. Colby, the independent state-writer, entered the army as a private soldier for the Union at the age of seventeen. He served four years, and retired with the billet of Lieutenant Colonel. His war record is above reproach. This does not tally well with the charges made against him.

—Correspondents will please bear in mind that this journal cannot be used as a sewer for personal abuse. We are willing to allow a reasonable latitude of discussion on all questions affecting the welfare of humanity, or bearing upon the spiritual philosophy; but the articles must be written in chaste language and in a spirit of kindness to insure their appearance in the GOLDEN GATE.

—W. R. Colby, by his attorney, Hon. Barclay Henley, has brought suit against the *San Francisco Chronicle* for libel, laying his damages at \$50,000. Knowing that the libelous dispatch, charging him with being a mail robber and convict, had been received by the *Chronicle*, Mr. Colby, prior to its publication, went to the managers of that paper with an affidavit dispelling the charge, but they took no notice of it. Other prosecutions will follow.

—We have received from Dr. M. E. Conger, of Chicago, a sample photograph, taken in presence of Mr. and Mrs. Foster, two newly developed mediums for spirit photography of that city, which is certainly remarkable. Our correspondent says, "That this is spirit work is beyond 'question.' We admire the spirit of the following from their business card: 'We enter into no 'arguments in regard to Spiritualism or any particular medium or phase of mediumship; we 'look upon all other mediums as honest, and 'serving of all the kind feeling, sympathy and 'support they can get, and we will not pull 'them down by word or thought. For the 'above reasons we respectfully ask our friends 'not to discuss the demerits (?) of mediums in 'our house.'"

## An Answer to D. S. Maynard.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In last week's issue of your paper, D. S. Maynard asks for certain information, which we cheerfully give, withholding only such facts or evidence as we in our judgment think proper; and our reason in withholding, for the present time, certain data, is that justice may not be frustrated; nor do we wish to run counter to the plans of the Psychological Research Society.

Before inviting Mrs. Elsie Reynolds to our parlors, we had discovered the fact that at Mrs. Patterson's seances movable moribonds and door panels existed, for we had, during the dark part of the circle, taken the liberty to enter the cabinet, and in this way easily ascertained the truth. We also knew that Mrs. Patterson employed certain persons (whose names we have) to play spirit. Not caring to spend any more time or money in this way, we determined to invite the best medium we could find to our home.

Mrs. Reynolds being the most available, we selected her, although on previous occasions, she, or her guides, had recognized and recommended Mrs. Patterson's corrupt performances. We had attended Mrs. Reynolds' seances at 1037 Mission street, between Sixth and Seventh, and there witnessed what at that time seemed to be genuine phenomena, although we were never positive, for the light was always dim, and we were seated from fifteen to twenty feet away from the cabinet. We ascertained that in this house there were no secret traps, but the seances were of little interest on account of their simplicity. We always recognized the medium as being transfigured, as it is called when the spirit can not materialize.

At the two seances held by Mrs. Reynolds at our house the medium was not searched. She brought Mrs. Josie Hoffman with her. At the second seance, "Rosy" came to Mrs. Hoffman, and Mrs. H. recognized her as her sister from spirit land. This was the only thing that happened during the two seances that astonished us, and this was not our experience, but Mrs. Hoffman's. Believing Mrs. H. to be in truth, we were astonished at the time, but not at all satisfied; our intuition would not allow it.

Rather than stop at this, we joined a class of believers, and continued to investigate at 1330 Howard street, whither Mrs. Reynolds had moved. In conclusion, we will now answer D. S. Maynard's questions:

1st, We did not know anything positive about Mrs. Reynolds' mediumship. We had read and heard a great deal for and against it.

2d, There were no trap-doors of any kind in our parlors. (This we regard as an unnecessary question.)

3d, We never stated that Mrs. Reynolds gave a seance at our parlors unaccompanied. She gave but two seances, and each time brought Mrs. Hoffman with her. We did not invite Mrs. Hoffman.

4th, We have already stated that the form that came to Mrs. Hoffman astonished us, but we were not permitted to inspect it. That is the reason why we continued to investigate at 1330 Howard street.

There is altogether too much opinion or belief, and too little actual knowledge of facts in such cases, as to the one at issue.

We also desire to state that at no time did two forms appear to the circle in our parlor. Every time a spirit came out, it was seen to be the medium.

Many mistakes were also made in announcing the spirits. Mr. Guff and little Effie sang, and eulogized in the highest terms Mrs. Hoffman and her mediumship; and on a later occasion requested us to be sure and patronize Mrs. Josie Hoffman's circles, as she was a good, pure, little medium, and needed encouragement; although at that time Mrs. Hoffman had a trap or movable mop board, and employed confederates. We also recognized Mrs. Reynolds playing spirit for Mrs. Hoffman, and vice versa; this was before they quarrelled.

We now understand how the form can be made to appear at the cabinet, and not be a spirit form. Mrs. Hoffman never had a sister Rosy, but went up to the supposed spirit form and kissed it, and thus deceived the circle, for which act she has publicly repented, and made all the amends possible to us.

The society afterwards offered Mrs. Reynolds and others one hundred dollars to reproduce just one psychic form.

"With malice toward none, and good will for all,"  
MR. and MRS. A. C. PALMER.



## Letter from W. J. Colville.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

As you kindly published my last letter in the *GOLDEN GATE*, I venture to again trespass upon your columns, by offering a record of a few of my experiences since leaving Portland, in which city I spoke seven times in three days to very appreciative and indeed large audiences, for though a great portion of the citizens were out of town for the summer vacation, the attendance at Grand Army Hall on the evening of Sunday, August 5th, was so large that extra chairs had to be provided. I found the people very kind and hospitable. I was liberally entertained and freely compensated for my services. I shall hope soon to be able to pay that pleasant and enterprising city another and longer visit.

Leaving Portland at 2 A. M., Tuesday, August 7th, the Northern Pacific Express landed its passengers in St. Paul, Friday, August 10th, at 5:30 P. M. The express for Chicago left at 7:30 P. M., and reached Chicago Saturday, August 11th, at 9:30 A. M. The scenery on this route is very fine. We encountered no intense heat. Some refreshing showers fell freely, making the air soft and cool, and the earth beautifully green. The train appointments were all excellent, and the passengers very agreeable with each other. Quite a number of Eastern teachers were on the train, and they proved themselves entertaining and amiable.

Dr. and Mrs. Congar are now located at 247 Ogden avenue, Chicago. They are active and enthusiastic as ever in the publication and dissemination of reformatory literature. Their rational work on health, entitled "The Educator," is a very handsome and instructive volume of large dimensions, which, though not exclusively metaphysical in all its aspects, has a decidedly moral and spiritual bearing. These good friends had exerted themselves to the utmost to make arrangements for me to lecture in Chicago, Sunday, August 12th.

Under their efficient direction, with the kind co-operation of many members of the First Society of Spiritualists, three very successful meetings were held in Martine's Hall, 55 South Ada street. As the hall was undergoing extensive improvements and repairs, its appearance was not so attractive as usual. Nevertheless, everything passed off very satisfactorily. The audiences, both morning and evening, were decidedly large. Beautiful flowers adorned the table, and the music was very effectively rendered. Mr. Davis, a young man of considerable talent, officiated very ably at the organ.

In Chicago, I met many old friends, and made some new ones. The weather was quite agreeable, though rain fell heavily early on Sunday morning.

On Monday, August 13th, I started for Cassadaga, and arrived there August 14th about 9 A. M. The grounds are beautifully laid out, and there are more people here this year than on any previous occasion. On Saturdays and Sundays the crowd is excessive—so much so that the accommodations in every respect are found decidedly inadequate.

On arriving here, I met Mr. and Mrs. Richmond, just preparing to depart for Cuba, N. Y. They were both looking extremely well, and as bright and genial as ever. Mrs. Richmond's inspired oratory has been one of the greatest charms of the Camp here this season. This noble lady and her estimable husband are very appreciative of the *GOLDEN GATE*, and desirous of introducing it to the favorable notice of their numerous friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Lillie, who are very popular here, came on the train with me. Mr. Edgar Emerson arrived two days later. His tests give great satisfaction.

I have enjoyed listening to excellent lectures from Mr. Chas. Dawbarn, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, Mr. George Chainey, Rev. Samuel Watson, Mrs. Clara Watson, and several others.

Mr. Chainey's lecture, delivered Thursday evening, August 16th, on "The New Religion," was one of the most eloquent and forcible efforts to which I ever listened. He has a very fine class here, which meets early every morning for instruction in psychic and physical culture.

Dr. Street, author of "The Hidden Way Across the Threshold," a most delightful and instructive book of large dimensions, makes a very genial chairman. He also has a good class here, which he instructs in the practical uses of theosophical information.

Mr. Walter Howell is doing a good work here, particularly in connection with the Lyceum. He is an earnest and impassioned speaker, whose heart is evidently in his work.

A great many mediums for every phase of phenomena are on the grounds. The Bangs sisters, of Chicago, are very pleasing ladies, and their seances are highly spoken of. The Keeler Bros., Mr. Mansfield (slate-writer), and a great number with whom I am not personally much acquainted, are busily engaged all the time, and many sitters express themselves delighted with what they have received.

I never undertake to pass an opinion upon phenomena I have not witnessed, and as my literary as well as lecturing engagements leave me very little time to visit mediums, and the conditions at promiscuous public seances are not suited to my temperament, I feel quite unable

(as I am entirely undesirous) to take any positive position with regard to the genuineness of much controverted manifestations. One thing, however, I can and will say, and that is, that under decidedly fraud-proof circumstances I have, at different times, in England and America alike, witnessed almost, if not quite, every phase of phenomena now agitating the public mind.

Life at Cassadaga is one continued stream of excitement, nothing and no one is in repose. I do not mean that conflicting elements abound, on the contrary I never saw so large a concourse of people occupying so limited a space who were so harmonious; the best of good fellowship prevails in every quarter, but the numbers are so large, and the exercises so numerous and varied that if I attempt to give you an outline of one day's programme you will see how people have to rush from point to point, and almost live in meetings if they wish to take in much of what is steadily going on.

The main auditorium accommodates fifteen hundred, and is usually nearly full. Library Hall seats two hundred and fifty, and is well adapted for all lectures, etc., which are not given at the public stand.

During the first week of my stay at Cassadaga I found the daily order of exercises beginning at 8 A. M., in Library Hall, Mr. Chainey occupied the platform one hour, then at 9 A. M. Dr. Street addressed an audience. At 10:30 A. M. and 2 P. M. public meetings were held in the great auditorium. At 4 P. M. I lectured on Spiritual Science in Library Hall, and at 8 P. M. both the auditorium and Library Hall were devoted to lectures and entertainments, while any number of seances were being held all over the grounds.

The Northwestern orchestra of Meadville, Pennsylvania, under direction of Mr. Fred B. Nichols, who is an exceptionally fine violinist, gives numerous performances every day.

Mr. W. F. Peck conducts the singing at the public meetings. He has a clear, ringing voice, which is heard to good advantage both in solos, duets and leading an audience or chorus.

A children's Lyceum here meets frequently; its principal leaders are Mr. Walter Howell and Mrs. E. W. Tillinghast.

The lake is very beautiful, and as boats can be hired very cheap, and a steamer goes to neighboring villages and back for ten cents, a great many people avail themselves of the privilege of spending a pleasant hour on the water.

Hotel, cottage and tent accommodation is good, and the hotel table is well served.

Books and papers sell fairly, but in consequence of the multitudinous meetings on the grounds, people do not get much time to read. The *GOLDEN GATE* has made a very favorable impression here. I have readily disposed of a great number of the issue bearing date August 11. Hon. Amos Adams and Mrs. Aylesworth are working in concert with myself to extend its circulation; but the floating multitude, while quite ready to invest five cents in a single copy, are not the best element to draw upon for annual subscriptions.

I am anticipating a pleasant month during September, in Chicago. I am engaged to speak in Mrs. Richmond's place (Martine's Hall, 55 S. Ada street), Sundays, September 2, 9, 16, 23 and 30, Mrs. Richmond being engaged in Cincinnati. During the weeks, classes will be held both on the west and south sides of the city under the business management of Dr. and Mrs. Congar; the class days will be Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays. On Thursday evening I speak for the first society of Spiritualists, under whose auspices the Sunday meetings are held; and on Tuesdays I go to Waukegan, where I have friends whose acquaintance I made in childhood, just as I was beginning to come before the public.

During October I expect to be in Boston. I have received really pressing offers from Los Angeles and San Diego for next winter, and I hope to be able to spend some time in both those places as well as in San Francisco; but I cannot clearly read my future movements, so can only thank the kind friends who desire me to be with them; and assure them that if possible I shall return to California at an early date.

My book, *Spiritual Therapeutics*, will be out now in a few weeks; subscriptions are coming in rapidly from everywhere.

I have received very pleasing letters from Mrs. Josephine Wilson and other San Francisco friends since my departure, and wish to publicly state that Mrs. Wilson is determined to so carry on the work at 106 McAllister street, with the help of other friends, so that the center already firmly established there shall never be allowed to weaken. Mrs. Wilson is in every sense the right woman in the right place. I only hope she is being sustained in her noble endeavors as she richly deserves.

Having far exceeded the limits of the short note I intended to pen, I will conclude for this occasion by assuring all my California friends that they are constantly in my memory, and that letters, or even postals, from any of them will be at any time most gratefully received.

Yours sincerely,  
W. J. COLVILLE.  
Address 247 Ogden avenue, Chicago.

The realm of death seems an enemy's country to most men, on whose shores they are loathly driven by stress of weather; to the wise man it is the desired port where he moors his bark gladly, as in some haven of the Fortunate Isles; it is the golden west into which his sun sinks, and sinking casts a glory upon the leaden cloud track which has darkly besieged his day.—*Lowell*.

## The Work in San Jose.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

As the golden gate of the promised future swings ajar to permit the ingress and egress of loved messengers from the unseen shores of time's illimitable sea, this beautiful inland town receives its quota of angelic visitors, bringing lessons of wisdom that fall from the lips of those chosen to receive them from the sacred fount of truth's highest inspirations.

We are to be favored through the month of September with lectures by J. J. Morse, the popular inspirational speaker who has been so untiring in his ministrations in the city by the sea.

But while recognizing the merits of those who have come to us from far-off foreign shores, we must not overlook those who are of our own people, and who as richly deserve praise and encouragement at our hands. Sunday last was a pleasant day for the Spiritualists here. Mrs. Crossett answered questions at the morning service. Her replies are always given in a very fluent and practically logical manner that is very pleasing and satisfactory to all.

The Psychic Circle then held a discussion upon the subject of the "Responsibility of Man," assuming that he is the result of an inexorable law.

In the evening Mrs. Champion gave a short, but logical, address upon spiritual unfoldment. She was followed by Mrs. Crossett, with a brief inspirational lecture upon the same subject. The audiences were attentive and appreciative, and a spirit of pleasant harmony was pre-eminent throughout the day.

We hope that the ministrations of Mr. Morse may awaken a greater interest among the Spiritualists of San Jose, and be beneficial to all.

Mrs. Champion and Mrs. Crossett are intelligent and cultured ladies, and highly gifted Spiritualists. Mrs. Champion being clairvoyant and clairaudient, and Mrs. Crossett a trance medium and psychometrist.

We have now with us a Mrs. Brown, who has many medical gifts. She is a clairvoyant and independent slate-writing medium. She also has independent writing on tablets with pencil. Sunday a beautiful gladiola came between the slates when held by herself and husband.

Although strangers, we bespeak for them a successful field of labor among the San Joseans. Yours truly, K.

## A Comforting Belief.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I like your paper very much, it meets a need of the times. I find much of interest in every number, and I am pleased that you give so much space to "Reincarnation," "Karma" and Theosophical subjects. I should say that Spiritualism in its philosophical and broadest sense includes these things. Many Spiritualists, however, seem to act and talk as though they were compelled to confine their ideas and experience to Spiritualism in its narrowest and most limited expression.

To say that a person is a Spiritualist (using the term in its proper sense) does not imply very much for their spirituality, judging from my own experience and my observation of others. I should say that a person might be an anti-Christian, a deist, an atheist, and even a fraud, and yet be a Spiritualist. However, I do not mean to imply that Spiritualism has any tendency to produce such conditions of mind. On the contrary, Spiritualism is doing a wonderful work for the good; and I am one of the thousands who have been benefited by it, of which the public hears nothing. I have for a long time considered it my duty to give in my little testimony, hence this letter.

Truth when presented, effects different minds in different ways, according to their condition and needs. With me, Spiritualism demonstrated the probability of a future life, or continued existence. It assured me that my wife and children (of whom I had just been bereaved) were not parted from me forever. It gave to me a mother of whom I had but little or no knowledge of in this life. This was a big step out of materialism and agnosticism. It was a very valuable acquisition of knowledge, yet it did not purify my life, or give me peace. I had found a spirit world, and the promise of a future life, but was still without God or hope in this. I needed something more than what Spiritualism presented to my mind. Theosophy with its consoling doctrines of re-embodiment and Karma came to my relief.

Born under unfavorable circumstances, with a very sensitive organization, my life heretofore has been one protracted experience of anxiety and pain. I saw many others around me, who by every condition of birth, organization and environment, were very much better off; this outraged my sense of justice, and I felt very rebellious against my Creator, or the source of my being, let it be what it would; and in this feeling I was not alone. I have known others with a like experience.

Theosophy is indeed a blessing to such unfortunate; to them it says: "Be still;" and know that God is good. He is neither unjust or partial to his children. None wear a crown that they have not won; and there is no royal road to peace and happiness provided for some and forbidden to others. On the contrary, all start equal, each learning the lessons of life by their own experience, and entering the kingdom of heaven through much tribulation. All that is a source of peace and joy to them, they have earned, all that they suffer is the consequences of their mistakes and ignorance, and the pains are not punishments, but kindly monitors warning them against the like conduct in the future.

One of your correspondents has said that it was the mission of Theosophy to spiritualize Spiritualism, which I deem a true expression of an important truth. However each has its place and purpose, and if they do others as much good as they have done me, then long may they live.

Yours Fraternally,  
HENRY F. HUGHES,  
San Francisco, August 28, 1888.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Could you inform an anxious inquirer on the questions stated herein? Is Dr. W. W. McKaig an inspirational speaker? Is he a contributor (regular) to any 'spiritual paper' (if so, what one?) And is he a resident of this city? Answers to the above will quiet a friendly debate.

K. V. A.  
To all of which we answer, No.—[Ed. G. G.]

## RED SEAL GRANULATED 98 PER CENT LYE OR POTASH.

SAN JOSE, April 5, 1888.

P. C. TOMSON, & Co., PHILA.—I have made three experiments with your Red Seal Granulated 98 Per Cent Caustic Lye with the following results: First, I used twenty-seven cans of the Lye in twenty-seven gallons of water, and sprayed twenty-seven trees with this solution. At first it looked as if these trees were killed, but they have come out in full bloom and look strong and thrifty. I then changed and used one can to seven gallons of water, but found that this was a little too weak, and finally settled down to about five gallons of water to a can of the Lye, and this has completely destroyed all the scale.

S. K. JOHNSON.

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## FORM OF BEQUEST.

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

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

## Advice to Mothers.

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

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[TITLE PAGE.]

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SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 2 P. M., Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. All are invited. Admission, free. The Library and Reading Room of this Society is located at 841 Market street, "Carrier Dove" office, and is open every week day from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.; also, Saturday evenings.

J. J. MORSE, TRANCE SPEAKER, OF ENGLAND, lectures every Sunday evening, at 8 P. M., in Washington Hall, No. 35 Eddy street, San Francisco. Admission, 10 cents. All communications to be directed to Mr. Morse, who is sole and responsible manager of the meetings.

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

FIRST PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION of Oakland, meets every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Meetings at 3 and 7:30 P. M.

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# Sensitiveness Induced by Disease.

BY MRS. J. H. TITCHEL.

Disease by weakening the physical powers is often conducive to a wonderful sensitiveness. In some cases of fever the senses are wrought to an astonishing acuteness, especially hearing, the patient being disturbed by even the ticking of a watch in a remote room. The inner perception at other times is made equally acute. If the pulsations of sound become so magnified and painful, the waves of thought in the psycho-ether may become equally magnified, and reproduce the thoughts which sent them forth in the mind of the recipient. Many of the facts given in illustration of other phases of sensitiveness apply equally well here.

"Mademoiselle N— was convalescing after a very prolonged illness, which had reduced her to a state of extreme weakness. All her family had gone to church, when a violent storm arose. Mademoiselle N— went to the window to watch its effects; the thought of her father suddenly struck her, and, under existing circumstances, she felt much uneasiness. Her imagination soon persuaded her that her father had perished. In order to conquer her fears she went into a room in which she was accustomed to see him in his arm-chair. On entering she was very much surprised at seeing him in his place, and in his accustomed attitude. She immediately approached to inquire how he had come in, and in addressing him, attempted to place her hand on his shoulder, but encountered only space. Very much alarmed, she drew back, and turning her head as she left the room, still saw him in the same attitude. More than half an hour elapsed from the time she first saw the apparition. During this time Mademoiselle N—, who was convinced that it was an illusion, entered the room several times and carefully examined the arrangement of the objects, and especially of the chair." (De Boismont, page 276.)

Nothing had occurred to her father, and the appearance may be adequately accounted for on psychometric grounds. The chair was vibrant with the influence of the father, and these vibrations constantly carry out with them his image. Mrs. Denton, an extremely sensitive person, relates an experience which shows how exactly similar the impressibility of which may be called normal contradiction to that induced by disease. On entering a car from which the passengers had gone to dinner, she was surprised to see all occupied:

"Many of them were sitting perfectly composed, as if, for them, very little interest was attached to this station, while others were already in motion (a kind of compressed motion), as if preparing to leave. I thought this somewhat strange, and was about turning to find a seat in another car, when a second glance around showed me that the passengers who had appeared so indifferent were really losing their identity, and, in a moment, were invisible to me. I had had time to note the personal appearance of several; and taking a seat, I awaited the return of the passengers, thinking it more than probable I might in them find the prototypes of the faces and forms I had a moment before so singularly beheld. Nor was I disappointed. A number of those who returned to the cars I recognized as being, in every particular, the counterparts of their late but transient representatives."

Mary Dana Shindler, in the *Voice of Truth*, says:

"An aunt of ours was very ill with fever, and her only brother commanding a packet ship between Havana and Charleston was daily expected; but we feared he would arrive too late to see his sister in earth-life. One morning while we were watching at her bedside, she suddenly sat up, clasped her hands, and exclaimed joyfully: 'Brother William has come.' We all thought her mind wandering, but in about ten minutes he arrived at her house, and from that moment she began to recover. She could not tell us how she discovered that he had arrived, but only said, 'I knew it; I heard, and felt him.'"

Bishop Bowman, in a sermon delivered in Philadelphia, narrated a remarkable experience, which shows how near the state of death approaches trance or clairvoyance. The usual light treatment of the facts as the result of cerebral disturbance is far from a satisfactory solution:

"On my return from Japan I preached in California, and probably overworked myself. The last Sunday in February, after holding divine service in my St. Louis Church, I returned home, when I was immediately taken sick with a lingering fever, which the physicians predicted would end fatally. At this point I seemed to fall into a kind of ecstasy, when I did not know whether I was alive or dead. I imagined I was on board a magnificent ship, and heard the captain say, 'Stop her,' and which I thought to be the voice of my Divine Master, when my young eighteen months' old child, who had died twenty years ago came to me, and said that she had heard that I was coming, and had come to meet me. After some conversation which I do not recollect, she said, 'Do you think I have grown, papa?' She then arose in a form of glory I have never before witnessed, and never more

expect to see until I die, and then returned to her usual state, saying that she came in that shape to see if I would know her. She said that many of her friends had inquired after me, and that an old gentleman and lady had taken her up and kissed her, saying that her papa was their boy. I then asked her where her mamma was. 'Oh, she is away doing something for the Lord, but will meet us on our arrival at the wharf.' It was a season of great preciousness to me. It seems to me that I have come back from the other world; and although it is peculiar for me to say I was dead, it seems to me I was not in the body."

The testimony of those who have approached nearest to death, and have been brought back to life, favors, if not proves, that at that great crisis, as the senses fail, spiritual sensitiveness becomes acute, and the perceptions merge into a universal consciousness. A gentleman while swimming failed to sustain himself, and before assistance could reach him, sank, as he supposed to rise no more.

"Then he saw, as if in a wide field, the acts of his own being, from the first dawn of memory until the time he entered the water. They were all grouped and ranged in the order of the succession of their happening, and he read the whole volume of existence at a glance; nay, its incidents and entities were photographed on his mind, luminous in light, the panorama of the battle of life before him." (Sleep, Memory and Sensation, page 43.)

Clairvoyance has, as thus appears, a retrospection, and is able to see the past as the present, or pre-see the future. The element of time does not appear to enter into the cognition of events by this faculty. Everything is in the present, and the past is only distinguished by order of sequence.

A gentleman in Iowa related to me his experience while insensible from the effect of cold. He was overtaken by a fearful storm, which at times swept across the prairie, and losing his way after hours of vain struggling, sank exhausted in a drift of snow. The past events of his life came in a panoramic show before him, but so rapidly moving, that from boyhood until that moment was as an instant; then came a sense of perfect physical happiness, and he began dimly to see the forms of those whom he had killed while living, but were now dead. They grew more and more distinct, but just as they came near and were as he thought overjoyed to receive him, darkness came suddenly and great pain; the vision faded, and he became conscious of the presence of his friends who had rescued him, and were applying every measure to restore him to life. How near he had reached the boundary line, the "dead line," which on occasion there is no return to the body, was shown by his crippled hands and feet.

It is a singular fact that no one has ever recovered from a near approach to this line, who does not tell the same tale of exalted perception and intensification of the mental faculties. Sometimes this is exhibited by the recognition of an event then transpiring, with which the subject is intimately connected, as in the following, wherein the deaths of near relatives or friends are discerned:

It is a historical fact that Rev. Joseph Buckminster, who died in Vermont, in 1812, just before his death announced that his distinguished son, Rev. J. S. Buckminster, was dead.

The Eaton (O.) *Telegraph* gives the following parallel case: "On Wednesday morning last, at four o'clock, Gen. John Quince breathed his last. But a few minutes after that, Joseph Deem, who also died on the 14th, aroused from his sleep, and said to his son John, who attended him, 'Gen. Quince is dead.' To this John replied, 'You are mistaken, father. Gen. Quince is well, and goes by after his mail every day.' 'Yes,' said Father Deem, 'Gen. Quince is dead.' Shortly after a neighbor came in, and said that Gen. Quince had suddenly died."

Whenever the power of expression is retained, we see the development of clairvoyance at the approach of death. Sometimes the paralysis of the muscles prevents vocal expression, but where this is the case, the eyes show the ecstasy the lifting of the veil from a new world only can give.

Mrs. Helen Willmans relates this touching story of the death of her child:

"From her birth she had been afraid of death. Every fibre of her body and soul recoiled from the thought of it."

"Don't let me die! I said. Don't let me die! Hold me fast—I can't go."

"Jenny, I said, 'you have two little brothers in the other world, and there are thousands of tender-hearted people over there, who will love and take care of you.'"

"But she cried despairingly, 'Don't let me go. They are strangers over there.'"

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Can Spirits See Material Things?

I have been repeatedly asked the question, "Can spirits see material things as we see them?" for instance: Do the sun, the stars, the earth, the houses, the trees, flowers, people, etc., appear to them as they appear to us? I confess I do not know; I have put the question to many spirits, some say no, some say yes.

Some years ago I used to visit a lady, Mrs. S., on Sutter street; she had been a nurse in the war; she had since married, had children, husband died, left her wealthy. Still the spirit band controlling her, insisted upon her following her vocation, that of healing the sick, and helping the unfortunate. One day I put that question to her. She replied, "Of course they do; how else could they troop through the streets as I see them, unless they could see where they were going; how otherwise could they find their way into this room, which is now full of your friends?—by the way, what lots of friends you have on the other side." I then asked how they appeared to her; she replied, "Sometimes in their bright celestial garb, but generally so much like mortals that sometimes one cannot tell the difference. I will give you an instance that occurred to me a short time since. I was hurrying home to my family, when suddenly my steps were arrested by a gentleman in the street, who said to me that my presence was instantly needed at number — Sutter street, Mrs. B. is dangerously ill, and will die before morning unless she gets immediate assistance. I looked at the man, and replied that I had to go home to give my children supper; it was then about six o'clock, and besides, I said, 'I don't know the lady, and if I called on her uninvited she would think me intrusive or crazy.' 'Go at once,' he replied, 'and tell her that Dr. Rush sent you.' I then recognized that I was speaking with a spirit. I at once obeyed his instructions, went to the house indicated about two blocks off, rang the bell, and was admitted by a servant, who in the dusk of the evening, mistaking me for a friend of the family, told me to go right up stairs. When near the head of the first flight I saw a woman coming out of a room, whom I afterwards learned to be the nurse. I walked right into the bedroom, saw a lady lying in the bed, whom I at once addressed. I told her my name and errand; I apologized for my unsought intrusion, and related the thing exactly as it had occurred to me. She listened to me attentively until I had ceased my narrative; when she said, 'Mrs. S., I have heard of you before, but my husband is very hostile to Spiritualists, and for myself, I know nothing about it; but it is very extraordinary. Dr. Rush was our family physician in Philadelphia, which you could not possibly know.' After some more conversation she submitted to my treatment regarding her case; I had sent a message to my family concerning my absence, remained with her all night, and I presume saved her life."

Mrs. S. told me in a few words what the trouble was, which it is here unnecessary to repeat. She then continued, "On the return of Mr. B. he came to my house, and was profusely grateful. Said I had saved his wife's life, and wanted to pay me liberally, which I of course refused; but as he seemed hurt that I would accept nothing, I told him that he could repay me by the occasional use of his carriage to take my children an airing, a privilege he has ever since gratefully accorded."

Now here the question arises, Had this woman, who had devoted her life on the battlefield and in the hospital to assuage pain and save life, done as much good for humanity as the Rev. Talmage and his confederates, who devote their lives—for a salary—to saving souls?

The clergy and the New York Gilder-sleeves will say, "No, the witch ought to die, she had dealings with the evil one, her Dr. Rush was Satan in disguise."

And even among Spiritualists mediumship is becoming too common; spirit manifestation is no longer regarded with the same awe, and deep respect its first advent inspired. In our earliest circles we did not speak above a whisper; we felt reverence in the presence of the Immortals! Is there any such feeling now? The majority of wonder-seekers, themselves frivolous, attract simply frivolous spirits; they forget that in the spirit world; as here on earth, there exist all grades; that the higher spirits are ladies and gentlemen, who must be treated with courtesy, and who there, as here, would naturally absent themselves from a rowdy show, while the poor medium, the telegraph operator would be necessarily left in such case to the tender mercies of Boston raiders, and the sympathetic spirit crew that naturally accompany such a crowd, and who appear to be profoundly ignorant of the law of mental attraction. A rowdy here would still enjoy rowdiness from his place in the spirit world; and we can easily imagine him saying to his chums, Bill and Dick, "Culchaw and his crowd are going to have a row to-night, let us go and see the fun!"

The correct way to have orderly meetings would be to have a janitor, as in churches. The visitors should be invited to institute the most searching scrutiny before the seance, and if dissatisfied, to retire, with their returned admission fee, in peace. But after being seated, no rowdy should be allowed to disturb the meeting, under the penalty of being forcibly ejected by the janitor's club. The medium has rights; the public have rights; and if I go to the public seance and am

satisfied to stay, I have a right to remain, unmolested by regulators and raiders, who appear to think that they are at liberty to convert a quiet spiritual meeting into a kind of Donnybrook fair, under the pretense of detecting fraud. But if I choose to be deceived, and pay my money to witness Heller's tricks, or Diss Debar's pictures, that is my business, and the Culchaws or Ku-Klux organization, if they don't like it, should stay away, or be forcibly restrained from grabbing, or in any way disturbing respectable people.

In this connection, I may relate an instance of transfiguration that occurred some time since. A select circle had been invited. The medium sat outside the cabinet and became entranced. Soon a haze appeared to envelop her. Slowly she rose from her seat, the chair had disappeared, and she stood there robed in glistening white.

Now, had a band of grabbers suddenly seized her in that condition, the operating spirit would have disappeared, and they would have found instead the frightened medium in their rude, unmannered grasp. The very terror of a woman suddenly awakened in the grasp of enemies, is distorted into guilt; but no one ever heard of these gallant preservers of spiritual purity tackling a male medium—simply because it would not be healthy. The cowardly onslaughts are reserved for defenceless women.

Familiarity, we are told, breeds contempt; but this only in small souls. In higher minds, familiarity with higher things awakens fresh interest, and continually invests those revelations with intenser wonder and increasing reverence. Phenomena that to these unfold a world of new ideas, that invest the heavens and the earth in a new and brighter aspect, only furnish to shallower minds food for a Talmagean sneer or a ribald jest.

But even the Talmagean mind is infinitely superior to the Pennsylvania. Talmage honestly admits the phenomena, but in view of his theo-mythological training naturally attributes them to a Satanic origin; but what can be said for the honesty of pious professors, who start out not to investigate, but to smother and denounce; not to find truth, but to invent fraud; and then, exerting themselves to defeat the purpose of the donor, they piously pocket his plate. This the ungodly irreverently call swindling. Entirely ignoring the testimony of scientists, men more brilliant in the intellectual firmament than the splendor of the sun is to the reflected light of the moon, these men have the audacity to send one of their number to hunt up evidences of insanity in a scientist, who had more intellect in his little finger than is contained in their whole orthodox body. A. Y. E.

## A Person's Life Saved by Spirits.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Our Advent friends, in common with other religionists, claim and teach that Spiritualism is the work of Satan, and that all returning spirits are bad, or possess a devilish nature. If this is really so, I would like a little information or explanation of the following facts, which came directly under my own observation:

Not long ago a lady from San Francisco called on the medium, Mrs. E. R. Herbert, for a sitting, who was at that time living in Oakland. The lady being seated at the medium's table, a spirit came and entranced Mrs. Herbert, and, turning to the sitter, said: "Madam, we do not come at this time to blame or condemn you for what you are about to do. We know the trials human nature has to contend with in this selfish world. We see you have concealed in your dress pocket a vial of poison. If you do not find employment at a certain place in this city (giving the street and number), you intend to take the poison, and so end your life. We wish you to empty the bottle of laudanum in the medium's stove, and we will then tell you something that shall be to your advantage." At this point the strange lady began to weep and sob most bitterly, and from her pocket revealed the poisonous drug, which she emptied in the stove as directed by the spirit. The spirit then said: "The place you hope to find employment at will disappoint you, but you go to another place (giving the street and number) and you will there find remunerative employment for awhile, after which you may come and see us again. You, my dear sister, must try and be strong. We know your trials and wants, and we will assist you all we can to bear them. You must forever put the suicidal intent from your mind; never must you think of such a thing again. You had far better starve in the streets than take your own life. While you were on the ferry-boat this morning we impressed you to come and see this medium first. We have succeeded in perhaps saving your life," etc. The lady soon departed, and found work as the spirit had directed.

Mrs. Herbert was much surprised to find a broken bottle with the fumes of laudanum in her stove the following evening, all of which was explained by the spirits and the strange lady soon after.

Now, we presume our friends who believe in the devil theory will say this was a regular put-up job on the part of his satanic majesty to lead this young lady astray, but we propose they shall be held to the work. "By their fruits ye shall know them. Shall a man gather figs from a thistle tree," etc.

A queer kind of a devil this must be.

If it was a bad influence that came through the medium, it should have advised the lady to take the poison by all means, and so end her life. But it did nothing of the kind. On the contrary, it saved the person's life, and put her on the right track to obtain the necessities to sustain that life. If Satan can really turn himself into an angel of light and fool people, as our friends tell us, why not give him permanent employment in that direction at once, and so benefit humanity? It would be far better and more practical than anything "Providence" has yet suggested for the uplifting of mankind.

In conclusion, we wish to make a statement in the line of facts, and our opponents of spirit return can treat them lightly if they please. The tiny raps heard on the spirit medium's table of to-day are the trumpets of Almighty God, calling the nations to the great millennium, and none are so deaf and blind as those that will not listen to the voice of truth, from whatever source it may come. The spirit medium, Mrs. E. R. Herbert, we have referred to as being instrumental in saving the life of our friend, is one of the best to overcome positive conditions in the exercise of her mediumistic gifts.

She is now located in the Murphy Building, corner Market and Jones, San Francisco, where hundreds of very intelligent people meet their dear loved ones just gone before (or think they do, at least), and so are made happy all their lives in the blessed assurance that death is only the bright gateway to a fair and better realm, and who can be so idiotic and lost to reason as to believe the devil has anything to do with the business. S.

"Oh, by the way, I have had such a good test," remarked an old Spiritualist lately. Such an announcement is sickening from one who should have been satisfied with phenomena twenty-five years ago. Only investigators have business with tests, except those which are for a specific purpose, for with experienced Spiritualists their object was long ago accomplished. So long as tests are satisfying, there will be but little advance in the ethics of our cause.—The Better Way.

The truly religious man and woman will not tolerate a religion which is only a weekly parade, but which can not reach down to the depths of one's nature, and cleanse and purify it.—Jewish Messenger.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

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Small specimens of rock may be sent by letter. Prompt examinations made. Terms, \$5.00.  
aug3

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Artist.  
PORTRAITS PAINTED FROM LIFE, OR ENLARGED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OR SMALL PICTURES OF ANY KIND, to any size desired, in Oil, Water Colors, India Ink, Crayon or Pastel.  
Spirit Photographs Enlarged.  
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jan-21

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OFFICE—ST. ANN'S BUILDING,  
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Office Hours—9 to 11 A. M., 2 to 5 P. M.  
Particular attention given to the treatment of Women and Children.  
Female Diseases and Cancer a Specialty.  
Cancers Cured without the Knife, Caustery or Caustics.

DR. J. WHIFFLE,  
MAGNETIC HEALER,  
Recently from the East. Best of credentials furnished in regard to his wonderful powers of healing, which he would be pleased to show to any one.  
Office—402 Ninth Street, At the Henry House, OAKLAND.  
The Doctor has a lady in constant attendance for female patients.  
aug25-tf

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Seats Free. All Are Invited.  
ap7-tf

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Special attention given to the development of all phases of mediumship.  
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jul9-tf

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Circles—Friday at 2 P. M., and on Sunday and Tuesday at 8 P. M.  
Sittings Daily 10 to 4.  
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ap21-1m

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aug13

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The Great Boston Medium,  
Has removed to W. Garland, Maine, where she will continue to give life reading for \$1, and two stamps. Six questions answered for 50 cents and one stamp.  
jul14-1m\* Disease a specialty.

MRS. DR. BEIGHLE,  
Has moved into the  
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Over J. J. O'Brien's Store, Room 54.

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CLAIRVOYANT, TRANCE, BUSINESS AND DEVELOPING MEDIUM,  
Circles—Thursday evenings. Gives names in full. (Sittings, \$1.) And  
MRS. JULINA JACKSON, MAGNETIC HEALER,  
Diagnoses diseases without questioning.  
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jun16-tf

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Delineates Character by Lock of Hair and Writing.  
Readings, One Dollar.  
Also translates ancient character writing. Terms for each, One Dollar.

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Seer into the Causes and Natural Cure of Disease.  
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Every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, from 2 to 12 A. M.  
He is remarkably successful in the treatment of every variety of chronic disease, either physical or mental, adapting remedies to meet the peculiarities and requirements of each case.  
Consultation, with special directions for cure, for each subsequent interview, \$1. Simple remedies, if needed, extra.  
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nov19-1m\*

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Sittings from 10 to 3 o'clock, sharp.  
jun9-tf

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Diseases Diagnosed.  
Sittings daily from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.  
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jul1-tf

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TEACHER OF MARSH'S SYSTEM OF SHORT-HAND.  
Residence—2317 Bush Street, corner of Pierce, SAN FRANCISCO.

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CLAIRVOYANT AND PSYCHOMETRIST,  
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Gives readings of character, and diagnoses disease from lock of hair.  
Circles Tuesday and Friday Evenings.  
Sittings Daily. my19-tf

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TELEGRAPHIC MEDIUM,  
Controlled by the late Mrs. Breed,  
THE WONDERFUL RAPING MEDIUM,  
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SEND TWO 2-CENT STAMPS,  
Lock of hair, state age and sex, and give your name in full, and I will send you a CLAIRVOYANT DIAGNOSIS of your disease, FREE. Address,  
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Send four 2-cent stamps, lock of hair, name, age and sex. We will diagnose your case FREE, by Independent Spirit Writing.  
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By aid of a real Hindoo crystal, gives the most wonderful revelations of the past and coming events.  
Sittings daily, \$1.00. Office hours, 9 to 5.  
Few electro treatments given.  
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jul8



(Written for the Golden Gate.)

## The Goddess of Liberty.

BY MARY A. HARRIS.

She looked and smiling, young,  
 Her form, her face, her hair,  
 Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks,  
 Her hair, her face, her hair,  
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 Her hair, her face, her hair,

\*The number of years since the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

## Morning on the Heights.

BY LULA.

High overhead against the blue,  
 The deep, bright blue of the summer sky,  
 Are rolling, heavy billows of white,  
 With curves and edges of darker blue.  
 The cool, soft gray of the Quaker dress,  
 They playfully veil the morning light,  
 As he peers over the tip of yonder hill,  
 With a woman's shadow then on to join  
 The flying masses, like carrier doves,  
 With news of the sea to the thirty land.  
 The tasks of men in the orchard stand  
 Like files of soldiers awaiting command,  
 And throw their slim, long shadows across  
 The space between, as though in haste  
 To reach some distant bustling place.

The moon, with pale and sunken cheek,  
 Drops like a watcher toward the west,  
 As though she mourned all hopelessly  
 The loss of what she loved the best.

Now, down the canon's shelving side,  
 Upon the heads of climbing oaks,  
 The sunbaked slaps,  
 And, in the streamlet at the foot,  
 Which struggles with its rocky path,  
 Its finger slips.

Then holds it like a print at prayer,  
 Above the valley, and it wakes  
 As though the moon,  
 With all its glorious change, was new  
 To-day, some fresh and sweet surprise  
 This moment born.

Here where a poet's soul has perched  
 And laid his heart to his funeral pyre,  
 In little ground,  
 Where hidden forces rest and piled  
 The rocks and earth in dark ravines,  
 And heights sun-crowned.

The strong sea-breeze comes here to play  
 And wreath with his warmer twin,  
 While far below,  
 Across the waters of the bay,  
 The Gate stands open, where the ships  
 Sail to and fro.

How wonderful this sense of sight  
 Which gathers for its nature's forms,  
 And makes our own  
 The beauty of this varying scene,  
 Yet leaves it them for other eyes,  
 Not ours alone!

Fit symbol of that second sight  
 Which sees the waning of the old,  
 The rising new,  
 The fitting of enfolded souls,  
 The banishment of shadowy fears  
 For shapes more true,  
 And takes, yet leaves it all, and more!

\*Joquin Miller.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

## Ode to Onset.

BY HELEN MARION WALTON.

Glad Onset, golden city fair,  
 The New Jerusalem,  
 Where weary ones do rest and repair  
 After long hours of men.

Where dwell the angel world's children,  
 Wild gnomes and fairies, too,  
 While wandering in its shades we find  
 This dear old earth seems new.

Flock hither, pilgrims of the new,  
 Loosed from life's weary care,  
 They plunge within the waters blue  
 And breathe the heavenly air.

Dear Onset, perchance upon the sea  
 By old women's hawking boat,  
 Long may you live in splendor free,  
 Fair island of the blue.

## OUR QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

Question.—Why do Spiritualists disbelieve in the divinity of Christ and the efficacy of his death to redeem those who, as taught in the orthodox church, and who should this doctrine, believe with our belief in the fact of spirit return, or the progression of the soul after the change called death?

BY A. FRANKLIN, Oakland.

Answer.—I am inclined to think that many people do believe in the divinity of Christ in the truest sense, for they believe every human being is Divine in essence and included in the universal. I think the difference of opinion is in regard to His birth into this life. There are those who declare no such man as Jesus of Nazareth ever lived. But surely some one has lived who has given to the world the principles on which must "hang all law." "To love thy neighbor as thyself," "To do unto others as ye would others should do unto you." God is spirit and seeketh such to worship Him, as worship in spirit and in truth is the whole law.

That these principles had been declared before, does not do away with the fact that again they were voiced and accented by a life free from guile and filled with love for humanity. Truth is eternal. Jesus could not give new truth to the world, but He did give to old truths new interpretations; in that sense He must be "the way, the truth and the life" to many. If we are not the same as to our nature, then how can we hope to become like Him, and even "greater," which He declared "of such as believe."

If Jesus had grown to a larger interpretation of Divinity than humanity as a whole, then (if that fact means anything for us), it is a prophecy of what we may all accomplish if we live the Life. If what He declared only had reference to the disciples, that without exception forsook Him in His last struggle, then why should any part of His life reach us? We have only the evidence of a dream in regard to parentage of this remarkable man. One thing sure, law is inexorable, is never broken. Miracles are natural to the plane where they transpire. If a person is developed into spiritual consciousness, much would be possible to him that would be impossible if his consciousness were only on the physical plane.

If Jesus of Nazareth came into this life under any other conditions than that of the rest of humanity, it was because he had transcended in his own nature birth on the natural generative plane. In such a birth there would be the manifestation of the same law acting on a higher plane; and through the same law any other Great Soul could incarnate, for all souls are alike in essence.

My opinion is (if it is worth anything), that Jesus of Nazareth was not born a Christ, but became one. That He had a birth on the natural generative plane, because he had a body which was subject to law on the physical side of life. As a Christ, He is no longer subject to this law; He has built His Divine body, consequently need not know physical birth on this planet again.

Spiritualists usually have so clear a sense of justice, that vicarious atonement seems incongruous to them, for God, Infinite Being, to die in the person of His son, is too far-fetched to furnish to the average Spiritualist any sense of security in a life of sin. For myself, I would much rather trust to the example of the life of Christ, and in the possibility of my living the "Life," than to His death to save me.

The death of Christ doubtless declares two principles to humanity: one that Jesus required all that came to Him before He could say, "It is finished." Another principle, the possibility of building a divine body. Doubtless, when the Master appeared to his stricken disciples, he expressed through this new birth the birth of the soul form; and what He did, all may do if they "but believe."

With regard to a belief in progression after death, only the unorthodox admit this. Those who die in sin, according to the true-blue orthodox idea, have lost their last chance. They give them no choice in birth, and as the result of a few anxious years here on earth, years lived out in error and ignorance, and then eternal punishment, if they fail to "pass examination." There is one comfort in all this—the chances are that the big crowd will not pass; that is, according to the orthodox standard. For my part, I like company, and prefer to stay where my friends are.

The more liberal doctrine of the Spiritualists has permeated the churches, just as mental science, or the divine law of cure, is waking the churches to the idea that those who truly believe must carry the signs. They must lay their hands on the sick and raise them, cleanse lepers, make the blind to see, the deaf to hear, and the lame to walk.

You see, the churches have been so hide-bound with their creeds, that they could not expand to let in the diviner revelations of the natural religious instinct. This shell is being broken up by the spiritual alchemy of truth, in the pure white light of which error vanishes into thin air, and disappears.

The fact that there is now and always has been more or less communion between the material and spiritual side of life, can not be done away by a belief in any form of creed whatever. It is a simple fact in nature—as much so as that day succeeds night. If one should see fit to eliminate all this spiritual communion from the Christian Bible, and shut

out this element from the prophesy, life, death, and resurrection of the Christ, there would not be enough to make a respectable skeleton.

No, my friend, your creed will not be made either true or false by your knowledge of this fact. Creeds come and go, but truth is eternal. If you open your heart to the intuition which is struggling into birth in your own soul, you may let creeds—either orthodox or unorthodox—go, and trust to your religious instinct to direct your way.

Second Question.—Admitting the doctrine of "Karma" to mean infinite justice, or "whatsoever a man sows that shall he reap," how long to make in making Karma? Of course, I do not mean how many years, but at what stage of progress does he fulfill his Karma?

SANTA CRUZ.

Karma acts in the existence of the individual soul as cause and effect, just as surely as sequence, or cause and effect, acts in the material realm. The conditioned, or the finite, will be under the law of Karma until limitation is overcome, and the individual becomes consciously what he is now—unconsciously a working factor in the universal; the effects of good acts bringing what is known as good Karma, while selfish and unholy acts bring a Karma which means suffering or degradation in some direction.

Of course, long before one becomes Karma-less, he will overcome all evil tendencies. To do the right will be natural or involuntary with him. Concentration will bring this involuntary action in any direction. In fact, whatever becomes involuntary with the individual, is so because of concentration and a pre-conscious state.

When man reaches the stage in his soul's development where every faculty of the mind and attribute of the soul acts involuntarily or automatically, as do the functions of his body, he will become Karma-less. Until then, every moment of his earthly life is working out Karma, either in the direction of happiness or misery; and every moment he is making either good or evil Karma for himself.

If one would know which of the two he is making, let him ask (and listen) to the inner voice, Am I living for myself or humanity? Am I coming under the law which says, "Love thy neighbor as thyself?" If so, I can rest content, knowing good must result, even though I am not yet freed from error and ignorance in many directions.

I will answer the question in regard to "Wandering Astral Shells" next week.

SARAH A. HARRIS, F. T. S.

BERKELEY, Cal.

## Responsibilities of Investigators.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Is it for lack of soul love and moral goodness, that we see Spiritualists blaming others for their ideas as regard Spiritualism, and finding fault with this medium and that medium, for not doing as they predict they might? J. J. Morse said in his discourse here in San Jose, that mediums depended on the sitters for their success in a great measure. Then why find fault with them, for what we fail to give? If it wasn't for the mediums, how many Spiritualists would we have to-day?

Then let us throw around them our love, our sympathy, for the best results. Why need we be so rapt in self that we fail to see the good in others that perhaps are just as good and conscientious as ourselves. Some may not have had the chance for soul development, or conditions to bring out the highest and best in their nature. The ones unfolded the most, who stand on a higher plain than others less fortunate, should have the most charity, and be very careful how they wound the sensitive soul, that the angels are trying to express themselves through. If we labor to make the world happier, purer, and better while we live, we have no time for bitter antagonism. None are so imbued with the All-wise they cannot learn more. The way some people talk and write, one would think they had unfolded the last leaf, and now all they had to do was to tear others' ideas to pieces. We are all children subject to higher unfoldment as we become illuminated with the divine truth. If we find the good deeds in man, we have reached his higher self, which is far better than advertising his bad ones, and helps him to stand on a higher plain than before.

If mankind was as prone to find the good in his fellow man as he is the evil, we would have less evil, and Spiritualism would have a better record to put before the world. But poor frail humanity is found in our ranks as well as outside. But time and her ever unfolding laws will eventually place mankind on a higher plain of thought to redeem ourselves, not others, then there will be others to redeem.

We have here in our midst, to all appearance, a grand soul, and a good medium from Oregon, a Mrs. Brown. She can look into the past, present and future accurately, and is entranced by pure, good controls, and gets independent slate-writing; also on paper, but the writing is not public yet, as she has lately developed that, and needs more time.

As far as I have learned, she has given good satisfaction with the other phases, and she endears herself to all she becomes acquainted with, in her womanly and sympathetic way. Call and see her, and I think you will go away satisfied that she is all I have recommended.

MRS. MARY E. BARKER.

SAN JOSE, August, 1888.

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NATURE'S REMEDY! Safe, Prompt, Effectual.

## ELECTRICITY

—AS AFFLIED BY—

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## GALVANIC CHAIN BELT!

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## CURE DISEASE WITHOUT THE AID OF MEDICINE!

This Belt is the Very Latest Improvement in Electro-Therapeutic Appliances, and is warranted to be far superior to anything of its kind ever before invented. It produces from 26 to 90 degrees of electrical power, giving MILD, STIMULATING OR REVERSIBLE currents, which can be INSTANTLY FEELT by the wearer. DR. PIERCE'S BELT is, in fact, a complete

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With special attachments or appliances for BOTH SEXES, for curing the following diseases, viz:

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 CONSTIPATION,  
 DISEASE OF THE LIVER,  
 FEMALE IRREGULARITIES  
 AND WEAKNESS,  
 DYSPENSIA,  
 IMPOTENCY,  
 SPINAL DISORDERS,  
 WEAKNESS OF THE  
 SEXUAL ORGANS,  
 ETC., ETC., ETC.

THOUSANDS CURED!

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from canvassers or peddlers, nor are they sold on any "50 Days' Trial," "Money Refunded," or similar schemes, calculated to deceive the public.

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Electricity Did the Work!

FERRENTON, B. Sonoma Co., Cal.,  
 February 28, 1888.

DR. PIERCE & SON—GENTLEMEN—I take great pleasure in writing you that the Electric Belt which I bought at your office last Fall, for my son, has cured him of a severe attack of neuralgia, which the doctors could not cure. They examined him and said he had the "hip disease" or something of the kind, and that it would cost me from \$500 to \$600 to have him cured; but now, of your \$50 Belt can I find, and he is now a strong, healthy boy, with no sign of "hip disease" or anything else the matter with him. Electricity is the remedy for me and the rest of my family. You will probably remember that one of your Electro-Magnetic Trusses cured me of rupture after I had suffered with the complaint for several years.

I consider Dr. Pierce's Electric Belt and Trusses to be the best ever made, and heartily recommend them to all sufferers.

Yours truly, CHAS. B. COLLINS.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS OF

Dr. Pierce's Belt,

Call on the undersigned, or

Send Stamp for Free Illustrated Pamphlet

No. 2.

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HERNIA OR RUPTURE.

The dangerous and distressing complaint, known as Hernia or Rupture, may be instantly relieved, and, in nearly every case, SPEEDILY AND PERMANENTLY CURED, by using Dr. Pierce's Patent MAGNETIC ELASTIC TRUSS. This is the original and only genuine Electric Truss and the only one ever manufactured that will properly Retain and Radically Cure Rupture. During the past fourteen years it has cured thousands of cases in the United States and foreign countries. It is entirely different in its action from any truss ever before invented; is easy and comfortable to wear, and may be worn Night and Day. No Iron Hooks or Steel Springs. Perfect-fitting Trusses can be sent anywhere by mail.

For particulars of Dr. Pierce's TRUSS, call at office, or send stamp for our Illustrated Pamphlet, No. 1, with Supplement of "Solid Facts."

We are pleased to announce that we have just secured the exclusive control for the relief and cure of Hemorrhoids or Piles. Samples of this Symplicit Invention can be sent at the following address: (Descriptive Pamphlet now in course of preparation.)

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