

GOLDEN GATE

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

VOL. IV.

{ J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER,
734 Montgomery St. }

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1887.

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

NO. 3.

CONTENTS:

FIRST PAGE.—Gems of Thought: The Paine Anniversary, etc.
SECOND PAGE.—From the San Angelo's Order of Light: Letter from Mrs. Mozart: Groundless Complaining, etc.
THIRD PAGE.—Pebbles: Norway: Sin and its Remedy: Organic Work: "Let there be Light," etc.
FOURTH PAGE.—(Editorials) True Spiritualists: A Noble Death: Its Virtue: Spiritualism and Insanity: Tree Planting: Pennsylvania Marriage Laws: A Question of Deception: Salvation from Rum: "Despise Not the Day of Small Things": Spirit Art: The Paine Memorial: "The Home": A Woman Engineer, etc.
FIFTH PAGE.—Editorial Notes: From Spirit William Henry Jessup: Spirit Picture: Origin of Life: That Delusion: Mediumship: Publications: Professional Cards: Advertisements: Notices of Meetings, etc.
SIXTH PAGE.—"A Modern Wizard": Professional Cards: Advertisements, etc.
SEVENTH PAGE.—Seeing Spirits: A True Story: Publications, etc.
EIGHTH PAGE.—(Poetry) 'Twas Just a Year Ago, Willie: Night—Prayer: The New Age: Advertisements, etc.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Good thoughts spring up like grass.

Difficulties are things that show what men are.

Duties are universally measured by relations.—*Epictetus*.

Genius is nothing but a continued study and attention.—*Helvetius*.

One knows the value of pleasure only after he has suffered pain.—*Fontenelle*.

The will and understanding are the two ennobling faculties of the soul.—*Seed*.

Let this day's performance of the meanest duty be thy religion.—*Margaret Fuller*.

Upon every accident, remember to turn towards yourself and inquire what faculty you have for its use.—*Epictetus*.

Let excellency of character, purity of mind, together with generous words and noble deeds, mark conspicuously your whole life.

Seeds of the divine are scattered in human bodies which, if well cultivated, spring up and grow in the likeness of their original.—*Seneca*.

Mercy is equal whether exhibited towards heaven or hell. It is of mercy to be punished because all the evil of punishment is made subservient unto good.—*Svedenborg*.

The highest nature is rarely the happiest. During eighteen centuries the religious instinct of Christendom has recognized its ideal in the form of a "man of sorrows."—*Lucky*.

No wrong-doing ever enriched or profited a man, but has been so much inward contraction, induration, deprivation,—always so much disease involving as much pain, demanding so much expiating.

Our consciousness rarely registers the beginning of a growth within us any more than without us; there have been many circulations of the sap before we detect the smallest sign of the bud.—*George Eliot*.

Thou hast too much to say about thy rights, and thinkest too little about thy duties. Thou hast but one inalienable right; and that is the sublime one of doing thy duty at all times, under all circumstances, and in all places.

Christian faith is a grand cathedral with divinely pictured windows. Standing without, you see no glory nor can possibly imagine any; standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendors.—*Hawthorne*.

God said, teach my children to labor hard and wisely; and to sing with strength and fullness of soul, for what more is there in man or woman than to learn to put forth? And what more pitiful thing is there in heaven than a man or woman who hath but dragged along.—*Oahspe*.

Faithfulness and constancy mean something else besides doing what is easiest and pleasantest to ourselves. They mean renouncing whatever is opposed to the reliance others have in us—whatever would cause misery to those whom the course of our lives has made dependent on us.—*George Eliot*.

THE PAINE ANNIVERSARY.

An Address Delivered by A. F. Scott, at Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, Jan. 29, 1887.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—'Tis good to be here; 'tis good to be anywhere where fact is better than faith, reason than revelation, right than wrong, truth than error, science than sophistry; and while standing in this presence I know I am with those who appreciate the fact. Science has poured all the creeds, all the religions, all the dogmas of all the ages into her crucible searching for a single particle of genuine metal, but without result. She has found nothing but froth, foam and bubble.

Science, goddess of light, radiant as the morning, robed in brightness and beauty, imperial in purpose and accomplishment, coroneted with fact, thy diadem jeweled with mysteries solved and beneficence to the race, we bid thee hail! Suns, the periods of God's providence, comets and planets, the commas and apostrophes of his power, give up in the alchemy of thy light the very secrets of revelation. Mechanics ask thee of thy wondrous power. Thou answerest back: Agriculture, pliant and submissive, touched by thy wand, pours forth her bounties and her blessings; art and skill in the grandeur and magnitude of their achievements tell of thy all-sufficient power.

To-night the past salutes the present—salutes us with all its achievement and renown however won; whether on the tented field mid the storm of battle where men were striving for human rights, in science, in philosophy, in oratory, in art. She greets us—bids us keep and hold what we have, gain all we can and so send our salutation to the future with still higher achievement and yet brighter hope.

The world's history, my friends, is marked with epochs; to them we refer and from them we date. They are set as guide-boards along the highway of centuries and nations teaching lessons of wisdom for our guidance and benefit. Each and all of these have been identified by noble men and women who have acted prominent parts, impressed themselves upon the time and upon all time for man's good. Among all these no grander, no nobler name, none more unselfish, none more devoted to the benefit of the race than that of Thomas Paine. You know his history. 'Tis laden with the incense of human freedom and devotion to man's highest good, and will ultimately be crowned among the first of the race. The truths he taught, the doubts he banished, the hope he inspired have clothed him with imperial purple, woven a garland for his brow, decorated him with the legion of honor, coroneted him with undying fame. How? By lifting the whole family of man to a higher plane; by advocating freedom of thought, the individuality, the intense personality of man; by breaking the shackles of priestcraft, bigotry and superstition; by strengthening the arm of the revolutionary soldier to strike yet another blow for Liberty (doing more in this regard than any other man who lived at the time). And this Liberty, rocked in an American cradle, nurtured by the camp fire and in the tent, sometime tottering but still standing, swept at times with ruin and desolation, lurking mid the ashes of ruined homes to gather strength for an erecter port on the hillside and the mountain-top, skulking behind fences and in ditches to charge in the open plain, meeting misfortune and want to greet Miss Liberty with a firmer grasp, across oceans and continents, effulging the valleys and gilding the hill-tops, has flashed its beams of light and gladness on every land under the whole heavens. She has touched with her golden wand all orders and conditions of men. Its true significance, its lofty purpose, its high resolve, with all the heights and depths of its duties and responsibilities will be wafted on to the outermost verge of time, bearing on her banner, emblazoned in letters of light, the name of "Thomas Paine, Patriot!" How this word thrills and vibrates—sends all the currents of life with warmer flow and more genial glow through all of its channels, imparting life, and strength, and hope, and vigor, and building at last a monument whose base, and dome, and simple column, chiselled with an art beyond the artist's skill, and reared in the

hearts of all those who love liberty throughout the world, bears us its enduring and undying inscription to all the ages the grandest word in all the languages—"Patriot."

It has been a custom from time immemorial among all peoples and in all lands to honor those who have honored them, to pay special regard to those, who, by their virtues or their talents, one or both, have been of benefit to the race. In compliance with this custom we are here to-night to do honor to one whose victories have been won, not on fields of human slaughter (although honor may be won here in a just cause), but in the broader, higher, better field of mind. In striking down the arrogance of ill-used power, in battling for the right, in striving to elevate the whole family of man to an equal plane of liberty with a full and equal right to enjoy it.

While, then, we honor all those who labored for man's betterment, no man in the world's history has done so much to relieve the mind of the curse born of ignorance and superstition as Thomas Paine. What greater benefactor can one be to his race than to lift man out of mental bondage, lift him into the light of truth and freedom? Thomas Paine struck ecclesiasticism a blow full and fair in the face, struck it with all the force and energy engendered by centuries of oppression. He shivered it from base to dome, it rocked and toppled beneath the shock, he shook it from center to circumference, he trampled on the mitre of the Pope, tore in shreds the priestly gowns and garbs of hypocrisy, exalted reason and sent the cowering acolytes of patristic power and domination howling to their cells. What Voltaire did for France and his time Paine has done for the world. He has stamped reason as the only true coin of mental and physical liberty, taught humanity that the only faith worth a straw is that which comes from a conviction of the understanding; he ignored miracle and mummery, and builded upon the foundations of nature; he planted his feet on *proof*—wanted demonstration; riddled with his logic the fables of centuries that had held the mind in bondage and awe; a pioneer blazing with the ax of truth, the pathway to freedom and giving to those who follow an assurance that fact is better than faith, and all its triumphs in keeping with the highest good and greatest happiness.

The "martyr perishes at the stake, but the truth for which he dies gathers new luster by the sacrifice." There are other martyrs beside those who perish at the stake, beside those who lose their physical life. Martyrs broken upon the wheel of Christian intolerance, gibbeted upon the doctrine of fore-ordination, crucified because they could not accept a burning hell as a divine benefaction. They have been maligned, vilified, stigmatized, scandalized, brutalized, ostracized, anathematized, held up to the scorn and opprobrium of the race without stint and without mercy, but in this case, as in all others, the truth gathers new luster by the sacrifice.

The man of observation as well as the student of history has learned this fact, that knowledge and toleration hold an equal pace, that in proportion as the former increases the latter regards with less dislike, and looks with greater complacency upon those who by the accident of birth, creed, nationality or religion, happen to differ in opinion. Hence it is good to be here; but there is another fact underlying and embracing this that makes it still pleasanter to be here, and that fact is this: that to-day throughout the length and breadth of our land, not only our land but the civilized world, men and women ignoring the sanctities of creed, the sacredness of authority, the mysticisms of the past, can gather together as we are gathered here to-night to give expression to our thought, and do honor to those who, battling for the right, have secured to us these privileges.

Draper tells us that Martel struck down the Saracen on the field of Tours, but he adds, that intangible power accompanying them is triumphant to-day. I say to you Thomas Paine has stricken down a fiercer foe than the Saracen, a foe whose fangs have torn, and whose tongue has lapped the blood of the innocent all through the ages, but that intangible power accompanying him and a host of others in the same cause enables us to meet here to-night and worship in the temple of truth.

As in the animal economy individual life is maintained by the constant production and destruction of organic particles, so to the life of the nation, the old gives place to the new, and this law of waste and supply, this incessant change denotes the progress of a people and marks the epochs of their history. This fact is more apparent in our country than any other; old thoughts, old creeds, old theories, old systems, give place to the new with greater rapidity. The tide of progress flows with a stronger, broader, deeper current, sweeping down the barriers that bar the way, lifting man to a higher level of thought and broader fields of observation. America stands to-day in the forefront of progress and civilization, indicating for ourselves and the race a higher development and a brighter future. False pyramids of theology, idolatrous temples of authority, columns and pillars of unreasoning faith and blind allegiance are crumbling to decay. The setting sun in the glorious clouds of the west is no longer Hercules in the fiery pile. Centaurs, Cyclops, Harpies and Gnomes have disappeared, and in their stead have come mechanical skill, ingenuity and invention. Physical science, one single fact of which is worth more to the world than all the miracles wrought at all the shrines of all the saints since the world began, set up by a designing priesthood and worshiped by an ignorant rabble,—science lays one hand on the shaggy mane of this monster superstition hoary with years and iniquity, and red with the blood of the ages, and bearing aloft in the other a blade keener than that of Saladdin severs the head from ghastly trunk and its blood becomes not the seed of the church but a nobler manhood. We are standing to-night, my friends, not only in the vestibule, but the inner sanctuary of that grand cathedral whose pillars and pilasters, whose decorations and altar, whose doorways and ceilings are fretted all over with fact, and through whose windows pours the light of scientific truth. What are the agencies, what the influences, what the means by which and through which these blessings have been wrought? Among the names of those standing out in bold relief, whose influence has been felt and will be through all the coming years, whose name becomes brighter as time advances, not one shines with brighter luster than his whose anniversary we celebrate here to-night. He has written his name on the loftiest pinnacle of fame's proudest temple, there to stand forever, and there it will stand when all his calumniators are dead and forgotten.

Draper tells us in his intellectual development of Europe that nations, like individuals, have their periods of growth and decay. This fact is history itself. In our growth we have learned that the school house is a nobler temple than the church; that the spire of knowledge is better than the spire of faith; that the dome of science gives better results than the dome of mysticism; that one mowing-machine is of more value to the world than all the sermons ever written; that a single plow has done more good than all the prayers ever uttered; that a common sewing-machine has done more for woman morally, mentally and physically, than the trinity, free grace, and the atonement combined. Whenever and wherever in the world's history man or woman has sought by any other methods than the moss-covered and time-worn of the past to elevate the race, to benefit our common humanity, to produce flowers in the place of thorns, they have met with prosecution, persecution, ostracism, and less than two centuries ago death in its most horrid and brutal forms. This fact, however, has been more obvious in its application to mental than physical effort, more obvious still in its application to those methods calculated to remove from the minds of men the blight of superstition, lifting into the light of a brighter and better hope than in the destruction of those physical obstacles lying in the way of material prosperity.

I am thankful that the time has come when men can meet together, give utterance to their thoughts without fear of the spy and the informer to give their property to the state or the inquisition, and their bodies to the flames. We are no longer compelled to seek some secret room or garret, the rocks and caves of the mountains, the hidden recesses of the forest, but in the broad and open light of day declare our own freedom and tell it

to others that they, too, may reap its blessings and enjoy its fruits. Why, my friends, the prow of a single vessel cleaving the trackless wastes of ocean, holding in her oaken or iron ribs the product of one clime and carrying it to another, is a greater civilizer, and has done more for the race than all the priests and parsons who have ever lived. We are breaking to pieces the gods; their fragments strew the way, and we are using them as stepping-stones to liberty. They tell us the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church. We tell them these broken fragments are the seeds of freedom.

You are here a little band; what for? To hew down idols, strike shackles from the mind, break the bonds of authority, tear the veil from the temple and let the oppressed go free. How will you do this? By substituting fact for faith, reality for fiction, truth for error, right for wrong, morality for mummery, science for sophistry, and the bible of nature for that of the priests—the one filled with the records of eternal truth, the other with the drunken fables of a buried past—the sayings and doings of a man-made God, created in his likeness, and a mighty poor one at that. When we look back on the history of the world and note the miseries, the sufferings of the race, consequent upon the teachings and believings claimed as of divine revelation, the heart stands still, the pulse ceases to beat in presence of the horrible outrages perpetrated on the race. Truly, the standard of Jesus has been a bloody standard. For centuries it has waved in triumph over prostrate humanity, striking pallor to its brow and tears to its affrighted cheek, in the fear of demons of its own creation, whose very existence is a myth, and a belief in which must be shattered, broken and destroyed, before the mind of man can be fully free. O'Connell's definition of bigotry covers this ground better than any I have seen. Speaking of bigotry, he says: "She has no head and cannot think; no heart, she cannot feel. When she moves 'tis in wrath, when she pauses 'tis amid ruin; her communion is death! her vengeance eternity. Her decalogue is written in the blood of her victims, and if she pause in her infernal flight 'tis upon some kindred rock to whet her fangs for a more sanguinary desolation. We want liberty; liberty for ourselves and liberty for the race. Come when it may, 'twill be through education. Liberty, stricken down on a thousand fields, torn, mangled and dismembered, left bleeding and desolate again and again, and yet again, has come forth to a renewal of the contest, her sword aflame with justice, her brow radiant with an immortal halo, and though her enemy be clad in triple steel, she will ultimately triumph; victory will perch on all of her standards, bearing this motto: 'Science triumphant. Gods and devils no more.' The world moves; the old gives place to the new; the light of the nineteenth century is dispelling the gloom, and we have hope. Fear not that the tyrants shall rule forever, nor the priests of the bloody faith. They stand on the brink of that mighty river, whose waves they have tainted with death:—

"'Tis fed from the depths of a thousand dells,
Around it foams and rages and swells,
And their swords and scepters are floating, see,
Like wrecks on the surge of eternity."

REV. GEORGE F. PENTECOST, of Brooklyn, has written an article for the *Independent*, in which he aims to prove that the week of prayer ought to be abolished. The reason which he gives for this conclusion is that the spiritual life has been taken out of the institution by an excess of red tape in arranging its topics.

ACCORDING to the New Haven (Conn.) *Union*, small boys are arrested in that city for skating on Sunday, but riding a bicycle is a favorite and entirely legal diversion. Sleigh-riding is permitted, but coasting is vigorously prohibited. From which it appears that there are some fine distinctions made in Sunday laws.

TWENTY thousand men are now on a strike in New York; this number is raised to forty thousand by the strikers on the Brooklyn shores. The men being mostly coal shovellers and freight handlers, it is almost impossible for any of the steamers for Europe or the coast to leave port.

A CATHOLIC priest at Johnston, Pa., has refused the communion to any child attending the public schools.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

From the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

Saidie comes at this time with full purpose to give through the Order of Light words to convey to the minds of those who read the true, broad meaning of charity applied to the work of upbuilding the race.

In its highest sense life is from Deity, through Deity, matter and spirit, and from the first spirit is ever pure and immortal. In the wedding of spirit (in mind) and matter, nature's evolution produces soul, which is the covering proper of the spirit evolved from the coarser matter, and which forms the bond of union between the two. As we come from the Father's love-filled atmosphere and are possessed of its pure elements, we cannot come in close contact with that which materiality furnishes for our inhabiting, and, therefore, the spirit takes possession of the evolved soul, and through that expresses itself through matter. This form (for so it is) is evolved by nature, is nature refined, and forms the covering of the spirit after the incident called death takes place. Death is but the spirit's release, and the reason of suffering after death is made apparent by this, the soul partaking of the nature of both disease and wrong-doing of that from which it has evolved, forming not immortal covering, but one subject to decay. Could we unveil to your sight, ye dwellers on earth, the first sphere of the other life, where your laws send many criminals, ye would stand back aghast at the sight therein, for no hell of that old monster, Orthodox, can be more appalling or repelling than that—bottomless pit? No; but that state of retribution; and as far as is possible of sin as well. Think you those there are capable in and of their spirit power as then unfolded to raise themselves to the higher spheres? Saidie says, "Nay; earth shores must be again touched by their pilgrim feet." Again and again must those freed spirits work out the problem of life on earth shores. Take the largest charity in your hearts, oh, ye sons of men, and if you dare to do so look as Saidie lifts the curtain and tell her where charity, God-given, angel-brought, will begin and end there. End? Methinks it could never end.

Saidie teaches her children the laws of life, their working and means of application, as the largest boon of charity she can give to them, a legacy from the mother love she holds in her heart for them, that thereby they may upbuild themselves in all that is true and good, and points to examples of the past, where great souls, and true, have fought with the lesser good, that has evolved from the necessary wedding of mind and matter, to help and encourage them in their work of salvation; for it is a truth from which there is no escape, that each and every child of the Infinite must work out their own salvation, lifting the veil as Saidie fain would do, that the teachers and law-makers of the land might see the results there in the lowest hell earth contains. Saidie would ask in great earnestness, Oh, ye preachers of the everlasting gospel of Christ, ye makers of the laws of the land, where is your charity now which your Book says is so necessary that faith without it is but sounding brass and tinkling cymbal? Will it reach those there? Saidie agrees with you in that expression; but as far as the idea of charity is expressed differs widely, for the dwellers in the land of light and love reach their hearts and hands of charity even there. Saidie, were she allowed to stand in your pulpits and sound forth the charity she has learned as good, true and wise, would give love as the first principle bequeathed by the All-Father, and law his command to be obeyed, the two so woven with and into each other that separation is impossible; and the law of love is that of progression, the first step of which is knowledge of law in the light of truth. When we reach back into the cause of all things we find that our human brotherhood in their infant existence inherited an innate sense of right and justice, and feeling that in some way punishment followed certain ways of living and of thought they began their search after that which would satisfy the felt demands of the soul. Thus has come the superstitious ideas of the past ages into which was woven the barbaric idea of salvation through shedding of blood—an idea revolting to all ideas of a God of Love.

So Saidie concludes from that that charity, true and wise, begins with destroying those false ideas of God and his salvation as taught for the past centuries, for they have built a pit—not such an one as their Bible teaches, for it carries within itself the principle of death—and, therefore, will, sooner or later, succumb to the death which is its birthright; but it has built and walled a pit for all its victims. This may be considered harsh; but, remember, Saidie deals ever in truths which are rocks, and are never to be destroyed. The thoughts and doctrines inculcated by orthodoxy have gone forth in spirit from the brains of believers and teachers until they have formed a spirit realm of their own. This is in accord with spirit law, and in that realm of false teaching has man and woman lived, given birth to children, both of the material and thought-force of their own being, until, as far as error can govern those things, there have been children born in error and darkness, and Saidie and the Oriental band, as they

work for earth and its highest unfoldment, must work to build up the true, letting the false fall and fade away because of its own weakness, knowing that the principle thereof must wither and die when all nourishment is withdrawn. It is not charity ever to feed that which is false, and when Saidie sees one suffering from disease or sin instead of giving (were that possible) her own life and health to the sick one she would wisely point out their disease, teaching them its nature and the wise laws of health which are ever to be obeyed, would we be healthy, living, happy souls instead of sickly, ever-dying and unhappy ones.

The laws of God, the All-Wise, lead ever in paths of health and of peace; the laws of faith into myth-shrouded ones of fabulous promise never to be fulfilled. Charity, as understood by those who wear the crown of wisdom, largely consists in bringing light and knowledge gained through much experience, by which we may unroll to the world the mystic roll of Divine law, which has been for ages held in close bounds, not many even daring to unroll and read for fear of incurring the anger of their mythical god, who was angry with the wicked every day, and doomed his children to endless punishment for acting their part in the great drama of life, which was the born inheritance of their nature, and which they had no strength of will or purpose to overcome. Saidie will need only to unveil the sphere again she has spoken of to prove the truth of this to the mind of those who care to peer into the mystery and misery there enclosed. Where will your church-born charity begin with those brothers of humanity? Will ye say they are beyond the reach of mercy and hope? Then is your God verily partial to his children, redeeming some, and happy on his throne while some of his own family are thus suffering the pangs of a never-ending eternity. Oh, Justice, Mercy and Love Divine, verily thy throne is on high among the dwellers of celestial fields of light, for there in the hearts of the children of the All-Wise art thou enshrined, and these same dwellers in homes of light and love forget never that there incarcerated in a dungeon, where midnight darkness reigns, are brothers and sisters of humanity to be redeemed, and willingly we obey the voice of parental love and hasten to the rescue.

Saidie's heart sorrows as she thinks of the low condition of those incarcerated ones; but as is her wont to do, she looks into the future and there reads the evolving power of the love of the Father in unmistakable lines. What a boon of love is that to those who are working in the fields of life, to be able to look with prophetic vision made clear and sure by the workings of the law of life and love, and there see the future brightness which is born or evolved from this seeming midnight darkness in which dwellers of that sphere are enshrouded. Oh, my children, work with great earnestness to rid yourselves of every vestige of sin, every shadow born of lesser good. Walk in the path of wisdom; the laws thereof are being unrolled continually to your understanding, by the mother whose love gladly would baptize every child she holds in her encircling love, and over whose home floats the sacred banner of our heaven-born, hope-anchored Order. Into its folds are ye come, and its largest charity is extended to you. Seek the fields of wisdom and there glean from the great fullness that which will help and encourage your hearts to labor with the angel hosts in disseminating true charity to all. As ye receive the light, freely give, by which Saidie never means to say is meant, making great sacrifice of that which of right is yours, but by your works and lives will ye be known to be children of the light. Be true to the light within, placed there by the holy guardians; let the fountain be pure that the streams therefrom may be pure also.

To those who are magnets, mediums, Saidie would raise a warning voice that they so fit themselves that the good and true are drawn around them ever. Many on the other side of the river are not fit to stand as sentinels and guide posts, pointing the finger to show the direction to the gates of life, but assume to be such, thereby misleading those they should never be allowed to control. Make the very center of your inner beings so pure and true that only those who are pure and true can gain admittance there. Draw close to your side only the pure dwellers of the higher spheres, for such only are fitted for the position of teachers and guides, and be sure such position is filled by the wise and pure. The broadest charity of a pure, loving, wise heart will not suffer the sacred sanctuary of the inner being to be polluted by the touch and tread of those who would selfishly unbar the doors and enter. True charity consists not in placing one's self in a low position, or allowing one's self to be trampled upon by the unwise and foolish, or by the sinful and debased, but rather building one's own self up in all that is true, good and holy, thereby attracting those who are the same. Saidie will illustrate that her meaning be made plain. It would be folly for a man possessed of boundless wealth, with a home of great plenty and happiness, to open his doors to the great crowd of beggars, and all who might wish to hold part of his possession as their own. He would be considered foolish to make himself an equal pauper with them, throwing his gold into the streets to be picked up and contended for by the multitude who would throng such a place, albeit he might and should

be a philanthropist, doing all the good possible in every way, forgetting never for one moment that all are and should be brothers and sisters in the common family of God and Nature. It is not wise to allow those who are unfitted for such a trust to hold the reins of freedom, albeit that is the right of the Father's children. In this is no injustice, for all must of necessity progress, as all have progressed in the ages that have left their own landmarks upon the shore of time. Man must become free from all undevelopment—from all dross—then being a law unto himself he may take the reins of perfect freedom, then restraint will need have no power. When man has thus become master of himself then will have passed into oblivion the reign of terror on both sides of the river of time. Mistakes are ever the stepping stones to success. Liberty seeks its foundation in the soil of bondage, and God-power and Holiness are built upon soil once desecrated by weakness and unholliness.

So Saidie lifts once more the veil and exposes the sorrow and sin therein existing as a mass of seething corruption, and once more invites the orthodox brotherhood to look and ponder well. Is there no end to that sorrowful condition? Is that to be, as it seems now it might be, eternal punishment? Midnight darkness without one ray of light? Oh, ye blind leaders of the blind, where is your charity? These have need of it, for how can a son or daughter of a God of love go on through the never-ending age of eternity, singing songs of praise to a fancied redeemer, who has redeemed part of the family of humanity, leaving the rest to sin and misery he permitted to rule in a sphere he has built for them; and his sovereign will and pleasure condemns to an eternity such as that. Rather would Saidie unbolt and open the door that ye may see the suffering therein until your hearts sicken at the sight, and ye are ready and willing to cease singing songs of praise for a season, and try if some means may not be devised that will bring redemption and life out of sorrow and a living death. According to the strict sense of the doctrines taught there would be the loved of many households who neglected to make their peace with their Maker ere their condition in life was changed, but Saidie records there are only those who, through misfortune in their organism, through defects and undevelopment, have lived according to the lowest demands of material natures and now reap the consequence, the fruits of their own misdeeds. Saidie has been thus earnest with the longing of soul for better things that knows no bound. Her heart feels the need of the large charity which should be bestowed unsparringly upon all the more unfortunate ones.

How long; oh, how long! is often echoed from the lips that are weary of repeating the echoes, because of the great hindering power brought to the glorious work that lies close enshrined within Saidie's heart. But the morn is dawning. Over the hill-tops is seen the golden light, heralding the near approach of day. Ere many centuries shall have been counted in the calendar of time, the sphere of which Saidie has here opened to your mental vision will have been lighted by truth, and all its shadows faded away. Hope dawns for such, and the hearts of the angel hosts rejoice thereat. Charity, love and peace will fill the hours of work, and the full fruition will well repay for all our toil, all our sacrifice and effort. Saidie longs to see the sun gild the hill-tops and valleys with its rays, and well she knows that many hearts will gladly live in the pure rays thereof. Some are anxiously waiting the coming morn, for full long has been the weary, dreary night.

Eternal punishment! Our Father knows no such condition, but eternal progression, is his law of love and every child shall know of the truth. Saidie feels deeply the condition of humanity at large, and would turn and overturn until truth triumph, as at last it must. The planet has been slow in reaching this point of unfoldment, and still it has reached the period when light and knowledge is demanded, and will be more and more received and accepted by its children. In the laws of love and wisdom there is hope, the work is filled with cheer and the mother heart of Saidie bends with her love and blessing over the entire land. Work for truth and right, my children, and the heart whose love never fails will be with you. Peace be with you ever.

Given by Saidie, of the Oriental Band, through Mrs. E. S. Fox.

J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

OSWEGO, January, 1887.

SHE JUDGED FOR HERSELF.—A young widow in Waukesha, whose husband had been dead a month, and whom she had always supposed free from small vices, was overhauling his clothes the other day. She found a large plug of tobacco in a coat pocket.

"Oh, George, George!" she exclaimed, despairingly, "you and I will never meet in the good world."

In another pocket of the same garment she found a life insurance for \$5000, of which she before knew nothing, and she burst forth exultingly:

"Oh, yes, we will, we will! Heaven will forgive him his one little fault."

Justice is the freedom of those who are equal. Injustice is the freedom of those who are unequal.

Letter From Mrs. Mozart.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The New Year of 1887 finds me in Paris. The whole city has a bright and festive appearance. The principal building-stone is a limestone—almost a marble—of a very light tint, which, though durable, is so soft that it may be carved about as easily as wood; therefore, there is a great deal of graceful carving on the front of nearly every building—pilaster mouldings, heads, busts, and figures in bas-reliefs.

Gay Paris with its Boulevards, lined on either side with shade-trees and broad, clean walks, affords every advantage for pleasure and rest. The cafes of Paris are something wonderful. You may rest in front of these resorts on nice cushions and be served by polite attendants with coffee or wine as you may desire, and get a lovely view of the surging crowds as they pass by.

It may be said of Paris, There is no place like it. It has within it all the vices known to the world, as well as all the advantages of education in music, art, language, eloquence, sciences and economy. Indeed, it is in itself a microcosm, offering attractions for every taste, facilities for every pursuit, congenial society for every order of intellect and style of character. It might be the paradise equally of the fool and the philosopher. It is splendid by day; by night, magnificent.

Paris is the cleanest city I have ever seen; its sanitary conditions are most excellent. We have had a great amount of rain and yet very little mud, and this lacks depth and tenacity. The eye can feast itself to repletion on a walk in almost any quarter; or, better, from the roof of an omnibus. The shop windows during the holidays season were a study, because of the exquisite taste displayed in the high grade of artistic skill in the selection and arrangement of beautiful fabrics and gay wares. During the Christmas and New Year's festivities I saw no drunkenness, no riots, no loud talking, nothing that could offend the most fastidious; not even a rude boy, for there are no boys in Paris—only babies and precocious men.

One of the sights of Paris is the church Madeline, and in some respects the most remarkable church in Christendom, inasmuch as it is wholly unchurch-like in its architecture, being as veritably a Grecian temple as the Pantheon. It was begun before the first revolution; was made a church by the restored Bourbon dynasty, and was completed under Louis Philippe. It is wholly of marble and has a magnificent frieze and cornice with colossal figures of saints. It has no windows but receives light through four skylights which surmount gorgeously gilded cupolas—has no tower or spire.

Among the grand old churches of France none look so church-like as Notre Dame, the cathedral of Paris. The most striking feature is the two huge and lofty square towers fully as massive and grotesque as represented in Victor Hugo's well-known romance.

The tomb of Napoleon is a sight which must be seen to be appreciated. The tomb is a large and lofty chapel in the rear of the Church of the Hotel des Invalides, surmounted by a huge dome heavily gilded and the most conspicuous object on the left bank of the river Seine. The sarcophagus in red granite lies in a circular well directly beneath the dome and ten or twelve feet below the floor, surrounded by a rich mosaic pavement and under a marble canopy. The walls of the crypt, behind the high altars, are covered with bas-reliefs in marble, portraying the great moments of Napoleon's career. The entire architecture and ornamentations are massive and exhibit the faultless taste and expression of reverence and gratitude with which the French people at large cherish the memory of the first emperor.

Among the many things seen the memories of the Parisian cemetery known as Pere La Chaise can never be wholly obliterated from my mind. The beauty of this cemetery is an obsolete tradition handed down from the time when every American graveyard was fearfully repulsive. As compared with our present burial places, it is by no means beautiful, and has nothing rural about it, but is literally a city of the dead. The surface not needed for paths is covered with monumental structures, each enclosure being just large enough for a single tomb beneath it, but without any room for flowers or shrubbery. Most venerable of all is the tomb of Abelard and Heloise. This tomb is still visited by disappointed lovers who throw cut flowers on the grave of sacrificed love—who were separated in life but united in death. They are laid together side by side under a canopy, and rumor has it they have been seen together in the ghostly Place de Tombs.

As I journeyed through I saw fresh cut flowers and rich garlands on the tombs of Le Fountain and Moliere. From here my next place was the Pantheon, the resting place of all that is material of Victor Hugo. Great heaps of flowers quite conceal the trapping of the tomb, and here rests he who, so simple in his greatness, caused even the little children to love him.

The Louvre is a most important public building, both architecturally and on account of its treasures of art. It is a palace of vast extent, on the right bank of the Seine. The Louvre dates back to 1541, in the time of Francis I., an indefatigable builder. All the following rulers

of France took a hand in adding to the Louvre up to the time of Napoleon III., who added many finishing touches. The Republican Government have done much to improve this vast palace, and to-day it is one of the great attractions of the world. Here may be seen the famous statue of Venus de Milo, and many attractions for aspiring students from all parts of the globe.

The most fashionable driving park of Paris is the Bois de Boulogne, a beautiful place covering an area of twenty-two hundred and fifty acres outside the fortifications of Paris. We will leave here now and drive through the Champs Elysees to the Arc de Triumph, the largest triumphal arch in the world, which was begun by Napoleon I. to commemorate the victories of France.

A visit to the world-renowned Dr. Slade, the celebrated slate-writing medium, is one of the sights of Paris that doubly repays for the time and expense. Dr. Slade's wonderful power seems to be increasing. He is located at present in the Hotel Houseman on a fashionable boulevard by the same name. Mr. Slade has given many sittings to the best minds in the world, both literary and scientific, and has done much to promote the facts of our philosophy, thereby proving immortality. The seance I had with him surpasses the power of my pen to describe. Two closed slates, well examined, were placed upon my arm; writing was immediately obtained both in English and French. Slates were placed under my feet and messages were readily obtained; many other manifestations, such as taking a watch from my pocket and immediately winding it up by a stem winder, taking my handkerchief from my side tying a hard knot and throwing it across the room as we sat at the table under good test conditions, Slade being on the opposite side of the table and all in the broad light of day.

The Spiritualists of Paris to whom I have shown the Christmas number of the GOLDEN GATE join me in complimentary congratulations to the editor who so ably edits and gives to the world in the cause of truth. My prayer is, Long may he live to work for humanity until the GOLDEN GATE will be read in every hamlet and loved for its truth.

Once more we pack our luggage and board the train for the "Sunny South of France." If reports are true it must resemble in many ways our own "Dear California," where there are paradisaical beauties to captivate each eye and heart,—gardens of roses and homes of beauty. From Marseilles we go to Nice and Genoa, thence to Rome. If opportunity permits will write from Rome.

MRS. MAY MOZART.

PARIS, Jan. 5, 1887.

Groundless Complaining.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I have before this alluded to the habit of many of our spiritual lecturers complaining of the actions of our Christian churches. Many lecturers impair their usefulness in this very direction who would otherwise be bright and shining. Others find fault with our Christian brethren for putting so much money into church buildings and think it could be better spent in building school-houses, lecture halls, etc., forgetting that best of all principles to allow every one the same privilege that we claim for ourselves, that is, worshipping God under our own vine and fig tree with none to molest or make afraid.

Suppose there is some money foolishly spent in costly churches, are not the laborer and artisan benefited thereby? Who is there that does not like to look upon a beautiful structure? For years I have considered our temples of worship, our public buildings and our beautiful private residences as true types of our civilization.

That there are glaring errors in our land that loudly cry out for reform I will admit, but beautiful temples of worship, public halls and beautiful residences are the most unobjectionable of anything in that line.

I believe if Spiritualists would be a little more generous in paying out their money in building themselves beautiful halls and lecture rooms, it would be better for them. Why should we complain of the churches for building fine temples of worship when they pay out more money for public schools and benevolent purposes than we do?

From my observation I believe one great reason why many spiritual societies are short-lived is from the fact that there is no money invested in them.

An old preacher of the gospel once told me that in forty years of experience that he had never known a church to prosper that failed to build them a house of worship, and I think it would be well for every spiritual society to commence soon after its organization to lay by something to build them a church or hall that they could call their own, and that it should be just as fine a one as the society was able to build, and it would be well to have a room in the building set apart for the visitation of the angel world.

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, OREGON, Jan. 23, 1887.

"I SEE they are trying to put a stop to all betting in New York." "I'm glad of it. Betting is a pernicious practice; I hope they will stop it." "But they can't do it." "Can't do it! I'll bet you fifty dollars they can."—Chicago News.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Pebbles.

BY ISAAC KINLEY.

Consensus of the competent? There are no competent. Luther affirmed a material devil, Sir Mathew Hale decreed the burning of witches, Sir Isaac Newton ridiculed the *wave* theory of light, Lord Bacon thought the center of the sky might be the bound of levity, an Ecumenical council affirmed Papal infallibility. Endless are the errors and mistakes into which the wisest of the past have blundered, and the next age will doubtless discover that those of this are no less manifold.

The hypothesis of the most foolish may not be without a modicum of truth, nor the theories of the wisest wholly without error; and not even the most competent have any rightful authority to interpose their *thus far* in the way of rest.

Your truth may not be mine, nor mine yours. Until each has become willing to listen to and learn of the other, we shall stand asunder. When each has learned of the other, we shall move together as one. Who has truth? All in part—none wholly.

As the greater circle includes all the smaller ones, so may, perchance, be your truths and mine contained in the greater theory which we deny and condemn.

If the brightness of another's day dazzles and obscures our vision, shall we, therefore, call his light darkness? Look again. Stand outside the twilight of our half-truths and the vision, accustomed to light of the brighter heavens will grow clearer. Climb the high mountain on which he stands, and your eyes too will command his wider horizon. While you prone ignobly at the foot, do not deny that he who has scaled the heights holds hill, valley and river, forest, field, and city within the circle of his more extended vision.

Epithet is not argument and denunciation does not convince. Vituperation is only confession of defeat, and is the resort of him who, wanting the magnanimity to acknowledge the victory, has yet nothing better to say.

With the biases of loves and hates, who can stand erect? We should love truth indeed; but let us weigh well the argument, lest our supposed truth be only error disguised. We may hate error, if we will, but we should look well to the facts, lest the supposed error be but a misunderstood truth.

The grand image of Truth is ever in the distance; but though her beauteous form be but dimly seen, her brightness is the light of day by which we walk. Error is ever present, an intellectual mirage by which we fancy truth where truth is not. Reverently let us worship Truth and seek a nearer view of her divine face.

When I hear a man soundly berated for his opinions, I seek him at once and ask what apples he offers to the multitude which it refuses to taste. If his fancied apples are only apples of Sodom, I may, perchance, by giving him a taste of the real, correct his mistake and do him good withal. But if I find his to be the real apples of wisdom, then let me be tempted to taste and enjoy their sweets.

Our noble longings for the good are the premonitions of greatness yet to be—the prophets of a higher life. Vile and beastly lusts look backward. They are the inherited evils of darkness which if not hastily put beneath our feet will certainly soon have us beneath theirs.

The fabled Sphinx had a human face and head with body and limbs of a ferocious beast. If it be man himself thus symbolized, the head and face are the faculties looking heavenward, while the body and claws of the beast are the passions, lusts and appetites forever dragging down. *Man struggling to throw off the beast.* Is this thy riddle, O Oedipus?

"I have never changed my opinions," boasts a vain babbler, thinking thereby to win applause for consistency. Rightly regarded, this is but a publication of his own imbecility. He remains only a child whom his nurse still holds by the leading strings. He is still in the sleep of night, and knows not that the sun has risen.

Since this man's opinions were formed telegraphs have incircled the earth, railroads have spanned the continents, steamships have plowed every ocean, the telephone has made the wires vocal with human speech. A great war on one continent has built up the Germanic Empire, and made France a Republic. In another continent four millions of human chattels have become men. In every department of thought the domain of knowledge has been enlarged. All these and more, and yet he has never changed his opinion!

We saw things yesterday by the light of yesterday; but if to-day's sunlight has dispelled yesterday's fogs, he is but a fool who refuses to open his eyes to the added beauty.

In science, in morals, in politics, in

theology—in every field of research—are questions which have challenged the profoundest thoughts of the profoundest minds; but here is a man going through the world prattling the opinions of his form-book and never seeking to inquire further.

To hold a false opinion is our misfortune, to correct our advantage, as it should be our delight.

In all our investigations, we should ask: What is true? Not what is consistent with our present opinions? Having formed the answer, we should heroically accept it, however many revered dogmas it may upset or favorite theories it may overthrow.

The real seeker for truth is not striving to confirm or refute, but to know—his present ignorance being implied by the fact of his seeking. Some doubts he would see if well founded. To some conjectures and guesses, he would know if there is a better reason. When no results are reached, the mind, neither affirming nor denying, rests in abeyance and waits further argument.

Persecution for opinion is the black devil of ignorance and error; and, though always on the side of popular majorities, it never comes to the aid of the stronger argument.

A and B assert conflicting opinions. These may be both false, but cannot be both true. Should the ugly spirit of intolerance arise and A burn B at the stake, or stretch him on the rack, no question would thereby be settled—no truth confirmed, no error refuted. Until better argument the subject will remain for adjustment. But reason is omnipotent. Convince this and the world accepts and lays the truth away among the treasures of thought.

Norway.

Not a land flowing with milk and honey; not a land of olive yards and vineyards, of southern skies and effeminate luxuriance, of Spanish dances and Italian serenades, of soft intrigues and quick revenges that wait upon life itself. Not a land of fragrant breezes, where the nightingale sings to his mate, while the moon with her train of satellites in stately dignity rises in the dark blue dome, bathing the earth in a silvery flood, the while lovers pace romantic ruins washed by a broad flowing Rhine, or a sterner Danube, or linger in the bowers on the banks of soft blue waters of a Moselle; lovers whose lips are silent for a bliss that is filling their hearts with emotion, for which an eternity would be too short; and life, alas! often proves too long. Not this. But a land of eternal snows, whose mountain-tops are fraught with the mystery of a silence that is never broken, where the foot of man never falls; of gigantic icebergs, of rushing streams, of grand waterfalls and mighty cataracts, that seem to increase and multiply as you progress through the country.

A land which owes everything to nature and nothing to man; where ruins are not, and the nightingale's song is unheard, and bowers of roses may be read about, but scarcely seen. A land scantily peopled, but peopled by men and women honest and fearless, simple and genuine, frank and hospitable; until a day will come when mixture with the world, which seeks them more and more, year by year, may give them the faults of that world, and take from them their best heritage—a single eye, a single faith, an uprightness of purpose rare as beautiful, after 6000 years of leveling. A land where railroads are scarce, and traveling is long and laborious, but pleasant. A land not pampered by the refined luxury of the age, the squandering of wealth in pomp and vanity, purple and fine linen; but a land of stern realities, where wealth is rare, and each man's inheritance is labor and toil. A land with bright, bracing air; a coast iron-bound and full of wonders. A land that reminds us in a measure of that city that hath no foundation, where there "is no night"; for here during some portion of the year the sun never sets, and darkness falls not.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.—Of late the oriental philosophies have been making rapid advancement in Europe, and also in the United States, notably in New York City, Boston, St. Louis, Chicago, San Francisco and Washington City. There seems to be what may be termed a wave of thought spreading over the land, and the occult and mystic are receiving more attention from the substantial press of the country, and from noted philosophers and thinkers, than ever before. In all the cities mentioned, Buddhism, Occultism, Rosicrucianism, Spiritualism, and all kindred isms dealing with soul power and soul destiny of man, are receiving profound attention and study on the part of the intelligent and highly respectable people. THE GOLDEN GATE, of San Francisco, asserts as a matter of fact, that one hundred are now earnest students of Spiritualism alone in that city, where a year ago ten such were to be found. There is food for thought in all this, no matter what our own faith or preconceived notions may be.—*Bandon (Oregon) Recorder.*

Sin and its Remedy.

[From the spirit of John Whiting to his friend, Mr. Rand, of Brooklyn, New York, copied for the Golden Gate.]

MY DEAR SIR:—I can not refrain from coming to you again. In my last communication I gave you an idea of the principle of conditions, as applied to spirit control, showing you that upon certain conditions result all the phenomena of spirit control. Now, sir, the case holds good in physical conditions controlling the entire universe. The church has overlooked this principle, in her doctrine of original sin and total depravity, consigning all alike to everlasting punishment. Good and evil started from this original sin, but the spirit world looks upon it in a different light. Apply the principle of conditions and you will readily understand why one is a sinner and another a saint.

A man born on the Feejee Islands will necessarily be a Feejee Islander, and bear the traits of the people of that island, while a man born under a civilized form of government, and among a refined and spiritual people, will be a far different person. "Oh," you say, "but this man does not always turn out well." Very well and very true; but again this principle comes in, for he has, in later life, been surrounded by other influences which have changed his conditions. If the church would teach that sin is induced by conditions, instead of being a natural sin within mankind, it would be nearer the truth. Even in this life it holds good, for depraved spirits so continue until they are brought under spiritual influences in the higher spheres of spiritual life.

A Sunday school boy is no better for attending a Sunday school if his class be full of vicious boys. Neither is a man any better for attending church services if he is concocting some devilry with his neighbor all the week. Sir, everything has its influence, from the drop of the tiny pebble in the brook, to the mighty whirlwind, or the great spiritual influx which sometimes takes possession of mankind and causes him to rise up for truth and justice. Strike baptism and regeneration down, as understood and taught by the church, and let the process begin on the physical plane in every being, and then you would find mankind on the road to a higher life. If this regeneration be true, why, I ask, does sin exist to-day? Why has not bygone ages eradicated it long before this? I say it is because no atonement of man, bull or beast can ever change one whit a deed once done. Why, sir, all the present system of physical and spiritual life would have to be changed.

This leads to the question, "What is sin? You must know that sin in one quarter of the globe is not always sin in another. Sin, the religionist says, not always consists in wronging your neighbor, or in breaking the Golden Rule; that there are sins against God personally. This is an impossibility, for most certainly if God is an eternal spirit what affects him as a spirit would also affect your brother, who is a part of the Divine Essence. Oh, no, sir, this is all wrong, and your asylums and police will continue to exist until this idea of sin is eradicated, and thoroughly, too. Sir, do you not see from my argument that the law of conditions and surroundings *must govern* all things. A great many have supposed that sin is caused by the direct agency of what is called "evil spirits." There is no doubt that a physical being, after placing himself in a bad state, has often attracted spirits from this side to him who have helped him on to physical destruction, so to speak. "Like draws like." This holds good in your world, as well as ours, but man invariably puts himself in the position to draw spirits to him whether for good or evil, as you call it.

So you see the great necessity for the proper training of man, physically, if he wishes to be influenced by exalted spirits on this side the vail. Sin will be caused by man first, within or without, physically. I believe that this principle has been much abused by many on your side. When a man begins to go down, he goes first by himself, but when he goes into the "I-can't-help-it" point then you may be sure that he is, more or less, under the domain of evil influences from this side of life. His downward career is hastened unless there are other powers in the physical and spiritual to step in and arrest his downward career. Sin, my dear sir, never commences by influences from this side.

I come now to the difficult problem, the remedy for sin. The statements of theologians is a false one from the beginning, for no remedy can undo a deed once done, whether for good or evil, for its influence goes on through the endless ages of eternity. Sir, the remedy for sin is its prevention, and I shall endeavor to present this fact in its true light.

First, physical conditions have a great deal to do with sin, for by the direct influences of the body, the spirit is more or less controlled. Wrong living and the violation of the laws of health are transmitted from generation to generation. A craving for alcohol is transmitted from father to son, from mother to daughter; an undue desire for gluttonous living, a greed for gain, causing theft, and other open and direct violation of the laws of the body, and some of the reason, for the curse of what is called sin. I only use the word "sin" for the want of a better one. Hence one of the objects to be

accomplished, for the prevention of sin, is a strong, clean, healthy body. Children have no business in this world who are physically diseased, and when your physicians can fully impress the world with this fact then you will find a generation springing up better morally without the aid of a vicarious or any other atonement.

Next we come to the mental conditions, which is, of course, founded upon the physical laws of health. If the brain was more properly trained and used to better advantage then you would find less sin and more morality. Sensuality and all manner of nonsensical stuff pervades the mind of the rising generation.

If, then, their minds were to be diverted from trashy literature and brought into channels of useful thought in the arts, sciences, and all that is ennobling, and if history, the sum total of all human experience, were better understood, then you would find a higher tone pervading physical life, and sin would become a scarce article.

Thirdly, and last, I come to the spiritual. If man could be drawn into *rapport* with this universe of love and light then you would find less sin. Sir, you see all around you evidences of the existence of this land of reality and light, but as yet it is not even brought before humanity at large. Your children should be taught it from the cradle; your spiritual literature should be carefully kept, read, and digested. If you take a hundredth part as much care to let your children know that we can and do communicate with the physical world, as the Roman Catholics do to teach their children the creeds of their Church, you would find an influence for good growing up which would help dissipate the mists of sin. It is not the teachings of the moral law that is impotent, but it is the great farce of the Christian world in throwing their sins upon the back of the poor Jew, Jesus, the noble and self-sacrificing medium of by-gone ages. No, sir; this and the story of hell, everlasting punishment, and other ridiculous things offset the effects of the moral law, which existed long before Moses. I would like to continue longer upon this subject, but from it you can see what a thinker on this side knows to be true.

JOHN WHITING.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Organic Work.

NO. 2.

In giving form to organization, much effort has been made to incorporate the central ideas upon which Spiritualism is based, without a creed. Be such a statement of principles simple or complex, there are serious objections to it in any form. Those whom we desire the most with us, and who the most need the benefit of our association, cannot reasonably profess a belief, which, however much they may wish to possess, has not yet by them been found. It is this class of inquirers, newly and intensely interested in the subject, who make the vitality and magnetic life of our meetings. If we wish to be dead in action, as dead as soulless forms or fossilized fogisms can make us, all we have to do is to get together those of one belief, and have some speaker of precisely the same views formally fill out the occasion with telling his audience what they already know. On the contrary, it is needful that the great law of supply and demand should be here brought into play. We need those who desire to learn, and the instruction should be ready from those who can impart it. To this end, let us avoid the practice of the sects in the getting together of those of one mind, pledged in one direction, and desirous of being known to the world as advocating certain ideas and principles, and no others; in other words, let invention and energy be brought in play to attract interested inquirers who are not confirmed Spiritualists.

It has seemed to the writer that the broadest form of expression, that which embodies the greatest fraternity to all whom we desire to benefit, and which gives the freest scope to the work of propaganda, is contained in a simple expression of our interest as students of this subject, having everything of belief and unbelief, as we find it with the individual who unites with us. Let us come together socially as individuals governed by reason, for the purpose of learning truth in the matter of things spiritual.

And this brings us at once to the name of the society, which must be determined by the situation itself. In some places we can afford to indulge in a name distinctively spiritual; in others the same name, like the red flag of the picador before the enraged bull, or "the bloody shirt" of the politician to an opposing party, would only prove an obstacle to success. While deprecating the cowardice that would make an individual or a society deny a truth once discovered, it would on the other hand be extremely impolitic to force it in the teeth of prejudice; for success depends not only on what it is right to do, but on what can be advantageously done, be it more or less. The word occult, while covering everything included in Spiritualism, is often preferable to the word spiritual, in a name. But, whatever the name, the object of our association must be fully and clearly stated.

Much difficulty in the inauguration of public work in a community has come with leadership. Of course, this has been in its abuse; for, while a diversity of talents exist, among men, some can

and will lead in all public movements, and their special talents are needed. It seems a necessity that the initial steps toward the formation of a society be taken by some one who is the best, instead of the worst, adapted to represent those who must support him; for it unfortunately too often happens that the worst representative of the cause steps the most promptly to the front. There is one qualification for a successful leader that is indispensable, viz.: integrity of character—devotion to the cause a first consideration. For if personal interests are the object, and Spiritualism only an excuse for a scheme of selfishness, all must end in failure. The object in view being truth, deception for a foundation will not answer; and the aggrandizement of self for honor, influence or profit, has no place anywhere in this work; least of all, in laying the superstructure.

Without a creed, then, and with an unselfish, true and devoted representation of the cause for a leader, we are ready for the formation of our society.

In the next article will be presented a constitution and by-laws which will embody the ideas herein presented. If such of your readers, who may favor them and may practicalize the same by the formation of such an organization, will apprise the writer of such movement, and will also afterward write if it remains and grows, such information will be received with thanks and much interest.

H. W. BOOZER.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

"Let there be Light."

BY ELIZABETH MARY INGERSOLL.

It is clearly not God's purpose to allow the nations of the earth to longer sit in darkness, or even the semi-light of these latter days, for this year of our Lord upon which we have just entered, there are unmistakable signs of a wonderful dawn of light and truth, that shall usher in the brightness of an unending day, never again to be darkened by the ignorance and folly of mankind. Everywhere the minds of the people are being roused to the contemplation of most blessed and wonderful truths, and into the hearts of mourning multitudes who have elsewhere vainly sought comfort, has been poured the precious balm of consolation.

Not far away, they are now assured, are the loved and lost, but still within our homes and hearts, still visible, still audible, not to the eye of faith only, but to the passionate yearning of our human hearts, they yield, as of old, a swift response. And here lies our danger. In this hour of unspeakable gladness we are so overjoyed at their return, that we too often seek to bring them back to the old conditions and hold them here, and if we can but feel their kiss upon our lips, their hands within our own, we are content. Not for this alone do they return, and when, by such dear tokens, we have been assured of their presence, shall we not listen to the pure inspiration of their love that would fain draw us heavenward, and seek to become, by constant uplifting of our own hearts to the higher level of their own, more deeply imbued by the lofty sentiments which inspire them.

Let us not seek by every artifice to make them more material, that we may still dwell together, but rather rise with them to a more complete harmony of high impulse and universal love for all mankind. If we compel them to exhaust their entire force in the effort to resume the semblance of mortality, to which we so persistently cling, we can hope to gain from them little else. They are most truly with us when we hush our souls to listen to their inspirations, and suffer them to lead us to the still waters and green pastures of their new abode. This is the mission of our beloved dead, to draw us gently and persuasively upward, setting the rhythm of our moral natures to the quickened measure of their own, and revealing to us each day some fresh proof of the infinite love that holds us all within its tender keeping.

There are frequent complaints that the communications from our departed friends are so unsatisfactory,—so unlike what we are sure they would say to us were they here. But in our anxiety to bring them naturally before us we fetter them with conditions that prevent the free communion we might otherwise have with them, and lay upon them an exhausting burden that hinders the full communion of soul with soul.

Let us rather rise, so far as we may, to the blessed heights of their repose, where we may be strengthened for the bearing of the burdens yet laid upon us, knowing that when we, too, shall be permitted to enter in we shall know, in all its fullness, the rapturous bliss of the redeemed. Here we must toil and struggle, but there shall be rich reward. Here, self-denial and privation, there, unlimited satisfaction. Sorrow and suffering for a little while with their wonderful lessons, so difficult to learn, but forevermore, gladness and joy unspeakable. Well worth the winning is the prize before us, and, strengthened and encouraged by the spirit of all good, through the loving ministrations of his messengers to us, we press ever onward in the struggle for our own upbuilding, and, perchance, for the enlightenment of some wanderer from his Father's house.

SWITZERLAND, Florida, Jan. 20, 1887.

GOLDEN GATE.

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

TRUSTEES:

AMOS ADAMS, PRESIDENT; I. C. STEELE, VICE-PRESIDENT; ABIAH BAKER, TREASURER;
DR. JOHN ALLYN AND J. J. OWEN.

J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER.
MRS. MATTIE P. OWEN, Secretary and Assistant.
R. B. HALL, General Agent.

TERMS:—\$5.00 per annum, payable in advance; \$1.25 for six months. Clubs of five (mailed to separate addresses) \$10, 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, FEBRUARY 5, 1887.

TRUE SPIRITUALISTS.

The cause of Spiritualism is moving forward on this Coast with giant strides. But not all who accept a belief in the phenomena of Spiritualism are true Spiritualists; but only such as take its precious facts home to their lives, and earnestly endeavor to live out its beautiful teachings.

The man or woman whose nature has not been broadened by a belief in this new gospel, whose charities have not been enlarged, and whose life has not been made sweeter and purer thereby, has profited nothing from a knowledge of some of the grandest facts in the universe. His nature has not yet been touched by the divine spark, and he must needs bide his time, until, to borrow an illustration from "She," the "pillar of fire" again rolls by, and perhaps again, and again.

Here is the work for our teachers—to gather in the sheaves—to impinge upon the hearts and consciences of all new converts to Spiritualism its divine meanings.

Our mediums may be regarded as pioneers to blaze the way through the wilderness of error, to an acceptance of spiritual truth; then should follow the lessons of love and life, the noble promptings to duty, the glorious work of character building.

The true Spiritualist has conquered self—has placed all debasing appetites and passions under his feet. He is earnestly seeking for the highest in his own nature. In his dealings with men he is the soul of honor. He is the friend and protector of the weak, the gentle monitor of the erring.

Of the vast number now coming into the fold let us hope that they may come with the spirit and the understanding also that the cause may be honored and they glorified thereby.

A NOTABLE DEATH.

Would that we had some more appropriate and commonly acceptable word to signify the great change we call death. *Death* means cessation of existence, hence, there is no death for the imperishable spiritual nature of man.

For a quarter of a century we have known Mrs. Georgiana B. Kirby, of Santa Cruz—have visited her at her home and she at ours. We knew her as a vigorous writer and thinker, as a noble humanitarian, a grand reformer, an earnest and honest Spiritualist. She was always on the lookout for the true welfare of her fellows. Deeply read in political and social ethics, and a keen observer of human nature, there was no range of thought upon any theme relating to the welfare of humanity with which she was not familiar. She was a frequent contributor to the press, and early in the publication of the *GOLDEN GATE*, wrote several articles for its columns, until the preparation of her recently published volume of reminiscences required all of her spare time, when we ceased to hear from her. And then her health failed, and she soon felt that her life work was over. On Thursday, Jan. 27th, she passed over to her well-earned reward in spirit life.

Mrs. Kirby was a strong woman, strong in those elements of character that made her a leader among women. She was highly honored by intellectual people everywhere, as one born to true greatness. Her every impulse was for the uplifting of humanity. We doubt not the angels gave her glad welcome to their shining homes. But her work is not yet ended, and never will be so long as men and women grope in moral and spiritual darkness.

Mrs. E. L. Watson, the gifted inspirational speaker, delivered a beautiful memorial address, at Unity Church, in Santa Cruz, on the Sunday following Sister Kirby's translation, a synopsis of which we hope to be able to give in our next issue.

ITS VIRTUE.—Civilization and Godliness should be synonymous terms, since cleanliness stands before both. When we read that "a large soap factory has been established on the site of ancient Shechem, and that the people, instead of trying to eat it, as at first, are beginning to use it on their persons, we feel that there is really some hope that the ancient prophecy regarding the Jews may yet be fulfilled. The re-building of Bethlehem, the "boom" at Caseros, the big olive speculation at Nazareth, the real estate excitement in Mt. Carmel, and the prevalence of Parisian fashions at Jerusalem, are not so significant of coming events as is the soap factory at Shechem. Soap is holy in its mission, and where it does its best work there is found the best results of life. If the saints of olden times had put half the confidence in it that they placed in God, they would have enjoyed spiritual exaltation that was quite lost in saponaceous absence. Savage nations forget their brutality sooner in soapsuds than in scriptural teachings.

SPIRITUALISM AND INSANITY.

"Crazy Spiritualists," so called, are far less numerous than formerly. (A few years ago all who believed in the phenomena or philosophy of Spiritualism were generally regarded as a little off their balance.) We find them now among our judges, statesmen, scientists, scholars, and best thinkers, and no one looks upon them as of unsound mind.

And why should they? Robert Fulton was thought to be crazy; and some thought that Prof. Morse needed a keeper. Galileo, Columbus, Sir Isaac Newton, and about all of the grand discoverers of new principles in nature, of new properties in matter, or of new methods of any kind calculated to upset old conservative notions, were looked upon by many pityingly, as lunatics. And when their discoveries were of too staggering a character the dungeon was sometimes their portion.

But the world has outgrown all of that, or very nearly so. This new discovery—new only in seeming—of an open way of communication with the supposed dead,—that, in fact, there are no dead; and that life beyond the grave is far more real than this, is such a stupendous innovation upon the generally accepted teachings of materialism, that we are not surprised that materialists hesitate to accept it, or that they are sometimes disposed to question the mental soundness of those who know better.

But that the believers in a lost world and the evangelical plan of rewards and punishments, and who accept the fundamental fact of spirit existence through faith alone, and without proof,—that they should question the sanity of Spiritualists, would be amusing but for the serious nature of the subject.

If there is anything calculated to unsettle reason it is the terrible thought that the heart's dearest idols have gone out into the rayless gloom of unending night,—are lost, forever lost,—beyond all hope of happiness or reform, throughout the vast eternities! That many a mortal brain has been thrown out of balance through a belief in this mortal horror is beyond question. It is well known that poor Hugh Miller lost his wits trying to reconcile religion with science.

It is no doubt true that long continued excitement of any faculty of the mind will produce insanity, or at least has a tendency to that result. Men have become insane in their efforts to discover perpetual motion through mechanical appliances. They have become insane from overwork, anxiety, grief, and many other causes. They might lose their heads in the investigation of Spiritualism. But the tendency is surely in the opposite direction; for the demonstration of its facts brings joy instead of grief. It dispels the dark cloud of doubt and gloom that has so long hung over the grave. It fills the soul with supreme happiness to be made to know that life is continuous and progressive forevermore, and that all the sons of men will eventually be brought up out of ignorance and sin unto that higher life of the soul wherein is happiness and peace forevermore.

Neither do the records of our insane asylums show to the disadvantage of Spiritualism. As an exciting cause it is found to rank far less than that of religious excitement. And so we conclude that the charge that a belief in Spiritualism tends to, or is in any manner conducive of insanity is wholly without foundation.

TREE PLANTING.—The kingdoms of heathen China and Japan are compared by foreign visitors to beautiful gardens, so thoroughly is the land cultivated and adorned by these nations. The duty so long ago imposed upon all land-owners, to plant trees, seems to have developed into a pleasure, and they (the trees) find as great protection as human life itself. In our country we lately hear a good deal about State Arbor Days, Forestry Department doings, premium on tree-planting, etc., etc., but still in very many parts of our country trees are treated as enemies to be gotten rid of. It is painful to see the destruction of that which is so grateful on a burning Summer's day—the trees with their cool, green shade. In all warm climates the presence of trees is necessary to the protecting and growth of shrubs and flowers from the scorching rays of the sun. The leaves of trees seem not only designed for themselves but as filters for the light and heat to lesser forms. The time is coming when there will be a similar value set upon trees in the United States that is found in all European countries to-day; but we hope it may come of less sad experience.

PENNSYLVANIA MARRIAGE LAWS.—Pennsylvania has a new marriage law, that permits parties to marry themselves without the words of preacher, justice of the peace or any other legal authority, saving to answer under oath certain questions, and receiving the license or certificate. The couple then agree to marry each other before two competent witnesses, and it is done. Then, there must be made out two other certificates to be signed by the witnesses, setting forth that the parties had married themselves in their presence, one of which must be returned to the Clerk's office. The questions prescribed not being set forth we are left to consider what they should be. It is to be hoped that they are designed to find out a man's fitness and capability for supporting a family. Much is said about the faults in our divorce laws, but if the marriage laws were more

strict divorces would become less frequent. If the one is too readily granted it is because the other is too lightly contracted. Make the latter more difficult and the former will right itself.

A QUESTION OF DECEPTION.

No one can well afford to deceive himself. And surely whoever would intentionally deceive others, in matters of such personal importance as that of spirit existence and manifestation, could be considered in no other light than that of a knave. There is something so cruelly wrong and heartless in such deceptions that it is difficult to understand how any person with any pretensions to honor or decency could practice them.

We have published many evidences of spirit power, through these columns—evidences coming under our own careful observation, as well as of the observation of others whom we believed to be honest. In giving these facts to the world, none who know us believe we have any other object in view than the best good of humanity. Neither will any question the sincerity of our belief in the facts themselves; but many will no doubt charitably(?) conclude that of all of the hundreds of remarkable phenomena we have witnessed, we were the guileless and unsophisticated victims of deception.

As much as we commend honor in man or woman—as heartily as we condemn wrong of all kinds—we are not exactly certain at this moment but that we would rather be considered a knave than a fool, and the latter we most certainly are, and that, too, of a monumental, yea, of a multitudinous character, if we do not know the facts whereof we affirm to be true.

When we hold in our hands a single slate, as we have many times, in the full light of day, with every opportunity to know that there is no trace of writing thereon, and then, while under our hands continuously, and not for a moment out of our sight, an intelligible message appears thereon, we know it, do we not? If not, then our senses are no evidence to us of any fact in the universe. Then we positively know nothing, and can know nothing. We can not even know that we exist.

It is upon evidence as positive as this—evidence received from many sources, and running back through a period of nearly forty years, to our first acquaintance with the Fox sisters in the city of Rochester, New York, that we declare to the world that the spirit of man survives the change we call death, and that, under certain laws which are a part of nature's great plan, it may return to earth and communicate with the living—yea, more, that it may even rehabilitate itself for a time in seeming garments of flesh, tangible to sight and touch, bearing the once familiar form and features of a former inhabitant of earth.

If we were the only ones to bear testimony to these or similar facts, we might very properly be considered a fit subject for the insane asylum. But when we declare that there are hundreds of people in this city of San Francisco, and tens of thousands throughout the world—many of the highest learning and of great wisdom,—who will bear witness to the same class of facts, we respectfully submit that we have good and reasonable grounds for "the faith that is within us."

"THE HOME."—One of the marked features of San Francisco—one in which it stands above almost any other of the large cities of the country—is its splendid restaurant system. Among the many hundreds scattered in every quarter one of the most pleasant retreats to be found in the city for those who are a-hungry is "The Home," at 509 Montgomery street. The proprietress and manager, Mrs. K. S. Hart, is thoroughly alive to the wants of her patrons, and with a quiet dignity and kindly manner she surrounds the "Home" with a truly home-like air. The waiters are attentive and courteous at all times; and chief among the attractions is the palatable prepared bill of fare, which bears none of the usual restaurant flavor. Mrs. Hart is very fortunate in having so excellent a cook, and orders for suppers, lunches, etc., can be filled with great satisfaction, and on very reasonable terms.

It is an interesting footnote to the history of modern civilization that the most extensive and magnificent manufactory in the world is one devoted to the interests of murder—Krupp's, at Essen.—TEMPLETON TIMES.

It is less interesting than sad. But it is consoling to know that when the murderous act reaches perfection there must be a cessation of war. Nations will either be wiped out or fused into one another by unconditional surrender. The numerous petty kingdoms of the Old World will be but three or four a century hence, and it would not require a very great prophet to predict those that will survive. Our Republic will then stand as a perfect model for their imitation, and free government will rule the world. There is strength in numbers, and when nations blend the people comprising them will unite in a common cause—for individual freedom. The whole world is asking for this to-day, and the whole world is in commotion. When it settles down to quietude it will be as a universally free people.

—Mr. Ravlin will leave next week for San Diego, where he is engaged to occupy the platform of the Spiritual Society of that city. Our Southern friends will find him an able and earnest advocate of the Spiritual philosophy, and they should rally to his support. He will do them good.

"DESPISE NOT THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS."

Theosophy teaches the development of one's own spirit, and discourages general or promiscuous mediumship. It recognizes the power of disembodied spirits, but thinks that mortals should not submit to their control, for fear of contamination from evil influences. Thus would they deprive the unmediumistic multitude of the satisfaction of intercourse with their spirit friends.

While we fully concur in the idea that we should endeavor to unfold our own spirits as far as possible, and bring our souls into close communion with the Over Soul—that we should ever seek for the highest and best in our own lives,—still, we think this can be done only by the exercise of our gifts for the benefit of others. It is when we give most that we receive most.

Mediumship is a divine gift, like the gift of art or song. All possess it to some extent, but only a few to that perfection whereby they may become ready instruments for the invisibles. Why should those who possess this gift refuse to use it for the good of humanity? Is not such refusal suggestive of a spirit of selfishness, the indulgence of which would seriously retard the spirit's development?

Mediums who have passed through the experience of development, and attained to the higher levels of spiritual unfoldment, should never despise the ladder whereby they have climbed, but rather seek to divest it of all danger to others. Having learned the true way they should endeavor to teach it to others—not by denouncing all mediumship, but by showing wherein it may be safe and profitable.

Mediumship is productive of evil only when used for evil purposes. If mediums are upon a low moral or spiritual plane, they will naturally attract that class of spirits,—especially for investigators who are upon a like low plane. But the pure and high-minded have nothing to fear. Light always dominates darkness.

What the Theosophist or "advanced" Spiritualist should do is to make clearer and safer the way themselves have traveled. If they have reached that point where their own spirits can hold happy communion with their loved ones within the veil, they should gladly point out the pitfalls into which their own feet may have stumbled in their efforts to attain that end.

It will be a long time yet before the world will have no use for especial mediumship. It is no doubt tending in that direction, but until all natures become spiritualized, mediums, both private and public, will have their work to do. Indeed, we are not sure that it is not best as it is. The exquisite sensitiveness essential to the highest order of mediumship unfits one for the hard but necessary experiences of physical life. All cannot be poets, nor sculptors, neither should they be. There must needs be many to do the rough work of the world.

SPIRIT ART.

The sketch from which the likeness of the late D. D. Home was engraved, (as it appears on our 5th page), was procured in the following manner:

A few weeks ago we asked Spirit John Gray—the psychographic control of Mr. Fred Evans, the independent slate-writer, of this city,—if he could not induce some spirit artist to furnish us with portraits and sketches from the spirit side of life for publication in the *GOLDEN GATE*. With the same alacrity as that with which he undertook to procure messages for us in various languages for our holiday number, he entered into our plan.

Owing to the illness of Mrs. Evans we were unable to have our first seance before Sunday last. At 11 o'clock of that day we called upon Mr. Evans, in company with Mr. John Waterhouse, lately of Minneapolis. Mr. Gray had advised us not to sit with others during the process of these experiments, hence, he was a little dubious at first as to the result, but was soon pleased to proceed with his work, as our friend was found to be a help rather than a hindrance.

A single slate, that we saw thoroughly cleaned upon both sides and wiped dry, and which we were permitted to handle, and knew for a certainty contained no writing or mark of any kind, was placed over a small bit of slate-pencil on top of a table. We held our hands upon this slate for a few minutes, when the control asked for a bit of lead-pencil, which was passed under the slate, and we continued to sit as before. In about ten minutes raps upon the table signified that the work was done. Upon turning over the slate we found that its under surface had first been evenly whitened by the attrition of the slate-pencil, and upon this whitened surface appeared the likeness in crayon; together with the names at the bottom, that of D. D. Home being a perfect *fac simile* of the hand-writing of that eminent medium.

Mr. Gray informed us that the sketch was made by a spirit artist who hopes to be able to give us a portrait for each issue of our paper; but that the writing was done by Mr. Home himself. We shall pursue our investigations further on Sunday next, and if we find the pictures worthy of reproduction shall have them engraved for our columns. The artist has not yet given us his name; perhaps he will do so hereafter.

—Mrs. E. L. Watson held a reception at the parlors of the Cosmopolitan Hotel on last Friday evening. It was a most enjoyable occasion, wherein was largely represented the wit, beauty, and intellectuality of the little pastor's flock at

the Temple. Mrs. Watson is a charming hostess, and a bright ornament to the drawing-room as well as the public platform.

THE PAINE MEMORIAL.

The 150th Anniversary of the birthday of Thomas Paine was duly celebrated at Metropolitan Temple, in this city, on Saturday last. A choice programme was prepared, consisting of music, an original poem, and short addresses, the principle one of which, by Capt. A. F. Scott, appears on our first page. It is, from the Materialistic plane of thought, an able and eloquent production. In its sweeping denunciation of religion and its ministers, it expresses the opinion of a large class who call themselves Liberals, but whose claim to liberality is hardly verified by their illiberal treatment of the opinions of religionists.

Spiritualists in the main differ essentially with their Materialistic neighbors in their methods for the uplifting of humanity.

Reason, divested of spirituality, is cold and unsympathetic. In overturning the idols of the past—of superstition and error—Materialism leaves nothing for the spiritual nature of man to feed upon. Educated reason (*a la* Robespierre and Voltaire) turned France into a bear garden. Educated reason (*a la* Huxley and Herbert Spencer) denies the continuity of existence beyond the gates of death, or at least declares it has no knowledge thereof. It makes cold misanthropes of men. It ignores faith and trust in the Supreme Good. In short, it develops only one side of human nature, and throws man out of balance.

We should never destroy the old house until we have a new one to move into. It is not always safe even to uproot religious error from the mind until you can supply the place with something better. Suppose the strong grip of the Catholic priest were instantly removed from the minds and consciences of every communicant of the Catholic Church in this great city: is it not quite probable that this would be a good city for law-abiding people to emigrate from?

What man wants is a divine balance wheel. Exalt reason as you may, but educate the spiritual side of his nature as well. Let the two go hand in hand and unfold together. As full of error as the religions of the past have been and are, they nevertheless have filled and do now fill a niche in human nature, and feed a hunger of the soul which no amount of intellectual pabulum can supply. Strip religious belief of its errors and inconsistencies, if you will, and we shall not object, but leave religion's self, in all its sweetness and purity, to exalt and ennoble man's moral and spiritual nature and lead him upward into the higher realms of being.

We gladly join hands with Materialist and Christian, with Jew and Gentile, in all good words and works leading to this end.

We are pleased to publish Capt. Scott's oration, not only for its real merit, but also for the opportunity it affords us to comment upon Materialism generally. Besides, our Materialistic friends have no organ here whereby they can reach the public. It is, however, a deviation from our line of work that we do not care often to make.

A WOMAN ENGINEER.—Cincinnati has a new wonder in the person of Miss Mary Brennan, who has just been granted by the Board of Inspectors of Stationary Engineers a license to run an engine. Miss Brennan is Matron of the St. Auburn Young Ladies' Institute, and showed her knowledge of physics and mechanics on several occasions. She superintended repairs that were made on the boiler of the engine at the institution; also the removal of the same to another part of the building, she herself drawing the plans and diagrams for its new location. The rigid examination required to be passed for obtaining a license she got over with as much rapidity as the Inspector did with his part of the proceedings. Miss Brennan is the first, and at present the only, woman engineer in the United States, but she will not long hold the latter distinction. Not a few young women are turning their attention to those studies so long considered masculine. A young lady of seventeen is mentioned in one of our universities as having chosen the course of mechanical arts, and takes shop practice; studies machinery and its necessary accompaniments of science and mathematics. Her desire is to enable her to assist her father in his large manufactory at Rochester. Thus, women are moving on toward the acquisition of strong minds in sound, strong bodies.

SALVATION FROM RUM.—Boston has about as many determined workers for good as any other of our great cities, with perhaps less evil to contend with. But intemperance is everywhere, and in Boston it is no less. It has an institution designed especially for the benefit of intemperate women, whom it takes from the lockup and criminal courts, and out of the streets, in all stages of degradation from inebriety. It provides good physical care for from three to six months, by which the saddened souls are lifted from the darkness of stupefied minds into the true light of womanhood, and a new existence dawns upon them. Saved from the murderous intent of the highwayman, Rum, is a rescue that is not chronicled as it should be. There is no death so terrible to the body, and none so painful to the spirit in its awakening. Blessed are those whose hands save these poor victims from this common enemy! Whose robes shall be whiter, and whose crown brighter, than those who reach down into the dark pool of sin to save helpless souls?

—A new edition of cabinet photographs of the Ancient Band, (long out of print,) from the original life-size pencil paintings by Anderson, (formerly on exhibition in this city), has just been issued. There are twenty-eight of them in all, and they are now furnished at the reduced price of ten dollars for the set. Address J. Winchester, Columbia, Cal.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Fred Evans has consented to appear before the Academy of Sciences of this city, and give an exhibition of independent slate-writing.

—Dr. W. W. McKaig will lecture before the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, at Washington Hall, to-morrow evening. Subject: "Home." The Doctor always has something good to say.

—Parker Pillsbury, of Concord, N. H., kindly sends us a copy of his valuable historical work, "Acts of the Anti-Slavery Apostles." The book contains 503 pages and is sold for \$1.50. Address as above.

—The Sisterhood of the Seven Links will hold their monthly meeting at the residence of Mrs. Cramer, 324 Seventeenth street, next Monday, Feb. 7th, at 2 P. M. A full attendance is desired, as matters of importance will be considered.

—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists will give their President, W. C. Wilson, a reception, at Washington Hall, at 2 P. M. to-morrow, in connection with the afternoon lecture, in recognition of his services as President of the Society.

—Paul A. Smith arrived in San Diego last Saturday from Topolobampo direct, and will be in San Francisco in about two weeks. He writes us that he has traveled over five hundred miles in Sinaloa, and has returned a "grinning skeleton of facts," some of which he hopes to present through the columns of the GOLDEN GATE.

—Mrs. F. M. B. Morse, of Fresno City, writing to renew her subscription for another year, says: "I could not get along without it. 'We are taking at least a dozen different papers, and the GOLDEN GATE I like better than all the rest. It is a true friend and comforter. I like the course you take of never saying hard things to drive away those that are just beginning to have their eyes opened to the true religion.'"

—How were old-time churches and their pastors maintained in this country? Surely not by pew rent, for all were then on the same material footing, and all met as one family, with equal duties and responsibilities toward and for one another. Our ancient divines were men versed in domestic chores and manual usefulness, as well as Scripture; and if they knew one thing better than another, it was how to get a fair living out of salaries no larger than those of our modern school teachers, and in many cases, far less. But times have changed, and churches are among the rich institutions of the day, yet they, too, are changing. In Cambridge, Mass., the hired pew is no longer a part of church regulation; all have discarded the system. All seats are free, and the ministers live by salary and contributions, it is presumed.

—Some dozen or more years ago, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps gave to the world a charming little volume entitled "Gates Ajar," the chief merit of which was its deep spiritual meanings and significance. Although written as a fiction, it was, nevertheless, full of the teachings and philosophy of Spiritualism. From that time to this, the gifted authoress has been made to feel the lash of evangelical disapproval, until now, lacking longer the courage of her convictions, she writes an article for the press on "Sense in Spiritualism," in which she endeavors to undo much of the good of her former work. Mrs. Phelps is but human, and is deserving of more pity than censure.

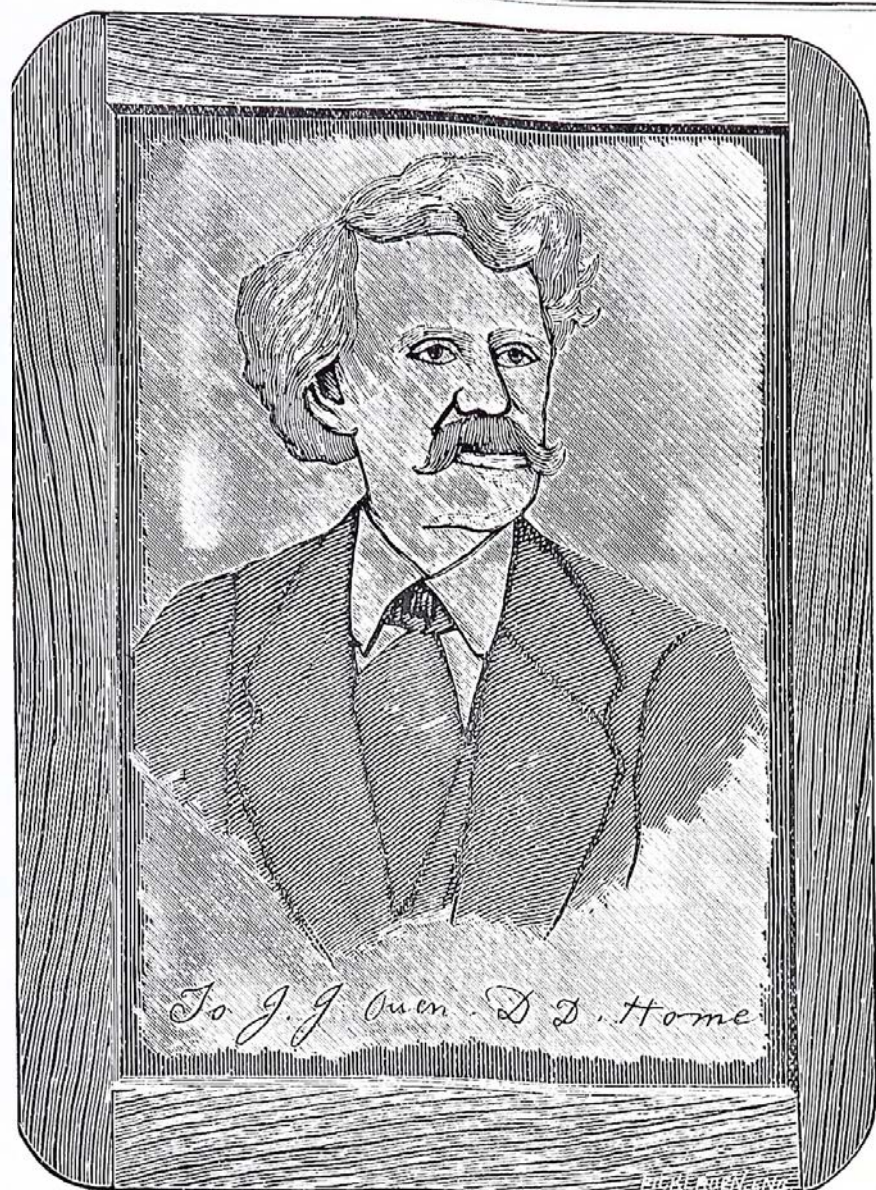
—A large audience greeted Mrs. J. J. Whitney and Dr. D. J. Stansbury at the Odd Fellows' Hall last Sunday evening, it being the first of a series of test meetings under the new management. The meeting opened with a song by Mrs. Miner, followed by an invocation by the control of Dr. Stansbury, who also made a few remarks regarding the work that is proposed to be done, after which the controls of the Doctor gave a few tests, followed by the guides of Mrs. Whitney, who held the audience spellbound by their vivid descriptions and personations, giving many names in full, and delineations which were fully recognized. Mrs. Whitney is fast being developed as one of the best platform test mediums. Meetings will be continued every Sunday evening until further notice.

From Spirit William Henry Jessup.

[Given through the mediumship of Mittie B. Stevens, age twelve years, of Gilroy, and copied for the Golden Gate.]

I was a fruit inspector, and no doubt many of the business men of the neighboring cities will recognize this is W. H. Jessup of Haywards. I went on business to New Orleans and was taken quite suddenly with malaria fever and passed away there, and my body was shipped to my home in Haywards, where I owned quite an extensive cherry orchard.

I would be so happy if I only could communicate to my dear wife and family, but I am happy even to have the privilege of communicating to my niece, Mrs. M. Stevens. I trust, in time, my dear wife will accept this blessed truth and my messages, then I can aid her in many ways in business matters. I dwell and am with my beloved wife, Maria, very often. I sit and talk to her, but I talk in vain. She won't respond to my questions, and, of course, it hurts me, but I hope and trust I will succeed in making her hear and feel my presence in the near future. I intend to make manifestations so as to get Maria to investigate. On earth I was an unbeliever of this blessed truth, spirit return; but now if I were on earth (which I have no wish to be) no money nor human power could take this blessed truth from me. We have not a doubt but in time this belief will be accepted by the greater part of the inhabitants on earth.



SPIRIT PICTURE.

[Obtained through the mediumship of Fred Evans. For description see opposite page.]

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Origin of Life.

BY DR. JOHN ALLYN.

Nothing is more certain than that this planet existed for many thousands of years, probably millions, in a fused condition which could not possibly support animal life. When the heat had so far radiated into space as to form a solid crust, and that was ground down by the elements, and the atmosphere cleared so as to support life, it has been a fruitful theme for philosophers, scientists and theologians, to inquire how living beings originated.

Sir Wm. Thomson, in his annual address as president of the British Association for the advancement of science, put forth the theory, or at least suggestion, that the germs of living organisms might have been brought to earth on the fragments of an exploded meteor. These fragments show evidence of having been fused on the outside by the friction of our atmosphere before reaching the surface of the earth. But setting aside difficulties, the question would still remain, how came life on those other globes of space? This theory, if tenable, does not solve the problem, but only removes it one step further back. All the theories that have been advanced on this subject may be classified under three heads.

1st, That animals, including man, were created in pairs, in full maturity, by the hand of God.

2d, That the elements of physical nature and the forces that inhere therein, have, by a fortuitous concurrence of their atoms, evolved living organisms.

3d, That intelligent forces, that we may call spiritual, pervade matter, and that wherever this reaches a condition to support life, which is a higher manifestation of force than exists in the mineral, produces life in the protoplasmic matrix, in minute organisms. By the laws of heredity, variation, survival of the fittest, and progression, these are evolved upwards to man who crowns the animal series.

Early in the century, when geology was being studied with interest, some reputable theologians recklessly advanced the theory that God, being Omnipotent, created the earth with all the fossil remains, as they were found, distributed through the crust of the earth. But this, being a mockery of human intelligence, was soon abandoned, and is only adhered to by fourth-class preachers, mostly in the rural districts. Geologists found that under the bed of the Euphrates, on whose banks the fabled Garden of Eden was located, the earth was sprinkled with the fossil remains of animals. This theory rests on a myth, as no instance of a mature creation was ever known to science.

We know that under favorable conditions mineral solutions will produce crystals, and a broken crystal will replace a missing part; and the form will be changed by a change of the solution. Thus salt usually crystallizes in the form of a cube, but if urine be added it takes the form of an octahedron.

As crystals are formed where favorable solutions exist, so it would seem that life sprung into being wherever the requisite conditions are found. Even hot springs have their tenants; every lake, stream and island is peopled with beings adapted to their environment.

Scientists are divided on the question whether living beings spring into being

without pre-existing life. Pasteure, Tyndall and Huxley, hold the negative; while Bastian, Wyman, Draper, Wallace and Owen, hold the affirmative.

In July, 1862, Prof. Wyman, of Harvard, gave the results of thirty-seven experiments made to determine whether living beings could be developed without pre-existent germs. The juice of beef and mutton, and a solution of gelatine and sugar were used. These were exposed to heat of boiling water, and some to 300 degrees. In some cases the necks of the jars were heated red-hot and twisted around before exposure to heat. In the course of a few days or weeks, life was found in all of them but two. Prof. Clark, of Harvard, who gave a detailed account of these experiments, says: "The facts of the experiments proved, if anything can be proved beyond the reach of change or improvement, is that undoubted living beings were produced where life could not have been previously."

Prof. Tyndall had sixty glass jars filled with an infusion of turnip juice; these were heated to boiling for five minutes and the ends sealed with a blow-pipe. He took these to the Alps. Some were opened in a hay-loft, and some on a cliff overlooking a glacier. The latter did not develop life, while the others did. These failures are, at best, but negative evidence, and can not affect the force of the hundreds of successful experiments that have been made by scientists on this subject.

Further, if they all failed it is by no means certain that the subtle conditions that existed in the early geologic ages, can be repeated on a small scale. Reputable scientists all agree that they possess no knowledge of laws or forces by which the chasm between living and non-living matter can be spanned, but that it has been spanned in innumerable instances in the history of our globe is certain.

Enough has been said to show that there are but two hypotheses worthy of further consideration. One is that blind forces acting in and through matter, have, by a fortuitous concurrence of atoms produced living beings. The other is that intelligent forces have produced living organisms, and by evolution, that is, heredity, variation, natural selection, and the survival of those best fitted for the environment,—carried them upward to the animals now inhabiting the earth.

The consideration of these must form the subject of another article.

THAT DELUSION.—If one thing more than another tends to indicate the final fulfillment of scriptural prophecy regarding the end of our world, it is to be found in the multiplicity of claimants or pretenders to the Messiahship. Men and women of high and low station, ignorant and learned, of different nationalities, are each claiming to be the Christ—the secondary coming. The most singular thing in this hallucination that has come upon the world is the fact that among the number of would-be Saviors there are four rabbis, each claiming to work miracles, and hence to be the Messiah. This is a new feature in the history of Judaism. Of course this latter does not relate to the poor Nazarene whom the Jews crucified, but to their Temple Messiah, who has never yet come upon earth, but for whom they have been confidently looking since they put Jesus to death. A great change is being wrought upon the earth; all feel its workings but not all get its true import. That good is to come out of all the present evils is an intuition rather than a belief with many. They do not reason that extreme wrong leads to right, but that some awful supermundane power is to come upon us and wipe out all that is wicked in a twinkling, leaving the just to inherit the earth.

Mediumship.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Mediumship is the gateway to the spirit world. It has brought joy and happiness to many possessors. As a means for communication with the spirit world, it has made many a home heaven on earth. It has unfolded, rounded out, and developed the spiritual natures of thousands who, but for the blessing, would have borne many an anguish and sorrow in gloom and sadness.

Mediumship and spiritual phenomena, so much reviled, maligned and scoffed at by those who are ignorant of its beautiful revelations, is no delusion, or snare, or vagary of a disordered brain or imagination, nor invention or creation of the evil one, no hidden mystery, but a tangible, self-evident fact that will satisfy and triumphantly bear the closest investigation of the honest seeker. When carefully and earnestly pursued it opens up innumerable fields of scientific research, reveals avenues of greater beauties and higher enjoyments than mortal mind can conceive of or comprehend. It is customary with many on questions of human progress and modern unfoldment of religious thoughts, to say harsh things of them. There is no guilt like uncharitableness, as there is no virtue like divine love. No one is so good but he has some shadow of badness, and no one so bad but he has some gleam of goodness. The lives of some badly-balanced natures seem to be a perpetual growl. There are chronic fault-finders ever on the alert for something in past history, or in present human nature which they can condemn. This practice sours their own natures and retards the reformation of those whose faults they berate. The most successful reformer is he or she whose teachings are most permeated by the gentle spirit of love. "Do unto others as you wish to be done by." This is the key, and the only key, to all human reformation.

The sooner all come under the influence of the spirit, the sooner will dawn the glad day of peace and happiness upon the world. I am happy to say our beautiful faith is more charitable and christian-like than to ridicule any creed taken from the book of books, our "Holy Bible." So many, and I am astonished at the number of so-called intellectual, sensible and even scientific men and women sneer at, and ignore spirit return even before they have given it any attention, or possibly after a feeble and unfair investigation of its truth. To one who regards the matter from such a standpoint, any explanation based wholly upon fraud and delusion looks much more like the manifestations of a self-conceited obstinacy than the legitimate action of profound minds.

It is not to be denied, however, that there have been many frauds and delusions in close connection with the genuine of these phenomena; strange would it be, were it otherwise, for almost every marked reality is closely followed by its shadowed falsity. But that, amid all the vast accumulations of such wonders during the past thirty five years, there is an absolute abundance of genuine facts, is what no one who has faithfully followed the movement can reasonably doubt. The leading phenomenal facts of Spiritualism, then, I regard as established beyond reasonable doubt. For our own sakes, we are satisfied; we know it to be a blessed truth. Our hearts are comforted each day by messages and tests of spirit return.

Now, without going into a prolonged detailed account I will simply give some messages and tests we have received and proven to be facts. My husband's aged and feeble mother living in Wisconsin, was taken suddenly ill; it being impossible for him to go to her, our controls told us they would keep us posted how mother was every night and morning; they did so, and their report compared with the letters and telegrams received in every respect. I will give one report to show the delicate and beautiful manner they took to give such unpleasant news. "Lingering, lingering on, mother grows weaker and weaker till she sinks into the golden hues of sunset." A few days after, we received the following message:

"My son, mother is gone; she passed away between 9 and 10 o'clock. I picked her up in my arms and carried her all the way to a home I had prepared for her. A beautiful chair of tuberoses and smilax was made for mother's reception, and I placed her in it. Mother saw us all before she passed away, and said, 'Oh, what beautiful, beautiful dreams!' My son, it is but natural to feel the loss of your mother, but try and not grieve because she wishes to dwell with you, now that she can, and if you feel sad it will make it so she cannot enter in your presence. The great uniter of heaven reunited us in marriage. Oh, we are so happy together here in spirit realm. Mother deserves a crown of diamonds for her management of seven minor children for the past thirty years. Dear Johnnie and Ollie (the youngest son and wife mother lived with when she passed away), they need not fear, for they have made for themselves crowns of pearls, for not one thing was left undone for mother that could be done. God bless and keep them from all harm is our prayer. Mother will come soon and give you comforting words. Your spirit father, Mark Stevens."

We were talking this over and wondering if it could be true, when my husband came in and handed me a telegram, saying, "Mother is at rest." We consider this a very fine test of spirit power.

We are still sitting for development, and receive messages daily. To-day fifteen new spirits came rejoicing in having the privilege to communicate. We have now a list of spirit names to the number of three hundred and ten. In this good work our paths are straightened and made pleasant, and under its loving and softening influences we are led to seek the comfort and happiness, both temporal and spiritual, of humanity. Welcome, thrice welcome, to this new, but earth and heaven-born phenomena, for it brings us "glad tidings of great joy."

FRaternally,
MRS. MANUEL STEVENS.
GILROY, Cal., Jan. 31, 1887.

JOAQUIN MILLER writes: "The President is plain, but Mrs. Cleveland is certainly not only the most beautiful woman we ever had in the White House, but one of the most beautiful ever born."

PUBLICATIONS.

NOW ON SALE.

The Grandest Spiritual Work Ever Published.

Voices from Many Hill-Tops—
—Echoes from Many Valleys;
—or the—

Experiences of the Spirits Eon and Eona

In earth life and spirit spheres;

In Ages Past; In the Long, Long Ago; and their MANY INCARNATIONS in Earth-Life and on Other Worlds.

A Spiritual Legacy for Earth's Children.

This book of many lives is the legacy of spirit Eona to the wide, wide world.

A book from the land of souls, such as was never before published. No book like unto this has ever found its way to earth-hand shores, showing that there has never been a demand for such a publication.

This book has been given by spirit Eona through the "Sun Angel Order of Light," to her soul-mate Eon, and through him to the world.

THE BOOK HAS

650 Large Sized Pages,

Is elegantly bound in fine English cloth, has beveled boards and gilt top. Will be sent by mail on receipt of \$2.50.

Send amount in money order or registered letter.

Catalogues, giving contents of the book MAILED FREE to every one. Please send your name and address.

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS,

JOHN B. FAYETTE,

Box 1362,

June 17-1904

OSWEGO, N. Y.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS LYONS,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,

Room 18, Temple Block,

LOS ANGELES, : : : CALIFORNIA.

Books for Sale at this Office. (*)

Manual of Psychometry: The Dawn of a New Civilization. By J. RODES BUCHANAN, M. D.,	PRICE.
The New Education: Moral, Industrial, Hygienic, Intellectual. By J. RODES BUCHANAN, M. D.,	1 50
Leaflets of Truth; or, Light from the Shadow Land. By M. KARR,	75
Our Sunday Talks; or, Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought. By J. J. OWEN,	1 00
The Mediumistic Experiences of John Brown, the Medium of the Rockies, with an Introduction by Prof. J. S. Loveland,	1 00
Spiritualists' Directory. By G. W. KATES,	25
Spiritism; the Origin of all Religions. By J. P. DAMBRON,	50

*When ordered by mail, eight per cent added for postage.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FURNISHED ROOMS TO-LET.
No. 1 Fifth Street, Corner of Market.

H. C. WILSON

Desires to inform his many friends, both in the city and country, that he has assumed the management of the above named house and solicits their patronage.

LOCATION CENTRAL : : : PRICES REASONABLE.

827 Everything Strictly First-Class. 827

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHICAL SERVICES AT Metropolitan Temple, by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, Sunday, February 6th, Mrs. E. L. Watson will answer questions at 11 a. m. In the evening at 7:30 she will lecture. Subject: "The Promised Comforter; or Light on the Hidden Way." Children's Lyceum at 12:30 p. m. All services free.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 2 P. M., in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Good speakers upon all live subjects pertaining to Spiritualism and humanity. A free Spiritual Library, of 700 volumes, open every Sunday from 1 to 5 p. m. Mrs. Shepard will lecture at 2 p. m., and Dr. W. W. McKaig in the evening. All are invited.

FREE PUBLIC MIND-CURE MEETINGS ARE held every Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. and 2:30 o'clock p. m., at Grand Pacific Hall, 1045 1/2 Market street. The morning meetings are devoted to questions and answers and healing patients. At 2 o'clock a paper is read, followed by testimonies and closing with a social. These meetings are for the purpose of showing people how they have power in themselves to remove all disease and trouble.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY WEDNESDAY evening, at St. Andrew's Hall, No. 114, Larkin street. First hour—Lecture and Inspirational Speaking. Second hour—Tests, by the Mediums. Admission, free.

"A Modern Wizard."

[The following entertaining narrative of the singular phenomena observed by our representative will be read with peculiar local interest, as Mr. Eglinton's father has been a resident of this locality for a considerable period, and is highly respected by those who know him. At the same time we deem it due to ourselves to state that we do not commit ourselves to any expression of opinion in the matter, beyond guaranteeing that the account is written by a person in whose bona fides we have complete confidence.—EDITOR WOOD GREEN AND SOUTHGATE TIMES, DEC. 13, 1886.]

Many of your readers, I assume, are familiar with the queer doings of the Spiritualists. Their wonder-working has been a matter for the skeptic to scoff at, and the timid have given them a wide berth for fear of being horrified with all the weird things to be seen and heard at their meetings. But in reality there is nothing uncanny in the least about them, and I confess to a slight feeling of disappointment in this respect after I made their acquaintance. It came about in this way. A friend of mine had received a ticket for a *conversazione* to be given at the St. James' Hall, by the President and Council of the London Spiritualist Alliance, and thinking as a member of the press I should be interested in their proceedings, he gave me an invitation to accompany him, which I accepted, and, notwithstanding a pitiless rain had fallen the whole day, I buttoned up my coat collar and determined to brave the elements for the rare chance of seeing these—what are usually considered—"peculiar people." I had imagined I should find about fifty or more weird-looking, long-haired individuals; but fancy my surprise when I burst into a blaze of light, and discovered myself in the center of as brilliant a gathering of from 500 to 600 people as one could wish to meet, and this, notwithstanding the horrid and humid state of the atmosphere. People of high rank, men and women well known in society, were there assembled, and they looked not a bit more extraordinary than any other members of the community.

Immediately after I had entered there was a hush, for two gentlemen were seen to be making their way to the platform through the crowded throng. One was the President, the Rev. Stanton Moses, M. A., as my card of invitation informed me, and the other Mr. W. Eglinton, the celebrated "Medium," or, as I prefer to call him, the "Modern Wizard." With an exceedingly pale face rendered paler by contrast with his dark complexion, and his piercing and magnetic-looking eyes, finely proportioned shoulders, and well-cut features, he looked, although unlike the mental picture I had formed of a "wizard," the very essence of a mysterious being, albeit he was spotlessly and faultlessly dressed in that abomination of fashion—the evening suit.

A loud murmur of applause rose as he stood on his feet to read a paper bearing upon his experiences, for this Modern Wizard has been in every corner of the globe, and has been received by every European celebrity, from crowned heads down to Mr. Gladstone. I need not here enter into any details of his speech, except to say that it was of little interest to those outside the "sacred circle;" but his very earnestness impressed me that I determined if possible to make his personal acquaintance, and that came in quite an unexpected manner. The President, following my Wizard in a well-chosen and feeling speech, incidentally mentioned that Mr. Eglinton had given the Spiritualist Alliance *carte blanche* to invite a certain number of pressmen to witness his wonders, and availing myself of the chance, I addressed a letter to Mr. Eglinton, who most courteously appointed an hour for me to call upon him for the purpose of holding a seance.

Arming myself with a couple of slates, between which I inserted a piece of slate pencil, and afterwards sealed them, I duly presented myself at 6, Nottingham Place, W., the home of this extraordinary person. The door was opened by a smart-looking boy in buttons, and I was ushered into an elegantly furnished room on the first floor. Presently Mr. Eglinton entered, greeting me most affably, and asked me to descend to his study, wherein he carried on his mysterious calling. A few moments pleasant chat revealed that I was in the presence of a singularly well-informed and agreeable gentleman, with nothing about him beyond his lustrous eyes to excite apprehension. He called my attention to a plain deal table at which we sat, and which he asked me to examine. This I did, as also everything else which necessitated doing so. Producing two common school slates he said I was to clean them and mark them in any manner I wished, for future identification. A Brahmalocked slate was lying upon the table, no less than the veritable one which the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone had received his writing.

As a preliminary Mr. Eglinton remarked that he took no responsibility for any explanation of the results which might follow; that whilst holding his own views as to what the agency was which produced the writing, he did not wish to force them upon his visitors, and he left them to judge for themselves. This much, however, he did claim, that the writing was not produced by his conscious aid; but the issue to be determined between us was whether he did or did not manipulate so dexterously as to deceive me. Taking one of the slates which I had marked, he asked me to place upon it a fragment of

colored crayon, of which there were many pieces lying on the table, and pressed it closely against the surface underneath, only the tips of his fingers being hidden from my penetrating gaze, his thumb and wrist being plainly visible to me. When this portion was settled he asked if we should obtain writing that day, whereupon I was astounded to hear the distinct sounds of writing coming, apparently, from the space between the upper surface of the slate and the under surface of the table. Not a muscle of Mr. Eglinton's hand moved, although it was clear that he was under some sort of magnetic or dazed condition. Three taps followed, and he withdrew the slate. There, at the further end of the slate from the hand of the Wizard was the word "Yes," written in the color I had chosen. My astonishment was great, and it seemed to amuse Mr. Eglinton, who appeared to smile; but recovering myself I requested him again to allow me to examine the table. I could find nothing to explain how the writing was produced.

Mr. Eglinton then asked me if I possessed a bank note, as he wished to prove that the agency was not an unconscious duplication of our thoughts. I said I had a check, the number of which I did not know, and folding it up and putting it into the locked slate with a grain of pencil, I took the key and placed it in my pocket. This slate never left my hand or my sight, and there, in full sight, without any clue to account for the sound, I heard writing going on; and on opening the slate I found the number of my check duplicated! I was staggered, for it could not have been known by any amount of guesses what the number was, and therefore a skillful chemical preparation was quite out of the question, and that Mr. Eglinton did not write it I am prepared to swear. Who then did? During this time my sealed slates had remained quiescent upon the table. They were then placed at the corner of the table, with our hands upon them, and in full sight. The Wizard said it was contended by a certain society, I forget which, that the results could never be obtained under the conditions in which the slate then reposed; but he said, as he felt so much "power," (whatever that might be), he would try an experiment. He asked me to dictate a number. I said, "5,555." He requested me to give a multiplier. I said "8," to make the sum easy to whoever the operator might be. The answer then came at once, quite correct, as I found on breaking open the slates, in every detail. Still more marvels were to follow. A sponge which was lying in full sight upon the table, rose up, without contact of any kind, about a foot, and with an undulating movement, gently fell again. I thought, "this beats the Fakers hollow." But the idea had not passed through my mind before I felt myself, chair and all, being lifted in the air, a distance perhaps of three or four inches. Machinery and wires there were none, and Mr. Eglinton was at least three feet from my chair, although if he had moved an inch I should have detected it. I was then asked to write a question on the slate, and under no circumstances to allow Mr. Eglinton see it. This I did, and reversing the slate so that the clean side remained uppermost, the Wizard placed it under the table as before, and within thirty-five seconds (I was looking at my watch at the time) I heard the sound of writing. The slate was withdrawn, and upon it I found—"You have one in the higher life," my question being, "How many sisters have I in the higher life? I am positive Mr. Eglinton could not have seen what I wrote, nor could he have written the answer if he had done so."

This concluded our experiments, and I got up from the table feeling that, whatever the agency, Mr. Eglinton was merely a passive instrument. Those who are ignorant of the impressions created by these phenomena may speak of conjuring, but no condition of a conjurer, by any stretch of their powers, could have produced the results I have carefully and accurately described. If Mr. Eglinton does consciously effect what I saw, then I will plead guilty of being unable to trust my own senses, and I will dub him into the bargain the most divinely expert person the world has ever seen.

A further conversation ensued, in which I gathered that Spiritualism was neither anti-Christian nor even antagonistic to orthodox religion. The Spiritualists contend that through these phenomena materialism is thwarted, and therefore the Church, instead of opposing them, should unite in investigating these strange manifestations, and see if they clash with revealed religion.

Cordially thanking Mr. Eglinton, I wished him good-bye, and felt a certain sense of relief when I gained the open street, for the wonders I had seen had quite converted me to a belief in the extraordinary marvels worked by this "modern wizard."

THE Berlin Weekly Echo offers a prize of twenty marks for the briefest and wittiest answer to the following conundrum, which might have been propounded by the author of "The Lady or the Tiger": A young spendthrift, who is able to borrow money only because his affianced has promised to pay his debts after the wedding, falls into a river together with her before the wedding has taken place, and both are on the point of being drowned. A miserly creditor of the young man happens to pass, jumps into the water and saves—whom and why?

THE American Spectator, Boston, Mass., moralizes thus: "Each life that patiently and untiringly adds to the riches of the soul, by the culture of the moral nature, will day by day grow to loftier heights, unfold into a nobler existence, experience a richer happiness, and more and more prove a priceless blessing to humanity, as step by step it approaches nearer and nearer the throne of Infinity."

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING.

DR. D. J. STANSBURY,

No. 1 FIFTH STREET, : : : CORNER OF MARKET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Independent Slate-Writing.

SITTINGS DAILY, 10 TO 4, : : : \$1.50.

Public Circles, Tuesday and Friday Even'gs, 50 cts.

Private Developing Class, Wednesday Evn'g.

MRS. DR. BEIGHLE,

No. 1410 Octavia St., : San Francisco.

(Take either Sutter or Geary street cars.)

WILL DIAGNOSE DISEASE

TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS FROM 1 TO 4 O'CLOCK P. M.

TREATMENT OF ALL DISEASES EVERY DAY FROM 9 A. M. TO 5 P. M., (Sundays excepted.)

All conveniences for Invalids.

Jan22-tf

MRS. J. J. WHITNEY,

The Wonderful

CLAIRVOYANT AND TEST MEDIUM

Located at : 120 Sixth Street,

SAN FRANCISCO,

Has been instructed by her guides to announce to her many inquirers, that she is prepared to

ANSWER SEALED QUESTIONS BY LETTER,

Price, \$2.00.

Sittings daily, : : : : \$1.00.

MRS. EGGERT AITKEN,

TRANCE MEDIUM—MASSAGE TREATMENT.

Diagnosis given by lock of hair, fee, \$2.00.

Circle, Sunday and Thursday eve'ngs. Consultations daily

No. 830 MISSION STREET.

JOHN SLATER,

SPIRITUAL MEDIUM.

Sittings DAILY, 10 TO 3 O'CLOCK.

Circles—Tuesday and Friday Evenings, and Wednesday Afternoons at 2 o'clock.

236 Taylor Street : : : San Francisco.

A REMARKABLE OFFER.

SEND TWO 2-CENT STAMPS,

Lock of hair, state age and sex, and give your name in full, and I will send you a CLAIRVOYANT DIAGNOSIS of your disease, FREE. Address,

I. C. BATDORF, M. D.,

Principal Magnetic Institute, Jackson, Michigan.

MRS. MARY L. MCGINDLEY,

Mandan, Dakota,

CLAIRVOYANT, INSPIRATIONAL & BUSINESS MEDIUM.

Six questions answered for one dollar.

Life horoscope sent for \$2.00. : Satisfaction guaranteed.

Aug27-tf

SHORT-HAND AND CALIGRAPH TEACHER.

MISS GEORGIA HALL,

At 161 Seventh Street, : : : Oakland.

MRS. WM. H. KING,

TRANCE, CLAIRVOYANT AND CLAIRAUDIENT MEDIUM,

Residence, : : : San Diego, Cal.

Will answer calls to lecture anywhere in the State.

Jun26

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

MRS. A. A. CONNOR,

METAPHYSICIAN AND D. M.

ALL NERVOUS DISEASES A SPECIALTY.

Office Hours:—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, 1 to 4 o'clock p. m.
228½ Page St., near Laguna, : San Francisco.
Consultation, Free. dec11-tf

MRS. L. ELLSWORTH,

INSPIRATIONAL MEDIUM,

1108½ Broadway, : : : Oakland.

FAMILY MATTERS MADE A SPECIALTY.

Charges Reasonable. Jan29-tf

DR. LOUIS SCHLESINGER,

TEST MEDIUM,

854 1-2 BROADWAY, : : OAKLAND, CAL.

Office hours, from 9 a. m. to 12 m., and 2 to 5 p. m., (Sundays excepted.) Sittings at other hours by appointment.

Terms—First sitting, \$2.50, which includes one year's subscription to the GOLDEN GATE or "Carrier Dove." Subsequent sittings for same persons, \$1 each. Aug28

MRS. M. J. BROWN,

No. 114 Turk Street, city.

VAPOR BATHS SCIENTIFICALLY APPLIED.

Chronic and Nervous Diseases Cured Without the Use of Drugs.

Consultation, : Daily.

The Vitalizing Cabinet-Bath, or Portable Hot Springs. What is the effect? It cleanses the skin and opens the pores, equalizes the circulation and relieves congestion, preserves health and prevents disease, purifies the blood by removing the impurities which accumulate in the fluids and tissues of the body, and imparts vigor to the system, and strength to the mind. dec18-tf

MRS. L. S. BOWERS,

WASHOE SEERESS AND ASTROLOGER,

104 Powell Street,

San Francisco, : : : California.

dec11-1m*

MRS. M. I. HENDEE,

PSYCHOMETRICAL DELINEATOR OF CHARACTER AND DISEASE. MENTAL AND MAGNETIC TREATMENT.

20 Turk Street, : : : San Francisco.

Sittings daily. Circles, Monday and Friday evenings. Developing Circle, Thursday evenings and Wednesday, at 2 o'clock p. m.

MRS. ALBERT MORTON,

SPIRIT MEDIUM AND PSYCHOMETRIST.

Diagnosis and healing disease a specialty.

210 Stockton Street, : : : San Francisco.

no14-tf

DR. J. E. & C. MAYO-STEERS'S

SPIRITUALIZED REMEDIES.

Specialty Prepared and Magnetized to suit each case, under the direction of spirit controls Drs. Nicolian and Rosie. Send lock of hair, age, sex, one leading symptom, 2-cent stamp, and have your case diagnosed FREE.

OFFICE—251 HENNEPIN AVENUE.

Address, P. O. Box 1037, : Minneapolis, Minnesota.

may17-6m

MRS. R. A. ROBINSON,

PSYCHOMETRIZER AND TEST MEDIUM.

308 Seventeenth Street,

Between Mission and Valencia, San Francisco.

DO SPIRITS OF DEAD MEN AND WOMEN Return to Mortals?

MRS. E. R. HERBERT, SPIRIT MEDIUM,

Gives sittings daily, from 12 to 4 o'clock p. m., (Sundays excepted), at

No. 418 TWELFTH STREET, : OAKLAND, CAL.

Conference meetings Sunday evening; Developing Circles, Tuesday evenings. Public are invited. no18

FRED EVANS,
Medium
—FOR—
INDEPENDENT
SLATE
And MECHANICAL
WRITING.
Sittings daily (Sundays excepted), from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.
Private Developing, daily.
No. 1244 Mission Street, San Francisco.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS,

PHYSICIAN TO BODY AND MIND.

Has become permanently a citizen of Boston, and may be consulted concerning physical and mental disorders, or addressed at his

Office, No. 63 Warren Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Mr. Davis would be pleased to receive the full name and address of liberal persons to whom he may from time to time mail announcements or circulars containing desirable information. Jul3-5m*

MRS. M. MILLER,

MEDIUM,

Meetings—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings, and Fridays at 2 p. m. Sittings daily, \$1.00.

114 Turk Street, between Taylor and Jones.

Sittings daily. Admission to Public Circles, ladies 10 cents, gentlemen 25 cents.

DEVELOPING CIRCLE.

EVERY FRIDAY AT 2 P. M.,

At No. 10 LeRoy Place, off Sacramento street, South, between Leavenworth and Jones.

Ladies, 10 cents. : : Gentlemen, 25 cents.

Will also attend private families for developing their circles, at reasonable rates.

nov27-tf

W. C. R. SMITH, : Astral Healer.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DOCTOR FELLOWS



Is a regularly educated and legally qualified Physician and the most successful, as his practice will prove. Cures SPERMATORRHOEA and IMPOTENCY (as the result of excesses in married life, etc.), by an External Application of his own discovery, which is entirely unknown to the medical profession.

It is a medicine to be dissolved in water and then applied externally to the parts affected by pad and bandage, which accompanies the remedy. It cures by absorption, which is the only reliable method of curing the above named complaints. Those who are ailing should send for this outward application, if they can possibly do so, as it never fails to cure in the most advanced cases.

Now, reader, if you are one of the afflicted, send the Doctor at once five 2-cent stamps for his "PRIVATE CONSULTATION," telling all about the above named complaints, what the price will be for a cure, with strong, convincing testimonials sworn to.

Address, **Vineland, New Jersey**, and say in what paper you saw this advertisement.

From the WORCESTER, MASS., DAILY PRESS:—We cordially endorse Dr. R. P. Fellows as an able and learned physician, who has been so highly successful that his name is blessed by thousands of those who found no relief in the old medication, but were cured by the scientific method originated by Dr. Fellows. Oct9-13*

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS
A PATENT BEST
Established 1860.
USED BY THE BEST PENMEN
Noted for Superiority of Material, Uniformity, and Durability.
20 Samples for trial, post-paid, 10 Cents.
IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR, & CO.,
753 and 755 Broadway, New York.

B. J. SALISBURY,

—DEALER IN—

—Real Estate!—

SANTA ANA, - LOS ANGELES COUNTY, - CALIFORNIA

Inquiries from abroad answered promptly.

may25-tf

DR. ROWELL'S
URE OF LIFE
A MAGIC CURE
—FOR—
RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, PNEUMONIA, PARALYSIS, ASTHMA, SCIATICA, GOUT, LUMBAGO AND DEAFNESS.
Every-body Should Have It.
G. G. BURNETT, : Agent,
327 Montgomery St., S. F.
Price, \$1.00. Sold by all druggists. Call and see. Feb
DR. CHAS. ROWELL,
OFFICE—426 Kearny Street.

GOLD fields are scarce, but those who write to Sitman & Co., Portland, Maine, will receive free full information about work which they can do, and live at home, that will pay them from \$1 to \$25 per day. Some have earned over \$20 in a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of snug little fortunes. All is new.

\$1.00 FOR WATCHES

CLEANED AND WARRANTED. GLASS 10 CENTS.

T. D. HALL, Jeweler,

No. 3, Sixth Street, : San Francisco.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry retailed at wholesale prices. Clocks and Jewelry repaired. Orders and repairs by mail attended to.

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out if you are wise you will do so at once.
H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

WM. H. PORTER,

(Successor to Lockhart & Porter).

—Undertaker and Embalmer.—

NO. 116 EDDY STREET,

Between Mason and Taylor Street, opposite E. B. Hall, one block and a half from Baldwin Hotel.

PRESERVING BODIES WITHOUT ICE A SPECIALTY.

VITAPATHY.

VITAPATHY.

All who wish to learn this superior system and graduate at its College, and enter a good practice, address the

AMERICAN HEALTH COLLEGE,

Jan11-m*

Cincinnati, Ohio.

SHEW'S

Photograph Gallery,

No. 523 Kearny Street,

SAN FRANCISCO, : : : : : CAL.

What is the use of paying five and six dollars per dozen for Cabinet Photographs, on Montgomery and Market streets, when the very best work can be obtained at this Gallery for half the price.

Children's Cabinet Pictures taken by the instantaneous process for three dollars per dozen; and, no matter how restless, a good likeness guaranteed.

ENGLISH FACE POWDER.

ENGLISH FACE POWDER

BEAUTIFIES AND PRESERVES THE COMPLEXION.

No poisons are employed in its composition, and it can be used freely without injury to the face. The guides from the angel world evolved the idea that a harmless beautifier of the complexion would be a blessing to the world, and it has been placed in all the drug stores of San Francisco, for sale. Price 25 cents per box. nov20

Seeing Spirits.

(Cleveland Plaindealer.)

It is a question about which there is a difference of opinion among Spiritualists whether or not, granting the genuineness of the phenomena in a general way, it is ever possible for a spirit to manifest itself visibly and take on temporarily the form it wore before the spirit left the body. That is to say, as the phrase goes, whether or not it is possible for a spirit to materialize itself, or a visible form for itself temporarily. There are those who say that this is an impossibility and that the so-called materializations are cleverly combined frauds in which the medium personates the supposititious materialized spirits either with or without the aid of confederates. These point to the long array of instances where these alleged materializations have been exposed by some grabbing the alleged spirit and finding it very palpable flesh and blood. On the other hand the great body of believers in spiritualistic phenomena accept materialization as a reality, and notwithstanding the outrageous frauds and humbugs that are perpetrated by the credulous in its name, have evidence that they consider sufficient to demonstrate the fact that spirits can and do, under proper conditions, manifest themselves in visible and more or less material forms. Outside of both classes are those students of occult phenomena, who, without accepting the conclusions of the Spiritualists as to what these forms actually are and who have a theory of their own about them, have had that experience with them which leaves no room for any doubt whatever that the manifestations are real, that the forms do appear, coming out of the invisible and returning thence again. In this connection the experience of a well-known traveling man of this city with these apparitions, upon a recent occasion, as narrated to the writer, may be interesting. The phenomena were witnessed by him, together with others, in the Continental hotel of Buffalo a few weeks ago, the medium being a lady from the East, an old and intimate acquaintance of the proprietor of the hotel and his wife and stopping on a visit with the family.

The seance was held in one of the rooms of the hotel. There was no cabinet, such as is usually employed in these manifestations, but a string was stretched across one corner of the room and a white quilt hung over it. Behind this curtain a chair was placed. Beyond this there was nothing but the bare wall of the room, without door, window or any opening. This arrangement was made by guests of the hotel, and obviously in accounting for the phenomena that followed no theory of confederates, trap doors, closets, or hidden paraphernalia will answer. The fifteen or twenty people who witnessed the phenomena, nearly all being skeptical in regard to the reality of such thing, are one and all absolutely certain that nobody went behind the curtain except the woman who officiated as the medium, and that she had with her nothing except the clothes she wore. What came out from behind the curtain will appear in what follows.

The company that witnessed these manifestations was made up of the proprietor of the hotel and his wife, a number of traveling men stopping at the hotel and a few guests, and others specially invited. There were fifteen in all. They sat in a semi-circle about the curtained corner of the room, between the corner and the door, which was locked, and one of the company had the key in his pocket. The medium, a large and rather heavy woman about forty-five years of age, clad wholly in dark clothing, went behind the curtain and sat in the chair. Each member of the circle went up to the curtain and, looking behind it, saw nothing there but an elderly lady sitting on a chair. The curtain was drawn and all sat down.

In less than one minute the curtain was swung back and something came out into the semi-circle formed by the sitters. It was not the woman who went behind the curtain. It was the figure of a little girl apparently not more than six years old. Slight of form with fair face and golden hair, and clad in a robe of white, glittering with stars and shining with a peculiar phosphorescent glow. That this child, plainly seen by all, was not behind the curtain a minute before, that she was not in the room, that she did not go behind the curtain from without at any time, and that there was no other physical means of getting there, all knew beyond a doubt. Yet there was the figure, plain, palpable, conscious, a living reality. That at least was a physical fact beyond controversy.

The manifestations that followed need not be particularly described, it being the purpose of this article to call attention to one or two incidents of peculiarly remarkable character. It is enough to say that the most pronounced skeptics were staggered by what they saw and heard. The child form was succeeded by many others. Men, women and children, some brilliantly illuminated and some less distinct. Some simply came and went, some talked to friends who recognized them, and some sang in Italian, French, German and other tongues, with none of which the medium had the slightest acquaintance. One, representing himself to be the great Italian singer, Brignoli, sang in his own tongue an air in a voice of such wonderful power and compass as to be heard in all parts of the hotel, and bringing several persons from the hotel office to inquire the

source of the wondrous music. At times two voices were heard singing a duet, and once there were heard singing together three different parts of the music. And all this while no one had stirred from his seat, and nobody had gone behind the curtain but the one woman who went there at the beginning. Forms came out and talked with persons in the circle, and at the same time voices were heard talking with each other behind the curtain. Sometimes two and three forms came out together and some came out and standing within the semi-circle vanished there into thin air and nothingness before the very eyes of the astonished company.

The writer's informant, the Cleveland traveling man, while astonished at what he saw at the first sitting was perplexed in mind, because nothing came to him personally and was inclined to believe there was some hocus-pocus about it, although he could not see how there could be. So he went back the second night full of doubt, and not expecting much. The manifestations had hardly begun, when "Daisy," the child-spirit before mentioned who had come, came out into the circle and said: "Mr. E—, there is a spirit here who says he knows you."

"Who is it?" asked Mr. E.

"He says he thinks you ought to know him. He will materialize so you can see him." With that the form of a man came out from behind the curtain, the little girl remaining outside at the same time. Mr. E. asked the form to come closer and it did so, extending its hand.

"I took the hand," says Mr. E., and looked close at the face, recognizing it at once. It was an old friend of mine that I had known in this city, where he was connected with a daily newspaper. I said in amazement: "It is Jack H—."

"You know me, then, Dick," spoke the form before me, calling me by my name, which I am sure the medium did not know.

"I think I do," I said, "but if that is indeed my old friend, Jack H—, tell me something that only you and I know of and I will believe."

"I can do that," he answered. "You remember that you and I were on the steamer ten years ago crossing the lake from Detroit to Cleveland when a big storm came up and we thought we were going to be wrecked?" I had forgotten all about the circumstance and had not thought of it for years; but I remembered it then, and said so.

"We were in our berth in a stateroom, were we not?"

"I acknowledged that this was so."

"When we thought the boat was going to sink we got up and I seized the only life-preserver in the stateroom and rushed up on deck, you after me shouting to me to let you have the life-preserver?"

"I remembered that also."

"Do you remember what I said?"

"No. I could not recall that."

"I can tell you; I said, 'I'll let you have it when I am done with it.' Can you remember now?"

"I remembered. These were the very words; I had forgotten them. I had not thought of the circumstance for years; yet here comes a shadow from the land of shadows, claiming to be my friend who died, and brought with it the form, the features, the voice of that friend, telling me of something that only my friend and I knew, and something that I had forgotten myself. Was it not my friend? Was it not what it pretended to be? If not that, then what was it? If it did not come from the invisible world, bringing with it the conscious individuality of that friend of mine, whence was it?"

Whence indeed? It is easy to sweep all this aside and say that it is all humbug, fraud and delusion, but those who dispose of it that way, only confess that they do not know what they talk about. But our traveling man was destined to be surprised again that evening.

The form of a young girl came out and came up to where Mr. E. was sitting and was recognized by him. Years before they had been intimate friends and each was accustomed to call the other by a pet name known to themselves only. His astonishment may be imagined when the form called him by this name, which he is sure no living person upon the earth knows. But that was not all. The girl form said: "You still doubt, don't you, Dick, that it is indeed I? Well, I'll show you so you will not doubt. You know we sang together in the choir at the old church in C—, don't you?"

It was so. Years gone by this was so.

"We had a song we used to sing together, don't you mind?"

And this was so too.

"Well, I'll sing it for you."

The form, spirit, whatever it was or whence, in a voice of pure and unearthly sweetness, sang from first to last that half forgotten song. If that was not the spirit of the girl with whom this man had sung this song years before, what was it and who else could have known of that song?

"Are you happy?" asked E—, framing almost unconsciously the question that comes first in our minds when we think of those from whom death has separated.

"In space, in time no more, but the same always, eternally," answered the form as it faded into empty air and was gone.

Facts are stubborn things. We may account for the facts as we may, but these are facts.

TIME wasted is existence, used is life.

A True Story.

"Papa, can you please give me fifty cents for my Spring hat? Most of the academy girls have theirs."

"No, May, I can't spare the money."

The above request was persuasively made by a sixteen-year-old maiden as she was preparing for school one fine Spring morning. The refusal came from the parent in a curt, indifferent tone. The disappointed girl went to school. The father started for his place of business. On his way thither he met a friend, and being hail fellow well met, invited him into Mac's for a drink. As usual, there were others there, and the man who could not spare his daughter fifty cents for a hat, treated the crowd. When about to leave he laid half a dollar on the counter, which just paid for the drinks.

Just then the saloon keeper's daughter entered, and going behind the bar said: "Papa, I want fifty cents for my Spring hat."

"All right," says the dealer; and taking up the half dollar from the counter, hands it over to the girl who departs smiling.

May's father seemed dazed, walked out alone, and said to himself, "I had to bring my fifty cents here for the rum-seller's daughter to buy a hat with, after refusing it to my own daughter. I'll never drink another drop!"

And he kept his pledge.

CONTRIBUTOR—"Here is a manuscript I wish to submit." Editor (waving his hand)—"I am sorry. We are all full just now." Contributor—"Very well; I will call again when some of you are sober."—*Boston Courier.*

BEECHER says: "I hold that a man should be a round and perfect man." Herein Henry Ward differs from the generality of people. Most folks like a man who is square.—*Lowell Citizen.*

PUBLICATIONS.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, (Seer of the Harmonical Philosophy.) His latest remarkable book, written and published within the past year, entitled,

"BEYOND THE VALLEY," (A Sequel to the "Magic Staff.") Explaining Some Important Events in his Private Life, Is as gladly read, and will be as universally appreciated, as any other volume from his pen. The publishers receive orders for it from all parts of the civilized world. It contains six vivid diagram-illustrations, and treats upon subjects metaphysical and explains questions of universal interest.

THE PRESS, GENERALLY, And the numerous distinguished correspondents of the author in particular, have uniformly given to "Beyond the Valley" a high and influential position among the many works of this author.

Price, Single Copy, \$1.50; For Several Copies, a Liberal Discount. The Trade Supplied.

Address the publishers of the "Banner of Light," COLBY & RICH, Corner Bosworth and Province streets, Boston, Mass.

In remitting by postoffice money order, or otherwise, please make it payable to Colby & Rich.

THE NEW YORK BEACON LIGHT, An independent weekly Spiritual Journal, giving messages from our loved ones in spirit land, and containing matter of general interest connected with Spiritual science. Free from controversy and personalities.

MRS. M. E. WILLIAMS, Editor and Publisher. Subscription rates—One year, \$2.00; six months, \$1.00; three months, 50 cents. Postage, free. Rates of advertising—\$1.00 per inch for first insertion; 50 cents for each subsequent one. No advertisement inserted for less than \$1.00. For long standing advertisements and special rates, address the publisher. Payments in advance. Specimen copies sent free on application. News dealers supplied by the American News Company, Nos. 39 and 41 Chambers street, New York.

All communications and remittances should be addressed to MRS. M. E. WILLIAMS, 212 West 46th St., New York City.

THE ROSTRUM, A Fortnightly Journal devoted to the Philosophy of Spiritualism, Liberalism, and the Progress of Humanity.

A. C. COTTON, Editor and Publisher. All communications to the pages of THE ROSTRUM must be addressed to A. C. Cotton, Vineland, N. J. Price, per annum, in advance, \$1.00; six months, 50 cents; three months, 25 cents; club of five, \$4.00; club of ten, \$7.00; specimen copies sent free.

All orders and remittances must be made payable to A. C. COTTON, Vineland, N. J.

THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, To be published monthly after Jan. 1, 1886. This is to be a FREE magazine, from which no communication will be rejected on account of the sentiment expressed. And the editor will reserve the right to be as FREE in the expression of his views as are the correspondents. Each writer is to be solely responsible for his or her opinions. Each number will contain 48 pages and the price will be \$2.00 a volume, 25 cents for a single number.

Address, H. L. GREEN, Editor and Publisher, Salamanca, N. Y.

SPIRITUALISTS' DIRECTORY, RECORDING STATISTICS OF SOCIETIES, NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF SPEAKERS AND MEDIUMS, LIST OF PERIODICALS, ETC.

By G. W. KATES. Price, 25 Cents. For sale at this office.

BUCHANAN'S JOURNAL OF MAN. The first number of this monthly (one dollar per annum), will be issued February, 1887. Devoted to the science of man in all its departments, and to all human progress and reform, especially to "the dawn of the new civilization" arising from psychometric science and the revelation of the entire constitution of man, soul, L. xin and body,—making a journal entirely original for the most advanced, profound and liberal thinkers. Remit by postal order, to

Dr. J. R. BUCHANAN, 6 James St., Boston.

PUBLICATIONS.

THE WATCHMAN. AN 8-PAGE MONTHLY JOURNAL. Devoted to the Interests of Humanity and Spiritualism. Also, a Mouth-piece of the American and Eastern Congress in Spirit Life.

WATCHMAN. Spirit Editor.

Published by BOSTON STAR AND CRESCENT CO. 1090 Central Park Avenue, Miliard Postal Station, : Chicago, Illinois.

HATTIE A. BERRY, : Editor and Manager. ARTHUR B. SHEDD, : Assistant Manager.

Terms of Subscription (in advance)—One year, \$1.00; Six months, 50 cents; Clubs of ten, \$8.00; Single copies, 10 cents; Sample copies, free.

U. S. Postage Stamps will be received for fractional parts of a dollar. (15 and 25 preferred.)

Remit by P. O. order, drawn on CHICAGO, ILL., or by Registered letter. Payable to

HATTIE A. BERRY, Editor and Manager.

NEW INSPIRATIONAL SONGS. BY C. PAYSON LONGLEY. Author of "Over the River," and other popular Melodies.

Beautiful Home of the Soul. Come in Thy Beauty, Angel of Light. Gathering Flowers in Heaven. In Heaven We'll know Our Own. I'm Going to My Home. Love's Golden Chain. Our Beautiful Home Over There. Our Beautiful Home Above. Oh! Come, for My Poor Heart is Breaking. Once it was only Soft Blue Eyes. The City just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. Who Sings My Child to Sleep? We're Coming, Sister Mary. We'll all Meet again in the Morning Land. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Only a Thin Veil Between Us.

Single song 25 cts., or 5 for One Dollar, sent postpaid. For sale at the office of the GOLDEN GATE.

THE SPIRITUAL OFFERING, Devoted to the Advocacy of Spiritualism in its Religious, Scientific and Humanitarian Aspects.

Col. D. M. FOX, : : : : : Publisher D. M. & NETTIE F. FOX, : : : : : Editors

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS: Prof. Henry Kiddle (H. K.), No. 7, East 130th street, New York City. "Quina," through her medium, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, 64 Union Park Place, Chicago, Illinois. "The Offering" has a Department especially devoted to "Our Young Folks,"—Mrs. Eva A. H. Barnes, Assistant Editor.

Among "The Offering's" contributors will be found our oldest and ablest writers. In it will be found Lectures, Essays upon Scientific, Philosophical and Spiritual subjects, Spirit Communications and Messages.

Terms of Subscription—Per year, \$2.00; Six months, \$1.00; Three months, 50 cents.

SPIRITUAL OFFERING, Ottumwa, Iowa.

THE N. D. C. AXE, AND TRUE KEY STONE. (Successor to : : : "Spirit Voices.") A 4-page Weekly Journal devoted to the Development of Mediumship and the interests of the National Developing Circle.

INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING. Terms—\$1.50 per annum; 75 cents for six months; 40 cents for three months; single copies, 5 cents; sample copies, free.

Advertising—2 cents per line, each insertion, average seven words nonpareil to the line.

JAMES A. BLISS, Editor, 474 A, Broadway, South Boston, Mass.

Until further notice this offer will hold good: To every yearly subscriber to the N. D. C. Axe and True Key Stone, we will present a year's certificate of membership in the National Developing Circle.

JAMES A. BLISS, Developing Medium N. D. C.

THE CARRIER DOVE. An Illustrated Monthly Magazine, devoted to Spiritualism and Reform.

Edited by : MRS. J. SCHLESINGER.

Each number will contain the Portraits and Biographical Sketches of prominent Mediums and Spiritual workers of the Pacific Coast, and elsewhere. Also, Spirit Pictures by our Artist Mediums. Lectures, essays, poems, spirit messages, editorials and miscellaneous items.

DR. L. SCHLESINGER, : : : : : Publishers. MRS. J. SCHLESINGER, : : : : : Editors.

Terms :—\$2.50 per Year. Single Copies, 25 cents.

Address, THE CARRIER DOVE, Oakland, California.

Terms for sittings, one dollar. New subscribers to the "Carrier Dove," on payment of one year's subscription, \$2.50, will be entitled to the first sitting free.

LIGHT FOR THINKERS. The Pioneer Spiritual Journal of the South. Issued weekly at Chattanooga, Tenn.

A. C. LADD, : : : : : Publisher. G. W. KATES, : : : : : Editor.

Assisted by a large corps of able writers.

"Light for Thinkers" is a first-class family newspaper of eight pages, devoted to the dissemination of original Spiritual and Liberal thought and news. Its columns will be found to be replete with interesting and instructive reading.

Terms of Subscription—One copy, one year, \$1.50; One copy, six months, 75 cents; One copy, three months, 40 cents; Five copies, one year, one address, \$5.00; Ten or more, one year, to one address, \$1.00 each; Single copy, five cents; Specimen copy, free.

Advertisements published at ten cents per line for a single insertion, or fifty cents per inch each insertion, one month or longer.

THE MEDIUMISTIC EXPERIENCES —OF— JOHN BROWN, THE MEDIUM OF THE ROCKIES, With an Introduction by Prof. J. S. Loveland.

This work is not a biography, but simply a part of the mediumistic life of the author. No claim is put forth of literary finish. To make the book readable and comprehensible has been the only aim of the author and editor; and as the former had no education in early life, and has acquired through his mediumship most of what he now possesses, it furnishes another illustration of the good of Spiritualism. Cloth, pp. 167. Price, \$1.00.

For sale at this office.

THE EASTERN STAR. C. M. BROWN, : : : : : Editor and Publisher, GLENBURN, MAINE.

A live, wide-awake, semi-monthly journal, devoted to the interests of Spiritualism.

Per Year, : : : One Dollar.

It contains a Literary Department: Reports of Spiritualistic Phenomena; Spirit Message Department; Original Contributions; Scientific Essays; Reports of Meetings in Hall and Camp; Live Editorials, etc., etc. 'Tis just the kind of paper that every progressive Spiritualist wants. Send for sample copies. Address,

THE EASTERN STAR, Glenburn, Me.

PUBLICATIONS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS. —OR— 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 Rochefort, without any of the latter's infidelity.—*Fort Wayne (Ind.) Gazette.*

PRICE in cloth, ONE DOLLAR

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

'Twas Just a Year Ago, Willie.

BY MRS. L. CARTER.

'Twas just a year ago, Willie,
 Ye were sad kind to me;
 We wandered mid the blooming braes,
 And all was fair to see.
 The blackbird sang so blythe, Willie,
 Throughout the lang, lang day,
 And at the gloaming when ye came
 How tender grew his lay.

CHORUS—Na heart sae light as mine, Willie,
 Or free frae care an' woe;
 For ye were then my ain true love,
 Just a year ago.

I lo'd ye weel, my bonnie lad,
 And sorrow ne'er could come
 To Bessie's heart when ye were near
 To tend her footsteps home.
 And evenings when we walked abroad,
 Ye oft would say to me:
 "My bonnie lassie, fear na ill,
 My tho't is all for thee."

CHORUS—Na heart sae light as mine, Willie,
 Or free frae care an' woe;
 For ye were once my ain true love,
 'Twas just a year ago.

But now the lonely night is lang,
 An' all my dreams are eerie,
 And in my heavy heart's despair,
 For I'm na' mair your dearie;
 Where'er we meet your smile is gone,
 You pass me as in scorn;
 What is life without your love,
 "Night without a morning."

CHORUS—O, but ye lo'd me weel, Willie,
 An' I was free frae woe;
 Na heart sae blythe as mine, Willie,
 One wee short year ago.

What can hae turned your tho't frae me
 Who love you now sae dearly,
 Is it that Janet takes your ee?
 An' sae parted us sae nearly?
 I saw your look when at the kirk
 She first appeared that morning,
 An' how ye turned and followed her,
 Sae braw was her adorning.

CHORUS—O, bonnie birds, your songs to me
 Are full o' care an' woe;
 For I was blythe and gay as ye,
 Just a year ago.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Night-Prayer.

BY HAYES MAY.

God of the Universe!

Let me, thy creature, know thy ways,
 And lead me in them all my days;
 And as I go to sleep to-night,
 May I be good and true and right,
 In thine and all good beings' sight.
 Amen.

The New Age.

All things are onward moving!
 Let the blessed-time begin!
 The Old is swiftly passing,
 And the New is coming in!
 The golden bells are ringing,
 And the pageant sweeps along
 Like an army that is speeding
 To the measure of a song.

Old theories are waning—
 They are weak to build upon;
 The light is on the hill-tops,
 And Truth is marching on—
 Old landmarks are but shadows,
 And they fade and flee away
 Before the mighty forces
 That are coming in to-day.

O, brother! why this waiting?
 And sister, why so mute?
 Up with the early sunshine!
 Up with the golden fruit!
 Poet, why this sorrow?
 O, minstrel, why this hush?
 And painter, why so long delay
 The heavenly tint and blush?

Up with the larks of morning!
 Up with the rising sun!
 Waiting not for noon-day,
 Nor halting when begun!
 For everything is moving:
 Let the blessed-time begin!
 The Old is swiftly passing,
 And the New is coming in!

O, mourners, weep no longer
 'Mid the shadows grim and fear—
 Thy Cross is crowned with blessings
 That shall blossom every year!
 We know the soul is deathless,
 And that love can never fade,
 That our Father's heavenly purpose
 Is to bless what he has made!

What though a vacant chamber
 Or a vacant chair is seen?
 In his home are many mansions,
 And bowers forever green!
 What though the winged spirit
 Leaves its garment in the sod?
 It shall wear a robe of beauty
 In the summer-fields of God!

The heavenly light is spreading,
 In a manner true and grand!
 It is spreading in its glory,
 Speeding onward through the land.
 Old creeds are downward tending:
 Let them droop and fade away;
 They are worn and out of fashion,
 And will never do to-day!

O, let us all be ready
 For the work we have to do—
 Toiling late and early
 In a cause divine and true!
 Sowing seeds of promise,
 Sowing in the light,
 Working for the harvest,
 And toiling for the right!

All things are onward moving—
 Let the jubilee begin:
 The Old is swiftly passing,
 And the New is coming in!
 It is coming! O, 'tis coming!
 My raptured eyes behold—
 THE LIGHT IS ON THE HILL-TOPS,
 THE SHEPHERD WITH HIS FOLD!

—ELIZA A. PITTSBURGH, in "World's Advance-Thought."

There are gains for all our losses,
 There are balm for all our pain;
 But when youth, the dream, departs,
 It takes something from our hearts,
 And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
 Under manhood's sterner reign;
 Still we feel that something sweet
 Followed youth, with flying feet,
 And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanishing,
 And we sigh for it in vain;
 We seek it everywhere,
 On the earth and in the air,
 But it never comes again!

"Who Am I?"

(From a Lecture by Cora L. V. Richmond.)

There is an Arab proverb that says, if a man plants a tree and digs a well of water, that he prepares the way for the one that is to follow, he may die and pass into Paradise with Allah. You may do this physically, but if you in spirit plant a tree for others to reap the fruitage that shall follow, sow the grain of the spirit that others may be benefited by the harvest, and dig a well of water in the well-springs of life eternal, that others may have the benefit, you have in spirit conquered the world, and this is the highest attainment of man on earth, in any spirit worlds or states belonging to the earth. Just so surely as you are here, just so surely as the sun shines to-day above you, and the green earth is around your feet, just so surely that immortal part of which we are speaking, that angel will reap its divine inheritance again, will return laden with sheaves unto the Father's dwelling; will lay the offerings of earthly life at the feet of the Infinite, and say this is my conquest and victory over worldly selfishness. Not at once do those who pass from the mortal state find themselves ready to offer the harvest of their existence unto God. Think, if you were called upon to-day, what treasure could you offer, since in the kingdom of the spirit there is neither gold, nor silver, nor houses, nor land, nor earthly possessions; since all the treasures you can take with you into the kingdom of eternity, or the life beyond this, are those of the mind and spirit, how poor would you feel perhaps when casting off the mortal form, that no raiment of kindness, no possessions of loving charity, no deeds toward your fellow-man that are commensurate with the angel state are yours. We have known some lives that have passed out from earthly existence crowned with material possessions, millionaires in the earthly estate, who entered the spiritual existence paupers; we have known those who have taken advantage of their fellow-men, under the prompting of the demon of selfishness, who have been considered prosperous men, praised for their honesty and integrity, and then taking advantage whenever they could of an unfortunate neighbor; we have known them to be respected, and people have bent the knee in worship to their wealth, and the worshipers of the god Mammon have followed in their train, when they passed from earthly life there have been memorials and testimonials heaped upon their ashes, not because the people loved them, but because of the wealth that had been gained at the expense of many mortals; their names were soon forgotten, because no heart held them sacred, they were not the highest in the spiritual kingdom but they entered as paupers into the kingdom of spiritual life, with no raiment of purple and gold but only the meager covering of the rags of human selfishness, only a desert waste created by their own lack of kindness, in which there were no springs of living waters, no flowers of sacred memories.

Such is the selfishness that human life must overcome first or last, on earth or somewhere, before the spirit shall attain its final inheritance. But none need be discouraged, none need fear that they will not have a chance, for it is not in our teachings that one human life loses the opportunity, or that this existence here is all the chance you have for attaining that spiritual state from whence you came. From the messengers of God, from the archangels who are the highest and divinest in the kingdom of life eternal, from the angels who have once been human beings like yourselves, who have trodden the earth and contended with its temptations, from disembodied spirits, from those who are your loved ones, who have passed from your mortal sight, from all these the message of hope and consolation is given to all; however shadowy the earth life, however dark and immured in crime, however lacking, seemingly, in the expression of this angel life, that has been portrayed, even the darkest and most unfortunate life will one day by self-conquest and victory over selfishness, attain the height of an angel. But there is no suddenly bursting into the angelic state, there is no other life that can bear your burdens or your shadows and bid you enter there. You must toil in spirit, you must overcome by the victory that surpasseth all earthly conquest. Whether it be won now or in a thousand ages, you will win that angelic estate from which you have come for the purpose of attaining this victory, and when you have attained it, as one who has passed up through the Alpine snows and, in the midst of that snowy splendor, perceives the glory of the sun's rays, so will you, having conquered all the valleys of doubt and darkness, having cast all earthliness beneath your feet, having eradicated all selfishness, pride, and human ambition, having conquered death and the fear of death, having devoted yourself to the lives of your fellowmen, having given your possessions for others, having thrown aside all the dross with which the material life is oppressed, again be in that kingdom from whence you came. On and on throughout eternity, cycle after cycle of expression and victory, one mountain height attained and another rising beyond, all planets to visit, all worlds to conquer, all systems to know and overcome. This one small speck of dust which you now inhabit will seem like a fretful midge flut-

tering in the light of the sun, while other and grander worlds, and diviner systems, and more mighty conquests will be yours. And yet in the light of this splendid promise there is no greater victory in time nor eternity than that which you can have this very hour, the victory over some selfish thought, the conquest over some individual foible, that which makes you give to others instead of yourself, and which leads you from this moment to understand that it is not the human man which is immortal, but the angel man and woman; these are immortal, these will release themselves from the thralldom and fetters of the senses, will cast away the garment of earth. Under the triumph of the soul something noble is done on earth working for humanity, and all who in daily life conquer the petty sin, or the foible, or the love of earthly victory, or the love of wealth, in the human state, these are they in whom the angel is made manifest, and whose lowly lives, unrecorded on earth, pass into that state where angels dwell. While others toil and labor in the midst of departed spirits to overcome the failings and faults that they had not overcome on earth. From aon of eternity unto aon of eternity, within the love of the Infinite, no child is lost, no one can go astray, but all are held in the line of this surpassing experience, to overcome to gain the victory, to manifest the immortal part, and by that victory to reveal from whence they came, who they are, and whither they are going.

AN EMBARRASSED BOARDER.—"I honestly declare I never felt so really ashamed in all my life," said the too-sweet traveling man to a near acquaintance, "as I did the other night. You know, I've been boarding up on Michigan avenue, and you know, I didn't happen to think of the rent for two or three weeks; maybe it was four or five; anyhow, I noticed that the landlady's daughter—a real sweet girl, the landlady's daughter is. She never plays the piano after 9 o'clock P. M., and she never talks about things a fellow can't understand. As I was saying, I noticed a chilliness about her that made me want to go to an ice-house and get warm. I thought maybe I'd better show the young lady some polite attention, so I asked if she would go to the theater some evening." "What did she say?" "Why, she said she'd ask her ma; so she left the parlor, and in a few minutes came back again. 'Did your ma consent?' I inquired. 'Not exactly,' she said. 'Ma says that you'd better just hand me the money for the tickets and supper and carfare, and let it go on your board bill.' It made me terrible angry, but of course I couldn't say anything." "Well, have you settled the bill yet?" "Er-no; no, but I'm thinking real seriously about moving."—*Merchant Traveler.*

In this world good and evil are so connected that one cannot exist without the other. Therefore God acted with the greatest foresight in placing the subject matter of virtue in evils which He made for this purpose that He might establish for us a contest in which He would crown the victorious with immortality.

THE small and beautiful island of Ninatu, in the South Pacific, has been demolished by a volcano. The once lovely landscape and fertile garden are now a great mass of volcanic rock, covered with ashes and lava. The frightened natives have been transported to another island.

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."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOW READY!

New Edition of Cabinet Photographs of the Ancient Band.

"ACROSS SIXTEEN THOUSAND YEARS, WE COME TO YOU!"

After being out of print for over ten years (the Negatives having been destroyed by the Original Life-Size Anderson Pencil Paintings, formerly on exhibition in San Francisco, comprising the

"SPIRIT ART GALLERY,"

Have been returned to me from New York, new Negatives taken, and a new edition printed of these Remarkable and Beautiful Spirit Portraits, which I am now able to supply to all orders, at the reduced price of \$5.00 for the set!

28 Cabinet Photographs,

Including a copy of the Biographical Catalogue.

Of these Wondrously Beautiful Portraits, no description can convey to the mind of another any adequate conception of the exquisite finish in costume, shading and expression, which gives them such a high character as Works of Art. In fact, these Portraits of the residents of earth, in the long forgotten ages of the past, are simply magnificent. Among them are Kings, Warriors, Sages, Philosophers, Historians, Alchemists, Magicians, Poets, Artists, Priests, Reformers, Scientists, Law-givers, Artisans, covering the widest range of human thought, and the highest development of human civilization and intellect.

TESTIMONIALS: "These Pictures are just wonderful, and I should think every Spiritualist in the land, who could afford it, would have a set of them."—DR. JOSE, BRALS, Greenfield, Mass.

"Executed in the highest style of art, and producing the most pleasing impression as well as astonishment."—REGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

"I think the Original Drawings must be exquisite in style and finish. I shall take the greatest pleasure in exhibiting the photos to people on every occasion."—MISS LESSIE N. GOODALE, Amherst, Mass.

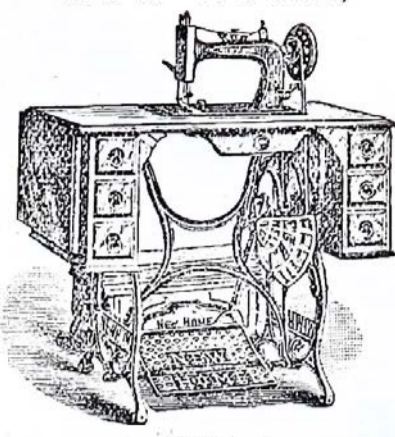
Prices: Full set, \$10; Single photos, 50 cents; Five for \$2. Catalogue, 25 cents. Address orders to

J. WINCHESTER, Columbia, Cal.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BUY ONLY THE LIGHT-RUNNING

"NEW HOME,"



The Best Sewing Machine in the World!

Send for circulars, price-lists and terms, to The New Home Sewing Machine Company.

General Agency and Salesrooms,

SAN FRANCISCO.

ARTHUR M. HILL, Manager.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE STATION, FOOT of Market Street, SOUTH SIDE, AT
 A. M., daily, for Alvarado, Newark, Centerville, 8:30
 Alviso, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, Wrights, Glenwood, Felton, Big Trees, Boulder Creek, SANTA CRUZ, and all way stations—Parlor Car.
 P. M. (except Sunday), Express: Mt. Eden, Alvarado, Newark, Centerville, Alviso, Agnew, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and all stations to Boulder Creek and SANTA CRUZ—Parlor Car.
 P. M., daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos and intermediate points. Saturdays and Sundays to Santa Clara.
 \$5.00 Excursion to SANTA CRUZ and BOULDER CREEK, and \$2.50 to SAN JOSE, on Saturdays and Sundays, to return on Monday inclusive.
 \$1.75 to SANTA CLARA and SAN JOSE and return—Sundays only.
 A. M. and 2:30 P. M. Trains with Stage at Los Gatos for Congress Springs.
 All Through Trains connect at Felton for Boulder Creek and points on Felton and Pescadero Railroad.

To Oakland and Alameda.

8:00 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 9:00 a. m., 9:30 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 11:00 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 1