

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.

You will never have a friend if you have one without failings.

Love is sunshine, hate is shadow.—*Longfellow.*

A bird is known by its note and a man by his talk.

The earth is a host who murders all his guests.—*Hafiz.*

Our words and actions to be fair must be timely.—*Emerson.*

Regret not yesterday, despise not to-day, depend not on to-morrow.

The art of life is to know how to enjoy little and endure much.

A good life is the best way to understand wisdom and religion.

There is nothing in life so earnestly to be sought as character and probity.—*Cicero.*

Hearts are very much alike, and all need lots of patience to keep them good and happy.

Teach children to love everything that is beautiful, and you will teach them to be useful and good.

Think twice before you believe every evil story you hear, and think twenty times before you repeat it.

Leisure for men of business, and business for men of leisure would cure many complaints.—*Mrs. Thrale.*

It is a most mortifying reflection for any one to consider what he has done compared with what he might have done.

Life's reckoning we cannot make twice over. You cannot mend a wrong subtraction by doing your addition right.

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

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

It is better to lose a jest than a friend, to miss an opportunity of saying a "good thing" than to make an enemy.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Stupid people and uneducated people, according to William Black, do not care for nice discriminations. They always have decided opinions.

A man really and practically looking onward to an immortal life, on whatever grounds, exhibits to us the human soul in an ennobled attitude.

Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.—*Leigh Hunt.*

Have you learned the lesson of yesterday or the infinite meaning of to-day? It has duties of its own; they cannot be left until to-morrow. To-morrow will bring its own work.

THE MISSION OF SPIRITUALISM.

Delivered by Mrs. Ella Wilson-Marchant, in San Bernardino, Cal.

[Second Lecture Reported for the GOLDEN GATE.]
"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!) Awoke one night from a sweet dream of peace, And saw within the moonlight of his room (Making it rich and like a lily bloom) An angel writing in a book of gold. Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold, And to the vision in the room he said: 'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head, And with a look made all of sweet accord, Replied, 'The names of those that love the Lord.' 'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,' The angel answered. Abou spoke more low, But cheerily still: 'I pray thee, then, Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.' The angel wrote and vanished. The next night It came again with a great wakening light, And showed the names which love of God had blessed, And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

There is a very instructive lesson given in this beautiful parable. You see the very conception of the poem is spiritualistic in its character—based upon a spirit manifestation and communication—and the lesson given is, I may say, the very essence of Spiritualism. Do you love your fellow-men? Are you trying, to the best of your ability, to live up to the principle of the Golden Rule? Then are you living out the doctrines of Spiritualism. Then are you fulfilling the whole law of God. Jesus, when asked which was the greatest commandment, hung the whole law, and all the prophets—the representatives of the past and of the future—on two love-laws, the love of God and the love of man. The author of Abou Ben Adhem still further condenses it all into one, the love of our fellow-man. And we say that the one is all that is necessary to contain it all, for in loving your fellow-men you love God—the God incarnated in humanity, which, in its fullest unfoldment, is as near God as you are likely to come in a long, long time.

But perhaps one comes to me with a large organ of veneration who feels that he must worship something outside of and beyond himself—something that he must bend down in adoration to. Well, I'll tell you how you can still carry out this lesson of Abou Ben Adhem and yet worship the same God that Jesus worshiped—not the arbitrary, jealous, angry, cruel God of the aggressive, warring Jews, their God was not the God of the gentle Nazarene, his was the God of Love. Jesus taught that God is love; that was his God, and there you have the God of Spiritualism. Are you in love with Love? that is, with kindness, sympathy, and the helpful tenderness that would prompt you to do all you can to elevate your fellow-men? Then do you love God, this God, the God of the gentle Nazarene, and the God of the true Spiritualist.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the great God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

And this God is a powerful God, a wonder-working God. This God which is love, and love which is God, is the mighty lever which placed under humanity is to lift it up to the glorious heights of Angelhood. And this is the light, this is the truth, this the heaven which the spirit world has struggled through so many years and ages to bring to the understanding of man—man groping in the dark, longing, suffering, struggling to rise up to something higher, putting out his hands for help, yet too often rejecting the proffered aid that would have been so gladly, joyfully, extended to him if only his dull perceptions could have understood.

The idea of a personal God with arbitrary laws, who must be worshipped and adored to be appeased, and to whom costly offerings must be made, and costly shrines built, if his favor was to be obtained, arose in that state of society where Might makes Right, when conquerors exacted devotion and tribute from those they had conquered and whom they made their slaves; and when physical prowess obtained and kept the high places of the land, with the wealth thereof, while the masses toiled to keep up this state of things. From these causes also came the legends of the divine right of kings, the succession of the priesthood, along with the so-called rights and immunities of the privileged classes, and the subjugation of woman to man.

Spiritualism comes in to destroy all these false and pernicious ideas and teachings, and to bring about equal rights in their stead. It could not be otherwise, for Modern Spiritualism did not make its advent until the framers of the Declaration of Independence had, part, if not all of them, passed over; and they had declared that all men are born with equal rights, that their Creator had endowed them with certain inalienable rights, among them "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Sometimes that sentence is quoted this way, "the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness," instead of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and that is really in better accord with the facts of human existence to-day. The majority of mankind are in pursuit of life, liberty and happiness, without really obtaining any of them; for very, very many do not even live, they merely exist, and for that existence, even, they have to struggle and fight every hour of their waking lives.

But to go back to the framers of the Declaration of Independence: They were probably inspired by advanced spirits, for the sentiments they expressed were long years ahead of the times, unless, perhaps, we except a little interval at that time when the spirit of this Declaration seemed to be accepted and carried out to some extent. But they made great mistakes, and it was not very long before even the spirit of the sentiment was overclouded and almost obscured from the light of day. It was never fully carried out, as witness African slavery, which was carried on even in the days of the colonies. Inspired men and women worked and wrote and taught, until chattel slavery was wiped out. But another, and, in some respects, a far worse form of slavery has taken its place: the wage-slave system, the wrongs of which are crying out in trumpet tones all over our land to-day. The spirit world is interested, nor will it rest until the sentiments of the Declaration of Independence shall be carried out all over the planet, and slavery of every form be swept away from the face of the earth.

Does any one ask, "Why does the spirit world interest itself in the affairs of humanity?" They fought out the battle of existence for themselves; why do they not rest now, and let us on this side take care of ourselves? They tell us, the spirit land is a bright, beautiful realm, why do they not stay there and enjoy themselves, and not be coming back into the fogs and clouds and fumes and storms of this troubled earth?" Well, my friends, if they were as selfish as the orthodox Christian world professes to be, or, at least, that they would be when they pass over, perhaps they would, that is, if they could. But, as they themselves teach us, it is hardly in the nature of things that they should be at rest, and take their ease, over there, while the rest of the human family are struggling and suffering in ignorance and sorrow on earth. Besides, the spirit spheres next the earth, they tell us, are not so happy and peaceful, because of wrong earth conditions, and the kind of spirits too often sent over there.

The human world, in its two branches, the earthly and that which is its etherealized counterpart, are so inter-blended, and their interests are so inter-dependent, that what affects one world affects the other. Yea, even what affects one soul, and that one, it may be, the lowliest and the worst, affects, in some measure, the whole spirit realm. And so the spirit-world are deeply interested, far more so than we on this side are, in what kind of spirits we develop and send over to them.

A scientist once said that we could not lift a finger without affecting the movements of the most distant planets. It is much truer that we can not do anything affecting the welfare of any one of our race, however trivial that act may be, without, to some extent, affecting the whole spirit realm. And so the spirit world has an interest in every human soul, and as long as one soul needs help and unfoldment, so long will there be work to do in spirit land. And we are constantly sending over there from the earth plane spirits that are distorted, dwarfed, undeveloped, starved, crushed, idiotic, insane, suicides, the murdered and the murderers—the latter very often the spirits full of revengeful feelings, of a sense of injustice and injury because of the great wrongs done them; spirits full of hate, jealousy, and all the brood of evil

passions engendered by the false teachings and wrong conditions of this life. And they must receive these spirits and work them over into good citizens of that country; and those spheres nearest the earth must have their hands pretty nearly filled with all this missionary work that we on the earth plane are causing them. And they tell us they have hospitals, schools, and infant-homes over there, in which to receive, care for, and educate the great hordes of dwarfed, starved, sick and undeveloped spirits that we send there. And so the advancement of that world is hindered by the lack of the right kind of advancement in this.

Spirits and clairvoyants tell us that every individual, whether in the spirit or in the flesh, has his own aura or atmosphere surrounding him, as the atmosphere of the earth surrounds it, and that this aura emanates from his personality, and partakes of the nature of that personality, and especially of the emotions. So that for every good, kind thought you think, for every gentle, cheerful encouraging word you speak, or even by giving a bright, pleasant smile, you emit, as it were, a ray of light and love into this atmosphere around you, penetrating in proportion to its strength, the atmosphere of all with whom you may come in contact, and, in so far, helping to warm and light up the world. On the other hand, every wrong word or feeling, or even a sigh of sadness, sends out its corresponding influence into the air to depress, discourage, embitter or repel.

I believe the time will come when spiritual laws will be so well understood, and the spiritual faculties of all will be so unfolded that no one can be dishonest and deceitful because his thoughts can be read, not only impressed upon the countenance (that may deceive, at least it is at present able to do so), but through the medium of this sensitive and reflecting aura. Then you can tell by meeting a man on the street whether he has told a lie, tried to cheat any one, or quarreled with his wife that morning at breakfast. You will also be able to realize, and with much more pleasurable and beneficial results to yourself, whether he has done a noble deed, practiced some self-denial, or, by any means, cast a ray of sunshine into another's life, and thus helped to swell the store of humanity's good. Oh, I tell you we have never dreamed of half the good that may yet come to us through the glorious Gospel of Spiritualism!

All evil passions are poisonous breaths upon the air, and taint the general atmosphere, infecting others with like passions and evil feelings, until society generally is affected, and dark clouds of evil passions obscure the light of truth, and the sunshine of love. Imagine yourself an exalted and sensitive spirit hovering over the earth. You would probably be able to see these dark-hued clouds ascending from the earth in heavy masses and bellowing even the lower spheres of the spirit world. Here they come in heavy, rolling volumes that can be felt, and tasted, and smelled and heard; from penitentiaries and city prisons; from insane asylums, and from other so-called benevolent institutions that are too often but another name for cruelty and corruption; from brothels, and gambling halls, and drinking saloons; from the crowded streets of every city; from the corrupted Halls of Legislatures where bribery, and fraud, and stupendous wrongs are perpetrated in the name of the people; from steeped piles where hypocrisy and lying are practiced for a living; from palace and hovel; from throne and workshop; from everywhere! gathering, collecting, rolling up, those clouds of wrong and woe, of sorrow and hatred, of ignorance and despair, until you are ready to cry out in agony of soul, "Oh, ye denizens of earth, why don't you stop such hellish work! Stop making your earth a hell; and, in consequence, the lower spheres also. Cease to do evil; learn to do right; practice the Golden Rule, and send us clouds of sweet incense—golden-hued, aromatic, heaven-breathing with the sunshine of love, purity, and heavenly aspirations; instead of these noisome, murky vapors from the miasmatic swamps of human disease and misery! Lo! you have a beautiful world—a fruitful world, where, year after year, generation after generation,

"The soil tells the same fruitful story,
The seasons their bounties display;
And the flowers lift their faces in glory
To catch the warm kisses of day."

Then why! Oh, why do you keep giving

off, and sending up to us, these stormy clouds of want and suffering, wrong, and hatred and despair!"

And in their spiritual Congresses, which they tell us they convene at intervals in the spirit world, made up from the representatives of all times and nations connected with the earth, and whose object is to devise ways and means for the elevation of the human race, and especially of those still dwelling on the earth—for it is from them that their world is ever to be peopled. If you knew that another nation across the sea, were destined to send their inhabitants, at certain periods of their lives, over into your own land, you would naturally be interested to know something of the habits and character of that people, would you not? And if you could do anything in the way of sending teachers and missionaries over there to fit them up to make good citizens when they get here, you would probably do so. In these spiritual Congresses, then, they note the progress made on earth, and discuss ways and means for furthering the development and enlightenment of humanity. They appoint their missionaries, and assign them their labors—for, thanks to modern Spiritualism, we now have communication with that world, once so mystical, that country from whose bourn, it used to be said, "No traveler ever returns," and we may know of much that they do over there; and we shall be able to know more and more, as the years go by and our spiritual natures become more unfolded to receive the light which they faintly shower down upon us.

Suppose that at one of these spiritual Congresses there should be, for the first time, by special invitation, or otherwise, a distinguished and exalted visitor from some other planet that is far ahead of our own in unfoldment. (And I believe they tell us that some of the planets, with their accompanying spirit-spheres, are perfectly spiritualized and harmonious throughout.) They invite him to partake in their deliberations, and they acquaint him with some of their difficulties in working for the advancement of the spirits sent over to them, and also for those still in mortal bodies on the earth. He asks them concerning the physical world these spirits come from. They are desirous of obtaining his valuable advice and suggestions, and so they endeavor to inform him as fully as possible concerning the earth and man. They tell him all they know of the beginnings of the race; how, that when, through spirit manifestations, they obtained the idea of a life beyond the grave, they distorted this idea, and built up arbitrary systems of Theology, and worshiped a God of their own mental creation—the reflected image (a kind of Brooklyn spectre,) of their own moral natures; how they made gods among themselves with the titles of popes, kings, priests and nobles; and bowed down to and worshipped these gods, because their abject slaves, toiling for them and giving them the greater portion of the fruits of their labors. They would tell him of efforts made by these slaves, at different times, to struggle up into the light and throw off a portion of the burdens which bowed them down. And at length they would come to the time when this Great Continent was discovered and opened up by that portion of the race who seemed the most likely to lead the van of progress. "And then!" they would exclaim, we felt that our opportunity had surely come! Here was a vast continent whose physical geography and geographical position indicated that it had been for ages preparing for the occupancy of a great and mighty nation, a united nation, and one that should, in the very nature of things, lead the van of civilization and progress; form the advance columns of the world's onward march toward a brighter, a higher, and a far better state of things on the planet. For ages its extensive coal-beds had been forming which were to produce heat and motive power. Great reservoirs of rock oil, to give a better light to the millions that had hitherto been known, were hid away beneath its surface. Vast treasures of gold stored away in its hills and mountains; and mines upon mines of the useful work-a-day metals scattered, here and there, all over its vast extent. Great prairies of fertile soil, all ready for the plow of the husbandman, and inviting settlement and cultivation, fruits and vegetable products unknown before. Unrivaled forests of

(Continued on Third Page.)

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Reminiscences of an Old Spiritualist.

(CONTINUED.)

Some materializing mediums have what are called cabinet spirits, who, by reason of the intimate rapport which exists between them and the medium, and having acquired a knowledge of the *modus operandi* of building up a human form from the emanations of the physical body and the magnetic aura of the medium, which are the materials utilized by the spirits—as stated by them—are enabled to instruct other spirits in their efforts to represent themselves to their friends in bodily form. This knowledge it seems, in most cases, can only be acquired by repeated efforts. Some spirits can not leave the cabinet or the close contiguity of the medium, therefore, can not project themselves outside, so, the relative or friend to whom they are attracted, is called to the cabinet; some, too, can speak audibly, so as to be distinctly heard by all in near proximity, others only in whispers, others again not at all.

The question is frequently asked, How are these temporary human bodies formed? Are they independent of their spiritual organization, stand apart, and are merely acted upon by the spirit as we would a machine, or are they the spirit itself, infiltrated with physical materials? We can not answer these questions. We can only know the phenomena as facts, and accept them as such. Spirits are governed by spiritual laws in their realm, as we are in this life by physical laws, a knowledge of which we can not acquire until we, too, cross the silent river.

These cabinet spirits generally remain inside and assume the control of the seance, and decide what spirits will be permitted to come, to whom, if required, they render assistance, and announce their name, which, if recognized by any one present, they are called to the cabinet, and, if the spirit is sufficiently strong for the undertaking, will come out to meet them.

These cabinet spirits become acquainted with those who attend the seances, just as familiarly as if they were still amongst us, and converse as naturally as we do with one another in this life.

I attended several seances given by a medium who has been accused by some as not being above suspicion, indeed, who has been detected, as report goes, of fraudulent practices, my sole object and purpose being to determine for myself, the truth or falsehood of these charges. When I entered the seance room I scrutinized the cabinet, or what was substituted for one, to see if any communication with it was possible, except that through the seance room, when those in attendance were seated, and watched every movement closely, fully determined that if I saw anything suspicious, either before or during the seance, to then and there ask for an explanation, but I did not intend to act the ruffian and seize the spirit as has been done by so-called expositors, and when it, the spirit, vanished, not knowing what had become of it, claimed that the person, whoever it was, had escaped from their grasp and ran up stairs or somewhere out of the room.

These reported *exposés* have always been *exposés*, the mediums having no opportunity to defend themselves; such reports, therefore, are subject to suspicion, for there are always two sides to a question.

It is not at all improbable that an excellent materializing medium may not be at all times honest; therefore, every seance should be judged on its own merits, and not prejudged on the report of any other. I have said in a former article, such actions are lamentable; but we are human and subject to human influences, and we should be charitable to the wrong-doer,—not seek to crush them, but to give them a chance to reform.

I am defending bogus mediums—whom no one condemns more than the writer. What I have said is in the spirit of justice. The medium ought not to be judged unheard, and if a doubt exist as to the charges made against them, give them the benefit of the doubt, and a chance to prove their honesty or retrieve their reputation.

I shall now endeavor to describe what I have witnessed at the seances I attended, as far as my memory serves me: The first one was held in the second story of a house at the corner of two streets, the cabinet being an alcove window projecting over the corner of the building, and was covered with black muslin to exclude the light, and a curtain of the same material was strung across the front, which was divided in the middle, but not drawn together, until the medium entered the enclosure; therefore, the space enclosed was open to inspection by every one present. No possibility existed for any one to get inside of the curtain unseen by every one in the seance room. The front seats were placed about six feet from the curtains, the seats extending back tier after tier. There were about thirty persons present. After all were seated, the light was turned down, but yet leaving sufficient so that everything going on could be distinctly seen.

In a few minutes after the medium entered the cabinet, a strong, manly voice, proceeded from within it, bidding the company "Good evening," and greeted some present by name. In the meantime two figures appeared at the opening of the curtain—a very tall man, much

taller than the medium, the other very much smaller; the former dressed in ordinary clothing, the other in white. Both spoke audibly, and remained a few minutes. After they had disappeared a child like spirit, not taller than a child of five or six years old, dressed in white, divided the curtains and greeted the company very familiarly, calling some by name. She was very talkative all through the seance, and made many curt remarks and naive sayings, keeping all present in good humor.

The spirit first mentioned assumed control of the circle. Before the closing of the seance he would generally appear in full view of the audience and sing some well-known song with a strong, manly voice. The little spirit mentioned would also sing some child-like ditty in a juvenile voice. Other spirits would show themselves at the opening of the curtain—often two at a time. Some would come outside of the curtain and into the seance room, give their name, and call for the person present to whom they came. They were generally dressed in a white fabric resembling tulle, which is the costume most spirits are garmented with, although many spirits come clothed in ordinary attire, that which they were accustomed to when in earth-life.

A spirit would come into the seance room and commence weaving or manufacturing the fabric above mentioned, before our eyes. She would put her hand playfully at the back of the neck of some gentleman in the front row, or on the bosom of the opposite sex, or perhaps under the chair on which some one was sitting, making it appear that it was concealed in these separate places, jokingly accusing them of concealing it, she would stretch it out by the yard. This spirit had perfect control of her improvised physical body, and of the command of speech, as any one in the room.

On one occasion I was invited by a spirit to come into the cabinet. She immediately put her arms around my neck, kissed me, and commenced talking, but with such volubility that I could not understand her. Of course, being quite dark, I could not recognize her features. I found the bodily presence of other persons there beside my friend; indeed, the enclosure seemed full of people. I shook hands with two others, one a man dressed in an ordinary suit of man's attire, and chatted with him for a minute or two. He opened the curtain a little way, so that I could plainly see him. He looked like a man of about fifty years of age; not very tall but robust. He told me his name, when in earth-life, but it has escaped my memory.

In nearly all the subsequent seances I attended, the same preliminary program was enacted. The cabinet spirits being the first to announce themselves, but different people being present, the manifestations were more or less varied in every seance. At some sittings as many as a score of materialized spirit forms would make their appearance during the evening.

On several evenings the light was extinguished when two spirits would show themselves by their own illuminated light, one being dressed as a man, the other in an ancient costume of bright colors, and would advance to the front row of the sitters. The nun had her string of beads with her, which I handled; they were solid and shone in their perfect whiteness; seemed as natural as any I had ever seen on *terra firma*. They both conversed freely with us. The light seemed to come from within their bodies, not external to them; was really brilliant in the black darkness which surrounded them. Such a manifestation could not be simulated by confederates, even if employed.

When closing the seance a spirit would appear outside of the curtain, dressed in white, and announce its termination, at the same time, the medium, dressed in dark clothing, would be hurled out of the cabinet, as if forcibly ejected, both being seen at the same time, yet, on immediately examining the cabinet, it was found without an occupant. If an accomplice in this case had personated the spirit, there was no possible way, even if time was permitted for escape, as the only entrance inside the enclosure, as before stated, was from the seance room.

Now, as to the previous reputation of this medium, I have nothing to say. It is not my province to inquire into it, my object, as before stated, being to see and judge for myself; therefore, I am only concerned in what I have myself witnessed; and I here state without any reservation whatever, that in the many seances I have attended, I have never seen the slightest obliquity or attempt to deceive by fraudulent practices; indeed, the conditions were such that confederates were an utter impossibility. I have come to this conclusion after a thorough investigation, and so state in justice to the medium. In order to show what little chance a medium has to prove their honesty and protect their reputations, I will mention two instances of the futility of all such efforts:

In a recent action commenced by a materializing medium against a certain paper for gratuitous slander, originating from a captious opposition to the phenomena, declaring their manifestations a fraud. The court, which is supposed to be established in the interest of justice, for the protection of the innocent and for the punishment of the wrong-doer, refused to admit the only evidence possible to establish the integrity of the plaintiff, namely, that the manifestations were not fraudulent, thus prejudging the case in the interest of the defendant. Such treat-

ment by the courts is a travesty of justice, and must be considered by every fair-minded person in the land as persecution, pandering to public prejudice, which is upheld by the secular press, and by some even of the so-called spiritual publications. Another instance, where a medium was arrested for obtaining money under false pretenses on a similar charge, and put under bonds to appear for trial, when bail was tendered, the friends of the man who was going on the bond, threatened him with arraignment as to his sanity which deterred him so the poor medium was incarcerated in jail, where she now lies, who, if honest, has committed no crime, and it is doubtful when the trial takes place whether, as in the former case, evidence on the part of the plaintiff will be admitted, by which alone she can establish her innocence and the truth of the phenomena.

From these instances it is self-evident that these instruments of the angel world need not expect that justice which is accorded by the laws of the land to the greatest of criminals for every man is considered innocent of any crime of which he may be charged, until found guilty by a jury of his peers.

Thus history ever repeats itself. Every truth which runs counter to public opinion, and is unpopular with the masses, has to undergo the fiery ordeal of persecution, its promoters and adherents ostracized, metaphorically pilloried, and would be either hanged or burnt at the stake, as of old, if those in authority had the power.

To be Continued.

May the Good Work go On.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Progress is forcing upon Spiritualists, as I believe, the necessity of aggressive measures. Heretofore I have counseled the friends of spiritual enlightenment, to be guarded and avoid a conflict with "the Church." But as the evidences of immortality multiply and gather about us in such strength, giving to our souls the glad tidings of the continuity of life and of the falsity of man-made creeds and religions, covering our reverence for the various "doctrines" with contempt as we realize the rottenness of the bridge over which our "pastors" would lead us to salvation, a feeling of pity for such as yet wander amid the shallow improbabilities of vicarious atonement comes over us and a wish that they too may enjoy as we do, the knowledge that man never dies; that he is through the spirit of Christ his own Savior; that he is responsible to himself as an individual for the use he makes of himself as a human being; that God does not reward or punish, but that every deed brings to the doer just tribute without fail, showing that to live aright is to gain, and to sin is to lose. This feeling of pity gives birth to a wish that all mankind may have a seat at the table of truth and eat of the bread of life—pure and simple, ungarbled by speculative theories or complicated ideas, requiring the labor of learned men to interpret as is now apparent in all man-made religions.

We are sensible of the fact that all defenders of all churches look with horror upon any who differ with them in a view of future life, or the duties of this life. Now, without making an assault upon any organization, creed, or teaching, it is time to tear down the obstructions that selfish bigots have for so many hundred years been placing before the eyes of man, to prevent them from seeing themselves as they are, and deceiving each other by frequent repetition of tortured truths.

To do this work no attack upon any idea of God's love and power is needed, and to ridicule the faith of another is but to unmask your own weakness; therefore, we should show by our lives that we have learned that which makes us better men and women, that the religion of the true Spiritualist is a reality, not an idea, a proven fact, not a faith; a knowledge, not a belief.

It should be the aim of teachers of our religion to show how these facts may be proved in every family circle, by developing the divine in the human by the use of mediums brought out at these home circles, where no doubt can exist as to genuineness of the communications. The use and power of prayer to so conduct investigation that only the most exalted spirit will be attracted thereby.

There are some mediums who are working in this direction, notably Mrs. Miller, at 1165 Mission street, who has opened her parlors on Sunday evenings for this purpose. May the number increase and the good work go on in our heartfelt prayer.

Yours truly,

H.

CATARRH,

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

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

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

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

PUBLICATIONS.

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Spirit Eona's Legacy to the Wide, Wide World to be sold by Agents and through the House direct.

To introduce this GREAT SPIRITUAL WORK into every Spiritual family, and to those that need for advanced thought, I wish to appoint an agent (lady or gentleman) in every city and town in the United States, Canada, and foreign countries.

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

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

[TITLE PAGE.]

SPIRIT EONA'S LEGACY TO THE

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- { OR THE } -

EXPERIENCES OF THE SPIRITS EON & EONA

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Is on sale by J. J. Morse, 25 Stanley street, Fairfield, Liverpool, who is Sole English Agent for the sale of "Spirit Eona's Legacy to the Wide, Wide World," also on sale in Melbourne, Victoria, by Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Morris.

nov 56

THE

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Investigates all questions pertaining to the welfare of mankind. It will ever be found upon the side of Truth and Justice, whether in business, politics or religion.

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will meet every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., in Fraternity Hall, 1714 Broadway, New York. All seats free. Collection. Public teachings in Spiritual Science every Wednesday and Friday at 8 P. M. Admission to cents.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN'S MEETINGS FOR FREE interchange of Spiritual and Progressive ideas, are held every Sunday at 11 A. M., and 7:30 P. M., at Fraternity Hall, 1714 Broadway, New York. All are invited.

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

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

UNION SPIRITUAL SOCIETY MEETS EVERY Wednesday evening, at 7:45 o'clock, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 122, Larkin street. Good speakers and test mediums will be in attendance every evening.

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

MASONIC HALL, PARK STREET, CORNER Santa Clara Avenue, W. J. Colville lectures on Theosophy every Tuesday, at 7:45 P. M. Classes in Spiritual Science, Thursday, 8:45 P. M.

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

COUNCIL G. G. OF THE T. S.

FIRST PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION of Oakland, meet every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Franklin 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 12th, at 2 o'clock, a Bible Class will be held at the Home College, 324 Seventeenth street. All will be welcome.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 11 A. M., and 7:45 P. M., Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. All are invited; Admission to cents. The Free Library connected with the above, is open every Sunday at 1 P. M.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE NEW

SPIRITUALIST: COLONY

--OF--

SUMMERLAND!

LOCATED FIVE MILES BELOW THE CITY OF SANTA BARBARA.

The Finest Scenery and Fairest Climate on the Globe.

Building Progressing Rapidly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The object of this Colony is to

ADVANCE THE CAUSE OF SPIRITUALISM,

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

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

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

Reference: Commercial Bank, Santa Barbara.

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

ALBERT MORTON, Agent,

210 Stockton Street, San Francisco, or

H. L. WILLIAMS, Prop'r.

SUMMERLAND,

SANTA BARBARA CO., CAL.

The Mission of Spiritualism.

Continued from First Page.

the most valuable timber for ship-building, for home-building, for the putting up of manufactories and for cabinet work, as well as for necessary fuel, all untouched by the woodsmen's axe until the Caucasian stepped upon its shores. Even the richness of the virgin soil undisturbed by the implements of agriculture—all waiting for the coming race.

"In connection with these great stores of natural wealth for the support and up-building of a great people, we considered also its great facilities for commerce and inter-communication. It was evidently not intended for many separate nations, comparative strangers to each other, like those of the Eastern world. Every part is too easily accessible to every other part for that. It has great and comparatively unbroken lines of sea-coast on both its eastern and western shores. And its great interior basin—the Valley of the Mississippi—in its communication with the Atlantic Ocean through the Gulf of Mexico, by the way of the longest river system of the world, with its many and extensive tributaries from all parts of the East and the West, presents the most extensive river system for commerce known to the world. And north of this great system of commercial highways is the great chain of lakes, and the St. Lawrence river, opening up another outlet to the sea.

"And we who had before time come to our spirit world, and advanced in light and knowledge, impressed upon the minds of many to flee from the tyranny of kings, and priests, and nobles, to the freedom of this New Land; and from the elements thus brought together, we sought to build up a strong, sturdy, independent, intelligent, and, withal, a homogeneous people. Often we congratulated ourselves as we saw success about to crown our efforts; and then, again, we would be called to mourn over the thwarting of our purposes. The Pilgrim Fathers, and others, sought the New Land in order to escape ecclesiastical tyranny, and be free to worship God according to their own ideas. Yet, when our brother, Roger Williams, commenced preaching in that wilderness, proclaiming that all had a right to their own religious belief, and that no man had a right to sit in judgment on another man's faith, they banished him from among them, and sent him to the wild natives, more tolerant than they. We sought to open up intelligent communication with them, and so we began to develop and control the mediums we found among them, very often against the will of the instrument. They called them witches, and burned them at the stake. After years of hardship and struggle, and when their characters had become strong, self-reliant, and individualized, we inspired the leading men among them to write a Declaration of Independence, proclaiming equal rights to all men. And earnestly have we sought to have the principles of that Declaration carried out among men, but as yet we have not succeeded. We ought to have men become better acquainted with each other throughout the length and breadth of the land; and newspapers were established and multiplied.

"Our brother, Benjamin Franklin, the chairman of the committee on electrical devices, led the way to the use of electricity, by which they sent messages all over the earth almost as quickly and easily as we do here in spirit-life. We taught them the power of steam for locomotion, and their facilities for travelling greatly increased. We sought to make their labors lighter, so that they would have more time for self-improvement and self-development and so, time after time, we have led them to invent machinery to do their work for them. And yet the condition of the majority, in some respects, is growing worse and worse. Scope after scope of country has been opened up, and put under cultivation, until their store-houses and markets are groaning under their heavy burdens of the fruits of the soil; and yet, every year, thousands of the people come over here to spirit-life from the effects, in one shape or another, of starvation. We have aided them in the discovery of mines of the precious metals from which they coin their medium of exchange; and tons upon tons of this medium lie piled up in their minds and banking vaults; and yet, millions, among them often those who dig it from the ground, or labor in bringing it to perfection, scarcely possess enough to cover themselves with necessary clothing, or provide sufficient food to keep the soul in the body."

And thus the chairman, or speaker of that Congress, or whose ever place it was to enlighten the distinguished visitor, might go on and on with his narration concerning the condition of the children of earth-life, while the expression on the highly exalted and intelligent countenance of the Celestial stranger grows more and more amazed at the revelation, until he is ready to exclaim, in the words of Father Ryan, the poet: "What ails the world?" And then his informant would be obliged to tell him that it is because the legends that "Might makes Right," and "To the Conqueror belongs the Spoils," still maintain their hold upon the selfish hearts of those whose a false system has made masters of the people, and that the few had usurped and arrogated to themselves the results of the toil of the many, so that the more advancement there was made in labor-saving machinery, the greater the wealth thrown into the hands of the few, and the greater became their power to trample and crush the people; that the Fear of Want,

and the Greed of Gain, together with ignorance, caused all, or nearly all, the suffering, sin and despair that prevail throughout the world. And we may imagine that this heavenly visitant from another planet would exclaim: "How can such things be? Why, in our world all have equal opportunities, and all are nearly equally developed and happy. If but one soul should, in any way, lose its balance and become miserable, we should all feel it from center to circumference of our spheres, and there would be no rest to any until that soul had gained its equilibrium, and so had restored equilibrium throughout the whole realm!"

Then the assembled concourse of bright, advanced and benevolent spirits would exclaim in one breath: "Oh! that we could bring about such a state of things on our own earth-planet, and throughout our spirit realm!" And taking further counsel with their honored visitor, they resolve that they will never cease their efforts until they have brought about just such a universally harmonious and spiritualized state of things on earth, and throughout its spirit realm.

This may seem to you like a fancy picture, my friends, but I believe that the spirit-world is working toward such a result through the instrumentality of what is called Modern Spiritualism. "Reform!" seems to be the watchword all along the line of human progress, from the east to the west, from the north to the south. Through all grades and conditions of human society there is a breaking up of old lines, an enlargement of the borders, a re-setting of stakes. And though these different reforms—as, for instance, social reforms, political reforms, religious reforms and so on—may seem to be widely divergent from each other, yet the best elements of all will finally meet and merge into one grand universal reformation for the good of the whole world. And Spiritualism will be the universal solvent that shall unite them. Spiritualism is permeating all society all over the world. It is everywhere acting as a leaven, and also as a cement. It is binding nation with nation, class with class, faction with faction, the past with the present, and with its foundation—principles of the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of man—of universal benevolence, it is the solvent in which shall be blended and wrought out in harmonious accord all the clashing interests and differences of opinion among humanity, until all will tend to the universal amalgamation, enlightenment, amelioration and uplifting of the whole human family, regardless of sex, race, creed or color.

In regard to doing anything for humanity, society at large is pretty much like a crowd that is wedged together, and all trying to get through a narrow passage. One can only move the mass moves, no faster, no slower. It is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to take an independent course, because of being overborne by the swaying, moving crowd who press upon you from every side. But those who are in the lead of the crowd, as it were, are beginning to move with accelerating speed; and as others step into their vacated places, and follow up their advancing footsteps, the way is cleared for more, and still more to follow. The leaven may seem to work very slowly in places, but still it is working, and the masses are being moved upon, and are beginning to move upon each other accordingly. And some of those in advance are taking great strides, so much so that once in a while one is said to be a hundred years ahead of the crowd. For instance, it is so said of Edward Bellamy, the author of "Looking Backward," a book of which it is said that "the reader is in point of fact looking forward to life in Boston at the conclusion of the twentieth century, with all the great reforms and improvements, whose incipient stages we are now experiencing, accomplished or attained; the industrial question permanently settled; government the servant of the people instead of their master; telephonic, telegraphic and other electrical and acoustic agencies brought into requisition in ways undreamed of by us; the business interests of all consolidated in one national interest; every child born receiving a support and education to which by birth he is entitled; no destitution, none uncared for, selfishness eliminated and all humanity, in conditions that render life worth living."

The influence of this book is already such that many of its readers have founded clubs of prominent men and women, including preachers, lecturers, authors and reformers generally, having for their object the working out, as far as possible, the results foreshadowed in the book.

Do you remember how, after the great Chicago fire of 1871, the great flood of the Mississippi valley, and other great public calamities (this lecture was given before the Johnstown disaster), people everywhere poured out money and clothing and provisions to aid the sufferers? Because their sympathies had been aroused by disaster and suffering so appalling that they could not pass unheeding by. But every day, and every hour of the day, there are suffering and sorrow, privation and anguish, the aggregate of which would be perfectly overwhelming if you could perceive it in the mass. Yet, because it pertains to individuals rather than to whole communities, and is in part concealed and in part made familiar by its continuance, it scarcely arouses even a passing sigh of pity, save in the breast of the philanthropist, hitherto too rare a personage, but now, thank heaven! becoming every year more and more numerous. And may they multiply still more and more, until, oh, angels of love and mercy! by your help and sweet inspiring influ-

ences, the time will come, even in this sad and suffering world of ours, when the knowledge that even one single human being is in suffering and distress will be sufficient to call out the sympathies and activities of the whole race of mankind. What! a human being! a fellow-immortal! a fellow-traveler to the realms of the infinite! a temple of God! the embryo of an Archangel! such an one suffering for that which it is in our power to supply, and to supply bountifully, too! Oh, where is that one? Let the wings of the wind, or, swifter still, the ever-pervading, distance-reaching pinions of electricity, bear at once help and healing on the wings of light, and swifter than the flight of time itself, to such an one!

May the time not be very long in coming when this state of things shall be realized? May Victor Hugo's prophecy prove true, that "in the twentieth century war will be dead, the scaffold will be dead, royalty will be dead, and dogmas will be dead, but MAN will live. For all there will be but one country—that country the whole earth; for all there will be but one hope—that hope the whole heaven. All hail, then, that noble twentieth century which shall own our own children, and which our children shall inherit!"

And Spiritualism—that is, the principles promulgated by it—will be the power above all other powers—the leader of all other powers—that shall bring about this glorious result!

A Phenomenal Negro.

COLUMBIA (S. C.), March 8.—"Major" Perry an illiterate, ignorant Edgefield county negro, who while in what appears to be a trance preaches learned and eloquent sermons is still attracting a great deal of attention.

Perry goes to bed, and he is outstretched in full view of the audience and goes to sleep. After a few moments of apparently sound slumber his muscles begin to twitch, his limbs to contract and his whole body becomes contorted.

This spasm soon passes off and then he begins to preach. He takes his text from the Bible, naming the book, chapter and verse, and the time lying flat on his back with his eyes shut.

For half an hour or more he preaches an excellent sermon, using strictly grammatical language. At the conclusion he sings a hymn to an old air, but the words of it are entirely of his own composition. Then comes prayer and he dismisses the congregation. This unconscious preaching goes on every night, no matter where Perry may be, except before an audience or not, except Friday nights, when he is dumb.

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

A NEW METHOD OF TREATING DISEASE.

HOSPITAL REMEDIES.

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

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

FORM OF BEQUEST.

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

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

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MRS. S. R. STEVENS,
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I wish to return thanks to my many friends for their kind solicitations for my return to the U. S. I will say to them and others I will be in San Francisco during the month of April. My attendance as a Developing Medium has been thoroughly tested and fully appreciated. My other business and membership need only a trial to prove worth. I shall form a class for Developing Mediums as soon as possible after I arrive. Alluring to avail themselves of the opportunity please send in their names soon, as I can take five more. MRS. H. MITCHELL,
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SYNOPSIS OF ADDRESS.

Delivered by W. J. Colville during the Funeral Services over the remains of Dr. Moore, at St. Ann's Building, March 8, 1890.

To those who are enlightened with regard to the true nature and destiny of man, there is nothing awful or even mysterious in the fact of transition from the earthly to the spiritual state of the soul's expression. Probably on an average nearly one hundred thousand persons are removed every day from the external crust of this planet to the spheres of progression just beyond the mortal perception of the senses, and if so many are continually dropping these mortal forms all belonging to the same human family with ourselves and each one must expect at some time not very far distant to join the great majority, what grounds are there we ask for surprise or dread in the presence of that veiled messenger of change whom men persist in calling the angel of death. Death and the dead are terms without meaning in the ears of those who know whereof they speak, when they jubilantly affirm their consciousness of life immortal. You who are yet detained amid earthly scenes to complete your mission in the external state may indeed very naturally regret the absence of the visible form which came and went among you for many years as a friend and counselor, but while tears will fill the eyes and course down the cheeks when the thought of your own loss fills your minds, does not unselfish love for the dear ascended one whisper in your hearts that his gain, not your loss, should be the subject of your meditations.

All down the ages tidings of immortality and assurances of communion with loved ones passed within the veil have filled the scriptures and poetry of the world with life and gladness, and we are indeed glad to be able to announce to-day that our faithful friend and brother, whose earthly remains are prepared for their resting place beneath the sod, was long, ere he laid aside his mortal vesture, fully convinced of the truth of human immortality, and intensely conscious at frequent intervals of the presence of those who are unseen by outward eyes. While neither belief nor unbelief, nor indeed knowledge or ignorance of a future life, can qualify or disqualify for happiness a soul entering the interior realm, it is not useless, by any means, to gather such information as may be concerning the great and wonderful beyond. While there must always be a limit to human perception or understanding of spiritual truth, still the measure of knowledge to which we may attain is by no means so meagre as is often supposed.

The spiritual realm is an abode of mystery, of course, to those who refuse to give freedom to their spiritual faculties, as the realms of sound and color are unexplored by the deaf and blind, while physical imperfections often hide the physical world from many, so do mental and spiritual deficiencies obscure the spiritual state to a degree, from the ordinary perceptions of mankind. But in every age and clime there have been some, and to-day in this land there are many who can assuredly peer sufficiently far behind the curtains of sense to feel themselves justified in proclaiming with faltering tongues their knowledge of the life of spirit. Not so much is it a question of temperament as of spiritual unfoldment that determines man's ability to gaze through the vistas of earth and beyond them into the vistas of the realm of spirit. If asked to decide where our ascended brother is and what he is doing, we should assuredly answer, at the present moment he is in your midst, ministering as best he may to the spiritual needs of the most loved friends whose mortal bodies only he has left behind, for though deprived of contact with your mortal frames and unconscious may be of your external condition and worldly affairs, he is as much, yea, more the husband, father, brother and friend than while he yet retained the habiliments of mortality.

True, indeed, is it, that relationships in spirit are not identical with those of earth; true indeed, is it, that the simple tie of affection recognized among men is not recognized in spiritual circles. Still for that very reason the bonds of affection which united you here, continue to bind you yet more closely in the embrace of spirit. An example of spiritual relationship is furnished every time a happy marriage union is formed on earth. The husband and wife come from different families, often from widely different nations; the bond which unites the two, making both really one, cannot be a bond of earthly consanguinity, neither can it be a simply magnetic or even simply intellectual attraction, when the two find themselves truly one in spirit, and increasingly dear to each other as years roll by and physical and mental states are outgrown and superseded. The tie of real affection is related to that wonderful fact of soul kinship, which philosophers and poets are forever seeking to interpret, but can never wholly explain. Certain souls seem to exist together in spirit in a manner indescribable by earthly speech; there are no words in which to couch the deep idea of spiritual union we all of us sometimes experience, but which we cannot express. This relationship it is which draws souls together, no matter what external barriers may be placed in the way of their union and holds them together in eternity.

Jesus made mention of this law, and

John, the apostle of love, makes mention of the master's reference to it, but the deeper meanings hidden in the references must be extracted by each student for himself. "In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also." These are sentences carrying indescribably precious consolation to myriads of sorrowing hearts, but who shall scale the heights or plunge into the depths of the sublime truth therein contained? Enough, however, may certainly be gathered even from the letter of the text to satisfy the yearning desire of all who sincerely seek to solve the problem of social life in the beyond.

From all conditions of society Jesus gathered his disciples; the learned and the lowly were grouped in the apostolic fraternity, and the knot which held all together was their mutual love for their love-inspiring friend, guide and instructor, who, when he was about to withdraw his earthly presence from them, comforted them in the hour of their approaching bereavement with sweet and positive assurances of continued soul communion. They had known him heretofore as one of themselves in every respect; they saw his face, they gazed into his eyes, they listened to the words of wisdom which fell from his lips, they clasped his hand and touched his garment. He spoke and they answered him; they spoke and he replied. Now all this was to be changed, they were to see his face no more; they could not follow him immediately into the state whither he was rising. He was about to ascend whither they could not soar, and therefore their hearts grew very heavy, and he in the depth of his tender regard for their sense of loss, never upbraided them with a breath of reproach for their all too selfish regard for their own feelings, save when stern necessity bade him as a faithful teacher point out to them for their own good, the essential difference there ever must be between selfish and unselfish love. "If ye loved me ye would rejoice." Ah! but they loved him already as best they knew how, but his work as their spiritual instructor was not finished by any means till he had led them to comprehend a deeper and more abiding love than any they had yet experienced. He and they were not to be separated, but their union henceforth was to be subtler and more refined than ever before; there was to be far less thought of self on their side and far deeper penetration into the arcana of spiritual being; he would not leave them comfortless, he would come to them, yea, he would be always with them. But it would in future require an exercise of their spiritual faculties to discern and recognize his presence; whenever two or three should assemble in his name he would certainly be with them, but in a different manner than before.

This beautiful gospel message has lost none of its pristine truth and beauty through eighteen centuries and more may have elapsed since those words were spoken in Asia Minor, and were they voiced eighteen thousand or eighteen million years hence they would still be fresh and vigorous as though at this moment they were for the first time in human history breathed from the sphere of truth eternal, for truth enjoys perennial youth, it changes not with flight of years or human theories, it accords with law eternal and immutable, and is therefore the same yesterday, to-day and forever. No other link than that of affection can possibly be needed to unite souls in any portion of the universe, and as when the physical body is removed the real individual is far less restricted than before, union is understood and realized to a much fuller extent than is possible on earth.

To enlarge a faithful friend may not be wrong when eulogy is sincere, but surely it is unnecessary to multiply words in praise of one whose life-work is its own record. You who have watched the faithful discharge of duties so consistently performed from day to day and year to year, need not to listen to a rehearsal of the deeds which have made our brother's name illustrious—illustrious it surely in the eyes of all who can appreciate sterling worth and admire true nobility of character. Where strength and gentleness have met, where tender feeling and brave outspokenness have united in any character, there have we beheld more than an ordinary exhibition of royal, true manhood. In business and professional circles, in spheres of science as well as in those of friendship and social accord, our friend was ever a beacon light to those who sought the way of life. To estimate his worth, to recount the benefits he has showered on those with whom he was wont to mingle, would indeed be a Herculean task, but we need not attempt it; his memory is sacred to you all, and we feel we are saying what he would have us say when we implore you all not to think of him as either dead or absent. He is neither unconscious nor far away, but here among you, regarding you with loving eyes, and seeking to impress you with the consciousness of his spiritual presence. Not in any other capacity than that of friend and fellow-student of the mysteries of nature does he reappear among you at this time; not as one far off, but as one most near to your soul spheres does he seek to commingle his thought with yours, and as the last remains of earth are consigned to their proper resting place, so should the last regret be buried that his earthly course is o'er.

Not suddenly did he pass away, save to the senses of those who, blinded by earthly tears failed to behold the reason of his departure, and the welcome accorded him in the state whither he has gone. Accidents are not in the scheme of the universe; mistakes are not made save in appearance, so when it seems as though a life were abruptly terminated, from the angelic stand-

point a sheaf has only been gathered in when ripe for harvesting. The silent emblems of flowers and grain are often far more eloquent than any words from human lips, and the beautiful floral devices so dexterously designed and exquisitely wrought with artistic skill mean far more than imperfect speech can express. The symbolism of the Kingdom of Flora is an exhaustless theme; every white blossom typifies some trait of innocence, or in its higher aspect is some sign of that true purity which is only gained by conquest over the manifold and varied temptations which all must encounter on earth. The soft-petaled pink roses are emblematic of hope's expectancy, and are thus typical of the new stage of life which can only be faintly perceived before one enters upon it, though as a roseate streak of morn foretells the coming day, so do the anticipations of the soul, (even though but faintly) forecast the glory which shall be revealed.

The blue and violet shades of the many little blossoms so deftly grouped and the numberless immortelles of varying tints and hues, all express, in the language of poetry, constancy, fidelity, abiding friendship and enduring peace, while the gates opening into the veiled beyond and the pillars of flowers on either side, suggest at once rest and new activity, enjoyment in spiritual work, accompanied by respite from earthly care. As no yearning of the soul is ever left finally unsatisfied, as no foreglimpse of brighter states can ever sink to naught, as all ideals and airy castles are prophetic of future accomplishments, so the loftier dreams of the soul while imprisoned on earth are but reflections cast before from attainments yet to be made thereby objective.

In the spiritual world occupation though voluntary is continuous, labor in the higher spheres is unknown, but activity is perpetual joy. In some instances possibly, where the mental energies have been severely taxed during a period of years, the immediate experience of the soul on entering the invisible state may be one of comparative though not absolute inactivity. Thus the expression "entered into rest" or "gone home to rest" may in its lower significance be appropriate in such instances, but never does a bright, active intellect quit the mortal form to slumber through ages. The brevity of earthly experience is such that no mind can possibly express anything like what is within it during the earthly term, and as the highest experiences of the soul are gained mentally (not physically) and the sublimest work one can ever do on earth is done silently.

The next step up the ladder of progress is not a leap into darkness, or a flight into an illusory paradise, but an actual continuation of the positive, interior life which the individual previously led. You may or may not receive visible or audible tokens of your beloved one's presence with you; but whether your senses are appealed to or not, his companionship you will most certainly profit by. He will be with you as an unseen and unheard though by no means unrecognized monitor and consoler. You will realize his guidance inwardly by means of that quick spiritual perception which cannot be discerned, and the more you direct your thoughts to the state which is now his, and learn to think less of mere mortal environments, you will realize communion with his soul ever more and more palpably. You cannot keep up a genuine sense of communion with the unseen through an external association of ideas; no veneration for rooms, articles of furniture and clothing pertaining to those gone before is desirable, for they can accompany you in your travels quite as readily as they can speak with you in the chambers their bodies occupied.

On the deck of an ocean steamer in the calm silence of the night, in the seclusion which nature grants to all her children when they leave the noise and dust of a city to breathe the free air beyond its limits, you can sense communion with the unseen because of the withdrawal of your own thoughts from the bewildering cares and distracting hubbub of the purely business or self-amusing world. But it is by no means necessary that you seek a favored shrine, built either by nature or by art. In the privacy of your own apartments, in the midst of your daily associations you can feel and know that you feel the loved ones nigh.

There is no sentence of banishment passed upon the soul which quits connection with the clay which has been its instrument; there is no sudden change in the condition of the real being who is altogether and entirely himself, though disrobed of the mortal form. And as the spiritual body of our brother floats before our mental vision and we see the characteristic motions of the form which indicate his actual presence and realize the outpouring of the tide of affection he is especially directing toward you, we know we are in the presence of no phantom born of strained imagination, but standing face to face with one who has often made known his presence to others in a similar manner prior to donning his mortal costume. Let the blessed assurance that he has earned his reward, that he has entered upon the stage of life's experience for which he is best adapted, that he is capable of assisting you in truth far more than he could have done by lingering here, transform our tears into gems and bring the smile of gladness to countenances now draped in tender sorrow. And those who must work yet awhile in the business centers of earth, to them his voice would appeal, not asking them to follow him but to follow conscience; let integrity rule no matter at what cost of material sacrifice, remembering ever that one really honest,

faithful soul can do more for the uplifting of the race by the silent potency of its spiritual influence and example than a thousand orators or authors. If they lack the one thing needful, the spiritual force, which is the only real elevator and enlightener of mankind. You may say farewell if you please to the material casket, he needs it no more, and it is not well that you should think too much of it. Your friend is not dead, he has arisen and to the spiritual plane of consciousness would fain lift all your thoughts, therefore in sympathy with his intensest feeling do we address you not on your loss but on your gain which is both yours and his. Not dead, not sleeping even, but alive, awake, free to engage in the pursuits most congenial to him. Our brother surrounded by a circle of true friends (some of whom have long been spiritual comrades and counselors) he awaits the call of duty to take up the thread of life's experience one step higher than when in mortal guise when his presence was to you all a source of strength and help.

St. Andrews' Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

On Wednesday evening, March 12th, at 8 o'clock P. M., the Union Meeting opened with a good audience all eager to hear from the speakers and mediums some word that might enlighten them in that grand and noble belief of spirit return and an immortal life. Dr. Smith opened with a fine lecture on "Thought." Mrs. Jennie followed with a few remarks on the subject of spirit return. She then gave a number of tests from the platform. Mr. Driscoll, of Paris, was called to the platform and gave a few interesting remarks on the "City of the Departed Spirits." Mr. Keith, of San Bernardino, came forward and spoke for a few minutes on the subject of "The Beatitudes and Grand Benefits of Spiritualism." After a song by Mrs. Ratter, Mr. Harlan Davis then came to the platform and gave a large number of tests, in his usual good way. Mrs. Howard then gave her experience at the age of fifteen years—her spirit being taken from the body and returned again. The meeting closed to meet again next Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 111 Larkin street.

M. H. W.

It may be remarked for the comfort of honest poverty that avarice reigns most in those who have but few good qualities to recommend them. This is a weed that will grow only in a barren soil.

It often happens that those are the best people whose characters have been most injured by slanderers. As we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

Do not expect too much from others, but remember that all have an evil nature, whose development we must expect, and that we should forbear and forgive, as we often desire forbearance and forgiveness ourselves.

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

God of Materialism Reviewed.

BY DR. JOHN ALLYN.

The writer heretofore reviewed as to Spiritualism thus sets forth his idea of God:

"By the forces of vitality, heat, light, magnetism, cohesion, adhesion and electricity, etc., acting in and upon material substances, all the forms of vegetable and animal organisms are brought into existence and perpetuated through all generations. By the force of light we perceive the surrounding material objects; and by the force of intelligence, man reasons on what he has seen and experienced, and if he reasons correctly, arrives at truth.

"These forces act in obedience to fixed, eternal and unchangeable laws, and those laws are never suspended. By the operation of these forces and laws all things exist as they are, and act as they do, act because they could not exist nor act otherwise.

"These forces and laws are God, and there is no other God besides them. This God is infinite, eternal and unchangeable, pervades all matter and fills all space, and there is no room for any other God. By the power of this God we live, move and have our being. Whosoever attempts to formulate and worship a personal God, a being separate from, outside of and superior to these laws and forces, is an idolator, trusting in an image, fashioning his own imaginary, and contaminated with the forces of character and weakness of the formulator. All such worship is vain, yea, it is demoralizing and sinful.

"But the worshiper of this imaginary personal Creator will ask: Who made the material substance of the universe? Who made the material substances, forces and laws which pervade all matter and fill all space? Then the Substantialist replies: These substances, laws and forces are not created, but they are eternal: they had no beginning and can have no end. But tell me who made your personal God whom you claim is the creator of all things? Then the worshiper replies: He was not created, but he is eternal; he had no beginning and can have no end."

In making a few observations on the subject of Deity, I do not propose to write a formula for dogmatists to wrangle over. Every thinking person has his own ideas of God, which he has arrived at with more or less reflective study. It was probably in view of this fact that A. J. Davis said an honest God is the noblest work of man.

It is not possible for man to comprehend God because the finite cannot comprehend the infinite, and yet it is hopeful that we may arrive at a fairly consistent and tenable conception of the Father of all—the Supreme Power of the Universe, which may appropriately be called God.

The materialist says: "By the forces of vitality, heat, light, magnetism, cohesion, adhesion, electricity, etc., acting in and upon material substances, all the forms of vegetable and animal organisms are brought into existence and perpetuated through all generations." An association of learned scientists were considering this matter, when one of their number tried to explain it all by his gibbering that living organisms sprang from protoplasm, which was the physical basis of life. But when one member said, "But what caused the particles of protoplasm to form living organisms," there was a great silence. "No one could answer. Some physiologists claim that vitality is only the mode in which the particles of a living organism move—when the organism dies vitality ceases—it does not go away elsewhere.

The writer says: "These forces and laws are God, and there is no other God besides these." This is a plain statement, we know what it means. But it is possible for blind forces and laws to produce a living organism or an intelligent human being? Are not the nobler attributes known to man—justice, love, mercy, as well as intelligence, represented in Deity?

The materialist may say, what evidence have we that intelligence acts in and through the material universe?

The fact that intelligent beings exist in the world goes far to prove it. A fountain cannot rise higher than its source, nor can human intelligence exceed that of the power that brought it into existence. That spiritual intelligence pervades the entire physical universe, was anterior to present forms, and is by far the most potent and enduring of the two seems plain. I do not say that this intelligence is God, but that it is an attribute of that Supreme Power we rightfully call God. If we look out into the starry night we see a beautiful divine order; without this pervading intelligence power the physical universe would rush pell-mell to chaos, but instead there is a gradual improvement by evolution, which is as plainly marked on our planet as the rock-ribbed continents. God is not a person resting outside of the physical universe, but an all-pervading, intelligent power, acting in it.

As Pope beautifully expressed it two hundred years ago:

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole, Whose body nature is, and God the soul; Warm in the sun, refreshes in the breeze, Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees, Lives through all life, extends through all extent, Spreads unperceived, operates unseen; Breathes in our souls, informs our mortal part, As fall, as perfect in a hair, as heart; As full, as perfect in a vile man that mourns, As the rapt seraph that adores and burns."

But some may say, "If an intelligent cause has brought present condition of things into existence, why need there be so much misery as we see on every hand?" Because the planet is in an imperfect condition of becoming, and the inhabitants of the planet cannot be in advance of their environment. Without this imperfection there would be no prospect of improvement, no hope for the future, no stimulus to exertion, and no personal development. The motive, or object, of this condition plainly is, to train and develop the human spirit for spiritual life when separated from the body. As a great English

scientist has said: "To us the whole, the only *raison d'être* of the world, with all its complexities of physical structure, with geological progress, the slow evolution of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and the ultimate appearance of man, was the development of the human spirit in association with the human body. From this fact that the spirit of man—the man himself—is so developed—we may well believe that this is the only, or at least the best, way for its development; and may even see in what is usually termed "evil" on earth, one of the most efficient means of its growth.

As man becomes more cultured, the worship of God will probably cease, for it almost invariably degenerates into flattery and importunity for special favors inconsistent with the general laws by which we are governed. What is better is an unfaltering trust that the same divine paternal relations that brought us into being, will continue through all future changes, and will be sufficient for every emergency. As mere sentimental, emotional worship ceases, man will learn to control his appetites and passions and do justice to others so as to place himself in harmonious relations with the divine laws by which he is governed.

As the laws of our country are not only but the orderly mode by which the government is administered, so the divine laws are not God, but the orderly mode by which He governs human organisms and their environment. Laws would be nothing unless back of them was a power to perpetuate and enforce them.

We should show our love of God by our love of man, and efforts to ameliorate his conditions. Whoever honestly works to elevate man intellectually and morally so far contributes to the glory of God.

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Arkansas Traveller.

Under the head of "The Self-Made Men of Our City," the Possum Walk, (Ky.) *Self-Cocher* publishing the following:

"It does us a great deal of good to be able to publish these facts concerning some of our most distinguished and useful citizens. Uncle Jerry Boles was born in North Carolina, don't exactly know how many years ago, but it has been a right sharp while, we reckon. At an early age Jerry went to work in a well known still-house and was so attentive to business that at the age of 17 he was advanced to the responsible position of licker-taster. He held this position for many years, then moved to Kentucky and started a saloon in our town. He has recently added a shed-room to his establishment, using it for a store-room and sleeping apartment. Uncle Jerry is a thoroughly self-made man and we congratulate him.

"Andy Burnett was born in this city thirty-one years ago. His father, a man of exceedingly humble pretensions, apprenticed young Andy to a silversmith in Louisville, but he ran away, went to Frankfort during a session of the Legislature and secured a position as bar-tender. In this responsible position he gave such satisfaction that some of the leading people of the town, the Governor and judges of the Supreme Court among the number, advanced him money enough to buy out his proprietor. He did an excellent business until the session of the Grange Legislature in 1873. He had counted upon his usual legislative patronage, but those close-fisted fellows, having brought their liquor with them in jugs, forced Andy to sell out to the Secretary of State. Andy then returned to our town, and, aided by people who knew him since his infancy, he opened the "Dew Drop" saloon, which we are proud to say, is still doing a rattling business. We congratulate him.

"Among our self-made men we know of none more deserving than John W. Horn. He began his career as a lawyer, but as that profession was too slow for his active mind, he soon went into the saloon business, having married the charming widow of Mike O'Broil. The widow, brave little woman that she is, helped him behind the bar. He is fairly prosperous now, and we congratulate him.

Judge Pepperson, who was defeated for constable last fall, has opened a saloon at Drake's Creek, where he will be pleased to see his many friends. He is in every way a self-made man, having gone into the saloon business when he was quite young. We extend to him the right hand of our most hearty congratulation.

"We here seize this method of communicating to our readers the fact that we are going to retire from the newspaper business. We have done our best, but realize that we are not fitted for the prosaic duties of the position. We believe that every man is especially cut out for some certain line of thought or action, and we have bought out the saloon formerly run by Nat Featherstone. We expect to keep constantly on hand a line of the liveliest liquors in the market, and shall be delighted to see our old friends who have stood by our paper while we were manfully battling for the right. We congratulate ourselves."

Teach a man to pursue some honorable employment, and a thousand temptations depart; give him pure and wholesome recreations, and pernicious ones will lose their flavor; infuse into his heart the love of home, of family, of friends, and he will no longer love the vices which separate him from them; give him positive and earnest convictions, and false ideas and illusions will drop away.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Thoughts of a Leisure Hour.

BY JULIETTE VRAN.

For almost the first time this season, we look out upon a real snow scene. It has descended rapidly for several hours; now, the sun brightly shines, but the air is still thick with the white flakes, which the merciless wind is blowing hither and thither. I am quite sure my readers, (if I have any) will forgive me for devoting so much space to this hackneyed subject, in consideration of the fact, that this is the first real, bonafide winter's day the dwellers in Massachusetts have experienced.

The date of mine epistle reminds me that February 22d is close at hand. To me, it is impressively suggestive, not because it is the anniversary of the birthday of the immortal Washington, but because it also marks the spirit-birth of Joseph John, steel plate copies of whose original paintings have graced so many homes, not only of Spiritualists, but of hundreds of others who have been charmed by the spirituality of the subjects, harmonious grouping, and graceful pose of figures, and most of all, by the angel ministrants, who found a place in the major part of the artist's productions. Among the works that have been spiritually educational, "The Orphans' Rescue," "Life's Morning and Evening," and the "Guardian Angel," have accomplished a great work.

I have heard it said of Mr. John, that all of his work was the result of angel inspiration. He had been an industrious student of art during six years, in the Academy of Fine Arts, in the city of Philadelphia, and for many years a believer in Spiritualism. While he wrought out in careful detail, with skilled hand, the ideals of his brain, with childlike trust in the invisibles, he sought to live worthily and well that he might not fail of their aid and help.

He was not disappointed. The glowing ideals were intensified, and the power to delineate accelerated by the angel-helpers, and when his and their day's work was done, his always spiritual face was as though it had become transfigured upon the mount of vision.

Thirteen years since, for him, "Faith was exchanged for sight;" yet he still works for humanity.

I am afraid a large part of my hour has been absorbed, but I could not forbear thus to speak of one whose life and work were in such beautiful harmony, that when he in life's prime was "lifted higher," the discipline of earth was perfected in him. For more than two years, himself and blessed companion, now translated, were dwellers in our own family circle, all of whom were blessed and made better by the experience.

While writing thus of one gone from the visible life, I am reminded where my missive will be sent, and that in your city, dwells one, "tried and true," and whose work for humanity has resulted in incalculable good. I refer to Dr. J. V. Mansfield, of whom your correspondent of Feb. 8th, has said such just and pleasant words. I agree with him, in "bestowing commendation upon those of our fellows who are worthy of it," and that such acknowledgment "should not be left for obituarists."

The incident he related might be supplemented by scores that have come under my own observation, or have been related to me in various homes I have visited, where for years the characteristic communications have been carefully treasured, not only as convincing, irrefutable evidence of spirit communion, but as containing advice that has proved invaluable.

I would rather have the record of this faithful, indefatigable, pure and upright worker than all the treasures earth could bestow.

If the Doctor had, through the later years of his mediumship, done no other work than that accomplished at our Eastern Camp Meetings, we might say, "Well done, good and faithful servant!" I believe no one medium has done so much gratuitous work in that direction as our venerable friend.

Whenever at such gatherings he has made his appearance, the proceeds of whole days of continuous writing would go to the treasury of the Association. Last summer's Eastern trip to Lake Pleasant, was marked by his characteristic generosity. The spontaneity of this work is only equalled by the enthusiastic and rousing receptions with which campers delight to honor him.

I hope San Francisco Spiritualists realize the privilege that is theirs in having this faithful, veteran worker dwelling in their midst, with the announcement that he intends to call it "home" during the remainder of his earth life.

His Eastern friends who realize what that word has once meant to him, a sanctuary, a blessed retreat, where for forty-four years a faithful woman's love and ministry made his earthly pathway bright, pray that sympathy, friendship and appreciation may abide with him.

So now I have reached the limit of my leisure; and if, of your patience, I have said my say of friends both sides of the mystic river, and as there is no detraction in it, I, at least, am improved by it. One word more. I noted in your last, a communication from Dr. H. F. Brigham of Fitchburg, Mass. If once your eyes should behold him, you would know that he wrote the "Secret of Happiness" not as a vague theory, but because he had found it.

LEOMINSTER, Feb. 20, 1890.

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Isle of Graves.

BY ALICE J. STEVENS.

There's a beautiful life in Memory's sea,
Where waves of thought are beating;
Their swiftness is borne o'er the sea,
Their music my heart is repeating.

And ever their strains float over the tide,
With a low, monotonous tone;
And ever I gaze o'er the ocean wide,
For a glimpse of dreams that are gone.

For buried there are the love and truth
Which crowned my early life,
Side by side with the hopes of youth,
Lost in the tempest and strife.

But only the music of thought's sad waves,
Beating ever against the shore,
Floats dreamily o'er from that isle of graves,
Where youth's bright dreams rest evermore.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Sunset.

The sunset hour, the sunset hour,
The fairest of the day,
Is shadowing now over field and hew,
Its golden parting ray,
As slowly, surely, downward creep
The shadows on the hills.
A sense of peace, both still and deep,
The weary spirit fills,
For ever at the close of day,
When toil and care are o'er,
Beyond this earth far, far away,
They mount beyond the crimson gate
They close the darkening West,
And seek the land where peace awaits
The soul that longs for rest:
The land where daisies flowers bloom,
Where shadows never fall,
Where there is neither care nor gloom,
But God is all in all.

The Mother-in-Law.

She was my dream's fulfillment and my joy,
This lovely woman when you call your wife.
You sported at your play, an idle boy,
When I first felt the stirring of her life
Within my startled being, I was thrilled
With such intensity of love, it filled
The very universe! But words are vain—
No man can comprehend that wild, sweet pain.

You smiled in childhood's slumber while I felt
The agonies of labor and the sighs
I, weeping, o'er the labor suffer, faintly,
You, wandering on through dreamland's fair delights,
Plunged out your lengthening limbs and slept and grew,
While I, awake, saved this dear wife for you.

She was my heart's loved idol, and my prize,
I taught her all those things which you praise,
I dreamed of coming years, when at my side
She would lend laughter to my fading days,
Should cling to me (as she to you clings now),
The young fruit hanging to the withered bough,
But lo! the blossom was so fair a sight,
You plucked it from me—for your own delight.

Well, you are worthy of her—oh, thank God—
And yet I think you do not realize
How burning were the sands o'er which I trod,
To bear and rear the woman you so prize.
It was no easy thing to see her go—
Even into the arms of one she worshipped so.

How strong, how vast, how awful seems the power
Of this new love which fills a maiden's heart,
For one who never bore a single hour
Of pain for her, which tears her life apart
From all its moorings, and controls her more
Than all the ties the years have held before,
Which crown a stranger with a kingly grace—
And gives the one who bore her—second place.

She loves me still, and yet were Death to say,
"Choose now between them!" you would be her choice,
God meant it to be so—it is his way—
But can you wonder, if while I rejoice
In her content, this thought hurts like a knife—
"No longer necessary to her life!"

My pleasure in her joy is bitter sweet,
Your very goodness sometimes hurts my heart,
Because for her life's drama seems complete
Without the mother's oft-repeated part.
Be patient with me? She was mine so long
Who now is yours. One must indeed be strong
To meet such loss without the least regret,
And so forgive me if my eyes are wet.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

It is Better to Live.

I have sometimes felt that the burden
Of life was too heavy to bear;
And have longed to lie down at the moonlight,
And rest and forget all my care;
But over my heart comes a message,
Repeated again and again—
"It is better to live and to suffer,
Than to die to be rid of the pain."

There is rest in the darkness of dying,
And an end to the weary despair;
The grave holds sure peace and calm silence,
No sorrow nor pain can be there;
But perhaps, in the struggle of living,
In a soul that has need of my care—
Some heart may be bearing a burden
That my hand may lighten or share.

"Would be easy to say 'I am weary,'
And lie down and give up the strife,
To suffer no more with the heartache
And sorrow I meet in this life;
But perhaps from my sorrow-sweet heartstrings
A melody sweet may be wrung,
And my life, when the work is deep of suffering,
The tenderest songs may have sung."

'Tis so hard to be patient with living,
When all of the world is a woe;
So weary one waiting for pleasures
That will only come after we die;
But even through all my complaining
I can hear that undying refrain—
"It is better to live and to suffer,
Than to die to be out of the pain."

I will live and be strong, and will suffer,
If need be, until I find rest,
When life and its trials are over,
Though never my life should be blest,
Though always the sun should be darkened
By the clouds that hang over my way,
I will trust that the light will be clearer
When at last I awake "in the day."

—AGNES L. PRATT, in "Boston Globe."

Exaltation Needed for Sacrifice.

The mount of sacrifice must always be
The mount of vision—he who would renounce,
Must rise to the great realms of the pure Spirit,
The Godlike, the immortal, and the good.

—LEOPOLD SCHIFFER.

Progressive Lyceum.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In tranquility and quiet pleasure is the repose and gladness of the human spirit to Love designed it, and from that direction of our being many of us are led to assemble on Sunday morning with the various groups from childhood to youth and age that constitute what is called the Children's Progressive Lyceum. Last Sunday the groups of older members were far beyond the number necessary to secure the best results, but limited space would not permit of the establishment of new groups.

In the progress of the morning the exercises were varied and interesting, including a song, "Little Housekeepers," by little Lillie Holmes; song, "Rock-a-bye Baby," by Louise Merrifield; another little girl; recitation, "Be careful," by Lena Miller; recitation, "The Flowers," by Violet Holmes; and many words of wisdom; among the meritorious being those from the adult group. The general question was: "What gives the greatest pleasure?" and had some truly spiritual blossoms furnished in reply. For next Sunday it was thought, "Animals and their habits" could occupy the consideration of all. The conductor, Mrs. Ballou, surprised the juvenile members with a promise to take them to see the Panorama of Gettysburg on next Saturday evening. They will assemble at the Hall, 909 1-2 Market street, at 6 or 6:30 P. M. and perhaps some of the older members or leaders may accompany the party. The new catalogues have proven a useful means of reaching many families, as the circulation of the library again trebled the volumes issued any Sunday in a long time, and several of the pupils could not get books as they had not taken the precaution to mark down several numbers, or the numbers were out.

With the close of the session a very large and interesting leaders' and officers' meeting was held, when some matters relating to the activity of the Lyceum and its future breadth of action as well as stability, was considered. Some new members were elected, and all dispersed in friendly conversation. W. J. KIRKWOOD.

Excursion to New York.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

It occurs to me that some of your readers may desire to join a pleasant party going from San Francisco and Los Angeles to New York and Liverpool. My daughter and I intend going, and if we can get up a party of about twenty we can have a carriage and conductor for ourselves. It is to be in the Southern Pacific tourist cars. They are most comfortably supplied with all that is needed for the journey. We shall have our lunch-baskets, and the cars have all conveniences for heating water, etc. The fares are fluctuating. This week the whole fare is \$57.00 through to New York. By writing to Mr. Crowley, Spring street, Los Angeles, or Mr. Goodman, Southern Pacific agent Fourth and Townsend streets, San Francisco, stating that they desire to join Mrs. Parker's party, all information will be supplied. As I have crossed the Continent seven times, I feel that my experience will be of service to the timid ones unaccustomed to travel. We start April 11th. MRS. PARKER.

SUMMERLAND.

Summerland Notes.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The lumber for a large store-room twenty-four by fifty feet, two stories high, was ordered this morning, upon which work will commence in the morning. We were fearful there would not be sufficient hotel accommodations for the meeting March 29th. This will be enclosed by that time, the upper part used for cots, and the lower for a dining-room if required—if not for cots.

James T. Morris and family arrived from Kansas last week. This makes three Morris families here, and there is room for more. Mrs. Jennie Lawrence and daughter Paula, from Evansville, Ind., who have been here several weeks to test the climate, have decided to build at once. Mr. and Mrs. Erway of Oregon, arrived Friday last, and have already ordered the lumber for a house on their lots in block 35. They hope to have it enclosed before the meeting.

We hope all who can will send us word of their coming to the meeting, as it will reduce the labor of the Committee on Reception and prevent confusion on the arrival of trains. HENRY B. ALLEN, Secretary.

SUMMERLAND, CAL., March 10, '90.

Correction.

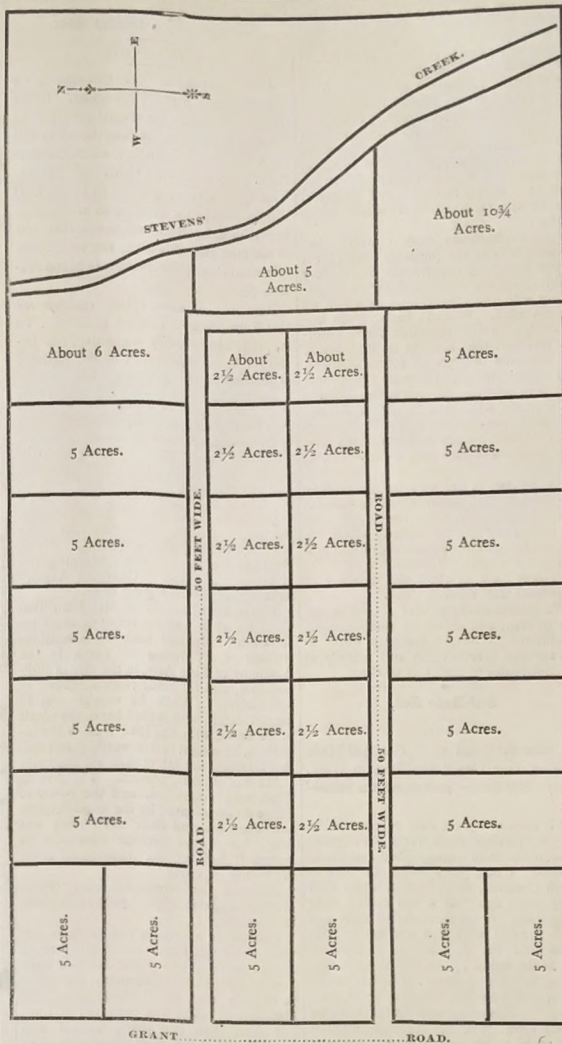
EDITOR OF THE GOLDEN GATE:

In the issue of February 25d, in the article, "Objects and Aims of the Sun Angels," are some slight errors by the compositor. A counterpart has been brought eastward, should read earthward. Sadie talks freely with the members ordering them, should read advising them.

Yours truly, J. B. FAYETTE.

The 42d anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism will be celebrated in a two days meeting in Milwaukee, Saturday and Sunday the 29th and 30th of March, at Fraternity Hall, 216 Grand Ave. Mattie E Hall, of Chicago, and Dr. Juliet H. Severance, of Milwaukee, are engaged as speakers. Saturday evening there will be a musical and literary entertainment followed by a dance. Come everybody and have a glorious time.

Put away presumption and pride. If they assail thy heart, think of the beginning and end of life. Narrow, indeed, are the cradle and the coffin; in both we slumber alike helpless, to-day a germinating dust, to-morrow a crumbling germ.—Wesselmann.



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For further particulars, address J. J. OWEN, Secretary "Sleeper Trust," Suite 43, Flood Bldg, San Francisco.



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EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The First Association of Progressive Spiritualists held their regular meeting, Mr. Macosley presiding. At 3 P. M. Professor Charles Daburn lectured to a good and attentive audience upon Nationalism; its road to success. At 7:30 P. M. Mrs. Ladd-Finney gave tests to a large and attentive audience, she being a host within herself and always gives good satisfaction. Last Wednesday evening there was a general good time at the mediums' meeting held in Kohler's Hall. Next Sunday at 3 P. M. Professor Charles Daburn will again lecture on the philosophy of Spiritualism. At 7:30 P. M. there will be a lecture by Mrs. Whitmore. Subject "The Science of Spiritualism." F. E. SMITH, Sec'y pro tem.

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