

# GOLDEN GATE

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

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## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

There is nothing so royal as truth.

Life is too short to crowd it with resentments.

Cultivate forbearance till your heart yields a fine crop of it.

Never compliment stupidity by noticing the snarls of conceit.

Remember every moment of resistance to temptation is a victory.

All that is human must retrograde if it do not advance.—Gibben.

Heaven is never deaf but when man's heart is dumb.—Francis Quarles.

Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it.—Emerson.

Every bud of lofty inspiration shall blossom into flower and ripen into fruit.

Error is mortal and cannot live forever; truth is immortal and cannot die.—Peder.

You cannot dream yourself into character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.

If we did but half we are able to do we would be surprised at the sum of our diligence.

Men love to hear of their power, but have an extreme disrelish to be told of their duty.

When a man learns how ignorant he is, he is in possession of a valuable piece of knowledge.

The poorest education that teaches self-control is better than the best that neglects it.—Sterling.

Knowledge is the only fountain both of the love and the principles of human liberty.—Webster.

Men show their character in nothing more clearly than by what they think laughable.—Goethe.

There are words that strike even harder than blows; and men may "speak daggers," though they use none.

There is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed.—Carlyle.

Your absence of mind we have borne till your presence of body came to be called in question by it.—Lamb.

We are all liable to fail, yet you should be convinced that there is no one more liable to do so than yourself.—Thomas a Kempis.

Life is made up of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses given habitually are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.

Oh! what a glory doth this world put on For him who with a fervent heart goes forth Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks On duties well performed and days well spent! —Longfellow.

Nothing is so narrowing, contracting, and hardening, as always to be moving in the same groove, with no thought beyond what we immediately see and hear close around us.

## W. J. COLVILLE'S EASTER DISCOURSE.

[Published by particular request.]

The return of springtime always brings with it naturally a revival of the sweetest hopes and deepest joys of human nature. The heart of man in springtime is naturally joyous; all nature rejoices around him, and he cannot but participate in the general anthem of thanksgiving, and unite his voice with the universal psalm of praise.

Easter, as a distinctly Christian festival, commemorating the resurrection of Jesus from the dead, is only a continuation of a long line of festivals which have antedated the Christian era. In ancient Egypt at the time of the vernal equinox every year, special celebrations were held in honor of the triumphs of the sun over the wintry constellations. The sign Aries, the ram, was always regarded by the ancients as the sign of promise; and as hope and expectation, the joyful anticipation of future pleasures not yet realized, but certain to appear in due course, must ever constitute the leading elements in genuine happiness—as no one's cup of happiness can ever be said to be full if there is no hope in it (for if hope departs all joy flies with it, while if hope remains the bitterest sorrows can be bravely endured)—it is but natural that the season of the year which specially portrays hope should be everywhere regarded as the most sacred reason, the dearest of all to the hearts of humanity.

The twenty-fifth of December, regarded by many as the holiest day of all the year, is in every sense a festival of hope; the year is an infant then, Christmas Day being the natural New Year's Day which no civil calendar can change; the Christ-child whose birth is celebrated then is but an infant destined to grow in stature and wisdom—his life lies before him, and the world expects great things from that life; but at Easter, three or four months later, hope has assumed a deeper tint, a far more roseate hue; the storms of winter, the dangers and weaknesses of childhood have been successfully encountered—the year is now a young man, quite a youth still, in all the bloom and freshness of dawning manhood, but still strong enough to be capable of yielding a plentiful harvest of bright and promising things which, in the course of nature, are destined to blossom in the ripe fruits yet in store for the individual and for humanity. Christmas has always been celebrated especially as a children's festival. Christmas trees and children's parties at that season are always eagerly looked forward to by the little ones; and the old folks are always specially remembered at that season, as a birthday speaks to the very young and the very old alike; to the former it holds out the prospect of long and happy life in this world—to the latter it suggests the new birth, the awakening to the larger activities of spirit life when the material body has been thrown aside. Easter speaks to young men and maidens; to the older boys and girls; it is a time of weddings and of introductions into society everywhere. The year is out of the nursery—it has left its primary school, and is about to take a new step in life. And does not Easter also speak to mourners with most vivid distinctness? for though it is all alive with the springtide festivities of this sub-lunary sphere, it is forever pointing to that brighter and more glorious springtime which shall follow upon the dissolution of all the ties of the senses and open up new vistas of life immortal in the glorious Summer-Land beyond the clouds and death's dark, chilling river.

The story of the resurrection of Jesus as told by the evangelists is full of hope and glad suggestiveness. In its old literal dress it has suggested so much of darkness, difficulty and limitation to the human mind, that the joy bells pealing on Easter morn must have sounded jangled, harsh and out of tune, to those who could not see a universal light, an all-pervading truth in the story so often rehearsed, which yet in many circles where its letter was idolized was so little understood in any spiritual sense. Let us think of Jesus as a typical hero, a representative of the human soul; let us think of the thirty-three years of his earthly life, and especially of the last three of them, as typical of the experiences through which all must pass ere they reach the glories of a spiritual resurrection: First,

there is a cross to be borne, then a crown to be worn. There can be no Easter Sunday without a Good Friday—and the very darkest day in man's experience in the whole cycle of his education for eternity is emphatically a good day. Nothing is easier than to persuade the happy and the prosperous that all is for the best; but to preach this gospel to the poor and wretched seems like cold, hard, unsympathetic mockery, unless the preacher is one who has gone through some bitter experience which he can relate to his hearers, and has experienced therefrom a blessing which no other discipline could impart.

We always feel chary of commissioning those whose lives have been almost entirely passed in sunshine to go forth and preach the most glowing optimism to those whose circumstances almost compel them to be pessimists; some people are too sparkling, too full of untempered joy; they have had too few temptations, trials and difficulties to qualify them to bear the glad news of Goodness Supreme in the universe to their oppressed fellow-beings who have never tasted of such joy. The true counselor must be one who has been wounded in life's battle, but the wounds must have closed; he must have passed through many a saddening discipline, but have come out conqueror over all; he must be able to exhibit scars in hands, and feet, and side, and yet those scars must not only have healed—they must have grown luminous, and become signs of glory, the result of former pain. The world of Asia turns to Gautama, and the world of Europe and America to Jesus, because these two heroes have been placed in history as the two whose lives were most representative of human conflict and subsequent victory. No matter how much margin may be allowed for legend, tradition, or anything else partly real and partly fanciful, the great moving principle, the underlying fact in both these histories, remains eternally true: man suffers to enjoy; he bleeds, that the sweetness of his soul may be exhaled. The very oldest book in the Bible, the book of Job—a strange old poem of great antiquity—no matter who or what it refers to as a fragment of literal history, takes up this same great truth, and interweaves its golden thread into all the tangled skein of human misery and perplexity. Job is rich at the beginning, but richer far at the close of his career; he is good at the beginning, but vastly better at the close; and what agent is employed to enrich and to improve him? Why, none other than Satan, the accuser, the very impersonation of all the trials and troubles of mortal existence. What are the means used to bring this ancient patriarch to the glorious summit whereon at length he stands? not joy, peace, plenty and prosperity, but misery of the deepest and most abject kind. At times he loses faith in God, in every one, in every thing; he feels as though all had forsaken him; his friends turn against him; his advisers tell him to curse the Eternal, and put an end to his own miserable existence—but he rises on the wings of spiritual perspective, and exclaims: "I know that my Redeemer [vindicator] liveth, and that he shall stand in the latter day upon the earth, and though worms destroy this body, yet in [or out of] my flesh shall I see God." Then when his trials are over he exclaims, addressing the Eternal Goodness which governs all things: "I have heard of thee with the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee." What shall we say of this complicated utterance of a very ancient people, and a very ancient time? what shall we say of the confounding in the text of the two ideas of seeing deliverance in the flesh and out of the flesh? It always seems to us that the great ideas are far too large for words; human modes of expression break down under the weight of infinite ideas; words are arbitrary, mechanical, material, and the soul cannot voice all it has to say in them. Music is better than speech; "songs without words" tell tales no words can tell; a spiritual revelation in words will always be faulty and ambiguous because so painfully limited. Spiritual revelation is a torrent of new wine, fresh, young, vigorous—words are poor old bottles, dry, withered skins, in which the truths of the spirit are placed by man. The wine cannot ferment, the ideas cannot turn themselves round and display their many-sidedness in the narrow groove of speech, and then the poor old words have to be altered and mended, and we have an amended Bible text, and revision committees conning over Greek and Hebrew,

Syriac and Chaldaic manuscripts, to find the living truth of being, while God all the while is just as ready to speak a word to any modern mind, ready to hear and to receive his message, as he ever was to any favored man or tribe of old. We do not consult the past because its records are infallible; we do not employ metaphors and use illustrations because they are exhaustive, but when endeavoring to give utterance to what is beyond utterance we feel as many an artist feels whose canvas is of the best he can procure, but, he being spiritual and the canvas material, his conception is ever superior to the best he can portray for outward eyes to see.

All spiritual revelations are intensely eloquent in what they do not say: they suggest infinitely more than they express; their imperfections and omissions compel us to think and strive and get the remainder, to find the missing blocks without which the puzzle is incomplete; and it does us infinite good to write our own bibles, to be our own prophets and our own priests, our own rulers and our teachers; behind everything lies a great impenetrable mystery which we dare not call unknowable, but we must call unknown; into this untried well we must drop our bucket, into this unsounded ocean we must let down our line. There seems to us far more allegory than history in the gospel tale that the disciples of Jesus were mostly fishermen, and he would make them into "fishers of men,"—that is, they were inquiring minds, they were seekers after knowledge, and it seemed miraculous in their eyes that one hundred and fifty-three fish were caught immediately they let down the net on the right side of the boat, while hitherto they had toiled all night and caught nothing. There is a right side of the boat in which we all are; there is a way of letting down our net that we may catch fish, and there is a way of fishing, blundering on blindly and yet honestly, but catching nothing. How often we see this illustrated in daily life; take a scholar in arithmetic figuring away hour after hour till his head aches and his eyes are red, and his whole frame quivering with nervous excitement because he cannot solve his problem. There is a way of accomplishing that result, but he cannot find it—there is an answer to it, a correct result which some one has found out and published in a manual, but the student tries in vain; he is not working in the right way. The teacher should never chide such an one; the true teacher always enlightens, he makes the pupil do the work, he does not work the problem for him, but he shows him how to work out for himself, he gives him the rule whereby the problem can be solved.

The physical resurrection, when viewed in a gross, material light, is positively repulsive; the reanimation of scattered dust at the last great day is an odious idea, and no one can so poetize as to make it agreeable, without leaving the letter and getting into the spirit of the idea. The human body or physical organism is so constituted as to have no permanence or stability at all in and of itself; as long as it is connected with the spirit it appears to live, but it is moved and guided by a force extraneous to itself; when this subtle force, usually called "life" or "vitality," is removed, the structure passes into decay; it is neither permanent in a living or dead, healthy or unhealthy condition—it is perpetually changing, molecules are retiring before other molecules incessantly. It would, therefore, be impossible for a rational mind to conceive of a resurrection of the body unless he believed in something stationary in the body, a point of rest around which all changes move but which is never agitated itself. If there be a physical microcosmos, and this is indelible and unchanging, then the deathless human body is a microscopic affair, entirely eluding all sensuous research. Some eminent naturalists, notably those of France, have suggested this idea, but so totally distinct is it from the dogma of corporeal resuscitation as taught by Orthodox churchmen that the latter would instantly repudiate it as a pestilential heresy. Nevertheless, many years ago, in the Established Church of England, we have heard clergymen of unquestioned soundness maintain their belief in a physical resurrection based on the supposition of there being some vitalizing and unchanging particle of substance in the human organism, around which, on the Judgment day, a new material organism will be formed; but practically this doctrine

tends to a belief in what is known as re-embodiment, and not to an acceptance of the theological dogma of a bodily resurrection at the last great day.

In a purely spiritual sense the resurrection of Jesus meant nothing more than his rising superior to all the difficulties which encompassed him while yet in the flesh, and the future establishment of his kingdom as a spiritual but not an earthly hierarchy.

Now let us look for a moment at the condition of the people among whom Jesus moved. His own chosen disciples, intimate followers and closest friends, misunderstood him. Peter on more than one occasion urged him to use worldly policy, and showed himself unable to bear the test imposed by a perfect surrender to a spiritual ideal; the very air of Palestine was heavy with revolt; the people were positively aching for battle; they were resolved to fight. The action of Peter in cutting off the ear of Malchus was typical of the firm hold the prevailing false belief in the expediency of material weapons had gained upon the populace. A great reformer must stand alone; he had a few half-supporters; they admired him; and loved him; what could have been their dismay when, at the last they saw him fall into the hands of his enemies and heard him sentenced to death? The story of the resurrection, full of hope and joy as it is, can never have been built upon the legend of the Nazirites that Jesus was taken down from the cross and secretly restored to life by the kindly services of a mystic brotherhood to which he belonged, for such narratives contain no account of victory or triumph after this resurrection from apparent but not actual dissolution. One of these stories says Jesus was an invalid for six months and then died; where was the triumph in such an unsuccessful attempt to prolong his earthly career? We can imagine the joy of the disciples at finding him restored to them, even for so brief a time, from the very jaws of death, but no spiritual triumph is here!

We are told in the gospels of the raising of Lazarus and of the raising of the widow's son, of the daughter of Jairus and of a centurion's servant; but in all these instances it is the power of spirit over matter, of life over death, that is complimented—the persons resurrected are never spoken of afterwards; but when Mary Magdalene is resurrected spiritually from the dominion of evil to the freedom of righteousness she figures prominently in the history of the gospels till their very close. A too material view of resurrections does not and cannot raise any one's thoughts from earth to heaven; from lower to higher things; the reanimation of a corpse can never be a demonstration of immortality, and the gospels do not tell us that those who were reanimated never died again.

At the present time far too much stress is laid on healing the body; the great work for the spiritual teacher to set about is healing the mind and reforming the disposition. It would be far more glorious in the annals of true miracles to witness the record of a spiritual than a material result following upon spiritual treatment for disease. The diseases we are most anxious to eradicate are not tumors, cancers, consumption and other physical ailments; terrible though they are, and thankful though we are when we hear of their being overcome by the power of spirit, we would far rather cure lying, theft, adultery, malice, revenge, murder, and all the black list of crimes, the record of which converts the daily newspaper into a stream of refuse when it might be a river of crystal water, chronicling the good instead of the evil deeds of men. As long as an account of murder will sell a paper quicker than any record of benevolent action, so long as the latest divorce case, with all its hideous accompaniment of scandal and vituperation, will exhaust an edition of a newspaper more rapidly than the most instructive matter from the ablest pens in the world, we are indeed remote from a millennium of spirituality. The states of mind producing such morbid appetites surely need to be treated spiritually and scientifically, and when spiritual science can lay its finger upon the root of human injustice and uncharitableness, the removal of these fruitful parents of a million ills will so tranquilize, harmonize and enlighten human understanding that physical health and longevity will naturally follow upon improved mentality. We must not

Continued on Eighth Page.



(Written for the Golden Gate.)

## Penumbra Sketch.

BY JOHN WATKINS.

An elderly gentleman that I had known for some years, said to me lately, in an office on State street: "Is that the *Banner of Light* that you have in your coat pocket?" "No," said I, "it is the *GOLDEN GATE*, but it is a spiritual paper." I handed him the paper and he read it for some time and returned it with approving words. As long as I had known this man, which was a business acquaintance, I had never supposed him spiritualistic in his ideas, nor had ever met him at any meeting, or ever heard him utter a word on the subject. When he returned the *GOLDEN GATE*, I said to him, "I did not know you took any interest in Modern Spiritualism." "Well, I do not," he replied, "as you do; I think there is something in it," said he, "but I have never thought it wise to mix up with it, or even to follow it up, and so have been very quiet about it. One, you know, is not thought much of if he becomes identified with it, but I had an experience once," said he, "that satisfied me of its truth, but I have always been wisely cautious about speaking of it, so has my family; and the manifestations to which I refer have passed away; I have had none of them for a long time; they seem to have come so that my curiosity was excited and satisfied."

He related to me the circumstances to which he referred and which I will relate further along as parts of this article. Before doing so, I will speak of this man; he is one of the most cautious and reliable men that I have ever met; he is a man of culture and position. Why should he fear social contamination, or any injury in owning up to an unmistakable, even if unpopular truth? This fear of Mrs. Grundy is one of the obstacles to the spread of Spiritualism, and it does seem to me cowardly.

I have often felt myself that I would have been wise, at least worldly wise, to have quietly enjoyed Spiritualism and kept silent about it, and not identified myself with it, but it came to me so unexpectedly and so unmistakably, not through public mediums, but in my own household, that if I may use the expression, I "spilled over" at once, and continued spilling, and yet I feel now, after thirty years of experience and spilling, that it would have been money in my pocket, and even reputation, if I had been close mouthed like my venerable friend, who said one is not thought so much of for believing in Spiritualism.

Well, I suppose it is all for the best, and the "Divinity that shapes our ends," shaped me thus, and so I am not going to fret about it; but it has been my privilege to meet ministers, deacons, bank officers and men of social prominence who have owned up to me privately, to a belief in this *ism*, and who quietly pay attention to it, and whose hopes in a future life rest wholly on it, and without it would be agnostic and without hope of any hereafter. Sometimes I have been as astonished at their knowledge of the subject and their experience, as I was at their caution, but they made their excuses.

One of these days this whole matter will get filtered from its impurities, often suppositious, sometimes real, and the whole subject become popular, and like the ice on a pond in spring, that seems ice one day from center to border and the next day it is gone and all of it is water. So will it be some day with Spiritualism, and then many an unknown face will wave in sight who will date their interest in Spiritualism in the long ago, and say they have always believed in it, just as the old ministers say to-day to a man they were always abolitionists, when we know the pulpit as a general thing was the stronghold of slavery, used the Bible to defend it, and here in this city of ministers and churches, there were hardly three of them who was not opposed to the anti-slavery movement thirty years ago.

Spiritualism is unpopular; there have been frauds in the manifestations, the indifferent people on the outside say it is all fraud; insiders know better and know also that there is but little fraud compared with the immense amount that is genuine and true, and they know one unmistakable fact settles the matter, and any quantity of fraud cannot affect the one unmistakable fact; and yet, much as this knowledge is wanted and really needed to make religious beliefs intellectually respectable, people hold aloof from its expression as my venerable friend does, and the Rev. M. J. Savage refers to the idea when speaking of the great number of believers in Modern Spiritualism, he adds, "there are also thousands of silent believers who do not like to be called a knave, a fool, and so keep still about it. Like Nicodemus, they come by night lest they be cast out of the synagogue." Now, this venerable friend of mine is one of those who keep still about it, and that is what astonishes me, with the experience he had and which I will now relate; and I can assure the readers that there is no imagination about the fact. I know his statement to be true to the letter.

One of the members of this man's family was mediumistic, or altogether, or under certain conditions there was mediumistic power when sitting at the table; at times got the raps that would respond yes or no; sometimes it would not work, then unexpectedly it would; he got the idea and tried the alphabet and from curiosity ques-

tioned the raps. This family, though nominally Christians, were like many others, agnostic about a future life, but when they got their work in, the spirit proved to be his daughter who had died many years before and the fact of being alive astonished him; and, the spirit gave her name, there was nothing in that to really indicate it was her spirit. She said also, she was a teacher "over there," she had been one here before she died. Her class "over there," she called a group, she gave all their names, there were some twelve of them and her group was called "Lilly Wreath." Some of these in her group, lived in Maine before death and others elsewhere, some on Cape Cod. None of these names were known by this family nor had ever been heard of by them; and for curiosity, as this was persisted in, this man tried to find out if there had ever been such people, and when the address could be got he wrote to them; some he got no reply to, some did reply and in every case the spirit was right, there were no bogus names. This family had never heard of them except from "over the river." In every reply, such a person was found to have lived and died, and even the circumstances of some were right in detail. In this way several of the names were actually demonstrated to have lived and died as stated, which insured the spirit to be really his daughter. It was not always an easy matter to get at these facts.

I will relate one of the cases to give the idea: This was the name of a girl who died in Stoneham, but whose family lived, then, his spirit daughter said, in Wareham, Cape Cod. We will call her name, Amelia Frances Howard. The stone in the grave yard was Amelia Howard. Mr. Howard was written to, but no reply came, it was directed to Sandwich, where he learned Mr. Howard lived. The name came first Frances Howard, then Amelia Frances; the name Frances came with some hesitancy and it looked as if their wishes had almost caused the addition of Amelia. All this led to a desire to hear from Mr. Howard, but from him they got no reply. Several times he said if he ever went down to Cape Cod he would hunt this Howard up as everything else was right but there seemed to be a hitch in this.

A year or two after this my friend had occasion to go to Plymouth and almost on purpose he concluded to go to Sandwich and find Mr. Howard if there was one. He found Mr. Howard had not lived in Sandwich for some three years, but had gone to a small town further down the Cape. This accounts for receiving no reply from Mr. Howard, but my friend having begun he was bound to hunt it up, so he went to this other town some twenty miles further but could not find him, but very accidentally found some one who said he had got the wrong town, that he lived in a hamlet some five miles further off; he went there on foot and found Mr. Howard. He told him he came on a very peculiar errand of curiosity; he found Mr. Howard had lost a daughter as the spirit had said, he found the daughter's name was as the grave stone had it Amelia Howard, the circumstances called to mind the fact that his daughter was at first Amelia Francis; but the Frances was soon dropped, and she was always known as Amelia Howard.

Now as the hitch in this name came before the interview with Mr. Howard, it would seem to indicate that my friend had struck genuine oil in this transaction, and what astonishes me is that he is one of those believers who keep still about it, who as Mr. Savage says, does not want to be called knave or fool. Well I trust all this nonsense will some day pass away and one be as willing to be known as a Spiritualist as a Unitarian or a Methodist.

BOSTON, April 14, 1889.

**A BARKEEPER'S CONSCIENCE.**—Here's a temperance lecture that has the merit of being true: A *Sun* reporter met a man the other day who for years kept a well-known up-town grog shop. "I've given up the business; sold out and quit for good," said the ex-saloon keeper. "I couldn't stand drunken men. Oh, I could handle them all right—I wasn't afraid of them, but the idea of taking so much money that deprives women and children of necessities and comforts was too much for me. I used to see poor fellows who got \$10 or \$12 a week, come in of a Saturday and blow in half of their earnings, and I knew that it meant distress for hard working women and innocent children. I couldn't keep on taking their money. It broke me up."—*New York Sun*.

Harriet Beecher Stowe said to a reporter who called on her a few days ago: "My life seems like a dream. My work is done and I am enjoying the luxury of perfect rest and freedom. I can't remember what I read nowadays. My mind is a blank. But I am resolved into love. I love everybody, even the dirtiest beggar upon the street." What a sweet, golden sunset to a life of good deeds!

No greater error can be committed than to suppose that the geologist's hammer can break in pieces the law written on tables of stone, or the investigator's microscope resolve into vapor the immortal essence of spiritual truth. Whatever discloses grander and truer views of anything in so far assists us toward a truer knowledge of the truth.—*H. W. Foote*.

With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right.—*A. Lincoln*.

## Three Remarkable Books—No. 2.

BY A. S. WHEAT, M. D.

The second of the three books above noted is Godfrey Higgins' "Anacalypsis, The Unveiled." This is a more imposing and far-reaching study than the "Digesis," which is one volume, while this is in four. Mr. Higgins was a lawyer and spent many years in the study of ancient languages, which enabled him to delve deeper into the subject of his inquiry than commonly attends the work of the average historian.

Says Genesis, "God made man in his own image" (?) Did it ever occur to the Sunday-school teacher and scholar, and to the general Bible reader, what that image was, in merely one characteristic, that of complexion? Of course the people of every nation pronounced the color of God exactly that of their own, whatever that may have been. So far as the philosophy of evolution of life speaks on the origin of man, and the latest and highest outcome in the protracted struggle, indicate black as the original color, white the latest, and yellow or brown the intermediate. The early man was crude, coarse, and a long way from being perfect. We say early man, while Genesis speaks about the first man. The essential fact is, there was never a first man, a first woman, a first horse. It is impossible that there could have been; hence, all we can say is the early, or primitive man.

The Ethiopians are said to be Cushites; they were also Egyptians, and represented the early or primitive man; not so primitive however, as were the cave-dwellers. The Cushites were black, and God, with them, was black in their image.

Buddhism is regarded as the most ancient Cult within the pale of written history. Says Higgins, "It seems an extraordinary circumstance that the statues of the gods of the ancients should be represented of a black color, or that they should be made of stone as nearly black as could be obtained." Eusebius informs us on the authority of Porphyry, "That the Egyptians acknowledge one intellectual Author or Creator of the world, under the name of Cneph, and they worshiped him in a statue of human form and dark complexion." Mr. Mauris has "observed that the Cneph of Egypt and the statue of Narayan, in the great reservoir of Catnadu are both formed of black marble. The statue of Juggernaut was made of wood painted black with red lips. The Mnevis, or sacred bull of Heliopolis, the symbol of Osiris, was also black." The word Nile, in the Indian language, means black.

The adoration of a black stone was a singular superstition. Buddha was adored as a square, black stone, so was Mercury, so was the Roman Jerninus. Pausanias states the Thespians to have had a temple and a statue to Jupiter the Savior, and a statue to Love, consisting only of a rude stone, and a temple to Venus Melanis, or the black. At Corinth there was a black Venus. Everybody knows Venus was the Goddess of Love. Osiris and his bull were black; all the gods and goddesses of Greece were black, at least, this was the case with Jupiter, Bacchus, Hercules, Apollo, Ammon. The goddesses Venus, Isis, Hecate, Diana, Juno, Metis, Ceres, Cybil, are black. The Linghams in India, anointed with oil, are black; a black stone was adored in numerous places in India.

We have seen above that Buddha was carved in black. Mr. Crewzer observes that the images of Cristna and Buddha are so similar that it is difficult to distinguish them. Buddha is continually described as a Negro, not only with a black complexion in which he agrees with Cristna, but with woolly hair and flat face. Thus, as early man and his gods were made in the image of each other, and we discover those gods were black, therefore primitive man was black. Before concluding the color question, it may be useful to mention a few points of resemblance, if not identity, between Cristna and Christ.

In the ancient cave of Elephanta, India, is a ferocious figure in the attitude of slaughtering the innocents, or children; these children are boys. In early Christianity is a similar story. After Cristna came to man's estate, one of his first miracles was to cure a leper. The later Christ, (Jesus) did the same.

A woman poured on the head of Cristna a box of ointment. So, Jesus was anointed. Cristna had a combat with a serpent. In the Apocryphal Gospel the infant Savior had the same. Cristna was sent to a tutor to be instructed; but, instantly astonished the tutor by his profound learning. Jesus was sent to Zaccheus to be taught, and surprised his teacher with his great learning. Cristna was put to death by being crucified, he descended into hell, and afterwards ascended into heaven. All know this story about Jesus. Likewise in the matter of color. The word Cristna in the Indian language signifies black. As we have said their deity was black. The strange analogy continues.

We are informed that, "in all the Romish countries of Europe, France, Italy, Germany, etc., the God Christ, as well as his mother, are described in their old pictures and statues to be black. The infant God in the arms of his black mother; his eyes and drapery white, is himself perfectly black."

"If the reader doubt my word," says Mr. Higgins, "he may go to the Cathedral at Moulins, to the famous chapel of

Virgin at Loretto, to the church of the Annunciate, the church of St. Lazzaro, or the church of St. Stephens at Genoa, to St. Francisco at Pisa, to the church at Brixen, in the Tyrol, and to that at Padua, to the church and to the cathedral at Augsburg, where there are a black virgin and child as large as life."

This crude complexion of primitive man with that of his primitive God, gives color if it does not give tone to the astronomical origin of the Christian cult.

STOCKTON, April 26, 1889.

## Letter from Warren Chase.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The years have sped since we first met in San Jose, where I so often sat in your little office and read the papers. Many changes we have both passed through on our march to the other country which we have both been pointing out to those who were willing to listen or read about it. As you probably know I have been obliged to retire from the rostrum by age, being now 76, and feeling the need of quiet and retired life for what may be left for me here. I often review my past life and am satisfied with it.

In 1847 when that wonderful book "Natures Divine Revelations," which was given through A. J. Davis in a mesmerized state was, published, and for which mine was the first order received from beyond New York city, was received by me comprising some of my experiments with an intelligence that was not in a mortal body, I began at once to advocate spirit life and intercourse, as this was the first evidence I had that there was a life for us succeeding this. I not only gave the first public lectures in its defence given in this country but held a discussion with a clergyman in which I defended the spiritual origin of that book before the raps at Hydesville were recognized as of spiritual origin, and right here let me say I have stood on a platform lecturing with Margarette Fox Kane, in the audience quite a distance from me the raps came in response to some of my remarks, would come loud and distinct on the floor near me and often on the desk before me, and I know she did not produce them.

From 1847 till the war broke out I spent most of my time and talents in public defence of spiritual intercourse for no compensation worth naming, while my family were using up the little means I had earned by the hardest kind of labor before this new light had reached me and which I thought all ought to see and feel as I did. During the war I spoke for the country and army except Sundays, and gave them to Spiritualism, and with both barely made our expenses. At the close of the war, with the little fragment I had left of what I had saved in earlier life, I bought a few acres of land in this place, Cobden, Illinois, for a common home for my son-in-law and only daughter and my wife, who died here in 1875. The children have lived on it, improved it and raised a nice family of six children, but I continued to travel and lecture, and with the exception of the aid I had from the *Banner of Light*, for which I was employed several years, I did not make expenses. It was a hard struggle to keep out of debt, and I could not but for the occasional aid of some friend, and yet I did that and nothing more.

In 1877 I went to the Pacific Coast and spent six years in that State, of which you know much. I need not say that except for my public services, for which I was well paid by the State, and a friend I am not at liberty to name, I might have been obliged to stay there for want of means to get back with my wife and daughter taken there. My lectures on "Spirit Intercourse," of which I probably know as much as anyone, did not support me, and never have, with those dependent on me.

In 1883 we returned to the Atlantic States, where I thought the field better for my work, as my heart was in it. The little I brought from California was soon gone, and on the close of my fortieth year of work in the Cause, the 75th of my life, I felt that I must retire from the rostrum and have a quiet home. The daughter of my present wife had married and had a good home of her own, and only my wife and I were left for a few years' stay, and she a worn out medium, who had given the best years of her life to the Cause, had nothing of this world's goods for it. Then I turned to the old home here, where we can live if we had a house, but the family could not build one for themselves.

I first stated my case to Brothers Colby and Rich, and they said I deserved the means for my labors in our Cause, and scores of others in both worlds say the same, and I ventured to ask \$500 to build me a cottage, and a few friends at once responded, and \$40 came at once from the *Banner* office, \$75 from Onset, through Mrs. M. S. Wood, who had known me and my work as well as anyone, and I was encouraged and let the contract for \$500, to be completed by May 20th; and it is up, enclosed, and will be done on time, but I am still \$150 short of the amount, and it looks as if I should be, for the first time in life, incumbered with a debt to mar my quiet repose like a nightmare, as I have always dreaded debt. I could say much more, but this is already too long, so please excuse. WARREN CHASE.

COBDEN, Ill., April 15, 1889.

You shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin.—*Sheridan*.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

## Shaker Testimonies.

BY DR. A. B. WHEATON.

"Do all your work as though you had a thousand years to live, and as you would if you knew you must die to-morrow."—*A proverb of Mother Ann Lee, reported by Lucy Wright.*

On another occasion Mother Ann Lee remarked: "We can do nothing of ourselves. It is God that heals the sick, and it is God that makes whole. We cannot do miracles any more than others; all that we can do, is to be workers together with God."

When Mother Ann was at Ashfield, Esther Bracket desired to receive the gift of spiritual vision. After a short pause of solemn silence, Mother replied: "If you will labor for it, you shall have it."

At Watervliet, N. Y., Mother remarked: "When you see little bright lights, like stars, be thankful to God; for they are specks of angel's wings."

Father James Whitaker, shortly before his decease, spoke as follows: "I never expect to die, for the sting of death is taken from me, and all fear was terror; yet I expect to put off this earthly tabernacle."

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

## Carpenter's Experiments.

[Hartford, Ct., Times.]

Professor Carpenter's exhibitions, in Unity Hall, of the wonderful power of so-called animal magnetism (or "hypnotism," as the modern name is), attract large and interested audiences, every evening, to witness the surprising effects of mind-power over the "subjects." While a good deal of amusement is produced by the proceedings, there are other and higher thoughts that naturally belong to this subject as one capable of illustrating some of nature's wonderful powers. Professor Carpenter, while in Washington, lately, felt impelled to help, by magnetic passes, a lady suffering from nervous prostration. His passes proved to be a remarkable tonic and restorative for her. Later, when the same lady—who is somewhat advanced in years—was speaking of the necessity of supplying herself with a pair of spectacles, Carpenter said, making a pass or two over her eyes, and handing her a page of fine print, "You can now read that print as well as you ever could, and at the proper distance from the face; and you will find that this power will continue with you after I leave you."

The lady found, sure enough, that for the first time for a year, she could easily read the fine print, and without holding the paper far off. During the three months in which Professor Carpenter remained in Washington the lady's eyesight remained clear, strong and good—and probably, he says, it still so remains.

Professor Carpenter does not set himself up as a doctor, or a "healer," and rather shuns that work; but on a recent occasion, in another city, one of his subjects was quickly cured (apparently) of a trouble that is ordinarily held to be hard to reach by remedial means. The young man had suffered a partial paralysis of the optic nerve—and his eyes showed his loss of power; he was asked if he could see the audience; he said, "Only dimly—I can't see any one face in the crowd." Professor Carpenter made a pass or two over the youth's eyes, and told him "now he could see." The young man, to his astonishment and delight, could see. His exclamations attested his joy. He has, so far as Professor Carpenter knows, retained that power.

Socrates having received some very rich presents from his pupil Alcibiades, a friend remarked to him, "How happy he must be who has received such desirable gifts!" "He is much happier," replied the sage, "who does not desire them," and he immediately ordered the presents to be returned.

In every care of human life, in every care of man for man, in fatherhood and motherhood, we find typified the eternal care and love of God. Every help of man for man is exalted when we feel that in it the expression of the care of God for man is brought forth.—*Phillips Brooks*.

Do not say in your hearts about this or that: "Well, it is wrong; but it is such a little matter." A little draught may give a great cold; a great cold grow to a deadly decline. A little sin may grow to a great bad habit; and a great bad habit may kill both body and soul.—*Kingley*.

The mind is largely dependent for its strength and clearness of vision upon the purity of the life. It is true that a man should know what is right in order to do right; but it is also true that he must be in the habit of doing right in order to make such knowledge of any practical value.

On with your mission, and never a summing of results in hand, nor thirst for prospects, nor counting upon harvests; for seed sown in faith day by day is the nightly harvest of the soul,—and with the soul we work, with the soul we see.—*George Meredith*.

When bad men combine, the good must associate, else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice, in a contemptible struggle.—*Burke*.



## From The Sun Angel Order of Light.

(Written for the GOLDEN GATE, by spirit of Oratio Daniels, through the mediumship of Mrs. C. S. Fox, Scribe for the Order of Light in earth.)

To my Brothers and Sisters in Earthland, Greeting:—From far away have I come to greet you all. With a heart filled with love for humanity, and a desire to bless each one, I turn to the earth valleys oft, that I may give from my risen standpoint words that will prove a guiding hand, pointing ever to the highest and holiest, and bidding each and every one attain thereto. We return not from our homes of Light to pour into your ears marvelous tales of the bright beyond, but we come with hearts overflowing with love to lead you, not where the benisons of high heaven may fall upon heart and brain, leading thought into a new channel, directing your energies in the true pathway of life, where we hope in the future, yet to dawn, to see each and every child of the Infinite walking in happiness and peace. New ways of life are to be passed, thought and action must receive an impetus in the right direction, and ology must perish from the face of the earth, ere right shall reign and justice triumph. Looking at humanity to-day, as they enter their houses of worship, with faces all unlighted except by the mythical nothing called faith, an angel's heart might well become weary, and long to retire from the field, and leave the world of mankind to grope its way as it will, in heathen darkness, and midnight superstition. And looking at many who have caught a glimpse of the land beyond, and rest on that one thought as contentedly as if they possessed all the truth it were possible to glean from the universe, angel hearts grow more weary, for hands that should be outstretched toward the world of spirits, hearts that should respond to the loving requirements of the angel world, fall listlessly by the side, and retire into the domain where their own selfishness bolts and bars the door against all unfolding light and knowledge, and rest satisfied in the one thought, "My loved ones live, and are banished to no hell, such as is feared by the multitude."

Here is a field of labor requiring a missionary spirit, such as is rarely exercised in the land. But time, the restorer of all things, will yet bring hearts to a receptive state, where light from higher spheres will fall thereon, while the patient guardians will roam away to brighter fields, where they may bathe their souls in the sunlight of the Eternal, and return with added power and renewed zeal to the work laid in their hands by the Infinite.

And, dear brotherhood of the Eternal, the time will come to each one, when you will turn to the higher spheres for greater light, when the knowledge you glean from the harvest field, o'er which the reapers long since passed, and have left here and there, sparingly the wheat that would remain, fails to satisfy the wants of the inner man. That which is the birthright of every child of the Infinite, will be sought for, will be found. Time will bring the longings that only the bread of life will satisfy. Far away fields are sweet rest places for souls who weary of material strife, and long for the rest, alone found, where not even a breath of materiality disturbs the deep peace.

The crystal streams flowing from far away fountains gather as they come, of the spheres through which they must flow, and to drink the pure Elixir of Life, one must even wander away, finding rest near the fount of good. Thither have I with others wandered, and returned laden with the blessings of that sphere, to bless all who will seek the benedictions of higher heavens; but we forget not those whom we loved in earth-life. Oft seek I the side of many an old friend, who turn away their look, thinking not of one who loves them as of old. True, I wear not the earth garments; the raiment I wear is pure and radiant, but the heart is the same, only it has received its added purity and become the polished diamond, glistening with its own light, made more bright by the desire to do good to all. To those within the enclosure of the Order of Light, again would I say: Be ye true and faithful to the truth you receive from the higher spheres. In the land where you dwell, you must meet all things. Persons on both sides of time's river seek to give their knowledge as the All there is. But there are higher spheres, there is truth which yet shall dawn upon minds, that now in their blindness imagine themselves All-wise.

The Guardians have labored long to bring to their own a knowledge of their love and care. Many now walk the earthward paths with glad and joyful hearts, coming and going on their errands of love, able to fulfill the mission of their hearts, and lead their loved ones to the home which waits with open doors their coming. I know that to some, these facts seem mythical, but, dear friends, look within your own hearts and see if these call not for a purer and more exalted love than they have known. Look into your homes, and see their need. Will not the pure love of a Guardian Angel bless heart and home? Will not the light of past lives, shed a ray o'er the present, that will bless, cheer and uplift? May many be blessed in receiving the light that shall come in your midst, not in single rays, but in a flood, which will make hearts and homes brighter and happier for the love and ministrations of a Guardian Angel, from the spheres of Light and Love.

We long to extend our work and we are knocking at many hearts. The work

is more dear to me, than even when I might open the doors of my home and bid Sannie and the Band welcome. They were ever true to me, ministering in love, in times of trial and sorrow; they are true to the dear one I must leave with you, to struggle on alone. Over her the mantle of our protecting love is ever thrown and she shall find the lonely way, Angel paved. All will find it thus, for the Angels of Light are able to guide, protect and keep their truth and those who labor to promote the same.

The banner waving o'er our home center is pure and spotless; no blot or blemish shall stain its fair folds; thus says the word of the Angels. It is entrusted to you, members of the Sun Angels Order of Light, hold it high, let each life attest its Wisdom, and the blessing of the Angels is yours. With the love and blessing of your risen brother,  
ORATIO DANIELS.  
J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angels' Order of Light.  
March, 10, 1889.

## Letter from Mrs. Seip.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Many months have elapsed since a word from my pen has found its way to the thriving columns of your paper and the progressive thought expressed therein. I still cherish the same fond memory for the GOLDEN GATE and its many readers.

A word of Denver and my trip from Portland. I left Portland Feb. 10th, arrived here Feb. 15th. I found a real winter all along the road, and snow that lasted in Denver fourteen days; since then we have had the most charming, sunny weather, the most beautiful climate, with green lawns, and birds peeping out everywhere, smiling from every nook and corner, from the little brick hut, to the lovely mansions on the hill tops.

Denver climate reminds me of the beautiful Oregon winter, such as has seldom been my privilege to enjoy, where I left many warm and dear friends promulgating grand and high teachings to awaken mankind to a consciousness of eternal soul life. Denver is peopled with a class of highly intellectual and thinking minds. Christian Science, and Spiritualism has made its way into nearly all of the churches, and awakened considerable depth of thought. From the Denver pulpits is preached the real, true philosophy of Spiritualism. At present, there are two spiritual societies; one meets at Odd Fellows' Hall, the present speaker Dr. Dean Clark; the other presided over by Dr. O. F. Matthews at Warren Hall, where I accepted the invitation to make the opening address on Sunday, March 24th at 7:30 P. M., the hall being crowded to its utmost capacity, to hear the wonderful tests of Dr. Matthews, also to listen to such instructions as might come from the lips of your writer. Mr. Matthews is a brilliant inspirational speaker as well as a distinguished test medium, one for whom the higher power has done much. Having an engagement to give intuitional soul readings at Dr. Clark's the same afternoon at three, I found there much to commend. A large audience had assembled to find some word to still the ever-longing soul—something to lift the skepticism and doubt, and fill the void within.

Of Dr. Clark's work, words are unnecessary, as he is known as a worker in the vineyard of life. There is quite a class of initiated Theosophists of Dr. Butler's school, many of whom I have met, and a full organized class of Christian Scientists, and altogether Denver is blessed with many fair exponents of higher light. My own work has been progressing fairly in the Scott Saxton College, Opera House Block, that of Spiritual and Divine Science; I trust my work may grow in grace and lasting in the memory of the soul. I shall be here one more week, when I continue my journey to Chicago, St. Paul, New York and Boston, where I hope to meet as true friends as I left in Portland, and shall leave here. I have already trespassed on your kindness to endure, but let us hope all thought that comes may be equally as pure.

Sincerely,

SOPHIA SEIP.  
DENVER, COL., April 10, 1889.

A STALWART PASTOR.—Rev. Dr. Miller of the first Baptist Church of Norwich has resigned his pastorate, after having told the church "that it had been forty years of continuous faction fighting." He charged the society with having forced eight good ministers to resign and with having killed one, Rev. Mr. Dickinson, his immediate predecessor. He knew their feeling when he accepted their call, he said; for the five years that he had been their pastor he had had his own way, and he could continue to have it if he wanted to. But he was tired of their actions, and said that they needed a sandpaperer to work down their rough edges. In closing his remarks Dr. Miller said that he was supported by nine of the most prominent clergymen of the city in his present step. "Before this society will ever be a success," continued the doctor, "it needs three first-class funerals and two pauper ones." Rev. Dr. Miller is six feet four inches in height, very stalwart, and apparently "means business."

Doing nothing for others is the undoing of one's self. We must be purposely kind and generous, or we miss the best part of existence. We do ourselves the most good doing something for others.—Horace Mann.

## SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.

W. J. Colville's new series of thoroughly practical instruction in Spiritual and Mental Science, as applied to the preservation of health and the abolition of discord and sickness, will be given at the Metaphysical College, 106 McAllister street, San Francisco, Tuesdays and Fridays, at 10 A. M. Commencing Tuesday, April 2d, concluding Friday, May 10, 1889.

LIST OF SUBJECTS—SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.  
April 2d.—"Statement of Being; or, The Rock upon Which We Build."  
April 5th.—DENIAL. "Why and How we Deny Error."  
April 9th.—AFFIRMATION. "Why and How we Affirm Truth."  
April 12th.—THOUGHT. "How to Think Truly so as to Relate our Minds to Health and Harmony."  
April 16th.—INTUITION. "How to Develop True Individuality."  
April 19th.—"The Conscious and Unconscious Action of Mind;" A Lesson on Chemicalization.  
April 23d.—FAITH. "What It Is and How it Relates us to Universal Spirit."  
April 26th.—HEREDITY. "What We Inherit and How we Inherit it."  
April 30th.—WILL. "How to Use our Will so as to Harmonize it with the Infinite."  
May 3d.—"General Rules for Treatment; or, The Truth Practically Exemplified."  
May 7th.—"Treatment in Special Cases; Self Treatment and Self Protection."  
May 10th.—RECAPITULATION—Formulas. "The Spoken Word Brings Things to Pass."  
Each lesson will be followed by answers to questions; the subject treated.  
Terms for the full course \$2.50. Single admission 25 cents.  
The new course in Theosophy will be held on the same evenings at 7:45 P. M.

LIST OF SUBJECTS.  
April 2d.—"Theosophy; What It Is and What it is Not."  
April 5th.—"Universal Brotherhood; The Keystone of a New Civilization."  
April 9th.—"The Soul and its Human Embodiments."  
April 12th.—"The Sevenfold Constitution of Man."  
April 16th.—"Karma; The Law of Cause and Effect."  
April 19th.—"The Life and Death of Jesus; Considered as Typical of the Soul's Perfect Conquest in Expression."  
April 23d.—"The Mystical Resurrection; or, The Regenerate and Triumphant Soul."  
April 26th.—"Involution and Evolution; or, How Theosophy Accounts for Creation."  
April 30th.—"An Esoteric Interpretation of Spiritual Titles, Christ, Buddha, Messiah."  
May 3d.—"The True Spiritual Marriage; or, The Re-united Soul."  
May 7th.—"The Planetary Chain; or, The Birth and Death of Worlds."  
May 10th.—"A Practical Application of Theosophical Teachings to the Immediate Requirements of this Present Life."  
Questions invited at the close of each lecture on the subject treated.  
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## GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1889.

## EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

Spiritualism numbers among its believers, on this coast, many of our wealthiest citizens. We have scores of men and women whose possessions reach from fifty thousand dollars away up into the millions. And yet, who that considers the meagerness of our efforts to uphold and extend the cause of Spiritualism, would imagine that we were not the offscourings of poverty. We say it not in anger, but in tears. Spiritualists either do not believe the uniform teachings of their spirit friends on this subject, else they are willing to jeopardize their happiness hereafter by disobedience.

How empty and vain must seem all the pomp and circumstance of life—stocks, bonds and bank accounts, houses and lands,—to the man with the death rattle in his throat. A passenger upon a sinking ship, cast aside his belt, weighted with gold, preparatory to committing himself to the waves. His neighbor picked it up and buckled it around his own waist. One sank beneath the waves, the other floated upon the surface, and was rescued. Men who know better, sink into the grave daily, weighted down with that which will encumber their spirits perhaps for ages, and bind them down to the earth plane. Live, if you will, O ye favored ones of earth, in the enjoyment of your wealth while ye may, but for your own soul's sake, and for God's sake, do some good with it when you die.

The years wear on, and to the wiser, life, in its highest significance, broadens as we near the goal of its earthly expression. We begin to realize, with the great bard, "What a wonderful thing is man." A spark from the Infinite sent out from the great source of life, to glow and blazon through space forever! Here but a day, then comes the morrow! And it is how to make that morrow brightest and happiest that we should devote today. Here comes in the beautiful teachings of Spiritualism: It can only be by making the best use of ourselves and our opportunities here. We need not expect to wear a frown to-day with the hope that it will turn into a smile to-morrow. Fill this life with sunshine and the next will catch it glow. And how can we fill it so completely full of sunshine as by doing good to others? The tears we wipe from the eyes of suffering and sorrow will, in the coming time, blossom into peerless gems for our own brows. The burdens we help to lift from the shoulders of the struggling ones of earth, the cares we help to lighten, the griefs we assuage, the kindness we bestow, will all return to us in the shape of unfading joys in the beautiful hereafter. All this they tell us who have passed on to the other life. Shall we not believe them, and put into practice their holy teachings?

How very little of the spirit of Christ there is in the churches of to-day. Here are millions of dollars worth of church edifices in this great city of San Francisco, and yet crime, and drunkenness, and poverty abound seemingly, as never before. In most of them the worshiping of Christ is made paramount to love for humanity. The Roman Catholic saloon keeper spends the hour devoted to religious service on Sunday, in counting his beads, and stupid adoration of the Host, and then hurries back to his whisky-selling! The Protestant Christian takes all manner of advantage in trade throughout the week, driving hard bargains with the poor, selling fourteen ounces of butter for a pound, and the like, and then eases his conscience by listening to an unctuous sermon on Sunday by a ten thousand dollar preacher! And all the while there are poor women making shirts for ten cents a day, and homes all around where squalor, and rags, and ignorance abound. The money invested in the churches of San Francisco alone, if properly applied to some practical plan of co-operative labor, would give to every poor man and woman in the State a home and the means of a decent livelihood. And yet we would not do away with the churches until we are prepared to put something better in their place. The people had better be taught to give for a lesser good than to give nothing for a higher good.

It isn't the amount one gives to a worthy cause that does one's spirit so much good as the sacrifice one makes in giving it. The young lady who, on experiencing a severe case of religion, gave her earnings to her unconverted sister, was entitled to no credit therefor. There was not the slightest virtue in the gift. Neither is there virtue in any gift of what one can dispense with without sacrifice. The gifts that exalt one are those like the "widow's mite," that go down into the soul, and mean some unselfish deprivation of enjoyment. That in the widow's case meant something more than that, it meant deprivation of comfort, if not of the actual necessities of life. We should all learn that to be generous in giving in a good cause, is the true way to "lay up treasures in heaven."

When we come to learn that crime is the result of ignorance and undeveloped spiritual conditions, we shall cease to punish the criminal for his offenses against society, but rather seek his reformation by kind and humane methods, and by appealing to the better side of his nature. Our prisons will then become schools of reform, and the criminal tendency be treated as a moral disease. The wrong doer will be restrained of his liberty just as we restrain the insane, for his own good, as well as for the protection of society. And when the moral health of the prisoner is restored, he will be permitted to go hence without reproach. There was a time when our ancestors had but little respect for the rights of their fellows. The strongest and shrewdest anthropoid robbed his weaker brother without the slightest compunction of conscience. The reason all do not do so now is because some are more advanced spiritually than others.

One has but to make inquiry among one's acquaintances to learn how very widely and generally the belief in spiritual manifestations is spreading and taking root in the world. Many do not care for it to be known, others do not accept all the facts; but the fact that the great truth is spreading, especially among thoughtful minds, and at a rapid rate, cannot be refuted. Our modern literature is full of Spiritualism; orthodox ministers of the gospel,—those whose backs are not covered with theological moss,—do not hesitate to preach its central truths. It is interpenetrating, in some form or other, all enlightened thought. And while thousands of believers in these truths would rebel at the idea of being called Spiritualists, yet they are such all the same, and they do not know it. May the blessed truth run and be glorified among men. May it help the world to broader and better views of religion, and to a better quality of humanity—as it surely will, as it enters more and more into the spirit as well as into the understanding of men.

## EASTER FESTIVAL.

On Easter Sunday, April 21st, W. J. Colville delivered remarkably vigorous and exceedingly impressive discourses during the brilliant Easter services which were held in the morning at Metropolitan Temple, and in the evening at College Hall, 106 McAllister street. In both places the decorations were superb, the music of first merit, the attendance unusually large, and the offerings extremely liberal. The great organ in the Temple never sounded to better advantage. Prof. Eckman rendered the triumphant music gloriously. Mr. Whiting played the difficult obligato to that splendid aria, "Let the Bright Seraphim," in a manner betraying the true artist. Mme. Bishop sang exquisitely, and the choir and congregation blended their voices harmoniously in festive hymns.

So great a desire has been expressed that one of W. J. Colville's Easter discourses should be published, that we omit the usual chapter from "Onesimus Toole," this week, to make room for it. The story will be continued next week, and regularly thereafter until it is concluded.

In the afternoon, at the Oakland Synagogue, W. J. Colville conducted a similar service to that held at the College in this city in the evening; the display of choice flowers was truly entrancing. Mrs. Chandler sang an Easter carol in her most effective style. The audience room was filled to repletion.

Mr. Colville's regular class lessons are given weekly, at College Hall, 106 McAllister street: Tuesday and Friday, at 10 A. M., and 7:45 P. M. Oakland Synagogue, Monday and Thursday, 2:45 P. M., 1725 Everett street, Alameda, same evening at 7:45; San Jose, Odd Fellow's Hall, Wednesday, 2:15 P. M., Mountain View, same evening at 1:45.

Next Sunday, Easter music will again be rendered. W. J. Colville will speak in Metropolitan Temple, at 10:45 A. M., and in Oakland Synagogue at 3 P. M., on "Modern Religious Thought Concerning the Evidences of Immortality," special mention will be made of Rev. Heber Newton's latest article on the pros and cons of Spiritualism, which has been published in many leading newspapers, and is well worthy of careful attention. In the College, at 7:30 P. M., the topic of discourse will be, "The Nature and Functions of Man's Spiritual Body." Seats free. Voluntary collections. Everybody welcome.

W. J. Colville is prepared to make arrangements to lecture anywhere on the Pacific Coast, during the coming summer. Parties desiring to secure his services for June or July are requested to make immediate application. Address, 1119 Sutter street, San Francisco.

W. J. Colville is at home for reception of friends and conversational instruction in Spiritual Science, at the above address, every Tuesday from 3 till 5 P. M.

## A BIRTH-DAY GATHERING.

On last Saturday evening the many friends of Mrs. Eliza Morse, in concert with her husband, commemorated the event of her thirty-eighth birthday by a pleasant surprise party. Early in the afternoon Mrs. Morse had been decoyed from home until darkness came on, and a number of ladies took immediate possession of the stately residence, at 621 O'Farrell street, and soon converted it into a delightful scene of floral beauty.

At nine o'clock the hum of cheerful voices ceased to float through the spacious rooms, as the Editor of the GOLDEN GATE announced in a few appropriate words, the purpose of the gathering, and that in honor of the occasion a nice little program had been prepared.

Madame Fries-Bishop and Miss Ruby Carman furnished the musical harmony for the following hour, and after a bright recitation by Miss Avis Morris, "Was he Hen-pecked?" and a fine Dutch impersonation by Mrs. Amos Adams, the spirit world joined in the exercises, and Mrs. E. A. Lewis, under control, spoke as follows:

"We have called you here this evening to realize the beauty of true friendship. It is our joy and our congratulation that there has been born into the personality of the body, this, our friend, and yours. We come with feelings of gladness from the spirit, knowing how faithfully the work of the higher life has been carried on among you, and we greet you as these flowers greet your coming."

"We have seen our friend brought through the many trying vicissitudes that accompany development, and through which every medium must pass, so that from the bitterness of life there may come the sweetest sympathy. We have seen how truly the angels have led you on, giving to your finer sense that which could not be brought to the external. We have seen them lead you onward and upward until they have brought you into the center of this home, that from thence you may radiate an influence of joy as you have hitherto radiated a healthful and a strengthening influence."

"With every birth-day may you meet the gladness of friends, their smiles of joy, their gifts of flowers and love. With your hearts attuned to the spiritual melody, with all your souls in accord with the sweet recognitions of friendship, join here with us in a blessing upon this home, and may peace, joy and happiness dwell therein eternally."

Mrs. Lewis upon taking her seat was controlled by "Sunshine," who said she would like to talk the whole evening if she had a chance. Her sayings were shrewd and witty, and like flashes of light from a realm of bliss. She announced that "Cheeto," Mrs. Morse's control, was going to talk, which was soon verified.

"Cheeto" made many happy comparisons between the home and floral surroundings, and individual life and character; that as memory lives on and on, our acts should be such as to make our memories a rich inheritance and an eternal pleasure. He rejoiced that the time had arrived when a large number of people were seeking behind the physical phenomena, the laws and principles of the spiritual life, and applying them to every day practice, and that the age of progress had more fully dawned upon the earth; glad so many teachers had been awakened and were able to give to the people the higher lessons in the spiritual life. As spiritual unfoldment increases, friendships will become more enduring. "On the coming Easter morning may there come to your soul a resurrection of much that is beautiful and pure, and may each future Easter morning bring you more and more of the resurrection that shall make you all Christs and Messiahs in the life to come."

Mr. Owen announced that the class that had received instruction during the past Winter, through the mediumship of Mrs. Morse, had purchased a present in the shape of P. B. Randolph's works, but through some delay the books had not arrived.

Mrs. Morse very feelingly said that she could hardly find words to express her appreciation, and it gave her great satisfaction to see so many friends around her. That she hoped in the near future to fit up an audience room for the spirit workers that the higher spiritual truths might be given from all progressive workers in the cause to the people who were advanced enough to appreciate and appropriate them. That she accepted the books in the spirit they were given and would donate them to the circulating library which she hoped to see established in her home, thus giving the donors opportunity to be benefited thereby. She alluded to a visit she and her husband were about to make through the East, and she should endeavor to store her mind with some added truths to dispense upon her return.

Mr. Colville closed this part of the exercises with a few remarks and a beautiful impromptu poem, from which we cull the following:

"We feel on an occasion like this, it is a great pleasure and an inestimable privilege to meet our kind sister, Mrs. Morse, and those unseen ones who influence her, and to meet with all of you who are gathered in these charming rooms, decorated as they are with the floral tributes of your affection, and reminding you that the occasion tonight is just as sweet and charming, just as full of spiritual inspiration as a few months ago when we were gathered here for a similar purpose to celebrate the nativity of our kind host, as we now celebrate that of our gracious hostess."

"We know that in this beautiful home you have the priestess and a shrine; we know that gathered in these rooms there will be from time to time, multitudes who will come to listen to the words of wisdom flowing from the lips of the inspired oracle, touched with a flame of light from the very altars of heaven's own intelligence. All these beautiful emblems around you betoken the yet higher baptism of the spirit."

"Do we not feel that with every closing year, and with every dawning New Year, we are enabled to look to the future more than to the past for all our joy and for all our inspiration?"

"We say to our kind and much beloved sister, to our valued friend and fellow-laborer in the spiritual vineyard, we greet you with that greeting which can only come from one worker to another, and from one band of intelligences to another, when there is perfect recognition. While the outward form may vary, while the particular work may differ, the object and the purpose is exactly the same."

A loaded table in an adjoining room completed the dual feast of the quickly passing hours. The cordial welcome Mr. and Mrs. Morse extended to all, the spirit of home that seemed to be

felt and float in the fragrance of Spring's fresh blooms, the parting exchanges of kindly interest and feeling, will be long remembered.

## A CURE.

We think that when a medicinal remedy is discovered for correcting a depraved appetite, the world should know of it; and as we are engaged in the uplifting of humanity, we give publicity to a cure for drunkenness, as stated by Portgaloff, a Russian physician, who declares that strychnine is an infallible cure for the taste for liquor, administered in subcutaneous injections. The effect of the strychnine solution is to change the craving for drink into positive aversion, and this change is effected in a day; and after a treatment of ten days, the subject is proof against all future temptation to drink. The strychnine is administered by dissolving one grain to two hundred drops of water, and injecting five drops of the solution every twenty-four hours.

Now, not a day goes by that some one has not resorted to strychnine or other poison, as a means to get out of trouble; but dying does not always end one's troubles, therefore it is better to seek a cure for them than to attempt to run away from them. To be sure, drunkenness is only one of thousands of bad habits that fetter the true growth of humanity, but it is a habit that opens the door to a host of others that unite with intemperance to drag one down to the bottomless pit of despair.

We are glad it is bottomless, because so long as one does not strike the bed-rock of woe and depravity, there is hope for his life here. This life is one of trial to every one; we are all placed here surrounded by temptation that presents itself in myriad forms. Some are stronger to resist than others; some never yield to the foe; others, through weakness and suffering, are made strong and become benefactors of their kind.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

—There are now sixteen permanent residents at Summerland, with several new buildings contracted for.

—Several important matters, including "Our Question Department," are unavoidably crowded out this week.

—Ho! for the pentecostal picnic at Summerland! Send in your orders at once, if you would secure a good stateroom.

—A charming poem, and as touching as it is beautiful, is that entitled, "The Mother," by Stanley Fitzpatrick, in our poetic column.

—All persons interested in our Spiritual Colony, and forthcoming excursion and picnic, should read the excellent letter of Mrs. Bushnell, in today's G. G.

—The benefit given by John Slater and others, on Tuesday evening last, in aid of the State Camp-Meeting fund, panned out a net profit of \$40. Not bad, that.

—Those who intend to go with us on the excursion to Summerland, should bear in mind that their names will be booked for the state-rooms in the order in which tickets are secured. The best rooms are going off rapidly.

—We call attention to the letter of Mrs. O. K. Smith, in to-day's issue of the GOLDEN GATE. This lady was one of the committee sent out from Los Angeles to examine the site of the new town a short time ago. She is a grand soul, and only such are wanted in Summerland.

—A dime social for the benefit of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten will be held by the Ladies' Elsmere Club next Saturday evening, May 4th, at the residence of Mrs. Hill, 117 Leavenworth street, near Turk. A cordial invitation is extended to all to be present, in aid of this most worthy work.

—The meetings of the Union Spiritual Society are increasing in numbers every Wednesday evening, and they are constantly getting new members. They elect officers on Tuesday, May 6th. The society is doing a good work. Mrs. E. B. Crossette and a number of good mediums are present at every meeting.

—Special attention is called to the Easter Concert, to be given in College Hall, 106 McAllister street, this evening. (See program on Fifth page). A full attendance ought to greet this fine array of distinguished talent. Most if not all the artists have kindly donated their services to increase the College funds.

—A rare opportunity to visit Santa Barbara and return is offered in our excursion, by the Steamer "Santa Rosa," which sails from this city on Thursday, May 9th, at 2 P. M. Excursionists may return by the same steamer, or stop over for one or two trips as they may prefer. Send in your names for the trip. See advertisement.

—From a private letter we learn that that devoted friend of the Spiritual Cause, Bro. A. E. Newton, passed to spirit life by the aid of his old enemy, pneumonia, April 12th, and the funeral services were held at the First Spiritual Temple in Boston, Sunday, April 14th, Dr. H. B. Storer delivering the eulogy, which was a merited tribute to a most worthy man.

—The children of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten were given an Easter Festival last Monday afternoon. The beautifully decorated school-room was filled with the patrons and friends of the school. About sixty children took part in the exercises, which consisted of songs, games and recitations, in which the little ones participated with evident delight and glee. A number of Easter eggs had been hidden in different parts of the room, and the children had quite a lively time hunting for them, after they had been found the eggs were distributed to the children. Refreshments in profusion, candies, cakes and raisins, were also distributed to them; a Japanese napkin being likewise provided for each scholar. The guests present expressed themselves as highly pleased with the exercises, and with the admirable manner in which the school is conducted by the teachers, Misses Josie and Libbie Hill.

## ANOTHER PROOF.

That man in this life, is a dual being—that he lives a spiritual as well as a physical life, is no better demonstrated than by those illiterate persons who confound the world by some special intellectual or artistic ability. The medical fraternity have their theories regarding these human phenomena; scientists have theirs; the physical research delvers explain them, and various other classes of men have their opinions, but there is only one explanation that is rational, that is a spiritual one.

There died lately in Virginia, an old negro who was all his life a wonder and puzzle to the natives of his village, and no less to all visitors and travelers who chanced to meet him. He was known as Old Tom Cabbage, and the mathematical wonder of the Blue Ridge country, although he could not tell one figure or letter from another. Old Tom could almost, in a moment, solve any problem read to him from the papers or text-books, and could add a column of figures of any possible length, subtract, multiply or divide, with far greater rapidity than they could be given him. Knowing nothing whatever of the notation of figures, he would give his answers by naming each figure separately, and could instantly tell, when the answer had been read to him, if any false figure had been introduced, as was sometimes done to farther test his extraordinary power. Now we believe that what we call learning, is intuition in the spiritual state, and would be here if our physical and spiritual natures were in perfect harmony. We know that some very bright children can learn little from books, and are called "dull scholars," but they always develop into marked men and women. Lives that are here dwarfed and deformed, often develop phenomenal gifts—the result of spiritual striving and concentration where most is promised.

## HO! FOR SUMMERLAND.

The following persons have signified their intention to join in the grand excursion to Summerland by the steamer "Santa Rosa," on Thursday, May 9th:

Hon. Wm. Bowley and wife, Australia, Wm. L. Law and wife, Oakland, Capt. and Mrs. Bushnell, San Francisco, Dr. H. B. Wright and wife, San Francisco, Dr. Nellie Beighle, San Francisco, Mrs. O. M. Washburn, San Francisco, Miss Hattie Washburn, San Francisco, Mrs. Addie Ballou, San Francisco, Mrs. Melissa Miller, San Francisco, Madame Fries-Bishop, San Francisco, Mrs. Carrie M. Robinson, Oakland, Mrs. M. Smith, San Francisco, H. C. Menomy, San Francisco, W. H. Yeaw, San Francisco, James G. Clark, San Francisco, J. C. Mann, Seattle, W. T. Mrs. Eggert Aitken, San Francisco, Mrs. Emily F. Thompson, San Francisco, Miss Mattie Hughes, San Francisco, Wm. Pile and wife, Undine, Cal. Levi S. Eplick, San Francisco, Mrs. F. M. Harrison, San Francisco, Mrs. J. E. Cotter, San Francisco, J. J. Owen, San Francisco.

This list will be extended, as other names are handed in.

## A House-Warming.

## EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The location was at No. 129 Taylor street; time, evening of April 22, 1889. The occasion was the dedication of the newly-furnished home of Mrs. D. N. Maxwell, to an advanced phase of spirit work through her mediumship. The pleasant parlors had been beautified by a profusion of floral decorations, the choice flowers for which were tributes of regard from Petaluma friends.

At an early hour invited guests assembled, comfortably filling the apartments, and the order of exercises commenced with music and singing, followed by an invocation given through Mrs. E. R. Nickless; also very thrillingly beautiful dedicatory remarks by the same spirit.

Singing followed. Then Mrs. Maxwell was entranced and responded most feelingly, at the close of which little spirit "Lone Star," took control of her and spoke in her pleasingly quaint style, referring to the occasion of the gathering; then pointed to a large dish filled with very many varieties of beautiful flowers on the centre-table, saying that "those had been selected as souvenirs for those present, and that each flower therein had been given a spirit counterpart by the band of spirit florists who were present, and that they desired that each person present should select a flower and retain it as a keepsake."

Mrs. Maxwell, still under the same control, took the dish and passed it to each person in the rooms, and as each selected a flower, the spirit spoke words corresponding to the selection and the condition of the one making the choice. It was a most beautiful and impressive ceremony, forming a scene long and pleasantly to be remembered.

Then Mrs. Higgins, of New York, was entranced and gave an appropriate address, every word of which was in harmony with the preceding scenes and incidents, filled with loving, encouraging advice to the hostess, and prophecy of success for the work about to be begun.

The familiar control of Mrs. Nickless, "Little Sunflower," put in an appearance, and held the assemblage in pleasing style until she had described spirit friends and conditions around each and every one present. One of Mrs. Lizzie Fulton's guides gave us a spicy touch of Irish wit. Mrs. L. A. Rockwood gave a recitation, which was well received. The evening concluded with a collation of good things, and general conversation, interspersed with heart-felt wishes for the success of the enterprise our genial hostess has in hand.

## Fraternity Hall.

## EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The First Progressive Spiritualist Society, of Oakland, met last Sunday at Fraternity Hall to hold their usual exercises. Mr. Shepherd presiding. At the evening meeting Mrs. Cowell gave the opening invocation; afterwards Mr. Potter gave a short address; Mrs. Finnigan gave thanks from the platform to a large audience and many of which was recognized.

Next Sunday evening will be our Monthly Social, for the benefit of the Association, consisting of songs, recitations, piano solos and etc., by a number of friends who have promised to assist us. Mrs. Finnigan has promised to be with us and give tests. We invite all to come. Meetings commence at 7 P. M.

MRS. DAVIS, Sec'y.



## "Encompassed in its Inspiring Influence."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

After an absence of seven weeks from Summerland, I find myself encompassed in its inspiring influence again. I arrived here Friday evening, after a delightful voyage, with new-found friends. Was met at the station by Mr. H. L. Williams, who drove me through Summerland to his home, "Ortega Rancho." My attention was at once called to welcome beaming lights from tents on the grounds; next, to a large building erected for a boarding-house. The family who are to run the caravansary moved in on Thursday last. A fine cottage is almost completed for Mr. Sleight. Miss Everhard has rented her lovely cottage by the month. Work and business is going steadily on. Mr. Williams is doing everything in his power to make the excursion a grand ovation to all who may do themselves the pleasure of visiting Summerland.

Mrs. O. K. Smith's cottage will be finished by the 9th of May. Mr. M. Parsons has lumber on the ground for his house. Mr. L. Wright has received plans for a two story house to be built this fall from parties East. There is so much work to be done—orders, plans, beautifying, putting in water pipes, etc., and so far, there are not hands enough to do it.

A meeting was held at the new building yesterday; friends from Santa Barbara in goodly numbers were in attendance, and judging from the enthusiasm displayed, I can promise the friends of San Francisco and Oakland, a warm and fraternal welcome.

Grading on some of the streets will be done this week. The short time that this colony has been talked of and written up, it is a wonder in its growth. Friends must not expect to see a "full grown" city, but it is already looking "towny."

As the meeting yesterday was in session, we all heard a whistle of a steamer. She came steaming into a little landing just above Ortega station, where she unloaded the water pipes for Summerland; then she left her moorings and sailed over the smooth waters past our beloved retreat, in power and grandeur, on her way to Santa Barbara.

The whole country is looking beautifully. Shade and fruit trees have now put on their robes of tender green. Some a little more advanced have donned a more sober hue. Flowers on tree and shrub are smiling at one on every turn. Hillside and plain are covered with a new carpet of varied colors. All nature seems to be putting on her bridal robes to receive in beauty and harmony the friends of this cause. All will be done, as far as possible, to accommodate each and every one who may say, "it was good to be there." Scholars, thinkers, mediums, and seekers after the mighty truths, are invited and hoped for and expected to be here to baptize in one accord this angel-voiced locality and consecrate it to future advancement of spiritual light.

Sermons are held at Mr. and Mrs. Wright's, by Henry B. Allen, for development. The influence of this beautiful spot is heavenly. As I write this early sun-lit morning, the music of the sea in its overwhelming wonder is ringing a lullaby of peace, and its laughing ripples, kissing the feet of Summerland with a devotion born of eternal love and protection; and as one looks over the waters to the islands that rise up from their depths like monster watch-dogs, a feeling of safety from those sentinels on duty fills the heart with contentment. Row-boats and vessels can ride these waters in safety, as storms seldom, if ever, lash the waves into fury. Mr. Parsons has a fine boat already moored here, and glides out far to find old ocean's beauties quite often. Fish are in abundance.

I could write all day about every new feature that is constantly coming into view, but time is limited and this letter must go to mail, hoping all may come expected, and with kind hearts and thoughts enjoy the feast set before them.

Yours in fraternal truth always,  
ROSE L. BUSHNELL.  
ORTEGA RANCHO, April 22, 1889.

## St. George's Hall Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Mrs. Logan's meetings at St. George's Hall, Market street, on Sunday morning and evening, were of deep interest. Prof. Seymour, Dr. Abbott, Mr. Hodgkin, and Mrs. Stevens, all spoke as the spirit moved them. Miss Hare performed on the piano, but was so influenced that she made her maiden speech. Said that she was on the side of Spiritualism; that nothing would be more gratifying to her than to become a good medium, in order to disseminate this beautiful truth world-wide. She is a book-keeper in her father's mercantile establishment and always at her post of duty. She lives in South San Francisco and must be in the office so early in the morning that she could not be here in the evening, but we had a good supply of music by Mr. Wilbur, pianist, and Mrs. Rutter and Mrs. Higgins, vocalists, besides music on the violin and banjo, by two intelligent young men; and a newly developed medium sung "The Last Rose of Summer,"—after making an apology for being in the meeting,—had promised himself that he would not come, not being fully developed, but an influence brought him nevertheless, to the delight of all present, judging from the applause at his rounded periods. His comrade also spoke grandly, not claiming to be a believer in Spiritualism, but talked in an unconscious state.

Mrs. Logan has many thanks through the various mediums for holding the fort in harmony, while perfect freedom is allowed for the spirits to do their work.

Mrs. Higgins, a grand medium from New York, No. 10 Turk street, addressed the audience, and also went through the aisles giving many tests.

Mr. Ackerly, of Oakland, spoke with much zeal, and all seemed to feel that it was good for them to be there. This "Circle of Harmony," (rightly named), meets at the same hours and place next Sunday.

REPORTER.

## Progressive Spiritualists.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

April 21st, meeting was opened by Judge Swift, who kindly consented to act as Chairman in the absence of President John A. Collins, who was too ill to be present. It was an Experience and Conference meeting and was very interesting. Dr. Mead made some general remarks, after which U. B. Thomas related some of his own experiences in materialization; notably of his mother writing a letter, while standing by his side, and then dematerializing, sinking slowly out of sight. A duet was given by Mesdames Ratter and Chapman, entitled, "When the Days are Going By," a very sweet song well rendered; Mr. L. Ward's experience of his spirit leaving his body, and returning to it, was listened to with deep interest; Prof. Houston gave an intellectual and instructive address. The Professor is always listened to with attention. Mrs. Ida Seales, one of San Francisco's old-time mediums, whose home is in Lakeport was present, and was warmly welcomed as she came forward to address her old friends. She is doing a good work in her town in healing, and is the only avowed Spiritualist in the place. Mr. W. H. Mills being called for, gave a few short and characteristic words; a piano solo was given

by Miss Violet Wheeler; Mrs. Higgins gave the closing address, speaking very earnestly, and affirming that materialization was a fact, it having been proved to her through her own mediumship, she having been very skeptical. Altogether this was the most interesting meeting we have had for some time.

MRS. S. B. WHITFIELD,  
Secretary.

## The Young People's Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Fraternity Hall was again full to overflowing last Sunday evening, of eager listeners to the varied program which is presented each evening of these meetings.

Many were unable to obtain seats, and were obliged to go away disappointed. A larger hall is needed. Aside from the usual good singing by the audience, Miss Lizzie Filer, Jessie Cranston and Robert Aitken, gave excellent recitations, and Dora Hill a piano solo; Dr. Dewy, the inspirational medium, gave an original song to enliven the atmosphere at the opening exercises. G. F. Perkins sang several songs, and entertained the audience with several phrenological readings, giving tests at the same time, which were recognized. Dr. Mansfield, "The Spirit Postmaster," was present and related a few of his remarkable experiences during the forty years of his mediumship. At the close of his remarks a gentleman in the audience presented a sealed letter, which he stated was written by him, and seen or touched by no one beside himself, requesting the Doctor to answer it by writing, which the gentleman proceeded to before the audience, to a wonderful degree of accuracy, thus giving a most remarkable test of spirit power. The Doctor is expected to be present next Sunday evening, when he will answer at least one letter in the same manner. Dr. Dewy asked to be excused from further duties that evening, but signified his intention to be present next Sunday and give tests. The gentleman is a new medium to us, but gives evidence of being an excellent subject for spirit manifestations.

The young people are showing their increasing interest in these things by remaining the entire evening. They are also very enthusiastic over the coming social at St. George's Hall, on the 27th of this month.

Mr. A. Cromwell, humorist, known as "The Josh Billings of California," has been engaged to produce the fun. Prof. Perkins will personate Richard III, in costume, beside a fine program by the young folks. A grand time is expected.

## At Washington Hall.

EDITOR OF THE GOLDEN GATE:

The Independent Spiritual Meeting at Washington Hall last Sunday evening, was well attended, and the exercises were of usual interest. Mrs. E. B. Crossette, by her control, answered questions from the audience with manifest satisfaction, and all seemed delighted and pleased with the ready answers to the various questions propounded. The solos by Mrs. Mulhner were charmingly sweet, and delighted the audience. One of the most interesting features of music for the occasion, was an Italian operatic piece, given by the control of Dr. Cole, who is perfectly ignorant of the first principles of music, and speaks no language but the English, and that imperfectly; but under control sings Italian, French and German, and is pronounced by musical experts as being of the highest order. Mr. Cole has promised to be present next Sunday evening and sing, if his guides permit. Mr. Mulhner was present with the occult telegraph, the conditions being decidedly unfavorable, having left a sick child at home; a few ticks only were received. The messages received through this instrument are of the most convincing, and are conclusive evidence of the receipt of intelligence from the other side.

The managers of this meeting have decided, in view of the present interest in the subject of Materialization, to devote one evening to the discussion of that subject—the pros and cons both, believers and unbelievers in the phenomena, and both sides given a fair and equal opportunity, without personalities or prejudice, to express, either from experience, reason, logic or science, their individual views.

REPORTER.

## Medium's Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Another successful session of the Medium's meeting, was held last Sunday afternoon, at St. George's Hall. Perfect harmony prevailed, and every one present seemed to enjoy the exercises, which were opened by singing as usual and a few explanatory remarks, and a song from S. F. Perkins who introduced Prof. Abbott, the well-known medium from the Eastern States. Mr. Abbott gave a short, pointed and complimentary address upon the objects of these gatherings, speaking in the highest of terms relative to the manager's efforts to establish a medium's meeting. He predicted a grand, successful future awaiting the movement.

In rapid succession, the gentleman gave tests and psychometric readings, which were highly appreciated and acknowledged. The gentleman has a manner which leaves the thought of self out of his work. Mrs. Perkins also gave many tests and inspirational thoughts; Mrs. Miller who needs no introduction was on hand with her usual willingness to lend a harmonious influence and gave many messages from loved ones; Mrs. Jennie, Dr. Hatch, Mr. Young, Mrs. West, Mrs. Smith and others loaned their mediumistic abilities; Mrs. Stout aided with a piano solo; Dr. Dewy with a charming song.

## CARD OF THANKS.

Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Morse desire to express their sincere thanks and appreciation for favors received at the late surprise party at their home. They would especially remember the donors of the floral tributes that came in from all quarters, and the ladies whose fairy fingers so tastefully and artistically arranged the same; also, the contributors to the musical and literary feast, the genial manager of the exercises, and the friendly reporter who portrayed the picture of the scene and expressions of the speakers. May the spirit of the sweet flowers, sent return to every donor, carrying the benedictions of our love. May each kind heart and hand that wove the flowers into such enchanting form, be followed forever by the memory of the pleasing picture, and the charm of the rare fragrance. May the voices that awakened inspiring song in our souls, be angel touched to sing the melodies of the inner soul of harmony that shall erstwhile be quickened. May those who contributed the wit and wisdom of the occasion grow in spiritual strength and expression, till the wisdom of the spheres above be theirs. May there be as genial a manager to greet the Editor of the GOLDEN GATE on his birth to the higher life, as he proved himself to be on this occasion. May each succeeding year bring us one and all together again in joy and happy greeting, and may the circle of friendship grow until the earth is girdled with a band of clasped and happy hands. May the regret of our good-bye for the present to the Pacific slope, be swallowed up in home-coming greetings of love and good will in early autumn.

## Music in the Air.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Will you allow me just a little space in your valuable paper, that I may say to the friends, and enemies as well, that a two weeks of tent residence in sweet Summerland, has only served to strengthen my hopes for its complete success by the unfoldment of new and interesting features regarding the desirability of its location and surroundings for, and meeting the urgent demands of, just such as are attracted to it—one place where mental, spiritual and intellectual culture will form one of the basic principles of our colony, which will fit us, not only for a higher sphere, but make of us better humanitarians and better citizens,—one place where such harmony of thought and action will pervade the very elements, that our loved ones may be enabled to come to us and remain indefinitely.

A lady friend and neighbor of mine has on two evenings of this week, heard a band of music playing in the air above. May it materialize within the senses of each and every one of us ere long.

We are about to organize a library association, Mr. Williams and myself having donated one hundred and fifty dollars worth of excellent books, consisting of scientific, historical and miscellaneous works, by the best authors. Friends of Summerland and the Cause, go and do likewise. Address all donations to H. L. Williams, care Summerland. We want books and periodicals treating upon all subjects pertaining to human weal or woe, not for the purpose of educating us, but for the purpose of helping us to educate ourselves; books that will provoke thought within our own mental capacities, whereby we may gain a spiritual unfoldment sufficient to meet our most urgent demands.

We have arranged to meet every Sunday, for the purpose of perfecting arrangements for the coming May picnic, friends of Santa Barbara contributing largely to the gathering. We meet in the large store building now nearly completed by that indefatigable worker, Mr. Williams; though somewhat lymphatic in temperament, he seems to be everywhere, doing everything just at the right time.

My cottage will, I believe, be the third one completed on the site, though several others are commenced or contracted for. It didn't require much courage to build the third one, but to have pioneered and built the first one, almost at the moment the idea of Summerland was born, as did that noble pair, Mr. and Mrs. Wright, demonstrated more loyalty and genuine courage than ordinary mortals are supposed to possess. MRS. O. K. SMITH.  
SUMMERLAND, CAL., April 19, 1889.

—Father John Beeson, the Redman's friend, of Tallent, Oregon, passed to spirit life, April 21st, aged nearly 86 years. This grand old man was ever on the alert to aid in the elevation of man, and relieve the down-trodden and oppressed. He was a firm believer in spiritual life. He was buried under the auspices of the Southern Spiritual Society of Jackson county, Oregon.

## In Memoriam.

Passed to the higher life, from Pine City, California, Mrs. Mary E. Thayer, aged 58 years and 3 months.

## Advice to Mothers.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING 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.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

METAPHYSICAL COLLEGE  
106 McALLISTER STREET.

## GRAND CONCERT!

Saturday Evening, April 27, 1889.

## PROGRAM—PART I.

1. Piano Solo—"La Napolitana,".....Lysberg  
Mrs. Virginia Shipley.
2. Song—"That Melody Divine,".....Jordan  
W. J. Colville.
3. Recitation.....  
Miss Lucie Currie.
4. Duet—"Marguerite,".....  
Misses Estelle Foster and Bertha Wadham.
5. Cornet Solo—"Silver Stream Polka,".....Rollinson  
R. H. Whiting.
6. Song—"Retrospection,".....Kacher  
Mme. Marie Bishop.
7. Recitation—"The Newboy,".....  
Miss Laura Crews.
8. Song.....  
Miss Alice Gough.
9. Song.....  
Mrs. McCarthy.
10. Impromptu Poem—(Subject to be chosen by Audience)  
W. J. Colville.

## PART II.

1. Piano Solo—"Rondo Capriccioso,".....Mendelssohn  
Miss Kate Lang.
2. Vocal Duet—"William Tell,".....Meyerbeer  
The Misses Gough.
3. Song—"Recompense,".....  
Miss Lina Crews.
4. Recitation.....  
Miss Lucie Currie.
5. Song—"Jeannie,".....Inkermann  
Mme. Bishop.
6. Cornet Solo—"Easter Song,".....Mercadante  
R. H. Whiting.
7. Song.....  
Miss Laura Crews.
8. Song—"Folkstied,".....Guldenstein  
W. J. Colville.
9. Song.....  
Mrs. McCarthy.
10. Song—"Bid Me Good-Bye,".....Tooti  
Miss Lina Crews.

Doors open at 7. Concert at 7:45. Carriages at 10:15.  
Admission 25 cents.  
Proceeds to be devoted to the funds of the College.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## THE NEW

## SPIRITUALIST : COLONY

--OF--

## SUMMERLAND!

LOCATED FIVE MILES BELOW THE  
CITY OF SANTA BARBARA.The Finest Scenery and Fairest  
Climate on the Globe.1200 Lots Sold and Building Progress-  
ing Rapidly.

It has long been the desire of many

Spiritualists that a Spiritualist Colony, or place of pleasurable and educational resort, might be located at some convenient point on this Coast—a place where the Spiritualists of the world could meet and establish permanent homes, and enjoy all the advantages, not only of our "glorious climate," but of the social and spiritual communion that such association of Spiritualists would insure.

Summerland offers all the advantages for such a colony, located as it is upon the seashore, in the unequalled climate of Santa Barbara, and but five miles from that most beautiful city,—a spot where the sun ever shines, overlooking the ocean, extending even to its silvered shore, with a background of mountains, which forms a shelter from the north winds, insuring what that country has the reputation of enjoying—the most equable climate in the world. It is located on the Southern Pacific Railroad, now completed between Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, and on what in the near future will be the main line of that road.

The site constitutes a part of what is known as the Ortega Rancho, owned by H. L. Williams. It faces the south and ocean, gently sloping to the latter, where as fine bathing ground exists as can be found on this Coast. A fine beach drive extends to and beyond the city of Santa Barbara. Back, and two and a half miles to the north, extends the Santa Inez range of mountains, forming a beautiful and picturesque back-ground. A most beautiful view of the mountains, islands, ocean, and along the coast, is had from all parts of the site. The soil is of the very best.

Orders for lots in Summerland may be made through the office of the GOLDEN GATE, or of H. L. WILLIAMS, Santa Barbara. Price, \$30. Orders for lots will be received and entered, and the lots selected and located by the editor of this journal, where parties cannot be present to select for themselves.

The size of single lots is 25x60 feet, or 25x120 feet for a double lot, the latter fronting on a fine wide avenue, with a narrow street in the rear. By uniting four lots—price \$120—a frontage of 50 feet by 120 feet deep is obtained, giving one a very commodious building site, with quite ample grounds for flowers, etc.

## PUBLICATIONS.

## A New Departure!

Spirit Eona's Legacy to the Wide, Wide  
World to be sold by Agent and  
through the House direct.

To introduce this GREAT SPIRITUAL WORK into every Spiritual family, and to those that read for advanced thought, I wish to appoint an agent (lady or gentleman) in every city and town in the United States, Canada, and foreign countries.

Those that will accept this position will find it very pleasant work. A few hours each day devoted to the sale of this book will bring you a nice income. Aside from this, you are doing a great spiritual good in distributing to the many the advanced thoughts in the book.

With little effort the book can be sold to nearly every Spiritualist that dwells in your city.

ONLY ONE AGENT to each town or city is wanted. Those that desire the same will please advise me at once, and I will mail them full particulars as to prices, etc.

The book is well advertised, and the many sales we have made is proof that this is the proper time for a book like this.

[TITLE PAGE.]

## SPIRIT EONA'S LEGACY TO THE

WIDE WIDE WORLD:

VOICES FROM MANY HILL-TOPS.

ECHOES FROM MANY VALLEYS.

- (OR THE) -

EXPERIENCES OF THE SPIRITS EON &amp; EON.

In Earth-Life and the Spirit Spheres: in Ages Past, in the Long, Long Ago; and their Many Incarnations in Earth-Life and on other worlds.

Given through the "Sun Angel's Order of Light."

The book has 650 large sized pages, is elegantly bound in fine English cloth, has beveled boards and gilt top; will be sent by mail on receipt of \$2.50.

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## AGENTS WANTED.

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Box 1362, Oswego, N. Y.

THE BOOK,

## "SPIRIT EONA'S LEGACY,"

Has found its way to England and Germany, and is on sale in Madras, British India, by.....Kalam Bros. in Melbourne, Victoria, by.....Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Morris in Auckland, New Zealand, by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Chaslay nov 25

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will meet every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, Nos. 909½ and 913½ Market street, between Fifth and Sixth. The hall is commodious and well arranged for this purpose. Strangers and all those interested are respectfully invited to attend.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 2 P. M., Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. All are invited. Admission, 10 cts. The Library and Reading Room of this Society is located at 34½ Market street, "Carrier Dove" office, and is open every week day from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

METAPHYSICAL COLLEGE, 106 McALLISTER STREET—W. J. Colville lectures every Sunday, at 7:30 P. M., and conducts classes for thoroughly practical instruction in Spiritual Science, Tuesdays and Fridays, at 10 A. M. Lectures and conversations on Theosophy, Tuesdays and Fridays, at 7:45 P. M.

UNION SPIRITUAL SOCIETY MEETS EVERY Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111, Larkin street. Mrs. E. B. Crossette, the Inspirational Speaker, and Mrs. Ladd Finnegan and Mrs. E. Perkins, will give tests at every meeting. Admission, 10 cents. All invited.

OPEN MEETINGS OF THE GOLDEN GATE Lodge of the Theosophical Society, are held on the second and fourth Sundays of each month, at 106 McAllister street, at 7:30. Earnest inquirers cordially invited. COUNCIL G. G. OF THE T. S.

SPIRITUAL CIRCLE OF HARMONY IN ST. George's Hall, 909 Market street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, Sundays, at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Every body invited. Perfect liberty for all to participate. Mrs. F. A. Logan, presiding. Admission, 10 cents.

LECTURE TESTS AND SPIRITUAL HEALING, by Mrs. E. J. E. R. and Dr. J. R. Nickless, of New York, at St. Andrew's Hall, No. 111 Larkin street, every Sunday evening, until further notice, commencing March 30, at 7:45 o'clock. All are invited; seats free.

W. J. COLVILLE LECTURES EVERY SUNDAY in Metropolitan Temple. Services commence precisely at 10:45 A. M. Organist, Prof. Eckman; soprano, Mme. Marie Bishop. Everybody invited.

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM MEETS every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Get off at Center street station. Strangers and friends always welcome.

THE PEOPLE'S SPIRITUAL MEETING IS HELD every Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock, in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Speaking and platform tests by the best mediums at every meeting.

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.

OPEN MEETING—ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, November 11th, at 2 o'clock, a Bible Class will be held at the Home College, 324 Seventeenth street. All will be welcome.

MRS. J. R. WILSON'S CLASSES IN SPIRITUAL Science, at 106 McAllister street, on Monday and Thursday, at 2 P. M.

## 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 28, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, ——— dollars."

PHOTOGRAPHS of Madame Blavatsky with autograph, are now on sale, the proceeds to be given to Theosophical work. Price, \$1.50; mounted, \$2.00. Send orders to Countess Wachtmeister, 17 Landsdown Road, Holland Park, London, W. England. mar16-2m



## Life in the Beyond.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I am impelled to write for my controls, who wish to send greeting through the GOLDEN GATE, to their many friends. They claim a hearing and speak for themselves.

Our object, dear friends, is to make you know that we live and are engaged in useful occupation for our continuance in development, and drive the demon of mystery and ignorance from the field, and help mankind on to a higher conception of natural cause and effect. That mystery shall no longer lead them into darkness to which many are paying tribute. Should our work find favor with you, you may hear from us in plainer and less disguised terms.

It is conceded that we live beyond the grave, but no detailed account of how, or in what state, or condition, or occupation, which is the leading topic of our present conversation has been given. Dear friends, what would you have us to be? Would you take from us our individuality? Would you deprive us of our personal rights simply because we have moved to a new state? Will you not allow us all the rights and privileges that you enjoy? We concede that you will, and in response to your willingness, we will invite you to come close to us, that we may speak to you face to face; that the mother who rocked to slumber and guided the baby footsteps of her darling child may once more press you to her bosom, as all loving counselors for your good will do at the commencement of your new life; where you will soon imitate the methods we use, and learn that your new field of labor has just begun, and will yield in accordance with the energy you possess. Your tangible spirit-form will put on the fruits of its own industry, such as are intended to quicken the industrious man of earth into more activity to speed on their steamships, locomotives, telegraphs, and all improvements for which we have a venerated love, and have been the instigators in their achievements.

And our entire labor with you is to endow you with ability sufficient to cause you to see as we see and know as we know. We are loosed from earth's attractions, from a weight we lived in for our development to a higher grade or advanced school where we cease to be children, and can read our history in the book of nature, that we may no longer hold views different from which we by nature are. Many here hold the same Deistic views they formally did; notwithstanding they are bereft of earth bodies, they remain similar to that before taking the change. But we must draw nearer to the thread of our theme, for which the readers will feel more deeply interested.

Our religion since the day we gave it to you, at Hydesville, has grown and developed faster in some degree than in former ages, so we can now come to you with the best of human evidence the world has ever had, that what we tell you is true; and none of our mediums should shrink from its advocacy. As we said, again we say, come close to us, while we tell you that all the isms gotten up outside the golden thread of nature's divine law, cannot effect its growth, no matter what they strive to hook on. Its tendency can only retard its progress, but not to obliterate one law that attracts equal forces to each other. Be it ours to say that we were never outside of eternity where we will continue to remain, but never alone. In nature "we live and have our being." Do we marry, is a proverb that is often propounded by the inmates of darkness on the subject, whom we would refer to the wise men of the East to solve and advise us what becomes of the law of attraction and conception for lone-dwellers?

To except one of these laws all becomes null, for they are the mother of all unfolding developments; we are not given in marriage according to the theme of an earth life; with us, marriage is a natural outgrowth of a developed state where congenial law brings together those adapted for each other, where conjugal affection live in obedience to creative law for a higher development. We are the same and as tangible to ourselves as you in earthlife are to you, and we are glad the way is open for us to draw near through our developed mediums who are prepared and fitted to take their place beyond the reach of envious jealousy in giving to you our crowning glory and latest developments.

Reveal to us, ye wise men of the East, from whence come your guardian spirits, if not from their progenitors, who sent you to earth to learn of its ways? Our spirit law is universally productive, and is the winding-sheet of error. First comes the spirit, then the materialization, where, in our infant state, we commence our earth life, but we lived before. If not as we purport, what would you mold us to be? Dear reader, we are neither naked nor without food; all our wants we supplied with our labor. A more detailed description we would gladly furnish only for want of a co-understanding of its topography, and relationship we bear to each other. Let our mediums comfort themselves for having been faithful co-workers with us in giving you our words; their reward is sure. Let select societies of men understand their creeds and live close to them; that God is a spirit, and to worship him, they must worship him in spirit and in truth, and cease their denunciation of those who do; we are now in the house of God as much as we possibly can ever be. Come

and let us reason together, lest the woes of the shepherds of Israel be upon them, for they have not seen all that is to be done, and they have no oil to develop the sequel of their after life.

Through our medium,  
JOHN BROWN, SR.  
ENSENADA, Lower California, April 13th.

## A Model for Artists.

(Santa Cruz Serf.)

Robert F. T. Stephens was taken to the Insane Asylum at Napa on Saturday. Stephens' case is a peculiar one and would undoubtedly repay investigation from a physico-spiritual standpoint. The moral and mental faculties appear to be abnormally developed, and his physical appearance is very striking. He has lived in this vicinity for several years, and James, the photographer, three years ago, was so impressed with the man's resemblance to the ideal likeness of the Savior that he requested him to sit for his photograph. The picture taken at that time is a profile likeness, and the resemblance is still more striking than the front view. His hair and beard are as fine as silk. His mania consists of an utter abnegation of the body and an exaltation of the soul. On the trip up to San Francisco the sheriff and his charge were in the smoking car and many people were interested in the very strange personal appearance of the man. Rev. C. D. Barrows, who was on the same train, studied the man carefully for some time, and said that his head in profile was a perfect fac-simile of a famous head of Christ by Del Sarto, now in a Florence art gallery. Dr. Barrows, who has been abroad often, has never failed to spend some time in this gallery at each visit, and was much impressed with this living reproduction of his favorite painting.

## A Human Almanac.

(Quincy, Ill., Special to Chicago Tribune.)

Brown county has a prodigy in the shape of a ten-year-old boy with a talent for days and dates. Roy Odenweller, son of S. P. Odenweller of Industry township, is the infant wonder. Give him any date of any month of this year, last year or next year, and he can at once tell you the day of the week upon which it falls or has fallen. For example, ask him on what day of the week will October 17, 1889, fall, and he will promptly answer "Thursday," which is correct. And so of any date of last year or the year to come. How he arrives at the solution he does not know. Numerous gentlemen of undoubted veracity have repeatedly tested his strange power. The little fellow is a bright youngster, but does not exhibit any unusual precocity beyond this peculiar gift. He says that beyond the three years—the current, the last and the next—he cannot give correct answers. Next year he will lose all power over 1888 (with which he is now conversant), and his mind will grasp that of 1891, of which he now knows nothing. He has no rule or method, nor does he know how he arrives at the true answer, but it is certain that he is correct when answering.

The St. Augustine Press treats a local reportorial hypercritic on the subject of Spiritualism to the following clear-cut and utterly just characterization: "The young intelligent and inexperienced correspondent of the Jacksonville Times-Union in Friday's letter makes the usual sensational article which nearly all papers in the country are accustomed to do when referring to the subject of Spiritualism. He speaks of 'spooks,' which is sufficient evidence to show that he don't know the difference between spooks and angels, and the difference between spirits in a saloon and spirits from the other world. The numerous intelligent and highly respected citizens of St. Augustine who are firm believers in Spiritualism will smile when they read Bauskett's highly intellectual article on spooks in this city."

A traveler in Norway says that the horses in that country have a very sensible way of taking their food, which perhaps might be beneficially followed here. They have a bucket of water put down beside their allowance of hay. It is interesting to see with what relish they take a sip of the one and a mouthful of the other alternately, sometimes only moistening their mouths, as a rational being would do while eating a dinner of such dry food. A broken-winded horse is scarcely ever seen in Norway, and the question is if the mode of feeding has not something to do with the preservation of the animal's respiratory organs.

James Clark, a negro boy of Albany, Ga., is one of the wonders of the place because though never having been taught, he is well educated, a good mathematician, and writes a "pretty hand." He buys many books and says that when he studies a text-book and tries to master a lesson he can't understand anything about it, but at night in his dreams the entire lesson is impressed upon his mind and he never forgets it.

Archdeacon Farrar in a recent sermon said, "You will be saved neither by opinions nor by observances, but solely by your character and life."

## Carrie E. Downer in Gilroy.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

On Sunday, April 7th, Miss Downer lectured in the afternoon and evening in Wright's Hall, upon the following subjects, given by the audience: "What is the Nature of the Power that Governs and Controls the Whole Universe." "What has Spiritualism Done for the World." "To What Extent does the Cultivation of Intellect Increase Man's Psychological Nature, if any." "The Earth's Future." "How does the Hindoo Religion Compare with the Christian." Her lecture on the first three subjects was the best of the season. Broad, deep and progressive, and was listened to with the greatest interest, and opened a new field of thought. At the evening meeting "our little preacher" spoke in her usual easy manner, as though the fountain of inspiration was increasing and would never go dry. Six subjects for poems were given by the audience, which were beautiful in the extreme. An urn full of beautiful flowers which had been placed on the pulpit was taken for a subject, which was a masterpiece and filled our souls with delight.

She also delivered an emphatic and vigorous protest against the prevailing skepticism, persecution and recent assaults upon Spiritualism and mediums. It is considered blasphemous to make fun of or stigmatize the Christian belief as fraudulent, and even a little modicum of respect is paid to those of the Jewish persuasion. Why are not Spiritualists entitled to equal consideration? I can't see anything criminal or weak in a belief in Spiritualism. I never had clearer views of truth, a greater desire to lead a pure and blameless life, and I never realized that there is no such thing as death, until I became a believer. If one don't wish to become convinced of spirit-return better not investigate. If every friend I have on earth cut loose from me forever, it would not or could not alter my belief that my loved ones can talk to me and are with me. Fraternally,

MRS. MANUEL STEVENS.

GILROY, April 15, 1889.

SPIRIT RAPPING IN OLD JAPAN was practised mostly by women, professionals, who wandered from place to place, homeless and nameless, like mendicant nuns, and who wore a peculiar garb and head-dress, by which they were to be recognized. There stock-in-trade appeared to consist of a small box, the contents of which were a mystery to the uninitiated, about the size and shape of an ordinary 1 lb. biscuit tin. It is believed, however, generally that in the southern provinces, somewhere, these are prepared in strict seclusion, a dog being buried alive, the head alone being left just above ground, food and drink placed almost within reach, but the animal permitted to die in the agonies of starvation tempted by such tantalizing proximity of what was craved for; just at death the head being dexterously cut off with a very sharp instrument; this was prepared then by smoking and drying in the smoke of certain plants, and finally boxed up. Only the craft, a close corporation, really knew the process. The "medium" carried a small box, made of some special material, the string of which was constantly "twanged" on the aforesaid box. A small cup of water was placed in front of the medium, who "splashed" the water towards the inquirer. If a living person's spirit was to be summoned, this was done with a piece of some wood having mystic properties; but if the spirit of the departed, a leaf from an offering at a grave of a plant used for such purposes, is used. Then after some form of ritual, an incantation, the spirit speaks through the medium.

Mr. A. E. Newton in the *North American Review*, thus gives reason for the faith that is in him:—

"I avow myself a Spiritualist, and am prepared to state intelligibly and explicitly why I am one:—

"1. It is because for more than thirty-five years I have enjoyed the privilege of conversing, more or less freely and frequently, and in the privacy of my own family, with beings (invisible to myself) claiming to be excommunicated human spirits—many of them relatives and personal friends well known in their earthly lives—and who have given conclusive evidence of being what they claim to be."

"2. Because, through this intercourse and the demonstrations and experiences that have accompanied it, I have been led to entertain conceptions of the universe—material and spiritual—of Deity and the Divine Providence—of the spirit-world and its relations to this—of man, his duty and destiny—in fact, of all which is embraced in the domains of religion, philosophy, and ethics—which are to my view not only eminently rational, but expanding, uplifting, spiritualizing and soul-satisfying beyond anything and everything I have been able to gain from any and all other sources."

A. L. in the *Christian Register* says: "I strayed into Rev. Robert Collyer's church the other day, and heard such a sweet and satisfying sermon I think I have been the better for it ever since. I suppose Mr. Collyer has some inkling of what a wicked, depraved place the world really is; but his persistent optimism sends me out of his church to dream for a moment that we are all angels of light, and the earth is a redeemed place. It is beautiful to have such faith in human nature. There is no greater in Israel."

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## The Mother.

BY STANLEY FLETCHER.

She was not fair of form or face,  
Her hands were neither soft nor white;  
And yet she had a tender grace  
And eyes that beamed with holy light.

She was not learned in scholar's lore—  
She knew not of the great world's ways;  
Her part in life she heavenly bore,  
And humble labor filled her days.

She thought not for place nor power,  
With her obscure she was content,  
A heart at peace her only dower,  
In deeds of love her life was spent.

She had no pride to make her shun  
The poor, plain duties of the day,  
And so she toiled from sun to sun,  
And peace and comfort marked her way.

Her little children passed to hear  
The tones of praise or mild rebuke—  
She ruled by love and not by fear—  
The gentle word—the loving look.

When they were men and women grown  
They prized her still above all others—  
To them indeed her worth was known,  
For she had been the best of mothers.

But to the world she scarce was known—  
Her life to it seemed poor and mean—  
And yet there walked with her alone  
Those who by others were unseen.

And oft upon her willing ear  
There fell the soul's true inner voice;  
With reverent mind she paused to hear  
The tones that bade her heart rejoice.

Her humble home seemed poor and bare,  
And great ones heedless passed her door,  
Yet other guests found welcome there,  
And she was learned in angel's lore.

She had that wisdom of the heart—  
The knowledge that the great despise—  
And so she walked with God apart  
And read things hid from keener eyes.

She passed away and in her home  
Her place could never more be filled,  
The gentle lips at last were dumb,  
The loving heart forever stilled.

Tho' stalwart sons and daughters fair  
Drop pious tears above her clay;  
They feel her presence every where—  
The mother lives and loves away.

What matter that she toiled alone?  
She now hath found her perfect rest—  
Tho' to the world she was unknown,  
Her children rise and call her blessed.

## Folded Hands.

Pale, withered hands, that more than four score years  
Had wrought for others; soothed the hurt of tears,  
Rocked children's cradles, soothed the fever's smart,  
Dropped balm of love in many an aching heart;  
Now, stilled and folded, like rose leaves pressed,  
Above the snow and silence of her breast;  
In mute appeal thy yold of labor done,  
And well-earned rest that came at set of sun.

From the worn brow the lines of care had swept,  
As if an angel's kiss, the white she slept.  
Had smoothed the cobweb wrinkles quite away,  
And given back the peace of childhood's day,  
And on the lips the faint smile almost said:  
"None know life's secrets but the happy dead."  
So gazing where she lay we knew that pain  
And parting could not cleave her soul again.

And we were sure that they who saw her last  
In that dim vista which we call the past,  
Who never knew her old and faded face,  
Remembering best the maiden and the bride,  
Had sprung to greet her with the olden speech,  
The dear sweet names no later love can teach,  
A welcome home they cried and grasped her hands;  
So dwells the mother in the best of lands.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER, in "Christian Intelligencer."

## The Quick and the Dead.

Under the grass and the graveyard clay  
Faint fall the voices from overhead,  
Rough is the road for the quick to tread.  
Breasting the tide and the tempest they—  
Mine is the haven of life's hey-day.  
They are dying, but I am dead!

Oh, but the daisies and long grass under,  
I, with my myriad lives instead,  
Listening, laughing, I hear them wonder—  
They are dying, but I am dead.

I, with my myriad lives again,  
Grass and roses, and leaves and rain,  
They with their struggle with doubt and pain,  
They with the strangling throes to come,  
They with the grip of the grave to dread.  
Ah! how I laugh in my quiet home—  
They are dying, but I am dead.

Oh! but the life of me gathering, growing,  
Emmet and butterfly, flower and thorn,  
Poppy and rose in the gold sun glowing,  
Over and over unmade, reborn.

One with the gray of the Winter day,  
One with the glint of the sunset gold,  
One with the wind and the salt sea-spray,  
One with the dun of the furrowed mold.

How shall I joy in the world nowitting?  
How shall I lean to the dear warm sun?  
Grub or nightingale—creeping or flitting—  
Nature and I in the end made one.

Only the life of me one with thee;  
Body and soul of us joined and wed,  
Shall we not pity them, I and she,  
They the dying and we the dead.

## Sunny Hours

There's many a rest on the road of life  
If we only stop to take it,  
And many a hope from the better land  
If the careworn heart would wake it.  
To the sunny soul that is full of hope  
And whose beautiful trust ne'er falters,  
The grass is green and the skies are bright,  
Though the Winter storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,  
And to keep the eyes still lifted,  
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through  
When the ominous clouds are rifted.  
There was never a night without a day  
Nor an evening without a morning,  
And the darkest hour, the proverb goes,  
Is the hour before the dawning.

Better to weave in the web of life  
A bright and golden filling,  
And to do God's will with a ready heart  
And hands that are swift and willing,  
Than to snap the delicate silver threads  
Of our curious lives asunder,  
And then blame Fate for the tangled ends,  
And sit in grieving wonder.

## W. J. Colville's Easter Discourse.

Continued from First Page.

strive too eagerly after the external; the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness must ever be sought first, and then all external blessings will be added in good time and in the best way.

We are not prepared to deny even a physical resurrection; an infallible test of death satisfactory to scientific minds has yet to be produced; many persons have been buried in trances, and have come to life after their bodies were in the coffin; others have been tortured at hearing those around them speaking of their funeral and making all arrangements for their interment while yet they have been thoroughly conscious of all that was transpiring around them, though utterly unable to speak or make any sign; even their breath seemed suspended, apparently the heart had stopped its beating. In the face of many such well-authenticated cases as are now on record of restoration to life after prolonged entrenchment, it would be futile to make the endeavor to convince the public that any one had ever been raised to life after he was really dead, as the convenient hypothesis of apparent death could always be brought in to refute the miracle; and were this wonderful phenomenon of raising the dead literally a verifiable fact it would fall miserably far short of proving the immortality of man. Jesus as God could not prove the immortality of the human soul; he could only do so as man—so say all theologians; the human spirit and the human body are all we can lay claim to—thus it would be no evidence of our resurrection, even though God, or a being totally distinct from ourselves, should rise, after real or seeming dissolution. But what do we really need in an hour of doubt and sorrow? Do we feel satisfied with evidences of immortality furnished to other minds? It would be cold comfort indeed for a mother, sorrowing over the loss of a beloved child, to be told that certain eminent personages were convinced of a conscious hereafter; she could not see with their eyes or understand with their intellects; but if, on the other hand, all the presumed savants of the world were to call a solemn council and deliberate on immortality and report against its truth, at the very moment they were issuing their pretentious doctrine, couched in the grandiloquent language of the schools, pronouncing life after death a mere delusion, some poor orphan, widow or bereaved parent might be the welcome recipient of tidings from the spirit-life, convincing beyond a peradventure of the falsity of the theologians' and the scientists' stilted manifesto. A company of blind men might gather to deny the existence of color; a company of deaf men might pass a verdict pronouncing every one who pretended to hear anything insane; but would the facts of sound or color be altered thereby in the estimation of those who saw and heard? If you have eyes, you do not ask if Mr. Huxley has admitted that anything is red in the world; if you have ears to hear, you do not wait to know if Herbert Spencer believes in the existence of sounds produced by the singing of birds. If either of those most able and learned gentlemen were to deny color, you would pronounce him afflicted with color-blindness and tender your sympathy for his affliction; if the other should deny sound, you would feel sorrow at his deafness. We might as well, however, accept the verdict against sound or color given by a deaf or blind man, as take the trouble to employ learned committees to fathom for us the mysteries of Spiritualism. Psychic research is as much an individual matter as the action of the sunshine; we are all physical beings, more or less unfolded on our psychical side, and are as capable of making psychical as physical discoveries. We want to know the truth for ourselves concerning our spiritual being; we want to hear our own spiritual hearts beat, and feel our own spiritual pulses throb; we want to see and hear with our own spiritual eyes and ears, and can be satisfied with nothing short of a personal spiritual revelation.

It was just this personal demonstration of immortality to the women who came to the sepulchre before daybreak on the first Easter Sunday, and to the disciples later on in the same day and during succeeding days, that constituted that proof palpable of immortality for which they were so eagerly hungering and thirsting. Their beloved friend and teacher appeared to them in such a manner that though at first they may have doubted whether it was really he who stood before them or another; though there may have been a shadow of doubt lingering in the minds of some even after the most marvelous phenomena (though "they believed on him but some doubted," may have expressed the state of feeling common even during the forty days when he was wont to appear to them so mysteriously and yet so convincingly), we cannot fail to see that no one interpretation of the manner of his appearance can be made explanatory of all the recorded facts. It is invariably the case that diverse manifestations are given by one and the same spirit to meet the requirements of varied states and conditions of mind. Let us look over a few of the leading incidents in the gospel story, and see if we cannot discern where the diversity is most conspicuous, and even the shadow deepest, at least a glimmering of bright, spiritual light. Mary Magdalene does not know Jesus when he first appears to her; she mistakes him for the gardener. Now if he appears to her at all, why does he not appear in a manner distinctly re-

cognizable? why mystify or confuse her? why not give the clearest and most unmistakable manifestation of his presence? To bring the matter down to these times, why does not a revelation from spirit-life come to the world in so undisguised a form that no one can reject it, unless willfully? Surely because the majority of men and women are so immersed in sense, so devoted to the pursuits and pleasures of material life, so ultra-physical in their demands, that a revelation coming to them in the form in which they would most readily receive it, would often confirm them in materiality rather than lift them to a higher plane of spiritual perception. Now imagine for a moment a demonstration of spirit-life wholly sensuous in its presentation, the senses the only objects of appeal—would such a revelation, if constantly repeated, do anything more than re-embolden a departed friend? Would it, could it, lift the spectators to a higher plane of thought and action, and could it qualify them for a spiritual manner of life in the eternal world? It often strikes us as very sad to see so many test-hunters, greedy for some material exhibition of spirit-power, brought face to face with so much external paraphernalia representing to bodily sense—forgetting altogether that the time must come for them when they can no longer converse with materialized spirits; they must at some time throw aside all these material chattels and either recognize their friends in spirit or not recognize them at all. These outward likenesses all wear away in eternity; proofs considered indubitable when sense is judge, melt away into nothingness when tested at the bar of spirit. We must be able to discern spiritually the things of the spirit; we must undergo a spiritual transformation; we must leave the grub and chrysalis conditions of the mind in the sepulchre in which worldly ambitions are buried, and rise to a new life, to the full possession of other faculties than bodily ones, or immortality despite all external proofs still remains the algebraic  $x$ —the unknown quantity. (Concluded next week.)

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