



GOLDEN GATE

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

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

So to be, is the sole inlet of so to know.—Emerson.

Nothing can give you peace but yourself.—Emerson.

It is every one's duty to make life cheerful and bright.

The wise man does not search for the truth; he listens for it.—Emerson.

It is our privilege, given of the birthright of God, and our homes should be perfect types of the heaven of soul.

Dare to change your mind, confess your error, and alter your conduct, when you are convinced you are wrong.

Who can doubt that the very highest state to which a human spirit can attain in its loftiest aspirations, is its truest and most natural state.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best. And he whose heart beats the quickest lives the longest; Lives in one hour more than in years do some Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along the veins. Life is but a means unto an end; that end, Beginning, mean an end to all things—good. The dead have all the glory of the world.—Philip James Bailey.

Until the Greek philosophy taught the world how to use abstract notions, immaterialism was not an attainable phase of thought.—Prof. Bain.

Only catch real earnest hold of life, and not defer one part of it for the sake of another, then each part of life will do for us what was intended.—Hawthorne.

The bent of our minds is ever varying; certain impressions are experienced when the sky is overcast, and certain others when the atmosphere is pure and serene.

President Harrison insisted upon paying the fare of his wife and party from Washington to Cape May. He said that the Inter-State Commerce law made this necessary.

Every good act is charity; removing stones and thorns from the road is charity; putting a wanderer in the right way is charity; and so is smiling in your brother's face charity.

Every attempt to make others happy, every sin left behind, every temptation under foot, every step forward in the cause of what is good, is a step nearer to Heaven.—Dean Stanley.

Far away there in the sunshine are my highest aspirations. I can not reach them, but I can look up and see their beauty, believe in them, and try to follow where they lead.—Louise M. Alcott.

We should make it a part of the business of life to have our surroundings such as keep us Godward. Burdens and hardships are thus lightened, and we gladly bear them in an atmosphere of love, as the people on shipboard keep cheerful in a storm when they, the captain, and crew are in harmony.

(Written Especially for the GOLDEN GATE.)

Onesimus Toole; OR, FROM SHADOW TO SUNSHINE. A Psychological Romance by W. J. Colville.

CHAPTER XVI. THE POWER THAT MAKETH WHOLE.

The dying stars proclaim the sun
That weaker eyes could not behold,
And lower lights had not foretold:
Then die upon a bed of gold,
Because the grander light is born!
The highland rills that seaward glide
May vanish in the mountain side,
And, sinking through the voiceless earth,
Within the cold, dark caves abide;
But naught can stay their "second birth,"
Or dim their resurrection morn:
Sometime, somewhere, in stronger tide,
And warmer light and broader sweep,
They rush to swell the distant deep,
That turns its awful palms to heaven,
That girdles with its mighty bands
All kingdoms, empires, realms, and lands,—
Within whose all-embracing rim
The fleets of Nations sink or swim
Like fire-flies in the mist of even,
And on whose all-receiving breast
The Ages lay their dead to rest.

You can not blind my inner sight:
I see the dawn behind the night;
Beyond the dawn I see the day;
And through the day I see the Truth
Arising in immortal youth!
The sunbeams on her forehead play;
The lilies in her tresses twine;
The Peace of God dwells in her face
And rolls the clouds of war away;
Around her feet the roses grow;
Her tender bosoms swell and flow
With healing for the stricken race,
And in her eyes seraphic shine
Faith, Hope, and Love, and every grace!—
The Old recedes, the New descends!
Earth clasps the hand that Heaven extends—
The Lion and the Lamb are friends!
—James G. Clark.

Mrs. Kittenscomb called on the Montmarts the same evening in company with the Baroness and Alicia, and was literally dazzled with the quiet splendor of their mode of life; having seen a great deal of the *nouveaux riches*, both English and American, of whom not a few spend a good deal of time in Paris, it was a new revelation to her to find persons of the highest and truest culture surrounded with all the brilliant accessories of wealth, and above all was she delighted with the utter absence of all "superior airs" among these truly superior people. Dinner was just over, and the whole party then domiciled at "The Palms" was in the library, to which elegant and luxurious apartment the new arrivals were at once conducted.

Professor Montmartre looked courteously in his own style of evening dress, which was purely oriental in design, and suggested such perfect ease and comfort for the whole body that the fobs who consider no man a gentleman unless he makes himself a fright before he sits down to dinner, actually wished they had the independence of character to set decent fashions instead of following idiotic ones, set by know one knows who. Heloise, always lovely, never looked more of an enchantress than when simply attired in a plain white muslin dress with forget-me-nots at her throat and in her hair; her age was a topic of dispute among all the gossips; sometimes she looked less than twenty, at other times she appeared so mature and displayed such wisdom that superstitious persons were wont to declare that her father was a wizard who had lived through centuries, and his daughter a woman of extreme age, whose youth had been miraculously preserved by means of the fabled *elixir vitae* of the alchemists. Such conjectures were, however, rumors without the slightest foundation save to this extent, that the Professor at sixty was more youthful and vigorous than any young man of his acquaintance, in every respect, while Heloise, though a very young woman in years, was indeed wiser than gray-haired sages, and possessed of such exuberant vitality and marvelous recuperative ability that a strain upon her strength, which would have prostrated any ordinary young woman (even the strongest) had scarce by a moment's effect on her most extraordinary but thoroughly natural temperament.

Physiologists and others talk a great deal

of nerves, bilious and sanguine temperaments, but completely ignore the electric, and thus utterly fail to account for the marvelous powers of endurance and recuperation displayed by many persons of fragile frames; not understanding human electricity, they can assign no adequate reason for the presence of the spleen in the human anatomy, nor can they declare its functions with any degree of definiteness. In this respect, as in many others, popular tradition is ahead of schooled ignorance, and thus we have such words as *spleeny* and *splenish* in our common vernacular, and these words are rightly applied too, by the most illiterate persons, for whenever people are constantly losing their temper or moderating force, and find difficulty in returning to an equilibrated condition, it is on account of electrical disturbance in the system. These electric storms in the human organism are invariably brought about by some mental discord; thus persons who practice "mind cure" are generally right in their premises, but often faulty in their methods and unsuccessful in their attempts, owing to their ignorance of the means whereby electrical disturbances can be overcome and prevented for the future.

Mrs. Kittenscomb had "seen trouble," her affections were quickly aroused and easily wounded; she had loved her husband, and he had been very good to her according to his light, but he never fully met the intense demands of her acutely sensitive nature, which demanded understanding and responsive love. Mr. Kittenscomb loved his wife, but he did not fathom the depths of her nature; he was a kind, liberal-minded man, but lacked in penetration as well as in executive ability. Since his passing away, his widow had been left to the care of Miss Priscilla Newmanhoff, who was of Anglo-German parentage, and though very religious, by no means a comprehensive or comprehending woman; she understood neither Mrs. Kittenscomb nor Alicia; she was an efficient governess and a faithful companion, if one needs nothing beyond a mechanically accurate discharge of perfunctory duties in a perfunctory manner, but in her hands the two gentle, loving creatures who stood in need of what she could neither afford nor appreciate, fared badly indeed. Professor de Montmartre had not talked with his visitor two minutes before he knew exactly what ailed her, and told her plainly before all his guests that all she needed was a complete change of environment during her convalescence, which would be rapid if the necessary conditions were complied with.

"Make Miss Newmanhoff a handsome allowance and send her to visit her relatives in England or Germany, as she may prefer, and spend three weeks with us; we shall be delighted to have you and Alicia under our roof, but the governess-companion is better off elsewhere; we have no sympathies in common; you and your daughter are in our circle; did I not discover this by intuition I should not offer to take your case and conduct it to a successful issue; we shall never see justice done to the ailing until physicians acknowledge the law of adaptability; bunglers with drugs and minerals kill more than they cure, but poor, they are oftener blind than culpable; still a degree of responsibility does attach to a man or woman who undertakes a case, and holds out promise of benefit to the patient, when he or she feels no assurance whatever that the treatment will prove advantageous. Oh! for the blessed time now rapidly approaching when selfish greed and the hard, bitter struggle for the necessities of material existence will no longer veil man's moral insight and stultify his intellect so that self interest instead of philanthropy controls the relations of man and man; but moralizing aside, to come directly to our point, you, my dear madam, are what people facetiously call 'a bundle of nerves,' you are a martyr to neuralgia, and what is neuralgia but nervousness? From the Greek *neuros*, nerves, we get the English word neuralgia.

"Now, neuralgic affections are often called toothache when pain is felt acutely in the face, spinal complaint when the seat of suffering is the back, liver complaint when the right side is painful, and heart disease when the trouble is with the left; all such designations are evidence to me that people know nothing by symptomatic indications, their diagnoses are invariably false. I have personally met during the past ten years as many as two hundred

persons who have had sound teeth extracted in numbers to cure an affection of the nerves which the dental operation greatly aggravated; while the multitude every year who are dosed almost if not quite to death for ailments to which they had no tendency, when the statement was made *ex officio* that they were dangerously ill with such diseases is growing larger annually, so much so that no honest physician can venture much longer to experiment with the human frame on the basis of a superficial regard for symptoms. As to dishonest doctors, the public are finding out their devices rapidly, and indignantly exposing them. I should probably be denounced by Mrs. Eddy of Boston and many of her devoted followers for employing electricity in treatment, but I should care nothing for such denunciation, knowing it proceeded from ignorance and not from malice.

"Mrs. Eddy I regard as a very useful woman in many ways, but though I am more of a metaphysician in one sense than she is, I do not undertake to make abstract metaphysical statements the all-in-all of my practice. I shall give you one remedy and only one; I agree with Marie Corelli or her preceptor, that there are twelve forms in which this one universal life-giving agent can be applied and manifested, but I should have to enter into zodiacal therapeutics and expound the 'tree of life' mentioned both in Genesis and the Apocalypse, to make my meaning clear and illustrate my subject, were I to expatiate upon the twelve-fold demonstration. Suffice it to say, that electricity is the unitary manifestation of spirit; only in an electric guise is spirit ever revealed, and while electricity is both the 'savor of life unto life, and of death unto death' in electrical therapeutics, the *savan* invariably works with the constructive current, if he be true to the irreversible commandment of divine law: 'Resist not evil, but overcome evil with good;' the constructive force, however, is transformed into an agent of destruction when it expels foreign material from the frame, the *animalcules*, concerning which there is at present so much glib prating, are driven out never to return, their vacant places never to be reoccupied by similar disturbers of the peace, when the element of life enters in as the superlatively strong man to evict relatively strong, who is of necessity, comparatively weak when contrasted with the stronger; if you ask me how I explain the *modus operandi* of regeneration, I can only answer in a brief conversation such as we are now engaged in, that new cells and tissues, all vigorously healthy being formed, the old decayed cells and tissues are removed.

"I believe, indeed I will add, I know, that mental treatment can be so given as to be all inclusive, but in such cases, electricity is the agent employed by spirits in rebuilding the frame, though in many instances, probably in most, quite without the knowledge of the mental therapist."

"Excuse my interrupting," broke in Mr. Toole, who had been an eager listener to the Professor's speech, "but are we to conclude once for all, that Jesus and the apostles healed by electrical means, and that what you term human electricity issued from the hem of Christ's garment, reaching and healing the woman who had suffered twelve years from a painful malady which baffled all medical skill, and that the same force entered into the handkerchiefs and aprons which according to the testimony of the acts were laid on sick persons, and did this same force extend even to Peter's shadow and permeate the anointing oil recommended by James, when applied by the elders of the primitive church?"

"I answer unreservedly, yes; but I may possibly take a somewhat different view of some of these narratives to the one you doubtless entertain, judging by the style of your interrogations. Now, in the case of the woman first referred to; what did the Great Healer say to her, were not his words on several such occasions, 'Be of good cheer, your faith has made you whole,' or a statement to that effect. Now faith has three distinct elements: first, a sincere disposition toward right; second, confidence in the right perceived; third, open spiritual vision, or unusually keen discernment of right. To say your faith has made you whole is therefore equivalent to the declaration, you owe your restoration to health to your faithfulness of disposition, your confidence in divine truth and your spiritual perception of what is needful

for your welfare. Had I the time and opportunity this evening to explain the 'way of salvation' as I understand it, I am sure I could settle your mind with regard to many mooted theological questions which still embarrass you; I will endeavor, in a very few words, to explain what I understand by salvation.

"The great and holy teacher, Jesus, was in his terrestrial embodiment, a perfect human being, radiating constantly an untainted electric fluid; this absolutely healthy life-essence reached out to all receptive minds, and drew them to him, in whom they found all the assistance they needed to lead them to live a healthy life; but be cautious here, and beware lest you attribute to an emanation from a physical form what originates in the unseen realm of spirit, and only ultimates itself in the perfect human physique; the power exercised by Jesus was a power which delivered from the love of sin; his influence excited an ardent love of righteousness, and led the suppliant for earthly benefit, to seek first the heavenly kingdom of righteousness, following upon the discovery of which earthly blessings could be fully realized. I am not intending to discuss dogmatic theology, which is often a belligerent as well as fruitless theme. I am inviting you to glean from the New Testament practical help for daily use, and thus I emphasize those passages which teach the latent possibilities of every human soul. What think you mean the words so often quoted, 'The works which I do, ye shall do also?' Whoever uttered such a sentence was a true scientist, a genuine teacher of men, one who explained the road along which we must travel if we too would reach the heights he had already scaled. Some persons were not at all benefited by personal association with the Christ; the ever execrated Judas Iscariot had been as near the person of his Master as the beloved and ever faithful evangelist John; the people who caused Jesus to marvel at their obstinate incredulity, were as near his body, and could have touched his garments as readily as those whom it appears were instantly relieved of their infirmities.

"What constitutes the difference between a receptive and a non-receptive state? You may as well ask wherein a closed window differs from an open one. People open their windows when they wish for light and air; they close and barricade them when they are afraid of sunshine. We need not go far to find analogies in the field of daily experience. I am invited often to the homes of poor, misguided worldlings who offer themselves and children in sacrifice to the moloch of fashion and display. See those unhealthy, wretched women, clad in indecent garments which torture the 'human form divine,' into a hideous caricature of nature; witness the poor, deluded worshippers of the upholsterer's creations, whose sitting rooms have the odor of tombs, and whose children are penned up in gilded cages, deprived of all the rightful freedom of youth for fear that carpets may be faded or soiled and complexions grow healthy through exposure to the light and air. Were Jesus on earth to-day, many a 'Christian' woman would be insulted and turn indignantly away when she found that tight-lacing, foot-pinching and complexion-spoiling were not permissible in 'the church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven.'

"We cannot disobey the law of God made manifest throughout the limitable field of nature, to gratify the serpent of our lowest instincts without paying the penalty. I would offer the sternest rebuke to those pseudo-Christian scientists who teach the outrageous falsehood that we become superior to the effect of all external things by pampering illicit appetites and then presumptuously denying that anything material can effect us; such travesties of gospel teaching needs to be scorched with the fire of truthful teaching until they wither into ashes. I grant fully that when people live as the gospel teaches them to live, they cannot be harmed by poisons, serpents or aught else noxious under other conditions, but the impudent lie which affirms immunity from consequence while error is indulged, is the vilest falsification of the gospel ever fabricated by 'mortal mind' in its most ignorant degree of degradation. I do not read in gospel or epistle that any one was ever permanently saved from suffering who was not redeemed from the love of error, and

Continued on Sixth Page.

A Narration of Some Remarkable Spirit Phenomena, As Related by Henry J. Newton.

(Continued from page 1.)

The following remarkable narration of a series of events that do not lie on the plane of ordinary experience was given to a *Press* reporter the other day by Mr. Henry J. Newton, of 128 West Forty-third street, a gentleman whose character for intelligence and veracity is unimpeachable. Besides being president of two or three corporations, Mr. Newton is a member of the Academy of Sciences and has been for many years a persistent investigator of mediumistic phenomena. He said, in substance:

"It was about the middle of last March when I made the acquaintance of Mr. J. W. Roberts, brother-in-law of Mrs. Etta Roberts, a widow, residing in this city. My own absorbing interest in the subject of spirit materialization is very well known by the Spiritualistic public, and the object of Mr. Roberts' call was to acquaint me with the wonderful power said to be possessed by his sister-in-law—a mediumship capable of producing phenomena of such rare significance and exquisite beauty as to interest the curious, confound the scientific, and delight the believer.

Mrs. Roberts had, he said, given several sittings to a few friends, who had expressed great satisfaction with the results. I sent through him an urgent invitation for her to call upon me, hoping to induce her to give one of these sittings at my house. She accepted my invitation and readily complied with my request.

"The first seance was very successful, and I at once made arrangements with her to hold a series of sittings under strictly 'test conditions,' making deception utterly impossible without an immediate detection. I wouldn't give a fig for any alleged phenomena that are susceptible of more than one explanation. If a manifestation appears to be supernatural and yet admits of a very simple and natural explanation, I have no interest whatever in it. Hence my extreme caution to prevent deception.

"My incomplete knowledge, however, of the very subtle laws governing this class of phenomena had at least taught me the necessity of making the surroundings of a medium pleasant and the circle of inquirers congenial, for I have always observed that the quality of the manifesting spirits seemed largely to depend upon the spiritual and mental status of the investigators.

"Mrs. Roberts showed little interest in the condition imposed except to express a desire to ascertain the kind of conditions under which the spirits would not be able to manifest.

"The second seance was given at the parlors of Mrs. S. C. Kelly, 258 West Forty-third street, and the cabinet used was one which had been made for Mrs. E. A. Wells, a materializing medium now in the West. The cabinet was constructed with a partition in the middle, thus making two compartments. This partition is formed by a wooden frame fitting in sockets, top and bottom, back and front. Over this frame is drawn a strong twine net. This is firmly secured to the frame with nails on the side opposite the compartment occupied by the medium. Over these nails a narrow strip of wood is screwed, rendering any access to the halls impossible.

"The front curtain of the cabinet is fastened to this partition. Over this is tacked a strip of white cloth running from the top to the bottom of the cabinet. The object of this is twofold. First, to make it impossible for a person in one compartment to pass behind the curtain into the other. Second, to make it equally impossible to pass from one side to the other outside the curtain without being seen by all.

"Agreeably to arrangement, we met at Mrs. Kelly's parlor. There were fourteen members of the investigating committee present beside the medium. Mr. C. P. Sykes, who has an office at 58 William street; Mr. E. Meeker, an artist of East Orange, N. J.; Mr. C. E. Lum, a retired dry goods merchant of Newark, N. J.; Mr. C. P. Cocks, real estate agent of 60 Liberty street; Mr. J. W. Roberts of the Gilsey House, Mr. J. W. Lovell, the well-known book publisher of 14 Vesey street; Mr. E. H. Benn, an attorney-at-law, whose office is in the Mutual Life building; Mrs. H. J. Newton, Mrs. J. W. Lovell, Mrs. S. C. Kelly, Miss Rose Kelly, Miss Mamie Kelly, Mrs. Allen and myself.

"Mrs. Roberts was placed in the medium's compartment of the cabinet. We expected that something would occur, and in profound silence awaited the result. A few moments had elapsed when, within the empty compartments, we saw slowly rising from the bottom on the outside and in front of the cabinet a white, fleecy something, moving, yet without any noise, evidently alive, yet without defined outlines.

"We were, all of us, earnest, honest, sane men and women, hoping to prove the materialization of spirits possible, and very careful not to be deceived. Yet I tell you that this shadowy, fleecy, cloudless life grew into human shape, and that during the evening several such forms appeared, each differing in size and shape from the others, and all in some particular from the medium. Several of these beings we knew; some of them we loved, one in particular, a little child called Eunice, who had come to us through the mediumship of Mrs. Wells.

"If the human mind could be satisfied with marvels, we should have been content with these wonderful occurrences, but a greater mystery was still in reserve. After these forms had appeared and disappeared, the controlling spirit requested that some one go into the cabinet. Mr. E. H. Benn went in, but immediately returned, saying, 'the medium is not here, the compartment is vacant.'

"The controlling spirit then spoke to us, inviting anyone who wished to go into the cabinet and examine for themselves, and on careful search it was found that the net and the frame were intact, and in precisely the same condition as when the medium took her seat in the compartment. She had evidently been taken through the net into the other compartment. The cabinet was firmly screwed to the floor, and also to the baseboard.

"Five sittings were held in Mrs. Wells' parlor, using her cabinet; each succeeding seance increased its strength and variety of manifestation. The medium would be changed from one side of the net to the other three times in an evening, with the greatest apparent ease.

"It was thought advisable to have a cabinet constructed for Mrs. Roberts after the same principle and placed in her own parlor. Mr. Meeker, one of our party, agreed to secure one for the following Friday evening (this being Monday evening.) He did so, but had the partition covered with wire netting instead of fish netting. We arranged with Mrs. Roberts for two sittings a week. The cabinet was placed in the corner of the room so that the back and one end were against the plastered wall, and like the other, was firmly secured to the floor and baseboard.

"The first time she sat with the wire partition the manifestations were quite as good as they had ever been with the twine net. After a few sittings Mr. Meeker suggested that a door covered with the same kind of wire net be provided for the medium's compartment, which should be securely locked. The controlling spirit spoke from the cabinet, saying he thought it a good idea and wished the suggestion carried out, and he further stated that he was perfectly willing that we should have the cabinet lined with sheet iron. He would bring the forms and the medium out through even that.

"Mr. Meeker had the door made and when closed locked with a spring padlock. Under these conditions the manifestations were as strong and wonderful as ever. Forms would come out of the unoccupied compartment and the medium taken through the wire partition as many as four times during the seance. This was demonstrated by going into the cabinet and finding her sometimes in one side and then again in the other.

"The controlling spirit claimed to have been, while on earth, a Catholic priest of Italian birth. He gave us a brief history of his position in this country and the name of the city where he officiated at the time of his departure to spirit life.

"Notwithstanding the extraordinary precautions we had taken, we had suggested by some who heard of the manifestations that possibly there were trap doors under the cabinet. I had myself, as had also others of our circle, seen the floor before the carpet was laid, had examined the walls before the cabinet was set up, and even selected myself, the corner of the room where it should be placed, the medium not being present at the time.

"But in order to make assurance doubly sure, Mr. Meeker again proposed that the wire netting should entirely encircle the medium's compartment, top, back, bottom and end, making it a complete cage. This was agreed to and Mr. Roberts (the medium's brother-in-law) and myself took the cabinet and nailed the wire on to the frame, covering every part, commencing over the door, and, with a continuous piece, went across the top, down the back and under the frame, across the carpet even beyond the door in front. Then, with another piece, we covered the end. The cabinet was again firmly fastened to the baseboard and floor. Under these absolutely test conditions the manipulations were far more wonderful than they had ever been before. The last four sittings were under the conditions just described.

"No seance was the repetition of any former one, but new surprises awaited us every evening, provided the weather was clear and pleasant. We had very positive orders from the controlling spirit to adjourn any seance should the weather be stormy on the regular night.

"As we advanced in our investigations we found that any disturbance in the mind of the sitters, any inharmonious or unholy thought, the smallest disagreement between us upon any subject, however skillfully concealed from the medium, visibly affected the quality and power of the manifestations.

"Perhaps the most striking change in the appearance of our visitors was manifested in the abundance and brightness of their draperies. After several sittings the controlling spirit suggested and then insisted in a very positive manner that we should add new tests to those which already seemed to be conclusive. We were to have the ladies disrobe the medium and dress her so that about her clothing there should not be a thread of white. Every garment was taken off, and even the stockings turned inside out. They placed upon her a blue silk undervest, black stockings and an unlined, dark gray wrapper. Upon the medium there was not a shred of white, yet, in spite of this, those marvelous forms came to us clothed

with garments of silvery whiteness and finer than fabrics' lace. They walked with indescribable grace, and as they moved seemed to perfume the air with sandal wood and cachemere.

"The last seance was held on Thursday evening, June 6th. The medium was disrobed and robed as before, and the hands which undressed her never left her until she was placed within the cabinet.

"A gentleman from Brooklyn had brought an extra padlock, which he wished put on. This was done, thus making the door secure with two padlocks, and the keyholes were covered, as usual, with postage stamps. The light was turned down quite dim, yet sufficient to see across the room. The manifestations commenced very soon by forms coming from the vacant compartment, covered with a profusion of beautifully illuminated white drapery.

"No description of mine of the marvelous beauty of this drapery can convey an adequate idea of its appearance. The best comparison I can give is that of the electric lights of our city shining through the foliage of the trees when it is stirred by a gentle breeze, giving a constant change of light and shadow. This must be seen to be realized or appreciated.

"During the time the medium was in the locked compartment fifteen forms came from the other compartment into the room, most of them illuminated. After a while the medium made her appearance, coming through the wire door into the room. This was accomplished without in the least disturbing the wire netting, the wooden framework of the door or the padlocks with which it was locked. This wonderful feat was accomplished in the same way at the three preceding sittings.

"Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Newton immediately conducted her into the other part of the cabinet and seated her in a chair, with which the compartment is always provided. The ladies had scarcely reached their seats when a brilliantly illuminated form came out and crossed the room to one of the company. Forms came and went in rapid succession until the close of the seance, twenty-one having come from the cabinet after the medium had been placed in the open compartment; five of them came from the compartment covered with wire, coming through the wire door and curtains apparently as the medium had done, one of them coming out and going back through this wire door three times, making in all thirty-six forms which had come from the two parts of the cabinet during the evening.

"The most extraordinary phenomenon of the evening remains to be told. Several years ago a distinguished medium for physical manifestations visited our city. One of the manifestations, through him, was placing a solid iron ring on your arm while firmly grasping the medium's hands. It occurred to me that if the spirits could do this they could put together two wooden rings. Accordingly, I had several rings turned for me of rock maple. They were about three inches in diameter, and half an inch in thickness. I submitted these rings to the medium alluded to, as well as to several others during the years they have been in my possession, without satisfactory results. When it was demonstrated to us that Mrs. Roberts could be successfully taken through twine and wire netting it occurred to me that it would be a good time to again try my rings. I questioned the controlling spirit regarding this, and he replied that he could, and would put my rings together.

"I took them to the same room and placed them in the locked compartment; before doing so, however, I took the precaution before leaving home to put my initials upon them with ink. I was careful to note on this evening that they were there and all right.

"Some fifteen or twenty minutes after the medium had come out from the locked compartment through the wire door, and been taken into the other part, a form came through the wire door from the locked compartment, and, coming directly to Mrs. Newton and myself, she placed one of my rings in my left hand and retired again to the cabinet. I stated to the company the fact that I had received one of my rings, and as they were far too large to admit of being passed through the meshes of the wire, this fact was of itself a remarkable occurrence.

"In a few minutes the controlling spirit requested me to come to the cabinet. The curtains parted and we stood face to face. He was clad in his priestly robes, brilliantly illuminated, and the whole interior of the cabinet was filled with light. After the usual salutation, to my great surprise he placed the other ring in my hand. I mentioned this fact to the company, and then placed them both in my pocket. He asked me to hand them to him; I did so, when he said, 'Not that way—one at a time.'

"He took one in each hand, and, bringing them in front of his breast, with a slight movement of his hands the rings were linked together and immediately handed back to me, and upon close examination there was no evidence, not even the slightest mark, of violence having been done them. They are as perfect as they ever were.

"There were twenty-five persons present at this seance, whose testimony would be cheerfully given in corroboration of my statement. Arrangements have been made with Mrs. Roberts to resume these sittings early in the fall, with a larger committee and in larger rooms."

Mrs. Roberts has gone to Rome, N. Y.,

to spend the summer. Mr. Newton said she was prostrated for several days after the last seance, so great had been the drafts upon her nervous system.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Differences of Opinion.

BY JANE MURRELL MITCHELL.

What blessed things they are to be sure, when used as soap and water, to cleanse, or the scalpel knife, to cut away excrescences! But when used as a sledge hammer or a battering ram to destroy another's building, what are they? Grand humanity possesses a head with all the various organs of mind, as a council chamber, a neck, which connects it with the executive organs of the body, through which that body is fed and breathes its life; then comes the digestive organs, the strainer of the blood, the heart, with the circulating fluid and all the needed organs to perfect a whole, guided by the council chamber, always in session. In that council each member of the body is represented; there is often clamoring for the mastery, to be sure, and the result depends upon the votes we have cast and our parents before us. The functions of each organ are entirely different; one could never do the work of another, or judge of its work; but if one performs its part imperfectly, the whole feel the consequences. Only one organ—the heart and its life fluid—never fails in its duties to the whole, to each according to its needs, until the whole succumbs. That represents divine love and its semblance is motherhood.

Were the hand to battle the foot, because it is a foot and not a hand, what the effect? The cause, in such a case, would be where? You see where, the council chamber darkness and chaos! As that council chamber must aid the ever beating heart, and as the life of each organ and member in it depends upon the life fluid for action and existence, so the heart and its function still remains the centre or the power which moves the whole. If the life blood is sent back to the heart or contracted by the treatment it receives in the council chamber, it impairs life, and, although the action may continue on the weakened condition affects the whole. Take notice—Each organ in that council chamber and body politic is both male and female.

What then? We have entered the balancing period, or a balancing period. On all sides we may see people stepping upon their own scales and balancing themselves. The lookers on can see how they weigh and to what grade belong. The lookers on—who are they? We can find no better answer than Nirvana's hosts, that great council chamber with a kindly beating soul therein. Through the finer perceptions, we may often see some of the marks upon the scales and the grade marked; but the finer perceptions, where do we get them? By tearing the clock to pieces to get at that finer wire? When we get it, it's of no use to us if obtained in that way. The real way is to find out what is the matter in our own council chamber, and set to work to fix our own clock in good running order and keep a good watch on its time to see if it runs with the same time as that clock on the tower.

When the cry comes up, "Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?" laying down the sledge hammers and battering rams as useless and harmful to our own very existence—there are deputies from that great council ready to respond to your call, and as we leave them behind we feel as little children newly born, and trot along beside our guides as children in happy rest and trust.

A faction of a church in Connecticut once found fault with the minister for trivial reasons, one thing, "His coat was too short; it made him look too boyish." They were not looking for the interior teachings, but at the exterior clothing. So with many Spiritualists so-called (I refer to such as believe in spirit communications merely), they are looking at the clothing you wear. They see not the underlying truth or seed of truth. Were a sailor to express a truth, he would dress it in language of a ship, a backwoodsman in backwoods parlance, a churchman in language of his line of thought, a Theosophist his, etc. The clothes are not the man, nor the thoughts of man. Go on! Step thou upon thy balances! The "judgment day" of all things has arrived! What better expression than the "judgment day"?

The way to gain reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.—*Socrates.*

There are none that fall so unpitied as those that have raised themselves upon the spoils of the public.

Mrs. A. J. Fowler of Dallas, Tex., has devoted her entire fortune to the erection and maintenance of a home for widows and orphans.

A popular clergyman in Philadelphia delivered a lecture on "Fools." The tickets to it read: "Lecture on fools—admit one." There was a very large attendance.

"Mamma," said a precious little boy, who, against his will, was made to rock the cradle of his baby brother, "if the Lord has any more babies to give away, don't you take 'em."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE NEW

SPIRITUALIST : COLONY

--OF--

SUMMERLAND!

LOCATED FIVE MILES BELOW THE CITY OF SANTA BARBARA.

The Finest Scenery and Fairest Climate on the Globe.

Building Progressing Rapidly.

It has long been the desire of many Spiritualists that a Spiritualist Colony, or place of pleasurable and educational resort, might be located at some convenient point on this Coast—a place where the Spiritualists of the world could meet and establish permanent homes, and enjoy all the advantages, not only of our "glorious climate," but of the social and spiritual communion that such association of Spiritualists would insure.

Summerland offers all the advantages for such a colony, located as it is upon the seashore, in the unequalled climate of Santa Barbara, and but five miles from that most beautiful city, a spot overlooking the ocean, extending even to its silvered shore, with a background of mountains, which forms a shelter from the north winds, insuring what that country has the reputation of enjoying—the most equable climate in the world. It is located on the Southern Pacific Railroad, now completed between Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, and on what in the near future will be the main line of that road.

The site constitutes a part of what is known as the Ortego Rancho, owned by H. L. Williams. It faces the south and ocean, gently sloping to the latter, where as fine bathing ground exists as can be found on this Coast. A fine beach drive extends to and beyond the city of Santa Barbara. Back, and two and a half miles to the north, extends the Santa Inez range of mountains, forming a beautiful and picturesque back-ground. A most beautiful view of the mountains, islands, ocean, and along the coast, is had from all parts of the site. The soil is of the very best. Pure spring water is distributed over the entire tract from an unfailing source, having a pressure of two hundred feet head.

The size of single lots is 25x60 feet, or 25x120 feet for a double lot, the latter fronting on a fine wide avenue, with a narrow street in the rear. Price of single lots, \$30.00, \$25.00 of which is donated to the Colony. By uniting four lots—price \$120—a frontage of 50 feet by 120 feet deep is obtained, giving one a very commodious building site, with quite ample grounds for flowers, etc., securing a front and rear entrance.

The object of this Colony is to ADVANCE THE CAUSE OF SPIRITUALISM,

And not to make money selling lots, as the price received does not equal the price adjoining land was sold for by the acre, said lands not being as good.

The government of the Colony will be by its inhabitants the same as other towns and cities. A prohibitory liquor clause is in every deed. Title to property unquestionable.

Orders for lots in Summerland will be received, entered and selected by the undersigned where parties can not be present to select for themselves, with the privilege of exchanging for others without cost (other than recording fee) if they prefer them when they visit the ground.

Reference: Commercial Bank, Santa Barbara. Send for plat of the town, and for further information, to

ALBERT MORTON, Agent,

210 Stockton Street, San Francisco, or

H. L. WILLIAMS, Prop'r.

SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.

From the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

Written for the Golden Gate by Spirit Saidie, Leader of the Oriental Band in the Heavens, through the mediumship of Mrs. E. S. Fox. Scribe for the Order.

CHILDREN FAR AND NEAR:—With the purpose to bless each one, Saidie sends her words to each and every child of the Infinite, who receives with eager heart the teachings from higher spheres. Saidie would that every life might become a garden of blooms, pure and beautiful, that the eyes of the Infinite might look with gladness upon, and this round earth might be a very tenting place for the angels— a place where we might meet our loved ones who must dwell in the valleys, obedient to a law which gives to each one the bequeathed inheritance of a life immortal in celestial realms.

Children, it is not the work of angels' hands to uproot the vile weeds springing up here and there in many a garden that otherwise would be bright and fair. Angel hands sow not the seeds of weeds and tares; angel hearts have no dealing with that which is false; angel records are not the mythical ideas that are of the past; but records which each child has known and experienced. They are part of the discipline that has given to each one the knowledge and unfoldment you now possess. It is the purpose of the angel world to give fact, which is, and ever shall be, the foundation-stone on which every temple of wisdom must be builded would it stand the test of ages; for all knowledge given from the land unseen must pass through the crucible of criticism, must stand or fall upon its own intrinsic merit, and this is accorded only as its worth be revealed.

There are many who have read Saidie's words to her children, who would know of a certainty if these things are true, and yet they find no answering voice within which gives an assurance of fact to their doubting minds. And there are many to whom the records come an echo of certain reality, almost unveiling the past, on which the light of the present throws its strong rays, revealing the truth which has dimly shadowed itself to the understanding. Humanity wishes proof that incarnation be a fact, and Saidie gives as demonstration of the law a comparison between souls who are reaching for and striving to obtain a truth that shall never fail. In the church you find those who accept all that can be read from the Book as the unchangeable word of God, questioning not its wisdom, laying aside all reason and receiving all as from Deity himself. In the same church you find others standing equally well, but on questioning them find but little, as revealed, is accepted. And in the ranks of spiritual truth-seekers, the same distinction marks the investigators thereof. Where is the solution of the problem? Children of greater growth, children yet in their infancy, all with faces turned angel-ward, all seeking to know the truth, as it shall be revealed to them when disrobed of mortality. Whence the difference, not of opinion alone, but of receptive capacity, to understand and know the mysterious—the unknown?

Are ye not all children, all learners, looking on to the world unseen for the light and knowledge you crave? Saidie may stand before you in materialized form and assert the fact that through repeated incarnations on many worlds she has gained her present wisdom. Some would immediately receive the truth as a well understood axiom, others would look into Saidie's eyes questioning, while others still would but utter the word "nonsense," and turn away with a look of disgust, seeking no farther to know, simply trusting their own ideas of what is truth that appeals to the highest reason they possess.

Children, this very fact proves some have lived more, have greater unfoldment than others, are more advanced scholars in the great school of life than others. It proves not that no knowledge of the starry heavens exists, because your child who has attended school for years knows not of the planets and constellations with which immense space is filled. There can be given to earth's children a grand knowledge of the starry vault. Your little ones, now struggling to gain the first rudiments of knowledge, are capable of knowing and understanding the lore of the skies. Only wait time and condition and they will lay before the world gems of wisdom now not revealed to the mind of man.

These yet may be hidden away in the mines not explored by mortal; but the hands which wait with key in hand to unlock the mystic gates, are hands unseen. Minds must become receptive, spirits must receive their sight, hearts must hunger, souls thirst, and the manna will fall bountifully. Angels will not hold their knowledge behind the mystic gates, when humanity will accept and receive. Let the garden of each soul become filled with choice blooms; accept the plants angel hands have tended until these will endure the transplanting; give them room in receptive soil, and they will bud and bloom to the joy of your souls. Saidie stood before the altar of consecration long ago. Before her came you who love the name of Saidie; on your brows her hand was laid; you heard her words of promise, listened to her words of wisdom, as she bade you go forth into the myth-filled world where you may gain great wisdom for yourself and be a beacon-light to humanity—even a help in building the mystic temple of light upon earth shore, and

go with the blessing of angels warm within your heart. You must open your eyes in the world of shadows, must linger where creed will be offered you, for truth divine will accept and believe, until to be free therefrom costs an effort of will that will be yours in the time of your need. You will gain will through your trials and conflict become masterful, and return laden with the golden fruits of life which shall ripen in the Autumn sun, and are your return. The land that shall receive you as a dweller shall receive anew the benediction of angels' touch. With the blessing of high heaven, enter the valley of sleep, of forgetfulness, long and deep, fearlessly, for morn shall come, a new dawn arise, and forgetfulness be lighted by a knowledge that is of the spirit—fadeless, immortal.

Has not such knowledge come to you, our children? Do you not know within the inmost recesses of the soul, that Saidie's words are true? Children, seek only truth; let your feet rest only upon its solid rock. Seek to give to the world only truth, and deep within the soul the tide of peace shall run merrily on, singing a perpetual anthem of happiness, until life seems but a bright day, not without cloud it may be, but as a garden it shall bloom, diffusing fragrance, making glad the eye of angels and exalted, God-like man. Peace be with you, SAIDIE.

J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angel's Order of Light. OSWEGO, N. Y., May 12, 1889.

Profitable Meetings.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

For some little while past a series of very interesting meetings have been held weekly at the parlors of Dr. and Mrs. E. K. Nickless, 108 McAllister street.

The incipency of these gatherings affords another proof of the unflinching devotion of the higher order of spirits to the cause of human development and unfoldment, as well as to the fact that avarice does not govern the actions of our mediums. Some few months ago the guides of Mrs. Nickless instructed her to throw open her parlors for a weekly reception or *conversazione*. Neither the lady nor her good husband had the least idea of anything more than a social meeting being involved, but it soon transpired that, although the element of sociability was not to be eliminated, there was a good deal more than mere sociability at stake. From the very first of these gatherings it was evident that progress was to be the watchword, and "Light, more light," the anxious desire of the little band of seekers after truth.

The writer was not privileged to be present at the first reception, but, having received a cordial invitation to the second or third of them, he found such a harmonious atmosphere prevailing, and such soul-absorbing topics discussed, that, from that time until their termination, he felt that he could not afford to miss one of them.

The limits of this brief article will not permit us to give anything more than a *resume* of these gatherings, and it must suffice to say that all who became regular attendants were amply repaid by the rich stores of wisdom dispensed with lavish hand, not only by such advanced thinkers as Mr. Rockwood, Dr. A. P. Bouton, and others, but also by the controls of Mrs. Nickless—one, the spirit from the higher spheres, known by the cognomen, "Wisdom"; the other, the bright little Indian maiden, "Sunflower." No charge was made, nor collection taken up. The meetings were without money and without price. During the series of meetings many topics were discussed; but, by a singular unanimity indicative of the way in which theosophic thought is finding its way into the heart of the people, the conversation seemed to gravitate naturally to the theory of re-embodiment, or reincarnation, as being the only way in which the deeper problems of being could be adequately solved by the application of the law of evolution to the spiritual, as well as the physical, side of life. "Know thyself" was the keynote of one evening, and "What" and "Whither" that of another.

The arduous labors of Mrs. Nickless having somewhat affected her health, her guides advised a visit to the seaside for a month; hence, the meeting of last Friday evening was one of extra importance, as being the last at which the gifted lady and her husband would be present for a season. About thirty were present, and the meeting was called to order by Dr. A. P. Bouton, who, in a few well-chosen words, stated the objects in view. He called attention to the fact that physical demonstration of the truth of immortality was not the purpose of the gathering; neither tests nor phenomena were needed by those present, as they had all, or nearly all, received the practical answer to the question asked by Job long ago. He showed how the science of navigation had progressed, the laws relating to ocean currents, trade winds, atmospheric laws, and the thousands of facts relating to them, had been slowly and carefully collected, reviewed and analyzed, so that now, with the most remarkable accuracy, could be predicted the weather in all parts of the globe—that those "who go down to the sea in ships" could so govern themselves that navigation had lost most of the terrors which used to surround it; because

the laws regarding the co-relation and conservation of physical forces were yielding up their secrets to the patient investigations of scientific explorers.

He went on to show how Spiritualists generally had been running after and satisfied by phenomena, whereas it became necessary to collect the facts connected with the forty years of modern Spiritualism, in order that we might begin to understand how the same immutable law of the co-relation and conservation of forces governs the spirit as well as the material world. The amazement of wonder-seekers, when brought face to face with phenomena outside the dull routine of daily life, is the measure of their ignorance, and these constitute a very large class of mankind. When the causes producing the effects are understood, there will be no amazement; but, until the subject is investigated, a feeling of awe steals over the soul like that produced upon some untutored savage when viewing a locomotive engine for the first time.

A second class are those who try to harmonize spiritual phenomena with physical laws; and in the foremost ranks of such people we find Tyndall, Huxley, et al.

There is, however, a third class, a feeble few, who, having studied the phenomena of Spiritualism as their A B C, and, with unbiased minds, been thankful to accept truth from any and all sources, are now desirous of taking a higher step. These are trying to ascertain what will tend to the advancement of their own souls' growth, and are desirous of living up to their highest ideals, feeling that thus they will be helping on the progress of the race to an extent and degree in no other way possible.

Dr. Bouton drew a beautiful word picture of the difference between soul-growth and intellectual attainment, showing that the one, as contrasted with the other, stood in the position of, and was analogous to, sunlight; while the latter, like moonlight, was only a reflection of the former—the intellect being only a reflection of the soul's activity, and it being possible to acquire a tremendous mentality without much spirituality, and *vice versa*. He spoke of phenomena as only materialized thought, and showed how the whole universe was only the expression of the one great mind or soul of all things. In conclusion, he touched upon our presence on this earth plane being for a purpose—i. e., development—and logically reasoned that being here *now* was an evidence of our pre-existence here, and a prophetic indication of our return again and again, until we had absorbed into our individuality all the lessons of earth, and, upon arriving at a point where we were in harmony with nature and nature's laws, we could say, like Jesus, the Nazarene, "I and my Father are one."

An interesting discussion then ensued, in which nearly all participated, among whom were Dr. and Mrs. Nickless, Mrs. A. B. Crossette, Mrs. Maxwell, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Small, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Sully, Messrs. Clark, Pearce, Forrest, Ormerod, and many others, after which the hostess was controlled by "Sunflower," who gathered up the scattered threads of thought, and kept all entranced by her advanced views and beautiful thoughts. She seemed as reluctant to say good-bye to her many friends as they were, but finally, realizing the lateness of the hour, she changed it into "au revoir," and promised to come again soon.

It was past eleven o'clock before the friends dispersed, with many good wishes for the genial host and hostess, as well as expressions of regret at their departure. During their absence from the city the meetings will be held at the parlors of Mrs. D. N. Maxwell, 129 Taylor street, every Friday evening, at 8 o'clock, and any person wishing to join them will receive a hearty welcome. SADKA.

Do good to thy friend, that he may be more thy friend; and unto thy enemy, that he may become thy friend.

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FRED EVANS, Medium —FOR— INDEPENDENT SLATE AND MECHANICAL WRITING. MR. EVANS is now absent in Australia. All letters for him can be addressed in care of this office.

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MRS. DR. BEIGLE, Has moved into the Flood Building, (On Market Street) Room No. 37.

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GOLDEN GATE.

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EDITOR AND MANAGER: J. J. OWEN.
SECRETARY AND ASSISTANT: MRS. MATTIE P. OWEN.

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1889.

AGENTS

- LEWIS KISTLAND, 31 N. Fort St., Los Angeles.
TUDOR MERRITT, 121 W. 24th St., New York.
SAMUEL D. GORRY, 375 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.
C. D. HENCK, 1224 Curtis St., Denver, Col.
MORRIS S. LIND, Milwaukee, Wis.
CHARLES McDONALD, 55 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.
EMILY R. BULLOCK, 347 Dear St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
DR. M. E. CONGER, Chicago, Ill.
GUSTAV F. HENCK, Onset, Mass.
MRS. J. J. WHITNEY, W. J. COLVILLE and DR. J. V. MANFIELD.

EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

Sleep—sweet, refreshing sleep! How like a gentle balm it distills through the tired nerves, and fills the senses with a soft, dreamy feeling of rest. The toils and cares of the day are over, and Night broods the earth with his sable wings. All nature invites the weary body to repose. It is then comes the awful mystery of sleep. The spirit, ever buoyant with eternal energy, sails away on the ocean of dreams, to some fair haven, it may be, in Soul land, there to meet and mingle with kindred spirits, whose bodies, like its own, are at rest, some, perhaps, forever. How very like the sleep that knows no waking—the last sleep. Each day we die, and each morn we come forth to a new life—just as we shall come forth from the sleep of death, to live forever on another plane of being.

A clear head and a sound heart is the best capital possible to go through life with. But the two must go together to produce the best results. A clear head alone will make one cold and calculating. It will succeed in accumulating wealth, utterly thoughtless of those who fail; in fact, it will thrive on the failures of others, and sleep soundly at the same time. But couple the two together, then, with proper spiritual unfoldment, Nature and Grace will present to the world a type of manhood akin to angelhood. It is this happy combination of elements in his own life that each individual should aspire for. And he need not imagine that he cannot become such if he only will. It may be harder work for some than for others; but the harder the struggle the greater the glory of victory.

A well-rounded, harmonious life—a life devoted to kind thoughts and good deeds, no matter in how humble a way—should be the highest aim of human existence. Such a life fills the measure of earthly experience necessary to prepare the spirit for a continuation of life on another plane of existence, upon which all must enter sooner or later. Here is something to strive for. How to make the most of this life, is a question that concerns all. But one must bear in mind that no life is complete that is not a foretaste of the higher life to come. Reader, take an account of stock with your own soul, and determine, if you can, if called hence to-day, just what, and how much, you could take with you. It would certainly require but little figuring to show you what you must leave behind.

Think you, tired heart, that there is no place in the world for you—no honest work, no way to earn even a humble livelihood? You have tried, and tried, but nowhere do you find the door of opportunity open to you. You know you are deeply in earnest; you know, also, that you have ability and could fill many a niche in life far more capably than some who are less worthy, and far less qualified. And yet you have to wait, and wait, till your soul tires trying, and the clouds of misfortune seem to gather dark and thick over your spirit. Ah! do you know what misfortune is?—You, fair of form and features, with sound limbs and two good eyes and ears?—You, clad in comfort, and with a roof to shelter you?—You, with the flush of health on your cheeks and the elasticity of a grand womanhood in your footsteps? In yonder hut lies a poor mother, with features pinched and pale, dying of consumption. The father of her helpless children—one a little crippled boy—is a victim of the accursed demon strong drink, and his humble earnings go to enrich the rum-seller. Come with me, let us together enter within. No carpet on the floor, and only a few articles of dilapidated furniture—nothing but squalor and rags; and that poor, forsaken mother's life slowly fading away. O, it is a long, sad story—a story of woe and wretchedness in comparison with which yours is a dream of Paradise. Give her of your rich sympathy and love, and you will forget yourself—forget that you are poor, and that your lot is a hard one. It is this, dear friends, that we mount as on eagle's wings, to the upper skies.

It does no good to denounce fraudulent mediums; or, rather, persons who practice deception in spirit manifestations. It only advertises them, and attracts persons to them who are ready to believe anything that bears the label of spirit manifestation. Therefore, it is better to say nothing. The experience of being deceived, and robbed, and of having the holiest feelings of their natures outraged by some unconscionable cheat, seems to be a necessity with some people. They have to go through it to learn wisdom—just as one has to go through the whooping cough and measles, to render him proof against any more attacks of that sort. Happy is the Spiritualist who has experienced a substantial attack of "fraud," without having his spirit soured, or his system left in a condition of chronic rash or sore head. We write this by way of excuse for not publishing some new revelations of shameless practices of certain alleged mediums doing business in Los Angeles.

Kind treatment will win in subduing an obdurate nature, where harsh measures fail. Instance the case of the prison convict at Folsom, in this State, who was believed to be entirely incorrigible. For three years he had been shut up in solitary confinement, and for some months prior to a change of wardens his hands and feet had been shackled with heavy weights. The new warden found him thus, and resolved to try an opposite course of treatment with him. He first removed the shackles from his hands, and, two weeks later, the heavy irons from his feet, all of which was accompanied with good advice. The man was a stone mason, and a skillful workman. He was soon put to work, working faithfully, and gave the very best of satisfaction. He continued thus for over a year, when he was accidentally killed by the fall of a derrick. From what was supposed to be the worst convict in the prison he became one of the very best, and all because of a little kindness wisely exercised in his behalf. This man would have gone to his death loaded with irons, under the treatment to which he was at first subjected.

Imagine yourself, dear reader, just waking to a conscious existence in spirit life. It may be that the funeral is over, and the old body consigned to its mother earth; or, perhaps, you have come to consciousness in time to attend your own funeral, if you so desire, as you might. You find yourself clothed upon with a new body, not unlike the one you have cast off, but more perfect! This is the spirit body spoken of by St. Paul, and it is made up of rarified matter, tangible and real to spirit sense. O, wondrous change! You are alive and well. What must be your thoughts on awakening to that new life? How they must flash back over your earth life—over your business affairs, which, perhaps, you have left all unsettled—over the loved ones who are overwhelmed with grief at your departure—over every act of wrong you have ever committed;—and then, as you begin to take in the situation more clearly, and realize that now and henceforth you must take your place where you belong, irrespective of earthly wealth or fame, how glad you will be if you can feel in your inmost soul that all is well with you. If you do your best here it will be all right with you there.

The home is the bulwark of society. Given, a nation of homes, and the result is a nation of patriots. The promiscuous, feverish, unsettled life of great cities, is destructive of all the finer sentiments that cluster around the true home. The French language has no word equivalent to that of "home," for the reason, probably, that there are no homes in Paris, and Paris is France. In our great cities there are numerous places where people sleep and eat, but few homes. The lodging, tenement, or boarding house—these are not homes. The restaurant is a very burlesque of home. It is only in the country, or removed from the whirl and din of the city, that we find the true home—a pretty cottage, embowered in flowers and vines, musical with the laughter of happy children, and radiant with bright, sunny faces. There is no rumbling of wheels over the stony street; no care-worn, stolid faces to meet you at every turn; no fierce, unholy eyes to gaze into yours,—but only the sweet peace and contentment that comes of harmonious living. Why will people throng into the great cities when the country offers such rare charms?

A Seattle correspondent kindly writes: "I receive each copy of your valued publication, and am benefited much by what I find therein. There is sure to be something of worth on every page, but your short editorials are the essence of the whole repast. I think, Bro. Owen, that you have a faculty of condensing the subject matter of a whole sermon in one of these brief essays. You have certainly hit upon a very effective and novel idea in this condensing the salient points of a lengthy chapter into a small focus capable of being grasped by the mind at a glance. You get many compliments for these fragments from friends not Spiritualists, to whom I show the G. G. But I find so many good features in your paper that an enumeration of them would trespass at too great length on your time."

"GOOD-BYE FOREVER."

W. J. Colville gave a farewell concert prior to his departure for San Diego, where he is now located, at College Hall, 106 McAllister street, Tuesday evening July 2d, which was greatly enjoyed by a very numerous assembly of visitors, as well as old friends. The program was a rich and varied one; all the numbers were finely rendered, while some called for special praise. Mrs. Shipley and Miss Lang rendered excellent service as pianists and accompanists; the duet, "Hungarian Dances," by these talented ladies was particularly fine. W. J. Colville sang "Nou e Vor," with cornet obligato by R. H. Whiting, piano accompaniment by Mrs. V. R. Shipley; these three artists made a most acceptable trio, and won enthusiastic plaudits and floral tributes. Though neither Mrs. Bishop nor Mrs. Bradley, whose names were on the program, were able to appear, there was no lack of talent, and as so many numbers were encored, carriages arriving at 10:30 were just in time to meet the outgoing crowd. Mr. Whiting's cornet solos, "La Favorita" and "Magnolia Serenade," were among the gems of the evening; he played with even more than his usual faultlessness of style and brilliancy of execution; for both selections this distinguished artist received an enthusiastic recall; his encore pieces were as taking as the longer selections and played with equal taste and feeling. Signor Belloni contributed a novel feature to the entertainment by his fine manipulation of a curious instrument of his own devising, constructed of several pieces of glass mysteriously combined; the effects are much finer than those produced by the zylphone or othersimilar instruments. Mr. William Rabe used his fine tenor voice to excellent advantage in high-class ballads, while the Misses Wadhams, Van der Zeip, Fusier and Senorita Angulas were very charming youthful performers; the whole audience was delighted with their pleasing and artistic songs and recitations. Miss Van der Zeip's Japanese song was a most unusual effort, and literally convulsed the audience, as the ten-year old lady who sang and acted it manifested all the arch coyness of a maiden beyond such tender years. W. J. Colville recited "Aux Italiens," and gave an impromptu poem in which four subjects suggested by the audience were harmoniously treated; he also made a "hit" in "Come Back to Erin," which he sang near the close of the evening. "Auld Lang Syne" and "Home, Sweet Home," dismissed the audience. The hall was beautifully decorated; the proceeds, which were quite large, were presented to Mr. Colville by the Committee of Arrangements in recognition of the friendship and esteem in which he is held by the supporters of the Metaphysical College and other friends. Many regrets were expressed at his departure, and hopes for his speedy return.

The Opera House, Alameda, looked very gay on the afternoon of the Fourth, when most delightful exercises were held within its walls from 3 till 5 o'clock. The proceedings opened with the melodious chanting of Longfellow's magnificent poem "Excelsior." W. J. Colville then gave an invocation in verse, Mrs. Chandler and chorus following with the "Star Spangled Banner;" during the singing Miss Sackett, representing "Columbia," held aloft the stars and stripes. W. J. Colville then delivered a masterly oration, for which he received round after round of thunderous applause. Miss Alice Goff then appeared in festive patriotic array, in company with Mrs. Chandler and Miss Sackett, to render "The Red, White and Blue;" these three ladies have each such exquisite voices it is impossible to decide which sings the most sweetly, or with most entrancing effect. A poem on "Universal Brotherhood," by W. J. Colville, and "America," by the vast assembly, brought the exercises to a close. The ladies who superintended the decorations deserve the warmest thanks and praise for the beautiful effects produced in that usually quite unornamented hall. Over the platform the word "Excelsior," was traced in white immortelles, the national colors hung in streaming pendants on either side; flowers and evergreens in abundance made the expansive stage a bower of loveliness.

Similar exercises were held the same evening in San Francisco, at 106 McAllister street; at that place Mrs. Marie Bishop was the principal vocalist, her fine, rich voice rang out triumphantly in the stirring songs and hymns. The French and American flags were displayed, and the "Marseillaise" was sung after the "Star Spangled Banner." On this occasion, after the formal exercises were over, several friends rose to speak kindly words concerning the work already accomplished and yet to be carried forward at that center, which a bevy of earnest friends are determined shall not languish but increase. The floral decorations reflected great credit on the decorating ladies.

IS PROHIBITION A FAILURE?

While it is true that the people of several of the Atlantic States, including puritanical Massachusetts, have refused to incorporate prohibition in their Constitutions, and the whisky-drinking elements of society are just now squinting across their rubicund noses with a leer of delight over the supposed death-blow to the temperance cause, it is also true that a righteous cause, like that of temperance, can stand a great many "death-blows" of that kind; "for the eternal years of God are hers," and the friends of truth can take their time. The great bugbear of the enemies of prohibition is that it deprives the moderate drinker of his light tippie of wine, beer or cider. Now, it does nothing of the kind. It does not even prevent a man from making a sot of himself in his own house. It merely closes up those dens of death, the retail liquor saloons. Hence, all this talk about prohibition infringing upon human rights is the veriest bosh. No one has a right to injure his neighbor. The law recognizes this principle in its suppression of opium dens, gambling, and other forms of vice. Wherein does the traffic in liquor differ from that of the sale of opium and

other poisons? If the law may restrict or prohibit the sale of the one, why may it not the other?

Is it not a fact that the public drinking-saloon is detrimental to the best interests of society? Is there an anti-prohibitionist in the land who will not concede this fact? Not even the grossly intemperate will admit that drunkenness and debauchery are good things to be fostered and encouraged. We never heard of a father who would encourage his son in frequenting drinking-saloons. And yet, many otherwise good men will persist in voting down prohibition, under the erroneous supposition that prohibition will, in some way, trench upon their rights.

Some day they will become wiser, perhaps—some day when they behold some ideal of their hearts wrecking health and happiness, and sinking into ignominy, and going down to a drunkard's grave.

A DELIGHTFUL MUSICAL.

Those little musical prodigies known as the Beasey Babies, entertained a small circle of congenial spirits at the parlors of Mr. and Mrs. Owen, at the Fauntleroy, on Tuesday evening last. Of this charming quartette of musical sisters we, in comment with the daily papers of this city, have had occasion to make frequent mention. But their progress in the development of their wonderful gift is so rapid that the subject is far from being exhausted. Jennie Beasey is under twelve years of age, and yet she plays without notes, on both piano and violin, such difficult classical music as that noted below, and that too with an expression and exactness that comes only of genius. Her instructor, Hugo Mansfeld, may well be proud of such a pupil. She has already composed several remarkable pieces—her last a grand march dedicated to the Examiner in return for a friendly and encouraging appreciation of her musical efforts. Jennie is a bright, lovely girl, and when executing her grand arias her face glows with the light of inspiration. Her younger sisters are Mayflower, Butterfly and Violetta, the latter only four years of age, and yet she plays upon the violin such music as the "Carnival of Venice," the "Bohemian Girl," etc. It is simply marvelous. The intermediates are charming little tots, and they play with wonderful skill for children of their years, on both piano and violin. The delighted guests present were favored with the following choice program:

- Violin Quartette—Air De Berit Jennie, Butterfly, Mayflower, Violetta Beasey.
Piano Solo—"Grand March of the Monarch," composed by Jennie Beasey and dedicated to the S. F. "Examiner." Jennie Beasey.
Violin Solo—"Carnival De Venice," Thirlwall Violetta Beasey.
Vocal Duet—"Yeoman of the Guard," Butterfly and Mayflower Beasey.
Violin Solo—"Airs Hongariens," Ernst Jennie Beasey.
Piano Solo—"Perpetual Motion," Weber Mayflower Beasey.
Recitation—Violetta Beasey.
Piano Solo—"Sixth Rhapsodie," Liszt Jennie Beasey.
Violin Solo—"Mira, O Norma," Bellini Violetta Beasey.
Piano Solo—"Magic Flute," Mozart Butterfly Beasey.
Piano Solo—"Dream of the White House," Jennie Beasey Violetta Beasey.
Piano Solo—"Home, Sweet Home," Violetta Beasey.

These sisters give promise of a world-wide popularity and fame in the coming years. May the good angels watch over them.

JURYMEN.

From the manner in which jurymen are treated, a stranger to that system of trial would suppose they were all culprits being punished. In a recent trial in Oakland, the judge and jury disagreed, and the latter stated that they had been crowded into a room not large enough for five, without chairs or bedding, and but one meal in thirty hours. Under these favorable conditions they were expected to agree! Well, it would seem that discomfort and misery are deemed essential to verdicts of "guilty"; but it is a mistake. The object of all suffering is to soften the heart and feelings and stimulate charity; when it does not do this, it has not found a true human subject. Is it to be supposed that men who are made to suffer innocently this wretchedness of imprisonment are going to agree on a verdict of "guilty" that will send a fellow-man into gloom and solitude for an indefinite period? No. Human nature does not work in that way. When it is desirable to find a man "guilty," the jury should be carefully considered; they should be given ample room, chairs and lounging places, and good living, and good air—all comforts of a home, in fact. In this state of ease they can separate the individual from the offense; they can even forget the man himself, and simply condemn the crime. Try it.

METAPHYSICAL GRADUATES.—At the closing exercises of the College, 1725 Everett street, Alameda, which took place Wednesday July 3d, at 10 A. M. and 3 P. M., W. J. Colville delivered seventeen certificates to students who had earned these simple but speaking testimonies of their understanding of Spiritual Science, and ability to demonstrate it. The students were examined in the morning; in the afternoon an excellent discourse was delivered by Mr. S. Freuder, late of San Diego, who is a practical and impressive speaker, giving forth advanced ideas on a thoroughly unsectarian basis. Mr. Colville gave the final charge to the graduates and distributed the certificates. The interest in all spiritual and reformatory topics in Oakland and Alameda is very great. Mrs. Dusenburg is continuing the good work in Alameda. Mrs. Sarah A. Harris is doing the same in Oakland.

We have received a supply of James H. Young's little book, entitled, "Rules and Advice for Those Wishing to Form Circles." Price, (including postage), 20 cents. The book contains, also, quite a number of those choice songs and hymns suitable for the spirit circle.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Mrs. J. J. Whitney writes that she has arrived at Onset safely, and is ready for work.

—Mr. and Mrs. James Blood of Carpenteria, left for home, on Tuesday last, after a short visit to this city.

—Mrs. J. J. Whitney, California's popular platform test-medium, has taken the Temple at Onset for the season for every Sunday evening.

—The drawing for the oriental bedquilt will take place at Metaphysical College Hall, 106 McAllister street, this (Saturday) evening at 8 o'clock. No charge for admission.

—The election of officers for the State Camp-Meeting Association was postponed until the second Tuesday in October, instead of the first Tuesday, as we inadvertently stated in our last issue.

—That grand spiritual worker, Mrs. J. J. Whitney, says, in a letter to us, that she finds many Eastern Spiritualists interested in Summerland, and are looking forward to purchasing lots there.

—The Board of Trustees of the Sleeper Institute are canvassing for a suitable lot on which to erect a building for the uses of Spiritualism, and especially for a permanent home for the GOLDEN GATE.

—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Evans will sail from Sydney for San Francisco by the steamship "Alameda," which leaves that port September 4th, and will arrive here about the 28th of the same month.

—We desire to establish agencies for the GOLDEN GATE in all the principal cities and towns of the United States. Good Spiritualists are invited to assist us in selecting proper persons in localities where we are personally unacquainted.

—An Oakland postal card reads: "I sent ten cents for the GOLDEN GATES and you did not send them. Send them immediately." And then the writer forgets to add his or her name to the card. How can we?

—In correcting the proof of the writer's remarks at Marshall Harris' funeral, in last week's G. G., the printers got the types badly mixed by inserting the word "o'er" in the wrong place, making the text appear nonsensical.

—The Mississippi Valley Camp-Meeting convenes at Clinton, Iowa, July 27th, and will continue for one month. Prof. J. S. Loveland, Mrs. Mary E. Weeks and Harvey Mott, all of this State, will be present and participate.

—To whom it may concern, we would say, We are interested in only one Spiritualist town, and that is Summerland. Our Mountain View fruit land property is for sale to whoever will pay the price asked, and is simply offered as a good investment for fruit culture, or for desirable homes convenient to San Francisco.

—A Chicago correspondent, sending us a new subscriber, writes: "The lady had never seen your valuable paper until I handed her a copy. I know, after one year's reading, she can not afford to live without it. It always brings joy and light with every number. We will always speak a good word for the GATE, the grandest spiritual paper we know of."

—W. J. Colville reports a delightful trip to San Diego on the "Santa Rosa," as the steamer stopped four full hours at Santa Barbara. Several of the passengers who had heard glowing reports of Summerland, made attempts to visit that truly enchanting spot. The general verdict of all who live in its vicinity is that it is delightful in the extreme, and must in the very nature of events have a brilliant career in the near future.

—Our San Jose contemporaries, referring to the munificent gift by Mrs. Sleeper to the Trustees of the Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company, unite in stating that a condition of the deed is that we erect a building on the Mountain View property. Nothing of the sort, most worthy fathers. The property is to be sold and the proceeds devoted to the erection of a building in this city as a home for the GOLDEN GATE, and such other uses for the advancement of Spiritualism as the Board may think best.

—W. J. Colville's work in San Diego commenced in Law's Opera House, Sunday last, July 7th, at 7:45 P. M., in which fine auditorium he will speak again next Sunday, July 14, at 2:30 and 7:45 P. M., and every Sunday till further notice, at the same hours. Class in Spiritual Science meets in Tremont Hall, Third street, between C and D streets, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7:45 P. M. Class in Theosophy, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 2:30 P. M. All letters for W. J. Colville should be addressed to the postoffice, San Diego. N. B.—W. J. Colville is our special agent in San Diego; he will take subscriptions for the GOLDEN GATE from members of his classes at \$2 per annum, as in their interest he waives his commission; \$2.50 is the price under all other circumstances.

SUMMERLAND.—"The work goes bravely on." The present week two more houses are completed, ready for the owners, who will occupy them immediately. One pleasant feature of the village is that, thus far, all the cottages constructed for and those completed are creditable in style; in no wise like the shanties which usually precede the better class of buildings in the building of a new town. The builders now employed in erecting houses are prepared to contract for completing residences, ready for occupation, at prices which are within the limits of persons of moderate means. A neat cottage, containing three rooms, lathed and hard finished, with summer (the year around) kitchen, is nearly completed, which will cost only \$350. Orders have been received for an entire block, containing eighty-nine lots, for parties in the East, who wish to become neighbors. The new town in the "land of the olive and the vine," where frost never appears, is very attractive to those who have wearied of the extremes of heat and cold, and want conditions for comfort and growth in the most equable climate in America. A. M.

CHRISTIANITY

Christians and preachers are giving more and more attention to their spiritual lives...

THE QUESTION DEPARTMENT

Q. I have been thinking a great deal about the future of our race...

THE SLEEPER TRUST

The Trustees of the Sleeper Trust hereby offer for sale a tract of Choice Fruit Land...

PUBLICATIONS

A New Departure! Spirit Bone's Legacy to the World...

ADVERTISEMENTS

VITA-PATHY. DR. J. D. MacLENNAN. THE EMINENTLY SUCCESSFUL VITAPATHIC PHYSICIAN!

THE CASE OF FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT. A most wonderful life. It is not strange, however, that he has been so successful...

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AGENTS WANTED. JOHN B. FAYETTE, Box 1285, Oswego, N. Y.

HEALER! 1412 Octavia St., bet. Geary and Post, SAN FRANCISCO.

Medicine Meeting. George's Hall, 707 Market Street, was filled last Sunday afternoon with old and young people...

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Prof. Ormerod's Meetings. Those who attended the meeting last Sunday at Irving Hall, were well repaid...

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The Young People's Meeting. These meetings still hold the attention of many believers and investigators...

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CLAIRVOYANCE. Dr. A. B. Dolson, Mapokota, Iowa, clairvoyant physician and magnetic healer...

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HEALER! 1412 Octavia St., bet. Geary and Post, SAN FRANCISCO.

"Let us Stick to the Text." Mrs. Harris, in the "Question Department" of our issue of July 6th...

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Choice Residence For Sale. House and lot in Mountain View. The house is two stories, nearly new...

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Onesimus Toole; or, from Shadow to Sunshine.

Continued from First Page.

what error is so gross, or affection so degrading as that which enslaves the reason in the chains of carnal appetite and frivolous desire for the world's applause, while in the same breath we are told to ignore all things material and all personal concerns, and trust entirely in Infinite Spirit?

"The absence of the jewel consistency, from any crown, will rob that diadem of all abiding lustre; I do not wish for a moment to speak disparagingly of 'Christian Science,' but I do see rotten timbers in the vessel now launched upon the waves, bearing that inscription. But with regard to the handkerchiefs, aprons, shadows and oil to which you have called my attention, I should unhesitatingly pronounce many ancient beliefs, decidedly superstitious, and I can readily see how many people in an oriental country would approach spiritual life through the veil of their preconceived ideas and practices. I do not accredit garments, oils or shadows with power to heal the sick, but I do know that there is no shadow without some substance to cast it, while wearing apparel is not, in the cases referred to, valued for its own sake, but solely by reason of its connection with an owner or wearer who inspires confidence and esteem; and the very fact of the oil being ceremoniously administered by persons in high standing among the gnostic brethren of the first century, is to my mind, sufficient proof that these outward things were nothing in themselves, but only serviceable as they enabled very crude and undeveloped intellects to lay hold of a truth whose naked beauty they could not at once discern.

"Still," continued Mr. Toole, "granting all you say, and I most cordially thank you for your exceeding plainness of speech and clearness of doctrine, is there not, after all, something solid in the claim of the animal magnetist, or certainly in that of the psychologist, mesmerist or electrobiologist to whose instrumentality we undoubtedly owe some cases of complete, and many of partial restoration to health?"

"I do not see," resumed the Professor, "that I need to alter my base, or in the slightest degree vary my position to admit that a healthy state of mind overflows in a torrent of healthy magnetism. I claim always that animal magnetism is not what we should seek for; too often it is most grievously polluted and is not at all an agreeable or a safe thing to handle when in a tainted condition. I put it to you as a reasonable man, does it seem feasible that an unhealthy body should communicate pure vital force to another frame? Of what character and in what condition are the bulk of magnetic healers and those who employ massage? I do not suggest that they are below the average man or woman, but are they above mediocrity in any direction? Anyone can give magnetic treatment, but can anyone heal the sick by laying on of hands? Echo answers no! Now, if we allow that many people whose outward methods are defective, accomplish good because of their goodness of heart and sincerity of purpose, I will agree with you that they enjoy a limited amount of success, and in this connection I beg you to note that ninety per cent of those who heal by such methods are Spiritualists and claim to be mediums. Their own theory then, demolishes belief in what is animal, and lifts the healing gift into a purely psychic realm, where it is made to depend on the intelligent action of incorporated beings.

"Mrs. Richmond of Chicago, whose inspired addresses I often read with much pleasure, though not by any means friendly to certain phases of the Christian or Mental Science Movement, takes this latter ground and defends it forcibly. Now, as I cannot deal with pluralities such as laws and forces continually without confounding those who come to me for instruction, I bring everything to a point of unity and speak of law and force in the singular. I am often provoked to laughter by the absurd statements of many conceited scientists who, ignorant of the very first principle, to say nothing of the latest discoveries in chemistry, inform the readers of some small newspapers eking out a miserable subsistence in America, that because while the ancients spoke of only four elements, earth, air, fire and water, and modern chemists tell of somewhere between sixty and seventy primates, therefore nature does not proclaim unity; to such unenlightened dabblers in science I would like to say that there is not a chemist of any repute on either side of the Atlantic or Pacific who does not maintain that all primates must be ultimately reducible to one absolute primary. This essential primary I maintain, is electricity, which in its turn is but the outward garb of pure spirit, itself ever invisible, the unseen cause of all things, known only through its manifestations."

As the conversation had proceeded, Mrs. Kittenscomb had fallen into a profound slumber, from which she awoke suddenly after about an hour's enjoyment of most perfect and refreshing rest, exclaiming: "Oh, I see it all now; I have been grieving for the loss of my husband's body, and now I am to blend my efforts with his in enlarging the sphere of his present ministry. To do this, to co-operate in his endeavors, I must forget self and disembarrass my mind of all concern for material welfare; dear little Alicia, how often have you told me your papa was with you in spirit, and I could not realize it; now I

have seen him and he tells me that you grow up as the flowers grow, not to tax you with stated lessons, and oh, he bids me thank you, kind, good Professor, and you, my lovely young lady, for the blessed offer of a twenty-one days' sojourn in this delightful home. I had not rested for twenty years until this evening; I had slept often for many consecutive hours, often forced to an unnatural slumber by poisonous opiates; now I shall reason, I know I shall; I shall live not only for my daughter's sake, but for humanity; we shall travel together carrying tidings of comfort to the sad, pointing the weary to the true fountain of refreshment. Oh, how can we repay you for all your goodness, dear, kind friends? The Bible talks of entertaining angels; we are being entertained by angels, and you are among the fairest heaven has commissioned to abide a while on this dark globe to draw its erring children nearer to heaven's light."

"My good friend," replied the Professor, "give God the glory; do not extol us humble instruments so highly; it is 'more blessed to give than to receive,' thus at present ours is the greater boon, but as in the march of the cycles, whatever good is given to others returns in blessing to those who gave it forth, never fear that you or we shall not be quits; and leaving aside all thought of reward, which we do not crave, your presence in our house will add to our pleasure and that of all our guests; your rooms are already in order if you will remain to-night; should you prefer to sleep one more night in your old quarters, you can prepare to be our guests (remember we take no one to board) by one o'clock to-morrow. I know what you would say. I am a physician and you will insist on paying my fees; I am nothing of the kind; my income is ample and derived from other sources. You are Azriel's guests, as such we rejoice to be privileged to entertain you. Now let us consider this matter settled and adjourn to the music-room, where my daughter and her friend Miss O'Shannington, will let us hear some music."

The party having assembled near the organ and piano, the two young ladies took their seats, each at her respective instrument. Heloise's masterly manipulation of the great organ whose jubilant and plaintive strains alternately rose and sobbed through the spacious apartment, was greatly enhanced by the sweet, sympathetic responses and blendings of harmony which issued from the superb piano whose key-board Lydia O'Shannington's fingers swept with all the skill of an accomplished master. At last their voices rose together in a faultless rendition of the beautiful evening hymn, "Holiest breathe an evening blessing, ere repose our eyelids seal."

The singular charm of these renditions was that the extempore melodies were played and sung together in as perfect accord by the two performers as though they had practiced for hours and days together to insure perfection. A power greater than practice made practice in their case unnecessary. The Baroness and the Kittenscombs bade their adieux shortly before midnight, and silence once more wrapped "The Palms" in its embrace.

(To be continued.)

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Splints.

BY ELLA L. MERRIAM.

Healthy waters can only flow from a pure spring. Neither can a truly useful life emanate from a mind defiled.

Under any misfortune, one privilege beyond price is ours, and that is, to grow daily in spiritual grace and strength, thus wearing a possession eternal that the world can neither give nor take away.

Is life wearisome, monotonous, and unpromising? Dear one, seek a view of the true life, the life of the spirit, which subsists upon our own provisions, and not upon others. Herein we will always find a pleasant and satisfactory occupation, for its present and future rewards are imperishable.

Oh, how humanity needs the sympathy and endearment of its fellows! That "one touch of Nature," that resolves us into one loving, harmonious family, each one's troubles considered and ameliorated so far as possible, and true charity, like a rainbow of promise and peace, encircling us all.

It is only through suffering of some sort, oftener of many sorts, that produces within our natures charity and sympathy for others. So, while we are in a measure, through this refining crucible, deprived of many enjoyments and much desired accomplishments, let us never forget its real mission, which, out of wise usage, will develop that christ-like tenderness and kindness that our earth now needs, as a parched field refreshing showers.

There is no compensation nor remuneration for noble intents and purposes, like the silent but constant approval within. What matters another's praise if we have committed a wrong, or censure if we are satisfied with our effort? To desire and cultivate the respect and sanction of our own immortal monitor, is to strike the keynote of a never ending but ever increasing volume of song!

Prize being right far above triumphing over an opponent. Only truth, right and justice are worth feeling gladly glorious over. To win in establishing an error or wrong is the most lamentable failure.—Elmina.

Letter From Denver.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

We have had the very great pleasure of meeting Mrs. C. J. Meyer of your city, certainly a wonderful platform test medium. Everybody is delighted with her. This is a cold, skeptical city and slow to acknowledge that anybody astonishes them, but Mrs. Meyer has wrung the confession from them whenever she has appeared. In a private sitting with the writer, she brought up the spirit of a lady who was lost on the "Golden Gate," burned at San Francisco. The writer was a child when this occurred, but remembers the lady perfectly.

The cause of "Spiritual Philosophy" has received a new impetus since the coming of Mrs. Meyer. In a public audience on a recent occasion, she gave a dozen tests to different persons, who recognized instantly the names and statements given. One gentleman, whom the medium called George Smith, stubbornly refused to acknowledge that he understood the facts and names she gave. The control finally became irritated and said, "Well, that is your name, and you do understand, though you won't say so." At the close of the meeting, this gentleman came forward and stated that his name had been correctly given and that every word the medium said was true. One remarkable test was given a gentleman from his brother lately passed over. The spirit gave his name in full, and those of several others present with him, and expressed himself as in great distress, having died from alcoholism, asking pardon of the brother for the grief he had caused him. Suddenly the medium became violently agitated and said, "I see a white powder in a glass, I feel so sick, like I was going to fall down on the floor; this spirit died from poison—he killed himself!" The test was acknowledged as true in every particular and a most convincing one.

Mrs. Meyer pointed to another gentleman, called him by name in full—a very unusual one, by the way, and said: "I see your wife standing behind you; she is in life, but has left you. I see other things I don't like to speak of here. If I could see you alone I would tell you more." The gentleman said the test, so far, was true, but rather sneeringly hinted that "this was what they all said, to get a private sitting." The medium promptly replied "Since you say that, I will tell you. Your wife left you on account of drinking! It is bad enough for a man to drink, but when a woman gets low down from drink it is much worse. It is far better for her not to come back as long as she acts as she is doing now." The gentleman confessed that this was true and we think he got complete satisfaction. Pointing to another, she said, "You are an engineer. I see you getting off the track sometimes, and I'm afraid you are going to have a little accident soon. Oh! there is a man getting killed right in front of you; he's all smashed up in a collision!" "I recognize that," said the gentleman, "he was my friend, and he was killed right by my side."

But time and space forbid an enumeration of the tests given by this marvelous woman. We hear that she has partially arranged for a trip through the East. We certainly congratulate the societies who have been so fortunate as to secure her.

Respectfully,
M. E. J. P.
DENVER, Col., July 1, 1889.

Suggestions from a Brisbane Subscriber.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

As a subscriber and reader of your excellent paper, the GOLDEN GATE, I take the liberty of asking you to give more prominence to a matter of some interest to myself and others out here who are, I venture to say, honest investigators in the field of the higher life. The matter I would refer to has been again brought before me by the perusal of the report of Medium's Meeting in your journal dated April 20th last, in which Mr. H. W. Abbott addressed the listeners upon "Practical Psychometry." I think if you were to give some extended and fully detailed advice as to the acquirement and practice of Psychometry, it would prove attractive to your many readers, particularly if you were to state in plainest language, who may become psychometers, and how such may become so. The subject of Psychometry has always had a deep interest to the enquirers out here, more especially since Buchanan's and Denton's books on the subject have been read and discussed. (a)

I am glad to inform you that I had the privilege of joining Mr. Fred Evans' class held here some months ago, and although I have developed nothing that I am aware of so far, yet I saw quite enough when in the developing class, to convince me that Mr. Evans is wonderfully gifted as a medium, and I firmly believe that he is genuine beyond cavil. You may accept my assurance that I privately defended him warmly against the so-called exposure, which arose from enmity, and during the so-called "silly season" (the Parliamentary recess), when every item is snatched for press purposes, and enlarged upon. And you may further believe me when I say that not one of those who believed previous to Mr. Evans' arrival, have receded the slightest from their original position. No doubt you have had the Telegraph exposure sent you for perusal

and judgment, and consequently see how matters stand.

I think if you could find time and space for some biographical sketches of the better mediums, professionals and amateurs, referring more particularly to the mode of their acquiring their mediumistic gifts, the time and duration of their several sittings, with facts as to the premonitions of the "gift" they afterwards received, it would be intensely interesting to hundreds who are struggling and blundering under misapprehended advice and directions as to individual development as mediums. You will recollect that in the sketch of Mr. Evans, you stated, I think, that he only sat about three months when he was blessed with communications. Others with myself, are desirous of doing better than at present, and would like very much to learn from the experience of others how the mediumistic faculty is best and quickest developed. (b)

I most sincerely hope your paper will flourish, and the truths you propagate become widely acceptable, and that you will banish much of the ignorance surrounding the problem of higher life. If you are good enough to reply to me through your columns, please do so to my initials only.—T. H. D. Wishing you every success, and that you could persuade another capable medium to follow Mr. Evans to carry on the good work, and trusting to be kept on your books as a constant subscriber, I remain,
Yours faithfully,
T. H. D.

ANSWER.

(a) Dr. J. Rodes Buchanan, Editor of Buchanan's Journal of Man, No. 6 James street, Boston, is authority on the subject of psychometry, and to him we would suggest that you apply for the information you desire.

(b) We have published many such sketches during the past four years. There is no fixed rule for development. We have seen mediumistic persons controlled at a first sitting, and develop a high order of mediumship in a few weeks' time. Other persons may sit for years and develop no satisfactory phase. If but little headway in development is made after, say, three or four months of patient and regular sitting, we would not advise a continuance of effort in that direction. The higher developments come only to few, like the gifts of song, or sculpture.—Ed. G. G.

Fame is nothing more than the enjoyment of being abused to your face now, and being praised behind your back some hundred years hence.

The greatest friend of truth is time.—Colton.

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The Coues-Blavatsky Squabble.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE: Your uniform courtesy and the liberal spirit of your journal, induce me to hope that you will hospitably receive the following communication. No doubt your readers are interested in the Coues-Collins attack upon Madame Blavatsky. The facts in the case are briefly these: Mrs. Cook-Collins and Dr. Coues state that Madame Blavatsky "begged and implored" Mrs. Collins to claim inspiration for "Light on the Path," four years ago. Madame Blavatsky replied promptly that she was in India at that date and could by no possibility have "begged and implored," nor could Mrs. Collins have "gone to her," as she states, to ask her advice as to how Dr. Coues' inquiry should be met. Hereupon the ingenious couple discover the original letter of Mrs. Collins to Dr. Coues, and find that it relates to two years ago only, and to "Gates of Gold," a more recent publication. Please notice that they disregarded accuracy entirely in the first attack and double statement, if this original letter, finally found by Dr. Coues among his files is true.

To this second indictment Madame Blavatsky replied, through Dr. Reightly, her representative, that after the publication of "Gates of Gold," Mrs. Collins asked her advice as to whether she should disclose her own name, discarding the anonymous "M. C.," and that she (H. P. B.) urged her, as every Theosophist, to come bravely forward. This is a very different matter from urging Mrs. Collins to claim inspiration for her works. Finally, the matter is set at rest by the fact that in the "Idyl of the White Lotus," written before she had ever met Madame Blavatsky, Mrs. Collins has the following dedication:

"To the true author, the inspirer of this work, it is dedicated." Every one of her subsequent works has the same statement in substance. Mrs. Collins now asks us to believe that she has carried on a fraud, and a financially remunerative fraud for years, at the solicitation of Madame Blavatsky, whom she had never seen when she began it. Both times have these been fully and frankly met by Madame Blavatsky and her representative. In a letter from her upon this subject she says: "To checkmate them we have only to be truthful and conceal nothing." The italics are her own.

Some persons are making much of the fact that her first reply did not cover the second charge published some time later, and when Dr. Coues already knew that she could prove her absence from England. The whole thing was an act of revenge on their part, Dr. Coues having long threatened to make some scandal of Madame Blavatsky did not force him upon the Theosophical Society as President, which she had no authority to do. Mrs. Collins had been already expelled from one section of the Theosophical Society when she wrote her letter of so-called confession to Dr. Coues, just as that gentleman has since been expelled from the Theosophical Society. It cannot be expected that Madame Blavatsky should do more than meet each charge in turn with frankness. Being innocent, she cannot foresee them; that cannot be asked even of an adept.

The reason why Madame Blavatsky is not properly represented in this matter, is very simple. The editor of the journal in which the original charges appeared, has made a rule that he will not print the communications sent him on the subject, although he does print the accusations. In the cases of two prominent Theosophists, Dr. Reightly and Dr. Buck, he has printed their articles, but only with such editorial comment as utterly prevents their being heard among prejudiced persons. The editor has said that he will print whatever Madame Blavatsky herself may say, but the weekly personalities and vulgar, low gibes upon this dying woman, must utterly preclude her entering into any correspondence in a case where misrepresentation and personal abuse are so sure. This is the reason why I ask your fraternal offices in the matter, knowing that this vindication will thus reach a large body of Spiritualists of the better order; we all know that every order has its degrees. The special venom of this attack appears to be derived from the belief of Theosophists in Re-incarnation. Yet many Spiritualists believe it, and I am told that the great "Sun Angels' Order of Light" teach it explicitly. Theosophists and Spiritualists are very near to each other, engaged, as both are, in psychic investigation and in proving the spiritual life. While they do not agree as to the source of phenomena in every instance, they do believe in their reality and in the action of occult law, and, instead of being thrust into enmity by some mistaken leaders and journals, they ought to enter the reign of psychic research in an amicable and scientific spirit, and strictly register all data with a view to throwing further light upon the reign of law. When the contrary is the case, personal animus is not far off.

In a private letter, the editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal says that he makes this attack on Madame Blavatsky because "of her fatuous attempt to bulldoze the press"—(said attempt being a natural request to her adherents not to take any paper which ridiculed Theosophy and refused any redress in hearing a request. Would not this be done by any man with his secular paper?)

What is really striking about the above phrase from Colonel Bundy, however, is

that in a private letter of Dr. Coues written long before the attack took place, he uses the identical words I speak of: "Madame Blavatsky's fatuous attempt to bulldoze the press," which conclusively shows that Colonel Bundy learned the lesson from him and is his tool in the matter. I enclose you the letters of Dr. Coues, proving his animus to be that of a disappointed schemer determined to become President of a Society of which he publicly and falsely stated himself to be already President, and palavering and bullying a sick woman alternately, in the hopes of heading a society he affects to despise. You will greatly add to the piquancy of your columns if you will print some extracts from this pamphlet. Thanking you for your constant and fraternal courtesy, I am with respect,

Yours sincerely,
J. CAMPBELL VER PLANCK.

Letter from Fred Evans.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE: We are now located in Sydney, having arrived here May 14th from Melbourne. We found a little difficulty in securing a centrally located furnished house; but, after a week's searching, secured proper quarters, and commenced to give seances on Monday, May 27th. For five days and nights it rained incessantly, and we were almost following Noah's plan of building an ark when the rain ceased, and we are now enjoying beautiful weather. The Spiritualists here do not seem as numerous as in Melbourne. They have had no physical mediums since the advent of Mrs. Ada Foye, and, on my arrival in Sydney, the society were not holding any meetings, having closed up for the last two months; but, I was present at the opening Sunday, May 26th, Mrs. Harris (Jenny Wren) being the lecturer. A large audience listened attentively to the well-delivered lecture, after which I was introduced to the audience by the Chairman, and called upon to address the meeting. I was favorably received, and, after the meeting was closed, I was besieged by inquiries for appointments for seances.

My experience through the colonies has proved to me that Spiritualism, without its phenomena for a basis, will never thrive; it is like a nut with the kernel extracted. A few Spiritualists can be found in each of the colonies struggling to keep a single meeting together. With only a lecturer to speak on the philosophy, it has become a failure. Out of a population of 500,000 you will find an audience of from twenty to one hundred persons present, and barely enough subscribed to pay for the hall they meet in. Now, mark the result of the phenomenal demonstrations of Spiritualism. When I was advertised to appear, and give an exhibition of slate-writing, the buildings were packed to overflowing. Crowds of people were struggling on the side-walk, trying to get in; and, on one occasion, it was with great difficulty that I could effect an entrance, and squeeze my way to the platform.

I am pleased to say that my advent in each colony has started new life to the movement of Spiritualism, and the hundreds who have received messages by psychography through my mediumship have shown the results to hundreds more, until Spiritualism has become the talk of the towns.

Take the phenomena away from Spiritualism, and Spiritualism would lose thousands of converts; and yet psychical mediums are the most maligned class in the world. Even those who ought to protect them, until they can prove their alleged dishonesty, are the first to lend their pen and papers to raise the hue and cry of "fraud."

I am pleased to say that the guide, through my mediumship, has, within the last two weeks, given over twenty investigators messages between their own slates, that they brought tied, screwed, sealed, and also locked. The following is an interesting sample, worthy of note: Henry Copeland, Member of Parliament for New South Wales and ex-Premier, visited me for a seance, and brought with him a pair of hinged, board-backed slates, that he claims he had made to order for the occasion. These slates were locked with a patent combination lock (keyless), and could not be opened by any one not knowing the letters the lock was set to. After sitting about a half-hour the slates were opened by Mr. Copeland, and found to contain three messages, signed by relatives and friends of Mr. Copeland. This, of course, was conclusive to that gentleman, and he has promised to write an account of the above seance in the Sydney Telegraph. Numerous evidences of this kind has enabled me to leave a very reliable record behind me. I must confess that a medium, who is willing to sit for all skeptics here as they come along, requires strong guides, because, in addition to being at the mercy of slanderers, you are also at the mercy of the law; for the English laws make mediumship a crime, at the complaint of any one who wishes to sneak out of paying for their seance.

Last night (Sunday) the spiritual society advertised a meeting, asking persons to bring their slates that had been written upon through my mediumship. A number of persons brought their slates, as requested, and stated that they had taken their own slates to me, and had received the writing thereon without the slate leaving their sight. A great deal of interest was taken in the slates, which were passed around (under glass) for examination. I expect to return by the next "Alameda"

da" to San Francisco, and will be pleased to see my California friends once more.

Yours fraternally,
FRED EVANS.
SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, June 10, 1889.

A Reason for Everything.

The mother's column seems calling me to again fill it with some thoughts that will unbidden come and almost whisper, "Write me out, I want to have my say," so listening to the "still, small voice," I obey. How many mothers think only of feeding, clothing and providing an education for their children, sending them to fine schools, and never for one moment remembering that she ought in justice to herself, and to be a fit companion for her children, keep pace with them in their intellectual flights. Women, as a class, are standing upon a platform of practical usefulness, and are not considering the delights of knowledge for its own sake.

The boy who returns from college, and the girl from the Normal school or seminary, full of enthusiasm and love for all the higher intellectual efforts in the world of art and letters, ought to be met by the mother fully capable of sympathizing and understanding them, and while they have been away gathering the dew and halo and enthusiasm of richly laden minds, the mother ought to have devoted one hour out of and away from her daily toil, communing among the books, that we can all get now, either by purchase or in our free libraries, and gaining knowledge that will be like honey saved in the summer days, that will come forth to feed and nurture in after times the young minds when restored to her care.

Men speak of women as incapable of doing business, of carrying on a connected line of thought, and who cannot follow and appreciate a fine argument. We are fully aware it is almost impossible to converse with women. They never try to think logically or give a reason for anything they may do. But to be truly balanced and harmonious, a reason ought to be given for all that one ever thinks of doing, and while teaching a child obedience to any rule of conduct, the reason why he is taught that line of conduct ought to be as well understood as the obedience. The habit of women listening to men, let them be sons, brothers or husbands, and dumbly assenting to all they say destroys their own individuality and subjects them to humiliation and tyranny. Intellectual stagnation follows if one gives dumb acquiescence to all that is said to them upon topics that are stirring the minds of the people; and to be incapable of strong thoughts and have the power to express only those concerning household duties, fashions, follies and crying babies is to be mentally paralyzed.

Now if the hands must perform familiar duties, keep the mind awake by constant study and doing genuine thinking in some great intellectual direction, becoming fine in analyzing a subject and placing it in a beautiful light before your family and friends.

A wife and mother whose whole life is buried in the affectional state must see to it that she has a garret where she can set up a mental laboratory for intellectual culture and practice daily that her life may keep step with those about her and the great pulsating world of which she is a part. The tired mothers will read this article and think, What can I do in an intellectual way? To all such, we say just that which will rest you, if it be practice upon the children's piano, so let it be, never mind if your fingers are all thumbs at first, have your lesson and master it; if it is metaphysical lectures or historical readings, make sure it is giving you growth of mind as well as rest in body, and your whole life will be brightened, and your influence in the family circle will become a transfiguration. It will be, "let's consult mother, she knows," from father to child; then there will be none of those petty concealments and outside confidences that break up homes and mar and blight more households than my pen dares indite. "Mother is such a jolly friend and helps us all out," so say the children, and so thinks the father wherever the mother is a thinker and gives a reason for everything she does, and has a mind of her own.

ALAMEDA, CAL., July 6, 1889.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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APPENDIX.—Answers to Questions.

The above lectures were delivered to Mr. Morse's private classes in San Francisco, Cal., during October, 1887, and are now published for the first time. The two lectures upon mediumship are especially valuable to all mediums and mediumistic persons. Cloth, 12 mo., pp. 159. Price, \$1. Postage, 5 cents extra.

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

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

To Lessing's Nathan.

BY FREDERICK GERHARD.

"The genuine ring probably has been lost."—NATHAN.

The ring was never lost, no, Nathan, never! Deep rests the jewel on the human breast, And 'twill be born again to sparkle ever

In vain shall atheistic mind endeavor To pick this treasure'd jewel from our hearts, To foster selfishness and curb forever

When baptized Mammon builds a lofty fane To him who blessed the poor and chid the rich, Wealth lauds her sons in many a gorgeous pane, And leaves to God a dim, mysterious niche.

Fashion in Religion.

When baptized Mammon builds a lofty fane To him who blessed the poor and chid the rich, Wealth lauds her sons in many a gorgeous pane, And leaves to God a dim, mysterious niche.

FASHION IN FAITHS! Nay, let your milliner hand Drape, if you will, the crimson altar-cloth, Gild a rood-screen, or fold a curate's band

The wooden cross is heavier than the gold. The patient poor hide that; but this ye flaunt With diamonds flashing, and in velvet fold

Custom may mould the boudoir's languid mood, Or franker courtesies of full-breasted life, And stroke to smooth felicities the rude,

Alone upon the mountains of high thought, Alone in gloomy vales of doubt and fear, The earnest soul its conquering way has fought

What only echoes in an empty wall. Blindfold to chase a leader finds the ditch. There is no field where fowl seed may not fall,

Song of the Sea.

The song of the sea was an ancient song In the days when the earth was young; The waves were gossiping loud and long Ere mortals had found a tongue;

The song of the sea took a human tone In the days of the coming of man; A mournful meaning swelled her moan, And fiercer her riots ran

The song of the sea was a hungry sound As the human years unrolled; For the notes were hoarse with the doomed and drowned, Or choked with a shipwreck's gold;

The song of the sea is a wondrous lay, For it mirrors human life; It is grave and great as the judgment day, It is torn with the thought of strife;

Not Always.

Life is not always sweet; There are some pathways that are hard to tread; The fairest flowers, methinks, are soonest dead— Life is not always sweet.

Life is not always clear; Storm-clouds will gather on the sunniest day; The happy moments swift pass away— Life is not always clear.

Life is not always good; The sweetest rosebud has a thorn stem; A tiny flaw may mar the choicest gem— Life is not always good.

Life is not always bright; And yet each day hath beauty to unfold, And there are stars whose rays of burnished gold Glean thro' the darkest night,

Life is not always fair; But we can learn to leave the clouds behind; And those who seek for it will surely find Some gladness everywhere!

Mrs. Hammatt's Plan for a Medium's Home.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Thinking your readers who are interested in the Hammatt Villa Park and Medium's Home movement, might like to learn more in regard to it, I take pleasure in informing them, through your columns. I have one hundred and sixty acres of land two miles east of Encinitos post-office and railroad depot, also two miles from a lovely beach of thirty miles drive, with one thousand dollars worth of improvements, and five acres under cultivation, which I propose, as soon as proper conditions can be brought about, to give for the benefit of spiritual mediums of the United States. It contains four forty-acre tracts in a straight line one mile in length, facing the ocean and the west, and is a quarter of a mile in width; nearly all of it is situated nicely for building purposes. The soil is fair for cultivation. On the north, east and south you can behold a lovely view of the mountains, foot-hills and valleys interspersed. The snow-capped peaks in the vicinity, or near San Bernardino, can also be clearly seen, and I think not far from eighty miles distant. The view is fully sixty to eighty miles in every direction when the atmosphere is clear. The sunset view over the water is fully one hundred and twenty-five miles in length from north to south and is the most gorgeous and soul-inspiring I have ever seen in all my travels throughout the United States.

The climate is the best and most even in temperature that California affords; the temperature at no time ranging far from seventy degrees the year round. Adjoining, are over one thousand acres of valley and mesa land which can be bought and added to the home by and by. The plan from the spirit world is to eventually make the home self-sustaining and free for all that it can accommodate. It is to be built in village form, all the cottages to be one-story, and from one to as many rooms each as it will be thought advisable. In village form all can be near those who are the most harmonious, and none be compelled to be near those they do not like, any more than they would in any town or village. The buildings will be so constructed by an insulating process given by the spirit world, so as to keep out all undeveloped and earth-bound influences, except as they are brought in under the power of the high, bright, risen spirits, who can take them in under their control and place them beyond the earth-bound condition, thus enabling those who are troubled with, or obsessed by them, to come more perfectly under the protection of their own bright spirits who will band up strong enough to have the prescience over the earth-bound, and protect their mediumship from obsession. This insulating is favorable to the return of health and longevity, purity of mind and purpose, and all happy, harmonious conditions, and while the angel world desires to open its doors to the aged, sick and infirm, also orphan children of mediums, that they may be brought up under the influence of the truth of Spiritualism, as already known by their parents before them, they do not lose sight of the great necessity of preparing the way for great and grand mediumship for the future, well knowing that the truth of Spiritualism must rest upon mediumship as its foundation and support in all the coming ages.

We will take the obsessed medium whom the angel world has brought to the sensitive state, and affiliate with and assist those bright angels who possess wisdom, love and power, by placing conditions in the earthly side of life which will help vastly in clearing away the obsessions from those through whom they have given the sign that they desire to come through to the world and do a good work. In this manner, the cause of truth can be moved forward throughout the world much faster and the sooner usher in the grand millennium so often spoken of by the lovers of peace and good-will to all humanity.

We cannot afford to let so many of our mediums be carried into our insane asylums to be prisoners, while they are not criminals, and there kept for an indefinite length of time, many of whom endure a life-long incarceration, notwithstanding that a good many of them are perfectly harmless. The world needs their work, and when the proper assistance is rendered to aid them to a perfected mediumship, the world will be benefited by them.

The principles of the Medium's Home are to be reformatory in dress while in the institution. The edemic diet will be furnished for those who desire it; each individual will have a separate room to themselves. All dining-rooms, kitchens, bath and store-rooms will be separate buildings by themselves, except the receiving-house, which will be the first built and opened, and will contain all that is necessary for comfort, as in any plain, modern built house. The rules of the Home will not be arbitrary, but such as anyone can observe easily. There will also be a crematorium for those who desire it. There is fuel enough on the place to last for years, and a few acres will be set out in timber culture for a never-failing source of fuel, also a grove for picnics and out-door meetings can in a few years, be grown, and is in contemplation. The head waters of the San Luis Rey river will no doubt, be carried down the coast for the purpose of irrigating mesa lands, and be available for the Home. Water on the

claim can be obtained by boring deep enough for it. If found to be practical, nuts will comprise the main portion of the crop for market; much more could be trod, but I fear I have already trespassed upon your space. Hoping all who read this will take an interest in this movement, and that someone will come forward and help it financially, is the constant prayer of your correspondent,

MRS. HAMMATT.

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will meet every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, Nos. 929 1/2 and 933 1/2 Market street, between Fifth and Sixth. The hall is commodious and well arranged for this purpose. Strangers and all those interested are respectfully invited to attend.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 7:45 P. M., Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. All are invited. Admission 1 cent. The Library and Reading Room of this Society is located at 241 Market street, "Carrier Dove" office, and is open every week day from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

UNION SPIRITUAL SOCIETY MEETS EVERY Wednesday evening, at 7:45 o'clock, at St. Andrews Hall, No. 111 Larkin street. Good speakers and test mediums will be in attendance every evening.

OPEN MEETINGS OF THE GOLDEN GATE Lodge of the Theosophical Society, are held every Sunday at 106 McAllister street, at 1:30. Earnest inquirers cordially invited. COUNCIL G. G. OF THE T. S.

SPIRITUAL SERVICES IN MASONIC LODGE Room B. B. Hall, 121 Eddy street, Sunday evening. Lecture and tests by H. W. Abbott and James McCann. Admission, 10 cents.

FIRST PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION of Oakland, meets every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Perilla streets. Meetings at 3 and 7:30 P. M.

OPEN MEETING, —ON AND AFTER SUNDAY November 12th, at 2 o'clock, a Bible Class will be held at the Home College, 324 Seventeenth street. All will be welcome.

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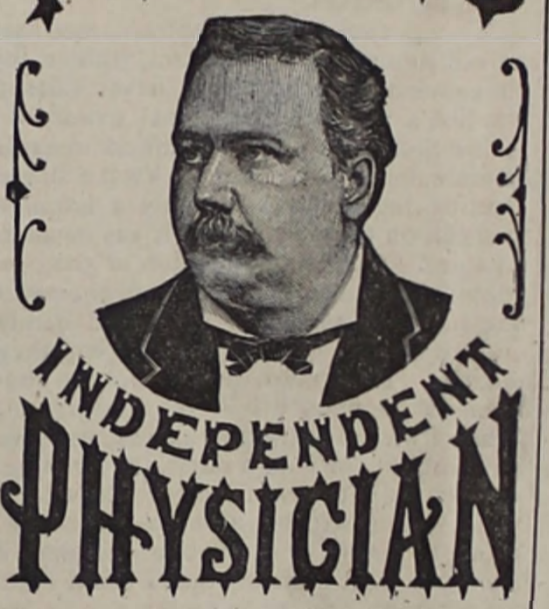
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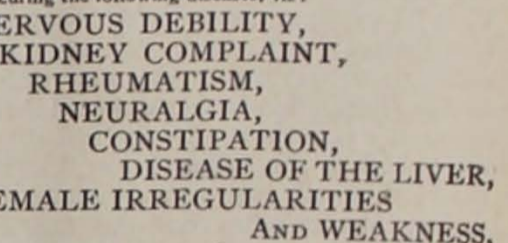
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