

GOLDEN GATE

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

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

He that hath no bridle on his tongue hath no grace in his heart.

To think kindly is well, to speak kindly is better, to act kindly is best.

Whatever we beg of God, let us also work for it.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

With the generality of men policy is much more powerful than principle.

A secret is your slave so long as it is kept, but you are its slave the moment it is told.

Envy is a vice which keeps no holiday, but is always on the wheel, and working its own disquiet.

Any man may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of his temperament.

He that will believe only what he can fully understand must have a very long head or a very short creed.

The great successes of the world have been affairs of a second, a third, nay, a fiftieth trial.—*John Morley.*

I am glad when I see any one avoid the infamy of a vice; but to shun the vice itself were better.—*Ben Jonson.*

He who would acquire fame, must not show himself afraid of censure. The dread of censure is the death of genius.

The modern majesty consists in work. What a man can do is his greatest ornament, and he always consults his dignity by doing it.

The man of enlightened understanding and persevering ardor has many sources of enjoyment which the ignorant man can not reach.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable; for the happy impute all their success to prudence and merit.—*Dan Swift.*

As riches and favor forsake a man, we discover him to be a fool; but nobody could find it out during his prosperity.—*La Bruyere.*

A morality based on religion is always liable to relapse into Antinomian quietism; for it is felt that the Supreme Being can not be injured by our frailty.—*Edith Simcox.*

The narrow-minded asked:—“Is this one of our tribe, or is he a stranger?” But to those who are of a noble disposition the whole world is but one family.—*Hinopadessa, (Hindu).*

Whenever you speak, watch yourself; repentance follows every word which gladdens no heart. Let every word which people sow in the road bloom in the luster of thy smiles.—*Persian.*

Idleness and luxury produce premature decay much faster than many trades that are regarded as the most fatal to longevity. Labor in general, instead of shortening the term of life, increases it. It is the lack of occupation that destroys so many.

Where no interest is taken in science, literature, and liberal pursuits, mere facts and insignificant criticisms necessarily become the themes of discourse; and minds, strangers alike to activity and meditation, become so limited as to render all intercourse with them at once tasteless and oppressive.—*Madame de Staël.*

An Open Letter to the Seybert Commission.

“There are more things in heaven and earth Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”

Gentlemen of the Seybert Commission: My excuse for addressing you this open letter will be found in the communication itself. I read with pleasure your report, and as it corresponded in every respect with my preconceived opinions on the subject of Spiritualism, I enjoyed very much the undercurrent of sarcasm that runs through its well-worded pages, and yet I am afraid that

“Though it may make the unskillful laugh it can not but make the judicious grieve.”

I fear me, gentlemen, that your wit has much impaired the candor of your report. I do not for one moment doubt either your honesty or your ability in the investigation, yet in the light of my own experience and the evidence of scores of good intelligent men and women who saw much more than I did, I can not but believe that your mission is not yet ended, and that your duty to the dead as well as the living is not yet fully performed.

Henry Seybert left a generous legacy to a most worthy institution and to mankind; and most faithfully should the conditions of his bequest be executed. I sincerely believe, gentlemen, that you desire to perform your duty in the sacred trust imposed upon you, and that you will faithfully continue to investigate until either a great truth is proclaimed to the world, or a great fraud exposed and held up to the deserved contempt and execration of mankind.

As I am to appear as a witness before you, it renders it necessary for me to give you some information of myself. I do this unwillingly, yet as I am a stranger to all of you it seems proper that you should know something of my antecedents, that you may better determine the weight of my evidence. In brief, then—I was educated a surgeon and physician; for a number of years I lectured on chemistry and physiology—read law and have practiced my profession nearly forty years. In 1853, while I was assistant-director of the machinery department in the New York Crystal Palace, I became intimately acquainted with Herr Anderson, the great magician. I assisted him with my knowledge of chemistry, electricity and magnetism in preparing some of his feats in magic, and in return I became an amateur pupil of his and learned all his secrets in the occult science of magic. Many times I have been appointed on committees to expose the so-called spiritual manifestations of itinerant mediums. In every instance in which I have been thus employed I have believed that all of the pretended spiritual manifestations I have witnessed were frauds. These facts made me a disbeliever in what is called “Modern Spiritualism,” and when I visited Cassadaga Lake I presumed that all I would see would be a repetition of old frauds clothed in a new dress.

An intimate friend of mine who is one of the ablest members of our bar, visited Cassadaga Lake in August last; on his return he showed me a slate communication purporting to be addressed to me from one now dead, who in life was very dear to me. My friend related the manner in which he received it. I knew him to be truthful and intelligent, and what he said induced me to visit the Lake. I knew him to be a good lawyer, but unskilled in the feats of legerdemain, and I thought he had been deceived. To detect this deception I made my pilgrimage to this noted Mecca of Spiritualism, and I came away more astonished than was my friend. In brief, my experience was as follows:

On the beautiful grounds of “Lily Dale” I found a concourse of intelligent, thoughtful men and women who seemed to be seeking for the truth only. They were earnest and sincere. The spirit of speculation had not as yet entered their camp ground, except it may be in the forms of numerous mediums whose notices I observed on many of the cottages as I passed along. I saw and heard many things that to my untutored wisdom seemed the very acme of absurd credulity. The evening after my arrival, while seated on

the porch of the hotel, I listened with astonishment to the conversation of numbers of ladies and gentlemen as

“Each told the unco's they had seen and heard.”

I wondered that credulity could go so far; I had read your report, gentlemen, and I knew how all the frauds were perpetrated. It is true your testimony was only human, but it was re-enforced by my own experience, and I smiled at the other human testimony I there heard. It did not occur to me that it was just possible that even your wisdom and mine might be at fault, and that we had not seen all that was to be seen on the unknown boundaries of a future world, if such boundaries actually exist. The next day I visited a slate-writing medium.

The room I entered from the street was well-lighted, the windows and doors being open. The medium entered; I recognized a gentleman to whom I had been introduced the afternoon before at the hotel, and who of course had had an opportunity of learning of me and mine, if he had so desired, in view of my probable visit to him. Without taking time to describe all the details of the “seance,” I will briefly say, that at his direction I wrote six interrogatories on separate pieces of paper, folded and rolled them up into a small compass and laid them on the table before me—a rude pine center table with a single board top—no framework about it, no mortises or slots in which to hold the slates, as you describe in your report. I had purchased two slates at a store on the grounds. I marked them and cleaned them myself, and keeping them in my hands, awaited coming events with an incredulity increased from reading your exhaustive report. The medium entered the room, seated himself opposite me at the other side of the table; a number of slate pencils laid on the table, from one of which he broke a piece about the size of a No. 4 shot; I opened the slates, he laid the fragment of pencil on the bottom slate, I covered it with the other, and with my hands grasped the ends of the slates, holding them together. From the pellets of paper on which I had written the interrogatories I selected one, holding it in my right hand. I myself did not know which of the questions I held, and as they had remained as I placed them on the table, closely watched by me all the time, I do not see how it is possible that the medium could have known the question written on the one in my hand. All looked so very silly and absurd that I felt ashamed of my own folly and was only comforted with the thought of how soon I would detect the fraud as you had done, when the denouement came. It came in a few moments, but not as I expected. I held the slates above the table, in open daylight, firmly grasping their ends. The medium reached forth his hand and placed the ends of his fingers under the slate frames, with his thumb above it. I closely watched the flexors and extensors of his hand. There was no movement. Soon I heard the pencil move between the slates, and distinctly I heard it write. I lowered my head and raised the slates close to my face; I traced the movement of the pencil from my left to right, but from the medium's right to left. The pencil wrote with about the velocity of an ordinary writer. Soon the pencil ceased to move; the medium removed his fingers; I opened the slates and saw a communication on the lower one that nearly covered its surface. I read it; opened the paper in my hand, and the communication was an intelligent answer to that interrogatory; the writing not unlike the familiar hand of the one to whom I had addressed the question and whose name was signed to the communication. On my return home I compared it with the communication given me by my friend, the attorney spoken of—which had been written over a week before. The two were apparently in the same handwriting and purported to be from the same person.

Gentlemen, I was surprised. My boasted skill in legerdemain availed me naught. I had been deceived. My own experience, aided by your report, had told me this could not be done. With yet more care I placed the clean slate below the other, dropped the fragment of pencil in the center covered it with the other slate, took another paper pellet from the table, grasped the slates with determination, the medium being at least five feet from me, and when thus prepared, with my watch-

fulness increased to a point of almost painful intensity, I told him to proceed. Again he took the frame of the slates between his thumb and fingers, and instantly I again heard the pencil write. This time the communication was much shorter than the former one. I opened the slates and saw in a woman's handwriting a communication with a signature appended. I opened the pellet in my hand and the interrogatory therein contained was to the one whose name was written on the slate. Gentlemen of the Commission, how was this done? I do not know; but this I do know, it was not the feat of a magician! There is no professor of the occult science of magic living, no one ever did live that could by virtue of his art alone cause an inanimate fragment of stone to write an intelligent sentence under the circumstances I have narrated. The unlearned might believe that electricity or magnetism was the motive power, and that this was in some mysterious manner evolved from the medium, or from some device concealed either in the room or on his person. But you, gentlemen, know better; you know that a piece of slate pencil is not and can not be affected by magnetism, and besides, if this was possible, as the writing appeared on the inside surface of the slates, and as the medium sat opposite me, he must have written from his right to his left and to him, not only backwards, but wrong end up.

Now, gentlemen, you do not believe that this is possible. You think I was deceived; that the slates were changed in my very sight, in open broad daylight. That my grasp unloosened from them without my knowing it; that other slates with the “long communications previously prepared” were substituted, and that I, in the full possession of my senses did not know it. Gentlemen, you are mistaken! My credulity might permit me to believe in ghosts—which it never did—but not that. We must find some other explanation. Perhaps we had better fall back upon that myth of *Reichenbach, odic force*. The next day I visited two other mediums. With the first I obtained no results. He said he was not well, and after sitting at the table with my slates for a half hour the pencil refused to write. As the fee of the medium always depended on his obtaining a communication, it occurred to me that—as legerdemain always works—it does not depend upon the nervous condition of the performer, but on surroundings always under his control, that the medium sustained an unnecessary loss. I do not understand why he did not perform and secure his fee. Gentlemen, is it possible that the result is not always under the control of the medium? If so, then it can not be magic, but must depend upon some unknown natural law. I had purchased two new slates and put a private mark on their frames. With them I visited a third medium. When I arrived at his cottage he was engaged in his room up stairs with two other sitters. While standing in front of and near to his cottage I had a conversation with several gentlemen in relation to your report; possibly the medium might have heard what I said, but probably he did not. I said nothing unkind of you, gentlemen, but stated that “the slate-writing,” as you described it, was not as I saw it. That I intended to write you my experience and ask you to investigate farther. I went into the cottage and on the stairs met a gentleman and his wife who had just been engaged with the medium in a seance. They had received a communication written in German, and signed with the name of the father of one of them, who died in Germany twenty years before. They told me that they had held the slates as I have described in my own case. One of the slates was written full, and in German, and I am informed by those who are well acquainted with the medium that he can neither read, write or speak that language. I entered the room. The medium was seated at a common, cheap, pine-top table. If he was in that room while I was talking with the gentleman in front of the cottage he could not have heard what I had said about your commission. I took a seat near the table, holding my slates in my hands. I was determined that this time I would not be deceived, and as you have informed the public in your report how these communications are written, I knew what to expect. I did not have a mirror, as one of your number had when

he saw the medium “write on the slate under the table,” but I determined that my slates should not for a moment leave my hand, and they did not. I took four pieces of paper and wrote the names of four persons who were dead. I folded the papers and held them in my left hand. The medium did not see the names—he could not have done so. The medium bit off a small piece of slate pencil and I placed it on my lower slate, which I knew was clean at the time, and covered it with the other; next I tied my handkerchief around the slates. Up to this time the medium had not touched them; he was on the opposite side of the table. Then I grasped the slates firmly, holding them against my person. This was in broad daylight; the windows and door of the room were open. I then took one of the slips of paper from my left hand and held it in my right. I did not know the name on the paper I thus held, and the medium could not have known it. He then moved close to the table, reached across it and placed the ends only of his fingers beneath the slate frame and his thumb on top. In an instant the slates began to pull away from me as if the medium was trying to get them into his possession. Warned by your experience, gentlemen, I held on to the slates with all my strength, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I retained possession of them. They were violently jerked from right to left, then toward the medium. All the while I watched his thumb and fingers. They seemed to be holding the slate frames but loosely. I do not know but that the medium could pull more with his thumb and fingers than I could with both hands, but I don't believe it, yet the slates were very nearly wrenched from my hands. I asked the medium what this meant. He replied, “Another influence is present and is trying to take the slates away from the influence of the one whose name you hold in your right hand. He says he is a stranger to you, but that he must and will communicate with you.” I replied, “Let him come! I do not care whose ghost it is, only so that it makes the pencil between these slates write an intelligent sentence. A column of the multiplication table will answer my purpose just as well as a communication from a spirit. Let the pencil write!” In a moment the slates quieted down and became motionless, and instantly I heard the pencil commence to write: it was but a moment and all was still. I moved back out of reach of the medium, opened the slates, and there, written in a distinct, business-like hand, was the following communication, which I have had photographed, and with this letter I send a copy to the *Tribune-Republican* for your inspection and use.

Sir: Do all you can to combat the error into which my commissioners have fallen. They were—(this word is indistinct) and unfaithful. H. SEYBERT.

Gentlemen, I do not by any means endorse the sentiment of this communication. I do not believe that you were either “untruthful” or “unfaithful” in your report, but I know you are mistaken in your explanation of the “slate-writing communications.” I have never seen any of Mr. Seybert's handwriting. I do not know that the communication resembles it in the least, neither do I care. What I wish to know is what power moved the pencil? What intelligence directed it? Those familiar with “slate-communications” say that often they come in the exact handwriting of the person whose name is signed to them, yet not always so. That the medium is but, as it were, a “type-writer,” moved by spirit fingers, yet affected by other surrounding influences, such as peculiar physical and mental idiosyncrasies and temperaments. It is said that many such communications have been received from those who died in infancy and of course could have had no characteristic handwriting. I know nothing of all this, and can only form an opinion from human evidence—alas! so often fallacious.

That I was astonished at what I saw when I parted the slates is but a faint expression of my emotions. How had I been deceived? I could not believe it possible. It certainly was not in the manner you describe, and you must look farther for the cause than you have in your investigation.

I then placed the clean slate below the other, laid the pencil thereon, covered

(Continued on Third Page.)

Open Letter to the Seybert Commission
(Continued from First Page.)

it with the other slate and again grasped them in my hands. I did not tie my handkerchief around them this time, but held them in my family. I know the slate was clean when I placed the pencil on it. I took every possible precaution. I know the slates were nine, with my private mark on them. I know they were in my grasp all the time. Again I heard the pencil move and heard it write a few words and stop. I opened the slates; found written thereon these words: "This true, God bless you," and signed with the name written on the paper in my right hand, and I did not know myself the name I had taken from my left hand until after the communication was made.

Now, gentlemen, I have written you a plain, truthful statement of my experience at Cassadaga Lake. I know I saw what I have stated, and that I have related it as I saw it, but I do not know how it was done. There is no magician living that can do what I saw done, with the aid of his art alone. My experience was but that of one among hundreds still more wonderful, which were related to me by honest, intelligent men and women whose testimony would be conclusive in a case being tried in any court in our country.

On page eight of your report you say, "the long messages are prepared by the medium before the seance." The short ones, answers to questions asked during the seance, are written under the table with what skill practice can confer. The slate with its message already written must in some way be substituted for one which the sitters know to be clean. The short answers must be written under trying circumstances, out of sight, under the table, with all the motions of the arm or hand concealed."

Gentlemen, you are mistaken. It is not done the way you describe. The slates are not changed; they are not placed under the table. They do not for a moment leave the sight or hand of the sitters, and to all appearance an inanimate fragment of stone performs an intelligent act without the aid of human hands. How is it done? An expectant public awaits your answer.

It is just possible after all that these crude and unsatisfactory manifestations may be faint "footprints on the boundaries of a future world." Is there anything in the philosophy of life or the mysteries of death that denies the possibility of spiritual visitations to this earth? I know that in a history deemed sacred by the Christian world we have the narration of a number of wonderful events which, if true, afford evidence—strong "as proof of holy writ"—that such visitations did occur. The episode in the life of Saul, when he conversed with the spirit of his old friend Samuel; the angel that rolled back the stone from "the tomb;" "the young man clothed in long white garments" that Mary Magdalen and Mary the mother of James saw sitting on the right side of the sepulcher; the angel that came to the prison of Peter, broke of his fetters, opened his prison doors, and swung back the iron gates; of the one that visited Paul and Silas while in prison, and the one that talked with Zacharias and with Mary; the voice at the baptism of Christ; the heavenly host singing over the plains of Judea, and the scene at the Mount of Transfiguration, as well as the voice that cried "Saul! Saul! why persecutest thou me?" Although these events occurred long centuries ago, yet in Him who sits on high there is no change. What he has once permitted may again come to pass. If human testimony from the bedside of dying Christians is to be believed, even to-day how often have the pains of death been assuaged by the welcome voices of those that have gone before, while the fluttering of angels' wings has been heard by ears growing dull in death. Why may it not be that in the progress of intellectual development man is approaching nearer and yet nearer to the presence of his Creator, until he may at last hear the whispering voices of the living dead? Surely our revered religion would have nothing to fear from this evidence. It would be an auxiliary to the Christian belief, confirm many a wavering faith, and smooth many a pillow of death. I tell you, gentlemen, there is no comfort in doubts of the future. The life that has no Christian faith in it is cold and cheerless indeed. But all men do not have this faith. That which is evidence to one mind fails to convince another; how priceless then beyond all the wealth of earth would be that evidence which would constrains to doubting minds the fact that the loved ones by whose graves they stand "were not dead, but sleeping."

Now understand me, gentlemen, I do not say that the manifestations I saw came from the spirit world—if there is such a world (?)—but I do say that I do not believe that they were feats of legerdemain. "On page 68 of your report you speak of "a very remarkable slate-writing experiment which Mr. Kellar has performed," etc. I do not know what Mr. Kellar can do, but I do know what he can not do by virtue of his skill as a conjurer, i. e.: He can not make a fragment of stone, placed between two slates which I hold in my hands, write an intelligent sentence. So far I defy him, or any other living magician. He can not perform the experiments I witnessed. If he thinks he can I would be pleased to become the victim of his deception. Let him try! I have

seen nothing in my short and imperfect investigation that demonstrates a spirit-life.—I sincerely wish I had—but I have seen that done which can not be explained by any known law of nature, and in this I am not alone. Scientists, the latchet of whose shoes you and I are unworthy to loose, have seen the like and been unable to explain it, and you, gentlemen, will have to look farther than you can with a "pocket mirror" ere you solve the problem.

Is there such a power as "odid force?" or is it like the Scandinavian god of northern mythology, *Odin*, from which it is supposed the term is derived, a myth, a baseless fabric of a dream that exists only in the imagination of men?

I do not question the fact that you have discovered frauds, as you narrate, yet no science has ever been investigated, no theory of religion developed, but in their path truth and error have walked side by side, yet the footprints of error never obliterated the pathway of truth. Of course there are hundreds of false or spurious manifestations of spirit-life, not alone in so-called Spiritualism, but even the religion of the Christian world has for hundreds of years been tainted with these frauds and deceptions. The minister of our revered religion would have a hopeless task to perform, who, in his advocacy of the truth of the miracles of the Savior, was compelled to combat and explain the hundreds of false miracles that were performed by the priesthood of past centuries. Dr. Isaac Taylor says that, "From the period of the Nineteenth Century and onward, miracles of the most astounding kind were alleged to be wrought from day to day;" and to reason that the falsehood of these pretended miracles tainted with fraud those performed by the Savior is a *non sequitur*—so plain that he is little skilled in logic and has less common sense who does not see it.

Gentlemen of the Seybert Commission: Of course I may have been deceived. I certainly did not have a pocket mirror in my investigations, and perhaps therein lies my weakness; yet, as I held the slates myself,—as they were not out of my grasp for one moment, and certainly not under the table or out of my sight, or in the hands of the medium, I do not see that the looking-glass is an important factor in the solution of this mystery.

Your report, gentlemen, touches a belief dear to thousands. That belief is spreading rapidly. It is not based upon faith alone, but on what its votaries believe to be positive demonstration. Henry Seybert was a firm believer in its truth, and with a generosity that puts to shame much of the bigotry of the world, he made a generous bequest to enable you to thoroughly test its truth. Although he was an ardent believer in Spiritualism, yet he left a large sum of money to cause an investigation which might destroy the very foundations of his cherished belief. He did not leave the thousands of dollars (I do not know how many) to propagate his creed, as many wealthy devotees of the various Christian churches have done; but with the desire only that his fellow-men might know the truth of "all systems of religion or philosophy which assumed to represent the truth, and particularly of Modern Spiritualism." No more generous, unselfish act was ever done by philanthropic Christians. No pet creed was to be propagated, no favorite theory to be established, no falsehood to be shielded, but truth, that emanation from the throne of eternal justice, was what he desired you to seek. Gentlemen, have you completed your task? Have you found it? Remember your investigations will affect the happiness of many. Your wit and sarcasm, while it is covert, is all the more cruel. It is pointed at the religious belief of those who need not bend the knee to you in honesty of purpose, conscientiousness of action, or intelligence of opinions. Those who would not willingly deceive themselves in so important a matter as "the evidence of a future life;" to them the ground on which you stand is holy ground; on it are gathered all those they loved in life and mourned in death, and a decent respect for the feelings, as well as the opinions of your fellow-men, should silence your wit, smother your sarcasm, and prompt you to perform your duty as becomes thoughtful, earnest, Christian men.

Gentlemen, will you please turn to pages 125, 126, and 127 of your able report. Read them. Do you think they accord with either the dignity or responsibility of your position? It may be that the believers in spiritual manifestations are in error—and I confess that I fear they are—yet until you can explain all the phenomena that attend their seances on the theory of fraud, you are not entitled to a verdict. The frauds you have discovered only go so far as they are concerned. Remember that the daughter of Jairus was raised from the dead, notwithstanding the spurious miracles that were performed during the middle ages.

In conclusion, gentlemen, let me make a suggestion to you: If the so-called independent slate-writing is the work of a conjurer, as you report, can not you find within the broad confines of this earth some professor of magic who can make, through the agency of his art, an inanimate piece of stone write an intelligent sentence on a slate? It is a simple thing to do if legerdemain can do it. Then hire him to explain to the world how it is done—surely your means are ample—you would be but obeying the wishes of the generous dead who gave the money for that purpose, should you so expend a

small portion of the bequest. Let the professor of magic do what the mediums of Cassadaga Lake did in the presence of scores of intelligent men and women, and science will know something not now known to her votaries—or a great fraud will be exposed to the gaze of an amused and credulous public.

Respectfully yours,
A. B. RICHMOND.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)
True Marriage.
BY "C. E. S."

Marriage is an institution supposed to be ordained by God. In its highest idea it undoubtedly is, but as it is carried out in life it partakes so much of the earthy, it loses in the retrospect much of its divine character, and is hardly worthy to be called of God. In the early ages of the world it bore evidence of nothing more than the simply mating of pairs, congenial or otherwise, to suit the wants of nature in the natural condition, and one wife was not always recognized as sufficient in the animal economy generally for the wants of the natural man; hence the wives and concubines—proof to the present generation against the divinity of the Scriptures, which, while forbidding adultery, seem to sanction it in this way. Whilst the human mind is in a constant state of development it gropes in darkness, and finds the light only as it grows in spiritual development, which unfolds its capacity to understand the true laws of life.

The law of marriage, as a fixed law, undoubtedly confines itself to the union of male and female. Two often are two persons joined together, totally regardless of sex, but the commonest attraction, which passes as genuine, and too often is found as worthless dust, which defiles the man, and makes of him a deformity in the marital relation. Worse still for the woman. Her nature is spiritual, and approaches the angelic, as she passes from the merely human into the realms where the light of the spiritual unfolds itself to her. The law of unfoldment in her case is more rapid, and when the discovery is made, that the natural marriage does not prove itself of spiritual origin, the work of usurpation commences, and the lower condition, becomes triumphant. Men are endowed with a power of passivity to which women cannot attain. Their soul revolts at the injustice done them in their fruitless desire to live true lives, and as their nature expands, as maternity comes to them, they feel their right to bring into the world their offspring under higher conditions, and their souls shudder at the thought that nothing but the most ordinary animal attraction is lying at the bottom of all their efforts to produce their kind.

To this fact, in part, may lie the desire, in past ages, for the subjugation of woman. That she has been the victim rather than the companion of man has been well attested. That her nature demands more than man's is certainly evident. Why she has occupied the position of the inferior so long as she has can hardly be answered. That the time is coming, when the woman is to take a higher position in the order of creation may be true, but this time will not begin till the law of spiritual attainment is recognized as the basis of all true marriage. With the higher law at work in both sexes the natural conditions of humanity will become more elevated, and true marriage will result in the development of a race superior to any now in existence. For this we wait and hope.

A Startling Manifestation.
("F. S. W." in The Better Way.)

I attended a seance given on Wednesday evening at G. A. R. Hall by Mrs. Mott. I went as a skeptic and carried two slates sealed. In one I placed a question which I requested my spirit wife to answer. In the other I asked the spirit of my father to come and sign his full name.

These slates were deposited on a table near the medium. I sat where I had my eyes on them all the time. Mrs. Mott did not move them, but her hand rested upon one. I watched her very closely, and finally asked if she would be kind enough to take my slate next. She replied that she would if she could, but that her hand was badly bruised. Soon the President of the meeting said she could do no more, so my slate was not held.

Upon returning to my room, however, I opened that in which I had placed the question to my dear wife, and to my great surprise there was a message in it from my father, signed by his full name. How did the writing get there? I cannot tell, it has given me something to think about. I will, from this time forward, strive to be a better man. I have bad habits—take too much whiskey and play poker too much for my own good. In this message my angel father tells me of things no one on earth but myself knows. If I never receive another, this message will be my guide through life. I bless that good medium for it. It gives me hope, inasmuch as it proves my dear father has been with me to bless and cheer. He will never see me in a dreamshop again.

He who stands you in the dark with a pen, would do the same with a pen-knife, were he equally safe from detection and the law.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)
A Spirit Child's Letter.

(Written through private mediumship at St. Paul, Minn., September, 1887, and copied by H. H. Kenyon.)

DEAR GRANDPA:—I am right here close by your side, and want to tell you how nice everything is in my home with mamma Adelaide in the Summer Land, so that little girls and boys may know that we are just the same real girls and boys as before we got sick and went to sleep to wake among so many pretty things in the spirit world. I wish you could see the lovely flowers and everything here, then you would be glad to come here, if you did have to get sick and go to sleep as I did; it is not nice to be sick and cough so hard, but you would forget that when you come here, for you will then be so happy and not have time to remember how bad you felt then. There are a great many in the spirit world to help you to be happy and forget your pain there.

I think it is very nice to come and tell you how it is in our home in the spirit world, and "Mamma Adelaide" likes to help me come so I can talk to you. My home is with her and is just as real as my home with my real mamma was before I got a spirit. I have real playthings now and love them just as much as I did those I had before I went to sleep, and came to the spirit world. I do not know just how or where these all come from, but if I want anything very much I very soon find them right here in my home with "Mamma Adelaide." I think she can tell where they come from. Little girls and boys come to see me every day or I go to their homes and we have very nice times and a great deal of fun. I do not walk just as you do and do not know why, unless it is because we are spirits, as you call us. We are just like we were before we came here and have as real fun as before.

It is not hard work to get a spirit, for when I got one I only went to sleep, and when I awoke I was here in "Mamma Adelaide's" home and did not cough any more, and have not been sick at all. My real mamma is not a spirit, and came to the spirit world. I do not know just how or where these all come from, but if I want anything very much I very soon find them right here in my home with "Mamma Adelaide." I think she can tell where they come from. Little girls and boys come to see me every day or I go to their homes and we have very nice times and a great deal of fun. I do not walk just as you do and do not know why, unless it is because we are spirits, as you call us. We are just like we were before we came here and have as real fun as before.

We love every body here and are happy all the time, but like to go to our real mamma and papa and see them laugh and be glad. I was four years old when I came to the spirit world and am seven years old now, and have had a lovely time all the time, but I love my own mamma just the same and want her to come here and stay all the time, just as my papa has. I want to tell all the little girls and boys that when they get sick and go to sleep, as I did, they will wake up and find such nice things around them, and they will have a spirit and never be sick any more, and will have as many playthings as they want. I have a real live pony, dog, kitty, dollies and a great many playthings. A little boy told me that he did not want a kitty at all, but he had some lovely rabbits, and I do not want rabbits because I love my kitty better. Boys do not always like just what girls do, and may be that is why boys love rabbits. I never get real hungry, and my grandma said I never did before I came here. There is a great deal of fruit here to eat if we do get hungry. I never saw a cook stove here though.

We love to have little boys and girls come from their earth home to our spirit home. We always know when they are coming to us, and we gather flowers and every pretty thing we can find and make every place in our home as lovely as we can; and when the little one opens its eyes and looks around almost scared, we commence to sing, and before we are done it begins to be happy and soon singing with us, and then we have a grand time trying to prevent it from wanting to go back to the old home too soon. We love to see the eyes open wide as though they were going to be frightened, and then we sing and shout for joy and have grand times. My "Mamma Adelaide" calls her home my spirit home, and I will be there when my mamma comes. Then we will have all the little girls and boys I know to help make her happy when she opens her eyes. She won't be scared any, but oh how glad she will be to be with all of us, and we will make every thing ring with our songs.

When we are in your home we see you just as real as before we came away to the spirit world, and sometimes we hear all you say. My grandma and grandpa are coming here when they get all the work done. I go and help them every day so they will get it done quicker, for I am in a hurry for them to come. If any real sick boy or girl reads this letter I hope they will be glad that I have told them how very nice it is to live in the spirit world, where we do not get sick and have such nice times, and where no one will bother them. Do not be afraid to come, for it is just like going to sleep and waking up among beautiful flowers and lots of laughing children, who will do all they can to make you happy; then you will be glad you came here to live with us. Good-by now. EDNA SQUIRE.

A DOG STORY.—An English writer tells the following: "A family let their house furnished, leaving in it a large dog. The tenant was an old lady who liked to sit in a particularly comfortable chair in the drawing-room; but, as the dog, was also very fond of this chair she frequently found him in possession. Being rather afraid of the dog she did not dare to drive him out, and therefore used to go to the window and call, 'Cats!' The dog would then rush to the window and bark, and the lady would take possession of the chair. One day the dog entered the room and found the lady in possession of the chair. He ran to the window and barked excitedly. The lady got up to see what was the matter, and the dog instantly seated himself in the chair."—Home Religious Herald.

"WHILE writing 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,'" says Mrs. Stowe to a recent interviewer, "I was filled with an enthusiasm which transfused my being, knew no hindrance, no rival interest, no relief but in writing it. I had young children, was keeping house and teaching school at the time, and never worked so hard; but I had to write. Dinner had to be got, I knew. This had to be written just as much—aye, and more, too. It was as though it was written through me, I only holding the pen. I was lifted off my feet. Satisfied? I never thought about being satisfied. When it was done it was finished and relief came. I never felt the same with anything I afterward wrote."

CHRISTIAN equanimity does not consist in the art of concealing our feelings in the presence of others; in the art of smiling while the heart is bursting with suppressed passion; nay, Christianity is something more than mere worldly wisdom; it is deep and soul animating truth. The bright glance of the eye is not to be an effect of art, but the expression of a serene soul.—Yscholke.

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GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1887.

THEY WILL NOT BELIEVE.

Irving Bishop flippantly disposes of the whole subject of phenomenal Spiritualism by declaring it all fraud and jugglery, and that, too, while exercising one of its most wonderful phases. In this conclusion Rev. Horatio Stebbins, Dr. William H. Scudder, and other prominent citizens, are disposed to concur. In fact, the general verdict of the church and the world may be entered up as against the claim of Spiritualists as to the spiritual nature of the phenomena upon which they base their knowledge of a future existence.

And thus is ignored the careful and crucial investigations,—involving, in many instances, years of patient research,—of Dr. Hare, one of America's once most eminent scientists; of Judge Edmonds, one of our ablest jurists; of Robert Dale Owen, a rare thinker and scholar; of Epes Sargent, one of our brightest writers; of Prof. Crooks, Wallace, Varley, Zollner, Flammarion, Hellenthal, and thousands of other scholarly and practical minds, together with all the convincing experiences of millions of good, sensible men and women now living and willing to testify to the grand truth of spirit manifestation and communication.

The superficial investigations of an unfriendly committee (the Seybert Commission), coupled with the assertions of the "mind-reading" Bishop, are accepted as against the most overwhelming testimony to the contrary!

This is to be expected. The stupendous facts of Modern Spiritualism are so at variance with all the deductions of known physical science, and so antipodal to the crystallized thought of the religious world, that a belief therein can only be brought about by individual conviction. The world is full of doubting Thomases. Each one for himself must carefully examine the prints of the nails in the hands and feet of the risen Christ, and thrust his hand into the spear wound in his side, before he can be convinced of the truth.

Elsewhere on this page of the GOLDEN GATE we have given an account of some remarkable manifestations witnessed through the mediumship of a little Oakland girl,—manifestations that have been witnessed by scores of persons who will confirm our statements in every particular. And yet, as against the say so of Irving Bishop, these well attested facts go for naught in the judgment of Drs. Stebbins, Scudder, and the skeptical multitude generally. It is all jugglery!

Eliminate from the question everything like public or professional mediumship, and we have a "cloud of witnesses" in private life all giving evidence of the truth of Spiritualism. There are hundreds of private homes in this city where the same phase of mediumship may be witnessed, the mediums often being children of tender years, as in the case of the child medium we have cited.

John Wallace, a brother of Prof. Alfred R. Wallace, a skeptic of the hardest kind concerning all spiritual matters, and who, for years, boasted of his ability to prove all mediums cheats and frauds, took to Fred Evans, a few months ago, a pair of folding slates, which never for a moment left his hands or sight, as the writer, who was present, personally knows. He received, within these slates, two written messages, one signed by the name of his father, and the other by that of a sister. He certified to this fact in our columns. But this amounts to nothing with Irving Bishop and his admirers!

And so we must wait and work. Truth is immortal and will surely triumph at last.

POPULAR SUNDAY EVENING LECTURES IN CLEVELAND, O.—To raise funds for the establishment of a free spiritual library and reading-room in that city. A course of lectures on Spiritualism has been arranged for this Fall and Winter, embracing some of the very ablest exponents now on the spiritual rostrum. These lectures are designed for the general public, that the masses may become better informed what Spiritualism is, and what it is not. For this reason arrangements have been made with the liberal manager, B. C. Hart, Esq., for the use of his new and comfortable theater, the Columbia, favorably located on Euclid avenue. The course is to be opened on Sunday evening, Oct. 16th, by the Rev. Samuel Watson, of Memphis, Tenn., who also speaks on the 23d and 30th; Mrs. Ada Foye, the distinguished test medium of San Francisco, Nov. 6th and 13th; the scholarly Chas. Dabarn of New York, Nov. 20th and 27th; and the prince of mediums, J. Frank Baxter, the month of December. Other announcements to follow.

REVEALED WONDERS.

That spirits are able under suitable conditions, to gather from the atmosphere, and from the aura of certain sensitives, material whereby they may build up, and hold for a short period tangible human forms, more or less identical in appearance with their once earthly forms, is a fact quite as well attested, perhaps, as any other phase of spiritual phenomena. These forms are often mere shadows, but generally they are more or less tangible, and sometimes as completely so as mortal beings.

This latter fact is generally interpreted to the discredit of the medium; hence, it would be better, in the present skeptical condition of the public mind—especially in all promiscuous materializing seances,—if the forms presented possessed as little solidity as possible consistent with their identity or personality.

Prof. Crooks, in his experiments with the medium Florence Cook, extending through a period of about three years—experiments mostly made in his own home—demonstrated the fact of the complete and perfect materialization of the psychic form known as "Katie King." This form was nearly three inches taller than the medium, and was so perfectly embodied as to be able to remain in a strong light from one-half to three-quarters of an hour at a time. It was vivacious, sprightly, affectionate, and comporting itself in all respects exactly as might be expected of any modest and well bred young lady. Prof. Crooks certifies to these facts.

But his is only one of hundreds of similar cases. In fact there are but few intelligent Spiritualists of the present day, who have not had convincing evidence, if not of the temporary existence of the complete form, at least of the hand and face, bust, and perhaps other portions thereof.

In the experiment with the child medium referred to elsewhere, the controlling intelligence claimed to materialize the hair of his spirit daughter, a clipping of which was divided among a number of persons present. The balance of the hair dematerialized and returned to the elements whence it was taken, but the clipping remains, straight, black, and coarser than the hair of our own race. It is not to be expected that so marvelous a fact as this will be accepted by any one without the closest scrutiny—such, as we concede, we have not yet been able to give it. The simplicity of this child and the naturalness of her Indian control, coupled with the generally accepted honesty of her parents, must at present lead her case.

The question may well be asked, If a departed spirit may return to earth, take mortal shape and exist as a tangible entity for the space of half an hour, why, with more perfect conditions and larger experience, may it not remain permanently among us? And if the hair clipped from the head of the spirit maiden, as claimed, retains its tangibility, with a better knowledge of spirit chemistry, why may not other articles of use and utility be produced in the same way?

We can only answer that we do not know. The power and capacity of the human spirit, embodied and disembodied, are wholly unknown. What may be done in the future may possibly eclipse all present conception of spirit achievement. That the embodied forms of our spirit friends will yet walk the earth by our sides, and address us from the rostrum, has been promised. What "greater things than these" may follow is beyond all mortal ken.

DESIGNS.

All persons do not believe in Destiny; but looking over the world and forming conclusions of what we see, know and hear, there comes to all an idea of some power outside of self that tends to make individual life what it is. Some chaste and refined, others vulgar and crude; some symmetrical and pleasing, others angular and censorious; some doing the work of their choice, others the drudgery of a homely life, full of dissatisfaction and repining.

Now, if conditions and circumstances and the general qualities of persons all corresponded with their surroundings and bringing up, we should readily conclude that to be cause enough for all difference; but they do not, save in rare instances. We see many a coarse, vulgar person possessed of wealth, that is supposed to bring all gentleness and refinement of taste and manner. And we see grand men and women, with natural culture, loftiest aspirations and high spiritual endowments, borne down with poverty, hardship, and the most ungenial toil.

While we are all modified to a degree by our conditions they do not change the nature that will show itself under all circumstances; show that each one is a design of Destiny to be wrought out after the pattern in hand.

Did you ever watch the stone-cutter with his chisels and sledge hammer? From the great blocks or columns of granite or marble they strike off, by powerful blows, great angular chips of stone, apparently careless at first they seem to give many a random stroke. But soon the papers before them, with the outlines of the form they are to develop, are looked at frequently, and the strokes are more careful and precise. The work necessary to bring out the fair and perfect forms we see a few days later, has been laborious, requiring great patience and care, though the heavier tools were laid aside for lighter imple-

ments. What are we but stones to be rounded into shape by the great hand of Destiny, who deals some ponderous strokes before we begin to understand that we are not quite free agents. Each one requires a different quality of work, and different tools to break off angularities; but the finishing, the polishing, are alike with all. It is infinite pains, patience and toil that bring us up to the fair forms, pure souls, fit for the mysteries of the inner and eternal life.

MR. COLVILLE'S LAST SUNDAY'S WORK

On Sunday last, October 8th, harvest festival services were held in Odd Fellows' Hall. The platform was beautifully decorated with flowers and fruit, giving the hall a truly artistic appearance. The music was of the usual excellence; a charming feature was Mme. Bishop's brilliant rendering of "With Verdure Clad," both morning and evening.

W. J. Colville's morning lecture was especially appropriate to harvest-tide. Alluding to the ancient Jewish feast of tabernacles, and to many ancient rites and ceremonies, such as sacrifices and the offering of tithes and first fruits to the Lord in the Temple as an act of religious worship, the lecturer contended that the main object of these offerings was to teach the people to give away of their best,—not their worst. All progressive minds, in every land and age, have agreed that the only acceptable service we can render to the Almighty is one of loving kindness to our brethren. Let us then resolve not to content ourselves with giving away the poorest specimens of our fruits, the meanest quality of food, and well-nigh threadbare garments, but on the other hand make an offering of the very fat of the land to those who need our sympathy and help. If we can give material aid we must not withhold that, and we shall love to distribute of our worldly store if our hearts are truly lighted with the sacred fire of charity, but if our outward circumstances be ever so humble,—though we lack silver and gold, we can all give liberally of what no earthly treasure can procure. More orphans and widows are starving for affection than are in need of creature comforts. Let us give freely of our love to those of our brethren who need, and a rich, abundant harvest of blessing we shall secure for ourselves, if so be that we can forget self in our ministry to others.

Reverting to the old injunctions in the book of Leviticus concerning reaping and gleaning, and the year of jubilee, the speaker took the position that all such merciful commandments were an expression of the purest thought and noblest intellect of ancient days, and argued that if modern agitators, concerning land, would put these ancient laws in force, the present monopolies would be impossible. There are two aspects of law, the moral and the civil. The civil law may sanction many things the moral law forbids; thus moral suasion is our only certain source of power when waging war against iniquity.

The latter portion of the discourse was devoted to a consideration of seed as a type of truth, and of the divinity in man. Many curious and startling results have been obtained with old Egyptian seeds buried in mummy cases for thousands of years. For all that time they have had no chance to sprout, but they have never died; so when planted in fertile earth, carefully tended and watered, to-day they spring up and bear fruit, a symbol of the deathlessness of all truth and spiritual vitality.

CASTING bread upon the waters is an allusion to the seed time, for when the Nile had overflowed, the rich alluvial deposits left upon its banks when the waters were subsiding afforded the most fruitful soil, and in this alluvial earth wise agriculturists sowed their seed. We should be discreet as well as zealous in our propaganda, and always endeavor to "strike while the iron is hot," i. e., to lose no favorable opportunity for disseminating spiritual knowledge, but be ever on the lookout for favorable occasions. If, to use a New Testament metaphor, birds of the air convey the seed away from the place where the sower let it drop, birds are often the unconscious planters of vegetation in previously barren fields. It is for us to work and never faint; so the good seed beside all waters and at all times, and trust to God to give the increase. The farmer can work diligently, but the harvest depends upon weather he can not control. Our influence in spreading the truth is limited; agencies beyond us control results, but if we are faithful and do our best, when the reapers gather in the sheaves, and we are gathered to our fathers, ours will be a reward beyond our highest expectation—even the blessed privilege of rejoicing in that we have scattered blessings far and wide and made happy even those whom we mourned because we could not reach. Earthly effects are no infallible criterion of spiritual ones, as the brighter light of spirit life will prove to all.

In the afternoon questions were answered ably as usual. In the evening, when there was an unusually large and representative audience, intense interest was manifest in W. J. Colville's eloquent inspirational address on "Mind Reading and its Relation to Spiritualism," in which Irving Bishop's statements were eloquently and dispassionately reviewed. The Examiner of Monday, Oct. 10th, gives a long and interesting report of this remarkable oration.

On Sunday next, Oct. 16th, W. J. Colville's subjects will be: 10:45 A. M., "Reserved Seats in Heaven—Who Occupies Them, and Why?" 2:45 P. M., Answers to questions. 7:30 P. M., "Conclusive Evidence that Mr. Bishop did not and can not expose Spiritualism—A Candid Review of his most Recent Exhibitions, Showing the invulnerability of the True Spiritualistic Position."

A Boston subscriber, in renewing her subscription to the GOLDEN GATE, says: "It is the 'best spiritual paper that is published. Having 'been a medium (private) for thirty years I am 'able to judge of what is true Spiritualism, and 'you are one of those who have found the truth.'"

REMARKABLE MEDIUMISTIC DEVELOPMENT.

Lizzie Plimley, a bright little girl of eleven years, residing with her parents in Oakland, has recently developed remarkable mediumistic powers. Lizzie is a delicate, spirituelle little miss, modest, and, in the presence of strangers, timid and diffident. Her parents are vouched for to us as most worthy and respectable people. No one who knows them could be made to believe they could be induced to lend themselves to any deception. And as for Lizzie, the idea that she could simulate the trance condition and perform the wonders she does, is simply preposterous.

On the 28th of last August, Mr. Plimley, who had then but recently become interested in the subject of Spiritualism, called at the rooms of Mr. Frank Wilson, a developing medium, at 1156 Broadway, Oakland, for magnetic treatment. Mr. Wilson is a hard working man, but possessing excellent magnetizing powers, practices his gifts as occasion offers. Mr. Plimley was accompanied by his little daughter, on the occasion mentioned.

After receiving treatment, Mr. Wilson, thinking that Lizzie would make a good subject for psychic control, asked permission to place his hand over her eyes. The father assented, and in a moment the girl lost consciousness, and soon began to talk in a mixture of Indian and English. From that time to the present she passes readily under spirit influence, her principal control being an Indian maiden who calls herself Minnie, and says she passed away to spirit life at the age of nineteen months, and that she is now fifteen years old.

At times the spirit father of Minnie takes control, and then the medium talks rapidly, in broken English, in a heavy voice, and occasionally with much eloquence, describing conditions in spirit life, and giving expression to thoughts far above her years. At such times, [also, the father performs wonders of physical phenomena, of which we shall speak below. When under the influence of Minnie, who sometimes holds control for three and four hours at a time—the medium's eyes being closed, and occasionally closely blindfolded,—the spirit manifests a disposition to sketch, and for this purpose she is provided with crayons and card-board. Her pictures are mostly crude representations of Indian encampments, with considerably fidelity to nature. She works rapidly, selecting her colors as though with physical eyes. She also makes, at such times, a variety of Indian toys and implements, such as an ingenious Indian girl might be supposed to make.

Most of the above facts were related to us, a few days ago, by the father of the girl, who also invited us to visit Oakland and witness the manifestations. We did so, calling at the rooms of Mr. Wilson, where the exhibition was to take place. We met there some eighteen or twenty friends and neighbors of the parties, and soon Lizzie, accompanied by her father and mother, arrived. We studied the child carefully, both while in her normal and trance conditions, and were satisfied of her simple honesty and ingenuities.

Lizzie seated herself alone at a table in the center of the room, and was immediately entranced by Minnie. With eyes closed she at once commenced her sketching, keeping up a constant talking, in mixed English and Indian jargon, with different persons present, concerning her work and other matters. Her talk was sensible and easily understood. In less than an hour she completed three rough landscapes, about fourteen by twenty inches in size, one of which she presented to the writer.

Now came a promised test in materialization, which, it given through any one but a child, most persons would hesitate to believe possible. The father of Minnie took control and directed that one corner of the room be vacated, with no person nearer than six or eight feet; he was about to give us a lock of his daughter's hair. A pair of scissors was then placed in Lizzie's hands, while she kept up a constant chatter of what seemed to be Indian, with enough English to be understood. She went to the corner of the room, standing with her face to the wall; the light was lowered a little, and all were directed to remain quiet for a few moments. Soon the clipping of the scissors was heard, and with many exclamations of satisfaction, and shuddering as though worked upon by a powerful influence, she turned and presented us with a handful of straight, black hair. (The medium's hair is light brown.) When first taken in the hand this hair was hot, as though just taken from an oven. We were assured that this manifestation had been given on several former occasions.

The same influence, speaking through the lips of the child, then delivered a short but truly cogent address on the condition of the suicide in spirit-life, and the necessity of right living here in order to secure true happiness hereafter. Several tests were given during the evening by Minnie. On coming to consciousness the child could remember nothing, and seemed as though just waking from a sound sleep.

The parents of this child should take great care of her. She should be surrounded only by the most harmonious influences, and not allowed to sit in public circles. Her Indian maiden control seems to bring to her a perfectly healthful and congenial influence, which will doubtless strengthen and greatly assist her physically. There is danger, however, of overtaxing her powers. What she needs now is proper physical and spiritual development. If carefully handled we doubt not she will become a medium of wonderful power.

There is a disagreeable ghost of a rumor floating around, that the withdrawal of a three hundred thousand-dollar gift by Miss Caldwell, a friend of Dr. McGlynn, is causing a change of the avowed sentiment against the ex-communicated priest, among high churchmen, including Cardinal Gibbons. The gift of Miss Caldwell was for the establishment of a Catholic Uni-

versity at Washington. We can credit the withdrawal of the gift, for it seemed the only means by which Miss Caldwell could avenge her injured friend in the eyes of the world; but that such minds as Cardinal Gibbons should be falsely swayed by the glitter of a few paltry thousand, in opposition to the voice of conscience and the soul, sounds too much like a spiteful report to be credited, and so we set it down until further informed.

A REMARKABLE YOUNG MEDIUM.

Miss Mittie Stevens, a bright, intelligent young girl, aged thirteen, who resides with her parents in Gilroy, California, has, within the last few months, developed a remarkable phase of mediumship. The parents are most worthy people, naturally religious, and who would shrink with horror from any thought of deception in so sacred a matter as that of spirit existence and communion.

Soon finding that their own development it was too faint for the child, Mittie, possessed, fine mediumistic powers, which have gradually been unfolded until now, with favorable conditions, the most astonishing manifestations are witnessed in her person and presence. Doors are opened and closed without the touch of mortal hands, and objects are moved and sounds produced by an invisible intelligent power that is ever present in the family.

But the most interesting phase of Mittie's mediumship is the production upon her arms of written messages and pictures in various colors—pictures of faces and forms of those who have passed to the other side of life. These faces, in a delicate lavender color, often remain on the arm for a day or more before disappearing. A coarse and vulgar allusion to these phenomena, with a brutal intimation of fraud on the part of those concerned, appearing in a recent issue of the Gilroy Advocate, has caused the parents much pain. The article referred to could have emanated only from a very low and base nature, hence is wholly unworthy of their notice.

They have held no seances for pay, but only for honest research, and in the presence of friends, or those whom they supposed would be interested in such wonders. But the time may come when they will be compelled, in the pursuance of the work in which the spirits are evidently fitting this grand young medium, to accept such remuneration for her services as may be proper for her support.

GODD TASTE.—Any opinion on matters of dress, expressed by persons of note, is always interesting; but we believe the world has never been honored before by so high an authority as the Pope, who lately gave his decision on colors most suitable for young women. The prospective marriage of his niece, Mary Pecci, and the selection of her dress for the event, is the occasion that led to the disclosure of the Holy Father's good taste. Through his secretary the Pope sent a letter to the young lady, expressing the desire that her choice of colors be confined to three—blue, black and white, which colors he deems most becoming to young persons, assigning gray and brown to old ladies, and disallowing all others. Few will deny the Pope's good taste in this respect. Black is certainly the color for the street and public occasions, while for the home nothing is more pretty or modest than blue or white. The last all may wear becomingly, and there is no complexion that will not harmonize with some shade of blue. For those of small means a fatal mistake is made in wearing too many colors. They make one conspicuous, and give a false impression of fickleness, very often. There is that in dress by which all are more or less judged, for truly it is supposed to represent the quality of the mind.

THEIR HISTORY.—Relic hunters especially fond of Indian workmanship should lose no time in visiting Wilkes county, Georgia. A recent freshet that flooded Little River, washed down, over surrounding areas, a perfect bonanza of fine arrow and spear heads, stone tomahawks, maces, battle-axes, and all those instruments that mark the crude genius of the aborigines, the descendants of whom are so fast passing away. The Pima tribe, however, propose to leave behind them something more interesting than rude forms. It is said a youth from each generation is educated and instructed in all the legendary lore of his people, the first passing it down to others without omission or variation in the least, for many hundreds of years. This, at last, will doubtless be given through an interpreter to the pale faces, who will be surprised at the similarity of ideas, superstitious customs and beliefs, to those entertained by themselves. Ignorance of each other is the main point of difference between those in enmity or warfare. Knowledge is a great reconciler, and it shows all races to be possessed of something akin to the highest, which needs but awakening to grow into that which commands respect and honor.

SELF.—Self-confidence is at once an essential and a dangerous quality to possess, inasmuch as it is too often found to precede knowledge. It is safe to say that he or she who has never felt self-distrust, has no perception of the deficiencies that only obtain completion through the clearest views of individual imperfections. Humility is the first and sure sign of a right understanding and estimation of self-attainments. When we can see how much we truly know, we also know how little, and thus we learn to reflect, and from reflection we at last learn to think and formulate those thoughts that may elevate as well as comfort our fellows. When we can separate error from right, and gain wisdom from past ignorance, we have an alchemy that will convert suffering into strength, wisdom into folly, and dress into gold. When we have gained the power to do this, then may we safely entertain self-confidence, for it can never more deceive one who has first become acquainted with self. We have gained an eminence from which we can overlook it and see both its worth and its danger, know when and how far to trust it.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

At the next Wednesday evening meeting of the Spiritual Union, at St. Andrew's Hall, 111 Larkin street, tests will be given by Mrs. Babbit, Mrs. Perry, Mrs. Finnician and Mrs. Gentry.

Saturday evening Theosophical class crowds Friendship Hall at every session. Subject, Oct. 15th, "Buddhism contrasted with Brahminism; a Sketch of the Career of Prince Gautama." Questions after the lecture.

Hon. G. A. Barnes, one of Olympia's leading business men, accompanied by his wife, is spending a few weeks in the city. There is the genuine ring of true manly and womanly worth in their aura, and they are good people to add to one's list of friends.

Mr. W. J. Colville is truly an awakening power in metaphysical truths in the Garden City, judging from the very long and flattering notices in the San Jose dailies of his classes in that place, which meet each Wednesday afternoon and evening at Germania Hall.

The next literary society of the Spiritual Union will take place at St. Andrew's Hall, 111 Larkin street, on Tuesday evening, November 8th. After the literary exercises a dance will follow, with ice cream accompaniment. Admission, twenty-five cents.

We have heard excellent reports of sittings had with the new slate-writer, Dr. Rogers, 534 Eddy street. We hope soon to give our own testimony, when we can find a little spare time for investigation. We shall endeavor to secure something which we can engrave for our columns. The works of art given through the Doctor and his wife are exquisite pictures, representation of which would be greatly enjoyed by the readers of the GOLDEN GATE.

The attention of Oakland readers is specially called to W. J. Colville's class in Hamilton Hall every Friday at 3 P. M. Public service, with lecture, at 7:30 P. M. This evening, Oct. 14th, and next Friday, Oct. 21st, the subject will be "Mind Reading and Spiritualism," affording those who can not cross the bay on Sunday evening an opportunity to hear Mr. Colville's inspired elucidation of subjects now so prominently before our public.

A Colusa, Cal., subscriber writes as follows: "I am glad to be reminded of my subscription 'to your most valuable paper having expired, for under no consideration could or would I be without it, the best paper in my humble judgment I have ever read, and I have been reading newspapers for sixty years. I have been a subscriber to the ever since its issue, and am still, and it is a very good paper, next to yours. Within five days for \$2.50. Yours fraternally."

Probably the only regular Wednesday evening Spiritual meeting held on this Coast, is that of the Spiritual Union, which meets, and has met for the past year at St. Andrew's Hall, 111 Larkin street, this city. The meetings of this Society are steadily growing in importance and usefulness. On Wednesday evening last that brilliant inspirational lecturer, J. J. Morse, occupied the rostrum, and spoke eloquently upon the subject, "What Claims have Spiritualism before the World?" We congratulate this new and flourishing Society on its success.

Rev. Sam Small confesses that he has had considerable experience in a certain quality of politics, viz.: Democratic. He says: "I was born a Democrat and raised a Democrat, and I stand by its principles fully. I worked for it, I have spent money for it, I have drank whiskey for it. I have studied boxes for it, I have stolen ballots for it, I did all it told me, and it took me within half a mile of hell." The City Argus thinks "he will probably turn up in the Republican party next, when his accomplishments will be appreciated, and he may get an office."

"Not quite up to the trick yet, but I can learn," is the contemptuous remark Mr. Bishop is reported to have made when he failed to do what Mrs. Nellie Beigle did, in the presence of several hundred people, at Metropolitan Temple, last Wednesday evening, drawn thither to see Mr. Bishop's queer feat of so-called mind-reading. When Mr. Bishop learns Mrs. Beigle's "tricks," and practices them—the "trick" of alleviating pain, and of healing the sick—he will do far more good than he can now accomplish by going about the country hunting for pins and pocket-knives, and abusing Spiritualists.

Mrs. J. J. Whitney gave the second of her Fall series of platform test sittings at Irving Hall, Post street, on Sunday evening last, to a larger house, if possible, than on her first evening. Many of her tests were of a truly startling character, the audience listening to her inspired utterances with bated breath. One very pleasant feature of Mrs. Whitney's meetings is that she never tires her audiences—seldom holding them longer than an hour, from 8 o'clock sharp till 9. Another and most wonderful feature is the independent spirit voice often heard accompanying the singing of Mrs. Miner. She will hold another seance on Sunday evening next.

We hail with delight the awakening from its long sleep of The Gnostic, the excellent monthly started in Oakland about two years ago by Professor and Mrs. Chainey, and devoted to spiritual science and all kindred topics. The present number, which constitutes No. 5 of the first volume, was printed in Australia and forwarded to Mrs. M. E. Cramer, 324 Seventeenth street, for mailing. It contains an excellent photograph of Mrs. Chainey, and a most admirable table of contents. Prof. Chainey is able to return to this Coast and devote himself to the publication of his magazine. He sends this number as a month's courtesy to herald his coming. Mrs. Cramer will attend to the business of The Gnostic until he arrives.

SECOND SERIES.

The attention of our readers is respectfully called to W. J. Colville's second series of classes in Spiritual Science which will open in Encampment Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, Monday, October 24th, at 2:30 and 8 P. M. The elevator will run one hour previous to and at close of classes. Fee, five dollars for course of twelve lessons. Single admission, fifty cents. Course tickets admit to both classes. Afternoon admission tickets admit to evening of same date. Exercises commence at 2:30 and close at 4:30 in the afternoon; evenings, from 8 till 10 precisely. Punctuality in attendance is earnestly requested. While the lecture will be substantially the same at the session on the same day, the evening lecture will never be a verbal repetition of that delivered in the afternoon, as the lecturer speaks invariably from inspiration, without the aid of notes or manuscript. Tickets may be procured from Albert Morton, Business Manager.

The subjects to be treated upon in course are: Oct. 24—God, Spirit, Mind, Matter—Their Distinctions and Relations According to Spiritual Science.

Oct. 27—The True Relations Between Spiritual, Christian and Mental Science and Mind Cure.

Oct. 31—Attitude of Spiritual Science Toward Theosophy, Spiritualism and Psychology. Nov. 3—Relations of Spiritual Science with the Theory of the Gift of Healing as a Special Endowment, and with the Theory of Magnetism as a Healing Agent.

Nov. 7—Faith as Distinguishable from Belief, the Nature and Efficacy of Faith and of Beliefs. What is Faith Cure?

Nov. 10—Prayer; Its True Nature, Object and Efficacy. How does Prayer Heal the Sick?

Nov. 14—Hereditary Influences; How acquired and how Mastered?

Nov. 17—True Philosophy of the Unreality of Evil and Disease; the Nature of Scientific Affirmations and Denials.

Nov. 21—The Theory of Evil Spirits and Obsession Reviewed; Cause and Care of Insanity Explained.

Nov. 24—Directions for practical Treatment in General Cases. Spiritual Insight Distinguished from Clairvoyant and Medical Diagnosis.

Nov. 28—Self-protection; self-healing; healing in Patient's Presence and at a Distance.

Dec. 1—The Formulas of Spiritual Science—Their Meaning and Efficacy.

Each lecture will be followed by answers to questions pertinent to the subject. Questions on topics foreign to the lecture will not be answered.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Self-Culture.

BY "A. W."

As we look over the records of time we see man as an intellectual being, arrived at his present status by his individual exertion.

The action of simple thought awakens the perceptive faculties, which are important agencies in the education of the mind, bringing it into a condition of superior cultivation by constant study. This exercise imparts to the mind an invigorating effect, calling into activity and stimulating the functions of the brain. By this process the mental faculties acquire greater acumen, a more concise method of reasoning from cause to effect, investigating and dissecting all subject, extracting the sum and substance of truth or error, which the subjects under investigation contains; thus acquiring the precise estimate of our mental capacity, unfolding day by day an earnest desire for improvement. To grow and expand to the utmost limit of our mental capacity should be the ambition of every progressive mind.

This desire—this intense longing which fills the soul for something higher and better—awakens a yearning to penetrate beyond the environments which encompass us about; to drink from the perennial fountain of infinite knowledge, which becomes more life-giving, more inspiring, the oftener we imbibe from this inexhaustible source.

Self-culture is a temple of our own endowment, adorned and embellished with all the treasures of a cultivated intellect,—

Through whose windows we behold Which will not take wings and fly away, as do worldly possessions; neither will moth or rust corrupt, or thieves break through and steal; neither will eternity dim their luster, but they will shine with renewed refugence in that land of divine wisdom and everlasting progression.

The pursuit of knowledge is difficult and arduous, leading through thorny and devious ways, but ever upward and onward, refining the crude dross of the uneducated mind, until it becomes shining grains of golden wisdom purchased with the untiring energy of mental labor. OAKLAND, Sept. 23, '87.

TRUTH—Every one wishes to have truth on his side; but it is not every one that sincerely wishes to be on the side of truth. Men miss truth more often from their indifference about it than from intellectual incapacity. He who propagates a delusion, and he who connives at it, when already existing, both alike tamper with truth. We must neither lead nor leave men to mistake a falsehood for truth. Not to undeceive is to deceive.—Archbishop Whately.

The closing exercises of W. J. Colville's present class in Encampment Hall, will take place Monday and Thursday, Oct. 17th and 20th at 2:30 and 8 P. M. New class opens Oct. 24th.

Metaphysics—The Rock Upon Which We Build.

[Read before the Gnostic Society of San Francisco, Cal., by Mrs. M. E. Cramer.]

There is no religion higher than truth, and all religious and metaphysical systems should be to teach a way by which each individual could perceive the truth for himself. Even the teachings of the world's great masters, unimpeachable as they may be and are, can only instruct us.

The teachings of illumined minds of all ages, without a doubt, can point the perfect way by which, through a proper application, we can actualize the truth within ourselves, but it avails nothing unless we ourselves take the steps upon the ladder of progress; unless by works we demonstrate their teachings to our consciousness, we can not have a knowledge of their fullest value, for all individual knowledge is gained by experience, and experience can only be obtained by practice.

The truths which we spiritually perceive we can not doubt. Those which we actualize in word and act in our every day walks of life are to us profound convictions. Without knowledge, we can have no conviction. Practical experience brings the knowledge that advances us to a higher and more useful ladder. "As a man or woman thinketh, so is he or she." The moment we begin to think do we begin to express just what we think. If the mind is in truth we can no longer doubt or fear. Truth proves its presence in the mind by restoring all to divine harmony, or to perfect proportion.

The acceptance of teachings, because certain master minds have given them to the world, does not give us knowledge. True, they are guides pointing the way, but we must enter the path and spiritually discern and intuitively realize them for ourselves by living them. Truth is one. Life is unity. Spirit is one, and includes all expression. As we expand our consciousness to grasp and hold broad ideas of universal spirit and its attributes, we begin to realize their presence within, pressing forward for expression. This truthful attitude of mind illumines the mental horizon, which expands the mind and enables us to express soul qualities.

A mind unobstructed by illusive thought will express its own truth. Let us be the guide all expression into divine symmetry. There are central truths which are necessary to be held in mind by the investigator if he desires to actualize spiritual science, and thereby become a Gnostic—knowing for himself. We should not lose sight of the truth that the One Life is Omnipresent, and includes all; therefore goodness and harmony pervade all. If we do not recognize these truths we have not yet awakened to a consciousness of them. They are not dependent upon our recognition for their existence or presence. Spirit is one. One being the number of unity, and unity being the state or condition of one, or oneness, the seeming division of life in creation is delusive. There can be no division or disunion. "God's kingdom is one."

There is no object in nature entirely inanimate. The one life animates all things; the rock, the vegetable, the animal, and the human. If we sincerely and earnestly meditate upon these truths, the mind will expand to a full realization of them. Then we will have lost the feeling and thought of separateness and isolation through a conscious blending with the whole. Thus we may pass through the "gates of gold" into the universal—a spiritual condition which bears us to the infinite ocean of truth into the harmony of the eternal. It is pure metaphysical thought which will guide our bark aright; but we are divine spirits and must guide our thoughts into the channel which gives a more and more perfect expression to the divine attributes of our being, and thus by experience we come to know the divine by expressing the divine. We build upon the rock of unity and oneness which forever exists, knowing that all parts are included in and are in harmony with the whole, and necessarily partake of its qualities. And thus we do perceive and feel the divine unity of life, manifest and unmanifest. Notwithstanding the senses reveal separateness, disunion or disunion, these are delusive; they are only seeming and will pass away. They will vanish in the light of the truth as viewed by an expanded consciousness or broadened comprehension.

All Government business attended to promptly at reasonable rates, by JOHN B. WOLFF, 103 F Street (N. E.), Washington, D. C.

J. W. FLETCHER, 6 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., gives diagnosis of disease from lock of hair; also business advice. Terms, \$2.

Do you wish to develop as a medium, consult, by letter, J. W. Fletcher, the Clairvoyant, 6 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Six questions allowed. Terms, \$2.

Mrs. Carter, the spirit photographer, will take pictures of your spirit friends at 515 Seventh street, Oakland, on Monday and Wednesday of each week, until further notice.

Mrs. S. S. S. Psychometrist, announces to her friends and the public that she will rest from her public work for a time, giving psychometric readings by letter only. All seeming disease diagnosed and treated. Residence, 512 Jones St.

Mrs. M. Miller, of 114 Turk street, desires to inform her friends that she has now pleasant, sunny front room to let by the week, day or month in a central location. First-class beds, furniture and carpets; bath-room, hot and cold water all day. A pleasant home for those who desire it. Call and see and feel satisfied.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

W. J. Colville's Sunday Services are held in Odd Fellows Hall, Market Street. Entrance on Seventh Street.

Lectures at 10:45 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Answers to questions at 2:45 P. M. Joseph W. Maguire, Reader, and Baritone Soloist; Mrs. Marie Bishop, Musical Director and Soprano; Miss E. Beresford Joy, Soloist and Organist.

Classes in Spiritual Science—embracing the salient principles in Metaphysical and Mental Healing, Mind, Prayer, and Faith Cure, and Christian Science—will be held in Encampment Hall, Monday and Thursday afternoon, at 2:30, and evening days at 8 o'clock. Elevator runs one hour previous to and at close of classes.

Classes in Hamilton Hall, Oakland, Fridays at 3 P. M., and lectures the same day at 7:30 P. M. Fees for a course of twelve lessons in Spiritual Science, \$5.

Single admission tickets to classes, 50 cents. Admission to Sunday services to 50 cents; reserved seats 25 cents. Monthly tickets, with reserved seat, \$2.

Membership in Classes and reserved seats for Sunday Services can be secured on application, in person or by letter, at 210 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

Albert Morton, Business Manager. 9017-0m

Advice to Mothers. Mrs. Winkler's SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer as soon as it is put into his mouth, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub smiles as sweetly as a bird, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOW READY.

SPIRITUAL, ETHICAL AND HISTORICAL DISCOURSES, twenty-six in number, on a great variety of important topics, also several poems, delivered inspirationally by W. J. Colville. Volume 450 pages, handsomely cloth bound. Price, \$1.50, sent to any address, post paid, by W. J. COLVILLE, 117 Mason Street, San Francisco.

MRS. J. ADAMS, MEDIUM, MAGNETIC AND MENTAL HEALER.

Original secret is reduced to an available form. Developing Circles, Monday and Wednesday evenings. 114 TURK STREET, SAN FRANCISCO. Between Taylor and Jones. Oct. 15-18

MRS. M. J. HENDEE, TRANCE TEST MEDIUM. METICULOUS DAILY PSYCHOMETRIC DELINEATIONS OF CHARACTER AND DISEASE. MENTAL AND MAGNETIC TREATMENT. 1200 MARKET STREET, COLONNADE HOUSE. Circles, Tuesday and Friday evenings. Developing Circle, Tuesday evening. 202-1

THE ESOTERIC.

Issued monthly, at \$1.50 per year. The October number is loaded with practical instructions for the attainment of mental, psychic and spiritual powers. It gives a short and sure method for promoting health, developing and the higher powers; also exercises for developing will power, psychic and spiritual powers. The number contains more important and useful information than many dollars' worth of ordinary health books. Every one should send thirty cents for a three months trial-subscription. Single copies fifty cents. Address: ESOTERIC PUBLISHING CO., 478 Shawmut Ave., Boston, Mass. Oct. 15

LIFE RENEWER!

Advertisement for Dr. Pierce's Galvanic Chain Belt. Includes image of the belt and text describing its benefits for various ailments like rheumatism, neuralgia, and general weakness. Mentions 'Magnetic Elastic Truss Co.' and '704 Sacramento St., San Francisco, Cal.'

EVOLUTION OF PLANCHETTE!

Advertisement for The Psychobrette, a spirit talking board. Includes image of the device and text describing it as a 'Sure Guide to Mediumship' and 'A Record of Real Life in the Beautiful Country Over the River and Beyond.'

A Sure Guide to Mediumship.

Scientists Mystified! Investigators Puzzled! Spiritualists Pleased! The Talking Board is beautifully made and easily operated. Price, \$1.00, or \$1.50 delivered to any part of the United States. Manufactured and sold by THOMAS LEON, 142 ONTARIO ST., CLEVELAND, OHIO. Sent for Descriptive Circular. Oct. 15

"BEYOND." A RECORD OF REAL LIFE IN THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY OVER THE RIVER AND BEYOND. PRICE FIFTY CENTS. For Sale at this office.

THE GOLDEN GATE opens to us rare glimpses and thoughts from the spheres of Immortality. Intelligent interpretation and high purpose illumine the pages of this able exponent of Spiritualism and mediumship. We greet each GOLDEN GATE with cordial hand and hearty thanks.—Light on the Way.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

MRS. J. I. WHITNEY, THE WONDERFUL Platform Test Medium, will hold a public seance every Sunday evening, at Irving Hall, Post Street, between Grant Avenue and Kearny Street. Admission, 10c. Seance will commence at 8 o'clock, sharp, and close at 9.

W. J. COLVILLE, THE CELEBRATED INSPIRATIONAL Speaker and Lecturer, Spiritual Science in Odd Fellows Hall, Market Street; entrance on Seventh Street. J. W. Maguire, Reader, Chorister and Baritone. Mrs. Marie Bishop, Soprano. Miss E. Beresford Joy, Soloist and Organist. Lectures at 10:45 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Answers to questions at 2:45 P. M.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHICAL SERVICES AT Metropolitan Temple, by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, every Sunday, A. M., at 11. J. Morse, the celebrated inspirational speaker, will answer questions in the trance state, and will lecture in the evening. Children's Lyceum at 12:30 P. M. All services free.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS, national Speaker and Lecturer, Spiritual Science, Eddy Street. Good speakers upon all five subjects pertaining to Spiritualism and humanity. A free Spiritual Library, of 700 volumes, open every Sunday from 1 to 5 P. M. All are invited. Admission free.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY WEDNESDAY evening, at St. Andrew's Hall, No. 111, Larkin street. Interesting addresses, followed by tests by the mediums. Admission, free.

OAKLAND SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION MEETS every Sunday at Grant Army Hall, 419 Thirteenth Street, Oakland. Children's Lyceum at 10:30 A. M. Lecture and Conference Meeting at 7:30 P. M.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PROGRESSIVE SOCIETY, of Chicago, meets in Avenue Hall, corner of Wabash Avenue and 2nd Street, Chicago, every Sunday Evening, at 7:45.

CLEVELAND, O.—SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS for the people at the Columbia Theater, Euclid Avenue, every Sunday evening, at 7:30. Speakers, Rev. Samuel Watson, Mrs. Ada Foye, Charles Dabman, J. Frank Baxter and others. Thomas Loon, Chairman. The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, meets at G. A. R. Hall, 170 Superior street, every Sunday, 10:45 A. M. The public invited. E. W. Gaylord, Conductor.

FROM THE OTHER SHORE

Your Loved Ones Call Back to You: "STAY WHILE YOU MAY"

"Amid the joys and beauties of Earth, if you come, unprepared, before you 'time, an unrelenting visitor to the Spirit, 'World, Life purified and flesh made 'clean fit the soul for the delights that 'await you in the Better Land."

THE FAMOUS CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL TREATMENT

Cures Catarrh, that most loathsome, offensive, and destructive malady, arising from all causes, Lung Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Dropsy of the Stomach, Spleen, Liver and Kidneys, and cleanses the soul.

It is a simple yet effective HOME TREATMENT.

That does its work of healing quickly and well, leaving no trace of disease behind.

Advertisement for Carboloc Smoke Ball. Includes image of the product and text describing its effectiveness for various ailments like catarrh, lung disease, and rheumatism. Mentions 'Patented April 1886' and 'Beeware of Hurlful Imitations.'

CAN BE CARRIED IN THE POCKET

READY FOR INSTANT USE. Sent by Mail or Express, with full directions, on receipt of price, \$1 (Smoke-Ball \$1, Deballator \$1) and four cents in postage stamps.

Will You Weigh the Evidence? Read the following Voluntary Testimonial from a gentleman well known throughout the Pacific Coast:

OFFICE OF COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO., 430 California St., SAN FRANCISCO, July 28, 1887. CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL CO.—GENTLEMEN: In November last I fell all night in Siskiyou county, on the outside of the stage, in a very severe, frosty night, reaching Yreka about 10 o'clock. The next morning I awoke with the chill resulted in the inflammation of one eye, so severe that, in three days, an oculist declared that it was in imminent danger of losing the sight of one eye, and ultimately the other eye would follow, and I would become entirely blind. From one eye I could not see objects sufficiently distinct to recognize the faces of my friends. Local applications relieved the pain and retarded the loss of sight, but failed to effect a cure. After suffering several weeks, I formed my own opinion as to cause, and concluded it was a special case of Catarrh. Seeing your advertisement for the CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL, I called, received an application, and used it for several days. The next day I was able to see, while applying the same, it removed a heavy film from my nose, as large as a hazel nut. Instant relief followed. My eye grew better from that time, and soon was "as good as new." I verily believe it saved my eye, and I know not how to acknowledge my debt. I keep the CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL with me now in traveling, and find it a great comfort when exposed to danger of catching cold, as it never fails to relieve me. A. R. GUNNISON.

Hundreds of such Testimonials at the office. Circulars and Testimonials sent to any address. You can test it FREE at the office of the CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL CO., 652 Market Street, Corner Kearny St., San Francisco. 3104

A Ghostly Palace.

[St. Louis Globe Democrat.]

Many have been the hints and queer stories given out about the Alexander T. Stewart mansion, or rather palace, situated at the corner of Fifth avenue and Thirty-fourth street. It has the name of uncan- cary associations, but beyond that the real story of its ghostly occupants has been successfully kept quiet. A servant of the late Mrs. Stewart tells the following story, which is so remarkable that your correspond- ent, to whom it was told with bated breath, feeling it will prove of interest to the Globe-Democrat readers, here gives it for what it is, as coming from a servant, is worth. The servant is a respectable person, whose veracity may be relied on. She says she saw some of the events spoken of with her own eyes.

Several years ago, a few nights before the body of A. T. Stewart was taken from its grave, Mrs. Stewart was sitting alone in her boudoir. It was late at night. She was awaiting the return of her niece, Miss Smith, who was paying her a visit at the time. She had dismissed her attendants, and was prepared to retire as soon as her niece should return from an evening entertain- ment. The light was turned low, as Mrs. Stewart was always economical, and was saving gas. In a large upholstered chair, looking into the shadows that played about the elaborate furnishing of the apartment, sat Mrs. Stewart. She was indulging in one of those reveries, evidently, that are common to all aged persons. Suddenly a creaking like the movement of a door, and afterward several firm footfalls attracted her attention. She did not arise or look around at once, as she was expecting her niece, and thought the person who had entered cer- tainly must be that young lady. A few minutes passed, and, as there was no further sound, Mrs. Stewart arose from her chair and looked around toward the door. A few steps from the door stood a man, rather tall, but so in the shadow that she could not see his features plainly. She at once thought he must be one of her servants, and was about to reproach him for intruding, when he moved toward her. Then she appreciated that he was not earthly visitant, for, as he passed a mirror, she could distinctly see the reflection of herself and the light through his body. When within a few feet of her he stood still, pointed several times with his arm toward the south, and seemed to be trying by signs to communicate some- thing. Then he folded his arms and looked at her. She dropped on a sofa utterly terrified and unconscious. Mean- while her niece entered and found her in this condition, the ghostly visitant having disappeared without being observed by Miss Smith, who, when she heard the story, was inclined to think of robbers. Some of the servants were called and told about the matter. Diligent search was made of the whole house, but no trace of the intruder discovered. When a few days after this occurrence the grave of Mr. Stewart was robbed, Mrs. Stewart, though not a superstitious woman, natu- rally felt that the ghostly visitor had come to warn her of the coming event.

Since that time queer noises have constantly been heard within the walls of the Stewart place. Footsteps in the splendid art gallery, clanking as of trowels and chisels, as though a gang of masons were at work at the grand marble walls, was one of the most noticeable sounds. At first Mrs. Stewart became very nervous from the occurrence of these sounds so persistently, but at length became accus- tomed to them. Great pains were taken to keep the matter silent, as it was feared that the value of the house would be com- promised by a ghostly reputation, but in each other circles people looked knowingly at one another when the Stewart mansion was mentioned.

After Mrs. Stewart's death none of the heirs were willing to live in the white marble palace, not even Judge Hilton, whose nerves can scarcely be affected easily. The executors tried to sell the property to the New York Club, and were willing to take far less than its value, but for some reason negotiations were sud- denly broken off, and since nothing has been done in regard to the most splendid private mansion on earth. Perhaps the clubmen heard the ghost story. The servant who narrated the above story said that the Stewart family, or Mrs. Stewart at least, were aware who the ghost was.

The following facts pointed to the individuality of the person: Mr. Stewart, as is well known, made a contract for the material of which the house is built just before the war. The contract was based on the prices prevailing at the time. When the war came the price of labor arose and it was impossible for the con- tractor to fill his contract without ruin to himself and family. He went to Mr. Stewart, stated these facts, and asked to have the contract annulled and a new one substituted. Mr. Stewart refused to know him any mercy, and the house was therefore built at the contractor's ruin. Soon after its completion the poor fellow died, leaving his family destitute. In this dilemma his wife went to Mr. Stewart and asked a small return for money her husband had lost in building his house. She wanted \$5,000, it is said, or less than one hour's value of Mr. Stewart's income, but the latter refused, saying, "Your husband made the contract and he had to fulfill it." After this she is said to have appealed to Mrs. Stewart,

who referred her back to Mr. Stewart. She once more called on the latter, but with a like result. Then she cursed him, and swore she would haunt his house when she died, and that he never should have any health while in it. Strangely enough her prophecy proved true; he never had any good health from that day until his death, and was always ailing while living in the marble palace. The ghost seen by Mrs. Stewart is said to be that of the contractor.

Explanation.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In relating some of the interesting mani- festations of spirit power that have taken place in my home, I did not think it necessary to give any family history in order to make myself understood; but for the enlightenment of our friend, Henry Waters, and others who may have dis- covered "a seeming inconsistency" in the communication mentioned, I will state that the medium is not the infant son, but an older son by my first wife.

My object in writing was to show how I became so thoroughly convinced of the claims of Spiritualism, and also in hopes that it might call out the experiences of other witnesses of the phenomena; for, without the physical manifestations, all the arguments that have ever been ad- vanced in favor of an immortality beyond the grave would have no weight with me. I might have hoped that there would be an existence hereafter, but there would have been no belief or knowledge concern- ing it.

I am truly glad that Mr. Waters has become a firm believer in the truths of Spiritualism, notwithstanding he has never seen any of its phenomena. I could not have been convinced otherwise. I am also glad that he has the courage to let it be known to the world at large; and is not afraid to "show his colors." I can assure him it requires a good deal of moral courage to talk Spiritualism in this benighted part of California. Many be- lieve it but dare not own it lest it "hurt their business."

The manifestations that have taken place with us have convinced some of the strongest skeptics that there must be an existence outside of this life. What is most satisfactory about them, they take place under conditions where there is no possi- bility of fraud, even if the medium so desired; notwithstanding the Seybert Com- mission decided that all mediums were frauds. Most respectfully,

M. WHITFORD.

SANTA MARIA, Sept. 28, 1887.

A PHILOSOPHER.—When Harvey's book on the circulation of the blood came out, he fell mightily in his practice. It was believed by the vulgar that he was crack- brained; and all the physicians were against him. After describing how much abuse he had suffered, Harvey adds: "But I think it a thing unworthy of a philosopher and searcher of the truth to return bad words for bad words; and I think I shall do better and more advised, if, with the light of true and evident observations, I shall weave away these symptoms of in- civility."—W. R. Alger.

A VERY vain woman, who has lately been converted to Catholicism, went to her confessor, and began: "Is it a sin for me to take pleasure in people calling me beautiful?" "Yes, my child," was the answer of the wily priest, "it is cer- tainly wrong to encourage any one to tell a falsehood!"

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The Golden Gates are left Ajar.
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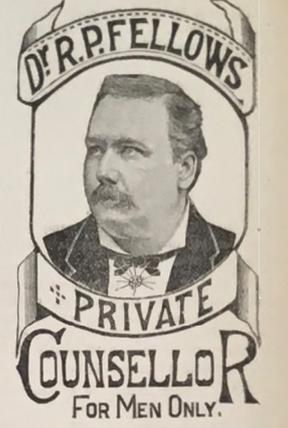
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[Written for the Golden Gate.]
Which Chose the Better Part?

BY LYMAN L. PALMER.
John Smith and I were college chums
Some twenty years ago—
Ah me! how swiftly, swiftly on
The stream of time doth flow.

And John was then a sturdy youth,
Severely practical—
He ne'er allowed the rosy hues
To blind him to the "real."

But I was fond of day-dreams then,
And cauter bull in air,
Aye, programs bold, that was all,
As besting they for fair.

Of life's great problems of we talked,
And what each hoped to do—
We tried the mysteries to solve
Of life's whole journey through.

He chose the Law and Politics
As surest path to trod,
While I in humbler walks of life
Contented was to plod.

Said he: "When I have tried my hand
And made success of life—
When I have reached the mountain-top,
Then I will seek a wife."

And I replied: "Not so with me—
But at the mountain's base,
I'll look my soul, my heart, my hand,
In Love's complete embrace."

And so the years rolled swiftly on,
And each did as he said:
And John is still a bachelor;
At twenty I was wed.

But John is rich—a great man too—
Has been to Congress twice—
Has every luxury and joy
That money can procure.

But never in his palace hall
Is heard a baby's cry;
No loving wife would drop a tear
If to-day should die.

But I—ah me! my pen stands still!
From sorrow's cup I've drunk—
Beneath life's burdens, heaped on me,
My soul has often sunk.

'Twas first a pretty, young home
With just my wife and me—
Then came the children, one by one,
Till we had three times three.

Grim Death has claimed the first and last,
The second was born blind;
A fever made the fourth one dead,
The sixth is weak in mind.

And we've been poor through all these years;
For bread there's been a strife,
And oh! I've sorely needed bread
To put an end to life.

My wife, at forty, is gray-haired
With waching and with care,
And I am looking old myself,
Because of life's hard fare.

But side by side, and hand in hand,
We've climbed the rugged hill,
And this grand lesson we have learned:
"Alide the Father's will."

Now who has made the better choice—
The rich John Smith, or I?
Let each one on the question weigh,
Nor pass it lightly by.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]
Materialization.

BY DR. JOHN ALLY.
Too much has been written on this subject,
And yet it seems that more needs to be said to set the matter in the right light,
And probably this need will be felt for a long time to come.

Some writers freely indulge in such abusive epithets as "fraud hunters," "fraud shriekers," and "the enemies of materialization and of mediums." Such contemptuous phrases are uncalled for and entirely out of place in spiritualistic literature.

There are two sides to this question, as well as to nearly all others, and no one has a right to assume that all who differ from him are either knaves or fools.

The position held by nearly all well informed Spiritualists is that materializations have occurred in all ages under the requisite conditions of mediumship and spirit concurrence, but that these conditions are complicated and difficult to control at will, and that four-fifths, probably nine-tenths, of what has passed before the public as materializations were feats of illusion or fraudulent presentation.

The last time Professor Denton lectured in San Francisco, he asked him in conversation if he thought there were any true materializations in the city. He replied that he did not think there were.

"But," said I, "you believe materializations have occurred?" "Oh yes—hands have frequently been seen, faces less frequently, and full forms rarely." At that time, at least two public exhibitions had been running six nights in a week for several weeks.

Since then both have been "exposed" and one has disappeared, while the other is like truth in one respect if in no other—when crushed to earth rises again, and has as many lives as a feline.

That intelligent Spiritualists, who have the good of the cause at heart, should oppose such disreputable mediumship and be actuated by a righteous indignation, is certainly to be expected. It has done more to retard the progress of Spiritualism, and to bring it into bad repute, than all the preaching of the pulpit or the ridicule of the press.

When honest skeptics are confronted with such flimsy presentations, they conclude, hastily to be sure, that all spiritualistic manifestations are of a similar character, and turning away in disgust, are confirmed in their agnosticism or skepticism.

To throw the responsibility on spirits does not help the cause. Thousands of dishonest people and adventurers leave the bodily form every year, and retain their characters for a longer or shorter time. We are under the necessity of guarding ourselves, as best we may, against imposition by spirits the same as from those in the body.

It is quite in accordance with this theory that a medium may be utilized to present true materializations, and afterwards use wigs, false whiskers and such other paraphernalia as has been found upon them.

Not only every medium, but every sitting must stand upon its own merits—must be judged impartially, but with open eyes. Reasonable test conditions should be insisted upon, as without these they are of no value.

In any case where there appears to be a materialization, the question is not whether materializations are possible, but whether there has been a feat of illusion, or whether, by means of false panels, trap doors or other means, confederates have been introduced.

Where a medium has been detected seven times with the evidences of fraud upon her, she should not be easily received into favor. And the abusive writing in her favor of a neophyte is scarcely worthy a place in spiritualistic literature.

Those who say that materializations are impossible, whether of scientific pretensions or not, are scarcely worth considering. It is not scientific to set bounds to future discoveries, or to assume that all the laws, forces and conditions of psychic, or even material existence are already known.

The writer of this has been a diligent student of this phase of spirit manifestation for more than a decade, having attended many seances on this side of the continent, and some on the other, but only in one instance did it appear to him to be a materialization. In that instance the hand of the apparition was held firmly in his right hand, but in a moment disappeared, apparently sinking through the floor, the hand melting out of his. The apparition appeared the second time; talked with him; showed him the medium in the cabinet, and then vanished as before. I could not account for this on any theory of illusion, and yet, without further opportunity, which I did not have, of studying a similar phenomenon, I could not feel satisfied of its character.

My belief is not founded on observation, but the consensus of history. To deny the fact of ghosts is to deny an important part of Bible history as well as secular history. I believe that spirits are round about us. If so, a little filling out of proper elements is all that is requisite to constitute a form of materialization. We certainly, as yet, know very little of the laws, forces and conditions brought into play in these appearances. It is more in place to seek, to ascertain these laws than to acrimoniously dispute about matters not clearly established.

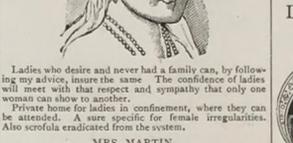
opinion among Spiritualists is desirable. This is true of materialization, and also of the doctrine of re-incarnation. Many seem to think that those who differ from them have no right to hold or express an opinion. Is not this something of the dogmatic spirit that preceded and culminated in the Inquisition?

CLARA.—Can it be, Dolly, that you are to marry Mr. Smith after saying to me yesterday that you could not endure him? Dolly.—The truth is, Clara dear, that until I heard that his aunt had died, leaving him a fortune, I was deceived in my own feelings toward him.

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Table with columns: LEAVE S. F., COMMERCIAL AVE., ARRIVE S. F., ARRIVE S. F. (from). Rows include routes to Gilroy, Fresno, Stockton, etc.

STAGE CONNECTIONS are made with the 10:40 A. M. Train, except ESCADERO Stages via San Mateo and Redwood, which connect with 8:30 A. M. Train.

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TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend St., Valencia Street Station and No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel.

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