

A detailed black and white illustration of the Golden Gate Bridge under construction. The bridge's massive steel structure is visible, spanning the water with its iconic towers. Several construction barges and boats are positioned around the bridge, and a large crane is visible on the left side. The scene is set against a backdrop of steep, rocky hills. The words "GOLDEN GATE" are prominently displayed in large, ornate, serif capital letters across the top of the image.

VOL. X.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1890.

No. 23.

FIRST PAGE—Shakerism; True Spiritualism; Lilydale Sunday Assemblies, etc.

Life.

Shakerism.

We believe that a thorough course of Shaker christian training and discipline produces the highest and purest order of spiritual teachers, psychics, prophets and ministers of righteousness, harmony, peace and healing, and dispensers of light and life from the resurrection heavens to any and all who are prepared to receive and profit thereby.

True Spiritualism.

Lilydale Sunday Assembly.

Written for the Golden Gate.

Vanished Faces.—No. III.

BY JOHN WETHERS.

William Lloyd Garrison was not the next "vanished face" that I had in my mind; Epes Sargent or John Pierpont had precedence, but as the first-named had been referred to in a late GOLDEN GATE, by Herman Snow, I thought perhaps it would be in order to give a little testimony in the same direction. This reformer was a great friend of Theodore Parker, and continued to manifest his friendship for the Parker Fraternity after the great preacher himself had vanished. During the years of the war, and even until he had vanished himself, and as a friend of Parker and Parkerism, I knew him well.

At a meeting of the radical club, not long after the departure of Garrison, someone had asked the question about his ideas of Spiritualism, or had said that he had been told so and so, and it drew out some remarks by a distinguished lady member, that almost gave the subject its quietus. This lady was a great friend of the reformer, or claimed to be, and of his work, and thought it almost libelous to say he had any talent of that delusion; said he was a man who was not afraid to express his opinions, however unpopular, and if he had favorable impressions of Modern Spiritualism, or believed at all in it, he would have owned it, and have defended it; and the fact that he did not, was proof that he was not at all interested in it. Someone remarked that it was the "under dog" in religious matters, when she added "that he would have defended it all the quicker then," and that was another proof of his indifference to the subject.

I knew the lady was wrong, was prejudiced, as a great many people were, and are, and I do not know as much as I did of what he thought of Modern Spiritualism, and I related a circumstance that must have somewhat opened her eyes, though she was far better acquainted with him than I was. She knew him socially; I knew him more as an able reformer and a public man. I had a personal acquaintance with him; as I have mentioned, and highly respected him, as everyone did who knew him.

Before relating the circumstance to which I have referred, I will preface it with a few remarks about the man. He was heart and soul anti-slavery. If there ever was a one-idea man, he was one. He believed slavery to be the sum of all villainies, and did his level best to crush it, and the anti-slavery movement that he started, did it. I mean no reflection by speaking of him as a one-idea man. He had a heart for all reforms, but abolition of slavery seemed to be his mission, and who-to-day will say it was not? Everything else was in his mind secondary to that. He was naturally a religious man and evangelically inclined, but when he found the church and all its pulpits proslavery, he turned his back on the church. If he had been a firm believer in Modern Spiritualism, it would have found no place in his enthusiasm, for that was wholly occupied with the evil of slavery.

I knew Mary Hardy, the celebrated test medium, very intimately. She had many patrons of the Nicodemus order, and many distinguished people who toed the mark and owned up, more or less, publicly. I have met at her somewhat select circles at different times, the Hon. Henry Wilson, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and Rev. C. R. Bartol. I had been told by her, in a *sub rosa* manner, that these distinguished people had had sittings with her, giving me the impression that they were pleased with the spirits and got tests that surprised them—giving me the impression that they, severally, believed they communicated with departed spirits. I did not consider them Spiritualists, or spiritualistic, for her saying so. I knew people would be courteous and respectful to her, perhaps give her a favorable impression, and call perhaps frequently, who still remained in the bonds of doubt. So I never considered such to be Spiritualists, as I did Henry C. Wright, Daniel Farrar, and Moses Dow. I considered them investigators and favorably disposed. I had reason from other sources to know that Henry Wilson was a believer, just as I did that Abraham Lincoln was. So I did know that Charles R. Bartol was from what he said in my presence, out of his own mouth. I was glad to meet Garrison at a circle and see him interested in the manifestations. I did not know what his true inwardness was on the subject; that came to me on another occasion, and that is the circumstance I related at the Radical Club, which was my defense of Spiritualism, and that it was not libelous to say Garrison was tainted with it.

The Parker Fraternity was not a Spiritualist institution. There were many members who were Spiritualists and many more who were not. Among the latter was John R. Manly, whom Parker called a manly man, but was opposed to Spiritualism. So was Prof. Roper, Hon. Charles W. Slack, editor of the *Commonwealth*, who thought one world at a time was enough, a lady reporter of the *Transcript*, very bitter in opposition, S. W. Hithaway, a lawyer, and others. I was known as a Spiritualist, and sometimes at social meetings at some of the members' homes, as well as in the ante-room of the hall before the hour of meeting, which

was late, discussions would sometimes arise, as much to draw one out as anything else, as I was a ready defender. I well remember one occasion in particular, where it had been pretty sharp and the opposition quite bright as well as sarcastic; though alone I was holding my own. Among the additions to our listeners there happened to be William Lloyd Garrison. He seemed to be an interested listener but took no part. At an opportune moment he was moved to say a word, and did so tremendously, and I had an ally that was an acquisition.

I had made a statement of an experience that was rather doubted; did not doubt me or my honesty, but having had none such themselves, took it for granted that I had been deceived. When Mr. Garrison came strongly to my defense, in his square, earnest manner, and related an experience of his own which thoroughly indorsed mine, and other facts, which show him not only a thoroughly posted man on the subject, but to be at heart a firm believer in the *ism*. I do not know as he made any stronger statements than I had, but there was such a prestige with him in the world at large, and in the Parker Fraternity in particular, that it was a clincher—made that opposition kick the beam, and it brought the discussion to an end, and he was considered by the listeners as a Spiritualist. Some referring to it, said, "Only think, Garrison is a Spiritualist." "Well," said John Rogers, who was one of our sort, "I did not know Garrison was so strong in the faith." Even the bitter lady said: "Well, if Mr. Garrison says so, it must be so." I do not think she was sincere, for she died soon after an unbeliever; but I suppose she is awake to the fact now. I have always since then considered him favorably disposed. I have never claimed him as a Spiritualist, any more than I have the Rev. C. R. Bartol, who stated facts that would have made me one. I let people label themselves as they choose—always glad when I read M. S. on their labels.

I will briefly speak of the Rev. C. R. Bartol. He is not yet a "vanished face," but an old one, and has lately vanished from his pulpit, because the church building is no longer in use, business and trade having driven away habitations from its locality. It was a great church in its day, when over a half century ago the Rev. Dr. Lowell was the aged minister, and the young C. R. Bartol was his colleague. Why I say a few words about Bartol here is because I have spoken of him in the foregoing "vanished face," and because I wish to give my reasons for saying he is favorable to Modern Spiritualism.

No matter what he is or what he calls himself, he is one of the most spiritual men I have ever listened to. When he had been settled fifty years he preached a sermon on the occasion which was such a reminder of "the spiritual world, that lies all about us, and whose avenues are open to the unseen feet of phantoms that come and go," that I will quote a word or two from it. Looking at the visible audience and drawing on his memory, he said: "Only a grey-headed handful of successive hosts I behold and bear in mind. I stand among spirits unseen. I walk among ghosts. How vacant while occupied the space. The real assembly is of spectres vanished away." Where they are is beauty, music, loyalty and love. Do we survive them, or they us, and death? It would seem that that question is answered by him in the following incident:

I once read an essay, by invitation, before the Radical Club, and as was expected, my subject was "Modern Spiritualism." I was rather popular, and the parlors were very crowded, showing an interest in the subject. It was the custom for the essayist to occupy an hour, and the balance of the evening was spent in remarks by different speakers on the subject of the essay, and the discussion on this occasion was very animated and very interesting. Charles R. Bartol's remarks were in the highest degree favorable to Spiritualism, and in them he related this incident, with an air of profound truth which showed where he stands in regard to this subject. He said: "That a year or two after Theodore Parker died, he manifested to him through a medium with whom he was having a sitting, in a manner that was very convincing to him, and he uttered a very beautiful and characteristic thought. Theodore Parker's spirit, referring to his life's struggles, said that in them he had attended the funeral of his affections. Some ten or twelve years after that he manifested again, and uttered much the same thought, and he felt that it was really the spirit of that heroic warrior."

The Boston *Transcript* says: "No minute verbal report could give an inkling, nor even the faintest impression, of the words of Mrs. Laura Chant, speaking before the Moral Education Society this morning on the subject of social purity. The Melancon was crowded, the halls were overflowing with people who could not possibly get in, and the audience cried and laughed for an hour, as she spoke, with exquisite delicacy, impassioned inspiration, lightness illustration, and deepest devotion, of women's work for women, and therefore for men, in this reform. Mrs. Chant brings an element into Anniversary Week never before fully felt, the element of intense practical kindness, which seems to us, the moral reform work especially."

Social Etiquette.

To people of small or moderate means an "afternoon tea" offers a solution of a difficult problem. It is inexpensive, enjoyable, and in its simplicity above criticism. Concerning this pleasing form of hospitality *Good Housekeeping* has, among other useful suggestions, the following: When one feels one's house too small to comfortably accommodate the desired number, a good plan is for the hostess to send out her own visiting card, which is, by the way, the only correct invitation to such an affair as this, the card, in addition to the name, bearing the written or engraved words, "At Home Thursdays in December."

Of course no reply is required to such informal invitations. The latter plan will do away with the danger of a crush, as people will not naturally all select the same day. More people, however, may be expected on the fourth afternoon, as in all such things procrastination is characteristic with many. But the guest once bidden, let the faith of the hostess in the simple form of her entertainment remain perfect, as it will if she owns the truly hospitable spirit. Let her remember that to ask a friend to break one's bread is a compliment, and to entertain according to one's means is always in good taste.

The lady who presides over the tea urn has a very dainty office to perform, but if she has a correct understanding of her duties she will not find her place a secure one. The hostess cannot perform her task as such and preside at the tea table, but she will, if there is no daughter in the house, select some guest under her roof or an intimate friend to act for her. It is the duty of this person to see that each cup of tea which she dispenses is as perfect as it is possible for her to make it, and one of the first requisites of this is heat. The English complaint that it is impossible to get a cup of hot tea in America, and yet this difficulty is an easy one to overcome. But of the method of preparing this piece de resistance I will speak later. The water boiling, the tea "drawn," a "cozy" should be pulled over the teapot to keep in the steam, with which would escape much of the aroma. Before pouring, a little boiling water should be left for a few moments in the cup. With these precautions our transatlantic friends will find no fault, though there may be some truth in the statement I once heard made that their throats, like a ship's bottom, are "coppered."

Each guest will find the way to the tea table, and make her wishes known without waiting to be asked. Here let me say what would hardly appear needful but for many inquiries which have proved it so. No special introduction to the lady presiding is required. It is not only proper but obligatory that the guest show breeding as well as kindness, by making, if need be, an effort to enter into conversation with her. The fact of meeting under the roof of a mutual friend is sufficient introduction. A witty and observing person should fill this place, that she may aid in setting the ball of conversation rolling among those she gathers about her. In the drawing room even quite young children will prove useful in passing biscuits, tea and plates. The help of a servant will be needed most in quietly replenishing and removing dishes.

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will meet every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, No. 202 1/2 and 215 1/2 Market street, between Fifth and Sixth. The hall is commodious and well arranged for this purpose. Strangers and all those interested are respectfully invited to attend.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN'S MEETINGS FOR FREE interchange of Spiritual and Progressive ideas are held every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. at 202 1/2 Market street, St. George's Hall. Also on Oakland at 8 P. M. and 7:30 P. M. in Shattuck Hall, 18th street, and Broadway Oakland. Admission ten cents.

THEOSOPHY—OPEN MEETINGS OF THE AU- rora Lodge of the T. S., for inquiries, are held in Oakland every Sunday at 7:30 P. M. in the Jewish Synagogue, Corner Clay and 16th Streets. All are invited.

UNION SPIRITUAL SOCIETY MEETS EVERY Wednesday evening, at 7:45 o'clock, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 27, Larkin street. Good speakers and test mediums will be in attendance every evening.

OAKLAND CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LY- ceum meets every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. at Fraternity Hall, Oakland, corner of Seventh and Pershing streets. Everybody receives a welcome.

OPEN MEETINGS OF THE GOLDEN GATE Lodge of the Theosophical Society, are held every Sunday at 10:30 McAllister street, at 1:30. Earnest inquiries cordially invited.

COUNCIL G. G. OF THE T. S.

FIRST PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION meets every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Pershing streets. Meetings at 3 and 7:30 P. M.

OAKLAND SYNAGOGUE, THIRTEENTH AND Clay streets, W. J. Colville lectures every Sunday at 3 P. M. Class instruction every Tuesday, at 2:45 P. M. and Thursday, at 7:45 P. M.

OPEN MEETING—ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, November 11th, at 2 o'clock, a Bible Class will be held at the House College, 341 Seventeenth street. All will be welcome.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. All are invited; Admission 5 cents. The Free Library connected with the above, is open every Sunday at 1 P. M.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1890.

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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.

OUR CAUSE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Our Cause ought to have representation at the World's Fair, says the *Banner of Light*, and suggests Mr. Hudson Tuttle of Berlin Heights, Ohio, as the right man to take charge and ably represent the best interests of Spiritualism there. It seems that something ought to be done in this direction, and the Spiritualists, from East to West, should unite to bring it about. Here is an opportunity to make a showing to the world. Spiritualism should have its headquarters there, and on exhibition everything of value obtainable that would present the highest truths of our philosophy and the indisputable facts of the phenomena. If Spiritualists would only work with half the zeal for the good of the Cause that they do for their individual opinions on non-essentials, the Cause would not have such a beggarly showing in the religious and scientific world. Can't we all lay aside our little prejudices and work together for a grand representation at the World's Fair? Would it not be a good idea for societies to take action on the subject. The GOLDEN GATE, whose first and last interest is ever the ultimate good of Spiritualism, is ready to wheel into line on this proposition; and we feel confident the spiritualistic press throughout the world will unite on this ground and labor unceasingly to it at end.

BOSTON'S METHOD.

The many ways, means and measures taken to regulate or suppress the liquor evil in our country, shows an awakening sense to the increasing power of the enemy. There should be no compromise with the Devil, and there is not in this case; the Devil is simply making slight concessions with the spirit of right and good which in the liquor traffic has but feeble influence. It may in the end "come uppermost," and "justice" may be done; but just now the better powers are struggling against great odds, yet doing all and everything possible, which is but little, since so many are fearful of the consequences of expressing and acting out their secret convictions.

The good Bostonians have decided that one means of decreasing drunkenness is to compel drinkers to eat when they drink. Since the 20th ult., retail drink sellers have been endeavoring to comply with the edict,—"No drink without food," and probably find it the most serious obstacle they have yet encountered in their unrighteous career. It may well be imagined that lovers of wines and cocktails, find a decidedly new flavor in these beverages, taken in combination with baked beans, codfish, pickles, pastry etc., and there is no doubt it will have the desired double effect of reducing drinking, and stop the baneful custom of treating. Boston has but one drinking place to each five hundred inhabitants, which is five hundred too many; but these are hedged about with high licenses, besides all sorts of laws and limitations controlling and supervising the traffic, until the Boston liquor seller has no peace of his life.

—We concur, with Ella Wilson-Marchant when she suggests that Stanley Fitzpatrick should enter the competitive race for the prize-poem, offered by the Pacific Coast Literary Bureau. There is another, whose songs have delighted our poetic readers, Lizzie Pardoe. Here two poems, "The Song of Creation" and "Home Sweet Home," published in the GOLDEN GATE over a year ago, stamp Mrs. Pardoe a poet of the highest inspiration. Lizzie may not hope your long-silent pen may again dip into the stream of poetry for the readers of the GOLDEN GATE.

THE BEAUTIFUL HILLS.

An Editorial Visit to Psychomo Lodge—Black Bass Fishing, Etc.

The Coast Range of hills south of San Francisco affords an unending variety of charming locations for rural homes. The soil is the best in the world for general fruit culture, and the climate unsurpassed for healthfulness and equable temperature,—and there are cozy little nooks, here and there, with patches of landscape,—glimpses of mountain, lake, valley and sky,—that no art can imitate, no pen describe.

Just such a gem of a place is this hitherto unnamed brochure of the Santa Cruz hills, (this day, Sunday, June 15, 1890, christened "Psychomo Lodge,") the property of our psychographic friend, Mr. Fred Evans, where the writer and wife, with their genial hosts, are spanning, with a rainbow arch of glory, a couple of restful days.

I wish I could describe the scene that spreads out before me from the open doorway where I pen these lines. First let me say that, about three years ago, Mr. Evans purchased from Mr. Frank Baker six acres of wild hill land located on the westerly margin of one of the San Jose Water Company's mountain reservoirs, about two miles from the Alamo Station on the South Pacific Coast railroad. About four acres of this land was at once cleared of the brush, brought under cultivation, and planted to choice fruit trees. A neat cottage was erected on a charming little plateau overlooking the lake, a place that nature seems to have designed especially for that purpose, and thither the owner comes, at times, for that rest and recuperation he needs to supply the exhaustive waste of vitality caused by the practice of his mediumship.

Psychomo Lodge is distant only a three hours' run from San Francisco, and the trip may easily be made after business hours, with an hour to spare for black bass fishing in the clear deep waters of the lake. (And here I will say, parenthetically, and as a sort of background for the sketch I hope soon to attempt, that this reservoir forms a lake about thirty acres in extent. The water is deep, pure and sparkling, and is one of the sources of water supply for the city of San Jose. Of course it is private property, with all the rights and hereditaments thereunto belonging, of which the right to fish therein is one, but which right may be temporarily waived in favor of any good citizen for a small fee, to him in hand paid, the faithful watch and warden of the place, Mr. Wm. Chilcote. This fee includes the use of boats, fishing tackle, etc. Were it not thus the lake would soon be despoiled of its finny tenants by the kingfishers of the cities, and the limpid waters thereof be desecrated by the unwashed elements of society.)

Overlooking this beautiful body of water, at an altitude of about one hundred feet, sits Psychomo Lodge. Beyond the lake, and to the right and left, are rolling hills, hooded with green vineyards and orchards, and dotted with the cheerful and pretty homes of the inhabitants. Beyond, and about two miles distant, a remarkable depression in the inner rim of hills skirting the far-famed Santa Clara Valley, opens the eager and penetrant gaze to that Elysian vale of beauty and industry, where sit enthroned, with clasped hands, the royal Saints Jose and Clara. On and on, across this exquisite plain, of twenty miles of farms and orchards, rises the other rim to the valley,—a cloud bank of hills in the shadowy haze of distance, gray and mellow, as the mountains that uplift themselves in the soft twilight of our dream. Highest and most conspicuous among these gray billows of land Mt. Hamilton raises its proud head, garlanded with stars, and the white dome of the great Observatory flashes back to me an echo of the persistent query of my longing soul, "What? Whence? Wherefore?"

This view, one of the grandest that ever ravished the eye of sense, and which nowhere else in all this range of mountains can be equalled, lies before me, on this bright June day, a panorama of marvelous beauty. Surely some good angel must have guided our Fred's footsteps to this delectable retreat.

Perhaps it was the magnetism of such grand natural scenery as that inspired the brain of the gifted young daughter of Mrs. Belle Baker, a near neighbor of Psychomo Lodge, to catch the golden threads of the sunsets, weave them into shapes of beauty with the gray, purple and green of these Beautiful Hills, and impinge the creations of her fancy upon canvas. Miss Ada is a close and careful student of the art she loves so well. She has done some excellent work, and will yet do greater things in the coming years.

Last evening, as the sun sank behind the western hills, and the twilight shadows began to temper the Summer's fervid glow upon the waters of the lake, our party, intent upon a fish banquet, glided out in a small boat to try their luck. A dozen fine bass rewarded our efforts, most of which were caught by—one of us! Later on a friendly piscatorial odor stole upon and permeated the evening air from the kitchen, and still later several discarded spinal reminiscences of the feast, with their accompanying side bones, were

pitched into the waste, and we arose with a blessing upon the Infinite Energy that invented black bass! Really the fish are fine and fat, a fact which is apt to weaken the tenure of their existence.

Would that we could take these outings oftener—once a week would not come too often. Every brain worker needs them to get the best out of himself; for there is no strain upon the energies like that of hard thinking. It uses up the oil of life as in a furnace, and the brain and spirit need re-oiling and re-vivifying with the fresh breath of the forests and hills, and a new impulse from the magnetic batteries of our good mother, Nature.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Read the excellent discourse of Cora L. V. Richmond in this issue of the GOLDEN GATE.

—Persons susceptible to poison oak, should read Dr. John Allyn's treatise on that subject in our present issue.

—Bro. John Wetherbee has never done better literary work than that of his "Vanished Faces" series of articles now running through the GOLDEN GATE. Our readers must surely enjoy these articles.

—Mrs. Melissa Miller left on Wednesday last for her first field of labor, Salt Lake City. She is authorized to receive subscriptions for the GOLDEN GATE during her absence in the East. We wish her God speed in her missionary work.

—Dr. Dean Clarke, is rusticated in the Santa Cruz mountains, at Bonny Doon; we do not know of a more health restoring spot than this, and the doctor will certainly soon rally his exhausted forces together, and be himself again, in that invigorating atmosphere.

—Mrs. J. J. Whitney, San Francisco's celebrated medium, after a most successful visit to Olympia, is now doing a good work in Tacoma, Wash. She will give her first public seance at that place Sunday evening, June 29. She writes in a private letter that she will probably not return home before August or September.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Jackson, (parents of Mrs. Parkhurst, Mrs. Parks and Mrs. Morris,) will celebrate their golden wedding on Thursday, the 26th inst., between 2 and 9 o'clock P. M., at their residence, No. 1 Torrence Court, (off Clay street, between Hyde and Larkin sts.) Their friends are kindly invited to attend an informal reception given by them at that time.

—At last, after a brutal assassination at one of our beauty clubs, the police have become aroused to the enormity of the offences that were being committed almost nightly in these murderous dens, and have resolved to put a stop to the fights conducted therein. Better late than never. How would the men who enjoy such brutality like to be tethered to the business end of a kicking male for a short time.

—Louis Claude de Saint Martin, the ardent disciple of mysticism of the eighteenth century, used to say in the latter years of his life, "I would have loved to meet more with those who guess at truths, for such alone are living men." There is a great deal of truth in the statement, for after the human mind has gained all knowledge comprehensible on this plane of consciousness, there is still beyond a vast realm, of which at best we can but guess.

—Mrs. Woodworth, the religious enthusiast, who so stirred up the sensitives of Oakland and San Francisco, a few months ago, with the prediction of a tidal wave that was to engulf both cities, has recently come to grief in the city of St. Louis. It seems that, after doing all the pious mischief she could here, she went to that city and opened a revival hippodrome in a big tent set up in the suburbs, where she began to pour out the vials of her diabolical prophecies upon the devoted heads of the perverse and obdurate people. Thereupon a number of the worse cases of perversity, etc., aforesaid, rose up, tore down and then tore up her tent, and smashed the furniture into kindling wood, and all in utter defiance of the wrath of God.

—The *San Francisco Chronicle* celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary, on Monday evening last, in its new story building at the corner of Market and Kearney streets. The anniversary was a very luminous affair, in the way of red light, rockets, etc., and the thousands of people who visited the building were delighted with its marvelous completeness in all the essential needs of a great newspaper. If anything that long experience has deemed essential to newspaper work, was omitted we failed to discover it. The Chief's room is a very editorial throne room, with every imaginable convenience, and the City Editors, reporters, engravers, stereotypers, and various other-ers, are all provided for in a splendid style. With such an office nothing is wanting but a good idea of brains to make a good paper, and the *Chronicle* is not lacking in that material.

—A correspondent of the *Banner of Light* has the following to say of W. J. Colville's recent visit to Boston: "Mr. Colville has lost none of his old-time vigor and eloquence during his two years' absence. He seems to have become enthusiastic over the Nationalistic philosophy of Bellamy, and may be ranked as one of its most able advocates. He alluded to his having been asked by some one who failed to understand his position whether he was at this time a Spiritualist. His reply was pointed and direct, that he was; and he illustrated his spiritualistic views in a manner that carried conviction to the audience that his devotion to the Cause was unflagging and continuous. Mr. Colville I regard as a great wonder of this age. There are but few if any individuals who could in a given time perform the same amount of labor, oratorical and literary, which he accomplishes."

FLATTERING ENDORSEMENT.

The EDUCATOR Publishing Co., Chicago, June 15, 1890. Hon. J. J. Owen, San Francisco.—Dear Brother: We have read SPIRITUAL FRAGMENTS daily after the morning meal—never enjoyed a book upon any religious or reformatory subject as we have this volume. Every page is illumined by the bright light of an unfolded spiritual life. Every reformer will find a perpetual spiritual blessing in his or her home and life by securing a copy. We have read and enjoyed, and waited for an inspiration to give us language to express our thanks to you for giving the world such a book, but we can never express what we have so much enjoyed. We shall soon be journeying again, and shall lose no opportunity of securing a sale where it may be appreciated. There ought to be ten thousand copies sold; we hope and pray there may be at least that number. We send you and yours our blessings. Yours sincerely,

M. E. and ROSA C. CONGAR.

THE TRANCE.

A fact admitted, is knowledge gained—no matter how reluctantly it may be proclaimed. Prof. Wm. James, of Harvard, in the *March Scribner*, says: "I know a non-hysterical woman, who in her trances, knows facts which altogether transcend her possible normal consciousness—facts about the lives of people whom she never saw or heard of before. I am well aware of all the liabilities to which this statement exposes me, and I make it deliberately, having practically no doubt whatever of its truth. My own impression is that the trance condition is an immensely complex and fluctuating thing, into the understanding of which we have hardly begun to penetrate, and concerning which very sweeping generalization is sure to be premature. A comparative study of trances and subconscious states is meanwhile of the most urgent importance for the comprehension of our nature."

At St. George's Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

A rich treat was en-joyed by those who attended the meetings in St. George's Hall last Sunday, conducted by Harlow Davis. The mediums' meeting in the afternoon was well attended, and many words of comfort and wisdom were given through the different media. After singing by the audience, the meeting was opened with a few appropriate remarks by Mr. Davis, stating that the object of opening these meetings was to endeavor to bring the mediums together, to work in harmony with each other, and by so doing to strengthen and advance the cause of Spiritualism. Mrs. Wellman, formerly known as Mrs. Higgins, was then called to the platform, and delivered, through her guides, a fine inspirational lecture. Mrs. Ellis, the well known test medium, then came forward and gave many encouraging words to those present, also stating her intention to be present next Sunday to give tests. Harlow Davis then occupied the platform for the remainder of the afternoon, giving a number of fine tests, which were well received and recognized.

The evening meeting convened in the same hall at 8 o'clock, and by that time every seat was filled. The opening services commenced with a baritone solo by Mr. E. H. Kemp, entitled "Out on the Deep," which was very effectively rendered. Mr. Davis then came to the platform and gave a large number of convincing proofs of spirit return, in many instances describing minutely the homes of several in the audience, as they were forty years ago, also giving the names and descriptions of the spirit friends standing by their sides, which were all acknowledged by their sides. It is his intention to have the best vocal and instrumental talent at these meetings.

St. Andrews' Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

At St. Andrews' Hall, N. 111 Larkin street, Wednesday evening, June 28th, the Union Meeting was held as usual, and was well attended. After a song by the audience, the President, Mrs. Scott Biggs, made a few remarks, calling attention to the meetings, and asking mediums to attend and give spiritual food to the hungry skeptics. Mr. Abrams, one of the first members of the Wednesday evening meetings, followed, and gave his experience in Spiritualism. Mrs. Stevens then came forward and made a few interesting remarks, pleasing his hearers very much. After a solo by M. S. Rutter and Mr. Cook, the mediums among the audience gave a large number of tests, giving general satisfaction to the audience. The following mediums gave tests: Mrs. E. Smith, Mrs. S. Peck, Mrs. Stevens, Mr. Harlow Davis, Mr. Deane, Mr. Clements and Mr. Dunlap. The meeting closed at 10 o'clock, to meet again next Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock. All invited, and a good time guaranteed to all.

Fraternity Hall, Oakland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The First Association of Progressive Spiritualists of Oakland held their usual meetings last Sunday, Dr. Macsorley presiding.

The afternoon meeting was opened with singing "Music from the Spirit Shore," after which a blessing and remarks by the President. Mr. Wheeler, also gave an interesting discourse on the gravitation of the

earth and its relation to other planets, and other points connected therewith, which was listened to very attentively. Also Mrs. Wheeler gave several psychometric readings and tests, which were recognized to be correct. Also Mrs. Loomis gave a short speech. Mrs. Gardner made some good remarks, also describing several spirits.

The evening services were conducted as usual. There was quite a large number of friends assembled. After a short speech by the President, Mrs. Ladd-Finnigan occupied the platform. A large number of tests, also names, were given, and recognized by those who received them. Mrs. Wheeler gave tests and psychometric readings. A letter was also read in the meeting by a lady who several weeks previous had handed to Mrs. Finnigan, and later Mrs. Wheeler, a piece of mineral, which both mediums located almost precisely the same. The lady wrote a letter to the gentleman located at the mine explaining to him what the mediums had given to her from a psychometric reading of the mineral, the gentleman in his letter stated that the rocks and other points given around the mine, was correct, but could not understand how this lady could inform him so explicitly as to the surroundings, as she had never visited there. The lady further states, he is not a Spiritualist, and does not understand; in his own words, he asks: "Are you a fortune-teller, or have you been dreaming?" Write me soon, and send all the information you can."

Next Sunday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, also Mrs. Finnigan, will occupy the platform. We insure you a pleasant evening and invite all to come.

Yours Fraternally, Mrs. Davis.

Circle of Harmony.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The meeting at 909 Market street, last Sunday at 10:30 was opened by a happy greeting and invocation by Mrs. Logan. Mrs. Cook and Rutter sang "Sweet Day By and By."

Dr. Capp of Santa Cruz was invited to the platform; he remarked that he always attended these meetings when in the city, for the moment he entered the Hall he realized a spiritualizing, happy influence.

Mr. Dean was controlled by Dr. Mead, recently deceased, he said he was glad to be able to come where he had often spoken before, while in the mortal form.

An ancient spirit to talk in an unknown tongue.

One lady was influence whose husband opposes Spiritualism. Mrs. Logan assured her that the aspiring soul of woman should be avenged of her adversaries, that domination, dictation and usurpation should cease, that the woman heart should not be crushed; that their angels always beheld the face of the Father and would turn to good account all that she had suffered in the past, and now that woman's era is dawning and she dare to maintain her own individuality, her own rights, she would rise Phoenix like from the smouldering ashes of a one-man power.

The hall was crowded in the evening; remarks by Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Mason and the beautiful songs so sweetly rendered by Mrs. Paulson prepared the way for grand manifestations of spirit power through Dr. Paulson and Mr. Pattison. Will meet again next Sunday.

Shattuck Hall, Oakland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Shattuck Hall, Oakland, corner of 8th and Broadway, is becoming somewhat famous for spiritual meetings. At 2:30 Mrs. L. L. L. gave a music of harmony was opened with music by Walter Hyde. Mrs. Mc Crea, who has just arrived from Chicago, became entranced and gave several tests which drew the tears to many eyes.

Prof. J. P. Ewens gave several tests; Capt. Brown saw several symbols; Mrs. Turner was controlled, and Mrs. Gardner.

Mr. Day always brings a fatherly influence; his presence even is health and peace in an audience, and his experience in having his attention called to Spiritualism from the death of a son will always interest an audience.

Mrs. Lyan announced that after consulting some of the leading Spiritualists of San Francisco and Oakland, she had decided upon Friday and Saturday of this week for a basket picnic spiritual grove-meeting. She said that no speakers had been employed, but all speakers and mediums were cordially invited to attend and participate in the exercises. That the public would be admitted to the grounds for 10 cents, children free. Speaking, tests and good music would be the order of the literary exercises, and as there were no electric lights on the grounds they would resort to Shattuck Hall and listen to a lecture by Moses Hull, Friday evening. Mrs. Logan said they would all have a good time if they brought a good time with them.

REPORTER.

—A two-story cottage, with ten rooms, and a corner lot 85x127 feet, with barn, chicken-house, flowers and fruit trees, in the beautiful town of San Leandro, and all for the small sum of \$1800. Inquire at this office. The grounds are neatly laid out, the house newly painted, and the property in first-class order.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The taste which so many had of the pleasures that love has stored for those who contemplate the face of nature, the form exhibited by the spirit of the universe, apparently awakened a desire for more of these beautiful pleasures, as many of the leaders as well as pupils were absent on last Sunday from their accustomed places, the sunshine and pleasant day offering attractions they sought. Some of the members have taken a vacation until the public schools resume. However, every group had some representation, and in the absence of the conductor, Mrs. A. L. Ballou, the assistant conductor, Mrs. A. E. Fossette, presided, securing good order, and the session was generally interesting, although the question of the day, "The Stars," was not taken up. The visitors' seats were all occupied, and as the pianist, Mr. Livingstone C. Ashworth, was absent, Miss Florence Stealey furnished the music for the day. Some good words of wisdom were presented, and the following other performances: Recitation, "I'm but a little girl," Eva Miller; recitation, "Daisie's Mission," Violet Holmes; recitation, "Parody on the Raven," Leo Willis Reed; recitation, "Little Lilly," Daisy Duncan. The prizes were then distributed to the scholars who had won them by selling tickets for the last entertainment. These were: First prize, handsome plush manicure set, to Leo Reed; second prize (to two, as both had disposed of the same number of tickets), a handsome plush toilet set and handsome plush perfume case, to Jennie and Abbie Pamperin. The indications are that the next entertainment, which falls on June 20, will be a very interesting one, as the programme committee report some good selections, an effort being made to draw more of the younger members into public exhibition. Another thing that will interest many of the members is a change in the reward of merit cards. For each ten cards received a prettier card will be issued, and these will be credits to the members in arranging presents during the winter holiday season. Some of the younger members are already discussing the subject of the prize for the best essay on spiritualism that may be furnished on the first Sunday of July (the 6th), so there will probably be a fair effort made to win Mr. Morse's offer. The need of adult groups where the older people could assemble in the happier relation to each other that is found in the Lyceum, was as observable last Sunday as at the previous time, but the limited room of the present location will not permit of the establishment of any more groups.

W. J. KIRKWOOD.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The New Age.

BY INOGENE C. FALES

The new age is not yet crystallized into form. All the elements necessary to its crystallization are being rapidly evolved. They must blend, and form themselves into a new social order, before the new age can literally evolve from the old. At the present time it exists as a thought not yet resolved into form; there is no corresponding social environment answering to this subjective condition. This social environment, that will be in harmony with the increased intellectual and spiritual development of man, is now in process of formation. The chaotic stage precedes the formation, and is the result of the breaking-up of old conditions preliminary to the development of the new. For just as it is with individuals in whom the elements of a new spiritual life are being disclosed, that conflict and suffering are the indispensable means of growth, the breaking-down of the natural life, in order that the new and higher life of the spirit may appear, so will it be with society.

Forces now being developed will not blend and shape themselves into a new social order of beauty and harmony save through a similar process of conflict and suffering. The destruction or transformation of the old order prior to the advent of the new, necessarily involves disturbance of all the forces of the social organism.

Crystallization is dependent upon agitation. The work of life is the adjusting of internal and external relations. Socially, we are beginning to enter upon the throes of a new order of life. Those throes will continue until the adaptation between the conditions and needs of men and the social environment is complete. This will constitute the new age.

The civilization of the future will not be simply an improvement upon that of the present—it will be of another kind. Just as the animal was a distinct advance upon the vegetable—the human upon the animal, because of the introduction of new elements—so will the new age be an advance upon the age in which we are now living. New forces will have been evolved. And just as every new form of life begins germinally and gradually unfolds, so will it be with the new age. Its full beauty cannot now be discerned.

The animating principle of the new social order will be co-operation, man helping man; the animating principle in social life to-day is competition, man fighting man.

Competition is representative of the animal instincts in humanity, and is, in social and industrial relations, a struggle for existence and "survival of the fittest," those best adapted to their environment. Co-operation expresses the higher spiritual nature in man, that relates him to God and supersensual things. It is the practical scientific expression of the law of human brotherhood, and is the link that binds together all the forces of nature for the uplifting and final redemption of humanity.

Written for the Golden Gate.

A Tribute to "Stanley Fitzpatrick."

BY ELLA WILSON-MARCHANT.

Not long ago I saw something in the GOLDEN GATE about a prize being offered for a poem by some society or club of San Francisco, and the editor suggested that some of the poetical contributors to the GOLDEN GATE compete for the prize. I thought of one such contributor who deserves a tribute—if not a prize—for excellence of character in general, but for a certain thing in particular, which I am prompted to write out for your paper, and I propose to pay a tribute in the recounting of a noble deed.

During the financial depression of 1880, when many people were out of employment, and were suffering sometimes for the necessities of life because the work which they anxiously sought could not be obtained, a woman of education and refinement, and in delicate health, after seeking in vain for weeks, and even months, for some kind of suitable employment by which she could obtain the means to sustain life for herself and child, at last in sheer desperation went one drizzling morning, in answer to an advertisement in the paper, to an old rickety, foul-smelling junk-store, in one of the beautiful cities of Central California, where women were wanted to mend old, torn, and rat-eaten grain sacks. In a musty, foul-smelling garret, with one broken window which let in the cold mist, she found two women of the poorest class at work upon gunny sacks, some of which occupied more space in holes than they did in foundation for patches. The stitches were to be set in a peculiar way, which made the work tedious, especially to a beginner; and yet when done only one quarter of a cent was earned for each sack—or at least was the wage therefor. With a sinking heart (if, indeed, there was any room for it to sink any lower), and with a throbbing, aching head, this woman of whom I speak, sat down amid the disgusting surroundings and tried to work. But the garret was cold and damp, and her neuralgia (accompanied now with nausea caused by the foul smells of the place) increased every moment. She longed for the noon hour to come, even while her more sturdy companions deplored the passing away of the forenoon before they could earn their salt.

At last, unable to bear it any longer, she threw down the old tattered denims, yelped grain-sack, which she had been trying to mend, and started for the very humble quarters which for the time being she called home. There she took to her bed for awhile, but soon arose again, and with the restlessness of fever upon her, sat down to pen a letter to a friend and correspondent who was teaching school in the northern part of the State. As a relief to her agonized soul she poured out her complaint of the hardness and bitterness of life, and told her sickening experience of the morning. As soon as Uncle Sam's messengers could go and return again an encouraging and sympathetic letter from the friend written to, and, oh joyful surprise! it contained a ten-dollar green-back with the admonition to buy nourishing food therewith. This most timely financial aid helped to tide over to another opportunity for life, and but for it at the time what the woman could have done would be impossible to surmise. In a year or two after this she lost track of her "good Samaritan"; but in the fall of 1886 was agreeably surprised to find a poem in the GOLDEN GATE which she at once recognized as one that had been read to her by its author, the generous sender of the ten dollars. That poem was entitled "Tempted," and the author is known to the readers of the GOLDEN GATE by the nom de plume of Stanley Fitzpatrick.

By the way, "Stanley" can write charming stories too. I wonder he (?) does not try his (?) hand on the GOLDEN GATE, sometimes. SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF.

In the service of mankind to be a guardian God below; still to employ the mind's brave ardor in heroic aims, such as may raise us o'er the groveling herd and make us shine forever—that is life.—Thomson.

There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity, but which kindles up, and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity.—Irving.

The sublimity of wisdom is to do those things living which are desired to be when dying.

Our distinctions do not lie in the places which we occupy, but in the grace and dignity with which we fill them.

Mrs. Whitney in Olympia.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The citizens of our beautiful city, Olympia, have just had the pleasure of attending one of Mrs. J. J. Whitney's public seances or tests from the rostrum. Columbia hall, on Sunday evening, June the 8th, was well filled with a very good and appreciative audience. Mrs. Whitney first related her trials and varied experiences in her development as a medium, which was listened to with rapt attention. She then went under control of her guides, and in a little over one half hour gave 74 names, and every one was recognized by the audience and promptly responded to. She has created a great sensation here among both liberals and church-going people, and for the past two days her rooms have been thronged with callers and she had to turn some away. A committee of ladies waited upon her yesterday, begging her to remain a few days longer, and give one more of her public seances, but she could not be persuaded to remain longer at this time, for she had made arrangements to go to Tacoma today, and therefore left here at two o'clock for the City of Destiny, as Tacoma is often called. GEO. A. BARNES.

OLYMPIA, WASH., June 11, 1890.

TESTIMONIAL.

DR. DOWSON.—Dear Sir:—It is now about three weeks since I commenced taking your medicine. At that time I was a great sufferer, and had been for about two years, the cause of which is better known to you and your good spirit guides; but words can not express my feeling of gratitude to you and your band for the complete change I have experienced. When I commenced your treatment I was weak, now I am strong; I felt old, now I feel young; I was seldom without pain, they have all flown; I was miserable, but, thanks to you and your spirit band, I am happy, and in search of some other sufferer who needs your help. I pray that the good angels will continue their work with you and bless you as you have been instrumental in blessing me. I feel that I would need another month's treatment, as you suggested in your letter on treatment, for which I remit postage order.

Yours respectfully, G. H. MEADOWS, 226 Sandford street, Brooklyn, N. Y. [See advertisement in another column.]

SPIRITUALISTS' PICNIC.—All favorable to Spiritualism are respectfully invited to join in a Basket Picnic, to be held on the Fruit Vale picnic grounds, at the terminus of the Broad Gauge local train in Oakland. Round trip ticket from the foot of Market street, San Francisco, only 25 cents; children, half-price; only 10 cents at the gate, children free. Tea, coffee and lunch will be furnished reasonably, by the proprietors of the ground, to those who may desire. Moses Hall, and all speakers and mediums, especially invited. Come early, Friday morning, June 20th.

WANTED TO SELL OR EXCHANGE.—Recreation Park and Saloon; a fine business stand and residence, located opposite the Fair Ground, Chicago. There is a good carriage house, barn and water-works upon the place. The Park occupies an entire block of two and one-half acres, and contains some 300 trees. The owner would sell this property at a bargain or would exchange it for a good residence in Oakland or Alameda. For particulars inquire at this office.

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SPIRITUAL FRAGMENTS.

By J. J. OWEN,

Late Editor, for 24 years, of the *San Jose (Cal.) Mercury*, Editor of *GOLDEN GATE*, and author of "Our Sunday Talks."

A Text Book of Spiritualism and the True Philosophy of Life.

APPRECIATIVE ENDORSEMENTS:

Both interesting and instructive.—*Leadville Herald and Democrat*.

Every thinking mind can reap consolation and benefit from them. They constitute a philosophy in themselves.—*The Better Way*.

These gems treat of spiritual subjects in a very beautiful way, and will give satisfaction to many a reader, in this permanent form.—*Alcyon*.

The volume is not only beautifully gotten up, but abounds with inspired teachings, and is a credit to the author.—*Charles P. Cook, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

"Spiritual Fragments" is a treasure of priceless value to the world, and must be appreciated by it in due time.—*Riley M. Adams, Vineland, N. J.*

They deal with some 750 distinct subjects. The teaching is on the whole sound, and uttered with great literary grace and lucidity.—*Medium and Daybreak*.

They will be found interesting and instructive reading. The book is embellished with a fine life-like portrait of Mr. Owen.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

Mr. Owen was for a quarter of a century editor of the *San Jose Mercury*, and is well known throughout the West. He has always excelled as a writer of humanitarian editorials.—*Golden Era*.

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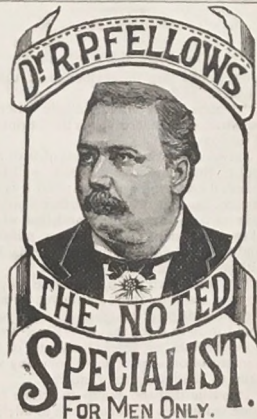
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