



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

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CONTENTS:

FIRST PAGE.—Gems of Thought; Consciousness—A Theosophical Treatise, by Allen Griffiths, F. T. S.
SECOND PAGE.—Facts and Fragments, by John Wetherill; Uncertainty; The Discussion; Publications; Advertisements, etc.
THIRD PAGE.—Women's Wrongs React on Men and Nations, by M. E. Tillotson; Municipal Socialism; Consciousness—A Theosophical Treatise—continued; Professional Cards, etc.
FOURTH PAGE.—(Editorial) Rights, Itself, Proven A Science; Southern Oregon; Summerland Anniversary; Mental Laziness; Editorial Notes; Mr. Colville's Work; Suggestions to an "Outside;" Circle of Harmony; No Free School; Spirit-Echo Meeting, etc.
FIFTH PAGE.—Mediums—Are They, by C. B. Crane; Progressive Lyceum; Progressive Spiritualists; Summerland Notes; In Memoriam; St. Andrew's Hall; Correction; Professional Cards; Advertisements, etc.
SIXTH PAGE.—What I Think; Liberty; Our Question Department; Publications, etc.
SEVENTH PAGE.—A Curious Case of "Moralism," by Maurice Liden; A Prophecy; The Fountain of Youth; Advertisements; Miscellaneous, etc.
EIGHTH PAGE.—(Poetry) Riderless; A Reflection; Recompense; The Monk's Vision; To-day and To-morrow; Across the Continent—No. 2, by Amos Adams; Oakland; Advertisements, etc.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

He is most powerful who has himself in his power.—*Seneca.*
An injury is sooner pardoned than an insult.—*Lord Chesterfield.*
The elect are whosoever will and the non-elect are whosoever won't.—*Becher.*
As certainly as your Master's love is in you His work will be upon you.—*Bushnell.*
Out in the world men show us two sides in their character, and by the fireside only one.
To dread no eye and to suspect no tongue is the great prerogative of innocence.
When the best things are not possible the best may be made of those that are.—*Hooker.*
I believe it is harder to love our neighbor perfectly than to love God.—*Jean Nicholas Grau.*
Would you be avenged of your enemy—be virtuous, that he may have nothing to say against you.—*Diogenes.*
There is a transcendent power in example. We reform others unconsciously, when we walk uprightly.—*Mme Swetchine.*
All sects are different, because they come from men. Morality is everywhere the same, because it comes from God.—*Voltaire.*
I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and seeks her adversary.—*Milton.*
It is the atmosphere of truth and purity and generosity that prevades the house that has the largest educative force.—*John W. Chadwick.*
We wish to see men and women mentally free, not so much for the purpose of thinking as we do, as to induce them if we can to do their own thinking.
How can a man know himself? Through contemplation never, but rather through action. Endeavor to do thy duty, and thou wilt know thy capacity. But what is thy duty? The exigencies of the day.—*Goethe.*
I know nothing which life has to offer so satisfying as the profound good understanding which can subsist after much exchange of good offices between two virtuous men, each of whom is sure of himself and sure of his friend.—*Carlyle.*
The great differences in religious exercises grow out of the fact that there is a great difference between one being in religion and religion being within us. There are so many, too many, it seems to me, who are simply in religion. They move in a religious atmosphere, and handle religious things, yet are at the mercy of their temperaments and the sport of circumstances. There are others whose spirits religion occupies and possesses; with such God is present both in the crowd and in the wilderness, and they have no need to seek for faith anywhere, for faith possesses them everywhere.—*J. G. Holland.*

CONSCIOUSNESS.

A Theosophical Treatise.

BY ALLEN GRIFFITHS, F. T. S.

Absolute Consciousness is that state which transcends all condition, and is because of perfection. Man is as conscious being has been evolved during the myriad processes of becoming. The complete embodiment of universal truth and reality in consciousness, constitutes being in its entirety. As man approximates this state, which involves and includes all others, he is. He is a Conscious being, as he has transcended all states leading up to his present condition, and has yet to become all that to which he has not yet attained. Man thus occupies a middle point from which he recedes all his past and proceeds all his future. That which constitutes him has ever maintained this relative position and ever will. He is thus, eternally a CENTER from which ceaselessly unfold infinite possibilities by virtue of unlimited capacities inherent in and potential to his being. This is also true in respect to all other states of being. Every center of potential and expanding energy has an eternity of past which has led up to its present, and an immeasurable future in which to enlarge and attain self-consciousness and consciousness of all held within innumerable universes. A present state of being, in relation to time, events and things and all life, is all in itself, for it embodies in itself all of its history, both past, present and future, and is an epitome of all else; thus, for each there is no time but the present. An all-including circle encloses time, events, and all being within an eternal now. Involution and evolution are not processes which inhere in time, nor depend upon limitation, but are independent of time and limitation. Time is but a shadow, a glamour, an illusion cast by these principles, or is rather a false conception of them incident to conditioned states of consciousness. As the unconditioned state is evolved, all illusions disappear. Time is conditioned upon Involution and Evolution, not the latter upon the former; and when these processes cease or are suspended at a given point, time exists no longer at that point. All that is, in the true being, are the inhabitants of space and dwellers of Eternity, not of time and locality. Eternal substance, inexhaustible energy, potential and evolved consciousness, are the attributes of the Unknowable, the Rootless Root, of incomprehensible Being.

Consciousness inheres, either potential or partially developed and active, in all things, and all things included in and constituting infinite expanse, are the Absolute. The degree of consciousness evolved by an entity determines its state of being. The mineral, the vegetable, the animal and man, are what they are because of evolved Consciousness, in fact, consciousness establishes and maintains the status of all manifested nature from the crudest material form to the most ethereal and sublimated. A progressing entity manifests as mineral, vegetable, animal and man, when the inherent potential consciousness develops up to those respective states, and the external expression taken on indicates with unvarying accuracy, the degree to which consciousness has evolved. It is the unseen and unknown principle within, unknown, however, but to superficial sense, which, acting under the stimulus of potent forces, progresses through change and transmutation, assuming now one form and now another, which forms, are exact and perfect external indicators of the states to which they have attained. The occultist and student of nature endeavors to pierce down and through these external forms of matter, crude substance, these coverings and outer shells, and to intuitively grasp, retain, and understand underlying principles. All entities of the lower worlds possess a consciousness adequate to and expressive of present needs and demands for advance. The various degrees of consciousness manifested in externalization in the lower worlds are proportionate and indigenous to each respective state; that is, the consciousness peculiar to the mineral differs from that obtaining in the vegetable and other kingdoms, and is entirely adequate to fill all requirements of its own peculiar and particular state. This differ-

ence continues to exist until a point is reached in the process of evolution of the advancing entity by virtue of its experience and degree of becoming, when it embodies in a higher state the whole of its past, so that this relatively enlarged and expanded consciousness includes all past states with all corresponding and respective degrees of consciousness and is a synthesis of its entire past, and is what it is because of this aggregation, this sum total, and is thus fitted to advance to the next higher stage. While consciousness, manifesting in any one of the lower worlds, largely concerns itself with, and confines itself to its own respective sphere, yet that consciousness is by no means entirely exclusive of other planes which it contacts by reason of its own condition which is one of mergence, i. e.: a blending of the state immediately lower than its own with the one next succeeding. A given state can not exist independently in and of itself—such a condition is unthinkable; that which constitutes a state or degree of evolution is its relation to all else. Thus, there are no sharply-marked lines separating one sphere of existence from the next higher or lower relative to its own, for the beginning of one condition with its consequent ending, is inconceivable because of this mergence and blending. It is as impossible to determine the dividing line between the mineral and the vegetable, between the vegetable and the animal, as to define the exact point at which the animal ceases to be animal and blends into the next higher state of man. The evolved consciousness of the highest animal nature becomes the lowest degree of consciousness in man, and this process of shading and blending holds throughout the kosmos. It now may appear more clear that the Absolute, instead of being composed of myriad different things, is in reality constituted of only one—Itself, embodied in innumerable differentiations, each expressing a different phase of the only One, and without all of which it could not be—a state inconceivable.

The lowest orders, or rather those manifestations of nature which to man appear to possess no consciousness do in fact, hold a consciousness peculiar to their respective states, complete and entire. The principal difference between all denizens of lower worlds and man is that the former do not possess self-consciousness, and the latter does to a degree sufficient to enable him to know himself as himself, and as something different and distinct as compared to all other phases of existence. Man evinces a certain degree of consciousness which he is cognizant of; but may, and it is claimed that he does, possess a consciousness which is recognized as unconsciousness because exercising without the realm of his ordinary knowledge and experience. This interior, or sub-consciousness, this so-called unconsciousness, is which, acting through the physical organism, causes and controls the beating of the heart, the digestive processes, the expansion and contraction of the pupil of the eye, and other physical functions. It is also that consciousness which plays upon superior planes other than the purely physical. It is the memory, which is only one of the many avenues for the expansion of that consciousness. It is this real consciousness which, in fact, constitutes the human Ego, and without which it could not establish and maintain itself on the human plane. This true consciousness is the result of the Ego's whole past experience, the sum total of all its history. It is the last degree which embodies all others that it has taken in an unending series of initiations. These changes and transmutations, this onward and upward progress, will continue indefinitely and constitutes Eternity. But, Eternity is an illusion in and of itself, being only a limited extension of time, which, in-as-much as time is an illusion of limitation, a phantom of the intellectual sense, an imaginary environment, it is in no sense absolute and self-existent, therefore, non-existent. Time and eternity are states of consciousness indicating degrees of evolution, and will cease to exist, even as illusions, when higher states of consciousness are evolved. Thus, there is no past or future, only an ever-present and perpetual now, which is the absolute state of being. As consciousness is evolved and transcends all illusion, it realizes this truth as self-evident by a spiritual perception which looks upon absolute reality, aside and entirely separated from the myriad phases of illusion which now hedges about the becoming

monad, and constitutes its environment as a heritage of its past and of its present state of imperfection.

That the monad holds potential this infinite expansion and will ultimately realize it, is evidenced by its present capacity to sense the advanced state even while held in the bonds of fleshly environment, and by its aspiration and endeavor to attain it. An examination of man with his attributes as an expression of the immortal monad, upon the various planes on which it acts, will disclose not only this interior consciousness as the principle factor of his being, but the prophecy of illimitable possibilities, reveals and verifies an infinite capacity. Every new-born child is a repeated and repeating evidence of the presence and exercise of this inner consciousness, and which unmistakably indicates itself as something entirely different from instinct. Long before what is called consciousness develops, the child knows how to take nourishment; too protect its eyes against too strong light by closing them; to make an outcry when suffering, and to resist when the cause is removed; not to speak of its whole physical organism beginning at birth to function; all this and much more takes place, and yet it has not been so taught. It may be said that the plant will close or turn away from too much light or heat; so it will, and all nature responds to its other part or self, and does so because of the presence and exercise of its own inherent and developed consciousness; but it is only on the human plane that the monad becomes aware of its presence and exercise in itself. Only, too, on the human plane has consciousness become sufficiently developed and expanded to enable the monad to discern its operation upon other planes of nature. Never-the-less, it inheres in and is potential to all planes both above and below man, and the ratio of man's perception and knowledge of it on other planes largely determines his own degree of consciousness.

In the case of a child, as it grows older, it may or may not evince a love of music. It may possess, naturally, an exquisite sense of melody and music, and without apparent exertion become an expert performer. This is an evidence of the interior consciousness exercising as an attribute of the principle of harmony and externally expressing it through the musical channel. Or, the child may evince no taste whatever for music, not being able to follow the simplest air, yet it may possess a most delicate sense of the harmony of proportions, or of justice, of mercy, of sympathy, or of some other attribute of harmony. It may express one or more, or all of these and other kindred keys; whether few or many, the degree of evolved consciousness exactly determines. These different qualities may be modified or increased, for neither one nor many of them, nor less than all that go to make up the grand harmony of conscious being, constitutes the whole. These are but so many chords upon which the divine principle of harmony plays, and to be perfect all must be possessed and exercised equally. Harmony is the sum of all its attributes, the gathered experience along all its lines of expression, and the grand total of all lives of harmony is but one of the attributes of universal self-consciousness. As the child grows older myriad other phases of consciousness manifest. The village lad, whose little world is limited to the narrow and circumscribed boundaries of his immediate vicinity, soon learns to spurn his physical environment by leaps and flights of his interior consciousness independent of bodily location and confinement. The purely physical becomes wholly inadequate to imprison his true being, and he revels in journeys and travels upon the planes of that real consciousness which projects itself by an innate power, so that its wanderings are practically unhampered and unconfined. These journeys may be along the well known lines of the latent memory of other lives, may retrace and review the problems solved long ago; or, the exercise of the developing and expanding consciousness, which chafes at limitations, may over leap all obstacles and explore the immeasurable avenues of infinite possibility. The boy sees and hears and knows and reports, of an infinite more than is held within the limitations of his narrow physical boundary, and often the wonder is that the child knows so much that it is believed he could not have learned from ordinary sources; astonished and bewildered, those who know him shake their heads and bow before a mystery which to them is inexplicable; and yet, would they know it, held within the boy's true consciousness is all that he has ever been, or can ever become. He is, with all the mystery of his being, what has been evolved in many lives manifesting in many different forms, and he now embodies within himself the grand result; and he is, as every other, what he is because he has become it by evolving it, by creating it, and storing all within the inscrutable confines of his fathomless being. Thus, too, the painter, poet, inventor make demands upon an already acquired store of wisdom, or else appropriate from the inexhaustible bounties of nature and all being, the crude and plentiful materials and essences on every hand, and weaves and creates after ideals which are the perfect archetypes of all external expressions.

He is the so-called practical man who caters to the material, sensuous desires; who would increase the comfort of the world; who panders to a body educated in all the ways of ease; who would discover means to kill time, and excite the over-exhausted to new interest in mundane affairs. He, the dreamer and impractical one, who would evolve new ideas, bear the world along and lighten it with energy to surmount its present state, and make of men their own masters and creators. The conservatism and sloth of mankind rebel when new lines of thought and fresh ideas are projected into and upon its indolent sphere of inactivity; but the dreamer, the prophet and the visionary are actuated with a realization of thoughts and things yet unknown and undreamed of by the mass, but which to the seer, he of the clearer vision, are tangible realities soon to become incorporated into the slow-moving thought of mankind. He works on, imbued with an intense desire and firm, clearly defined purpose to evolve and hold up the ideals that are the beacon lights which illumine his own way and are struggling to pierce the gloom which envelops his fellow travellers to a common goal, and the only reward that he anticipates is that humanity, as a whole, may the sooner and surer achieve its manifest destiny.

The great mass of mankind are conscious of being only through and by sentiment, emotion and physical sensation. They are subject to whims, feelings and impulses coming from their know not what source, or for what purpose. They are largely ignorant as to what extent they are dominated, and are almost entirely helpless either to help themselves or contend against the forces which they dumbly feel are swaying them. Their consciousness is limited to a narrow boundary of routine or aimless existence. Their condition is pitiful in the extreme, and calls loudly for that assistance which they dimly sense and without which they know their case to be hopeless.

There is another class which has risen above this lower degree, and whose consciousness exercises in the realm of mind or intellect. This class is proud and arrogant of its attainments; contemptuous of all below it. Of the two classes, the one that exists on the plane of sense, or the one that exercises on the plane of intellect, it would be difficult to determine which deserves the most sympathy and assistance. The one, dull and stolid; the other, presumptuous and stiff-necked. The latter, proud in its knowledge of externals, of manifestations, of phenomena, are yet almost as ignorant as the former of the motives of nature, of the grand schemes and designs which involve the Kosmos in endless revolutions and immense cycles of involution and evolution. Their consciousness, cognizing only external effects, considering only exterior manifestations, and perceiving only the outer forms and expressions of nature, they thus erect an impassable barrier about themselves which precludes the possible expansion of present environment and throws them back upon and into themselves for the solution of problems which are incessantly forced upon them. The merely intellectual man, knowing of only that which is tangible to physical sense, which may be gauged, weighed and estimated by physical standards, estops his own progress, for he thus proclaims his determination to disbelieve in all or anything which fails to answer to his self-constituted and self-established tests. He thereby arrogates to himself omniscience of all principles, forces, and powers in existence, and proudly boasts that all there is is contained within his little microscopic world. This intellectual element, this attribute of the mind, fails of

(Continued on Third Page.)

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Facts and Fragments.

BY JOHN WITHERS.

Why are people so incredulous in believing statements or experiences of spiritual facts? They believe implicitly in astronomical facts, which they know nothing about, and which may, or may not be facts; in chemical facts in which they have no experience and cannot prove, and more than that, in theological facts, or rather dogmatic statements, which in the nature of things cannot be true, but in the sensuous proofs of invisible or spirit intelligence the great mass of people treat with the indifference they would of idle wind; and yet these "sensuous proofs," as the Rev. M. J. Savage says, only make positive the every day assertions of religious teachers; the mass of people believe, or pretend to, the unproved assertions, but treat with indifference the sources of positive knowledge that prove the aforesaid assertions to be facts.

I have no desire to cheat myself or deceive others in stating my belief, or rather knowledge, that the manifestations are the work of spirits. If I make a statement of any fact outside of spirit matters, I am readily believed whether the party knows anything about the subject or not, and I am considered truthful and even expert, why then should I not be believed when I say I have the evidence of my senses that the manifestations are not by mechanical or mortal agencies, and that they are intelligent? If there is any intelligence in them or back of them, and it is not the intelligence of any of the embodied persons present, then it must come from an invisible, or what is called a disembodied person,—that is, a spirit.

Now nine people in ten unfamiliar with these things will doubt my assertions on spirit matters that will not doubt them on material matters, and even when they know no more of one than of the other, and yet I have the evidence of my senses on both, and am as sure of the one as of the other. It is this indifference or incredulity of people in general that astonishes me, when we all know that life is but a fleeting show, and death sooner or later will end all.

Is there any intelligence in the true meaning of the word, that does not date from a human being in some age, or somewhere? We do not believe the Infinite uses human speech, or writes human words. There is no word of God except the book of Nature; there is no devil or impersonation of evil; these being admitted, intelligence must date from a human being—man in the form, or man out of it. I receive an intelligent message by telegraph, I know there must be a man at the other end of the wire, the intelligence is the evidence of the fact. It is the same with the raps and other intelligent manifestations. One comes which reads, "I am your brother William, whom you saw buried, but I am still alive." Now we know that is from a human being at the other end of the wire, just as much as the telegraphic message was, at least when we are certain the intelligence that the brother was alive did not date this side of the spirit world. I am now speaking of facts, not of frauds, conscious or unconscious. If the raps were honest, the message came from a departed spirit, for it was intelligent and in this case it was true. But it might have been a lie, my brother might not be dead, it might have come from an ignorant spirit, or from an impostor, but it is intelligence all the same, and comes from a human being. Now if the message is actually occult and demonstrated as not from any one in the form, then it must have come from one out of the form, that is, a spirit. It may be a lie; my brother as I have said may not have died and I know it, but that does not alter the fact, it was intelligence and must have come from a spirit. That lying or ignorant spirit was once a man in the form who had died and is now a "departed spirit," and that proves the point even if the information was unreliable, for if a lying spirit survives, then the principle holds good, and conscious life, after this fitful fever is over, is proved and death is not the end.

I was so certain once that death ended all, and that departed spirits were wholly as mythical as the gods on Olympus, that I had no superstitious fear at all. And I have not much fear now, that I know that death does not end all. I wished also at that time to cure the family of such foolish notions. A noise of one walking about was heard down stairs, the parlor being up stairs one flight. My mother, who was a strong-minded woman, was sick in her chamber, my sisters and brother who had heard the footsteps, did not dare to go down to find out what it was. When I came home, (which was late in the evening,) they told me what they had heard, and I said, "let us see," and started to go down. The three not wishing to be left alone, followed me. There was nothing in the story below, and the doors were all fastened and nobody could have got in, so we all went down into the cellar, which was a large empty one and the full size of the house. There was nothing found, for there was nothing to find. When satisfied of that and at the farther end of the cellar, I blew out the light I held, and in the darkness let each one get out as best he or she could. A sister was the last that came up; like Marshall Ney she brought off the rear, only not as bravely. She was

very white when in the light, and said, "Oh, John, don't ever do that again. I thought I would have died, being the last one." I do not think that I ever would again, not that I was not perfectly satisfied, but some people are so constituted that imagination makes cowards of them, and fancy, you know, is as bad sometimes as reality. I laughed a good deal about it; showed them how foolish it was, went down cellar alone, staid a spell in the dark cellar, blew out the light, leisurely found my way to the stairs and out; not that I enjoyed it, but to show the timid one how foolish it was to be afraid to be in a cellar in the dark.

I have learned since, that there are faces we do not see and voices we do not hear, and that it is possible we may hear mysterious noises and that imagination is not the factor that makes them or disturbs us. I am now as sure that death does not end all as I was that it did. But my constitution is the same; I see no reason for fearing a corpse or a spirit, for if they heave in sight they are human beings just the same. Madam De Stael says, "We do not believe in ghosts, but we are all afraid of them." Well, I suppose we are, but I see no reason in being so. I have a great desire to meet a ghost. I make it a point to sit often in the dark for a long time and beg for a "vanished hand," saying, why not come to me alone as well as at a seance? but nothing ever comes. I beg of them to give me the pleasing evidence of such a sight, but they never respond. I assure them that I will not be afraid; perhaps I would be, but I will run the risk. Once I thought I saw one, and it visibly affected me. It proved to be a living person, so I may not be as brave as I feel, but I hope I shall have the wish granted and then I can tell better how it will affect me. I can relate the circumstance to which I refer, sometime, but I will not in this fragment, for it would make it an article.

Uncertainty.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

"Break or destroy the vase if you will,
The scent of the rose will hang round it still."

Let me thank Sister Bushnell for her "friendly words" in your issue of February 8th. I would have done so sooner had I been at home, and as it is, I have to take advantage of a few stray minutes thirty-five miles from my headquarters.

I thank her for her effort to throw needed light on my path; but I think she has misunderstood me and her ray of light has been spent on places already lighted. Then she has, unintentionally I believe, misquoted me, making me doubt the reality of a life beyond. Permit me to quote my own words and make also a correction in grammar.

"They—spirit communications—have not established the fact beyond controversy, that we have a real life beyond, in which our intellectual powers are greater and our spiritual instincts purer and higher."

Now, what I intended to assert as not established beyond controversy, was, not the reality of the life, but its conditions, intellectually and spiritually. This is made more clear in the article she refers to in the following words:

"Of my own spiritual existence and its immortality my belief is very strong, I think immovable. My post mortem life is as much of a fact to me as is the rising of to-morrow's sun and is entirely unclouded by doubts."

What that life will be is to me almost as uncertain as what it was before my advent in the life I am now living. I believe, and feel like saying, I am sure that my "life beyond" will be a progressive one, mentally, morally and spiritually. If it will not be so, then all nature and her teachings is a lie and an illusion.

But "spirit communications" have an uncertain sound in this respect. Not that progression is not taught, for the refrain is continually PROGRESSION. But the communications themselves do not prove beyond controversy that the spirit himself has made much progress. My own belief is that communication between us and the spirit world is not easy but is attended with many difficulties on both sides, so while a spirit may have made great advances it may be impossible under conditions obtained to make those advances manifest.

I note that our best inspirational lecturers and writers, such as Mrs. Britten and Hudson Tuttle, have themselves minds of no mean order, and I am inclined to believe that it is their own mental and spiritual powers that are made manifest by the operation of spiritual influences, rather than the direct manifestation of spiritual intelligences, but which does not lessen the value or authority of the utterances of either writers or speakers, and is none the less a spiritual manifestation.

I remember with pleasure the occult class in the parlors of Sister Bushnell. Few connected with that class will be likely to forget the pleasing and profitable associations, and though occultism as a study in class form was of short duration, the influences of that class are I believe still making themselves felt. It was the first systematic study of theosophy in San Francisco. The sole difference between occultism or theosophy and Spiritualism, is mainly, so far as I see, that the former sees in the spirit of man himself and its powers, latent and developed, the main proofs of spiritual being and immortality; while the

latter seeks it in communion with the departed. A full-fledged spiritualism adopts both methods, the one method correcting the eccentricities of the other. At the time I first met Sister Bushnell I had very little confidence in the great mass of "communications" with which I had been favored, and saw in "occultism" what appeared a better explanation. But I do not know how any one could have departed farther from the faith of their fathers than I had and that for twenty years before that time. Early associations and teaching however cling to most of us more than we know.

The Sun Angels' Order of Light—I wanted to know what the Order is, not what it teaches. I read the communications from Sadie, I believe them true. They are in accord with my own view of spiritual life and progress. But so far as I am able to judge, Sister Bushnell could write the teachings and embody as much proof of their spiritual origin. Who is Sadie? Are those communications given inspirationally or directly? In what does the Order consist? J. B. Fayette is President and Corresponding Secretary, and perhaps the more direct method would have been to have addressed him, and if he reads this, I hope he will understand my questions as addressed to him. Intentionally I might answer my own questions, only I want positive knowledge when the authority assumes such high origin.

J. W. MACKIE.

The Discussion.

EDITOR OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

I have been greatly pleased with the course the Editor of the GOLDEN GATE has pursued with regard to the subjects so agitating the minds of the correspondents of our excellent paper of late.

It has been *pro* and *con* between those who believe. They have the best light, the greatest truth; and *vice versa*. Our able and amiable Editor, (God and the good angels bless him, and may his shadow never grow less), has courteously permitted these parties, viewing matters in such varying light, each to express their opinions according to their desires and abilities, without praise or condemnation.

But whoever has carefully or thoughtfully read the editorial columns, can see where his cool, calm judgment has kept an even balance between the parties so widely at variance. In March 1st, "All the Same," from his able pen, is an excellent fragment; the last clause especially, is worthy to be written in letters of gold. There is one later, which is still more admirable. I cannot give the date as the papers are loaned. I wish every Spiritualist could read—in all parts of the world where Spiritualism is known and taught—these editorials.

For years past the GOLDEN GATE has fed the thousands hungering for spiritual food; and having drank of the pure waters of truth and partaken of angel food—been exhilarated and helped on their way to "a better land." Friend Owen, —friend of all humanity—has of late gathered up the "Fragments." These prove to be the very best of the feast; warm, glowing with spiritual truths and a light that shines forth like a meteor in the night. Its pages thrill the soul; cheering, elevating, sustaining, assisting us to bear the ills of this shadowed earth life. Spiritualists, friends, sample the "Fragments," and judge for yourselves if I am right.

M. P. DRAKE.

OCEAN VIEW.

UP to the fifteenth year most young people require ten hours' and till the twentieth year nine hours' sleep. After that age, every one finds out how much he or she requires, though, as a general rule, at least six to eight hours are necessary. Eight hours' sleep will prevent more nervous derangements in women than any medicine can cure. During growth there must be ample sleep, if the brain is to develop to its fullest extent; and the most nervous, excitable, or precocious child is, the longer sleep should it get, if its intellectual progress is not to come to a premature standstill or its life be cut short at an early age.—*Exchange*.

THE DANGERS OF HYPNOTISM.—A German scientist warns against the inconsiderate and incautious employment of hypnotism. He says that hypnotism under all circumstances has a disturbing effect upon the mental condition, and that subjects of experiment are always transiently hysterical, that the results in different individuals cannot be predicted, and that unfavorable results may follow.

CATARRH.

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS—HAY FEVER.—A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness, and hay fever, are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks.

N. B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp to pay postage, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada. *Christian Advocate*.

Sufferers from Catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above and be cured.

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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

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ECHOES FROM MANY VALLEYS.

- (OR THE) -

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THE

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THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will meet every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, Nos. 929 1/2 and 93 1/2 Market street, between Fifth and Sixth. The hall is commodious and well arranged for this purpose. Strangers and all those interested are respectfully invited to attend.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN'S MEETINGS FOR FREE interchange of Spiritual and Progressive ideas, are held every Sunday at 11 A. M., at 209 Market Street, St. George's Hall. Also on Oakland at 2 P. M., and 7:30 P. M., in Grand Army Hall, 13th street, near Broadway. All are invited.

COLLEGE HALL, 106 McALLISTER STREET. W. J. Colville, Lecturer. Public meetings every Sunday at 10:45 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. All seats free. Collection. Public teachings in Spiritual Science every Wednesday and Friday at 8 P. M. Admission to cents.

THEOSOPHY.—OPEN MEETINGS OF THE AUSTRALIAN Lodge of the T. S., for inquiries, are held every Sunday at 7:30 P. M., in the Jewish Synagogue, Corner Clay and 13th Streets. All are invited.

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

OAKLAND CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM meets every Sunday at 1:30 o'clock P. M., at Fraternity Hall, Oakland, corner of Seventh and Penna streets. Everybody receives a welcome.

MASONIC HALL, PARK STREET, CORNER Santa Clara Avenue. W. J. Colville lectures on Theosophy every Tuesday, at 7:45 P. M. Classes in Spiritual Science, Thursday, 2:45 P. M.

OPEN MEETINGS OF THE GOLDEN GATE Lodge of the Theosophical Society, are held every Sunday at 1:30 McAllister street, at 1:30. Earnest inquiries cordially invited.

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FIRST PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION of Oakland, meets every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Penna streets. Meetings at 1 and 7:30 p. m.

OAKLAND SYNAGOGUE, THIRTEENTH AND Clay streets. W. J. Colville lectures every Sunday at 7 P. M. Clear instruction every Tuesday, at 7:45 P. M., and Thursday, at 7:45 P. M.

OPEN MEETING.—ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, November 18th, at 3 o'clock, a Bible Class will be held at the Home College, 34 Seventeenth street. All will be welcome.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 2 P. M., and 7:45 P. M., at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. All are invited. Admission to cents. The Free Library connected with the above is open every Sunday at 2 P. M.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE NEW

Spiritualist Colony

--OF--

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LOCATED FIVE MILES BELOW THE CITY OF SANTA BARBARA.

The Finest Scenery and Fairest Climate on the Globe.

Building Progressing Rapidly.

The site of Summerland constitutes a part of the Ortega Rancho, owned by H. L. WILLIAMS, and is located on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, five miles East of the beautiful city of Santa Barbara, which is noted for having the most equable and healthful climate in the world, being exempt from all malarial diseases.

Here Spiritualists can establish permanent homes and enjoy social and spiritual communion under the most favorable conditions for health, pleasure and development. A Railroad Station and Postoffice are now established here, and a Free Public Library will soon be completed.

Tracts of land adjoining Summerland, containing from five to ten acres each, adapted to the growth of all temperate and semi-tropical products, including bananas, oranges, lemons, figs, grapes and nuts, with strawberries and garden products all the year,—can be bought or leased at low prices, and on easy terms.

A map of Summerland and the subdivisions of the Rancho, with a pamphlet giving all particulars, will be mailed to any address.

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

The size of single lots is 25x60 feet, or 25x120 feet for a double lot, the latter fronting on a fine wide avenue, with a narrow street in the rear. Price of single lots, \$30.00, \$2.50 of which is donated to the Colony. By uniting four lots—price \$120—a frontage of 50 feet by 120 feet deep is obtained, giving one a very commodious building site, with quite ample grounds for flowers, etc., securing a front and rear entrance.

The object of this Colony is to

ADVANCE THE CAUSE OF SPIRITUALISM.

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

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

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

Reference: Commercial Bank, Santa Barbara.

Send for plat of the town, and for further information, to

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210 Stockton Street, San Francisco, or

H. L. WILLIAMS, Prop'r.

SUMMERLAND,

SANTA BARBARA CO., CAL.

Written for the Golden Gate.

Women's Wrongs React on Men and Nations.

BY M. E. TILLOTSON.

When men constituted themselves sole rulers, social dictators, they hid the basis of their own ignorance, depravity, vices, wars and miseries. With one sex masters, the other slaves, their offspring are mixtures of various ills, the state of both parents being a predominance of evil. Covetousness with arrogance begotten of centered wealth and tyranny with grinding oppression producing galling contrasts, create penury, squalor, prostitution of all traits, and horrors that compel revolutions, as proven by historic facts.

The present crisis struggling between unequal powers repeats former peril and strife, varied by conditions evolution and experience have wrought. Advanced minds of a more reasoning and scientific age are endeavoring to revolutionize peacefully through natural changes in methods and management; and have so affected the demoralization of industry, and unaware of the culmination, bring women's emancipation to the front among policy measures. Although the policy originates with the oppressors, it furnishes an unusual opportunity for women to act in their own behalf and the general good.

By hygienic habits improving personal strength and courage, and using the right now possessed; by resisting infringements on these rights, false the worse for long popularity, they may grow in character and grand motives, and gain vantage ground they cannot be divested of. Efforts they must put forth if they would change the order of mastery and slavery, and cultivate mothers who will influence the fathers of a population that will love justice and liberty, and cherish the ability to uphold them. It is clear that the mass, the majority of women including myriads whose faith in churches forbids cognizance of their accepted vassalage, progress declined and country betrayed. These cannot so well improve single as those who grasp truths of the situation, hence need counsel and coercion of advocates; facilitating clubs should be formed in all suitable places; masses must have instruction or they will be used by the crafty to rivet their own chains and jeopardize all.

Education in what personal bondage is, what freedom is; what caste and oligarchy are, what democracy is; what reputation is, what character is; how disease disables the mind, will and courage, how health clears and invigorates all faculties, and how to obtain it. Abnormal weakness is a main cause of the little interest in raising this stage of life to its best fulfillment, this generation to a higher standard for the benefit of the one to come. Resistance to common ostracism ranks next to health in importance. Health gives the courage that dare be free. Note the GOLDEN GATE's late maxim: "When judgment rules action regardless of what others say, life's true power is learned." Women specially fear the scandal find, but all are subjects save those who scorn the mission and heed not the menace.

Independence that defies it reaches the path of high possibilities and advances with firm steps. Learning the nature of slavery gives comprehension of liberty's duties; performing the duties develops and elevates character, provided physical functions are free. The fashion fiend is the arch enemy, the Grundy vandenberg commanding the vanity, want and weakness that secures the whole circle of prostituted powers. Scientists declare what experimental women know, when conceding that while limited by cumbersome dress, women cannot enjoy equality, whatever law and sentiment may grant. In present conditions self-protection is a misnomer. Ease, grace, agility, strength, convenience and aspiration are sacrificed; equality is an absurd claim, but is obtainable by natural means. How learned men have seen the woman's physical education is the great need of the times, and pause there, forbearing to urge the practical culture, and to promise approval and defense, is marvelous. But if decreed that themselves must strike the severing blow of liberty alone, why not seize this crisis chance (?) ages of darker bondage may pass ere an equal one may occur, and under worse frauds direr endurance may fall on all women, while paupers, lunatics, idiots, suicides, criminals and hangmen multiply.

Women who deem suffering more needed than fitness and knowledge are active, seeming not to see their ballots have no safe place in this political corruption, nor that few women are qualified to well use them in any case. But their preparation for that and all other rights and proper adjustment of affairs is outweighed, is imperatively demanded, and the preparation will aid and hasten the outworking.

Mrs. M. J. Gage's secular suffrage reform promises more scope, but that it will touch basic needs, power and character unfolding, is yet to be shown. It appears to be to suffice what Jennie Miller's dress is to fashion, a new wing with some mendings, but which are obscured by inoperative, luxurious gowns, mockeries of human use in action, and under worse frauds direr endurance may fall on all women, while paupers, lunatics, idiots, suicides, criminals and hangmen multiply.

personal and public responsibility, and to spread the work so as to influence and poise large numbers now indifferent and undecided. My cheerful nature does not relish sounding alarm notes, but when dangerously dark designs press on our liberties, the understanding, integrity and power of all people requires attention, and the more so for having been neglected.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Municipal Socialism.

BY DR. JOHN ALLYN.

As a practical illustration of what a city government, wisely and honestly administered, can do for the people, probably the city of Glasgow exceeds all other cities. The following facts I condense, from an article in the March Century, as many of your readers will not read them elsewhere.

The city owns the gas works, water works and street railroads. It also has free libraries, free baths, a laundry free for a trifling consideration, and a market house for the people at a trifling cost. These improvements have been made in the most substantial manner, under the supervision of a superior architect, and supply the people with these necessities at a much cheaper rate than most other cities.

WATER SUPPLY.

Previous to about thirty years ago the city had been supplied, at a dear rate, with a very poor quality of water pumped up from the Clyde and served by private companies. The city then bought out these companies and got exclusive control of Loch Katrine in the Highlands and brought to the city an inexhaustible supply of pure soft water, through a substantial aqueduct. The expense was great, yet the city has been able to easily make the works pay for their maintenance and enlargement, and accumulate a large sinking fund to liquidate the original cost. The water rates have been reduced from year to year. The great pressure on the mains enables them to serve in extinguishing fires, thus saving the cost of engines and reducing the rate of insurance. The water being soft and pure, has saved largely, the writer says, in the cost of tea, and soap.

GAS WORKS.

In 1869 the gas supply was transferred from private hands to the city corporation. Twenty years of this management has given great satisfaction to the people. From \$1.14 per thousand feet, which consumers paid when they took it, the price has been reduced, until in 1889, the price was fixed at sixty cents. The city owns these large establishments, has paid expenses, and interest charges, and accumulated a sinking fund of \$1,000,000 to pay for the original construction.

STREET RAILWAYS.

In 1869 the city undertook the construction of a railroad system. This was leased to a private company to run until 1894 on terms favorable to the city and to the citizens. Fares were not to be more than a penny a mile. Besides these were large runs most used by the people, of more than a mile, where the price was fixed at one penny, and a morning and evening train for working men was run at half a penny or one cent. The company which took this lease had a hard time at first, but in 1875 it began to pay stockholders dividends, and since 1880 it has paid from nine to eleven per cent. After 1894, when the city will come into possession, the system will yield a large revenue to the city, besides paying running expenses.

Within the periods of recent improvements, a park system has been formed, and its cost has in large part been defrayed by the re-sale at advanced prices, of portions of the tracts originally purchased for park purposes. Requests of important collections of paintings, chiefly by old masters, have given Glasgow a municipal gallery of importance. And it is expected that the early future will witness the completion of an adequate art building and a rapid accession of modern works of art.

Glasgow is a manufacturing city of six hundred thousand people, almost twice as large as San Francisco. It has done all the above within the last forty years. And what is worth mentioning, it has established city laundries, where for two pence a woman is allowed to use a stall containing a steam boiling fixture with tubs for hot and cold water. The washing being quickly done, is placed in a rotary dryer, where in a few minutes it is dry enough to be hung on a series of sliding frames. There is also a steam mantle or ironer, so that at the end of an hour the house wife can go home with her basket of clothes cleaned.

When we consider that 70 per cent of the people live in flats of one or two rooms this will be seen to be a great blessing.

Our able contemporary *Light*, of London has always had to depend on a sustentation fund to make yearly deficits, and this while the editor was giving his services gratuitously. The fund for the current year was in course of promotion and had reached some hundreds of dollars when a friend finished the business by a gift of \$5,000, the only condition attaching to his gift being, apparently, that the name of the giver should not be made public. We are delighted to know that *Light* will now be free from perplexing financial problems for some time to come. For a Spiritualist paper properly conducted is not a mere commercial venture; it is an educational enterprise and as such is as worthy of endowment as any school or college. It is to be hoped that *Light* will hereafter be amply supplied with resources.—R. P. JOURNAL.

Consciousness—A Theosophical Treatise.

Continued from First Page.

the discernment of aught but what which appears upon the surface, and lacks the power to penetrate down through the layers of matter which hold the actuating principles and essences of being. Mere intellect is powerless to pierce into the invisible, and mere intellect is not the last possession of the divine and ever progressing monad, that spark of the Absolute which cleaves its way through the dense mazes of matter back to its parent source, but it is only one of the myriad means utilized in the achievement of its destiny, and foolish is the one who, halting midway in his course, asserts that the journey's end is reached. This phase of consciousness is, as all others, essential, and marks the point of lowest decent of the Pilgrim into matter, and forcasts the next degree of advance which, taking its origin in the last state, develops that attribute which is god-like in its action—the intuition. With the development and full exercise of this divine attribute the worlds which hitherto lay unseen and unknown about us, become visible, and the little world that was large enough before our discovery, now assumes its true proportion, and the wonder is, and still the wonder grows, that we were ever content to call it ours, and deny the extent of the larger areas that we have now come to know. Thus, intuition reveals the hidden and concealed by endowing with the power to penetrate and explore below the external coatings with which nature clothes herself and conceals from prying eyes until time be ripe. A tree is no longer only a mass of wood with leaves and branches, for merely material use or ornament, but the beautiful outer dress of a conscious, indwelling entity, with attributes of its own, with a world of its own, and a destiny equal to and as grand as man's. A man is no longer only an animal of flesh, blood and bones; with passions and impulses which run their course of selfish greed, of mere passing enjoyment or long drawn misery, without motive or object, to disappear and be snuffed out forever; but is now, to the awakened, expanded and perceiving consciousness, a divine, immortal entity, endowed with illimitable and inexhaustible capacity, an heir to the whole scope of infinite possibility; possessing even now attributes of god-like measure, and exercising qualities which transcend all present bounds and reach out into unexplored realms which it is destined to know and possess in complete fulness. All nature, all states and all conditions, are thus the exact expressions and vehicles of unfolding and progressing monads, all coursing to a common goal of perfection as a heritage of their being, that consciousness which is all in all, and which contains itself in itself, and which is and will ever remain the one mystery of absolute and incomprehensible being.

San Francisco, Nov. 1889.

When you have a cold you do not know how to cure it. All your friends know, and they tell you, but that does not affect the cold.

A NEW METHOD OF TREATING DISEASE.

HOSPITAL REMEDIES.

What are they? There is a new departure in the treatment of disease. It consists in the collection of the specifics used by noted specialists of Europe and America, and bringing them within the reach of all. For instance, the treatment pursued by physicians who treat indigestion, stomach and liver troubles only, was obtained and prepared. The treatment of other physicians, celebrated for curing catarrh was procured, and so on till these incomparable cures now include disease of the lungs, kidneys, female weakness, rheumatism and nervous debility.

This new method of "one remedy for one disease" must appeal to the common sense of all persons, many of whom have experienced the ill effects, and thoroughly realize the absurdity of the claims of Patent Medicines, which are guaranteed to cure every ill out of a single bottle, and the use of which, as statistics prove, has ruined more stomachs than alcohol. A circular describing these new remedies is sent free on receipt of stamp to pay postage by Hospital Remedy Company, Toronto, Canada, sole proprietors.

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GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1890.

AGENTS.

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TRIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

For the purpose of introducing the GOLDEN GATE to new readers (and believing that they will like it well enough to continue their subscriptions when the time expires), we will send the paper to new subscribers, for four months at the reduced price of 50 cents, postage free. Remittance can be paid by postal notes or postage stamps.

J. J. OWEN, Manager.

RIGHTS ITSELF.

Wrong is ever its own avenger, not by doing another wrong, but through the fact that there is a limit to all extremes, which, when reached, must result in an opposite movement. That it is made doubly sure by outside intervention, and even hastened thereby, does not alter the fact that all extremes carry in themselves the forces of reaction, which nothing can stay for long.

Modern times records no cruelties comparable to those practiced upon Siberian exiles in the Kara prison. Their severity has been increased by the numerous nihilistic attempts upon the Czar's life, which only argues their abolition. More Russians than have yet spoken or acted in the matter, are most humbly opposed to their worse than brutality practiced upon their countrymen and women; and if the Czar does not lose his life, there will come just the same such a wide-spread revolt as shall make him glad to accede to any terms that will leave him an atom of respect in the civilized world. He should be thankful to live to see the day that will make him more a man in the eyes of on-looking nations, even though he takes no voluntary steps to redeem himself.

Sympathy for his banished and suffering subjects has taken the form of more than one association, and that of the United States which met at Philadelphia recently, framed a petition to the Czar of Russia that will be circulated all over our country for signatures. Its protests are couched in choice speech and kindly tone, as befits a humane people; but whether they will ever find the heart of the despot is a question.

PROVEN A SCIENCE.

Phrenology has never been generally accepted as a true science; but a recent fact of surgery has so proven it, the particulars of which are as follows: The subject is a doctor of Rochester, N. Y., who was thrown from his carriage last August, striking on his head, and becoming at once unconscious. When he came to himself it was found that his right arm and leg were paralyzed, and that he had also lost the power of articulation. After a long study of the case it was concluded that he was suffering from a clot of blood on the brain, and as the right side was afflicted it must be on the left side; while the loss of articulation indicated that the injury was on the center of speech, and therefore easy to locate the spot where the clot had been formed. An operation was decided upon and administered. A circular portion of the skull about an inch in diameter was raised, the clot of blood found and removed. No ill effects resulted; but, on the contrary, the patient was, in less than a week, able to speak a few simple words, with daily increasing capacity. In less time the paralysis entirely disappeared.

Phrenology is thus established on a firm scientific basis. Surgery has failed to locate the soul of man, therefore does not believe it exists. Future refinements of that science, and the implements it works with may yet reveal it, clothed in the flesh. Until then, Spiritualism must stand as "doubtful" among the material scientists.

—Miss Jennie Leys, for 30 many years held a captive at Los Angeles by injudicious influences, the history of which is well known, writes to the *Banner of Light*: "I have already engaged to 'speak in Boston, Lynn, Portland, Haverhill, Philadelphia and Washington; also at Onset Bay, Ocean Grove and Cassadaga Lake camps; meetings; and I will be pleased to make other appointments for the ensuing season of 1890-91." Lecture committees are respectfully invited to address me, box 13, West Medford, Mass. "With cheerful love to all my friends, and changeless devotion to our sacred Cause, I rejoice in the prospect of working again in the visible field. All hail to all." We rejoice with you, Sister, to know that so highly spiritualized and gifted a soul is actively engaged for the good of humanity.

SOUTHERN OREGON.

A trip by rail from San Francisco to Southern Oregon, at this season of the year, is not unattended with interest. From the green vale of Sacramento to the summit of the Shasta Range, with its vast snow-banks, thence down again to the bare earth, and again up and over to the rugged heights and almost interminable snows of the Siskiyou, and all in the brief space of twenty-four hours, is pleasantly a variety to one who has never before made the trip, as was the case of the writer, last week. The great hardships are yet barely healed, the caved-in tunnels hardly restored to their normal condition of penetrable gloom, and yet enough so to enable the trusty hand at the throttle to guide the lagging train past all danger.

Railroad building in these mountains is an awful climax of engineering skill. How the roads twist around and double on themselves to obtain the necessary grades.

At Ashland we enter the Bear River Valley, which is really the upper part of the Rogue River Valley. Bear Creek, Bear River and Bear Valleys are about as numerous now as bears, on this Coast, although there was a time when the bears had the majority. Last year the drought was very severe in all this region. The country now is barren of hay, potatoes and most kinds of farm products; and the result is most distressing among the poor stock. Hundreds of cattle have died of starvation, and those that manage to hold on to existence are little more than animated skeletons. But with the spring weather now at hand, the young grass will soon galvanize their tendons into wholesome steaks.

The average Oregonian, that is, the settler of an early day, is considerable of a "moss back." He is a denizen of a past century. The stranger who comes among them is looked upon with much suspicion—as one who has sinister designs upon their sluggish peace of mind—if not upon their heronries. The construction of a railroad through their unprofitable farms completely turned their heads. Hay and provisions, which had hitherto had no market for, and all of which the railroad builders needed in large quantities, they refused to sell except at fabulous prices, and the latter were obliged to send to California for their supplies. And now the farmers are accorded but few privileges by the railroad managers, and they are generally charged in the way of freights, "all the traffic will bear." It is very hard for some souls to learn anything.

Residents of California, especially those of our rich and fertile valleys, and along our salubrious seaboard, if inclined to quarrel with their environments, should visit Southern Oregon; if they do not return to their homes with a grin of satisfaction illuminating their countenances, we are no prophet, and will quit the business.

SUMMERLAND ANNIVERSARY.

The forty-second anniversary of Modern Spiritualism will be celebrated at Summerland, commencing March 25th and closing April 1st. Exercises March 31st will close with a grand dance and supper. Lecturers engaged: Mrs. Ella Wilson-Marchant, Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake, W. J. Colville, Professor J. C. Loveland, Moses Hull, Platform test mediums: Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake, Mrs. Mollie B. Anderson. Circles for physical, musical and independent slate-writing manifestations by the celebrated "Allen Boy," Henry B. Allen. Other mediums are expected to assist in the exercises. Rooms at hotel can be secured by early application by mail to Henry B. Allen, Secretary Executive Committee. Meals at restaurants, twenty-five cents each. Stoves free for those providing their own meals. Cots free for those furnishing their own blankets.

REDUCED RAILROAD AND STEAMER FARES. By C. F. R. R. from all points on the line fall fare returning tickets sold by the ticket agent at Summerland for one-third of the regular rate; making the round trip rate between San Francisco and Summerland, \$20. C. S. S. Co. ticket office, 214 Montgomery street. Round trip, first-class accommodations, \$15. Tickets good going on steamers leaving Broadway wharf No. 2, S. S. Pomona, March 25th, sails at 11 A. M. S. S. Los Angeles, March 27th, sails at 8 A. M. Returning on S. S. Mexico, leaving Santa Barbara April 2nd, 9 P. M.; S. S. Eureka, leaving Santa Barbara, April 4th, 4 P. M. Orders for tickets must be procured from Albert Morton, 210 Stockton street, San Francisco.

MENTAL LAZINESS.

"A hundred thousand men are too lazy to think, where one is too lazy to work."—*Ex.*

Hence, the wild rush after leaders. Mental laziness is one of the cardinal sins of mankind. Those who will not work, or are financially relieved of the necessity, still think enough of their physical appearance to exercise and develop their muscles. But what of the lazy-headed ones? They don't, half or two-thirds of them, read the daily papers, nor even inform themselves of important events reported in telegraphic brevity. They don't know the current thought of the day; the changes in political, religious and social circles; and much less the new free-thought movements that are striving to better their condition.

It is the large class that constitute the following of the latter, while, what it needs, is thinkers, like those who set the "ball to rolling;" or, at least, those who think enough to digest and understand for themselves all vital questions of the day, without an interpreter. Mental laziness leads to all sorts of disturbances, so often attributed to growing intelligence. The former is moved wholly by impulse, the latter by reason, which is thought. Mankind has always had leaders, but there is now no cause why their followers should not be intelligent thinkers.

—How glorious is the sunshine! It glides the heavens and floods both city and country with glory and inspiration. It silences the minor keys of being and tunes the chords of melody which it pours forth in songs of praise. For all of which we are most grateful. The past Winter

has been one of deep sobriety to California. All manner of commerce and enterprise have been enshrouded in doubt and uncertainty. The long-continued rains had so paralyzed traffic and trade that contingencies such as has never been dreamed possible in the history of our State, have arisen. The thoughtful on all sides were solemnly asking, "What is to be the outcome?" But now all is changed. A few days of sunshine and the buoyant spirit of man bounds forward, business is enlivened, and we feel ourselves again under the reign of the star of Prosperity. A most promising season is assured after the lengthened siege of cloud and gloom, the depressing effect of which will soon be adjusted to the new order of things. What a wonderful vivifying force sunlight is, to man, as well as to inanimate nature.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Sister M. E. Upham, of New York, a noble worker in the cause of Spiritualism, recently passed on to the higher life.

—On Saturday last Mrs. J. J. Whitney united in marriage Ira N. Stanley and Cynthia A. Bates. Mrs. Whitney is a regularly ordained minister of the gospel of Spiritualism, and she ties the marriage knot equal to the best.

—Friends in San Jose will please take notice that W. J. Colville lectures in the parlors of 74 N 7th street, by kind invitation of Mrs. Lawrence, on Monday, March 24th, at 2 and 7:30 P. M. Tickets, 25 cents, admits to both sessions.

—Mrs. Lizzie Lenzberg, a medium of Los Angeles, wishes the GOLDEN GATE to announce that she will attend the anniversary at Summerland. Also to say that Mrs. Mollie B. Anderson, a trance, test and psychometric medium, of San Diego, would also attend.

—During the editor's absence in Oregon a large take up several days to sort over and arrange for amount of MSS. accumulated on hand, which it will be press—or lay aside as we may elect. Correspondents must have patience and bear with delay.

—Mrs. O. K. Smith returned from Australia by the steamship "Alameda," on Saturday last, and left for her home in Summerland on Monday following. She was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Hancock, from Melbourne, who have come intending to make their residence in the new town. Others will follow in due time.

—W. J. Colville's new book "Studies in Theosophy" is now out. Subscribers have been supplied. It is now in the market at \$1.50, very finely bound and contains 504 pages. It is the only popular and easily understood work of the kind yet published. Send \$3.50 for this great book and a year's subscription to the GOLDEN GATE.

—Mrs. Harris, in her "question department" for this week, gives some wholesome advice, to which some of our correspondents would do well to profit by—"If they would look for truths in other people's beliefs as persistently as they 'would for error, they would surprise themselves 'by often finding pearls of wisdom where now 'they see nothing."

—The following officers have been elected by the Ladies Elmsire Club for the ensuing year: Directors—Mrs. M. B. Dodge, Mrs. C. H. Rogers, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. W. J. Monroe, Mrs. J. M. Wallis; President, Mrs. L. J. Wheelock; Vice President, Mrs. J. B. Rider; Secretary, Miss Lizzie J. Hill; Treasurer, Mrs. J. H. Titcomb.

—Our beautiful Summerland, that a few disgruntled and envious Spiritualists sought to discourage, is now booming ahead with most encouraging activity. Already, we are assured, the thirtieth building is in process of construction, and the population of the new town numbers about one hundred and fifty. A number of people have lived in tents on their lots all winter, and found no climatic inconvenience therefrom.

—There are many ways which an ingenious woman can make her way in the world, but there are not many would have thought of the lock business, as it seems one in New York, has says an exchange: "She goes about from house to house fitting keys, mending or putting on trunk 'locks, putting fastenings to rights, and all such 'little things where small tools and nice work 'are necessary. She makes a very good thing 'of this rather odd work, and finds plenty to 'do."

—That was a grand ending to the life of the young millionaire, Col. Donahue, who gave the most of his vast wealth to charitable purposes. Although born and educated a Roman Catholic he gave the munificent sum of \$5,000 to each of several Protestant charitable institutions, which shows that he was no bigot in his religious belief. Where is the Protestant Christian who, dying, would leave money to Catholic institutions? There may be such, but we never heard of one.

—The Eclectic Club is now formed and will hold its next meeting at 931 Post street, Monday, March 31st, at 8 P. M. The officers chosen include W. J. Colville, President; Mr. Redstone, Vice President; Miss Kate Lang, Treasurer; Mr. Theodore Dwight, Secretary; Miss H. M. Young and Mrs. Eggert Aiken are on the Executive Committee. A delightful evening was spent March 17th. The exercises are open to all. The object of the Club will be explained at the next open meeting, March 31st.

—We have read nothing on the subject of "Slate-writing," and spirit phenomena in general, that is clearer and of greater scientific value than J. J. Morse's able paper on that subject in a recent issue of the *Banner of Light*. We shall produce it at an early date in these columns for the benefit of our readers. All investigators of the phenomenon of psychography should carefully read what Brother Morse says upon it, and we are certain they will be much better prepared to proceed, and the result will undoubtedly be more satisfactory.

MR. COLVILLE'S WORK.

On Sunday last, March 16th, W. J. Colville lectured in College Hall, 106 McAllister street, at the usual hours. The attendance was very good and much interest felt in the exercises. The morning lecture was on "Ezekiel's Visions in the light of Modern Events." Though there was no opportunity for entering at all freely into the marvelous symbolic imagery in the book of Ezekiel, the speaker took occasion to draw forth several pertinent lessons from the marvelous tale. If the law of the universe is immutable and men of old saw visions, some men to-day must be similarly gifted, and they are. The power to prophesy is not, however, the art of the fortune-teller; it is the ability of the truly discerning and unfolded soul to peer into nature's arcanum and watch her secret operations.

When law is better understood than now, the science of correspondence will be familiar to all. Physicians and herbalists, whatever their belief or disbelief, all agree that disorders are caused by ignorant or willful opposition to law. Now, as nature always works consistently, the same may be said regarding nations as concerning individuals. National catastrophes are due to national injustice as personal ills are due to private folly. Ezekiel represents the far-seeing prophet who announces both condemnation and deliverance; he sees salvation as well as desolation approaching, and in his splendid picture of living creatures with countenances resembling animals in some instances, to show their dominion over the lower elements which should serve the purposes of spirit, he displays wonderful insight into the means whereby seeming persecution and defeat reach at length to the enthronement of righteousness and the downfall of iniquity. The wings denote aspiration and strength, while the electric phenomena attendant upon judgment and redemption stand for the enlightening and purifying effects produced by the action of the forces of nature under the guidance of sovereign intelligence. Those who have flippantly discarded even the letter of Greek poetry and condemned all mythology as ridiculous or infamous, may yet be brought to see that Jove and his imperial thunderbolts originated in fiction less than in fact.

The spiritual universe filled with active agencies is ever about us; and while we in our blindness may deny the action of other beings than ourselves in the affairs of the world and the phenomena of nature, it is ignorance rather than science which prompts such denial.

The two most obvious lessons for to-day, are that the present trying situation of affairs is due to man's avarice, selfishness, and general injustice to his brother, and that we may so identify ourselves with the heralds of a better day as to rejoice in the substitution of a new and purer order in place of the old which is now surely departing. The silly prophecies made by some half-crazed fanatics in Oakland, should be left severely alone, as they contain no internal marks of genuineness and proceed from the overwrought fancy of the victims of hysteria and religious monomania; however in "flee to the mountains" when spiritually interpreted, we detect good counsel. Climb to heights of true spirituality, leave the lesser elevations of worldly pride and self-seeking, and through your own individual effort attain a higher stand in morals and in intellect. In the evening an interesting and instructive lecture on "Confucius and his Teachings" was delivered.

The Wednesday and Friday evening lessons in spiritual science prove very successful with ten cents admission and a hall three-quarters full. On Sunday next, March 23rd, W. J. Colville's subject at 10:45 A. M. will be, "An esoteric view of the Passion of Christ, considered as the soul's triumph over earth and its temptations." 7:30 P. M., "India in the long ago, and India to-day—a contrast and a lesson."

Spiritual Science meeting Wednesday, March 26th, at 8 P. M.

N. B.—W. J. Colville leaves for Summerland March 27th. He will lecture during the four days' Convention there, and is open to engagements in Santa Barbara. (Will friends in that district signify their intention to join a class in Spiritual Science to Mr. Williams at Summerland.)

SUGGESTIONS TO AN "OUTSIDER."

The following letter reaches us from a reader of the GOLDEN GATE, residing in Saratoga, Cal. We publish it, (omitting the name of the writer), for the purpose of offering a few suggestions: J. J. OWEN, ESQ., ED. GOLDEN GATE, S. F.—My Dear Sir:—In the number of March 8th of the GOLDEN GATE, I noted your statement of wonderful spirit manifestations you represented for absent parties. This seems so extraordinary that I take the liberty, as an outsider, and yet very desirous to be convinced of the possibility of spirit communications, to ask you for a test as above. All I want is truth, and from your pure teachings, I believe you will accept of nothing less.

While it would afford us most pleasure to comply with the request of our correspondent, he will readily see that if the medium in the case referred to, Mr. Fred Evans, should consent to sit for us, as he probably would, as he has always given us every possible opportunity to demonstrate the genuineness of his wonderful powers, the evidence we might obtain for him would be no proof to any one else. Our correspondent resides near this city, and not in a distant land, as was the case with the gentleman whom we recently represented with Mr. Evans. We would suggest that he come to this city and see the medium for himself. Come in a friendly, and not in an exacting or captious spirit, and we think he will be quite sure to obtain all the proof he requires. He may bring along his own slates, if he desires, and very probably he will become fully convinced at one session of the fact of spirit communication. This would be far more satisfactory to him than to have us represent him, even had we the time to do so.

PASSED ON.—Mrs. Martha J. Schwartz, of San Jose, left the earth tenement, last Sunday evening, for her home in the Beyond. She had

gone to the California Theatre to listen to Dr. Ravlin's lecture and at 7:15 o'clock, just after she had taken her seat, she was seized with what was supposed to be a fainting fit. She was removed to a dressing room and Dr. Bishop was summoned, who at once recognized it as a stroke of apoplexy and had her removed to her home. Restoratives were unavailing, and in about three-quarters of an hour she passed away without having recovered consciousness. Sister Schwartz was a grand, progressive soul, an able writer, and always prominent in every good work for the uplifting of humanity. She was a devoted wife and mother, and was widely known and esteemed for her many virtues.

Circle of Harmony.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

The spiritual Circle of Harmony in St. George's Hall, 909 Market street, was largely attended last Sunday at 11 o'clock.

Mrs. Rutter and Mrs. Cook, the ever faithful workers in the spiritual meetings of this city, with their fine selections of music, never fail to do their part, whether in sunshine or in stormy weather. Mrs. Logan's invocation and remarks in the audience were most timely, and the assembly into one family so that the most skeptical can but feel a welcome to participate in the deliberations of any subject germane to Spiritualism. Mr. Wheeler spoke of the existence of all things, especially of mediumship, which transcends all else, and is of great value to mortals in their progressive development. Dr. Temple gave several tests. Mrs. Wheeler, a fine reasoner and test medium, always speaks to the point and gave several tests. Mrs. Hender, the grand medium whose silver locks betokened ripeness for the spirit world, gave an earnest speech on the subject so dear to our hearts, (Spiritualism), which was highly appreciated. She now has her place of business in the lecture hall, in the large house over the drug store. Mr. Hodge from Wisconsin, always interests and pleases the audience. Mr. Mullen was welcomed home again from Seattle to the meetings, where he received his first baptism in Spiritualism one year ago. His concise and clear logical speech, together with his singing of the song, "Shall ye, shall I?" with his own piano accompaniment, opened the avenues of sympathy between himself and the audience. He was left the medium when only eleven months old, and has come up through tribulation, but his angel mother now manifests her presence and is his guardian angel. Mrs. Higgins of 204 Ellis street, under control, found her way into the hearts of all the audience. Mrs. McCann-Sloper made a fine speech, and Mr. Day, whose presence had been greatly missed for several Sundays, because of sickness, was glad to be present again. His good, fatherly words of cheer were appreciated.

Mrs. Logan repeated that there was not time for Mr. Thompson, Professor Seymour, Mrs. West, Mrs. Hooper and several other speakers, but hoped that they would have an opportunity next Sabbath.

OAKLAND.

At Shattuck Hall, corner of Eighth and Broadway, on Sunday, at 2:30 o'clock P. M., a fair audience was present. Several tests were given by Mrs. Gardner and Prof. Evans. All the seats were filled at the evening meeting, and Mr. Hyde and Mrs. Dowes made a fine speech, "When the Mists Have Cleared Away." Mrs. Dowes was introduced and gave a very fine address on "God in Nature and Nature in God." This was her first lecture. Prof. J. P. Evans gave several remarkable tests and was recognized by the friends. The tests and symbols, cannot fail to instruct, amuse and interest. His Indian control said that he would bring him to the same wigwam next Sunday evening.

The establishment of the Circle of Harmony in Oakland will be crowned with success, having earth-angels and of the heavenly spheres to assist. Meetings every Sunday in the same place.

REPORTER.

NO FREE SCHOOLS.

Its admirably regulated life that grows equally in all ways; so may it be said of a nation. The United States of America comes nearest symmetry of proportion in growth of any country. England, nearest of kin, has in many respects been gaining fair development. Now, however, comes a protest against free schools, and instead of following American example, she seems to be falling back, and rather imitating Russia, who opposes all inventions, institutions and innovations that in any way tend to the common enlightenment of her wretched people.

It is said that over one hundred Conservative members of the English House of Commons have declared their opposition against free schools on the pretext that "popular education leads to anarchism." They are, however, willing that they should exist if placed under the control of the clergy. The name of Gladstone is among the one hundred, which must be a painful surprise to all admiring Liberals.

The orthodox religion is famous for making its dupes satisfied with their conditions in life, especially the wretched and oppressed. So long as poverty, hardships and injustice can be made to seem the dispensation of a "wise Providence," the victims of this "outrageous fortune" will make no anarchistic disturbance. "The clergy" can easily manage that "common education" may be received in such kind and degree as not to render its recipients dangerous to the peace of aristocratic England.

Spirit-Echo Meetings.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Spirit-Echo meetings at 1165 Mission street, are well attended. Mrs. Miller's parlors were crowded last Sunday evening with an intelligent audience who listened with intense interest to the inspired utterance of Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Webber and others. The sweet singing harmonized and elevated the character of the evidences of spirit power. All present received tests of spirit presence.

These meetings attract Christians who are seeking for new light, and are a source of information to all. May the good work go on and gladden the hearts of men with the gospel of Truth. VIDE.

Written for the Golden Gate.]

Mediums—What are They?

BY G. D. CRANE.

Waiving the inquiry whether the prophets, seers, seersesses, etc., who figure in Jewish history were essentially the same as the so-called mediums of the present day, I will request of those who are now decrying phenomenal tests and claim that "seance shows" are damaging our Cause, to explain the process by which a medium "gives utterance to facts about which it is simply impossible for him or her to have obtained the slightest item of information through ordinary channels, and which amount to a clear, unequivocal revelation to the sifter.

In illustration and as an example in point, I send you the following narrative and experiences, and for the literal truth of every particular item you may hold me to rigid responsibility, the substitution of fictitious for real names excepted:

James Brown descended a long ladder into an unused well. Isaac seeing something wrong with him, went down for his relief. Choke damp killed them both.

A month later the mother of James, alone in her room, apostrophized: "If my dear boy can hear me, he will meet me at Mrs. W.—'s an hour hence?"

The ladies had never seen each other, and no intimation of the intended visit had been given. On entering her outer room Mrs. W.—, in an excited manner, said, "Here you are," as if she had expected that she was coming—led her into the adjoining room and immediately became apparently unconscious, and said: "My dearest mother, I am so glad; that was a terrible affair. The last I remembered was putting my arm up out of the water; the next I stood by you on the porch at home. I was surprised at your refusing to answer nor seeming to see me. Then came brother Sam and grandma, and grandpa with grandma W.—, (the two last passed away forty and fifty years ago, thousands of miles away). I was amazed; could not conceive what it all meant. Then they told me I was dead. Good Lord! how I felt, to leave you all so suddenly and so unexpectedly, with all the bright prospects before me."

And he went on to speaking of family and business affairs, much of which was known only by him and his mother. . . . Then the medium's manner changed. She said, "Mrs. Brown, don't you know me? I am Isaac; I have no friends here as James has, but I tried harder to save him on your account and went further down that ladder because I knew how terribly his death would afflict you, and you were always so good to me. I have tried often to make you see me since I died, and one night I thought you did see me." (Mrs. B.— claims that she saw his ghost once. She is mediumistic.)

Now came an Indian control and gabbled: "Miss Julia B.—, I know you, I know your papa; he, the old doctor live good while yet. Tell him next time he write Bundy, sign his name, do good, folks believe him."

I had just sent a column or more to Col. Bundy, of the *Religio*, signed "Old Spiritualist," requesting him to carefully keep me in cog., and I am sure no one in California but my wife knew anything about it.

We have hundreds of the above kinds of tests, but the following is more remarkable and demands a preface:

In 1854, a ten-year-old orphan, homeless girl applied to us for protection. After years of fruitless endeavor to train her into good behavior, we gave it up and placed her in a Catholic asylum in San Francisco for care and discipline. We had found that her heredity was bad—her parents were from the English Penal Colony in Australia and had died in San Francisco. She escaped from the Institution in which we had placed her. Her brother found and took her to Elko, where she married and became a notoriety for the last twenty years we had not heard a lip about her. She had passed out of mind.

Now, at the above seance, Mrs. Brown was astonished by being addressed by the ward of her own girlhood in language so characteristic of the girl, that her identity could not be mistaken. "Miss Julia, I am Susan; you don't know I am dead, but I am," and she went on in the use of language and references which proved beyond one doubt that it must be Susan or some mind and heart that could counterfeit her exactly.

I wrote to Elko inquiring. Nobody could tell me whether she was living or not until last week, a letter from J. F. Triplett, a prominent citizen of Nevada, informed me that he had obtained "reliable information" of her recent death at or near Oklahoma, in the Indian Territory.

If this, in the language of Robert Dale Owen, is not making out a case, I would like to know what is.

His case was verified by the history of the Child estate, as given by the spirits of its last owners of that name who died in the reign of the Stuarts, by tracing the records back over two hundred years. Mine is the endorsement of Milton's assumption that

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen, Both when we wake and when we sleep."

If the above named facts do not prove that at the death of our physical organism the "spiritual body" claimed to exist by Socrates and St. Paul, is freed from the restraints of the natural body, retaining its

individuality and selfhood and able to mingle with, cognize and communicate with spirits and intelligences still in the flesh, I respectfully enquire of doubters what they do prove?

Facts are significant; they always prove something. "A fact," says Brossais, "is the most brutally obstinate and unyielding of anything in Nature," and at least one of the facts I have narrated bids defiance to any explanation aside from the admission that an outside, invisible intelligence controlled the vocal organs of the medium, and made them reveal the fact of the physical death of Susan, and I may add, the continued life of others who were being mourned as dead.

The Indian Territory portion of the above will be painful to fraud hunters and "commercial" Spiritualists. It affords no possible chance to charge the medium with obtaining material for the tests in old newspapers, grave-yards or by the help of confederates, and yet brother Bundy may again be told that the medium in question, Mrs. W.— "has no psychic power," is a rank fraud.

I should here add that although no ballots were used at the seance in question, and no names given by the sifter, a large number of persons of whom the medium could never have heard, were referred to by her by name.

When such mediums are denounced by acknowledged leaders in the Spiritual ranks as frauds, and published to the world as such, it is but natural for the uninitiated to conclude that all the balance are tricksters, and for clergymen to proclaim from the Sacred Book, that modern Spiritualism is a delusion and a snare.

But denunciation and denial are not proof, and truth at this or any other time, is as real and sacred as in the days of Saul, Samuel, Huldah, and the "Woman of Endor."

While my answer to the question I propounded at the outset is only so far inferential, and amounts to little more than every investigator of occult phenomena understands, *i. e.*, that mediums are instrumentalities through whose agency we are enabled to hold intercourse with the spiritual, the invisible world, with which this world of mankind is surrounded and interblended, I have done nothing explanatory of the laws and philosophy which constitute Mediumship.

I think, however, that I have done enough to justify me in demanding an explanation of those who talk so flippantly about "psychic power," awarding to those of their own clique a vast amount of that to-me-inscrutable commodity, and withholding it from others through whom the most astounding manifestations occur.

A magnet will lift a steel needle but not a brass pin, and why not? *Quen sabe!*

Let Truth be our magnet wherever found, "whether on Christian or on heathen ground," and it will lift our Cause high above the baser metals with which it is now being invaded and despoiled.

ST. HELENA, March 6, 1890.

Progressive Lyceum.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

It seems wise that in disseminating spiritual truths we should direct humanity frequently to the source of our greatest happiness in the being of Love as the author of all, since spirit communications confirm what scientific investigation long ago affirmed of God in the deepest channels of philosophical thought. It is certainly through the effort of our common parent, Love, that we are brought together in all such unselfish work as the Lyceum. The attendance of all ages continues to increase, so that the juvenile, youth and adult groups, are overcrowded, and the necessity for a larger hall, if we would permit the Lyceum to expand freely, becomes more apparent each week, but the matter yet remains with the committee. The new catalogues are accomplishing more than was expected, as the circulation of books in the third Sunday since their introduction, was greater than either of the preceding Sundays, and, for the three days, exceeding the circulation of three months during last year.

The general topics "Animals and Their Habits," received many replies, and was deemed sufficiently interesting to continue for another week. Besides the words of wisdom, two little pupils gave performances, Gerlie Grant singing "Tender and True," while Lily Holmes recited "A Kiss to Mamma." Mrs. Robert H. Ely, one of the leaders, then sang, "Something Sweet to Think Of," and the conductor, Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, closed with some pleasant words to the little people upon their good behavior on the previous evening, when a number of them marched to the Panorama of Gettysburg, where they were admitted free.

At the close the leaders' meeting transacted routine business chiefly. The number of *Youth's Companions* was again increased for the third time within a year to supply new pupils. The programme committee's report promised a pleasant hour before the dancing on the occasion of the next monthly entertainment, which will be given Saturday evening, March 29th, at the hall, 909 1-2 Market street. It is hoped all will be present promptly at 8 p. m., in order to encounter regular hours and not encroach upon the dancing.

W. J. KIRKWOOD.

Progressive Spiritualists.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

On Sunday last at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street, the 2 p. m. meeting of this Society adjourned to attend the funeral services of Alfred Dodge, the son of M. B. Dodge, formerly manager of the Temple Society meetings.

At the evening meeting Mrs. Lena Cook, Vice President, presided. The President, J. A. Collins, having returned from Los Angeles very sick was unable to be present.

Prof. Dabarnau gave the second lecture on mediumship. Dr. Schlesinger volunteered to give tests to epileptics and many availed themselves of the opportunity, only one failing, reported, and this one expressed the opinion that he would not believe the stuff anyhow; being in such a frame of mind we can easily see why he was ignored by the guides controlling.

Mrs. S. B. WHITEHEAD, Secretary.

Summerland Notes.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

All are busy as bees getting ready for the anniversary meeting. If all visiting friends enjoy themselves as well as we do in preparing for their reception, we will have a happy time of it. The new two-story restaurant building was raised to-day and will be enclosed and ready for business before the meeting. Wells, Fargo & Co. opened an office here the 14th inst. Next is a telegraph office which we think will soon be established; a telephone line with Santa Barbara is under discussion. We are constantly having arrivals, last week O. H. Southwick, of Colton, Cal., Fred H. Grooves, of East Los Angeles, C. H. Rendleman, of Arizona, Dr. M. E. Munger, San Diego, Frank Darr and James Sargent of Holt Co., Nebraska, all arrived to reside permanently with us. Dr. Munger who is a first class surgeon has already bought lots and is cultivating them.

If parties can carry out their arrangements the lumber will be on the grounds by the time of the anniversary meeting, in addition to this there are a large number of tents in which people have lived all winter.

Bringing blankets to the meeting, cots will be free.

Moses Hull, Editor of *New Thought* gave us two fine lectures last week and is now giving a course of lectures in Santa Barbara. HENRY B. ALLEN, Secretary.

SUMMERLAND, March 17, 1890.

In Memoriam.

Passed into spirit life, from her home in Grand Rapids, Mich., on Sunday, March 9, 1890, at 4 p. m., of consumption, Mary K. Booser, age 55 years and to months. For over 35 years her life work has been that of teacher, counsellor and comforter, through the exercise of her mediumship, which has always been characterized by its thoroughness and reliability. Her uniform success as a healer and physician with patients mostly of the incurable class, was a wonder to herself. Her diagnosis never made a mistake, and her psychometry was unfailingly accurate. Each sitting for sometime in the past gave a message on the sifter's handkerchief, coming word by word to her spiritual vision, and vanishing as read; also accompanied with a poetical improvisation, perfectly adapted to each individual, with strong points of their life so interwoven with prophecy. She was widely known as a prophetic medium. Direct statements which repelled belief at the time when given, became fact in course of time. The improvisations came and went, leaving no record on the tablet of her memory. It seemed as though she stood outside of herself, hearing the words spoken through her own vocal organs. In like manner, her large and varied collection of poems were automatically written, not knowing when on one line what the next would be. Her musical renderings on the piano were grand beyond description and combined the sweetest of sound-combinations. Strange indeed was the gift to herself and friends, as she was known to have no cultivation of the musical faculty. She could not sing even an ordinary air.

Always conscientious to a fault, ruled with the idea absolute justice to all, ever aspiring for and toward the highest and best, her sympathy always ready for the needy and sorrowing, the great souls and master minds of the beyond, more fit possible than we of earth, felt the disappointment in losing a valuable instrument of communication between the two worlds. Her memory will be treasured by the many convinced of the truth of Spiritualism through the irrefutable facts mediumistically given, and by the great number of stricken and sorrowing to whom she has brought healing and consolation. H. W. B.

St. Andrews' Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The usual meeting was held last Wednesday evening, and the hall was well filled by an intelligent and enthusiastic audience. The meeting was opened by the audience singing "Nearer, My God to Thee"; Dr. Robbins then gave a beautiful and eloquent inspirational invocation. Dr. Temple then gave a large number of tests from the platform. Dr. Temple has been doing a great deal of work for the Wednesday evening meetings, he gives a great many tests and they all seemed to be recognized by the receivers. Mrs. Russell followed reciting a poem written through her own hand by her guides; the poem is a very beautiful one and is entitled "Life Burden." Mrs. Meyers then took the rostrum and gave a large number of tests. Miss Levy gave a beautiful solo with piano accompaniment. Prof. Seymour gave a short address, followed by Dr. Robbins who gave a reading of the character of Dr. Adams, and it was given very correct. The meeting closed at 10 o'clock to meet again next Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 111 Lincoln street. Among the audience were the following mediums: Mr. Maxwell, Dr. Temple, Mrs. Myers, Mrs. Bennett, Dr. Harlow Davis, Prof. Seymour and Prof. Fowler. M. H. W.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

When at Vandercreek's Lake, Jackson, Mich., I met Mrs. Young, of Albion, Mich. This lady is the wife of the Mr. Young, whose testimonial to Dr. Dobson appeared sometime since in the *New Thought*. She stated the sad story as appeared in the testimonial; her husband was pronounced beyond recovery; Dr. Dobson restored him to health. She said: "It seemed almost like a miracle."

Mr. Fenner of Lincolnville, Penn., informed me at our last meeting, that at one time he was given up to die. He ran down rapidly for weeks. No one understood his case. He made application to Dr. Dobson, and two months' treatment fully restored him. He said he had thought many times of writing the Doctor and telling him of the valuable service he had rendered him, but had put it off until some more convenient time, and would like me to do so much.

Mr. Fenner told me of a case of insanity in Lincolnville (I used to know the young lady), that was most distressing. After applying to Dr. Dobson, and two months' treatment, and under his treatment, the young lady was restored in a short time. MATTIE E. HULL.

See add in another column.

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Correction.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Will you please correct one mistake made in my lecture published March 15th. In the last column on the first page where I say, in parenthesis, "A kind of Broken Spectre," referring to the well-known "Spectre of the Broken," on the Hart Mountains, you have made me say, "Brooklyn spectre." Respectfully, E. W. MARCHANT.

A CARD.

I wish to return thanks to my many friends for their kind solicitations for my return to the city. I will say to them and others I will be in San Francisco during the month of April. My ability as a Developing Medium has been thoroughly tested and fully appreciated. My other phases of mediumship need only a trial to prove their worth. I shall form a class for Developing Mediums as soon as possible after I arrive. All desiring to avail themselves of the opportunity will please send in their names soon, as I can only take five more. MRS. H. MITCHELL, HOWARD STATION, Sonoma Co., Calif.

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[From the GOLDEN GATE.]

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JUST OUT!

SPIRITUAL FRAGMENTS.

By J. J. OWEN,

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What I Think.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

There has been such a brisk shower of warm theosophical thought, besides ice and sleet, caused by cold counter currents, that I quite catch the inspiration, and regardless of the fact that there is nothing new under the sun, I find myself with pen in hand waiting for my thoughts to array themselves in symmetrical groupings. I never saw two boys snow-balling each other without all the boys on the same street, and perhaps adjoining ones, coming forward with bounds and shouts to help on the contest. Perhaps it is a feeling akin to this that prompts me at this time, to use my pen, though I confess to an abhorrence to snow, and even shudder at the icyness that sometimes creeps into printed words.

Clairvoyant souls have some strange experiences, first and last, as the mystic curtain is folded back, and I have many times wondered if they could be made to harmonize with the teachings of ancient or modern Theosophists, of which I have no real knowledge, therefore am I unprepared to pass judgment. It is true, I never see or hear the word *theosophy* without there flashes before my mental gaze the picture of a white-robed angel, standing within the doorway of the soul, waiting for a voice to say, "Enter," while I at the same time sense a purity of significance that touches me as light from above.

With this appeal to my higher consciousness through my soul sense, I feel that I can most truly say, that while I am to the fullest extent a Spiritualist, I am also as truly a Theosophist, which I understand to be a seeker of divine wisdom, and not a believer in any set of ideas born from material brains.

It is not essential for me to believe in *shells* or *dementaries* after the manner of many, neither must I of necessity think of my loved ones who were lost to my sight in the Sunset Valley, as idle revelers in Devachan, yet I can polarize all my soul to the Spirit of the Universe, and in the deep peace hush thereof, become the recipient of truth waves that reveal to me unwritten thoughts, and herein is my great strength; herein am I a true Theosophist, and with this shimmering mantle of divine light enfolding me, I feel that I am a truer, better Spiritualist, than when my belief went no farther than the return of the departed.

Does some one ask, What more do we want than to know our loved ones return? I answer, every soul needs to be so in rapport with the Spirit of the Universe that they can be in receipt of revelations therefrom that will lead them where the majority of earth-returning spirits have not power to guide. It is true, there are many exalted souls who in the unseen are working for the world's enlightenment, and all such, as far as I know, are strong in their appeals for each worker to touch, in their outreachings, the luminous realm of infinite love and wisdom, wherein there is no misleadings.

I had one point in my mind when I first dipped my pen in ink, and lest I omit it, will speak of it here: I, now and then, in looking over the spiritual literature of the day, see reference made to *shells*, and I nearly always sense in the remarks, the spirit of a baseball champion, till I seem to see one of these poor *shells* sent whirling out of the field, as a flourishing club describes many circles in the air while waiting for the appearance of another.

Now, through my clairvoyant unfoldment, I feel sure *shells* do exist, but I believe I do not look upon them as do many who read ancient literature, and right here is seen the special privilege of what I call a true Theosophist, which is to view the light of truth from the niche in Time's corridor, wherein one may find himself, and not be obliged to peer through the lens of another, which can not be adapted to all eyes. I have many times seen these shells, with their staring, winkless eyes, floating in an aimless manner, that would be very unbecoming to real live and loving souls, and I have come to the conclusion, through the testimony of the dwellers of the fairer lands, and my own observations, that they are simply shadow forms that are born from the material brain, through the power of self-consciousness.

I base my conclusions somewhat on the fact that all thought radiations take special form in the air, and thought being substance, these forms have duration of existence that is equal in measurement to the power of the brain that gave them birth. I have never known these forms to attempt communication with any one, yet, if they are addressed, there is a hollow echo—echo such as might be made by one's own voice.

I do not feel that I trespass on the grounds of believers in ancient Theosophy, when I say that to me these mock-talk of shells are but thought forms born from the material brain, as are all thoughts, and subject to the same law that in the unseen governs all thought radiation. Nature's language seems to be that of symbols, and I have noticed many times the thought emanations taking the symbol form of the object under consideration.

I confess myself entirely ignorant of the special lines Theosophists hold to; yet I think I understand from some hints they have recently received, that some of the class do not believe in the *actual* presence of *actual* souls in earth homes; and in reference thereto I will state that to me, there is a divergence from real truth in such a belief. To our household there came some years since a little child-soul,

giving her age as five years. She came to tarry, and since that time I have seen her grow to almost womanhood, while with her growth there has been the grandest unfoldment, till in her recollections from other life influences, she seems grasping from the limitless realms an undreamed of wisdom.

Truly it was not a *shell*, for such do not grow; being, as I understand it, subject only to the law of disintegration. Many other souls came to us bearing unmistakable evidence of being dwellers of the realms of light. The robes of such are always luminous, while their eyes are filled with a tender light that wakens within one vibrations of love. Such souls I consider guides, and to be in rapport therewith, cannot destroy individuality, but on the other hand serves to strengthen it; at least, such is my experience. I think there has been much lesser good resultant from yielding to unseen powers. I have too much caution to allow any soul to transmit thoughts through my organism unless I can look into their eyes, where I always read the purpose. I think medial souls have been sadly disciplined by the promiscuous tide that surges earthward with their disgusting jargon that savors neither of sense or sentiment; yet all this had to be till wisdom could get a foothold on uninking soil.

It has been my experience that as the soul reaches out towards the spirit of the universe, there is attracted to higher groups of souls who hold enshrined grander truth revelations. Certainly there is no danger in going God-ward. I had another point in my mind, which is that of prismatic souls; but I will let it pass for the time, as I have wandered on far enough for once and my eyes are too frequently called to the spring weather without; besides, I heard something resembling the chirp of a robin that always awakens hope in the heart, till we see pictured before us the yet to be green fields over which will sweep the breath of balm. In closing, I will say, I am a devout lover of Truth, the sacred footprints of which I Devachan, yet I can polarize all my soul to the Spirit of the Universe, and in the deep peace hush thereof, become the recipient of truth waves that reveal to me unwritten thoughts, and herein is my great strength; herein am I a true Theosophist, and with this shimmering mantle of divine light enfolding me, I feel that I am a truer, better Spiritualist, than when my belief went no farther than the return of the departed.

COUSIN RUTH.

Liberty.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Dear Sir:—As the outcome of friendly criticism is more light on the subject criticized, let each one live up to their highest light. If they are wrong they will come out right. If the teachings of Theosophy or Spiritualism or any other isms lack the true spiritual light, it is the fault of some one undertaking to teach a truth, without the light of truth being developed in that some one's own mind. And we are not very apt to find the mistake that some one has made, by stopping on our pilgrim journey to hunt for clubs to throw at the poor, blind person that made the mistake, for if I mistake not, spiritual light is not developed in us by using our powers to abuse others. If we can find our brothers or sisters' fault by unfolding more spiritual light than they have, is it not our duty to them, and ourselves, and the source of light, to let our light shine on our brothers' or sisters' pathway, and by so doing we obey the divine laws of nature, and not only help ourselves to get more light, but help our neighbors. For God, our light, is a fountain that is inexhaustible.

In the GOLDEN GATE of March 7, '90, Mr. Colville says when our bodies are soundly sleeping, our real conscious selves may be enjoying perfectly genuine communion with "loved ones gone before." Yes, and my experience is that in such cases we can communicate with those left behind, and wake them up by willing them awake, and they saw me and supposed I had left my body, and so I had, but found myself in it as usual in the morning. And when I awoke I remembered it as a dream; all excepting one thing was dream-like, and that was, that I tried to wake him by touching him with my hand, and could not touch him. Then I noticed the hand I had with me, and recognized it as my spirit hand, and realized that I had left my other, or material hand, at my home, some two thousand miles from where I realized I then was. I have been to circles three thousand miles away and been described by a clairvoyant to a friend of mine at the circle who recognized the description, and at the same circle controlled a medium to write a communication to my friend at the circle and sign my name to it. Facts and believed by all those understanding the law. A. C. DOANE.

SUMMERLAND, March 5, 1890.

Animate us to cheerfulness. May we have a joyful sense of our blessing, learn to look on the bright circumstances of our lot, and maintain a perpetual contentedness under Thy allotments.—William E. Channing.

OUR QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

Mrs. Harris, is it not inconsistent in so-called Theosophists to claim such broad, liberal principles, declaring that people of all creeds are to be found in the Theosophical Society, and yet no opportunity is allowed to pass, by some of them at least, without a slur at Spiritualism, Christianity, mental or Christian Science?

AN OBSERVER, OAKLAND.

The Theosophical Society is not responsible for the acts, or words, of its individual members, the broadest latitude being given for difference of opinion, but the person who, accepting this latitude for himself, while he denies the same privilege to others, is violating one of the basic principles of Theosophy. Such people are hunting error, and would be disappointed if they were to fail in finding what they seek. If they would look for truth in other people's beliefs as persistently as they do for error, they would surprise themselves by often finding pearls of wisdom where now they see nothing.

Something more is required to make a Theosophist than simply joining the society, while there may be those outside the Theosophical Society who are theosophical in their every day life. Surely the fact that one may add T. S. to his name gives him no license to ridicule other people's honest convictions, no matter what those convictions may be. But, some one may ask, "Are we not to strive to do away with what seems an error?" Certainly, we should endeavor to spread the truth by presenting it in such a plain, consistent and kindly manner that the error will disappear, as surely as darkness goes when the sun rises. There are very few people who will take kindly to the parade, and ridicule, of their errors. While most intelligent persons would enjoy the plain, unpretending presentation of a truth, even though it might unsettle some error which had found a resting place in their minds. Theosophy holds enough grand and glorious truth to enable the earnest worker to hold up a clear mirror which will reflect the error. Let us leave people to discover the untrue in the light of the truth we flash upon them. To "Spiritualist."—If you will take the trouble to investigate what are known as the seven principles which go to make this visible creation, man included, you will find no difficulty whatever in deciding upon what plane the phenomenon you mention takes place. The dispute, if there is one, will not be in regard to the fact, but as to the source of these marvels. Are you in earnest to know the truth in regard to such matters? If so, then set aside preconceived ideas and search for the cause just as the scientist would, not to prove your theories, but to find the truth. The "inner light" you ask us to explain, is the revealer on the spiritual plane, just as the light of the sun is the revealer on the material plane. To the blind person this world of use and beauty is non-existent so far as his vision is concerned. He is in the light, still it reveals nothing to him. Again, one with perfect vision may shut himself away from the light so that nothing external is reflected into his consciousness through the sense of vision. Every plane of being has a light peculiar to it, which reveals the verities of that plane to the conscious being. But if the consciousness has not expanded so as to realize the light, then the reality of that realm of being is non-existent to us. Others may revel in the light and its revelations, while to us it is midnight darkness.

Just as the light of this material plane is one, the light of the sun which reveals to each all he can realize, so the light of every plane is one. The flame which will reveal the spiritual verities to the awakened spiritual consciousness is one with the flame in every other soul, and one with the Infinite Light, the Spiritual Sun "which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." This light is of the nature of darkness to the spiritually blind, while to those in whom it has revealed itself it is as tangible to the spiritual sight as is the light of the sun to the external sense.

There is full assurance that if one seeks this light with an unselfish motive, at the same time living a pure life, there need be no fear but he will find that which he seeks. Still we must not forget in the seeking that it is within our own being and not apart from self that we must look for the fulfillment of our desires.

SARAH A. HARRIS.

Berkeley, Cal.

A CENTARIAN BANKER.—In Lansingburg, N. Y., resides Mrs. Deborah Powers in her hundredth year, as smart as a cricket. Since the death of her husband she has been the managing head of the Powers Bank, one of the oldest private banking institutions in this section. She also attends to household affairs. An afghan, just completed by her busy fingers, is on exhibition at a church fair. Mrs. Powers shows but few marks of her great age.

It is astonishing how soon the whole conscience begins to unravel if a single stitch drops; one single sin indulged in makes a hole you could put your head through.—Charles Buxton.

Tramp—"Will you please give me a bite."

Mary Ann—"I don't like to do it myself, but if you'll wait a minute I'll untie the dog."

Minister: "So you saw some boys fishing on the Sabbath, my young man. Did you do anything to discourage them? Small boy: "Yes, sir: I stole their bait."—New York Sun.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward's eldest son, Arnold, is said to be a literary prodigy. He is only fourteen years of age. He recently wrote an essay to a magazine and received a check of \$50 and a letter of thanks.

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[Writings for the Golden Gate.]

A Curious Case of "Moralism,"

BY MAURITZ S. LIDEN.

The man who has the hardihood to openly avow himself as a "Liberal" has a hard "row to hoe" as a usual thing, but even he, at times, will be able to see a silver rift through the nimbus cloud. Sometimes the very worst vituperation will turn out in such a ludicrous way as to completely annihilate the aggressor instead of the whom it is hurled against. Well, a man who thinks for himself is very apt to be of an observing nature, and to use these powers well. And if the ludicrous in life was entirely lacking, it would be a great study, that which Pope calls the "proper study of mankind," Man.

But of all the strange "reformers" that ever came under my ken the society calling themselves the "Brotherhood of Moralists" are entitled to the pre-eminence. I received a small pamphlet a short time ago entitled the "Constitution of the Brotherhood of Moralists," and upon reading the first "whereas," I mentally concluded to subscribe thereto, at least I was just orthodox enough for the moment to think that anything that started out as good as that could not be anything but good. But when the next article came to view I was startled to find what good company Spiritualism had gotten into. After telling you that the object of the fraternity was to overthrow superstition and elevate the moral nature in man, it went on to say: "2d.—To oppose by rational appeal, the following social evils: dishonesty, licentiousness, intemperance, polygamy, free-love, anarchy and communism. 3rd.—To eradicate from the minds of as many as possible, all beliefs in the so-called divine revelations, special providences, spirit manifestations, witchcraft, prophecies and miracles as vain delusions of superstition and the source of sectarian hatred and strife."

From this it goes on in the way usual to all bodies that deem it necessary to publish constitutions. But the main point is their laudable (?) intention of putting down Spiritualism and all other kindred "evils." Of course the crimes and dangerous dogmas therein catalogued are all a part of a parcel of Spiritualism; so if they can—yes, if they can—stamp it out, then the world will be cleared of all evil, and peace and the "Brotherhood" will reign supreme.

Robert Ingersoll says, "That this world is not fit for a gentleman to live in, in fact that it is better adapted to frogs and fishes than for man." The world has not been fit to live in till the last forty years." If that is not his exact words they contain the substance, and as nearly all Spiritualists and Liberals have read his and other agnostics' works where the same or nearly the same expressions occur, it is very evident that it is generally believed that the last half century has been the only one that man has dared to express his opinion without fear of being, publicly at least, persecuted for opinion's sake.

And now here comes the denouement, a society that exists because the martyrs of Spiritualism and of true Liberalism have lived and died, hated and reviled, so that those who followed after could think and do as they listed, provided they did not encroach upon the liberties of others. There is seldom if ever a Materialist but what he has a good word to speak for Thomas Paine, and I suppose if the promoters of this "Brotherhood" were to answer candidly the question, "Do you endorse the teachings of Thomas Paine," the answer would in all probability be: "Certainly, that is, I do not endorse his idea that there is one God, but I admit his right to believe as he saw fit, and it is through him and those who took the same stand, that we have the liberty we now enjoy." And they would accord the same privilege to every one except the Spiritualist, Anarchist and Communist. In other words he is liberal (?) enough to tolerate anybody but these special unfortunates. Why is it like the old adage about the dog: "Let one dog jump on another and all the rest will do the same."

They know that Spiritualism is unpopular, and though they are no less so, they do doubt think that in this way they can manage to turn public opinion (itself a soulless thing) against us. Why is Spiritualism made the subject of attack more than orthodoxy?

One thing is absolutely certain, and that is, that Spiritualism has done more to liberalize and extend man's limit than all the materialistic views and philosophies. Also if it had not been for the softening influence that it mingles with the Materialist's iconoclasm, liberal thought, free speech would be far more confined than it is to-day.

Numerous other Spiritualists besides myself have no doubt received similar circulars and thrown them aside as being unworthy of attention; but it should have been their duty to have warned others not so well informed, through our press and rostrum.

Hannibal has always been antagonistic to Spiritualism and mediums, and as one proof I refer you to what Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten says in her history of the Cause.

But let us profit by their and others' liberality and give the same latitude we seek.

It is related of Pope Clement XIV. that, when he ascended the papal chair, the ambassadors of the several states represented at his court waited on him with their congratulations. When they were

introduced and bowed, he returned the compliment by bowing also, on which the master of ceremonies told his highness that he should not have returned the salute. "Oh, I beg your pardon," said the good pontiff: "I have not been pope long enough to forget good manners."

A Prophecy.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I am prompted to write this note, hoping that you may think it worthy of a place in your columns, and that it will interest your readers. Also, you may be the medium, through which the article may come under the eye of the party named. (The lady was known as Miss Emma Hardinge, in Lincoln's campaign of 1864.) The lecture was the coming man. She ran over the history of the world to show that there were stated periods, represented by leading individual characters. Thus we have Adam, Noah, Moses, Christ, Alexander the Great, Columbus, Napoleon, Czar, of Russia, Washington, Lincoln, of America. All exclusively individual characters, never to be reproduced again. Undoubtedly they were under control of very high influences. The church will say it was God. The Spiritualist will say it was a departed spirit, or a combination of spirits. Which is right? "Adam filled his mission, and his death is lost to history. Noah filled his mission and his death is not known. Moses filled his mission and disappeared mysteriously. Christ filled his mission, to liberate the world from sin, and they crucified him. Alexander the Great filled his mission and died suddenly. Columbus filled his mission and died in obscurity. Napoleon filled his mission and was assassinated. Washington filled his mission and was allowed to live for a time in retirement." And now I add Lincoln filled his mission, liberated four millions of slaves, and was assassinated. She assumed "that these individuals were selected and controlled by spirits."

It was a very important statement to make. First—Are spirits a unit in thought and action, when they select a medium to head one of these great periods? Or is there divisions among them, and sometimes the good have ascendancy and sometimes the bad? The individual that investigates these propositions will find his mind developing into a new and brighter sphere, that will lead to a higher degree of intelligence.

The object of this note is to state a particular part of this lecture. It was evening and she had commenced her address, as I walked in our eyes met in steady gaze, until I was seated; often during the delivery her eyes rested on me, so much so that I became deeply interested in her, as well as her subject, and I realized she was giving us a prophecy that the audience did not realize. When she repeated that all great events were headed by some individual, under spiritual control, my mind flashed over the history of the world, and the conclusion was she was right. When she ran through the history of Lincoln, up to 1864, she made it very plain that Lincoln was the selected man. He was the individual character that was to introduce a new era into the civilized life of the world. When she said, "his election was certain, and that there would be peace in his second term; slavery would be no more; the great armies would be disbanded, and retire to their homes to be sad for awhile, but the bright future that would open up would astonish the world with its magnitude." At this point an awful solemn air came over her and she said:—"Lincoln will not survive his second term, his mission will be ended and he will be no more." "Never again will the world produce a Lincoln."

Here she said no more about Lincoln. With very great sorrow I realized she gave us a prophecy.

That night, at the hotel, I had a dream. I saw Lincoln on a pedestal, with his arms folded, calmly looking into the future, it was cold, white marble. Also, I saw Miss Emma, in my dream; she spoke and said, in the future I will communicate with you but not now, good by. What does all this mean?

There were several hundred in the audience that heard this prophecy, and can look over the events that fulfilled that prophecy, to the exact phrasing that she expressed in the Summer of 1864, before the election took place that gave Lincoln his second term.

If this note is given to your readers, many of them will call to mind the prophecy, made almost twenty-six years ago, by Miss Emma Hardinge, then canvassing in this State for the election of Lincoln to his second term.

The Fountain of Youth.

Ponce de Leon made a weary and fruitless search for the fountain of perpetual youth. After his long wanderings and wide experience, so many scores and hundreds of years ago, it may be deemed presumptuous to claim to have found the marvelous water life in so plain and prosaic a place as Boston, and to proclaim one's belief that it is not only here, but that it is as wide-spread as the dew and as gracious as a summer shower.

The secret was found by studying the lives of hundreds of people, all of whom, according to the almanac, might be called old, but some of whom seemed to be

blessed with perennial youth. What made the difference? Why should one man of three score and ten be manifestly an aged person, while another bearing the weight of eighty summers should be in spirit like a boy? Why should the wrinkled face beneath the cap of one woman tell only that it had survived the palmist's three-score years and ten to find it labor and sorrow, and that of another sweet saint, whose life has crowned a century, retain the girlish look of so many years ago, and the youthful heart that went with it?

The reason seemed to be that the really old people had cut one strand of life after another as the years had passed. As they left babyhood and passed into childhood, perhaps their ignorant parents were the first to break the thread that bound them to baby life. As they left childhood, they themselves snipped off the strand that held them to their earlier years, as one would snip a tress of hair. Then came manhood and womanhood, and so completely did they sever all bonds of sympathy with childhood and youth that they almost forgot that they had themselves been children. As the years crept on, the links of sympathy with the child-life springing into existence about them were cut in twain till nothing was left but the slender thread around which their own existence clung, like a frosted morning-glory still hanging to the guiding-string.

But the beautiful old souls, whose presence was like a day of sunshine, whose youth was immortal, had at each step strengthened the cord and doubled the band that held them to a happy past, and through this pulsing cord came every vibration of the life around them, from the little one just come into this world, up through the generations of young people that grew about their feet like flowers in a sunny woodland.

Yes: the fountain of perpetual youth is found in the sincere and tender sympathy which binds those who go on with those whose life is fresh and full of enthusiasm. No one can grow old whose interest centres in the life, coming fresh every day from the Maker's hand. We can recall such ever-young hearts, who were so linked with younger lives that, when the gates into a wider existence were thrown open to them, every one who knew them, from their contemporaries down to the child in arms, felt a pang at the separation.

The old Spaniard was wise. Eternal youth is a beautiful gift, and happy are they who find it. It is not a possession within the reach of all. Those who lost their hold on things behind may not easily regain the grasp. But those who are still young may learn the happiness that may be theirs if they will keep unsundered the silver cord that binds them to those younger than themselves. Fathers and mothers may find their lost boyhood and girlhood by throwing their own interests into those of their children, in school affairs, in matters of friendship, and, closest of all, in the tender spiritual life.

"Confess that you are having as good a time as the girls," said a distinguished man to a middle-aged mother who was busy among a bevy of school-girls. "Of course I am," was the glad reply; for no girl's heart beat with more interest and warmer sympathy in the matter which engaged them all. Try it, you are beginning to "grow old." Take a sip of this nectar of youth, and be young again with the joys and sorrows of your little ones, and the years may come and go, and still you shall "flourish in immortal youth."

"Marion," said Henry, proud of his newly acquired knowledge, "do you know that the earth turns round?" "Of tuss it does!" answered Marion. "That's the reason I tumbles out of bed."—*Youth's Companion.*

Perhaps there is no more important part in all life than to receive the varying events of weal and woe in such a way that they may each develop something worthy in our characters.

Honor is like the eye, which can not suffer the least impurity without damage; it is a precious stone, the price of which is lessened by the least flaw.

There is a selfishness even in gratitude when it is too profuse; to be overwhelmed for one favor is in effect to lay out for another.

He to whom riches are necessary fears for their safety, and his fear is the bane of enjoyment. It is long since I have troubled myself about profit and loss.—*Seneca.*

By silence I hear other people's perceptions and correct my own imperfections. *Zeno.*

Eat only pure food, drink only pure liquids, think only pure thoughts and keep your blood pure.

Liberality consists less in giving much than in giving seasonably.—*French Proverb.*

Having suffered, I know how to help those who are in distress.—*Seneca.*

He who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who can give it.

Better a little in peace with right than much with anxiety and strife.

Every one has his faults, but we do not see the bump on our own back.—*Catullus.*

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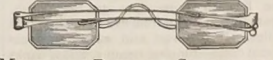
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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Riderless.

BY MARY BAIRD FINCH.

Oh! Minnie, black Minnie, and feet-flying bonnie,
You have held on your back with coat all a-whirl,
A sweet, pretty daughter,
Riding down by the water
That leaves the white rose of the grape for her wine,
Then safely afar to the low-lying valley?
To the home of the rose and the house of the lily,
Or away to her slaughter?
In the land of the corn and the light of the vine.

Oh! Minnie, sweet Minnie, and swift-footed bonnie,
How empty her saddle and cushions of red;
Coming home riderless,
Making me daughterless,
With this fear in my heart that she may be dead,
Lying white as the snow in the deeps of the valley,
Crushed 'neath your sharp heels like a poor, broken lily;
Her pain to discover,
Now are you slaughterless
When the wall of the winter is over her head?

Oh! Minnie, true friend of your own baby bonnie,
How thus you could leave her I never shall know;
When you as a mother,
With many another,
Understand the sweet younglings, their needs and their we;
Nighting now for her hand and his tender caresses,
Did you touch her pale temples and mourn her distress?
Her pain to discover,
While youing and helpless alone in the snow?

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

A Reflection.

To-day hath brought to me no pleasure, only pain.
For I the hated sun hath done again;
Before it now my soul in humble sorrow falls,
And for the infant I my longing calls.

But to I within my soul I hear a cheering voice,
It bids my weary, saddened heart rejoice,
Since from the present friction springs the moral light
That guides my being on to truth and right.

The fairest structure, springing in to morrow's way
Upturns its beams to the sun to-day;
The future only features the higher thought
(That rises as a perfume daily caught)
By subtle forces working silently and sure,
Refining gross feelings into pure,
Sweet, gentle ones, that cast their sentient, searching eyes,
Forever on the rifting, fairer skies.

The Infinite ne'er launched a human soul on earth
Without the markings of its holy birth;
And, poised potent al, in its conscious ego's care,
Reveals the restless, yearning Will, that dare
Outwork its future in the present's dark abyss,
Detecting in the shadow "Dust" 'tis,
And by its own persistent effort learn to still
The waves tempestuous that our being thrill.

Yea! "In the pool below reflecteth heaven's grace,"
So, deep within the heart of man, the face
Of Him whose breathing robes the ceaseless sons forth,
Grows beautiful with heaven's fairest worth. D. M.

Recompense.

I do not know how long or short the way
That leads from valley to the soft wide mead,
As if unto my try they tried to say,
"Have courage, poor soul, you are not alone."

I hear the tread of other weary feet,
I know their way like mine is hard to find.
I know they long for some true guide to meet,
And often feel the steeds are hard to climb.

I wonder if their lives are ever blest
With Love's sweet ministrations from the shores of Time.
I'll pause amid my cares, with tenderness
And strive to share with them some gift of mine.

And lo! the more I give, I shall receive,
Why search for Love or Hope upon the earth?
In blessing others, I mid blessings live
And gather jewels as I give them forth.

The Monk's Vision.

I read a legend of a monk who painted,
In an old convent cell in days bygone,
Pictures of martyrs and of virgins sainted,
And the sweet Christ face with the crown of thorns.

Poor dawns, not fit to be a chapel's treasure—
Full many a tauting word upon them fell;
But the good abbot let him, for his pleasure,
Adorn with them his solitary cell.

One night the poor monk mused: "Could I but render
Honor to Christ as other painters do—
Were but my skill as great as is the tender
Love that inspires me when His Cross I view:

"But so: 'tis vain I toil and strive in sorrow;
What man so scores, still less can He admire;
My life's work is all valueless; to-morrow
I'll cast my ill-wrought pictures in the fire."

He raised his eyes within his cell—O wonder!
There stood a vision; thorn-crowned was He,
And a sweet voice the silence rent asunder;
"I scorn no work that's done for love of me."

And read the walls the paintings show resplendent
With lights and colors to this world unknown,
A perfect beauty, and a hue transcendent,
That never yet on mortal canvas shone.

There is a meaning in the strange old story,
Let none dare judge his brother's worth or need;
The pure intent gives to the act its glory,
The noblest purpose makes the grandest deed.

To-Day and To-Morrow.

Withhold all enigmas when I am dead,
All noisy sorrows,
Give me the tender word to-day instead
Of tears to-morrow.

Come not with flowers to strew above my breast,
And sigh for me there.
The hawk or crow may haunt the play crest;
I shall not be there.

Speak not my name, when I have passed from earth,
In tones of sadness;
At thought of me repress no word of mirth,
No burst of gladness.

Regard me not as altered when removed
To the hereafter;
Think of me still as loving and as loved
With joy and laughter.

Delay not, thou whom I have wounded sore,
Till thou outlive me,
To grant the pardon that I here implore;
But now forgive me.

Pretend not that I merit saintly fame;
Let mercy save me;
Sufficient for my epitaph the name
My mother gave me.

—EDWARD N. FORTNER, in "The Independent."

To all that holy, great and high,
Good, pure and bright doth beam,
We lift the thought, and voice, and eye,
And own as our Supreme.

Across the Continent—No. 2.

BY AMOS ADAMS.

Continuing our trip overland, we left Los Angeles at 6 P. M., January 13th, for a three days and a four nights ride to New Orleans, our first stopping place. The recent heavy rains had carried away some and demolished other railroad bridges crossing the Los Angeles river, so much so that at one place the track was laid on a crib-work made of railroad ties laid on the bottom of the river and built up as high as the remaining portion of the bridge. Large ropes were then attached to the cribs, and the other ends carried up stream and fastened to trees so as to prevent the swift current from floating the crib-work and track down the river. Our train crept slowly, cautiously, and withal, safely, over the river, and, we will add, greatly to the relief of nervous passengers.

We then sped our way up the beautiful valley of San Gabriel for thirty miles, passing several small but by no means unpretentious villages. Let us here remark that the citizens of each village in the Southern part of the State, expect, in the near future, to be the largest city in California, not even excepting "Milpitas!"

Soon after leaving Colton we commenced the ascent of San Gregoria Pass, and it makes our engine puff and wheeze as it takes our train of ten cars up the side of the mountain to the summit (Beaumont), which is 2,600 feet above the level of the sea, where we found from four to six inches of snow. From here we commence a rapid descent till we reach Selton, 263 feet below the sea level. Ascending again, we cross the Colorado river at Yuma, 140 feet above the sea.

What a change! Last night we left one of the loveliest valleys in California, decked with wild and cultivated flowers, and carpeted with the green verdure of Spring, soon attaining an altitude of 2,600 feet, and among the snows, then down, down, to a depth of 263 feet below the sea level; up again, and we cross the Colorado river, 400 feet above the valley just emerged from, and all of this varied scenery in crossing two of California's counties and 241 miles of travel.

At Yuma, the crossing of the Colorado river, we take leave of California and enter Arizona. Our first thoughts on entering this land of cactus and sagebrush, are Indians and Indian massacres; and now, after reading of the probability of the Government releasing Geronimo and his band of cut throats and again given them the freedom of Arizona, New Mexico, the passes and fastnesses in the mountains of our near neighbor, Mexico, we confess we found ourselves, perhaps unconsciously, peering through the car window looking for something we did not want to find—"they of the tomahawk persuasion,"—but we looked in vain, but we got well into New Mexico before we caught the first glimpse of "scalp raisers," and poor specimens they were, and not at all prepossessing in their appearance.

Arizona, or at least that portion over which the railroad passes, is a dreary waste, relieved only by huge cactus trees, sagebrush, greasewood and abrupt mountains. This description is not alone peculiar to Arizona, for the same character of country commences at the Gulf of Mexico, in fact, it runs well down into Old Mexico; thence North thousands of miles, even across our own country and into the English possessions to the North, averaging in width from five to ten hundred miles. In this vast arid waste, an occasional oasis—running streams, whose banks are studded with trees and good pasturage—rich valleys, well watered and timbered, are occasionally found, but the same general features hold good the length and breadth of this strange and now seemingly worthless country.

For hundreds of miles through Arizona not a human being is to be seen except at water stations, where a few areeking out a lonely existence as stewards of the railroad. At length we reach Maricopa village, the junction of the Maricopa and Phoenix railroad, which furnishes an outlet for the products of Salt River Valley, which is undoubtedly the best, and possibly the only agricultural district in Arizona. Speeding on we passed Tucson, said to be one of the oldest and most unique cities on the continent. Here the mountain scenery is very fine. Thence to Deming in New Mexico, and to El Paso situated in the extreme southwest portion of Texas and on the north bank of the Rio Grande. On the opposite side is Paso del Norte, in the Republic of Mexico. There seems to be push and enterprise in El Paso that augurs well for its future. A few miles below El Paso is "Camp Rice," where "Old Glory" was seen fluttering in the breeze, which always gladdens the heart of the true American when travelling long distances even in his own country.

And now, by way of parenthesis, we will here say, we often hear the expression used, gone down to Arizona, New Mexico or Texas; but as several hundred miles of railroad over which we passed is from three to fifteen hundred feet higher than the top of Mt. Diablo, it is evident some other expression should be used.

San Antonio is an antiquated place, noted more especially as having the "Alamo" in its midst; where Davy Crockett, Travis, Bowie and their small band died in bravely fighting for Texan

independence. The "Alamo" and the "Old Missions" are the chief attractions at San Antonio.

Houston we found to be emphatically a live place, being the great railroad center. Its seaport is Galveston, fifty miles south, and is connected with most of the North-western States by a network of railroads, and is destined soon to become the largest city in the Gulf States.

From Houston to New Orleans the country is low with seemingly rich soil where tobacco, rice, cotton, corn and sugar-cane are raised in great abundance. The scenery between the points named as well as all through Texas, is dull and uninteresting. The farmhouses, out-building, negro cabins, orchards, fences, in fact, everything has a dilapidated appearance. Even the sugar-houses, where from forty to sixty negroes come tumbling out of doors and windows to see the trains pass, are rickety, tumble-down looking concerns. At Algiers, a point on the Mississippi river opposite New Orleans, we leave the cars for the ferry-boat and are transferred across to the New Orleans side of the river, and take a bus for one of the two so-called best hotels in the city. After a slight rest and the usual ablutions, we engaged a carriage, a pair of horses and a Millesian driver to do the city. We first visited the Levees, where we had a splendid view of the most magnificent view in the world. If De Soto, who discovered the Mississippi river in 1541, when the largest water-craft was a bark canoe, had stood on its banks to-day, where he could have seen its surface covered with grim-looking men-of-war with batteries uncovered, and hundreds of ships, brigantines, steamers, sloops, fishing smacks, etc., representing all peoples and nations, he would have been more surprised than he was with his motley band of followers when he first caught a glimpse of the noble Mississippi.

Everything was bustle and activity on the levee. The amount of cotton, tobacco, sugar, syrup, rice, cotton-seed oil, and many products of States farther north, that were being taken out of one class of watercraft and put into another, was simply immense.

This gave the levee a business appearance strikingly in contrast with the streets a short distance back, which were stupidly dull and immensely orthodox in all their business movements. Most of the cotton shipped from here goes to the spindles and looms in the New England States, there to be fabricated and then scattered throughout the civilized world. The sugar and syrup goes to the sugar refineries at the North, there to be metamorphosed into golden syrup, cube and granulated sugar. Cotton seed oil goes to La belle France, soon to be returned to us put up in fancy bottles, with high-colored labels, and marked "Huile D'Olive," and for which we pay a round price to get the genuine article.

We now leave the levee and are driven through that portion of the city where the finest residences are to be seen. The different styles of architecture in New Orleans verges in the extreme. We find the modern style, that of the medieval times, and also some evidently dating back still farther, perhaps when Time was a little boy. The great antiquity of many of the buildings adds to the interest of the sight-seer. Adjoining the finest dwellings may be seen old, tumble-down, negro cabins, with a score or less of pickaninnies (negro children), basking in the sunshine in the adjoining yard, showing an intermingling of races in New Orleans, in fact, throughout all the Southern States, without prejudice on account of "previous condition," not often witnessed at the north.

Again, New Orleans, unlike any other city we were ever in, except Alexandria, the sewers are on the surface of the street. The curbstone on each side of the street helps to form the channel, consequently the atmosphere of the street is constantly laden with all the impurities and vile odors imaginable, and we are not prepared to do to exchange the breezy, fresh, dust-laden winds of San Francisco, for New Orleans' best.

The people of New Orleans claim that open sewers are more healthy than the covered ones, where the deadly sewer-gas is generated and filtered through the rooms of our dwellings. The appearance of the citizens, as a rule, will confirm their theory, for contrary to our expectations, they looked as healthy and robust as is generally found in cities. The cemeteries, situated out near Lake Pontchartrain, were next to be visited. In reaching them, we had to cross the bayou into which the sewers of the city are emptied. The stench arising therefrom made us think that the morning of the old biblical resurrection day was at hand. On our

return we told the driver to put whip to his horses, and closing our eyes, nose, ears and mouth, we were carried safely over this river of styx without being asphyxiated. Unlike other cemeteries, all the dead are in vaults above the ground; this is made necessary because the water is so near its surface. Most of the vaults are large—in many styles of architecture, all painted scrupulously white—then with the dark-green foliage of the ever present magnolia tree, gives to the cemetery a beautiful and picturesque appearance.

After entering the cemetery we come to the equestrian statue of General Albert Sidney Johnston, who fell while gallantly leading the confederates at the battle of Shiloh. It was Johnston who commanded at Fort Alcatraz in the early days of the rebellion, and who was very much surprised, when, one fine morning, General Sumner landed on the island and presented him with an order from the Secretary of War, requesting him to turn over his command to General Sumner, which order he immediately complied with.

We next visited the monument erected in honor of the First Louisiana Volunteers. In the vault under its base were placed the mortal remains of the late Jefferson Davis. Getting permission of the confederate veteran who was standing guard, we entered the vault, and, with due reverence for the place we were in, we lifted our tile. We examined the receptacles for the dead, most of which were filled with leaders and prominent officers of the confederacy. In front of the place where the remains of Davis is placed, are many floral tributes of respect coming from individuals, societies and States.

We then drove over to the famous shell road, made wholly of the shells of oysters, and connecting New Orleans with Lake Pontchartrain, and entering the city from a different point, and thence to our hotel, considerably fatigued from much sight-seeing. The next day we took the cars for Montgomery, Alabama, at 8:30 A. M. ATLANTA, GA., January 20, 1890.

Oakland.

On Sunday last the First Association of Progressive Spiritualists met in Fraternity Hall, 7th and Peralta streets, Oakland, at 3 o'clock P. M., Dr. McSorley presided. Prof. Dawbarn lectured to the appreciation of all. The 7:30 P. M. meeting opened with singing and invocation by Mrs. Wetmore, after which Mrs. Wetmore was announced as the speaker of the evening. She gave a very interesting discourse on "The Science of Spiritualism," followed by Mrs. Ladd-Finegan, who was very interesting in her description of spirits, and was followed by Mrs. Wheeler who gave many good tests. Next Sunday, March 24th, at 3 P. M., Prof. Dawbarn will commence a course of lectures on the "Studies of Mediumship," and at 7:30 P. M., there will be a wedding take place, under the auspices of our Association, of one of the Board of Directors being the first Spiritual wedding held in public in Oakland. After which Mrs. Cowell will be the speaker of the evening and give tests. Everybody cordially invited. The afternoon meeting will be free with voluntary collection taken; evening meeting to F. E. SMITH, Secretary pro tem.

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