



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

VOL. II.

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734 Montgomery St.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1886.

TERMS (In Advance): \$2.50 per annum;  
\$1.25 for six months.

NO. 20.

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## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Love conquers all things.—*Virgil.*

Nothing is so good for an ignorant man as silence.—*Saadi.*

Speech is external thought, and thought internal speech.—*Rivarol.*

Love, hope, fear, faith,—these make humanity.—*Robert Browning.*

It is the struggle and not the attainment that measures character.

True charity is the scope of all God's commandments.—*St. Crisostom.*

Ability in man is knowledge, which emanates from divine light.—*Zoroaster.*

Faith is the pencil of the soul, that pictures heavenly things.—*T. Burbridge.*

Doubt springs from the mind; faith is the daughter of the soul.—*J. Petit Sen.*

Nurture your mind with great thoughts, to believe in the heroic makes heroes.—*Disraeli.*

A man's tongue is the key of his heart; how few know how to guard it from being picked.

Thought weaves, from unnoticed moments, a new link to the chain that unites the ages.—*Bulwer.*

The highest exercise of charity is charity to the uncharitable.—*John S. Buckminster.*

Flowers are [the] sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into.—*H. W. Beecher.*

Man is a plant, not fixed in the earth, nor immovable, but heavenly, whose head, rising as it were from a root upwards, turned toward heaven.—*Plutarch.*

Memory is like a picture-gallery of past days, the fairest and most pleasant of the pictures are those which immortalize the days of useful industry.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

Deal gently with those who stray; draw by love and persuasion; a kiss is worth a thousand kicks; a kind word is more valuable than a mine of gold.—*Charles Dickens.*

Hope is a Summer day, whose morning is imagination; noon, enthusiasm; afternoon, disappointment; evening, memory; and to-morrow, immortality.—*Louisa P. Hopkins.*

According to what a man is, are the quality and amount of the virtue that goes out of him; and he can not cease to impart his peculiar life, unless he sinks into the lethargy of death.—*Sears.*

Do not think of knocking out another person's brains because he differs in opinion from you; it would be as rational to knock yourself in the head because you differ from yourself ten years ago.—*H. Mann.*

Surely happiness is reflective, like the light of heaven; and every countenance bright with the smiles, and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever-shining benevolence.—*W. Irving.*

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Did Jesus Believe in Re-Incarnation?

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Mrs. A. Comstock, in the *GOLDEN GATE* of May 29th, asserts that "Pythagoras, Jesus, and many others, too numerous to mention, both of ancient and modern times, plainly show that they realized it (re-incarnation) to be a fact in their existence." Now, that there is the least bit of evidence that Jesus ever believed in this dogma, I unqualifiedly deny. Where is there a single word ascribed to Jesus indicating that he supposed that he had lived on earth in a human body prior to his birth of Mary, or that he would ever again be reborn on earth and live another life? Not a hint of such a thing can be found anywhere in the existing records concerning the life and teachings of the Nazarene reformer. The statement that he did is a pure fiction, manufactured out of whole cloth; and there is scarcely a doubt but that Jesus, during his entire earth life, never once entertained such a thought any more than he endorsed the then unheard-of dogmas of the Trinity, vicarious atonement through his blood, plenary inspiration of the New Testament, etc.

It is true that in the fourth gospel, falsely ascribed to the apostle John, Jesus is made to assert his pre-existence with the Father ere his earthly advent in Galilee; but pre-existence from eternity in heaven is quite a different thing from living on earth various lives through successive rebirths. That Jesus had ever lived on this or any other material planet, in a physical body, prior to his birth in Judea or Galilee during the reign of Herod, is nowhere suggested in the Bible in the remotest degree; and it is safe to say that none of the founders of primitive Christianity ever dreamed of such a thing. Such a conception was wholly foreign to the trend of early Christian consciousness. Through the evolutionary growth of Christian dogma, belief in the pre-existence of Jesus as a superhuman being became prevalent in the Church at an early period; but the re-incarnation of Jesus was an idea so wholly unchristian, that it was a virtual impossibility for it even to have gained credence in apostolic or post-apostolic Christianity. I fear Mrs. Comstock has confounded the spurious sayings of Jesus in the fourth gospel, predicating his own pre-existence with the very different doctrine of the re-incarnation of Jesus. Pre-existence as a spiritual being in a spiritual world, prior to a single earthly incarnation, is a different thing from being incarnated over and over again. Re-incarnation involves more than one material or physical birth; Jesus had predicated of him only one such birth; hence re-incarnation is wholly inapplicable to his existence, either as the actual, historical Jesus of Nazareth, or the ideal, mythical Christ of John's gospel so-called. Even supposing that Jesus really gave utterance to the sentiments in "John" in which he claims pre-existence, he would be as far off as ever from teaching the truth of re-incarnation, as pre-existence by no means involves re-incarnation; in fact, it does not necessarily involve incarnation even, for a pre-existent spirit might live forever without being once incarnated in a body of physical flesh and blood.

But the truth is, that there is no likelihood that Jesus ever said a word about pre-existence; as his alleged utterances on that point are contained only in the gospel of "John," a book utterly unworthy of credit. The first three gospels, the Synoptics as they are called, doubtless contain much that Jesus really said and did,—to a certain extent they are historical; and in them we discover nothing about the pre-existence of Jesus. The fourth gospel, on the other hand, presents us with a widely-different view of the life, character, and teachings of Jesus; and the sound conclusions of biblical science fully attest that it is a theological romance, a work of fiction, written for a clearly-perceptible dogmatic purpose. The language put into Jesus' mouth in this gospel, fundamentally variant from that in the other three, was manufactured by its author, in order that his ideal Christ might teach doctrines in accordance with the attributes and character of the mythical Jesus whose life he was claiming to

portray. According to the writer of "John's" gospel, Jesus was the eternally pre-existent Logos or Word, who "in the beginning" "was with God," and who "was God," in a certain sense. In the opinion of this writer, "the Word became flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth," (John i., 14). That is, the eternal Word was incarnate *once* in the flesh in the time of the Apostles,—became incarnate for the redemption of the world; and having accomplished that mission, by his life and death in Judea, he returned to the bosom of his Father there to dwell forevermore. The idea of the Word having been incarnate before his Israelitish existence in the first century, or that he would ever again be incarnated, is totally foreign to the "Johannine" conception of Jesus, and is impossible of assimilation therewith. The re-incarnation of Jesus would completely overturn the entire scheme of "John's" theology; and it is very ludicrous to see the absurd attempts made in the nineteenth century by re-incarnationists to torture and pervert the teachings of "John" into an indorsement of their precious dogma. I challenge the production of the evidence that Jesus plainly showed that he realized re-incarnation as a fact in his existence, as asserted by Mrs. Comstock.

As regards Pythagoras, the accounts we have of him are so intermingled with myth and fiction that it is very difficult to determine the facts concerning his life and teachings. It is all but certain that he himself wrote nothing, and it appears that his immediate successor did the same. We are therefore obliged to rely for his supposed teachings upon the compilations of later writers, all of whom lived long subsequent to the Christian era, which Pythagoras probably flourished over five hundred years before Christ. There is strong probability that he did teach the doctrine of transmigration of souls into the bodies of lower animals and of men. It is asserted that he claimed to have a distinct recollection of having passed through other stages of existence, animal and human; and it is said that upon hearing, upon one occasion, the howling of a beaten dog, he commanded the striker to desist, saying, "It is the soul of a friend of mine, whom I recognize by his voice." (*Chambers' Cyclopedia*, article "Pythagoras.") As this erratic philosopher had as lively a realization of the prior existence of himself and others, in the shape of brute animals, as he had of previous existences in human form; and as he taught the constant descent of men and women into the bodies of brutes in subsequent re-incarnation, which doctrine is scouted by present-day re-incarnationists as false and delusive, I fail to see what support the wild speculations and absurd vagaries of Pythagoras can give to the equally delusive and nonsensical theories of the re-incarnationists of to-day. Of what utility or authority are the teachings of one who was confident that men and women were continually being re-incarnated as cats and dogs, lions and tigers, rats and mice, pigs and geese? Really, however, the current theories about re-incarnation are very nearly as silly and puerile as were those of Pythagoras.

It is truly pitiable that good and worthy people allow themselves to be taken captive by such preposterous rubbish, devoid of the least foundation of scientific verity, and so opposed to common sense, reason, philosophy, science, rational religion, and the instincts of the human heart, as the transcendent and self-evident absurdities of re-incarnation. No thoroughly sound mind ever believed in re-incarnation. The existence of such a belief is a conclusive evidence of a mental twist,—evidence that there is a "screw loose" somewhere in the mental constitution. The rationality of such a belief is about on a par with the belief that twice two make five, or that the moon is made of green cheese. How pitiable it is that people should be cursed with such delusions as those of pre-existence and re-incarnation!

PRESIDIO, San Francisco, Cal.

THE price of ostrich feathers at Cape Town has declined from \$250 to \$50 per pound. The growers have become discouraged and are returning to wool-farming which during the ostrich craze had been neglected. Over-production, changes of fashion and the general depression, are assigned as the chief causes.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## The True Self.

To live for self alone, is to live not. It is moral death, and in this death are tortures of the damned. As the intellect illuminating the moral sense, greatness the joys of the higher life; so intellect as the servant of lust, brings with this death the deeper damnation.

He lives most wisely for himself, who forgets self in his obligations to all the rest. Blessings conferred, blessings return. For every good deed done there is compensation in the doing. Let those who would climb to the higher moral heights know well this truth: Not by selfishness is the true and best served.

Who sympathizes with sorrow, cheerfully relieves want, and labors to inculcate lessons of knowledge and virtue, is himself ennobled through the nobility of his deeds. See that fireman rushing into the flame to rescue a sleeping child. No selfish motive here. He stops not to ask whether or not his deed will bring him praise or blame, poverty or riches. With no thought of self, he has performed a heroic deed, and his proper self is thereby enlarged and ennobled. Morally, he has grown stronger; he has risen to higher life, and can never again think of himself as weak, mean, or unworthy.

But he who is moved only by selfish motives—who never does a noble or magnanimous act—is morally little now and will be less to-morrow than he is to-day. By his selfish acts his proper self is dwarfed and shriveled.

Suppose your bounty is not appreciated, or even rewarded with a "Thank you." If you did the act for the thanks, then you deserve not to be thanked. You may, perhaps, justly regret having wasted your beneficence on one unworthy, but it is the motive of the act that greatness or dwarfs the actor. If the recipient has not the magnanimity to feel grateful, he, and not his benefactor, will suffer for his littleness.

ISAAC KINLEY.

## Talking with the Dead.

[The "Express" of Portland, Me., vouches for the following story, and promises to give names and additional details.]

For many years there lived in this city a man whose name was a household word with our citizens. He was a member of a noble profession, and honored his ministry as it deserved to be honored. He lived an honored, active, faithful, most devoted Christian life, and he died a death that was worthy the man. He was laid to rest by his friends and family, and was followed to the grave by many who had been aided and assisted by the good man in life. A stately monument marks his last resting place, and his memory is still held in high honor and respect. Last week his son was walking down Congress street one evening, and, when almost opposite the First Parish Church, he looked down the street and noticed ahead a familiar-looking figure. He was startled at the close resemblance to his departed father, and quickened his walk. In front of the city hall, where the electric light makes it as bright as day, the man ahead stopped and turned about. The two stood face to face, and each knew the other. The heart of the son almost stopped beating. He saw his father—not a shadow, but as he was when alive.

"Father?" he said.  
"Yes; don't be afraid," was the reply of the parent, and he shook the hand of his son and walked with him down the street.

The two who had so strangely met walked together for a long time. We can not to-day give the conversation, but not the shadow of a doubt existed in the mind of the son in regard to the one fact—his companion was no other than his own father, as of old. He was calm, confident, as of old, loving and interested in those near and dear to him. What message the father brought to the son from beyond the confines of the grave, we do not know, but if there is to be confidence put in human testimony, in testimony that would be accepted without hesitation in a court of law, then it must be believed that a man who has for years rested in his grave, or is so believed to have rested, has appeared and been seen by those who knew him, for we are told that to the tes-

timony of his son is to be added other evidence of an equally strong character.

If the man who appeared in this city last week was alive, needing three meals a day like the rest of us, and interested in human affairs, then there must be one of the best local sensations ever heard of. If, on the other hand, a spirit appeared, if the soul of the departed resumed its discarded body, or if, in the likeness of the temporal body, the spiritual body was developed, then a mighty boom has been given to Spiritualism. We have only stated the facts in the case.

## Animal Magnetism.

Under this heading *Le Messager* calls attention to an article in the Paris daily journal, *La Nation*, of April 10th. After enlarging upon the interest exhibited in the subject of Animal Magnetism by modern European savants, the writer in *La Nation* says:—

"Numerous experiments of late years have been made in demonstrating the existence of the faculty of what is called the second sight (*double vue*), and the perception of persons and objects more or less distant, and through bodies which refract light, or which are quite opaque. The following striking experiment has been communicated to us:—

"A Viennese professor has founded an institution for the treatment of nervous disorders, whose subjects are especially proper for experimenting in magnetism. This professor at his clinical class one evening drew from his pocket a letter addressed to him by an English correspondent residing in London. This letter, which he had not yet opened, he placed in the hand of one of his subjects after putting her into the magnetic sleep, and asked her to tell him the contents of the letter contained in the unopened envelope. She said that she saw the writing, but it was English, which she did not understand. The professor said, 'I will that you know English.' The subject then read the letter in English, and as well as an English person might do. 'Now,' said he, 'translate into German.'

"The translation was exact and lucid. The subject of the letter was upon a certain point in physiology, and it abounded in technical terms.

"He then told the subject to describe the writer of the letter. She did so, saying that he was seated at a table in a study, which she also described.

"The professor wrote to his English correspondent, asking him to send his photograph, and also a photograph of his study; and the description by the magnetized subject was found to be exact.

"Experiments with this faculty of the subject have been made ten times without failure."

A MAN had met a girl in a lonely place and forcibly kissed her. She was terribly indignant, and had him arrested. She gave an account on the witness-stand of how he gazed at her intently, and then, suddenly throwing his arms around her, imprinted a kiss upon her lips. The prisoner made no defense, and the jury was expected to promptly convict him of assault. They returned to the courtroom. "The j-u-r-y w-would like to ask the young lady two questions," the foreman said. "The judge consented and she went on the stand. "D-d-d-did you wear the J-j-j-jersey that you've g-g-got on now?" "Yes, sir," was the demure reply. "And w-w-w was your ha-ha-hair b-b-banged liked that?" "Yes, sir." "Then your honor, we acquit the prisoner on the ground of emo-mo-mo-tional insanity."

PSUEDO-SCIENTISTS.—There exist men who live in the erroneous opinion that they know and understand everything; therefore, what at first sight they can not comprehend, they declare conveniently to be impossible, and the facts or narration of the same to be a fraud. This kind of men forget, or more probably do not know, the saying of a learned man—I think the mathematician Gauss—that if a book is thrown at a head and a hollow sound is heard, it is not always from the book, but more likely from the head that this hollow sound proceeds.—*Baron Hel-lenbach.*

Commonplace minds usually condemn what is beyond the reach of their understanding.



## OUR HOME IN HEAVEN.

(By spirit Rev. H. H. Kenyon, communicated to his son H. H. Kenyon, of St. Paul, Minnesota, and copied for the GOLDEN GATE.)

Continued.

It appears that until the children are taken away from "Summer Valley" by some one that they live there in happiness, knowing of no other place that is prettier. Until older ones take them for their loved little darlings they do not call for other playthings than are furnished them there. Children from "Summer Valley" come to visit us, but do not seem to wish for any of our playthings, nor do they seem to be so well satisfied as in "Summer Valley," for they always express a wish to return after they have had a good romping visit. They love their home best, and I do not wonder at it, for I have not seen so lovely a place as "Summer Valley."

Now that the children were contented and happy with their dogs, carts, dollies and playthings, we turned our attention to the island. We built a bridge across the river, of rustic pattern, to match the house—found on the island a great quantity of beautiful shells; the little ones brought home some of them in their carriages, placing some around the flower-beds and in the house. We went over to improve the island, but found it perfect already.

Now having completed our home I left the little ones there to enjoy themselves while I once more began my missionary work.

We received visits from Susan and the children from "Summer Valley," so that your Adelaide, father, mother and brother did not become discontented in our home, and I was not interrupted in my work for some time. I seldom took my little ones with me in my missionary work, for I did not want them to become at all familiar with such scenes of distress, and so they remained at home learning their lessons every day, surrounded by loving care and happy conditions.

We have no day nor night here, but do experience a change which lasts about as long as your night. There comes regularly a slight darkness, as though the sun had gone down. It is light, but not as shining, and is very restful. At that time were we to return to earth we would find it dead of night. There is also a dew here which falls, not every night, but as often as is necessary to keep vegetation in the right condition.

Time passed on without any change, I doing good wherever I could and the children going to "Summer Valley" and returning with some of the children for a visit as often as they wanted to, till finally the time was fast approaching for your mother's arrival here to her home of rest.

We began getting ready for her. First, we made a large easy-chair, covering it with very soft moss, placed a large bouquet of flowers at the side of the chair, placed flowers in every place very profusely, filling the house with sweet perfume. We made a frame over the head of the chair and draped a curtain so as to form a little room around it. All being completed I returned, accompanied by the little ones to her earth home, and there remained until she passed out of mortal suffering; then I took her to our home and laid her in the chair, sitting down by her side awaiting the final awakening. After a little while she awoke just as you would from a natural sleep, only very much surprised at finding things so strangely beautiful. Her first words were, "Why, what has happened; where am I? My dear husband, is that you?" I explained it all to her, but it was some time before she could get things right. She was as greatly surprised as myself at the change, and did not find heaven just as she expected. For days she would sit on the porch and rest—perfect rest. The children were very much attached to her from the first, and they introduced the wonderful dogs. Mother enjoyed watching them very much.

We were all happy now; the little children went with mother to "Summer Valley" very often, when she was very happy among so many little ones.

One time while mother and I were taking a morning walk she inquired how it was possible for us to have made such a mistake about heaven; and also inquired if I had seen our Heavenly Father yet. I had not and did not now expect to for many a long time; but hoped to reach that condition some time.

Libbie and Susan made us a long visit, and mother returned with them to their home and was very happy. Nellie being the older of our girls is a great help to mother in getting from place to place.

Now I will describe my son Sam's reception. As his spirit left the body, it formed perfectly; had all its senses and fully realized what had taken place; saw himself standing by his mortal body; saw his wife and children weeping over the old form; spoke to his wife, but she did not appear to hear him; he wondered that she did not hear him, for his voice to himself appeared natural. There he was outside of his own self, unable to make himself known, and he was very uncomfortable. If he could only tell his wife how it was, what a relief it would be. He put his arms around her, but she heeded him not; he became nearly wild with distress; what was he to do? He had not expected this change, and had not left his business in right shape at all; what was he to do? Now he could not help her, and his conscience goaded him, by asking what things

were not right? Whose fault was it? Why had he not taken better care of his own wife? Now he was where he could not care for her as he could when he was in the mortal body. Now he would learn that to live rightly when on earth is far better than to live a life of neglect. Years and years of past neglect and misery came up before him, and it was more than he could endure. He saw a cloud approaching him—soon became enveloped in it; he attempted to run from it, but could not; his limbs refused to act—gave one call for his wife and was unconscious. Upon awaking he found himself all alone in a place very green. There were tall trees, rocks, and everything looking like a meadow of uncultivated ground. He felt himself so lost, and could find no way out of this place. He walked and walked but would find himself in just the place he started from. He became restless, thirsty, could find no water; what was he to do? He must have a drink; was nearly crazed for a drink and could find none. He saw what appeared to be a ball of fire coming; as it approached he could distinguish faces that he had seen before; faces of friends in dissipation; could see many an old place of dissipation; could see men sitting at tables eating and drinking; they were his old friends. Would they give him a drink?

As this ball of fire reached him it threw a light on all around him, and he was once more one of them; he seated himself at a table and asked for something to quench his terrible thirst. No one paid the least attention to his call. He spoke to them, but they did not appear to hear him. This was misery complete. He comprehended the fact that these were his old boon companions in earth life, and heard them say, "Well, Sam, old boy, is where we all got to go; wonder how he likes it? bet a dollar that he is thirsty; let us drink to the health of Sam." One of the crowd said, "I say, boys, I ain't going to talk that way about our old friend; I bet you that he is better off than we will be; he was a good-hearted fellow, anyhow." Yes, you are right, he was, but would not give a cent for him now. So they talked on, he remaining to hear all, and became so crazy for drink that it was the very greatest torture to him. Finally one stepped up and said, "I will offer one to Sam in memoriam." He reached out to take the glass, and the ball of fire rolled away out of his sight; he watched it leaving him, and called upon his comrades, but none answered; he sat down and felt that he was forsaken by all.

Finally he thought that if he could only live over again, how he would improve every moment for good; was so sorry now for the life he had lived, and wondered if there was any help for him now—wondered if he was doomed to live always thus. He thought of his angel wife; could he ever meet her after living such a life of dissipation? No, he did not wish to meet her, for he would be ashamed to look into her pure, sweet face. If he only knew how he would try and undo, if possible, the wrong of past years.

He walked about, and finally went upon one of the large rocks and there sat down to think of what he could do with himself. Looking down at his side, in a little crevice of the rock, discovered a little tiny flower, perfectly white, the first he had seen. He plucked it and looked it over and over. "Simple little flower, how did you come here? Only one, how strange." His whole being cried out in sadness at the recollection of other days; tears rolled down his cheeks, and he was crushed with grief at his past wrongs.

He looked up to the sky and could see dark, dull, heavy clouds passing by; finally, at a distance he saw one coming that looked like a bank of pure-white snow. It came nearer and nearer; he became very much interested in this one white cloud that appeared to be coming toward him. He arose and felt that some one was coming from some source to help him out of this place of wretchedness. As it reached him it parted, and the whole heavens above him were lighted beautifully, and there came down to him from that cloud a little child. She had in her hand one little spray of evergreen which she dropped at his feet, and then she passed out of sight again. He looked after her, but she had gone—no one to be seen. He buried his head in his hands and wept like a child with a broken heart. After becoming calm again he took up the evergreen and kissed it.

"Can it be possible that I see clearly?" Here is a little note pinned to it, which read: "Look up and once more live. Do unto others as you wish them to do to you." "Yes, I would, if some one would only come just to tell me how." Here I went to him and laid my hand on his head and he fell asleep. In that condition I took him to pleasanter scenes; took him to a place where flowers bloomed and birds were singing; where everything was beautiful, and placed him upon a bed of moss; then left him to awaken, which he did in a short time, and finding himself in a more beautiful place; he raised his eyes in thankfulness; picked some flowers that were at his feet, and wondered at the change, and how it came about. "Did he do it, or some one for him? Could not decide how this change came about, but was more contented here, and that terrible thirst had gone; was more restful, and he placed his hand under his head, closed his eyes and rested, and was aroused by hearing singing in the distance. He was not sure at first, but sure enough, some one was coming and singing, too. He could see away off at his left some children running toward him; they were

laughing and happy, and as they came nearer, could see that their arms were full of lovely flowers. They came nearer, and stopped upon seeing him; then each one came up separately, dropping their flowers upon him. He inquired who they were and what they did that for? "Because you are not very happy." "No, I am not, but you seem to be. Dear little ones come here and talk to me. I am lonely, won't you stay here?" One little boy came forward and said: "No, not now, some other time you will see us." He inquired why and where you are going? "Oh! we have much to do, and must go now. Good-bye." And they all disappeared before he could ask any more questions.

He took up some of the flowers and was busy looking at them, wondering what it all meant and who would next appear—felt that if he could only see his wife that was left with so many little ones to look after he would try and help her—sat there thinking of her, and on looking up saw a rainbow, only a little way in front of him; it was perfect, yet no rain; what did it mean? It came nearer and stopped; a white mist formed under it, and he could distinguish a little path passing through it, looked like a path in the snow, and as he was wondering, a lady came down the pathway; she was dressed in beautiful white, throwing a silver light all around her; she had a wreath of pure white lilies on her head and an anchor in her hand. He could not distinguish her face as it was covered with what appeared to be a veil. She came close to him, put the anchor by his side, and knelt down by him. All was perfectly quiet; she remained there a few minutes. He did not move for fear that all would vanish. Upon finally looking up in her face again the mist or veil had passed away, and there by his side was his own true angel wife.

Words of love were exchanged; all past wrongs forgotten and forgiven. Though he felt unworthy, she lifted up his head saying, "My dear husband, I have seen all; have never left your side, but could not until now come to you since you passed out of the mortal. I have given you good thoughts and have endeavored to uplift and help you out of your unhappy condition. You have a great deal to learn, but I will never leave you; here there will be no parting in tears. Look up; do you know who this is?" As he raised his eyes he saw that his father was there before him. He cried out, "Oh! father forgive me; I will do better now," and with the help of the Almighty and a loving wife he is now at rest—building a home for his loved ones that are coming sometime to once more be as one here. I will leave them, blessing them and remaining ever ready to lend a helping hand to each and all who are suffering.

I now returned to my home and found mother waiting for me. In a short time our son and wife were with us to remain for a long time, as the weak need a strong arm to support them. We are helping each other to become more perfect in this world of love and beauty.

Our life here is spent in different ways; something to do all the time; yet we can be idle if we wish to, but we do not wish it.

I will close my diary by saying to each one of you separately that you have your happiness in your own keeping; it is impossible to wipe out a life of sin on a sick bed of repentance.

If you want to be happy here you must live a good, true life there; do not leave this work for the very last to be done before entering this world of bliss. Our wrongs surely follow us until we ourselves choose to cast them off. Lend a helping hand to the needy, speak kindly to those in distress and do all you can to make your fellow mortals happy. I will say to all, and pray for all to be pure in heart "for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

You, my son Hezekiah, can do with this work of mine as you choose; it has given me great pleasure to hand it to my loved ones that they may know and be prepared for what is to come, and my dear son and wife remember that your father is ever watching over you both with a love so deep and eternal.

FATHER KENYON.

**NIHILISM.**—The true nihilism and socialism is found in the spirit; arise out of yourselves into your true divine selves. into God, and all the tyrants of the world can not bind you. No jail, no prison can hold you. If every ruler in the world was blown up with dynamite, we would be bound still. If every jail in the world was destroyed the prisoners would be prisoners still. It is only our lack of self-respect that binds us. No power in heaven or earth can usurp your kingdom if you are master of it. He that ruleth his spirit is vastly greater than he that taketh a city. What is a tyrant? Only an image, a god, made a god by our own false thoughts. Nobody can oppress us but ourselves.

**NEW HAMPSHIRE** contributes to the strike-news something at once unique and strange. A dispatch from Laconia says: "The laborers in this section are satisfied that better wages are paid here than elsewhere, and there is no cause for alarm concerning a strike."

**GEN. JOHNSON**, of Minneapolis, is quoted by the Atlanta Constitution as authority for the story that a Minneapolis congregation left the church one Sunday because the minister took his text from St. Paul.

## EXPERIENCE DEPARTMENT.

## The Girl Medium, Anglo.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I was relating an incident which occurred through the girl Anglo's mediumship to a gentleman of this city to-day that I do not think was ever in print. It occurred in this way: One evening the girl medium, Anglo, was under the influence and was blindfolded as was our custom; a spirit wrote its name as Minnie Norton, and wrote she had a friend there on whom she called for a friendly interview. I asked if any one present had a lost friend by that name, but no one remembered any such a person. Upon this the spirit wrote that she was well acquainted with a person present who was also well acquainted with her. Still there was no one remembered her. We then asked the spirit to write the name of the party she referred to, when the name Cinda was written. There being no one present who was known by that name, a lady whose given name was Lucinda asked if she was the person she knew, when the spirit replied in the affirmative. The lady said, "Cinda was the pet name I was called by when a child, but I do not remember any one by the name of Minnie Norton." The spirit then wrote, "When you knew me, my name was Minnie Nichols." "Oh!" said the lady, "I knew a girl by that name in Cincinnati, Ohio. She was a schoolmate of mine, and I wish she would write me where she lived at that time in Cincinnati." The spirit then wrote, "At the corner of H and Eleventh street." "That is true," said the lady; "and will you now write me your history since I knew you?" The spirit then wrote when and whom she married; how many children she had; where they moved to when she left Cincinnati, and when she died. Then the lady asked, "Do you remember, Minnie, when we ran away from home and went over into Covington?" "I remember when we ran away from home, but we did not go into Covington." "Yes we did, Minnie," said the lady. "No we did not, Cinda." "But I know we did," said the lady. "But I know we did not," wrote Minnie; "I will explain how it was: We were little girls then, you know, and we ran away from Sunday-school, and the ferryman knowing we lived in Cincinnati would not let us land, and we did not go into Covington; so you see we did not go in, did we?" "That is so," said the lady; "you are right, Minnie; I was in error; I acknowledge it." "And would you like a reminder of our school-girl-days?" again wrote the spirit. "Indeed I would," said the lady. "Then I would ask," wrote the spirit, "if you remember the time I bit your fingers?" "I do remember the time very well." The lady then showed the scars on the middle finger of her right hand showing the prints of Minnie's teeth which remain even to this day. This we thought a good test.

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Oregon, May 27, 1886.

## An Indigent Father Relieved by a Spirit Son.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I am one of the many who are made happy by the visit of your soul-cheering paper every week. As its name implies, it is, indeed, a "Golden Gate" wide open, giving us a view of the "Golden Life" in sight for all of us if we will but step up out and above the dross of our clinging beliefs that "so easily beset us"; and as I have had a rich and eventful experience, I send you a "drop out of the bucket," hoping it may prove a feast and blessing to other readers as some of theirs have been to me.

Many, many years ago, when a belief in our beautiful God-given philosophy cost something, and this something social ostracism, slanderous epithets, "Crazy Spiritualist," "A little weak in the upper story," etc., again, and again, I would offer them some of the pearls of truth, and like the "swine of old they would turn again and rend me." But often when such experiences would come that would startle even skeptics and force them to admit that it could not be reconciled with their pet theory of mind or mind reading, etc.; and when the orthodox would debar and shirk all honest inquiry, and hide behind their big bug-a-boo, the devil, still I felt I must and did humbly present for their acceptance that which was the greatest blessing ever offered a benighted being, that was ever one degree above the animal.

One experience was this: We were startled one day by a sister of mine being controlled while holding a pencil in her hand, and the arm commenced writing mechanically. We were astonished and frightened, but still, with the curiosity of a true daughter of Eve, secretly investigated, and as our family were bitterly opposed to anything that savored of the Devil's works we had to be very careful, when at once and swiftly, and as if in much trepidation as we, the name of Louis Bernhart was written on the slate. I knew the name as that of a hired man who had worked for my brother but had enlisted and died while in the army, but whom I never knew, as I was married and lived many miles from my brother's home at the time. Involuntarily, I commenced to ask him questions, such as "Where did you die?" and as in all cases I have ever known was answered, "I am not dead

but left the old body at Benton Barracks, Mo." Well, this was a puzzler to me, as I nor my sister, who was much younger than I, never had heard nor knew anything of any Benton Barracks. Still he went on writing, saying, "I want you to tell Reck (the short for Horatio, my brother's name) that I want him to go to Mr. B—, the keeper of a livery stable at that time, on Third street, St. Paul, and get my money I left with him (giving the amount) when I went into the army and send it to my father; he is old and poor." I said, "Where is your father and what is his name?" He wrote, "My father's name is Peter Bernhart and lives at Fort Wayne, Ind." Well, here was certainly a quandary, as I knew my brother too good and everything relating to Spiritualism. But I felt it my duty to approach him on the subject, and, of course, met with a repulse, but finally persuaded him to listen to what Louis had to say. The result was that my brother went to the livery man and told him, without telling him how he received the information, asking him to write to Fort Wayne and find out about the spirit's father, which he did, and found all true, and the result was the sending of the money to the indigent father. As I can prove all this by living authority I would like to have skeptics explain it. If it is not just what it purports to be what is it?

EMSEE DEE.

LOS ANGELES, Cal.

## A Cause of Inharmony.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Here, as elsewhere, materialization, "the crowning phase of spiritual manifestations," is the cause of inharmony in the spiritual ranks. There are some good Spiritualists who do not believe it possible for spirits to take on the solid form in which they appear at most materializing seances, and who consequently reject evidence that satisfies others. From the same evidence they reach diametrically opposite conclusions. It would seem that they might do this without personal ill feeling; but I am sorry to say that the language used on both sides is denunciatory and unkind; and what is worse, the bitter discussion is indulged in not only in private conversation, but in the public meetings of the spiritual society, and the result may be (as in Los Angeles) the disruption of the society, though I hope not.

The San Bernardino Spiritualists have a hall of their own, but they do not employ lecturers. There are some good speakers among them, and, like the Quakers, they remain silent, or speak as "the spirit moves." Wm. Heep, the president, generally opens and closes the meetings with remarks. John Brown frequently, though briefly, testifies to his knowledge. Spiritualists do not not say faith, you know. Mr. Kenworthy and Mr. Potter are fluent talkers, and Mrs. Spaulding (who also has a children's class), speaks "under influence." But the finest orator and most profound thinker is Prof. J. S. Loveland, who has made Spiritualism and all the kindred sciences a long study. He lives six miles from town, and it is only recently that he has taken part in the meetings, doing so now by special invitation of the society. He is a harmonizer, and may succeed in allaying ill feeling on the question of materialization, but he has a few enemies who work actively against him, personally; and although he does not strike back, yet even the "harmonizer" is the innocent cause of more or less inharmony.

The believers in the glorious gospel of Spiritualism ought to be made better by their belief, but there are many who do not seem to be any better men or women in consequence of it. It does not take hold of their lives; it makes them no more honest or conscientious, yet they believe that they are by their every act and thought forming the character which they are to take with them into the spirit world. How do you account for this apparent contradiction?

Among the visitors here at present is Mrs. Jennie Warren, of Los Angeles, an excellent test medium and fair speaker; also Mrs. E. P. Thorndyke, of Temescal, who expects soon to enter the lecture field. She has had much financial trouble, having, after working hard for years, lost nearly all she possessed. Her house burned down last year, the acme, as was then thought, of her reverses, but now the decision of the Supreme Court in relation to riparian rights has interfered with the water privileges of her ranch, preventing the sale of it. Spiritualism has been some comfort to her in her troubles, but even that seems to bring to some of us as much of sorrow as of joy. The watchword of Spiritualism is "progress," and the path of progress is not always pleasant. Duty seems to precede happiness in the Spiritualists' vocabulary.

Fraternally yours, W. N. S.

SAN BERNARDINO, May 27, 1886.

**BOSTON.**—Grant Allen has this to say of Boston in his novel, "Babylon": "Boston has worn itself out. The artificial center of an unnatural, sickly, exotic culture, ever alien to the American soil, it has gone on studying, criticising, analyzing, till all the vigor and spontaneity it may ever have possessed have utterly died out of it from pure inanition. The Nemesis of sterility has fallen upon its head in the second generation. It has cultivated men, fastidious critics, receptive and appreciative intellects by the thousand; but of thinkers, workers, originalities, hardly now a single one."



## GLIMPSES IN SPIRIT LAND.

Visit to the Grand Temple Aggameda, the Cabinet of Antiquities, on the Island of Accropannemede.

The control said, they will take the medium to an island where are preserved various great antiquities, situated near an island visited before, called the Island of Antiquities, where we visited "the asylum devoted to the curing of those who become insane from too great a devotion to one idea."

She said that the power of vision possessed by spirits could scarcely be comprehended by mortals. The atmosphere of the spirit world was such, together with their power of vision, that they could see sufficiently well to distinguish objects for great distances. They could see down through the spheres, but they could not see up beyond the point to which their condition would allow them to go. She said that each sphere had its planetary system; and when they looked up to the sky that encircles the sphere they beheld it dotted with stars. These stars were not material bodies like those mortals see, but they were luminous bodies that marked the places where in advanced circles progressed spirits had fixed their homes.

In conversing upon the streams of electricity, she said they were always in circles; now passing through the spheres, reaching the earth, passing through it, and returning again through the spheres, up further than her knowledge extended, to some grand center, from whence it proceeded. Some streams go from the spheres to the far distant planets, encircle them, return again to a source only known to those who have progressed far on towards the grand center of eternal power.

I asked her if she could explain to me how life was supplied so that it would generate under the following conditions: I will take earth and expose it to an extreme heat, until as far as I can see every particle of animal or vegetable life is destroyed. I will take water and boil it until no life that is apparent to my senses exists, watering the baked earth with the boiled water, I will place over it a glass in so close a manner as to be impervious to the atmosphere. I leave it in the light of the sun, when I soon find that both vegetable and insect life are generated.

Her answer was: In the first place, man has not the power to destroy life. It can never be destroyed; second, each particle of earth could not exist in substance, without that life that belongs to it. Existing as it does, it is ever ready to receive that element of life that pervades everything in nature, and awaken to a new development. This element covers and surrounds everything; there is nothing that man can contrive that can shut it out.

The mountain stream bears from the wooded mountain glen the many tiny seed germs of trees and plants that fall to the earth; and bearing them into the broad river, they are distributed along the banks and along the flooded plains, where, inspired by this interior subtle element that pervades everything, they are wedded to the earth, and germinating in her warm embrace, they grow to the perfect plant, and fulfill the law of the germ.

The wind, another element, finer and more subtle, and apparently less controlled, rushes over the forest and plain, plucking from the tiny grass her little seed, shaking from the oak the acorn, gathering in her voluminous folds the many seeds of flower and shrub, and carrying them broadcast over hill and plain, embraces the earth in her sweet valleys and on hillsides, and plants the germs of future trees and plants. The generous earth receives her loving embrace, and warmed and urged to action by the all pervading life element she brings forth to glorious maturity the flowers and plants, the seed of which the wind has sown. Thus water and air elements, whose laws mortals can partly trace, and which are apparent to our senses, are constantly performing the work of supplying germs of life.

There is another element finer still, of which but little is known to mortals—electricity. It is governed by laws as rigid as earth, water or air; it runs in streams or currents, ever obedient to its laws. On the bosom of its grand streams are borne the germs of insect, animal and vegetable life; of such seeds as have lost the protection that nature has given them, to withstand the coarser elements are given as complete an existence, and are carried on the bosom of the streams, where air and water can not go. Wherever a particle of matter exists whose conditions are favorable for development these streams penetrate; into the ocean cavern it plants the germ of the marine plant and carries to every particle of matter the seed for which it is adapted; and the finer and more subtle element that surrounds and pervades all supplies the life which induces growth and development. This is indeed the "River, or, rather, Ocean of life that proceeds from the throne of God."

Such is the substance of my conversation with I—during her control. She now bade me good-night saying the medium had returned. Her relation of what she saw is as follows:

I have been accompanied by T. Star King, M—and E—. We passed along a large electric river through space a long distance. At last I saw on either side mountains, hills and valleys. Coming to where the stream separated we stopped at a point of land; from this point I could

look away in a direction nearly north and see a large body of land like a continent stretched out before me. A branch of the broad stream over which I came separated me from its nearest shores, but I could see a sandy beach stretching away on either hand in the distance. Towards the center I could see high in the clouds the turrets and high peaks of a grand temple. So great was the distance that I could only see the upper portion.

We now passed over the stream and I was taken high up so my view could take in the whole extent of this island, for island they called it. I saw it had the shape of a pear with its stem pointing towards the North; on my right and to the eastward of the northern end of this island was situated another island, but much smaller; this small one was the island of Antiquities visited before by me. Landing now on the southern end of the large island we found ourselves on the sand beach so smooth and beautiful that it seemed to invite me to a pleasant walk along its shores. Here I was told that the name of the river that surrounded the island was Apolobaco, and the name of the stream that came in to the northward of the island of Antiquities was Atodyle. The great island on which we were was called Accropannemede.

We entered a path and walked along it for some distance, that was of pure white crystal, inlaid with charming designs. The figures beautifully distinct but only the grain of crystal to distinguish them from its settings. Many paths or avenues led up from the beach and over the gentle rise, some were strewn with a fine gravel of various colors. We passed on over the extensive country of plain and low undulations and I found myself before the grand temple whose towers I had seen piercing the clouds at my standpoint, at the junction of the two streams.

I have never before been so impressed with the grandeur of greatness. How can I give you this description so you can describe it as I saw it? As I stood before the temple the door alone took in the field of my vision. As I looked at the exterior of this massive structure the outward appearance was that of a building covered with a succession of jagged peaks, unequal in height, but harmonious like a range of mountains; some of these peaks went up far beyond my sight, among the clouds; others were lower and I could see the tops. Far away this grand building stretched and seemed to consist of many wings, thrown off from a central building; and each of these peaks which I saw formed the roof or covering of one of these wings. The material of which this grand edifice was erected appeared to my eyes to be of pure crystal.

We walked along the center and I could see, high over my head, the elliptical arches, which were supported on columns in size corresponding to the height of the arch it supported. I now was told that each one of these wings was the receptacle of some great work of ancient art. Here in a large wing was a grand palace, complete and of full size; it had been the life-work of some great king on the earth of some ancient time. And in another wing were buildings of various construction; now a piece of ponderous machinery. Passing on I saw an ancient attempt to construct a reaping machine; the rudeness of its construction compared unfavorably with those now in use. We reached at last one of the large wings, whose top towered high in the clouds; it was shown us as the tower of Babel. Here this grand tower stood completed that had failed of its completion on earth, whereby mortals might pass up to heaven without encountering death. A winding path or stairway led up to the top, one on the outside and one on the inside. It had chambers and seemed to have been designed for the occupancy of spirits. I received the impression that it was constructed to save the inhabitants from another overflow of their country such as had occurred some generations before. From the center of the main tower shot up one of smaller dimensions to an immense height.

A magnificent cathedral of great size filled one of the spaces; everything was a copy of some ancient work of art or some symbol of ancient days. We entered a wing devoted to ancient paintings. Here the walls were covered with the works of the old masters. Before them, gazing in reverential attitude, were spirits who had come to visit them, and with their assistance arouse the memories of by-gone days. And this was the grand object of this great temple. Here spirits who were lingering in their progression and who could not see that there was really any progress, could come and behold the greatest works of the ancients in all of their perfection of completeness, and then contrast them with the works of the present day. I was told that it would take numberless years to visit all the apartments, their number was so great.

I should have said, that in approaching this temple we passed through an arched gateway that opened an entrance through the wall that surrounded the temple. Inside, the grounds were laid out in great beauty; an immense variety of trees and shrubs were growing. As we entered the gateway we were met by a spirit who said to us, "Welcome, Zona, to our temple Aggameda. (I was told the word Zona meant visitor, and the name given of the temple meant cabinet of curiosities.) While viewing these wondrous scenes, this grand temple and the vastness and grandeur all around me, I could not but reflect how small a speck was earth, and what a glorious awakening there is for mortals in their spirit homes.

## The Business of Spiritualism.

BY J. J. MORSE.

Are we quite clear as to what constitutes the real business of Spiritualism, and is there no danger of that business being lost to night in the multiplicity of side issues that from time to time are forcibly "hitched" on to our great question? Or, is it incorrect to say that there is any particular business, above all others, that we ought to confine ourselves to? In former years the one great matter ever held before the minds of mediums, lecturers, writers, and champions in general, was the demonstration of immortality through the facts proving spirit-return and identity. The one great business of those days was the obtaining of evidence in those directions. Our mediums, our speakers, our writers all labored towards that end, and our papers teemed with records of such facts, to the delight of Spiritualists and the discomfiture of skeptics. Then it was that spirit return and spirit communion were proclaimed as the foundation of our faith and the fruit of our mission. In those days our speakers, normal or abnormal, devoted their attention to the nature of the next stage of being, its conditions, facts, laws, and circumstances, and our relation thereto, and it is correct to say our public gatherings were never more largely attended than in the times referred to, nor were our claims upon popular respect ever sustained with better arguments. There was the enthusiasm of self sacrifice, of deep conviction, a seance was then a veritable "holy of holies," the teachings and facts then received were comparatively free from alloy, and all felt that at such meetings that it was "good to be there." A vital spirituality pervaded those gatherings, and fraud, trickery, balderdash, and bathos had not then asserted themselves. Our business was spirit communion, and the dissemination of the facts supporting it and the teachings obtained through instrumentality. We all stood upon its firmest ground then, and the preciousness of our privilege sustained us under every attack of the skeptical, the thoughtless, and the malicious. We had found a new bond of brotherhood, and in those primitive days harmony and honesty reigned among us.

In the course of time clouds appeared upon our horizon; we had to reckon with foes within as well as enemies without. Cupidity invaded our ranks and we learned our first great lesson in being compelled to admit that the faculty of "mediumship" in a persons nature was no guarantee of the intrinsic honesty of that person's character. Then was inaugurated the era of "test conditions," the existence of which has been frequently the cause of unwise attacks upon such conditions upon the parts of those who failed to grasp the nature of the cause that first called them into co-operation, and which cause, as stated, still continues to-day. Mediumship gradually passed out of its primitive function and became a professional avocation, legitimately so,—but as soon as it did so additional causes were introduced tending to destroy the primitive conditions of mutual trust, spiritual purpose, and steady adherence to the main business of demonstrating spirit return and identity. Honesty compels the admission that professional mediumship has not been an altogether unmingled blessing. True it affords us many examples of unselfish devotion to duty, and prompt obedience to the call of the spirit world, but its advantages and disadvantages are too well understood by thoughtful Spiritualists to need emphasis here. The cure for its evils consist in the necessity of the movement at large insisting upon the highest standard of personal character in its representatives, and an emphatic denial of representative positions to those who will not conform to such requirements. We can not afford to be represented by instability, weakness, or demoralization in any direction.

In the progress of our cause the platform has been one of the most useful agencies that we have resorted to, and therefrom the world has received some of the soundest teaching regarding life, death, and immortality that this age has listened to. Mediums have given evidences of spirit return,—though it is questionable indeed whether a public platform is the most suitable place for such work,—our trance and inspirational speakers have discoursed upon the loftiest themes regarding man's nature, duty and destiny as a spiritual being, and the great laws of "compensation" and "retribution" have been taught to the multitudes, and as long as our platform was consecrated to such work we fed the spiritually hungry, and built up the weary and despondent. Conferences were in order for the consideration and orderly discussion of our facts and teachings, and those with our regular lectures, or services, did an incalculable amount of good, until the one blunder,—which was worse than a crime,—was made, that of establishing a so-called "free platform," the result being that all the "cranks" that had been excluded from the "free platforms" elsewhere made a descent en bloc upon our rostrum, creating the utterly vicious condition that meetings ostensibly in the interest of Spiritualism were the places in which frequently one could learn the least upon the subject. Gradually it has resulted in almost every question except Spiritualism being thrust before the world as part and parcel thereof. The great

facts of spirit return, spirit identity, and the realities of spirit life are ignored, and "re-incarnation," "Buddhism," "theosophy," "mind-cure," "occultism," and other subjects of more than a questionable utility or goodness are trotted to the front as the true business of Spiritualism? The vapors of a Blavatsky, the re-hashings of a Sinnett, the philosophical absurdities of a Kardec, the "soul stuff" of a Cues are, by several votaries, thrust under the noses of Spiritualists as being infinitely superior to any teachings that the old-fashioned Spiritualist thought was what the world needed, and these disciples of the modern Bathos coolly assert that they look down with pity upon those Spiritualists who have not attained to the heights these immaculate vanguards have reached. Whenever these people have facts for their statements they have even then no single fact that is outside the ordinary range of either mediumistic or mesmeric experience, and where they have no facts it would not be uncharitable to assume they are "intoxicated with the exuberance their own verbosity?" And when such people, either on the platform, or in our public prints, assert that the real business of Spiritualism is to teach their ballooneries they must be prepared to hear the level-headed among our people tell them that ours is a more serious necessity, that the exposure of churchal ignorance and assumption, and materialistic hostility, to the reality of the cardinal facts that Spiritualism rests upon is a duty that is paramount, since by its fulfillment alone can we hope to demonstrate to mankind the reality of the future life, and the possibility of communion therewith.

Spirit return is the sheet-anchor of our cause, and all that it involves, mediumship, the nature of the next life, the relations of our present life to our next estate, are the real business of our cause. Spiritualism has no room for any sort of pharisees, "cults," or superior classes, it is a democracy of the truest and highest character. Our real business still remains to demonstrate the reality of immortality by cultivating the proofs of spirit communion, and present day inspiration. If that business with all its attendant blessings for humanity at large is not good enough for the Blavatskys, Sinnetts, and Cuess, et al, let them tread their lonely Himalayan paths alone; the mysterious "brothers," the wondrous "Mahatmas," and the exalted "adepts" are their fitting companions and about the only ones that can sympathize with their "unfolded" souls? We need orderly thinking, commonsense, and the assertion that our platform is not maintained to afford a stamping ground for those who are "blown about by every wind of doctrine," or follow after any "smart" adventurer who may be able to vamp up the teachings of the past, and with an assumption of mystical authority claim to be heaven sent deliverers of educators to the present generation. Let all such hire their own halls, run their own papers, and let Spiritualism severely alone; it can not help them, and they discredit it. An orderly platform devoted singly to our one business will bring back to us those who have retired, because of the vagaries, a so-called "free" platform has often caused us to suffer from, and would increase the respect of the thoughtful in the community towards us. Our business is the demonstration of immortality, spirit return, and spirit identity; let us adhere thereto. A "free" platform for us means a place where all are free to support or criticize our facts, but it does not mean, nor should it mean, a place where every question under the sun shall have a right to be discussed utterly independent of its relevancy or otherwise to our own particular business as herein insisted upon.

**FREEDOM.**—After the primary necessities of food and raiment, freedom is the first and strongest want of human nature. While mankind are lawless, their desire is for lawless freedom. When they have learned to understand the meaning of duty and the value of reason, they incline more and more to be guided and restrained by these in the exercise of their freedom; but they do not therefor desire freedom less; they do not become disposed to accept the will of other people as the representative and interpreter of those guiding principles. On the contrary, the communities in which reason has been most cultivated, and in which the idea of social duty has been most powerful, are those which have most strongly asserted the freedom of action of the individual—the liberty of each to govern his conduct by his own feelings of duty, and by such laws and social restraints as his own conscience can subscribe to.—*Mill's "Subjection of Women."*

**MATERIALISM.**—"It makes life a grand phantasmagoric procession from nothing to nowhere. Men and women come out of the dark, dance, play, laugh, and cry for a little while on the stage of life, and then go out into the dark again—puppets that fate sets going for no special purpose and that death lays away in the box again. It is a play devised by nobody, with no spectator to enjoy it, and with no reward for those who play it well. As Macbeth says of life:

"—It is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing."  
—*Rev. Minot J. Savage.*

FIVE female lawyers make life a burden to the juries of Iowa.

## PUBLICATIONS.

## OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

## OUR SUNDAY TALKS;

## Gleanings In Various Fields of Thought.

BY J. J. OWEN.

(Late Editor of the "San Jose Daily Mercury.")

SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

Following are some of the Press opinions of the first edition:

We consider the volume a most readable and useful compilation, in which the taste and ability of the able writer has been fully illustrated. Mr. Owen is editor of the *San Jose Mercury*, one of the leading newspapers of the State; edited with great tact and good management, and conducted with care and marked clear-headed judgment. His writings are always readable, terse, vigorous and clear-cut, and in the choice little volume before us, he gives us the very best flowers culled from the bouquet which his mind and brain have combined together.—*Spirit of the Times.*

It is calculated to elevate the mind above the mere greed for gain and momentary pleasures, and cause the thoughts to run in a more elevated channel. It contains some magnificent gems, and is of that character that will command a place among the literature of the day.—*Pioneer.*

As to the contents of the book we can not speak too much praise. The selections are principally made up from the best things which have for several years been written for the *Mercury* by Mr. Owen. It is a collection of the beautiful thoughts—thoughts characteristic of the cultivated mind and warm heart of the author, clothed in the purest and best English. Mr. Owen, as a writer, has few equals on the Coast, and his "Sunday Talks" were penned in his happiest vein.—*Footlight.*

The compilation brings before us, in a compact form, the talented author's best and noblest thoughts on life and morals. Nothing in quiet hours will give more food for wholesome reflection than one of Bro. Owen's essays.—*Gilroy Advocate.*

The volume is made up of short editorials on thoughtful topics culled from the columns of the author's newspaper, which tell of studious application and observation, written in a pleasing and interesting style, and full of good "meat," with the intent of benefiting their minds.—*Carson Appeal.*

As a home production this collection of pleasing essays and flowing verse is peculiarly interesting. The author wields a graceful pen, and all of his efforts involve highly moral principle. Although these are newspaper articles published by an editor in his daily round of duty, yet when now bound together in one volume they seem to breathe more of the spirit of the cloistered scholar than is wont to gather round the ministrations of the editorial tripod.—*S. F. Post.*

Bro. Owen's ability as a prose and verse writer is unquestionably of a high order, and in thus grouping a number of his best productions into a compact and handy little volume, he has conferred a favor on many of the *Mercury's* readers, who, like ourselves, have read and appreciated the "Sunday Talks," and from them, perhaps, have been led to form a higher and more ennobling idea of the mission and duties of mankind. *San Benito Advance.*

Owen has a poetic way of saying practical things, a neat and attractive way which makes them readable and easily assimilated and digested, and this volume should have a wide circulation.—*Foot Hill Tidings.*

The volume is readable and suggestive of thought.—*S. F. Merchant.*

They embrace editorials on miscellaneous subjects, poems, sketches, and short articles, and are really what he styles them, "Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought." The contents are as creditable to Mr. Owen's literary ability as the handsome looking volume is to the taste and resources of the *Mercury* printing establishment.—*S. F. Call.*

The articles in "Sunday Talks" are written in an easy, flowing style, enchain the reader, and teaching grand doctrine. One lays down "Sunday Talks" feeling improved in spirit, with a renewed confidence in mankind and a brighter opinion of the world. The poems are beautiful, and one in particular, "Across the Bar," if name were not attached, would easily pass for the production of some of the noted poets of the country. The poems have a similar tone to the ballads of B. F. Taylor, one of the sweetest poets of America. "Sunday Talks" should have a large circulation.—*Watsonville Pajaronian.*

We have read the "Sunday Talks" and shall continue to do so, for let us open the book where we may we are sure to find something that makes us feel the better for reading; every article is the expression of the thoughts of a manly man to his fellow man.—*Monterey Californian.*

Bright, crystallized sunbeams, which gladden the heart, and give fresh inspiration to the soul. The few moments we allotted to their enjoyment have lengthened to hours, and with a sigh of regret we turn from their contemplation, only because the duties of the day have imperative claims upon our attention. These sunbeams have been materialized in the magic alchemy of a master mind. A more beautiful, instructive and entertaining volume never was issued upon the Pacific Coast, or any other coast. Every page is gemmed with bright, sparkling thoughts, the sunbeams of a rarely cultured intellect. As we read page after page of this splendid volume, we are forcibly reminded of the impressions received from our first perusal of Timothy Titcomb's "Gold Foil," or Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." It is a work which represents the highest, purest standard of thought, expressed in the best-chosen language. It is one of the happiest contributions which our home literature has ever received.—*Santa Barbara Press.*

They are each and all of them full of deep thought, felicitous expressions, and clear insight into life and its needs and lessons. They are better than sermons, preaching purity and nobility of character in language too plain to be misunderstood, and too earnest to be forgotten. Throughout the volume are choice gems of thought in paragraphs, as pointed and pungent as those of Rochefoucauld, without any of the latter's infidelity.—*Fort Wayne (Ind.) Gazette.*

PRICE in cloth, ONE DOLLAR.



## GOLDEN GATE.

Published every Saturday by the "GOLDEN GATE PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY," at  
734 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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MRS. MATTIE P. OWEN, ASSISTANT.  
R. E. HALL, GENERAL AGENT.

TERMS:—\$1.00 per annum, payable in advance; \$1.25 for six months. Clubs of five (mailed to separate addresses) \$5.00, and extra copy to the sender. Send money by postal order, when possible; otherwise by express.

All letters should be addressed: "GOLDEN GATE," No. 734 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1886.

## HALFWAY HOUSE.

There is no code of morality more pure and beautiful than that found in the teachings of Unitarianism; and we might truthfully add, there is no culture more refined and complete, and no Christian system more Christlike, than that represented by such grand characters as Theodore Parker and T. Starr King. And yet the doctrine of the Unity of the Godhead and the humanity of Jesus, when accepted as a great religious truth, as it no doubt is, is far from satisfying the religious demands of the soul. The heart still hungers for something more—a something which only the positive knowledge of a future life can fully satisfy.

Man must know that "if he die he shall live again," to rest content, when once he has cut loose from the trammels of the old. Unitarianism does not give him this knowledge; hence, to many souls it is but a pleasant caravansary for a night's rest—a halfway house in the journey from evangelism to Spiritualism.

This is no mere assumption, but one that can find ample illustration in all large cities where Unitarianism once had a strong hold upon the enlightened thought of the people. And especially is it illustrated in this city where once the hearers of that eloquent and white-souled ambassador of the gentle and loving Jesus, T. Starr King, could scarcely find standing room in the grand edifice erected for his ministry. Many of the once regular attendants at that place of worship are now found at Metropolitan Temple, and other meetings, for instruction in the facts, philosophy and religion of Spiritualism, at almost any of which places will be found a larger attendance than at the church above mentioned.

Now this is from no lack of ability on the part of the eminent divine who ministers at said church,—for there is none in this city superior to him in point of culture, ability, or the graces of a true Christian character,—but rather to the crystallized conservatism that takes unkindly to radical innovations—makes no new growth.

And here we regret to admit that, as a rule, while the Unitarian clergy make little or no advancement in religious thought, their hearers pass on to other spiritual and intellectual delights, and leave them alone encased in a form which is surely not appreciated by the multitude whom they have helped and encouraged to come out from their old shells, the evangelical churches.

But Unitarianism is a grand step forward, nevertheless, and thousands of intelligent Spiritualists are no doubt grateful for their Unitarian brethren for the ladder they have furnished them, whereby they have been enabled to climb to the starry heights of a positive knowledge of a future life.

If our able brother of the Unitarian pulpit of this city could only rise superior to the trammels of an ecclesiasticism,—moderate in form, though it be as compared with that of evangelism,—and preach what we think he really, in his heart, believes,—viz., the positive knowledge of a future life, as furnished by the phenomena of Spiritualism,—his hearers would soon be obliged to go early to obtain seats.

But that could hardly be expected; and the mere suggestion of such a radical change in ministerial policy, coming from the *GOLDEN GATE*, would naturally (not spiritually) be regarded as an impertinence.

**FOG.**—A news item speaks of a dense fog only a few yards in breadth, that settled down upon one of the wharves of New Haven at noon, one day lately, while the sun shone brilliantly elsewhere in the vicinity. This is typical of the mental and spiritual fog that hangs around so many human lives, sometimes consciously, but more often unconsciously, to the individuals. Lives of gloom, in which no birds, no flowers bloom; no rosy morning and golden evenings shine upon them to lure their thoughts to the eternal spiritual beauties and harmonies. These things reflect upon earth. Nature is the materialized thoughts of heaven, set about us in a changeable way, that we may catch its gleams amid its storms and tempests of this brief existence, without mistaking the copy for the original. Alas! how many there are whose minds never penetrate the fog to behold the sunshine that falls in splendor all around them, until the spirit is liberated from its cell of clay. A dark cell indeed is many a body to the soul, about which the fog of ignorance hovers at midday and declares that man is born to die like the beasts of the field, not to live again.

—Dr. J. D. MacLennan, the eminent magnetic healer, is located for the present in Salt Lake City, Utah.

## THE DEED AND NOT THE DOER.

Most people, no doubt, do the best they can—not the best they know. If they know the right and do it not, there must be a reason for it, and that reason may be found in their distorted mentality, as the result of heredity, or of education; or in their environments. This truth should make us charitable towards all mankind, however much we may condemn their errors and iniquities. It should teach us to look kindly and sympathetically even upon the worst of men, for the worst are in the greatest need of sympathy and love.

But instead of condemning the evil deed we place the evil-doer beyond the reach of our reformatory efforts by condemning and denouncing him; hence, the slow progress of reform in the world.

The church creeds embody some most abominable doctrines—such as original sin, the fall of man, the vicarious atonement, eternal punishment, etc. At the same time there are thousands of church members who are infinitely better than their creeds—grand, noble souls, full of all goodness and all tender sympathies for their fellow-beings; and they, to a certain extent, constitute the church.

How common a thing it is to hear infidels, freethinkers, and sometimes Spiritualists, bitterly berating the churches, when to be just, as well as generous, they should direct their execrations at the errors of doctrine that have crept into the church.

The church has ever taught that man possessed a spiritual nature capable of grand possibilities on this and on another plane of existence. This fact alone should make Spiritualists feel kindly disposed towards the church. What would have become of man as a spiritual being but for the fostering care of the church? His spiritual nature would have been left undeveloped, and thereby the advent of Modern Spiritualism would necessarily have been postponed, perhaps for ages. Let us recognize the good there is in the churches,—at least let us be just.

Spiritualism should become in practice as it is in precept, the light of the world. It is the fruition of the spiritual element in all religions—bringing, literally, life and immortality to light. Its believers should lay aside all besetting sins—all base desires and practices—and enter upon a broader and higher plane of thought and action. They should become the "light on the path" to lead mankind upward. But first they must become manly and generous in their intercourse with each other, and in their treatment of those who differ with them. They must carry into practice the Golden Rule, which is the essence of all true religion.

## DEAD.

We talk of the dead, by whom is generally meant those bodies lying peacefully in their narrow beds in Earth's bosom; but while we speak another voice speaks too, and tells us there are more dead above ground than beneath it, and stopping to reflect we do not contradict.

To breathe is not to live; to eat, sleep, laugh and weep are but results of breathing, they serve nothing but to vary the monotony of the passing hours. But this is about what constitutes life to two-thirds of humanity, with hard work added. Yes, "the work is honorable;" but what is the use of struggling for the breath of life merely for the body when the faculties of the mind and soul are dumb? or, if conscious and longing, are trammelled and bound by those dire circumstances of physical being whose chains are stronger than iron?

Dead indeed are those persons who can not help themselves, to say nothing of aiding their fellow-creatures. Many of them are beasts of burden for other lives, seeing nothing and comprehending nothing but the meanest drudgery without a thought of ever doing or being anything but slaves; and for what? For the breath they draw, and the few low pleasures that they would continue to enjoy (?). Still dead to the beauties of earth and sky and all the bright tokens of soul-life around them; to the possibilities and powers within them, they mope, yawn, grumble and complain at they know not what, for they know not what they want, nor dream that they have a starving soul and a ravenous mind, if only they could be stimulated to exertion.

This lethargy of spirit is a common thing and not the result of overwork and defrauded bodies. There is as much living death among people of means and leisure as those of poverty and drudgery. How truly the great poet said, "It is not all of life to live nor all of death to die." The living are dying, and the dead are just beginning to live every day. That many dying people could be restored to usefulness in this sphere of being, by live human association and sympathy, we do not doubt. But like attracts like, and the many will go with their dead living.

**HAPPINESS.**—All are seeking happiness, and in the hurry and hubbub of its pursuit most persons forget how easy a thing it is to confer upon another, and that in conferring it upon others we contribute to our own. No one is ever so easily made happy as when a child. Five cents will fill his life with a pleasure that five thousand or any other sum can never do for him as a man. This is no power of money, but of innocence and ignorance of life. Moneybags passes the street all day long and sees little forms raised on tiptoe peeping in at shop windows, so eagerly, at the child treasures stored there, but he does not do himself the good of ever expending a nickel for some toy that would be more than bread to the little one who never knew the pleasure of owning such a beautiful thing. A kind word and a smile

are just as potent among children of more years, but they are withheld from each other, as gold is locked from thieves. "So we mingle in the public highways as strangers, and the sad spirit and aching heart find no cheer."

## THE "FOOLISH VIRGINS."

Jesus taught great lessons of life and duty by parables, which, to the undeveloped minds of his hearers, were like object lessons to the untutored mind of the child.

The parable of the ten virgins is, or ought to be, familiar to everybody. The five "foolish virgins," whose lamps were without oil, and as a result of their thoughtlessness were shut out from the marriage supper, have had their counterparts in all human history, and in no era of the world more than the present.

The influx of spiritual light and knowledge to the world, in these "latter days," may be regarded as the marriage of the divine to the mortal. The wise virgins are they who are prepared to accept the truth, this inflowing spirit, and who go forth to meet it, and take it to their hearts and lives.

The moral heavens are luminous with new and wonderful lights dawning upon the world. And yet there are but comparatively few who can behold them, for their eyes are covered with the scales of material things. Their lamps are without oil, and they are not prepared for the marriage feast.

The demonstration of spirit existence is the most stupendous fact of the century, and of all centuries. It is the proof palpable of eternal life—the joyful answer to the prayer of the ages for light beyond the grave. To the heart hungering for spiritual food it is a royal banquet of precious things. And yet the lamps of the multitude are without oil; they can not comprehend this wonderful truth. To many it is of no significance that the spirit survives the dissolution of the body. Of what use are the spirits to them if they can not be made to serve them in sordid ways?

But now, as ever in the past, the marriage feast is for those whose lamps are trimmed and burning, and are ready to enter in. If we would be of that happy number we must see to it that we "be not ignorant of spiritual things,"—that our lamps are well filled with oil.

## GOOD BEGINNING.

It is a hopeful sign, when labor organizations turn their attention and means to land investments, for in a few years they will have something to attend to besides the possessions of inflated monopolists.

There is no doubt that the combined savings of the working classes of the several States would aggregate a capital that could control immense enterprises, if only a sound basis could be constructed, and all poor material in the shape of foreigners, outlaws and desperadoes excluded from rights and privileges of incorporation. The Knights of Labor is a grand organization, and should not for a moment be held responsible for the deeds of crime that so lately became a part of our civil history. It is not right that a philosophy, religion or organization, should be held responsible for the misconduct of any of its followers, who would be the same under any or no designation. The individual should be judged, as he is punished, personally, without any reference to his belief or pretensions. But, we are wandering. We were going to say that the Minnesota Knights of Labor have purchased in Crow Wing county six hundred acres of land, upon which they propose to establish a co-operative colony. The land is to be held in common forever, while the profits are to be divided yearly among the workers. A village will be laid out, and each colonist allowed to hold one lot in fee simple. The purchase was made of the North Pacific Railroad, that has agreed to hold the entire township in reserve for the order for a reasonable time. The land is inalienable. The divisions of profits, will distinguish this community from all others that have preceded it.

## THE SHIP RAILWAY.

Captain Eads is a great genius, and he has a wonderful piece of work carried far towards completion; he is proud of the remarkable engineering venture—the great ship railway; but he is not proud enough in other respects. On first being refused aid for his project by our Government, he applied to foreign generosity for the same and received it. His petition is again presented to Congress, according to report, in a new form. The bill establishes Captain Eads and some of his friends as a body corporate with the title of the "Atlantic and Ship Railway Company," with power to issue capital stocks and bonds not to exceed one hundred million, the United States being pledged to pay the company when the railway is completed, a sufficient sum to make its net revenues amount to three and one-half millions annually; the deficiencies to be made by the Government not to exceed seven and one-half millions at any time.

It always seemed to us that Congress was obstinately blind in not first granting assistance to the scheme, when it could have done so on such terms as would have placed the enterprise under the control of the United States. But, since the scheme has virtually fallen into foreign power, Congress is both consistent and wise in standing by its refusal.

If it is true, as reported, that Captain Eads controls the Senate Committee on commerce, this last application may not be at once disposed of. In granting the subsidy now would give the United States nothing but a new burden of debt. It will doubtless prefer to subsidize something it can manage as its own.

## ANOTHER SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION.

That was a happy thought of Epes Sargent that named his book "Planchette; or the Despair of Science," for if science ever had cause to "despair"—that is, orthodox science, or science that insists that things are not what they are,—it was when it undertook to wrestle with the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism.

With the "toe-joint" theory of the Rochester *Advocate*, the "od-force" idea of President Mahon, the "unconscious cerebration" fantasy of Dr. Carpenter, the "hypnotism" hypothesis of Dr. Baird, the "psychic force" notion of Dr. Cox, the "unconscious secondary self" nonsense of Dr. Somebody Else, the "masked somnambulism" and "transferred hallucinations" of Von Hartmann, and many other quirks and fancies by other scientific noodles, we supposed we had reached the end of that string of profound shallowness that insists that spirit is not spirit. But no; it seems that the end is not yet; for now comes the *Toronto Mail* with a new explanation. It is "transmitted memory" that does it all!

Thus, reader, when your friend returns to you from the thither shore, bringing messages of love and good cheer, and oftentimes valuable information hitherto unknown to you—coming with every evidence of personal identity,—even writing, independently of the medium, in his own hand, his well-known autograph,—it is not your friend at all, but a "transmitted memory"! Whose memory, pray? Transmitted how, where and to whom? Can memory, however "transmitted," write between two sealed slates? Can it lift a table, play upon musical instruments, psychologize the brain of a sensitive to speak and write in strange languages? Can memory be "transmitted" into mortal shapes,—into objective realities,—and become for a time a tangible entity?

Why is it that science, which exhibits a fair amount of common sense in other matters, becomes daft and bullheaded when considering the claims of Spiritualism? Is there anything more irrational in the fact of another life than there is in the fact of this present life? Is one any greater mystery than the other? Does not the history of mankind abound with the proofs of the existence of spiritual beings? Does not the church preach it, and nearly all humanity believe it? Then, when a class of facts is brought to light, all pointing with unerring certainty to the stupendous fact of spirit existence, why not, at least, accept them as evidence in the case?

But no; our Carpenters, Von Hartmanns, and other scientific lights, will not have it so. The church will not have it, although it is the very evidence it needs to round out its preaching. And so they ransack creation and their own befogged brains for explanations and excuses for phenomena as palpable as human life, or the noonday sun.

But it is all of no avail. The fact is there still, and the evidences thereof are accumulating on every hand. And it is a glorious and precious fact to all who have seen their loved ones go down into the cold waters of death. To know that they live right on, with no loving tie sundered,—and that they wait for us with tender longings, in the beautiful Land of Souls; one would naturally think everybody would gladly welcome evidence going to prove such a fact as that.

But Spiritualism can bide its time. Whoever rejects it but simply bars the doors of his consciousness to a beautiful truth.

## A NEAT ENDORSEMENT.

At the close of her lecture at the Temple, on Sunday evening last, Mrs. E. L. Watson spoke of the rich treat the Spiritualists had in store for them in the camp-meeting, to be inaugurated tomorrow, in Oakland. She said that under the management of Hon. Amos Adams, chairman of the meetings, Spiritualists had the assurance that all would be conducted with reference solely to the highest good of the cause. The ministrations would be elevating in character, dignified, no improper persons being permitted to occupy the rostrum. She also referred to Mr. Colville, and his remarkable endorsement by the *Chronicle's* correspondent, and hoped, if her health permitted, to take some small part in the exercises. It was a very neat thing for Mrs. Watson to do, and showed her earnest interest in the work.

There is certainly a very general determination among Spiritualists to make the camp-meeting a success. All seem disposed to enter into it with a will, and in a spirit of harmony. Let this spirit prevail, and it will surely be a grand success, and a means of spiritual good and growth to hundreds.

Spiritualists should become better acquainted with each other; and they should study those little amenities and graces of character that go to make them pleasing to each other. In short, they should cultivate a broader spirit of charity and harmony, overlooking each other's imperfections, and seeing only the true gold of every individual character.

Spiritualism teaches that there is good in everybody, and this good is the germ of the angel. Let us seek for the good, and the evil, finding no encouragement, will gradually disappear.

—A correspondent inquires, "Do you know if J. M. Peebles has passed over to the Golden Shore?" He has not, but his address is unknown to us.

**INDIVIDUALITY.**—To tell what we would do if in another's place, is very common talk, and harmless, if we leave out of consideration the reckless waste of breath; but it is foolish, since one can not put himself in another's place, unless in all respects he were that other's duplicate. Many persons may meet their doom together, but the impulse that actuates their conduct, and the thoughts that surge through their minds are as different as the various secondary causes that produce their wounds and death. Though a number may be drowned together, not any two will meet death in the same manner and thought, as their differing appearance plainly shows. In the excavations of Pompeii many forms have been exhumed in perfect preservations but no two cases have yet been found in the same attitude or position. Different thoughts and feelings actuate each in moments of peril and extremity, and these are unmistakably stamped on the physical forms of all who die by accidents. Could there be time in calamity to take advice, not one in a thousand would listen, but would do their own individual way.

**BICYCLES.**—Next to flying, we imagine the movement of this vehicle to be the most delightful; and its use is coming to be considered better than the family doctor or medicine chest. It can not be called a substitute, since its mission seems to be to prevent those ailments that doctors and medicine were invented to experiment upon. Report informs us that about fifty divines will set out, or rather, roll out, from New York, in August, for a five hundred-mile trip through the East. Elmira has a bicycle club of which Rev. Thomas K. Beecher is the president. Rev. George F. Pentecost of Auburn, says, if he could not get another bicycle he would not sell his for its weight in gold, so much good has he derived from the exercise and pleasure of the steel horse. It is a great pity that woman's dress robs her of the benefit of this graceful invention. If man gains so much from this mode of travel, who can ever estimate what it would do for women? While there may be a woman's bicycle club here and there, their field of use is too narrow to be what they are to men, who take in the whole country.

**SHAME.**—Although women have always been politically classed with Indians and idiots, they are not so humiliated and dishonored as are men by their own legislative enactments. Whipping-posts and other coercive means of preventing wife beating, stand against them. Flushing, L. I., has a rigidly enforced ordinance that punishes married men who stay away from their homes too late at night. One family man who remained out at his club after prescribed hours was drenched in the village fountain a few nights ago and sent home to explain his condition as best he could. But the worst thing of all is that men can't be trusted to keep sober on election days, and so the law closes the saloons—in front, but leaves the back door open to a protecting providence. Women will help make the laws some day, and it would be but fair if they should all use their votes to disfranchise all male citizens who are so in name only, but really words of the law, and incompetent to keep decent without the aid of its strong arm.

**TRANSIENT.**—All worldly things seem created with a special reference to the uncertainty and shortness of mundane life, and its insecure tenure of what it holds as its own. Fire, water, famine, plague, earthquakes, tornadoes and cyclones are not only constantly destroying human life, but worse, they often leave it maimed and torn, bereft of every material thing from which it derived comfort and luxury; and added to this is the agony of seeing family and friends lying dead, mangled beyond recognition. Thousands of homes and lives have thus been bereft in a few years by storms that do their grim work in a few seconds, and are gone to pour out destruction again when least expected. But Nature smiles anew and lures men on to new efforts of life and construction. It is like the hope that "springs eternal in the human breast," oft deferred and made sick, but never dies. Truly, there is nothing material we can safely claim. Only what the mind and soul has garnered may we keep for our very own.

**WOMEN'S CLOTHING.**—Where is the man deserving the name, who would wish to be keeper of his wife's wardrobe? We can imagine no one, but Ohio has decided that the husband is legal owner of his wife's clothing. If she has worked out by the month and earned it before marriage, it becomes his all the same. It is nonsense to say he can not wear it. It was not awarded to him for that purpose, and more likely in sympathy for possible desolate homes, when he shall be bereft of a helpmeet and out of tobacco. The same law prevailed in Massachusetts until 1879, and would have gone on till doomsday if left to the discretion of man alone. But the women suffragists of that State persistently decried the barbarous statute until it was repealed. Our State is a century behind in its property laws for married women, and if the noble workers among them ever succeed in establishing their rights to their own earnings, independent of husbands, it will be one of the greatest victories of the cause.

**HARDLY FAIR.**—Like most orthodox ministers, Rev. Samuel Jones believes that heaven is a place and not a state. So, in one of his sermons lately, at Chattanooga, Georgia, he said that he would give five hundred dollars to any one who would sign a sworn statement that he did not want to go to heaven. L. L. Goodwin, an aged member of the audience who has progressive ideas regarding the attainment called heaven, accepted Mr. Jones' proposition, but we are sorry for the hitherto straightforward reputation of the clerical gentleman, that the money was not paid. Mr. Goodwin was in such good earnest about winning the five hundred dollars that he consulted a lawyer with an idea of putting Mr. Jones through a course of law to compel its payment, but was informed that no such suit could be sustained.



## EDITORIAL NOTES.

—From a private letter we learn that Maud Lord is about to visit San Francisco.

—Mrs. S. Seip, psychometrist, will continue her circles, as usual, at 1910 Market street, on Thursday and Sunday evenings, and will also give sittings daily at the camp ground.

—A new and wonderful book—if we may judge from what we hear—is that referred to on our fifth page—"Voices from Many Hill-tops—Echoes from Many Valleys." We shall await its appearance with much eagerness.

—Spiritualists attending the camp-meeting will find a full line of men's and boy's clothing; underwear, etc., and all at bedrock prices, at O'Banion & Dagenais', 712 and 714 Market-street, and also at Schafer & Co.'s, No. 11 Montgomery street.

—During the present month there will be meetings on Sunday afternoons at 2 P. M., at Irving Hall, 141 Post street, and on Wednesdays at 8 P. M., at St. Andrews' Hall, 111 Larkin street, for the discussion of mental science, spirit and mind cure.

—At no period in the history of Modern Spiritualism has there been so much inquiry for the truth as at the present time. Thoughtful members of the various churches, intelligent people in high social circles, business men—merchants and bankers,—are alike seeking for the truth.

—Hon. I. C. Steele and wife, of Pescadero, are stopping at the Russ House. Mr. Steele, who is an advanced thinker on all subjects relating to man's truest welfare, will occupy the rostrum at the Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting in Oakland at 2 P. M. to-morrow.

—"Shadows," the excellent work on Spiritualism, by John Wetherbee, can be had hereafter, in cloth, for \$1, and in paper covers for 75 cts. Any one who has read Mr. Wetherbee's pleasant articles in the GOLDEN GATE will naturally want a copy of "Shadows." Send orders to Colby & Rich, Banner of Light office, Boston.

—"The Business of Spiritualism" and "Drafts on Memory," two admirable original papers—the first by J. J. Morse, and the other by John Wetherbee—published in this issue of the GOLDEN GATE, will be found of rare interest. Our corps of contributors now includes many able pens, and is steadily increasing.

—There is another man in Utah who must be quite as obnoxious to the Saints as was Governor Murray, and who is quite as likely to be removed if Mormon influence can again be brought to bear in the right direction. This man is Judge Zane, who refuses to grant naturalization papers unless the applicant promises to obey the laws of the United States with reference to polygamy.

—The reception given to Mrs. E. L. Watson, on Friday evening last, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, was a most enjoyable success. Their elegant parlors were just comfortably full and the beautiful spirit of harmony presided over all hearts. A portion of the evening was spent in a musical and literary way, in which a number of the guests acquitted themselves with credit.

—Without meaning any disrespect, we would like to know if woman was ever known to retire with her boots on? One Mrs. John Watkins, of Alma, Michigan, is said to have so kicked while dreaming as to break several bones in one of her husband's feet. Pointed French heels might be capable of such execution, but for a naked, unarmed, tender heel of a woman to do such a thing is physiologically impossible.

—There is a young man in Harrodsburg, Ky., who began on April 7th, a forty days' fast. He believes the fast will result in purifying him of all earthly dross and eliminating his inherited sins. He is said to drink much water and smokes two or three cigars daily. "Two or three cigars" a day are not bad for a smoker; but if the young man does not regard the habit as "sin and dross," he is fasting in vain. He can never come up to an ideal standard of a pure life while defiled by the disgusting habit of smoking.

—There is something ridiculous in the public demonstration made by Don Carlos, in repudiating the infant son of Queen Christina as the rightful successor to the throne of Spain. To be sure, there are things, that among crowned heads, must be looked after in time; but it does appear reasonable to suppose Don Carlos might have waited to see if the wee baby passed safely through those infantile maladies that lie in wait for him and all such comings. To declare resistance to so small a mite of royalty is looking a long way ahead for trouble.

—We copy elsewhere Prentice Mulford's timely sketch of W. J. Colville in the S. F. Chronicle of Sunday last. This gifted speaker will address a California audience for the first time, at the Spiritualist Camp-Meeting in Oakland, at 11 A. M. to-morrow. San Francisco Spiritualists should turn out en masse and give Mr. Colville a rousing audience. As no meetings of Spiritualists will be held at the Temple, or at Washington Hall, to-morrow, the opportunity for a picnic at the Oakland camp will be unsurpassed. Go early and stay all day.

—Bulwer in his "Last Days of Pompeii" makes the following statement in regard to Christianity then in its infancy: "They (the Romans) regarded the Christian as the enemy of mankind; the epithets they lavished upon him, of which 'Atheist' was the most favored and frequent, may serve, perhaps, to warn believers of that same creed, now triumphant, how they indulge the persecution of opinion a Christian then underwent, and how they apply to those whose notions differ from their own the terms at that day lavished on the fathers of their faith."

—For the opening day, to-morrow, at the camp-meeting, W. J. Colville will speak at 11 o'clock A. M., followed by Dr. Matthews with tests from the platform. At 2 P. M., Hon. I. C. Steele, of Pescadero, late Grand Master of the State Grange, will occupy the platform, followed by Mrs. Foye, with a grand test seance. At 8 o'clock the same evening W. J. Colville will speak again, followed again by Dr. Matthews. Surely, here is an intellectual and spiritual feast of fat things that ought to satisfy all, as it no doubt will.

—The lawgivers at Albany are doing their best to make a compromise between the temperance demands and those of free whisky. They propose to allow the sale of liquor on Sundays between 2 P. M. and midnight. Could a worse time be chosen for the sale of those drinks that incite to all manner of disturbance, from insult down to murder? If this is the best that flourishing capital can do it had better give over all to Satan and put its trust in the Salvation Army.

—Visitors to the Camp-Meeting from this city can have their choice of three routes: If by the S. P. C. ferry (narrow gauge) they will take the Oakland train from the Mole to the terminus of the track at Twelfth street, whence they can walk five blocks to the camp or take the horse cars, as they may prefer. If by the Oakland route they should leave the train at Oak-street station, thence walk five narrow blocks to camp. Or they can take the Sacramento train at the Mole to the East Oakland station, whence horse cars run directly to the camp.

THE SAN FRANCISCO GOLDEN GATE comes to us regularly, freighted with intrinsic Spiritualistic thought, embodied in the choicest of language. We wish it abundant success.—BANNER OF LIGHT.

Thanks, Bro. Colby. If in the coming time we can attain to one-half the success reached by the grand old Banner we shall be more than satisfied.

DIVISION.—The city of Buenos Ayres is said to contain nine Spiritual societies. There is a peculiar tendency among Spiritualists to divide and organize under different society names, which, we think, is a sign and cause of weakness throughout their ranks. The basic principles and belief is the same among all classes of Spiritualists, and it seems to us that all of that faith in each particular community should unite in one organization—consolidate, and thus be able to build a temple of worship equal in size to their numerical strength. The different Spiritual societies in the towns and cities of the United States are mainly poor, the majority depending upon hired halls or rooms in which to hold their meetings. We hardly think this would be the case were they united in one corporate body in harmony, actuated by mutual intention and aspirations. Divisions and subdivisions are appearing on all sides, under the general name of Spiritualists. We trust the time will come when the small difference that now separates them will be set aside and a grand union take place.

THE GOLDEN GATE, San Francisco, Cal., one of the nearest and most interesting papers from the land of flowers, is as indispensable as our old and familiar friend from New England, the "Banner of Light." How the Western coast is blossoming into beauty and intelligence! We stand here in the middle of the continent and extend our hands each way to greet them with fraternal regards and unflinching tread for human advancement.—The Liberal.

## J. J. MORSE.

[A Washington correspondent of the GOLDEN GATE pays the following well-merited tribute to one of our ablest inspirational speakers.]

We have had the great privilege during the past month of listening to the controls of Mr. J. J. Morse, the well-known and deservedly highly esteemed Spiritualist, speaker and writer. I think that none of even our most eloquent speakers are so gifted with the faculty of handling our belief and its phenomena in a philosophical and scientific manner. His method of dealing with the subjects upon which he (his control) lectures is profound and the at the same time lucid and entertaining. The society in San Francisco can assure themselves that they have before them, in the prospect of his advent among them, a very rare intellectual treat. Mr. Morse's letters, delightful and interesting as they are, are but a faint expression of his powers of attraction as a public speaker. Wherever he may go he will draw the most thoughtful, earnest and intellectual of our people.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Birds.

The Boston Journal relates cases of birds being killed by harshness of speech, and cites the case of a woman who wished to make a bobolink stop singing, finally scolded it, and took up a scarf and shook it at the bird. In a few moments the bird fluttered and fell dead. We know that all birds are very sensitive to different tones of the voice, but we do not believe that mere scolding, unaccompanied by other demonstration would produce death. From our own experience, we are certain that in the case of the woman above mentioned, it was not the harsh words, but the shaking of the scarf that killed the bobolink, of which he was afraid. All birds are very fearful of strange objects, and it is no difficult thing to frighten them to death in a few seconds. We came near losing a fine canary by showing him a lace necktie. Holding it up before his cage, he dropped to the bottom as if he had been struck, and remained perfectly still, but panting in abject terror, and was so weak for half an hour he could not stand on his perch. The more intelligent a bird, the more sensitive he is. Some persons never gain the confidence of their feathered pets, but ever set them to fluttering about their cage in uneasiness and dread when they come near them. This is generally due to indifference and inattention, for kind effort never fails to win the regard and confidence of caged birds.

M. PULSIFER.

DO SPIRITS OF DEAD MEN AND WOMEN Return to Mortals? Mrs. E. R. Herbert, a spirit Medium, gives sittings daily from 12 to 4 P. M., (Sunday excepted), at No. 418 Twelfth Street, Oakland, Cal. Conference meetings Tuesday evening: Developing Circles, Tuesday evenings. Public are invited. nots

## W. J. Colville.

[Prentice Mulford in S. F. Chronicle of May 30th.]

W. J. Colville, the great metaphysical teacher in Boston, is one of the most extraordinary men on the planet. He does ten times the talking of any clergyman and revels in doing it. He does more than talk. He is a flood of ideas. He is always wound up and ready for action. His body is small, his mind large. He is never daunted by questions put him by his audience. These seem to him but as a spur. His hall (Berkeley Hall) is one of the finest in the city. He is his own choir, his own organist, his own pianist. He can run every department of a meeting, commence with an improvised poem (the subject being given by the audience) and end with another a quarter of an hour in length, if he or what is behind him feels like it. He is now but twenty-eight years of age. He has been lecturing from the age of seventeen. When a child of but five years he says he heard poems in the air as well as lectures on his peculiar philosophy. He is never at a loss for a text and can get one out of anything, from a turnip up to a planet. Off the platform he seems as simple as a child, but is as deep as a serpent. He will ask what might be deemed the most silly questions or make remarks of a like nature. He amuses himself by the thought and opinion of the people about him, who size him up in consequences as a simpleton. He is peculiar in his manner. His peculiarity is himself—perhaps but a small part of his many selves or sides of himself.

He seems insensible to fatigue and is invulnerable to an extreme temperature, whether of heat or cold. His theory that mind in all things is superior to matter and can master it he seems to carry out in practice. He is an extremist in nothing save in his advocacy of the idea that all medicine in healing save mind, and one's own mind at that, is unnecessary, and that even when taken and a cure effected the result is more due to faith in the drug than the drug itself. He gives specific mental causes for every disease. When Colville is not lecturing on metaphysics he is giving brilliant essays on noted characters, such as Dickens, Shakespeare, Byron, etc. He analyzes and goes through a character and a nature down to the bedrock and picks out every grain of gold in it. He is perpetually getting up and giving benefits to deserving, and sometimes undeserving, charitable objects. Some of these objects are individuals and some are not. He has a certain following of that class who can't help themselves, who don't want to, and who are always propping themselves up by some strong propper. He turns a ready ear to every tale of distress, and frequently turns his purse upside down in the same direction. He will buy a new overcoat which in a fortnight will be on another man's back, while Colville is wearing his old one. He has been thus milked regularly, so that if his purse was full on Monday the buckskin would be empty by Wednesday.

Though he preaches no creed and does preach a faith unlike any theology, he attends mass quite regularly. Hence the report among some of the more violent anti-Catholics that he is a Jesuit in disguise. He preaches simply the divinity of natural laws and the facts that through knowledge of natural laws even greater things are coming than the so-called miracles of Biblical history. He believes in the Christ philosophy and the reality of all that Christ performed. He does not believe or preach the worship of Christ as an individual, but the worship and devout following of truth, whether given through the Jesus of the Jews or the Christna of the Hindoo. He will take any Biblical text, and with it waltz around any clergyman, give him all the points and distance him on his own ground. He antagonizes no point in Scripture, but rather builds himself on it and makes himself and the text stronger than ever. He believes in prayer, oral or verbal, as a scientific factor in the kingdom of nature, whether uttered by a man or expressed in the inherent desire in plant or animal for an ever-growing superiority. He argues that the highest, the best, the most powerful life is that which becomes a never-ceasing and almost involuntary and unconscious mental condition of prayer. He seems to "rejoice evermore," as well as to "pray without ceasing," and is as full of fun and life as a kitten.

## TESTIMONIALS.

We, the undersigned, have examined carefully the manuscript of "Elements of Universal History," written by H. M. Cottinger, A. M., and cordially commend his work to the public, principally for the reason that the author gives a particular account of the ancient and modern republics; and, therefore, his work is better adapted to the schools of a republic. N. F. Rawlin, pastor of Baptist Church; Walter Thorne, M. D.; Mrs. F. W. Hill, late teacher; O. W. Childs, Professor of History in the Normal School; Miss Jessie B. Thompson, teacher in the Normal School; Mrs. N. A. Simonds, late teacher; E. A. Clark, M. D.; Mrs. Nellie Eyster, teacher and authoress.

SAN JOSE, Cal., Dec. 1, 1884.

W. J. COLVILLE.

The eloquent trance speaker of Boston, during the four weeks of the camp-meeting, will teach a private class on the grounds under the inspiration of his guides, in metaphysics and mental healing. The course will comprise twelve lessons, or three each week. During these teachings mediumship is greatly developed in the pupils. Price of the course is \$5. Persons wishing to join the class, or desiring further information, are requested to communicate with the Corresponding Secretary, G. H. Hawes, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco.

## PUBLICATIONS.

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TITLE PAGE:

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In earth life and spirit spheres;

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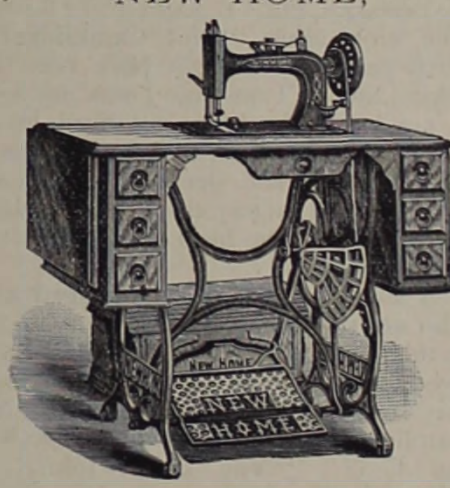
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## TO FRIENDS OF THE GOLDEN GATE

For the purpose of placing the GOLDEN GATE upon a basis that shall inspire public confidence in its stability, and also for the purpose of extending the field of its usefulness, a number of prominent and influential Spiritualists have organized themselves into a Joint Stock Company known as the "Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company," with a capital stock of \$15,000, divided into 3,000 shares of \$5 each. The corporation is invested with power to carry on a general printing and publishing business; to buy and sell, hold and inherit real estate; to receive, hold and dispose of bequests; to deal in books and periodicals; in short, the foundation is laid for the future of a large publishing, printing and book-dealing business.

It is agreed that each share of the capital stock of said Company subscribed for shall entitle the holder to an annual dividend of ten per cent, payable in subscription to the paper. That is, the holder of five shares, or \$25 of stock, shall be entitled to a copy of the paper free, so long as the corporation exists, together with all the profits and advantages which the ownership of said stock may bring. (The paper at \$2.50 per annum—the lowest price at which it can be afforded—being equivalent to ten per cent of \$25.) For any less number than five shares a pro rata reduction will be allowed on subscription to the paper. Thus, the holder of but one share will receive a perpetual reduction of fifty cents on his annual subscription. That is, he will be entitled to the paper for \$2 per annum. The holder of two shares will pay but \$1.50; of three shares, \$1; four shares, 50 cents, and of five shares, nothing.

By this arrangement every share-holder will receive, as we have before stated, what is equivalent to a perpetual annual dividend of ten per cent. The subscriber for twenty shares of the stock, or \$100, would be entitled to four copies of the paper. He could, if he chose, dispose of three of these copies among his acquaintances, at the regular subscription rate of \$2.50 for each per annum, and thereby realize what would be equivalent to a cash dividend of seven and one-half per cent on his investment, and have his own paper free in addition.

This plan of incorporation can not fail to commend itself to every Spiritualist who has the welfare of the cause at heart.

As no more stock will be sold than will be necessary for the needs of the business—which will not be likely to exceed, in any event, over fifty per cent of the nominal capital—and as the paper will be conducted on the most economical principles, there will be no probability of, or necessity for, future assessments. The sale of the reserved stock would be ample to meet any contingency that might possibly arise. But, with careful management, there will be no necessity to draw upon this reserve. On the other hand, from the present outlook and the encouragement the paper is receiving, we confidently believe that the time is not far distant when the business will pay a fair cash dividend upon the stock, in addition to that already provided for.

This is no vagary of an inexperienced journalist, but the firm conviction of one who has had a quarter of a century of successful experience in journalistic management. You can order the stock by mail just the same as in person, and will receive therewith a guaranty of free subscription.

While the paper is now placed beyond the possibility of failure, still its future usefulness will depend, in a large measure, upon the liberality of its patronage. All Spiritualists who can afford it should not only take the paper but also secure some of its stock, which will be a safe and profitable investment.

The Board of Trustees named in the articles of incorporation (which have been duly filed) consists of the following gentlemen: Amos Adams, M. B. Dodge, R. A. Robinson, Dr. Robert Brown and J. J. Owen. President of the Board, Hon. Amos Adams.

## CALA. SPIRITUALIST'S CAMP-MEETING.

The Second Annual Camp-meeting will open at Oakland on the 5th of June, and continue to July 5th. Our local speakers and mediums will be assisted by W. J. Colville, trance speaker, of Boston, and F. O. Matthews, platform test medium and speaker, of Brooklyn, N. Y. An afternoon and evening meeting will be held each day of the week, with exception of Monday. There will be a good restaurant on the grounds, and an abundance of tents furnished and ready for occupancy upon arrival of campers. A cordial invitation is extended to all to be present and participate. All communications should be addressed to

G. H. HAWES,

Corresponding Secretary.

320 Sansome street, San Francisco.

## GROVE MEETING.

The Clackamas County Religious Society of Spiritualists, of the State of Oregon, will hold a grove meeting at their grounds at New Era, beginning Thursday, June 17th, and holding five days, or more if agreeable, to campers. Efforts will be made to secure the usual reduction in fare for those attending the meeting. Good order will be maintained; hotels convenient. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

WM. PHILLIPS, President.

THOMAS BUCKMAN, Secretary.

## MR. AND MRS. FRED EVANS.

These popular young mediums will hold their interesting seances for full form materialization, independent slate-writing and physical manifestations on Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock sharp. Mediums sit in audience room. Seats may be secured in advance by calling or addressing Fred Evans 1244 Mission street.

## PASS THEM ALONG.

We printed large extra editions of all the earlier numbers of the GOLDEN GATE, many copies of which we have yet on hand. As interesting samples they are just as good to send to those who have never seen the paper as the latest edition. We will send these papers in packages, postage paid, to whoever may wish to scatter the good seed, for fifty cents per hundred copies—package of fifty copies, twenty-five cents.

## FORM OF BEQUEST.

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

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

## GOLDEN GATE EUROPEAN AGENCY.

H. A. KERSLEY, No. 1 Newgate street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, will act as agent in England for the GOLDEN GATE, during the absence of J. J. Morse, receiving subscriptions therefore at 12s 6d per annum, postage included.



[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Drafts on Memory.

BY JOHN WETHERS.

"But should they be absent this evening,  
Should even the household depart;  
Deserted, I should not be lonely,  
There still would be guests of the heart."

Well, they are all absent and I am alone this evening, but I am not lonely. Who are the guests of my heart? The lines which I have quoted seem to express my mental state; of course there are near ones, the later departures from my home to the land of the hereafter are still with me; as Victor Hugo would say, "invisible but not absent"; I am sure of that, but I have a feeling that there are other invisible guests with me to-night. I am writing at the table, and opposite to me, quite filling the room, are five soft, easy-looking and large chairs; they seem to be sociably located as if the forms of the departed were seated in them, so they are not as empty as they look. I have a very strong impression that there is a friend in each, and I can not get the impression out of my mind, and that fact makes the impression lean towards actuality. Why should I think of Luther Parks, that rich old merchant and strong-minded Spiritualist, who passed over the river near a quarter of a century ago, and I have not thought of him for a decade? How plainly in my mind's eye I see his white head, and near him sits the Hon. Charles E. Jenkins, an alderman, who all but blossomed into a mayor of the Hub, and near by in a chair in which he had many times sat in life sits my old friend and neighbor, Epes Sargent, and in the other two sit, attending to each other, Dr. Gardner and Phineas E. Gay. Have I not then some guests of the heart? no question, we will say if what I fancy was only fact. Ah! there's the rub." It is queer that I should think thus of those five old friends and workers, and the impression of their presence is so strong that it almost seems for a purpose—now there is the rub again; what is the purpose?

"Ghosts of happy, fond illusions,  
Flitting over land and sea,  
Through my heart your viewless footsteps  
Come and go eternally."

Well this may be one of the "illusions," but with the illusion, if it be one, comes a fact, and that may be "its purpose." The five departed faces suggest a circumstance that may be interesting to relate; perhaps that was the object of the strong impression I had. The beings of the other world perhaps took that way of jogging my memory, for all those five immortals were connected with the circumstance to which I have referred; so I will consider them "the guests of the heart" as well as fellow guests at a social occasion a quarter of a century or more ago, where a spiritual manifestation occurred that was one of the most satisfactory and interesting ones in my experience. Perhaps to relate this was the "purpose" of this impression, or illusion, so what we have written thus far we will call introductory.

This occasion was at the house of our venerable friend, Daniel Farrar, who was then in the prime of life. At his house in those days occurred some of the best manifestations in my spiritual experience. It was there where Rollin M. Squire developed as a physical medium, and a remarkable one he was; for reasons, when he reached manhood he hid his light under a bushel and became a "lost art" in the constellation of Spiritualism. He has lately grown into prominence in New York City—if not in popularity, as one of the controlling powers in that great and wicked city. Remembering him in his youth and the way the spirits worked through him, and it makes me wonder whether his position now is not by the influence of spirits, good or bad. But I am digressing, so I will go back to the circumstance—the social occasion at Daniel Farrar's. There were present about fifty persons (Spiritualists), intelligent, and many of them quite distinguished. Besides the flow of intelligent conversation, which was the chief feature of the occasion, there was a sort of side issue in the adjoining parlor, where a young lady by the name of Ada Hoyt was having some spiritual manifestations (she is now Mrs. Foye, a California medium). I was interested in the conversation of which I have spoken, but after a while was persuaded to take a seat at Miss Hoyt's table, and with a few others became interested in her manifestations. The relation of pellet tests, now so common, will seem hardly of consequence enough to narrate in an article, but I think I am justified in this case, for it proved an uncommon experience and covered the whole ground of the spirit theory, a perfect demonstration that it was nothing else and that the identity of the spirit was perfect. All of us, some four or five, who were sitting around the table, were asked to write three or four names of friends in the spirit world, on small pieces of paper and fold them up so that she, the medium, could not see the names severally written, and we all did so, and in the center of the table they were piled up together, and she would touch one with the end of her pencil and take it out of the pile and tell the name of the spirit whose name was written therein, etc. By describing my own experience at this sitting it will give the idea, and it had a peculiarity quite unusual in ordinary manifestations, and it seemed to be designed for a purpose, and the impulse to relate it now, as I have said, may be the purpose or inspiration of this article.

When writing names as directed, I took a notion to write the names of a few I knew who had committed suicide. I had no particular motive for doing so unless it was that the names of daughter and sister and others, as I had made them somewhat known, would not be as good tests, so, as I have said, I wrote suicides. I wrote the name of Henry Jacobs who cut his throat in solitude; then of John Smith, my mother's cousin, who shot himself in New Bedford; then the name of Thomas W. Hooker, a teller with whom I was very intimate, who was a defaulter and hung himself in the merchants' bank building, and then the name of Patty Gray occurred to me, who hung herself, and I wrote her name. I rolled them up very tightly and placed them with the others in a pile on the table. These pellets, one after another, were pushed out of the pile with the end of a pencil which the medium had in her hand, and the name inside and the circumstances were severally correctly given. After a while one was poked out for me; she without opening it wrote the name of Patty Gray—that was the name that was written in the pellet. It will be necessary to give some of the particulars of that unfortunate young lady, so I will digress a trifle for that purpose, and which will be seen is the point in the manifestation.

[The Gray mansion was a large, yellow three-story wooden house, situated on Pemberton Hill (which is now a part of Court street), the house was nearly opposite Hanover street. Mr. Gray had a daughter Patty; she went to the same school with my aunt, and they were quite intimate. She became insane and jumped out of a chamber window, breaking her leg or hip, and she looked up at the open window and said, as if talking to some one, "Ah! devil, you deceive me!" I have no doubt she saw a spirit; probably, instead of being insane, it may have been a case of obsession. Some months afterwards she hung herself. This must have been about 1795, the latter part of the eighteenth century. One of the things I very perfectly remember was, when a little boy walking out with my grandmother, or the aunt of whom I have spoken, and passing by this old mansion on Pemberton Hill, they would show me the window-pane from which she jumped and the spot where she struck. The house at this time was occupied by Dr. Shurtliff, with whom we were well acquainted. As I continue this narrative, it will be seen that the above particulars, so very briefly stated, will make it clearer this digression will not be out of order.]

I then wrote six forms of death, including the one that fitted her case, and touching them one at a time the raps came at suicide, which was correct. Then I wrote six kinds of suicide, and touching them as before, the raps came at hanging, which was correct. Then I wrote six towns, including the one where she committed the act. I wrote Roxbury, Boston, Dorchester, Cambridge, Brookline, Charlestown, and touching them one at a time, the raps came at Cambridge. I said "no," the spirit was wrong, Boston was the place. The spirit controlling the medium then wrote very vigorously "No! it was Cambridge." I then said, "I may be mistaken, but I thought it was Boston." She wrote again, "No! Cambridge!" I let it pass as if I might have been mistaken, though I was sure I was not. Did I not know the house she lived in, and the window she jumped from? But as the manifestations had been generally so correct and satisfactory that I let this slip go as if I might have been mistaken, when I knew I was not.

A few weeks after this my aged aunt, who was the schoolmate of Patty's, came to this city from Sharon, where she then lived, and made us a visit. Thinking of this circumstance, I said to her, "Aunt Caroline, where did Patty Gray live when she died?" "You know, John," she said, "in the house where Dr. Shurtliff lived so long, on Pemberton Hill." "Oh! yes, I remember that, but I didn't know but she might have died somewhere else." "So she did, John," said this aged spinster. "Her father was so afraid she would make way with herself after she had jumped out of the window, he thought she would be better guarded away from home, and he boarded her in Cambridge, and hired a woman to take care of her and to be with her all the time. She, I suppose, after a while, got careless, and Patty watched her opportunity, and in an unguarded moment she was missed, and looking after her, they found her hanging on a limb of an apple tree, in the garden, dead; thus Cambridge was the place, and the spirit was right."

It seems to me that here is a case that must have been the spirit of Patty Gray, or at least a spirit which after all is the main thing. For I never in my life ever heard her mentioned in connection with Cambridge, so there could be no mind reading, but on the contrary, it has always appeared to me as a very perfect identification of a spirit, and if I have been lucid and correct in my statement, the reader can come to no other conclusion. Look at it; a young woman who was an entire stranger, and it so happened there was not a person in that gathering who had been a resident in this city forty years, or who could know anything of the circumstances, and I only traditionally, because an old relative had been intimate with her and related to me the sensational circumstances. The facts were absolutely unknown by all the persons present, and the medium included. It couldn't have been the reading of my mind, because if it had, the raps would have come when I touched

the word Boston; and the fact that the rap came at Cambridge, is clear, unmistakable evidence of an invisible intelligence, acting independently of my impression.

BOSTON, Mass.

## Jackson's Monument.

[Chicago Times.]

Close by here, writes a correspondent from New Orleans, in the old French quarters, and almost in the shadow of the Cathedral, stands the little red-tile criminal court-house, in which General Jackson was found guilty, or rather in which he pleaded guilty, of superseding the civil law with that of military during the siege of the city by the British.

A mile or two further down the embankment of the angry and surging river stands the once famous Ursuline Convent—the first in all the Americas. The door sill was red with blood on the day of the battle here. General Harney, our oldest soldier, told me last Summer that he saw the battle of New Orleans, but he did not take part. He told me that he was but a lad then, but distinctly remembers standing on the high and heaped-up bank of the river and seeing them carrying the wounded into the convent.

The battle-ground of New Orleans is today the very prettiest spot of interest to be found in all our land. It is a beautiful orange grove, and under these fruitful and laden trees is the most perfect riot of flowers that art and generous nature can bring together. Many of these flowers are such as blossom the Winter through.

Here the Federal authorities established a cemetery for the soldiers. Twelve thousand Federal dead lie here, with nearly as many thousand British. In corners of the graveyard you see little heaps of British cannon balls, dug up when digging graves for Federal dead. These balls are small and rusty, not unlike the oranges that hang on the trees overhead.

The monument to General Jackson, placed on the spot where he is supposed to have sat on his horse and directed the battle, is only half completed, and in a sad state of decay. I passed up the circular step inside to view the top of the half-finished shaft. Our party was attacked by a swarm of honey-bees, the February day being warm enough for them to be out, and we had to hastily descend. At the base of the monument I saw a nest of mice in a sheaf of rice. Negroes are afraid of this monument, and never go near it. In fact, they are afraid of the whole region round about this battle ground and the monument; too many skulls and cannon balls and the like are plowed up to suit our colored brother. And so it is the bees up in the broken old monument, and the little mice in the rice at the base of it, have it all their own way, and nothing comes near to frighten or disturb them save an occasional and rare knot of tourists from the North, like that of my party yesterday afternoon.

But some day they will be rudely disturbed—the dead and the living. Up yonder by the convent the river is furious. It foams and frets and chafes against the bank, and it is eating it away terribly. It is reported to be eighty feet deep here in this furious eddy. Great frames and drains and dikes have been let down here, weighted at the bottom with iron bars; aprons with great weighty stones to hold them in place against the bank have been let down into the deep, dark, whirling water, but it will not be satisfied. Some night the old Ursuline Convent, and all its noble army of nurses and ministering angels, will go down together. And then the monument, the double burying-ground, the cannon balls, and all will follow.

DOUBT.—This is said to be an age of doubt and skepticism, but it is also an age of affirmation and strong faith and positive knowledge. The doubters who in days gone by were silent speak out. The larger charity and the lesser power of bigotry allow this freedom of expression. It may sometimes be abused, yet it is far better than the old silence and fear. This is a day of critical analysis and close sifting of evidence, and nothing is held too sacred for investigation. The result is that agnosticism and materialism are open and pronounced, while the affirming of great spiritual truths is strong and clear. This outspokening and sifting shocks cherished feelings of reverence, and is some times rude and flippant, yet it is not without marked benefits. It clears up and settles and solidifies our conceptions of things; it goes to the foundation so that truth stands the firmer, and error is undermined and toppled over. Doubt helps to make the truth clearer. He who blindly accepts the highest ideas because they are in some book or creed which is authority over his soul, has often but vague and shadowy views; but let his thought be questioned and his views doubted, or let him dare to doubt and question himself, and discussion or thought brings new light to his soul, the vagueness is gone, the truth stands in its perfect proportions.—R. P. Journal.

CATHOLICS are always clamoring against the Reformation, but the following is what Strauss says of it in connection with modern science: "The men of the Reformation conquered for us the right of free inquiry in Scripture, but modern science has conquered for itself the right of free inquiry about Scripture."

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## Seen in a Vision.

[New York Sun.]

While so-called superstition is ridiculed by an intelligent people at the present day, it is nevertheless a fact that nine people out of ten have more or less superstition in their natures, and give rein to it. Dreams are supposed by the masses to have just as much significance as a hundred years ago, and Friday is considered the unlucky day of the week the same as when sailors refused to leave port on that day. There is, however, say what you will, something in dreams, visions, warnings and the like, which now and then startles candid and intelligent minds.

A few years ago a man named Bronson, who was an agent for a big seed house, was traveling through Tennessee making collections for his house. He had to visit many towns off the railroads, and in such cases he secured a horse and buggy or rode horseback. One night after he had finished his business in Chattanooga he made ready for a horseback trip of fifteen or twenty miles the next day. Upon retiring to his room for the night, he sat down to smoke a cigar. He was neither over-tired nor sleepy, but after smoking a few minutes he had what he termed a vision. He was riding over the country on horseback, when at a junction of the roads he was joined by a stranger. He saw this man as plainly as one can see another in broad daylight, noting the color of hair and eyes, and taking particular notice of the fact that the horse, which was gray in color, had a "y" branded on its left shoulder.

The two rode along together for a mile or more, and then came to a spot where a tree had blown down and fallen across the narrow highway. They turned into the woods to pass the spot, he in advance, when he saw the stranger pull a pistol and fire at his back. He felt the bullet tear into him, reeled, and fell from his horse, and was conscious when the assassin robbed him and threw his body further into the woods. He seemed to see all this, and yet at the same time knew that he was dead. His corpse was rolled into a hollow and covered with brush, and then the murderer went away and left him alone. In making an effort to throw off the brush, the dead man came to life; that is, the agent threw off the spell and awoke himself. His cigar had gone out, and as near as he could calculate he had been unconscious, as you might call it, for about fifteen minutes. He was deeply agitated, and it was some time before he could convince himself that he had not suffered any injury. By and by he went to bed and slept soundly, and next morning the remembrance of what had happened in his vision had almost faded from his mind.

Luckily for Bronson, he made some inquiries at the livery stable as he went for his horse, and he was told that it was a lonely road and that it would be prudent to go armed. But for this he would have left his revolver in his trunk at the hotel. He set out on his journey in good spirits and found the road so romantic, and met horsemen going to town so often, that he reached the junction of the roads without having given a serious thought to his vision. Then every circumstance was suddenly recalled in the most vivid manner. He was joined there by a stranger on a gray horse, and man and beast tallied exactly with those in the vision. The man did not, however, have the look or bearing of an evil-minded person. On the contrary, he seemed to be in a jolly mood, and he saluted Bronson as frankly as an honest stranger would have done. He had no weapons in sight, and he soon explained that he was going to the village to which Bronson was bound on business connected with the law.

The agent could not help but feel astonished and startled at the curious coincidence, but the stranger was so talkative and friendly that there was no possible excuse to suspect him. Indeed, as if to prove to his companion that he meditated no evil, he kept a little in advance for the next half hour. Bronson's distrust had entirely vanished when a turn in the road brought an obstruction to view. There was a fallen tree across the highway! This proof that every point and circumstance in the vision was being unrolled before his eyes gave the agent a great shock. He was behind the stranger, and he pulled his revolver and dropped his hand beside the horse to conceal it.

"Well, well!" said the man as he pulled up his horse. "The tree must have been toppled over this morning. We'll have to pass around it to the right."

Bronson was on the right. The woods were clear of underbrush, and naturally enough he should have been the first to leave the road. But he waited.

"Go ahead, friend," said the stranger, and as if the words had been addressed to the horse, the animal which the agent bestrode started up.

Bronson was scarcely out of the road before he turned in his saddle. The stranger had a pistol in his right hand. What followed could not be clearly related. Bronson slid from his saddle as a bullet whizzed past him, and a second later returned the fire. Three or four shots were rapidly exchanged, and then the would-be murderer, uttering a yell to show that he had been hit, wheeled his horse to gallop off. He had not gone ten rods when the beast fell under him, and he kicked his feet from the stirrups and sprang into the woods, and was out of

sight in a moment. The horse had received a bullet in the throat and was dead in a few minutes.

As a matter of course, Bronson put the case in the hands of the proper officials, but the horse could neither be identified nor the man overhauled. It was agreed that he was an entire stranger in that locality, and that, while he did not know Bronson nor the business he was engaged in, he was ready to commit a cold-blooded murder, and take his chances of finding a fat wallet to repay him.

## A Strange Coincidence.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

The superstition connected with photographs is well known. When first the old "ambrotypes" were gotten out the superstitious were wont to watch them with suspicion, the mystery of the thing adding to this prevalent superstition. Many were the yarns of pictures fading after the subject was dead, and I know of a widow of a confederate soldier who believes till this day that the mark that suddenly appeared across the picture of her husband was an omen of his death in battle among the far away hills of Virginia.

Then there was a ghostly picture, in which a shadowy face appeared behind the real picture, gradually developing until the first face was lost in the outlines of the spiritual usurper. All these things are well known, but the most conspicuous and most remarkable coincidence in regard to a picture and its original was told me to-day.

Prof. A. T. Lyon is a well-known artist, standing very high in the profession, and known in all the principal cities in the State. When Bishop George F. Pierce celebrated his golden wedding, Prof. Lyon went to the scene of festivities well equipped with a fine, large camera and extra large plates to photograph the remarkable scene. On the grounds he erected a pavilion, floored it with a carpet covered with Masonic emblems, and to be sure of correctly timing it, he first took a picture of the court house, forwarded it to Atlanta and had a friend to develop it and telegraph the result. The friend did so, and dispatched him that it was all right.

Well satisfied with his arrangements, he had the bishop, his wife and the forty-eight descendants, besides numerous friends, assembled in a group, and the photographer obtained three fine, large negatives of the wonderful assembly. The work was well done, and the artist congratulated himself on the success of his venture. He brought the negatives to his studio, in Macon.

Now comes the strange coincidence. Prof. Lyon waited to perfect his arrangements for copyrighting his great picture, and meanwhile the negatives, securely boxed, reposed on a shelf in his dark room. The box was, perhaps, a third wider than the shelf on which it rested. For many months it rested there in perfect safety. Suddenly the announcement that the grand old man was ill and dying, cast a shadow of sorrow all over the South. Two young college girls visited the studio, and the artist told them of what a good snap he had on his photograph which he had just arranged to publish. He brought out the negatives and showed them to the young ladies, and then carried them back to the dark room and placed them on the same shelf where they had reposed so long. Returning to his work-room he began retouching some pictures, when suddenly he heard a great crash, and, rushing into the dark room, there lay the beautiful negatives smashed into a thousand pieces. His grief was terrible, but an additional pang was added to it when, in a few minutes, came the telegram announcing that Bishop Pierce was dead. The negatives were broken just as the spirit of the grand old Christian hero took its flight. It was a strange coincidence, to say the least.

A DREADFUL AFFLICTION.—Waiting for death, the *World* says, in a little back parlor in Brooklyn lies Dr. Charles F. Reed, fifty-six years old, who has not been able to move hand or foot or turn in his bed since he was thirty-four. He lives only in his head, for every joint is fast bound, and his body and limbs are wasted to the bone. His eyes are sightless, his neck stiff, his jaws set so close as to prevent him from taking any food unless it be in very soft or liquid form, and shoulder joints, elbows, wrists, finger joints, hips, knees and toes, are immovable. The knees are drawn up, the left knee joint is almost thrown from its socket, the right foot is turned so far outward as almost to turn backward. A white mustache and beard that Rip Van Winkle would have envied, cover the lower part of a face strong in outline and full of character. Around this sufferer's bed, where so heavy a cross has been laid, gather almost daily people who come to get consolation in trouble. Dr. Reed is a philosopher, and his cheerful disposition, in spite of the extreme hardness of his lot, has made him the wonder of everybody who knows him. Those who have lost friends call there to learn lessons in fortitude, and all who meet the Doctor say they go away with new ideas of life and its purposes. He is well read in every branch of literature.

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Fate's Decree!

BY MARY W. MCVICAR.

'Twas fate's decree! It seems a coward's cry;  
And yet what dwells our lives so, line by line,  
From that high place to which we meant to hold  
Through all the changes of swift-tide and time.

Here where we strove to stand with steadfast courage,  
We tremble at some dark, remorseful thought,  
And crouch beneath the lash of retribution,  
Crushed by the doom our deeds have wrought.

What moved us from our noblest purpose?  
The powers we should have put to use high  
So thwarted that we cry in vain lament,  
Why life so sadly its desires belie.

Why, when beside a friend most true and tender,  
Are all the gentle words we should have said,  
Turned by some trivial, weak impatience  
To cold, and often bitter words instead.

## Little Phil.

"MAKE me a headboard, mister, smooth and painted. You see,

Our ma she died last Winter, and sister and Jack and me  
Last Sunday could hardly find her, so many new graves about,

And Bud cried out, 'We've lost her,' when Jack gave a  
little shout.

We have worked and saved all Winter—been hungry, some-  
times I own—

But we hid this much from father, under the old door-stone:  
He never goes there to see her; he hated her; so old Jack  
When he heard us talking about her and wishing that she'd  
come back.

But up in the garret we whisper, and have a good time to  
cry.

For our beautiful mother who kissed us, and wasn't afraid to  
die.

Put on that she was forty, in November she went away,  
That she was the best of mothers, and we haven't forgot to  
pray;

And we mean to do as she taught us—be loving and true  
and square,

To work and read—to love her, till we go to her up there.  
Let the board be white, like mother (the small chin quivered  
here,

And the lad coughed something under and conquered a  
rebel tear).

Here is all we could keep from father, a dollar and thirty  
cents;

The rest he's got for coal and flour, and partly to pay the  
rents."

Blushing the while all over, and dropping the honest eyes:  
"What is the price of headboards, with writing, and hand-  
some size?"

"Three dollars!"—A young roe wounded just falls with a  
moan; and he,

With a face like the ghost of his mother, sank down on his  
tattered knee.

"Three dollars! and we shall lose her; next Winter the  
rain and the snow—"

But the boss had his arms about him, and cuddled the head  
of tow

Close up to the great heart's shelter, and womanly tears fell  
fast—

"Dear boy, you shall never lose her; oh, cling to your  
sacred past!"

Come to-morrow, and bring your sister and Jack, and the  
board shall be

The best that this shop can furnish; then come here and live  
with me."

When the orphans loaded their treasure on the rugged  
old cart next day,—

The surprise of a footboard varnish, with all that their love  
could say;

And "Edith St. John, Our Mother,"—Baby Jack gave his  
little shout,

And Bud, like a mountain daisy, went dancing her doll  
about;

But Phil grew white, and trembled, and close to the boss he  
crept;

Kissing him like a woman, shivered, and laughed, and wept.  
"Do you think, my benefactor, in heaven that she'll be  
glad?"

"Not as glad as you are, Phillip—but finish this job, my  
lad."

## Only a Woman.

ONLY a woman, shrivelled and old!

The play of the winds and the prey of the cold!

Cheeks that are shrunken,

Eyes that are sunken,

Lips that were never or bold;

Only a woman, forsaken and poor,

Asking an alms at the bronze church-door.

Hark to the organ! roll upon roll

The waves of its music go over the soul!

Silks rustle past her

Thicker and faster;

The great bell ceases its toll.

Fain would she enter, but not for the poor

Swingeth wide open the bronze church-door.

Only a woman—waiting alone,

Icily cold on an ice-cold throne.

What do they care for her?

Mumbling a prayer for her.

Giving not bread but a stone.

Under old lace their haughty hearts beat,

Mocking the woes of their kin in the street!

Only a woman! In the old days

Happy caroled to her, her happiest lays;

Somebody missed her,

Somebody kissed her,

Somebody crowned her with praise;

Somebody faced up the battles of life,

Strong for her sake who was mother or wife.

Somebody lies with a tress of her hair

Light on his heart where the death-shadows are;

Somebody waits for her,

Opening the gates for her,

Giving delight for despair.

Only a woman—nevermore poor—

Dead in the snow at the bronze church-door!

## Music.

Full many souls there are whom harmony  
Of interwoven sounds fills with a peace

So comforting that, though the music cease,  
Its blessing lingers in the memory

Like a dear hand's caress. But in vain  
Seek here for rest; for always in the song

Are whispers of a language sweet and strong,  
Half-heard, elusive, and I know the pain

Of one who can but understand in part,  
Who sleeps, and, hearing voices, knows he dreams,

Yet can not wake, until at times it seems  
Some sudden chord may well-nigh break his heart.

And this is all? Or will Death's gentle hand,  
Laid on mine ears, help me to understand?

—AVERIC STANISH FRANCIS in "The Christian Register."

## Compensation.

O eyes that are heavy with tears unshed,  
O hearts that ache with a love untold,

Know you not that ever the sorrow-led  
May clearer see, and more surely hold

The wealth of that love which is manifold?

That now, as aforetime, the cup of pain  
And bread of affliction must nourish those

Who, out of their fullness, shall pour again  
The balm to solace another's woes,

The sympathy born of their own heart-droves?

## "I and the Father are One."

[Helen Williams in Woman's World.]

I hold that the crime of crimes is igno-  
rance of one's own worth.

I want to say with all the strength of  
my newly-awakened life and thought,  
that you who read these words are great  
in all natural resources as the greatest  
men and women of any past age, only  
lacking a knowledge of the fact.

I want to say that a knowledge of this  
fact will inspire you to such hope that  
nothing can crush you. With such knowl-  
edge comes the belief to a man that he is  
a man; and who doubts that the world,  
the universe itself, is for him who is  
strong enough in inherent manhood to  
take it.

That we are so feeble—the mere sport  
of luck and chance—the mere hangers  
on to the ragged edge of something we  
call "destiny"—is because we do not  
know our own strength.

Why, I say that the greatest combina-  
tion of powers in all infinitude, past and  
present, is centered in you who read  
these lines. I do not care how dim  
your eyes may be, or how palsied the  
hand that holds this paper, you have  
within your organization ALL THERE  
IS. You are a check drawn on the  
bank of time for all the future contains.  
You can present that check now if you  
only have faith in its genuineness, and  
begin to receive payment from this hour;  
payment in that renewed vitality which  
a knowledge of your true value confers.  
Do not—I entreat you—think yourself  
old and feeble; do not say, "My day is  
dead," if you will consider how great  
you are it will hold you to the present,  
so that you can not grow old.

Be up and doing in the full conscious-  
ness of strength.

A wail? How we should despise it!  
We carry babies in our arms because we  
are strong and they are weak; but no-  
body carries us; we stand on our own  
feet. But so far we have stood upon  
our feet feebly, expecting every moment  
to fall. What shameful doubt to heap  
upon our greatness. We see so little in  
ourselves, and that little we say is van-  
ishing. This is because our faces are  
turned downwards towards the ground.  
Let us lift our faces sunward and open  
our eyes. We have absorbed earth in-  
fluences alone, and from the cradle to the  
grave has been one prolonged death.

Here now at last, at last, O, man,  
comes, the dawn of a truth that dims all  
past truths. It says to us, "Ye are  
soul and not body. Ye are, each one,  
the incarnate expression of the great ALL  
SOUL to whom weakness and sickness  
and sin are impossible in proportion as ye  
believe.

Believe in whom, in what? In your-  
selves I say. Believe in yourselves as the  
indestructible expression of all there can  
be. Never mind your body; the body is  
the ever changing expression of indi-  
vidualized soul, and should be—nay,  
must be—pliant to the soul, as wax in  
the hands of the moulder. Matter is the  
tool of the soul, the hands of the soul,  
the servant of the soul, ministering to  
the soul's needs.

Do you not see how this belief con-  
nects us with the Great First Cause?  
Do you not see how it brings us within  
the line of law! Do you not perceive  
how it rescues us from the no-law of  
chaos, and the blind, irresponsible action  
of the dead force of matter, and how it  
makes us individualized expressions of  
the eternal ocean of All Thought? Do  
you not feel the greatness which a knowl-  
edge of this fact confers upon us? Why,  
I am one with the eternalness of things,  
no longer a drop of spray thrown by the  
great ocean of All Soul upon the barren  
shore of deadness and nothingness to  
perish in an hour, but a part of the great  
ocean itself; nay, verily, I am the great  
ocean; the all in all. How I grow, ex-  
pand, exult in my new greatness! But  
—let me be thankful—I am not alone.  
I am surrounded by my peers; you are  
as great as I am. Only believe and find  
it true; believe and live. Doubt alone  
has power to kill.

"But," you say, "I do not want to  
sink my individuality in any power; I must  
be myself or nothing."

There was a hollow in the rock on which  
the storm swollen sea beat until it was  
filled with water; then the hollow said,  
"Behold, I am a sea." It made no ac-  
count of the fact that it was broken  
from the great body of the water; it was  
glad to be thus separated, and called it-  
self individualized. But the air absorbed  
it in a day. There is but one way to be  
individualized, and that is to become  
mingled with the life of the All Soul.  
You do not thereby lose our little all,  
on the other hand you gain the whole.  
What Christians call "losing yourself in  
God," I call finding yourself by your con-  
nection with and your appropriation of  
ALL. There is strength in this belief; it  
is the strength of life against the no-  
strength of death.

"We are dead in trespasses and sins,"  
means that we are lost through ignorance  
of our own worth. We drift with the  
downward current of matter instead of rais-  
ing ourselves by faith in our possibilities.  
We consent to be dead weights obedient  
to the laws of gravitation, ignoring that  
other law which draws away from matter  
and helps to make the to and fro current  
without which even the universe would  
perish.

This idea which I am trying to make  
clear to you is not new. It is as old as

the hills. Wherever a man or woman  
has risen above his or her fellows, where-  
ever a person has handed his name down  
to posterity, he has been impelled by the  
thought I am now trying to make plain;  
the more this idea entered into his con-  
ception the greater he became. It was  
left to Christ, the greatest of all, to say,  
"I and my Father are one." I am at  
one with the divine law, was what he  
meant; I am working in the line of law,  
and not at cross purposes with it. Back  
behind all things lies the purpose. It  
is taken from us, but we are a part of it.  
To hold ourselves nobly passive to its  
influx, to be upborne by it and impelled  
onward and upward by it is the position  
in which all strength is developed.

Prayer? To many people prayer is  
the mere shifting of responsibility; the  
puling cry of selfishness. But when  
prayer grows into co-operating with the  
eternal purpose, who shall measure its  
power? This is the translation of religion  
from formula to fact, from its aerial to  
its practical basis. This is taking it out  
of the cold chambers of the brain and  
planting it in the warm, fertile soil of the  
heart.

I recall a lonely gulch at the foot of a  
great pine-covered mountain where, dur-  
ing moments stolen from hard, unrequited  
toil, I used to go and kneel in prayer.  
Such agonized prayer! It seems to me  
now but the cry of extreme weakness. I  
think perhaps, nearly all prayer is just  
such crying. It is the child's hand  
stretched out in the dark feeling for its  
mother.

We go apart from our fellows into si-  
lence and loneliness with our hearts full  
of questions. We stand appalled before  
the magnitude of these questions. Their  
answer becomes a matter of life and  
death to us. So great are they—of such  
momentous import, they burn the brains  
that project them, and prostrate us in  
utter helplessness upon our faces, with  
tears that drop down and aspirations that  
ascend—but who can measure the result  
or those aspirations?

I say that every earnest soul at last  
climbs to truth. Why a universe of  
truth is pledged to meet the earnest soul,  
even in the beginning of its upward climb.  
It met Mahomet in a desert of flying  
sand, and showed him his relation to the  
great first cause. As sure as the world  
stands, Mahomet saw the moment when,  
like Christ, he could say, "I and the  
father are one." The flash of truth came  
to him like lightning out of heaven illumi-  
nating his soul so divinely, that before its  
light had died out, millions of men caught  
sight of it, and their religious beliefs were  
moulded to the outer form of it, though  
the soul of the idea escaped them. All  
true religion is founded on this great  
truth as it bursts from the life of Christ.  
"I and my father are one," "I and my  
Mother are one," is the foundation truth  
of all truth. It is this alone that can join  
a chaotic and broken race with its source  
of life, and make it a co-operative part  
of the universal plan. It is this alone which  
confers upon you and me and every sepa-  
rate unit of all the people, the combined  
strength and integrity and virtue and  
beauty of the whole. But it can only  
confer it upon us as we believe in its  
power to do so. "According to your  
belief, so shall it be unto you." "As a  
man believes, so he is." Wonderful words  
when translated from the realm of ideas to  
that of practical every-day life.

"Practical, every-day life." These  
words express all there is of newness in  
the coming religion. To establish in  
deed and in truth the great fact that you  
and I and all of us are living souls, and  
not decaying bodies; to convince every  
child of earth that sin and sickness and  
death are the penalties we pay to the  
doubting part of us, and that every evil  
may be banished by a belief in our own  
great indestructible greatness, based on  
a knowledge of our own ubiquitous source,  
and to go to work in our thoughts this  
instant to connect ourselves with the in-  
finite, though unseen purpose, is to banish  
anxiety and fear, and to feel at rest on the  
bosom of the All Soul; nay, it is to feel  
one's self to be the All Soul, whose power  
is absolute, and whom no vicissitude of  
time or eternity can shake.

"ARE you a philanthropist, sir?"  
asked an old gentleman of a young man  
who was distributing a quantity of butter-  
scotch to some little children in Washing-  
ton Square. "Am I a what?" said the  
young man. "A philanthropist?" "No,  
sir; I'm a dentist."—Puck.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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termediate points. Saturdays and Sundays to  
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\$5 Excursion to SANTA CRUZ and BOULDER CREEK, and  
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