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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

No estate can make him rich that has a poor heart.

'Tis not what man does that exalts him, but what man would do.—*Browning.*

Death rocks our second childhood to sleep in the cradle of the coffin.—*Chaffield.*

Every one may arrive at true nobility by the ways of virtue and goodness.—*Wm. Penn.*

God has two dwellings—one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart.—*Isaac Walton.*

One beautiful soul is the door through which one enters the society of all true and pure souls.—*Emerson.*

The man who has begun to live more seriously within, begins to live more simply without.—*Phillips Brooks.*

If we could only bear the consequence of our misdeeds alone, each in his own person, how much less sorrowful life would be!—*Maxwell Grey.*

Manners are of more importance than laws. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply laws, or they totally destroy them.—*Burke.*

The marvelous influence of thought force upon cells, glands and secretions shows the mutual relations of mind and body, and the necessity for clean living.

However old a conjugal union, it still garners some sweetness. Winter has some cloudless days, and under the snow some flowers still bloom.—*Madame de Staël.*

They ask me for secrets of salvation; for myself I know no secrets but this—to love God with all our hearts,—and our neighbors as ourselves.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

Spiritualism, *cui bono?* It has robbed death of its terrors. It has furnished evidence of immortality. It has put out the fires of hell, and made every man and woman their own Saviour.—*S. K. S.*

Cold words freeze people, but words scorch them, bitter words make them bitter, wrathful words make them wrathful. Kind words produce their own image on men's souls; and a beautiful image it is.

Temperance puts wood on the fire, meat in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, credit in the country, clothes on the bairns, intelligence in the brains, and spirit in the constitution.—*Franklin.*

Some men are light-houses, in which the lights have gone out. Some ministers are corpses dressed up in ecclesiastical garments. You must be red hot in good works in order to melt these Christian icebergs.—*Canon Wilderforce.*

The only cure for indolence is work; the only one for selfishness is sacrifice; the only cure for unbelief is to shake off the age of doubt by doing your conscience's bidding; the only cure for timidity is to plunge into some dreaded duty before the chill has time to come.—*Messenger of Truth.*

Materialization.

Materialization, as used by Spiritualists, means simply the taking on of matter by spirits, after they have left the body. That there has been no tangible explanation of the *modus operandi* of this phenomenon, has caused many to doubt if after all it is not a mere hallucination, or delusion of the senses, by those who, having witnessed the apparition, and believing in the truth of the medium, are still unprepared to accept it on trust without further explanation. From time immemorial spooks have walked the earth, if tradition can be relied upon, haunting the grave-yards, and frightening the timorous; but that they would ever come to be regarded as veritable transformations, to be received with courtesy, must once have been scouted even as a possibility.

That visions have appeared to the so-called saints of the Roman Catholic Church has found many believers, the explanation by the non-devout being in the fact that clairvoyance is possible, catalepsy a partially understood disease by physicians, and disturbed states of the nervous system productive of hallucination, admissible as causes for the appearances, which, though not real in themselves, are nevertheless undoubted realities to those who are physically in a condition to perceive them.

With this before us, it has been the habit of many to look upon this class of phenomena as subject more to the state of the individual than to anything else. That a number of persons brought harmoniously together to witness this manifestation, and being in a condition to do so, should be gratified by such an appearance, might pass without question; but when our departed friends are supposed to be able to clothe themselves as flesh and blood realities, the time has come, not only to demand proof that it is so, but for explanation as to the method of so doing.

In the first place, then, the flesh and blood of this earth are composed of particles of earth materials held together by magnetic life,—as are all things, belonging not only to the earth, but to its atmosphere as well. This magnetic life being withdrawn, or, if you will, this vital life principle, the particles separate, and once more begin re-formation. There is nothing strange in this. We have all witnessed the death of the body in this way, and of plants as well. Death is no wonder to us; it is always around us; and of that to which we are used, we ask no questions. But the rehabilitation of the spirit, all unseen as it is, must be a mystery; though it is told us ever so often, for the reason that our senses are not cognizant of it, and what we cannot sense we cannot realize.

But the operation goes on. The earth receives its earth, and the magnetic life has assumed its garb of fine texture, and passed on to its enjoyment of higher conditions. Such being the case, why should it desire to return to its old associations? Simply because its work is not yet done. It has wrongs to right, work to carry on, that once begun has not yet been finished. Its re-incarnation is not necessary, but its like must attract it, or some way be found to help on higher conditions, for the spirits of earth must be led upward; and work for humanity requires its assistance. Light must come, and the humblest spirit can do much, if it wishes, to advance the cause of humanity on earth, as it is itself receiving from higher spheres, to which it has not yet itself attained.

This, then, is the solution of the problem as to why the spirit should wish to return. The manner of doing it is simpler still. The vivifying cord has been sundered that fettered it to earth, but the connection can be re-established as soon as the dormant principle can be reached in one to whom life in the body is still available, and the connection being established between the medium in the body, and the spirit which has passed out of existence, through the diffusion of the aura of both atmospheres, one step is gained, and the method will soon be understood. The aura, having the power to transmit itself from one force to another, acts as a medium between the two. The vital power being propelled, the dominating force gains the mastery, and leaves its im-

pression on the less powerful still in the body,—as is seen in the working of the brain of the medium, who, for the time being, is allowed the use of the spirit's aura, as the propelling power for the work of inspiration, and so closely does it become allied to that which is still in the human, that it is difficult, almost, for the medium always to tell where his own power ceases and the higher begins.

Thus, even Paul, in his epistles to the Corinthians, declares himself at times in doubt as to his possession by the spirit, saying, "I think the spirit is with me," or words to that effect.

This state of things includes only the inspirational portion of the phenomena, which seems, perhaps, the most ideal in its tendency, and the most liable to misconception. The commoner forms, such as rappings and physical manifestations, are more nearly allied to the electrical conditions of the body than the magnetic, and are diffused through the system of the medium in such a manner as to permit the possibility of conjunction of the latter with the former, so as to allow the use of both by the spirit operating; and by the time it reaches the earth, has power to make itself manifest as an earth force, removing heavy bodies, carrying them from one place to another, without the apparent aid of the medium, though the physical forces are being evolved as they are used, and made apparent only in phenomena.

The last, and possibly the most difficult of explanation, is the phenomenon of materialization. It is simple enough, if the mind can conceive that the earth's atmosphere is filled, not only with emanations of earth life, but with particles of earth itself. The sun's rays, falling obliquely upon the atmosphere, will often demonstrate this. Fine particles, floating hither and thither without aim or object, are gathered up somewhere; but where one cannot tell. Ordinarily they are invisible, but with these emanations we have something to do. The materialization of the spirit body is accomplished in part by the attraction of these particles toward each other, aided by the magnetic life, not only of the medium, but by that of the spirit itself—which is to be used in proof of the possibility of re-embodiment. Through the medium, the attraction is made, by the assistance not only of the spirit to be clothed, but by the aid of such spirits as are willing to use their life forces to assist in this work as well.

All are interested, and more especially those who, in earth life, have engaged themselves in Spiritualism, and are anxious to see it carried out to its possible perfection. The difficulty of holding together this materialized body is evident, for, as the force diminishes in proportion as it is needed for use, and does not re-create itself in sufficient quantities to prolong its bodily existence without renewal, the work is soon ended, and dematerialization the result. All this is understood by spirits, and subdued light demanded, if not actual darkness, because full light acts unfavorably upon the conditions which sustain the aura, dissipating it too quickly for the strong usage to which it is subjected in its abnormal state, and making it almost impossible for the medium to be held in a condition of real life, if the long transgression did not destroy it altogether. This is the theory of materialization; its use may be explained hereafter.

C. E. S.

TREAT bad men exactly as if they were insane. They are *in-sane*, out of health, morally. Reason, which is food to sound minds, is not tolerated, still less assimilated, unless administered with the greatest caution; perhaps, not at all. Avoid collision with them, so far as you honorably can; keep your temper, if you can,—for an angry man is as good as another; restrain them from violence, promptly, completely, and with the least possible injury, just as in the case of maniacs; and when you have got rid of them, or got them tied hand and foot so that they can do no mischief, sit down and contemplate them charitably, remembering that nine-tenths of their perversity comes from outside influences, drunken ancestors, abuse in childhood, bad company, from which you have happily been preserved, and for some of which you, as a member of society, may be fractionally responsible.—*O. W. Holmes.*

Associate with the good and you will be one of them.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Little Nat.

BY EMMA C. PEET.

"I tell you, Josiah, I will not be bothered with other people's brats. What if he was your sister's child? Is that any reason why I should take him into my family, and slave myself to bring him up?"

The speaker was a hard-faced woman, possessing none of the gentle, sympathetic elements which belong to her sex. Her iron-gray hair was combed straight back from a low, square brow, and twisted into the smallest possible pug at the back of her head; its arrangement harmonizing well with the restless black eyes, sharp nose, and inflexible lines of a stubborn mouth and heavy under jaw. In stature she was tall and gaunt, and taking her all in all, was a striking contrast to Josiah, a sandy complexioned man who sat nervously stroking his red beard, trying vainly to interpose a word in behalf of his orphan nephew. But former encounters had taught him the uselessness of all opposition when once his spouse had made up her mind.

"Well, well, Sophia, there is no use of multiplying words about it; if he must go to the poor-house, why he must, I suppose. But Nat is a good boy, and poor Lucy would feel dreadful at the thought of her child being turned adrift;" and the man wiped the gathering moisture from his eyes with the back of his sun-burnt hand.

"Come, come, Josiah! Don't make a fool of yourself, and go to snivelling; I can bear anything better than that. If you had a proper regard for your wife, you would be glad to lift such a burden from her."

The woman turned with a look of injury on her hard features, and taking up a tallow candle sought the seclusion of her chamber, leaving Josiah to follow at his pleasure. But it seemed to please him better to commune with himself than to repose beside the unsympathetic Sophia, so he leaned back in his old-fashioned rocking-chair, and fell into a reverie. He was a boy again, and the dear home faces of his youth came to gladden his memory. His gentle mother, with her sweet, low voice, whose every tone was music, blended beautifully with the picture as its crowning glory. Again his baby sister, Lucy, seemed once more to sit upon his knee, and pat with dimpled fingers his ruddy, boyish face. What a beautiful baby she was, with her deep blue eyes and golden hair!

Once more he saw her unfolded into a maiden, gentle, graceful and beautiful as an artist's dream. Then arose before him the picture of a dark-eyed stranger who led her to the altar, promising to love, honor, and cherish her as long as life should last. Again he breathed the fragrance of those roses he gathered for the beautiful bridal wreath that was to adorn her fair brow. Then came the memory of her gentle arms around his neck as she kissed him good-bye and went with her husband to their new home in the far West. He recalled, with a groan, the time when she came back to her old home a broken hearted wife and mother. And as he thought of that sad day when she breathed her last in his arms, the tears flowed like rain down his face. He had loved Lucy's baby with a worshipful love from that day to this.

Josiah Carleton loved little children, and as he had none of his own, little Nat filled this great void in his heart. The home of his boyhood was broken up. Father and mother had long since passed away. He had but one brother who was a sailor, and no tidings had been received from him for many years, hence his fate was uncertain. And as Lucy was his only sister there was no one to take the boy but himself. And now his wife had made up her mind that the little fellow should no longer share their home.

The thought of sending little Nat away to the poor-house was full of torture to him, but he knew full well that it was worse than useless to oppose his wife. Long he pondered, until the gray light of morning crept through the tangled vines that shaded the windows, and starting to his feet, drew the heavy bolt that fastened

the door, and stepped forth. The world seemed so pure and fresh to his fevered senses. Like a pearly mantle, the dew covered flower, leaf and shrub, distilling and shedding a delicate fragrance over all. The birds twittered in the leafy tree tops, and seemed to be praising the divine hand that formed them and their lovely surroundings.

Josiah walked down the long garden path, and climbing over the fence, pursued his way to the field where he had stacked with care the new mown hay but yesterday. Approaching a stack, he drew forth and spread for himself a fragrant bed, and throwing himself thereon, was soon fast asleep. But his repose was far from peaceful. He dreamed he had harnessed old Bess into the wagon, and was taking little Nat to the poor-house. Then the scene changed, and he was again conscious of being upon the bed of hay. The breath of the wild roses from the hedge near by was wafted to him by every passing breeze. Again he slumbered, and in dream saw his angel sister, Lucy, gliding from the silvery mist of morning, appear by his side. Once more her snowy hand soothed his aching brow as in days of yore, while she seemed to whisper, "Brother Joe, before you take Nat to the almshouse go and see Professor Howes; tell him about my precious boy and take him with you."

Before Josiah could ask a question the vision faded, and with a start the sleeper awoke. Some three hours later old Bess was hitched into the wagon, and with little Nat by his side Josiah was driving in the direction of Professor Howes'. Said gentleman was at this time the principal of a flourishing school which was patronized by the wealthiest people for many miles around.

The Professor was a gentleman of rare ability and fine scholastic attainments, possessing the rare gift of imparting to others what he so well understood himself. He appeared to Josiah as a regular encyclopedia of knowledge and wisdom. It was with feelings of awe mingled with the profoundest respect that he with little Nat by his side walked up to the front door of the imposing mansion and rang the bell. In a few moments they were ushered into the presence of the great man, who greeted them with such a pleasant smile that Josiah felt at ease in a moment. He had often met the Professor before, had sold him hay, oats, and country produce, but their acquaintance had been strictly on a business basis.

While Josiah was trying to clear his throat and calm the wild beatings of his heart, so that he could communicate his business, the eye of the Professor fell on the little boy who stood timidly holding his hat near the door at which they had entered. He was a delicate child, scarcely numbering nine summers. His eyes were dark and mournful, and had a pleading expression in their mysterious depths. His head was finely shaped, with a mass of dark wavy hair clustering around his broad, white forehead. Nose and mouth were delicately chiseled, as were his face and form.

"What little gentleman is this you have with you?" said the Professor, before Josiah had gained courage to proceed.

"He is my sister's child," he replied tremblingly. "His parents are both dead and I have had him with me since he was a baby, and love him as I love my life. But there are reasons why I can not keep him longer in my own home; and my heart would break if anything should happen to him."

Just here Josiah's voice grew husky, and for several moments his face was hidden behind his ample red bandana, while the Professor waited in respectful silence for him to proceed.

At last he continued: "I felt so badly last night I could not sleep, thinking of Nat and his dead mother. Well, to make a long story short, I walked into the field this early morning, and throwing myself on some hay, fell asleep and dreamed that Lucy (Nat's mother) came to me looking more beautiful than I can describe, and told me to bring her precious boy to you, before I had made up my mind what to do with him. Now, Professor, you may think me foolish to believe in dreams, but the moment I awoke I felt greatly comforted, and it seemed as if a terrible load had been lifted from me; so started as soon as possible to see and tell you."

Little Nat knew nothing of the impending (Continued on Third Page.)

Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Logos.—No. 3.

BY JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

Let us advert to A. B. C. How common it is in our life here to hear the significant utterances: "What is the word?" "Wait for the word;" "Give us the word;" "The word was given;" "At the word," etc. This is a spontaneity among mankind from a deep intuition; it recognizes that a lingual sound conveyed through a language-symbol by the mere letters of an alphabetical word, such as *origin*, *soul*, or *spirit*, or the Greek term, *logos*, (which lingually only means *word*), is in itself of minor importance in comparison with the thought or purport in and behind it.

Clarke's English (London edition) dictionary gives the Holy Ghost as one of the definitions of the *Logos*. If the term, Holy Ghost, may be translated spirit, then the question is suggested, Is spirit communion a manifestation of the *Logos*? Or, to widen it, is the universal influence or public opinion of Spiritism the complete *Logos*? No; because any utterance by a single spirit, however cultured, or by the concave of all spirits, can only be a formulation of what has been or is ascertained or a derived meaning, existing previous to its announcement. God only can be a Holy Ghost.

The idea expressed by Plato in assumed philosophic terms, (1), That God could not do through a *unity* of power what he could through a *diversity* of attributes personified; (2), That, therefore, he needed a primary collectivity of a number of powers and parts to enable him to create a *variety* of forces, and induce their multifarious production;—and also, thereby to bring order and an organism out of chaos; and (3), That, therefore, he had a *multi-form* primate constituency of Being, was very probably the source in the human mind of Polytheism. And it is steadily becoming historically, as deductively, established that Jesusism, or so-called Christianity, is, in a modified system, one of its theological progenies. It partakes, also, of the materialistic by heredity in the postulate of an incarnate God (1), and in the avowment that his *carriage*—flesh and blood constituency—was in it so much of the *divine* quality that it symbolized the *supernatural* essence itself; and in that sub-symbols of this carniarity, in the forms or substances of bread and wine, should be eaten and drunk (a bodily performance) by carnal humanity as a sacrament, or fidelity oath, or a feudal *partisan* oath of allegiance. This notion of the incarnate (for spirit is never embodied in its *essence* in any material substance, as I affirmed some time ago in print, under spirit instruction,) is either above or more debasing to divinity than the ancient Egyptian superstition as to the sacredness of certain animals, such as the *apis* (bull) and the *ibis* (a large bird), on the assumption that they, like some of our egotistic sensitives, were *spiritually obsessed* special favorites of the gods.

Or were they the subjects or recipients of "materialized electricity"? If certain crude and blatant idealities of an oracular yet ever *plagiarizing* writer, whose unlighted speculations have been thrust voluminously, specially of late, by his sinuous "silent" vanity into nearly every spiritual paper or magazine in the United States, and into the *Golden Gate*, (as he boasted in the *World's Advance-Thought*), be true in either physical science or Spiritualism, it may possibly have so been. He urges the assumptions—of "magnetism entirely freed from matter;" of "materialized electricity;" and of "spirit which is the body of the soul," rehearsed in the Boston *Esoteric*—as a part of Spiritualism. What would Tyndall as a scientist on the one hand, or Mrs. Britten as a medium on the other, or any cultured spirit on high, if they heard of it, say to the new discovery that Magnetism and Electricity had become spirits, and spirit had become mass or matter? Say why that he should be turned over to the famous Roman Church and its ecclesiastical papal (infallible) *Logos*; to be canonized as St. A. F. M. His former mater should honor him, because he distinctly repudiates "spirit bands" as guides, and accepts nominally only the single, admittedly obsessing, control of the spirit of a Scotch Rev. Presbyterian, *alias* a British prelate(!), and probably a Jesuit, on the ground that there is not "wisdom in a multitude of counsel;" and also, on the ground, which he asserts, that his physical heart is superior to his mental brain—meaning analogically, it is to be hoped.

He has for five years incessantly libeled human nature by defining every man's natural quality to be "evil;" and he has denounced the very virtues of the human brotherhood as detestable defects; the terms, *arrogance*, *sensuous*, *vanity*, *delish*, *conceit*, *sin*, down through his long church list of detracting epithets used to vent his own second nature, have swarmed upon his tongue and page as their dancing boards; he has, perhaps unwittingly, disparaged the manly *pride* and considerate *vanity* (proper desire for the esteem of others), which are essential to the dignity and courtesy of man, as immoral vices; and all this he has harped upon that he might have the pretext of vaunting that he had "rooted out" these so-called vile qualities—and he now struts out as a model nearly ready for *nirvana*. Yet all this stuff is not Spiritualism; Spiritualism is honest, kindly, truthful, and while unpretending is genuinely aspirant; it is not

an artificial educational monstrosity, which tends to develop only Hindoo fakirs or American obsessed dements. It is not divine *love* to either make or regard man a vicious bundle of evils, although there may be specimens illustrative of deceit and conceit and envious vanity. And yet he styles himself an "Advance-teacher." It is lamentable that there may be in one an instance of a materialist, a sensitive, and a facile tool of a Jesuit band of spirits, unconsciously misused to pervert and disparage Spiritualism. All the special partisans above have their particular mediums. To those who have noted Mr. M.'s incessant scribbles, and who are themselves mediums, it is evident that he is an exponent, not of one spirit only, but of two classes of spirits ever hovering around him (producing fluttering ideas in him), and egging him on—the spirits of those who center Materialists and Jesuits. Their crude theories are bosh. For instance, it is palpable that Mr. M. has no educational knowledge of the physical law of the cohesion or gravitation of matter, nor has he shown any spiritual comprehension of its definite action or its correlative purport. Yet his imagination about them spurges largely. I must illustrate by example, even if it be my brother. He has no understanding of the mathematical meaning (which is absolute) of a center, nor of space as such, nor of chemical affinities, nor mechanical forces, nor of either electricity or magnetism, and as being mere physical elements, however used by spirits. If he had studied Euclid or the Differential Calculus he would have found that there were "points asinorum;" and so for man, in the spiritual as the mathematical. Yet he affects to know, to decide and to explain everything about man and God's universe, material and spiritual. So did some ancients; so do school-boys now; and Mr. M. is by another specimen of the fatuous. Wings attached by *man's* flying won't do, as Pygmalion discovered; and *Asop* illustrates a cognate truth by the fable of the frog and the bull. Melchers affects to know more about the stars than Proctor and Flammarion do; more about geology than Sir Charles Lyell; more about psychometry than Dr. and Mrs. J. Rodes Buchanan; yet what proof, beyond his mere assertions, has he ever given in public or private? Now, speaking philosophically, is pretension either Knowledge or Spiritualism? Many of the dualistic persons, or rather partial sensitives, assume to have every kind of spiritual gift and every form of mediumship; and each thinks that he or she is a full hierophant of the *Logos*.

Mr. A. F. Melchers has not yet realized that *truths*, whether physical or spiritual (and he had better learn some of them by, from and in *himself*, without the process of *obsession* by an undeveloped "control"), are as inexorable as adamant, and can not be kneaded, like dough, into fantastic shapes by overweening human visionaries. Nor does the ding-dong affectation of *love* and *humility* in *words* (which has ever been the open sesame of priestcraft ever since human religion was invented) prove that a man or woman has them; *per contra*, it induces the suspicion that he or she does not. Nor does the ecstasy of a dancing Dervish, nor its display in a Methodist camp-meeting amount to genuine inspiration, however its cause may be incitive to the effect.

O Ignorance and inexperience, what savagings you did in ancient times, and the drams of your history still come, and to afflict and retard mankind! One spark of truth or actual knowledge is worth more than the false glare of the speculations of ten thousand writers! Come down to A. B. C. if you wish to know. Brother Melchers, get one *through your own spiritual being*; then you can "try" other spirits, and better judge other men and human nature's difficulties. If you have reached the so-called occult *nirvana* (I, your neighbor, have not, nor pretend to); you are the only man on earth who ever did; and if I may have some loaned lantern, some natural globe to guide me through the darkness, I am and will be hopeful; and let your surmise not blind you to that worst of all drawbacks, *self-deception*. Socrates saw it; Plato did not—was the exponent of the inspiration of God, and the other of the sophism of mankind, if reason can judge. Mr. Melchers must be made to understand that Spiritualism is not a mere modern affair, nor *exclusively* expressed through any one human machine of to-day. I have thus written, and because he, under cover, has aimed arrows at me, and has challenged my further utterances.

Every Spiritualist should be brought to the cardinal standard: that genuine Spiritualism can not indulge in speculative pure college, direct from the Spirit Mint; and that it must repudiate "paper promises" and "kiting" bills—it can not deal in the *spurious*. No man has the right to circulate money which he does not know to be genuine; and when one does it, and ceaselessly, and in large promiscuity, every one should "indict" him. Bro. Melchers, I am a practical, straight-up-and-down man, whatever may be my defects or relative ignorance; and I do not indulge in turberlows. My "uncontrollable disdain," (see columns of GOLDEN GATE) which is not for persons, but for false pretensions everywhere, you can now understand. My brother man, we are only pupils and inquirers; we are not the real teachers; we are men, and such is MAN. If, Mr. Melchers, there be a wisdom of the heart, and a somewhat sub-

ordinate wisdom of head or intellect, each distinct from the other, the first of which you have, in spiritual ethics, assumed for yourself and, here and elsewhere, on your "own motion *ex relatione* to me in comparison, let us each be sure that we get them *both*. We will then be higher mediums, but in that motion there is a *spiritual query*—and your promise is more a matter of personal conceit than reason— which you had no right or power to either raise or decide. And bear in mind, my brother, that in the relations which have been between us (for you were once my pupil,) there have been the stirrings of the Great Philosophy. Be you man, or be you yet a boy to me, do not suppose that I "do not appreciate" you as a brother being and medium. Be a soul, standing in your own individuality and in clear cut outlines, in eternal light of the true sun, *the Logos*. Never make personal comparisons (it is a false method in spiritual ethics), though you have done it the *pose* of the "silent;" and they might hurt you; but, as you have all time before you, *festinate*. Only compare facts and principles. They contain the *Logos*.

In this writing, in regard to Brother Melchers, I am writing, whether in the ebullition of my heart, or in the philosophy of my intellect, to do for all my brother mediums. It is better for you not to splutter much, but to think and inquire much.

Polytheism itself is an outcome of human ideas, based on the analogies furnished by the physical universe; and it would have been a grand philosophy but for that kind of false reasoning which is expressed by the homely phrase, "Putting the cart before the horse," in that it substituted the effect for the cause; in that it made the material superior to the spiritual, or ignored the latter entirely; in that it worked by the deduction instead of the induction process of ratiocination; and in that it put Nature over God, or did not look through Nature up to Nature's God. Mythology perverted or debased the Divine, by even symbolizing Him in physical shapes or materialistic analogies—thus misleading the assumptions or beliefs of ignorant man (priestcraft work)—but worse, by *personifying* His various supposed attributes in such imagined conceptions as were expressed by so-called sacred animals and idolatrous figures, or in idolatrous *trials*.

The proposition that spirit can communicate to man, or any intelligent being on any world, or be expressive in him, is a simple universal fact, which Nature (as it will soon be understood) and our spiritual intuition proclaim. I am thus advised, and intuitively know.

Comparing with ancient people, on earth, too much misconception and too many similar mistakes still prevail (they have even outcropped in our spiritual books and papers, through those who write more than they study or commune, or who scribble under the influence of "untried" spirit controls); and these mistakes now, as in the past, springing from false reasoning and uneducated ignorance, becloud the intuition and obstruct the inspiration of normal mankind, and retard the Progress of Man.

Every man must now admit that man does *not* know something; we can not talk to man except on this basis. And spirits in communicating can do so better through those who are more informed, than through those who are less informed. Cultured men can interchange thoughts with each other, which they vainly employ among ignorant people. So it is in Spiritism. All the forces, whether of Intelligence or Matter, have to be ascertained by reason; and when ascertained by man, they constitute for him knowledge. The imagination is useful only for suggestion, and to incite inquiry. Does Mr. Melchers, or Mr. Davis, or Mr. Colby, or Mr. Colville, or Mrs. Richmond, or that peculiar but not entirely wrongful editor of the *Religio-Philosophical*, or Burns, or Eglington, or Mrs. Britten, or Miss Shelhamer, or Jesse Shepard, or good working Mr. Wetherbee, or a great friend, Buchanan, or you, Mr. Owen, or I, John Cunningham, imagine that he or she is the sole embodiment of the affluent; the affluent pervades all mankind. And it should be admitted that Mme. Blavatsky has done some soundings in it. Some persons talk or write as if they were very familiar with all matters at an infinite distance, who are quite ignorant of those elements in which either their bodies or souls consist. The outliving in gasconade is not a fit characteristic in true mediums. Extravagance must ever be rebuked, whether perpetrated by A. F. Melchers, A. J. Davis, or Mme. Blavatsky and J. J. Morse. Every Spiritualist or medium (I among them) must be brought down to what he or she *knows* or can do.

One of the ancient Myths was a curious theory of the introverted nature or relation of a Divine Triad—Father, Mother and Son. The triad implied two considerations: (1), The Masculine and Feminine elements; (2), Generation. But the conceit, perceiving that there might be elements or capacities created by or projected from a higher Source, and yet not being able to form some definite idea of that source and its nature, endeavored to solve the problem involved, upon a divine introverted basis. It formulated thus: the Father and Mother generated the son; but the parents, being each only supplements or complements of each other, and therefore severally defective as to completeness of unity, were not Supreme; hence the Son, combining the elements of both in himself, became the perfect whole, and by retroaction, becoming both

Father and Mother to his own father and mother, he was the paramount God. This is a wonderful illustration of what the imagination of man may presume to configure! He thought by deduction, and from the phenomena around him of male, female, and offspring, as if in themselves *causes*; but if he had reverted to induction, reasoning from a myriad of other particulars added to these in nature, as *effects* only, to a general single truth involved, or to the cause of the *effects*, as Bacon and Newton and Leibnitz and Kepler propounded, and as Galileo illustrated and Columbus exemplified, Man would have discovered his God—not polytheistic, nor triune, but one and indivisible, with all powers and supremacies in Himself!

God is beyond our conception, as to deity, limit, and essence; it is not for us to discuss Him. The origin of the Universe—its Whys and Means and Method—is, also, beyond our comprehension; it is not for us, now at least, to solve it. We are to deal with the Effect, not the Cause.

The deduction as to the nature of God, in the aspect of the First Cause, to be drawn from the contemplation of the universal Effect in its variety, must and should be the paramount guide in man's education; it involves all questions of our relation and duty to Him and ourselves. The significance and value of the or a *Logos* to humanity is in this light. Every fact has a meaning; and the entirety of facts and meanings is God's proof and meaning. In using the term God, I have done so in these writings strictly in the sense of one Supreme Intelligence; Intelligence is the Power; and I have never had the assumption, as the primary postulate, that this Omnipotence was paramount, previous, existent, and eternal. Out of Knowledge comes Goodness; or, it may be, out of Goodness comes Knowledge.

The *Logos* is the universal sun of Knowledge which lights our way in Existence. WHAT IS, has an expression; everything has an expression—that which indicates it. So intuition, so reason, so experience proclaims. Reason says that it is palpable that God's expression is the Universe. The expression of the universe—the effect (and it has one in every particle, spiritual or material, of it) is the meaning which it conveys in its entirety—the totality of its principles and facts, or *summa bonum* of the purpose and design of Omnipotence, in the light and phase of universal theosophy—in whole or part, in fact or principle—utters the meaning or the Word. It is the Lesson of and for the Forever.

CHARLESTON, S. C., February, 1888.

Letter from San Bernardino.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

The Spiritualists of San Bernardino have been making some very creditable improvements in Liberal Hall in the way of carpet and curtains for the circle room, and shades for the windows, etc. There is a growing interest manifested in the cause, and we hope to see the society here coming up out of the ruts and grooves, and taking a position upon the broad tablelands of a higher spiritual development, and a truly liberal and tolerant attitude toward those who may honestly differ upon non-essentials. The trouble with many spiritualistic societies is that their members cannot agree to disagree upon minor points; and this society is not an exception. If any ism in the world should make us liberal, large-hearted, charitable, courteous, tolerant and harmonious, surely it is Spiritualism. It is ultimately bringing about these conditions; but just now, in some places at least, there seems to be a good deal of the winnowing of the chaff, which makes the dust fly, darkening the air at times, and ever and anon, an annoying beard, with barbed edges, wounds and irritates.

But patience, fellow laborers, in the greatest cause the world ever saw, (for as the greater contains the less, this includes all the greater causes). This sifting out of truth from error cannot always continue, for error is mortal and must eventually die; while truth, the eternal, must at length prevail over all. But many of us do need to have our natures sweetened, and our hearts made liberal enough to welcome gladly the evidences of the dawn of the truth and light upon the horizon of our neighbor, without at once taking him sharply to task because he does not measure his wheat in our half-bushel. Like attracts like. Love begets love, and hate begets hate. Love is the one supreme universal savior. God is love, and love is God. As says Adelaide Comstock of San Buenaventura, in a prize motto in the *Advance Thought*: "Love is the fulfilling of the law that binds atoms, worlds, and souls." Oh, for a more complete fulfillment of the law in the nature of all of earth's struggling children, and especially in the hearts of all Spiritualists, who form the advance guard of the age.

Yours for humanity's cause.

MRS. ELA WILSON.
SAN BERNARDINO, February 21, 1888.

We know that the spirit of men and their views of the present and the future go up and down with the barometer, and that a permanent depression one inch in the mercurial column would affect the whole theology of Christendom.

No good deed is without its reward, even though not apparent to the world. A pleasant feeling warms the heart in its recollection, and conscience says "well done," though no words of gratitude come from the recipient of the kindly act.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

From the Sun Angel Order of Light.

(Given by Saidie, leader of the Oriental Band in the lecture, through Mrs. K. S. Fox, Scribe of the Order of Light.)

Far and near Saidie's love extends, baptizing each child with the benedictions of the angel world. Like spray from the fountain of life are the words Saidie would lay into the hands of each one. Chapters from Life Books, records of a past, which was real as the present existence, and has written its own chapters and left them in the archives of the better land, have been brought from their sacred retreats, and placed in the hand of the earth pilgrim, who longs to know of a certainty if these things be true. Speculation concerning a theory or fact is not proof positive evidence of its truth. Thinking minds ask for facts, and if facts are recorded, even in the higher life, there are ways and means which will prove themselves adequate to the work of giving such to men. Saidie has told her children, as she stood before them in materialized form, that her own mortal feet have walked earth valleys in many incarnations. By earth valleys Saidie would convey not the idea that only on planet earth has she robed herself in materiality, but on other planets. Earth to her is the synonym of life in the mortal form, and Saidie uses it in that sense now. When Saidie has said this, she knows it carries conviction to no mind who does not know and understand these things; to such it may seem as idle words, while to those who are unfolded in soul power these facts come home with conviction of their truth. Many are the angels who are coming earthward, with open books, in which are recorded lifescenes and experiences of other times, other scenes. Guardians who walk the shores of the better land are gleaming from the past gens of experience, which they drop into the hand and heart of many an earth pilgrim who is longing for light, searching for truth, and who, weary at heart, grasps for restful knowledge, which shall come to them baptized with love, born not in matter, nor with material existence. Such are being fed with the true bread of life, given from a realm whose resources are endless. The realms of the Infinite, whose boundless love His children may now, through the love that comes to them from the far away shores. As histories are being re-written in earth language, as chapters are being placed in the hands of earth wanderers, life from the higher spheres breaks through the dark clouds which have hung in blackness over the earth for many ages. Saidie chants the gladness of soul, which swells over the tide of weariness and waiting, so long and so deep.

Children in the earth valleys, the time is not far away when heaven and earth shall clasp hands, and one shall walk the mortal shall round in which mortal and immortal shall join, and with harmonious oneness together shall sing. The land is blessed in that it has heard and responds to the glad tidings of joy which comes thereto, not heralded with pomp and glory, but quietly, among those whose hearts are ready for the glad tidings, and whose minds are opened toward the light of life, silently, as falls the dew of heaven, it falls in holy baptisms of peace. Such is the gospel of life, such the way of redemption, and it knocks at the door of every heart and home in the land. May we not enter your homes with good news from our fatherland? Will you not bid us welcome with our gospel of love and good will? The angels from the higher life will lead none astray. The Father sends us hither to tell you of His love. May we not enter every dwelling, and whisper there the sweet, silent benedictions of love, which will bid all clouds of animosity and strife depart? We would have you, homes the centers of purest harmony and sweetest love.

Surely Saidie's love will help uplift mankind, will ever tend to bring better conditions. She sees how darkness and error have woven their threads into lives, making them dreary and weary wastes. She sees the altar of home desecrated by impure offerings thereto, and would ask every one to lay such offerings thereon, and Saidie herself will bring the flaming torch which will ignite the same, and all shall be consumed. Sacrifice every unholy thought and purpose, O ye children of men, and from henceforth be strong to write wisely and well the record of each passing moment. Lift your thoughts above, to the holy ones, who would make of earth a paradise, and of home a heaven.

With this purpose in heart, meet Saidie within the temple built on earth, a counterpart of one in the halls of light, and you shall find the inner chambers of your own soul have a more heavenly light. Peace be with you,
SAIDIE.

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

OSWEGO, N. Y., Jan. 26, 1888.

An English physician, who has investigated the characteristics and surroundings of centenarians, says he found that the average qualities were of good family history, a well-made frame of average stature, spare rather than stout; robust, with good health, appetite and digestion, capable of exertion, good sleepers, of placid temperament and good intelligence, with little need for and little consumption of alcohol and animal food.

Little Nat.

Continued from First Page.

ing change which hung over him until he listened to his uncle's recital. His sensitive face became at once a subject for deep study; large tears gathered in his eyes, his chest rose and fell convulsively as he vainly tried to gain the mastery over his feelings. But finding his efforts ineffectual, he bowed his head in his hands and wept aloud.

"I will tell you just how I am situated," continued Josiah. "My wife owns the farm, and the little ready money which we have from time to time invested is in her name. I was foolish enough once to sign for a friend, and he failing to meet his liabilities, I was obliged to put my property into my wife's hands, since which time she has managed things pretty much her own way. She dislikes children, and is determined to send Nat away, and as you see, I am powerless to prevent it. She has been urging me for some months past to take him to the poor-house, and last night declared I must take him there this very day. I sat all night long trying to think of some plan to prevent his going there, but could think of none. Wretched and troubled I fell asleep and dreamed as I have related. Now, Professor, unless you can help me the poor little fellow must go there for aught I can see or do to prevent it. That place, unsuitable as it is, would be better for him than my home, after Sophia has made up her mind not to have the child there."

Josiah ceased speaking, and for a few moments silence followed, unbroken save by the measured ticking of the lovely French clock on the mantle, and an occasional smothered sob from the weeping boy.

At length the Professor broke the silence by saying, "Nat, my little fellow, don't cry any more, but come and take this chair by me. I wish to talk with you."

The poor child walked noiselessly forward and seated himself in the chair indicated. His coarse cotton handkerchief was wet with tears, and his lips trembled with deep emotion as he tried to be calm. "Would you like to come and live with me?" he inquired.

"Yes sir, were it not for leaving Uncle Joe."

"But, my child, you can see your uncle every week, and you shall have nice books to study; and I will teach you many good and useful things, so that by and by, when you grow to be a man, Uncle will be proud of his little nephew. Will you come?"

As the Professor spoke of books and study, the tear-dimmed eyes brightened, and the sad little face broke into ripples of sunshine, as he looked up into the professor's face and tried to express his thankfulness. Some hours later, Uncle Josiah was wending his way home alone, for his little charge was provided for. The reins lay loosely on the back of old Bess, while her driver seemed lost in thought. The birds sang gaily in wood and meadow, while the squirrels chattered, and chased each other in playful frolic. But Josiah was oblivious to all outward things. A deep peace pervaded his entire nature, as he lifted his heart in thankfulness to the great Giver of all his blessings.

Professor Howes was a thorough scholar; he loved study, and was never weary of delving into the mysteries and deep labyrinth of scientific attainment. The vast arena of nature was his delight. When he discovered that his little charge was anxious to employ his time with study, and become proficient in the different branches he had taken up, there grew to be a powerful sympathy between teacher and pupil. One day while the professor was strolling through the grounds belonging to his residence, he noticed Nat, with a book in his hand, sitting at the foot of a large tree, with the most dejected expression on his pensive face.

"What is the matter, Nat? Have you found a knotty problem which baffles you?"

"No sir," replied Nat, "but I have learned the last lesson in my natural philosophy, and I fear I shall never find another study which will interest me so much."

The Professor smiled, and seating himself beside the little pupil said, "My young friend, you have but just placed your foot at the door of the great temple of learning. Before you stretches an illimitable expanse of knowledge. Her labyrinthine are as deep and broad as space, high as the heavens, and boundless as the infinite. Her riches are for those who labor to possess them. Take courage; you have as yet seen but the first letter of the alphabet; be diligent, and you will be able to unlock the door to mysteries more profound than you have yet dreamed of."

"But I have enjoyed natural philosophy so thoroughly," replied Nat. "Do you think any other study will be as interesting?"

"Yes, my boy, I am sure of it. You shall now commence the study of chemistry, which is but a continuation and higher branch of natural philosophy. You will probably become more deeply interested in it than you have been in what you have passed through."

Nat was delighted.

One morning, some months after this conversation, as Professor Howes was attending to his class in chemistry, he made this proposition, viz.: "The boy who stands at the head of this class during the entire term shall have the privilege of riding with me each week to Trinity College, where I lecture on chemistry, and

shall perform for me the practical demonstrations which are necessary."

Nat Barton heard this proposition with a beating heart, and resolved, in his own mind, that he would work early and late to secure the coveted position, a resolution which he faithfully kept. In fact, his progress in this direction was so remarkable, that the students at the college where he performed the demonstrations proposed that Nat should deliver a lecture on chemistry publicly. Professor Howes' consent was readily obtained, and the hall secured for the lecture. With trembling limbs and wildly beating heart, Nat entered the crowded and densely packed room, where he was to win those golden honors that should bring the praise of friends and the applause of the multitude. His slender, boyish figure contrasted strongly with the broad-shouldered Professor, who made the opening remarks. Nat was barely sixteen years of age, and possessed a naturally shrinking, timid disposition, and it was not until he became absorbed in his subject, that his wonderful ability shone forth.

His hearers forgot that they were listening to a mere child, so interested were they in the subject. Nat handled with such mastery ability. When the lecture was over, a perfect storm of applause greeted him, and many pressed their way to the platform, to obtain a nearer view and offer their congratulations. Amongst the number was an imposing-looking gentleman, with a gold-headed cane and gold-rimmed eye-glasses. He shook Nat's hand very cordially, and told him he had given him one of the happiest hours he had passed for many a day. Then quickly turning to where the Professor stood proudly admiring his pupil, and the interest he had created, said: "Good evening, Professor," (taking that gentleman by the hand) "I wish to talk with you about this young fellow who has so surprised and pleased us. I have been told that you are educating him at your own expense. Have I been rightly informed?"

The Professor bowed his assent, and the gentleman continued: "I would like to share with you in this honor, if you will permit it."

"Certainly," said the Professor, with due courtesy to the speaker.

"Tell me then, sir, what he needs to complete what you have so wisely and nobly begun."

"He needs four years at Harvard College," replied the professor.

"Well, sir, send him there as soon as you wish; I will defray all the expense."

The gentleman who made this proposal was a man of great wealth and benevolence, so the professor thanked him cordially for, and accepted the generous offer in the name of his pupil. Thus were the means secured which would give him a thorough course of education.

On the morning previous to the evening of the lecture, Josiah Carleton was jubilant with delight, and he timidly suggested the hope that Sophia would accompany him to the lecture. But that lady stoutly refused, saying that it was all she could do to attend to her own affairs, without galavanting off to hear a moon shiny lecture, delivered by a boy hardly out of his pinafores. Josiah said no more, but started at the appointed time alone.

It would be impossible to describe Uncle Joe's delight, as he witnessed the success and listened to the applause that greeted his boy. As he stepped upon the platform and took Nat by the hand, words failed him, and he silently pressed the little white hand in his own sun-burnt palm, while great round tears of gratitude filled his eyes. And not until he learned of the generous offer the gentleman had made to send Nat to Harvard, did he find his voice, when he expressed the great delight his affectionate heart felt. Afterwards as he was slowly driving homeward, he thought of the years that had passed since he drove over this same road with little Nat on that bright June morning; of the agony of soul he had felt at the prospect of sending the child to the poor house; of the strange dream which seemed to have changed the child's life as completely as if some fairy had touched him with her magic wand. It was winter now, and the world was enveloped in a robe of snow. The tall pines bent with their pure white burden, while shrub and twig seemed dressed in bridal robes. The moon bathed the whole in a silvery light, while the stars shone solemnly down.

Uncle Joe's soul was deeply moved by Nat's good fortune, and by a certain something which although undefined seemed to come to him through the peaceful beauty of God's great goodness to the children of men. He raised his eyes to heaven, and the moon and stars seemed to shine right into his very soul, giving strength and comfort to his overflowing heart. His face grew radiant with an unwonted beauty; his lips moved, and Josiah Carleton prayed, "O thou Divine and Infinite Father, I thank thee for the boon of life, and praise thee for the sweet gift of human love and sympathy."

My poor heart is too full for speech, and I refrain that thou canst look beneath all the disguises of words, and perceive better than I can tell, the deep thankfulness which pervades the soul. I thank thee that thou didst hear my prayer and answered it in behalf of my dear boy (Lucy's baby), and hast raised him up to a position of honor. Continue to bless him, I pray thee, and grant that his life may be one of great usefulness to the world, a blessing to himself, and all who may come within the sphere of his influence. Bless abundantly thy servant, the Professor, who acted so nobly the part of guardian and parent to the

child, and may thy choicest blessings be his. Bless thy unworthy servant, and grant, when this earthly life is o'er, that I may enter that better country where pain, sickness, sorrow and death never enter, but where peace and perfect bliss dwells evermore.

As the last words of his prayer were uttered Josiah Carleton felt a strange peace stealing over all his senses. His spiritual being seemed enlarged, and light, pure and holy, filled his soul.

It proved the glorious sunset to a sad and troubled life, for in a few days after this Uncle Joe laid aside the garments of frail mortality to be clothed with the pure spirit vestments, which his simple, trustful, earnest life had earned him.

Years passed away, and Nathaniel Barton graduated with high honors from Harvard, and accepted a professorship in another college of note. Some years after, when Prof. Howes was traveling in Europe, he entered a noted library, and while passing through the varied departments one day, thought he would see what had been contributed recently to the science of chemistry; and what was his surprise and pleasure to find that the latest additions had been made by Prof. Nathaniel Barton, his friend and former pupil, twelve entirely new and valuable combinations having been discovered by him. The Professor's heart was filled with pleasure at the bright laurels Nat was earning, and he rejoiced that he had been instrumental in saving so valuable a life from degradation, possibly from crime, and given it a chance to drink from the deep fountains of wisdom, becoming thereby a great benefactor to man, and honor to the race which he so nobly adorns.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Life.

BY GUSTAV P. HOWE.

Healing is one form of giving life. There are some so constituted that they make others stronger, and impart health to them by being near them. I do not mean the patent healers, but the real healers, who are your sweetest friends in home life or friendship; those who love you for yourself—your true sympathizers and sustainers. To talk of the origin of life is absurd, for nothing could have existed before life. It is only the manifestation of life that begins. There is life in the grass, and when the cow eats it, it goes to form another appearance of life. The cow is eaten by man, and there is still another appearance of life. Living involves dying; we die daily that we may live.

By doing generously for others, we get the capacity for enjoyment; but he who wastes his life in idleness or appetite or grossness does not gain power. We meet a man, feeble and weak, hardly able to walk, and you tell me he overworked has brought him to this condition. That man has sinned by destroying his own life. We see a tramp, filthy both in body and brain, a victim of licentiousness and lust, another one of God's creatures who has sinned away his life. In these cases, the man has sinned against himself, and in sinning against himself he sins against God.

On the other hand, here is an idiot. What is the cause? Brain starvation—lack of nutrition before birth. One of our hearers says, "My daughter can not endure as I can. I do not see why, when I have been so strong and healthy myself." Blind mothers, if you only knew something of the laws that govern your being, perhaps your child would not now be lacking that strength and vitality which you so much wish for her. Did you not know when you were carrying that child and working so hard at your daily duties, that you were depriving that little life of the vitality which should have belonged to it by right? Brutal and lazy father, do you know you are starving the unborn child by your indulgences? Look at the drunkard. In his sober moments, how he must honor the parent who has bequeathed to him such an inheritance. Still, drunkenness is often the result of habit, an overworked brain or body deprived of nerve force, craving stimulants to carry on the work, or to carry out some pet scheme, or complete some unfinished task; and from an occasional indulgence comes an absolute craving, and the brightest mind and most promising individual is a wreck before he is aware of it.

In these latter cases the man is sinned against—a life-long sufferer for the sins of his parents or grandparents—through ignorance; but thank God and the angels that through the instrumentality of Spiritualism, the world is daily growing wiser, and reaping the fruits of the knowledge of natural laws heretofore so little understood.

ONSET, February 18, 1888.

EVIDENCE OF PROGRESSIVE HUMANITY.

A writer in *Nature*, who says he has measured a great many Roman coffins, finds that the Romans could not have greatly exceeded five feet five inches. From the measurement of ancient armor it appears that the English aristocracy have decidedly increased in average height within five hundred years. The mummy of the celebrated Cleopatra measures about fifty-four inches, about the height of the present European girl of thirteen. The most ancient mummy of the Egyptian Kings yet discovered measured fifty-two inches.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

What is Self-Love?

BY A. P. MELCHERS.

Self-love is human intelligence acting negatively, or intelligence exercised for a sensual, arrogant or selfish effect—its opposite, or intelligence exercised for a positive effect, taking the form of perception or the penetration of causes; will power or mental force used in overcoming one's animalism; and love, or benevolence, charity, sympathy, generosity, and humanity generally.

Thus self-love may be regarded as everything that acts in opposition to the last named sensations, impulses or emotions, and constitutes a pleasing of self, or a pandering to one's tastes, needs and desires, without regard to nature's law, society custom (human rights), or consideration for others—the last named especially being the most diversified in form, and is generally placed under the caption of selfishness, although every sensation or feeling, impulse or emotion, not in accord with Divine Nature (God or love) is selfish in itself from the fact of its being unspiritual or not God-like—God being love by virtue of constituting a state of existence which constantly gives, imparts and bestows, and to be accord with this condition, man must do likewise, i. e., forget self in a measure.

Nature's demands are easily appeased, and to go beyond this by enhancing one's appetites or endeavoring to please the physical body for the sake of indulging the animal simply, is contrary to divine law and consequently unspiritual or sensual.

To swerve from society custom (human law) or encroaching upon the rights of others, is arrogant—arrogance being will power used for a negative or unspiritual effect, whether psychologizing, weaker minds into serving us, pandering to our whims, fancies or desires, imposing on them that which we would not like to have imposed upon ourselves, demanding from them impossibilities, or something not consistent with their principles, or, in fact, anything without due consideration for their feelings, qualifications or physical abilities. Humility, the opposite, is will power freed from arrogance, for true humility is a qualification which takes all the above in consideration, and is therefore an exercise of one's will or mental force for a positive effect. Its practice leads to positive will, or that soul impetus which rules unwillingly; which is enabled to control its material or sensual cravings, and therefore without need of foreign aid to still one's whims or desires; which does not require the assistance of others, because it is empowered to help itself; and which, in fact, constitutes the soul's individuality and makes it an independent, self-reliant, and potent or influential life entity. Arrogance has an opposite effect, for it is perverted will power, so to say, and in exercising one's will under these circumstances, it either swerves or aggravates instead; that it becalms or commands, and is thus met with disfavor or contempt, as the case may be—the latter when it meets its counterpart in others, as two evils of like nature is the cause of discord, as two virtues of like nature constitute harmony or friendship.

Love is an accordant vibration of a similarity of elements in general—positively and negatively, while hatred is a vibration of the negative forces exclusively under the above circumstances, and is generally caused by the self-love of two parties being mutually effected or influencing each other disagreeably. Extreme selfishness often leads to hatred, but in a more general sense and manifests itself as ill-humor, peevishness, fault-finding, sarcasm, malice and vindictiveness—the latter especially when accompanied by self-righteousness.

Self-righteousness is an offshoot from human pride or conceit, unaccompanied by reason or the control of one's negatively acting will power. Reason or deliberation brings this impetus to a halt, and by exercising the will for a positive effect under these circumstances, converts one's harshness into gentleness, and the development of sweet humility is the result.

As a fundamental force or principle inherent, this repeats itself unwittingly and leads to true will power finally, for it constitutes a virtue of the soul through which it is enabled to control its animal or material impulses, its false sense of dignity or pride—true pride becoming the resenting of unspiritual proposals of a sensual or selfish nature, i. e., upholding a dignified bearing against anything that is low or debasing to one's soul nature, and not to flare up because one's self-love is hurt. The latter only betrays a narrow mind or spiritual ignorance, and is often due to self-conceit, self-sufficiency or vanity as the underlying causes. Although not strictly evils in themselves, yet they may become such if allowed to govern one's reason or be accompanied by arrogance. As such they take the form of selfishness, for it is extremely selfish to impose one's opinions, self-respect or personal likings on others unsolicited, and is often done by persons who can not find a hearing amongst their equals, and thus seek out their inferiors to attain their selfish purposes—such, of course, through innocence or ignorance pandering to their unspiritual desires, and are made butts of at the expense of another.

Another form of selfishness is the lack of consideration for others in the self-indulgence of a task, thinking only how self

may be benefited in the event or end. This is in discord with Divine Nature or love, for the latter only gives, imparts and bestows for the benefit of others without taking self into consideration, and man's aim is to become one with God. To attain this end, he must become one like God, and not unfold a selfhood which is of an opposite nature. To become a unity with first causes, we must develop our soul nature to an extent that it is enabled to overcome material attraction, and by the practice of love only this can be accomplished—love being to reject the unspiritual or material, i. e., give to matter that which belongs to matter, impart to man the rights which are his own, and bestows upon all life that which it needs in the form of sympathy, kindness, benevolence, chastity and consideration or conscientiousness generally. Such is to give, impart and bestow in a human or mortal way, and requires no further effort than to exercise one's will power for a positive or divine effect. Love or positive will are analogous to Divine Law, and acts in unison or harmony with the same, and by practice leads to it in the absolute.

The struggle for existence, accompanied by purity, humility, and charity or benevolence, is being in relative accord with the same, and frees man from the disturbing and discordant influences of both matter and man, for being in harmony with Divine Nature lends him this protection. A calm or peaceful condition within, or a happy or joyous influence without betokens a rapport with the above, while a disturbed or restless condition within, or a despondent, depressed or uncongenial influence from without betokens a rapport with material nature or discordant mortal conditions—like attracting like. But feeling oppressed or discordant bespeaks of both, while feeling uplifted, bright, cheerful and calm within tells of a rapport with spirits in the positive condition, and those who, sensitive to their influences, may know of their presence by a sweet or hushed tranquility pervading the surrounding atmosphere, and thus commune without fear of deception or mockery—such being the reward for all who dwell exclusively in the positive, and temporarily or permanently freed from self-love, i. e., freed from sensuality, arrogance and selfishness at one and the same time or instance. To be cognizant of one or the other, a tendency to sigh, or to give vent to a momentary despair is experienced, and betokens a break in the harmony somewhere, and may be due to a temporary material activity conducted by over-indulging the physical appetites, agitation conducted by a negative impulse of the will, or sadness conducted by some little selfish act or uncharitable emotion—all of which are effects of self-love or superinduced by the same. Its opposite, love, a combination of physical purity, humility, and generosity or charity, has an opposite effect, and makes man intuitive and sanguine, prophetic and courageous, and withal, lends him a feeling of confidence or faith in a higher or superior guiding power, and on which he rests without fear or misgiving for the future, and thus remains buoyant or hopeful despite surrounding circumstances that may seem dark or unpropitious.

Such is dwelling in the light of spirituality or the sunshine of divine nature, and appears to the soul as if existing on the exterior of its physical body, instead of being immured in it. Self-love conduces the latter, and the more forms of the same that are active or in operation, the more the soul is buried in darkness or away from its exterior, positive will or love sending the soul's rays or influences beyond its material encasement, and vibrating with material nature, while a superior soul condition over all the functions, forces and feelings, or sensations, impulses and emotions of a material nature, brings the same in direct rapport with the spiritual nature, and enables it to enjoy all that a spirit in the positive condition is enabled to enjoy—including contentment, peace and happiness, and light, power and love of a positive nature—such being heaven and the opposite of that conducted by self-love.

A Faithful Worker.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

I notice in the GOLDEN GATE of February 4th, an article speaking of the good work being done by numbers of prominent Spiritualists in Odd Fellows' Hall, Los Angeles. This is all true, but by some oversight W. D., neglected to speak of our permanent speaker, Miss Susie Johnson. This lady commenced her talks last spring, upon her return from her labors at Victoria, B. C. She spoke in private houses, school houses, tents, green houses,—anywhere where could be gathered people desiring spiritual food. All was free as water. Her work was truly missionary, and only that a purse was made up for her by her appreciative listeners, her labors would have netted her nothing financially.

About three months ago, she commenced lecturing regularly each Sunday night at Odd Fellows' Hall, save when her place was occupied by some one referred to in W. D.'s article. We write this simply with a feeling that justice should be done to all, and knowing it must be an oversight in W. D., we take the liberty of supplying the omission, and ask you to please publish the same in your harmonizing paper. Respectfully,

ANNA ATWATER.

CLEARWATER, Cal., February 22, 1888.

GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1888.

EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

Blessed indeed is the one upon whose life has fallen the sweet baptism of love and light from the spirit world, infusing the soul with thoughts of love divine for all mankind, and drawing it nearer and nearer to the heart of Infinite Goodness.

Nature is a kind and gentle mother to all who live in harmony with her laws—who obey her mandates. To them she brings the sunshine of joy and gladness, in the bounding heart-beats of youth, in the eager energies and pursuits of middle life, and in the calm restfulness of old age,—and they find it good to live.

There is an old adage that "the good die young."—Because they are denied the time and opportunity to become bad! The real good are those who have struggled with life's temptations and have overcome them—who have conquered their own natures, and who live to bless others. That kind of "good" always "die old."

We are told that "God tempts the wind to the storm lamb;" that, provided the lamb be shorn in the right season. The truth is, Nature, of which wind and lamb are both parts, is as heartless as the avalanche. It kills or maims all who get in the way of her laws. She is kind only to those who have instinct enough, or sense enough to obey her laws.

There is something sublimely beautiful in a serene and happy old age. The struggles of life—the rasping cars of business—the work and worry of earlier years, now are past, and in sweet content the aged sire, or white souled matron, now patiently wait for the change that will unite them with their loved ones on the other shore. To the man or woman who has lived their best old age brings joy, and not sadness.

"Progress" is the watchword of the age. We are improving our methods and our machinery in all directions of life and industry. Why should our religious creeds be an exception to the rule? Shall we arrange vast systems of rapid communication throughout the world, circumvent the globe with electric wires, and climb to cerulean heights of grandeur in all that affects man's physical welfare, and still continue to carry our religious grist to mill with the corn in one end of the bag and a stone in the other?

Spiritualism not only brings us a positive knowledge of a future life, enabling us to hold happy communion with our loved ones on the other side, but it brings to the world a clearer and better conception of human life and duty. It shows up, in a clear, white light, the misconceptions of theology concerning a future life, and indicates the proper unfoldment of man's spiritual nature in this life in order to attain true happiness in the next Spiritualism and Calvinism! Light and darkness—Gabriel and Lucifer!

Carnot, the new and popular President of the French Republic, makes no secret of his belief in Spiritualism, but proclaims it on all suitable occasions. It doesn't seem to injure him in his business! On the other hand, the French people are delighted with him, and look forward with great expectations to the future of France under his administration. And yet, in this "land of the free," etc., we have seen Spiritualists, traveling by rail, roll under the head of their Spiritualist papers in order that their fellow passengers might not mistrust the nature of their reading.

Last week we allowed Mr. Evans space to vindicate himself against an unjust imputation of deception made by a spiritualistic journal which had formerly declared him, from personal experience, above suspicion. This week we give place to a little righteous indignation of Mr. Colville, in defense of himself, and also of certain unjust intimations made in the same journal against the management of the GOLDEN GATE. As for ourselves, we have been too long in the journalistic harness to be troubled with the unjust things that people may say of us. Judging from the hundreds of approving letters we have received, and our steadily increasing circulation, this course pleases our readers best, as it does us, and we intend to pursue it.

OUR APPROACHING CAMP-MEETING.

While the Directors of our State Meeting Association are not yet quite ready to give an exact program of the coming Camp-Meeting, enough is determined to enable us to infer that it can not be otherwise than a popular and brilliant success.

In the first place the meeting will be held in June, occupying the entire month. The place will be the same as last year, on the beautiful grounds on the East shore of Lake Merritt, in Oakland. The President will be Hon. I. C. Steele, of Pescadero; Vice-President, C. E. Elliott, of Oakland; Chairman, W. W. McKaig, of this city; Recording Secretary, Mrs. S. B. Whitehead; Corresponding Secretary, G. H. Hawes; Financial Secretary and Treasurer, S. B. Clark, also of this city,—together with such efficient committees as may be hereafter appointed.

Of the positive arrangements made for speakers and test mediums, the following may be accepted as conclusive: The accomplished and eloquent trance speaker, Mrs. Lillie, has been secured for the season. Her husband, who is a fine vocalist, will accompany her, and assist in the music. Mrs. Lillie has never visited this Coast. She comes especially to attend the meeting, and will return immediately at its close, in order to meet Eastern engagements. Mr. Emerson, the well-known platform test medium, now in the East, has also been engaged for the season. The exclusive services of that grandly inspired teacher, W. J. Colville, have been engaged for the season, to deliver ten lectures, more or less, as he may be needed. He will occupy the main tent during the morning hours of alternate week days with a class in Spiritual Science. Mr. J. J. Morse has also been engaged upon the same terms. Our best local mediums have also consented to assist as they may be wanted.

So it will be seen that there will be no lack of good speakers and good mediums to interest the public. It will surely be a month of spiritual and intellectual delights.

Now we would urge our friends everywhere—especially the Spiritualists of California—to come and enjoy this season of rest and refreshment. It will constitute a delightful change in the monotony of country life. It will cost them comparatively little. The camp will be located in convenient nearness to San Francisco, with its grand parks, gardens, seal rocks, etc. Here, too, they will have an opportunity to witness all the best phases of mediumship—independent slate-writing, the psychic form, independent painting in oil of life-size spirit busts, the trance and test phases, etc.

Come prepared to stay the entire month. Bring loving thoughts and a gentle spirit of good will with you, and you will go home with a full measure of blessings.

NOBLE WORDS.

We believe that it was that great educator, Horace Mann, who uttered these words: "Be 'ashamed to die till you have won some victory 'for humanity.' This is a motto for every soul, and more, we should be ashamed to live without doing something to ameliorate the sufferings of humanity, something which shall lift it to higher levels.

Reader, what are you doing to win a victory for humanity? We are too apt to wrap ourselves up in our own affairs to seriously think whether we are doing our whole duty to the world in which we live and move or not. Think not that this little life of matter, but a speck of the eternal life, was intended to be absorbed in selfish pursuits for worldly gain. No, indeed; there are higher and holier duties devolving upon each and every one of us, which, if neglected, shall make painful travail for the soul after it has relinquished its hold on material life.

As Spiritualists what are we doing? Are we doing all we can to bless the great struggling masses with the truths of a philosophy, which, if properly pressed forward, would re-form and re-make the entire world of thought on the civilized globe in a quarter of a century. Truths so sublimely beautiful, so grandly philosophical that no man can enter into the spirit of them and not be made better and purer thereby. We would ask, especially of the Spiritualist whose feet are treading the downward slope, whose feeble steps are nearing the shore of the outgoing tide, What have you done to aid in the greatest of great victories for the human race—to place surer and higher the spotless banner of Spiritualism?

To all lovers of our cause we say, in the words of Horace Mann, "Be ashamed to die" till you have added your mite to this victory for humanity.

SCOTTISH HALL.—Mrs. Agnes Evans, the platform test medium, gave another public seance at Scottish Hall, Larkin street (opposite City Hall), on Sunday evening last, to a large and attentive audience. Her tests, of which she gave about seventy (the speaker occupying the platform for an hour and a quarter), were of a very convincing character. They demonstrate beyond reasonable question the ability of her guides to overcome the unfavorable conditions, the

skepticism and inharmonious of a promiscuous audience, and to establish positive inter-communication between the two worlds. The genuine test is of the first importance with all intelligent investigators. The manner of presenting it is a secondary matter. In this Mrs. Evans will improve with experience. She has a very pleasing stage presence, is young and ambitious to excel in the work to which she has been called. She will hold another seance at the same place on Sunday next. Admission, ten cents.

A GRAND REFORMER.

That grand soul, Pere Hyacinth, and his celebrated wife, are doing a noble work toward the spiritual enfranchisement of all religions. Says a correspondent in the *Christian Register*, who listened to the eloquent priest recently in his plain little church on the Rue d'Aras, Paris, "The sermon was a plea for perfect liberty of thought, for the establishment of a national 'church system which should include both Catholics and Protestants.' The writer further says that 'with prophetic eye the bold preacher 'already discerns the faith of the future.'"

The speaker is described as being eloquent in the extreme, and the sentiments expressed were made thrilling by the magnetism of a rich voice and a noble presence. The audience was carried to a high pitch of enthusiasm, and at some points in the discourse perfect storms of applause burst forth, especially when he spoke in glowing terms of the new President, M. Sadi Carnot, whereof he expressed great hope that the new dispensation would be instrumental in bringing about the speedy reign of religious liberty which will allow every soul the divine right of approaching the All-Father in its own way without let or hindrance.

Surely, the times are vastly changed from what they once were—when from a Catholic pulpit an avowed Spiritualist is so magnanimously referred to. Truly, the spiritual light, which is flooding this planet at the present time, is reaching the very hearts of intolerance and antagonism, and is stirring it to the very heart. In the meantime, let all true Spiritualists learn how best "to labor and to wait."

W. J. COLVILLE IN LOS ANGELES.

W. J. Colville will lecture in Odd Fellows' Hall Sundays, March 4th, 11th, 18th and 25th, and April 1st, at 2:30 and 8:30 P. M. Admission, ten cents. Subjects for Sunday, March 4th, at 2:30 P. M., "What is Spiritual Science, and what are its practical benefits to humanity?" 7:30 P. M., "The True Relations of Modern Spiritualism to the Great Reforms of the Age." Classes in Spiritual Science will be held Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8 P. M., for four weeks, commencing March 5th; also Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 2:30 P. M., for four weeks, commencing March 6th. Terms, \$2.50 for either full course of twelve lessons. At each session a lecture will be delivered, followed by answers to written or verbal questions from the students. Single admissions will be granted on all occasions at twenty-five cents. Arrangements are being made for W. J. Colville to lecture in Pasadena, also at Long Beach, during his sojourn in Los Angeles. All business matters will be in the hands of Chas. H. Heath, who will be in attendance daily to give treatments in harmony with the system expounded in the classes. Letters for W. J. Colville and Chas. H. Heath should be addressed, during March, Post Office Los Angeles.

N. B.—GOLDEN GATE always on sale, and subscriptions taken at any meeting.

THE DIFFERENCE.

In India there is a burning well that has sent forth its illuminations so far back into the ages that its beginning is unknown. Rev. Ewing, just returned from that country, says that since studying the gas wells of Western Pennsylvania, he is convinced that in India is of precisely the same nature, and not a burning mountain, as it is believed by the natives. The India phenomenon is an object of worship, throngs of people making long pilgrimages to offer their devotions. This illustrates the main difference between so-called heathen and civilized peoples—one worship creation, the other the supposed Creator.

The Hindoo pays his devotions to the burning gas; civilized man offers his to the wealth it produces. Other heathens give praise and adoration to the beauties and glories of the natural world, while their more enlightened brothers shut themselves up in costly edifices calling aloud upon that God, whose spirit, we imagine, is to be found only among his works. Little wonder they call so loudly! The simple, untutored mind sees in all nature marvels and wonders that are as awful in their spells upon his senses as the distant, countless worlds and suns that meet the gaze of the astronomer in his nightly searching of the illimitable heavens. One is ignorant, the other wise, but both stand on that plane of incomprehensibility that make both simple.

OFF FOR THE SOUTH.—That grand spiritual teacher, W. J. Colville, gave his farewell discourse at Irving Hall, on Sunday evening last, and later left for Los Angeles, where he speaks to-morrow, and commences a short season of spiritual work. He will remain in Los Angeles a month, then go to San Diego for a like period, then return to Los Angeles for another month's work, which will bring him to the State Camp-Meeting, for which he has been engaged. As a teacher of higher Spiritualism—a Spiritualism divorced from the crudities and imperfections of undeveloped human nature, he is thought by many to outrank any speaker that has ever visited this Coast, unless, perhaps, it be Emma Hardinge-Britten and Cora Richmond. But there are all classes of people to please, hence each speaker has his special work, and all are needed in this wide and varied field of usefulness. We commend Mr. Colville to all who may read these lines. Hear him and he will do you good.

FAREWELL LECTURES.

On Sunday last, Feb. 26th, W. J. Colville delivered two excellent and effective inspirational discourses in Irving Hall, Post street. The subject of the morning lecture was "True Apostolic Succession," in the evening the topic was "The Future of Spiritualism in California." This lecture was pronounced a peculiarly happy effort, and as it has been reported for our columns in extenso, we will attempt no abstract.

The music at both services was particularly fine; the gem of the evening was a charming duet between Mmes. Bishop and Mrs. McCarty; a trio, in which Mrs. Charles H. Heath sustained the tenor role, was also a most agreeable feature. Prof. Eckman presided at the organ with much ability.

The floral display on the platform was chaste and beautiful, many friends having contributed choice garden and house-hold blossoms. The attendance was very large and highly appreciative, and the collections extremely liberal.

In the afternoon, at 3 o'clock, W. J. Colville delivered an eloquent address on "The Practical Application of Spiritual Science to Everyday Life," in Hamilton Hall, Oakland, where the music, decorations, attendance, and offerings were all in keeping with those in San Francisco.

On Monday, Feb. 27th, W. J. Colville spoke to crowded houses in Odd Fellows' Hall, Park street, Alameda, in the afternoon, and at the College, Odd Fellows' Building, Market street, San Francisco, in the evening. The utmost harmony and good feeling prevailed at both places. The only thing of disappointment was that the meetings were of a farewell character.

On Tuesday, Feb. 28th, the positively farewell gatherings were held at the College. At 10:30 A. M. a numerous company of friends assembled for social and intellectual enjoyment. Numerous questions were asked and answered by W. J. Colville under influence of his inspirations. These questions covered a wide range, embracing, as they did, many problems in science, religion and philosophy. Something less than two hours was profitably and agreeably spent in this manner.

At 2:30 P. M. the exercises were of a somewhat more elaborate character, and proved intensely interesting to the very large company who participated in them. W. J. Colville opened the exercises with a fine vocal solo, accompanied on the grand piano, just purchased for the College by W. J. Colville, with kind assistance from many friends, by Prof. Eckman.

Next in order came the farewell lecture to the students and friends, which was delivered in the lecturer's best and most effective style; then came kind remarks from Hon. Amos Adams, Mrs. Sara Harris, Mr. Palisier Jones, Mrs. Harriet Stowell, and other friends. Accompanying their kind and eulogistic addresses was the presentation to W. J. Colville of several handsome and appropriate mementoes of abiding friendship. A handsome wall calendar for 1888, sent by Prof. Van Deraell, came in for perhaps the largest share of hilarious appreciation. A monetary offering of fifty-three dollars completed within fifteen dollars the purchase of the piano, which is W. J. Colville's private property, though for use of the Metaphysical College both during his sojourn in and absence from the city. A handsome umbrella and other serviceable gifts from Oakland had been presented previously, for all of which, and innumerable kindnesses impossible to mention, W. J. Colville desires, through our columns, to publicly offer most sincere and grateful thanks. Fraternally, as well as spiritually, the meetings have been a pronounced success; not a cent of debt remains anywhere; all obligations have been promptly met, and the speaker has received a just remuneration for his services.

W. J. Colville and Chas. H. Heath left for Los Angeles Wednesday at 2 P. M. by steamer "Queen of Pacific." Many friends saw them depart from Broadway wharf.

It is confidently expected that after a three months' sojourn, for accomplishment of work in Southern California, W. J. Colville will return to this city to speak at the Oakland Camp-Meeting in June, on his way East to Chicago.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—A letter from W. J. Colville, too late for insertion this week, may be expected next.

—An able article from the masterly pen of our Napa correspondent, Capt. E., on the subject of re-embodiment, will appear in our next.

—Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper is announced to speak at the International Council of Women in Washington on March 26th. The subject of her address will be "Kindergarten."

—A friend of the writer says that alumna, moistened and rubbed upon the annoying rash caused by poison oak, is a sure and certain cure therefor. She has tried it and knows.

—Mrs. Elsie Reynolds will hold materializing seances on Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday evenings, and on Wednesday at 2 P. M. Arrangements can be made for private sittings, 1330 Howard street.

—A meeting of the Board of Trustees of the "Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company" will be held at the office of said Company, No. 734 Montgomery street, on Saturday next, March 12th, at 2 o'clock P. M.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wilson of Santa Maria have been visiting friends in this city during the past fortnight. They are both in excellent health and spirits. Mr. Wilson still holds the Presidency of the Board of Trustees of that Society.

—The beautiful spirit of Mrs. J. Preston Moore took its departure from its earthly tenement, on Friday of last week, in Oakland. Mrs. Moore was first and foremost in every good work looking to the uplifting of humanity. Large hearted and charitable, and possessed of ample means, she never tired in helping others, and thereby adding to the rich treasures of spirit she bore with her to the land of eternal verities.

—Mr. and Mrs. George Chainey were given a generous and delightful reception, upon their return from Australia, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Cramer, on Seventeenth street, in this city.

—John Slater appeared before a large and deeply interested audience, at the Avon Theater in Stockton, on Sunday evening last. We are informed that the people are very anxious to have him visit that city again.

—St. Nicholas for March is a charming number—chock full of the most interesting matter for the youth of all English speaking lands. The fame of this splendid magazine is world-wide, and its influence for good steadily increasing.

—Dr. and Mrs. Stansbury are in Los Angeles, located at 133 West First street, where they will remain until March 15th; from thence they go to San Diego, stopping a few days in San Bernardino and Santa Ana. They will leave for Denver the first week in April.

—The attention of the sick and afflicted is especially called to the advertisement on our fifth page of Mrs. Sadie Gorie, Manager Pacific Coast Metaphysical Company, No. 6 Turk street. Mrs. Gorie is a wonderful example of metaphysical healing, having been raised almost from the grave by this power.

—A good lady, writing from Carpinteria, to renew her own subscription, and also to enclose a subscription for a new subscriber, says: "I like the GOLDEN GATE very much, and know 'its kindly teachings have made me a better woman. Wish I could send you a dozen 'names instead of this one.'"

—Mrs. J. J. Whitney, whose wonderful success in Santa Barbara is elsewhere alluded to by a correspondent, has gone to Los Angeles, where she will remain about two weeks, and then go to San Bernardino; thence to San Diego; thence to Denver, Kansas City, etc. She is astonishing the multitudes wherever she goes.

—Dr. Albert Morton, who is "at home" in whatever he undertakes, although not strictly speaking a mental healer, nevertheless is a "dead shot" for many ailments by means quite as harmless, and perhaps more potent. His list of remedies, in certain cases, may be seen on our fifth page, to which we call the attention of the afflicted.

—Mrs. J. J. Whitney, who is meeting with such grand success wherever she goes, intends to close up her Southern work in time to reach the first of the great Eastern camp-meetings. Before those large gatherings she will have no superior as a platform test medium, and there, as here, she will reflect credit on the cause so dear to her heart.

—Mrs. Ada Foye returned from Chicago last week, fully satisfied that the execrable winter climate of that country is such an implacable foe to her health that she will have nothing more to do with it. She gave a public test seance at Washington Hall on Sunday evening last, and the house, as usual at her seances, was packed with an interested and delighted audience.

—We had a pleasant call, on Wednesday from Mrs. Huston, the materializing medium. She intends to remain in the city but a short time; but while she remains she will hold a few seances. She can only give two or possibly three seances per week, with circles of not more than twenty persons. Her terms are one dollar. She is stopping at Mrs. Miller's, 114 Turk street.

—At Washington Hall last Sunday afternoon, Dr. W. W. McKaig lectured for the Society of Progressive Spiritualists on the subject, "Paradise Lost." Mr. P. C. Tomson, Mrs. H. C. Wilson, and others, followed with interesting remarks on the same subject. H. C. Wilson presided. He will also be present and preside on Sunday next, before returning to his new home in Tulsa.

—Dr. S. N. Aspinwall, of Minneapolis, who spent the Winter here two years ago, and then returned East, arrived in Southern California last Fall, where he has been sojourning until the past week, when he again illumined our office with the light of his honest face. He is business manager for Mrs. B. Huston, a medium for the psychic form manifestation. It is their intention to give a few seances in this city, the first they have given in this State.

—John Slater, to whose wonderful powers as a platform test medium we have frequently referred, is meeting with remarkable success as a developing medium. At his developing circle in Odd Fellows' Building, on Tuesday evening last, there were not less than one hundred and eighty persons present; and at one time during the evening there were fully fifteen persons under spirit control. It is simply astounding, how the power of the spirit world is making itself manifest in this city.

—Miss M. J. Barnett, author of "Practical Metaphysics," has now in press another work entitled "Health for Teachers." All who are familiar with Miss Barnett's line of thought and her clear, concise manner of expressing her ideas will heartily welcome her new book, knowing the real practical helpfulness it will carry to its readers. Miss Barnett is a lady of large culture, gleaned from her close acquaintance with cultivated minds of both continents. We shall look forward with interest for the advent of "Health for Teachers."

—Our Prize Essay, No. 3, published in last week's GOLDEN GATE, was inadvertently credited to E. G. Anderson of this city. The real author was advised of the mistake as soon as he was discovered, and the premium sent to him. He writes a factious letter in which he begs us to urge Mr. Anderson to father the essay, and let the matter stand as it is; but in case he refuses, then to withhold his name (the author's) name from the world. Mr. Anderson positively declines to do this. "Either the truth," and recommends that we send it to the founding hospital! He says he "has quite enough of his own sins to answer for." What shall we do with it?

SA 00000000

Re-incarnation—Fact or Not?

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER.

The subject of re-incarnation is beginning to occupy a daily increasing space in spiritualistic literature. I have failed to open a paper devoted to Spiritualism of late, without finding some reference to the doctrine in some part of the paper. The editors, as a rule, decline to take sides in the controversy; or, if they say anything, are apt to condemn re-incarnation in unqualified terms, as far as their opinion goes.

In all these controversies, however, I have seen no open reference to the most remarkable work on re-incarnation that has yet been produced, or to the teachings of an order of which the GOLDEN GATE is the official organ, in which the fact of re-incarnation and the duality of souls form the solid basis, on which is raised the whole fabric.

I refer, of course, to the Sun Angel Order of Light, about which, before joining it, I heard much of speculation, more nonsensical stories, than about any other division of Spiritualism, except, perhaps, Theosophy or Esoteric Buddhism.

Since my entrance into the order, some time since, various very well meaning friends, stout "anti-reincarnationists," have been sending me all the literature they could get hold of, tending to throw ridicule on the doctrine. Thus it has happened that I have probably read more *against* re-incarnation than in its favor, with the curious result that, the more I see, the stronger becomes my belief that re-incarnation, at all events as taught by the S. A. O. L., *must* be true, or stronger arguments could be brought against it. Furthermore, in all I have yet seen, intended to "extinguish" the doctrine, I have never yet failed to find arguments equally conclusive against Spiritualism itself, if the premises be assumed; and in all cases that I have yet struck, the attitude of the opponents of re-incarnation is precisely that of the ordinary bigoted religious skeptic against the main facts of spiritualistic phenomena, no matter what they be.

To illustrate what I mean, let me refer to two publications, as far apart as San Francisco and Dover, Mass., both of which were sent to me recently, on purpose to "show up" exposure, nullify, and annihilate the doctrine of re-incarnation in my mind, as far as it could be done. One was *Light on the Way*, with an article on "Re-incarnation," by Emma Miner; the other was the *Carrier Dove* of your Pacific Slope, for January 21st, with an elaborate article by Wm. Emmette Coleman, entitled "Re-incarnation; its inconsistencies and its shadows," which were well written; both appeared in journals exceptionally good in editorial control; and yet both failed to make out any sort of a case for the side on which they were written, resting entirely on dogmatic assumptions, *a priori* reasoning, or that most common of all logical fallacies, "begging the question."

The lady's article is short, and rests entirely on this assertion: "To believe that a spirit who has passed through an earthly existence and transition must, or would return to earth for the purpose of re-incarnation or progression, would imply that infinite wisdom could commit an error. Whatever may be the moral or intellectual deficiencies in our earthly experiences, nature will never retrace her steps to perfect them."

This article, though signed, is placed on the editorial page of *Light on the Way*, and presumably reflects the opinion of the editor. But what does it amount to but the same that every Spiritualist has heard hundreds of times about spirit communication?

Admitting all that the advocate assumes as granted, it rests on an assumption of something which the lady, in this instance, calls "infinite wisdom," which she arbitrarily brands as incapable of "error." It is the familiar Bible argument against evolution, and every other doctrine that is evolved from observed facts. All it proves is a mistaken notion, on the part of the objector, as to what constitutes "infinite wisdom," which defies definition or limitation.

The second article, by Mr. Coleman, is a very different affair. Here, in the East, I don't happen ever to have seen his name before; but the hand of the ready writer is apparent in every sentence; while the skill of a born jury lawyer, a master of invective, sarcasm and ridicule, is shown in every one of his twelve columns with which Mr. Coleman advances his dearest foe.

He puts at the head of his article the following terms, among others: "Superior spirits never contradict themselves."—*Alsan Kardex*. "The light of the harmonious philosophy proves the conceit of re-incarnation to be a mere figment of slipshod ignorance."—*J. B. Loomis*.

It will be observed that these texts are simply dogmatic assertions by individuals. The object in quoting the first is to show that, since in other parts of his works he allows contradictory or conflicting testimony from spirits supposed to be superior, the doctrine of re-incarnation which he preached is untenable. The rest of the twelve columns are therefore devoted to raking up every real or apparent contradiction or inconsistency to be found in the books of each, and every one who ever advocated re-incarnation, and concluding that, because people on earth

differ in opinion on the minutiae of re-incarnation, therefore the dogmatic assertion of Mr. Loomis to mention J. B. Morse—must be taken as a good Catholic takes the *ex cathedra* utterances of the pope for the voice of God, infallible and not to be disputed.

His first column is devoted to a statement by himself that the doctrines taught by Allan Kardec, Mrs. Richmond, Roustaing, Mrs. Conant, Anna Blackwell, Mr. Colville, Miss Sheehar, Almira Kidd, Blavatsky, Sinner, C. G. Oystan, T. L. Harris, Damiani, Countess Calitnes, Baroness von Tey, Guy Brian and James Smith differ from each other. He talks of "contradictions the most glaring, inconsistencies the most palpable," as "confronting the inquirer on every side."

Inasmuch as Mr. Coleman merely quotes as much as pleases him from the works of all these people, and especially avoids hitting Colville by name, referring to him only by innuendo, as "the doughty champion of theosophy, re-incarnation and metaphysics," most misleading the San Francisco public, as it never seems to have occurred to him that all this labor of his, in the twelve columns, might have been saved to himself, with advantage, spiritual and mental. To those already converts to J. J. Morse (who seems to be Mr. Coleman's Mohammed) the four columns were useless; while to re-incarnationists, who have accepted their opinions on evidence, they are an impertinence.

If the name of Coleman seems what difference does it make if all the media and speakers in America differ in opinion as to whether a spirit re-incarnates twice, five times, eight hundred times, or one planet or fifty, in this solar system or one in the neighborhood of Sirius? Who cares what they say? Who cares what their opinion may be? If they differ in opinion, as astronomers and physicists do to-day, as to the exact composition of the sun's envelope, as shown by the spectroscopic, does it alter the fact that the sun shines, and is the center of light and heat to our system?

The whole question of re-incarnation is one of evidence, solely; and the experience of a single spirit, who remembers his or her former incarnations, and is prepared to recite the same, is worth all the writings of every philosopher or medium on the earth, who ever formulated an opinion on the subject, one way or the other.

Mr. Coleman and Mr. J. J. Morse, whom he quotes, might as well accept the fact that the doctrine of re-incarnation has come to stay, and can not be driven out any more than the facts of materialization. All the abuse they can hurl on to the platform has no effect on the people who know it to be a fact any more than the pulpit denunciations of Spiritualism frighten those who have met their spirit friends and relatives. They are wasting their powder in trying to accomplish a logical impossibility—prove a negative.

The last text placed by Mr. Coleman at the head of his twelve columns supplies an answer to all the waste labor of the sermon. It is as follows:—

"Can the history of the world supply us with a single instance of a human spirit having been re-incarnated? One overwhelming fact would do more to establish the doctrine than a whole library of discourses. A theory which can not bring a single fact to its support, and which can offer no testimonials in its favor except the assertions of a number of spirits whose credentials are the most shadowy and suspicious character."—J. NEWTON CROSSLAND.

The triumphant parading of this quotation implies that the quote challenges an answer as to the fact; but discredits beforehand a decision against him by declarations that any spirit who comes forward to answer it is of a "shadowy and suspicious character."

The answer to the challenge has been before the world, through the columns of the GOLDEN GATE, for more than a year past. Hundreds of instances of re-incarnating human spirits exist. Not one, but many hundreds of overwhelming facts at the service of the investigator, if he chooses to inquire into them in the same spirit as that with which he must have approached Spiritualism, if he ever got any satisfaction out of it. A single instance of "Eona's Legacy to the World," contains all the direct evidence that Mr. Coleman could ask; and if he chooses to discredit it in advance by declaring it "shadowy and suspicious," he only does what the ordinary orthodox believer does about the whole phenomena of Spiritualism. He does not hurt re-incarnation any more than the pulpit hurts Spiritualism. He plays stands in his own light, and excites the pity mingled with a slight sense of amused annoyance at his obstinate blindness, of those who know that re-incarnation is a fact.

Mr. Coleman closes his great effort with the following paragraph, which is worth quoting as a specimen of standard pulpit eloquence against Spiritualism in general. It might have been written by a good old-fashioned Methodist "hell preacher." He says:

"The foregoing are only a few specimens of the wealth of contradiction, and of the hopeless and perplexing chaos of thought, contained in the writings and teachings of the foremost re-incarnationists of the world, through upon whom we are dependent for all the light that the world possesses upon the subject. The specimens I have submitted above will suffice to demonstrate the utter untrustworthiness and worthlessness of the whole mass of nauseating rubbish and sophistical balderdash which has been fastened on rational Spiritualism by Allan Kardec and his deluded and designing confederates, American, English, and Continental. (Italics are mine.)"

And all this was written in San Francisco, where the GOLDEN GATE is published, and where the teachings of the S. A. O. L. are printed from week to week, to none of which, or to the actual experiences of Eon and Eona, does the rabid opponent of re-incarnation pay the slightest heed, any more than the old-fashioned Methodist pays attention to the authenticated phenomena of Spiritualism in general. Let Bro. Coleman control his disposition to throw bad language around him at people whose tenets he dislikes. Such language is out of place in a Spiritualist paper. Thought is free. If Mr. Coleman knows nothing of Eona's book, he knows very little about re-incarnation. An ounce of fact is worth a ton of theory; and Eona tells her own story for herself of what she remembers of former incarnations, and where she is now.

Mother Saidie and the guides of the Order are no myths, "shadowy and suspicious;" but spirits who materialize just as freely as any others who come to cabinets. Their teachings are patent to all the world, and do not rest on the opinion of any individual medium. They come as a cloud of witnesses, who, having reached higher spheres after successive incarnations, testify to that which they know. If the guides of J. J. Morse, and others who, on the platform, make it a practice to abuse the doctrine of re-incarnation, do not believe it, they simply prove that they belong to the lower spheres, and have not incarnated more than once can not believe it possible any one else ever did so.

They are wasting their breath, which they will need it in future incarnations, if ever they hope to rise above the earth sphere, and its immediate surroundings.

As a humble member of that Order, whose earth children know that re-incarnation is a fact, I accept the challenge which Mr. Coleman and the guides of J. J. Morse have so boldly proclaimed. Failing a wiser and better champion, I remain, yours in the truth,

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"Of course I did, but—" "And it is no longer a theory. Circumnavigators have established the fact." "I know; but what I meant was that I would do anything to win you. Alh, Minerva, if you knew the aching void—" "There is no such thing as a void, James. Nature abhors a vacuum, admitting that there could be such a thing, how could the void you speak of be a void if there was an ache in it?"

"Well, at all events," exclaimed the young man, "I've got a pretty fair balance in the savings bank, and I want you to be my—my wife. There!"

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