

GOLDEN GATE

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

He who is master of the fittest moment to crush his enemy, and magnanimously neglects it, is born to be a conqueror.—*Lavater.*

To relieve the oppressed, is the most glorious act a man is capable of; it is in some measure doing the business of God and Providence.—*Pope.*

Knowledge, in general, expands the mind, exalts the faculties, refines the taste of pleasure, and opens numerous sources of intellectual enjoyment.—*Robert Hall.*

Nature hath not so formed thee that thou mightest not discern thy duty and preform it. A man may be in a manner divine, and yet unknown to all.—*Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.*

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money, for the purpose of circulation.—*C. C. Colton.*

Life is not dated merely by years. Events are sometimes the best calendar. There are epochs in our existence which cannot be ascertained by a formal appeal to the registry.—*Disraeli.*

A man should say: I am not concerned that I have no place—I am concerned how I may fit myself for one. I am not concerned that I am not known—I seek to be worthy to be known.—*Confucius.*

Sometimes, in musing upon genius in its simpler manifestations, it seems as if the greatest human culture consisted chiefly in preserving the glow and freshness of the heart.—*Henry T. Tuckerman.*

What beauty is, is a question which the most penetrating minds have not satisfactorily answered; nor, were I able is this the place for discussing it. But one thing I would say, the beauty of the outward creation is intimately related to the lovely, grand, interesting attributes of the soul.—*Canning.*

Fight on, thou brave, true hearts and falter not, through dark fortune and through bright. The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no further, yet precisely so far is very sure of victory. The falsehood alone will be conquered, will be abolished, as it ought to be; but the truth of it is part of Nature's own laws, co-operates with the world's eternal tendencies and cannot be conquered.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

Life is a gift which always comprises so much that is valuable to one's self, and, if we be willing, so much that is useful for others, that we have every reason to cultivate a disposition not only to pass it in cheerfulness and mental satisfaction, but, from a real sense of duty, to do everything in our power to embellish and render it advantageous, both to ourselves and others.—*Humboldt.*

The true grandeur of humanity is in moral elevation, sustained and enlightened and decorated by the intellect of man. The truest tokens of this grandeur in a state, are the diffusion of the happiness among the greatest numbers, and that passionless god-like justice which controls the relations of the state to other states, and to all the people who are committed to its charge.—*Charles Sumner.*

"GLIMPSES OF A HIGHER LIFE."

An Easter Discourse by Dr. David A. Swing.

[The editor of the GOLDEN GATE was in Chicago on Easter Sunday last, and enjoyed the rare pleasure of listening to Dr. Swing on the above topic. The discourse was so eminently thoughtful and good, that we resolved to reproduce it in the initial number of our paper. We commend it most earnestly to the thoughtful consideration of our readers.—Ed. G. G.]

Easter comes in the name of a general resurrection. The term implies a rising of plants from their Winter sleep, then the rising of Christ from His tomb, then the rising of man from the Winter of his death. Thus the most precious hope of the Christian has induced him to celebrate this day by hymn and by thoughts of another life, and by offerings of flowers. Could we make a survey this morning of the great field of Christian worship, we should see many thousands of altars decked with the blossoms from the conservatories of peoples, and things from the gardens and woods of those dwelling in Southern climates. All around the world to-day the imagination can see this garle of flowers until the altars in the Sandwich Islands seemed joined to those in America and in Europe by this floral chain. The spectacle is too beautiful and too impressive to be represented in language.

The appearance of three figures in shining garments—Moses and Elias along with Christ—asks us to think of the glimpses we possess of a better world. At times, when the mind is free from the cares of the passing hour and can give itself freely up to meditation, this life seems, indeed, as the vestibule of a great temple. But that we may feel the mysterious air of another life, and may hear strains of its music, there must be some sensibility or fitness of the soul for catching such a picture within its depths. There is a great difference between the fanaticism which makes something out of nothing, and that sympathy which simply enables us to measure and appreciate a probable or possible reality. Ernest Renan said it was the affection of woman that gave to society the idea of a risen Christ. Imagination, desiring a certain result, has indeed often created the result; but Renan did not have expected the bitter enemies of Christ to seek the tomb, to look for the absent Lord, and to organize at once a band of believers and worshippers. We are not to expect the gospels to have been composed and preserved by the order of any Herod or Pontius Pilate. While it is true that there is an enthusiasm that creates, so is there an enthusiasm which prizes real merit and saves it from ruin. If there might be a fanaticism which could fabricate a religion, there might be a partiality that could save one from the ravages of atheism and vice.

It is thus perfectly evident that the glimpses of another life can not be caught by the mind that possesses no religious sentiment, and is also pursuing relentlessly some avocation which consumes all its hours and minutes. Be the spiritual world ever so great a reality, it will not press itself upon the unfriendly mind. If our Easter Sunday stands for as perfect a fact as the existence of England or France, its morning would come in vain, unless we are all willing to see it come in its time and place. The law of our world is that of friendship. That is the highway of universal good. The one who succeeds in any pursuit must possess

SOME LOVE OF THAT CALLING.

The painter, the musician, the lawyer, the preacher, the merchant must possess each one, some attachment for his form of industry. It need not be a narrow, mad devotion that will dwarf all the other paths in the world, but it must be a delight which will enable one to detect and enjoy the merits of his labor of hand and brain. Thus must we see the world half way, both out of the field of religion and in it. Unless we are willing to sit down and meditate over the form of another life, the universe will treat us with neglect or contempt, for, all through, the world loves them who love it. In the common courts the judges do not prize highly an eager, willing witness, but in nature the heart eager and willing is the one to find the real truth of the story of man.

Let us therefore give this memorial wel-

come, and not by any coldness of heart drive away from us its lessons and the spirit of its coming. It asks us to think of man as destined to live after what is called death, and while it brings no demonstration it comes with its emblems of immortality and begs us to believe that man is not an animal soon to go out of being, but some more especial child of God.

One of the most obvious reflections is that this seems only a preliminary world. It seems to contain the foundation of a noble man without containing the man himself, and yet so tremendous is the whole universe, and so amazing many of the parts of it, that we are bound to infer the greatness of its Creator. The human mind has never been able to express its feeling as to the greatness of a Deity who could place such

MILLIONS OF SUNS

in space and throw around each sun, perhaps a planetary system like the one to which our globe belongs. Wonder of wonders; but the inference ought to be that a Creator so great in mind and power would not be satisfied with a mere outline of such a creature as man, man himself in all his glory never coming to complete the picture. What justifies earth to the reason of man is the assumption that it contains some fulfillment now hidden, and in that final outcome there will be abundant presence of that divine power and wisdom. Should any earthly potentate begin great works and complete no one and lay no plans for a final completion, he would be thought an inferior form of even human reason. In the Creator of the universe there can not possibly be any form of weakness, and hence we seem compelled to infer a great moral outcome for mankind. In the name of this moral outcome we bring hither today our offerings of flowers and hymns and worship. The universe leads us along by this hope.

All that the scientific students have learned or suggested in the past quarter of a century has contained this one fact, that our earth is the arena of a slow progress from an humble starting point to some unknown end. Just how humble is the starting point, science has failed to discover; but it cannot be denied that man is in a transition state. He is going from something small to something better. Science has helped make this fact stand forth in bold eminence. It shows us man on the advance. And man is the only living creature which is seen on the advance. Hence the interest of the scene centers in man. In him the reason of our world must be contained. There is no element wanting in the domain of the brutes. The lion, the elephant, the night-gale, the humming bird, have reached the end for which they set out.

We could add nothing without spoiling those forms of animal life. Into man the whole idea of progress betakes itself. Over his failures we weep, in his new successes we take hope. He embodies the possibly great outcome of a great plan. In him this part of the universe centers. It is as though nature and life were almost breathless watching the thrilling drama of man. He is the advancing heart and soul. Upon his upturned face there is a strange light. This is the light which seems to come from a second existence. This world possesses much, indeed all, about man; a divine theory; most beautiful ideals, ideals which fill galleries of art, which overflow into poetry; and which inspire music, but there is one important thing absent. What is it? Man himself—a striking omission. We can find this perfect being in the high literature of the world, in the visions of philosophy and poetry, but he has not yet come into our streets, churches and homes.

Creation is seen centering in man, and yet man fails to come up to the standard made necessary by the happiness of himself and by the power and wisdom of God. Is there not a world where man himself will be present? Not present in some painting or some assemblage of words, but present in mind, soul, life, and physical beauty! Science shows us man in a great transition. We all see him in this magnificent march; but whither is he going? He does not find any adequate perfection here. We who pretend to be Christians or the children of a more general religion, feel that the infinite Creator is to carry for-

ward this human soul in some other world. Here this great march only begins.

Strict science does not deal in any second life. We need not blame it for such silence. Science observes only the materials, and studies its lessons just as well in the horse or rabbit as in man. The evolutionists can no more go beyond death with their studies than can the student of electricity or meteorology. The physician deals only with the body of man. His art, like that of the electrician, has nothing to do with man after life has gone out of the organism. We do not expect the electrician or meteorologist to teach us to believe in a second world. Electricity plays in our air and upon the face of the clouds; and the winds blow cold and warm, slow or fast, over our fields and waters. Thus the studies of the scientist are all here in this globe. If he speaks about immortality he must do so, not as a scientific mind, but as a religious being. For us in our religious natures to fear anything taught by the material students as such is as illogical as it would be for us to be alarmed by the science of navigation or of photography. The crucible of the chemist has no more to do with immortality than has the mariner's compass.

The counterpart of this statement is also true, that the man of science should not feel that he has touched in any manner, the tenets of religion. He has no right to infer the death of the body to be the death of the man, because his art or science is not able to affirm that there is nothing in man except a material organism. Thus the Christian may confess that there is

A PLACE FOR THE SCIENTIST,

and the materialist may confess that there is a place for the hope of religion. The existence of a God once admitted shows that mind can exist apart from a perishable organism, and this question once settled in the person of the Deity it is settled for other souls besides the central supreme soul. If there can be a God, there can be a God-man.

Returning from this digression as to the inability of science to affirm or deny the truth of religion, let us further note man as only a promise, and not as a fulfillment. Perhaps that march we witness is toward a perfect human race upon earth. Thus far the ideal man worthy of God, has been wanting, but perhaps he is gradually coming, and a perfect earth is the goal toward which all is tending. So the French philosophers thought when they taught the worship of humanity. The coming heaven was nothing but the final excellence of government, art, morals, and happiness here. Hence one of the teachers of this system said he asked for no better immortality than that found in the future welfare of the successive generations of men.

Such self-surrender is very common among great minds. Many a mother would sink into oblivion if only her children could all live a long life and be happy. Paul could even wish himself accused for the sake of his brethren. We are all fully aware of the beautiful spirit that is often seen in the bosom of man; but these great prices are what a wise and kind Creator is not willing his children should pay. After a mother had expressed her willingness to be annihilated for her children and Paul for his friends, and some patriots to live only

FOR SUCCEEDING MULTITUDES,

we must wonder whether that would be a perfect, or even grand world where such offers were universally accepted. A man's willingness to go into oblivion for his race betrays a good reason for his not going back to the worms, and to the dust. He is too noble to be extinguished. Two definite objections rise up against the presumption that the march of man is toward a perfect earth, and not toward a second world. The first objection is found in the numberless millions already dead who cannot be sharers in the final goodness of society. If a few thousands of years hence, or a few tens of thousands, society should have become great, pure, happy, war unknown except as an old legend, jails gone, violence absent, what part in this happiness would be reserved for the countless millions who had lived their days in the midst of sorrow? It will not avail the saints, and the good of all ages, that some final generations are to be free from life's ills.

When we look back and see what a procession of mind and soul there has been, it is not comforting to think that the good they toiled for, and died for perhaps, was some good to spring up in far-off time, and for only a small number of the entire human family.

But there is a more crushing objection to the theory that man's ideal condition is to be reached here. Man possesses defects which nothing upon earth will ever efface. Suppose there should come a civilization which should cause wars and injustice to cease; that should terminate dishonor, and redouble and cement friendship. What if man the ideal, and woman the ideal should at last appear? Shall earth have

MASTERED THE SITUATION

And have declared the wisdom and goodness of God? By imagination, visit this highly cultivated human race of the future! What public intelligence! What beautiful faces of man and of woman—faces all molded by the better thoughts and feelings of a perfect civilization. You come thus to a period where each face is that of an Apollo or a Madonna. And what homes! The poor are nowhere visible. The oppressor is gone with the imperfect past, and the hovel has given place to the cottage. What books! What music! What love within each house, and what a beauty of nation and city and world without! Persons then living will say: "Hither the human race was tending in those far-away times when America saw some traces of light and when the inventions began to appear," but America in the nineteenth century was in the dark ages in the brilliant comparison. But in the golden age mark the people; in mourning, and the same old funeral ceremonies and the same march to the tomb—man dies after a few short years.

The earth was made for only a thirty or forty year average of life. Unless man died of disease while young, by regular laws, the world would soon be unable to support its multitudes, and famine and pestilence would sweep away whole generations. Earth was made only for man young, and not for man in his perfection. No evolution, no progress can ever change this face of affairs. To do away with war, wrong, ignorance, and sin, is indeed an alluring end of human action; but suppose you were living in such a golden age and then Nature should come to you and your loved family, and say to you: "You are all living in a golden age, it has been reached by a long struggle of mankind through long periods." With tears of admiration you confess the splendors of the world. To this Nature says: "Then die, you and your family, for others are waiting for your places." Amazement succeeds admiration, and a perfect world turns out to be only an ornamented hearse for a man's funeral, or an ornamented cemetery for his dust.

Thus may you cultivate most highly this race, make its times peace, close its haunts of sin and its prisons, make its pursuits honorable, but all its paths will be full of thorns while they lead to only a grave. And the grander the world shall become the more dreadful would be the thought of this near annihilation.

Earth can never be the final arena of man. The human ideals will not ever be realized here. It will always be only the place of man's youth, and not the place of his full manhood. Hence are we to expect another life after this is done. That transfiguration upon the mount reminds us of some great hidden realm of higher organisms, a realm of which only glimpses are allowed us now. And when there is no mountain top for the spectacle, when there are no audible voices, these transfiguration scenes take place in the heart and we perceive with the eye of the mind, the great ones of history—the Pauls, the Marys, the heroes, the martyrs, the loved ones, the Christ, not as dust scattered from Asia to the Rocky Mountains, by wind and storm, but as living minds, full of beauty and rich in endless years. You can not make a great human world out of one swept all over by death once in thirty-three years.

THE MORE REFINED

the race should become the more vivid would be the black death band drawn

