



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.

Envy shoots at others and wounds itself.
Love is the offspring of chance; its nurse is habit.
Understanding is a "hand which can handle any tool."
An error gracefully acknowledged is a victory won.—*Gascogne*.
What man can walk accurately by the law of truth for one day?
A man who is young in years may be old in hours, if he has lost no time.
Many have lived on a pedestal who will never have a statue when dead.
Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch, as the sunbeam.
We tarnish the splendor of our best actions by too often speaking of them.
Truth is the property of no individual, but is the treasure of all men.—*Emerson*.
We are often ashamed of our friends when it is they who ought to be ashamed of us.
If a man has nothing to say, he is sure to take much time and use many words in saying it.
Far better is it to know everything of a little than a little of everything.—*Pickering*.
No man knows what a feather he may prove till he gets into the wind of temptation.
People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy.—*Goldsmith*.
Never does a man portray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another's.
Through many a fall, and many a bitter conflict, human nature wins its way to freedom and peace.
Freedom from low necessities can only come by reaching after higher satisfactions.—*Phillips Brooks*.
It is a law as old as time and as enduring as eternity that we are dependent upon one another in social and intellectual matters.
So much in this world depends upon getting what you want. Prosperity is to the human heart like a sunny south wall to a peach.
There is no royal road to learning or to virtue—no short cut or fairy-given aid or magic art to lessen toil. The only royal road to the perfected powers of the mind and character is by the way of endeavor.
Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together but vanity and selfishness. Let the spirit of humility and benevolence prevail, and discord and disagreement would be banished from the household.
Whatever doubt there may be in regard to morality being taught, there is no doubt about people being wicked, and the fact that a man can be taught wickedness proves that Nature is not responsible for all men's acts.

IN MEMORIAM OF JOHN A. COLLINS.

Address Delivered at the Funeral of John A. Collins, by Charles Dawbarn.

[Reported for the Golden Gate.]

We are met here to celebrate the birth into spirit life of our worthy President, John A. Collins. He was never this old body that lies before us any more than he was the child body out of which this form has slowly evolved. Nature may tear this organism to pieces and scatter its atoms to the four winds, but our Brother will look unmoved and unaffected. But he has used this body as an expression of himself during a life marked by more remarkable incidents than are possible to most men.

For two years of boyhood he worked side by side with Horace Greeley, each learning the printers' art. A life-long friendship was the result, and we may well believe that two such natures must have influenced each other in a way that left its trace on their future careers. We next hear of Judge Collins as a student at Andover, seeking a theological training for the pulpit. During the course of his studies he made his first experiments in mesmerism, and presently, through his subjects, demonstrated to his own satisfaction the facts of human immortality and spirit return. He thus became a Spiritualist twelve years before the memorable raps at Hydesville startled the world. He could not remain in Andover to finish his studies for the great anti-slavery struggle awoke the reform instincts that were henceforth to be the pole star of his life. We find him associated with Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Garrit Smith, and the other giant workers who led the movement; and we hear from Oliver Johnson that Mr. Collins proved invaluable as an organizer, as well as a worker on the platform. He was sent to England, and in less than a year had so changed public sentiment that he not only collected needed funds, but brought back with him a public testimony with ten thousand signatures headed by the memorable Daniel O'Connell. Happening to meet Frederick Douglass, then a young lad just escaped from slavery, he discerned his talent and trained him for effective platform work, where he presently became welcomed by the nation as the eloquent mouthpiece of the sufferings of his race.

The reform instincts of the man next induced him to make an effort to found a community, where the many present woes of human life should be mitigated or suppressed. But this experiment proved a failure, caused, as he told me, by the fact that human nature—at least among his converts—would not work in the groove that he had selected. From that time he has maintained that no true progress will be gained unless such industrial communities are officered and controlled by government, until a new generation shall have been trained to do just the right thing, at the right time, in the right way. In this one respect some of us have grieved our worthy President by refusing to believe that a higher liberty would ever be the result of a governmental despotism.

The Judge was, as we have said, a born reformer. Anti-slavery, woman's suffrage, temperance, industrial reforms and Modern Spiritualism, have each in its turn found him an energetic worker.

We next hear of him in San Francisco, in 1849, where, by his business energy, he had gained property bringing him an income of several thousand dollars a month. Five times the fire-cloud rolled over him. Four times he rallied, but the fifth was once too many. We then hear of him as building and operating a quartz mill in Nevada county, and again busy with mercantile affairs and interested in real estate, seeking to make money for use in reform movements. For a year he was editor-in-chief of the *Sacramento Union*, and presently he was acting as superintendent of schools in Storey county, where he left his abiding influence by abolishing corporal punishment and raising the standard of education.

At this time came an incident that marked him as a patriot. The war of the rebellion was impending, and certain sympathizers with slavery were proposing to carry the then territory of Nevada into the Southern confederacy. Learning of their intention to seize government property,

Mr. Collins took a midnight ride of thirty miles, returning with soldiers who arrested the traitors, and thus probably saved many valuable lives. Repeated attempts to assassinate Mr. Collins were the result of his loyalty to the Union.

In 1865 he returned to San Francisco, where he has since practised the law, and given much time and strength to the various branches of reform. The Judge's strong will and individuality made many think that he was working for personal honor and fame; but in reality, of only the work went on, as he desired; he was quite contented to remain unknown. For two years he wrote the editorials for a journal dedicated to woman suffrage; yet his work was all counted to the credit of the lady whose name was at the head of those columns.

We thus have a strangely varied life, but always pointing to some reform, for he never even attempted to make money save for the good he might put it to.

So much for the mortal; now what for the spirit? He is amid new surroundings, with an active manhood that permits his energy full play. Here his soul was set upon reforms, and he clung to earthly life with a tenacity that seemed wonderful, for you would almost have thought he had not fully realized that his work and himself would pass on together, although he knew it theoretically as well as any of us. To-day he knows it practically, but is the same spirit as ever, so far as conditions permit. Most of his problems are not problems "over there;" for a life without competition, free from hunger and cold, and giving a result to every effort, is a field in which he has never yet worked. His heart will for long be back here, and here he is sure to work, so far as he can infuse his spirit into any true reformer. Modern Spiritualism was never to him the great "I Am" of life. He accepted it as a truth, but demanded it should help man upward; and we may be sure the true Judge Collins will not be peeping out of cabinets or drumming banjos in dark circles. There is no progress in that for medium, sitter or spirit. Far more likely some tired enthusiast, jaded and worn with fruitless work for humanity, will suddenly find new courage and energy. He may know nothing of spirit return and will wonder at his own inspiration, not dreaming that John A. Collins has blended soul with soul, that work may go on.

Now what shall we say about identity? This worn out form, these trembling nerves, toothless gums, and brow silvered with age, are not Judge Collins. Yet you know him by them. His mother who left him a babe would be startled if asked to claim the old man for her darling. This is no place nor hour for a discussion of the science of death, but it is well to remember that the Judge is not now a feeble old man. If he comes to you as a spirit in any form you can recognize, remember he must be a "thought creation," for his bright manhood of to-day would be that of a stranger for you.

We may well remember that such relations as mother and child can not long be maintained in spirit life, where there is no age to enable form, but an equality that knows nothing of past relations of superiority or inferiority of any. Our Brother will go on with his work for others, and if his chief labor be here on earth, yet remember he will be a growing spirit, and with powers that will grow, too; but some day the work that now blesses the individual will be broad enough for a nation and then for a whole race. And if we want brotherhood with such a spirit we must ourselves become growing spirits, too.

At the close of the exercises the large audience passed by the casket, taking their last look at the good old form they had known so well. Many went to the Odd Fellows' cemetery, where the body was interred.

Mr. Dawbarn, standing by the grave, said: "There are no human beings buried in these graves—not even one—not a thing but worn-out forms that once manifested spirit life. We do not bury here anything of our old friend—not even his memory. All is still alive and mingling in our lives. Were an angel to come to earth to watch humanity on earth, he would find every burying-ground empty of human life, and this in spite of the belief that millions are in their graves waiting the last trump. Some return to our daily lives, mingling as ever with the visible and invisible; and working on as

best we may, until our hour comes in our time to lay off the mortal and assume immortality. We do not even say good-bye to our old friend, but give him spiritual greeting, as we promise to welcome him into our hearts and homes as the years continue to roll by."

From the Spirit Side of Life.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

At our last seance Mr. Fish, being controlled, wrote the following messages:

"Hail, old friend, there are many more things in Heaven and on earth than have been dreamed of in your philosophy or mine."

"I find that life is real and earnest, and to well understand its importance is the duty of finite man."

"We come to mingle our thoughts with those who have been our associates in our youthful days, and we rejoice that we can return to earth; for we lose none of the regard we have for old associates by the great change we call death. We do not like the term, for nothing dies, only change, and that continually, as time unfolds the capabilities of the human spirit."

"How little do you of earth comprehend the destiny of the human race. The bud unfolds in obedience to the great laws and forces that govern it. The human spirit, like the bud, gradually unfolds itself, until the great object is reached and the immortal man is clothed with the habiliments which shall endure during all time."

"The moss may grow and little by little consume the solid rock; but man, the crowning glory, draws the particles unto himself and refines the same until the real man stands forth in all his glory an immortal spirit, destined to live on through the countless ages of the ever-coming future."

"What undying satisfaction to know these things and to be counted in in the great plan of future advancement, and to grow in knowledge, power and happiness, is indescribable glory that shall in all ages endure. Good night, with good wishes to all."

"E. EELLS."

Next came our old friend Ira Davenport:

"I was so well instructed in those things that the change to me was not so great. I was so well versed in spiritual intercourse by being so long in close connection with the spirit world, that when the time came for me to lay aside the form that had served me so well that all surrounding conditions and objects look like a familiar sight to me. Of course there are many things yet to learn, and instruction can never cease; for man is a subject of eternal growth."

"It is impossible to picture to your minds with any language familiar to earth's people to-day very much of the glories of the future life. All agree in saying that it is one vast improvement on what we encounter here, and to that I most faithfully subscribe. Yours for the cause of future growth and advancement."

"IRA DAVENPORT."

N. B.—The first message was a great surprise to me, it being from my old classmate at Middlebury, Vermont, year 1823. The second was from my old friend who was so useful to the world by travelling with his two sons Ira and Tom Davenport. Many of the most wonderful things were detailed to me by the father of spirit messages, he had received through his boys. One of the seances was too interesting to omit. He was sent for by the mayor of the city of Toronto. Mr. Davenport gave the mayor his own terms of conditions. The mayor tied the boys and another boy named Bounds with tarred rigging. They were all untied as they lay upon their backs upon benches.

The mayor was so completely convinced of the trial that he went to the window, raised it, and hallooed out of it, "Spiritualism is true."

All were satisfied but one—a John Bull-man. He must go into the cabinet. Mr. Davenport permitted him, and he entered the cabinet with the boys. John King reported to Mr. Davenport that the monster was stabbing around in the dark. "Are the boys in danger?" "Yes." "Then take care of him." Next came a yell and a fall upon the floor. The man gave up with a hole in his skull for his stubbornness. Fraternally.

RILEY M. ADAMS.
VINELAND, March 24, 1890.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Spiritual Science vs. Material Science.

BY A. C. DOANE.

To All Whom it May Concern:—There are many modes and degrees of science on the material plane amongst mortals, such as knocking a man out of time, as well as out of tune, so his material senses can't play through his material organism any more. Then there are many grades of spiritual science. If the earth-bound spirit understands the laws of mesmerism or psychology, he can psychologize some mortal to perform many things, and the mortal think his own spirit is the promp-ter; here comes in the science of spirits. But spiritual science, from a spiritually developed spirit, is a different kind of science from all below it, on the various stages of life's plays, for all science below the plain of spiritual science that comes by the unfolding of the spiritual nature in humanity, is of a selfish nature, no matter what name they may be called, for the selfish or material nature in humanity is of the earth, earthy and all the creeds and faiths, have been established by the material minds of humanity, and as fast as they have become obedient to the voice of the moral law, they have unfolded the torch-light of morality, and have come up out of Egyptian darkness up on to the mount of morality, where their moral nature stands as judge; and seeing their moral duty to the laws of their own being, they are prepared to listen to the voice of repentance, that prepares their minds for the true light that enlightens everyone that is baptized with light or the spirit of God or Good, which light comes in accordance with the divine laws of nature. But there is no road laid out by the divine laws of nature that ignores the land of morality, for it lays between Egyptian darkness and the promised land, and they that would dwell in Canaan's happy land, must do something besides going to church on Sunday, with nice clothes on, to sing about it. Many of earth's pilgrim wanderers have traveled through the land of morality from Egypt to Canaan's happy land, not stopping at any of the churches on the road, taking the divine laws of nature for their school-master and guide; in fact, all that have got there had to travel that same road, but there are many guide-boards along the road, put up by the material mind of man, and many have stopped on the way to consult with those worldly-wise men, and went no further, and how long they may stay there is hard to tell.

Material science has painted those guide-boards, and each one of the sects or creeds say, My board points the way to heaven or God, while the true pilgrim, with the moral law for his staff and nature's divine law for his guide, goes on to the promised land, ignoring all the guide-boards on the way, and find the promised land.

SUMMERLAND, January 29, 1890.

Spirit-Echo Meetings.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Echo Meeting at 1165 Mission street, was fully attended by an appreciative audience, and the power of spirit control manifested in an interesting manner. This is a new departure, and differs from the common Spiritual meetings, mainly in the fact that the Supreme Ruler is recognized as a being easy to understand, needing not an interpreter to make known his law. And while the various churches of to-day are, and have been, useful and should not be slightly spoken of, because of the good they have done, there is a call now for a teaching of truth at every fireside, by spirits through the lips of mediums of undoubted integrity. Let every family have its altar, and receive instruction from the fountain. The hour has come when theologians must retire from leadership and let the pure truth be received undelivered by the ambition or the greed of man. All who would advance in the spirit, should bear the guides of Mrs. Miller. The tests given are always startling. All are invited. VIDEN.

He who puts a bad construction upon a good act, reveals his own wickedness of heart.

Letter from Dr. Peebles.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

A late *Banner of Light* very sensibly and solidly said:

"We believe all who assume the cloak of mediumship for selfish purposes will in time be overthrown by the powers of truth. Our establishment has been mentioned as 'condoning wrong,' all because we have recognized the sensitive susceptibility of mediums to adverse influences, in as well as out of the body, and has been slow to condemn those who at first seem to be guilty of wrong-doing, lest we should misjudge the innocent."

Concerning the above, the editor of the *Progressive Thinker* (J. R. Francis of Chicago), exclaims: "Correct! Better let a thousand guilty ones escape than have one innocent or honest medium suffer."

Certainly so, friend Francis! And to a similar end that distinguished American philanthropist, Gerrit Smith declared it "better that ten murderers should go unhung than that one innocent man should hang upon the gallows."

The *Banner of Light's* editor, not possessing omniscience, nor omnipresence, nor popish infallibility of judgment in all matters pertaining to mediumship, has been very careful to get a full knowledge from all parties, where "fraud" was charged, before ascending the royal judgment seat, donning the ermine, and pompously pronouncing death upon mediums; for better by far death, than the ruthless destruction of reputation or character. And to charge Luther Colby, Henry J. Newton, and other veterans in the cause of Spiritualism with knowingly "condoning fraud," or in any possible way encouraging mediumistic swindling, is as disgustingly infamous as it is libelous.

MEDIUMSHIP A SEMI-MYSTERY.

Who can fathom it? Who can fully understand the unseen psychic influences that constitute the make-up of mediumship? Hudson Tuttle, in a late *Carrier Dove*, remarks:

"The sensitive condition of mediumship renders the medium easily affected by the surroundings. Hence the waywardness of character they so often exhibit and for which they are unjustly censured. The broadest charity should be bestowed, for the vital force of mediums is heavily drawn upon and often they are left in a state so negative as to become an easy prey to untoward influences."

It has been said that Dr. Kane, while wintering in the far-off polar regions, discovered that three thermometers, agreeing at medium temperatures, disagreed materially at very low temperatures, though suspended near together. Why? Approaching them suddenly from the windward side, as well as the magnetic emanations of the body affected them. The common surveyor, using a delicately balanced compass, need not be informed that bodies of iron and steel affect his needle. The presence of a pocket knife sometimes vitiates results. Alpine travelers inform us that in ascending Mount Blanc strata of snow are held in such wonderful poise that a violent exclamation would precipitate a thousand tons down the declivity. Returning, a few years since, from Pompeii and Herculaneum to the Museum in Naples, I there saw vast rolls of calcined papyrus covered with legible writing, though nearly 2,000 years buried; and a quiet, scholarly gentleman with suppressed breath and dextrous fingers, identifying, lifting, or unrolling these long-interred evidences of literary wealth and historic record. A mere breath might have reduced these charred leaflets to an insupportable powder. Success lay in the most cautious and delicate manipulations. Now then, if compliance with conditions is so indispensable with physical bodies—with known phenomena—how much more so when dealing with and investigating partially unknown phenomena involving the laws of psychic force and the momentous subject of spiritual manifestations!

Mediums, sensitive and highly impressionable, are in seances, infinitely more susceptible than Kane's thermometers. A harsh word, a disagreeable odor, the opening of a door, the introduction of a coarse, skeptical person into the seance—these and other disturbing causes may destroy all the conditions necessary for the influx of thoughts and ideas from the residents of spirit life. In writing warmly, earnestly, as I do in behalf of mediums and the delicately adjusted laws governing mediumship, charge me not with "condoning fraud." Heaven forbid! I loathe, abhor and detest fraud in any department of life, and especially so where spiritual manifestations and the soul's immortality are concerned. But men, full-orbed men, and Spiritualists are the proper persons to investigate and expose frauds, rather than unprincipled politicians, sensational reporters, and secular newspaper penny-rollers.

ILL-DISPOSED AND EVIL SPIRITS.

While some Spiritualists contend that there is no real evil in the universe—pronouncing what is commonly called evil, "undeveloped good"—others deny that there are any evil spirits—and others still contend that if there are evil-intentioned spirits in the spiritual realms of existence, they have no power to obsess, or injuriously affect mortals. Perhaps I am old-fashioned and unprogressive, but candidly, I cannot comprehend how that a malicious lie is nothing but a bit of undeveloped truth; or how that besotted drunkenness is only undeveloped temperance! Possibly, however, when I have

evolved afar up the towering altitudes of Theosophical mysticism, I may fully understand how that good and evil, theft and honesty, falsehood and truth, are all glittering links and golden settings in the crown of perfection. But at present I fail to see that a venomous rattlesnake is an undeveloped cooing dove or something of that kind!

That there are evil spirits, and that they have the power and do affect mortals injuriously, Mr. Tuttle cautiously, timidly admits in these phrases: "There are spirits far from good." "Mediums are often left in a state so negative as to become an easy prey to untoward influences." "When inflamed with an improper diet . . . not willing to do the pure spirits approach, and the undeveloped are ever ready to seize the opportunity thus afforded." Now then; spirits that Mr. Tuttle pronounces "undeveloped," "untoward" in their influences, and "far from good," I pronounce evil, using evil in the same sense that I do when applying it to mortals. Evil persons in the body or out of it—in this life or in the future—are deceptive, scheming, selfish, in a word wicked, and are to be judged by their fruits.

In a lecture upon mediumship reported in this same *Carrier Dove*, Mr. Charles Dawbarn speaks out upon this subject clearly and decisively. These are the words:

"The speaker," says the editor, "here related an incident that had come under his observation, of a young man who was addicted to drink, but had reformed, and afterwards became a drunkard through sitting in a circle where such influences were attracted. Spirits cannot always protect sensitive against untoward influences, as they must be governed by the laws operating upon them."

That distinguished jurist and Spiritualist of New York, Judge Edmonds, himself a medium, had the courage to call evil spirits evil. And he personally related to me the year previous to his transition, that this class of spirits had tried to deceive him, and had by their "untoward influences," affected him injuriously. More of this in the future.

There seems to be a tendency in these tonguey times, to juggle with and use great, hard sounding words, instead of terse, clear-cut, Emersonian words and phrases. Hence for Spiritualism we have "psychic research"; for Spiritualists, "psychological investigators"; for legitimate effects, "karma"; for prayers, "invocations"; for mesmerism, "hypnotism"; for evil spirits, "elementals" and "undeveloped spirits"; for mediums, "psychic sensitives"; for the universal law of progress, "evolution"; and I am looking for some stilted booby, in writing, some day, of his mother, to pronounce her a "feminine race-bearing biped."

THE TRINITY WELL DEFINED.

Mrs. Brigham lecturing in New York and answering such questions as "What is Soul?" "What is spirit?" replied in her usual clear felicitous style in the *Banner of Light*: "Man consists of a trinity: the outward body, which is but a garment that we wear for a time; the spirit, which constitutes the body which the clairvoyant sees; and the soul as the innermost, the Holy of Holies."

That is what the English would call a very clever definition; and while platonic and Panline, it is soundly rational. But, Mrs. Brigham, what about the origin of the Soul? Had it being in a pre-existing state—is it propagated by generation as the body is—or is it a distinct creation by the Infinite Spirit? Aside from the outright Materialist, these three are the leading theories propounded by thinkers relative to the soul's origin.

And it must be confessed that each theory has its difficulties. Yet, in my opinion, the emanation theory has the smaller and fewer difficulties. The soul, then, emanating from the Infinite oversoul, God, possesses in itself inherent immortality. It is a simple spiritual entity, and necessarily, undying. It is uncompounded divine substance; it is an original life-atom that cannot be destroyed! And to me, cessation of conscious existence is absolutely unthinkable. I can readily imagine the body in a state of death, but I can in no possible way imagine myself as never again existing, never again knowing, never again doing. Life is endless; it must be so. The Soul, being a direct emanation from God—an in-breathing or insufflation of the great infinite Soul-principle of the universe, is, therefore, absolutely indestructible.

J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.
HAMMONTON, NEW JERSEY.

Women never truly command till they give their promise to obey, and they are never in more danger of being made slaves than when men are at their feet.

CATARRH.

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS—HAY FEVER.—A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness, and hay fever, are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks.

N. B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp to pay postage, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada. *Christian Advocate.*

Sufferers from Catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above and be cured.

Don't Fail to Hear Him.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

During a brief visit to Los Angeles recently, I had the unexpected pleasure of listening to a sui generis, Moses Hull, of whom I have, for more than a quarter of a century, read and heard much as to his remarkable power over an audience by his earnest, courteous, and convincing manner. I had not, however, until I saw him upon the rostrum, any definite idea of his scholarly, logical, eloquent, witty and unique manner of presenting and enforcing his propositions. To the learned his arguments never fail to please and capture, but what is very remarkable, his felicitous manner of illustrating the most abstruse point, sometimes by one or more telling anecdotes; at others, by pleasing stories. He so illuminates them that the unlearned and children of a dozen years not only understand him, but listen to him with joyous pleasure. However protracted his discourse, Mr. Hull is an A. No. 1 Bible student, learned in the history, relative status of the various books, wonders, doctrines and persons who figure in that remarkable book, the Bible, from the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelations. He shows with great force and clearness from the Bible, that the revelations of the Bible prophets and Apostles and Disciples had in every respect the same origin as those of the mediums or spirit revelators of the present day. Having studied the Scriptures in some of the languages in which they were originally written and subsequently translated, he gives a very different interpretation to many passages, therein differing *to cetero*, from those of the present standard version. Mr. Hull makes no assault upon either Jews or Christians, priests or clergymen. The spirit of charity and kindness which permeates his pleasing and instructive lectures, invariably challenges the admiration of Spiritualists and the respect of those opposed to his opinions on Spiritualism. FREDERICK STORMS.

He that opposes his own judgment against the consent of the times ought to be backed with unutterable truths, and he that has truth on his side is a fool, as well as a coward if he is afraid to own it because of the currency or multitude of other men's opinions.

FORM OF REQUEST.

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

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

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	PRICE
Spiritual Fragments: By J. J. OWEN.	\$1.00
Bible Stories: By JAMES H. YOUNG.	50
Independent State-Writing, Biography, Testimonials and Press Note of ex-Fred Evans, the world renowned sensitive for Psychography.	15
Messages from The Watch Tower, by Mrs. S. J. Darling (Lupa.)	25
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Our Sunday Talks; or, Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought. By J. J. OWEN.	1.00
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[TITLE PAGE.]

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MRS. F. A. LOGAN'S MEETINGS FOR FREE interchange of Spiritual and Progressive ideas, are held every Sunday at 11 A. M., at 309 Market street, St. George's Hall. Also on Oakland at 2 P. M., and 7:30 P. M., in Grand Army Hall, 13th street, near Broadway. All are invited.

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OPEN MEETING—ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, November 11th, at 2 o'clock, a Bible Class will be held at the Home College, 34 Seventeenth street. All will be welcome.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 2 P. M., and 7:45 P. M., at Washington Hall, 33 Eddy street. All are invited; Admission 10 cents. The Free Library connected with the above, is open every Sunday at 2 P. M.

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Summerland 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 background. 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. Pure spring water is distributed over the entire tract from an unfauling source, having a pressure of two hundred feet head.

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From the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

[Written for the Golden Gate, by Spirit Faidie, Leader of the Oriental Band of Wise Spirits, in reply to thoughts and questions suggested by a letter from one seeking light and knowledge. Given through the Scribe of the Order, Mrs. K. S. Fox.]

Mr. A. C. Doane:—Child of the Order, in the higher life Saidie thanks you for your letter with its grand thoughts that will be a help to many. Saidie likes your Summerland home; the climate, soil and health of the place please Saidie much, and she will be glad to meet you there. There are many who would accept Saidie and love her teachings there. The time may come when Saidie's medium may visit Summerland. The way is not open now for this, but should circumstances pave the way, it were well that Saidie's chosen one go to help form a centre there that will be auxiliary to the Home Centre. At present there is a strong influence preventing this. Saidie's workers must have their homes where they can labor in unison and harmony, and it is her wish that they be not separated. A stronger power is sent forth with the magnets, and the work needs the combined forces of the three, more immediately Saidie's help and those on whom she relies. This Saidie may say to you now, and also that the time may come when the medium may go to your sunny land, that her own health may be benefited and that you may hear Saidie's voice.

Saidie sees no obstacle to your work now; keep on and reach success. There is a realm where deific children dwell in the love atmosphere of the Infinite. All dwell there as dual children, the positive and negative, the two in one dual souls or soul mates. You are born of Deity; you with your other self, the negative or mate of your soul, in being wedded with matter, were given your baptismal robes as two, the positive and negative, male and female. From eternity to eternity you two exist, the two but one soul. Your soul exists not except its mate exists. You have incarnated in the past many times, sometimes singly, sometimes together. The mate of your soul, now your guardian angel, exists in the home whence you came earthward at the command of stern necessity, which is the offspring of Deific Law. If you ask why you remember not, Saidie asks is there not a memory of spirit, a something within, that assents to what Saidie has here expressed to you. You twain are not mates because of any earth or mortal union. You have neither chosen her nor has she chosen you in mortal relationship. She is the eternal Bride of your soul, you the eternal Bridegroom of her soul. God-given the love-chain that unites you twain, connects you with the Deific Heart, and this is never severed. This is in accord with Law, else it had never been. You twain were sent forth from the Central Light to wed with matter, that through this wedding you might attain your angelhood. Through matter you may become superior to matter, and reach home again after the long pilgrimage is over and you have redeemed yourself; have become masterful, wise and pure. You are immortal, this is your inheritance, you cannot be lost, destroyed or annihilated. You suffer from violated law, but learning to live in harmony with law, you rise above every condition, even at last that of suffering; you have learned what suffering is, why it is, and how to become master. Then, when the spirit has no more need of incarnations when the purpose of Deity in wedding your spirit, (positive and negative, male and female) is all accomplished, you meet on the Celestial plain where Love and Wisdom reign, and are united in a marriage of which earth minds have little or no conception. Then, on to other fields, where loftier wisdom waits your gleaming hand. There is no limit to human possibility and knowledge, but first the human soul divine must know its parentage and its destiny. The trail through the ages where your pilgrim feet have walked is long. It extends into the dim and shadowy past, is lost to sight in the many mazy windings thereof. Your earth brain has no impress of the past; your spirit has slept that it may become clothed with mortality, and will not fully awaken until the light of a new morn shall dawn for you. Then scenes will wear a familiar look; the brooklets will sing an oft heard song, and all the expressions of Love and Song will but continue the melody that like an angel-sung lullaby, lulled your spirit to rest and wooed it to slumber.

Children who die young have often but need of that little touch of matter. Spirit's need that one test of their power over matter at some particular point in their experience from Deity back to Deity again. Look, child, upon the faces and into the eyes of many little ones, and read the wondrous wisdom there half revealed. They need not the lore of earth. That is at their command in the sphere of light to which they belong. But they would test their powers, would know by actual experience, if they can lay down their life and take it up again. And thus they fall asleep, waking to look through baby eyes, to smile, then groan, and fly away to their native skies and take up the life they left. Saidie refers to masterful ones.

There are besides these, those who drift back and forth, borne upon the waves of Law. They are semi-sleepers, content and happy to thus drift out and return. Then, there are little ones who seek the lessons of long life, but circumstance sends them back in childhood. For such, pro-

vision is made by the Law whose children all are. They are borne back to the material home and mother, by whose side they walk many hours at a time, all unseen, unless the home and mother possess no harmonious feeling of heart or love for the little ones. Then an angel mother cares for them and oft finds a congenial home where many a lesson is learned and many a mortal is helped and knows not whence came their help.

The spirit world is a busy world; we are not idlers nor are we happy dreamers. Saidie has told you enough of our work to prove this to you. We look to find harmony and peace; we find instead discord and strife. We seek to give you proof of our love and our presence, and as we come into the thought atmosphere of your brain, what meet we? Questionings that are honest we love to meet and answer, desires for truth we joyfully hear, but to be met as of us are, not only with doubt but disrespect and scorn is hard to bear. But we are able to look into the future and see the result of watchful, tireless labor, and take courage therefrom. We are with you to stay. Oft we have been repelled and rebuffed, but now we have pitched our tents in the valleys and shall remain until our banner floats from many house tops in the land. We ask your cooperation in all that tends to elevate humanity. Peace be with you

Saidie.
J. B. Fayette, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angels Order of Light.
OSWEGO, N. Y., March 29, 1890.

What we did in Portland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In the first place we came together, *i. e.*, the two spiritual societies of Portland, and the one from "Over the River" (the Wilamette,) met in one of the most harmonious and pleasurable meetings that it has ever been my good fortune to attend.

The next thing we did was to give the old war horses an opportunity to "say their say." Then we had some distinguished visitors from "Far a-way." They were pressed into the service of telling on the angel world all of the good things that had happened under their ken. I saw people there from the valley as far as Corvallis, and the "Valley" was well represented from other quarters.

I cannot in this short letter touch upon all of the good that was said or who said it. Mrs. Brown spoke to the point on the ever prolific subject of, Why do our mediums go wrong? She laid the blame where it justly belongs in the majority of cases—on the Spiritualists themselves. Mrs. Abigail Scott-Dunaway spoke to some length on the same subject, and endorsed the former speaker, giving many experiences that had occurred in her own investigations to prove her position.

There was present with us in the morning session, a gentleman from Minneapolis named Morey, a professor of chemistry. I think. He spoke for a few moments on the scientific aspects of Spiritualism, and his arguments were ably delivered and warmly received.

We also got a report of progress from three men who are surely, by length of time in the ranks, if from no other standpoint, capable of giving the history of our Cause from its infancy as a recognized organization, Messrs. Colonel Reed, Mr. Hendee and Mr. Bennet.

But the unique part of the exercises lay in feeding the physically hungry as well as the ones who hungered for the spiritual pabulum alone. So a table was set in the ante-room, and the amount of good viands that disappeared was astonishing, and how good and plentiful they were was also astonishing. But trust our good sisters for the welfare of our body and soul, and in the greatest number of cases you will find that you have built upon a solid foundation.

The afternoon was given to the enjoyment of the eye and ear; in other words, it was devoted to a concert and literary feast; so that with the variety of good things the most fastidious should not grumble. Science food, both spiritual and of and for the physical; music, mutual interchange of experiences, good and bad; and tales grave and gay. What more does a reasonable human being expect or dare to expect than this?

Notable among the musical efforts was the solo singing of Mrs. Anderson, wife of the assistant Postmaster here, who passed to the higher life two short weeks ago. The song was that inspired favorite, "Only a thin veil between us." She sang in such a touching manner that it brought the tears to the eyes of many.

Mr. Homer Kruse's inspirational music on the piano was up to his highest standard. He is very talented naturally, and beside has help from "over there." There were also some fun-songs rendered by ladies of the choir, assisted by the gentlemen.

In the evening I attended the services of the Spiritual Evolution Society held in the parlors of the *World's Advance Thought*. It was an entirely new way of conducting a meeting to me, but the thoughts that it brought out justifies any method or way of proceeding. It is what is called *conversations*, but unlike the ordinary chat common to literary gatherings which caused the Italians to invent this name and the Americans to appropriate it, the plan was entirely different. The first remarks were made by Judge Maguire and were very *apropos* to the sub-

ject that had called the intellectual audience together. For I must say that there were many men and women in that little parlor whose features showed that this appellation could be honestly carried. The plan was to sit in perfect quietness for five minutes at a time; then if any one felt the spirit move him to say anything, be or she would give those thoughts to the others in a rather colloquial tone of voice, neither rising or moving from his seat.

A great many good, pure, and unique thoughts were given during the pleasant hour and a half spent there, but if those thoughts were conceived and born there under these peculiar conditions, or if they were the normal thoughts of the individuals uttering them, I am not prepared to say.

The Evolution Society find their present quarters too small and will remove to the spacious parlors of Mrs. Mallory, associate editor with Judge Maguire.

These meetings are the first I have attended for a long time, for somehow shorthand and mediumship will not mix—that is, to any advantage. But I believe the spiritual condition is normal and that the attendance and interest is on the increase.

The Philosophical Spiritual Society have resumed their meetings; this time in Royal Hall, in the same building that the other hall was.

With a good will and wish to Spiritualism and Spiritualists, I retire into silence and obscurity. Yours fraternally,
MAURITZ S. LIDEN.

EFFECT OF BEER DRINKING.—The use of beer is found to produce a species of degeneration of all the organs. Profound and deceptive fatty deposits, diminished circulation, conditions of congestion, perversion of functional activities, and local inflammations of both liver and kidneys are constantly present. A stupor, amounting to almost paralysis, arrests the reason, changing all the higher faculties into a mere animalism, sensual, selfish, sluggish, varied only by paroxysms of anger that are senseless and brutal. In appearance the beer-drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is most incapable of resisting disease. Compared with inebriates who use different kinds of alcohol, he is more incurable and more generally diseased. The constant use of beer every day gives the system no recuperation, but steadily lowers the vital forces.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Experience once recognized as the fountain of all our knowledge of Nature it follows that in our study of nature and its laws we ought at once to make up our minds to dismiss, as idle, or at least suspend, as premature, any preconceived notion of what might or ought to be the order of Nature in any proposed case, and content ourselves with observing, as a plain matter of fact, what is.—*Sir J. F. W. Herschel.*

Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together but vanity and selfishness. Let the spirit of humility and benevolence prevail, and discord and disagreement would be banished from the household.—*Colton.*

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GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1890.

AGENTS.

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TRIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

For the purpose of introducing the GOLDEN GATE to new readers (and believing that they will like it well enough to continue their subscriptions when the time expires), we will send the paper to new subscribers, for four months at the reduced price of 50 cents, postage free. Remittance can be made by postal notes or postage stamps.

J. J. OWEN, Manager.

THE CURSE OF RUM.

No question truly affecting the highest welfare of mankind can ever become threadbare. It is society's familiarity with vice and crime that causes people often to shut their eyes to great wrongs.

We pass the rum shops along our streets,—the places where our young men are started on the road to ruin, and where men in middle life and old age are turned into demons, and their hearts filled with murder and all manner of iniquity,—the places where husbands and fathers squander earnings that their families need for bread and shelter;—we pass these places so frequently that we scarcely give them a thought. And yet here is the hot bed and nursery of nine-tenths of the evils that curse the race. Crime, insanity, disease, poverty, pauperism, degradation, despair, suicide, are all bred and licked into horrid shapes of woe, in these nurseries of hell, to sadden the hearts of good men and angels.

Who is to blame, or responsible, for this condition of things? You are, my easy going Christian friend; you, who support the church, pay your taxes, and always vote the "regular" ticket.

Whisky everywhere—rivers of it, flowing from the four thousand licensed spigots of perdition that line our streets;—and beer, the vile broth of Satan that stupefies and paralyzes the brain, and turns all the sweet juices of the body into a sluggish stench; and all the finer sympathies and feelings of the soul into torpid indifference—it flows like the tides of the ocean from these same fountains of misery.

Why do not you, O tax burdened men and women, rise up in the might of your higher nature, and crush out these giant wrongs?

WILL THEY GET IT.

There are several journals devoted to the subject of "Catholicism in the United States," sounding alarms of coming religious sanguinary conflict. We doubt not that Roman Catholics would rejoice to see the United States come under their sway; no more is it to be doubted that any one of the Protestant denominations would be equally glad if the same success should fall to one of them. The early history of both Catholic and Protestant religions, shows there is no choice between them, as dominating powers.

The Catholic element is not large, compared with other religious bodies—the Protestants holding by far the balance of strength. In New York City alone there are ninety thousand Jews, and in the various States, seven millions Germans; many of these are liberal, free-thinking; to say nothing of the non-church going masses of other foreigners, who are good citizens, respect our public institutions, and would, with every true American, defend them by force of arms, if necessary. Then comes the great army of so-called Indians, Americans themselves, before whom the really sound, chronic, freedom-destroying orthodox, would number many indeed. There are many outwardly subscribing to a designated creed who at heart and soul, are loyal to the cause of freedom of conscience and speech, and who would stand boldly on their defense if the test ever came to them. Let us not be unduly alarmed.

"Truth's Fairy Tales," by Julia Winchester, is a beautifully printed and illustrated souvenir of stories told in a fairy-like style, to capture the attention of young people, and at the same time convey a lesson in Christian science. The stories, which are somewhat linked together, are entitled "The All-Good," "Shadow-Land," "Arrows of Truth," "Faith," "The Royal Household," and "Kingdom of Spirit."

HON. JOHN A. COLLINS.

The demise of John A. Collins occurring too late to admit of an extended notice in our last issue of the GOLDEN GATE, we desire now to say a few words in honor of the man whom we knew so well,—notwithstanding other tongues and pens have so admirably and nobly contributed to his memory. In the first place Judge Collins was a strikingly marked character among men. Pure minded and simple as a child, in many things, he nevertheless possessed a singularly vigorous and masterly intellect. He saw only the good side of the worst of men, and always held that they did the best they could. We sometimes thought he was too merciful to be always just. And yet we are not sure that that failing is not a greater virtue, in the eyes of angelic beings, than the stern visaged righteousness that is apt to expect too much of undeveloped man. The broad humanity and charity that prompted him, in ante bellum days, to sympathize with the slave followed him through all the years and walks of his life, and made him ever the friend of the oppressed. In the defense of what he believed to be right, he would stand as one against a thousand, if need be. He could not be swayed by fear or favor, one hair's breadth from the way that seemed clear before him. Although firmly set in his opinions, he would disagree with an opponent with such right royal courtesy that it was a pleasure to oppose him. We always enjoyed an argument with him, and delighted to study and endeavor to profit by the gentleness of spirit he always manifested. Such men never grow old nor fossilize. Age only adds to their charms of character. He had fully solved the problem of a future life—he knew he would live right on beyond the gates of death; and so indeed he does. He is even now at our elbow. Good evening, old friend.

THE BEGINNING.

"The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which unite me. I improve every hour because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is only beginning. My work is hard above a foundation. The tomb is not a blind alley, it is a thoroughfare. It closes with the twilight to open with the dawn." Victor Hugo.

This from one who spent a half century in giving to the world his thoughts, in "prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode and song," and in the end finds but the beginning! Ah! there is nothing like a knowledge, or intuition, of things eternal, to make one modest! The greatest become as little children, willing and eager to learn of the great exhaustless Mind that fills all space.

Could the light of the invisible; the great beyond,—distant, to those who cannot see or feel, yet impinging upon our atmosphere and all material individual spheres—could this light illumine all minds as it did the illustrious Hugo's work with what different motives would all life-work have been pursued! As it is we work for an end, whereas, were we enlightened from the other side, we should all work for a beginning there. We would then know ourselves to be but pupils of a primary grade and work for promotion as the only means of developing all the faculties and powers of our being. Thus, too, would all work become easier, for all would assist one another, as the most direct aid to himself—all would prefer to help along their traveling companions, rather than hoard up gold to be wrangled over when Death should step in and deny longer tenure. Great enterprises would still be accomplished, but for the common good, and common profit. A realization of our brief stay here, and an understanding of our different needs there would banish avarice and selfishness, and as a consequence much crime. Men are forgetting their brotherhood, and arming themselves against one another. They are forgetting their souls in the suffering of their perishing bodies.

"SPIRITUAL FRAGMENTS," is the title of a neatly bound volume of 260 pages, just published by the author, Hon. J. J. Owen, well known as an editor of long experience and superior ability, and an active politician in the past, having been a member of the New York Legislature and later on Speaker of the California Assembly. Of late he has turned attention to religion, and the work before us is one of the results. Although intended more especially for readers of the Spiritual faith—no one of whom should live without a copy—it is profitable reading for all, and like all of the author's writings, inculcates the purest morality and the highest aspirations, expressed with great literary grace. The vile caricature intended to represent the author, is a libel for which some one is to blame, as Owen is a mighty good-looking man. The book may be obtained at the office of the GOLDEN GATE, San Francisco. Price, \$1.00.—*Petaluma Argus.*

Our old friend and business partner of the "lang syne," B. H. Cottle, now of the *Argus*, does us honor overmuch. He, like the writer, is whitening at the top with the frosts of time. We are both passing surely on to other and we trust higher and better conditions in the Beyond. Ben, old boy, we'll be our own glad selves "over there," with brighter prospects and broader openings for happy life, than any we ever have known here.

PSYCHOMETRY.—A few days ago the writer called on Mrs. Albert Morton, at 210 Stockton street, with a specimen of gold-bearing rock which she kindly consented to psychometrize for him. She described the mine accurately, the work that had been done, the surrounding coun-

try, etc. She gave distances and measurements of hidden ore bodies, which can only be determined by future development. A skeptic suggesting that the known facts concerning the mine might have been taken from the writer's mind, a piece of the ore was placed in the hands of a gentleman, an entire stranger to Mrs. Morton, and who knew nothing whatever of the mine, with a request that he take it to the same psychometrist for a reading. He did so, and her second reading corroborated the first in every particular. She also told him that he was not interested in this mine, but was in others located a longer way off, which was true.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—We publish this week a very thoughtful and estimable article on the philosophy of good and evil, from the pen of the gifted writer, Mrs. Della B. Morrison. It is full of meat.

—The *Carrier Dove* has been restored to its magazine form, and will henceforth be issued monthly. This leaves the GOLDEN GATE as the only weekly Spiritualist paper published on the Pacific Coast.

—W. J. Colville has met with excellent success in Santa Barbara. He addressed a very large audience in Crane's Hall, Sunday evening April 6th, and has had an excellent class at 1320 Anapoc street. Santa Barbara is alive on all liberal spiritual topics.

—Dr. Nellie Beigle has returned from her week's recreation in Santa Barbara and Summerland, and is again at her post healing the sick. The "little doctor" is not only a marvel of industry, but seems to be blessed with renewed healing powers. Her office in the Flood Building is usually thronged with seekers after health.

—A correspondent writes: "Please state in 'the GOLDEN GATE,' whether the names '____', '____', and '____', [giving three names of a noble soul who was unfortunate in her earlier 'marriage relations'] are not names belonging to 'one and the same person.' We do not think the matter is any of the public's business; it is certainly none of ours."

—Skilled labor was never weighted down with a heavier drag than the miserable strike-encouraging Labor Unions. These unions are organized on the theory that capital has no rights that labor is bound to respect. They virtually say to the manufacturer and employer you must pay us a certain wage, whether you can afford it or not, and if you fail to do so we will ruin you and your business. That is what the molders are trying to do to the iron founders in this city to-day; and though working great injury to the city and to themselves, they will not succeed. Such a remedy for the evils of competitive industry is only an irritant to the sore.

It is a significant and painful fact that all reform movements, such as Woman Suffrage, Prohibition, Nationalism, etc., are invariably dominated by cranks of the most pronounced character. Their Conventions are usually filled with, or contain numerous specimens of, first-class blatherers, who interpose obstacles to good work, and are bent on mischief. The Convention of Nationalists that assembled here the past week was pervaded with this class of howling idiots, who ought to have been taken by the scruff of the neck and slack of the trousers and pitched out of the window. Reformers should see to it that these people are kept in the back ground, where they belong.

—The children of the Elmsire Free Kindergarten, 544 Jessie street, had an Easter Party given them on last Monday, the 7th instant. As the present school room is so limited in its accommodations, no general invitation was extended to the friends and patrons of the school. Some of the persons resident in the neighborhood, hearing of the party, ventured in through curiosity, and these few constituted the lookers on. A general distribution of candy, cakes, oranges and Easter eggs was made to the little ones, who had a most delightful time altogether. The next social of the Ladies' Elmsire Club, for the benefit of this Kindergarten, will be held on Saturday evening, May 3rd next, at the Fauntleroy House, 105 Stockton street.

WAS IT A DREAM.

The denizens of the Border Land do not confine their presence to those who avow belief in their return, but come to whomsoever they can. On the 29th ult., Mother Mary Joseph O'Leary, Superior of the Home of the Good Shepherd, at Pittsburg, was buried in the Convent grounds, as the press dispatches inform us. Cardinal Gibbons made an address, which he concluded by relating a dream, that he considered a remarkable coincidence in regard to Mother Mary Joseph. He said that while sitting in his room the other night he fell asleep. He dreamed that both the late Bishop Thomas Feely, of Chicago, and Bishop John S. Foley, of Detroit, appeared before him. The Cardinal greeted them, and asked how Mary Joseph was, to which both Bishops replied: "She has passed away." The next morning Cardinal Gibbons received a message saying that the Mother Superior had died the night before. The only opinion expressed by the Cardinal in regard to the dream was, that it evidenced the ardent interest that the dead Bishop and his living brother both felt in the departed Sister. These occurrences are just as common among Catholics and other church-members, as among the rank and file of Spiritualists themselves; and what is better, they are coming to be frequently related. The secular press has almost ceased to ridicule Spiritualism, and the more influential journals now discuss the question in sober fairness.

A REFLECTION.

It is not difficult for one to imagine something of the beauties and wonders of the spirit world when contemplating the vernal resurrection of our own, in which we see naught that looks like chance. The infinite variations of forms and colors of the floral kingdom; the many shades of foliage and shapes of leaves, are all ordered with reference to relations of harmony between them and their blossoms and fruitage. The vegetable kingdom on earth must correspond to the spiritual nature of man, since it abounds in all that appeals to the spiritual and mental faculties. It is ample for the nourishment of both mind and body, and there is no doubt that in distant ages yet to come the animal kingdom shall cease to supply man with sustenance. The earth was prepared in advance of man's advent thereon. Man has existed, in what form we know not; but he never existed before as now, and he will never be lower than today. Mundane conditions, atmospheric and physical, were just enough in advance of him to suggest future changes, and all that he aids in bringing about, are as big with coming events as was even the past with the future. We talk of uniting under one government countries separated by seas and oceans. Also may we speculate upon the union of the spiritual and material spheres, whose only division is man's spiritual blindness. This is passing away, and soon the beauties of the under and upper worlds shall blend and be one forevermore.

Anniversary in San Jose.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Yesterday being the first Sunday in the month—what we call program Sunday—perhaps your readers would be interested in hearing what we were doing in our Lyceum. The first part of our exercises was devoted to a memorial for our departed Sister, Mrs. H. Schwartz, who, one month ago, was here with us in the body. As she always presided at the piano, it was prettily decorated with flowers, and in the center a large bouquet of white flowers, encircled with an evergreen wreath, in which could be seen her photograph. Each member of the school also wore a small cluster of white flowers.

Our exercises commenced by a piece of music by the orchestra. Roll call and reading minutes of last meeting. Song and chorus by school, "They're Calling us over the Sea." Miss Hattie Peckham next read a paper written for the occasion, telling why we wear these flowers to-day. It contained many good thoughts, referring to the useful life of our Sister, and urging us to follow her example in doing good to others by doing all we can to make them happy. Song, "In that Bright Region Where Roses Ne'er Wither," by Bessie and Daisy Rutherford, soprano, and Guy Simon, alto; Miss Florence Barthel, pianiste. This number was exceedingly fine, and enjoyed by all. Mrs. Bigelow recited the poem by Elia Wheeler, "Beyond." Resolutions expressing the voice of the Lyceum in regard to our bereavement were then read. After which, the audience was requested to "stand and sing 'Nearer My God to Thee,' (the favorite hymn of our Sister), and as the cadence rose and fell her presence seemed—though unseen—to be felt by all. Next followed calisthenics, led by Walter Hamby, which was very well done. Song by the school, "Be Sure You're Right, then go Ahead." There were a number of pieces given by the little ones. A little tot of a boy, (little David Hamby), sang, or tried to, "Christmas Bells." Well done for the first time in public. Among the instrumental pieces was one by Bertie Schwartz, on the harp; it was deserving of an encore, and as the little fellow was doing his best, there was scarcely a dry eye in the house, as we thought of the home of a mother's presence that has gone out of his life. Moses Hall was invited to speak to us, and cheerfully responded, giving us a fine illustration in his manner and words of "have something to tell and know how to tell it." The march was ably conducted and a credit to the leader, Brother Talcott, our assistant conductor.

Our Secretary made some appropriate explanatory remarks in regard to Easter Sunday, and presented the children with a sugar Easter egg as a memory piece for the day's work. School closed with Lyceum song, "Our Lyceum, 'tis of Thee."

H. L. BIGELOW, Conductor.

W. D. J. HAMELY, Secretary.

THE LADIES' ELSMIRE CLUB.

This Club met on Monday afternoon, March 31, 1890, at the rooms of the President, Mrs. J. D. Wheelock. The ladies are working earnestly for the benefit of the "Elmsire Free Kindergarten." Two little waifs were present watching eagerly as busy fingers wove into shape garments to fit each of the goodly kindly donated for that purpose. The members tendered their thanks to the many friends who have so generously assisted in carrying on this work. The Club will meet at the "Fauntleroy," 105 Stockton street (room 33), at 2 P. M. on Monday, April 28, 1890, to continue the work so energetically taken up by the members. A cordial invitation is extended to all interested in philanthropic work. The following report was received:

SAN FRANCISCO, March 31, 1890.
Officers and members of the "Ladies' Elmsire Club": We herewith most respectfully submit the following report regarding the condition of our financial affairs: Receipts as per books of the Secretary—January 10th, 1890, to cash on hand, 40 cts.; monthly subscription, \$7.60; donations from various sources, \$47.50; socials and sale of Kindergarten work, etc., \$225.60. Total receipts, \$140.50. As per warrant book of the treasury: January 10th, 1890, to cash on hand, 40 cts.; received from Secretary, \$1.40; 10 cts. Total, \$1.40. Disbursements: \$47.50 balance on hand March 31, 1890, \$186.66. The books are open at all times for inspection to any member, subscriber or donor who may desire to inspect them. Respectfully submitted,
MRS. B. F. BARTON, } Fin. Com.
MRS. C. A. ROGERS, }

St. Andrews' Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

St. Andrews Hall Wednesday evening meeting was large as usual, opening with a song by the audience, followed by Mrs. Rennell who read a spiritual poem, written by her guides. Mr. Kimball read an essay entitled "The Veil of Faith Lifted"; the essay was very fine, touching upon the present and future condition of the working man. After a few remarks by the President, Mrs. Scott Briggs, upon the subject of the unemployed men and women of this city, Prof. Seymour took the platform and delivered a very fine

lecture, filling up the first hour allotted to the speakers. After a song by the audience, Dr. Robbins' control gave an invocation, after which he described the passing into life of our late Brother, Judge Collins. M. H. W.

Summerland Anniversary.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

The four days meeting at Summerland, in which was included the celebration of the forty-second anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, the dedication of the beautiful and commodious Free Library Building and a social dance and dinner, was a complete success in every respect; nothing occurred to mar the harmony of the meetings, and the residents did everything in their power to make visitors comfortable.

Our friend Colville has referred to the services of some of the workers present, in the last number of the GOLDEN GATE, but being engaged in Santa Barbara some of the time, omitted a portion of the exercises. Let some of our acquaintances may be misled to believe we are having musical manifestations; I will say that the "Mrs. Morton" referred to by Mr. C. as "a brilliant pianist," was our daughter, Miss Sarah E. Morton, who prefers being missed until she passes into the matrimonial state.

The anniversary address by Mrs. Ella Wilson-Marchant was warmly received and she was urged to have it published in pamphlet form; her remarks at the conference were highly appreciated and during the services she read a fine anniversary poem, written by Mrs. F. B. Taylor for the occasion. Mrs. T. not being present, it was a matter of regret that Dr. T. H. Taylor was not able to occupy a larger portion of the time, but his health being somewhat impaired he only took part in some of the conferences. Want of space and time will prevent my giving a complete list of the speakers at the conferences, among whom Dr. Taylor, Mrs. E. P. Thorndyke, Mrs. Drake and Mrs. M. E. Aldrich, of Fresno, were prominent. Mrs. Aldrich was recently a resident of Minnesota and is a very desirable acquisition to the ranks of Spiritual workers on this coast. Mrs. Mollie B. Anderson added to the interest of the meetings by giving many good tests and psychometrical readings.

A very pleasant feature of the meetings were the solos and duets by Madames H. L. Williams and O. K. Smith, and banjo solo by Mort Parsons, duets by Dr. Taylor and neice, and solos by a young lady whose name I failed to learn.

To the writer, the most valuable lectures were those given by Prof. J. S. Loveland, entitled, "Dreams," and "Education;" in the first the speaker presented, under the guise of prophetic dreams, the plan of an educational institution at Summerland which is to provide facilities for a liberal education in psychic as well as other branches. "The Kindergarten system in the beginning, approximates the natural method of education and evolution;" and the speaker added, "there is no finer site in the world for an institution for higher education than Summerland."

Correspondence is now being conducted with a gentleman possessing the experience and means necessary to found an educational institution at Summerland, and I hope to be able to announce ere long that the "Dreams" are in a way to become fulfilled.

At the final session of the meeting the following card was read to the audience: "WHEREAS: Certain reports have been circulated respecting the soil and situation of Summerland of a dangerous character, we, the undersigned, in the interests of truth, and for a correct understanding on the part of persons at a distance, having made a careful examination of the place for our own satisfaction and to disabuse the minds of our friends, do make this statement of facts, to wit:—

There is no marsh or swamp land on the Summerland tract or near it; nor is there any sand except on the wave-washed beach. On the contrary, the general contour of the land is rolling, the back portion of the land rising some two hundred feet above the sea level.

"The soil is largely the black adobe, (somewhat mixed with rich loam, A. M.) which every Californian knows is unsurpassed in fertility. The ascent from the beach is such that one house will not obscure the one in its rear, but all will command the magnificent ocean view. As to climate we will say nothing, as it is generally known to be the equal of any on the face of the earth.

"Signed: J. S. LOVELAND, MOSES HULL, W. J. COLVILLE."

The reading of this card was warmly applauded by the audience assembled, and on motion it was unanimously "RESOLVED: That we endorse and approve the statements of the foregoing card as being entirely correct."

After consulting several who have been familiar with the Spiritualists' movements East, I have concluded that at none of the Eastern resorts have the substantial improvements thereat equaled those made at Summerland during the first year after their founding, and the future of the place is rich in promise of material comforts and spiritual growth.

Fraternally yours,

ALBERT MORTON.

—Prof. J. S. Loveland has bought lots in Summerland and intends to build thereon and reside there.

Fraternity Hall, Oakland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The First Association of Progressive Spiritualists of Oakland met last Sunday to hold their usual exercises. Dr. Macsorley presided. At the afternoon meeting quite a number of friends had assembled expecting, no doubt, to listen again to one of Prof. Dawbarn's interesting lectures; but owing to business matters it is impossible for him to attend the afternoon meetings. It has been decided by the Association to continue our medium meetings as before. We cordially invite all mediums interested to come and give their assistance.

The afternoon meeting was opened with singing, "Spirit Home"; after an invocation by the President, and some interesting remarks, singing was again rendered. Mrs. Gardner gave some very interesting remarks upon various subjects also described several spirit friends. Mr. Patterson was present, but owing to unexpected trouble in his surroundings, of a very sympathetic nature, his guides did not use him as they had promised. A number of other friends gave very interesting remarks, after which circles were in order.

The evening meeting was opened with singing the "Beautiful Spirit Shore," after which a blessing was given by the President. Mr. Wheeler was then introduced to the audience, delivering a very interesting discourse. Mr. Wheeler is very plain spoken, earnest and impressive in his manner; he explained different subjects so clearly that they could not be misunderstood. Mrs. M. Wheeler afterwards occupied the platform giving some excellent remarks, and experiences of her own describing the spirit being taken from the body for the space of two hours and three quarters and her experiences while in the spirit world, and the conditions of those who now remain there and what to do for their benefit; she also gave a number of tests. Mrs. Ladd-Finnegan was also present and gave a number of excellent tests, which were all recognized. I wish to return many thanks to our Brothers and Sisters for their voluntary assistance on Sunday evening for the benefit of the Association.

Our Wednesday evening meeting was held at Kohler's Hall. Dr. Macsorley opened the meeting with singing, after which Mrs. E. K. Nickless occupied the platform, giving some interesting remarks and a number of excellent tests were given throughout a large audience, which were instantly recognized. Mr. Patterson's controls also gave much interest—five different controls using the medium in various ways, giving a number of fine tests.

Next Sunday evening Prof. Seymour will occupy the platform for the entire evening. Doors open at 7 A. M.
MRS. DAVIS, Secretary.

Progressive Spiritualists.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Progressive Spiritualists met at Metropolitan Temple at 2 P. M., to celebrate the birth into spirit-life of our beloved President, John A. Collins. The attendance of friends was very large and the service most impressive, conducted by Prof. Charles Dawbarn, who gave a synopsis of the life-work of our brother, who was a true reformer, and whose truest happiness was in doing good. The choir sang the beautiful song, "He has crossed the shining River," and the friends joined in singing, "We shall meet again."

After the many friends had taken a last look at the remains, the immediate friends accompanied the body to Odd Fellows Cemetery. Prof. Dawbarn making appropriate remarks at the grave. After placing the many beautiful flower-pieces in place, all returned to their homes feeling that our loss was surely his gain, and praying that his mantle of wisdom and charity might fall upon his successor as President of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists.

The evening meeting was well filled to hear Prof. Dawbarn's anniversary lecture, "Common-sense Spiritualism," which was well appreciated, and contained truths all would do well to learn. This was Mr. Dawbarn's last Sunday for awhile.

Next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock Moses Hull, a noted lecturer from the East, will address this Society. Mr. Hull is considered one of the most forceful speakers in the ranks of Spiritualism, and will speak four Sundays, afternoon and evening. The afternoon of next Sunday the annual election of Directors will be held at 2 P. M. All members in good standing are expected to be present and vote.

Remember the lectures next Sunday will be at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.
MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD, Secretary.

Progressive Lyceum.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In the assurance of the greatest pleasure to each through following the prompting of Love, the parent of all existence, is the promise of the increasing of such movement as the Children's Progressive Lyceum is engaged in, as it is distinctly in the service of Love, its members having no other inducement to engage in the work than the pleasure of adding to the happiness of others. Threatening weather kept some away, but the attendance was quite

good, and the number of performances more numerous than usual. They comprised a recitation, "Two Little Hands," by the little Reeds—twin sisters; recitation, Biblical selection, Albert Ernest Turpin; recitation, "Only a Baby," by little Mabel Ward; song, "Kitty's Family," Gertrude Grant; recitation, "Stop, Stop, Pretty Water," Lena Miller; recitation, "The Aged Couple's Reflections," Ella Lincoln. "The Rainbow" was the subject for general discussion, and the replies, with brief remarks from some of the older members, together with several intelligent words of wisdom, occupied the time very agreeably. It was concluded to take "Thunder and Lightning; How do they Act?" for a topic to consider next Sunday.

The leaders' meeting transacted nothing of special interest, being occupied with committee arrangements and other detail work. The program committee for the next entertainment will consist of Mr. Robert H. Ely, Miss Eva Ballou and Miss Mabel Morrill, and the entertainment will take place at St. George's hall, 909 1/2 Market street, Saturday evening, April 26th. The next social gathering of active workers will be held at the residence of Mrs. N. L. Churchill, 1909 Mission street, Tuesday evening, April 15th.

W. J. KIRKWOOD.

Summerland and the Anniversary.

EDITOR OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

I presume the GOLDEN GATE has received full and complete reports of the glorious anniversary meeting at Summerland, and therefore my only object in taking up my pen, is to add my testimony to that of many others to the beauty of Summerland, the invigorating effect of its atmosphere, and the heavenly influences pervading the whole place, and particularly the house of Mr. and Mrs. Wright, the pioneers of Summerland, where it was my good fortune to be domiciled during my stay. Guarded, surrounded and overshadowed (or, rather, canopied over—overshadowed hardly seems the right word when such bright influences prevail), by the hosts of the Summerland above, this seems to be the one spot of earth above all others, where—as was repeatedly said by the different speakers of the occasion—the Summerland below and the Summerland above, meet and commingle their tides of sympathies, activities and spiritual forces. The dark magnetism, the low habits, passions and appetites of the outside world, are in a great measure barred out. They can only get a foothold there in the persons of those who go to swell its population, and oh! may they all be so imbued with the heavenly influences that surround the place and fill its atmosphere that, in contradistinction to some earthly institutions whose proper inscription should be, "Whoever enters here leaves hope behind," the inscription to the earthly Summerland may ever properly be, "Whoever enters here leaves selfishness behind."

I was really taken by surprise by the kind hospitality and loving welcome I received from the Summerlanders; and I was also surprised at the general beauty and finish of the dwellings so recently erected there. Evidently they were built by those who expect to make their homes upon the spot.

The ocean view from all parts of Summerland, and especially from the veranda of the fine, new library building, where the meetings were held, seemed to me the most beautiful that I ever beheld. But I will not occupy any more of your space by giving descriptions which you have had before, and will probably have again, *ad infinitum*.

The meeting, as you already know, was a glorious success, a pentecostal season of refreshing and of the outpouring of spirit forces that shall yet be felt all over the world. Yours for progress and development,
ELLA WILSON-MARCHANT.

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL., April 3, 1890.

Spiritual Church of Humanity.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

This name has been adopted by those assembling from week to week at California Hall, Clay and Eleventh streets, Oakland. Sunday afternoon Mrs. L. Higgins of San Francisco assisted Mrs. E. K. Nickless in inaugurating a meeting exclusively devoted to spirit descriptions and messages. A good audience was assembled. The services opened with singing and invocation by Mrs. Nickless, followed by a few remarks stating the object of the meeting. Mrs. Higgins after a few remarks gave many interesting communications from the unseen world; describing to the parties receiving them the friends whom they came from. Every description was recognized. Mrs. Nickless followed with an interesting description that none could fail but be convinced they were very nearly associated with the departed ones. While Mrs. Nickless was giving her descriptions and messages from the platform, Mrs. Higgins among the audience gave what she saw and heard. These meetings will be continued every Sunday afternoon, commencing at 3 o'clock.

In the evening, our platform was filled with beautiful offerings from the floral kingdom, in commemoration of Easter. The song "Golden years are passing by," was very well rendered by Miss Minnie Hill and Mabel Nickless, as was the song "Something sweet to think of," by Miss Fannie Hill. The guides of Mrs. Nickless spoke from the word "Easter—its true significance to man." The lecture was one of the finest productions we have ever listened to coming through the lips of this entranced speaker. None could have listened to the words spoken in commemoration of the day, which was shown to be of so much significance to all believers in the truth of the spiritual philosophy and interested in their promulgation. Many communications and descriptions were given. All went to their homes feeling that a Spiritual Easter service was an event long to be remembered and worthy of their participation.

Circle of Harmony.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

St. George's Hall, 909 Market street, San Francisco, had a large attendance last Sunday, at 11 o'clock A. M. Mrs. Logan gave the audience a kindly greeting, and after the sweet music by Mesdames Cook and Rutter, she made an invocation and befitting eulogy on the life, virtues, and ever-charitable deeds of the Hon. John A. Collins, whose obsequies would be celebrated in Metropolitan Temple, in the afternoon. She hoped that all who knew him would emulate his noble example, and thereby be prepared to meet him in his glorified spirit home.

"Heaven is my Home," was sung with peculiar pathos and sweetness. Mrs. Hooper read a communication that she had received through her own mediumship, in reference to the anti-chinese movement. Mr. Thompson followed with an earnest, telling speech, in which he argued that our philosophy and the teachings of Jesus would have us to feel that God is no respecter of persons, but one brotherhood.

Mr. John Slater responded to an invitation by the Chair, and the entire audience, to take the stand. He stated that the communications through various mediums partook more or less of their own nature or peculiar ideas, etc., and then gave several grand tests, and turning to the President, said, he should be present next Sunday morning to give her a rousing benefit, for these meetings must be kept up, and he should do this for her encouragement. Mrs. Higgins became entranced and said that all the good that these meetings were accomplishing could not be seen on the surface. The words of cheer and encouragement to persevere in good works were touchingly beautiful. Dr. Robbins read the character of Dr. Mansfield. To the delight of the audience, Mr. Mullen sang soulfully, "Over the Line." Dr. Temple gave excellent tests and good counsel to those who were despondent, especially to the mediums. Genevieve and Eloise Reed, little twins of four summers, spoke a little piece in which they knelt and put up their hands in prayer with eyes raised to heaven, which presented a beautiful impressive tableau.

Meeting adjourned to meet in same place next Sunday.

OAKLAND.

Shattuck Hall, corner of Eighth and Broadway streets, Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30, was participated in by the following speakers and mediums: Walter Hyde, Mrs. Logan, Mrs. McCann, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Gardner and Mrs. Lizzie Carter. Prof. Evans gave several fine tests, even to seeing scars upon the feet and limbs, and also describing the husband of a stranger in the audience, and the cause of his death by drowning, etc. Mr. Pattison was too deeply grieved (at the loss of a dear friend in the city, whose funeral took place on Friday last,) to be controlled to give tests, but would be in attendance next Sunday evening, when he hoped that the burden from his heart would be rolled away, and that he could yield them more passively to the controlling power. Mrs. Heckatier had had wonderful experiences through the mediumship of her own family, some of which she would relate at a future time. Mrs. Smith made a fine speech, and the meeting adjourned until next Sunday.

Improvements in Summerland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

On reaching Summerland my eyes were gladdened with the slightly improvements on all sides. Handsome homes adorn the hillsides and lower lands, cottages by the sea and on the cliffs, streets laid out, the library building, one of the most conspicuous marks, is grand and imposing, the hotel, a beautiful structure, looks inviting, prosperity is waving her flag of investation, and activity on all sides bids strangers come and join in the grand work of building a Spiritual town in one of the gardens of the Italy of America.

Strangers who visit this lovely retreat are welcomed with heartfelt hospitality, and each vies with his neighbor to extend their homes with open doors, and a high sense of honor seems to pervade each branch of business.

The four days' meeting was largely attended by an appreciative and intelligent audience. Some of the finest speakers now in the field held forth, as well as many of our celebrated mediums. On the fourth evening a grand ball closed the exercises. The "elite" of Summerland and Santa Barbara were present. Many elegant costumes were worn. Ravishing music by the local band induced all to "trip the light fantastic toe." A collection that would do credit to Delmonico's refreshed the weary but happy dancers at 12 o'clock. Our genial and large hearted landlord, Mr. H. L. Williams, wore a smile of satisfaction which portrays the happiness that adorns his pleasant home, now presided over by a sweet songster, where bright eyes and womanly graces stand guard over a family of bright faced children; that makes him the happiest man in Summerland. We trust that the angels are at the helm of this bright ship of progress and will guide her safely into the port of success.

Mrs. M. E. Parker started for Europe to-day. We will wish her "bon voyage." Brother Moses Hull reaches San Francisco in a few days. Brothers and sisters, make him welcome. The days here are charming, and as I am the guest of Mrs. Emily F. Thompson, whose fleet footed ponies bear us safely over this lovely land, I am offered many a view of its spring beauties. I shall turn my steps toward my home shortly, and trust the time may be near when I shall be in this haven of rest and peace again. "Fly swift around, ye wheels of time, and bring the welcome day." Fraternally,
ROSE L. BUSHNELL.

SUMMERLAND, April 2, 1890.

Remember that you can get your cards, letter heads, bill heads, receipts, circulars, statements, etc., printed at this office. Call and see our work; our prices are as low as any, and we guarantee satisfaction.

—A project is on foot to start a paper and establish a publishing house in the interests of Spiritualism in Summerland.

A MARVELOUS CURE BY DR. A. B. DOBSON, ACROSS THE RIVER, IN HANOVER, ILL.

DR. A. B. DOBSON—Dear Sir:—One of the greatest cures has been performed by you in my family that medicine has ever done. My daughter, Emma, was sick for months with a complication of diseases, and was attended by three physicians until she got so low she had been to near the bed, or scarcely swallow, and all hopes were gone for her recovery. At this critical period we sent for your remedies and commenced giving them to her. In a few hours we could see a change for the better and in three days she was up, and after taking the remedies a few months, she is as well as any person in the country. No one would think she had been so near the grave. The most remarkable thing about this case is this: After she could get about the house, she ate too many oysters, which made her very sick. The next day I wrote to Dr. Dobson, stating the case, but before I put the letter in the post office I received one from him answering every question in the letter that I had not sent; he also sending more remedies, which soon completed her cure. This showed me he could answer questions by some power outside of himself. I wish I could let everybody know the great power Dr. Dobson has in curing suffering humanity; and I earnestly ask you to write me in regard to this case, for I am willing to give testimony under oath to the above facts.

H. B. HUNT.
The above was also told a short time ago, by Mr. Hunt, to Calvin E. Northrop, a highly respected citizen of Maquoketa.—*Maquoketa Record*.
[See advertisement in another column.]

DR. HATCH, at 1165 Mission street, is doing a good work for humanity. Under direction of his guides, he employs such remedies as are needed to restore health and strength. His success is marvelous. Let those who would consult him send two stamps, age, a lock of hair, with address, and one leading symptom, and be convinced. ap5-1f

An experienced lady teacher desires a position for Mathematics, English Branches, or Latin. Fall term preferred. Best reference given and required. Address, H. T. RICHMOND, 302 Union St., Nashville, Tennessee. feb18-2m

FOR RENT—Metaphysical College Hall, 106 McAllister street, for spiritual and literary work. Afternoons and evenings, for all information inquire at the College from 1 to 3 P. M.

Evils in the journey of life are like the hills which alarm travellers upon their road; they both appear great at a distance, but when we approach them, we find that they are far less insurmountable than we had imagined.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.

Happiness is to the heart what sunlight is to the body, and he who shuts out either is an enemy to society.

Exercise, air, good temper and temperance are the principal sources of growth, health and longevity.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Dr. Wood, Clairvoyant,

Trance, and Independent Slate-Writing Medium.

ALL CHRONIC AND NERVOUS DISEASES SUCCESSFULLY TREATED.

Female and Private Diseases a Specialty.

Circles—Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday Evenings.

112 Valencia Street, one half block from Market Street Junction.

Take Valencia Street Cable Car. ap5-2m

Mrs. Helen Fairchild, MATERIALIZING SEANCES

Sundays, Tuesdays, Fridays at 2 P. M. Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock. Is prepared through her guides to assist in the development of all phases of Mediumship. mch3-2m

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ALL CHRONIC AND NERVOUS DISEASES SUCCESSFULLY TREATED.

Chronic Diseases of Females a Specialty.

HOURS—A. M. to 4 P. M., at private residence, 1365 Bush street, corner Eleventh street, Oakland, Cal. mar3-1f

Mrs. L. Pet Anderson, TRANCE MEDIUM,

Residence 32 Ogden Avenue, Opp. Union Park, CHICAGO, ILL.

N. B.—Persons sending name, sex, day and month of birth, with \$2, I will give a reading by letter. They are at liberty to ask questions. feb1-4m

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

MRS. L. CARTER

Will, for a short time, take Spirit Photos, at her old place 515 Seventh Street, Broadway Station, Oakland.

From a lock of the sender's hair.

Price, \$3. 25¢ She will also take pictures of departed friends. ap5-1f

MRS. L. HIGGINS.

BUSINESS, TRANCE AND TEST MEDIUM.

104 Ellis street.

Sittings daily from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. (Wednesdays excepted.) Sittings Wednesday evenings for those who cannot attend during the day. ap5-1f

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IS A REGULARLY EDUCATED AND LEGALLY Qualified Physician and the most successful in SPECIALTY as his practice will prove. Send 10 CENTS for his "PRIVATE COUNSELLOR"—a valuable book for YOUNG AND MIDDLE-AGED MEN suffering from SPERMATORRHOEA, IMPOTENCY, VARI-COELER and wasting of the PRIVATE PARTS, etc., etc., as the result of youthful follies, indiscretions and excesses. IT SETS FORTH AN EXTERNAL APPLICATION A POSITIVE CURE.



possess this valuable book which is worth many times its cost, and if you will heed the advice therein given, you will be on the road to health and perfect manhood. Address DR. R. P. FELLOWS, VINELAND, NEW JERSEY, and say where you saw this advertisement.

[From the GOLDEN GATE.]
"Similar advertisements from unreliable practitioners have been frequently assailed and exposed by the press, but Dr. Fellows stands foremost in his profession, and IT IS SAFE TO TRUST HIM."

Sixteenth Street Bazaar.

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CIRCULATING LIBRARY.
Periodicals, Sheet Music, School Books and Musical Instruments, Etc.,
S. W. CORNER SIXTEENTH AND MISSION STS
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Spiritual Papers and Books on Sale. febr-

AGENTS WANTED by an old N. Y. firm for new profits, opportunity. Geo. A. Scott, 842 Broadway, N. Y.

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FOR DIAGNOSIS OF DISEASE.
Psychometric and : Prophectic Readings
General Advice and Spirit Communications. Instruction in Spiritual Science. Fee, \$2.
210 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

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Is with us again, after an absence 27 years.

May be consulted on Business or other Matters.

At his Parlors, No. 1 : : : Fifth Street,

One door from Market Street.

Terms : For the first consultation, \$2.00

For each subsequent consultation, 1.00

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nov5-1f

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With all means they Cure!

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MRS. MILLER'S,

1165 Mission Street,..... San Francisco,

AND FIND HER

COMMON SENSE TREATMENT!

To be just what is claimed for it. mar3-1f

Mrs. Lizzie Fulton, AUTOMATIC--AND--INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITER!

Is prepared, through her guides, to develop all phases of Mediumship, especially the beautiful gift of

INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING.

Persons living at a distance, and for Magisterial Slates, with instructions for writing.

Developing Circles—Tuesdays and Fridays, at 8 P. M. Office Hours—10 to 2 P. M.

915 1/2 Mission street, S. F. feb1-1f

DR. FRED EVANS, SENSITIVE FOR

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SLATE-WRITING.

MR. EVANS has returned from Australia and resumed his spiritual work.

Office Hours, 10 to 4. Private Developing Daily.

424 1/2 HAIGHT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

N. B.—Take Haight street cars and alight at Webster

Written for the Golden Gate.

Independent Slate-Writing.

BY JOHN WETTERBEE.

One of the most unmistakable tests of an actual departed spirit I ever had was with Charles E. Watkins, the well-known medium. Reading an account lately of an experience with him, I feel like telling one of mine and commenting a little on the philosophy in connection with it. Let me say at the start, although it has no especial bearing on the circumstances I am going to relate, that the most remarkable tests that I ever had, have generally been accidental, or when not looked for, or expected. There is something inexplicable and singular about this, but it is so constantly a fact, that there must be a cause for it. This test by Watkins is not exactly a case in point, or only approximately.

There were some reasons why I was not disposed to go and see Watkins. I had got the impression that he was a little crooked, at least in some parts of his character, although it had no direct bearing on his mediumship. I do not want a man to be *falsus in uno* though in my estimation he is not *falsus in omne* thereby; but I always want a man, particularly a medium, who can be depended upon, so Watkins came and he went, and I saw nothing of him.

I met him one day for the first time in the editorial room of the *Banner*, where I was then a frequent visitor and a pretty constant contributor. Mr. Colby introduced me to him, and when he heard the name of Wetterbee he seemed to freeze to me at once, said he had long wanted to see me, and wondered I had not been round "to see a fellow." I, of course had my reasons, but I did not tell him, but made some excuse. He was very anxious that I should come and have a sitting, and I said, I will do so if I can have everything my own way. He said, "You may have everything, Wetterbee, your own way; do just what you please, bring your own slates, etc." This seemed so good a chance to try him thoroughly that I said I would come, and we fixed the time the next day at three o'clock.

On my way there I stopped at a hardware store near the old South Church and bought two new clean slates, they having no double ones, so had holes bored on each side of the wooden frames; and after putting a bit of pencil between them, tied them together through the holes on the sides with strong twine and then put the tied slates into the green bag, which, as usual, I was carrying, and then continued my way to Watkins' room on Beach street. I found him there expecting me. It was a very light room; the afternoon sun was shining into it brightly from the windows. In the center was a wooden table about four and a half feet by two and a half. I sat on one side and he sat on the other, opposite to me. On my right side, on this table, were three slates piled evenly one on the other. Watkins said, "Those slates are clean, but you had better take them to the washstand behind you and wash them for your own satisfaction." I said he had brought my own slates. "Well," said he, "I am glad of that, and hope we will get something on them; it will be the better test." I went to the sofa where I had left my green bag which had not been open since I put the slates I had brought into it, took them out just as I had tied them, and knew that no human being had touched them, laid them tied together flat on the table before me, putting my two hands flat on them and never taking them off. Up to this time Watkins, nor no other person had touched them but myself, and from the moment they were out of my bag they were never out of my sight or touch. Watkins then laid his two hands on top of mine as they lay flat on the slates. Very soon we heard the scratching of the pencil on the slates under my hands. When it had stopped, which was announced by three quick taps as if by the pencil, I untied one of the strings and opened it like a double slate, exposing the inside faces. On one of them the following message was found written:

"My dear son, I do thank God that I can give you this test of spirit power over matter. I trust you will ever strive and search after truth as you are now. I am your father-in-law,
WILLIAM BEALS."

Mr. Beals was my father-in-law, of the firm of Beals and Green, well-known as editors and owners of the *Boston Post*. I am as absolutely certain, and every one must be who believes me, that that message was written without mortal hands or by an invisible intelligence, as I am that I am now writing with a pen. Watkins was before me all the time, both of his hands never out of my sight, or the slates out of my hands or sight.

I said, "Watkins that is a grand test; I am sure an invisible spirit wrote it. I do not know whether it was Mr. Beals or not." "Who did it then?" said Watkins. I do not know, said I; it may be he, but he wrote a perpendicular bold hand, and this is a fine slanting hand not at all like his. "Well," said he, "let us try again." We shut the slate by turning it over without tying it and put our hands on the top as before. At once we heard the scratching of the pencil, and when it stopped we turned it over and found written on the other face the following:

"My dear son, I am going to try and write more like the way I used to, but I may not. Still I want to say, tell your wife I still live.
WILLIAM BEALS."

Whoever was the intelligence that wrote

these messages must have heard what I said to Watkins about the writing, for he corrected himself and wrote more as my father-in-law did when he was in the form. Still, I think if it had been he, he would have said, "Louise" instead of "my wife." It may, however, have been he, and I do not wish to quibble, for the important point is, "Was it a spirit?" Of that I am as sure as I am that the sun was shining into the room. I am more inclined to think it was Mr. Beals personally now, than I was at the time, for I am sure such phenomena are done by will power rather than by mechanical. The medium's brain has to be used for the power of visible expression, and I have also learned that the medium knows what is thus mysteriously written on the slate, before he has an opportunity of reading it.

If I am stating the truth, and I am willing and do hereby solemnly swear to the statement herein made, what can it be but an invisible intelligent will power? and being that it must be what we call a departed spirit. I am as sure of it as I can be of anything, and surer than I am of many things that are considered certain. One cannot get away from these conclusions by calling it mind-reading. The information may possibly be mind-reading, for I knew Mr. Beals and his connection with me; but that has no bearing on the important point in the fact that it was an invisible spirit who wrote the messages; for, as I have said, and I wish to impress it on the reader, that the slates were not out of my hands or sight, nor the medium's either, during the time, so I absolutely know that he did not do it, and he and I were the only persons present, and the invisible spirit must have been in our presence for we heard the pencil writing the messages which no mortal was then doing. If it was not the act of an invisible spirit, what was it?

Going home from the first sitting with Watkins, with my slates with the two messages on them, I met near my door my old friend and neighbor, Epes Sargent, and told him the circumstances and showed him the slates and told him of other writings I had had on the medium's own slates. The phenomena interested Sargent. He thought them wonderful, and said he must go and see Watkins, which he did in a few days, without saying anything to me or any one. When he called on Watkins he found him sitting in the hallway, apparently a little sleepy. It was in the afternoon. He did not know Mr. Sargent, who, being a stranger, said he had come for a sitting. Watkins did not seem to welcome him, said he was not in good condition and had rather he would come some other time. Sargent told him he was sorry and disappointed and lived out of town, and wished very much that he would give him one. Watkins said he did not feel right and would probably get nothing if he gave him one. Sargent said, in relating the affair to me, that he appeared full of beer, but he told the medium he would run the risk, who replied rather brusquely, "Well, come then, I will do what I can," and they both went up stairs to his room, the same one where I had had my sitting. Mr. Sargent took one of the slates on the table and washed it as Watkins had requested. The slate was laid flat on the table with a bit of pencil under it, their four hands flat on it. They soon heard the writing, and before lifting the slate to read what was written, Watkins jumped up, his whole manner changed and said, "Why, you are Epes Sargent!" The sudden surprise on the part of Watkins was manifest, Sargent saying, "Yes, that is my name, how did you know it?" Watkins took up the slate which had not been lifted from the table, and read a message from a father to his son, signed "Epes Sargent." The fact pleased Mr. Sargent very much; he forgot the cold treatment he had received in the magnificence of the splendid double test, which was all the better for his ignorance of whom the siter was. It was very evident from the circumstances that Watkins didn't know who his visitor was until the name Epes Sargent had been written at the end of the message, so he got the information from the spirit who wrote the message which must have been an entity distinct from the medium, who knew something that the medium did not know. It showed also that the medium's brain was used; or simultaneously with the writing the words were impressed on his mind or brain, and when Epes Sargent's name came at the end of it, he jumped up and recognized his siter as the well-known writer and Spiritualist, before the slate had been turned over and the writing read.

Epes Sargent and the writer have talked this matter over a great many times, and it is quite an elucidator of this phenomenon. He always liked slate-writing phenomena as being the best phase of the manifestations, and this particular instance was absolute demonstration to him of the fact of departed spirits being concerned in them. "We are alone, said Abubeka to Mahomet in the case of Abdullah. There is a third, said the prophet; it is God himself." Watkins and Sargent were alone in that room, but there was a third more tangible than the prophet's God; it was an invisible spirit, one who had the power to write an intelligent message and announce his name. True, there is no proof that Epes Sargent's father was present, and wrote the message, but that is a small matter; but the probability is that he was present; of the presence of a departed spirit who knew what Watkins did not know, is unmistakable. It seems to me that is self-evident.

This led Mr. Sargent to be very friendly to Watkins and take a great interest in him and his manifestations; had him often at his house in Roxbury where I have often met him, and it led to the somewhat celebrated seance where the Reverend Cook was present. This seance was arranged to give the reverend gentleman an opportunity of witnessing some spirit manifestations; something prevented my being present on that occasion, of which I have always been sorry, but I know as much of it as if I had been present. Many times has Mr. Sargent spoken of it to me, saying Mr. Cook came as a skeptic, acted cautiously and as a skeptic, but he was perfectly convinced that the phenomenon he witnessed on that occasion was what is claimed to be, and he said to Mr. Sargent, on the evidence he had had, that "the backbone of materialism was broken," thanking him very cordially for the privilege of witnessing the manifestations under such favorable conditions. He signed, also, a paper with the others present, which was printed in the daily papers which read, after stating some of the phenomena as follows: "We cannot apply to these facts any theory of fraud, and we do not see how the writing can be explained unless matter in the slate pencil was moved without contact."

Mr. Cook, at the next Monday lecture, spoke of it favorably, and at length, practically endorsing the phenomena of Spiritualism to an audience of 2,000, which was reported at length in the leading daily papers of this city. It must be remembered that at this time Mr. Cook was the leading light of orthodoxy; his discourses were the pabulum for most of the evangelical preachers' sermons in New England. The church has always followed him and he talks as if he expected it, but it halted on Spiritualism. It was said some of the leading and financial lights of that church told him he had gone too far, and he saw himself that he had, but he could hardly eat his own words, or take back what he had said knowing it was true, even if his audience did not see it, as usual, out of his eyes, so he was silent, and when an opportunity offered to set himself right with his following, he preached a sermon against Spiritualists, their godless and evil practices and the infidel tendency of their teachings; he said everything he could against that faith, but he never said a word against the fact of the manifestations, or took back what he had said to Mr. Sargent, "that the backbone of materialism was broken," nor did he deny the truthfulness of the paper which he signed, endorsing the phenomena he witnessed under the mediumship of Watkins.

POINTS.

1. These messages could not possibly write themselves.
2. There must have been a writer. They were not written by the medium or the sitters. It was an intelligent act, so it must have been written by an invisible spirit.
3. It was done then and there, for the sitters heard it while being done.
4. This may not prove that the parties wrote them, to which their names were signed, but it certainly does prove, if anything ever was proved, that a conscious, intelligent, departed spirit did it.
5. If a spirit survives physical death, the presumption is that all do, hence modern Spiritualism is a settled fact.

A Strange Coincidence.

On the 17th day of April last, Mrs. Carroll, of 51 North Sheldon street, Chicago, Ill., received a letter from a relative in this city informing her that an old schoolmate here was in the last stage of consumption and would live but a few days longer. The news prostrated the lady and for hours she seemed to be unconscious, though whispering constantly "Katy must not die; give her carbonic acid gas." During the day a friend of the family, a medium, called and on entering the room exclaimed, "Why Mrs. C., you have company to-day. I see an old German standing by your bedside trying to tell you about some medicine." Almost immediately the woman was entranced and called for pencil and paper and began to write in German. No one present could read a word of it, and it was taken to a German druggist near by who translated it, declaring it must have been written by a German chemist, as it was a formula for making and administering "carbonic acid gas." The formula was entirely new to him but correct in every particular.

Mrs. Carroll was so impressed with this, to her, strange manifestation, that she immediately sent the formula to her friend in this city, relating the circumstances minutely and urging her friend to try it. She did so and began to improve at once, and on June 1st was able to ride and walk out daily, and at the present time is attending to her household duties.

The druggist sent a statement of the affair to the *Medical Record*, and received in reply a statement from the editor of that journal, that on the 7th day of April Dr. Hugo Nieber, of Berlin, began treating consumption in a hospital of that city, and that in the twelve cases reported by him all had been favorably affected by the treatment, and seven were in a fair way to a recovery. The formula given through the medium for preparing and administering the gas was identical with the one discovered the same day by Dr. Nieber and published in the *Berlin Medical Journal* of June 2nd.—*Rochester Republican*.

Take things as they are and make the best of them.

How to Elude the Doctor.

A popular physician was recently called on by a friend, to whom, in the course of conversation, he said: "There are ten simple precautions which form an excellent rule of life, and if people would observe them I should have to resort to some other means of making a livelihood." Then he enumerated the following: Don't read in street cars or other jolting vehicles. Don't pick your teeth with pins or other hard substances. Don't neglect any opportunity to insure a variety of food. Don't eat or drink hot and cold things immediately in succession. Don't pamper the appetite with such variety of food that may lead to excess. Don't read, write or do any delicate work unless receiving the light from the left side. Don't direct special mental or physical energies to more than eight hours' work in each day. Don't keep the parlor dark if you value your own and your children's health. Don't delude yourself into the belief that you are an exception so far as sleep is concerned; the normal average of sleep is eight hours. Don't endeavor to rest the mind by absolute inactivity, let it rest in work in other channels, and thus rest the tired part of the brain.—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

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