



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

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow.
We are shaped and fashioned by what we love.—*Gothie*.
It is better to fall short of a high mark than to reach a low one.
Borrowing money is a bad habit; and borrowing trouble is no better.
As fire is discovered by its own light, so is virtue by its own excellence.
Right and justice can only be obtained by perpetually struggling for them.
Learn to say no, and it will be of more use to you than to learn to read Latin.
Reading, study, thinking, observation, and sensible conversation make the mind grow.
Nothing is denied to well directed labor; nothing is ever to be attained without it.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds*.
Harbor no thought, neither do any act you would be unwilling the whole world should know.—*Albert Matthews*.
The grandest and strongest natures are ever the calmest. Restlessness is a symbol of weakness not yet outgrown.
Strong minds, like hardy evergreens, are most verdant in winter, when feeble ones, like tender summer plants, are leafless.
It is not till the storm comes that we find out the real timber of a vessel. The things which try people show what is in them.
There are two freedoms—the false, where a man is free to do what he likes; the true, where a man is free to do what he ought.—*Charles Kingsley*.
Every sect, as far as reason will help them, gladly use it; when it fails them, they cry out it is a matter of faith, and above reason.—*Locke*.
Law is all that makes self-government possible. If law is a dead letter, the foundation of government is gone, and nothing but license remains.
Let women engrave this deep in their memory: "He alone is worthy of their love who has deemed them worthy of his respect."—*Alexander Dumas*.
Man was formed for society; and, as is demonstrated by the writers on the subject, is neither capable of living alone, nor indeed has the courage to do it.—*Blackstone*.
The true reader loves poetry and prose, fiction and history, seriousness and mirth, because he is a thorough human being and contains portions of all the faculties to which they appeal.
It only needs that a just man should walk in our streets, to make it appear how pitiful and artificial a contrivance is our legislation. The man whose part is taken, and who does not wait for society in anything, has a power which society cannot choose but feel.—*Emerson*.

COMMON SENSE SPIRITUALISM.

An Anniversary Address by Charles Dawbarn in San Francisco, April 6, 1890.

(Reported for the Golden Gate.)

The world likes to count its years from some great event. The date of the supposed creation of the world may do for one nation. Another, like Greece, may be content to make a sign-post of its national games. Christianity claims to date from the birth of Jesus. Mohammedanism counts from a marked event in the life of its prophet. And Modern Spiritualism calls itself forty-two years old because of those rappings at Hydeville in 1848. Each year since, has had its birthday celebration, more or less general; and such, I have no doubt, will be the custom in years to come.

But forty-two years of life in the Nineteenth century, with the printers' art to lend wings to experience, is very different to life in the olden time. If the stories of men who lived a thousand years ago were true, still the old veterans knew less, far less than school children learn now. They were born into superstition and ignorance. In them they lived; and in them they lay at last "slipped with their fathers." Any important event in those days could only echo for a few miles. It then traveled horseback and afoot, growing more wonderful with distance and time.

Now-a-days the event, if important, is recorded in cold type, and a little reference will trace you the first report. So we ought to get our lessons with greater ease and with far more accuracy than was possible in the past. Nevertheless, our Modern Spiritualism, now forty-two years old, is often found as empty of true knowledge—as choked with old wives' fables, as were the beliefs of men in the days when earth was young.

The one great event of the past years in our ranks, seems to me to have been the remarkable experience of Luther R. Marsh, the eminent lawyer, formerly of New York city. I made his acquaintance almost at the beginning of his investigations. He impressed me as an honest, shrewd lawyer, who, by his professional ability had won both wealth and renown. He was of a very affectionate nature. He had suffered cruelly from bereavements; and the truth of spirit return came to him as a flash from Heaven. He was by nature and experience so shrewd that I think no pretended medium could have deceived him. But if he once felt himself in communication with the spirit-world suspicion vanished, shrewdness slept, and he became as submissive as a Catholic to his priest.

He had had most remarkable experiences with Madam Dis-de-bar, which interested and even amused a nation. But Dis-de-bar is a medium of mediums for the critical investigator. The skeptic has sneered at dark circles and cabinets; but Dis-de-bar loves light, brilliant light. I have heard her call for more light when phenomena were slower than she wished. In a word, she is a medium who confounds the unbeliever in spirit power. So Marsh becomes her victim; or, if you wish, say victim to the powers back of her. And he suffers himself to be led on step by step, till only the interference of his friends saved him from most serious loss, and perhaps ruin.

Keep in mind that Dis-de-bar is a genuine medium, giving tests that stagger the skeptic, because she lets him do as he likes and asks him no questions. When you grasp that thought you may well ask, "What must be the kind of influence back of her?" As a result of the conviction of Dis-de-bar as a swindler, Marsh gets the house he had deeded her back again. The medium goes to jail, and the old lawyer retires to the country. He has found out that Dis-de-bar was herself a fraud; an immoral, unprincipled woman. This he acknowledges; but we now discover he had not learned any lesson as to the spirits who were back of her.

The belief of Mr. Marsh seems to be that because he himself is honest and sincere; therefore, he may rely on all spirits who come to him. He would, of course, prefer a clean medium, but it is spirits he wants and he gets them. So, having found another medium, the play once again begins. He likes a solemn invocation. There never was and never will be, a religion that does not encourage solemnity.

Solemnity specially opens the door to spirits who hope to gain power over mortals. So every sitting begins with prayer. Spirits can pray too, and make what fond enthusiasts call "beautiful prayers," till they feel the door of Heaven swing wide.

The world knows nothing of Mr. Marsh's present medium. She may be a woman after his own heart; anxious to be true to her controls, and believing all they say. But nevertheless, it is well to remember that as there is nothing in honest sincerity to save a man from being cheated in a horse-trade, so most assuredly honesty of purpose will not, of itself, save any mortal from being fooled by the spirit world.

There never yet was a capture of a deliberate fraud, but what many sitters were such honest and sincere believers that they could not trust even their own eyes, when the proofs of fraud lay before them. The very exposure seems to such men and women like blasphemy against the Holy Ghost. If that be the case where the fraud is a wretched man or woman simulating spirit phenomena, how much more is it so where the medium and sitter are both honest, but victims of spirit scoundrels playing with their holiest feelings?

So our honest lawyer has learned but one lesson from his New York experience. He knows now that Dis-de-bar deceived him. He is all ready for chapter the second. It commences with a voice from the invisible telling him that he is a special and highly favored instrument through whom the world is to be greatly blessed. The moment you hear that, run up a danger signal; foul weather is coming, and somebody will get the gripe. But Marsh is to be specially favored; for by Divine Decree—those are the words—any spirit known to sacred history must come and talk when the lawyer calls for him.

Divine Decree has a charm of its own for many minds. The old personal God is there watching the little planet where once he got into trouble and was crucified. And this personal God who can issue Divine Decrees, has a special eye on Luther R. Marsh as a man who will make any sacrifice for truth. The prophets and patriarchs and prominent men of Bible History are living now subject to orders from this personal God. They must come back to earth whenever they are called for. They must leave their pleasant homes, forsake companions, duties or pleasures at a moment's notice, and hurry down to earth at the command of the old lawyer. For the "decree" of a personal God is like the ukase of the Czar of Russia; it must be obeyed under penalty of a Siberian hell. And back of every personal God ever yet discovered is a church, a priest, and an infallible Bible.

At this point we begin to discern trouble. Not one word is said in the Divine Decree ordering those "ancients" to tell the truth when they come. If that was taken for granted, then there is somebody who has a greater confidence in spirit human nature than obeys Divine Decrees, than I have.

Those who were called came according to order. We are told that their identity and veracity was proved, because the medium saw and recognized them. If it happened that one came more than once, he was the same in manner and speech as when he came the first time. Some of us would have thought the proof of truth would be in a truthful message; but that doesn't occur to our honest lawyer. So when Jonah assures him he took that remarkable journey in the belly of a whale, it does not arouse any suspicion. When Joshua tells him the sun and moon did stand still at his command, the astronomical absurdity and impossibility throws no doubt on the witness. Mr. Marsh knows he is talking to Joshua because the spirit says so. Besides, we must remember the Divine Decree; the testimony of the medium and his own honest intentions. Of course, it is Joshua. And equally, of course, the tale is true.

We find ourselves amongst very select company. We have Adam and Cain and Noah and David and Solomon. Moses solemnly declares that he wrote the first five books of the Bible, which every Bible student knows is untrue. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, each swear they were inspired by God to write an infallible gospel; though critics easily prove such assertions false. And the wonderful book winds up with a reply from Jesus, who was sent for like the rest: "I descend from God's throne this holy Sabbath morning, to ver-

ify what you have written in this volume; trusting all who have read it will believe; and through its truths turn to God and inherit eternal life."

When we actually find written that Jesus trusted that all who read this book will believe and inherit eternal life, it seems a fitting conclusion to the solemn farce. Poor Marsh believes and teaches that eternal life depends upon faith; and this, after several years of experience in talking to spirits who had died and come to life again without any belief in the atoning blood to help them on the way.

It seems to me there is a mighty lesson in the experience of such a man for every Spiritualist, and that is the reason I take it for my text. We will assume that intercourse with spirits is actually a fact. I should not like to have to prove that by this book. But the first experiences of the lawyer with Dis-de-bar were even more striking proofs of human immortality than the genuine writing between slates that has convinced thousands of skeptics. Mr. Marsh was a firm believer long before he began to have these last experiences.

There are many before me now who have gained satisfactory proof of human immortality and spirit return. They have talked with loved ones and dear friends; receiving reasonable proof of identity, so that they now feel an assured belief that their own relatives and friends have actually talked with them. That was also Luther R. Marsh's first step. He examined and cross-examined with all the care and caution of an old lawyer, till he had reason to be satisfied. He then believed he had mastered the secrets of Modern Spiritualism.

Here is a medium and a sitter; yonder is a spirit waiting just such an opportunity to come and bless the mortal. Of course the law must be that "like attracts like."

The sitter wants truth; the spirit wants truth; and the medium goes to sleep, so does not count much any way. The result must be genuine Spiritualism. Now tell the tale to the world and let everybody enjoy the same privileges.

There you have the position of Luther R. Marsh and of thousands of other equally honest and sincere souls. But unfortunately spirit intercourse is not a river flowing between well-marked banks from its source to the ocean. It often overflows and just hides the swamp, the quicksand and the rock. You are floating on the river, but you have got out of the channel, and presently you are wrecked because everything is not what it looks to be.

The day came when Mr. Marsh discovered that Dis-de-bar was not so sound asleep as he thought. He had deeded her a valuable house that the spirits might have a temple sacred to themselves, free from all disturbance from a skeptical world. When he discovered that the medium had mortgaged that house, it was as the shock of an earthquake. Yet his confidence in the spirit that came through her was firm as ever. So he was all ready for more experiences.

Suppose we, like Mr. Marsh, try and look at spirit return from the standpoint of spirit. At the very first step we find ourselves attempting an impossibility. A spirit has no form we can see; no voice we can hear; and he must have a mortal medium through whom to talk and see. And whether his medium be conscious or unconscious, we are not at the standpoint of the spirit, for the mortal is an all important factor in spirit intercourse.

So we are forced right back to the fact that we must always look at Modern Spiritualism from the standpoint of the mortal; I mean from the standpoint of mortal knowledge; not of mortal ignorance. The powers that belong to the mortal, supplemented by such powers from the spirit as can reach us through the medium, must all be studied.

Now, what is our position in earth-life? The man who is without guile here, does not attract to himself others who are without selfishness. On the contrary, if he is not well supplied with the wisdom of the serpent he becomes the prey of every sharper. Such is earth-life just as it is and the wisest spirit would have to work a miracle to keep a mortal medium in moderate comfort on any other basis. But there are plenty of spirits on the mortal level and below it. Spirits who love fun and enjoy deceit; spirits who are fanatics in religion, and believe it right to do anything that helps their church; benevolent but impractical spirits with a hobby that is to change human nature in a

generation or two. We have most intelligent Spiritualists who believe and teach that advanced spirits can keep unprogressed spirits from returning to earth. I think that a most serious mistake, because intercourse of mind with mind depends upon thought, and thought cannot be shackled. Unless you think yourself on a level above fraud and deceit, no spirit can protect you. You have to learn spirit character by experience, just as you learn to weigh mortal character. Very few in earth life say just what they mean. The true motive is often hidden. The wise man always allows for this weakness in himself and others. He knows that the great trouble in our Courts is to get at the truth from honest witnesses. Here may be a hundred men with whom you are likely to do business. Just one of them is on a high spirit level. But you don't know him. He does not wear any different clothes. No aureole is around his head. And since you can only find him out after long experience you must treat him as on a level with the rest of ordinary human nature. This must be our method of dealing with the spirit world too. So we now have a starting point for common sense spirit intercourse. Our own intention not to cheat is not enough. We must also look out that others do not cheat us. It sounds unspiritual but it is our only basis of safety.

Now we come to the question of identity. How shall I know that a spirit is what he calls himself? If he be true to name to-day how shall I be assured he is not a counterfeit to-morrow? The shrewd old lawyer settled this to his own satisfaction. The medium, he says, can always recognize a spirit she has once seen, because he looks the same, assumes the same manner, and utters the same thoughts in the same way.

The absurdity of such proof is shown by the fact that it would prove an actor to be Hamlet, because he looks like Hamlet, and talks like Hamlet every time he greets you. An intelligent spirit actor can give you the character he wishes, and repeat it every time he comes. So Marsh with all his shrewdness cannot tell whether the spirit in the witness box to-day is the same one he was examining yesterday; for he neither sees or hears with power enough to judge. Your own darling may come to-day and be simulated to-morrow, unless you have risen to a higher plane of common sense than Mr. Marsh, who believes in the honesty of every spirit because he is honest himself. Yet remember it is not necessary to assume every mortal or spirit you meet to be a rogue. But it is necessary that you have for yourself a standard of truth that presently discovers any spirit who is approaching from a lower level.

Let us apply this to Mr. Marsh. Suppose a spirit calls himself Hamlet. If the sitter is simply honest but ignorant, he accepts the visitor for what he claims to be. But if he has read Shakespeare he knows that Hamlet was only a dream of the poet; therefore Hamlet the spirit brings with him an untruth. He is simply an actor personating Hamlet. So knowledge would protect you from that spirit fraud; but please notice that honesty and sincerity would not.

When Mr. Marsh was told that the Bible characters were ordered to obey his call, a little real knowledge would have told him (1) that there was no personal God to make such an order; (2) that Adam was a poetic fiction. He would already have learned that the Bible account of creation was an ignorant guess at the way the life history of the world began. So a talk with Adam should have aroused the same suspicion as a talk with Hamlet. Apply this same thought to each of the characters called for by Marsh, because you find each repeating the old history and the old absurdities with the faithfulness of a practiced actor.

A further study of spirit philosophy would have shown the lawyer that those ancient spirits if without growth, would be very poor teachers of mortals. But if they had really progressed into a mighty manhood, the first essential must have been to outgrow their old ignorance and superstition. So instead of Joshua the spirit claiming that the sun and moon stood still whilst he fought his battle, he would, unless he were a fraud, have asserted the impossibility of such an occurrence. The moment any spirit talked that nonsense he should have been taken to task, and the old lawyer should have be-

Continued on Eighth Page.

Reminiscences of Modern Spiritualism.

E. W. Capron, in Banner of Light.

Early in the autumn of 1849, while Kate Fox was at my house in Auburn, N. Y., I received a letter from Horace Greeley, making inquiry about the "alleged" strange rappings with the Fox girls. I had known Mr. Greeley before, and was a reader of *The Tribune* from the first number, and *The Log Cabin* before it. This letter of inquiry was the opening of a correspondence and was kept up for several years. He urged me to have Kate come to New York, and manifested much interest in the phenomena from the first, though he always in his letters claimed that Mrs. Greeley was anxious to know about it.

I finally went to New York, and Mrs. Greeley made an appointment to meet me at the office of Messrs. Fowler & Wells. I very well remember her appearance on that occasion, as she came in bringing one of her children in her arms, a servant walking by her side. We had a long conversation on the manifestations, during which she displayed considerable lawyer-like ability in her questions, but appeared very well satisfied, as I had nothing to answer but straight statements in regard to what had occurred and was daily occurring in regard to the doings of the spirits. When I saw Mr. Greeley he exhibited quite as much earnestness as his wife in regard to the manifestations, and urged me to try to influence the family to visit the city, which after the public investigation at Rochester, and the constant calls from people to investigate the strange affair, they consented to do, in the spring of 1850. Mr. Greeley was the first visitor who called at their hotel to see them, and showed himself then, and at all times during his stay in the city, to be intensely interested. He was, in fact, almost a daily caller on them.

Among the first acquaintances they made in the city were Alice and Phoebe Cary, who were introduced by Mr. Greeley, and they became the warmest of friends, and ever remained so till their passing on. At their home there were frequent meetings of Horace Greeley, Oliver Johnson, Judge Edmonds, Dr. Gray, Dr. E. H. Chapin and other congenial spirits. The Cary sisters were Spiritualists from a home experience when they were young girls, and the consciousness of the presence of those who had passed on was an ever present fact, as natural to them as the day.

These sisters were the centre around which clustered the most intellectual Spiritualists of that early time. Their constant friendship and intimacy with Mrs. Underhill was known to but a small select circle. At the meetings of these friends Horace Greeley was always a welcome guest; nor did he ever question the Spiritualism of the Cary sisters from their own home experience or that which they had found in New York to confirm their earlier belief. After nearly four months' stay in New York the Fox family left for their home in Rochester. On their leaving the city Mr. Greeley published, over his own initials, the following in the course of an article on the honesty of the Fox family: "They have been taken without an hour's notice into houses that had never before entered; they have been placed all unconsciously on a glass surface, concealed under the carpet, in order to interrupt electrical vibrations; they have been directed by a committee of ladies, appointed without notice, and insisting that neither of them should leave the room until the investigation had been made, etc.; yet we believe no one, to this moment, pretends that he has detected either of them in producing or causing the 'rapping'; nor do we think any of their contentions have invented a plausible theory to account for the production of those sounds, nor the singular intelligence which (certainly at times) has seemed to be manifested through them."

"Some ten or twelve days since they gave up their rooms at the hotel, and devoted the remainder of their sojourn here by visiting several families, to which they had been invited by persons interested in the subject, and subjecting the singular influence to a closer examination than could be given to it at a hotel, and before casual companies of strangers, drawn together by vague curiosity more than rational interest, or predetermined and invincible hostility. Our own dwelling was among those visited, not only submitting to but courting the fullest and keenest inquiry with regard to the alleged 'manifestations' from the spirit world, by which they were attended. We devoted what time we could spare from our duties out of three days to this subject, and it would be the barest cowardice not to say that we are convinced beyond a doubt of their perfect integrity and good faith in the premises. Whatever may be the origin or cause of the 'rappings,' the ladies in whose presence they occur do not make them. We tested this thoroughly, and to our entire satisfaction."

But if we were simply to print (which we shall not) the questions we asked, and answers we received, during a two hours' uninterrupted conference with the rappers, we should at once be accused of having done so expressly to sustain the theory which regards these manifestations as utterances of departed spirits."

Horace Greeley did not say he was a believer. He said all he dare say at that time; but what could he have said more than the words contained in the last paragraph? He knew of no way in which the

sounds could be accounted for, and the answers to questions were so true, so correct, that he could not dispute them. He knew that there was no other way of accounting for them. When his wife passed on to spirit-life he at once sent to Oliver Johnson, who was an old and valued friend of Mrs. Underhill, to get him a message from the departed one, with which Oliver complied, and they received from her words of comfort and encouragement. When our great war was in progress, at one time when Mr. and Mrs. Underhill visited Mr. Greeley at Chappaqua, he immediately commenced to interrogate the spirits about the result of the war. He felt discouraged on account of the Bull Run battle, and could hardly be reconciled. What did he ever turn to the spirits for in the hour of affliction and despondency if he did not believe them? During the years of our acquaintance he never thought of disputing the spirituality of the manifestations, but was always anxious to hear of any new phases of the subject; he was quite up to the thinking of many others who have since become well known as Spiritualists. He was, in nearly all respects, a man in advance of his age, and did a vast amount of good work, making *The Tribune* a leader of thought.

Gone up Higher.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

The Rev. J. R. Thompson, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Vancouver, Wash., in his eulogy at the funeral of General R. H. Milroy, at Olympia, delivered March 31st, 1890, in speaking of the religious sentiments of the deceased soldier, says:

"General Milroy was a profoundly religious man; though, perhaps not always 'religious,' according to your rules and mine. In early manhood he was captured by that wave of skepticism, which under the name of Spiritism, swept from their boyhood faith such men as Robert Dale Owen and others not much less distinguished for knowledge and honesty. There was more excuse at that time than in our day, for men becoming attracted by the 'manifestations' and alleged philosophy of this 'new thing.' The shallow and dangerous character of its philosophy had not been discovered and its alleged spirit manifestations had not been exposed as the tricks of legions of 'man.' Our friend had a particular excuse, if excuse there can ever be for cutting loose from the anchorage of Christian truth to which his early training had attached him; for the misrepresentations of Calvinism, then indulged in by unwise and over-zealous friends, as well as by enemies of that system of religious doctrine, had made it repulsive to many honest minds."

The Rev. Dr. follows him along in his wanderings until he gets him back "in his dotage"—to a less ultra Calvinistic church. Then further along in his discourse and near the conclusion, says: "We are not weeping for him as dead. . . . But we expect to meet him before long; our friend has only finished writing the first chapter of his age; the book will never really be finished. He has gone up to a higher plane, entered a large field of action, where I doubt not he will be engaged forever writing other and better chapters."

He closed his remarks without once alluding to the resurrection of the body—or the final day of judgment. I quote this much from the learned doctor's eulogy to show that while he speaks "ignorantly" and slurringly of Spiritualism, yet adopts its philosophy and its teachings even if he knows it not, when he comes to speak of the translated brother. Thus one by one they leave behind them the dogmas and superstitions of a dark age; year by year the light is breaking, the day dawning when a broader humanity will prevail everywhere, so that, even the churches will discover that God is everywhere and the words he speaks unto us are spirit and life.

I do not know anything about General Milroy's wanderings into Spiritualism—superficial it may have been—for we do know that if he had ever gained a true knowledge of spirit return and learned its philosophy, he could never have again been persuaded into Calvinism, however modified it might be. But we fully agree with the Rev. Dr. that General Milroy has gone up higher. C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, ORE., April 11, 1890.

There may be times when silence is gold, and speech silver; but there are times, also, when silence is death and speech life.

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 special 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 sufferers, 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.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Splints.

BY RULA L. MERRIAM.

Idle pleasure can hardly be innocent; for to squander precious time is to cheat not only ourselves but others.

To truly live, is to be useful and happy; but the majority of mortals indifferently and indolently drift upon the tide of circumstances.

Every moment of time is a blank check to be filled out in our favor, according to the estimate we place upon it.

Genius, like a flame, may be temporarily smothered by trifling circumstances, only to glow the brighter and burn the hotter when it regains its liberty.

The spiritual emoluments of the honest poor would turn many a greedy millionaire sick with envy!

Note carefully the difference between true dignity of character and what the world terms proper resentment.

Be your own saviour from, and master of, instead of a victim to erroneous habit.

Exterior credit fades into oblivion, but the inner records are indelible and eternal.

Every organ of body, every faculty of mind, and every virtue of soul needs proper exercise, that we may be able to perform wisely and nobly our intended mission.

To feel that every present motive and occupation bears directly upon our eternal future for "weal or woe," puts a better and stronger impetus to our efforts.

To regret a good deed because it was misunderstood, would be like regretting the planting of a choice tree because some ignorant one pronounced it of a different and worthless variety.

No human being, however self-reliant or self-sufficient, stands alone. We consciously, or unconsciously, share, to a greater or less extent, the fate of our fellows. Behold the vast importance of upright example, in thought, word, and deed.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

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

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[TITLE PAGE.]

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From the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

[Written for the Golden Gate, by Spirit Guide, Leader of the Oriental Band in the Heavens, through the mediumship of the Scrib of the Order, Mrs. E. S. Fox.]

Children of the Order of Light, to whom Saidie has come as a messenger of peace, from time to time, Saidie brings a new baptism to each and every one. She came not to turn and overturn, as other messengers have done, for the sole purpose of building a theory that shall compel mankind to accept her teachings under fear of a severe penalty, but has sought her own to bless them with light and knowledge, at this time when so much confusion and war of thought disturbs the very air you breathe. Among the many isms that are abroad in the world it were hard for mortal mind to comprehend and follow the truth.

One school holds forth its teachings, saying, This is the *all* of divine wisdom. Another shakes its wise head, bidding the searcher beware, for sooth, God has revealed all wisdom only to its founders, and only in this direction can it be found.

Children, mind all this din, and confusion, Saidie's teachings go forth as a herald of abiding peace. She says not that she has all wisdom, all knowledge, she says not that her children have attained perfection. It were no object for the angels who have earned their homes to leave them and partake again earth conditions to meet with scorn and rebuff, merely to give an idea to the world that now has received a greater number of ideas than it can master. Man has suffered in ignorance when knowledge would have brought relief; has suffered that ideas might be promulgated, each idea having for its object the good of humanity, as is professed by those advancing them, and yet wrong, oppression and injustice live to-day and exert their potent power. Man is sick, poor and miserable, and yet the temples of worship are filled with eager seekers after what? It is not that man is wanting in faith, nor has he had his desire to know the God before whom angels reverently bow. Before the All-Good, the All-Wise we bow in loving submission to the mandate of omnipotent law, having by obedience thereto gained present unfoldment. And we are willing to leave the glorious homes of light that are ours, that each child of the Father may be taught the pathway leading thereto. We mourn not over the dead past with all its failures and its sufferings, for all had to come as the inevitable result of the law of cause and effect, and yet we truly say that man is responsible for the depth of folly in which humanity have so recklessly plunged. The human priesthood have held the keys of heaven and hell in wicked hands. Mankind have feared to reason, feared to think lest an angry God overtake them and cut off every chance of escape. Now from the Heaven of Heavens comes the gospel of life to man. Far and wide the heavenly messengers are making their voices heard, and waking time has fully come. Reaching forth for comfort, man has found not only comfort, but light, truth and knowledge. Death is no more the king of terrors; but the angel of a new birth. The loved ones can now fearlessly enter the valley with smiles of peace; even singing anthems of joy, for they are met with smiles of recognition by the waiting ones on the farther shore, and return to the home left in the years ago, while memory galls again the threads laid down as this journey of life began. Homes on the farther shore ring once again with hallelujahs long unsung, as the news flies from heart to heart in the valleys that the true knowledge of life in the long ago is found.

Hearts reach unto their own for recognition and are met with the assurance born of the soul's wisdom. There is a wisdom beyond the intellectual realm, a knowledge of which material lore tells but little, and humanity are beginning to understand this fact more and more. Many in the spheres have great intellectual attainments, but no spiritual growth.

Some have died upon the gallows who had much wisdom, to be gained through study, yet had not the spiritual life and growth that would prevent even the desire to commit the act that has placed them in midnight darkness, to grope their way into the light as best they can. And there are teachers who give to the world as truth that which their own hearts condemn as false, who must and will reap the reward of their own words, for words are seed sown that will grow and yield their own harvest of good or ill.

Children whom Saidie loves, learn well this truth and regulate your lives thereby. Know that it is not wise to connect yourselves with any society however exalted its jurisdiction, and not become therein as anxious, willing pupils, seeking all wisdom, searching for all knowledge and endeavoring to attain all good therein. Saidie would be no wisdom guide, did she but lead blinded children along a darkened way. She seeks not thus to do, but with her lamp of true wisdom she would illumine each pathway through the valley of your incarnation, and bid each one learn through your unfoldment the fadless wisdom of the skies. You will find that leads into no mythic paths, and uncertain way where mystery walks, but into the pathways of right, justice and truth, where reason's voice is heard and that which is brightest and best is ever found. To those among Saidie's loved ones who are passing through days of trial and sorrow, let Saidie assure each one that a band

of loving ones are near to whisper comfort and minister to the overburdened heart. Be of good cheer, knowing that earth trials will pass away, and in due time you will hear the angels' "Well done, welcome home." Think what it will be to know a well-spent life has passed, and again to know the joys of "Home sweet Home." Be steadfast and true, each one, and the blessing of the angels be yours.

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

OSWEGO, N. Y., April 5, 1890.

S. B. Brittan.

[From the Banner of Light's Message Department.]

Shine, Sun of Truth, until thy glorious light
Shall banish every cloud;
Until the voice of honest human right
Shall sing in anthems loud.
When wrong shall cease, and perfect peace
Its banner high and true
Then holy love like that above
Shall blossom o'er the world.

Blow, Winds of Truth, and bear the chaff away
From thy most sacred ground;
Sweep it along without the least delay
To earth's remotest bound.
Nor Fortune's smile, nor Error's guile,
Can that great work destroy;
Heaven's grandest force impels thy course,
And that can never cease.

We have chaff, Mr. Chairman, on every side, even in the very fields of truth; but, thank God, it is laying loose, and the keen winds, the strong, grand, beautiful winds from heaven can brush it along and sweep it away where it can never be returned. This chaff that in the present day disturbs so many who are the standard-bearers of God's holy truth to man, can never be identified with the wheat, for it soon proves its falseness, it very soon displays its unwholesomeness, and the world learns of its poisonous nature; so men will hasten to be rid of it and to cast it aside, seeking only to appropriate that wholesome wheat which will assimilate with every part of the humanitarian nature and nourish it with greater strength. I am glad of this, and I know very well that good is growing, and truth is flowing on forever, as the poet sings; but like many another of your world's workers I long to hasten the day when the good and the beautiful and the true shall be triumphant, and will alone be recognized in the hearts and habits and homes of humanity.

I have been invited to your room to-day again, as in the past, and I am very glad to come to identify myself with these spiritual labors that are going forth from year to year from your platform.

Am I interested in Spiritualism? Ask the reformer if he is interested in those measures and works which deal most vitally with the heart of mankind; ask the bird, as it skims along through the boundless blue, if it is interested in its loftiest flight and its sweetest song; ask the rose, as it opens its breast to the summer sun, and gives forth its perfume to the passing air, if it is interested in the light and beauty and gladness of living; and then ask me, Mr. Chairman, if I am interested in the cause of spiritual truth, and its advancement on earth. And I reply with all of these; Yes, yes; forever yes! I am interested in Spiritualism and its undying truth; and I am interested in those shams and that chaff which have come forth in the name of Spiritualism, claiming to be a part of its great indestructible truth. I am interested in this way: to watch and note their rise and advancement and to prognosticate their fall. I have found them, and many other spirits have perceived them; likewise many good souls on the earth are watching them. They know these shams and this chaff have wrought themselves into the very life-work of Spiritualism, and have claimed that almighty revelation as a part of their work; but although they have become inwrought seemingly into this spiritualistic movement, they have not nor can they so grapple with it as to become a part of the living tissue; they are merely a dead fungus; they must and will be sloughed off during the onward march of the glorious cause which we love. But there is a work to be done.

I am speaking plainly, Mr. Chairman, and I am glad to say I have never found the *Banner of Light* Circle closed to plain speaking from spirits. I have never known the "Message Department" of the *Banner of Light* refuse utterance to any spirit, conservative or radical as he may be in his expression, and therefore I feel free to give my thoughts to the world in this as in other directions in regard to these pretensions and pretenders that have taken hold of our Cause, and have, some of them at least, dared to stand forth as public advocates and exponents of the Spiritual Philosophy.

I have a word to say to such, and that is, that they are not unwashed and unnoted by the spiritual world; a finger upon them from the other life; the eye of the clear-seeing attends them; and in due time they will be revealed in their true natures, stripped of the outer covering, and shown in their naked impurity.

I speak boldly, because I know of the workings of that Great Council of Spiritual Intelligences, who do not depend upon any such claim or pretension for the advocacy of their glorious truths to humanity. And yet there is a work for mortals to do. Those who delight in the higher teachings of the *Banner of Light* are proud of these phenomenal evidences of spiritual truth. It is their duty not to be imposed upon by such as stand forth and travesty truth, make it a burlesque in the eyes of the world, and pretend to be what they are not.

I say, all honor to every genuine medium, and every true worker and Spiritualist, private or public, who dares to protest against these fallacies and wrongs. All honor to such public workers as Mrs. Lillie, and many others whom we have in our field, who go valiantly forth to do the work of the spirit, and who dare to speak a word against that which dishonors Spiritualism, which does wrong to mediumship, and which is not a part of our vital, living truth.

When on earth I was not slow to speak in approval or in condemnation, as I felt the cause demanded of me. I cannot be true to myself, and be less so, now that I am in spirit-life. I must speak when an opportunity is given me, and I fear not for the effect my words may have. I do not think they will be suppressed, for truth must have a hearing, though the heavens themselves should fall.

But what of Spiritualism? Oh! only the grandest and most glorious outlook do I behold, for it is sweeping over the entire earth; not with the cannon's roar and the peans of great battles, but with the silent, gentle force of the spirit, making its way into all fields and all by ways, and expressing its intelligence and spiritualizing power on every hand. I do not fear for Spiritualism as a modern dispensation; I believe it will stand, a distinctive revelation, through all the ages, apart from the lines of denominational belief or churchly creed. It cannot be crystallized nor fossilized into any old rut; it will forever remain unhampered by dogmas and superstitions, even though in its onward march it must leave those who cling to it like barnacles, thrusting them aside for the grander work which is to come.

I bring a word of warning to those who, for the love of sensationalism, or for the love of money, or for the influence of popularity in the world, are false to that which is given them by the higher powers. If mediumship is theirs, so much the worse for them for being unfaithful to the true light. If it is not theirs, then the cloak of pretension will soon be stripped from their shoulders. No man or woman should so cultivate and encourage associations on either side of life as to bring selfhood down to a debasing standpoint. You should no more encourage and receive temptations from the spirit-world than they should be received and encouraged here; and therefore those who have intelligence, and who know better, who are travestying truth and making pretensions before the world, who are seeking to impose upon the over-credulous, may be aware that the spiritual-world is sending forth a sifting process that will do its work.

I have desired, Mr. Chairman, to take up other matters—so many problems and questions appeal to me in regard to humanity as a whole, in regard to man as a unit, in regard to the great question of life itself as brought down to human welfare and happiness in this present century, but I cannot do so to-day. However, I know the world is moving onward, and in spite of all selfishness, of theocracy, of plutocracy, or all the other oracles that exist to-day, man is stepping higher, and I believe before the close of another generation he will have reached a summit from which he may look back and congratulate himself that he has ascended so far. I believe that before another half century has rolled away man will have arrived at a condition of living that will give to him opportunities for expanding the very best qualities of his nature. I believe the present system of competition, of crowding and pushing and elbowing each other in business marts and walks of trade, as well then as in other circles of human life, will have given place to a more brotherly condition, that will indeed enhance the beauty and glory of existence; but these matters I will not touch upon.

Your Spirit President has kindly invited me to consider your questions, which I shall now be pleased to do.

S. B. BRITTAN.

The good things of life are not to be had singly, but come to us with a mixture, like a schoolboy's holiday with a task affixed to the tail of it.—Charles Lamb.

Education and morals are almost the whole which go to make a good man, and the same qualities will make a good citizen or a good king.

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A WONDERFUL OFFER!

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DEVELOPMENT AND HEALING.

Magnetized by the ORIENTAL BARR.

Address, with stamp, MRS. GEO. THOMPSON,

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MR. COLVILLE'S WORK

—The fairest sky has its clouds at times; the most tranquil waters are occasionally lashed into fury by fierce winds. So of the calmest soul. Nature has her psychic storms and tornadoes, that disturb the deeps of being, and sometimes bring to the surface the very debris and sediment of hidden

Progressive Lyceum.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, in its most comprehensive expression, affords the opportunity for considering thoughts relating more directly to the spirit than the physical being. Last Sunday being very pleasant, many absented themselves, but yet there was a very good attendance, with the usual crowding of some of the groups. The exercises were interesting, and many words of wisdom were elicited by the conductor, Mrs. A. L. Balfour, from the different groups, some of them being very much in accord with the prime movement of the Lyceum, in spiritual aims. Eva Ashworth recited, "Always speak the truth;" the little, twin Reed sisters sang "The baby;" Albert Ernest Turpin recited, "Compensation;" Violet Holmes sang "Letter in the candle;" and Gertie Grant recited "Dread of Winter." Upon the general subject, "What is the cause of thunder and lightning," some of the younger pupils furnished replies that indicated they had given the subject study during the week. A few of the adults also added to the general fund of information with brief remarks. For next Sunday, it was decided to take "The Eyes," and see what could be presented as the result of inquiry upon that topic. In order to reward the members for exertions in trying to insure the success of the entertainments, it was announced that the pupil who sold ten tickets would receive a prize, the one who sold five could also receive a prize, and all who sold two would receive a treat.

The next entertainment will take place in the building where the Lyceum has been meeting for some time, at 909 1/2 Market street, on Saturday evening, April 26th. The indications are for a good musical and literary programme from 8 until 9 P. M., and then the usual dancing closing the evening. On Tuesday evening, 22d, a social meeting of leaders and workers will be held at the residence of Mrs. N. L. Churchill, 1909 Mission street, to discuss matters referring to the Lyceum and individual pleasure, as one of a series of similar meetings already held and to be held in the future.

W. J. KIRKWOOD.

Circle of Harmony.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Circle of Harmony met on Sunday, at 11 A. M., at St. George's Hall, 909 Market street. The hall was crowded. Mr. Thompson of Philadelphia, made a very earnest speech, in which he defended somewhat the monopolist, for without financing mines, railroads and many improvements of the age would not be built. We needed the Jay Goulds and Vanderbilts, moneyed men, in such gigantic enterprises. A young gentleman suggested that labor was superior to money. John Slater, after singing sweetly "Beulah Land," with piano accompaniment, proceeded to give most marvelous tests, which in every instance were recognized. Said he should be present next Sunday morning. Mrs. Higgins being invited to the platform, said the audience would remember a man in attendance some four weeks ago who looked so poor and despondent, and whom the President of the meeting went down from the platform and in a whisper asked if he had had his breakfast? She could not proceed with the meeting until she knew the cause of his distress. Whereupon she, Mrs. Higgins, told him correctly, and gave him counsel and many words of encouragement. He called on her the next morning, and acknowledged that he had intended on that day to commit suicide, but that the counsel and words of encouragement kept him from it. She stated that he had followed her advice, found employment, and was now quite happy, as letters just received would show.

Dr. Temple gave splendid tests, and read the circumstances and conditions of the Bessie Sisters, who were present. Mrs. Logan invited the sisters to the platform. The sickly one, who is an authoress, spoke fluently under inspiration. Several parties laid money on the table, to aid them on their way.

Prof. Seymour made a farewell speech, before starting again on his lecturing tour. Mrs. Cook and Rutter closed the meeting until next Sunday by singing.

OAKLAND.

Meeting in Shattuck Hall, corner Eighth and Broadway, at 2:30, was addressed by Prof. Seymour, who spoke upon the continuity of life, of every living thing.

Prof. Evans gave several remarkable tests, names and incidents.

Mrs. Jennie gave names which were readily acknowledged.

The hall was crowded in the evening, and the floral decorations elaborate. Mrs. Heckstein led the audience with piano music in singing "Nearer My God to Thee."

Mrs. Logan's remarks and invocation opened the way for several mediums to participate. Mrs. Smith, an old-time Spiritualist, was quite eloquent. Prof. Evans gave a few fine tests, and very modestly gave way for several mediums to occupy the time. Mrs. C. J. Meyers gave very many tests, names, dates and so forth, which were unanimously applied. Mrs. Jennie made very excellent remarks in a trance. Mrs. Cowell under control spoke with her usual earnestness of the beauties of Spiritualism. Mr. Pattison's guides seem to be able, through his organism, to improvise songs, and to sing them, to personate, to give tests, in fact, to instruct as well as amuse. He will also be in attendance next Sunday evening. Mrs. Domes, a highly spiritualized medium, will make the opening address. The public will be charged to cents; mediums admitted free.

St. Andrews' Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The meeting Wednesday evening was well attended as they always are. The meeting began with a song, "The Ever Green Shore," by the audience. Dr. Smith rendered a fine poem entitled "An Hour with the Spirits;" Mr. Norton followed making a few remarks on the subject of Spiritualism and the Church. Mrs. Rennell then

read a poem entitled What is Death. After a song Dr. Temple was called to the platform and gave a large number of very fine tests, all but one of them being very correct in every detail. Mrs. Sawyer and Mr. Wilbur followed singing a duet. Wm. F. Mullins gave a short talk on Mediums and meetings in general. Mr. Perkins after a few remarks gave a psychometric reading and tests. Dr. Robbins gave a few tests from the platform, and gave very good satisfaction, closing with remarks on Magnetism. M. H. P.

Spiritual Church of Humanity.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The services Sunday afternoon at California Hall, Oakland, were devoted to giving spirit descriptions and messages. Mrs. M. Maxwell, of San Francisco, assisted Mrs. Nickless in this work. The result was very satisfactory, in the correctness and number of descriptions given.

The evening services were opened with the song, "We'd better bid adieu," by Miss Minnie Hill and Mabel Nickless, and the congregation singing "Have faith in one another." Invocation. Song, "Nearer My God to Thee." The guide of Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless answered the questions presented by the audience. Among the many descriptions given of spirits present, Mrs. Nickless said: "I see running up and down in front of the platform a little girl with golden hair and blue eyes, a beautiful child. A little girl who sat on the front row, and who is blind, exclaimed 'Oh! I see her! I see her!' clapping her hands with joy. 'Yes,' said Mrs. Nickless, 'she is so pleased that you can see her. She is your sister; she helps you in all you do, and will continue to do so through your earthly life.' What a blessing to this child, that although her material eyes are closed, her spiritual vision has been opened, and she can see. To a young gentleman, came his father, who said: 'My son, be not alarmed; you are soon to be discharged from your situation, and it will come very soon, sooner than you could possibly expect.' Monday morning, the young man told the writer he had been discharged that morning from Phelan & Fish, grocers, employment, for no ascribed reason, and certainly it was very unexpected, confirming the message given by his father the night before.

The Spiritual Church of Humanity have chosen as their President, George Hill, Esq. Mr. Hill was formerly the presiding officer of the First Society of Spiritualists, Manchester, England. He has been in this country a little over two years, and is at present engaged in the fruit business on Eleventh street, this city. We congratulate the Society in securing such an efficient presiding officer, and feel what has been Manchester, England's, loss, has been Oakland, California's, gain.

The classes formed by Mrs. Nickless, which have met every Thursday evening in her parlors, have become so large that it has become necessary to secure a hall, and the synagogue on the corner of Clay and Thirteenth streets has been engaged, and every Thursday evening the regular Thursday evening meeting will be held there.

Written for the Golden Gate.

Are the Theosophists to Capture Spiritualism?

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

There is fear expressed by many that Theosophy or Occultism will capture Spiritualism and found a great Theosophical Society, after proving all spirit-communion to be the gibbering of "elemental spirits." Well if that can be brought to pass let it be so! A cause that requires propping had best fall and have done with it. But is there real cause for anxiety? Will the formulae of the old Thaumaturgists be mumbled in this age of science, and shades of goblins unchained by magicians wand to run on errands? Is the old doctrine of transmigration to reappear as re-incarnation, as a solution of problems which befogged the childhood of the race? Will it be found true that the magical and occult literature of forgotten ages, and of races we regard as inferior, contain a volume of knowledge no where else to be obtained, and to which the science of the present is vain assertion?

We say to those who make these claims, demonstrate them as soon as possible. Bring out your old treasures, produce your Mahatmas, and send them on errands. We are ready, willing, anxious to believe, but we cannot believe your assertions. Do not tell us what has been done, or what can be done, but let the least thing you claim! Seeing that the great majority of Spiritualists will prefer a living presence to a dead past. They will prefer to gather around the family hearth and communicate with the dear departed through the avenue of mediumship, rather than by the dark ways of occultism. Spiritualism will be found flowing in a golden stream through the incomprehensible depths of occult speculation and the dreams of the mystics, and forming their vital portion. It has so far from being captured already absorbed all that is worth preserving. What remains, is without value or false; veritable rubbish to be blown into the dust heap of the effete and the dead.

Remember that you can get your cards, letter heads, bill heads, receipts, circulars, statements, etc., printed at this office. Call and see our work; our prices are as low as any, and we guarantee satisfaction.

Mr. Colville's Southern Trip.

EDITOR OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

W. J. Colville, during his recent southern tour, lectured at Summerland frequently, and always to large and deeply interested audiences. The collections at all the meetings were generous, proving that the community is made up of the right sort of people. No admission fee was charged at any time. At many of the sessions the time was almost entirely devoted to answering questions. These covered a wide field, embracing science, religion, philosophy, politics and art. The answers were invariably satisfactory, and greatly appreciated by all in attendance. In addition to the public meetings, a delightful reception was held at "Lighthouse Villa," the home of Mrs. O. K. Smith, on Wednesday evening, April 9th. The delightful parlors were filled with friends of Summerland, who declare they received great encouragement from the words uttered at that time regarding Summerland and its prospects. W. J. Colville answered inspirationally a number of important questions, and then delivered several charming impromptu poems, some of which were personal to members of the company. Mrs. Smith's villa has from the first been a rendezvous for all friends of Summerland, and from the chaste beauty and elegant simplicity many later erections have taken pattern. Santa Barbara and its population responded well to the announcement that W. J. Colville would give three public lectures in Crane's Hall, and teach a class in Spiritual Science at Mrs. Bell's pleasant home, 1320 Anacapa street. On Sunday evening, April 6th, Crane's Hall was nearly filled to listen to the lecture on "The True Spiritual Resurrection," and the parlors during the class lessons were invariably crowded.

Mr. Colville informs us he was received with the greatest kindness by the community in general, and regretted deeply his inability to remain over two weeks in the district. His regrets are, however, coupled with the hopes of many that he will soon pay a longer and yet more profitable visit. Rev. Philip Thatcher, of Unity Chapel, and many of his congregation are so truly liberal that their influence for good in the town and surrounding country can hardly be overestimated. There are also many persons of very advanced ideas in several of the professedly orthodox societies.

All the churches were radiant and jubilant on Easter Sunday. Easter Monday was election day, and all the rest of the week enlivened by a carnival at the theater, the proceeds of which were devoted to charitable purposes.

Mrs. Julia Anderson Root, author of "The Healing Power of Mind," accompanied by Mrs. Alden of Oakland, rented a pleasant cottage next to Unity Chapel and engaged in good work—teaching and speaking. Mrs. Root's class commenced just as W. J. Colville's was closing, and her treatments during the term of his visit were a great blessing to many who were studying in search of health.

There is, unquestionably, a wide field for Spiritual workers all along the Pacific Coast, and particularly at the present time in the vicinity of Summerland.

Mrs. Weeks Wright, of Chicago, is a true and active worker, and a great friend to all who are interested in the elevation of humanity. Her instructions and advice given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Shields, in Santa Barbara, have been very helpful to many.

W. J. Colville and many other prominent persons have recently given their patronage to the Western Hotel, Santa Barbara. It is a first class house, and only asks second-class prices. The proprietor and staff make their guests very comfortable.

EMMA SCRAFFLEY.

DR. A. B. DOBSON VS. OLD SCHOOL PRACTICE.

DR. A. B. DOBSON: You have no doubt recognized the handwriting in the numerous letters sent out by Mrs. Julia Binkerd, of this place. She and her husband are neighbors of mine, and her husband Mr. John Binkerd, Sr., is a minister. Mrs. Binkerd asked me before I wrote to you for her, if I knew of a magnetic healer or spiritual doctor that I could recommend. I directed her to you and your spirit band, and she requested me to write for her. The diagnosis was truthful and both she and her husband believed that your band could cure her; but when the first prescription came she was suffering so that it was thought she was dying, and no use to take the medicine; but her husband urged her to take it, and she did with the happiest result. Mrs. Binkerd has a house full nearly all the time since she has been taking your remedies, and she says she feels as well as she did when she was a girl; she is in her own seventy years of age. She recommended your treatment to all and we hear the best kind of reports from those who are taking your remedies according to the directions of your spirit band.

Truly and kindly yours,

A. C. BARNES.

Oremah, Holt Co., Nebraska.

DEAR BROTHER: I feel it a duty I owe you to let you know how I am since taking your remedies. I hardly know how to express my gratitude to the good spirits and you for the kind treatment I have received. I feel in better health than I have for years. I must say that I have been in the eclectic practice for more than twenty years, and must say again that I know but little about the practice compared to yours. I will ask a question: Can I be made a recipient of spirit influence so as to enable me to see into these things?

Spiritually yours for more truth,

HENRY JOHNSON, M. D.
Hickory Station, Montgomery Co., Kan.
See ad. in another column.

In Memoriam.

ACROSTIC.

Departed 'tis true! but we hope not dead,
A better conception our sad heart inspires;
"Rest thou in peace," to the body was said—
In peace, and secure from earthly desire,
Upward and onward the spirit may move,
Serenely progressing in knowledge and love.

Rejoining the friends who have gone on before,
And waiting to welcome those still left behind,
No loss of enjoyment, but gain evermore—
Duties and pleasures forever combined.

—H. W. TINSION.

San Francisco, Cal.

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Harvey Mott, will confer a favor by addressing
the undersigned. THOMAS CRAHAN,
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DIAGNOSIS OF DISEASE.

Psychometric and : : Prophecy : : Readings
General Advice and Spirit Communications. Instruction
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By J. J. OWEN,

Late Editor, for 24 years, of the San Jose (Cal.) Mercury, Editor of GOLDEN GATE, and author of "Our Sunday Talks."

A Text Book of Spiritualism and the True Philosophy of Life.

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When ordered by mail, 10 cents extra for postage.

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book for YOUNG AND MIDDLE-AGED MEN
suffering from SPERMATORRHOEA, IMPOTENCY, VARI-
COELES and wasting of the PRIVATE PARTS, etc., etc., as
the result of youthful follies, indiscretions and excesses.
IT SETS FORTH AN EXTERNAL APPLICATION
A POSITIVE CURE.



Poses this valuable book which is worth many times its cost,
and if you will heed the advice therein given, you will at
last be on the road to health and perfect manhood. Address—
DR. R. P. FELLOWS,
VINELAND, NEW JERSEY, and say where you saw this
advertisement.

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been similarly assailed and expelled by the press, but Dr. Fellows stands foremost in his profession, and HE IT IS
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Famous Firm. This is a

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obtaining a large and

valuable collection of

flower seeds, including

Pansies, Verbenas, Chrysanthemums,

Petunias, Double Zinnias, etc., etc. The

collection is of the highest quality and

is offered at a very low price. The

offer is good for a limited time only.

Write today—don't miss it!

SPECIAL OFFER! To-day only answering this advertisement

will send you a packet of the above

seeds, and we will send you, in addition to all the above

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(Designed for Lyceums). Single copy, one year, 50 cents. Sample copies free. For terms to Clubs address E. H.

Adams, Publisher, Liberal, Missouri.

Thankfulness.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Thank God for life! Life is not sweet alone,
Hands may be heavy laden, heart care fall,
Unwelcome nights follow unwise days;
And dreary divisions and a waiting dull,
Still life is life, and life is cause for praise;
This ache, this restlessness, this quickening sting,
Pains me no torpid and insensate thing,
Paves me of Him who is life the spring,
I am alive—and that is beautiful.

Thank God for love; though love may hurt and wound,
Though set with sharpest thorns its rose may be;
Roses are not of winter, all attuned
Must be the earth filled with air and free,
And warm are days the sun upon its tree,
Fresh currents through my veins pulses run,
My heart has tasted summer, tasted sun,
And I thank thee, Lord, although not one
Of the many roses blooms for me.

Thank God for death; brightening with dreamy scenes;
We wrong with mournful flowers her pure still brow,
We heap her with reproaches and with blame;
Her sweetest and her finest diallow,
Questioning lightly on the way and how,
But calmly and our clearer and our true,
She touches each in turn, and each grows wise,
Taught by the light in her mysterious eyes,
I shall be glad, and I am thankful now.

A Wise Maiden and a Foolish One.

BY H. C. DOODGE.

There was a young woman, as I have been told,
Who worried for fear she was looking too old;
One day she discovered a tiny gray hair
And a little wreath—wink!—ought to be there.

So, all in a p. a. c., she hastened to dress,
Hair washed, and tongs and towels and dress,
She plaited her tresses with tedious and dream,
And put on a mask when she turned to dream.

Emblems and balms and skin-powders she tried,
All efforts that "rejuvenate" too, were applied,
But, somehow—'s happens to all in that case,
She quicker got rid of her beauty and grace.

Each page in the mirror showed plainly the truth,
Instead of restoring or holding her youth
She made her hair white, and hastened her days,
By trying those arts that are useless always.

Another young woman, as I have been told,
Gave never a thought to herself growing old;
She didn't go hunting to find a gray hair
Or wrinkles or "crow's-feet" that, maybe, were there.

She looked on the merry, bright, blithe of life,
She didn't seek troubles or worries or strife,
She wanted the sunshine, she never repined
And always kept busy in love and mind.

Being true to Dame Nature, that ever good dame,
The trust of friends and protectors became,
And so that young woman, as I have been told,
Lived right to a hundred—and never felt "old."

Now, of these young women, "it easy to say
Which chooses the only and happier way
Of keeping her health and the beauty and grace
That going 'gaist Nature' so soon will efface.

A Prayer.

BY FLORENCE CARY.

I ask not wealth, but power to take
And use the things I have to make;
Not years, but wisdom that shall make
My life a profit and delight.

I ask not that I be the plan
Of good and ill for me and man,
But that the common lot of man
Be nobly borne and glorified.

I know I may not always keep
My steps in places great and sweet,
Nor find the pathway to the deep
A path of safety for my feet.

But pray that, when the tempest's breath,
Shall fiercely sweep my way about,
I make no shipwreck of my faith
In the unshakable of doubt.

And that, though it be mine to know
How hard the stoniest pillow seems,
Good angels still may come and go
About the places of my dreams.

I do not ask for love below,
"That friends shall never be estranged."
But for the power of doing good,
My heart may keep its youth unchanged.

Youth, joy, wealth,—Fate, I give thee these:
I leave faith and hope till life is past;
And leave my heart's best impulses
Fresh and unfailing to the last.

Some Day.

BY JAMES WHITCOMBE RILEY.

Some day—so many tearful eyes
Are watching for the dawning light!
So many faces toward the skies
Are weary of the night!

So many falling prayers that rest
And stagger upward through the storm;
And yearning hands that reach and feel
No pressure true and warm!

So many hearts whose crimson wine
Is wanted to a purer stain;
And blurred and streaked with drops of wine
Upon the lips of pain!

Oh, come to them—those weary ones!
Or, if Thou still must hide awhile,
Make stronger yet the hope that runs
Before Thy coming smile.

And haste and find them where they wait,
Let summer winds blow down that way,
And all they long for, soon or late,
Bring round to the sun-sime day.

The Child's Good Morning.
"Good morning, world!" On the window seat
She balanced her two little timid feet
She clung with her dimpled hands and stood
Framed in like a picture of halcyon.

The chambering vines hung low and green
Round the sunlit curls that were seen,
As she stood with beauty and light imparted,
And bade "Good morning" to the little world.

"Good morning, world!" and the great world heard;
Each rustling tree and each singing bird,
The dancing flowers and the fields of grass
Nodded and smiled to the little maid.

And the far-off hills and the sky overhead
Listened and buzzed as the little maid said;
And the old sun lifted his head and smiled—
"Good morning, world!" "Good morning, child!"

—WOMAN'S JOURNAL.

Common Sense Spiritualism.

Continued from First Page.

gun an examination to determine how much was medium and how much spirit; and how much the result of his own foolish belief that everything that came to him in the name of God was truth.

The lesson for us is very plain and very practical. We for the most part sit deaf and blind to the spirit world around us. So our first step is to accept nothing contrary to mortal knowledge and experience. No feeling by Hamlet or Adam or Jonah if you please. We have to draw a perpetual line between emotion and reason. If an angel of mercy teach love and unselfishness, that is beautiful; but if that spirit next advise you to join a church, look out. Your reason and knowledge must save you. In cases of spirit return, you can not always guard yourself against simulation, but you can use knowledge as protection, and thus detect a deceiving spirit. Luther R. Marsh is woefully ignorant of spirit philosophy, or he would never have been fooled into writing such a book. Yet his honesty and sincerity are as pure as ours. Ignorance was his curse.

So the mortal can guard himself against spirit personation and fraud. If we ourselves climb to a higher spirit level, founded on knowledge, our spirit faculties grow. Then intention—which is spirit reason—becomes a watch-dog that little fraud can pass. We sense an influence not on our own level. Something tells us we are in danger, and we grow away from eager search for phenomena, as we become anxious to add truth to truth and knowledge to knowledge.

It is quite possible that some day a spirit voice may proclaim you, my brother or sister, as a God-chosen instrument for blessing the world. Possibly the voice may claim to be an archangel announcing you for some grand work. But if you find yourself in danger of believing him, the time has come for you to put cold water on your head, apply mustard to your feet, and see if you cannot possibly get up a circulation of reason and sound common sense. Do your duty to your fellows; strive to make others happy; obey all laws of health; grasp and hold the blessings of spirit return; but through it all mind that you hold your own reason as king by divine right.

SAN LEANDRO, CAL.

The Invisible.

W. A. Cram, in Unity.

This invisible part, in fact, the larger and more essential part, though our minds, as yet, grasp this feebly. Our low, limited vision of things precludes us from seeing anything but the crude skeleton forms of the grasses, flowers and trees about us. How can we bring this fact home to our minds as a more vivid reality? Here is a plant with stalk, leaf and flowers of different colors. Imagine the optic nerve affected—responding only to the stalk color—then we should see the plant only as a branching stalk; leaves and flowers would all be there, but not for us, because we should be blind to them. We may watch and study this skeleton form of a plant, leafless and flowerless, and count it very beautiful in its graceful, varied branchings and tendrils; though all the while this plant is clothed upon by a higher, more perfect form of organism than that which we see.

Could our eyes be opened but for one moment to behold this plant in its higher organism of leaf and flower, what a glorious new world for beauty and use would dawn upon us. Let us carry this lesson or law of life onward a step. To-day we behold our trees and plants in stalk, leaf and flower, as organized in those forms of matter visible to us; but we are still very blind to a more perfect world of forms over and about us; for the stalk, leaf and flower of every tree and plant, wears an ethereal garment, or organism, more perfect and beautiful than any we can yet behold. Bearing this thought in mind, the world becomes vital with a higher meaning, a more glorious promise of good. The wayside flower and the overshadowing tree are lovely and wealth-giving. As the magnet has unseen arms and hands in ethereal form, through which it works in marvelous ways, so the rocks, trees and plants about us, have their unseen arms and hands, so to speak, ministering to their higher growth, invisible to us. In their higher growth, we accept this lower growth into our grosser world of matter and sense, which for the grander and richer vision of the ethereal world of forms and being, above the lower we wait and grow.

We rest assured in this, that ever the soul, striving for clearer vision and larger living, reforms and perfects its organs of sense and action, so that more and more the higher world of forms and beings through those processes of spiritual growth and awakening, we call living and dying, appears and becomes our own.

It is a mistake to suppose that the rich man maintains his servants, tradesmen, tenants, and laborers; the truth is, they maintain him. It is their industry that supplies his table, furnishes his wardrobe, builds his houses, adorns his equipage, and provides his amusements. It is not the estate, but the labor employed upon it, that pays the rent. All that he does is to distribute what others produce, which is the least part of the business.—Paley.

Prismatic Souls.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

At my last writing I left a point just hinted at, but unexplained, which, though of little import seems calling me to a loose end in the warp calls the weaver, till I feel impelled to take it up, which done, I may go on weaving as the thought-life is in. I am in my accustomed state by a favorite window, where with eyes closed I often sit to become harmoniously related to the higher thought realm, that the voice of the incoming tide may breathe its lullaby to my higher self. I find these communings the sweetest hours of my existence, for in them I know I hear the Divine Voice that is born of the silence, the voice of the Deific Selfhood that touches the soul like the hush of holiness. I will say here, that never a day passes in our home, unless some unexpected event occurs, without our gathering together as a family for an hour, during which time we sit in silence with our hearts uplifted till we feel the benedictory words of divine love and peace. From such communings we go away strengthened in hope and purpose, and life has for us a higher significance than that born from the groupings of material circumstances. In this way the thought atmosphere of our home becomes more and more receptive to lines of light from realms immaterial to this, as we find ourselves growing broader in our charities, and more tender in our judgments, while we never miss from the day's economy the one hour thus given in communings with the All Good. I would propose like discipline for all chronic croakers, for such we know do exist, because we often hear their inharmonious growls, that seem to mean a great deal, yet the significance seldom ever culminates. A heart ever held in harmony with the Spirit of the Universe is always lighted and warmed till shadows and doubts find no lodgment therein; there is then nothing about which one needs to croak, while each day is a love-link in the chain of existence, each day the peace bells ring.

Fearing I may lose sight of the point referred to, till it slips through my rambling thought-messes and become these "needles in the hay-mow," I will pen it here. I would speak of Prismatic Souls, the name being given me by those who tread the shining shore. I shall not undertake to give Webster's definition of the word, because it may mean more to me than it did to him. A full prism signifies to me a surface so arranged as to receive and reflect most perfectly each distinct color, and souls, I am told, are prismatic when through their dealings with matter they have been so chiseled they both receive and reflect those pure rays that suffer not from combination. Each attribute of the soul must be so like the attributes of the Father that there is a perfect blending, when the soul may be said to be prismatic, reflecting only divine light. Such a soul do I consider Christ, for whom many Spiritualists take pride in weaving anew the crown of thorns, not because they are truly bad at heart, but they seem to think that in some way they have been misled, and feel it duty to show proper repentance. Surely we must all grow Christ-like, and in growing thus we will become prismatic. I will leave this one thought, without further word-drapery, because I have a perfect terror of long, over-wrought sentences, that fail to embody a single idea and even lack a rhetorical rounding that lets one down easily. In view of what we must grow to before we can become full inheritors of the unborn forever, I can but wonder how earth pilgrims ever expect to record through one incarnation more than a commendable beginning. Surely we never, in climbing a ladder, step from the bottom round to the very top, all in one breath. Many argue that there is abundance of time for growth in the land towards which we are all drifting; and I answer, yes, there is time to grow, but the soul's proof-sheets are not there; they must be found on material shores. It is one thing to grow where only love rules, and love-echoes fill all the air, and another thing to prove said growth in a land where the lesser good beckons the soul at every turn. The promise is to those that overcome, and to overcome means to contest the entire ground step by step from the valley to the very mountain top, and till this is done, one has not become superior to matter; and not to become superior, is to fall beneath its power, and respond again to the call, in the very tones of which are interwoven notes of mercy. In this way do I read the page of cause and effect, and reading, have neither fear nor dread of what the far away future may hold for me, because at every step I realize the presence and power of divine love that cannot let me traverse paths of too great weariness or discipline. If the path of my individual existence winds again valleyward, I can but say it is well, for there will be in it ascendant good, because the Father's will, which is love, will be the guide. It is not because of a peaceful sail adown life's tide during this incarnation that I look not forth with fear, for I have battled all the way thus far. At every turn of the tide the billows have rode mountain high. Yet, never have I been rocked in the cradle of the wave, but on the foaming crest have I sighted the hills peace-clad and luminous, that tell of Fatherland, where in the unborn sometime I shall stand redeemed through my own strivings, sustained by the love of the All Wise.

I did not intend to speak of incarnation, because one cannot in a limited article do justice to the subject. Besides, people are not apt to believe statements merely because they are printed, of which I approve, as it shows individuality. One must through growth be born into truth conditions, then all the path that led thereto is familiar to them. Besides, as one casts backward glances, it is peace giving. I think it unwise for any soul to assert with positive force the falseness of a principle they have never proven, as so doing, the beautiful gate that might swing open is doubly barred, shutting out from the gaze of the pilgrim, long stretches of country, where pure thought-tides keep forever fresh its fair hope blossom. If I have unsolved questions in my heart, I take them with me to my hour of silence, and as I contact Universal Mind, till I feel my own soul blending with the All Soul, I feel the mists lifted, and see the stepping stone that is always in waiting. In our home going there will be greater peace in patiently lifting our souls towards the All Good, than in poring over false premises of others, as the false will fade, and the true be draped in immortal robes. I promised myself my article should be short, and thus it shall be. Therefore, with a breath of tenderness wafted to the Mountain Rose, in response to her peace salutation, I sign myself

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