



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.

Life is a battle that is to be fought valiantly.

The man who can convince one can convince more.

Some men, like pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light.

The longer one dreads, the higher the mountain to be overcome.

Money not in use is of no more benefit than are frost-bitten apples that hang on trees till they rot.

When you find a true friend, keep him. You will not find very many as you go through life.

If you let others think for you, you will soon find yourself adrift on the endless shores of indecision.

It is true wisdom to speak but little of the injuries you have received, or the good deeds you have done.

One flower made to bloom in a garden of weeds is far more to our credit than to produce millions of weeds.

When cautioned against becoming a miser do not, therefore, consider yourself advised to become a prodigal or a spendthrift.

He who has burst all fetters and trembles before nothing, the unshackled, the truly free, him do I call wise.—*Sakai Moui.*

A true man never frets about his place in the world, but just slides into it by the gravitation of his nature, and swings there as easily as a star.

Let wickedness escape as it may at the bar, it never fails of doing justice upon itself; for every guilty person is his own hangman.—*Seneca.*

Without trial you can not guess at your own strength. Men do not learn to swim on a table. They must go into the deep and buffet the surges.

No man, for any considerable period, can wear one face to himself and another to the multitude, without finally getting bewildered as to which may be true.

He is the greatest man who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, and whose reliance on truth and virtue is the most unflinching.

The one essential of frankness in anything is honesty of purpose. Men who have dark or unworthy deeds to do are not apt to go about them with an open avowal of their intentions.

Flattery is often a traffic of mutual meanness, where, although both parties intend deception, neither are deceived, since words that cost little are exchanged for hopes that cost less.

Do not examine too minutely the action of your friends nor the motives which actuated them. If they have acted with a want of delicacy, appear not to understand it; or, what is more simple, think that it was a mistake on their part.

Spiritualism and the Press.

BY W. W. MCKAIG.

Writers on civilization, Guizot, Buckle, Draper, and others, have found it a little difficult exactly to define what that special element is that discriminates modern civilization from the old classical or mediæval forms. In the fine arts, the embodiment of the beautiful in poetry, architecture or sculpture, Greece still furnishes productions that the gifted and learned never tire admiring. In war, legislation, law, and the art of government, Rome has had no superior. In poetry and history, Homer and Virgil, Tacitus and Thucydides, have had few peers, and in lofty and abstract speculation, the Schoolmen have never been surpassed. We might suppose that we had excelled all other times in our greed for gain, the passion for material interests, were it not that we find St. Paul more than eighteen centuries ago, preaching against the love of money as the root of all evil. We may call ours the inventive age, and point with some pride to the steam-engine, telegraph, telephone, sewing-machine, and hundreds of other useful and ornamental things, but the people who built the pyramids, the aqueducts of Rome, and used the Archimedian wheel, could hardly have been devoid of inventive genius. But there is certainly one thing that discriminates modern from all the ancient civilization: It is the wide diffusion of knowledge. It is the age of the printing press and reading. In all Rome and Athens there was not a book or newspaper, and the consequence was that learning was confined to a small group of scholars, and the highest walks of knowledge were concealed from the people in a cloud of mystery and occult symbolism.

Carlyle gives us a very pretty allegory of the magical lamp that hung in a fisherman's rude hut by the sea, that silently, as it shone there in the chimney corner, transformed every log, board, beam, and rafter into solid silver. That lamp, in our age, is the printed page. More than anything else it has given to our civilization its widely diffused intelligence, varied industrial activity, lofty aspiration, and progressive impulse. The public press is the central force, the driving wheel of our multifarious social, business, and intellectual life. Steam navigation, the railroad, the telegraph, the ocean cable, and a thousand other agencies are the mighty tentacles of this marvelous power.

The increase of books, the ever-enlarging periodical circulation and great variety of quarterlies, monthlies, weeklies and dailies, the great extent and rapidity of movement of the press, conferring upon mankind a sort of omnipresence, is an object of inexhaustible wonder and admiration. It is the miracle of the age. Sitting there in your easy-chair, in dressing-gown and slippers, dandling the baby on one knee, book or newspaper in hand, you may say in the language of Emerson, "This life of ours is stuck round with Egypt, Greece, Gaul, England, War, Colonization, Church, Court, and Commerce, as with so many flowers and wild ornaments, grave or gay."

We all remember the school-book legend, how a good old lady gave to poor Fortunatus a purse of gold, which never became empty, spend as much of it as he could. Of course he felt very happy, but the Sultan took him into a room and opened a closet and brought forth an enchanted cap that he said was worth more than riches. "Whoever wears this cap," he said, "and wishes to be in any part of the world, will find himself there in a moment." The press has translated this legend into an every-day fact. The newspaper, and other forms of journalistic literature have realized the conceptions cherished in the childhood of the race as mythological fancies. Oden's Ravens, the Wishing Cap, the Cloak of Invisibility, the Seven-Leagued Boots, the Winged-Foot of Mercury, all these and many other fancies were prophetic hints of that amazing agency whereby this little life of ours becomes a daily process of readjustment with the life of mankind outside of our special community, outside of the nation in which we live, wide as the circumference of our star.

Now, when we keep all this in mind, remember how the arms of the press are stretched out to the ends of the earth, gathering news and diffusing ideas, opinions, and sentiments; how everybody is reading in the libraries, clubs, hotels, cars, in the logger's hut among the mountain pines, in the fisherman's boat, and in the miner's camp, hidden in the deepest and wildest canyons, it is obvious that we must put the press above every other source of knowledge and information as a means of education. The consequence necessarily follows that a large sum of money could not be more wisely and effectively used in the promotion of Spiritualism, than in planting at some great social center, where all the electric lines of thought converge and diverge, a vast publishing house, amply equipped with presses, and with newspapers, magazines, and books occupy all the lines of communication in spreading the various phases of spiritualistic thought and fact.

We are not oblivious to the great work that has been achieved by pulpit or platform. The press, mighty as it is, can never supersede the need of the oral teacher. It cannot print the tone, the look, the pathos of the voice. But much as the people are charmed by the magnetism of the living speaker, it is clear that they no longer depend upon them for the exposition of important questions. Take an illustration: There is a very general complaint now of the decay of political oratory. Many can remember when Daniel Webster, from the balcony of the Tremont House, in Boston, Wendell Phillips in Faneuil Hall, or Henry Clay, Tom Corwin, or Stephen A. Douglass held vast masses enthralled, and shaped the destiny of a party from the rostrum. There was an atmosphere and potency about our public men that is rarely discoverable now. The reason is obvious. Political issues are expounded and enforced in the great journals of the land, with a cogency and comprehensiveness that leaves but little for the orator to emphasize. He finds the field has been so thoroughly explored, the material of debate so elaborately gathered and classified long before the campaign begins, that there is scarcely anything for him to do. So transcendent has the press become as a source of information and the formation of public opinion, that the members of Congress and the political speakers who are anxious for something more than a local reputation, speak to the reporters, rather than to their fellow legislators or the crowd. The fact is, the people read, they are well informed, and do not go to hear public speaking, to learn and be convinced, but to be excited, transported—to shout, not to think. The great party managers understand this, and are more solicitous to subsidize the press than to patronize the rostrum. To the same cause is attributable the decline of the pulpit, that certainly has lost its charm, and no longer holds the potent sway that it once possessed. Its triumphs are over; the age of Bossuet, Massillon, Whitefield, Moffatt, or Bascom, has passed, never to return.

The pulpit has everywhere gone into the advertising business, and resorts to all the tricks and artifices of the play or opera in order to get an audience. Not that the age is more frivolous and irreligious, but because the mass of the people are too well informed to hear preaching merely for the purpose of instruction. Now, all this warns us that, however large the following of our best speakers may be, owing to the newness and novelty of their thoughts, all the tendencies of the times are in the direction of making the printed page our chief evangel. Surely Spiritualists cannot be so blind to this trend of events, as to fail to utilize the electric tongue of modern thought whose pulsations are momentarily felt throughout the world. That a great Spiritualist Publishing House, as already indicated, can be as economically and efficiently managed as a private business, in a corporate capacity, scarcely admits of a doubt. If it be true that history is philosophy teaching by example, we may surely learn something from the methods and experiences of others. The great Methodist Book Concern in New York began its existence in 1789, on a borrowed capital of \$600, and is now the largest publishing house in America. In 1877, it reported a capital of \$1,052,428, with a branch concern at Cincinnati, with an additional capital of \$500,000, and another in Chicago of about \$30,000; besides these, it has extensive book depositories in nearly every leading

city of the United States. It publishes one quarterly review, five monthlies, and thirteen weekly papers. While the capital of this institution has gone on slowly increasing with the passing years, it has not been operated for mercantile aggrandizement, but for the special purpose of furnishing the literature of that church more cheaply than it could otherwise be obtained. No private publishing establishment in the land can exhibit a better record for prudence and careful management, not even the famous house of the Harpers', that has grown up beside it, and is about of the same age. The same reputation for wise economy and prudent management has characterized the history of the Bible House in New York, the American Tract Society, and the Presbyterian Publishing House in Philadelphia.

That a large sum of money—say one hundred thousand dollars, more or less—can be used in California in promoting Spiritualism, in the way above indicated, hardly admits of an alternative. The public and private grief and wants of the world may be safely left to that fraternal spirit that has already covered the land with its bright zodiac of hospitals, asylums, and eleemosynary institutions. Temples, with elegant and spacious lecture halls and convenient seance rooms, for the accommodation of Spiritualists, in all our towns and cities, is a "consummation devoutly to be wished," but these are local benefits, and like the building of churches, Masonic and Odd Fellows' temples, the lodge rooms and halls of the various fraternal orders and labor guilds may be left to the enterprise and aggregate contributions of those who immediately need them.

It is better it should be so, for every community needs the culture of the generous sentiment that takes this shape, and the organic unity and harmonious fellowship in duty and work that usually crystallizes around such centers. But if the advancement of Spiritualism over the widest space and in the most enduring form is the result sought, then the greatest homage must be given to a thoroughly endowed press. There can be no doubt that it is the mightiest educational force the whole world knows or is ever likely to know.

Mediums and the oral teachers have a great work to perform, but they can not go everywhere. There are regions inaccessible to them, and even where they gain a hearing, they can not always stay. They give their tests or their kindest messages and pass on. But the printed page goes everywhere. It overleaps all barriers, speaks all languages, travels in every land. It remains when the speaker has gone his way. It abides its time. It passes from hand to hand, and silently bears fruit in due season. It provokes no hot opposition, makes no angry or foolish reply, but calmly repeats its sweet and tender message as often as the eye falls on its unchanging and appealing page.

Why, a single man with a well-endowed printing establishment is a society in himself. He speaks to the millions, his audience is continental. Can it then be doubted for a moment that whoever has the good of Spiritualism upon his heart will find it incalculably augmented by this amazing instrumentality? No wonder the church early perceived its marvelous power and promptly made use of it. If we believe one tithe of what is reported by the aforesaid religious publishing houses, the river of books, the rain of tracts, leaflets and newspapers that annually pour from these respective sources have been of immense benefit to the church. Surely, then, if a mediæval theology, a religion of terror and superstition has found such potency in this agency of diffusion, a religion of joy, peace, and liberty, so richly freighted with the fragrance of eternal blessedness, can not fail to have a certain, durable and abundant harvest.

It is hardly necessary to commend further the use of an agency in the inculcation of the philosophy and truths of Spiritualism, that is so well known and highly valued by an enlightened public. Should it not be an honor and a privilege for those who have the gifts and means, and whose lives have been enriched and brightened by angelic ministries to seek in the best possible way to share their manna with others? But this duty is so apparent, so deeply accordant with the noblest impulses of the soul, that we hasten to add, that wise will be the men of wealth among us, who are meditating

some great bequest in the interest of Spiritualism, if they will select their own lifetime as the period of the deed. The mind that is inspired by such a noble thought should see to it, that his money goes straight to that result. Each man can guard best what he owns, but each intermediate man is not only a division of the money, but an abatement of the original love. Men who have money and charity should learn not to trust the grave. The performance should come from the hand that holds the gold, for the most kind and trustful heart has no assurance that his heirs or administrators will love the cause he loves. Only he who executes his own beneficent intentions, absolutely secures his estate from probate suits, administrators' tolls and lawyers' fees, and is certain that the white robe of his benevolence will not be dragged through the mud and mire of endless and bitter strife.

Then another reason why our wealthy men who are getting along into the late afternoon of life should execute their plans of love and good will to their fellow men, is the fact that they can hardly afford to dispense with the experience and gratification that comes from such a great work. Surely the souls that are soon to leave these shores need the freshness and bloom that is born of a new emotion of happiness. The rosy hope and romance of youth has faded. The schemes, rivalries and ambitions of meridian manhood have lost their charm. They should no longer have any worldly vanity to gratify or fame to seek. To begin to devise and execute something for the cause they love and has been an inestimable benediction all their years, will be opening a new gate of happiness, and a gate of pearl it will be indeed. And should a generous impulse take the shape we have indicated in this paper, the donor will have the satisfaction of knowing that his blessing is no spasm of kindly feeling, no tide that ebbs and flows, no local, shallow pool that dries up in the Summer heat, but a river that will widen and deepen with the passing years, augmented by the ceaseless drops that come from thousands of thoughtful and illumined souls; that as a mountain spring

"It will murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows."

Mrs. Ladd-Finegan in Portland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

I am not prepared to say how the above named medium is appreciated in the vicinity of the GOLDEN GATE, and I do not write this to trumpet her fame, but simply to give honor where honor is due. To give anything like a full account of her career since she has been in Portland for the last three weeks would make too long an article for your paper. She has been upon the platform some three or four times, and I think each time has fully acquitted herself as a first-class medium, but her private seance is where her mediumship shows to the best advantage. At one of these seances the other evening a lady friend of mine handed the medium a folded letter which she had just received from a lady friend of hers, who was in deep trouble and wanted advice. The medium held the letter in her hand for a moment, when she fully described the lady who wrote the letter, and gave a short history of her, stated the trouble she was then in, pointed out the remedy, and gave particular warning of the disastrous results that would surely follow unless the advice was taken. In listening to what she said, the description of the parties, their being several, I could not help but exclaim: "How wonderful are Thy works, O Lord, God Almighty!" How few realize that they are an open book from whose pages can be read the every act of life; but Spiritualism proves this in many ways, and the sooner the world knows it, the better it will be for them. C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Or., April 18, 1888.

An elegant Indianapolis mansion is empty and is offered for rent at a very low figure. The owner vacates it because he is tired of the racket kicked up by invisible midnight visitors. Furniture is turned upside down and the piano played by unseen hands. A ghostly finger appears and traces on the mirror letters of the color of blood, spelling out the word "Beware!"

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Life, Matter, Mind, Spirit.

BY HUBSON TUTTLE.

The present conception of nature, by material science, is a witches' pot, into which, by some unknown process, matter and force were placed. The pot seethes, and out of the seething conflict foams up to the surface the kaleidoscopic changes of beings. The savans stand around its rim like Shakespeare's witches and chant a technical gibberish about laws; the pre-existence and correlation of force; the indestructibility of energy; the element of matter; the potentialities of the atom; the struggle for existence; the survival of the fittest; and in admiration praise each other's profundity of sight, while the sharpest eye sees nothing beneath the foaming scum. We think we have presented the position of science in its

RELATIONS OF LIFE TO MATTER.

At the threshold of this discussion of the problem of mind and spirit we have that of life. The living being is the most wonderful achievement of force in its multitudinous forms. Life is the gateway to the realm of spirit, and beyond that gateway lies the questions we seek to solve.

The living being, by the fact of its being such, has new and hitherto undetermined relations. It has escaped from the hold of the forces in part from the common lot of matter, and a new horizon splits before it. New and mysterious forces intrude, the sum of which we call vital energy. Well we know that here the material scientist will smile or sneer, for he has already settled the question in his own mind and that of his confederates, that there is nothing beyond the properties of matter. The animal body is composed of definite quantities of carbon, hydrogen, lime, iron, etc., and the conflict of atoms, the combustion of carbon by the oxygen of the air, the burning of phosphorus in the nerves, is the activity evolved which is called life. In the higher animals, especially in man, this life force derived from burning carbon is changed to thought, and the quantity of thought depends on the activity of the process.

No one, however, has ever proved that such transformation occurs, or even attempted the task. The most thoughtful and profound acknowledge that at the threshold of life all physical theories utterly fail, and that the problem does not admit of solution. The more persistent declare life to be a resultant of protoplasm; a fragment of protoplasm is the lowest form of a living being. It is a homogeneous mass, scarcely a cell or aggregation of cells. These cells do not feel or know, they are sensitive; that is all. A human being is said by these material scientists to be the sum of an infinite number of moners, as a coral branch is the sum of a great number of polyps. These moners form, under different circumstances, bone, muscle, and nerve. They propagate and die. Then multiplication and destruction is the source and accompaniment of vital changes, and mental states, when the necessity for the destruction of so great number of these moners arises, the end or the destruction of all, or death of the combined organism.

According to this view, by the simple addition of moners, we obtain something none of them singly possessed. The single moner has only sensitiveness, then infinite aggregate, in the human being, has feeling, intelligence, will, and God-like aspirations. The time old axiom never before disputed is set aside, and the sum is declared to be not only greater than its parts—it is infinitely greater, and acquires qualities which the parts do not possess.

It may be urged that in the acquisition of new qualities the source is true of the chemical union of elements, which yield products entirely different in quality from the combining bodies. These, however, unite in fixed proportions in a manner far from understood, while, with the hypothetical moners, they are aggregated mechanically, as polyps in a cluster, and this union of individuals changes, not their functions, but simply increases the mass.

Whether we accept this moner hypothesis, or the more generally viewed theory that life is the product of organization, arising from the chemical actions and reactions in the body, it is impossible to say wherein the dead animal differs from the living. Analysis can not reveal this secret, for the living animal can not be subjected to that test. The life principle escapes before the alembic or retort is brought in requisition. The song of the bird can not be found by chemical analysis. We know that the living being is held together, and dominated over by the strongest forces, and the moment these relax their hold, decomposition commences. What is this force? Whence does it come? Whither does it go?

LIFE AND MIND.

Taking this force in its highest expression, in man, it is self-conscious and has independent will. It arises above the atoms of its physical being, above the influences which environ it, and says, *I will*, and executes that will. I know well that if we here have physical sci-

ence, and become transposed to metaphysical grounds, there are philosophers who would not only reason away this force, but the existence of the body itself. They are true intellectual acrobats; amusing jugglers, who throw words instead of painted balls, and confuse by their wonderful dexterity. Yet, after all has been said, we know we exist and have physical bodies. Had we not such bodies the thought of them would never have been fashioned in our minds. As we know the sun will rise, or the night follow, we know we have bodily forms, and are thereby brought in contact with the physical world. It is a fact, and as such can not be reasoned away. In the same manner we are conscious of a mental or spiritual life which arches the physical world as the dome of the sky.

Here we come to that vague and uncertain realm where spirit touches matter. We leave the coast line of the tangible and seen, for the intangible and unseen. There is no bridge over the gulf, which is said to be impassable. Material and spiritual phenomena are united by no common bond, and each stands by itself. The great thought stream has set toward the materialist interpretation of all spiritual phenomena, or the ruling them out of the pale of the believable. If these phenomena are real, if man—the ego—is superior to the oxygen and carbon of his body, if the manifestations of mind are superior to the combustion of tissue in the lungs, then all these manifestations should be amenable to certain laws and conditions, which ascertained, will harmonize them into a perfect system.

The brain is the point of contrast between spirit and matter, and so far as the manifestations of that spirit are related to the material world while connected with the physical body, it must be through and by means of the brain. The intimate character of this relation gives strong color to the reasoning based on the material view that the brain produces thought, as the liver produces bile. But such reasoning is based on appearance rather than the reality. There is, as Tyndall eloquently expresses, a chasm between matter and mind that cannot be passed.

The passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is unthinkable. Were our minds and senses so expanded, strengthened, and illuminated, as to enable us to see and feel the very molecules of the brain; were we capable of following all their motions, all their groupings, all their electric discharges, if such there be; and were we intimately acquainted with the corresponding states of thought and feeling,—we should be as far as ever from the solution of the problem. "How are these physical processes connected with the facts of consciousness?" The chasm between the two classes of phenomena would still be intellectually impossible. —*The Ph. Force of Thought, John Tyndall.*

SPIRITUAL SUBSTANCE.

As the experiments alluded to show that matter may, under certain conditions, take on new properties, ceasing to be matter, in the usual acceptance of that word, the horizon of matter which has been thought to rest over attenuated hydrogen, may extend to infinite reaches beyond, including stuffs or substances which have never been revealed to the senses. As the eye is capable of detecting only a narrow belt of rays, and the ear of a scarcely broader belt of sounds, beyond which, on either side, are unknown realms of light and sounds, so we are able to detect a narrow range of elements; and there may be a realm on one side too gross for recognition by the senses, and on the other a realm too attenuated. Beings fashioned of this attenuated substance might walk by our side unseen, nor cast a shadow in the noon-day sun.

SPIRIT ETHER.

Aside from this spiritual substance, beyond the pale of the most attenuated matter, is the spirit ether. The students of light have found it possible to explain its phenomena only by the hypothesis of an ether, a universal fluid of extreme tenuity, the vibrations of which are interpreted by the eye as light. This ether was at first a dream of the imagination; but, by answering all questions, and receiving the verification of mathematics, has become a demonstrated reality. It is probably the common medium for the transference of electricity, heat, and magnetism as well. It is an illustration of one of the many instances when the imagination has overreached the reason in the race of discovery.

In the same manner we may predicate another ether, the medium through which all spiritual phenomena are produced. We may prove the existence of this ether, by the certainty and harmony of the answers it gives, as the existence of the luminiferous ether has been demonstrated. As the great life giver, we may distinguish it as psycho-ether. It cannot be said to be material, for it belongs to the region beyond that recognized as material by our senses. It is the sublimation of matter, vastly more tenuous than light-ether, and thought is propagated in it from centers, as light is in the luminiferous ether from luminous bodies. The qualities of this ether are the possibilities of life and spirit, and to it for explanation we refer all psychic phenomena.

Industrial ignorance is the mother of idleness, the grandmother of destitution, and the great-grandmother of socialism and Nihilistic discontent.

Reply to "Logos."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

A recent criticism on some of our writings has brought forth a series of new thoughts which we are unable to suppress. Not that we seek revenge or desire to vindicate ourself. Far from it. We trust to higher powers for this, and believe that justice is due to every man when he deserves it. What we have said or done in the past was partly a result of our own convictions or reasonings, and partly an effect of inspiration. Whether conducted by materialists or Jesuits is indifferent, as long as we have the truth. Criticism does not efface the latter, except the same can be substituted by something higher and better. Under these circumstances, we become the listener, and shall be most happy to receive instructions. This will be regarded as conceit by our learned critic, who, by the way, is an attorney at law, and versed in Latin quotations, which we are not, although we may claim the whole of another foreign language instead, if such constitutes *aviditas*. But conceit is no evil, according to his philosophy, and therefore must be an accomplishment worth having.

Now, our conceit leads us to believe that those two sets of spirits, the materialists and Jesuits, which he quotes as being our tormentors, are scientific and philosophic spirits—we having been conscious of two classes, it is true. Most sublime conceit, will be added. But which is worst, conceit or superstition?

Non-progressive Christians believe in a devil that snatches sinners, and non-progressive Spiritualists have adopted the Jesuits instead. We have been mocked, it is true, but have never been too conceited to believe otherwise, nor ashamed to avow it; and further, are not averse to acknowledging that it has been due to evils not yet overcome or "rooted" out, and probably yet mocked on account of the conceit which still has a hold on us. But our conceit has impelled us to write, or stirred up our ambition, which our critic terms empty, because it suits him to apply it to us, otherwise would be a virtue in his estimation. We have never laid any stress on our individual mediumship, as we see nothing in it to be proud about.

Every human being is a medium, but its cultivation is not yet understood; and what we have written about mediumship was largely gathered from facts surrounding us. We claim as much right to do this, as our friendly critic has to deliver a discourse on law, which he has gathered from books and otherwise. If we have brought truth to light, he can not comprehend, it is not our fault. We do not understand all that he is enabled to write about either. Minds are constituted differently on this mundane sphere, and we would consider it the height of conceit on our part to belittle that which does not come in our category, or consider everything worthless which we do not know.

Our "materialized electricity" seems to affect him very much. We might add materialized spirit, if the spiritual beings whom he has often seen materialized are intelligence or spirit. But if spirit and intelligence are one, it cannot be materialized, and the spirit-body which materializes itself to our gaze or physical sight, must be composed of something else. It can not be matter, as that of which the physical body is composed, for if such was the case, they would never become invisible. Thus the body of the spirit must be composed of magnetism or electricity, and when such materializes itself, what else is it but materialized electricity or magnetism, either? Can not the brain be constituted of a like condition of a permanent organ, as a necessary medium between the intelligent soul and the material body? We see it in that light, if he does not. So much for our materialistic (the scientific) spirits.

Now for our Jesuitical (the philosophic) ones. We have advanced certain precepts gathered from absolute proofs of their efficiency, and therefore *know* that they lead to good results, physically and spiritually, and therefore need not resort to speculation or imagination. Either they do not apply to him, and he therefore can not take them in, or he fears their truthfulness as practical applications.

If nirvana constitutes contentment or peace of mind, we can recommend them. But those who have risen above this state don't need them. We are still a poor sinner, and will continue our course, nor are we averse to practicing those of our philosophers or teachers. Christ said, "Love ye one another," and which we understand as being charitable, or doing good to others, and which unselfishness is supposed to lead to happiness. The majority of people believe this to be true, and we see it reiterated by mediums, speakers, and pulpit orators. Those who have come to the conclusion that Christ, or the Nazarene philosopher, was right, and thus teach or preach the same truth, are all plagiarists. We belong to this category, for we have said things in our writings which others have said before us, and which we reiterated because we believed them to be true, and because, by reasoning, we arrived at similar conclusions. If they had been mere speculations, we would not have adopted them as truths, but like many other things, would simply have rejected them or passed them by unnoticed, but would not criticize them for fear that they might prove

true later. Nor would we reject that which we believe to be true because it does not benefit us.

We have done more good to others than to ourself, during our past life, as far as we can recollect, and have not yet reached happiness. Should we therefore reject this precept, and try to obtain it by selfishness? Although it has not benefited us yet, we believe it to be true nevertheless, despite that the teaching comes from another philosopher, and not from us. We find others' precepts applicable to ourself, as well as our own, and would not reproach them for making "promises," which do not come true immediately, or before giving them a trial.

We did not intend answering our critic at first, but those "Jesuits" of ours would not let us rest until we had said something in our defense, and were therefore compelled to treat the readers to another dish of "bosh." And as for the appendage found after our name in the *World's Advance-Thought*, that is not of our doing. We suppose Judge Maguire meant it as a compliment when he called us an "advanced teacher," and who is therefore responsible for this terrible crime. But, of course, our critic couldn't know this, and we therefore pardon him for his rebuke; and in fact, for all he said of us. Our aim is a universal one, only that we reach it through different channels, and when we get there, we'll all wonder why "pot called kettle black." Respectfully,

A. F. MELCHERS.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Sun Angels and Their Critics.

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER.

As a curiosity of argument I commend to the notice of the readers of the *GOLDEN GATE*, the answer, published in the *Carrier Dove* of March 10th, to a communication, emanating from an earth member of the Sun Angel Order of Light, published in this paper of March 3d.

This so-called "reply," after quoting the assertion that the question of re-incarnation is solely one of evidence, in which a single positive witness outweighs any quantity of speculative opinion, proceeds:

This would be true, if there were any means of obtaining corroborative evidence. But, like the existence of an open polar sea, and a tropic climate at the North Pole, the corroboration is still lacking. The writer of the letter puts his faith (italics are mine) as to the truth of the doctrine of re-incarnation, upon the teachings of alleged spirits, "Angels, Order of Light," and to a book containing the alleged revelations of two mysterious spirits, "Eon" and "Eona," about whom there appears to be no trustworthy information. The statements they are said to make, concerning themselves.

I am glad to perceive, from the wording of this article, that the ablest anti-reincarnation organ of all confesses the inability of its whole editorial corps to disprove the facts on which the Sun Angel Order of Light rests with confidence. The Sun Angel Order, in its earth workings, offers all the "corroborative evidence" necessary to prove any fact, and the *Dove* ignores it all, on exactly the same grounds on which the ordinary skeptic, materialistic or orthodox, ignores all evidence of spiritual phenomena; simply by sneers, denials, hints that all the facts are "alleged" only, or delusions, or imposture, or anything else in the world.

As a matter of fact the members of the Sun Angel Order of Light on earth do not "pin their faith," as to anything, on anything. They have no faith in anything whatever. They know a few, a very few things; and on those things they expect, from analogy, a few other things, as a process of logical consequence. But faith has nothing to do with the question. It is a matter simply of spiritual unfoldment, whereby the inner sight is opened, and memory of the past awakened. Consequently, many of the earth members of the order positively know reincarnation to be a fact, from the waking of their own memories, independently of any psychologic influence from others. Of course Messrs. Coleman and Morse and the editorial corps of the *Carrier Dove* may not believe this. Neither do most people believe in the fact of spirit return. Neither do some Spiritualists believe in materialization; others in the honesty of trance speakers, like Morse.

But their belief, or disbelief, does not alter the facts in the case. We who know—not believe—that re-incarnation is a fact, in our own persons, are not apt to care much for the beliefs of other people, who insist on playing spiritual "blind-man's buff," through their present incarnation. When they realize their own blindness, the ranks of the order are open to all honest inquirers, and they will find that they did not know quite as much as they once thought they did. It is only to dissipate the impression which anti-reincarnationists seek to spread abroad that we are ashamed of the truth, and that our doctrine rests on fancy, that any of us ever write in its defense. Re-incarnation is a fact, and has come to stay.

HE EARNED HIS MONEY.—"It's one hundred dollars in your pocket," whispered the defendant's lawyer to the juror, "if you can bring about a verdict of manslaughter in the second degree."

Such proved to be the verdict, and the lawyer thanked the juror warmly as he paid the money.

"Yes," said the juror, "it was tough work, but I got there after awhile. All the rest went in for acquittal."—*New York Sun.*

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"Spiritualism in the Conduct of Life."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In a late number of your fine paper was an article, by Mr. Hudson Tuttle, on "Spiritualism in the Conduct of Life," which was just what we have all wanted to read and hear. Too many of us are satisfied with phenomena and tests, or, rather, we seek nothing beyond them. Here in our city every lecturer must be accompanied by a "platform test medium," or he fails to draw the people. Often the benefits to be derived from a fine lecture are entirely done away, by the descent from the heights of thought to the lowlands of personal detail, brought by the spirits who wish to be recognized.

Would that we all might heed Mr. Tuttle's words: "As two thousand years ago the multitude asked for a sign, we, groping for truth, demand tests. We are more eager for tests than for intellectual strength, or moral purpose." When I read this I could not but say to myself, "Aye, if we but had more 'moral purpose,' we might be able to advance beyond the vestibule into the Temple itself."

I was much pleased to read Mr. Tuttle's words, for I have tried to instill the same thoughts. It was, therefore, with real delight that I read all he had written for I knew that I was right.

To me, Spiritualism has from the first, been "glad tidings of great joy," and so will it prove to all who investigate in an honest, sincere spirit. It is, truly, as Mr. Tuttle says: "A religion, a science, and a philosophy blended, forming a system vital with growth, and commensurate with the needs of humanity."

Mr. Tuttle's article calls to mind a fine address on "Life and Its Realities," by Mrs. Milton Rathbone, published in the *Banner of Light*, some years ago, from which I quote:

"Spiritualism holds in her hand the torch of guidance; she points to the way wherein we may walk with safety, and where our steps shall lead onward. She brings evidence beyond computation in value, of the return of our friends to minister to us in love and tender solicitude. She proves beyond all question that if a man die he shall live again. She patiently listens to the objections of the skeptic, and smilingly overthrows the little battlement which he deems impregnable; and whether he will or no, carries him by storm into the stronghold of revealed truth. She forbearingly deals with the good souls who must be convinced periodically. She never tires, never scolds, never holds over us a whip of threats, but again and again presents her claims for our acceptance, and is ever our true friend, no matter how rudely or unkindly we may conduct ourselves toward her and her choice offerings. If we turn a deaf ear to her entreaties, we are the losers thereby, and some day shall find bitterness in our cup of realities, because of our foolishness.

"She invites us to a continual feast. Many prefer the husks of materiality, or to starve on half rations, when they might 'fare sumptuously every day.' She assures us that the cares of life, the anxiety and bitterness of poverty may be lightened, softened, and sweetened by the presence of spirit friends, if we will but open the door, and bid them welcome, or even allow them to enter. She tells us of the spiritual attainments within our reach; warns us of pitfalls, shows us rocks of defense and refuge from storms. She hails with joy every blossom put forth in our spiritual unfoldment. She watches for the slightest evidence of advancement, and gently leads us over rough places—is to us a very guardian angel, in season and out of season, whenever and wherever conditions will allow. She is our patient, never-failing guide, whom we rarely acknowledge or treat with kindness, whom we revile, neglect, scorn, and cowardly deny, or fail to acknowledge, which often amounts to a denial. She bears all contempt, holds no malice, and bides her time to do us good. She makes no assertions unarméd with proof. She invites investigation and counsels you to weigh, sift, and scatter to the winds all chaff, or that which is spurious. She counsels you to look for good everywhere; to cast off bigotry and superstition as you would shackles fettering your freedom. She asks you to deal as fairly with her as with any other cause or theme. She stands erect in conscious self-respect, begging no favors, seeking no adulation, for selfishness is unknown to her. Her work is to redeem humanity from the depths of degradation and sin; thus she becomes a Savior unto the world."

Can we afford to slight this friend? Can we afford to turn away, saying, "I have need of none of these things?"

Methinks not. Are you lonely and filled with sorrow? Turn to her and you will receive the balm of consolation. Has the death angel borne from you a bright treasure? Spiritualism has an open door through which your loved one can return and comfort you. Are you in doubt and perplexity as to the hereafter? Spiritualism has a field wherein you may explore and gain knowledge which shall dispel your doubt, and give your mind that freedom for which you sigh. Have you besetting sins? Spiritualism will prove that you and they must part company, and will point the way to victory, through which you inherit great joy in that life where the soul manifests in reality.

If any who read this are strangers to this beautiful philosophy, let us entreat you to avail yourselves of the joy and

benefits following those who enter its paths. Investigate carefully and honestly. Be as fair as you would in dealing with any other subject, and you will not fail to discern the truth. Joy shall fill your cup, and you will be eternally grateful for the revelations which will overwhelm you.

An Eastern friend sends me your paper every week, and I look with pleasure for its coming. It is so full of good things.

We are having fine lectures now in our city, by Mr. Walter Howells, whose guides give us every week a "feast of good things." His lecture last Sunday on "The Spiritual Basis of Life," was one of the finest efforts I ever listened to, so scholarly, so full of the deepest and highest thought, so beautifully delivered, it was indeed a treat to listen to this wonderful instrument of the wisdom-spirits. What makes it more wonderful is the fact that Mr. Howells is not a man of education, and so blind that he can scarcely see anything, but he seems to be perfectly adapted to the work he has undertaken, and his guides have as perfect control as though they owned his organism. Mr. Edgar Emerson gives tests after each lecture, which to my mind detract from its beauties, for as I said above, the benefits are mostly done away with when we have to listen to so many spirits, whose personal details can not interest every one. What a happy day it will be when we no longer require tests, but can go forward to learn those higher and grander truths, such as Mr. Howells' guides give. I hope to live long enough to see our hall crowded to listen to a lecture without any tests after it.

Long may the GOLDEN GATE,

"Forever swinging,
Make no jarring, no harsh ringing,
Melodious as the singing of one whom we adore,"

Attract to its beautiful portal all those who would otherwise wander in error.

Yours, for the Truth,
L. E. HOSKA.

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 7, 1888.

Found Through Two Dreams.

(New York Sun.)

Some years ago, Dexter, Lambert & Co., the silk mill owners of Paterson, had a foreman in their mill named Peter Turner. He was a man of eccentric habits, very taciturn, and never informed even his wife and family of his business affairs. One day he went to Clifton, two or three miles below Paterson. He started back home after dark, walking on the Erie Railway track. When near Paterson he was struck by the locomotive of a freight train and instantly killed.

A few days before his death Turner had received between \$400 and \$500 from Dexter, Lambert & Co. Only a few dollars were found on his person when his dead body was picked up, and he had given his wife but \$15. What disposition he had made of the balance of the money he had received no one knew. He was not a man of dissolute or extravagant habits, and had been the recipient of a large salary for years, yet after his funeral expenses were paid his family were left penniless. That Turner must have had considerable money deposited, or invested somewhere was certain, but no trace of it could be found.

James Howarth was a near neighbor of the Turners, and a close friend of the dead man. A week or so after Turner's death, Howarth went to Mrs. Turner one morning and told her that her late husband had appeared to him in a dream the night before and made a singular revelation.

"My family is in need of some money," the apparition had said, according to Howarth, "and I will supply them with enough to help them over their need for awhile. If they will go to the cellar in their house they will find, under a pile of rubbish, a tin blacking box. In that there is \$150."

Howarth said that then Turner's apparition disappeared. A search was made as directed, and the tin blacking box and \$150 were found. A further search of the cellar and premises were made in hopes that more money might be discovered, but without success. A month or so later Howarth had another dream, in which Turner appeared to him again, and directed him to dig in one corner of the garden, where he would find \$100 in a paper package. This money was also found. These two sums were all that were ever discovered of Turner's savings. Howarth's dreams made a great sensation in the city, and some suspicious persons interpreted them in a way that reflected somewhat on Howarth, and gave the impression that he had a knowledge of the entire amount of the Turner money which was not given him by dreams; but that was nonsense, for Howarth was an honest and unassuming mechanic, incapable of such trickery. Besides, if he was aware of the disposition Turner had made of his money and could take advantage of it to his own benefit, why should he have voluntarily despoiled himself of \$250 of it by revealing its whereabouts to Turner's family.

I know not what record of sin awaits me in the world to come—I can not tell. But this I do know—that I never despised a man because he was poor, because he was ignorant, or because he was black.—John Albion Andrew.

AS LONG as temptations exist, men will hunt for them.

Re-Incarnation.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Many Spiritualists are indifferent to the question: Had the human soul existence before birth? They concern their thoughts with the future, and imply that, "As we are not going that way, the past is of no account."

But there are those who have felt that the past had secrets to unfold of vital importance in the solution of life's mysteries. In the dynamics of thought, no real desire for truth ever goes, or can go, unanswered. The cry at last having ascended from the soul in matter, "What of my past?" the answer is in the world to-day. It is an answer not alone of abstract teaching, but of fact. Angels are speaking it to those who will listen. The evidences of life reveal it to those who will see. To be denied the definite knowledge of his soul which man craves, and to which he has absolute right, were Divine mockery.

Enemies of the doctrine of re-incarnation, why do you fling at your opponents and their views epithets of ridicule, scorn and disparagement? Do you think thereby to strengthen your case?

You argue that we are divided in opinion. What new body of followers after truth has not been? Are truth and the mind that attempts to receive it the same? In division of thought is the promise of growth and ultimate unity. If you desire to draw special attention to your poverty of sound argument, continue to expatiate upon the point that we are divided in opinion. Do not, however, allow yourselves to be confused by common principles as to magnify existing differences.

One embodiment upon earth, you assert, furnishes a soul with the necessary impetus for an eternal spiritual journey. How do you know? You present reasons against the possibility of more than one embodiment which can be shown to be fallacious, and you quote what is told by your spirit friends. How do they know? Their reasons are no sounder than your own, and neither of you remember that you lived before you were born—is this all?

It is not enough (1), because cogent abstract reasons are adducible in support of a belief in re-incarnation; (2), because in many ages there have dwelt upon earth those claiming to have reminiscences and memories of a former life; (3), because at the present day there are mortals who avow that they remember more or less distinctly having lived before; (4), because angels from high spheres testify that a past of innumerable existences has become to them in memory as an open book; (5), because they teach that memory is dead to pre-existence until quickened by interior unfoldment.

You object that re-incarnation is physically impossible. You apparently assume that the inner principle, the soul, and the form which is its instrument of expression in spirit life, are inseparable and co-eternal. Evidently a full-grown spirit body could not be incorporated into the physical body of an infant; hence, you deduce the impossibility of the soul's re-incarnation.

That a process analogous to physical death may take place in the case of the spirit body may seem to you improbable. Have you proof positive that, at a certain epoch in the post-terrestrial existence of a soul, such a process does not occur? They who teach us in this matter assume nothing. But if you will assume, for the sake of the argument, that this event occurs, where is the impossibility of re-incarnation?

Even our Christian friends would take issue with you on this point. The Radiant One, whose coming was foretold ere His light shone in mortal mould, in their doctrine is indisputably an incarnation. If not the incarnation of a grandly unfolded human soul, what was it? Can heredity explain? Can you tell whence originated the foreknowledge of Christ's coming?

You talk about return to earthly life being retrogression, and demand, "Why do not souls go on progressing in spirit life?" I would ask: Why is summer not perpetual? "Inconclusive," you say. Simply illustrative. Have you not learned that all progression is cyclic; that the soul, by the very law of its being, expresses itself in alternate periods of rising and declining activities? Surely you ought to know that in the absolute there is no such thing as retrogression; that it is only relative. By losing sight of the fact that earth is the battle-ground of the soul, you make room for much erroneous thought. Of course you cite cases where spirits for a hundred—a thousand years, more or less, have pressed forward in spirit life. Under the law of progress which governs them, it would be an anomaly if they did not.

For answer to the question, "Is the necessity for re-incarnation interminable?" behold angelic life. Angels, not mere spirits, are those who have won the everlasting victory over matter.

Among the rocks of prejudice against which your reason fouls on this question, is the sentiment that re-incarnation would part you from your loved ones in spirit life, or that they would be parted from you. Do not imagine that Divine laws are cruel. If your love is less than spiritual, it will not live. If it is spiritual, it cannot die. Where spiritual or soul love exists, the certain sequel of parting is reunion. True love will find its own again. Soul identity is changeless. Therefore

your fear of losing loved ones by re-incarnation is not of the soul.

You submit that you have yet to find one tangible fact in support of re-incarnation. There is a fact so naked, so stupendous, that how it can be ignored is a mystery. Do you not realize that you can not tell why exists human inequality? Inequality of soul-unfoldment is what I mean. There is no mistaking it. It is glaring, it is awful, in its contrasts. It is everywhere, and in all ages; on earth, and in heaven. It is the efficient cause underlying all states of unhappiness and happiness, all differences of condition, physical, intellectual and moral. You have not explained it. You have not accorded it with the exact and constant justice which you believe prevails amid the universe. The ignorant and wicked, you unhesitatingly affirm, must not know happiness until, through progress, they have reached a plane of wisdom and goodness. When requested to explain why others are born already wise and good, you falter. When charged with the necessity of reconciling these differences on principles of perfect equality to all, you are confounded. You take refuge in such pleas as, "God's ways are inscrutable," "Time is the great equalizer," "God's purpose with man is beauty in diversity," "Heredity explains it all." In the name of Reason and Justice, I ask you, Do these meet the case? Immortal souls are lying within the Great Shadow of materiality. The Divine Light is shining in and upon them in infinitely varying degree. Some are as the darkness; some are like stars, and countless gradations lie between. Are they equal? Is God impartial? These are burning questions. By the light of re-incarnation, we know for a certainty that souls are not equal; that God is not unjust. You, in denying that the most unfolded of God's children were once as the lowest, are forced, on the simple embodiment theory, into one of two positions, namely: that, souls being equal, God is partial; or that, God being impartial, souls are unequal. Neither position being tenable, your theory falls.

That the sunlight of truth may soon guide you out of foggy into clearer paths, is the wish of your brother,

GEORGE B. HASTINGS.
TONAWANDA, N. Y.

Independent Spirit Writing.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I saw in the GOLDEN GATE an account of some tests that had been given in other places, but I do not think that any of those mentioned were equal to what we had in our hall on last Sunday evening. Dr. W. E. Reid, a magnetic healer and writing medium, announced to those present at the Friday meeting, that if he was allowed a half hour on Sunday night, he would try to give tests, by answering questions written out and placed in sealed envelopes, and brought to the hall.

Whether the persons writing the questions were present or not, the only conditions made by him were that the answers were to be made public, so that all present could have the benefit of the test.

After the Doctor had been answering questions for about fifteen minutes, Dr. Stevens, a skeptic, arose, and asked if his questions could be answered upon slates that he had brought with him, remarking that he had tried to get where some such phenomena was done; that when he would be on the Pacific Coast it would be done in Michigan, if he was in Michigan then it would be done in Boston. It was always away off somewhere else, and if it was not a fraud, he would like to see some of it.

Dr. Reid, while under control, had written, while Dr. Stevens had been speaking, "He is no more fraud than you are; bring your slates." Dr. Stevens then brought up his slates and handed them to Dr. Reid to examine. They were fastened together with copper rivets, as Dr. Stevens did not intend to have anyone get between them without his knowing it. Dr. Stevens held one end of the slates, and Mr. Parks was called up to hold the other. Dr. Reid stood beside them with his hand held a short distance above the slates. The hall was as light as gas could make it, and no pencil was used. There were at least three hundred people looking on.

After about ten minutes the slates were opened by breaking the frame, when the faces were found to be covered with writing. There were, besides the two answers to Dr. Stevens, twenty answers to other persons. There were, altogether, forty-five names signed to the messages, showing forty-five different styles of writing, yet they were all plainly legible. As a sample I will give Dr. Stevens' two questions and answers.

First,—"Has Dr. Reid got magnetic power, or is he a fraud?" Second,—"Are his readings psychometric?"

Answer,—"Dear Doctor—I think that by the time you have opened these slates, you will have concluded that he has magnetic or healing power. If not yet satisfied, I will give you an extra shock."

Second,—"If what is written between these slates can be called psychometric writing, the other can be called psychometric reading. I think you might digest the phenomena with some of your psychometric pills."

(Dr. Reid's control.) This Dr. Reid was formerly a resident of San Francisco, and may perhaps be known to you. He came to this city last October, and has settled down permanently, and we all think we are fortunate

in having such a medium in our midst. He will continue his tests every Sunday evening for some time, and if I find anything worthy, I will let you know. The Doctor is going to have the slates photographed, and when he does I will send you a fac-simile of the writings.

Respectfully,
CHARLES M. POTTER, Sec.
15 Spring street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Rapid Growth of Spiritualism.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Nothing more clearly demonstrates the growth and spread of Spiritualism than the interest taken in it by the clergy of various denominations. They recognize the fact that Spiritualism is gaining a stronger and more powerful hold upon the people every day. On the occasion of Rev. J. J. Prendergast, Vicar General of the Catholic Church, speaking on this subject, St. Mary's Cathedral was crowded. I did not hear the lecture, but from a synopsis of it, which I read in the following morning's *Examiner*, I should judge that the Rev. Father is somewhat alarmed at the rapid spread of Spiritualism; but I am pleased to see that he is honest enough to admit a few sound truths in regard to it. He says it is "not true that Spiritualism is a product of nineteenth century culture and mental advancement; it is as old as the world." He says: "There is no denying spiritualistic phenomena; history abounds in proofs of intercourse between the visible and invisible world." All of which is true—probably more positively and emphatically true than the Rev. Prendergast has knowledge of.

In the next paragraph he says that "evil spirits use the power they possess to induce people to believe that they are communicating with their friends." Now Father Prendergast claims to be a Christian minister, a teacher of religion, a man of veracity—one who would scorn to make statement the truth of which he could not vouch for. I should like to ask the Rev. Father if he ever received a communication from the invisible world? He would say, No. If, then, he has not had any experience in these matters, has not witnessed any of the phenomena of Spiritualism, how can he be competent to pass an opinion upon the subject? How does he know that it is only evil spirits who come to us? And if he admits that evil spirits can and do come, why may not good ones come, too? Who permits evil spirits to return to this world to deceive and delude the people? If it is true, as Father Prendergast teaches, thus God will have nothing to do with evil spirits, but that he turns them over to Satan, then it must be Satan who permits them to return; that theory once established, what a fine prospect it would be for sinners! No need of repentance for them; no dread of the future life need bother them; they who delight in fraud and treachery, in the misery and sorrow of others, will be permitted after death to return to the earth and carry on the work they so loved in life, and they have it their own way, for, according to the Rev. Prendergast, no good spirits come back, and there will be none to oppose or counteract them.

If Father Prendergast would go to some of our good mediums, such as W. R. Colby, Fred Evans, John Slater, Mrs. Foye, and others, and receive a communication, giving him some loving message, signed by his mother in her full name, he would not, nay, he could not believe that an evil spirit had anything to do with it. Father Prendergast says, "Men in the church know more about Spiritualism than those who call themselves Spiritualists."

Upon what grounds can he make this assertion? Why should they? There are men of as much intellect connected with the Spiritualists as any men in the Catholic, or any other church. Why should they know less of the cause they espouse than do those who oppose it? It is their religion, their hope of life everlasting, their passport to immortality. Rev. Prendergast can not understand "how anybody can adopt Spiritualism as their religion." Yet hundreds of thousands of the best people in the land have not only adopted it, but have been blessed and comforted by it, have found a peace and joy in it, that they have failed to find in any other belief.

Father Prendergast thinks the spread of Spiritualism in this generation is due to a laxity in religious training, and to a faulty educational system. If Father Prendergast would examine into the truths of Modern Spiritualism, he would soon discover a much greater and better reason for its growth and spread in this generation. The time is fast coming when the whole world will gladly receive the glorious light and beautiful truth contained in this perfect religion.

J. E. T.
SAN FRANCISCO, March 15th, 1888.

GREATNESS.—If all the nations in the world should conspire in having such a false notion of honor and glory as to account it true greatness to destroy and ruin to protect mankind and preserve the liberty of nations and the common rights of human societies, yet it would be neither wise, nor good, nor reasonable, neither truly great nor wise, so to do, any more than man's agreeing to call poison wholesome would make it really be so; or the opinion or declaration of any number of men could make darkness put on the nature of light.—Dr. Samuel Clarke.

GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1888.

EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

How barren and empty must seem the bauble of wealth or worldly fame to the spirit just awakened to consciousness upon the other shore. If the opportunities wealth affords for blessing the world have been neglected, then how doubly barren, and even harmful, it must appear.

Give to woman the ballot, and how long do you suppose it would be before that head-headed monster, the rum traffic, would receive its quietus? There are none who feel the terrible curse so keenly as the wives and mothers of the land. Spiritualists should stand solid in favor of temperance reform, and thereby set a worthy example to political Christians.

What a dull, leaden thought is involved in the sad refrain, "It might have been." Ah, friends, there are fierce torments, raging hells untold, in spirit life—conditions which you would gladly exchange for annihilation, and from which there is no escape except by honest repentance and earnest endeavor. There is no one in the universe upon whose shoulders one can shift the burden of his own sins.

When some weak medium yields to temptation and goes astray, straightway the pharisees of the religious press, and the time servers and quidnuncs of the political, immediately elevate their muzzles, and howl in lugubrious concert. Just as though sin was any blacker, or wickedness more reprehensible, when practiced by a Spiritualist than by an orthodox minister. Why can't men be honest and just, if they do think differently on religious questions?

If we should attempt to answer every mean and unjust thing that the *Chronicle*, *Argonaut*, and other chronic ignorami on the subject of Spiritualism say of it, it would keep us too busy for health and comfort. The "heathen" have "raged" in all ages of the world, and they will doubtless continue to do so until the scales fall from their eyes, and they are made to see the truth. No cause was ever yet hurt by abuse—it rather operates to make friends for it than otherwise.

It makes us tired, this everlasting mouthing of the foolish conceit we so often hear, that "I am holier than thou." There are those who are so pure and lovely—in their own eyes,—so far above their neighbors in moral excellence, that one naturally wonders how they manage to hold themselves down to earth. It would seem that they ought to be soaring in empyreal ether, with a pair of back-action, triple-jointed wings, leaving a streak of condensed gold in their wake. They are all too pure for earth.

If a rich man, dying, bestows his wealth upon some church, or for the endowment of some theological seminary, or to send the gospel to the heathen,—if he even leaves a large sum for the senseless mummery of masses for the repose of his soul,—he is a noble philanthropist; but if, being a Spiritualist, he bequeathes his property for the promotion of the cause of Spiritualism, he is insane! No matter how level-headed he may be upon all other subjects, his heirs immediately set upon the task of proving him *non compos mentis* in the matter of disposing of his own; and judicial owls upon the bench and before the bar blunder stupidly at the proposition. It will not always be thus.

There are many of the brightest minds in the land—judges, journalists, politicians, poets, statesmen—who accept the facts upon which Spiritualists base their knowledge of a future life, and some of whom do not hesitate to acknowledge, in private, their belief in the philosophy of Spiritualism, but who are not classed as Spiritualists. They do not choose to pin their faith upon their sleeve, and it is not at all important, or necessary, that they should. They are doing a good work in a quiet way, among people whom, as out and out Spiritualists, they could not reach. Truth does not always require martyrdom of its votaries. There is sound wisdom, sometimes, in the exercise of a little policy.

A QUESTION OF "MORAL COURAGE."

Our friend, L. W. Tonner, Jesse Shepard's literary assistant and companion, belabors us in a private way for admitting to the columns of the *GOLDEN GATE*, a portion of Hudson Tuttle's reply to Mr. Shepard's late essay in the *R. P. Journal*, entitled, "Phenomena versus Culture—Genius and Learning Opposed to the Formulas of Spiritualism," without publishing the essay to which Mr. Tuttle's criticism referred. We stated, in substance, that the drift of said essay was to cry down spirit mediumship. Bro. Tonner says: "We shall see now whether you have the moral 'courage to reproduce the *Journal* article in 'full.'"

Well, we are hardly prepared to admit that there is any question of moral courage involved in the matter, whether we do or do not reproduce said essay. It would certainly not be a very wise step for an editor of a Spiritualistic journal to admit articles to the columns of his paper that were written to undermine the confidence of Spiritualists in their cause, unless they were published as texts to enable the editor to expose their fallacy. And as the drift of said essay is a blow at phenomenal Spiritualism, it is the *How* we propose to meet, not caring to pother with the preparation and skirmishing of Mr. Shepard in justification of his attack.

But as our friend Tonner has raised an issue of "moral courage" with us, we propose to apply the same rule to his principal, in accordance with the old adage, "It is a poor rule that will not work both ways."

We would like to ask Jesse Shepard a few simple questions, which may involve some "moral courage" on his part to answer. Of his right to join the Catholic Church, or to live in a gilded palace presented to him by a wealthy friend, we do not question; it is simply none of our nor the public's business. But he has no right, in his denunciation of spirit mediumship, to compromise those (the writer included) who have for many years believed in his persistent claim that he was an instrument for the invisibles.

Having, in times past, secured for Jesse Shepard one or more seances, and having assisted at others, and having championed his genuineness and honesty as a spirit medium, we think we have a right to know whether we were deceived or not. It is upon this point we ask for information.

At those seances, as is well known by the hundreds who have attended them, a strict compliance with conditions was required. The room was darkened; the circle, in the form of a horseshoe, sat with joined hands. First, there was some singing by the circle to "harmonize conditions." Then Mr. Shepard would seemingly be entranced, and the presence of Sontag, Mozart, Beethoven, and other great musical celebrities, now in spirit life, would be announced. Then followed marvelous instrumental and vocal performances; independent voices would be heard singing in accompaniment to his music; a harp, played exquisitely by a spirit styled "Proserpine," would apparently float about the room, gently resting upon the heads of different members of the circle while being played upon; the piano would rise and fall upon the floor, keeping time to the weird music of the "Egyptian March," etc., etc.

Now, what we want to know, (and we hereby offer our columns for a reply), is, Does Mr. Shepard still admit, or does he deny, the spirit nature of these manifestations? Did Madame Sontag really sing with his vocal organs, as he claimed she did, or did she not? Were darkness and the joining of hands necessary for these manifestations, or was it all a "professional" trick the better to enable him to deceive? If the former, that ends the matter, as far as we are concerned. His denunciation of Spiritualism, or mediumship, is of but little consequence. If the latter, then we have no words to express our opinion of the moral turpitude it involves.

The *morale*, or *qui bono* of the business, from his standpoint, does not interest us. Of that,—now that he has found comfort in the bosom of Rome,—our readers can best judge. He was, or he was not a genuine medium for the manifestation of spirits, in the manner claimed. Has Mr. Shepard the "moral courage" to answer the question fairly?

We are informed that the subject of Spiritualism ("Spiritism" they call it now) is not discussed or alluded to within the sacred precincts of "Villa Monteruma," thereby naturally ignoring Jesse Shepard's twenty years of professional mediumship. And yet, from force of habit, no doubt, our friend can not forego the temptation to write for the spiritualistic press. To admit to their columns articles from his pen unfriendly to the cause they cherish, is indicative of a spirit of liberality not tolerated by their author in his present superb surroundings.

We are glad Mr. Shepard is so well provided for, but there are hundreds of his old friends who do not like to see him, in his improved temporal surroundings, casting stones at the cause whence he derives his fame.

IT SHAPES ALL ENDS.

In affluence to-day; in poverty to-morrow. This is all the certainty there is of one's retaining his or her material wealth. Only for the present day may one be positive of his position in the moneyed world. For this present day did we say? Can we tell what a day may bring forth? Many a sun has risen upon fancied security, mental tranquility, and all earthly joy; often, too, has it set upon ruin, desolation, and the blasting of all one's fondest hopes and most cherished plans.

Not to all her victims does evil Fate work so suddenly her spells; she is inclined to lead them through various paths, delusive by their fairness, and gradually turn their steps into the thorny way of dire adversity. However, if we admit the divinity that shapes all ends, we must admit, too, all the means it employs to work out those ends. We must farther admit them to be good, though they take from us all, and leave us stranded on the barren shore of a broken life, as blind mortals would designate worldly failure.

But it is not in such extreme experience that one learns most of the divinity so thoughtlessly quoted and so little considered, while one feels and knows not its power? The Louisiana woman who was once famous for her wealth and the number of her slaves, but who is now earning a few cents a day picking cotton on the plantation that was her before the war, furnishes a pathetic instance of the manner in which Fate helps us to realize and become familiar with the divinity that works in all lives, shaping them to other ends than they plan for themselves. Whatever the ordeal, blessed, we say, are those whose destinies are shaped in this material state, giving them, not probation, but a full membership to the glorious order of the purified, the arisen!

OUR GREATEST BLESSING.

Since time began death has been regarded as a calamity and the king of terrors; a penalty to be paid for the legendary transgression of a mythical pair called our first parents. Not until the advent of Modern Spiritualism, did the world begin to rightly appreciate the change called death, and now mankind, of whatever belief, through contagion of knowledge, generally admits dying to be a process of liberation and freedom, not to be known until the fleshly fetters are sent auander. It is seldom any longer deplored, even to the young, by orthodox divines whose mission it becomes to console the living. To the aged, it is discoursed upon as the greatest mercy that can come to the decrepit body.

No one should better appreciate the beneficent mission of death, to say nothing of the wisdom and necessity of the thing, than the physician. But no less personage than Dr. William A. Hammond comes out in the *New York Mail and Express* with the assertion that "there is no reason for death." After considering at length the ways and means by which the race might avoid death, he finds the reasons for dying to be but two: First, from ignorance of all the laws of life; second, from willfulness in not obeying the laws they know.

The physical conditions of life are such, that no amount of knowledge would be sufficient to maintain a mass of humanity forever on a limited sphere, like our earth. Perhaps the Doctor has a matured scheme of translation for the human anatomy intact. However, we believe each man and woman owes a debt to Nature that can only be paid by giving back to the earth and air that which furnishes them a dwelling place here for spiritual growth and experience. "We would not live always here," are more than willing to go forth from the prison house of flesh to the boundless realm of spirit freedom.

PRACTICAL.

It is often asked by the skeptics, "What good has Spiritualism done?" To such it is no use to speak of the relief and joy that comes from a knowledge that our dead still live; their grief for their dead does not seem to turn to this one sweet consolation as sufficient reason for embracing the True Philosophy.

Those who seek a knowledge of Spiritualism as a resource outside of the poor comfort of orthodoxy, do not think to ask what good it has done. They desire consolation in sorrow for a loved one, and in finding this, Spiritualism can do no more, no greater for them.

Many there are who see no good in Spiritualism unless spirits can be made to act the part of detectives and shrewd business agents, and become generally practical. While we think this is the least interesting part they can perform, there are every-day facts that demonstrate to a degree, an interest in the material affairs of their earthly friends.

The case of a New York woman who recently had a visit from her deceased husband without medium, or other prepared conditions, will be interesting to those who desire to keep on the practical side of Spiritualism. The husband informed his wife that his brother had died that day in Ireland, and who, not knowing that his relative was also dead, killed him one thousand pounds. The spirit told the wife to go to a particular office on Broadway and show his naturalization papers, as it would assist in getting the money. It was subsequently proven that the spirit had spoken truly, and the widow expects the money in a short time. If such revelations are counted as "good," Spiritualism has done a great deal, even in the estimation of its enemies.

—Bowdoin's ant-proof kitchen cabinet; a cut and notice of which appears on our fifth page, is a neat, convenient, and ornamental adjunct of

the kitchen, that no good house-wife would ever dispense with if once induced to try it. The inventor of this cabinet is the author of our late prize essay, which shows that he can be less humanly in other ways than with his pen.

W. J. COLVILLE IN SAN DIEGO.

W. J. Colville's engagement in San Diego has proved a most successful one in all respects to all parties concerned. For the past three Sundays, Louis' Opera House has been well filled in the afternoon, and almost crowded in the evening. James G. Clark has, on more than one occasion, favored the audience with his truly inspired and inspiring music. Mr. and Mrs. Melville, and other friends, have also rendered charming selections, and the congregational singing has been hearty. The flowers on the table have been truly magnificent, while the lectures and poems have called forth the highest expressions of esteem from cultivated people of all shades of opinion.

On Sunday last, April 23d, W. J. Colville's evening lecture on "The Inseparable Oneness of Genius and Inspiration," dealt some well merited blows at positions lately assumed by Jesse Shepard, and others, who teach that mediumship and culture are scarcely compatible. Most of the Spiritualists who were present must have cordially endorsed the lecture, but whether such plain, out-spoken defense and praise of mediumship was palatable in the ears of some who have seemed rather inclined to exalt other systems, to the detriment of Spiritualism, is, of course, an open question.

The ground taken by W. J. Colville on this occasion, and he was evidently under exalted inspiration at the time of its delivery, was that no man or woman who achieves true greatness, ever does or can do so apart from conscious or unconscious co-operation with the wise and noble who have gone on before. To deny this is to teach a barren, unattainable philosophy, devoid of loftiest sentiment, as well as of intellectual strength.

The classes in spiritual science and lectures on Theosophy at the South-West Institute have attracted a numerous and most attentive auditory at every session. Many regrets are expressed that W. J. Colville can not prolong his visit, and speak also in National City, where there are many Spiritualists, and others, deeply interested in the advanced thought of the age.

W. J. Colville's engagements are such, however, that his farewell meetings in San Diego must take place Sunday, May 6th, as on the evening of the following day, Monday, May 7th, he commences a class in Theosophy in Bartlett's Hall, Los Angeles, and on Tuesday afternoon, May 8th, a class in spiritual science at 640 South Hill street, returning to San Francisco June 1st.

WHAT IS IT?

This is the suggestive question asked in the San Jose *News*, regarding a seance held in Germania Hall in that city by W. R. Colby and his daughter, Ida, on Saturday evening last, whereof the *News* gives the following report.

Mr. Colby and his daughter, Ida, gave an exhibition of spiritual phenomena at the Germania Hall last Saturday evening.

Miss Ida, a young lady of very pleasing appearance, gave some extraordinary tests, such as giving the names and descriptions of deceased persons and alleged messages from them to their friends and relatives in the audience.

A large number of blank cards and envelopes were distributed among the audience and each one was requested to write something on the card and seal them in the envelopes. The cards were then collected by Mr. Allen York and placed upon a table on the platform where Hugh De Lacy seated himself, at the request of the audience, to judge of the fairness of the proceedings.

Mr. Colby picked up several of the envelopes and told what was written within, and answered the question to the satisfaction of the writer in almost every case.

One of the questions was, "Is this a fraud? If not, how is it done?" Mr. Colby read the question correctly, and pointed out the gentleman who wrote it.

He answered the question on one card, "Where did you spend the night?" by stating that the writer was playing faro over a lively stable (the location of which he accurately described) until 3 A. M., and that between midnight and that hour he took three drinks at three separate times at a restaurant.

While Mr. Colby was reading the cards on the stage his daughter was walking around in the audience, describing deceased persons and the manner of their death to relatives, and giving various other extraordinary information in regard to supernatural matters.

Mr. Colby stated that he will visit San Jose once a week if sufficient interest is taken in his exhibitions to warrant him in so doing.

"AROUND ROBIN HOOD'S BARN." Astrology is a science, or a delusion, old as the stars; its especial claim being planetary influence upon not only the human race, but animals and vegetation as well. The claim as to the latter has never been tabooed, save in the case of careful housewives, who have studied the moon's influence in relation to their kitchen gardens and "smoke-house," when it is referred to as "an old woman's notion." Now it happens that some ignorant woodcutters, away off in Cape Colony and India, declare that timber is full of sap and unit to be cut at full moon; also that the light of the full moon causes the rapid spoiling of fresh meats and other provisions when they are exposed to its rays. The "careful observer" suggests that "the latter effect may be due to the fact that the light serves as a guide to insects." The first assertion he pronounces "an interesting problem awaiting solution." Awaiting experiment, we should say, by all doubters. In this way only can the statement be proven disproven. One as well as another may solve the problem, for him or herself, and the result will be just as scientific as though a "Commission" had sat on it. Science is only common sense, and whether a woodcutter or an aged professor discovers it, does not matter.

—Read the column advertisement on our fifth page of the approaching State Camp-Meeting. No such spiritual and intellectual rest has ever before been offered to the Spiritualists of this Coast.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—The Union Spiritual Society will give an entertainment and dance on May 8th. Tickets, twenty-five cents.

—"The Church and Spiritualism—Their Comparative Value," an admirable article from the pen of L. M. Bowdoin, will appear in our next.

—Mr. W. C. Colby and daughter gave a public seance in Germania Hall, San Jose, Saturday evening last, to a fair audience, and with good results.

—The Camp-Meeting circulars, which it was intended to have ready for distribution with this week's issue of the *GOLDEN GATE*, will be given to the public with our next.

—Mrs. M. Miller and Mrs. De Roth, will occupy the platform at Curtis' Hall, Oakland, at 7:30 P. M., on to-morrow (Sunday) evening, April 29th. Admission free.

—Judge E. A. Swift will lecture for the Union Spiritual Society next Wednesday evening. Subject: "A Review of Attacks on Spiritualism." Doors open free to all. St. Andrew's Hall, 111 Larkin Street.

—Hon. I. C. Steele, whose coming always brings a sunburst of gladness to the toilers within the *GOLDEN GATE*, was in the city during the past week, leaving for his home by the seaside on Thursday morning last.

—Dr. Albert Morton, of this city, has just published Prof. A. K. Wallace's masterly lecture on Spiritualism, in neat pamphlet form. It contains a fine likeness of the eminent scientist, together with a short sketch of his life and works. For sale at this office. Price ten cents.

—W. R. Colby and daughter will give their last seance at Odd Fellows' Hall, for the present, to-morrow evening. Mr. Colby was very successful in obtaining answers to sealed letters last Sunday evening, and his public seance in San Jose the evening previous was highly commended in the local papers.

—We are glad to learn that H. C. Wilson came out victorious in the contest commenced against his homestead claim in Fresno county, which occurred before the Land Commissioner at Visalia on the 17th inst., and now that he is settled in his own house with his family, we wish him all success in accomplishing his most heartfelt desires.

—Mrs. Owen, who is now recovering from her late severe accident, desires to express her heartfelt thanks to Dr. Rogers and Dr. Aspinwall for their kind offers of medical assistance; also to the many good friends who have kept her sick-room fragrant with fresh flowers, and her spirits joyous with their more than kind expressions of sympathy.

—Bro. J. Lockwood, President of the Fraternity Hall Spiritual Society, of Oakland, an earnest worker, and a truly good man, passed to spirit life on Tuesday last, after a brief illness. Only the day before his transition he sent us his usual notice of the last Sunday evening meeting at the Fraternity Hall. A memorial service will be held in his honor to-morrow.

—The regular monthly meeting of the Home College of Spiritual Science will be held at the College rooms, 374 Seventeenth street, on Wednesday next, May 2d, at 2 P. M. The meeting will be conducted by the students, and Mrs. De Groot will open with an address on Metaphysics, followed by other members of the classes; also musical selections will be given. All are invited to be present.

—The Seventh Day Adventists of Oakland have just completed a new church, at a cost of \$27,000. If a little handful of devoted believers in the dubious doctrine of the "sleep of the dead," and the final "annihilation of the wicked," can raise \$27,000 for a church edifice, how much longer can the tens of thousands of Spiritualists of the Pacific Coast consent to live without a building of their own?

—We learn from the *R. P. Journal* that "Miss Clair Tuttle, daughter of Hudson and Emma Tuttle, won the first prize in the literary contests of the High School at Berlin Heights. Good judges pronounced her elocutionary powers wonderful. To her faultless delivery she adds a magnetic voice and presence rarely possessed by one of her age, as we 'know from personal observation.'"

—It seems to be utterly impossible for the secular press to treat the phenomenal facts of Spiritualism with any degree of fairness. All spirit pictures, with these journals, are frauds, and all mediums for that, or any other phase of manifestation, are *prima facie*, the veriest cheats! What sort of a chance does any medium, who has come under the ban of some rich man's heirs, have in the face of such blind and perverse prejudice? It is simply cowardly and unmanly the way some of our newspapers treat the subject of Spiritualism.

SPIRITUALISM IN OAKLAND.—The Progressive Spiritualists' Association of Oakland, at Fraternity Hall, Seventh and Peralta streets, is evidently increasing in usefulness, as their meetings prove. Last Sunday evening the attendance was greatly increased, and the audience appeared to be well pleased with the exercises. Mrs. Cowell of Oakland gave the opening invocation, and Mrs. Miller of San Francisco made a few remarks, and Mrs. Rutter sang three songs,—("Where is my Wandering Boy To-Night," [by special request], "My Angel Home," and "The Home of the Soul,"—in her pleasant manner, and her efforts were appreciated by the audience. The Society were tendered a vote of thanks for her kindness in adding to the vote of thanks for her kindness. After the remarks, tests were given in various parts of the hall by Mrs. Miller (symbol medium), Mrs. De Roth (psychometrist), Mrs. Fulton, Mrs. Sanger, Mrs. Peck, Mrs. Cowell, and Mrs. Turner, and the interest was maintained up to the last moment. On next Sunday evening, Dr. Aspinwall will lecture, and several mediums are expected from San Francisco to help the local talent.

From the Sun Angel Order of Light.

[Written for the Golden Gate, through the Scribe of the Sun Angel Order of Light, Mrs. E. S. Fox.]

From the council assembled in the halls of light messengers are being sent far and near, throughout the length and breadth of the land, bearing peace to weary hearts, rest to overburdened minds, and light and knowledge to pilgrims, who are wending their way through the unlighted valleys of earth. Long and tirelessly have they labored, and the sure reward is being borne back to our expectant hearts, a reward unseen by mortal eyes, but felt in increasing baptisms of peace, and increasing desires for more knowledge of the destiny of mankind.

It is not all-sufficient that you realize to a certain extent the fact that spirit forms unclothed with matter exist in your atmosphere. It satisfies not the human mind that knowledge of a certain life beyond the shadow of earth influences actually has found its way to human hearts and homes. Humanity must open the doors of the temple of truth, and enter therein, each gaining for himself that which his nature longs to know.

Far beyond human conception are the beauties and glories of the higher spheres; beyond human understanding are the homes of that land; but humanity would know of a certainty of its joys, and if there be sadness or grief which can touch the lives of their loved ones, would understand all. Saidie has stood before her children in materialized form and told them. Many times have Saidie's mortal feet walked the shores of mortal life. Many times has she been welcomed back again to her love-life home, and each time the returning tide of life has left her farther out upon the shore of existence, until for her no incarnation's power can recall her. Still in her heart of hearts rests a love for all mankind, which would, were it the will of the All Wise, lead her again back into the mists which shroud the valley lands.

But such is not for her. Beyond the gate which has swung wide upon its hinges again and again, that she might pass through, she has found eternal rest. Still, with a heart filled with love for earth's children, her voice is heard in the land. From her home of light and peace she comes earthward, and with those whose hearts beat in unison with her own, she has come in your midst, bringing not only a gospel of truth, but a baptism of love, with which to bless earth and its children. Council after council has convened in the better land. There are met delegates from far away planets, those whose heads are crowned with wisdom, and whose hearts overflow with love. Children in earth land, we bring to you no foolish fables, nor fanciful dreams. We have come to bless your land, to lead you to the fountain of higher truth, where you may feast your souls upon the bread of life, and slake life's weary thirst at a never-failing spring.

From far and near comes to our ears the cry for knowledge, which shall never fail in any extremity of life. From far and near come to your souls the angel messengers, who alone are able to give you knowledge which you seek. Those who can unseat the mysteries of the past can take you by the hand, and lead you into the labyrinth of nature, and unfold to your understanding the laws by which all things are and ever have been moved, and thence introduce to you the laws of your own being, that you may understand and rightly estimate life in all its varied changes and experiences, and know its end and aim.

Many exalted spirits from other home planets have found home among the inhabitants of your earth. Many more are coming, for the work now opened here will never go back nor fade from the world, until earth's children are brought to a certain degree of unfoldment. Knowledge opens not her doors but to close them again, until the object for which it has come has been accomplished. This object is the unfoldment of earth spirits, the leading them out into light. For mists and darkness have settled into the thought atmosphere of the planet—mists of error, fogs of superstition and of folly, which have thoroughly permeated every corner, and filled the mind with thoughts which must be banished from the human brain.

With this work uppermost in our minds and hearts, we come in your midst, laden with the influences of a higher life, which are offered to each and every child of the Infinite. Many a restless longing can here find rest and peace. Many a heartache can find a balm, and many a sorrowing, down-trodden one find help and comfort. We will lift up weary hearts, lead into light helpless, wandering ones, and bless all with light and knowledge which shall never fail. This is the gospel we offer to mankind, untainted with selfishness. With hearts of love, with hands pure and holy, we beckon all into the portals of the kingdom, where love and justice rule, and all are made free.

Again, one of the children who has found place in the higher life calls thought to the council now in session in the halls of light, met to help earth and her children, laying plans to platform on which they build. Broad is the good of a few do they counsel together, but for the greatest good to all mankind. Still, as yet, they are able to reach only the few, who will receive thoughts they give into their hearts, and from thence will send them forth upon

their missions of good to other hearts. Bye and bye will come the harvest for which now we are only sowing, only tilling, and for which we, with our few workers, must patiently wait. It may seem weary watching and waiting at times, but the ages which are passed and gone have left upon their pages records of watching and waiting, unknown to you as you now exist in the lighted valleys.

Aye, the valleys now are lighted, and the lamps placed here, and they will never fade or go out again in such utter darkness. Many have come into the light thereof, and thus lighted their own way through the valley, where otherwise they must have gone with uncertain steps into darkness and unrest.

Saidie forgets not one she loves; her heart enshrines them all, and though they lose their way for a time, they at some period of life must hear her loving call. "This way home." Sorrow should never be allowed to pierce her soul—sorrow that her children wander from the right way. Enter not into other influences, nor allow them to enter the sanctuary of your own hearts, for the time has now come when each one must bear his part of the burdens which rest upon all.

Saidie has proved herself true. Be ye true, and the highest light from the spheres of love and wisdom shall reach each soul, and knowledge will be the foundation stone on which you will rear the temple of your hopes, which shall never be destroyed.

Among the throng which hover around the center, and who love to speak to every soul who loves the work of the angel world, am I ever found. My way home was through a valley dark as midnight, but a light hung o'er my way, and from darkness I found light. I come and go, happy in my work, glad to have a mission, and willing to fill it well. May each one receive light, comfort, and peace, through the ministrations of the angels from the Sun Angels' Order of Light in the higher heavens. May each ministering angel come, and return laden with joy and gladness, and each heart and home be blessed thereby. Yours for light and truth, by a child of the Order, FORGET-ME-NOT.

J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angel Order of Light. Oswego, N. Y., February 28, 1888.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans' Work in Stockton.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Stockton is a peculiar place, made up largely of a peculiar people, but since you sent your best and brightest on a sort of missionary visit here, to commemorate the Fortieth Anniversary of the dawn of Modern Spiritualism, I would like to tell you that his coming among us has sown seed which will bear abundantly, inasmuch as it has set all classes and phases of our society to thinking.

Fred Evans the slate writer, seen and heard from afar; Fred Evans whose modest advertisement has for months been a feature of the GOLDEN GATE, and whose marvelous and almost incredible slate writings, and profile pictures, caused such food for research and speculation to your readers; and Fred Evans revealed in the full, broad light, standing on the stage of the Avon Theatre, before a critical and intelligent audience, though one and the same being, wrought a marked change in spiritualistic circles. People are dumfounded in the face of such proof of spirit return, and while those who know as much as can be known of its truth rejoice in the beauty and comfort of these revelations, the doubters and investigators, unwilling to give up, refuse to believe the evidence of their own eyes, and say, "Oh, well, the slates you held in your hands were changed, but you did not know it."

Stockton has always been dubbed "the crazy town," but none of us who know of and have accepted the beautiful religion of Spiritualism, but are sane enough to recognize messages and tokens of love, which the heart has often ached to receive, from lips which have been stilled forever on this side of the river of life.

Save a few who have advanced a long way in the new light, we are a very skeptical people as a class, but the fact of Mr. Evans' presence here induced people to visit him whose testimony would be a criticism of his ability as a medium; hence, when the evening of his public appearance arrived, the theatre audience filled with a large and intelligent audience.

Mrs. Evans gave some remarkable tests, announcing the presence of many spirits, who had been attracted by the chords of love which still bound them to earth, and in many cases the spirits were recognized and acknowledged. But it was evident that slate writing was the magnet which attracted the audience; and when Mr. Evans appeared, a general air of satisfaction was noticeable upon the countenances of those present.

With brief remarks, he proposed that, as a matter of satisfaction to themselves, some member of the audience nominate a gentleman and lady to go on the stage as a committee, to see that everything was done on the square. Accordingly, Mr. James C. Gage, a noted skeptic, and Mrs. Virginia W. Bucroft were chosen. A small pine table was placed near the footlights, and upon this a tiny box with pencils, etc.; and upon a chair six small slates, which were scratched over with a slate pencil, washed off with a sponge, and rubbed dry with a white handkerchief, the

slate being held up before the audience all the time during the operation.

Then two of the slates were strapped together with a broad rubber band, and given, one to Mr. Gage, and the other to the lady. The two other slates were tossed upon the floor, thus disposing of the six slates. Some ten minutes elapsed, when Mr. Colnon, of the Mail, was requested to come to the platform and open the slates. The gentleman quickly responded. Taking the slates from the hands of Mrs. Bucroft, he told the audience that he found closely written thereon "some twenty different messages, some in bright colors, and others in pencil, each one of which was divided by white lines, and a small portrait in one corner."

Mr. Gage's slates were found to contain a like number of messages, each one of which was a greeting to some person in the audience. These strange telegrams, on being read aloud, were recognized, and doubtless brought joy and consolation to long lonely and bereaved hearts.

On the next day, Monday, the slates were neatly framed and hung on a bulletin board on Main street, where all day long crowds were gazing at the strange and unexplainable calligraphy.

Mr. Evans has returned to you again, but with his name and presence is associated the most astounding experiences ever met with either in public or private seances among us. He says he may come again soon, and hoping that he will find time and inclination to do so, that the good people here may have further proof of spirit return, I subscribe myself

Yours fraternally, B. W. STOCKTON, Cal.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

A Few Words to Mediums.

Somebody is always saying a "few words to mediums." Many well-meaning friends add their advice gratis. If there is anything in the world the general public glories in doing, it is in giving gratuitous advice. As a rule, the mediums listen smilingly, and do as they like afterwards. There is no class of people living to-day who are entitled to a higher position morally and socially than spiritual mediums. I speak only of those who are honest and sincere, and to all such I would say, if your own hearts are pure and true, if you really are a medium for spirit communion, and you know that you are, let nothing anybody can say or do, annoy or distress you. Go on with the good work, blest with the certain knowledge that you shall receive your reward "over there."

You can afford to defy the world with this precious gift in your possession. Pay no attention to those who, through envy, malice, or ignorance, cry "humbug," or "fraud." Who would not, if he could, be John Slater, Mrs. Foye, Fred Evans, or W. R. Colby?

I am sure the most hardened skeptic who has ever had a sitting with Mr. Colby can not doubt his honesty. The very stamp of truth and sincerity is apparent in all he says and does. Good mediums have a great work to do; they have no time to listen to or grieve over people's idle talk. Pity those who have nothing better to do, and pray, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

J. E. T. SAN FRANCISCO, April 18, 1888.

Loss may be no dishonor, but dishonor must be deadliest loss.

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A Fool's Prayer.

The roys feast was done; the king
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel down and make for us a prayer."

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the meeking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the pained grin he wore.

He bowed his head and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silver stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"No pity, Lord, can change the heart
That with wrong to witless men;
The red must beat the blue; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"Tis not by that the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away."

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, heart-mending hands thrust
Among the heart-strivings of a friend."

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept;
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not seen to say,
Who knows how grandly it had rung?"

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh! in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall."

"Earth bears no balm for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the fool;
That did his will; but thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The king, and sought his garden cool,
That walked apart, and murmured low
"Be merciful to me, a fool!" — E. R. SILL.

Respectable Lies.

A lie well established, and hoary with age,
Rejoins the assaults of the most scold;
While he is accounted the greatest of saints,
Who silences reason and follows the leader,
Whenever a mortal has dared to be wise,
And seize upon truth as the soul's Magna Charta,
He always has won from the lover of lies,
The name of a fool or the fate of a martyr.

There are popular lies and political lies,
And lies that stick fast between buying and selling,
And lies of politicians—conventional lies,
Which are scarcely as reckoned as the telling.
There are lies of sheer malice, and slanderous lies,
From those who delight to peck fitch like a pigeon,
But the oldest and far most respectable lies,
Are those that are told in the name of religion.

Theology sits like a tyrant enthroned,
A system per se with a fixed nomenclature,
Derived from strange doctrines, and dogmas, and creeds,
At war with man's reason, with good, and with Nature;
And he who subscribes to the popular faith,
Never questions the fact of divine inspiration,
But holds to the Bible as absolute truth,
From Genesis through to St. John's Revelation.

We mock at the Catholic bigots at Rome,
Who strive with their dogmas man's reason to fetter;
But we turn to the Protestant bigots at home,
And we find that their dogmas are scarce a whit better.
We are called to believe in the wrath of the Lord,
In endless damnation, and torments infernal;
While around and above us, the Infinite Truth,
Scarce heeded or heard, speaks sublime and eternal.

It is said—but the day-star is shining on high,
And Science comes in with her conquering legions;
And every respectable, time-honored lie
Will fly from her face to the mythical regions.
The soul shall no longer to terror behold
The red waves of wrath that leap up to engulf her,
For Science ignores the existence of hell,
And chemistry finds better uses for sulphur.

"Jetsam."

When days are bright and hope is high,
When sun and wind are sweet,
The little ripples dart and fly
And gladden at my feet,
And ships far off go sailing by
In some white-winged fleet.

My heart is light; I laugh and sing
As by myself I go;
My thoughts, like gulls on lazy wing,
Move purely to and fro.
I lack not then for anything
Which nature can bestow.

But if, against that dimmed verge
Which joins the sky and sea
Some huge, dark hand begins to urge
The waters warfully,
They sweep, in swiftly rising surge,
Through my eternity.

And yet to-morrow to the sand
The little bird will come;
To-morrow will be warm and bland,
O'er wreaths of perfumed foam,
And weed and shell flung up to land,
Will meet me as I roam.

O soul of mine! thou art a sea
By which I love to stray—
A broken-edged eternity
To life when I play.
Why should I shun the agony
Which gives me joy to-day?

O soul of mine! thou hastest well
The secrets of thy breast;
I only know by weep or shell
The distant and the best.
I bless the tide whose pulses tell
That after storm is rest.

—SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

How Shall I Word the Tuneful Air?

How shall I word the tuneful air
Which pervades my being like a heavenly prayer?
How shall I sing this afternoon
When my being is filled with sweet perfume?

How shall I give the secret bliss
Of knowing, of feeling, a joy like this?
How shall I change the mystic spell
Nor mar the beauty which my words would tell?

As well write the air of the sighing pine
As tell in words this song of mine;
As well e'er the ocean a waveling brook
As give in verse what my soul doth know.

As well e'er the moonbeam a shadow toss
As tell in rhyme what my soul doth know;
As well in words what a bubble low
As sing in words what my soul doth know.

—LILY D. BOWEN.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

"The New Church."

The "New Church," as founded by Emanuel Swedenborg, a Swedish seer of the last century, though at present one of its strongest adversaries, was really the "avant courier" of modern spiritualism, as was John the Baptist the forerunner of Christ. A man of great culture, at the age of fifty, having demonstrated the problem of life to his own satisfaction, his mind turned towards the spiritual life, or continued existence, till, without preparation of which he was conscious, he became illumined, as it were, with a perception of things spiritual about him, was recognized by the Queen of Sweden as clairvoyant, and finally, as he claimed, became as much of an inhabitant of the other life as of this.

In this condition, he revealed the truths of the "New Church," about to come upon the earth. He claimed that his interior perception being opened, the spiritual significance of "the Word," as he termed the Scriptures, was made clear to him; that the materiality of the old church was to be done away with; that the old was to pass away, and in the light of the spiritual everything was to become new.

In trances and visions the latter part of his life was spent, and in the multitude of volumes written at that late period, is given indubitable proof that the higher inspirational condition must have been really upon him.

In the multiplicity of his works, however, there has been little comfort for the earnest seeker after truth in his direction, for the reason that too much wisdom in profound, if not abstruse teaching, is little adapted to the common mind, not to say even the enlightened; hence, when the spirit intercourse, foretold by him, really made its appearance, none were more loathe to accept it as God than his own followers, who pointedly rejected it, declaring that it was of lower influences, and that the world should be taught against it.

Acknowledging that this state of vastation, as he called it—that is, irregular communication with inferior classes of spirits, has been foretold by him, and not seeing that their venerated prophet might possibly be under the same class of spirits, they pronounced all but their own spiritualism dangerous, and warned the world against it.

And yet what has not this selfsame spiritualism done towards establishing even the "New Church" itself. It has opened the door to the belief of the possibility of spirit intercourse; it has made it possible for Swedenborg's claims to be recognized as genuine; and has so helped the transference of new life into the old, that even the darkest churches have shown signs of the working of that heaven which is to leave the world.

The uprising of the church against spiritualism has not quenched its life. The new doctrine of "Christian Science," an aspiration through prayer, faith cure, and kindred teachings, have but followed that knocking, which to the unthinking or incredulous mind has seemed so trivial, and has done more in its forty years of existence, denounced as it has been even by the "New Church" followers, than have all the voluminous writings in their one hundred years of existence, in strengthening the church of Swedenborg, which emphatically declares that, while evils are permitted, the power of God brings good from evil, and, in time to come, will probably point to Spiritualism as a case in point. C. E. S.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Spirit Message.

[From Grandma Garfield, through a private medium.]

MY DEAR FRIEND—I am told you are a good medium, and can converse with souls who have gone to their long homes. That I am allowed to speak a word through you makes me very happy. Yes, I found my Jimmie—James—on this side, and my soul rejoiced with unspeakable joy. He has found me a beautiful home on this shore, and I am singing songs of love and peace with my own and many loved ones.

I did love the Church when below, and tried to be faithful. Since coming over, I have been told that Jesus Christ never saved any man,—that all are saved; that he was a medium, and that he worked no miracles greater than are being wrought in this present age. You, my dear sister and friend, are an instrument in the hands of the angels, for a good work. Should you see the loving faces who stand around me at this moment, you would realize that much is being done on earth which calls down the angels, who are ever earnest to do their part in the good and holy work of bringing light and knowledge to the sufferers of earth.

Yes, I did find my dear son, who worked his way to noble position in earth, and who lost his life in faithful service to his country. He was my noble boy, and I find him to-day, living, thinking, moving onward and upward in good work. Bless my beloved son.

Grandma Garfield is not dead either, for I have just spoken the sentiment above, and so I live. God bless you, my dear friend, for affording me the precious opportunity of returning to earth, and getting solid satisfaction, by being enabled, through you, to testify to the heavenly truths of life eternal, and of that strange new truth, will you allow me to return again?

—LILY D. BOWEN.

THE RULE.—The central propositions of the whole of Descartes' "Discourse" are these: There is a path that leads to truth so surely that anyone who will follow it must needs reach the goal, whether his capacity be great or small. And there is one guiding rule by which a man may always find this path, and keep himself from straying when he has found it. The golden rule is, Give unqualified assent to no propositions, but those the truth of which is so clear and distinct that they can not be doubted.—Huxley's Lay Sermons.

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Cures Sore Throat and Diphtheria.

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Capt. D. B. Edwards, Orient, N. Y., writes: "I had communications (by the Psychograph) from many old friends, even from the old settlers whose grave-stones are now grown in the old yard. They have been highly satisfactory, and proved to me that Spiritualism is indeed a fact, and the communications have given my heart the greatest comfort in the severe loss I have of my son, daughter, and mother."

Dr. Eugene Crowell, whose writings have made his name familiar to those interested in psychical matters, wrote as follows:

DEAR SIR: I am much pleased with the Psychograph you sent me, and will thoroughly test it in the first opportunity I may have. It is very simple in principle and construction, and I am sure will be far more sensitive to spirit power than the one now in use. I believe it will generally supersede the latter when its superior merits become known.

A. P. Miller, journalist and poet, in an editorial notice of the instrument in his paper, the Worthington (Miss.), "Advances," says:

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Jan. 14

ADVERTISEMENTS.



TIME SCHEDULE.

Passenger trains will leave and arrive at Passenger Depot (Townsend St., bet. Third and Fourth), San Francisco:

LEAVE S. F. Commencing Aug. 20, 1886. ARRIVE S.		
8:30 A.	San Mateo, Redwood, and	6:30 A.
10:40 A.	Menlo Park.	9:30 A.
11:30 P.		10:30 A.
12:30 P.		11:30 A.
1:30 P.		12:30 P.
2:30 P.		1:30 P.
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4:30 P.		3:30 P.
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