



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

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Every day of your life is a page in your history.

Laziness begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains.

By being contemptible we set men's minds to the tune of contempt.

Shallow men believe in luck; strong men believe in cause and effect.

We must take the current when it serves, or lose our ventures.—*Shakespeare.*

As tears soften the heart, so does rain soften the earth that good may come.

If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.

Moral supremacy is the only one which leaves monuments, not ruins, behind it.

Self is the great anti-Christ and anti-God in the world that sets itself up above all else.

When thought is too weak to be simply expressed, it is a proof that it should be rejected.

Life is a quarry, out of which we are to mould and chisel and complete a character.—*Gothic.*

If men will have no care for the future they will soon have sorrow for the past.—*Asiatic Aphorism.*

I call that man free who is master of his lower appetites—who is able to rule himself.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Fortune, whether good or ill, does not change either men or women, but only tends to develop their characters.

Too many children come into life trailing after them clouds which are anything but clouds of glory.—*Oliver W. Holmes.*

Mental slavery is mental death, and every man who has given up his intellectual freedom is the living coffin of his dead soul.

The happiness of life is made up of minute fractions—countless infinitesimals of pleasurable thought and genial feeling.—*Coleridge.*

We never do evil so thoroughly and heartily as when led to it by an honest, but perverted, because mistaken, conscience.

The very consciousness of trying for real excellence in anything is a great support. It takes the sting from failure and doubles the joy of success.

Very sweet are the uses of adversity, the harvest of peace and progress, the fostering sunshine of health and happiness and length of days in the land.

When life intends to cheat us, everything is allowed to fall out as we wish; it is only when life is kind that she is inexorable.—*E. Fairfax Byrne.*

Never say anything wrong of anyone, if you are not quite sure about it; and, if you are, ask yourself, "Why do I say it?"—*Lavater.*

The open sky is to our senses like a supple crown; the air is our robe of state, the earth is our throne, and the sea a mighty minstrel playing before it.

Written for the Golden Gate.

Nationalism.

BY AMOS ADAMS.

I find in the *Rural Press* a communication on "Single Taxation and Nationalism," evidently intended as a criticism of an article of mine, of a prior date on "Single Taxation." It is unique in some respects, not alone for the ideas expressed, but more particularly those not expressed but seen between the lines. Not that I think that believing in Bellamy's "Looking Backward," would necessarily cause one to reason the same way by any means, for that might be considered unkind. The writer says, "I find an article signed Amos Adams, styling the Nationalists with propagating reformatory (?) measures and I dwell on the question mark." Thus wrote Mr. Wilshire. Well, if Mr. Wilshire denies that the Nationalists are propagating reformatory measures I heartily concur with him. Mr. Wilshire says also that "When Nationalists propose some adequate measures of relief instead of trying to understand their program he (Adams) styles arguments directed at monopoly the vociferations of modern theorists." I am afraid friend Wilshire did not pay very close attention while reading my article, and as no intimation was made in it that I had ever heard an argument for or against Nationalism or monopoly, therefore Mr. Wilshire's charge is simply a lie.

Since reading Mr. Wilshire's criticism, I have not only read Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, the declaration of purposes and some of the literature of the Nationalists, but have also attended some of their meetings. And by the way, let me here say I did not see at any of these meetings nor did I hear of any farmer with a one, or a ten thousand dollar farm, nor a stock man with one or ten thousand dollars worth of cattle, nor a merchant with one or ten thousand dollars worth of goods coming forward and offering to put their farms, their cattle or their goods into a common pot to be churned up under the misty theories of Bellamy for the good of all. Now, Mr. Wilshire, if it should so happen that the persons with property should fail to come forward and yield it up to Nationalism, would it not be something like the play of Hamlet with the part of the prince left out? I have also heard speeches made by these self-styled reformers, and find their principles as variegated as Joseph's coat was said to be.

Is not the central idea of Nationalism to induce, cajole, or compel persons who have property to place it, or have it placed, where men having no interest in it can handle it or assist in using it for their own benefit and that of others? That these may be side issues is doubtless true. Now Mr. Bellamy, the Sir Oracle of Nationalism declares, "That buying and selling is essentially anti-social in all its tendencies. It is an education of self-seeking at the expense of others, and no society whose citizens are trained in such a school can possibly rise above a very low grade of civilization." And yet in the light of this denunciation, Mr. Wilshire says, "Let the Nation own and manage those industries controlled by monopoly, let us begin by having Uncle Sam buy the railroads and telegraphs." Buy with what? What do you propose to give the owners of railroads and telegraphs in exchange for their property? You know Mr. Wilshire that under the Bellamy system of government which you are attempting to establish, the use of money as a circulating medium is to be abolished, and that strips of pastboard are to be used instead. Do you think owners of property would be willing to exchange for pieces of pastboard?

Mr. Bellamy declares "Where there are other reasons for abolishing money, that its possession was no indication of rightful title to it. In the hands of those who stole or murdered for it, it was as good as in those which had earned it by industry." Tell us Mr. Wilshire if you would have the Government purchase property with money and when the Nationalists have established the Bellamy system (if system it may be called) of Government with draw its purchasing power? The Nationalists would have the ownership of land vested in the Government, that there should be no private ownership in land,

and that it should be rented to those who wished to occupy it. You who denounce landlordism would wish under your system to have the whole nation become tenants and the Government their landlord. Who Mr. Wilshire would plant vineyards, put out orchards, erect school houses and churches and build for themselves comfortable homes, with pleasant surroundings, when the occupancy of the land would depend wholly on the favoritism, and cupidity of governmental officials?

What stimulant would there be for farmers to exert themselves under your tenancy system other than to gain a bare subsistence for themselves and families? How long (if this shilly-shally nonsense of Bellamyism and Nationalism having but a dream for its basis were established) would it be before the American farmers were wandering over the country from place to place like the nomads of the plains, prevented at every point, by your Government, from establishing a permanent abiding place, where they could erect a home for their household goods, and gods, and sit under their own vine and fig tree?

We had the distinguished honor not long since of attending a meeting of Nationalists. A gentleman had been invited to address the meeting on "The Competitive System," and much to the astonishment of the Bellamyites, he took strong grounds in favor of competition in business and against a fraternal Government, combines, trusts, communism, socialism, anarchy, and against any and all theories held by the Boss Dreamer that have a tendency to stultify or cripple the individual ambition of the American citizen. If a bombshell had burst in the immediate vicinity it could not have created a greater consternation among the faithful than did the reading of this paper. Immediately half a dozen jumped to their feet each anxious to tell what they knew against the competitive system. The floor was finally awarded to a photographer who said "That for several years he had made attempts to form a combination among the photographers to keep up prices without success. That the competitive system was one of robbery, etc." The speaker failed to tell his hearers the difference between photographers combining to put up prices on their customers, and the monopolists combining to put their prices up.

The next speaker said he differed widely from the gentleman last on the floor and declared that Nationalism was to put prices down and not to put them up. "That he was now getting fifty dollars for painting a portrait, but under Nationalism he could make more money if the price was but five dollars than he can now under the competitive system." It was truly refreshing to an outsider that "How to make the most money," was so conspicuously absent from both gentlemen's plights. Two other gentlemen then took the floor, and then a third, all entering into a vigorous discussion of the merits of the first two speeches. Order was now restored by the presiding officer; and after several solicitations the President took the floor and said that it was very gratifying to him to see so large an audience (about 50) and to hear able discussions on all sides of all questions, and that he believed in the utmost freedom of speech. He also expressed the hope that organizations of a similar kind would take place all over the country, and exert a power that would prevent the Government at Washington from stealing from the people. As these words fell from the speaker's lips I was instantly carried back in mind to the sand lots in San Francisco, where speakers were wont to entertain their hearers at that potent spot in 1878-9 and gave utterance to similar language. That all Government officials are thieves as well as robbers.

Do you not think Mr. Wilshire that the teachings of the Nationalists who declare "That the men who make, interpret, and execute our laws are thieves and are constantly stealing from the people," "That we (the Nationalists) must destroy the band of sworn thieves associated to annul our most sacred rights and institutions," will lead many not intelligent perhaps but honest, to become communists and anarchists of the vilest type and to commit crimes against persons and property, and Society and Government that will dwarf the Haymarket massacre in Chicago, a few years ago, into insignificance?

You know Mr. Wilshire that in all countries and among all peoples, more particularly in cities, there are what are known as dangerous classes whose mission on

earth seems to be that of theft, robbery, murder and violation of law generally; and when the teachings heard at some of the Bellamy or Nationalist meetings fall on their ears, how long do you think it would be before they would be led on by some Herr Most, whose utterances, "To Hell with your Government," "Property belongs to the people and the people are going to take what belongs to them," would be their battle cry? It would matter not to them whether the Republicans, Democrats or Nationalists were in the possession of the Government, they would loot the country if in their power. Why is it necessary Mr. Wilshire for leading speakers so frequently to declare that Nationalists are not anarchists, are not nihilists, unless they thought their teachings would lead people to that conclusion?

No other respectable class of people have ever banded themselves together in this country with a view of forming a party who felt constrained in deference to their own sense of the effect their teaching will have on the people, to make their denials even before it is charged against them.

The Democratic, Republican, Prohibition or Greenback parties never for a moment for themselves, nor did others think it necessary for them to deny that they were communists or anarchists. Why is this, Mr. Wilshire?

Being personally acquainted with some of the persons prominent in the Bellamy party, I know they would not for one moment think of becoming law breakers, but I do think from their frequent disavowals, that some of the Nationalists think their teachings may lead many others less intelligent than themselves to the commission of crimes that will consign them to the prison or to the gallows.

The Nationalists assume an importance in advocating the ownership of railroads by the Government. This however is an old proposition, for as long ago as from 1855 to 1865 all Californians were anxious for the General Government to build a transcontinental railroad and operate it, itself, or give it away. This feeling was quite common among Democrats, Whigs, Bell and Everett men, Republicans and Union men, and to-day there are large numbers in the Democratic and Republican parties who favor such action on the part of the Government.

In your criticism of my article, Mr. Wilshire, you say "concentration of wealth in personal property is as dangerous as concentration of wealth in land." Here is undoubtedly the basic principle of Bellamyism or Nationalism, to prevent any person from owning more property than those belonging to the Bellamy party think they ought to hold.

In conclusion, Mr. Wilshire, do you not think if Nationalism could be put into practice the highways and byways would be filled with persons anxiously waiting for a "divvy," or in other words for an equitable division of property, according to their ideas of equity.

Shattuck Hall, Oakland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Shattuck Hall, Oakland, corner of Eighth and Broadway, at 2:30, Sunday, was opened with music by Walter Hyde, and an elaborate speech on, "Psychology, Mesmerism and Silent Influences." It was by this silent potent force that mediumship was developed, the sick made whole and that worlds revolved in space, etc. Mr. Gardner and Prof. Ewens gave tests, and Mrs. Doves made a beautiful and very impressive speech in a trance.

The evening meeting was largely attended, and opened by the audience singing "Nearer My God to Thee," after remarks and invocation by the chair. Mrs. Hendee made a very fine speech, Mrs. DePaulson sang with piano accompaniment, "The Lost Chapter," with peculiar pathos and sweetness. Prof. Ewens recited a poem entitled, "Art thou Living Yet?" Mrs. Doves sang very pathetically an improvisation. Mrs. Mason described Spirits, and read a poem entitled, "Why don't God kill the Devil?" Mr. Pattison interested and delighted the audience with impersonations, songs and tests. Mrs. Paulson sang with piano accompaniment, "God be with You till We meet Again." Mrs. Logan closed the meeting with benediction until next Sunday, in the same hall.

REPORTER.

Mrs. Nickless in San Diego.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

If you will permit us through the columns of your paper to reach our many friends in San Francisco, Oakland and elsewhere, who we find it impossible to correspond with from lack of time, we will let them know our whereabouts, and how the good work under our ministrations is progressing.

We left Oakland for this beautiful city by the sea, on the 5th of June, arriving here the next afternoon. After lunch we started out in pursuit of suitable quarters to live in. We had not gone far before we were able to secure a suite of three lovely rooms in what is considered the finest furnished room house in San Diego, called the "Richelieu." Here we are and very well satisfied with all our surroundings.

We were invited to speak in National City the next Sunday and we accepted the invitation, and was welcomed by a fine audience of appreciative listeners. The next Thursday evening we ministered under a very large audience in the same place; and we shall continue to labor there every Thursday evening as long as we stay in San Diego.

Last Sunday, the 15th, we lectured and gave tests, morning and evening, in Horton's Hall, and were well repaid for our work, both spiritually and materially. We shall continue these meetings while we remain.

We forgot to mention that the Friday afternoon we arrived, our good sister and earnest co-worker, Mrs. Helen Bushyhead, tendered us a reception in her parlors; we met there many of the friends of our Cause and had a good time generally.

We find here a ripe field for workers; you would think so if you could drop in upon us some day and see the crowd of anxious ones waiting their turn for a sitting, in fact, we have not had a moment's time from nine o'clock in the morning till after four in the afternoon since we commenced our work. Patients are continually coming, and we fear if the work continues we shall not be able to meet the wants of all who come; but we shall do all we are able, and hope when we have done that others will be brought here who will take up the work and carry it on.

Dr. York is here speaking to crowded houses, but seems to make no difference with our spiritual work. He is preparing the soil for us to sow the seed, and is doing a good work.

This is a salubrious climate and it agrees with us all. When we first came it was very warm. We thought it was going to continue that way, but we soon found out different, for in a day or two the weather changed from extreme heat to a lovely temperature and we are happy; and now we feel so glad we came. We feel an enterprising spirit here we have failed to find in some of the cities on the coast and we predict a fine future for San Diego and National City.

We fear we are trespassing a far on your time and space, and with love to all our friends and thanks to you Mr. Editor, we are friends to all humanity.

EDITH E. R. NICKLESS.

SAN DIEGO, JUNE 19, 1890.

St. Andrews' Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Union meeting, Wednesday evening, was well attended as usual, the meeting opened by the audience singing "Nearer My God to Thee," Mr. Clements then made a few remarks giving his experience in development as a medium, closing by giving a few good tests. Mrs. Price followed making a few remarks, closing with a poem by the spirit guides. Mrs. Jenny followed and gave a number of fine tests from the platform. Mrs. Ladd Finnigan followed and gave a number of fine tests in her usual clear and impressive way all being acknowledged. The following mediums were in the audience: Mrs. Sloper, Mrs. Finnican, Mrs. Meyen, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Jenny, Mrs. Price, Mrs. Dunlap, Mr. Clements, Mr. Deane went around among the audience and gave a large number of fine tests. The meeting closed at 10 o'clock to meet again next Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. No. 111 Larkin Street.

M. H. W.
San Francisco, June 25th, 1890.

Written for the Golden Gate.

Vanished Faces.—No. IV.

BY JOHN WETHERS.

"My sprightly neighbor, gone before,
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet as heretofore,
Some Summer morning?"

It is almost a decade since I have read the above lines of Charles Lamb quoted. I used to hear them quoted by Epes Sargent, who considered me his "sprightly neighbor," so that I had learned to associate the lines with him more than I did with the author. I was perhaps more sprightly then than I am now, but taking up my pen to speak of his "vanished face," I at once felt as if I had heard the quotation or salutation to "his sprightly neighbor." But he has gone before me and I shall expect to meet him as heretofore, "some Summer morning."

How well I remember his funeral services, at which Spiritualism was not ignored. At the services of Wm. Lloyd Garrison Spiritualism was not referred to, yet he was a Spiritualist, with his friend Geo. Thompson. So of that early light, the Rev. John Pierpont; the reverend contemporaries of that great man, in their intellectual wake over his body, never referred to Spiritualism; but at the services of Epes Sargent his friend, at his request, the Rev. Wm. Mountford, a pronounced Spiritualist, officiated, and Spiritualism was not ignored.

One of the faces that I miss as much as any one is that of Epes Sargent. He was my neighbor and friend for many years. In going into the city it was nearest to come down Greenville street where I lived. He could see me, if I was writing, as I usually did, near the window on the lower story and would frequently come across the street. I would open the door and have a social talk on spiritual matters and give and get the latest news. He was not a very loud voiced man, but mild, gentle and intellectual. He was rather what would be called insignificant looking, not a very commanding presence, but one who grew on intimacy. He was of light weight and about five feet four inches in height. He married a Roxbury heiress; I used to wonder what she could have seen in him that attracted her. The first time I spoke to him was at a commencement at Harvard College, where he had delivered the poem, which was very able. I had no introduction, but both being citizens of Roxbury we had some conversation. This was 40 years ago, when he was a young man of 25 or 30. I found him on that occasion more of a man than I had supposed, but was then only a casual acquaintance; I did not know him intimately for 10 or 15 years after that.

I had become a Spiritualist and soon learned that he was one and being a neighbor and in sympathy in sentiment it brought us into closer relationship. He was no longer the insignificant man he at first appeared, but on intimacy had become decidedly significant, growing more and more in my estimation as a man of experience and as a scholar; and for the last 10 or 15 years of his life I saw much of him, and prized the intercourse highly.

He was very much interested in the phenomena of Spiritualism, much more than he was in its teachings and that seems to have been the case with most of the scientists that have become interested. Not that he, or they, loved the teachings less, but the sensuous manifestations more. I question whether such would have been converts by any eloquent or inspiring arguments, although Sargent had a great deal to say about his mesmeric experiences with Mrs. Morrett, a distinguished actress, who was also mesmeric; whose phenomena were of a mental character; I do not think he saw anything super-mundane in it, or in any of the trance speakers, or until he was convinced by sensuous and sensible phenomena, and those ways interested him, to witness those he was all devotion. He would listen to my conversation about the different popular speakers but was not an attendant on their ministrations. I have met him at receptions to distinguished ones like Mrs. Brittan and Mrs. Richmond at Mr. Farrar's house, but never knew him to attend a public spiritual meeting.

When he called on me it was always to know what was going on in the spiritual world, meaning always phenomena. He always liked independent slate writing, considered it the most interesting and convincing phase. He liked Watkins, had him often to his house, and once had Joseph Cook there to attend a seance and rather got the reverend gentleman to acknowledge the fact, and endorse the phenomena as real. He had Rothermel and Keeler at his house to give seances, I have been present with them many times. He knew Charles H. Foster. He was very much interested in Colchester, whom he considered very wonderful and certainly that was the case. When Colchester was in Boston, he saw much of his manifestations in public and in private. I think he or I attended as many as fifty seances of his together and most of them at Daniel Farrar's house, and generally they were private, only five or six of us including Mr. and Mrs. F. His phenomena were wonderful and unmistakable, they were pellets, unique methods, crayon pictures, stigmata, red letters, or names on his arm and other features, all of which interested him. He was very observing and very careful, and not a man easily fooled, but

was always a gentleman. How well I remember his telling me once when we were going to Farrar's to stop and get some card board; not but what we had seen was satisfactory. "But," said he, "if we should have occasion to speak or write about it, it would sound better if we could state that additional fact. On that occasion after various pictures had been drawn without human, or mechanical agency," Mr. Colchester turned to me and said, "take one of your picture cards and mark it so as to know it." I took a piece about six inches square and cut a piece out of one corner, which I retained passing the card to him he took it with his thumb and finger and shied it over into the corner of the room and took a handful of colored crayons from the pile on the table and threw them over where the card was, saying, "Go and pick it up." I did so, and found an artistic crayon picture on that card, which was new and white when I passed it to him, and the piece I retained, fitted the mutilation exactly so that there was no mistaking its identity, and the whole operation did not occupy more than three minutes, and the parlor was brilliantly lighted. This will give an idea of Colchester's manifestations.

Sargent often came in to see me with the manuscript of his books, or parts of them, before they were published, so that I saw much of his "Planchette" and "Scientific basis," before the public did; he had confidence in my worldly judgment. When he wrote "Pique," which was prior to the above, he read to me the parts where he referred to Spiritualism, and asked whether I considered it wise to have it in as the book was for the outside public. I said print it by all means. It may be remembered that W. D. Howell, the popular author, had written a book, think the title was, "The Undiscovered Country," the hero of it was a Spiritualist and also was a tool, and did not represent Spiritualism fairly, and Sargent expressed himself warmly on Howell's unfairness and the fact suggested the spiritualistic part of "Pique." So he was bold enough to back up his convictions against his interest and popularity. There was nothing of the Nicodemus about him.

I do not think he had much experience in materializations, as that phase had not reached its present point in his day but he never doubted the fact, that is shown in his defence of the venerable Thomas R. Hazard from senility, who had been criticised by Bundy for his printed experiences in spirit materialization. He said he knew Mr. Hazard, though over 80 years of age, was as clear headed and capable of sound judgment as any man of 60 he ever knew. As a writer and scholar Epes Sargent was a credit to our Cause. I think, allow me to add, in closing this sketch, that he has occupied invisibly the vacant chair in my library since he vanished, that he occupied visibly, at times before his departure. I have no time to go into the particulars, but I felt it so strongly that I quoted these lines from Longfellow and addressed them to his spirit in that chair, and shortly after, through Susie Nickerson White, he said he was there and heard them, thus:

"His presence haunts this room to-night
A form of mingled mist and light,
From that far coast.
Welcome beneath this roof of mine!
Welcome! this vacant chair is thine,
Dear guest and ghost."

Summerland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Yes, Brother Owen, there is a Summerland on earth for each individual, no matter what part of the world they are living in, they can grow flowers in the garden of the mind. We are all spiritual offsprings of our Heavenly Father, and when we wake up to a realization of our position in life, as a spirit, encased in matter, and the laws of God, or spirit, are written on the tablets of our spiritual nature. And as fast as we obey the highest duty that is made known to us by the light of our own unfolding spirit, we are obeying the voice of God, or spirit, for spirit is our Heavenly Father. And if we wish to find a Summerland, where our spirits can drink in the sunshine of eternal youth, we must obey our Heavenly Father's laws. We need not search through books to find what God wants us to do. For all the Bibles of the ages are only copies of the original one. That is printed on the spiritual nature of each one of God's offsprings, in their own language. For our Heavenly Father loves all his offsprings and will call them all home. He has sent them out into matter to become educated as warriors not to fight with each other, with man made guns and swords, but to conquer self, or matter, by the sword of the spirit, which is the power of God, or good. That is the way to find the Summerland of the spirit, where flowers will grow in the spiritual garden of the soul. That will bring the good angels down to visit us, that position we are in, we enjoy the company of those that live in the spirit world. For as long as we live in our material senses, no matter which side of the river of death, we are not in the spiritual world proper. Hence the many conflicting reports about the spirit world, by matter bound spirits. They have not found the Summerland home of the spirit. Hence many are attracted back to their earthly habitations and occupations. May we all enjoy more sunshine from our Summerland home is my prayer.

A. C. DOANE.

SUMMERLAND, June 14, 1890.

The Natural and Spiritual Body.

Paul said, we have a natural (physical) body, and a spiritual body. This spiritual body permeates the physical in every part, and is an exact cast or counterpart of the physical in every respect. Hence when the mortal body is cast off, and the freed spirit steps out, still inhabited by the thinking, sentient soul, it is readily recognized by those of its friends who have been waiting its coming, and it likewise recognizes them.

Our physical bodies, in fact our whole physical existence, is given us for the purpose of forming the acquaintance, and entering into these tender relationships with other spirits of kindred nature, that it would be impossible to do in any other sphere or condition. And it is these relationships, and the experiences we acquire while on this earth that will form the base of our happiness in the world whither we are tending.

Our bodies, both physical and spiritual, are matter—the spiritual so attenuated and refined that it is invisible to our common vision, yet nothing but matter nevertheless.

Our soul is mind, nothing more nor less, and mind being invisible could not be recognized in this world without the physical, nor in the next were it not for this wise provision of nature, the spiritual body or spirit.

So in the next stage of existence the soul or mind will inhabit the spirit body just as it does here, except only it will have cast off its coat or flesh.

Just as you make your physical body in this life, so will your spirit body appear in the next.

If you blot your face with rum, or mar its beauty by indulging in any other vice, you must not expect to wake up in the next world with angelic features. If you do, you will be disappointed.

When a sponge is taken from its native element (the water), and crowded with others into a sack and shipped from place to place until it reaches the hand of the consumer, it is a compressed, mis-shaped thing, oftentimes very unlike its former self. But again place it in the water; slowly and gradually it swells, rounds out and assumes its former and natural shape. So it is with the spiritual body, or spirit of man. Brought into the physical, surrounded by circumstances that are adverse and perverse, crowded by a hard fate into narrow limits, driven to pillar or post, closed in by unsuitable or uncongenial environments and associations, our lot is a hard one at best; so it stands us in hand to try to live as pure as we can, and not scar and mar our spirits by personal vice that we will have to overgrow in the next life.—More Light.

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[TITLE PAGE.]

SPIRIT EONA'S LEGACY TO THE

WIDE WIDE WORLD:

VOICES FROM MANY HILL-TOPS

ECHOES FROM MANY VALLEYS.

- { OR THE } -

EXPERIENCES OF THE SPIRITS EON & EONA

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REV. A.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will meet every Sunday at 10:30 A.M. in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, Room 2226, at 915 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 209 Market street, St. George's Hall. Also on Oakland at 2 P.M. and 7:30 P.M. in Shattuck Hall, Fish street, and Broadway Oakland. Admission free.

THEOSOPHY.—OPEN MEETINGS OF THE AUSTRALIAN Lodge of the T. S. for inquiries, etc. held in Oakland every Sunday at 7:30 P.M. in the Jewett Synagogue, Corner Clay and 15th Streets. All are invited.

UNION SPIRITUAL SOCIETY MEETS EVERY Wednesday evening, at 7:45 o'clock, at St. Andrew Hall, No. 177, Larkin street. Good speakers and text medium will be in attendance every evening.

OAKLAND CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM meets every Sunday at 10:30 o'clock P.M. at Fraternity Hall, Oakland, corner of Seventh and Persimmon streets. Everybody receives a welcome.

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

COUNCIL, G. G. OF THE T. S.

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

OAKLAND SYNAGOGUE, THIRTEENTH and Clay streets. W. J. Colville lectures every Sunday at 3 P.M. Class instruction every Tuesday, at 2:45 P.M. and Thursday, at 7:45 P.M.

OPEN MEETING.—ON AND AFTER SUNDAY November 18th, at 2 o'clock, a Bible class will be held at the Home College, 34 Seventeenth street. All will be welcome.

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

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Spiritualist Colony

—OF—

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LOCATED FIVE MILES BELOW THE
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The Finest Scenery and Fairest
Climate on the Globe.

Building Progressing Rapidly.

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

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The object of this Colony is to

ADVANCE THE CAUSE OF
SPIRITUALISM.

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

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ALBERT MORTON, Agent,

210 Stockton Street, San Francisco, or

H. L. WILLIAMS, Prop'r.

SUMMERLAND,

SANTA BARBARA CO., CAL.

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MRS. MATTIE P. OWEN, Secretary and Assistant

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SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1890.

AGENTS.

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Mrs. S. COWELL, E. Oakdale, Cal.
LAWRENCE KENTLAND, J. N. Fort St., Los Angeles.
TITUS MERRITT, 321 W. 34th St., New York.
SAMUEL D. GIBSON, 359 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.
C. D. HENCK, 1844 Curtis St., Denver, Col.
MAURICE S. LARSEN, Milwaukee, Oregon.
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LAVINIA KNOWLES, Detroit, Mich.
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Miss H. M. YOUNG, General Agent for GOLDEN GATE and W. J. Collins' books.

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.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

"And all at once it seemed to faint
His living soul was flashed on mine."

There is no home, there is no heart, that has grown to full fruition but has its pictures of dear, "vanished faces," hung on the silent walls of memory. The writer has a whole gallery, and it is one of those that sanctified treasury which calls forth this sketch.

Some years ago, my friend, a great soul, sailed over that mystic sea which separated him from human environment, leaving those who loved him dumb with woe. He carried always such a buoyant spirit into every day life, and his grand, living nature, so full of sunshine, that it seemed, when his great heart ceased to beat, that all sunlight was shrouded.

He had known for months that the twilight of mortal existence overshadowed him, but to his consciousness it was clear that it was but the veil of an eternal morning. He was deep in meditation, but with all he had gathered through rich experience, as well as through study, it only made him realize more fully how little real knowledge it is possible to master here with so limited a range for thought; and especially of the inner meaning of life—the life of the spiritual nature of man. While he firmly believed in spiritual communion, he was never convinced that the physical manifestations were of spirit origin. We had often talked over these subjects, and many times he would refer to the approaching change, which was always radiant with promise to him. One day when his spirit seemed newly quickened with the nearness of the breath of the Infinite, he said: "If such things be, and it is possible, I will report how it is with me beyond the mysterious bound. Knowing so well the character of the man, that his word once given, even on the most trifling matter, was unbroken law. I knew that that promise would be fulfilled sometime and somehow, or else all was delusion.

Months lengthened into years but no sound ever came from the "voice that was still," although medium after medium had been sought, and many messages from other friends received. Why this one remained silent was becoming more and more a mystery to me. But at last, without forethought or expectation, in a flash of glory from high above, the long looked for message, so clear, so unmistakable, that all life seemed aglow with new meaning.

It was while sitting at home a few evenings ago, with a dear friend, who has at times rare clairvoyant sight, when to our amazement we both heard, and understood, perfectly, on the instant, the message from that particular spirit.

So complete was that truth made manifest that neither could speak, nor cared to ask for more. We were overwhelmed with what had been revealed to our spiritual understanding. Coming, as he did, in such a positive and conclusive manner, we can only thank our friend for the tardiness. It has shed over my pathway a radiant light which shall be a guide to me so long as we tread these "corridors of time."

M. P. O.

—The wife of Millais, the famous artist is said to be the happiest woman in England. Happy indeed she must be who is a noble inspiration to genius, as Mrs. Millais undoubtedly is to her husband. He regards her as his mascot, for great success has crowned his efforts only after she became the guiding star of his life. In face and figure she is beautiful and the model for all his masterful creations. She is said to be as charming and captivating in manner as she is beautiful in person. Is there any woman on earth, who would not be happy under the same circumstances? To one so blest, this life is one eternal spring-time.

THE CRIME OF SOCIETY.

With all of our civilization we are yet but fierce and untamed barbarians in our dealings with the erring. We punish the wrong doer, but never attempt, by proper humane methods, his reformation.

A few days ago there was perpetrated, in an adjoining State, at the behest of society, a crime against humanity, and against the uprising spirits of two immortal souls, an act of cruel wrong before which angels might well bow their heads in grief and shame—the hanging of a husband and wife, the father and mother of several young children.

It matters not what the nature of the crime that these misguided mortals were prompted to commit—and in this instance it was indeed most heinous—the killing of an inoffensive old man for a few hundred dollars of paltry gold;—it matters not though their lives, from conscious infancy, had been disorderly and wicked beyond measure, nevertheless, society had no more right to send their untainted and undeveloped spirits into the world of spirits, than it has to take the lives of the physically and mentally diseased.

In the hanging of human beings for what the law declares to be capital offences, we are yet but savages; we have scarcely yet learned the alphabet of our duties to our erring fellow mortals.

But how, do you ask, can we deter evil disposed human beings from the commission of crime? Never, we reply, by punishment for the offense committed. The more you punish men for what we regard as moral disease, the more you harden their natures. The time was when it was the practice to punish the mentally diseased; but an improved order of civilization has long since relegated such cruelty to the past. And yet it is quite as cruel and unnatural to punish the one as the other.

That society must be protected from the depredations of the wrong-doer, no one will question; but it isn't at all necessary to kill the latter to protect the former. Let him be restrained of his liberty, and placed under reformatory influences, beyond the reach of the pardoning power, until such time as wise judges shall determine that his restoration to liberty will work no ill to society. The offender has the right to reform, and the right to all the time necessary to accomplish that object.

But what of the murderer? He gave his victim no time to prepare for the great change—no time to reform, provided reform were necessary in his case. Very true; but shall we, in our cooler and more deliberate judgment, meet one wrong with a greater one?—greater, because we are supposed to be wiser and better than the one we slay. Surely, this is not wise.

Why is one man honest and good, and his neighbor disposed to evil? Can any one tell? Can you, dear reader, who would suffer all manner of wrong before you would wrong a fellow mortal, tell why you are thus constituted? You were born so, of honest parents, and your training and education have been in the way of an upright life. But how is it with your neighbor, whose parents were criminals before him, and who was reared in iniquity, and never had a fair chance for an honest life? Can the fawn take credit to itself that it is not a wolf, or the dove that it is not a vulture? How is it with that poor, unfortunate couple that the law hanged to death in Nevada the other day? Was it not our business to teach them the better way, and not to kill them?

It can not be pleaded that society needed their lives for its protection; for it only needed their liberty, and that it could have had without shocking the moral sense with the horrible spectacle of their death. And then, hanging is an imprudent and unnecessary waste of a human being, whose brawn and brain, under proper guidance, might be made of use to the world. No man should be condemned for being a thief any more than he should be for being a cripple. Was he not made that way? Or rather, was there not some weakness in his moral nature—some impulse towards a disorderly life, that was not in your nature, dear reader; or, if in yours, then there must have been in you a larger counterbalance of good than there was in his.

We must take humanity as we find it—good, bad and indifferent. We are all parts of one great system of life. How to heal the sick, strengthen the weak, and help along, as far as we can, all that need of our sympathy and strength, should be the object of all.

God speed the day when the gallows shall be laid away with the stake and the rack, in the refuse chambers of the past, and be known and used no more forever.

—Spokane, Wash., is to have a novel exhibition this year. There is to be a mineral palace, built at the cost of \$35,000, the building is to be 150 feet in length and two stories high. The palace will be open thirty or forty days, during which time every mining district in the surrounding country can have ample space and opportunity to exhibit its products. A contemporary describes the building as follows: "The building is to be made of rough lumber, which is to be lathed and

cemented, after which a coat of coarse galena is to be placed on the outside of the cement, the crevices between the particles of galena to be filled in with mica, which will afford a glittering surface. The interior is to be finished with finer galena and mica, the ceilings to be covered entirely with ground mica in various colors. Each granite and marble quarry wishing to be represented will be allowed space in the building. The roof will be of native slate. There will be five fountains in the building, a large one in the center. The center fountain is to be constructed of an assortment of minerals while the four smaller ones are to be composed of the four different minerals—galena, copper, coal and iron. The basins in the fountains are to be of native pottery. The windows are to be of mica, and are to be constructed in different shade, after the fashion of cathedral windows."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Mr. and Mrs. Amos Adams are domiciled at the St. Charles Hotel, San Jose, for the present. They may conclude to make their permanent home in the "Garden City."

—The historic building in which the celebrated Waterloo ball was held is to come under the sacrilegious hand of the auctioneer's hammer on the twenty fifth anniversary of that memorable battle.

—Mrs. S. Seip, a teacher of spiritual science, has returned to the city after absence of nearly two years. She has not yet found permanent quarters; when she does, her friends can learn her whereabouts through the GOLDEN GATE.

—We learn through a recent issue of *Light*, London, that Madame Blavatsky is seriously ill. She has been an incessant worker for years, sitting at her desk, ten or twelve hours a day. The Madame has the best wishes of the GOLDEN GATE for a speedy recovery.

—The latest report from Mr. J. J. Whitney is that she intends leaving Tacoma, June 30th, for Seattle, where she will make but a short stop, in order to be back in San Francisco by the first of August. This will be gratifying news to her many friends in this city. She has met with the same success in Tacoma as elsewhere and set a high mark for thought in the occult.

—Ada Foye is now in the sixth month of her engagement with "College of Spiritual Philosophy," Denver, Colorado, and the interest in her meetings is unabated. She speaks to large and intelligent audiences every Sunday. Sister Foye's mediumship is bound to awaken inquiry whenever presented to thinking people. Her hosts of friends in this city would like to hear of her turning her steps hitherward.

—Dr. Jerome A. Anderson addressed a large attendance Sunday afternoon at the headquarters of the Theosophical Society on "Hypnotism." The lecture was listened to with closest attention. The lecturer considered it a dangerous force, its chief danger being that there is no assurance of the effects ever passing off, and therefore it weakens the will power. Hypnotism is much talked of now, but we are inclined to think that we know very little about it yet, and think too, that it is the little learning regarding it, that is the most dangerous thing.

THE NEW PAPER.

The initiatory number of *The Reconstructor*, has set sail upon the wave of spiritualistic journalism, and is now before us. It is to be issued weekly by the Reconstructor Publishing Company, at Sumnerland, with Prof. J. S. Loveland editor-in-chief; he will be assisted by other of our ablest writers. Prof. Loveland in his Salutory says: "The universality of Spiritualism is revealed even in the simple rap, and the vast network of action and duty can be followed out from that small beginning. This will be the work we shall strive to do. We shall endeavor never to lose sight of the all-compassing character of our movement; never to forget that Spiritualism interprets all religions and philosophies, but is itself explained by none. It is the leader, not the follower or imitator of anything else. It does not stand as one among many, but it includes all the truth and good in all other systems. It is no mechanical eclecticism, but a living form of mental and moral activity which assimilates all these forms of living verity in all other systems. As forms of civilization manifest themselves, these systems must be destroyed; as embodying energies of life they will be digested and assimilated by Spiritualism. We shall labor diligently in this direction. This is reconstruction, and it is to be our work as long as we stay here, and we hope to continue it beyond the veil of death."

Doctor Albert Morton has two excellent contributions—"Harmony" and "In the Arena." In speaking of the inharmonious found among Spiritualists, he gives some very plain and altogether wholesome truths, he says: "Spiritualists claim to have advanced beyond the creed-bound and antiquated forms of the churches, but there is as much inharmonious among spiritualists as there is among churchmen, and lacking the fear of hell, or the worldly influences which bind the latter to some degree of compliance with the requirements of the churches, their inharmonious is more apparent. They love to dwell on the harmonies of the celestial spheres, and grovel in the inharmonies of earth life. If we do not cultivate harmony in earth life we may rest assured that we will begin the next life just where we leave this one, in a spiritual sense. Whether we are to have heavenly harmony or hellish discord, here or hereafter, will depend upon our own exertions, desires and affiliations."

A pleasing letter from the graceful pen of Rose L. Bushnell adorns its pages, also a lecture, "The Spiritualism of the Bible," by Ella Wilson-Marchant. There a number of other good things which must be seen and read. In the words of Sister Bushnell, the wishes of the GOLDEN GATE are that "this new-born child of the press may soon stand in full stature beside its elder brothers and sisters."

IS AN ORGANIZATION OF SPIRITUALISTS FEASIBLE?

"Order is Heaven's first law"

Spiritualists are in the midst of one of the periodical throes through which they pass every few years in the effort to congregate Spiritualism into organizations, and those who favor the movement claim that through organization alone can they gain a respectable standing in the community. If we respect ourselves we will have the respect of all whose good opinion is desirable.

The failures to perfect any desirable and permanent organizations up to the present time have been due, in a great measure, to the weakness of so-called Spiritualists in having permitted unscrupulous self-seekers and adventurers to dominate, to the intense disgust of those who look upon Spiritualism as being too sacred to be used to promote the interests of selfish egotists, or to exalt those whose notoriety deserves just condemnation rather than promotion.

We debate ourselves in striving to gain the approval of others, notwithstanding our boasted independence, and need to pay more attention to self cultivation than to the opinion of our critics.

The man who is conscious of his own rectitude and purity of purpose, needs no public endorsement; he feels that "one with God is a majority," and if his detractors have not attained the knowledge of spiritual communion he can afford to wait patiently for the operations of the law of progression.

It is not to numbers we must look for strength, but for the unshakable knowledge—quality, not quantity. One man like the earnest Spiritualist, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, is capable of doing more for the elevation of humanity than a million trucking time-servers. With his little band of co-workers for justice he had power to thwart the hordes of politicians who sought to perpetuate that infamous system of slavery which measured human rights by the standards of complexion and self interest.

Organization to accomplish anything requires leaders, and Spiritualists ought to be led. We can not be fettered with yesterday's creed; it is hardly possible to formulate a platform of principles upon which all can unite in harmony. There is as great a diversity of opinions among Spiritualists as among the churches, and church members can not unite harmoniously on any of the dogmas of the theologians. The fossils and progressives are continually wrangling over creeds and technicalities, and the deplorable absence of the Christ-spirit is obvious to the dullest understanding. The persistent efforts of the God-in-the-Constitution and Sabatarians bigots are cited to enforce the necessity of liberal organizations, but the fossils who are the most zealous in these liberal directions have little support from the highest type of Christian teachers; they rank with the impetuous and incompetent doctors who labor for the establishment of infamously unjust medical trusts.

There is no possibility of any general organization being made a success if formed by the heterogeneous mass of people denominated Spiritualists. What good work could be advanced by such a movement? Spiritualists who are spiritual are as scarce as Christians who are Christ-like, and if the better class of believers—those whose lives are ennobled by their knowledge of spiritual communion—were to establish organizations the mass of mere curiosity seekers would not join their ranks, and if they did would only be a source of weakness which would lead to disintegration. In such a movement those who would assume the position of leaders are generally inspired by an ambition to dominate. It is impossible for any body of Spiritualists to establish a church, or hierarchy, lacking the endorsement of which mediums and speakers must be deemed unworthy of public confidence and support.

Spiritualism has endured much obloquy from the unjust attacks of ignorant or amerculous opponents, but its worst enemies are within its own ranks. Well meaning but ignorant and credulous people have sacrificed their reason and common sense in the blind acceptance of everything purporting to come from spirits through mediums, and thereby have opened the way for a horde of mendacious swindlers to practice their deceptions under the guise of the sacred mission of mediumship. And mediums possessing weak powers and little strength of character, in their desire to please and gratify the demands of unreasonable investigators, have attracted to themselves influences who delight in fooling weak dupes and abetting in fraud; the dupes under the specious plea of charity being ever ready to condone the offenses of the pseudo or feebly developed mediums. Mediums who are ever ready to excuse their deceptions by attributing them to the work of low spirits ought to be deprived of all material support in such practices, and made to earn their living in more honorable avocations. While it is true that spirit communion may be demonstrated by low or uncultivated spirits, it is not creditable to the cause of Spiritualism that they are permitted to act as teachers, and their control of mediums should only be allowed as a means for their own elevation.

Another class of detrimental is composed of the self-appointed censors who, with the most unbounded self-conceit, seize upon every opportunity to air their remarkable sagacity by denouncing mediums as frauds on the flimsiest grounds, on hear say and without investigation; instead of searching for truth they are on the constant scent for fraud, and finding what they have the greater affinity for they parade the results of their scavenger work as evidences of their remarkable acumen. Between the dirty millions of credulous phenomenologists and preternaturally smart fraud hunters, the cause of Spiritualism and faithful, conscientious mediums is ground and smothered.

It is an insult to the intelligence of sensible Spiritualists to expect them to organize in harmony with such incongruous elements. The foundation of all spiritual organizations must be based on morality and spiritual aspiration, and the starting point should be in harmonious family or friendly circles. In such circles, if conducted

under proper conditions, success will attend their efforts and arouse an interest in the subject among the friends of the members. When mediums are sufficiently guided and protected by wise and powerful guides (and never before), a number of circles can be united in psychic classes for the study of spiritual phenomena and science under the most favorable conditions. In these classes all subjects pertaining to Spiritualism and the reconstruction of society upon a humanitarian basis might be discussed by the members, aided by the advice of wise spirits through advanced mediums.

If phenomena of a striking nature, either physical or mental, occur, a detailed statement of the occurrence should be made by the Secretary, selected for that purpose, which should be signed by all the witnesses and filed for future reference. If prophecies are made they should be recorded and witnessed by those persons present, and when fulfilled should be attested to in the same careful, systematic manner. In this way a mass of evidence bearing upon the subject of prophecy could be secured which would be proof palpable that the power of forecasting the future is quite as prevalent at the present time as in the past, and out of the mouth of living witnesses its truth be demonstrated. The classes could meet at private houses and there need be no expense incurred in maintaining them. When interest is awakened and confidence established a number of classes can unite, organize a Spiritual Temple and arrange for public meetings where the truths of Spiritualism can be presented by developed inspirational, trance or normal lectures.

From such modest beginnings a grand work might grow and Spiritualism become the beautiful "tree of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations." We may learn a very useful lesson from the success of the Chautauque movement in its effort to extend the influence of the churches under the pretext of secular education.

Our national organizations have been but little better than party caucuses, and the last feeble attempts to consolidate the Spiritualists have been manipulated, in a great measure, by ambitious or unscrupulous persons who attempted to play the roll of "bosses" for their own aggrandizement, and the result has been just what ought to be expected, ignominious failures, which is creditable to the intelligence of the more advanced believers in Spiritualism.

Until we can unite in harmonious circles and societies it will be useless to attempt the formation of State and national organizations, and the ambition to make a grand showing of numbers is neither commendable or feasible. The motives prompting such efforts are generally ignoble and not of a spiritual nature.

The good accomplished by the primitive Christians was done by simple co-operative organizations, and the moment they became crystallized into hierarchies for the aggrandizement of priests and prelates the first blow was struck at true Christianity and the humility and simplicity which characterize all truly spiritual movements disappeared.

The popular churches of all denominations now no more represent the grand work of the early Christians, based on the Golden Rule, than credulous phenomenologists represent Spiritualism in its mission for the development of spirituality. Let us begin the work at home in individual efforts for our elevation out of sensual enthrallments before we attempt to dictate creeds and formulas for our neighbors. "Look up and not down, and lend a hand."

A. M.

An article on organization embodying some of the suggestions herein, from the inspired writer, Hudson Tuttle, recently appeared in the *Banner of Light*. This article was prepared in April previous to the publication of Mr. Tuttle's, consequently is not a plagiarism, but possibly may be considered as evidence of inspiration from influences working for the promulgation of truth through all accessible channels.

A. M.

—The Brookfield (Mo.) *Argus*, of June 14th, has this to say of a medium formerly of this city, where he is well known: "Prof. Adrian B. Omerod, of San Francisco, but more recently of Kansas City, lectured on Thursday night at the Bennett, on the subject of Spiritualism. The Professor is a spirit medium of considerable renown, and besides his interesting lecture, he gives tests of his spiritual powers. Sunday night he will give his second lecture, and will give tests and messages to the audience that will startle the most skeptical. The enthrallment will be refined and chaste in every respect, and highly interesting to the unbeliever as well as the believer. The Professor, besides being a spiritualistic medium, is a pleasant gentleman, a brilliant conversationalist, and has no trace of the fanatic or crank about him."

—Miss Mattie Sheridan, who has contributed to *The World*, *Home Journal*, *Frank Leslie's Illustrated*, *Manly's Weekly*, *New York Saturday Review* during the last six months is the youngest member of the Journalistic Guild in New York. She claims that she has never had an article rejected. She receives a salary of four thousand dollars a year for her services on *Manly's Weekly*. Miss Sheridan is described as being witty, and her conversation is full of epigrams; she has large brown eyes, and a massive head of golden hair.

—Geo. Pidgeon, of San Diego has just issued a neatly printed volume of 200 pages, entitled, "Spiritualism and Spirit Phenomena in 1707," "Being an Epitome of Facts, Phenomena and Spirit Messages taken from 'Lacy's Warnings.'" First published, 1707. These messages are of an intensely religious nature, and will be found of interest to all students of psychic lore. Price, in paper covers, \$1. Address the compiler at San Diego.

—We regret to learn that Mrs. H. Mitchell one of our mediums, is still very ill at her residence, 26-1-2 Potter St., her attending physician says she will not be able to resume her work for the spirit world for at least a month.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Unceasing are the efforts of our parent, Love, to promote the happiness of every spirit, and it is this beneficent guiding that draws humanity together in such councils as the Children's Progressive Lyceum, where those who gather to assist others to wiser methods of living, find their spirits refreshed by the contact with the more generous and affectionate thoughts that lie about them. Although many were tardy in arriving, every group had its representation before the morning was over. The exercises were interesting; the girls furnished the lengthier performances as follows: Song, "Good Night Mamma," Lily Holmes; recitation, "Just a Bunch of Ferns," Ebel Craig; song, "Lullaby," Clara Crandinger; recitation, "My pretty white Kitty," Cora Mitchell; recitation, "Chubby Little Sister," Gertrude Grant; recitation, "Angry Words," Inez Morris; song, "I'm a Jolly Car Driver," Violet Holmes.

Several of the words of wisdom showed that those who gave them had thought about their subject before they came to the Lyceum, and the general subject for discussion, "The Stars," furnished the opportunity for drawing out intelligence from some of the adults as well as the youth.

The announcement was made by the conductor, Mrs. A. L. Ballou, that first and second prizes would again be awarded to those who disposed of the most tickets for the June entertainment, which will be held in the hall, 909½ Market street, this Saturday evening, June 28th, with indications that it will be a very pleasant affair. Miss Susie Parnell has been selected as door manager for the occasion. The new cards to redeem the reward of merit cards issued to the younger members have been received and are said to be very neat.

From the present outlook it is probable there will be more than one try for the prize of one dollar offered by Mr. Morse, for the best spiritual essay produced on Sunday July 6th, and some pleasant moments will be occupied in their reading.

W. J. KIRKWOOD.

Progressive Spiritualists.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Progressive Spiritualists Society's meeting in Metropolitan Temple, on Sunday, was said to be the best for sometime past. Moses Hull gave two of his very best lectures and they were well appreciated; his subject in the afternoon was "The Infidelity of the Churches." In the evening his subject was a continuation of last Sunday's discourse, "The Animal and the Spiritual Nature of Man." The singing was exceptionally good, rendered by the well known singer, Mrs. Howell, formerly soprano in Dr. Barrow's Church. Next Sunday will be the last of Mr. Hull's engagement, and he promises his lectures shall excel any heretofore delivered. We do hope all interested in hearing Spiritualism discussed in a reasonable and forcible manner, will not let the occasion go by without hearing Mr. Hull's farewell lecture. Remember it will be the last chance to hear him next Sunday.

S. B. WHITEHEAD, Secretary.

Fraternity Hall, Oakland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

We wish to inform all friends, that the Children's Progressive Lyceum intend to hold a picnic on Sunday, July 6th, at Fruit Vale picnic grounds; take local train, which will bring you within a short distance to the grounds at the normal cost of 10 cents, or those preferring can walk from Twenty-third Avenue Station, a distance of fifteen minutes walk, and the cost from Oakland will be nothing, it is a lovely place well shaded, swings and other amusements are all convenient.

We propose to hold our medium's meeting there in the afternoon for those who wish to participate. What could be more enjoyable to the older friends, than a meeting of this kind held under the leafy canopy of the heavens. We insure you all a good time and hope to have a number of friends join with us in giving their assistance and making everything pleasant and enjoyable for all who attend. We invite one and all to come and join us.

The First Association of Progressive Spiritualists of Oakland, held their usual meeting last Sunday, Dr. Macsorley, presiding.

The afternoon meeting was opened with musical exercises, some excellent remarks and experiences were related by several friends; Mrs. McCrude gave a short speech and tests, Mr. B. K. Low gave a very interesting discourse on the advance of Spiritualism.

The evening meeting was opened with song and a blessing, and remarks by the President, after which Mr. M. Wheeler gave a very interesting lecture. Mrs. Wheeler gave psychometric readings and tests.

On last Wednesday evening our usual meeting was held at Kohler's Hall, where a large number of friends had assembled, every seat being occupied. After the opening exercises, Mrs. R. Cowell gave a short address and a number of tests. Mr. Pat-

tison, interested the audience with song and tests. Our friends Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler were both present, Mr. Wheeler giving some very interesting remarks, Mrs. Wheeler, readings and tests. On Sunday evening the rostrum looked very bright with floral decorations in honor to our friends, a pillow with the initial W. in centre, with star suspended representing the Spiritualistic Star that shall lead them all was the centre piece.

Next Sunday evening, Mrs. B. K. Low, will lecture. Subject, "Spiritualism and the Good it has done Politically," closing with tests. We invite all to come. Doors open at 7 A. M.

Yours Fraternally,

MRS. DAVIS, Sec'y.

Oakland, June 24th, 1890.

The Two Days Picnic.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The many readers of your truly spiritual journal will be pleased to know of the happy time experienced by the people who attended a two days picnic, last week at Fruit Vale Station in east Oakland.

As tiny dew drops obey love's attractive force and rise high in the upper air, so did scores of souls yield to spirit yearnings, and hie away from daily cares to the magnificent grove, where so much of real spiritual enjoyment was had, that the two days seemed all too short, and some resolved to pitch their tents and remain there several weeks.

This privilege of tenting was kindly granted by father Green and his estimable lady who occupy these extensive premises, and they are staunch spiritualists.

The place covers nine acres of ground, portion of it is covered with timber, most of the trees are a hundred feet high, and as they were all set out by hand some years ago, stand of course right where they should be, affording ample walks, promenade spaces, department for swings and calisthenic exercises, and above all a cosy retreat surrounded by evergreen trees so densely packed as to keep off the stiff breeze, and make ample shade. In this retreat is the speaker's stand, and the long rows of seats for the public.

It was believed that ample accommodations had been provided, but the seats were all filled and many had to stand, and the children were allowed to occupy a long row of swings just outside.

It was difficult to perceive which enjoyed the most happiness, the birds with their ceaseless song in the trees, the children on the swings, or the happiness caused by the deeper flow of thought from spirit spheres uttered through the willing lips of many speakers and mediums.

Among the speakers and mediums present were Moses Hull and Doctor Sirrine, Geo. E. Church and Dr. Dean, Prof. Ewens and Mrs. Green, Mrs. Cowell, Mrs. Price, Mrs. Ladd Finnican, Mrs. Sloper, Mrs. M. J. Hendee, Mrs. S. R. Beck, Mrs. Domes, Mrs. Seeley, Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Turner, Mr. Tyler, Mrs. Jennie and many others who helped to swell the enjoyments of the occasion.

The cost of coming to these grounds by boat and rail from San Francisco is fifteen cents, or twenty-five cents round trip. There is ample room for tents, and the cost of space for each tent including water is five dollars per month. The friends decided to have picnic gatherings here every month until the rains in November.

The next meeting will begin on Monday July 21st, and continue seven days. This arrangement will accommodate friends of the spiritual cause who reside at a distance from the city.

We shall have lectures, conferences, medium's meetings and seances.

General admittance to the grounds 10 cents. Single tickets for the seven days 50 cents. For further particulars see advertisement in the GOLDEN GATE, or address the Secretary.

WALTER HYDE,

1107, 23d Avenue,

Oakland, Cal.

Oakland, June 24th, 1890.

Circle of Harmony.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The meeting at 909 Market St. at 10:30 opened with music and invocation. Again Mrs. Logan gave all a kindly greeting with the privilege of all speakers and mediums to obey the promptings of the spirit. Mrs. Hendee related some of her experiences. Her own children in good circumstances wanted her to remain with them, and enjoy the comforts of their domestic homes, if she would only keep Spiritualism away; she preferred rather to be homeless and continue the use of the mediumpic gifts and to have the approval of the dear ones gone before in her efforts. Mrs. Cook and Rutter sang "He knows"; Mrs. Seeley had opposition at home to her belief in Spiritualism, but more recently her band was protecting her from untoward influences in and out of the material form.

Mr. Wilkinson gave several tests and symbols, Mr. Humphreys sang a fine piece with good effect, Mr. Mullen made a few remarks, as did also Mr. Day.

Mrs. Logan closed the meeting with thanks giving until next Sunday at 10:30, in same Hall.

REPORTER.

AND we live on one of these worlds, on one of the smallest, a sort of a point in an immensity without bounds, lighted by one of these innumerable suns, in a horizon as restricted as if it were the cocoon of the silkworm, knowing nothing of all the causes, children of a moment, steeping ourselves in illusory views of the world itself, scarcely seeing anything outside it, so insignificant as to suppose we know something, flattering ourselves with a fatuous feeling of pride at dominating nature, vain of illusions taken for realities. We call ourselves Materialists without knowing anything of the essence of matter, Spiritualists (Spiritualists) without knowing anything of the meaning of spirit.—M. Flammarion.

KATE FIELD is not particularly complimentary to American women. She says, in a recent issue of her paper, *Kate Field's Washington*, "That, with all our boasting over the superiority of American women, French women are vastly ahead of us in executive ability, in housekeeping, in taste, in manners, and in husbanding resources, while the best representatives of English women exceed us in culture and in brains. America has produced no Mrs. Browning, no George Eliot. Even our universities where co-education exists make no such showing as Cambridge, England, where Miss Philippa Fawcett, aged twenty-two, has taken the highest honors in the late competitive June examinations."

The great Bernhart, it seems, feels an intense passion for the hero of the Dark Continent; it is purely platonic however. She has announced her intention of accompanying him when he re-visits Africa, of which the *Examiner* remarks: "In that case, Mrs. Stanley, who is 'something of an artist herself, will probably give 'the susceptible Sarah some points in the matter of artistic passion that will take her breath away. Also her hair."

Good character largely depends upon the constant repetition of good actions until they become habitual; and whatever innocent means are necessary to secure this should be used. The best should have the preference if they can be made effective; but it is useless to press unavailable motives to which there is no response in the heart of the one to be influenced.

WHO IS THIS MARVELOUS MAN DR. A. B. DOBSON?

This question has been asked by many. The following letter will throw some light on the question.

LONG LAKE, HENNEPIN CO., MINN.

DR. DOBSON, MARQUETTE IOWA.
DEAR DOCTOR: Your remedies and picture received all right. I have been using your remedies for two weeks, and thank God I am getting well.

For five months I was confined to my bed, unable to turn over without assistance, but since taking your remedies I am fit to go to my bed made. I had been given up to die. The doctors said consumption had set in, and I had my burial clothes made, but thanks to you and the good spirits I will not need them yet.

I did not believe in spirits nor Spiritualism, but I do now.

I am gaining so fast that the neighbors can hardly believe it is myself.

I have sent you a great many patients and will send many more.

I had twenty calls on Monday to see your picture, and to see if I was really gaining as fast as reported. They don't know what to make of it, as they were all expecting me to die. They say, "Surely this is a miracle. Who is this man that can work such wonders?" and many more such questions. Send remedies soon, so they will reach me before this month's medicine is gone.

I wish I could tell to the sick of the whole world what you have done for me. God bless you as my prayer.

Truly yours, HELEN MASON.

[See ad in another column.]

WANTED TO SELL OR EXCHANGE—Recreation Park and Saloon; a fine business stand and residence, located opposite the Fair Grounds, Chicago. There is a good carriage house, barn and water-works upon the place. The Park occupies an entire block of two and one-half acres, and contains some 300 trees. The owner would sell this property at a bargain or would exchange it for a good residence in Oakland or Alameda. For particulars inquire at this office.

A two-story cottage, with ten rooms, and a corner lot 55x127 feet, with barn, chicken-house, flowers and fruit trees, in the beautiful town of San Leandro, and all for the small sum of \$1600. Inquire at this office. The grounds are neatly laid out, the house newly painted, and the property in first-class order.

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By J. J. OWEN.

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

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These gems treat of spiritual subjects in a very beautiful way, and will give satisfaction to many a reader, in this permanent form.—*Alcyon.*

The volume is not only beautifully gotten up, but abounds with inspired teachings, and is a credit to the author.—*Charles P. Cook, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

"Spiritual Fragments," is a treasure of priceless value to the world, and must be appreciated by it in due time.—*Riley M. Adams, Vineland, N. J.*

They deal with some 750 distinct subjects. The teaching is on the whole sound, and uttered with great literary grace and lucidity.—*Medium and Daybreak.*

They will be found interesting and instructive reading. The book is embellished with a fine life-like portrait of Mr. Owen.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

Mr. Owen was for a quarter of a century editor of the *San Jose Mercury*, and is well known throughout the West. He has always excelled as a writer of humanitarian editorials.—*Golden Era.*

I find in it "rest for the weary," encouragement for the weak, hope for the despondent; in short, a panacea for many of life's ills, if these thoughts were but coined into practice.—*Mrs. R. S. Little.*

A collection of choice gems of thought on a very large variety of topics, all of which are treated from the broad, liberal standpoint of a man of culture, experience and deep spiritual conviction.—*W. J. Colville.*

They should be in the hands and form a text-book for every thinking, reflecting Spiritualist in the land; it should be constantly by his side and used as a text-book of the higher teachings of Spiritualism.—*Ben. Amer. Advertiser.*

Such "Fragments" are "whole thoughts" for the mortal. They are good to lie round where they can tell their tale to the idle moment I never open the volume without finding a thought or a suggestion that stirs the mind.—*Charles Duncanson.*

Coming from the pen of Hon. J. J. Owen, editor of the GOLDEN GATE, of San Francisco, there is no doubt in the minds of those who know of the writer and his literary efforts, that his "Spiritual Fragments" will be veritable crumbs of wisdom.—*Over Branch.*

Today it came my wife took it as I was showing it to her, and has kept it ever since; and occasionally says "Hear this, John," and reads one of them. She finds a good deal of consolation in these "Fragments," and keeps the book on her work-table and in her hands about all the time.—*John Wierle.*

It is packed full of the grandest, most elevating and inspiring sentiments that I ever read. I can not open to a single page that I do not find something that commends itself to my better and nobler self. It can but do a great good.—*W. H. Smith, of the Oceanic Safe and Iron Works Company, Boston, Mass.*

I think your book is a beautiful gathering of pearls of wisdom and truth, which may well grace the library of every Spiritualist, and to those who walk in sorrow's sombre vale, upon perusal of many of its cheering pages, find many a cheering ray of light which shall illumine their pathway and inspire fresh vigor to their faltering energies.—*Samuel D. Greene, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

It is precisely such a work as would afford appropriate readings for our Sunday services and lyceum school classes. Those who have been in the habit of reading these noble ethics as they have appeared in each issue of the GOLDEN GATE, will rejoice to find them gathered up in the form of a handsome and attractive volume.—*Emma Harding Britten, in "The Two Worlds."*

I feel that I am blest with a true spiritual friend that I keep readily at hand to cheer me in times of despond. It certainly embodies the true precepts to a correct and therefore heavenly life.

Spiritual fragments we've been gathered, Ne'er were placed before the world;

And we speak for their mission Equal to the truth of old.—*Sarah A. Ramsdell.*

On this Coast especially, and to an extent among the readers of Spiritual literature throughout the world, Mr. Owen is appreciated as one of the most graceful and forcible of writers advocating the cause of "Modern Spiritualism," while the editorial fraternity of California agree, from long acquaintance with him as a secular editor, that he is a writer of fine general ability. We give "Spiritual Fragments" a place in our most valued collection.—*The World's Advance Thought.*

They touch upon a great variety of topics, but the main themes are the power of love, the influence of home, the vitality of the spiritual in man, the spread of free thought and the decadence of religious sectarianism. Mr. Owen is a clear, forcible and earnest writer. There is the ring of genuine conviction in everything he writes, and no one can read a few pages of this book without gaining suggestions for thought. If every Spiritualist had his candor, moderation, tolerance and high aspirations, the Cause would be much stronger than it is today.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

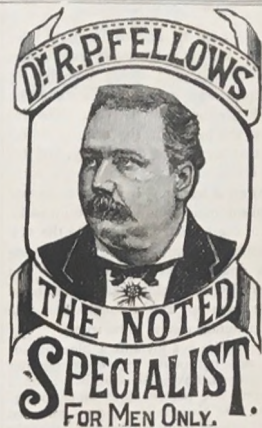
We have read SPIRITUAL FRAGMENTS during the morning meal—never enjoyed a book upon any religious or reformatory subject as we have this volume. Every page is illuminated by the bright light of an unfolded spiritual life. Every reformer will find a perpetual spiritual blessing to his or her home and life by securing a copy. We have read and enjoyed, and waited for an inspiration to give us language to express our thanks to you for giving the world such a book, but we can never express what we have so much enjoyed.—*Dr. M. E. and Rosa C. Cengar, Chicago.*

I must say, Brother Owen, your "Fragments" are soul-searching, love-seeking, harmony-inspiring and peace-giving to all who have tasted the sweet waters of Spiritualism, and the pure nectar of its divine truths. Some of its passages are like hanging baskets of rare and fragrant blooms in the "Garden of the Gods." They are like healing balm to many a worn and weary traveler on the dusty road of doubt. They portray the grand sublime principles of Spiritualism in symbols of beauty, and sing songs of sweetest gladness to the lone soul that is weary and longs to pass away, and tightens again the threads of angel-taught truths.—*Rose L. Bushnell, San Francisco.*

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Yes my afflicted brother this book has been written especially for YOU, and sent forth to meet your urgent needs and rescue you from impending DEATH, and restore you to SOUND HEALTH AND MANLY VIGOR. AVOID UNWISDOMFUL FRIENDS. Possess this valuable book which is worth many times its cost, and if you will heed the advice therein given, you will at be on the road to health and perfect manhood. Address: DR. R. P. FELLOWS,

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Nationalism.

A paper read before the Nationalist Club of San Jose, by Mrs. M. E. BARKER.

We are born to add to life, not to deplete it. We are the trees of knowledge, and from us should spring branches of living truth, and our promises should be verified through united effort. The religion of the heart, of the soul, is the religion man should be guided by, and his better sense will dictate him aright without any great leader. If I were to dictate a creed for man to follow, I would make it out of the human heart, where the sick and sorrowing are, where the suffering makes one humble, where men and women take the unfortunate by the hand and lift them up, and through their true lives encourage others to be true.

A grand life is a joy and a blessing forever, and has made the world brighter and better for having lived in it. Such a life from one person does more to perpetuate true Nationalism than a hundred who go carelessly on without one thought or action towards Nationalism, but at the eleventh hour will come in and claim all its glory. The purest joy, the highest heaven, will be found in making better the condition for poor, weak and suffering humanity.

In Nationalism we see the moral and spiritual development of mankind. It is an open book, and in it we see a remedy to perpetuate the happiness of the human family. We see an unfolding of the divine nature in man, that will take away the sad, rayless, and almost hopeless condition that thousands now live under—a condition of fear, misery, and despair, that have no other effect than to sink them body and soul into the lowest depths. We do not believe the power of darkness that now hangs like a funeral pall and overshadows the minds of men and women will continue to exist much longer, for we see a state of unrest, and enquiring minds are asking why this state of oppression and wrong. There must be an injustice somewhere amid all this; and yet among the sons and daughters of toil are found our brightest minds, our greatest presidents, our most gifted poets, and through this intelligence lie the hopes of the future.

The struggles of the toilers will eventually revolutionize thought enough to eradicate evil tendencies, and place instead a system of justice, of equal rights for all, and wanton poverty, with all its extended evils, will be felt no more. But we have wolves in sheep's clothing, who are seeking in every way to formulate plans for their own interests, clothed in glowing colors, and with smooth words for the truth that is to be man's redeemer. This behooves every true Nationalist to watch out for scheming politicians. We may have them in our ranks claiming everything that is grand and noble, and will seemingly work for our beautiful cause, until they get us where they want us, then sell us out to political shysters, and we are left to gain our lost reputations as best we may, for scheming politicians will be after us. So look well to your laurels. Be not too hasty in political action.

Something will be lost in this movement, and I only hope it will be the false and wrong, and like the dead leaves, will decay, and something good, pure and just take its place. Humanity has been growing all through its weary years of unceasing pain and toil, and we do not believe it started in its best and is growing worse, but that it started in its worse and crude form, and is growing better, and will come out glorified and purified.

In nature's living book we see God, or good; in the trees of the forest, in the flowers of the field, in the streams that run down the mountain side, in the valley's evergreen foliage, in the beautiful sunset, in the starry evening shadows, by the rolling sea, in the earthquake's shock, in the volcano's bursts of wonder, and in this old planet, that turns day by day, year by year; that never came from nothing, but out of something, and its truth speaks for itself. So would the truths of Nationalism speak, and its principles would germinate and expand until it would be a part and parcel of mankind, and we would become a oneness with the great over soul of nature and its divine attributes, its infinite and universal love.

And we should work for the unfolding of the human race, for cultivation and growth, and, like the forests that have given place to cities, old superstition should give place for the new religion, a religion of harmony, of love and peace, that seeks the welfare of all; that has no creed, but a mutual benefit that reaches into dark places, into the drunkard's empty home, into the gambler's gross calling, into the saloon, into the dark alleys of prostitution, and all places of vice and crime, where these principles of truth have never germinated; into the home of the toiling mother, who knows no rest; into the factories, where her babes are educated in a living death, and that their only school; into the widow's lonely home, into the home of the orphan, into the mines, where men face death through suffocation and the crushing process—where mush and water is their only meal, or go superfluous to bed; into the starved faces of the millions of toilers as they go back and forth to their places of work; and above all look into the elegant homes of the landlord, of the banker, of the lawyer—and note the difference: the one side rolling in luxury and ease, the other

creating all their wealth, with little benefit to themselves.

This will ever be getting worse, unless men stop and think—think as well as work; and they cannot think when worked to death.

But as we are living manifestations of the generosity of nature, in time, through the hearts of mankind will be brought about a better state of affairs. We find evil, falsehoods and wrong, and yet man is nearer perfection than ever before, and we have all eternity for our unfolding, morally, mentally and spiritually; and when we have learned self-control, we have struck the keynote of our happiness. All that is good will live, and all that is bad will perish, and we will yet rise into greater and grander conditions than ever before, for there are greater and grander conditions awaiting us. We must not be weary in the wilderness of strife, for back of all is love, wisdom, and truth. As we hope to conquer in this strife, we must lay aside political ambition; crush out the war spirit that has predominated so long that we watch our brother man, that we may see a way to turn him in our favor—not for the good we can do him, or the people at large, but for power, influence, and gold, that we may keep him in ignorance; and ignorance of the masses means superstition, fear, and demagoguery.

It demands a cool head, a firm resolve, and purpose of character to steer our course clear and keep from being stranded on the rocks of political influence, planning schemes of greed, and selfish desires. When men come to think more of the interests of others and less of their own selfish ends, they come near being a true Nationalist.

While we are living for the future we are also living in the present, and should live the highest and best; but can we do it when suffering poverty? I answer, No. Then the system that makes slaves of men must be changed. Do you ever think how and where your food and clothing come from? Then see to it you in the future demand something better than stale meat and hard bread to eat. Laboring men have it in their power to crush out the cruel competitive system, if they but hold together.

Powderly says competition makes men hate each other, and the fear of want on the morrow makes the criminals of to-day; and if the fear of want were removed from the working men of this nation, no grander or happier people would be on the face of this earth. Then the hands would not be stretched at each other's throats, but all would be extended to clasp the hands of their brother man, regardless of his religion, color, or race—and this is true. How can we expect men to be responsible, intelligent human beings while undergoing the severest pangs of poverty. A prohibitionist would say drink makes more than one-half their poverty; but I believe that poverty makes more than one-half of the drunkards, and we certainly would be better off without either. It makes no difference in the title of a name, whether prohibitionist, Nationalist, Spiritualist, or labor unionist, if we be true to the cause of truth, and not lose sight of the principle, in bitter animosity, as to which is doing the most good. All are educators, and are needed to help spread the light; and no one can spread any more than he contains within himself, however great the name, for it is not the name, but its good works.

Now, if the love of money is the root of all evil, so the love of humanity is the root of all good. If we worship gold instead of good, then gold becomes king and enslaves labor, which is the producer of it. Therefore, we should have no personal ownership. It should be the common inheritance for the use of all alike, and all should be supplied from the common fund. This would make all united, where private property separates and antagonizes labor and capital. If a few men can work together and harmonize in a common interest and with a common fund, why cannot the nation do it, and so wipe out the burdens and poverty the people are now groaning under, and change the competitive system, that corners the necessities of life?

Nationalism means co-operation in its highest and broadest sense. Then let us not be narrow-minded, but co-operate with other organizations, thereby showing we practice what we preach. Nationalists should go among the wage workers and join their organizations, for it cannot be denied but that labor unions have increased the prices of labor, and that labor decreases as they lose their power. It is very important that Nationalists and labor unions work together, for starvation wages to men or women is the one main cause of the evil we are trying to remedy, and as Frances E. Willard says, humanity is the one humane and righteous syndicate, the only combination that can be permitted to combine, the only trusted trust. So let us be humane, and co-operate together, teach and educate together, and when it is time for graduation we will be fitted for co-operation, and the power of competition, that now reduces the weaker to bankruptcy, will be put on an industrial co-operative system; and as distribution is the most important part of production, then the Government will own the facilities for distribution.

Now, then, how can this be done? In no other way than by educating the people up to the standard of co-operation. But that is a hard thing to do, for we find men with their prejudices, their pet theories, their selfishness and wilfulness, which stands in their way of true development and growth. But old fossilized

ideas are giving way to new and quickening thoughts of truth, as we come to understand them more fully. So progression ever marches onward and upward, and the unfolding of mankind is inevitable.

We have been taught that poverty itself is no sin; but surely the temptations to sin are increased through poverty, and that many men and women have been driven to intemperance, vice and ruin through despair, while suffering poverty. Labor Commissioner Wright says there are a million unemployed men in the United States. In Massachusetts, children from six years up work ten and eleven hours for fifty cents a week, while their fathers are walking the streets unemployed. A conflict between capital and labor is sure to come, and let us not settle it by the bullet, but by co-operation of the Government. Capital is consolidating. Its iron grip has already got hold of our State and national legislation. It controls elections by buying up votes. It dictates the price of everything we eat or wear. Sweat and toil receives no reward; on the contrary, we are virtually white slaves, and money is the monarch that tramples millions of the people to the ground.

Everywhere the question is being asked, What can be done for the working classes? In religious circles, in the pulpit, is the question answered by building costly churches for the display of pomp and power, pride and fashion, or by paying fat salaries, which institutes an aristocracy of piety. Neither will soup houses, or living on ten cents a day, or by insuring against sickness and death. Now, then, the real question is, what can working people do for themselves? They can do all that is needed for their comfort and welfare if they are independent, self-reliant, and self-respecting people. They can harmonize, co-operate, and act together; then they could control Government affairs; they could do away with monopolies and trusts; they could have free water, free air; they could stop the cornering of their productions; they could have a heaven here on earth.

Harriet Hosmer's Vision.

Lydia Maria Child's article on "Spirits," in a late *Atlantic Monthly*, contains the following interesting paragraph:—

When Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor, visited her native country a few years ago, I had an interview with her, during which our conversation happened to turn upon dreams and visions. "I had some experience in that way," said she. "Let me tell you a singular circumstance that happened to me in Rome. An Italian girl, named Rosa, was in my employ for a long time, but was finally obliged to return to her mother on account of confirmed ill health. We were mutually sorry to part, for we liked each other. When I took my customary excursion on horseback I frequently called to see her. On one of these occasions I found her brighter than I had seen her for some time past. I had long relinquished hopes of her recovery, but there was nothing in her appearance that gave me the impression of immediate danger. I left with the expectation of calling to see her many times. During the remainder of the day I was busy in my studio, and do not recollect that Rosa was in my thoughts after I parted with her; I returned to rest in good health, and in a quiet frame of mind, but I awoke from a sound sleep with an oppressive feeling that some one was in the room. I wondered at the sensation, for it was entirely new to me; but in vain I tried to dispel it. I peered beyond the curtains of my bed, but could distinguish no object in the darkness. Trying to gather up my thoughts, I soon recollected that the door was locked, and that I put the key under my bolster. I felt for it and found it where I had placed it. I said to myself that I had probably had some ugly dream, and waked with a vague impression of it on my mind. Reasoning thus, I arranged myself comfortably for another nap. I am habitually a good sleeper, a stranger to fear; but, do what I would, the idea still haunted me that someone was in my room. Finding it impossible to sleep, I longed for daylight to dawn, that I might rise and pursue my customary avocations. It was not long before I was able to distinguish the furniture in my room, and soon after I heard, in the apartments below, familiar noises of servants opening windows and doors. An old clock proclaimed the hour. I counted one, two, three, four, five, and resolved to arise immediately. My bed was partially screened by a long curtain, looped at the side. As I raised my head from the pillow, Rosa looked inside the curtain and smiled at me. The idea of anything supernatural did not occur to me. Simply surprised, I exclaimed, 'Why Rosa, how came you here when you are so ill?' 'I am well now,' she replied. With the thought only of greeting her joyfully, I sprang out of bed. There was no Rosa there! I moved the curtains, thinking she might, perhaps, have playfully hidden behind its folds. The same feeling induced me to look into the closet. The sight of her had come so suddenly, that, in the first moment of surprise and bewilderment, I did not reflect that the door was locked. When I became convinced that there was no one in the room but myself, I recollected that fact; and thought I must have seen a vision.

"At the breakfast table I said to the old lady with whom I boarded, 'Rosa is dead.'"

"What do you mean by that?" she inquired.

"You told me that she seemed better than common when you called to see her yesterday."

"I related the occurrences of the morning, and told her that I had a strong impression Rosa was dead. She laughed, and said I had dreamed it all. I assured her I was thoroughly awake, and in proof thereof told her I had heard all the accustomed household noises, and had counted the clock when it struck five."

"She replied, 'All that is very possible, my dear. The clock struck in your dream. Real sounds often mix with illusions of sleep. I am surprised that a dream should make such an impression on a young lady as free from superstition as you are.'"

"She continued to jest on the subject, and slightly annoyed me by her persistence in believing it to be a dream, when I was perfectly sure of having been awake. To settle the question, I summoned a messenger, and sent him to inquire how Rosa did. He returned with the answer that 'She died this morning at five o'clock.'"

I wrote the story as Miss Hosmer told it to me, and after I had shown it to her, I asked her if she had any objection to its being published without the suppression of names. She replied, 'You have reported the story correctly. Make what use you please of it. You cannot think it more strange or more unaccountable than I do myself.'

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For

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I Stood on the Verge of a Midnight Sea.

I stood on the verge of a midnight sea,
At the base of a star-crowned wall,
And harkened the murmur of voices old,
Commencing with music and laughter and glee,
And tones of a hushed voice's call.

I lifted my face to the star-jeweled skies,
As I thought of a grave far away,
And looked for a bright pair of sweet, loving eyes,
And beautiful face in the twilight,
But the heavens seem distant and gray.

And the sky-reaching wall loomed up wildly and wide,
And its base appeared rugged and bare
And all I could hear was the plash of the tide:
As swiftly it ebbed on the wall's higher side,
God only and angels knew where.

Faith's pure crystal fountain turned stagnant and stale,
And hope grew uncertain and dim;
Love's glad song died out of my life like a wail
And the sweet, silver stars faded sickly and pale
Far over the walls ragged rim.

My dark mind waxed full of all seasons care,
My heart was embittered by wrong.
When strains like a siren's, as sweet and as rare,
Came down on the still, evening air,
And flooded the twilight with song.

And fair was the face that looked down from the wall,
And I knew from the sad eyes sublime
That the voice I had heard was the cherished one's call
The dearest and tenderest and sweetest of all
Ever heard in the valley of Time.

Then my soul floated up on the music grand bars
High over the bleak walls of night—
The boundary of time, with its jagged and jars,
Till it kissed the white hem of the beautiful stars
And looked on the blest shores of light.

New the diademed dome looks not distant to me,
And the wall seems nor frowning nor wide,
For I hear the faint surge of the silvery sea,
And the rhythm of oars and the boatman's glad glee
As he floats softly in on the tide.

Hail beautiful realm where sadness and gloom
And sorrow are known nowhere,
Where loves rarest and roses are ever in bloom
To sweeten the air with their fragrant perfume,
And never a winter and never a tomb
Can sadden thy love-litened shore.

A Wish.

Were I to seek for the choicest thing
Which God would grant me at my earnest quest,
It should not be that riches I might bring,
Nor that thou gain them at thy own behest.

I would not ask for thee a diadem,
Nor seek for costly gems and jewels rare;
I would not ask for loveliness supreme,
That thou might'st shine the fairest of the fair.

Nor would I seek to lay at thy dear feet
The treasures of earth's genius and her fame;
Nor ask that millions of me hate to greet
In thee the lineage of a royal name.

I would not pray that thou might'st live serene,
A stranger to each dull and wasting care,
Protected, too, from every bad or keen
And rescued from the unsuspected snare.

Ah! not for all, though thou hast of earth,
Would I present my prayer unto thy Lord,
Urging my suit, though conscious of unworth,
And waiting on Him till He pledged his word.

But I would ask that thou may'st never know
The bitterness of being left alone,
To travel through thy pilgrimage below,
Beside of the dear love which thou hast known.

Yea, 't is the utmost thing that I would ask
Would be to walk with thee unto the end,
And serve thee still in the last, sad sweet task,
And then resign thee to our better friend.

Content to dwell a little longer here,
Though all alone, if they be spared the pain
Of being called to shed the widow's tear;
Counting my loss thus everlasting gain.

—F. E. Snow, in "Harford Courant."

Who Hides His Time.

Who hides his time and day by day
Face defeat full patiently,
And lifts a mournful roundelay,
However poor his fortunes be,
He will not fail in any realm
Of poverty. The paltry dime,
It will grow golden in his palm
Who hides his time.

Who hides his time—he tastes the sweet
Of honey in the saltiest tear;
And though he fears with glowing feet,
Joy runs to meet him dawning ear,
The birds are heralds of his case,
And, like a never-ending rhyme,
The roadside blooms in his applause
Who hides his time.

Who hides his time, and frowns not
In the hot race that none achieve,
Shall wear cool wreath laurel, wrought
With crimson berries in the leaves;
And he shall reign a godly king,
And wear his hand on every clime,
With power writ on his signet ring,
Who hides his time.

Evening Skies.

How radiant the evening skies!
Broad wing of blue in space unfurled,
Heaven watching with ten thousand eyes
The warfare of a sleeping world.

When the bee lures its early horn
To wake the sisterhood of flowers,
The summer summer comes
To cheer us with its golden hours.

The sun illumines the happy day,
And earth grows fair beneath its blush;
The robin sings his roundelay;
The chorus bursts from every bush.

The sailing clouds the winds pursue
In the vast upper deep of sky,
Each grass blade holds a drop of dew;
Each drop reflects a world on high.

When night resumes her sapphire throne,
Wearing a torrent of light—
A queen charlote, her realm alone—
The king of day withdraws from sight.

God lights the wild flower in the wood;
He rocks the sparrow in its nest;
He guides the angel on the road;
That came to guard us when we rest.

—George W. Buncay, in "Harper's Bazar."

Reply to Reverend Tuff.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

In the *Morning Call* of June 16th, is a synopsis of a sermon delivered in the Congregational Church in Elizabeth, N. J., by the Rev. Robert A. Tuff. "If a man die shall he live again?" Some portions of his remarks are couched in language culled from the choicest gems of literature. "There is," said he, "no corner partitioned by the illumine azure that knoweth not his presence; there is no day that his sword hath not severed the thread which subtly bound some soul in body-thrall; there is no moment when he walketh not, he is the angel of the sleepless inevitable, men weep, women wail, the cheeks of the bravest blanch, the hearts of the cowards are gnawed with fear, but the Angel Death stephens surely leaving no track unmarked by blood."

Did the Reverend gentleman but know that about twenty million of spiritualists on this globe, have had well authenticated facts that when men die they live again, he might say with them, "there is no death." It has only taken forty-two years of positive evidence to reach the entire circle of this planet. The church has been wallowing in the mire of doubt and blind faith for the last eighteen hundred years and seems to be on the "ragged edge" of uncertainty yet.

Again he says: "The Resurrection of Christ is like the news of victor brought from soldiers who have gone out to do battle; since the resurrection of our Lord there are many who sleep, but no more dead." He asserts that through the Bible alone we can know of an immortal life a future life beyond the grave.

Again: "If to use the language of Professor Tyndall in his famous Belfast address, you and I are destined, like streaks of the morning cloud, to melt into the infinite azure of the past, then life is a golden and glorious promise, never to be fulfilled. If man is not immortal, nature has imposed upon her sons, and made them a lie, we have been created to be baffled, to be thwarted, to be mocked, to be toyed with by the great blind, pitiless forces of nature, and then to be dissolved into nothingness forever." Professor Tyndall did not say that he believed the morning cloud was lost, if it did melt into the infinite embrace of the past.

Again he says, "Christianity teaches that man shall live after death. It sings no funeral hymns, it wails no requiems, it chants no dirges." We will admit, Christianity teaches a life after death, but it does sing funeral hymns, it does wail requiems, it does chant dirges. It erects high and costly edifices in homes of its Lord and Master, and lets the crippled pauper starve for the want of food and raiment just around the corner. Within the walls of these towers of pride, in a subdued and softened light under the extatic melody of music brought forth by skillful fingers from a twenty thousand dollar organ, the church pays thousands upon thousands of dollars to strictly guarded scholars men to tell them, that death is a punishment for sins committed through Adam, and Eve, and that the soul is eternally lost, who fails to believe; and only through the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ they must be washed clean. They teach, "though your sins be as scarlet they can be made white as wool by the blood of the lamb." That you must believe on Him to be saved from the wrath of a revengeful God. That there is a premium on His love and mercy, and all those unable to pay, those who know nothing of this little plan of salvation, hundreds of thousands who never heard of Christ, are left outside the gates of the Heavenly Mansion. It teaches, "as in Adam all sin and die" (not responsible) "even so in Christ all shall be made alive," only believe. It teaches the resurrection of the literal physical body. The church closes its doors to science, she closes her doors to natural laws, laws of humanity, to human reason, to the divinity of death, and turns this angel of light, into a demon of darkness. It shuts out all testimony across the borders of the Infinite Land betwixt this life and, where many of our blessed are singing songs of triumphant gladness, and are happy in the glorious light of the Father's love. The church is not willing for men to save themselves, they must be saved through the "blood of Christ." The selfish, the cowards, must cast their burdens and loads of sin upon the shoulders of Jesus Christ. Only believe on Him even at the close of a wicked and iniquitous life, and thou shall be saved.

We are glad to observe the signs of progression in Rev. Robert A. Tuff's church, to see the brimstone hares, has dropped out of sight, and we are glad to note that the church "adopts and makes its own" (at this late day) "the sentiment of the poet."

"The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient mote in the sky;
The soul immortal as its Sire
Shall never die."

"If a man die, shall he live again?" Deep thinking men and women, the young and the old, the learned and ignorant, the strong and the feeble, all find in this question a subject, find a thought which speaks to the soul. Whom am I? Where did I come from? What was I

previous to my advent in this life? Where am I going to when this body dissolves, when my spirit leaves it, to revert back from whence it came? Why am I chained to this earth? I am governed by circumstances and my surroundings from which I cannot break away; will I be punished for what I cannot help strive as I may? I could not help my coming, I cannot help my going, I feel within myself that I shall live again, I hear a long forgotten voice calling my name. These questions can but help to produce an influence that will grow beneficial to the lives and conditions of all those who think and reason for themselves. Spiritualism now stands before the world clothed in shining robes and defies shame. It stands in purity, it stands in virtue, it stands for health of the physical, the mental, the spiritual; for the dignity of toil, the beauty of this growing progressive world, this beautiful revolving planet, the Supreme All Father, the great Over Soul, and the unity of dual souls and their everlasting inheritance through the lessons that have earned their crowns. And on the threshold of the brighter land as the Pilgrim Soul takes a peep into the evergreen fields, leaves the shining paths, catches the odors of unfading blooms, hears the low, soft music of the unseen harps, sees the out-stretched arms of welcome, will it pass and say—

"Ah, painful thought; how can I drink it in? That somewhere in the illimitable blue, Of this pure space which men call Heaven, we two Again shall find each other, and begin The infinite life of love, a life akin, To angels blessed—only angels know, The ecstasy of blessedness that drew Us, each to each, while I was in the world of sin."

Yes, find each other! The remotest star, Of all the galaxies would hold in vain, Our Souls apart, we that have heretofore Been so closely interchanged as one, One in Soul and Spirit, in our lives that's past; Oh, joy to be together, we two, as one, forever more.

ROSE L. BUSHNELL.

San Francisco, June, 21st, 1890.

Mrs. Briggs' Meetings.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Another excellent meeting was held Sunday evening at College Hall, 106 McAllister street, under the direction of Mrs. Briggs.

The meeting was opened with singing by Mrs. Rutter and the audience. Mrs. Meyer made a beautiful invocation; followed by remarks from Mrs. Briggs, pertinent to the occasion. Mrs. Dunham then gave platform tests that skeptics acknowledged as being first class, as well as those grounded in the knowledge of spiritualism. After singing Mrs. Dunham, Mrs. Smith, Mr. Clements and others went among the people and gave many tests, which proved most satisfactory to the audience. Meeting next Sunday as usual.

REPORTER.

THE TRUE FREEMAN.—That man only who rises above the small yet mighty predilection, who sets the self of his own consciousness behind his back, and cherishes only the self of the Father's thought, the angel that beholds the eternal face, that man only is a free and noble being, he only breathes the air of the Infinite. Another may well deny the existence of any such Father, any such Infinite, for he knows nothing of the nature of either, and his testimony for it would be as worthless as that which he gives against it.—*The Problem of Life.*

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SEVENTH ANNUAL GRAND Camp Meeting

OF THE Mississippi Valley Spiritualists' Association, AT MOUNT PLEASANT PARK, CLINTON, IOWA, Commencing Sunday, August 31; and closing August 31, 1890.

The Park will be open to cottagers and tenters from June 15th to September 15th, 1890.

Arrangements have been made with the Western States and the Central Traffic and Passenger Associations; assuring a rate of one and one-third fare.

The ROSTRUM will be occupied on the dates mentioned inclusive by the following gifted and popular speakers: Opening Address by President J. S. Loveland, Sunday, August 31; Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, August 31 to 6th; Mrs. A. H. Colby Luther, August 31 to 10; Lyman C. Howe, August 10th to 17th; Edgar W. Emerson, the most noted platform test medium of the day, will give public tests after each lecture from August 17th to 21st; Mrs. R. S. Lillie, August 20th to 24th; Miss Jennie B. Hagan, August 24th to 31st; J. H. Randall, of Chicago, will also assist in platform and lecture work.

MUSIC.—Prof. Fred Kreyer's Band has been engaged for the season. Mrs. Frankie Cole, whose qualities as a vocalist always please, will have charge of the vocal music. MEDIUMS ENGAGED.—Dr. and Mrs. S. N. Aspinwall, trance, test and developing mediums; Mrs. Bessie Aspinwall, the popular materializing medium; Prof. G. W. Vanhook, the spirit test medium; Mrs. S. A. Bartholmes, trance, test, psychometric and mental healing medium; Frank N. Foster, who possesses the rare and wonderful gift of spirit photography; Mrs. Mott Knight, a reliable test, pellet and slate writing medium; Mrs. A. H. Sain, a very gifted clairvoyant medium; Mrs. Olive A. Blodgett, of Danport, Iowa, the noted medium for various phases of spiritual phenomena, will occupy Libby Cottage, on Grand Avenue, the entire season; Prof. A. B. Severance, the noted psychometrist, will give private readings and teach a class in physical and social culture; Prof. A. W. Rothermel, highly endowed as a reliable medium for physical manifestations in the light.

Single admission, to cents; weekly tickets, 50 cents; season tickets, \$2. Parties desiring to board themselves can order provisions, including fruits and milk, on the grounds. Tents, with floors, can be rented of the Association. Every Sunday during the season a Progressive Lecture will be given to the children, the children, to which all, old and young, are invited. The weekly program will consist of lecture, lectures, mediums' meetings, conferences, faith meetings, camp dances and entertainments, by talent selected from campers. Transient visitors lodged in tents or in cottages at 25 cents to 50 cents, according to accommodations. Campers are requested to bring blankets and pillows. Camp postoffice on the ground. Mail should be addressed, Clinton, Iowa, (Mount Pleasant Park.) Business meeting of the Association Saturday, August 2nd, at 7:30 P. M.

For additional information, address Dr. J. H. Randall, Secretary, my House, Street, Chicago, Ill., until July 15th; after that date to Clinton, Iowa, (Mount Pleasant Park.)

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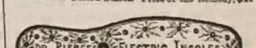
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