



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

VOL. X. {J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER, Flood Building, Market Street.} SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1890. {TERMS (In Advance): \$5.50 per annum; \$1.25 for six months.} NO. 15.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

There is nothing in life so earnestly to be sought for as character and probity.

There are those who never reason on what they should do, but on what they have done.

Fortune, good or ill, does not change men and women. It but develops their characters.

Ceremonies are different in every country; but true politeness is everywhere the same.—*Goldsmith.*

A single man who has health and brains, and can't find a livelihood in the world, doesn't deserve to stay in it.

Ignorance is not so damnable a humbug but when it prescribes pills it may happen to do more harm.—*From Felix Holt.*

It seems as if from as aren't wanted here are the only folks as aren't wanted 't the other world.—*From Adam Bede.*

People not only distress themselves because others do not think as they do, but are also distressed to know what others do think.

If a man could be conscious of all that is said of him in his absence he would probably become a very modest man indeed.

Popularity is like the brightness of a falling star, the fleeting splendor of a rainbow, the bubble that is sure to burst by its very inflation.

You cannot order remembrance out of the mind, said Thackeray, and a wrong that was a wrong yesterday must be a wrong to-day.

It is well that the book of life is opened to us page by page. Were all the hard lines bared at once the task would be too hard to master.

He who thinks he can do without others is greatly mistaken; and he who thinks others cannot do without him is still more grievously in error.

The conscience of every man recognizes courage as the foundation of manliness, and manliness as the perfection of human character.—*Thomas Hughes.*

Conquer thyself! Till thou hast done that thou art a slave; for it is almost as well to be in subjection to another's appetite as to thine own.—*Burton.*

The pleasures of this world are deceitful; they promise more than they give. They trouble us in seeking them, they do not satisfy us when possessing them.

What we need is a point of concentration toward which to direct our all efforts. We may not reach the goal, but our work will be all the better for having been wisely directed.

There is no way to compass any great purpose but by fulfilling with honor and fidelity all the lesser ones, by filling present life so full of earnest endeavor and energetic action that the future will call us to still higher spheres.

Washington City.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Not all of the readers of the GOLDEN GATE, Mr. Editor, have had the opportunity of visiting Washington, the Capital of the nation, and we venture to say that many who have, did not observe all the details that go to make Washington the most desirable city on the American continent to visit.

To this class we address ourselves. In our schoolboy days, when we were all reading up history, we then knew that the act establishing the seat of government at its present location, was passed in 1790, just one hundred years ago, and before there was even a village to mark the spot where to-day the most beautiful city on the continent stretches out its miles of broad asphalt paved avenues, lined on either side with trees, their wide spreading branches at places almost interlock each other across the street, and flanked by massive and costly public buildings and beautiful private residences; and to no one, nor to any dozen men are the people of the United States so much indebted for the "Beautiful City," as to Governor A. R. Shepherd, better known at that time as "Boss Shepherd." It was he who caused hills to be leveled, quagmires and gulches to be filled, streets to be widened and straightened, parks to be constructed, trees to be planted, and the city to be otherwise adorned and beautified. No man at that time was more contemned by the newspapers throughout the country than was "Boss Shepherd." But thanks to the inflexible will of President Grant, who kept Shepherd in position till the much needed improvements were made or inaugurated.

Much to the mortification of his maligners, we are told Shepherd left the City a poor man. But on his return to the City after an absence of fourteen years and after the wisdom of his acts while Governor of the District were fully appreciated, he was given an ovation by many of those who at one time could not find words strong enough to express their contumely and reproach for his acts in office.

The Capitol building, as every schoolboy knows, occupies a commanding situation on the crest of what is now known as Capitol Hill. The corner-stone was laid by Washington in 1793, in the presence of a large concourse of citizens. In 1814 and before the building was completed, it was destroyed by the British Army. The work of reconstruction, however, was immediately commenced, and a building 350 feet long by 290 feet wide was soon completed. But the rapid growth of the country soon required a much larger building, and in 1851 the work of constructing two wings was commenced; and now we have a structure 751 feet long, and one of the finest buildings for the purposes for which it is used in the world. The material of which the old building was constructed was yellow sandstone and is now painted white to correspond with the wings which are of white marble.

The architecture is of the Corinthian style, and the interior and exterior of the building is elaborately gotten up. The Dome is 396 feet high and is surmounted by a tholus upon which is placed a colossal statue of Freedom in bronze, 18 feet high, and is said to weigh fifteen tons. The total amount appropriated for the construction of the building is about \$200,000,000. The rotunda is 96 feet in diameter and 180 feet high to the canopy, which is 65 feet in diameter. The canopy is decorated by a fresco representing the dedication of Washington, with Freedom on the right and Victory on the left, while thirteen female figures in the foreground represent the original states. The circular walls of the rotunda is divided into eight parts and occupied by historical paintings about 14 by 20 feet in size. One represents the signing of the Declaration of Independence; two, The Surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga; three, The Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown; the fourth and last act in the great public drama as portrayed on canvas, is the Resignation of General Washington at Annapolis. The fifth historical picture is the baptism of the Indian Princess, Pocahontas; sixth, The Discovery of the Mississippi river by De Soto; seventh, The landing of Columbus on the Island he first discovered; the eighth and last of the great pictures that adorn the rotunda, is

the embarkation of the Pilgrim Fathers from Delf Haven for the wilds of America.

The Supreme Court of the United States occupies the room formerly used as the Senate chamber. The judges with their black gowns on and their whitened locks, look grave and dignified, and with a solid, intellectual looking set of men.

It was our good fortune the other day, to enter the Court-room while General Butler was speaking, this being the first time we had seen him. We cannot say he is handsome, but there is something better in his make-up. He is a logical and forcible speaker, and attracted the closest attention not only of the audience, but of the entire Court. This was a treat we have long wanted to enjoy, of listening to the best abused man in America, and yet General Butler is a man of irreproachable private character and whose fame will live long after the names of his maligners will be forgotten. Butler is a man of strong convictions, and is not afraid to express them when antagonized by others. In this he is to be respected, even if we do not agree with him. Of all men in the world most to be pitied are the moral cowards who have convictions, but from policy's sake or to be called good-looking, dare not express their honest opinions.

The reader will now please go with us to the National Hall of Statuary, being the room formerly occupied as the House of Representatives. This hall is said to have been modeled after the remains of a Grecian theatre at Athens. It is semi-circular, the roof being supported by columns of variegated marble or pudding stone, giving them a beautiful appearance. In this hall are statues from several States, some in bronze and some in marble. Rhode Island constitutes two, one of Major General Greene of the Revolutionary Army, and that of Roger Williams. Connecticut, those of Jonathan Trumbull and Roger Sherman; New York, those of George Clinton and Robert Livingstone; Vermont, those of that grand old warrior of Revolutionary fame, Ethan Allan, which represents the old hero at the time when, in the name of the "Great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress," he demands the surrender of Ticonderoga, the other, Jacob Colamer; Massachusetts, those of John Winthrop, the first Governor of the Colony, the second is that of her great Revolutionary leader, Samuel Adams; New Jersey, those of Richard Stockton and General Philip Kearney; Maine, that of William King, her first Governor. Then there are those of Lincoln, Jefferson, Fulton, and Alexander Hamilton.

We will now describe one of the three bronze doors which probably attracts more attention than most parts of the building, and then leave the Capitol, but advise all who visit it to engage a guide, who will call your attention to many things the casual visitor would miss.

Ascending the steps leading to the vestibule of the Senate wing of the Capitol, is the famous "Senate Bronze Door." It consists of two valves on which are raised figures, one representing war and its fierce conflicts, and Peace, with its attendant triumphs. The Battle of Bunker Hill and death of General Warren, the Battle of Monmouth, and General Lee, who mediated betraying the American Army, receiving a scathing rebuke from Washington; the siege of Yorktown with the gallant Hamilton at the head of the storming party, an allegorical representation of peace. Then the ovation to Washington at Trenton while on his way to New York to assume the duties of President.

The most magnificent bronze door in the world is the main door leading into the rotunda from the great eastern portico. It is ornamented with a symbolical history of Columbus and his discoveries, in high relief.

To give a detailed description of this magnificent building and its contents, would swell a newspaper article to too great proportions.

Now, if our readers will enter a street car with us we will visit the Army and Navy Medical Museum, which is said to contain the finest collection of surgical and medical pathological specimens in the world.

The object most sought for and looked at is a portion of the vertebrae of the neck of the assassin John Wilkes Booth, being the 3d, 4th, 5th vertebrae, showing the hole made by a bullet from a carbine; also a portion of the spinal chord showing the hole the bullet made in its passage through his

neck. Booth expired a few hours after being wounded. The next of interest, at least to the non-professional, is a part of the vertebrae of the neck, a part of the forearm and a piece of the rope with which Capt. Wirz was hanged for complicity in the assassination of Lincoln. The neck does not seem to be dislocated in the hanging of Wirz. Another object of interest consisted of a portion of the skin taken from a soldier killed in Texas by being stabbed to the heart with a dagger. The skin has been tanned and looks much like a piece of kid skin; while living the soldier had the American flag tattooed on his chest; a little below and over the region of the heart was the hole made by the dagger. The soldier's heart was near by preserved in alcohol, that, too showed the hole where the dagger had penetrated it. Then came the skin and bones of an Indian who had been buried in a tree, that being the custom among many tribes of the plains. This mode of burial is resorted to so as to prevent coyotes from eating up their dead. When we crossed the plains in 1852 we saw many graves that had been wholly or partially emptied of the bodies that were in them by the coyotes. By all means, dear reader, if you visit Washington it will pay you to visit this museum.

While at Georgetown we visited the grave and monument of John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, sweet Home," a comparative wanderer on the face of the earth without a Home, yet holding a government position at the time of his death at Tunis. He wrote the most charming and pathetic verses in the English language, on a subject his heart yearned for so much, but which he never attained—a Home. Desiring to be up in the world we entered the elevator in the monument and in eleven minutes we were at the top of the shaft and over four hundred feet above the City of Washington; the streets and buildings looked like children's toys, and persons and vehicles in the streets looked like antmires.

Easter Monday came and so did about two thousand children, young and old, to the grounds on the south side of the White House to witness egg rolling, an old German custom, and a merry time the little tots had in rolling eggs down hill and chasing them, for that seemed to be all there was of it. The Marine Band discoursed most elegant music, during which the President and family appeared on the south portico. They were greeted with hurrahs from little and big throats. The "Infante Terrible," or the terror of the household, Baby McKee, was seen at one of the windows with his nurse shaking his chubby fist with a kerchief in his hand at the crowd below. More anon.

AMOS ADAES.
WASHINGTON CITY, April 1290.

The Angel of the Lord.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Mrs. Cora Richmond's late discourse, "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," is pregnant with meaning, applicable to affairs transpiring in these modern times, as well as to the crucifixion of Christ. The Angel of the Lord, doubtless, stood in Pilate's chamber upon that memorable night and his wife was sufficiently sensitive to feel his presence and understand his meaning. Pilate felt and partook of the spirit of the vision, and hence he "washed his hands," and disclaimed all responsibility for the crucifixion.

In view of the astonishing events recently transpiring in Prussia, what but the most powerful influences could have brought them about? Have the spectres of Want and Oppression been haunting the young king? Does he catch glimpses of Frederick Charles, or the old King, among the tapestry? Or, did the Angel of the Lord, who stood in Pilate's chamber, give the solemn warning?

CHAS. H. WRIGHT.
POMONA, CAL.

CURE FOR PNEUMONIA.—Chop some onions fine, and heat in a large spider, add rye meal and vinegar to make a thick paste, and simmer for five or ten minutes. Stir it thoroughly, put in a cotton bag large enough to cover the lungs, and apply to the chest as hot as the patient can bear; when this gets cool, apply another; thus continue, and in a few hours the patient will be out of danger.

Summerland Notes.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Since our last letter appeared (now three weeks), we have been enjoying glorious weather, and consequently are making grand strides in every direction. Our Festival has also been the means of making this beautiful place more widely known, letters having poured in from all parts of the States from families seeking information, previous to their locating here. The following have also purchased lots, and many of them are getting ready to build upon them: Mrs. Helen A. Woodward, Eureka, Cal., 4 lots; Russell Wallen, Santa Barbara, Cal., 4 lots; Mrs. Cordelia H. Saum, Healdsburg, Cal., 4 lots; Eben Miller, Salt Lake City, Utah, 4 lots; Wm. McMeekin, San Jose, 4 lots; Chas. G. H. Haun, Louisville, Ky., 4 lots; Christian Ellmers, Brooklyn, N. Y., 4 lots; Edward J. Balch, M. D., South Bend, Ind., 4 lots; Mrs. J. S. Alexander, Minneapolis, Minn., 4 lots; Mrs. J. S. Alexander, Summerland, 4 lots; Byron Preston, Summerland, 4 lots; Mrs. Olive L. Levre, Washington, 4 lots; J. T. Morris, Kansas, 4 lots; L. P. Benjamin, Osawatomie, Kan., 4 lots; Mrs. N. K. Hawley, Cal., 2 lots; M. H. Ogden, Fullerton, Neb., 4 lots; D. W. Phillips, Santa Barbara, 4 lots; Mrs. Jennie Reed, Portland, Oregon, 4 lots; Daniel Clay, Melbourne, Australia, 4 lots; Wm. D. Clay, Melbourne, Australia, 4 lots; Ernest Clay, Melbourne, Australia, 4 lots; O. H. Southwick, Colton, Cal., 4 lots; Fred. H. Groves, Los Angeles, 2 lots. The magnificent library building is just receiving the finishing touches, and its great usefulness is being widely appreciated.

We would take this opportunity of reminding those who have already donated and also those who have kindly promised donations of books and works of art to our building, that we are now prepared to place them in position.

In conclusion, we would invite all those who are seeking a veritable paradise on earth, to come and visit us, and revel in the enjoyment of our beautiful and health-giving Summerland.

W. H. HANCOCK,
Secretary Free Library Association.

Premonition.

The Savannah News is authority for the following: Some time ago there was a lady from Macon visiting relatives in Athens. She had been there about a week when she suddenly received a telegram one morning from her home in Macon saying her nephew was quite sick.

On reading the telegram the lady suddenly grew pale, and appeared unduly excited about the news received. She did not speak, however, about it until she was leaving Athens on the Georgia Railroad. Then she told another lady from Athens who accompanied her, that on the night before receiving the telegram she had had a most frightful dream about this same nephew. She said that she dreamed he had become engaged in a row with two or three other men, and had been horribly shot and fatally wounded. The frightful vision was so impressed on her mind that she could even at that moment see her nephew shot down like a dog, and bleeding on the floor. The sight made her sick, and the lady almost fainted on the car. She was told that it was only a dream, and that it could have no bearing on the telegram whatever, as the telegram had only stated that her nephew was sick.

When the ladies changed cars at Barnett for Macon, a friend of the Macon lady came in the car, and in the presence of the Athens lady, told that the nephew had been shot, and in very much the same way that the dream had recounted.

THE will of the Indiana man who left thirty-five thousand dollars to found a home for old maids has been declared invalid by the court, the testator having been of unsound mind.

THE table upon which Oliver Cromwell signed the death warrant of Charles I. was sold recently to a London antiquary for \$710.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Economics.

BY DR. JOHN ALVIN.

Economics, for convenience, may be divided into states, municipal and personal. What are economics? It is the science of making the best use of the means that nature has placed at our disposal. I do not use the word circumstances, because after we are launched into physical life and come to years of reflection and action, we, to a great extent, make our own circumstances.

Every person should endeavor to manage his affairs so as to promote a healthy life and not be a burden upon others. Beyond this, every one is at liberty to seek a comfortable subsistence. But the standard of comfort is so variant with different persons, according to habit and ambition, that no universal rule can be had. Those who make the worst mistakes and failures, can criticize their neighbors and tell how they could improve their condition by dispensing with this or that expenditure, and using the means so saved in other ways. Many people will deprive themselves of home comforts through a vain ambition to appear to be in better circumstances than they are.

I know a farmer in Iowa who has three hundred acres of land and lives in an old log-house which cannot be well ventilated, and the wood decaying. It is neither comfortable nor healthful, and he cannot till more than one hundred acres of his land. He has three sons, and doubtful if they will all be farmers. This is bad economics.

Some people will pinch themselves in their home life, and spend from one to five hundred dollars a year in travelling. Travelling may be useful, but we may pay too dear for the whistle, as Franklin would say. It is not worth while to pursue this part of the subject further, as every one must settle his private problems for himself. But, Public Economy is worthy of careful consideration. There is much in what Pope says:

"For modes of government let fools contest; That which is best administered, is best."

Unless there is public spirit, or patriotism strong enough to control the selfish greed of partisans, the people would not be well served if the State should own and run railroads, and municipalities own the water supply, gas supply, and street railroads. They would be run in the interests of partisans, instead of the people. It is plain that when franchises are conceded to a corporation, a percentage should be reserved to the people.

In the colony of Victoria, Australia, we have an example of what has been achieved in socialism in several directions. The State owns and runs the railroads, and for sixty miles out of Melbourne the fare is one cent a mile, with monthly tickets at a much less rate. Here for the same distance we pay two dollars and five cents for sixty miles, over three times as much. The roads are not run at a loss either. This one item is sufficient to show how immense fortunes are made in rail-roading.

It was a comparatively easy problem to write out a system of public economies if the country were in a state of nature. It is easy to write a fair letter on a clean sheet of paper, but when it has been scribbled over it is different. Franchises have been given out by legislative enactment—money has been invested, and to take this property without giving a fair equivalent is robbery, and opens the door to anarchy and the ruin of all industries. To buy out railroads, gas and water companies, would involve a ruinous taxation for a generation. By the law of California municipal governments have the power to fix the water rates so as to pay a reasonable interest on the capital invested. To do more than this, as the courts very properly decide, would be to rob stockholders of their property to the extent that it was done.

In Oakland a corporation has been formed recently, with a capital of ten millions, to bring water from the Blue Lakes in Alpine country. If this is carried out the people can have an abundant supply of pure mountain water, and their health and comfort greatly promoted.

In San Diego the Flume Company has brought a supply of water from the mountains fifty miles away, at an actual cost of six hundred thousand dollars. The same outlay per capita for Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley would raise two millions. This judiciously expended would go far to bring in an abundant supply from the Sierras. But the bottom fact is that until there is more public spirit and political honesty among the mass of the people, much improvement is hopeless.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.—Vice thrives best in darkness. Turn the blaze of Spiritual Light upon it and its dark shadows vanish as a mist of night before the rising sun. We see it stated in many journals that since the utilization of the electric light on the public streets haunts of vice have disappeared from the public thoroughfares of cities where it is most used, and they have sought more congenial quarters in dimly lighted streets. Localities that were formerly considered dangerous after night are now perfectly safe with the increased illumination.

The business of saloons is profitable because they hide their transactions behind some device to obstruct the view of the saloon's interior from public gaze. If there

were no backrooms, barrels, blinds, painted windows, etc., to hide them from view, day or night, the respectable patronage that sustains the saloons would soon be done away with; for respectable patrons would not like to be seen drinking at the bar with the usual crowd that invest such places. Turn on the light!—*World's Advance Thought.*

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Evangelism and Spiritualism.

BY JOHN WYTHREKKE.

The "Hub" was highly favored to-day, April 14th, for the Rev. Wm. H. Claggett, the famous St. Louis evangelist, gave his announced lecture, denouncing Spiritualism, as a work of darkness. The papers say the meeting was fashionably attended, mostly females, mentioning also the names of about a dozen evangelical ministers as being present. He remarked that his lecture was not so much to confirmed Spiritualists, as for Christians who were practically ignoring this great evil, and for the thoughtless public who may be leaning towards it, for it appeals, he said, to the strongest feelings of the human heart, our love for the departed dead. He differed, he said, very much from most of the evangelists, "for there were some truths in Spiritualism, but," said he, "the question is where Spiritualism comes from. I say it is the creation of the devil." He spoke of the great number of the Spiritualists, claiming as they do, many millions. "Men are mistaken who think it is only ignorant and unthinking people who are led away by Spiritualism, for among them have been some of the brightest intellects." "While we, as Christians," said he, "are practically ignoring this great evil, its followers are actively at work." Most Christians were inclined to dismiss it as all fraud and delusion, and say there is nothing in it, but, "I tell you," said he, "there is something in it; it is, I say to you, one of the greatest powers for evil now at work in the world."

Now it is generally admitted by all thoughtful people that the devil is a myth, that there is no personality of evil, that the idea is a relic of the dark and superstitious age. Well, that being so, it eliminates the devil from his argument as being the creator of Spiritualism, so his discourse instead of "denouncing Spiritualism," is rather favorable to it. This famous evangelist is so full of the devil that he will not see it. It was well that he stated that his lecture was not intended for confirmed Spiritualists, for if any were present they will thank him for his admissions, for they know there are evil spirits as well as good, and so prove the fact that a man survives death as well as good spirits. Let us look at some of his admissions. He admits that there are "some truths" in Spiritualism, and the "some truths" will stay, for truths never die. There is no doubt, as he says, it appeals to the strongest feelings of the human heart—our love for the departed; and this attractive fact should take a load off the shoulders of the "bright intellects" that he says are attracted to Spiritualism in an evangelical estimation. It should make (if there be any bright intellects in his church) them consider whether being led away by Spiritualism is not being led into higher and better conditions, and whether the great advance in modern thought is not due to this "work of darkness?" He says further that great multitudes have been led astray by the workings of this insidious system, and their numbers are constantly increasing. Well, this is true, they have found "some truths" in it, and they have not found any in the superstitious talk of the evangelist.

He says also, "there is something in it," (disputing the evangelical impression), and that it is one of the greatest powers of evil now at work in the world. Now admitting there are truths in it, and there being no devil, a myth cannot be the creator of Spiritualism, it logically makes the "something in it" one of the greatest powers for good, instead of evil, though depletion of the church and interest in it is to this famous evangelist the greatest evil. But the church from A to Z, from liberal to orthodox, from rational to superstitious, has learned something in the last half a century, and it is not saying too much to attribute it to this modern Spiritual movement. So, reading between the lines of his words, this famous evangelist is doing good rather than harm.

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do anything.—*Samuel Johnson.*

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 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 new remedies is sent free on receipt of stamp to pay postage by Hospital Remedy Company, Toronto, Canada, sole proprietors.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

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

"I give and bequeath to the GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, incorporated November 23, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, ——— dollars."

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[TITLE PAGE.]

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—{ OR 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. 905 1/2 and 913 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 10:30 A. M., at 909 Market street, St. George's Hall. Also on Oakland at 2 P. M., and 7:10 P. M., in Shattuck Hall, 3rd street, and Broadway Oakland. Admission ten cents.

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 2 P. M. Admission to cents.

THEOSOPHY.—OPEN MEETINGS OF THE AUSTRALIAN Lodge of the T. S., for inquiry, are held in Oakland every Sunday at 7:30 P. M., in the Jewish Synagogue, Corner Clay and 12th Streets. All are invited.

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OPEN MEETING.—ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, November 18th, at 9 o'clock, a Bible Class will be held at the Home College, 344 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 10 cents. The Free Library connected with the above, is open every Sunday at 2 P. M.

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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.

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SUMMERLAND,
SANTA BARBARA CO., CAL.

From the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

[Written for the Golden Gate, by Spirit Faidie, Leader of the Oriental Band, to the children of the Order in earth land, through the mediumship of Mrs. E. S. Fox, Seer of the Order of Light.]

Children in the valleys: Saidie's greeting to each and every one. From the upper courts, where now a congress is convened, Saidie has come, to send messages therefrom to each child, who reaches high for truth. There is now convened a Council such as this earth never knew, in the Halls of Light, where no shadow of earth is ever seen or felt. There the Wisdom Spirits from many planet homes are convened, that they may consider with Saidie the needs and requirements of the children who are tasting the bitter cup of experience this planet holds to the lips of those who are longing and yearning for redemption from the fetters of materiality, which weaves its webs, and entangles the feet of every pilgrim who walks its shores. Children, you can readily understand Saidie's meaning when she says, this world is an unfortunate child of the Father, born in inharmonious, and tossed upon its restless billows. This is proven to every reader of past history. You might almost wonder as you look over the past, where the love of the Infinite for every world that swings in space, was hidden or sleeping. Look at the thought-world of the planet, as revealed to its children. See the ignorance and superstition. Saidie might truly term these the parents of barbarism; and then in the same moment let your minds wander away into the realms of eternal truth. Think of the midnight darkness of the one, and the supernal glory and light of the other, and comprehend if possible the thought that this world shall yet be lighted by the lamp of fadless truth; shall receive the light of wisdom and learn the depths of Deific love. Other worlds have the light of truth, their children know the law of love and are guided thereby, while the children of this planet have fought with the wild beasts of undevelopment, themselves partaking the nature of lesser good, tossed to and fro upon the restless seas of thought and purpose, until in very weariness they turn to find the heart of love, if so be one beats in sympathy and tenderness for them. It is not a source of wonder to the Angels of Light that man has trembled with fear when a revelation from the Beyond is laid before them to consider. But it is a source of wonder that humanity hesitates to strike off the shackles of superstition and go forth freely into the universe of God's truth, fearlessly to search for that which shall be fadless as the stars of heaven.

To-day, in the temples built for worship, are the emblems of God's love gathered; the beautiful, fragrant blooms, typical of His love for His children. And man comes into the sanctuary with songs of praise on this Easter morn; comes with closed eyes and heart to sing of the love of which they know naught. Ah, children of earth, you banish the Easter-morn from heart and temple. He whose resurrection you sing to-day, is far from every one of you. If you would see him, as Saidie has today, as the came into our Council with bowed head and heavy heart, with the words issuing from his lips: "How long, ye Angels of Light, oh how long think you these mockeries will ascend from the earth-temple; these meaningless rites have wearied my very soul." And he has sought a lowly home where he can minister to one of earth's weary ones, and lighten the valley just before weary feet, with the light of his truth and love. He turns from the worship, & c'm as Saidie, and marks where the truth finds a resting place in the heart. The time must come when angel voices can be heard, and an Easter-morn shall dawn on this benighted world. Children, go forth happily, each one bearing to other hearts the truth that dwells within you now. Saidie would have each one become a beacon-light wherever you are. You have the light of truth within that has banished the fear of death. Live before every one the true principles of right and justice; put to shame the false and untrue; let the home banner each one holds be spotless—and leave a record that will live in the hearts of mankind. Saidie would see each and every one fearless supporters of all that is good and true. Let no discord or inharmonious dwell within your hearts, but be the beacon lights this world needs.

We have discussed the needs of the land, have written opposite the name of each standard bearer the fulfillment thus far recorded by them. Remember each child has borne a mission earthward that must be fulfilled. These missions are all recorded with the promises made long ago and now again the wisdom guides have lain them before the assembled Council, where eyes read promises made in the land where again you will meet these, and their fulfillment.

Saidie tells you this, not to make the burthen of responsibility over-heavy to bear, but to stimulate each one to loving effort that you may not only be happy in your life work, but may hear the well earned "well done," when again you shall stand with Saidie in the council chambers above.

Children, take to your hearts the pure principles of right and justice, and be their living exemplifiers. So shall your paths

through life be pleasant ones, and your companions be the angels of light.

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

OSWEGO, N. Y., April 12, 1890.

Worship.

BY REV. MARY TRAFFAN WHITNEY.

Martineau says that "all that we believe without us, we must feel within us; and it is the one sufficient proof of the grandeur and awfulness of our nature that we have faith in God, for no merely finite being can possibly believe the infinite."

We live, or are capable of living, a double life. That which we are the most conscious of is the surface life that has to do with all the necessities and formalities of our physical existence. It comprises a certain kind of intellectual effort; but it is akin to the intellectual effort of the dumb animals which makes it possible for them to supply their needs, care for their offspring, and lay up stores for the future. All these things require thought, but it is thought on the lowest scale. As man shares all the physical needs of life with the dumb animals, he, too, has a good deal of thinking to do on this lower scale; and, though he provides himself a better habitation and better food, yet the thought he gives to those things alone will not lift his life very much above the life of the brute.

Now, we are habitually conscious of the physical demands that are laid upon us. We know that we are hungry and must prepare the necessary food. We know that the body needs covering, and the frequently changing fashion, as well as the frequently changing climate, does not let us forget this; and so it is with all the things of our outward life. We are constantly thinking about them, and they are ever present to our consciousness.

But there is another realm of life open to man, a realm in which thought is on a higher plane. There are times when we are clearly conscious of something not physical. The hard, practical, selfish standards of life fade out of sight, and there is a new heaven and a new earth. New and higher motives control us. Temptations lose their power, the right seems clearer, the things we had faintly believed and hoped seem certain, the jar and discord of life are lost in a grand harmony; something great and good seems to be present, and we yield ourselves to it. There is no struggle, no resistance. It is just a conscious spiritual life; and though the exaltation may not remain, it has lifted us out of the rut of physical existence, and we can never yield to temptation again without contrasting our baseness with the height which we had once reached.

Now, this experience of a higher life I call worship. It is the spirit of man becoming aware of the spirit of God. It is the conscious, active exercise of the soul; and it carries us to such a height above the every-day experiences of the physical world that we can look down upon them and get a wide view, which reveals things in their relation to each other.

As we travel over a country road, we are painfully conscious of all its roughness and unevenness; but, if we ascend a mountain and look down upon it, we see it is a line of light stretching over the smooth landscape. As we see it in its relation to the hills and valleys and rocks and streams, it looks much more satisfactory than when we are struggling over it with tired feet.

Something like this is the view we get of our life, with all its perplexities, from the height of our spiritual consciousness. When we look at it as a whole, in its relation to the great sum of being, its roughness and unevenness disappear, and the grandeur of its possibilities comes to view.

So what Martineau says is true to the experience of every one, that "all that we believe without us, we first feel within us." Only as we retire from the outer things of physical life to some mount of transfiguration and get the clearer vision of the spirit, only as we feel the great tidal waves of the infinite flowing in upon us, have we any firm faith in that infinite.

Count Macaroni—O my life! my beautiful life! The countess—Oh, keep quiet, will you? If I had known you were ever going to make such a fool of yourself I would never have let pay buy you for me.—Terra Haute Express.

Can man or woman choose duties? No more than they can choose their birthplace, or their father or mother.

There is no evil which we cannot face or fly from, but the consciousness of duty disregarded.—Daniel Webster.

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 post 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.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Spirits.

BY ELLA L. MERRIAM.

Adversity better tests our calibre, than prosperity.

Demonstrate the virtue of your belief, by your life.

A selfish, sordid existence is worse than wasted.

Scout the idea of failure, if you wish success.

Face sunward, and avoid shadows.

Dismiss an unpleasant thought as you would a live ember.

There are more moral, than physical cowards in the world.

Lazy minds are far more numerous than lazy bodies.

Often times when Hope is the feeblest, joy is the nearest.

A shower of tears often brightens our mortal skies.

True greatness is oftener found in the "so-called" minor occurrences of life.

Life is too brief for dreaming; stirring helpful thoughts and deeds are its urgent necessities.

I'd rather beg my bread from door to door, than to go through life a spiritual pauper.

Chance keeps us ever alert, but spiritual knowledge provides for our safety.

Our talents will prove accusing voices, if we fail to use them for the good they would accomplish.

Each day so live, that the consciousness of "duty done" will cheer your pillow at night.

A peaceful, tranquil mind is a mirror, upon whose receptive surface the lessons of life are more readily and vividly pictured.

After all, to think good pure thoughts is the greatest accomplishment in life, and the most glowing passport into the next.

The Art of Prolonging Life.

Dr. Robson Rose, in Popular Science Monthly.

Somewhat different advice must be given with regard to bodily exercise in reference to longevity. Exercise is essential to the preservation of health; inactivity is a potent cause of wasting and degeneration. The vigor and equality of the circulation, the functions of the skin, and the aeration of the blood, are all prompted by muscular activity, which thus keeps up a proper balance and relation between the important organs of the body. In youth, the vigor of the system is often so great that if one organ be sluggish another part will make amends for the deficiency by acting vicariously, and without any consequent damage to itself. In old age, the task cannot thus be shifted from one organ to another; the work allotted to each sufficiently taxes its strength, and vicarious action cannot be performed without mischief. Hence the importance of maintaining, as far as possible, the equitable action of all the bodily organs, so that the share of the vital processes assigned to each shall be properly accomplished. For this reason exercise is an important part of the conduct of life in old age; but discretion is absolutely necessary. An old man should discover by experience how much exercise he can take without exhausting his powers, and should be careful never to exceed the limit. Old persons are apt to forget that their staying powers are much less than they once were, and that, while a walk of two or three miles, may prove easy and pleasurable, the addition of a return journey of similar length will seriously overtax the strength.

Stanley says that during his recent African expedition he came across a new and interesting race of blacks, the Wahumas, who were absolutely European in type and very intelligent. They appeared to be descendants of the ancient Ethiopians, who settled in some way not known to him in Equatorial Africa. These people never intermingled with the aboriginal races, but kept their blood intact, considering the ordinary negroes beneath them.

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Published every Saturday by the "GOLDEN GATE PUBLISHING AND PRINTING COMPANY," at
Floor Building, Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

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MRS. MATTIE P. OWEN, Secretary and Assistant

TERMS:—\$2.00 PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE; \$1.25 FOR SIX MONTHS. Clubs of five (paid to separate addresses), \$7.50, and extra copy to the sender. Send money by postal order, when possible; otherwise by express.

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS should be addressed to "GOLDEN GATE Floor Building, San Francisco, Cal."

SATURDAY, APRIL, 26 1890.

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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 made by postal notes or postage stamps.

J. J. OWEN, Manager.

FOLLOW THE PATH.

There is only one way of life that leads to peace and happiness and that is the way of harmony. In married life, the husband and wife, with perfect confidence in and love for each other—with their lives harmoniously interlarded, and ever together reaching outward and upward for spiritual unfoldment—they become a power unto themselves which neither could attain to alone. By harmony they contact spiritual forces and currents which bear them onward to success, in all worldly matters, and enable them to master obstacles to which they would otherwise succumb. A harmoniously united pair, living up to their highest and best ideals of life and duty, become a mighty host and power in the struggle of life. Mountain barriers melt away before them, and obstacles that would appal hearts less strongly fortified, disappear like the mist before the rays of the noonday sun. Husbands and wives who are thus in harmony cannot afford, by any means, to break away from the currents of the divine life they are living and moving in, for they thereby invite moral and spiritual death. Where before were green pastures, the murmur of brooks, and the song of birds, there now spreads out before them the gloom of the desert, the black wastes of dark and dismal places. Follow the path, for only thereby can you reach the haven of rest.

SPIRIT DENTISTRY.

Miss Lizzie Plimley, the child medium of Oakland, of whom we have heretofore written, and in whose presence we have witnessed some remarkable manifestations of spirit power, has now reached the age of thirteen, and is developing a gift of mediumship that we predict will yet bring her into the front rank of the world's mediumistic workers.

Lizzie's familiar spirit is a half-bred Indian girl, named "Minnie," who is her constant companion and protector. To show the power of this control, the following incident, as related to us by Lizzie's father, occurred a few days ago. Lizzie had been suffering from a decayed tooth for some days, but, like most children would prefer to suffer the pain than to endure the keener pang of having it extracted. While sitting in their family developing circle, on the evening referred to, after some two or three of her guides had controlled her vocal organs to talk with those present, "Minnie" came in like a flash, and with great power. Lizzie's mouth was held open as if undergoing a dental operation, and instantly the offending tooth lay in the girl's hand—as neat a job of dentistry as any skilled dentist could have made of it. Lizzie knew nothing of what had happened until she was restored to consciousness, when her father asked her about the tooth. She manifested the greatest surprise to find that it was out, and was frightened to think she must have swallowed it.

—But few people get out of life its richest joys, for the simple reason that they are prone to imagine that true happiness must necessarily belong to the physical life, rather than to the "things of the spirit." We forget that the joys of earth, even the most enticing, are necessarily only for a few days. The blandishments of youth and beauty, and all things that contribute thereto—wealth, society, position,—these disappear in time, and then what is there left? So we come at last to the ultimate of being, which is spirit. This is the foundation whereon we must build if we would find shelter and rest when all things of earth shall fade away.

"FACTS" AND "INFERENCES."

Free Thought, of April 19th, has an article entitled "Spiritualism not Science," in which the author leaves us in some doubt as to his real meaning. He says for instance, that "to admit 'the facts of Spiritualism is not to admit Spiritualism itself. . . . Spiritualism as I define 'it includes two things, facts and inferences. . . . I don't deny any facts, but I do deny an 'inference.'"

It would seem from this statement that *Free Thought* accepts our facts. That is something of a concession, surely. In denying the inferences from these facts it behooves it to step cautiously, lest it trip itself, and become entangled in the meshes of its own logic.

One of our facts, that *Free Thought* will not presume to deny, is that of independent writing. An intelligence, possessing knowledge independent of the medium, and often, also of the investigator, purports to be that of a once mortal person. It gives names, dates, *fac similes* of hand writing, and incidents confirming its claims. What is the inference? What can it be other than what it claims to be, or something with a separate, but invisible, individuality and personality—a real entity possessing all the dimensions of space that belong to the mortal, with perhaps other qualities unknown to the mortal?

If *Free Thought* should receive a letter by mail, purporting to come from some friend in a distant city, containing the same evidence of genuineness, would not the inference be conclusive that the letter came from his friend? So also of a telegraphic message, with less evidence of genuineness, would *Free Thought* not know positively that if not from his friend, it was from some intelligent being at the other end of the line?

Now here is a sample of our facts, and the irresistible inference. Can our materialistic neighbor escape from it?

Let us take another well attested "fact": Lurancy Vennum, a young girl of twelve years, is an invalid subject to fits, and thought to be insane. Suddenly her identity changes, and she claims to be Mary Roff, a young lady who passed to the other life twelve years before, or about the time of Lurancy's birth. She no longer knows her parents, the Vennums, but insists upon going to the home of the Roffs, where she was taken. She recognized Mary's old friends and acquaintances, all of whom were unknown to Lurancy. She is a dutiful daughter to the Roffs, and assists in the domestic duties of the household, for a period of three months, until Lurancy's body was fully restored to health. Mary then informed her parents, the Roffs, that her time had come to take her departure, and to deliver the body over to the rightful owner. She bade the Roffs an affectionate farewell, and as suddenly as at first, became Lurancy Vennum, fully cured of her infirmity. These are the condensed facts of a well known and thoroughly verified case, as contained in a little work known as "The Watseka Wonder." Now what is the inference? Simply that Mary Roff's spirit had temporarily taken possession of Lurancy's body for the purpose of restoring her to health.

From ten thousand facts, similar in character, occurring all over the world, for a period of forty years, and indeed occurring more or less frequently all along the line of human history, what inference would a wise man naturally draw? What claim to wisdom can he possess who persists in denying the only logical inference that can be drawn from such facts?

In denying the inference, our neighbor, to be reasonably consistent, should deny the facts also.

YOUNG WILLIAM AGAIN.

The world cannot watch too closely, nor study with too much interest, the social and political movements and edicts of Emperor William, for the destinies of Europe are more or less dependent upon the fortunes of that mighty and well-ordered empire. No one will dispute that the Emperor has set out on a career fatal to monarchy, but he is sufficiently far-sighted to know no other crowned head will control the German people another quarter of century; and he is honest, manly and brave enough to fall into line, and march as far as his life may permit, toward Republicanism, the destiny of all nations. Emperor William is a man who must make all honest and freedom-loving people feel like taking him by the hand and calling him brother, as indeed he is proving himself to be, even to the humblest of mankind. Advances from London, of the 14th, state that the Grand Council of the Federation of Trades has decided upon a parade of workmen on May 1st. Similar preparations are going on throughout Germany. Emperor William has forbidden the police to interfere. He wishes the workmen to have the greatest freedom consistent with good order. In Austria, France and Italy, on the contrary, there is a determined opposition to the proposed display, which it is needless to say only strengthens the determination on the part of the workmen.

It is also needless to add that there will be trouble in the various cities of these latter countries on the 1st of May. We doubt not the workmen of Germany will respect their good Emperor enough to conduct themselves peaceably on that day.

HARD LINES.—Many of us think we have a hard time of it in the struggle of life, and so no doubt we have, especially when sickness lays its

everish hand upon us. But here is a case that is truly pitiable: James Dodge was a number of years ago, a healing medium in this city. Latterly he was engaged in mining near Chidese Camp, with the poorest kind of miner's luck. About two months ago his cabin was destroyed by fire with all his humble effects. Then came a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism which rendered him prostrate, helpless, and utterly destitute. He is now thus afflicted, and appeals to us, through a friend, for help. Reader, can you spare a dollar for "sweet charity's sake." If so, send it to James Dodge, care A. B. Fuller, Chidese Camp, and it will be credited to your bank account "over there."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Mrs. M. E. Cramer of this city is teaching large classes in spiritual science in Denver, Colorado.

—*New Thought* has merged into *The Better Way*. This is a better way than to "die and make no sign."

—Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Aspinwall were recently holding seances and lecturing in New Orleans. Mrs. Aspinwall was formerly Mrs. Huston, the materializing medium.

—Wanted—lady solicitor for Job Printing. Salary and commission paid. References required. Apply immediately, at "Golden Gate" Job Printing Office, room 43 Floor Building.

—Mrs. E. B. Crossette has just returned to this Coast after seven months traveling and lecturing in the East. Mrs. Crossette is one of the grandest of our home workers—cultured, spiritual and thoroughly good.

—A branch of the "Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union," has been established at Summerland, by J. S. Babee, National Organizer for that guild. The particulars of the workings of this institution will appear in our next.

—G. H. Brooks, trance speaker, and psychometric reader, would like to make arrangements with societies, in the State, to lecture and give platform readings. Please address GOLDEN GATE office.

—Dr. Mansfield will leave this city May 1st, for Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, and Boston. He will attend the different camp meetings and return to San Francisco September 1st.

—Our readers will please be advised that we cannot consent to sit with Fred Evans as proxy for persons from a distance. In consenting to do so in a few instances, it was in the interest of the Cause of Spiritualism generally, and not for any personal satisfaction.

—Dana of the N. Y. *Sun* and ex-President Grover Cleveland, are just now saying some very disagreeable things of each other. As they are both truthful men, we extend to each of them our heartfelt sympathy. It is painful for us to believe either of them as bad as represented.

—Horticultural Hall, San Jose, with a seating capacity of about two thousand, was packed, on Sunday evening last, to hear that marvelous instrument of the spirit world, Mrs. J. J. Whitney. There were six hundred reserved chairs in the house, all occupied. The medium was held entranced for one hour and a half, and gave one hundred and eleven tests. To-morrow will be her last Sunday for the present in San Jose, after which she will leave for Oregon.

—We are requested to state that there are two persons now at Summerland who are lot owners, but who will not be ready to build upon their lots till next winter; but they want houses to live in, and will pay to any other lot owners who will build on their own lots, as rent, fifteen per cent of the cost of the building, for one year. Mr. Williams informs us that houses are in demand now, and that lot owners can make a good interest on their investment by putting up cottages for rent.

LONG TIME LEARNING.

"There is no reformation in degradation. To mutilate a criminal, is to say to all the world that he is a criminal, and to render his reformation substantially impossible. Whoever is degraded by society becomes its enemy. The seeds of malice are sown in his heart, and to the day of his death he will hate the hand that has sown the seeds.—Ingrail.

Eighteen hundred years of Christian teaching, and the world has got to be told how to treat criminals, in order to reform them, and that by an infidel! Our reformatory institutions, so-called, are more confirmatory than otherwise. Any such institution that puts a mark of designation upon its inmates, had better not exist, for any good it does. It is a direct expression of its opinion and estimation in which they are held, and can only have one effect, that of further weakening its vital spark of self-respect, that that should by all means be strengthened and stimulated to growth. Very often, all that an erring mortal needs to become of good to himself and others, is the faith and encouragement of others. Every one, even the best, needs this encouragement from a higher motive. If the strong need it, how much more do those who were born with moral infirmities? We must learn how to treat mental and moral maladies, before we know what our criminal classes are good for outside the prison and the noose. We have no right to shirk the responsibility of caring for all weak mortals; nor of sending them hence before they are called.

—No principle of justice affecting labor or capital was ever yet settled by an organized reform on the part of the one to accede to the demands of the other. Concession to the demands of either is only a makeshift, a sort of duress, which tends to scatter rather than to unite the interests of employer and laborer. The only true remedy for existing evils is co-operation, and that is a matter that is largely in the hands of the laborer.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

We give the following cuttings from those eloquent divines, T. Starr King and James Freeman Clarke, to show precisely how their ideas of the future state correspond with those of the leading teachers of our philosophy. In speaking of the future, Starr King, says: "My brother, your sin, if not unrepented and repented of, your evil habit, hanging so slowly and by subtle aggregations, is casting a long shadow far out beyond the sunset: it is pledging your rank and mortgaging your peace in the world of truth toward which you are fitting. Your good resolutions, your efforts to enlarge and cultivate your soul, your nourishment of charity, are pouring a stream of light and hope of the future, or, rather, they are making your soul buoyant and translucent for the serene atmosphere and spiritual sunbeams of eternity. What we need is to banish all haze from our conceptions of the reality of that state, so that we can think of it heartily and talk about it to each other with clear eye and open brow, as we would talk of some great university or gorgeous landscape of a foreign land. Thus only can we have any comfort when our dearest are transferred hence. This is the way to think of the future world,—not in weak fancy, but in conviction that our powers of thought, feeling, and worship are our real substance here; that what we know of the universe is limited by the few avenues open in our fleshly organization, and that truth and love and light are infinite, and will be revealed to us in far higher and more sublime ways as soon as the carnal framework of our intellect and soul is stricken from partnership with our inmost substance."

Then read what Mr. Clarke says of knowing each other after this feverish life is over. And it is not one of the dearest consolations, taught by spirit inspiration, that there we shall know each other as we never have here. In reply to the question, "Shall we know each other in the other world?" Mr. Clarke says: "Yes, far better than we know each other here. The progress of man implies a more intimate knowledge of his fellow man. Animals seem to know each other chiefly in their external relations. Man, in his lower state, does not enter very deeply into the souls of those nearest to him. As he ascends, he knows them better. He understands more of their character, hopes, purposes, needs, qualities, defects, and so is able to help them much more effectively. But, still, how little we know of each other, how difficult is communication, how hard to tell what is within us! How we misunderstand each other! How we misinterpret each other's motives! How seldom comes an hour of real intercourse, when soul speaks to soul! But, in the higher world, I believe we shall enter easily and naturally into the most intimate communion, shall know as we are known. There all disguises and concealments, all diffidence and distrust, shall fall away from the soul; and we shall have the joy, perhaps the highest joy we have known on earth, of coming into intimate union with those we love. The heartrending misunderstandings of this life will cease. The cruelties born of ignorance will be no more. The harsh, cold, bitter judgments we pass on each other will be left behind.

"If, in a long life here, I have gained anything which is worth keeping, it is the knowledge and friendship and love of pure, generous, noble souls. Am I to lose that great inheritance? Am I to go into the other world poor, lonely, homeless, alone? Am I to console myself by being an unembodied spirit, wandering solitary among the stars or filling space, with no home, no society, no brotherhood? I do not so understand the lessons of experience or the facts of observation. When all other memory fades from the mind of the dying, when his other thoughts are bewildered, the other impressions of time effaced, he still shows by a faint pressure of the hand, by a feeble sign of the head, that his love remains. The last look of the dim eye seeks the faces of those he loves. The last faint whisper of the failing voice is a murmur of blessing on those dear ones. Love is stronger than death: will it not survive the grave?

Yes: when I open my eyes on a new world, I expect to come once more into the company of those who have been my inspiration, my comfort, my joy in this life. I shall learn what these years have been teaching them; and they shall be again my friendly companions and helpers. I shall see again the parents and the dear children whose love has sweetened my life. I shall be a little child once more myself. Yes; and I hope to come very near to my master, Jesus, and to have my errors corrected, and be taught the alphabet of a higher language of truth. Not all at once, perhaps; for the laws of gradation and limitation will apply there as here. But, if faith and hope and love abide, then there will be always more of knowledge, more of work, and more of love in that divine beyond. With such views as these, we can be better comforted for the loss of those who leave our sides. We can be more ready to go ourselves when the time comes."

"DO IT."

Some one said the only way to do a thing, is to do it, and we believe it was Horace Greeley. How better could one be told or instructed to become self-helpful? One never knows what he or she can do until they try; the moment they do so, they will become conscious of unseen helpers, giving them suggestions, correcting their errors, giving new ideas of the thing in hand or mind, that would surprise many persons—who never tried. If your first effort is a failure to the world in which you live, be assured it is counted as a step to success in the unseen, where nothing goes for naught. The thing we would do, trying to turn it to permanent material account, is very often but a preparation to something yet unrevealed. We should all think of this when performing what is commonly considered as drudgery. We must grow in all ways, if we would obtain phenomenal growth in one way. Whatever work comes to one, whatever thing to do, that one should do cheerfully, and

to the best of his ability. It was said long ago, "All roads lead to Rome." It may be said more truthfully, that all work leads to the perfect ideal work—which is always that last added to our individual being; that in which our whole life comes into harmony, and through which the spirit and soul gain their perfect unfoldment in the earth sphere. So what comes to be done, do it.

MR. COLVILLE'S WORK.

On Sunday last, April 20th, W. J. Colville lectured morning and evening in College Hall, 106 McAllister street, and in the afternoon in the Oakland Synagogue, to large and highly appreciative audiences. At both places the flowers were very beautiful, and the sweet singing of Mrs. Chandler and Miss Lang added greatly to the exercises.

The lecture in the morning was on "True and False Prophecy," was full of excellent advice, particularly adapted to susceptible people, whose impressibility is a frequent cause of the temporary triumph of deception. Mrs. Woodworth, Erickson, and persons of that stamp, are excited mediums and mesmerist subjects. Their predictions grow out of their overwrought nervous condition, aggravated by intense love of notoriety. A true prophet is a seer and an exhorter, one whose knowledge of the universe is greater than ordinary, and who, therefore, far more often confirms his statements to the law of sequence than he indulges in particular prediction.

The afternoon discourse on "The Humanity of Christ," will soon appear in print. It contains much exalted sentiment, and gave great delight to the audience.

The evening lecture was on "Nationalism, from a Spiritual Standpoint."

On Monday, April 21st, Mr. Colville lectured in San Jose, to large audiences, who expressed regret at his removal to a distant field of work. The balance of the week he spent in Stockton and Sacramento.

W. J. Colville's farewell on Sunday next, April 27th.—He will lecture at College Hall, 106 McAllister street, at 10:45 A. M., on "New Theology, or No Theology—which?" At 3 P. M., on "What Shall the Harvest Be?" At 7 P. M., his lecture in Oakland Synagogue will be on "Needs and Duties of the Hour." This (Saturday) evening, his friends in Alameda will bid him farewell at 1725 Everett street. Exercises at 8; supper at 10.

On Monday, April 25th, a mass meeting of his friends in San Francisco will attend with him, and enjoy a musical treat, interspersed with short speeches, prior to his valedictory address and poem. Exercises at 7:45 P. M., followed by supper. The music will be of a high order of excellence, and will be rendered by an augmented choir and orchestra. Tickets, 25 cents.

On Tuesday, April 28th, he will speak in Stockton, and on Wednesday, April 30th, in Sacramento. He leaves San Francisco finally on Mrs. Parker's special car, Thursday, May 1st. Ferry connects from San Francisco (broad-gauge) at 6 P. M.

W. J. Colville is leaving behind him a great many warm friends and sympathizers, who deeply regret his seemingly inopportune resignation. Efforts are being made to assure him of their fervent desire for his speedy return to this vicinity and the resumption of his many works on this Coast.

St. Andrews' Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE: The meeting last Wednesday evening was well attended and the audience spent a very pleasant evening. After the song by the audience, Dr. Robbins gave a very fine invocation, through his guides; Mrs. Rannell followed reading a spiritual poem, entitled "Heaven's Joys." Mrs. Price next made a few remarks on the subject of Progression and Spiritualists in general. Master Willis Read recited "Sheridan's Ride" in a very fine manner; Mr. Brooks, of Washington, D. C., who has just arrived in San Francisco, spoke for a few minutes on the subject of Spiritualism. Mr. Brooks is a very earnest worker, and we hope to have him with us for sometime. After a song, Mr. Harris Davis came forward and gave a number of very good tests; Mr. Davis is steadily improving as a platform medium. Dr. J. M. Temple gave a number of excellent tests. Dr. Robbins then gave a reading of the character of one of the audience, also made a diagnosis of the condition of the system of the same person, giving a very correct reading. Among the audience were the following mediums, Mrs. Ladd-Finnigan, Mr. H. Davis, Mrs. Maxwell, Mrs. Meyers.

The meeting closed at 10 o'clock to meet again next Wednesday evening at 8. All invited to attend.

W. H. P.

CLOTHESPIN SOCIAL OF THE LADIES' ELSMERE CLUB.—The next social of the Ladies' Elsmere Club for the benefit of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten, will be held on next Saturday evening, in the rooms of Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Wheelock, Fauntleroy House, 105 Stockton street. As this is the first social of the Club for several months, it is hoped that there will be a full attendance of the friends of the School. Everybody is cordially invited, and a good, jolly time may be expected by all. This social will be something of a novelty; it will be what is called a "clothespin social."

—We shall publish next week an anniversary address by Miss Jennie Leyes, the remarkable inspirational speaker who has been restored to the Cause after about eleven years imprisonment by Jesuit spirits. Two years ago the writer saw and conversed with Miss Leyes through a glass door, where she resided in Los Angeles, and where we played with her to come forth from her self-imposed confinement, and again do work for the spirit world. At that time she informed us that she had not stepped or looked out of doors upon the earth or sky.

—Don't fail to read Hon. Amos Adam's Washington letter on the first page. It contains a fund of valuable information with which Americans ought to be familiar, but many are not.

ing, Free. tual,	P. O. Box, 1772.	Address, jer	E. HUGHES Los Angeles
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An Incident in Investigation.

[Lap.]

Sir,—Some years ago I was commencing the investigation of Spiritualism, and as I knew very little about it, I was very sceptical about the performances (as I called them) of all mediums. There was a medium visiting in our neighborhood named Monck.

A few friends of mine got him to give us a seance for physical phenomena. The meeting was to be held in an upstairs room in my cottage—a sitting room, about 15 ft. by 12 ft., with one door into it and two windows overlooking the street, about 12 ft. from the caseway.

I got the room ready myself, by fixing two tables, each about 3 ft. 6 in. square, making a table 7 ft. by 6 in. I darkened the windows before anyone arrived. Monck came without luggage of any kind, and all the rest of my friends knew were only anxious for genuine phenomena, and as anxious as I was to be sure it was genuine.

I placed Monck at the head of the table farthest from the door. I sat at one side of the table next to the medium, and a friend of mine sat on the opposite side. I had one hand of the medium fast in mine and one of my feet on his. My friend on the opposite side had the other hand and foot; so we were sure that he could do nothing with these.

I placed an organ-acordeon, and a violin and bow, upon the table and some of my friends had a small hand-bell and a musical box.

We lowered the gas, and the musical box commenced to play and struck one, two, or three notes at the request of any of the sitters. (I should say there would be from twelve to fifteen persons in the room.)

The hand-bell was fixed near the edge of the table, and I perceived a brownish hand come from under the table, grasp the bell and ring it under the full length of the table. I put my disengaged hand under the table and the bell was put into my hand, and the hand grasped my ankle, and then rose up and snatched away the bell—all this was done very quickly.

We put out the gas entirely; it was now quite dark; the medium became as before. The organ-acordeon began to play in a very inharmonious fashion, and the bow was scraped vigorously over the violin as it lay on the table. I caught hold of the end of the bow (as it was close to me) with my disengaged hand, but could not hold it, the force was too powerful for my grasp; the hand-bell was being rung in all parts of the room, by the sound.

Hands were pinching my legs under the table, and though I could not understand how all this was done, I was not convinced that it was the work of spirits.

All at once a number of lights sprang up from one corner of the room behind the medium (we still had him fast), and these lights floated around the ceiling, giving no light to see the objects in the room. They seemed to be pieces of self-contained light. I thought, "Now is my chance." I had heard that intelligences carried these lights and that these spirits could read my thoughts; so I mentally wished that they would bring one down and place it in my disengaged hand, which I held over the table in the total darkness. I mentally singled one out, and, to my surprise, in a moment it came from the rest of the lights, which were floating near the ceiling, down in a spiral fashion right into the palm of my hand. At the same time the fingers of a hand seemed to grasp my wrist, then the fingers unclasped and took up the light, which rose up to the ceiling and joined its fellows. The light as it lay in my hand had no weight, heat, nor luminosity (any further than its own body); it was about the size of two small tea-spoons turned one on the top of the other and looked like a lump of moon-light. This being an unpremeditated test, which no one in the room knew of, it was a very convincing one to me of its genuineness.

Afterwards a luminous hand floated round the table; I mentally wished it to stop in front of me; it did so, and I passed my hand round it to be convinced that it had no attachments, and as it stood in front of me, the fingers flashed and the lights suddenly vanished—as suddenly as they appeared, and the seance was over.

I walked some days afterwards with the medium round the neighborhood and heard his control rap on the walls, the doors of the houses on the turnpike road. We went on the roof of a high tower, and had raps in answer to questions half-way down the tower on the stone walls. This he said was done by his control "Samuel."

I have been but to one dark seance since, at the house of a friend, a Spiritualist in Belper, Mrs. Everett being the medium, where we had some remarkable phenomena. A WORKING MAN.

The Fulfillment of Life.

Christian Register.

If Easter means anything to us, it means not destruction but fulfillment. It means that life begun here is continued beyond the grave, not simply as a prolongation of this life, but as its fruition and fulfillment. Many lives fail to come to full development here for want of the best conditions. To give new impulse to life, it is often necessary to change its environment. So death we regard, not as the extinction of the soul, but its change of environment. Under the system of pessimism which has too long ruled in Christian theology, the

change of environment brought about by death has not always been pictured to the soul's advantage. To take a human soul from a hell on earth, and plunge him into one in another sphere from which there is no escape, and in which he must ever be confirmed in evil course and habit, has in it no element of hope or satisfaction. If Easter has really any moral impulse for the soul, it is because it opens to it a new field of opportunity. The evolution of life that has begun here we have faith to believe is to go on there. We may not be too curious about the details of that life. Such a curiosity might divert our interest from the pressing duties of the life that now is. We cannot speak dogmatically about things that God has not revealed to the human mind. In a short time, each individual will pass through the portals and enter into that realm of mystery. We may, therefore, patiently wait to test by experience the eternal reality. But our hopes, our affections, our aspirations, our faith in God, all illumine the horizon of our future with a glow of earnest and devout expectation. And in that expectation the prophecy of the soul's fulfillment in a larger, richer life is declared, as the bud declares the flower, and the flower the fruit. Theodore Parker once said, "We cannot live well for this world unless we have for much more than this world." The life that now is and the life to come are correlated. We bear in our own nature the prophecy of our immortality.

From the Spirit Side of Life.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

At our regular seance Feb. 15th, several messages were written through the hand of Mr. Fish. Among these was one from the spirit of Robert D. Owen, as follows:

"Happy greeting to all. I would for a few minutes claim your attention. Having had the blessed experience of earthly and spiritual life, I rejoice evermore that the intelligent soul is susceptible of an eternal growth by laws that none can go behind nor change.

"We live in the great school of life; it matters but little what particular opinions we may have entertained while here, we are measured mainly by the use we have made of our talents and time that have been given us for growth and improvement.

"We look around to-day and behold many scores of people who are making their way up towards the light of spiritual existence. Made up as they are by surrounding conditions, who is to be blamed for the discordant music that is given forth by man in his crude conditions? Must he be censured because he has not mastered every lesson that is set before him?

"To some are given various faculties to discern spiritual things which many on the other hand cannot grasp with their intellectual capacity.

"It is the nature of many in their condition to blame some one or something for what they conceive to be amiss; but is it not well to reflect at all times that the world is in an imperfect condition, and that we are all placed here to work out a problem of life together with varied changes? That we have no knowledge of giving our consent previous to the advent of life, we are not responsible for our existence here.

"It is well to remember that there are many men with many minds, and indications point to the fact that it will be a long time before all the inhabitants of the globe become of one mind. The cardinal point most to be observed is, do we all act well our part in the great important duty of life? We think from the observations of many years that the true and proper study of mankind is man, his capabilities and responsibilities here and hereafter; and that we are all well aware would continue our life allotted to man to live.

"But the facilities for obtaining knowledge are more perfect to-day than in ages of the past, and new truths, like newly discovered planets, are constantly appearing in sight.

"The experiences of the past, dear as they have been to the children of men, have been a necessary accompaniment along life's pathway, and have been stairs by which the race has climbed to its present enlightened position.

"We would not expect all to climb the same stairway to the temple of knowledge, yet we would not consider it profitable for mankind to neglect the weightiest matters of life to contend about the most consistent way to mount the heights.

"Let all act up to their highest light and hold their robes ever ready to help on a needy brother or sister however they may differ from preconceived opinions of our own.

"But we will close, wishing you all good night. "ROBERT DALE OWEN."

FRATERNALLY,
RILEY M. ADAMS.
VINELAND, N. J., Feb. 20, 1890.

"Now," plaintively perorated the perspiring preacher, "is there a man in this congregation who never spoke cross to his wife? If there is, let him rise?" Dead silence, in the midst of which a fat, red-faced man of 40 solemnly rose to his feet. "Can you truly say," said the preacher, with a warning look in his eye, "that you never spoke a single cross word to your wife?" "I can," said the fat man, emphatically. "I am a bachelor." Sensational, succeeded by giggling on the back seats and a smothering sensation in the choir.

Letter from Egypt.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

A copy of your good, interesting, and comforting paper, which teaches of the life beyond, reached here a few days ago and has been passed from one Spiritualist to another for perusal. Only some half-dozen families out of a population of 1200 inhabitants in this town, are believers in this beautiful creed; and they are regarded as lunatics or infidels. The remaining citizens are so deeply enveloped in orthodox fog and darkness, that they refuse to be enlightened on the subject of spirit return, deeming it a myth—nor will they read any printed matter relating to it. The *Religio-Philosophical Journal* and the *Progressive Thinker* are taken by a few parties here, and are offered to others to read, who refuse them with scornful lip; and so bigoted and prejudiced are they, that they will not patronize a store where the proprietor is a Spiritualist, but is treated as one under a ban.

We have our little home circles, and get some remarkable tests and much solid information through the psychograph, and by automatic writing and speaking; so that we are assured beyond a doubt, of the unfailing care and guardianship of the loved ones gone before.

For many years we have not employed a physician in our family, excepting on one occasion, and then I had a vision in which I was directed to discontinue the medicines I was taking, and to use only such as a spirit doctor prescribed. I followed his advice and prescriptions, and was soon restored to health.

This Willamette Valley is beautiful and produces all kinds of fruits, vegetables and cereals in abundance, and the climate is genial; but we are trying to sell our spirit here—both of us being advanced in years—and return to the Bay City or Oakland, so as to enjoy in our declining years, some spiritual lectures, seances, and social gatherings with liberal-minded people, so that we may grow in knowledge regarding the future, and be better prepared to join the silent majority when this casket of clay is laid in the silent grave, and rests from its sufferings.

Who can refuse—that has ever investigated the phenomena—to believe that the immortals do return to converse with us and endeavor to lead us in the path of what is highest, purest, noblest, best; to us to have loving charity for all mankind; to be merciful as we hope for mercy; and to lead such unblemished lives that our spirit friends can find no fault with our deeds or thoughts; and who, when the hour of dissolution comes, will bear us away to their peaceful homes, that we, in our turn, may be guardians and comforters to those left in the earth-plane, and assist them also to rise from the slough of despond, by teaching them the beautiful truths of the Golden Shore, where there is progression and evolution, and where spirits can obtain infinite knowledge and perception. Hoping to meet you before long,

FRATERNALLY,

MARIAN K. LARANSIEUR.
INDEPENDENCE, POLK CO., OR., April 12, 1890.

The Reality of the Unseen.

Indian Messenger.

Those who have ever aspired after a higher life and struggled to rise above the stifling atmosphere of the world to get a glimpse of heavenly things, know, to their bitter cost, how often our ordinary view of life and its surroundings proves a clog to our spiritual progress, how often the visible world with its ever shifting phenomena appears more real and abiding than the ideals revealed to the soul through prayer and communion, how often the spiritual eye darkened by doubt and despair loses sight of the glorious visions of eternal life caught during higher moments of inspiration. Dr. Martineau regards this as a moral defect of faith and speaking of it says, "The germ of it lurks in us all and puts forth its tendency at least in transient moods, when the vision is dim and the heart is low. In flat and heavy hours, the tones of conscience is so muffled that, by not listening, we can miss them, and can say of the Holy Spirit, 'it is naught.' We forget the long years quickened by the felt life and love of God, and the high moments kindled by his freshest inspiration; for it is strange and sad how small and brief a darkness may quench for us an everlasting Sun. In all these experiences, we blindly yield to material pressures, and sink always from the native faiths of our higher mind; we go over, not to more valid evidence, but only to mearer suspicions; and are like one who is ready, in unhappy mood, to forego a life-long confidence in the first of friends and give heed against him in some paltry calumny. It is an offence, not less against the calmness of reason than the constancy of love, to be thus haunted by the visions of an untrusting mind, and like some poor sleep-walker, be led by ghosts of fear over marsh and moor till the home of rest is lost."

In fact it is the materialist view of life presented to us by the senses—the literal matter of fact view of life which the skeptic would have us believe as the true one—that is unreal and meaningless. Faith alone can give us insight into the true nature of things and enable us to distinguish the real from the unreal. So says Dr. Martineau,—"The skepticism which men affect towards their higher inspirations—is always a sign of narrow mind

and defective wisdom. Who ever found that the heavy mood in which he could admit nothing, be touched by nothing, sanctify nothing, permanently proved the true one? who, when once he has escaped it, does not know its leaden look and solid air upon the surface of life to be the brooding cloud of his own heart? and how often do the luminous perceptions of other souls reveal to us, in nature, in art, in character, a beauty we had not discerned before, but which is no sooner shown than it startled us by its reality out of all denial? Again, "Will you depend upon your own faculties in proportion as they are simply animal, and deny them in proportion as they are divine?—confide in your eye-sight and give the lie to the conscience and affections? Call it imagination, call it wonder, call it love, whatever it be that shows us the deeper significance of the world and humanity and makes the difference between the surface light of satiety and the interpenetrating glow of worship, owe to it whatever highest truth, whatever truest guidance we have."

It is the spiritual eye, the eye of faith, love and devotion that reveals to us the key of reality. Materially speaking, the birds and the beasts see the world as we do. Is there then no truth in the higher interpretation which the human soul gives to its surroundings under the inspiration of goodness, love and beauty? Are we to take as real the doubts and suspicions which trouble the darkened soul, rather than the hopes and aspirations which kindle the faithful heart, giving it strength in the midst of weakness and making clear the path of duty in the midst of a hundred conflicting motives? It is the witness of the spirit and not of the senses—the testimony of the higher moments of inspiration and not of the lower moods of doubt and disbelief that we are to depend on for our guidance. In the midst of the sea of darkness that often surrounds the frail bark of our souls, it is those moments of higher light and inspiration that serve as landmarks for our guidance—as havens where we are to take shelter when troubled by the storms of passion and doubt. What the senses reveal to us is transitory and unreal—a mere tissue of ever-shifting phenomena. The soul darkened by doubt and despair can only throw its own black shadow over the lighted spots of life and make them appear dim as the half-forgotten scenes in a dream. It is only the pure soul inspired by faith and love and enlightened by the light of Heaven that can see things in their true light. It is such a soul that can see and bear witness to the reality of the unseen.

Am I a Theosophist?

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

In addressing the First Society of Spiritualists at Grand Army Hall yesterday, a lady said to me after the close of the meeting, "Col. Reed, you are a Theosophist and there is no use of your denying it." I informed her I had no disposition to do that, but thought I could hardly lay claim to such a position. "But you are, if you meant what you said in your remarks," said she. I assured her I had never tried to be what I seemed, and always intended to say what I meant. But Theosophy means "Divine Wisdom." I can hardly persuade myself that I can lay claim to that proposition, and while 'tis true I am ever striving to learn the truth and my continual prayer is to be led into all truth and that I could occasionally get glimpses of her shining garments, yet I continually found myself in darkness and error, even so much so that I sometimes doubted whether I was on the road to that great Temple.

Thus, I frequently found among even those who made profession of being Theosophists so much that could not be "Divine Wisdom," that I had almost despaired of ever attaining to it.

You, my good lady, are among that number, for while you claim to be a Theosophist, you say you believe in the reincarnation of your being, which I cannot believe is divine wisdom. She assured me that she looked forward with joyful anticipation to the time when she should again take upon herself earth-life, and again pass through its trials and tribulations. Have you ever passed through any former incarnations? I asked. "I believe I have," she replied. "But do you remember them, or have you any evidence that you have?" "No," she said; "but it will be revealed to me all in good time."

Now, if that be Theosophy, I am not a Theosophist, nor do I think I shall be one until some one of my past earth lives be revealed to me. I desire to be a Theosophist in the definition of its terms, but if in becoming one I have to adopt the to me, many delusions and absurdities of past ages, when darkness covered the land and gross darkness the people, then I am not a Theosophist. But if I can attain to the knowledge of divine truth and discern truth from falsehood, light from darkness, so that I can become one with the Divine, then I desire to be a Theosophist. C. A. REED.
PORTLAND, OR., April 14, 1890.

Never be ashamed of thy birth, or thy parents, or thy trade, or thy present employment, for the meanness or poverty of any of them.

An egotist will always speak of himself either in praise or in censure; but a modest man ever shuns making himself the subject of his conversation.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE PSYCHOGRAPH

—OR—

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

DEAR SIR: I am much pleased with the Psychograph you sent me, and will thoroughly test it the first opportunity I may have. It is very simple in principle and construction, and I am sure must be more sensitive to spirit power than the one now in use. I believe it will generally supersede the latter when its superior merits are known.

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G. H. WALKER, Editor.

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Pleasure and Pain.

BY H. A. SMITH.

Pleasures are birds that warble for a day
And then on golden pinions fly away;
But ever after when the world goes wrong,
We hear the lingering echoes of their song.

While pains are vapors that depress the mind,
And when they vanish leave deep scars behind;
But being, mostly, only sin's surprise,
They could be shunned were mortals always wise.

But since they're not, sin's penalties but prove
The supervision of Omnipotent Love,
By warning wayward man "gainst repetition
Of mistakes that lure him to perdition.

All evil thoughts are truly noxious seeds,
That soon or late will yield a crop of weeds;
And evil deeds, by evil hearts, directed,
Are serpents' eggs that hatch when least expected,
And often hatch, to our immense surprise,
In twigs and triplets right before our eyes.

SEATTLE, WASH.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Friends for the Journey.

BY EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

"Always your friend," I cannot tell how precious
Those three words are to me;
The world, and everything therein, seems rocking
In mutuality.

And if exists one fraction of creation
Which is exempt from this,
There will I rest my soul when all too weary
In silent, moveless bliss.

"Always your friend," I did mistake thy meaning;
Too surely moved to go
To where the white wings of peace and wisdom
Echo with Love's sweet song.

Thou only breathe a sweet, prophetic promise
That I could keep in sight,
And travel with thee toward the hills of knowledge,
Where peaks are bathed in light.

Could climb within the reach of voice and hand-clasp,
And with thee faint and rest—
Sometime with bleeding feet and rocky pillow,
But sometimes 'gainst thy breast.

And that is more in keeping with God's wisdom,
Who made this changing world,
'Twere strange indeed, if in the growth about them
Souls lived with pinions furled.

Therefore I know if I am thine in friendship,
As thou hast promised me,
I must forever change by endless effort
Towards white divinity.

And for the breath of poppies I did covet,
I must another time
Of all the tear-dewed, angel-tinted blossoms
Which grow toward lands divine.

So for the dulcet lull which first came o'er me,
Reading thy promise sweet,
I waken from the bliss of thy friendship
To make life all complete.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Scatter the Seed.

INSPIRATIONAL—BY MRS. JENNIE BERNHILL.

The Spring time has come
To scatter the seed;
Sow for t' Winter
The crop men will need;

Go scatter the seed
Wherever you go—
And those who shall reap
Will bless those who sow.

Go, scatter the seed
Of knowledge and light,
Of wisdom and truth,
And wait not till night

Has closed in around you;
In darkness do dream;
Work now, while you may—
Be brave, have no fear!

Go scatter the seed,
In hovel and palace,
Knot out the weeds
Of envy and malice;

Destroy the last vestige
Of dogmas and creeds—
And in soil so prepared
Go scatter the seed.

Go work in the field,
Each one who has light
Of knowledge to aid them
To shut out the night

That so long has enshrouded
The children of earth—
Go scatter the seed
Of grandeur and worth.

Then up and at work!
The time is at hand
When those who can labor
Are in great demand;

There's many poor souls
With life you may feed;
Then up and at work—
Go, scatter the seed.

Sit not idly waiting
And let the time pass,
But think of the starving
And sorrowing mass

Who grope in the darkness,
Your help sorely need—
Sit not idly waiting
Go scatter the seed!

The Falling of Thrones.

BY SELA WHEELER WILSON.

Above the din of commerce, above the clamor and rattle
Of labor disputing with riches, of Anarchist threats
And groans.

Above the hurry and bustle and moan of that bloodless
battle,
Where men are fighting for dollars, I hear the falling of
Thrones.

I see no savage host, I hear no martial drumming,
But down in the dust at our feet lie the useless crowns of
Kings;

And the spirit of Progress is steadily coming, coming;
And the flag of our Republic abides in the world he flags.

The Universal Republic where worth and birth are royal,
Where the lowliest born may climb on a self-made ladder
to fame;

Where the highest and proudest born, if he be not true and
loyal,
Shall find no making title to cover or gild his shame.

Not with the bellow of guns, and not with sabers' whetting
But with growing minds of men is waged this swordless
fray.

While over the dim horizon the sun of royalty setting
Lights with a dying splendor the humblest toiler's way.

Light Wanted from Mother Saidie.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

J. B. FAYETTE—Dear Brother: Allow me to ask a few more questions, for I feel that Saidie is a mother in Israel, as it were, both capable and willing to give spiritual counsel to all that are seeking the light of spiritual truth. I have been watching the progress of what is termed Modern Spiritualism ever since its birth, and have failed to see its spiritualizing effect on the majority of its followers—in the way it has been used—for they have dragged it down, as it were, on to a plane of financial speculation, and I can't see that it has any more tendency with the majority of its advocates in their spiritual unfoldment than the majority of Christian teachers, that are teaching for the loaves and fishes, and heeding not the spirituality those figures of speech contain. While spirits often return and give their ideas of the spirit world as they understand it, the same as the Christian teachers teach the Bible as they understand it; and as no two spirits—or no two Christian teachers—see it alike, there must be something wrong with their understanding; and I have oftentimes thought that the trouble with the majority of both classes were a lack of light to see things as they are, was the trouble with both parties. No wonder the material scientist can't find the line between the animal and the human. How can they without a higher light than that coming from the animal in the human? And this is what I am endeavoring to find out by my letters to Mother Saidie through the GOLDEN GATE. I have got no hobby-horse to ride. I neither believe, nor disbelieve, in reincarnation; but one thing I do believe, and that is, that the more we control our animal passions, and develop our spiritual nature, the wiser and happier we will grow, and the better we will be able to judge about spiritual things, for how can we judge or understand spiritual things without a development of our spiritual nature; and I am trying to find out if I have got a spiritual nature, and if so, what is the use of having one if I don't use it? We may yet find out, if we get well acquainted with ourselves, that we don't know much, or at least there is much more to find out if we will make room for it, and we may by examining ourselves find departments in this temple we are living in that will astonish us.

If spirits, as you say, Mother Saidie, enjoy their own mode of worship on both sides of the river, why can't they unfold their spiritual nature on both sides of the river? Is not worship a desire for light, and does not the spiritual nature in the human—or spirit—prompt the desire of worship, and can there be an active desire for anything without any progress towards the thing worshipped or desired. Do children, when leaving the earth-body young, continue to grow in the earth atmosphere, and develop their material mind and body? If so, does it not tend any towards unfolding their moral and spiritual natures? Please give us light on those subjects, and on any other subjects you see we need light on, and I for one will feel thankful and try to be benefited by your good counsel. And many thanks, Mother Saidie, for your spiritual counsel, and hope ere long I may have the privilege of seeing you in Summerland in broad daylight. Shall try and make harmonious conditions for you and other counselors to meet and talk to us in Summerland before the summer is passed. Do you think I will succeed in developing spirit photographs before long in Summerland? Answer through the GOLDEN GATE or by mail, as you think best.

Bear with me, Mother Saidie, and allow me to ask you a few more questions. If mother Nature evolves the form or temple that the spirit dwells in, and that being her part of the work to make clothing, as it were, for Father God's offspring, where is the realm where the identity of the God child is first organized? Is there not a positive and negative, on the spiritual side of life, that we might call male and female, that might be called involution—or spiritual evolution that works in harmony with material evolution, or mother Nature? Please light us up, Mother Saidie, out of the valley of material darkness, with your spiritual torchlight, for we have been led astray by the false lights of earth-bound mortals, as well as earth-bound spirits. May we learn by the torchlight of heaven-born spirits who our Heavenly Father is, and return home from our swine feeding wanderings, or living to gratify the material senses. Our prayer is for more light on the subject of true spiritual unfoldment; that love to do good, may be our motto to all humanity, and feel to say truthfully: "Father, forgive them," etc. A. C. DOANE.

A Wonderful Electrical Plant.

India, the land of poisonous serpents, immense jungles, fabulous wealth, fevers, cholera and mysticism, has again come to the front through the recent discovery of a strange plant with magnetic powers equal to a Brush dynamo. To attempt to pull a leaf from this marvelous plant is to invite an electric shock equal to that produced by an induction coil. If a compass be held within six meters of this lightning charged vegetable the needle acts as strangely as if it were being held above the true magnetic pole. Its electrical qualities, however, do not cause more amazement than the wonderful variation of its magnetic powers, which are most manifest

at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, gradually diminishing until at midnight, or between midnight and 2 A. M., when it can hardly be noticed.

Day after day these wonderful changes take place, the plant gradually losing its magnetism as the darkness becomes more intense only to have the current renewed with seeming increased vigor as the sun mounts the tropical skies. A thunder storm augments its peculiar qualities a dozen fold, and, even though sheltered, it drops its leaves and branches as if in the last convulsions of death. Birds and insects shun the plant as do the natives of Java the deadly upas tree. One would naturally suppose that the plant would be found growing in a region abounding in magnetic metals; the contrary is the case. There is neither iron, cobalt nor nickel found in the home of the wonderful plant. —St. Louis Republic.

RULES FOR THE SPIRIT CIRCLE.

The Spirit Circle is the assembling together of a number of persons seeking communion with the spirits who have passed from earth to the world of souls. The chief advantage of such an assembly is the mutual impartation and reception of the combined magnetisms of the assemblage, which form a force stronger than that of an isolated subject—enabling spirits to commune with greater power and developing the latent gifts of mediumship.

The first conditions to be observed relate to the persons who compose the circle. These should be, as far as possible, of opposite temperament, the positive and negative, of moral character, pure minds, and not marked by repulsive points of either physical or mental condition. No person suffering from disease, or of debilitated physique, should be present at any circle, unless it is formed expressly for healing purposes. I would recommend the number of the circle never to be less than three, or more than twelve. The best number is eight. No person of a strong positive temperament should be present, as any such magnetic spheres emanating from the circle will overpower that of the spirits, who must always be positive to the circle in order to produce phenomena.

Never let the apartment be over-heated; the room should be well ventilated. Avoid strong light, which, by producing motion in the atmosphere, disturbs the manifestations. A subdued light is the most favorable for spiritual phenomena.

I recommend the seance to be opened with prayer or a song sung in chorus, after which subdued, harmonizing conversation is better than wearisome silence; but let the conversation be directed toward the purpose of the gathering, and never sink into discussion or rise to emphasis. Always have a pencil and paper on the table, avoid entering or quitting the room, irrelevant conversation, or disturbances within or without the circle after the seance has commenced.

Do not admit unpunctual comers, nor suffer the air of the room to be disturbed after the sitting commences. Nothing but necessity, indisposition, or important business should be the excuse for the sitting, which should never exceed two hours, unless an extension of time be solicited by the spirits.

Let the seance extend to one hour, even if no results are obtained; it sometimes requires time for spirits to form their battery. Let it be also remembered that circles are experimental, hence no one should be discouraged if phenomena are not produced at the first few sittings. Stay with the same circle for six sittings; if no phenomena are then produced, you may be sure you are not assimilated to each other; in that case, let the members meet with other persons until you succeed.

A developed test medium may sit without injury for any person, but a circle sitting for mutual development should never admit persons addicted to bad habits, strongly positive or dogmatic. A candid inquiring spirit is the only proper frame of mind in which to sit for phenomena, the delicate magnetism of which is made or marred as much by mental as physical conditions.

Impressions are the voices of spirits, or the motions of the spirit within us, and should always be followed out, unless suggestive of wrong in act or word. At the opening of the circle, one or more are often impressed to change seats with others. One or more are impressed to withdraw, or a feeling of repulsion makes it painful to remain. Let these impressions be faithfully regarded, and pledge each other that no offense shall be taken by following impressions.

If a strong impression to write, speak, sing, dance, or gesticulate, possess any mind present, follow it out faithfully. It has a meaning if you can not at first realize it. Never feel hurt in your own person, nor ridicule your neighbor for any failures to express or discover the meaning of the spirit impressing you.

Spirit control is often deficient, and at first imperfect. By often yielding to it your organism becomes more flexible, and the spirit more experienced; and practice in control is necessary for spirits as well as mortals. If dark and evil-disposed spirits manifest to you, never drive them away, but always strive to elevate them, and treat them as you would mortals, under similar circumstances. Do not always attribute falsehoods to "lying spirits," or deceiving mediums. Many mistakes occur in the communion of which you can not always be aware.

Unless charged by spirits to do otherwise do not continue to hold sittings with the same parties for more than a twelvemonth. After that time, if not before, fresh elements of magnetism are essential. Some of the original circle should withdraw, and others take their place.

Never seek the spirit circle in a trivial or deceptive spirit. Then, and then only, have you cause to fear it.

Never permit any one to sit in circles who suffers from it in health or mind. Magnetism in the case of such persons is a drug, which operates perniciously, and should be carefully avoided.

Every seventh person can be a medium of some kind, and become developed through the judicious operations of the spirit circle. When once mediums are fully developed, the circle sometimes becomes injurious to them. When they feel this to be the case, let none be offended if they withdraw, and only use their gifts in other times and places.

All persons are subject to spirit influence and guidance, but only one in seven can so externalize this power as to become what is called a medium; and let it ever be remembered that trance speakers, no less than mediums for any other gift, can never be influenced by spirits far beyond their own normal capacity in the matter of the intelligence rendered, the magnetism of the spirits being but a quickening fire, which inspires the brain, and, like a hot-house process on plants, forces into prominence latent powers of the mind, but creates nothing. Even the case of many automatic speakers, writers, rapping, and other forms of test mediumship, the

intelligence of the spirit is measurably shaped by the capacity and idiosyncrasies of the medium. All spirit power is limited in expression by the organism through which it works, and spirits may control, inspire, and influence the human mind, but do not change or re-create it. —Emma Hardinge-Britten.

The New York Independent has returns from 126 Presbyterian presbyteries, of which 82 are in favor of revision of the Confession of Faith. There are 86 yet to be heard from. Since the above compilation Sacramento, Cal., presbytery has voted against and Stockton in favor of revision.

"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." True; but also out of the emptiness of the heart the mouth can speak even more volubly. He who can always find the word which is appropriate and adequate to his emotions is not the man whose emotions are deepest; warmth of feeling is one thing, permanence is another.

To have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without it is power.

Education is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army.—Edward Everett.

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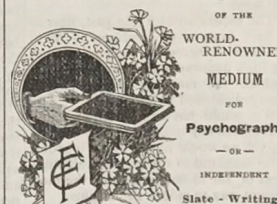
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