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CONTENTS:

FIRST PAGE.—Gems of Thought; Onesimus Toole; or, From Shadow to Sunshine, by W. J. Colville.

SECOND PAGE.—Sermon, the Angel, by John Westcott; Summerland; Thoughts Suggested by Hearing a Man Cursed for Past Errors, by Gustav F. Howe; Obituary: Blair Bell Sophisticator; Criticism, by Dwight Kington, etc.

THIRD PAGE.—From the Sun Angel Order of Light; Incomprehensible; A Universal Balm; Professional Cards, etc.

FOURTH PAGE.—(Editorial) Editorial Fragments: No Reasoning; Joy is Long; Sorrow Fleeting; Trip to Summerland; Confession: Mr. Colville's Work; A Paraphrase; Their Fate; Modern Methods; Editorial Notes.

FIFTH PAGE.—The Elms Club; In Memoriam: The River, Harbor, Canal Dredging and Land Company; Contributive Testimony; Aphorisms; Publications, etc.

SIXTH PAGE.—Onesimus Toole—continued; Not Ashamed to Investigate; Clairvoyance; Splints, by Ella L. Merriam; New Course; Publications, etc.

SEVENTH PAGE.—Spiritualist Colony; Advertisements, etc.

EIGHTH PAGE.—(Poetry) Night on Paloma; The Rosary at My Feet; Nearer and Dearest; Horizons; Content—Our Question Department; Origin of Modern Spiritism; St. George's Hall; Fraternity Hall; Advertisements, etc.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Drop your bad habits and they cannot lower you.

Every utterance creates some kind of an impression.

Those who go for berries should not retreat from briars.

In the eyes of heaven a wicked deed devised is done.—*Juvenal.*

Happiness is like an echo; it answers to our call, but does not come.—*Burton.*

If men knew themselves, they could not be intolerant to others.—*Sir Arthur Helps.*

An ounce of cheerfulness is worth a pound of sadness to serve God with.—*Fuller.*

If any man think it a small matter, or of mean concernment, to bridle his tongue, he is much mistaken.—*Plutarch.*

Every beautiful, pure and good thought which the heart entertains, is an angel of mercy, purifying and guarding the soul.

All wealth is created by labor. Should not then, they who gather from Nature and prepare for use, have the first claim to their use?

He is really great who is great in charity. He is really great who is little in his own eyes, and cares not for the honor of high position.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

The progress from deepest ignorance to highest enlightenment is a progress from entire unconsciousness of law to the conviction that law is universal and inevitable.—*Herbert Spencer.*

There is no fortune so good but it may be reversed, and none so bad but it may be bettered. The sun that rises in clouds may set in splendor, and that which rises in splendor may set in gloom.

A misery beyond our own is a wholesome picture for youth; and though we may not for the moment compare the deep with the lower deep, we, if we have a heart for outer sorrows, can forget ourselves in it.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

The spirit of liberty is not merely, as some people imagine, a jealousy of our own particular rights, but a respect for the rights of others and an unwillingness that any person—whether high or low—should be wronged or trampled under foot.

It is human character or developed humanity that conducts us to our notion of the Character Divine. In proportion as the mysteries of man's goodness unfold themselves to us, in that proportion do we obtain an insight into God's.—*J. D. Mozley.*

The true gentleman carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jot in the minds of those with whom he is cast; all clashing of opinion or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at ease and at home. He is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd. He guards against unreasonable allusions or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and is never wearisome.—*Cardinal Newman.*

Onesimus Toole;

OR, FROM SHADOW TO SUNSHINE.

A Psychological Romance by W. J. Colville.

"O could I tear the veil away, and seize the answer while I pray."—*Lambert.*

DEDICATION.—To my best and most valued friend, Bernard Pisto Montmart, this story is gratefully and affectionately dedicated as a humble tribute to a genius as far above praise as the stars are beyond human flattery. BY THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.—ON THE THRESHOLD.

On a bright summer evening, in 1887, a party of friends might have been seen gathered on the balcony in front of an old fashioned but comfortable house, on Sycamore avenue, almost in the heart of the business centre of New York. The house though a very large and roomy one, attracts but little attention from the busy throng as it is situated on one of those little frequented thoroughfares, which still remain as mementoes of the old Dutch settlement of a by-gone day.

No. 112 Sycamore avenue, is at least, eighty-five years old, and has a wonderful, though but little known history. Like many residences of similar type, it has the reputation of being haunted and for that reason the present tenant, Dr. Bernard Maxwell is allowed to retain his occupancy of a house of twenty-three rooms on payment of an annual rent of 750 dollars. The owner is a quaint old German with astrological proclivities, and though he is rarely ever in the city, between the landowner and the tenant a feeling of generous friendship subsists though the two men are about as unlike in appearance, disposition and sentiment as two human beings can well be.

Gerald Gustav Mackenberger (the owner of the property) is a prematurely aged man of sixty, delighting in solitude and given to the most ardent advocacy of stellar fatalism, while his tenant Dr. Maxwell is a handsome, cheerful, healthy man of less than forty, looking scarcely more than thirty. On the eventful evening when our story opens, Dr. Maxwell, a rising physician of the Electric school was entertaining a party of friends from Vermont. Prominent among them might have been discerned the striking and by no means unpleasing figure of the Rev. Onesimus Toole, pastor of the Baptist church of Saddleboro, Vermont. Mr. Toole (from whose family name, the Irish prefix O' had been dropped unceremoniously by his ancestors in the eighteenth century, when they left the church of Rome and denounced their allegiance to the land of their birth to become close communion Baptists and American citizens) was the possessor of a face which could not but attract attention. It was not beautiful, but it was strong and earnest and the eyes had within them a yearning, almost pleading light, as though an unsatisfied but aspiring soul was ever reaching out to catch some knowledge from the heavenly spheres as yet denied it. In general appearance Mr. Toole might be described as tall, five feet ten inches or thereabouts, slender, narrow chested, and inclined to stoop; his hair and eyes were alike very dark; his hands small and delicate for one so tall, but not lacking in nervous power or sinuous determination. Raising his voice above the voices of his companions, who were all buzzing together, after the manner of people gathered just outside a drawing-room window after dinner, on a summer's night. His whole attitude, one of earnestness and deep conviction.

The reverent Onesimus, addressing a portly lady, at his side declares: "My dear, Mrs. O'Shannington, I tell you there never was and there never can be such a phenomenon as the one you have been just describing. The law of nature renders it impossible, unless," lowering his voice to an awe-struck, and certainly, impressive undertone, "which, heaven forbid, some imp of darkness should have been permitted to read the thought in your misguided daughter's mind."

"I tell you what it is Mr. Toole," replied the lady thus vehemently, and we may add, awfully addressed, "if you are going to insinuate, that my daughter Matilda is in league with the Evil One, you may as well stop your endeavors to con-

vert me to your opinions on any subject; for a better, purer girl, than my child you won't find this side the Atlantic, though I do say it, who am her mother and should let others sound her praises."

"What's all this loud talking about between you two this evening," breaks in a cheery, rich, round voice, and Dr. Bernard Maxwell turning an amused glance on the excited combatants who were evidently amusing the passers-by, suggests that for the present, at least, all heated discussions on psychology shall be abandoned, and the evening devoted to more rational and edifying enjoyment; for," said the good Doctor smiling, "when any two persons set out to convince each other by means of verbal strife, no possible progress in the work of mutual conviction can be made, as the needless conditions for making ideas plain to the mind are of necessity absent, when either party is excited or in the least belligerent."

By way of turning the subject into a more attractive and gracious channel, without, however, altering the tide of the discourse, Dr. Maxwell, who was a brilliant conversationalist, and a man of rare scientific and literary attainment, commenced to relate an incident of his recent voyage from Paris on the magnificent steamer *La Garconne* of the justly celebrated Transatlantic line:

"As I was sitting on deck one gorgeous evening in May, the sun slowly sinking beneath the waters as one never sees it set on land, I heard, or thought I heard a low, sweet, girlish voice whispering in my ear, 'Bernard, take care, I implore you, take care, or the new electric battery for which you paid 6000 francs in Paris will be utterly destroyed. I can see where it is if you cannot!' The voice, the thrill accompanying the mystic utterance, all so powerfully impressed me that I was being spoken to by Heloise De Montmart, the daughter of the dearest friend I have in all the world, and the man to whom I owe almost all my present success in my life's undertakings I hastened to my stateroom, and there discovered that under the lower berth my most valuable instruments and apparatus were in immediate danger of ruin from a flood of water; hastily calling a steward and getting the leakage stopped in my wash-bowl, I was just in time to prevent the water from soaking into the very place of all others from which I was particularly anxious to exclude all dampness. Ruminating on this singular incident, I returned to my accustomed folding chair on deck, and resuming my old position, gazing out upon the water which the moon's soft rays were just beginning to gild, I fell to meditating on the wonderfully complex problem of mental interaction never wholly absent from the minds of students of the nervous system of men and animals, which you know has been my specialty. As I pondered ever with increasing surprise upon this my most recent and timely experience which enabled me in the very nick of time, to save my battery from serious injury, I saw a thin blue cloud cross the sky, and from this cloud apparently of ether, small but intensely bright electric sparks proceed; thinking it might be merely an optical delusion, I ruled my eyes and looked again, determined this time not to be mistaken, when a soft, silvery laugh echoed at my elbow, and the clear, sweet tones of Heloise De Montmart's voice sounded clearly enough to me, though I am convinced no other person heard a sound. 'Why, Bernard, have you forgotten what papa told you when we parted? that I should always be able to warn you when anything specially needed your attention, and here I am to fulfill my father's word.'

"Almost dumbfounded, I answered her in thought, my lips however, moving in inarticulate utterance: 'But pray tell me where you are now and what you are doing?' No sooner had I given the words to the ether than a reply came close to my ear: 'Why, here, of course, talking to you. Papa's entertaining company in his salon and I've retired early; my body, I suppose, is slumbering as peacefully as usual in my own room in the house you know so well, 33 Avenue de l'Imperatrice, but oh, dear! I can't stay any longer; good-bye, Bernard, and don't forget the alligator!' with these words the voice was silent and the mysterious presence had vanished from my side. I was alone, intensely alone it seemed after this experience, though the deck was well occupied by passengers walking slowly and talking

quickly as steamer passengers usually do on a balmy, moonlight night in Spring." "Oh, do tell us about the alligator," broke in Miss Lydia O'Shannington; "I do so love queer pets. Is there an alligator in this house, and where did you get him?"

"Well," said Dr. Maxwell, laughing, "if you are a good girl, you shall see him to-morrow; he's asleep now in my aunt's bath-tub; he and she are great friends. Dr. De Montmartre gave him to me three years ago when we were traveling together in Florida. He seems to have grown up as a member of our family, never snaps or tries to bite, but why should he, when we treat him kindly and hold him under due restraint; is it not man's prerogative to hold the lower creation in subjection? What say you to this, Mr. Toole, does the theology of the Baptist Church tolerate thus much of theosophy?"

"I really cannot decide such a question without giving it long and prayerful consideration," responded the minister addressed; "but anyway, I shall be delighted to see your alligator whenever it is convenient to you to show him to me. Can we not step inside now and have a little music? Your electric system of lighting is such an improvement over old methods, we don't dread the heat generated by it."

So saying, Mr. Toole, accompanied by Mrs. and the Misses O'Shannington moved into the large, roomy *salon* devoted to almost every conceivable modern use; elegantly but simply furnished, it portrayed the disposition of the man who rented it; no sign of niggardiness on any hand, neither any presumptuous display; all things solid, substantial, comfortable, cheerful and withal, beautiful.

Just as the party were composing themselves in a listening attitude, and Miss Lydia O'Shannington was taking her seat at the grand piano which was one of Levenstein's very best, a page (a bright, handsome boy of twelve devoted to Dr. Maxwell, who had been more than a father to him when he was left an abandoned orphan eight years previous), threw open the door and announced "Monsieur Alphonse de Kabriel!" Immediately following the announcement of the name, a haughty but not particularly refined young man about twenty-five years of age, sauntered into the room and seated himself without invitation in the most spacious and comfortable arm-chair in the apartment; of course he bowed and murmured "good evening," on entering, but seeing no one present who impressed him with any sense of special dignity, he took no pains to alter his usual nonchalant manner, which seemed to say, more plainly than any words could express, the sentiment:

"I honor you by condescending to address you!"

As Mons. Alphonse (his surname we may as well drop without further ceremony, for he is scarcely ever known by it and has no reason to be specially proud of it), will figure considerably in this narrative as it proceeds, let us describe him briefly to the reader. Of Creole birth, educated in New Orleans, accustomed to the stage and particularly to the box-office almost from infancy, exceedingly conceited, somewhat imposing in general appearance and with an amazing amount of self-possession not unmixed with a good supply of genuine "smartness," this young gentleman had always managed to elbow his way by sheer effrontery or subtle diplomacy, into the most exclusive circles of society. Having no very decided views on any subject, and knowing how to get on the right side of almost every susceptible person he encountered, charmingly versatile in mediocre accomplishments, and speaking three languages (English, French and Spanish), fluently if not always grammatically, Alphonse found himself by reason of no special merit and no one knew exactly how or why, in the very centre of the most literary circles in New York. The object of his present visit to Dr. Maxwell was to interest that gentleman in a series of lectures on "Mental Science" for which he was drumming up an audience, to be delivered by a Mrs. Felina Catsleigh, who, having grown tired of unsuccessful theatrical ventures, had taken up *Metaphysics* as a means of livelihood. "I say, Dr. this Mrs. Catsleigh beats all you've ever heard; knocks Mrs. Hooper, Mrs. Watkins, Dr. Steady and all the rest of 'em higher than a kite! Why, you'll rave over her the first time you hear her, and by jingo, isn't she an educated woman to talk to in a drawing-

room! I don't pretend to follow her, she's too deep for me; but its sound reasoning I tell you, ought to get her before the Medical Board; she'd open their eyes for 'em," and with this fervid if somewhat ungraceful eulogy of the new aspirant to fame, in the ranks of "Mental Science Healing," Alphonse took from his pocket a parcel of circulars (at least 500), elegantly printed on toned paper, and about 100 tickets, pretty little conceits in embroidered card-board, bearing the following inscription:

"*Conversations Extraordinaires*, Mme. Felina Catsleigh (of Paris) will give twelve lessons in Mental Science, teaching you how to never be sick or unhappy, according to the latest revelation of Truth, at Poodleton Hall, W. Minerva street, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Four weeks. First lesson, Tuesday, July 21st, at 3 P. M. Tuition fee, \$25."

"Considering the season is off, the terms are very low. All the other metaphysicians charge \$50 and many of them \$100," said Alphonse, patronizingly, "you would be fools interested as you are in such things to miss this unique opportunity."

"Well, I will take six tickets," said Dr. Maxwell, and straightway, that gentleman put \$150 in the open palm of the courteous Alphonse, who still remained seated, and just remarking, "mighty bargain," handed a receipt.

Mr. Toole watching this transaction from his corner opposite the new-comer, eyed him severely, and simply observed "the new gospel is not as free as the old. I take it, \$25 for twelve lectures is not a very small price to ask, I must say." Though this remark was not intended for the ears of Mons. Alphonse, that gentleman who had cultivated his hearing as well as his sight to an unusual degree of perfection in his favorite capacity of trained spy or confidential private detective on his own account, rose from his languorous position, and drawing himself to his full height (and he was not stumpy), sneeringly said with a contemptuous jeer in his voice: "You parsons are nice people to talk about free gospel. What with your fine churches hardly ever open, and your fat salaries for which you do next to nothing (I mean no offense to you personally, sir, for I don't know you.) You may well try and keep people from every place of amusement, and even try and stop them from hearing lectures, its all a blind, I say, you are afraid if they gave a dollar to anybody else you would go short. As to religion that is well enough; but when it comes to taking the bread out of the mouths of them as works hard for it, as you never do, it is another matter. What say you, Dr. Maxwell?"

"My dear, sir," said the gentleman addressed, "Mr. Toole is a minister and our guest, consequently, I think it ill becomes you to assail the profession he honors, in our house and in his presence. You cannot render a service to your own ideas by such displays of feeling. I must reserve my own opinion for a more suitable occasion, however, as I have been appealed to, I confess, I do not think Mrs. Catsleigh's terms exorbitant; and I feel certain we shall receive more than our money's worth in listening to her instructions. But pardon me, we were about to have some music when you entered. Will you not stay, and as I think it probable you are yourself a singer, may I ask you to favor us? When Miss O'Shannington has given us that lovely gem of melody *Lambillotta's 'O Give Me Wings.'*"

Miss O'Shannington's voice was clear, sweet and musical; not very highly cultivated but tenderly expressive. And though she often appeared a light, frivolous girl, yet when she sang her whole manner was altered. It seemed as though some wondrous inspiration fell upon her, lifting her entirely above her ordinary self, and transforming her into a gifted seeress, blessed with the divine power of touching the deepest springs of human sympathy through the avenues of song. When the touching strains had ended, and the breathless silence which had fallen on the company was breaking, as the fair young damsel resumed her ottoman at her mother's side, Alphonse stepped forward and extending his hand to the lady, said in his sweetest accents: "My dear Ma'am, will you not accompany me in 'Toreador?'" Receiving an approving nod from Dr. Maxwell, and "go my child" from her mother, the gentle Lydia, allowed herself to be led to the piano by the obtrusive Al-

Continued on Sixth Page.

Summon the Angel.

BY JOHN WATKINS.

Jonathan Mason, the distinguished jurist, when an enthusiast came to him and said an angel had appeared to him in a dream and given important evidence that his client was innocent, said "Summon the angel." I have never heard how the case turned out, but the presumption is the angel did not answer the summons or put in his evidence. I sometimes wonder whether the intelligence from "over the river" will ever be utilized and made practical in the affairs of life. Modern Spiritualism is based on intelligence from departed spirits—spirits of men and women who have shuffled off their mortal coil and who are still living, conscious, human, though no longer mortal beings.

Some things to me are certain, and one of these is, that there is intelligence from the spirit world which is not the intelligence of human beings in the form. I am as positive of that as I am, or can be, of anything. I am positive also that where there is intelligence, there is, or was, a human being. If intelligence comes which is not the intelligence of a mortal in the form, then it must be of an immortal out of the form, for intelligence is of human genesis. With William Stainton Moses, I never came across an intelligent force, and I never knew anybody who did. I go even farther than that: the intelligence that communicates to us from the other world, or what purports to be the other world, says it is the work of spirits. So general and even universal is that assertion that I think on general principles it is entitled to credence. In the absence of any other explanation or solution that will cover one-tenth of the ground, I for one certainly believe the testimony of that mysterious intelligence and acknowledge myself a Spiritualist in the modern sense. I have never met a reasonable man who did not think the basic claim of Spiritualism ought to be true, if it is not. I am not troubled in that direction; if I know anything, I know it is true.

Now comes the practical part of the subject, the thought of which has inspired this article. We are not so certain of the identity of any special spirit as we are that the intelligence to which I refer is the work of spirits. I suppose I have had as much experience in these matters as most any one during the past thirty years, and yet I can hardly say I have had positive evidence, beyond a question, of any special spirit. I have had very close approximations—almost the evidence I want to be absolutely certain, but still there are "missing links." There are spirits on the other side who ought to come to me who do not, and parties have come to me who have died, and given me tolerable evidence that it is they. I say tolerable, but they do not mention some others that ought to come, and who knew before they passed on that I had wondered why they did not come, and now they are spirits and ought to know my wishes, but who never refer to the delinquents I have named. Near and dear friends have come to me and talked tenderly, as such near and dear friends would, and even said things that only they would or could say, and yet some people that they ought to know as well as to know me, I would know if they were the persons they claim to be, and yet they seemingly do not. Sometimes I have tried to think that memory on the other side is more or less a lost art. I have known a sister, for instance, who returning as a spirit, has never known the name she bore the last years of her life, or the two children she left behind, and yet she gave pretty good evidence, excepting such deficiencies, of her being my sister. I have had many times manifest to me my son in materialized form, and especially through four different mediums, and though only a close approximation objectively, he said certain things that were tolerable evidence it was he, but in none of the four sources were the forms duplicates of each other, or exactly his own image, though in each case he said things that he, and perhaps only he would say, but neither of these four sources for his apparition could the form be made to connect with each other, that is, though he would say something natural to him, he never in a single case said, "When I appeared to you at the other mediums," &c. In some cases where he has said things natural to him, and I try to draw him out, and with such poor success, though he could talk on generalities well enough, that I have had to say, "Why Elly, you are stupid," and once he said, "I guess you would be, father, if you was in such a fix as this," referring to his materialized form. I am as sure of the fact of spirit materialization as I am of spirits, but I don't like the intelligence of such manifestations as a general thing, as well as I do those through a good trance medium, and still in the latter there are the usual mental disabilities, the "missing links," that are necessary to make absolute proof of identity.

I have heard very positive statements from other investigators that they have had absolute proof. I have generally found, however, that in what they would call absolute proof, I would find deficiencies; delighted, pleased and thankful for the fraction, large or small, of the loaf I got, but still there is something wanting to make the manifestation perfect. I am not criticizing the phenomena, for outside of

them there is not a shadow of evidence that we survive death; and what we have, deficient as it may be, is too important, too weighted with human hope to be trifled with, for as I have said, they prove intelligence from the other world and from spirits who were once human beings like us, and that is the important thing. It is not so important that there should be identification, as there is that there should be spirits; and the mission of Modern Spiritualism may be to that end to prove a future life, and it does that to me, whether the form of, or the message from my sister identifies her absolutely or not. So I ask the question I began with, Will the intelligence from "over the river" ever be made practical in the affairs of life? Will we ever be able to "summon the angel," and make his evidence useful in this world's affairs? What a truth Ernest Renan utters, when he says, "If all of us, while we are alive, could steal, once a year, calculate on a moment long enough to behold those loved ones whom we have lost, and to exchange but two words with them, death would be no more death." That I firmly believe in, but the identification must be perfect. I am in hopes some day we will understand the refraction between the two worlds and thus find or account for these "missing links," but as it is, a part of a loaf is better than no bread.

Summerland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In my report as one of a committee of three, who went from Los Angeles for the purpose of investigating the denunciatory charges against, as well as advantages and facilities for and in favor of the spiritual town-site or colony, called Summerland, I promised to give the readers of the GOLDEN GATE (with your permission) some of the reasons for my individual conclusions.

In the first place, I am fully (and sorrowfully) convinced, and not without good reasons, that a spirit of jealousy has been the ruling element in all the bitter denunciations against it; for, to use the expression of a friend of mine, a Mr. Parsons, who went up three days since to look and decide for himself and returned last evening, "No lovelier spot with equal advantages and facilities for such an enterprise could be found on the Pacific Coast," remarking at the same time, that "he would have known it anywhere by my description."

My attention was first attracted by the beautiful shallow beach, so well adapted to bathing, and the absence of the enormous breakers that come rolling and tumbling along in all the towns I have visited on the Coast, which renders boating extremely dangerous except by an expert boatman. Here the water is calm and smooth enough for the most timid to float, sail or fish, with the most complete safety; the islands to the south breaking the force of the waves. Overlooking the beach is a steep bluff averaging I should say, from ten to twenty feet in height, not so steep but what it could be handsomely terraced. On the top is a fine, level plateau of ground, extending back as far as the railroad, a portion of which is reserved for two fine parks, for the benefit and pleasure of the public. At the railroad the ascent begins, gradual at first, and then steeper as one goes toward the top, affording every variety of location from a perfectly level to a gentle slope, side hill, or clear on the top, where a most glorious view of mountains in the rear and the grand old ocean, dotted here and there with islands, green and beautiful.

I believe it is a generally conceded fact, that the land breeze is the coldest we have here on this Coast, but this high mountain range, two miles back of Summerland, breaks this cold wind wave from the north. I have been reliably informed that Santa Barbara, and of course Summerland, has the very finest climate on this Coast. There is a ravine on each end of the tract, extending from the top of the hill to the ocean which affords, I should say, an excellent drainage. Branching out from this, there are several deep cuts made by the rushing waters through the plateau right near the beach. The bridge and tressel over one of these cuts has been photographed by the enemies of Summerland, as well as the ravine opposite, with a view to making it appear, that a tressel-work was necessary across and in front of the entire tract, which is not so, there being not one foot of "low, marshy land" anywhere, though I was led to believe the contrary previous to my going there.

As to the twenty acres, which constitutes Ortega Hill, generously donated by Mr. Williams for a sanitarium and hotel, the view is simply indescribable. The coast, ocean, islands, Santa Barbara and the villages up and down the valley are a panorama of wonder and admiration.

The soil, I am informed by better judges than I, is an average of Southern California, being well adapted to all kinds of semi-tropical fruits and flowers the entire year round. Mr. Williams has also donated land for the erection of a hall, and medium's home, and what more can one ask of this generous man, whose whole soul seems absorbed in this grand undertaking. He informed us that he was well aware that he could take nothing but himself to a higher life, hence his determination to use his entire time, energy and means to build a veritable Summerland here, before graduating to a higher sphere.

MRS. O. K. SMITH.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Feb. 23, 1889.

Thoughts Suggested by Hearing a Man Censured for Past Errors.

BY GEORGE F. BROWN.

Did you think, my friend, by harshness to reclaim, or by condemnation to mend matters? Had you his best interest in view when you so bitterly upbraided him for past misdeeds? When he stood before you in all the strength and beauty of manhood, trying to be a man among men, aspiring to a better future, trying to put away and overcome the past, did it occur to you that you were not doing as you would be done by? Would you not have felt sorrowful if some one had condemned your loved ones in like manner? Yes, I know your heart would have bled for him, had he been your own son and another had treated him as you have done.

Why can we not remember the command, "to do unto others as we would have others do unto us." Ah, my soul goes out in tenderness and pity to the condemned one. We all err. Who shall cast the first stone? We all need forgiveness. Shall we refuse to forgive? If I am deceived, it is worse for the deceiver than for me. Shall I upbraid him now when struggling to be a better man? Shall I place even a straw in the way of his reform? God forbid. I know his upward journey is a steep and rugged climb, and his strength is hardly equal to the work before him. Shall I not then give him a helping hand and a word of encouragement, instead of bringing before him the mistakes of the past as a hindrance to his advancement? Thy course is a mistaken one, my friend; it is through the negatives of life that we reach the positives, through the unintelligent that we reach the intelligent, through the mistakes born of ignorance that we acquire knowledge, and we must have the unripe before we can have the ripened fruit.

Life is a school of learning; our mistakes are our lessons, and if our mistake or lesson does not teach us, we must have another and still another until we have learned it perfectly. Some are so dull or ignorant, so hedged in by environment, that they must be drilled again and again in the same lesson before they can advance a step. Why then should we condemn one who is acquiring knowledge. Our mistakes are our best educators, our stepping stones to true greatness.

If I have no taste for liquor do I merit praise for refusing to drink? Ah no, but if being born with a craving appetite for intoxicants I tell you I have finally conquered the appetite which has been dragging me down, a hindrance to my advancement and success in life, then, indeed I merit your approval and the blessing and hearty encouragement of all true men and women, for to him that overcometh is the promise given.

Censure not the unfortunate then, but strive by advice and good example, by kind words of encouragement and hope to help them to grow strong to overcome. We are God's highest manifestation, having come up through the negatives to our present standpoint. Let us then manifest Him to our highest and best ability. Let us honor him by doing our best always, remembering that to honor Him is to honor ourselves by improving and developing that which lies latent within us. As we come into a conscious understanding of the omnipotence of God (or good) we expand and grow, our environments become thinner and we grow broader and broader and are able to reach out more and more to a positive knowledge of the truth that pervades all things. We will have more power to overcome all obstructions and be able to work not only for ourselves, but for all humanity in a broader and deeper sense than we ever before deemed it possible.

A SIMILE.

A bird came in my cabin door,
It hopped about my cabin floor,
And sung me songs of love once more,
More dear to me than golden ore.
Its breast was white as driven snow
And pure its heart as the fountain's flow,
Its eye was clear as the heavens blue
Where love looked out of its windows, true.
And I was happy as one could be
When e'er its bright eyes beamed on me.
It cooed to me, my bird of the wood
And I felt that God to me was good,
Greener the earth, and brighter the sky,
Fairer all things when my bird was nigh.
Angels watched o'er my bird and me
Blessing our days with sweet melody.
Oh, cruel fate! a cat crept in
And tore from my bird one pretty wing,
And left it bleeding, trembling with pain.
But I quick caught up my bird again
And held it close to my aching breast,
Poor bird! far away from its parent nest.
And an angel voice whispered to me then,
"Fear not, we will make thy bird well again!"

Harsh words uttered we cannot recall
Their impress is made, though it seems but small
As my bird's lost wing cannot be replaced
But is married forever in beauty and grace.

ONSET, Mass., Feb. 18, 1889.

Obituary.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Yesterday I was called to officiate at the funeral of the late Brother Bendy Wilson, who passed on to higher life, on the morning of the 26th inst., after a short illness of only two days, of pneumonia. He leaves a wife and five children, besides other relations, to mourn his absence in the flesh. But the wife and several of the relatives being Spiritualists are enabled to bear up with fortitude, the sad bereavement, for brother Wilson was in the full strength of

manhood, when he was called to go up higher, having lived the bonds of the flesh 39 years and some months. He was born in Clarion Co., Penn., in October, 1849. Was married to Miss Oesper Commons in 1877. Came to Oregon, in 1888, and settled in Albion near Portland, with every prospect of a happy, prosperous earth life before him. "But man proposes and God disposes," is written on every page of human life. Men appear and disappear upon the stage of life, as wave meets wave and parts upon the troubled waters. Although the brother was but a new convert to the Spiritual Philosophy he was enabled to meet the king of terrors, "like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, OR., Feb. 27, 1889.

The Philosophical Spiritual Society of Portland, who meet at Central Hall every Sunday, filed articles of incorporation with the Secretary of State at Salem, Oregon, on the 26th inst. N. C. Boatmen, Morris S. Liden, E. F. Staley, W. J. Taylor, A. P. Beebe and W. E. Hayden were the incorporators. The object of the association as set forth by the preamble will be to encourage and promote spiritual, moral and social growth, to bring the rapidly increasing numbers who are welcoming and accepting the truth of Spiritualism into a closer communion and sympathy, to make individual effort more effectual by correct course of action, and to open the way for a wider diffusion of knowledge and experience that comes to each. The society has at present some forty active numbers with prospect of trebling the number in a short time.

C. A. R.

Blair Bill Sophistries.

At the First Spiritual Temple yesterday Mrs. H. S. Lake discoursed upon "Sensational Spiritualism" and the "Blair Bill." She said:

"I call your attention to the proposed amendment to the national Constitution, which Senator Blair and the Christian Alliances are championing. The proposition to enact a national Sunday law, ostensibly put forward in the interests of labor, is really a revival of censorship over the morals of the people; and an effort on the part of certain sects and classes to compel a recognition of one day as being more sacred than another, upon which question there is a diversity of opinion, honestly entertained."

"In regard to the 'educational amendment' it is misleading, inasmuch as the first clause prohibits the establishment by the several States of any religion, whereas the second clause, relating specially to education, enjoins that the Christian religion shall be taught in the public schools. As these schools are supported by all the citizens of the State, this is a virtual establishment of the State religion. In proposing to prohibit appropriations of money 'for sectarian purposes,' while at the same time advocating the teaching of the Christian religion in the public schools, this bill is a specious sophism, which, it is hoped, may not mislead the people."

Following these remarks the speaker referred to the second topic, "Sensational Spiritualism," as one which had been chosen for the reason that many persons seemed to think that the entire aim of the movement known as modern Spiritualism was to demonstrate continuity of life, whereas this was only one of its purposes; the other being to cultivate a nobler manhood and womanhood than had yet been known.

It is to be deprecated that sensational methods are employed to attract people to witness the phenomena of Spiritualism, if, thereafter, strenuous efforts be put forth to develop character and unfold spiritual consciousness. There are other methods, whereby a world of spirit may be demonstrated, than by appealing to what are called the physical senses. There lie, within each human organism, spiritual faculties which may be so quickened and aroused that they will reveal the spirit world and its inhabitants, and an insight into states and laws existing there.—*Boston Daily Globe, Feb. 18th.*

What you keep by you, you can change and mend; but words once spoken you can never recall.

The office of civil government is to protect the citizen in the enjoyment of freedom, which is inherited.

How many troubles might mankind be spared if they would only stop to hear each other's explanation!

The discovery of what is true, and the practice of what is good, are the two most important objects of life.

A man shows himself greater by being capable of owning a fault than by being incapable of committing it.

Man is naturally fond of activity, yet he has persuaded himself that he loves nothing so much as taking his ease.

He who studies for good purpose, to him his study becomes a blessing; to him who does not, it grows a poison.

Envy is a littleness of soul which cannot see beyond a certain point; and if it occupy not the whole space, feels itself excluded.

Never be ashamed of confessing your ignorance, for the wisest man upon the earth is ignorant of many things, inasmuch as what he knows is nothing in comparison with what he does not know.

Criticism.

BY JESSEY KEMPTON.

There can be no objection to that criticism which arises from pure motives, is educational in its bearings, and is always earnest and catholic in spirit; such as we may find, for instance, in literature and art, where all strive with a worthy emulation to cleave nearest the line of absolute truth. But the nicely adjusted and keen-edged tools of criticism are not intended for the promiscuous use of all. The skill required in their manipulation is much too great. The character of the true critic is an exceptional one, requiring the greatest refinement, the keenest judgment, and a high regard for the noblest and most generous sentiments in man.

There is a style of writing that is quite common in Spiritualistic journalism, and passes under the name of criticism, which reminds one very much of the polemical discussions of the church in past ages. True criticism is lost sight of in the different attitudes of acuteness which those writers assume toward each other; personality is at times indulged in, and the arguments produced are many times but the results of hastily acquired opinions, rather than deep and well formulated inductions. The prime object of those discussions in many cases appears to be more of an attempt to force a conclusion, and win a victory regardless of opposing arguments, than a well-meant endeavor to arrive at the truth.

That criticism which tends to arouse ill feeling cannot be anything but objectionable. Much of the bitterness which has existed amongst Spiritualists has arisen from the ill-judged attempts to correct the opinions of others. The most generous criticism of an adverse nature is liable to wound a sensitive person to some extent; and an injury of that kind will rankle in his mind long after it has been forgotten by every one else. It is best to overlook the contrary opinions of others as much as possible; if they are very bad they will be so noticeable as to be self-correcting; if otherwise, it is probable that no one may be much misled by them. Spiritualists ought to be credited with knowing, at least, as much as little chickens who pick out the grain and leave the chaff. But if there are any, who, in your opinion, prefer the chaff to the more substantial food, do not be too hasty in correcting them; for, if you do so, it is more than probable that you will be performing a thankless task.

Even where the position as a writer can be shown to be unmistakably wrong, I think, that there is a lack of tact and delicacy shown in attacking him in the form of a direct criticism. Would it not display a better judgment, more consideration for the feelings of others, and a spirit more in accordance with the ideas of true dignity and a just cause, to ignore every writer to whom exception is taken and write an article upon the question involved, presenting your own conclusions in a dispassionate and acceptable manner? If your opinions upon any subject are worth so much that you feel-called upon to criticize another whose language or ideas seem opposed to them, they surely ought to be valuable enough to form a separate composition without the criticism.

Fault finding is not always criticism or even a mark of ability. Some persons can mount the broad shoulders of another with great agility, and, in that position traverse the length of a long animadversion without any apparent effort, who, if unaided by the hints which another's perceptions had thrown out, would find it a tedious task to occupy so much space with original ideas.

It was a rule of the historian, Hume, to never reply to any attacks that were made upon him. If Spiritualists could be made to understand the wisdom of such a course, we soon would have greater harmony in our ranks. All manner of personal quarreling, even when done for the sake of knowledge, is a most unprofitable thing; and he who undertakes it must expect to be more or less punished before he gets clear. The advantage of a dispute often rests with the one whose position is really the weaker, but who is of that temperament that he is the more eager for the conflict, and willing to fight the longer.

It is not such a hard matter to distinguish the ring of true gold from that which is false. Let us have more confidence in the judgment of the people in this matter. If there must be criticism let it be confined to the mistatement of absolute facts. In matters of opinion, in which many of us may widely differ, let each be accorded the expression of his highest thoughts without the risk of being dragged into full view and made to undergo the catechism of domineering critics. Can we not trust that right will vindicate itself in time without being promulgated at the point of the sword? Men are not so very unreasonable if they are only properly approached. Criticism when applied to matters of opinion is so arbitrary in its nature, so calculated to destroy the very object which it aims to accomplish, that it lacks a foundation in the elements of that knowledge which it is supposed to voice.

May the embodiment of the highest conceptions of all ever be a welcome feast to us; but of their merits and demerits let each one judge for himself. Let every true seeker of knowledge be grateful for the aid that any may furnish, no matter how humble the source; but in the acquisition of truth let none ever forget that peace and good-will are of as much importance as knowledge.

SYLVESTER, Mich.

From The Sun Angel Order of Light.

(Written for the Golden Gate, by Saidie, Leader of the Oriental Band in the Heavens, through the mediumship of Mrs. E. S. Fox, Scribe of the Sun Angel Order of Light.)

Children of the Order, far and near, to each one Saidie again extends the greetings of her changeless love. Children who are true, you who look to the highest and holiest for light, love and wisdom, to you has been opened a door never to close. Your hands have unbolted and unbarred the doors of the heart, and your voices of welcome have been heard by the Angels of Light, and to each one shall come the certain knowledge beyond the wavering conditions of doubt or belief, beyond the misty lore gained in earth schools, beyond even the teachings and assertions of disembodied ones, beyond all that earth can bring to heart or brain, shall descend to your inmost souls, a positive assurance of that which is eternally true. Saidie sees where in many hearts the rock of doubt rises to obscure the light of knowledge, and she says to each one, This rock is of the earth earthy, and shall crumble and fall into decay, for the atmosphere of higher truth shall penetrate and permeate its every fissure, shall so amalgamate the rock that not one trace of its former earthiness shall be found.

Children, deep within your souls the voice of Omnipotence speaks, utters its mandate, calls for expression in your lives. What needs this earth that full redemption may speedily be its inheritance? Look back o'er the ages and see. Mankind have been taught sufficiently to fear and tremble before a mighty power unknown; have been compelled to worship at an unknown shrine; have believed and repented, repented and believed, until the present era of time. A gospel of pardon is now in their hands, placed there by the hand of a brother man, and yet with the fear of eternal punishment, the promise of pardon on the one hand and the teachings of spirits from the other life on the other, crime and misery walk boldly through your streets, error and sin shake hands in the vestibules of your churches, and shall Saidie not venture to say sometimes, aye, oft, finds a cushioned seat within, where they may comfort themselves, as the "word" is sounded forth from lips, while the heart of the preacher is dyed with its own infirmities. Saidie would lift her voice on high, she would that with one wave of the wand of life, all that tends to envelope the soul with a mantle of death, might be compelled to roll into the gulf of oblivion. But the law of cause and effect ceases not in its silent, potent workings; therefore, Saidie must look therein, must search the archives thereof, for not only a solution of this great problem, but, if so be, a remedy can be found, all potent to not alone sweep evil from the land, but in its stead inaugurate the reign of Good.

Children, there is a power in the truth Saidie and her workers have lain in your hands to bring to this earth a millennium, and before nightfall. Hearts should be blessed thereby,—homes made little heavens,—but a counterpart of our homes of light; but alas! man turns from offered wisdom to build for themselves temples which shall fall, even in the building thereof, for the material is perishable and will crumble to dust.

Children of Light, children whom Saidie loves, will you not each and every one accept the light which falls upon heart and brain, and become builders of a temple which shall endure. Saidie and the band earnestly strive to lead each child home; for beyond the shadows of earth-life, beyond its sorrows, trials and cares, beyond its turmoil and unrest, there is a home where the highest, holiest aspirations of the human soul finds complete fulfillment. All that Saidie, Muricana, Eona or Wisdom, has given to you has been given from the love of an overflowing heart, anxious to prepare the hearts of humanity to receive the higher truths. We have seen mankind led to foolish deeds through their mistaken ideas, and these have been given by would-be wise from this side time's river. We, the angels of light, ever seek to lead you, our loved pilgrims, into paths which turn not, nor lose their way in the winding labyrinths of evil or error. We have gained our angelhood and would help each one gain theirs. We utter but the mandate of law; we give you records of its divine unrolling, as the histories of the past will show. We lay in your hands records in which you have borne your part, appealing to the knowledge which lies hidden, buried but for a time underneath the covering of materiality. We bid you overcome the lesser good, that the greater may triumph; bid you make bright and happy your homes, both for your own happiness and that we may come and make one of your number in times of happiness or sorrow. We whisper peace and comfort; we also warn and counsel. In all events of life we will be only wisdom guides, endeavoring by our love, which is that of the infinite, to lead ever toward the home of the soul. This must be our mission to our earth pilgrims; less than this we will not attempt, more than this we cannot. To lead you, not so much in ways that are pleasant to mortals, as those which lead near the home, waiting e'en now with open doors the returning pilgrims.

Saidie longs for the time when she can lead on her children, those for whom she not only labors now but has labored for the ages that are past and gone. She comes to the side of her own, with a love

grown strong through ages of watching, and speaks from the depths of an overflowing heart, saying: "Child, how long shall still be the wandering? Saidie sees, as now you see not, how weary the heart, how tired the feet, and how unutterably thy soul will long for the peace and rest of home. When again your feet shall stand upon the farther shore, you will long to go home, long to be free from the webs of materiality that so long have held you, for a glimpse of far away glory will reveal the inheritance justly yours, and the longing to be able to claim this will bring to you a pain not now understood. Child, come home; through the rough and thorny way if need be, but come home; claim your inheritance, and be free to roam the fields of celestial life forevermore."

Peace be with you, SAIDIE.
J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Incomprehensible.

Among the most incomprehensible of Nature's phenomena, are the vagaries and inconsistencies of the human mind. Some thinkers, recognizing this fact, have organized psychological societies illustrating in themselves the very peculiarities they seek to examine in others. For, while styling themselves "psychological," they deny the existence of the *Psyche*; and whenever an opportunity has been afforded them of proving its existence by ocular demonstration, they have contemptuously endeavored to throw discredit on the proffered means; assuming the same attitude toward *Psychism* as that so ignominiously occupied by the bigots of the Seybert Commission.

Future generations will doubtless look back with astonishment at the inexplicable hostility of this age, in its venomous denunciation, expressed in the most unexpected quarters, at the announcement made to them that they are not the mere animals that they had hitherto supposed themselves to be. Is it not inexplicable that even the suggestion that man is a spirit, having the capacity of communication with other more advanced spirits, should arouse such ludicrous exhibitions of indignation? One would think that to say—to such a scientific man as Huxley, for instance—"You are an immortal spirit, with the means offered you of conversing with your departed friends," would awaken feelings of intensest interest; or to a clergyman, "You can now go to a spiritual telegraph operator and obtain positive information concerning the immortal existence upon which your church has been so long theorizing." But instead of gratitude for such good tidings, quasi-scientists, priests and parsons exclaim with every kind of epithet: "It is a lie, a fraud, a degrading superstition." "We are simply animals," says the one; while the other denounce it as "accursed Spiritualism, that can have no good purpose, but will drag down into endless misery," etc.; "innumerable hosts of spirits of evil are sent round by Satan to deceive the elect," etc.; "there can be no life except through the resurrection of the just, whose bodies will arise—as Christ's arose—when the last trumpet shall sound," etc.

To these, "dead bodyism" has more charms than living Spiritualism; they cling like ghouls to the charnel-house; there is, however, a key to this possible hostility of the church. They would keep it a monopoly in the soul-saving business, and very naturally look upon mediums as interlopers. What is to become of the church, if spirits come back to prove that faith in unnatural dogmas is no longer necessary to salvation; that a doubt of the whole story will no longer imperil our future relations; that baptism is no longer an essential, except to cleanliness; and that God won't get very wrath if one hesitates about the Deluge, or the Red Sea Story, or the snakes and lice, and rivers of blood in Egypt. The orthodox belief in those repulsive wonders, while rejecting our spirit facts, reminds one of the old Glasgow lady, whose son had returned from his first voyage to the West Indies, and after filling her mind with the wonders he had seen, related the beauties of flying-fish, which the old lady indignantly rejected: "Na, na, Jamie, I can believe in mountains of sugar and rivers of rum, but fish to flee, that canna be." The only truth in his yarn she couldn't swallow. Sugar in heaps and rum in streams were tangible to her comprehension, but the flight of a fish, so utterly contrary to her experience, excited her indignation at such presumption on her credulity; and that is precisely the position of the clergy; they have been so accustomed to hearses, and mutes, and black carriages, and graves, and dead bodies, that a suggestion of a living, natural, cheerful, beautiful, happy spirit is an insult offered to their credulity, an outrage on their stolid intellects; hence, their natural indignation. For if spirit intercourse were a fact, would God, with whom they are on intimate terms of friendship, have concealed it from the custodians of his heavenly keys, from the holy door-keepers of his sanctuary?

They, like Moody, are brought up to believe that the Bible is the only record of the Divine will, and therefore we may conclude that their limited education is their excusable misfortune, hence the necessity, the duty imposed, of excluding its vicious influence from the public schools, as we would exclude the Sangrado therapeutics from our medical colleges.

A. Y. E.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

A Universal Balm.

BY ELA L. MERRIAM.

O solitude divine! Sweet seductive charmer! Thy magic potency is as indefinable as it is inconceivable, and yet within thy rapturous spell we linger, fascinated and transported. That human heart encased in mortal tenement is indeed unblest, that has not been touched by thy softening, refining and elevating ministrations. Oh, the ecstasy of thy silent, subtle visitations! Within thy sacred shrine the finite communes with the Infinite, and upon thy consecrated altars, the purest incense of our souls ascends to the highest heaven of our inner comprehension. Under thy benign influence, the hitherto invisible, unconscious harmonies of Nature assume tangible proportions, and gather increased sway over our varying, conflicting emotions. Within thy soul-inspiring realm, the carnal separates from the divine in our natures, and a new and brighter being is born to enjoy and perpetuate higher and holier enjoyments.

But only the soul that has been awakened to, and quickened by a spiritual sense of the sublimity and beauty of life can thus come *en rapport* with thy inexpressible delights, or enter into thy deepest and most sacred precincts. O Elysium of the Blest! Be thou my support in weakness, my savior in peril, my unwavering beacon in doubt and darkness, and my unflinching solace in every hour of need; and thus, with unrestricted and unlimited access to thy inexhaustible treasures, my existence here and hereafter shall become a constant expression of loving, refining progressive desires.

Feb. 22, 1889.

People who put no confidence in others are rarely entitled to confidence themselves, as those habitually suspecting evil have mostly looked in their neighbors to find what they have already discovered in themselves.

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nov19-3m*

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SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1889.

EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

Love is the panacea for all ills. It is more potent than gold, more binding than human law. In it lies the solution of all problems of right, and of justice, of man's relation to property and to his fellow men. It is the only ruler in the universe that can be safely trusted with absolute power. The greater and more perfect its dominion, the more will justice prevail among men. Then all hail, Omnipotent Love! We will gladly bow our necks to thy yoke and worship at thy shrine, well knowing that thereby he who humbly himself shall be exalted.

There is a wonderful spiritual force in the universe working to the uplifting of the human race. Those only who place themselves in the current of this force, and come in rapport with the pulsating intelligence behind it, can realize to any extent its mighty energy. Armed with this power, (which is something akin to the *veil* spoken of by Bulwer in his "Coming Race,") one man becomes a host in the struggle between right and wrong, or in the accomplishment of any worthy end. It is thus he becomes "one with God," which is always a majority, and always victorious. Reformers should strive for this power, if they would dominate the world and lift man to a higher plane.

Shakespeare makes that strange puzzle, Hamlet, say to his bosom friend, Horatio: "Give me that man that is not passion's slave and I will wear him in my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart, as I do thee." Indeed, what is there more grand in all the universe than a self-poised, clean-souled man—one that has complete mastery over himself—of his appetites, passions, and all hurtful habits,—one who can look his fellow man square in the eye, and whose nature at all times bubbles over with generous impulses and kind thoughts. "Are there such men," do you ask? Aye, many; and grand and noble women, too, whose goodness makes them but little less than angels. Indeed, they are angels.

Spiritualism, in its higher unfoldments, has among its supporters many golden souls—men and women who would honor any cause. Such we have found in all our long struggle to establish the GOLDEN GATE. They have come to us with kind words of comfort and help, and when needed have never hesitated to assist in more substantial ways. They realize that this is not alone *our* work, but *theirs* also; and they are ever ready to bear us up in their strong arms. And thus are they laying up for themselves most precious treasures in the land beyond the gates of gold, towards which we are all traveling. A few years hence, and we shall all rejoice to know that we did what we could to make the world better than we found it.

The fatalist may say that man is just what he is made to be, and cannot be otherwise—that whatever he does is the precise thing he is obliged to do, and he cannot help himself. We do not believe it. If true, why seek to improve his condition? Or why should he ever seek to overcome his evil impulses and bring himself into harmony with the higher law of his being? The fact that he can improve—that of his own will and volition he can mount to a higher stage of being, is a fact that links him to the highest, or All Good, in the Universe. We pity the man who imagines himself as possessing no accountability superior to that of the weather-vane that idly turns to tell which way the wind blows. He might as well have been born a senseless clod.

If we would get out of Spiritualism its purest joys and sweetest delights, we must bring its higher teachings home to our hearts, and practice them in our daily walk and conduct. There are heights upon heights, and depths upon depths, in our beautiful philosophy, that many a believer in our facts hasn't the slightest idea of. He skims the surface of Spiritualism without turning his gaze to the star-gemmed vault above, or ever sending a thought down into its crystal depths below. The truly spiritual soul, drinks in those heavenly joys until his or her countenance (for it

is woman more often that enjoys this divine beatitude) shines as with the light of heaven. There can be no better Christian, no better Pagan or Jew, no better man or angel than the true Spiritualist.

It is one thing to believe in spirit communion, quite another to be a truly spiritual man or woman. Hence, among Spiritualists, or those claiming to be such, we find nearly all grades of meanness and unworthiness. This is not the fault of Spiritualism, but of poor, undeveloped human nature. A fault which all true Spiritualists should seek to overcome, first in their own natures, and next in the natures and lives of their neighbors. We make no pretension to goodness. It would be egotism and selfishness in us combined to think that we possessed any virtues superior to those of our neighbors. And yet, we humbly believe, that before we would seek to rise by pulling some one else down, or injure another in his good name or in his business, we would, to borrow one of Sam Jones' forcible figures of speech, "trade ourselves off for a yaller dog, and then hire a Chinaman to kill the dog."

Who can measure the depths of a mother's love? There is no grief so terrible, no pain so keen, as that which comes to the mother's heart as she eagerly watches the fading away of the life of the darling babe she pillows upon her bosom. "O pitying God," she cries, in the agony of her bursting heart, "is there *no* help?" But no answer comes to her from the depths profound. The fluttering pulse grows fainter with each gasping breath, and then all is still, save the wild wail of her own despair. She sees not the loving mother angel bending down by her side to gather the little cherub to her arms. She hears not the sweet notes of loving welcome that hail the newly born spirit, as it opens its pretty eyes upon the delights of its beautiful spirit home. All is dark, dark. In this hour of her woe, "not all the preaching since Adam," can give to her such comfort as the positive knowledge that Spiritualism brings, that her babe still lives, and will soon come to nestle again in her own loving arms.

NO REASONING.

"It must be remembered that religion is not a matter of investigation, but revelation. No man by reason can find out God. I think that in the fall man's reason fell with him, for since then he has never been able by the exercise of his faculties to learn anything about the Creator." So said Mr. Moody in a recent sermon.

It is the very objection that progressive minds have to old theology—it admits of no reasoning, because it can bear none. We don't have much faith in that legendary "fall," but if such an event ever occurred, it must have had the contrary effect from what Mr. Moody thinks, for there have been reasoning minds ever since; and a great many affirm that they have discovered God as he claims to be, everywhere and in every thing—the living essence of all.

"Reason" and "investigation" have evolved a religion of demonstrable facts. It teaches Christ's principles, and helps those who embrace its truths to follow and live them. It demands no blind faith, but "reason and investigation," from all its devotees; it proves there is no eternal "outer darkness," but probation to all souls gone astray. It does not ask, nor believe in instantaneous conversion, because they are not possible. Sin is a bad habit that may be stopped short, but the *effect* remains, only to be obliterated by degrees, and an unswerving determination not to yield again. While one is outgrowing the effects of sin—wrong living—he or she is on probation; should the soul be ushered out of the body before this is fully accomplished, this probation goes on *there* as here.

This is what reason has found—that God condemns no one except as they are self-condemned. He gives them all eternity to come to Him and dwell in the light and purity of His wisdom, which is both human and Divine happiness and progression.

JOY IS LONG, SORROW FLEETING.

In one respect human nature is well conditioned. It is capacitated for remembering joy, and so constituted that it must forget sorrow. It is some times capricious, and requires little less than all things to make it happy, but this is only in the long absence of any real grief, when it is equally prone to discontent. But when dark skies and clouds have really gathered above it, and genuine trouble comes and breaks its slumbers, and fills its days with well-grounded apprehensions; however long this state of things may last, when the skies once more clear, one golden day of mind-rest is sufficient to redeem a weary year. Thus happiness is long. Wretchedness we only measure when it is with us, and only feel when present. But not so with joy. We live it over again and again; no matter how long past, it rushes in to lighten up the darkness the instant grief departs, and it is as though it had ever been with us. This is a foretaste of Heaven—that state of the spiritual being which shall one day be ours, never more to be broken by physical conditions.

"Ghost Stories," an interesting paper by an ex-clergyman, next week.

TRIP TO SUMMERLAND.

The writer and party returned, on Sunday last, from a week's visit at Summerland and vicinity, where they were most hospitably entertained by Mr. H. L. Williams and other big souls.

Our trip has fully confirmed us (if any confirmation were necessary), in the wisdom of the movement to establish a Spiritualist Colony on this coast, with a home for our worn-out mediums and workers, and other institutions for the better unfoldment of our glorious truths. We are also confirmed in the wisdom of the location for the Colony. A more delightful place for a spiritual or pleasurable resort, one with more beautiful or beautiful surroundings, cannot surely be found anywhere along our Pacific Shore.

The ocean lies at the foot of Summerland, with the islands of San Miguel, Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz and Anacapa, lying to the South to break the force of the sea from the only quarter in which the winds and waves can reach the place. The beach, for bathing purposes, is far superior to that of Santa Cruz, Soquel, or even Santa Barbara itself, as we took occasion to demonstrate. The water we found to be delightfully temperate even in February, and we could discover no sign of undertow. The smooth, hard beach is entirely free from rocks, forming a delightful drive for miles. A boat-house is about to be erected, and conveniences for bathing and fishing established.

Mr. and Mrs. Wright, the pioneer builders on Summerland, we found to be cultured and very intelligent and pleasant people, with natures thoroughly imbued with the beautiful spirit of the higher life. Mrs. Wright is an excellent instrument for the invisibles. She is a truly beautiful soul, and just the one to open the way for the new Colony. They are living very cozily in their new cottage, although it is not yet finished. Mr. Wright is a skillful mechanic. He has left work on his own dwelling for the present, to erect a pretty cottage for Miss Mattie Everhardt, on the upper left hand corner of block 29 (as per diagram on another page). Mr. Wright's cottage is located on the lower right of block 30.

One of the ladies of our party (Mrs. Thompson), who had no intention of building immediately, was so impressed with the beauty and fitness of the place, that she contracted at once for the erection of a fine cottage, to cost \$1600, in block 15. (We are thus particular, to enable those of our readers who have bought lots, to see where improvements have been commenced.) Other buildings will follow soon, especially one for the accommodation of visitors.

While at the residence of Mr. Williams, we enjoyed a seance with Henry B. Allen, formerly known as the "Boy Medium." Mr. Allen is a modest, unassuming young man, and surely no one who knows him will question his honesty. His seances are given under complete test conditions (each of his hands being held by a member of the circle). The manifestations occurring in his presence are simply amazing to any one not familiar with our physical phenomena. He is much pleased with Summerland, and intends to make his home there. Mr. Allen has been before the public ever since he was five years old, and some of his spirit band of workers have been with him from the first. Let no one who visits Summerland fail to make the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Allen. They have at present a cosy little home at the easterly base of Ortega Hill, fronting on Summerland. And this reminds us to say a word of this noted spot, the hill whereon will ere long appear a magnificent hotel, sanitarium, medium's home, etc. One can never tire of this place. The view from the summit, in scope and character, cannot be surpassed anywhere. It is a marvelous picture of beauty which once seen, can never be forgotten.

One of the striking facts concerning Summerland is, that all who visit the place (except a very few who have gone there for the purpose of finding fault), are delighted with the location. It is just near enough, and not too far from Santa Barbara.

It is proposed to get up an excursion from this city to Summerland early in May. If those who would like to join in such an excursion will send us their names, we will make the best possible terms for the trip, and surely, the expense will not be great, as there are competing lines of travel—by rail and water. Santa Barbara Spiritualists would join us in a grand picnic and Sunday meeting. So, no doubt, would Spiritualists from Los Angeles, San Bernardino and elsewhere. We might send down our big tent and have a sort of pentecostal time. If the party went by rail they could take their lunch baskets with them, side-track their car and live on board. But of this, more hereafter.

CONFESSION.

The time has not come yet when confession to priests is regarded as a mere form rather than a saving grace; so, it is not strange that the subject of confession by telephone is causing acrimonious discussion. This convenience of penitents at a distance is not to be considered, although it is not quite clear why one cannot be confessed as well as blessed by telephone, and priests and bishops may do the latter.

But what a little creed-bound sphere it is we live in here, after all! We all move in geometrical forms—some in squares, some in circles, some in various angles, some in straight lines and some in curves, and some in parallels, but none without limitation, because the most enlightened see but dimly. The world has outgrown considerable of its infantile credulity; but the idea that one man can be a mediator between other men and God; that he can remit sins, or absolve from punishment, is of such a nature that most persons born to the imposition, cling to it as to life itself. Death has been pictured so terribly in the past—a plunging into endless torment for sinners and unbaptized infants—a bourne from which no traveler could return to tell of his joys or sorrows; the frenzied minds of the unreasoning masses were easily held in thrall,

and under the sway of the confessional and absolution delusion down to this late day. The world should be as honest to its God as it is to its fellow-creatures. One man does not suffer the penalty of another's sins here, except through false testimony; if he offered himself, he would not be accepted. We want a religion no less honest in its dealings than our civil and criminal codes.

MR. COLVILLE'S WORK.

On Sunday last, March 3d, W. J. Colville delivered one of the most interesting discourses he has yet given in this city, during the regular morning service in Metropolitan Temple. The announcement that he would review Edward Bellamy's startling story, "Looking Backward," had sufficed to attract a very large audience, composed of persons of all shades of opinion. The lecture was an audacious one, though advocating nothing in opposition to the best teachings of Spiritualism. The competitive system was handled without mercy, and Mr. Bellamy's visions of the year 2000, regarded as inspired prophecy which must be fulfilled in the course of a few short years, if we do but work to bring about the good time coming. Anarchy was spoken of as arrant folly in practice, though the underlying principle is sound. We shall see the new order of things ushered in bloodlessly through an evolutionary process accomplished through the agency of universal education.

On Sunday next, March 10th the subject will be pursued further, Mr. Colville having announced as his topic, "A Sermon Preached in the Year 2000." Services commence precisely at 10:45 A. M. Seats free. Voluntary offerings.

In the Oakland Synagogue, Thirteenth street, at 3 P. M., a similar discourse will be delivered.

On Sunday next, March 10th, at 7:30 P. M., at Metaphysical College, 106 McAllister street, Mr. Colville will deliver an oration appropriate to the 25th anniversary of the transition to the unseen state of Thomas Starr King, who passed to the higher life, March 4th, 1864. The exercises will be very interesting to all who knew that noble apostle of freedom.

W. J. Colville's classes are held regularly as follows: San Francisco, Metaphysical College, Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 A. M., 7:45 P. M. Oakland, Synagogue, Mondays and Thursdays, 2:45 P. M. Alameda, Tucker's Hall, Park street, Mondays and Thursdays, 7:30 P. M. San Jose, Rutherford Hall, Wednesdays, 2:30 P. M. Mr. Colville will lecture in the Unitarian Church, Santa Cruz, Wednesday, March 20th at 8 P. M. Subject, "Spiritualism and Theosophy; their Essential Points of Union in Work for Human Elevation."

A PAUPER.

Here is one of the most repulsive and shocking bits of news that ever came over the wires, and goes a long way toward confirming the bad opinion prevalent of medical students:

"Chicago, Feb. 13th.—The mutilated body of a woman was found in one of the outlying streets this morning. At first it was thought to be another Jack-the-Ripper case, but it was subsequently found that she died a pauper at a hospital, and was given to a medical college for dissection." The body of the vilest criminal of the middle ages would not have been treated with greater indignity than was the corpse of this unfortunate woman, who died amidst the boasted civilization of the Nineteenth Century, and found no decent burial because she was a pauper!

The medical profession is called *noble*, but certain it is, the calling does not make the man, for a more heartless, unfeeling and sacrilegious being does not exist than the average medical student. They seemingly ignore the origin of their being, for no man with ever a tender thought of woman-kind, to say nothing of the mother who bore him could, or would permit the desecration of a woman's lifeless body, even though she come of ten generations of paupers. It is a woeful day either to Kingdom or Republic, when respect and consideration can only be secured by gold. This state is not only found among worldlings, but Christians, who build temples of worship for the rich, and expect the spirit of Christ to be in their midst. He is not there, but with his own, the poor, who more than all other classes, have quick and tender sympathies. They alone may be seen about the barren graves of the Potter's Field; and they alone, it would seem, realize that there will be a different class of paupers in Heaven, from those put away here in wooden boxes or cast into back streets. And won't it be a revelation to many, when they find their earthly gold does not pass current there.

THEIR FATE.

Reforms have the fate of melodies, which, once set afloat in the world, are taken up by all sorts of instruments, some of them woefully coarse, feeble, or out of tune, until people are in danger of crying out that the melody itself is detestable.—George Eliot.

Nothing could be more quaint and true than the above. Every day we see it illustrated. The authors of both reforms and melodies, must pass many sorrowful days in listening to the bungling interpretations of the one, and the various kinds of rendering of the other. Perhaps in a life time neither may hear a correct interpretation of their soul and brain conceptions. We cannot help feeling that the quotation applies forcibly to our beautiful philosophy. While Spiritualism is not a reform, it is yet a teaching that should reform the whole world. But how many feeble and discordant instruments are harping it? Its original beauty and simplicity is almost lost in the intricacies of new names that it has suggested to minds desirous of leading in something. They are parodies upon an incomparable harmony of the spheres, and only serve to create varying sentiments for the original melody that rings down through all ages, but only perceived by a few souls divinely attuned. We must listen closely if we would keep the strains of this spiritual harmony ringing in our souls amid all the discord.

MODERN METHODS.

That very observing correspondent of the San Jose Mercury, who calls himself "Rambler," found a good subject for reflection in Mr. Moody of revival fame. From a great deal else we choose the following for its suggestiveness: "I do not know whether Mr. Moody appeals most to the hearts, the brains, or souls of men, but it is certain that he appealed very ineffectually to the pockets of the people."

Somewhere near the beginning of his work, Mr. Moody said what no orthodox has been heard to say in modern times, which was that "the Lord did not want their, the people's, money." Now, that is a most truthful truth, but the sinners never heard it before, and it could not fail to set them to thinking, and no less the Christians, we imagine. The church folks have always been told to "give to the Lord," contributions have always been asked in his name; widows and orphans were expected to contribute their mites, even though they had but one for themselves.

Mr. Moody is a true Christian and a true philanthropist, and when he is absorbed in the work of his mission he forgets the modern method of church soul saving. The Son of Man, whom all Christians believe died to save all men, did not ask for money to enable him to go on his mission, nor for the purpose of building costly churches. The public highways, byways and hedges, were places of opportunity to Him. He asked not for himself nor for His Father. He was poor, ill-clad and despised and derided, because he did not seek high places. But soul-saving in these days is a monied business, and the money is wanted more than the souls, here below, at least. Some claim to have found Christ beneath the gilded spires, but we doubt whether he holds their souls as surely as he did in the olden time, when his temples were of logs, and luxurious upholstery did not exist to lure the sinner to rest.

Nothing more than a very modest living was made in those days. They, like Mr. Moody, knew the Lord did not want money, and they were too modest to take it for themselves.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Judge O'Connor, of San Jose, donated to the Catholic University, at Washington \$50,000, for which he received the apostolic benediction. Benedictions from the Pope come high.

—All orders for lots in Summerland, where the parties ordering them fail to come forward and claim their deeds, or where other arrangements have not been made, will be declared off on and after the 20th instant.

—Bro. E. A. Hodsdon, of Richfield, Minnesota, writes: "It is certain, the GOLDEN GATE makes friends wherever it goes, and it deserves 'all it gets.' It is such a paper as Spiritualists, everywhere, may well be proud of."

—Mrs. Elizabeth Hughes, of Los Angeles, formerly publisher of the *Mind Cure*, of this city, has in press a book, entitled, "Hertha," the object and purport of which we are not advised. This we know, that Mrs. Hughes is a vigorous writer.

—Among our very best clairvoyant and magnetic healers, is Dr. A. W. Dunlap, of 822 Mission street, whose card has long appeared in our columns. Dr. Dunlap is modest in his pretensions, but he does his work well. He is indeed a true healer.

—A free lecture on Electricity and Magnetism by Dr. Dyer, the celebrated Electrician, who will teach the practical use of Electricity and Magnetism, with test treatments free of charge, will be given at Shattuck Hall, corner Eighth and Broadway streets, Oakland, on Friday and Saturday afternoon and evening, at 2 P. M. and 7 P. M.

—The Union Spiritual Meeting at St. Andrews' Hall on last Wednesday evening, was well attended. Mrs. E. B. Crossette answered questions for the first hour, followed by Mrs. Perkins with platform tests. Mrs. Nickless being ill, did not give tests as advertised. Mrs. Nickless will give tests on next Wednesday evening. Admission free.

—The Young People's Meeting, at 909½ Market street, last Sunday, was well attended. There were songs, recitations and instrumental music; prophetic visions and tests of spirit presence by Mrs. Perkins; character reading by Prof. Perkins, etc. Other persons participating were Oscar Stanfield, Miss Nettie Bacon, Miss Jennie Filer and Messrs. Fountain, Eggert and Ely. This was the seventh week of these meetings, which are increasing in interest.

—Last Sunday, Rev. N. F. Ravlin organized the "Church of Humanity," with 200 members, at San Jose. "The Church of Humanity," he said, "is a humane protest against being everlastingly damned at the instigation of narrow-minded, bigoted and fallible men, who, without 'Divine authority, have arrogated to themselves the prerogative of fixing the fates of men for eternity, in heaven or hell, according as their theories are accepted or rejected."

—Santa Barbara has a noble band of women workers for humanity. They have undertaken the task of securing a site and erecting thereon a public hospital. The land, in a desirable location, has been secured, and five thousand dollars in money towards the erection of the building, the corner-stone of which it is intended to lay shortly. A few energetic women, with hearts imbued with a divine love for humanity,—well, what they cannot accomplish for good no man need attempt.

—The new Metaphysical College, 1725 Everett street, corner of Buena Vista avenue, (three minutes walk from Park street station) Alameda, will be formally opened Monday, April 1st, at 7:30 P. M., when special exercises will be held. A limited number of students can be accommodated in the house on very moderate terms. Immediate application must be made to W. J. Colville, at Tucker's Hall, Park street, Alameda, on Monday or Thursday from 7 till 7:30 P. M. An excellent opening for a successful mental healer where there is no competition.

The Elsmere Club.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

It was our good fortune to be the recipient of an invitation to attend the second monthly social given by the ladies of the Elsmere Club, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Rider, 2513 Folsom street. The rooms of their spacious house were tastefully and beautifully decorated for the occasion.

The host and hostess, who are charming entertainers, were eminently successful in making every one of the ninety odd persons present feel that it was good for them to be there. In a most little speech, made by Mrs. Wheelock, the active and energetic President of the Club, it was learned that the Elsmere Club is strictly non-sectarian in its character and composition; that the primary object of the Club was the re-establishment and future management of the Jessie Street Kindergarten. This school has recently been re-opened under the auspices of the Club, and is under the able and efficient management of the Misses Josie and Libby Hill, with a scholarship of over sixty, and it is confidently expected that this number will be doubled in the near future. The ladies of the Club are arranging for holding a Bazaar in aid of their work, and as soon as the Jessie Street Kindergarten shall have been placed on a solid basis, the ladies of the Club propose to enlarge their charitable work. The musical and literary part of the entertainment was opened by Mr. Colville singing a solo, accompanied on the piano by Madam Fries-Bishop, which was liberally applauded.

Dr. Thomas Hill, who is a universal favorite at all entertainments of this kind, recited the "Organ Builder," in his usual able manner. Next came Master Ray Irving, a representative of the Kindergarten, who recited the "Golden Key," in excellent style for a child of his age. Mrs. Matthews was introduced, and read an original poem composed expressly for the occasion, like all of Mrs. Matthews' poems, it contained sentiments of an elevated character and high moral teaching. But this one differed somewhat from others we have heard read, in this, it had the effect of making each one feel extremely liberal, as we inferred from hearing the sound of chink—chink—chink, as the ducats fell into the plate as it was circulated through the audience by the efficient Treasurer of the Club, Mrs. J. W. Titcomb. By special request Mr. Colville delivered one of his incomparable inspirational poems, on the great good the Kindergarten is doing for the children brought within its influence, and he heartily commended the work the Elsmere Club had in charge. Like all of Mr. Colville's public utterances it was highly appreciated and received with applause.

The President of the Club then entered the larger room, and with a saddened face, and after gaining the attention of the audience, said it was her duty to make a melancholy announcement, which she hoped the friends would receive with as reasonable degree of fortitude as the gravity of the occasion would warrant. Whereupon cambrics immediately emerged from pockets and from all sorts of hidden recesses, preparatory to being used to dry the moisture that might possibly come trickling down their cheeks. The suspense caused by an effort on the part of the President to properly control her feelings, became almost unbearable, when the announcement was made by the tremulous lips of the speaker, that "Tea, coffee and cake would now be served." An immediate change of countenances was observable. Handkerchiefs disappeared and all was hushed in stillness and in a state of expectancy. After ample justice had been done to the good things, and the multitude fed, there remained over, several baskets full and also a few choice cakes, which it was proposed to sell at auction. An auctioneer was searched for and found in the person of Mr. W. H. Mills, who is always found at the right time and in the right place. The first cake offered was bid in by Mr. Rider, who donated it to the Club, and it was sold again and again. Other cakes were sold at what might be considered living prices.

We have never heard Mr. Mills in the role of an auctioneer before but we voted him a success that evening. He has a happy, we might say unique way of auctioning off goods. He can recognize a nod or a wink from persons behind him as well as from those who face him, but his chief peculiarity consists in this: He gets bidders unconsciously, no doubt to bid against themselves, and this is carried on till the bidder finds himself in possession of the property that he thought that fellow over there was trying to out-bid him on. We commend Mr. Mills as an auctioneer. After spending a most enjoyable evening and resolving to have equally as good a time at the next social to be held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wheelock, on the evening of the first Saturday, in April, the company departed for their several homes. Yours, etc.

AMOS ADAMS.

IN MEMORIAM.

Forty-six years ago, in the far-off country of Siam, was born one who, a few days ago was lovingly and tenderly carried to her last resting-place beyond Lone Mountain by her sorrowing family and friends. There, year by year, willing feet went their way, and with hands laden with sweet blossoms and wreaths of laurel to deck the lonely mound where rests all that is mortal of an affectionate wife, devoted mother and a loyal friend.

Martha H. Payne was the daughter of the Rev. S. J. Jones, a gifted missionary, who gave up all for the sake of Christianity, and diligently labored with a benighted race, for its advancement, and the civilization of mankind. Early and late he toiled in that distant land, for the one object of Christianity. To him is given the honor of translating the New Testament into the Siamese language. After completing the laborious task, a fire destroyed nearly all of the printed work at Bangkok, and at present there is but two copies remaining of all his years of devoted toil.

Martha Payne was a remarkably gifted woman, being a born artist in every sense of the word; beautiful sketches and little gems of scenery principally drawn from her childhood home, adorn the walls of her rooms. She also excelled as a portrait painter, as faces of different members of her household gaze seemingly like life into the eyes of the beholder. She was a great lover of music, and her intimate friends were delighted to listen to her original compositions; weird melodies and sparkling strains flowed easily and gracefully from her trained fingers.

By nature, she was a retiring disposition, quiet and self-contained, with a rare courage, which met and overcame obstacles that the stoutest heart shrunk back from; uncomplaining, always cheerful and hopeful, so that the most despondent felt cheered and strengthened by association with her.

Assuming the care of a large family, and faithfully discharging every duty with untiring energy, little time was left her to indulge in her own personal desires, so in a measure, social pleasures were sacrificed for stern duty. She seemed to live above the little cares and petty trials of life, and had the great faculty of dismissing them by force of will; her mind was overflowing with new ideas and brilliant thoughts, and she delighted in talking of her birth-place, and in expressive language she would relate the mode of living and traveling in Siam. Her description of the olive-

hued natives, their different ways of speech and customs, wonderful temples and the deep, dark forests, flowers and fruits, were highly entertaining. In imagination, the listener was gliding down the broad river with her, propelled by the native's strong arms, their dark and immovable faces looking like carved mahogany, and at times their low, weird chanting to the rhythm of the oars, was a picture that long would remain in memory's galleries.

Her life seemed a thing apart, yet, to those she loved, she was ever the warm, sympathetic, womanly woman. But evening comes to all too soon for those who are enshrined within our hearts. The last work of her skillful brush, completed shortly before her death, was the picture representing *Pandita Ramabai*, the noted Hindu widow, who visited America in the interest of Hindu women, also to raise funds for the establishing of a home for her sex; Ramabai forms the center of a group of Hindu widows, varying in years from childhood to mature old age. The different expressions of their faces, are depicted with a wonderful skill and shows a perfect familiarity with all the details of the subject, and the beholder feels their sorrowful history without words.

The removal by death of this gifted artist leaves a void within our midst that can never be filled, and although years may come and go with all their changing shadows of joy and sorrow, yet, deeply enshrined within our hearts will always be the memory of the gentle friend. M. M. H.

The River, Harbor, Canal Dredging and Land Company.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

At the monthly meeting of the River, Harbor, Canal Dredging and Land Company, held on the 13th of February, it was

Resolved, That Mr. A. Boschke, C. E., is hereby instructed to promptly arrange for making the necessary alterations in the Baldwin Dredger, (now owned by the Company) in accordance with the patents owned by the Company, to fit it for the use of excavation of ditches on the Company's lands.

Resolved, That when said machine has been changed in accordance with the Boschke Patent, it shall be promptly placed in operation on the Company's lands from Mowry's Landing to Warm Spring Landing, for the purpose of reclaiming and putting in condition for sale, approximating about 2000 acres of land.

Unanimously adopted. The mechanical engineer, G. A. Stoddard, Chief Draughtsman of the Southern Pacific Co.'s shops, at Sacramento, writes me as follows, concerning the designs of the machinery about to be constructed by our Company:

SACRAMENTO, March 4, 1889. MR. ALBERT BOSCHKE, C. E., San Francisco.—Dear Sir:—I have examined with much interest the designs and model of your proposed new steam dredger. I find it, in principle and operation, different from any other I have seen, and possessing excellent qualities peculiar to itself.

The principles of construction and operation show in the designer a thorough understanding of the vital points necessary in a machine for the class of work this is intended to do. Substantial, simple and easy to operate with the smallest amount of help, and the great amount of work that it appears to me it should be capable of doing, it can hardly fail to take the front rank and materially reduce the present cost of dredging.

The manner of applying the power to the rim of the large wheel, and by friction discs, the pressure of which can be adjusted to suit the work, I consider an excellent safeguard against breakage causing expense and delay, as also being the most advantageous point of application.

The scraping action of the continuously revolving buckets relieves the machinery from the heavy, intermittent strain by the old method, and there is no loss of time in emptying buckets; the depth of cut can be nicely gauged, points of value easily understood.

If your plans for construction and operation are fairly carried out, the huge digger is easily controlled in all its movements by one man, so carefully and intelligently have you studied to meet the requirements. There is much to commend it to at least the careful consideration of those interested in such operations.

I shall look with interest for the completion, and already assured successful operation of your new steam dredger.

Very respectfully yours, G. A. STODDARD, Mechanical Engineer, Chief Draughtsman, S. P. Co.'s Shops, Sacramento.

Ditches upon the above 2000 acres of land will be dug by the above mentioned Steam Ditching Machine, and will be provided with gates to regulate the height of the fresh water in the ditch, or empty it entirely at the time of low tide in the Bay, and renew it to the level of the surface of the land, from the numerous artesian wells. By this system of irrigation, the crops upon this land will be abundant and most profitable. These lands will raise vegetables such as asparagus, carrots, potatoes, sugar beets, etc., and strawberries and alfalfa to perfection. The South Pacific Coast Railroad passes through this tract, giving facilities to send the produce to market; and in the near future freight steamers will run daily from these lands to San Francisco, securing low freights to the farmers. Numerous applications for this land have been made to the Company to purchase when improved in the above manner. This improvement can be carried out within this year, and will result in a large revenue to the stockholders, which will be paid to them in dividends.

In the Company's Prospectus is stated and provided that its stockholders are preferred purchasers of the improved agricultural land, for which the Company will accept in payment its stock at par value. The purchase price for the first 2,000 acres will be \$100 per acre, therefore 200 shares of the Company's stock will buy 20 acres of the land improved by ditches, roads, and supplied with artesian water. The limited amount of the stock now offered at \$5.00 per share, will when in the purchase of the land double the investment, or if held to reap the benefits of the final development of the entire enterprise will first appreciate this year to a par value and its dividends will regulate in future its market price, which, there is good reason to suppose, will in a few years be manifold its face value.

Any one purchasing the stock of this Company can never be called upon to pay assessments as we are incorporated under the laws of Colorado, that allows us to issue non-assessable stock.

Subscriptions for this stock will be received by Jos. C. Jennings, 317 California street.

A. BOSCHKE, C. E., Superintendent.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 23, 1889.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the GOLDEN GATE, the following form of bequest is suggested:

"I give and bequeath to the GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, incorporated, November 28th, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, — dollars."

Corroborative Testimony.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I desire to add my testimony to your own, as regards my impressions and thoughts of Summerland. We arrived at night, the 24th of February. A warm and gentle rain was falling; the balmy air lanned us with odors of grass and flowers; the darkness prevented us from seeing our beloved Summerland, yet we all felt its influence while passing by it.

We were met at Ortega Station by Mr. H. L. Williams, with a most commodious conveyance, which bore us safely to his hospitable home, Ortega Rancho, about two miles from the station. Mr. Williams is a genial, warm-hearted gentleman, and endeavors to make his guests feel at home. He had the sad misfortune to lose his wife a few months ago by death. His sister-in-law, Miss Everhard, a gentle, cultured lady, presides over his household, and with loving care watches with a mother's devotion, over his two interesting children, a son and daughter.

Early Monday morning the word reached us, "The team is at the door; hurrah for Summerland! All aboard!" We drove to the summit of Ortega Hill with rapturous delight. The view from there is grand and inspiring. The mighty old ocean was as calm as a dream of love. A distant ship was lazily resting on her bosom. Birds of different species were skimming the surface in playful glee. The sky was opal in its loveliness, and reflected its beauty on the waters below. Santa Barbara lay at a distance of five miles, nestling like a white dove in its favorite nook. The scene was one of sublime beauty and grandeur. The whole country is backed by the Santa Inez Mountains, which protect it from the North winds. As far as the eye can reach are ranches under fine cultivation. The rolling lands and pretty meadows, the undulations of coloring on the grand old mountains, was a scene to be long remembered.

We descended the hill (of future greatness) and drove to Summerland. Words fail to describe the emotions that filled my heart, knowing and feeling that the spirit world had selected this lovely location for the home center of harmony and soul-culture. It faces to the South, the shore running East and West, a feature entirely different from any other part of California coast. The early morning sun with its bright smile rests upon it, and its good night kiss leaves a halo like a benediction. The sunsets are marvelously lovely; it seems the hand of a divine old master blessing with a glimpse of heaven. The water is pure, sparkling and sweet, and plenty of it. The "salt marsh" (some kind friend has so generally bequeathed to Summerland) is over two miles from there. There is not one foot of ground but is available and can be beautified. There is not one marshy spot on the grounds; it is many feet above the level of the sea. The beach is one of the finest in the world for bathing and driving, it being white sand and free from stones.

If each one who has purchased lots begins to beautify there will soon be a garden "fit for the gods," where the angels can roam with their chosen and dear ones. Every kind of tree, shrub or flower will grow rapidly and profusely, vegetables included, in the rich and well-tilled soil, fruit trees of all kinds, tropical taking the lead, laden with well developed fruit at this season of the year.

There are two cottages now on the ground. Mrs. E. F. Thompson is building the third one. A boarding house will be erected very soon to accommodate friends who may desire to visit their selected future homes. The first cottage was built by Mr. Wright, one of nature's noblemen, whose companion, sweet as the thought of Heaven in soul and heart, is ever ready and willing to entertain all who come to see Summerland. She is a medium of superior endowment.

There is plenty of work to do, if there are willing hands to do it, there, even now. Allen, the "Boy Medium," resides at the foot of Ortega hill. We were at one of his seances. The demonstrations were remarkable and good. He will be an acquisition to the colony.

We visited the beautiful, imposing home of Colonel Blood, who opens his kind doors to all friends of this glorious cause. We remained among our new friends six days. Our stay was one continued ovation of pleasure and delight. Ladies and gentlemen from Santa Barbara visited us and entertained us at their homes with fraternal welcome. We will repeat, "We like Santa Barbara," the climate is unsurpassed. We turned our faces, reluctantly, homeward on the second, and as we were waiting at the station for the train that was to bear us away from our friends who had come to "see us off," I looked back at beautiful Summerland and thought, "Must I leave thee Paradise? leave thee, fit haunt of gods?"

I hope to be there again in the near future to remain a season, perhaps during my journey through this earth valley. I would say to each brother and sister interested, that Summerland is a glorious success; the angels are with us in this work; there is no failure when blessed by them.

With the best and kindest wishes to all, and for all, concerned in this grand enterprise, I am fraternally, ROSE L. BUSHNELL.

Conduct is the great profession; behavior is perpetually revealing us; what a man does tells what he is.—F. D. Huntington.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Aphorisms.

BY S. CARTER.

The fount whence flows the streams that bless, Is in the inner consciousness.

Soul culture is the noblest husbandry.

The body free is more than raiment fine, More than the body, is the soul divine.

It has been said that heaven was far above, But heaven is with us, if we truly love.

O, that by all this truth was understood, The love of God is but the love of good.

True faith in God, true trust in the Divine, Is a bright pearl from the celestial mine.

Does man desire to rid the world of sin? He'll find some work who turns his eye within.

Some find their heroes 'mid the battles strife, The greatest heroes are in private life.

What's past is gone, to some, an unblown flower, Let us be happy in the present hour.

Natural love, lives only to be blessed; But love Divine must give to be at rest.

Bondage is motion, freedom is rest.

Natural love cries ever, "love thou me;" But love Divine, "my life is loving thee."

Nothing can be proved, every thing must be self-evident.

The imitator is limited, the Creator knows no bounds.

Sex or station, clime or zone, These to love are all unknown.

The saint, the harlot, and the sage; Those filled with love, with lust, with rage; What e'er the life of God hath moved, Each one is equally beloved.

True art, or speech, is always what is meant; Heaven's sweetest cup is filled with good intent.

The sincere man is God's darling.

Those who love me keep out of my way.

Do your best, and in that rest, Angels can do no more.

Do your best, and in your breast, You'll find the "Eden Shore."

The silent man is the onlyshore man.

The streamlet trickling down the mountain, Flows ever from a secret fountain.

So true love, tho' forever giving, Flows from a fountain fresh and living.

The stream's fount is 'neath stone and sod; Love's fount is the heart of God.

We live for aye, no time is lost, I ween; We always must be, what we might have been.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest are these, 'it might have been.'"

Of all bright words the soul can see, The brightest are these, "it yet will be."

But of all sweet words e'er heard I trow, The sweetest are these, "I have found it now."

God pays cash—the reward of labor, Is to the laborer, none else.

Lies cannot injure a man; neither the truth. There are but two in the universe, God and I.

Each one is the "only begotten."

There is no death but a life eternal; The soul springs forth forever fresh and vernal.

Immortal love gives us immortal youth, For love is life, and life is love and truth.

That person is the most accomplished, Who can do the most things in the best way?

THANKSGIVING.

MADISON, Kansas, June 4, 1888.

DR. J. S. LOUCKS, Worcester, Massachusetts:—Dear Doctor:—I cheerfully tender you my heartfelt thanks for what you have done for me, as my health has so much improved with your aid. My health has been failing me the past ten years; and the past seven years I have not been able to do my work. I have lived in this state six years and have been treated by five different doctors. They did me no good. I was confined to my bed most of the time. I then sent to you for help. Through your treatment, I am now able to be up and do most of my work. I owe it all to kind providence and the efficient skill of Dr. J. S. Loucks. I shall always look to the day I began treatment with you with thanksgiving. Sincerely yours,

MRS. ELIZABETH NICHOLS.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winstow's SOUTHERN SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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Those that will accept this position will find it very pleasant work. A few hours each day devoted to the sale of this book will bring you a nice income. Aside from this, you are doing a great spiritual good in distributing to the many the advanced thoughts in the book.

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The book is well advertised, and the many sales we have made is proof that this is the proper time for a book like this.

[TITLE PAGE.]

SPIRIT EONA'S LEGACY TO THE

WIDE WIDE WORLD:

VOICES FROM MANY HILL-TOPS,

ECHOES FROM MANY VALLEYS.

—{ OR THE }—

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nov 26

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM

will meet every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., in Fraternity

Hall, Pythian Castle Building, Nos. 507½ and 511½

Market street, between Fifth and Sixth. The hall is com-

modious and well arranged for this purpose. Strangers and

all those interested are respectfully invited to attend.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS

meet every Sunday at 2 P. M., Washington Hall, 35

Eddy street. All are invited. Admission, 10 cts. The Li-

brary and Reading Room of this Society is located at 541

Market street, "Carrier Dove" office, and is open every

week day from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

METAPHYSICAL COLLEGE, 108 McALLISTER

Street—W. J. Colville lectures every Sunday, at 7:30

P. M., and conducts classes for thoroughly practical in-

struction in Spiritual Science, Tuesdays and Fridays, at

10 A. M. Lectures and conversations on Theosophy, Tues-

days and

Onesimus Toole; or, from Shadows to Sunshine.

Continued from First Page.

phoné, who looked at himself in a pier-glass opposite, critically and admiringly twisted the ends of his moustache, and adjusted his tie and watch chain, quite unnecessarily, while his accompanist was dashing off the prelude. Then bracing himself as though a bull-fight were in reality about to commence; he roared the boisterous composition of Bizet as though he was singing to an immense audience, in a great Opera House, apostrophizing the chandelier and waving a red silk handkerchief, kicking over two chairs, and performing several other mad feats in his determination to act the song as well as sing it. He fairly persecuted the ear drums of his audience, who moved quickly to the furthest corners of the room while the performance lasted; of course, applause followed and only too ready to accept an encore, he gave his own peculiar version of "Home Sweet Home," in a style that savored of bathos rather than pathos. His voice was undeniably powerful and many of his tones were firm and good, but far too loud for a private drawing-room, while his excessive mannerism greatly marred the effect of a vocally creditable effort. Looking unutterably things out of his coal-black eyes, at the company whom he had so graciously designed to delight, (to use the language he invariably employed when puffing himself in those of the society journals to whose columns he could gain an entrance,) he subsided into comparative repose on a neighboring sofa and stretching himself at full length, exclaimed, "That is hard work I tell you, I am hungry and thirsty and tired into the bargain, I suppose you have something nice going."

At these extraordinary remarks from a total stranger, Dr. Maxwell touched an electric knob, and almost instantly a page appeared bearing a tray of choice but not extravagant edibles; the conversation then naturally took a gastronomic turn, one of the ladies addressing Alphonse in the following terms:

"I have heard, but do not of course know how true it is, that metaphysicians can eat anything; now I'm a martyr to indigestion and have just commenced to take electrical treatment from our host, but he doesn't allow me any meat even. I have to eat nothing but fruits and cereals, while my principal beverage is hot water; what does Mrs. Catsleigh say?"

"Well, responded that lady's representative, 'you must ask her yourself; blessed if I know, when we dine together we have quail on toast and lots of other delicacies, but sometimes when people are too nervous, she does tell them not to eat pork or shell-fish and some other things discarded by the Hebrews, of whom she seems very fond, especially when they are free with their coin.'"

"Excuse my interrupting you," broke in the well modulated accents of Dr. Maxwell's always winning voice, "I do not think either of you understand what I feel to be the true position in this matter. Mrs. O'Shannington concludes that I attach as much importance to the simple ques-tion of diet as those physicians who make obesity a specialty. I do nothing of the kind, but my studies with the learned and excellent Prof. Jerome de Montmar-te, in Paris, have led me to study the science of correspondence in a way slightly differing from that in which it is usually studied by the reputed disciples of Swedenborg, (a sage and seer for whom I confess unbounded respect and admiration). I feel it to be an essential factor in human development that we should accrete and absorb such of the forces of the invisible kingdoms of nature as are correspondent to those mental and moral traits we seek to develop, to the avoidance of all indulgence in such appetites as tend earthward instead of heavenward. I am no advocate of long fasting, except in exceptional cases where a temporary rest from the work of physical alimentation is imperative, but I do indeed contend that the ordinary diet of artificialization (mis-called civilization), is worse than barbaric, it having neither justification in reason nor sanction in morals."

"But what is a fellow to eat?" exclaimed Alphonse excitedly. "You don't expect us to subsist on roots and uncooked grains like some people who called at our rooms the other day and asked me to distribute 'Korokoh heshun' literature among Mrs. Catsleigh's students?"

"Pardon me, my dear sir," replied the doctor, smiling. "I have no sympathy with fanatical extremists, and I consider cooked food in proper quantities and of the right kind, advantageous to man as at present situated. I do not banish meats entirely from my table, though I very rarely eat meat myself, and I induce all my patients to gradually break away from it, but the point I am aiming at is that there is a science of feeding as well as of everything else, and this science like all true sciences, has its foundation in spiritual not in physical chemistry. I hold that under ex-cess pressure of need, or in a state of exalted spiritual feeling, the influence of anything and everything, usually deleterious in its effects upon the human organism, can be successfully resisted, but under ordinary circumstances it is disorderly and absurd to tell people to eat and drink anything and everything because these words to the majority signify unlimited physical license. I do not say that the teachers and practitioners of 'Christian Science,' are other than extremely temperate in their demands and habits in such respects, but if they are

bent on elevating the race, they must seek to wean people from excesses, not teach their justification. I shall take the liberty of questioning Mrs. Catsleigh on these points as soon as she gives me an opening by raising them in her lessons, which I shall attend faithfully, with a view of learning all I possibly can of the system, of which, from all I hear, she is a brilliant and successful advocate."

"Oh, you and she will get on first-rate," responded her agent, enthusiastically, "she always enjoys talking with doctors who know something, and I don't see as you and she are far apart in theory, whatever you may be in practice, but, bless me, its 10:30, I must be going; three more engagements to-night, so *la ta ta*. And with this unceremonious leave taking, accompanied, however, by a profound and not ungraceful bow, the irrepressible Alphonse had departed for pastures new."

As soon as he was gone the party drew themselves together in the pretty room, looking unusually attractive when softly illumined by electricity and feeling some subtle sense of an invisible presence brooding near, sat in profound silence for about five minutes, at the expiration of which brief period, a soft, bird-like voice was heard piping in the room as though a telephone connected the apartment with some distant *salon*. No telephone, however, in this day could have communicated thus with Prof. de Montmar-te's Parisian residence, and it was the voice of his charming daughter Heloise which vibrated through the room in clear, penetrating accents. Mr. Toole appeared thunderstruck; Mrs. O'Shannington visibly started. Dr. Maxwell listened quietly as though thoroughly used to such experiences, while Lydia gently rose, and taking her seat at the piano began playing as she had never played before a soft, dreamy composition of Schumann's, the favorite composer of the lovely Heloise, whom she had never seen. (The reader must bear in mind that the O'Shanningtons, mother and daughter, were on a visit to Dr. Maxwell, and knew none of his European friends, indeed, they had never crossed the Atlantic, and Heloise and her father had never met them in America.)

As soon as Lydia rose from the instrument the mystical and yet quite natural tones of the unseen visitor's voice spoke in the following words:

"I who am bodily asleep in Paris have been commissioned to visit you this evening and declare my presence thus, that our new friend (indicating Mr. Toole), may know that the deep secret of his soul is not a secret to those who constitute the circle to which he belongs though unconsciously to himself save when an occasional glimpse behind the veil of man-made dogma permits him to gaze upon the spiritual temple of which the purest visible church is but a shadow. In a few months from now the bonds will be broken, the letter will be cast aside and the spirit stand revealed. You, my friend, (addressing Mr. Toole personally), have been reading Swedenborg in secret. You have pondered and prayed over the 'Arcana Coelestia' and the 'Apocalypse Unveiled;' you have struggled with doubts innumerable and have counted it sin to question the interpretation put upon scripture by your own and other evangelical sects, but light is to come to you shortly, and through your own individual experience will you cast aside the fetters of dead literalism and preach the gospel as its spirit is revealed to you."

To say that Mr. Toole was startled would be to confess the wretched inadequacy of words to describe emotions. He was literally convulsed with wonder; his agitation knew no bounds, and rising suddenly to his feet he cried impetuously in his loudest tone, "My God, if this be true, how blind I have been in fighting it. Swedenborg's works, the two volumes alluded to by this mysterious, unseen speaker, are in my bureau drawer at home in Saddlebrook, Vermont. I took them from a member of my congregation unknowingly, for when she moved to Boston she gave me all her theological library; these two books were among her collection; they were uncut and had evidently never been read—hardly noticed. Not feeling they were suitable for general perusal by my visitors, I took them to my chamber and locked them up among my private papers. They somehow fascinated me, and I have been for some time past reading them nightly prior to retiring. This practice I only discontinued three days ago when I came to visit you on my Summer vacation while my church is closed for renovation."

Once again the clear voice rang out through the apartment, "Have no fear, truth will not ask any of you to be its martyrs, though it calls on you all to be its advocates. My father requests you to assemble here next Sunday at 10 P. M., and hold an electric seance, when I trust the truth of spiritual telegraphy will be yet more convincingly revealed to you. God's blessing is over you. I do not invoke it, I declare it."

As the clear bell-like utterance subsided into silence, the household at 312 Sycamore avenue felt a delightful sensation of rest steal over its every member, and seeking their respective couches did not find "balmy slumber" difficult to woo.

To be continued.

When all looks fair about, and thou seest not a cloud so big as a man's hand to threaten thee, forget not the wheel of things; think of sudden vicissitudes, but beat not thy brains to foreknow them.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

Not Ashamed to Investigate.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I enclose an editorial article taken from the daily *Courier*, San Bernardino, Cal., of Feb. 24, 1889, with the request that you reproduce the same in your widely circulated paper. Such cases are so rare that it is really refreshing to meet with an editor of an influential secular newspaper who is not ashamed to investigate the claims of Modern Spiritualism, and then have honesty and bravery enough to publish his convictions to the world. These bold and fearless utterances in the face of so much intolerance and bigotry shows a very liberal and commendable spirit, and should be duly appreciated by our friends everywhere. Those in the East desiring reliable information about Southern California, could not do better than to subscribe for the *Courier*.

Fraternally,

G. W. FEATHERSTON.

The following is the article referred to: SPIRITUALISM.

What is behind this modern spiritism? Are those whom we designate Spiritualists all impostors, cheats, liars and hypocrites? Impossible; for, we know Spiritualists as noble in character, as honest, as moral, as truthful, as reliable, as any people of any other sect. There are cheats, impostors and hypocrites among them, but so are there among all sects, classes, races and religions.

But, there is something mysterious, something at least weirdly exotic in these manifestations of mediumistic Spiritualism, no honest man who investigates can deny. We had evidence of this in this city many years ago, and yet we were and are intensely skeptical. We are led to a consideration of this subject by a reading of an article on spiritual mediums by the great scientist, Huxley, in which the learned evolutionist and profound biologist classifies the mediums as rank impostors, and even goes into descriptive detail explanatory of the technique by which the mediums resort to mechanical contrivances to evoke rappings, knockings, table tipplings, etc. While just as skeptical as Huxley, while belonging by hereditary devotion, racial pride and family consistency to an organization the furthest of all others from Spiritualism, we have yet seen enough of it to pronounce, out of personal knowledge, the platitudes of Huxley to be arrant nonsense. We have seen a table, after it was put in motion by a circle of Spiritualists, of its own apparent volition dash three heavy men off it as if they were feathers. Nor was any Spiritualist then near it. We have seen the same table follow our hand in circle after circle around the room; have seen it rise from the floor and follow our hand as far as the latter could reach perpendicularly upward; have conducted this table around a circle of people, it all the while being blindly obedient to the merest touch of our fingers. But we could not start this table tipping, and by dint of will, out of mischief, could prevent it from cavorting on its legs for a long time, while the moment we retired, it would commence a loud thumping and jumping. After it had got this headway, it would throw three of us off it with a fiercely indignant motion, if we may use the term, and we may, for the demoniac or angelic, as you please, piece of board work seemed absolutely conscious of its own motions and actuated by a design. Now, what was this unseemly action on the part of innocent and unconscious boards, a manifestation of? Heaven only knows. It may be that there is far more in animal magnetism than any of us yet dream of. It may be that there are some human beings who are peculiarly adapted to evoke manifestations of this hidden magnetic force. Again, it may be that spirits do take such unseemly and undignified ways to reveal themselves. It is possible that these may be "good" spirits; it is possible that they are the fiends of the middle ages; it is possible that through some peculiarity in the mental organizations of those whom we term mediums, they have the power, not half understood by themselves, of exercising some mysterious influence through the secret and dark channel of animal magnetism—which, if we were familiar with the *modus operandi*, would easily account for the table performances. But, as it is, there is a subject for profound psychological study in Spiritualism, and a fascinating study it would prove. If spirits exist, there is nothing improbable, nothing at least impossible in the idea of their attempting to communicate with us yet in the flesh. The Christian must believe that spirits have revealed themselves to man, and if they have in the past, why not in the present? But, the mystery, the mummery, the imposture with which some mediums surround themselves repulses many who would otherwise investigate the subject of Spiritualism without prejudice. There is another phase of Spiritualism, but its discussion must go over for to-day.

Clairvoyance.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

A large audience assembled in the Knights of Pythias Hall last evening to witness Clairvoyance, proven by mind reading, by the Hofstad Brothers. The audience first being addressed by Paul A. Smith, who made some very interesting as well as convincing remarks, touching upon the spiritual being of man. After which several different tests were tried by the

Hofstad Brothers, and proved a perfect success, thus clearly demonstrating the fact that mind reading can be successfully accomplished. JAMES BUCHANAN. CUSTERS, Whatcom Co., Wash. Terr., Feb. 28, 1889.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Spirits.

BY ELIA L. HERRIAN.

There is sometimes but a step from the human to the divine.

Unbar the iron doors of prejudice and bitterness from your soul, and behold, you will stand in the open gateway to heaven unalloyed, delighted!

Be not oppressed by the daily difficulties of life, but draw upon the exhaustless supply of god-like powers within thee, to meet any and every emergency.

"Preach the gospel." Not only from the "house-tops and market-places," but everywhere you move, eliminate undying benefits and blessings from your truly progressive spirit.

The faith of the truly enlightened spirit is unlike the "blind faith" of the creed-bound soul, for he daily beholds in nature the evidences that produce it, instead of relying upon the half-worn testimony of mythological or allegorical characters.

There is a limit to human endurance and patience. 'Tis then the beautiful mission of the spirit world demonstrates itself in restoring our fainting spirits and stimulating our flagging efforts. Open your hearts to these gentle, loving, ministrations by making as pure as possible your thoughts, minds and bodies, thus giving them easier access and enlarged opportunities to smooth over many rough and dangerous places, and to impart happiness and encouragement to many sorrowing, down-trodden and unfortunate ones.

The world needs Christianity, not in name, but in reality; not in words, but in deeds; not in long or loud prayers, but in the fulfillment of earnest, noble desires; not in Sunday observance, but in the humble, arduous pursuits—duties of everyday life; not designated by the splendor and costly Sabbath-day attire, but in the simple, unostentatious garb of true spiritual grace and beauty, every day and all days! Christianity *within*, not *without*, will soon rid the world of its inharmonious, its dissension and its cruel tyranny in private and public interests. Oh, let us cultivate it in its true, its best, its most beautiful type; and the name that is chosen or applied to such disciples, matters but little.

LOS ANGELES, Cal.

NEW COURSE.

W. J. Colville's classes, having received the full complement of teaching for the first term, as advertised in the GOLDEN GATE, a new course of instruction will begin next week. The teachings on Spiritual Science or Metaphysics, applied to health and harmony, will be given on Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7:45 P. M., commencing Tuesday, February 19th, and continuing six weeks. Instruction on Theosophy will be given on the same days at 10 A. M. The following is a complete and orderly list of subjects treated in both courses:

MORNING COURSE—THEOSOPHY.

Tuesday, Feb. 19th.—Theosophy, What it is and What it is not.

Friday, Feb. 22d.—The Mystery of the Ages, or the Secret Doctrine of all Religions.

Tuesday, Feb. 26th.—Theosophy in Egypt, Hermetic System.

Friday, March 1st.—Theosophy in Persia, the Zoroastrian Idea.

Tuesday, March 5th.—Theosophy in India—Brahmanism.

Friday, March 8th.—Theosophy in India, part 2, Buddhism.

Tuesday, March 12th.—Magic—Red, White, Gray and Black.

Friday, March 15th.—Difference between Spiritual Adepts and ordinary Magicians.

Tuesday, March 19th.—The Rosicrucians, their Theories of Cosmology.

Friday, March 22d.—The Philosopher's Stone and Elixir of Life.

Tuesday, March 26th.—The Planetary Chain.

Friday, March 29th.—Nirvana.

EVENING COURSE—SPIRITUAL SCIENCE OF HEALTH AND HEALING.

Tuesday, Feb. 19th.—A Concise Statement of the Theory and Practice of Spiritual Science as applied to the Production of Moral, Mental and Physical Health and Harmony.

Friday, Feb. 22d.—The Idea of God according to Spiritual Science.

Tuesday, Feb. 26th.—The Idea of Man according to Spiritual Science.

Friday, March 1st.—A Consideration of the relation between *being* and *existence*, and between *truth* and *fact*.

Tuesday, March 5th.—Faith, Prayer and Fasting as Essentials to Spiritual Development.

Friday, March 8th.—Conversion, or the Spiritual Meaning of Regeneration.

Tuesday, March 12th.—Hereditary Influences no Obstacle to Spiritual Growth.

Friday, March 15th.—The Mission of Pain and how to Conquer Suffering.

Tuesday, March 19th.—Chemicalization or Crisis, and how to Meet it.

Friday, March 22d.—The Apostolic Method of Healing as opposed to Mesmerism and Medicine.

Tuesday, March 26th.—How to alter Circumstances and secure Success in every lawful Enterprise.

Friday, March 29th.—Explicit Directions for Treatment and Self-protection and the value of Formulas Elucidated.

Questions are freely invited after every lecture. Terms for the course of twelve lectures, \$2.50; single admission, 25 cents. Exercises commence precisely at 10 A. M., and 7:45 P. M. Punctual attendance is earnestly solicited.

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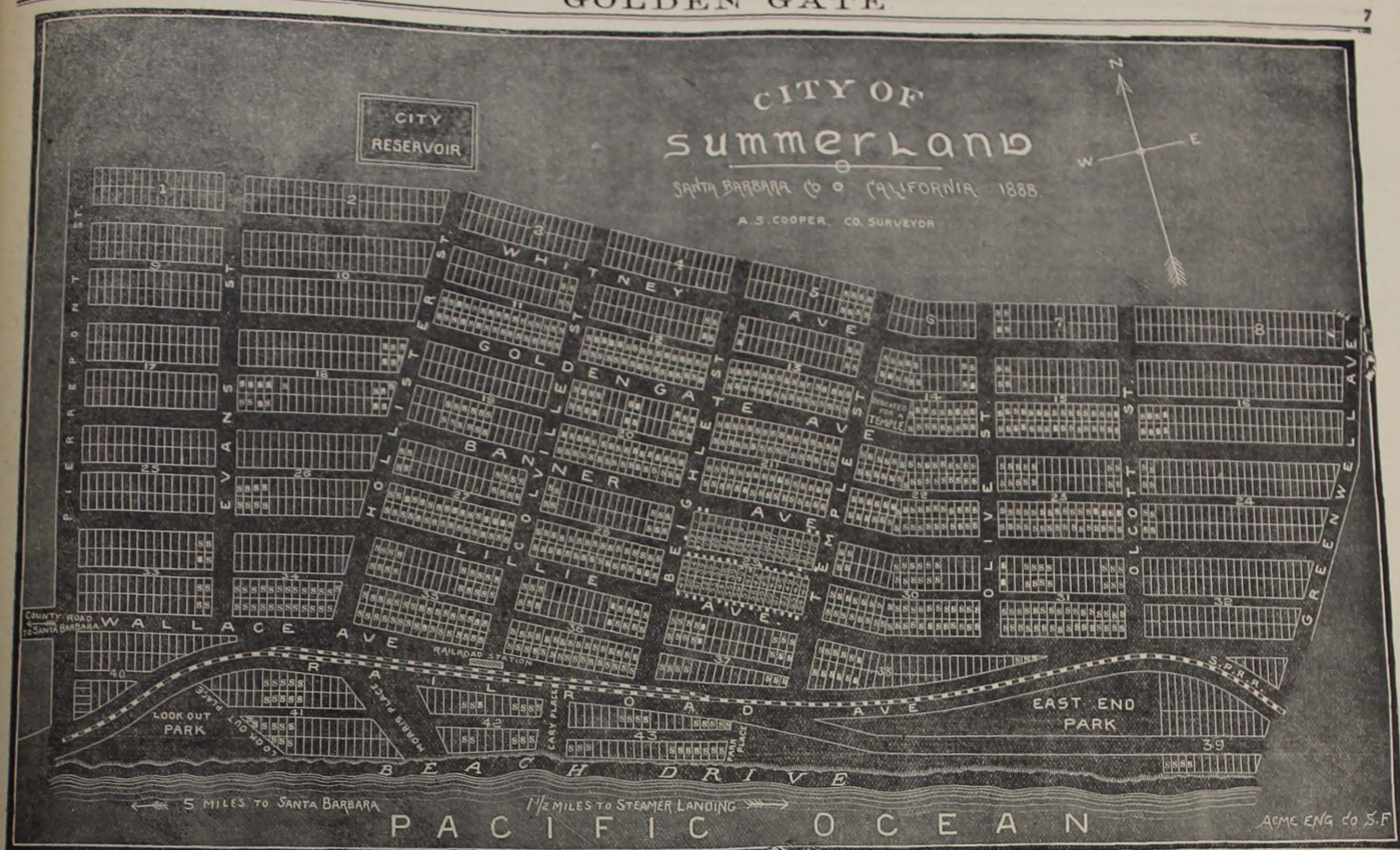
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