



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.

That religion only is true which will stand the test of science.

Truth is as indifferent to public opinion as the general public is to truth.

They who say the grave holds man forget that it holds nothing of him or his works.

Every time you strike a child you admit your incapacity to govern yourself or others.

There is no vice which mankind carries to such wild extremes as that of avarice. —Swift.

Whatever the apparent cause of any riots may be, the real one is always want of happiness. —Thomas Paine.

Dangers are light, if they once seem light; and more dangers have deceived men than forced them. —Lord Bacon.

Providence gives us notice by sensible declensions, that we may disengage from the world by degrees. —Jeremy Taylor.

The voice of charity is kind. She thinketh nothing wrong—To every fault she seemeth blind: Nor vaunteth with her tongue. 'Tis not to pause when at the door A shivering brother stands, To ask the cause, what made him poor, Or why he help demands.

The cleanliness and purity of one's mind is never better proved than in discovering its own faults at first view. —Pope.

Books are the food of youth, the delight of old age, the ornament of prosperity, the refuge and comfort of adversity. —Cicero.

Christianity, which is always true to the heart, knows no abstract virtues, but virtues resulting from our wants and useful to all. —Chateaubriand.

Every thinker and utterer of good thoughts is a pioneer, pushing his way through the brambles to contend against darkness, ignorance and superstition.

Such only can enjoy the country who are capable of thinking when they are there; then they are prepared for solitude, and in that case solitude is prepared for them.

It is difficult, I own, to blend and unite tranquility in accepting, and energy in using, the facts of life, but it is not impossible; if it be, it is impossible to be happy. —Epictetus.

Honest and courageous people have very little to say either about their courage or their honesty. The sun has no need to boast of its brightness, nor the moon of her effulgence.

Let them have ever so learned lectures of breeding, that which will most influence their carriage will be the company they converse with and the fashion of those about them. —Locke.

Conscience is too great a power in the nature of man to be altogether subdued; it may for a time be repressed and kept dormant, but conjectures there are in human life which awaken it; and when once re-awakened, it flashes on the sinner's mind with all the horrors of an invisible ruler and a future judgment. —Blair.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Effects of Physical Influences.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

"He's going out with the tide," is the common expression of all the rough coast-wise people. It may be called a superstition of sea-faring races, but it is a fact that for some inscrutable reason the old, sick, and infirm more often die at the ebb tide than when the tide is rising. A poet beautifully expresses this belief:

When the tide goes out he will pass away,
Pray for a soul's serene release!
That the weary spirit may rest in peace,
When the tide goes out.

A physician on the Connecticut Coast who had made special observations said: "For more than thirty years I have lived and observed among the rough, hardy souls hereabout; and for more than fifty my father before me gathered facts and wisdom from practice. I have stood by hundreds of deathbeds of fishermen and farmers, old and young, during the last quarter of a century; but I can hardly recall a single instance of a person dying of disease, who did not pass away while the tide was ebbing. It is a fact that in critical cases I never feel concerned to leave a patient for an hour or two when the tide is coming in, but when it is receding, and particularly in the latter stages of the ebb, I stay by, if I can, till the turn comes. You'll scarcely credit it, but the daily record of the tides is the most important part of the almanac in my practice. If a patient who is very low lives to see the current turn from ebb to flow, I know the case is safe till the ebb sets in again."

When the tide ebbs in death waits for dole,
When the tide ebbs it takes a soul.

Francis Gerry Fairchild says that during five years he noted the hour and minute of ninety-three demises, and of these all but four (who died of accidents) went out with the ebb of the tide. In his own words, "I who have sat with my fingers on the wrist of many a feeble patient, and noticed the pulse rise and strengthen, or sink and vanish, with the turning of the tide, know that it is fact."

Of twenty-one cases of death registered on the sea coast of Long Island at Orient, by Capt. D. B. Edwards, I find, by careful examination, that with only one exception, the aged, or those who had been suffering from long sickness, died at the ebb of the tide. These cases were taken as they came, and afford an average that may be depended upon.

Not that the coming and going of the ocean wave as it rolls round the world has special influence. The cause is more profound, and blended with the force of gravitation. Not only is the ocean agitated and piled up beneath the moon; the deeper and more elastic aerial sea is more strongly fluctuated, and the electric and magnetic conditions change with certain periodicity. The maximum of positive force is attained at high tide, constantly increasing as the tide comes in, and then recedes to the zero of negativity with its outgoing. With the flood of water, and higher pressure of atmosphere, the forces of life are stimulated by the increasing positiveness. When these stimulants withdraw, the tide runs to the negative pole, and a soul ebbs from the mortal shore. Man is sensitive to the influences of the sun and moon, and to the stars.

The influence of the moon in cases of lunacy has been observed from ancient times, and a lunar month measures the cycle of changes in most cases of madness.

During health these subtle changes are not felt, or too feebly to be remarked. It is during sickness, when the physical energies are so enfeebled that slight forces turn the balance for or against, that the most palpable effects are produced. There are moon-tides and sun-tides in the ocean and in the air. Sometimes these augment, at others depress each other. The magnetic disturbances are much greater at times than at others; hence the subject is complicated, but when investigated it will be shown that there is co-operation between vital force and the energies of nature.

A spirit is a harp attuned to respond to the touch of myriad forces. It is placed in the center of these multitudinous energies, coming in from every direction. It is sensitive to the touch of the sun, the moon, and the planets, and to that of the

furthest star that twinkles on the verge of the Milky Way; not in the sense of astrology, but in as faithful a manner. If the magnetic needle trembles because of a spot in the sun; if the magnetic currents of the earth are disturbed by activity of the solar disc, can we for a moment doubt but the more delicately ethereal spiritual perception will feel such disturbances? The sweet influence of the Pleiades has more than poetic meaning, and the cold light of the moon brings on its beams the breath of love.

It is well known that many diseases are aggravated by the approach of night, while others are most severe during the day. All nervous pains become intensified at the approach of night—a fact admitted, but referred by material science to the imagination, the fancy having free reign during the silent hours of darkness. During the day, the half of the earth illuminated is positive to the other unilluminated hemisphere. Hence the sensations of evening are different from those of morning. We have enjoyed the light and been positive during the day; when night advances, we become passive in the enveloping darkness, and enter a state twin sister to death, to arise in the morning again to meet the positive day.

Sleep during the night is more restoring than during the day—a distinction recognized by animals and plants. Night is no more terrible than day, yet the mind, oppressed by the negative condition then imposed on all things, peoples it with fancies. The hour of midnight is the established season for ghostly appearances. He who boldly walks along the churchyard path at noonday, would fain whistle to keep his courage up at the hour of midnight. Even Haeckel, the great naturalist, confesses that as the evening fell on him, while alone on the extreme point of Ceylon, and the shadows deepened on the weird forest and the lonely sea, an "uncanny" feeling crept over him.

And the soul moves in the circle of the seasons; not only has human life its Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter; in the long three score years and ten, it swings through this circle with each succeeding procession of seasons, and experiences the changing impressions they so rapidly bring.

Spiritualism Everywhere.

(Revue "Spirits de Valparaiso," translated for the Golden Gate by C. G. Halleberg of Cincinnati, Ohio.)

Two Protestant preachers, by the names Vidaurre and Jorquera, traveling in Chili, South America, stopped at Rancagua June 2, 1887, and held a religious conference in the theatre of that locality. The subject was, "What Is Man, and What Is His Fate After Death?"

Rev. Jorquera, during his sermon, thought it proper to exercise his eloquence at the expense of Spiritualism, laboring hard to cover it with ridicule before his audience, saying it was absurd, and challenged Spiritualists to answer with their theories founded on fantastic illusions and their imaginations.

As soon as the orator had finished, to the great surprise of all, a fifteen-year-old girl rose, and accepted the challenge offered with such scorn and presumption. After having refuted the reverend preacher's arguments by improvisatory inspiration, the young girl asked him for his written observations against Spiritualism, so as to be able to answer in a manner more ripe and efficacious.

The preacher refused to hold the offered controversy in the same place, and proposed the public square, which she, in her turn, refused, as such a place was not suitable for the subject. They agreed to use the press for the discussion.

Two days after, Rev. Vidaurre and Demoiselle Aravena concluded to hold the controversy at the theatre, where the girl was supported by Dr. Rafael Rojas, a young man very much esteemed through his good character and high intellectual culture.

The discussion went on in sublime style during more than two hours. Finally Rev. Vidaurre had the courage to confess that he knew very little about Spiritualism, and had only incidentally raised his voice against it, but proposed now, from what he had heard, to make it a subject of deep study.

Ceremonies differ in every country, but true politeness is ever the same.

THE FUTURE LIFE AS SEEN FROM TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

A Lecture by the Controls of J. J. Morse, Delivered on the Camp Grounds, Oakland, Cal., Friday Afternoon, June 16, 1888.

[Reported for the Golden Gate by G. H. Hawes.]

Our theme is one eminently in harmony with the philosophy of Spiritualism, that broad rational philosophy of Spiritualism that seeks to go to the causes of things, the actual primal causes that are responsible for the conditions of to-day.

Our first point of view must be beyond the realm of mortal life, leaving aside its turmoil, its struggles, its striving, and its heartaches, aye, leaving aside its joy and beauty, all that makes it sweet and endurable, let us on the wings of thought mount upward through the azure, away into the calm, still depths of being, and far beyond that which pertains to poor mortality, see what the life is that those who have gone beyond the bounds of time are living.

In taking this brief excursion, for of necessity brevity must rule our work, we shall invite, not to those earlier conditions of spiritual life wherein are congregated together those who have just laid aside the garments of mortality, but into more calm conditions beyond, where those live who have been purged to a large extent of all the crudities and imperfections that pertained to them when they first entered into spirit life after having just laid aside the garments of flesh. In these higher circumstances and more calm conditions we wish to take you and direct your attention to sundry things there that will be of extreme importance in the theme we have to disclose to-day.

The first thing that would strike you would be this: There is a calm and conscious dignity mantling every brow, disclosed in every form, made manifest in every movement, arithmetical harmony we might call it, that beats musically with the faded but actual real music of the spheres; so much so that when you first gaze upon these truly noble men and women, they give expression in life and form, and all those attributes which have usually been denominated regal in their character. There is nothing regal that the poorest of human kind may not attain to; nothing kingly or queenly associated with eminent personages in mortal life that the lowest and meanest in the world may not yet attain to; for regality of character is not the special possession or prerogative of a special class, but the inherited and inalienable possibility of all mankind at large.

These truly noble souls were are picturing have but unfolded the latent elements of greatness that were within their natures when they were here on earth.

Then when we hear them speak, there is a sweet pealing melody running through every tone of the musical voice, and as it rolls out upon the eager air, it seems as though it was made to palpitate with a loving life so quick and beautiful, that as you listen, indeed, there is infinitely more of melody and music in the voice of man than ever yet has been conceived.

But, strange to say, something else occurs here, for we are concerned not only with the character, but the actual appearance of these people whom we are discussing. There is such perfect harmony and symmetry in every department of their forms and personalities, such rounded beauty, such ripe fullness, such sweet harmony and curvature in every department of their form, that they seem the embodiment of all the artist's dreams, of all the painter's fancies, of all the poet's rhapsodies—almost everything that artists, poets, and painters have conceived are embodied in the supernal excellence of the form before you. Not the slightest tinge of age, of weakness, or of sickness; no suspicion of possible decrepitude; but the fair halo of beauteous health, as people can only blossom and bloom in the fairer country beyond.

Then we take one farther view, and you find they have mastered the essential meaning of our old-time injunction that with great advantage, "In honor preferring one another." Consequently, courtesy of that sweetly lovable kind that makes life so pleasant among yourselves,

when it gets expression in your midst, rules all relationships and associations there; and by this spiritual and noble courtesy, there comes a gladsome doctrine the germs and scintillations of which flit from time to time before your awakened vision.

The world here below often preaches the gospel of fraternity, and loudly proclaims the virtue of polished manners, and all the courtesies of polite and well regulated society. But how often are these professions but mere veneer, bright and beautiful to look at when polished by the upholsterer's art, but when lifted from the native wood upon which it has been affixed, it is a very common grade of wood after all. It is very easy to proclaim the gospel of fraternity and loving kindness and social courtesies, but when you find it more convenient to turn your back or close your eyes upon these, as is so often the case, your gospel preaching don't amount to much.

But in this better country this courtesy prevails so completely and so absolutely that there is positively no friction in the social interchange and association between the peoples to whom we are referring.

Now this implies something of justice as well as of love; it also presupposes something of wisdom as well. And where a community such as we are describing lives in harmony with justice, and with love and wisdom, you may be perfectly satisfied of one thing—that all those causes that militate against the realization of the advantages that wisdom, justice, and love can give you, do not exist, and consequently you will be prepared to suppose that the condition of society we are referring to must, in the very nature of the case, be quite different to the conditions of society prevailing among yourselves. There can be no injustice where justice reigns supreme; there can be no hatred where these divine courtesies of love and wisdom regulate the relationships of men; there can be neither folly nor vice where wisdom rules in thought and action; and happy indeed, you will say, must be that condition of society where all these adverse elements appear to be absent, and where peace and harmony indubitably prevail.

But something further yet remains. The mere sentimental consideration of these beauteous attributes that we have just referred to does not avail; there are practical duties arising therefrom that have to be fulfilled. If you believe in justice, and yet are not just, then your belief has had but very little practical effect upon you. If you believe in wisdom, and yet are not wise, you will reap the results of folly in not comprehending what wisdom means. An individual, then, in this higher condition, must be mentally and spiritually unfolded enough to grasp the essential duties, the essential meaning, and the actual possibilities flowing from obedience to the principles of wisdom, justice, and love. When that is realized, then we shall find there can not, in the nature of the case, be any discordant element as a consequence arising from the great injustice that prevails on the human plane at the present time. For instance, there can be no one who stands up and says: "I am the vice-gerent of God; in me is deposited the keys of wisdom; you are an inferior sort of people, and I am divinely delegated to instruct you." There it is recognized that justice makes each individual responsible to himself first, to his fellow next, and to the community in general at the last, giving to each man an equal right in the acquisition of all truth, in the investigation of all facts, in the settling of all vexed questions in accord with his own personal standard.

Then, equal justice being recognized as a factor in the social life, shall we call it, of these people, it follows that whatsoever one does for the community, the entire community is to that extent indebted to that one, and whatsoever the community does to that one, then that one is to that extent indebted to the entire community.

What then becomes of the conditions of life, as you understand them among yourselves, when selfishness, and competition, and craft, and cunning, are divorcing the individual from the community, and making him understand that the community owes him everything and he owes the community nothing. The order is reversed, you see. There is adjustment, and if the community of this side of being we are referring to places the individual

(Continued on Third Page.)

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Thus Saith "Cousin Ruth."

As I dip my pen in the ink preparatory to what may prove but a scribble, this time honored adage comes to mind, "Speech is silver, but silence is golden." Now, I never question the wisdom enshrined in these old sayings, and comfort myself at present by the remembrance of another equally old and honored, which reads like this, "There are exceptions to all rules." It may be the latter makes more harmonious appeal to my heart, because I am a woman, and woman like may seem to be working for the last word, though I do assert in all honesty that I am not, being only desirous of making that which is truth to my heart appear in a clear light, though it never be accepted by those who do most oppose.

It seems to me the "Old Sea Captain" is caught in a gale, and feeling it may be possible for me to stand on the billows without sinking, I accept the silvery line of speech, which is all a woman is supposed to need, providing she has sound lungs, and approach the restless tide. "A. Y. E." complains of the "tacking" of re-incarnation on to Spiritualism, but I do not see where the "tacking" takes place, though it may be I am spiritually too short-sighted. I do know that Spiritualists, as a class, differ materially in their belief on all points, save that of spirit return, and I have known avowed Spiritualists to fight the truth of materialization with a valor worthy of a Trojan, yet the truth existed just the same. Whatever appeals to any soul as a truth, that the soul must accept, or do violence to the conscience. Now, I feel that in my soul exists a consciousness of previous individualized existence. I speak for no one but "Cousin Ruth," though such consciousness has dawned on other souls according to the testimony given.

Spiritualists, as a class, are keen thinkers; besides, the very name indicates an unfolding of the higher attributes through which the halo of the Divine falls, ever leading those thus unfolded to higher paths, from whence they glean truths that to others may in the distance have a doubtful look. Because of this soul unfolding a few, and only a few, Spiritualists have accepted re-incarnation as a truth to them, though, as a creedal point, it is not "tacked on" to the mast-head of the grand old ship that is bearing so many "over the tide of the Jasper Sea," because to Spiritualism there is no creed to be sworn to, making it the gravest truth that ever blest the hearts of the Father's children, while into its great truth tide many free thought tributaries flow.

It seems to me there is something entirely too orthodox in this principle of opposition to free thought by any of the liberty loving children of the Father, though I confess, woman-like, I enjoy seeing something on the buzz, and watch the thought splinters as they fly in all directions, dodging not, lest they hit me, for I am sure I have not all the truth—only just the amount my soul chafes will hold.

Among the truth gems I have received there are none that emit the light to my soul that re-incarnation does, and because of this added light, I daily lift my heart in thanksgiving to the Father and Mother Heart of the universe, while in response thereto there ever falls over me the peace halo of the diviner life which must rest on all who live much in the soul realm while yet attached to a material form. Through this light selfishness fades out like a fallen star, while in its stead the risen star, the rays of which speak of love for all, shines undimmed.

I fancy Eon, or Eona, which ever is on the farther side, must be somewhat amused at the dust they are raising on earth, though I doubt not they feel very restless over the affair, knowing when the wind will veer, and blowing a steady gale, clear the dust away.

"A. Y. E." whom I feel sure is honest in his convictions, says he has had nothing as yet but sentiment, which seems to me rather a cool way of treating all the eloquence we, who have spoken, have poured in upon him, and from which he turns away still asking for proof. In reply to this request, I would in turn ask him to prove to me and others that re-incarnation is not true. His proof sheets, like ours, must be in his own soul, as only in the inner thought type can these truth lines be made to appear. He can assert that it is not true, but, as he says of us, assertion is not proof; we want something more, and all he has as yet said reaches not "undisputable ground."

Whatever principle can be proven to my higher, or soul self, as a truth, that will I accept most honestly, most gladly, because it is only light I seek; consequently, if "A. Y. E." will, we can bring proofs both scientific and logical of his position, that, because of their conclusiveness, fill my soul with truth echoes. I will lay down my pen and exclaim, "Long live the good 'Sea Captain.'"

"A. Y. E." makes a capital hit in his quotations from what others have written, and I smile, for I enjoy a good point without regard to the side from which it comes. His quotations are from what has been said in regard to memory, one being as follows: "There are mortals who remember previous existences," which, as I understand it, is the exception to the memory rule. The second is in effect, that "memory is dead."

Now, I fail to see any great amount of clashing here, as in the first quotation, there is sufficient qualification to give any one to understand that out of the many there are but few thus favored. I think this memory point might be cleared up a little, if they who both think and write would take into consideration the existence of both soul and material brain. This is what I believe, though I will not say I know, as there is something too emphatic in the word *know* for all purposes, as it seems to me to say to others, "I have settled that point; nothing farther is needful."

I believe that memory is ever active in the soul brain, ever alive, while the material brain, which is an atomical structure of grosser particles, reaches not back beyond its own province into the soul realm, having no special right there, being prince only in the realm of matter. This being true, memory, in relation to the material brain, may be said to be dead to the wisdom of soul land. I farther believe that whatever of soul light comes to the material brain, waking previous remembrance, is simply the result of special illumination from the soul brain, and no "recalling" through the power of the material avenue. I think people who do so differ, often do so through losing sight of their actual selves, in feeling that all there is of them is the physical, through which they—the soul—act. This two-fold existence is where the mixed-up-ness takes place, all which, I believe, might be cleared up through soul culture.

We are all souls, as I understand it, working through the forms to which we are related, and while some are able to illumine the material brain with the tapers of soul land, others, lacking this power, which may result from a lack of complete assimilation in all points, between the chemicals of the soul and material brains, fall in the illuminating point.

I am fearful I am using space that could be better occupied by another, and will jog on to that last point, that to "A. Y. E." seemed to loom up like a deserted hulk in a fog. I do most honestly believe that re-embodiment, as a principle, is for all, there being no "elect" in the Father's kingdom, nor can I see in this dispensation any breaking up of families. Spiritualists, as a class, believe that they have and hold as their own those who have left the valley for the meadows of the morning. Why can not this be reversed, and they hold their own just the same, even though their loved ones leave them in the immortal land for another earth trial? Surely the Summers of the Forevers are sufficiently long to allow of all the heaven one could ask for; besides, they who come earthward always return.

"A. Y. E." stumbles also over this point: "Where are all the babies to be found to meet the demands of returning souls?" I am surprised at his lack of heart on such ground, for of all things on earth, north, south, east, and west, there never was such an overwhelming supply of any one article as babies; why, there is such a profusion of them that hospitals are needed to care for them; besides, we all know history records no failure on this point, from the time of Adam to this present. Crops may fail, the earth yield not up all its gold, the sun cease to shine, yet there will be no failure in babies.

This makes me think of one thing more. I have wondered much whether "A. Y. E." believes souls have any existence previous to an earthly record, or does he believe that souls are the result of the blending of earth chemicals, thus making them the actual result of matter. With this wonder in my heart, and, woman-like, having yet much to say on the subject of re-embodiment, I will lay aside my pen, knowing our patient Editor likes short article.

In kindness to all,
COUSIN RUTH.

The Sense of Smell.

The function of smell is fourfold. Like the higher senses, it belongs to the intellectual endowments. It is a part of the mind. Through it the mind is reached, roused and quickened. The percepts and concepts gained through the sense of smell can be named, described, analyzed, compared and classified. They may thus become the means of a good degree of intellectual life. Smell is a source of knowledge. Through it the mind discerns those qualities in things which we denominate odor. This knowledge it can obtain in no other way. A surprisingly large number of objects have their own peculiar odor. The onion, the carrot, the beet, and all other vegetables, have characteristic odors. So have fruits, flowers, spices and many gases, as well as animals, meats, etc. The knowledge of the kind, quality, and condition of things that can be obtained by the sense of smell, is very extensive. Not only the druggist, the chemist, the cook, but others likewise, make much practical use of the nose as a source of knowledge, having its own special scientific interest. But smell does a highly important work in enabling us to detect foul, hurtful odors. The nose is placed at the entrance to the mouth as a sentinel to guard it from receiving unwholesome food. It is the watch-dog of the stomach. A fourth, scarcely less important function of smell is that of giving pleasure. The nose is capable of ministering to our happiness even more, perhaps, than the touch or the taste. One with a cultivated nose has delights that another knows not.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Who Are the Mockers?

BY A. F. McGUIRE.

Mockers are those spirits who willfully, consciously, and deliberately torment, worry, or obsess mortals, for vain, selfish, or sensual purposes. But to lend them this power, the mortal must have something in common with the spirit obsessing, or possess some negatively acting force which invites spirits for this effect. By a negatively acting force, we mean an abuse of intelligence for selfish purposes, i. e., exercising one's reason, will, power, or love for debasing or unspiritual effects, as in enhancing the physical appetites by stimulation or otherwise, psychologizing minor intelligences into vain delusions, indulgences, etc., and misusing one's love condition for sensual attainments—either one individualizing part of man's soul-nature into a force acting or reacting for the same effect, and which constitutes a negatively acting force, in opposition to those which act in harmony with divine nature or the positive of existence, as mental or intellectual action, will, power exercised in overcoming one's deficiencies, weaknesses, or passions, and love freed from sensualism or selfish desires (humanity, sympathy, affection, etc.), such negatively acting force or forces beginning with self-love, in the form of conceit, envy, or lust (intemperance, or unnatural physical indulgences), and may thus continue to act, or be permitted to act, until they become ungovernable and uncontrollable passions, so-called.

As such they govern mortals, and need no obsession by so-called mockers to incite or tempt for indulgence, although it opens the way for them more readily, and adds to the temptation by continually infusing more indulgence (especially if it be a sensual passion, for spirits thus inclined are enabled to enjoy such indulgences continually, and are not subjected to restrictions as mortals are through physical inabilities, after having become temporarily satiated).

But conceit or vanity may be indulged for a more extended effect, except when becoming excited or perturbed under its pressure, and thus succumb to nervous agitation, headaches, and often neuralgic affections which this conduces. Otherwise it may be indulged continuously, but the liver and kidneys are sure to be affected in the long run, and may terminate in death, thus propelling the spirit into eternity or the spirit world, with an active, material, or negative force in connection with its being, and thus attracting it to matter, or the earth's centre of gravity, as it does a mortal—the soul's aim being to overcome this by a will superior or positive to material influences. Conceit or vanity are conditions of the soul or spirit, which disturb man's will, or make it impotent so to say. Thus the sensitiveness of such all ready in earth-life to mental or material disturbances, and which increases in comparison to the force of the evil. Stubbornly resisting such impulses, where they exist innate, neutralizes them for a positive effect, thus taking the form of will or spiritual motive power—all forms of arrogance being will power perverted or made impotent by misuse, and when neutralized by the addition of positive force to the soul through abnegation, trials, or material labor, to the amount of the same perverted or having a negative tendency, it becomes positive, also, or assumes a positive tendency in company with its spiritual opposer—the spiritual always governing the material or negative when the conditions are equalized, or not too great a force existing in favor of the latter.

Thus man may already control a passion force before the same is fully neutralized, his opposing spiritual desire, or purely intelligent will power giving it a positive tendency to the amount of five or six per cent over the negative, as it exists absolutely or in reality, and when but four or five per cent is left unneutralized, the same already appears to have a positive effect, or freed from its negative impulse.

But this is the rock on which many founder. Believing themselves freed from an evil, or stronger than they really are, they "let up" on their positive impulses, and thus gradually relapse into the negative, and commit some folly before they are aware of it. Thus we should not rely on our positivity too soon, but rather continue our development in that direction, until it has a more reverse effect, i. e., have five or six per cent in favor of the positive, so that we can not animate the negative impetus even by trying to do so—although the simple act of remaining modest is already sufficient impetus to keep it in a positive direction to the amount of one or two per cent, modesty being will power exercised for a spiritual effect, or constitutes a positive motion in itself.

Thus the admonition of all spiritual revelators to practice humility—this being will power freed from arrogance, and neutralizes, peradventure, forces existing in the human soul for this effect. Of course, where no arrogant forces exist, there is none to be neutralized, but humility is beneficial nevertheless, and continues to add positive will to the soul, as a continued practice of benevolence adds positive love to the soul, and it is these surplus positive impulses which constitute or make the great men of earth. A simple, harmonious condition only forces the spirit from material attraction, or makes the mortal content; but a surplus positivity empowers

the spirit to roam the universe in comparison to this impetus, and makes the mortal a ruler over humanity.

Envy, like conceit, may be indulged continuously, but it affects the blood or heart system, and leads to veritable blood diseases, fevers, eruptions and chronic disorders, when permitted to run riot. Envy is a selfish emotion, and not only brings man in a more than ordinary rapport with material conditions—thus his negative or material tendency—thus leading to, or subjecting him to contagion most impure auras—but stagnates the blood independent of this, and which also has its detrimental effects on the physical body; and, furthermore, leads to hatred—an extremely negative emotion, and together with its own bitterness and accordant vibration with impure material conditions, vitiates the blood for a noxious effect on the body, and when accompanied by sensualism, brings forth scrofulous and syphilitic diseases—all diseases of the body taking form according to the poisonous emanations infused into it by the vital principle of man's interior condition.

A love impetus, for example, or one induced by spiritual aspirations, self-denial, etc., infuses the body with health restoring magnetism, or a vital force having a purified effect, while malice or hatred has an opposite effect, and punishes itself in due time. But when accompanied by criminal acts or a misuse of the will for unspiritual deeds, it places the soul in discord with divine nature besides, and leaves this in a disturbed, agitated or unharmonious condition, even after the hatred or malice has been allayed through the pain suffered in consequence—pain not only allaying the negative impetus of the soul for this effect, but induces a positive motion in order to rise above its physical suffering, and which infuses the body with a healthful vital force—thus driving out the disease. But the discord of the soul remains intact until neutralized by an exercise of the will for a positive effect in order to drive out the soul evil also—these discords constituting the reminders of one's deeds until displaced by retribution, as it were, or acts which have sufficient spiritual impetus to counterbalance the perverted or negatively acting will power—arrogance or haughtiness, so-called—although the latter is but a suppressed emotion of the former, and indicates that a force of arrogance exists which is not quite eradicated or spiritualized, as it were. But when made positive in this way, it takes the form of a virtue, and in opposition to the vice it once constituted, with a tendency to be noisy, vindictive or contemptuous, it manifests gentleness, charity, or deference instead.

A natural soul condition in this respect is simply passive, artless, or unsuspicious. Not having had the evil, it is innocent as to its existence. But once experienced, it knows; and after having been neutralized by positive resistance, it becomes an active qualification for the effect exercised in overcoming it. Thus its characteristic form. Being of human creation, it is not a strictly divine impulse, but can be brought into accord with divine nature by reversing its motion to one of positive nature or spiritualized, as it were.

In like manner all negative impulses may be spiritualized; but until effectuated, we are in discord with the harmonious condition of the universe, law, and attract spirits with the same evils or discordant forces, just as we would be attracted to them, or their conditions, when we enter the spirit world with these negative impulses or discords in our soul nature. Such constitute the mockers, and to which we will be classed when entering the spirit world in a discordant state. Self-love is the stepping-stone to it, and as they become passions, we find congenial attractions who delight in mortal society for this effect. An opposite tendency has the reverse effect, and brings us in rapport with influences whose aspirations are always in that direction.

Pure or unselfish motives have an accordant vibration with spirits acting for a positive effect, even if they are not freed or fully purified, but impure, vain, or selfish thoughts, emotions, or desires, as conceit, envy, or lust induces, invites influences with like tendencies or feelings, and who comprise, like us, the mockers for the time being—conceit, envy, or lust being mockery in the sight of God, and when in this state of mind or soul, we are naturally in discord with the latter, and thus in accord with our own images, the Mockers!

HEATHENS.—Those men whom Jewish and Christian idolaters have abusively called "Heathens," had much better and clearer ideas of justice and morality than are to be found in the Old Testament, so far as it is Jewish; or in the New. The answer of Solon on the question, "Which is the most perfect popular government?" has never been exceeded by any man since his time, as containing a maxim of political morality. "That," says he, "when the least injury, done to the meanest individual, is considered an insult to the whole Constitution." Solon lived 500 B. C.—Thomas Paine.

When man lives by his highest sense of duty, and lives a life of integrity, of honesty, of philanthropy, though he may prove little, he does not need to seek God. God has sought him and dwells within him; acts through him; and he carries ever within him that worship which is in spirit and in truth.—W. J. Potter.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

JUNE 3d. — 1888 — JULY 1st.

— THE —

California Spiritualist's

Camp-Meeting!

— WILL BE HELD AT —

LAKE : MERRITT : PARK !

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(Same place as last year.)

Commencing on Sunday, June 3, 1888,
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And others of our home talent, the platform will have nothing to be desired.

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For this season the board have secured the exclusive services of the celebrated and highly recommended test medium,

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Whose reputation in all the leading cities of the East, justly place him in the front rank among those in his peculiar line.

NOTE.—The public is informed that Mrs. Lillie and Mr. Emerson will not appear at any other place during their visit to this State. They leave the Coast immediately at the close of the Camp.

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The musical arrangements are of the most satisfactory nature, and include the services of

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Who is an able and pleasing soloist,

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And others.

THE SAN FRANCISCO CORNET BAND,

Will furnish music (string and brass), at each of the Sunday meetings, besides giving an Open Air Concert.

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These will include a MEMORIAL DAY, a CHILDREN'S DAY, and a LITERARY AND SOCIAL MEETING every Friday evening.

A DEVELOPING CIRCLE.

Mr. J. J. Morse will hold another of his successful Developing Circles every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings during the Camp. Free for the services of twelve sittings, \$5.00. No single admissions.

SPIRITUAL SCIENCE CLASSES.

A class will be held by W. J. COLVILLE every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings during the Camp. Fee, for the course of twelve lessons, \$2.50. Single admissions, 25 cents.

The above gentlemen have generously agreed to donate half the proceeds of their respective meetings to the funds of the Association.

TIMES OF MEETINGS.

Sunday meetings will commence at 11 A. M. and 2:00 and 7:30 P. M.; Week day meetings will commence at 10 A. M. and 2:30 and 7:30 P. M.

TENTS.

Tents will be rented at the lowest price, which will only cover their cost to the Association.

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There will be a good RESTAURANT upon the Grounds, where excellent meals can be had at a reasonable price.

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MR. GEO. H. HAWES,

Corresponding Secretary,

320 Sansome Street, San Francisco, California.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

THE VOICE OF THE TEMPTER.

BY CLARENCE KACH.

The soft wind gently tossed the sunny curls That fell in careless freedom round the brow Of childish innocence. The dreamer lay Asleep; his hair the soft green grass, and all Around, the daisies gently smiled, and kissed The tangled curls that fell among them, glad To nestle close to his innocent.

As they. And there the softly sighing leaves That swept aloft among the trembling leaves And branches of the silver maples, fell Soft as a whisper from the angel world. Ah well, the angels were not far away; They walked within the garden oft, and found In such a paradise of purity Delights which even angels scorn not, though They spread their snowy wings and soar among The stars sometimes. They watched with tender love

The guileless sleeper; not a blade of grass Nor lowly daisy bowed beneath their tread. No faintest shadow fell athwart the path That might betray their presence; not a sound Of rustling garments heard, yet they were there, Those dreamland fairies—guardians of the soul. They touched his eyelids, yet he did not wake; They whispered in his ear,—he heard the sound As if 'twere the far off murmuring of the pines; They kissed his parted lips,—he only smiled And still slept on.

The ceaseless flight of years Like shadowy spectres danced across the blue, Unclouded sky of gladness innocence. With such a light and fairy tread—so full Of future hope and joy they seemed, that scarce A thought was given to their passing, till A shadowy form alone remained to tell In half regretful, half triumphant tones, Those years had gone forever. Childhood's years Were merged in dawning manhood's strength, and he,

The dreamer, over whom the angels watched In years ago, lay very peacefully in gentle dreams Beneath the same tall, sheltering maples shade. His white-souled guardians still were there, but lo, Another stood among them, beautiful— A very queen among the beautiful, Fair as the fairest of them, but with glowing cheek Revealed the crimson of the tempting cup; Her heaving bosom spoke of passion's power; Her lustrous eyes betrayed ambition's cold And subtle influence, and when her voice Arose upon the stillness of the air,

'Twas like the laughing murmur of the brook That glides o'er shining pebbles, like the sound Of soft, xolian music in the wind, Or like the faintest sound of far-off bells. It was the Tempter's voice, and many a brain Has whirled, and many a faint and faltering heart Has wavered 'neath its sweet alluring spell. The dreamer heard the voice, and in his dream A shadow crossed the path—oh, how he knew Of some coloring, and yet so soft A veil it cast upon the beautiful. In dreamland, that its shade was scarce a shade Unto the dreamer; but the cloud was there And rested on his brow, the shining one. Beheld its presence, and with folded hands And eyes downcast, they waited sorrowing. At last the youth awoke, but still that voice Of sin's sweetness sounded in his ear. Its music did not lead him into his sleep. He heard it—in his sober, waking hours. It still remained a haunting memory.

Half a century of cruel years, Of years whose only brightness was their dawn, Whose high noon-tide of strength was revelry In sin and shame, whose solemn evening hour Was deeply shadowed in the hopeless gloom Of wrecked humanity. Oh, how the heart Of human love, and love's compassion bleeds O'er such an eve of life, while angel wings Are folded silently, and angel smiles Are turned to tears! An old and feeble man Whose years of sin have passed him by before His time, stood silent and irresolute Upon the spot where child and youth had dreamed. His trembling limbs now tottered 'neath their weight.

His eyes, from which the light of manhood's pride Had fled forever, wandered in a dull And vacant way about the dear old haunts. The same soft southern breeze was wafted far From fragrant meadow lands and grassy hills, And gently brushed the gray and tangled locks Back from his brow; the same low, murmuring sound

Of flowing water—yes, the same glad song Of birds among the branches—every charm Of nature's lavish store was there, but fell Unheeded on his dull and shattered sense. But when a strange, uncanny creature pressed A cold and cruel hand upon his throat, And shrieked with fiendish rage into his ear, He started up in anger. Ah, he knew That voice too well! 'Twas not the cooing voice Of sweet persuasion,—not the tender tone Of pleading that allured his wavering soul When youth was king. No more the beautiful Of form and features graced into his eyes. Instead a thing of loathing—how he loathed, Abhorred her presence, yet could not escape, He was the Tempter's slave; her will was law, Although he shuddered to obey; and when She hissed into his ear a sharp command To follow as she strode away, he cast One hopeless, helpless look toward heaven And meekly did her bidding!

Let the grave Of sweet forgetfulness close o'er the form Of human weakness. Let the kindly robe Of charity conceal from cruel eyes The weakness of fallen manhood. Though the star Of hope is but a faintly flickering light In far-off skies, it has not fallen low Like frail humanity. Beyond the power That held the captive chained; beyond the walls That reared their height to heaven and shut out hope;

Beyond the prison bars through which no light Could enter; yes, beyond the troubled realms Of poor mortality, on through the mist Of future years, the star of hope may shine, And guardian angels, who, through all the past, Had never turned away, stretch out the hand To guide the wandering soul to ports of peace.

Guardian Angels.

[By Rev. Dr. A. L. Stebbins.]

It is one of the articles of our creed, one of the truths of revelation—and a most grand and gracious fact—that our blessed Lord appoints and commissions for us, His children, heavenly, angelic guardians, to watch over us for our comfort and safety, and "in their hands to bear us up, lest, at any time, we should dash our feet against a stone."

Do we meditate upon this truth as much as we might and ought, lay to heart its sweet and blessed significance, and inquire diligently what should be its practical fruits in our current biography? Do we consider, as constantly and

vividly as would seem to be natural, the presence of such lovely and distinguished guests in our sphere of life and action, feeling that we are never left alone of such friends, and have only to stretch out a hand, as it were, to receive a token of salutation most cordial and expressive?

We may realize such companionship in every stage of our earthly being and journey. It is with us when we sit within the walls of home, relieving the solitude of our chamber by night and by day, walking forth with us in the street, journeying with us on land and on water, taking with us summer's heat and winter's cold, our ally in all our tasking and duty, the labor of our hands, the tax of our brain, all burdens of planning and toiling—the entire demonstration of our personal outfit.

How much do we commune with these guardian visitors, helpers and guides? Do we pass hours and days without once thinking of their nearness to us, and our indebtedness to their inspiration and loving kindness; or, do we hold converse with them, looking upon their loveliness, speaking to them words of affectionate gratitude, opening our hearts to them in all the problems of our experience, and winning from their ministrations overtures of courage, strength and skill? Can we, and do we, talk with them in language such as we use to our earthly kindred, and so cherish and cultivate a growing intimacy, and a sweeter privilege of the relationship?

Unseen, but Dearly Beloved, desert us not in our self-absorption; stand by us in trouble, perplexity, and responsibility, shedding light, if it may be, on our path, and hope and patience in trial, and furnishing our solitude with something of the atmosphere of the holy city and its blessed inhabitants! How often and earnestly do we present such appeals, and receive the gracious and quickening response?

Let us inquire of our souls their attitude and emotion, and their practical inheritance, in connection with the presence and office of these heavenly guardians.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Splints.

BY ELLA L. WEBSTER.

Keep the heart warm, warm, and pure, and thereby secure the key to happiness, usefulness, and success in life.

The sunshine of cheerful, loving nature is as necessary to weary, overburdened mortals as is our glorious orb that beautifies and develops the material kingdom.

Seek no higher honor, nobler conflict, or more extended fame, than to contend against and overcome, from hour to hour, and from day to day, the errors and weakness of our own carnal natures.

To know ourselves and our faults (for the best of mortals abound in them), gives us charity for the errors of others, a virtue sadly needed.

I can trace only one cause for the prevalent sin and suffering of the human family, and that is *spiritual ignorance*! neither can I discover but one remedy for the same, and that is spiritual enlightenment!

Seek the sunshine! Seek cheerful society! Rise above the depressing influences of morbid conditions. Force smiles and laughter and pleasant thoughts and conversation, until they become natural and irrepressible.

How different the hopes of the enlightened progressive spirit from those of the doubting, disbelieving one. The former grows brighter with each day's upward flight, while those of the latter become fewer and dimmer in the thickening fog of spiritual darkness. Favored ones, dispense the light in every possible manner!

We should live in the glorious Present, forgetting the errors, disappointments and disasters of the dead Past, only as they are utilized for our best good, but *ever borrow* from the beautiful progressive future additional brightness to encourage and fortify our present efforts.

Let us not look over the simpler lessons of every-day life for the more difficult ones of advanced progression, for they must be learned, and well learned, ere we can further pursue a successful course of spiritual education.

310 Temple St., Los Angeles.

The comment of a colored preacher on the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," is inimitable as well as eloquent. "Brudren, has any ob you knowed a church died 'cause it gave too much? Dey don't died dat way. But if you do, just let me know, and I'll make him a pilgrimage to that church, and I'll climb to the soft side of de moon on its moss-covered roof, and I'll stand dere, and lift my hands to heaven and say, 'Blessed are de dead dat die in de Lord.'"

Every man has a right to form a creed for himself, for his own investigations, thoughts and convictions, and no one has a right to hamper him in the process of finding this, or to dictate to him by authority what he shall believe; there must be absolute and perfect freedom for all men in coming to religious truths as much as to any other truth.—L. H. Briggs.

The Future Life.

Continued from First Page.

within the law of justice, then justice demands that that individual shall do his part actively and positively, as well as negatively, to return the blessing to the community he has received from it. But he can only return it by obedience to the three principles we have referred to; and whenever he violates those requirements, then he is out of harmony with the conditions we have referred to, and being out of harmony, is at once disbarred from the society in question, and, to use a common saying, is very much like a fish out of water.

We go just one stage further here, and we find that in this exalted condition of spiritual life that a singular change of opinion has come over and affected one department of this society—the materialistic portion. They are, of course, men and women; and they have learned this important lesson, that when the human race was created, it was created to be a unit, and just so long as man said, "I am a unit," everything was wrong, disorganized, and inharmonious; and they have learned that the unit is made up of the two halves of the human race; that the homogeneous unit is in the unification of the rights and duties and the possibilities pertaining to man and woman; that God does not know anything about men or women, but only knows of humanity; that he made the sun to shine for woman just as he did for man; that he spread the green verdure over pleasant hills and vales to delight the eyes of woman just as much as to delight the eyes of man; hangs lushious fruits upon vines and trees as much for the benefit of the softer sex as for the sterner sex; that all happiness and pleasures of existence are made for all humanity, without distinction of sexual lines.

They recognize the fact that the unit of life is not in man only, but can only be presented by the unity of the male and female. So a divine marriage, so to speak, has taken place between the inhabitants of this condition of life—a divine fraternity, that is sister as well as brother, has been accomplished. As a consequence, the hatred and sorrows of this life, the littleness and meanness, which burdens so heavily the softer side of human nature, finds neither entrance nor lodgment, and in the place of them is that divine unity and harmony that binds them into a closer brotherhood, and which recognizes the sister side of it at the same time.

Here we may pause for a moment to ask ourselves one or two questions. If this condition of the future life is so beautiful and so harmonious, is so filled with all that delights the soul, gratifies the mind, and charms the heart; if the men and women there are living so brotherly and sisterly, so harmoniously and happily in their striving to gather wisdom and reach higher and higher still, how is it that they have been able to do this? We will tell you why. As the result of their own efforts and energies and their own abilities; in a word, they have blossomed upon the tree of life, grown more beautiful the longer they have been working over there, until at last their souls have grown large enough, their minds keen enough, and their lives broad enough to find that God, humanity, and truth are the true boundaries of human life and thought.

Now, the future life as thus presented must, of course, be a very pleasant place to live in. Having done with the people, let us look to the actual circumstances of that life itself. We find beautiful abodes, adorned with all that art and skill can possibly imagine; each dwelling, shall we say, a poem; each family a swelling harmony, and all its cities (for it has its cities and habitations) manifesting in form, color, construction and arrangement all the essential verities that music, form and number have disclosed among themselves in the various arts and sciences you are familiar with. There the spirit of them prevails; here you have the outward side of them; there the promise you have dreamed of here becomes realized, and all being in accordance with the needs of the people, the highest possible results are thus realized in every case. Must not the surroundings of these people be wondrous fair, a cause of aspiration in their natures as they contemplate the beauties of the landscape, as they dwell upon the harmonies of their dwellings, as they understand the sweet rhythm of their mutual lives—must not all these beat in upon them with waves of inspiration, and stimulate them to loftier and nobler endeavors still?

You may depend upon it in whatsoever world or state you may be, if you are satisfied with your surroundings, and they fail to inspire you to something greater and deeper and purer still, then there is something seriously the matter with you, for the beauty of to-day should be the inspiration of greater beauty to-morrow. These people loving beauty and truth, reflecting the harmonies and beauties that are around them, are inspired as a consequence to add to the beauty of their own lives, reach to higher glories, and become greater and nobler still.

Here, then, we have certain potent statements, shall we call them, that they may sum up and place before you; they are health, harmony, and beauty; in mutual life and association they are the embodiment of love, truth, and goodness; in mutual desire they are the expressions of continual aspiration that leads them further and onward continually. In their surroundings, their habitations and homes

and association, they realize in practical form all the subtle principles of being and spiritual life that they have within their minds, their life surroundings being the externalization in form and color and combination of the internal development of their natures, mentally and spiritually.

Such a future life you may all look forward to as a blessed and glorious relief from all the sorrows and discords of this world, and from your hearts may go forth the earnest prayer, "Oh, would to God we had such sweet conditions here among ourselves."

We have seen the future life from one point of view, now let us look at it from another—the future life of man on earth. Why should it be imagined that all the glories of human nature must be realized after man has shuffled off this mortal coil? Why should the old, old delusion in this rational age prevail that men and women have got to die before they become angels? Why should Spiritualists believe they have got to get into the spiritual world before they can enjoy any larger degree of harmony, unity, and progress?

These delusions are utterly unphilosophical and irrational, and a little reflection would serve to show you that the future life, as viewed from this point of view, that of mortal life is, just as possible for harmony and beauty and glory as is the other side of the subject we have referred to previously. Why? Because in the purest and most advanced spirit in spiritual life there is nothing in that individual's nature that is not contained in your selves. It has been said that that which is possible to the greatest is a latent possibility to the meanest. This is true, for the people we have described are the people who once lived in this world, and experienced the same things you experience; they had their likes and dislikes, their loves and hates, their prejudices and peculiarities, like yourselves. But increased experience, better opportunities, and greater lapse of being have enabled them to rise to their lofty and exalted plane we have been describing. If they, being mortal, can reach to such sublime development, you, being mortal also, and made on the same general lines and principles, contain within yourselves the latent possibilities of all the goodness, beauty, and glory they now present.

Reason a little further. It is very well to view these matters from a sentimental point of view, but now we must be practical, friends. We told you these people were the embodiments of harmony, health, and beauty; are you the embodiments of harmony, health, and beauty? Think of it for a moment; they must be the embodiments of harmony, health, and beauty, because they have grown to those conditions whereby health, harmony, and beauty are rendered possible to the individual.

Here you are straining nerve and muscle, brain and sinew, that you may accumulate the riches that perish, that you may gain some temporary advantage over your fellows, utterly regardless of the temple of the divine life, the human body that the wisdom of the All-wise has supplied you with as the temporary home while here on earth. How can you be the embodiment of health, harmony and beauty while intemperance, wrong, dishonesty, licentiousness, cruelty, and all the long train of vices, make men so devilish in character and action that one might almost think hell had been opened and some of its imps were here in the form of human beings? Can you expect health, harmony and beauty in humanity when daily and hourly every element of physiological life and law is violated? The future life of man on earth must deal with this practical foundation stone. You no longer want to sympathetically and sentimentally believe in temperance; but you want to practically illustrate it in your persons, and be sure you set yourself right first. If you set yourself right you will lay the firm foundation of personal harmony, health and beauty, and all these other things will in course of time be added. But are you willing to root up the weeds from the pathway of human life, are you willing to remove the earth stains from your own feet?

Uproot the evils of society, for if society in its corporate capacity can permit such things to be, it can in the might of its power and integrity remove all institutions of crime, and all those things which lead to crime and misery.

Health, beauty and harmony reflected in the human form must also mean face of modern civilization will grow fainter and fainter and finally disappear altogether.

But if the future life of man is to reflect the divine justice we are appealing to, you must remember and do yourselves. It is useless for the hosts of heaven to come back to preach a crusade of progress

Continued on Eighth Page.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1888.

EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

"The light on the path," is the light that shines down into one's own spirit from the source of all light, and radiates outward to illumine other souls, and mark the way that they should go. Who walks by this light, can not stumble or go astray. It will guide him safely to his Father's house, "where the many mansions be."

No man should boast of his superior powers of body or intellect. Neither his strength nor his greatness may be due to any virtue of his own. His very superiority should teach him modesty, and make him graciously careful not to wound the feelings of his inferiors. We should accept our lot and be thankful, ever seeking to make the best possible use of all our God-given faculties.

If the man who imagines that he has a "call" to make light of the honest opinions and convictions of others, or to set himself up in judgment of the faults and failings of others, could only see himself as he is seen by the wise ones on the other side of life, he would blush with humility and shame at his own vaunting temerity. "Physician, heal thyself," is an old adage that all who start out to correct the faults of others should ever consider. A noble example is the best teacher!

There is a nameless force that goes out at times with human utterance, that gives to the spoken word a persuasive power never dreamed of at other times and under other conditions. This subtle force may be regarded as the "sword of the spirit." It is not always so much what one says that touches the heart and the understanding, but *how* it is said, and the spirit force that goes with it. This is well illustrated in the senseless exhortations formerly indulged in at old style religious revival meetings, urging sinners to the "mourners' seat."

How little the world, or even the average Spiritualist, understands the requisite conditions for good spirit manifestations. A member of an eastern band organized to raid materializing mediums, who claims to be a Spiritualist, although a disbeliever in spirit materialization, writes us that he, with others, has offered \$1,000 to any materializing medium who will submit to such conditions as he and his band may direct; and, with no one present but themselves, produce a separate and distinct form! Why not take a Swiss watch-maker, turn him loose with a sledge hammer in a pig iron factory, and insist that he shall make a fine chronometer in five minutes!

There is no more independent class of thinkers in existence than Spiritualists. To some, it makes no sort of difference what others claim to know; they will argue with the knowing ones as persistently as will the skeptic against what they themselves claim to know, to convince the former that they are mistaken. For instance, some one claims to have had positive evidence of a certain phase of psychic phenomena with which some one else is not familiar. Straightway the latter denies that any such phenomena could possibly occur, wholly forgetting that his own claims to knowledge upon other phases of the same class of phenomena appear just as unreasonable to the skeptic. And so we go!

The great harmony that prevails at our Camp-Meeting is a subject of general comment. Those who have heretofore stood aloof from each other because of differences of opinion on some of the minor questions of Spiritualism, are now found standing shoulder to shoulder, occupying the same platform, and manifesting towards each other the most fraternal feelings. The outcome of this generous attitude of harmony is such an outpouring of spirit power as we have never before experienced at any former Camp-Meeting. To the worthy President of these meetings—a man whose grand spiritual nature is brimming over with good will for everybody—is this happy result mainly due. Let the good work go on!

How many events and circumstances in this world which we look upon at the time of their occurrence as serious evils—sickness, the loss of

loved ones, business reverses, etc.—do we not come in time to regard as blessings in disguise? From this fact may we not reasonably conclude that all seeming evils and misfortunes that come to us are wisely intended for our good; in other words, that behind and through all evil there shines and permeates the rays of a divine good? Man needs the discipline of temptation and misfortune more than he can know. He needs the lash of the results of his own follies, often, to teach him wisdom. What kind of limp and nerveless clods we should be without the hard experiences this life affords. Let us then accept the cup, though bitter it be. We shall be all the better for it some time.

We apprehend the time is not distant when the fundamental truths of Spiritualism will be generally accepted by the churches—when the evidences of spirit existence and return will be as familiar to church members and to Christian preachers, even, as they now are to thousands outside the pale of the Church. Then the churches will be compelled to remodel their creeds to fit the higher order of truth, as presented from the spirit world, or else to drop out of existence altogether. Already the heaven of this new and brighter gospel is working, even to the rending and tearing asunder of all old notions and ideas whose claim to veneration depends mainly upon their antiquity. Evangelical Christianity is nothing like as tyrannical or intolerant as it was a quarter of a century ago; at least, its hold upon the public conscience is nothing like as binding. Even the Church of Rome, that not long ago placed its foot upon the neck of kings, and gave its adherents the choice of absolute obedience or the stake, can not now coerce one poor priest, who, like Father McGlynn, chooses to defy its power.

CAMP-MEETING NOTES.

The total receipt at the Camp, up to Sunday last, had exceeded \$2,000. Thus the financial success of the meetings is now fully assured. John Slater occupied the platform at the big tent on Monday evening, he having kindly volunteered to give the Association a benefit seance. There was a full tent, and Mr. Slater's tests were numerous and convincing.

Mr. E. H. Mozart photographed the principal speakers, and officers of the Camp-Meeting Association, last Sunday afternoon. They were grouped upon the platform of the big tent.

Three immense audiences assembled at the Camp-Meeting last Sunday—morning, afternoon and evening. Although the seating capacity of the big tent is eleven hundred, it is entirely insufficient for the Sunday service.

There appears to be a unanimous desire that Hon. J. C. Steele shall accept a re-election as President of the Camp-Meeting Association for another year. He is a natural harmonizer, and just the man for the place. His pleasant but firm way has made him a host of new friends.

J. J. Morse presided at the Camp on Sunday morning last, and also in the afternoon, and W. J. Colville presided in the evening of the same day for Bro. Morse's lecture.

One of the largest audiences that has yet assembled at the Camp was that of last Sunday evening, to hear J. J. Morse. The tent was packed to its utmost capacity.

Bro. J. J. Morse makes a grand presiding officer. President I. C. Steele, of the Camp-Meeting Association, having discovered this fact, calls him frequently to the chair, and Bro. Morse cheerfully responds. The fact is, all things are working to a charm, to the end that the meetings shall be a grand success, financially and otherwise.

The snug sum of \$65 was raised by contribution at the Camp on Sunday last to purchase refreshments for the children on Children's Day. Bro. J. J. Morse engineered the collection in his usual successful manner.

W. J. Colville, the gifted inspirational speaker, never fails to draw large audiences whenever his name is announced.

Edgar W. Emerson still continues to astonish the multitude with his surprising tests from the platform at the big tent. If he could remain a while after the meetings for private work, he would naturally find his rooms thronged.

Mrs. Ada Ballou, who has recently arrived from Australia, was called to the platform on last Sunday afternoon, to take part in the memorial exercises. She spoke some eloquent words, as usual.

Mrs. Stevens, of Sacramento, a sister of the late E. V. Wilson, was singled out from the large audience last Sunday afternoon, and invited to a seat on the platform. Dr. J. L. York was also called to the platform, but failed to respond.

The restaurant at the Camp Ground is taxed to its utmost capacity on Sundays. The menu is reasonably extensive, and the food well cooked and served.

At the conclusion of the lecture by the editor of this journal, on Sunday last, on motion of Col. Ransom, a unanimous request for its publication in the GOLDEN GATE was made. It will appear in our next issue.

J. J. Morse spoke ably Sunday evening to a large audience. Subject: "The Rights of Humanity in the Spirit World." He was followed by tests by Emerson.

W. J. Colville answered a number of interesting questions in his usual interesting way Monday P. M.

Mrs. Lillie was unusually fine Tuesday P. M. In the evening, J. J. Morse spoke on "The Signs of the Times," upon request of the President, followed by Mrs. Foye, who gave messages in several foreign languages with which she is entirely unfamiliar. Her seance was altogether a very remarkable one.

Mrs. Chainey lectured to a large audience on Wednesday evening. She was followed by Dr. Mansfield, who gave some three hundred names.

MEMORIAL SERVICE.

Last Sunday afternoon was set apart as a time for the commemoration of those workers who have been called away to the other life during the past year. The tent was packed to its utmost capacity with a very intelligent and attentive audience. Mr. J. J. Morse presided, and on taking the chair he said that in responding to the request that he should preside over this meeting, he did so with a great deal of pleasure, not unmixed with some amount of pride,—pleasure that it should be his distinguished lot to occupy so important a position, proud that he should have to marshal before his audience the array of talent and service devoted to our cause in the persons of the ladies and gentlemen who would entertain them at that time.

There have gone out from us many whom we have loved, who have labored with us in times past, and helped us bear aloft the standard of spiritual truth, and it is fit and proper we should devote this day to a reverent recollection and recognition of their labors; that we should invite their presence here that their sympathy and love, their inspiration and trust, may brood over our souls, inspire our hearts, and strengthen us anew in every good and noble purpose.

As the motto before us says, "We are undivided still." "In loving honor" we are met this afternoon to give a soulful greeting to the unseen army that is around us, the unseen helpers who are sustaining and inspiring us, and pointing our feet ever to a higher purpose, a nobler wisdom than we have realized in former times. And our sweetest prayer, our deepest aspiration, is fitly expressed in this one great desire here on the motto, "Help us to be fit companions," by purifying our hearts, strengthening our minds, uplifting our souls, so that we may stand with their side, and shoulder to shoulder, when we lay aside the garments of mortality, and tread the evergreen shores beyond.

From our hearts may there go out to theirs a recognition, deep seated, eternal and true, that shall make them feel that we have not forgotten them, that they still live in our hearts and homes, and in soul and spirit we clasp their hands once again and feel without doubt, that though gone before they are still with us, and that death hath no power to divide the loves and friendships of true humanity.

J. J. Owen being announced as the first speaker, said:

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set, but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death.

There are times when our loved ones who have passed to the other life draw very near to our hearts. But that our dull senses obstruct the vision we might behold a cloud of witnesses hovering about this assemblage, eagerly interested with you in its proceedings; and among this cloud there are many here who would recognize the loved faces of those who have recently left us, and whose memories we would ever cherish. While we know—

"There is no death—
What seems to us transition."

Yet, when our loved ones pass on to the other life, they leave such an aching void in our hearts that not even a knowledge of our facts, nor the acceptance of, or belief in, our beautiful philosophy can assuage the pain, and we feel at times to exclaim that—

"Not all the preaching since Adam
Can make death other than death."

During the past year the summons has come to several of our most faithful workers, and they have gone to the enjoyment of their inheritance of good deeds in the land of eternal verities just over the river.

It is not long since that a star went out in the North whose radiance lighted the way to many a sorrowing and struggling soul,—a woman whose great motherly heart was big enough to hold all who appealed to her for comfort and rest. We refer to that sweet apostle of the spiritual gospel, and grand instrument of the invisibles, Mahala Garner Payne, of Humboldt county. Of her it may truthfully be said, "None knew her but to love her."

Soon thereafter, about one year ago, there passed on from the beautiful city by the sea, (Santa Cruz) a bright literary light—a brilliant writer and author—Georgiana B. Kirby. Sister Kirby, in other years, was a co-worker and companion of that noble reformer, whom many of you will no doubt remember, Eliza W. Farnham. Both were noble workers in the spiritual vineyard, and both are now of the "shining ones" gathered here to-day.

And now, how their bright faces break upon the clairvoyant vision—Sisters Breed, McKinley, Laws, Anderson, Antonio,—all marvelous mediums between the two worlds, and bright evangelists of Spiritualism—beautiful spirits all. They are all here to-day to send greetings of love to their friends in the mortal.

Here, too, is the tall form of our noble friend, Judge Crane, the smiling face of H. B. Carter, and our worthy Brother Lockwood, all of Oakland, and all recent accessions to the "great majority." With them I see also that brave soul, Dr. F. A. Terrill, late of San Francisco, who gave up his grand young life a martyr to his profession. He passed on in the full knowledge of our facts which he never shrunk from proclaiming to the world. There, too, is James L. Grover, of Santa Cruz, a late arrival in the country beyond the river; and I must not forget my old friend, Judge Alfred Cowles, of San Diego, who passed on recently in the 101st year of his age, with all his faculties of mind bright to the last. To all these grand souls death was the natural gateway to another and better world. They had solved the problem of life and death to that extent that they *knew* they would live again. In the words of Gerald Massey we may say—

"Life is all the sweeter that they lived,
And all they loved more sacred for their sake;
Death is all the brighter that they died,
And Heaven is all the happier that they're there."
There are other loved faces before me to

whom we would send forth the blessing of our kindest remembrance. With one and all we clasp hands across the grave, assured that we too shall live beyond the shining bars of the west when the day of our mortal existence shall draw to a close.

Mrs. Julia Schlesinger, of the *Carrier Dove*, then read an original poem, in which she paid a glowing tribute to that noble soul, the late Mrs. McKinley.

Mrs. R. S. Lillie was next announced, and spoke as follows:

Those who have gone before us are only separated by the thin veil that hangs over our vision, not theirs; that while it is so dull and misty and veiled with tears on our side, it is clear to them.

Wherever death has been a guest there Spiritualism comes as a divine messenger of light to show what death is, and to reveal to us in a measure a knowledge of what awaits the immortal soul of man.

It is well that we have our days memorial when we call up with sweet memories those who were once tabernacled in clay, and labored with us, and who are still present in our midst.

Our thoughts on this occasion would be that the world is our country, to use the language of Thomas Paine, and that every soul that has been touched by death has part in our exercises, as we are children of one great family. No matter what the difference of opinion of men, death unites us all; our tears fall alike, our sorrows just the same, our hearts are touched by the same bond of sympathy whenever we are brought by the side of a grave. Here belief does not exactly satisfy, and it has left such a want in our hearts that in response to the same we have the more emphatic message, the more positive supply of evidences and accumulation of witnesses which Spiritualism furnishes to-day.

The skeptic says, "What is the reason you Spiritualists mourn just as other people mourn?" I answer that Spiritualism softens grief and sorrow, and sheds great light on the mysterious change, but it does not change nature. The body is a means of communication of soul with soul in the mortal, and it is the loss of this we mourn. But we no longer mourn uncertainties, or sorrow over fears or doubts.

You have been taught that the dead can not return to them, but you can go to them if you will believe and accept, if you are only ready; Spiritualism removes that "if," and says you are going to them anyway. We no longer say if we live aright we shall meet our loved again. If we live right we shall be happier, but if we deviate from the path of righteousness, they will the sooner lead us to that which is right, as God's ministering spirits of good to us.

As this is our knowledge, though we have our days of re-union, yet we know they are constantly present with us, to breathe a benediction, to give us a word of counsel or of cheer, to uplift our saddened and drooping spirits, to point us upward to a higher life and better living, and at last to meet us, after we pass the portal that leads us into the way of life and immortality that lies beyond us.

Mrs. Ada Ballou was next introduced. She said:

Three years ago I passed out through the Golden Gate upon the wide waters of the Pacific, as a missionary to a foreign land, and now I find myself happily in your midst again. I have learned during my absence that to the spirit world there is no nation, but we are all children of the great humanity, one sky above us all, whether under the Southern Cross or the star of the North. Spiritualism has sent its messengers, its teachers, its beautiful philosophy and truth to the remotest lands.

Our spirit friends ask not our nationality or religion, but whether we need the extended hand of help and assistance.

On this bright memorial day, I see the beautiful forms of those who have been emancipated from the flesh, whose hands we have taken in our own in San Francisco and on other shores; they are here to thank you particularly for the kindly greetings and memories you extend to them and their work in days gone by. And as I see in this large assemblage faces who have given me the cordial welcome of return home again, so there are waiting on the other side hosts of angel friends, their hands extended to welcome us when, may we not feel that we are slipped, and we stand on the white sands of immortality robed in that spiritual raiment that shines, and which is radiant with the deeds we have done while here in the form.

W. J. Colville, being the next speaker, said: Upon this auspicious occasion, when we have gathered together to commemorate the great, the good, and the noble we may call to mind, the key-note has been properly struck by those speakers who have preceded us, in using the sentiment, "The world is my country." Indeed we may feel that we have found a great deal farther, for not only is the world our country, but the universe is our country, and we take into consideration our intimate communion with all those bright and glorious ones who inhabit unnumbered worlds. Who shall say where the spiritual world is—where the many mansions were? Who shall say where the spirit world is not?

As we gaze out upon this vast concourse of people, gathered here in the interests of truth and right, to lay their devotions upon the altar of a loving memorial of all true genius and worth, may we not feel that we are only representatives, in the smallest manner, the great things in earth and in heaven, in all the earths and in all the heavens, which, beyond all finite computations, fill immensity? May we not truly feel that a day of memorial is a day for rendering the veil, and breaking down all barriers and partitions which stand in the way of our fully realizing our common humanity? May we not feel that we are already in the realm of spirit, and that we are what we shall ever be, brothers and sisters in the one great family of the Infinite, acknowledging our Supreme Father and Mother, and mercy to us all?

We can rejoice to-day that we are associated not only with those who are in the mortal form, but with those also who have laid aside their material garments, in the beautiful and loving discharge of mutual obligations.

Let us remember with equal gratitude, with peculiar love, with grateful recognition, all the loved ones, and all the brave ones, and let us realize that all these tender and noble associations of earthly love and friendship are links which bind us to that higher and better life.

HOW IT GROWS.

A very liberal and progressive mind thus expresses itself in the columns of the *Christian Register*: "Our usage of preaching is too 'straightened.' It does not apply itself to all 'the good and evil that is in the human bosom.' It walks in a narrow round. It harps on a 'few and ancient strings; it holds on to phrases 'when the lapse of time has changed their meaning.' Men imagine that the end and use of preaching is to expound a text, and forget 'that Christianity is an infinite and universal law, a rule of action which penetrates into 'every moment and into the smallest duty.'"

There is no doubt that it is to the gentleness of such speech as the above, that so-called sinners most readily yield, and then by its broad sympathy and watchful interest, holds them strongest in the narrow way.

But the Rev. Dr. Hannon, of San Francisco, is taking the pioneer method of bringing sheep into the fold, and he does not conceal the fact that he was "licked into the traces" by the same means, or, at least, that he did not part company very readily with that arch potentate of many names. In a recent sermon he said: "I know 'the devil you are fighting—it is the same old fellow that has sent me to grass many a time.' . . . The church is a repair shop where 'the Lord Jesus Christ mends the broken wheels, and we want lots of work done right here.' . . . Let us turn every grain of heaven 'to-night on two prominent citizens of this town 'that I have in my mind's eye for God Almighty 'to make as miserable as hell until they come 'to Jesus.'"

Such strong language is the natural result of a belief in the power of man's blood to wash away the sins of all other men who have lived or shall yet live. And what towards it makes of men! That they will shift the consequences of their crimes upon one innocent soul.

But for the cowards the churches have made, Spiritualism would exalt all the earth to-day. It grows just as fast as men attain the moral courage to assume the responsibility of their own deeds. Can anything better be said of a faith or philosophy.

A BETTER KIND.

"The Rothschilds believe in enjoying their 'wealth. One of the Frankfort barons not 'long ago paid one hundred and sixty thousand 'dollars for a silver cup, which he wished to use 'as a centerpiece of a table service which he 'was making up; and one of the Vienna barons 'has a stable that cost him eighty thousand 'dollars. This stable has marble floors, 'caustic tiles, painted by distinguished artists, and its walls are frescoed with scenes done by 'well-known painters. The rings, chains and 'fittings of the stable are silver; and one box 'stall for a favorite horse cost, it is said, twelve 'thousand dollars.'"

While not disputing the right of the world's money kings to spend their wealth as they choose, we still think they too often choose wrong avenues in which to set their gold in circulation. Wealth naturally suggests the appropriation of the beautiful and aesthetic, which, having a refining and moralizing tendency, is allowable and commendable to a certain degree. But we can not think otherwise than that the putting of several easy fortunes into a single article or a residence, is a violation of the stewardship by which all men hold their fortunes.

Wealth, we do not believe, comes by chance, but by Fate or Providence, who intrusts a few with the world's stores for the benefit of the many, and woe to him, we fear, who does not perform well his trust.

There are both temporal and eternal enjoyments of wealth. To secure the latter one must to a great extent forego the former, or what the world would consider a renunciation of the individual rights and privileges supposed to accrue to wealth. But is no renunciation to live modestly, relieve poverty, educate the ignorant, establish charities, schools and refuges, and lessen by a thousand means the sum of human woe. In this way alone can man transfer his fortunes to the eternal kingdom and enjoy their fruits forever.

A TRUE PHILANTHROPIST.

Kansas has a genuine philanthropist, Stephen Richardson of Harvey Co., who has planted three miles of peach trees in the public highway for the benefit of travelers.—*Exchange*.

Since every town and city must have its trees, why not let them be fruit trees? All the varieties are rapid growers, as also good shade trees. Abundantly growing fruit in its season, free to the public, would not only save much deprecating, but we believe it would be a powerful auxiliary to the temperance cause.

There is one fact in the matter of drunkenness—that it is mainly among the poorer classes. It is pretty generally maintained that poverty is the result of inebriety; but we believe it may be truly said that inebriety is often the result of poverty. Hard fortune is disheartening to most men, and their poor living creates a perpetual demand in the system, that is, in nine cases out of ten, supplied by alcoholic drinks. This we do not think would happen nearly so often if the poor could have fruit. The healthful acids renovate the blood, and thus tone up the general system, creating normal appetites. In California, especially, the idea is hooted as preposterous that *all* should not be able to obtain abundant fruit for daily use; still many do not and can not.

Our markets are glutted with fruits, but they are retailed at such a price that the daily fruit bill of a large, poor family would be far from trifling. Hence, we say, that in the interests of temperance and good morals our shade trees should be those of the fruit-bearing kind.

This would not detract from the profit of private fruit-growing, since the public trees would only be resorted to by those who now seldom buy fruits, either for summer or winter use.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Mrs. Ruffin and Mrs. Dunklee left last Sunday for a week of sight seeing in the great Yosemite valley.

—Mrs. J. M. Hendee will lecture next Wednesday evening at St. Andrew's Hall, 111 Larkin street. Subject: "True Spiritualism." Doors open free to all.

—The grand discourse of Mr. J. J. Morse, which appears in this issue of the GOLDEN GATE, we regard as a most valuable contribution to the literature of Spiritualism.

—Mrs. Whitehead, the faithful Recording Secretary of the Camp-Meeting Association, has been dangerously ill the past week, but we are happy to say is now recovering.

—Dr. S. N. Aspinwall, of Minneapolis, in an open letter to a clergyman—Dr. Morrill—of that city, who recently made an ignorant attack on Spiritualism, challenges him, or "any other orthodox divine," to a public discussion of the subject. There will none of them accept the challenge.

—The little Oregon medium, Mrs. Carrie Cornelius, who has been visiting the Camp-Meeting, kindly consented to speak for the Union Spiritual Society. She spoke for an hour in a highly commendable manner, giving each and all a useful lesson. The Society extend their thanks and best wishes to her.

—All who send their name and a two-cent stamp to Dr. A. J. Swarts, publisher of *Mental Science Magazine*, 161 La Salle street, Chicago, will receive his "Absent Healing Proposition," a circular stating his low offer and all particulars for twelve treatments; also his offer of a gift. Order the circular and decide after you read it.

—That sweet singer, James G. Clark, author of "The Beautiful Hills" and "Leona," is still tarrying upon our "golden shores," lending the charm of his voice to his own beautiful aspirations, whenever opportunity occurs. Not hear him is to miss a most pleasant memory in one's life. He will sing at the Central M. E. Church, on Mission street, next Monday evening.

—Mr. John Slater has kindly tendered his services to the Camp-Meeting Association for another season on Monday evening, June 25th. As Mr. Slater's services are offered gratuitously, for the good of the cause, he is entitled to the grateful thanks of all Spiritualists. His last season was one of great interest to all present. We may add that Mr. Slater occupies the place at Metropolitan Temple every Sunday evening. On last Sunday evening it is estimated that not less than twelve hundred people were present.

—To those students of metaphysics, wishing to practice the Spiritual Science of Teaching and Healing, it will be interesting to know that on July 10th, at 8 o'clock in the evening, Mrs. Camer will open a Normal Class at the present college, rooms, 324 Seventeenth street. Students, whether they have received instruction at the Home College or at other colleges, will be received; and at the conclusion of the class exercises, graduates will receive diplomas as legally qualified metaphysicians. The ordinary class, which was brought to a close last Tuesday, will re-open on Tuesday next at 2 P. M., when a new course of instruction will commence.

—The Theosophical Research Society met in Metaphysical College, 106 McAllister street, Friday evening, June 15th, officers having been elected the previous meeting, it being the expiration of the six months. Officers taking their respective stations: J. W. Maguire, President; Mrs. Josephine Wilson, vice-President; Mr. J. Mayne, Secretary; Mr. W. J. Colville, Honorary President. After the transaction of business remarks were interchanged by members, after which the meeting adjourned to meet the first Friday in July, 6th inst., when the Society invites all theosophical students to be present at an open meeting held at the same place, at 7:30 P. M. Question for discussion: "Repeated Embodiment." Opened by Mrs. Sarah Harris. Others invited to follow. Music conducted by J. W. Maguire. Solos by Miss Wright and Mr. Harris.

THE POPE'S RESCRIPT.

Our Irish-American citizens of the Catholic faith—the friends of Irish liberty—do not take kindly to Pope Leo's recent Rescript in the interest of English landlordism. If his alleged Holiness doesn't watch out he will split the Catholic Church of America so wide open that the genii of American freethought will be able to ride six abreast plumb through it.

We are in receipt of the advanced sheets of a new book, by Hon. James G. Maguire, Judge of the Superior Court of this city, entitled: "Ireland and the Pope." A Brief History of Papal Intrigues Against Irish Liberty, from Adrian IV. to Leo XIII. The book contains a copy of the bull of Pope Adrian, issued in 1156 to his "dear son," Henry II. of England, granting that potentate the political sovereignty of Ireland, and authorizing him "to enter Ireland, to reduce the people to obedience," etc. The author then follows, step by step, the history of the tyrannical papal interference in Irish affairs throughout all the centuries following. He disclaims any bias against, or interference with, the Catholic religion, "its doctrines, its principles, its sacraments, or its forms." But he does more than he thinks; for the spirit of his book will prove to be a dynamite bomb beneath the altars of American Catholicism, which is likely to scatter them.

GONE HOME.—Mrs. W. J. Swasey, who was formerly well known as an inspirational speaker, upon this Coast, and throughout the Western States, as Mrs. Kate M. Stowe, passed on, on higher life from her residence at 111 Larkin street, Tuesday morning, June 19th, at 10 o'clock. In the later years of her mediumship, developed the gift of independent slate-writing; she was also a fine clairvoyant. Many of her poetic inspirations, which appeared from time to time in the public press, were of a high order of merit. Mrs. Swasey had been an invalid for several years past, and her transition was not unexpected. The funeral will take place to-day, with Mrs. R. S. Lillie as speaker. She leaves an honored husband and two daughters to mourn her departure.

—Mrs. Elsie Reynolds is doing much for the cause of Spiritualism by her wonderful materialization through her grand mediumship, and is soon to give new developments. She is at home Sunday, Friday, and Wednesday evenings, at 845 Mission street.

In the *Christian Union*, of May 31st, there is a short editorial concerning the case of Dr. Woodrow, who has been under trial for teaching of Romans and the third chapter of Genesis—that evolution is not inconsistent with the teaching of Scripture. In that editorial occurs the following passage, which, to say the least, is peculiar, as coming from a professedly religious journal:

One thing seems to us very clear. When we reflect that the traditional doctrine of the fall of man is directly incompatible of Romans and the third chapter of Genesis—that the first passage is a parenthesis which is of doubtful interpretation and might be omitted entirely without interfering with the apostle's argument, while the second is regarded by many of the ablest Hebrew scholars as a poem or allegory, it is quite evident that the prosecutors of Dr. Woodrow are lifting up the doctrine of the fall into a position which it does not occupy in Scripture, and are giving it a prominence and importance for which they can find no warrant in revelation, however they may be supported by traditional theology or ecclesiastical authority.

We can't imagine what kind of gospel Dr. Albott preaches; for if man never fell, he certainly does not need salvation. Aside from the tendency to minimize the authority of Scripture statements, which appears in the extract, the thoughtful reader will see in it doctrine very closely allied to Spiritualism. Christianity without the doctrine of the fall, is Christianity without Christ, and the lie by which Satan induced Eve to disobey God, telling her that instead of falling she would rise to a more exalted position. It is just such teaching as that of the *Christian Union* that is preparing the way for the almost universal adoption of Spiritualism.—*Signs of the Times*.

If there is any paganism in existence which can surpass that which places a literal interpretation upon the Mosaic account of creation, we have never heard of it. The literal creation of the first man from "the dust of the earth," or dried mud, and the breathing into his nostrils the breath of life; the dissecting of a rib from his anatomy and the construction of a woman therefrom; the devil in the shape of a talking snake outwitting Jehovah and getting away with the job, etc., etc.—all of which our neighbors of the *Signs of the Times* believe,—we respectfully suggest that paganism can present no greater folly! Of course, the universal adoption of Spiritualism is coming up "the steps of time." Its glorious light will break upon the world just as fast as the eyes of humanity are ready to endure it.

Cassadaga Annual Picnic and Sunday Assembly.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Readers of the GOLDEN GATE may be pleased to learn of the welcome given to Mrs. E. L. Watson in the region of her old home at the Cassadaga Camp.

After the prolonged rigors of a northern winter, this annual occasion is eagerly looked forward to, both by the residents on the grounds, and those who reside in adjacent and country places. All nature is so fresh and bright, flowers blooming once more, and birds singing at last, that human hearts feel to rejoice as well.

The meeting was opened Friday afternoon, June 8th, by J. Clegg Wright, who surprised his small audience by the depth, power, and eloquence of his trance discourse. It was of such a nature, though impossible of report, except stenographically, that if Talmage, or any of the smaller spouters who attempt in their feeble way to extinguish the lights of Spiritualism, had been present, they would have learned that "fire could burn water."

This slight, elderly gentleman, whose home is in Newfield, New Jersey, has made deep researches in the science of magnetism and mediumship, both at home and abroad, and instructed as well as entertained his audiences, lecturing again on Saturday and Sunday, alternately with Mrs. Watson, to a continually increasing crowd. It was his first engagement at this Camp, where he gained universal favor.

Everyone knew what to expect from the "Little California preacher." The whole tenor of his profoundly interesting discourses, from topics given her by the audience, illustrating the fact that the woman or mother element takes a different range of thought from those most naturally dwelt upon by man.

"The divine right of every child to be well born," and the reformation of the unfortunate who have been, are subjects which touch the depths of woman's nature; and expatiated upon as they are through Mrs. Watson and others, arouse the latent interest in man's breast, so likely to be absorbed in something more remote.

The entire meeting proved as refreshing to human souls, as a June shower to the ready and waiting earth. The Meadville orchestra discoursed sweet sounds in a diapason rather louder than that of the humble choristers in the green grove about us, whose music nevertheless was not drowned or quenched by these methods of man's invention. How much pleasanter to sit in an open auditorium, in comfortably cushioned seats, procured by the ladies here from an abandoned church in Jamestown, N. Y., with all the blessed breezes of heaven purifying the air from human emanations, facing a "free" platform adorned with inspiring portraits and fragrant flowers in great profusion, than the confined atmosphere of ever so luxurious, yet enervating a church.

There was nothing to disturb the quiet—no more than within such walls—save the quick strokes of hammers in distant parts of the Camp, erecting cottages for some, and commodious dwellings for others, who propose to make a permanent home here. When strangers are questioned as to their first impressions of the place, they express themselves delighted with the locality, improved, and ornamented, and with a larger attendance is anticipated from July 21st to August 26th than ever before. LEWIS E. OLIVER.

From Salt Lake to Washington City, by Daylight.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Desirous of seeing the great central portion of our country and its scenic beauties, as viewed by a trip over the Denver and Rio Grande railroad, we resolved, when leaving Salt Lake, to travel only by daylight and put up at the hotels at night. This course we pursued to our entire satisfaction, and we would recommend to those who wish to see the grandeur and wonders of the great Rockies, which have properly been denominated the Crest, or Backbone, of the American Continent, to make the trip by daylight. On the score of comfort, a quiet night at a good hotel is much preferable to being penned up in the stifling atmosphere of a sleeping-car. The charge on sleeping-cars east of Salt Lake, is from \$3.50 to \$5.00 per night, without meals. The hotel charges, per night, including supper and breakfast, is from \$2.00 to \$3.00. Of course, if time is an important factor in making the trip across the Continent, the sleeping-car must be resorted to.

We made the trip from San Francisco to Washington City in seventeen days, stopping a day and a half at each of the following places: Salt Lake City, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis and Cincinnati, and two days and a half at Manitou Springs, in Colorado. On leaving Salt Lake the railway leads along the banks of the river Jordan, which is the outlet of Utah Lake. The valley is walled in on the west by the Quairrh, and on the east by the snow-capped Wasatch mountains. To the south of these barriers stands Mount Nebo, highest and grandest of the Utah peaks, its summit ever sparkling with snow. To the west and near Provo is Utah Lake. The day we passed it was showery, and rising from the lake were seen three large water spouts extending apparently hundreds of feet upward to the clouds. With the Quairrh mountain for a near background, the scene was picturesque in the extreme.

Most of the farm-houses in Utah valley are situated near the base of the Wasatch mountains, apparently in clusters or communities, probably for the better protection of themselves from the marauding Indians of an earlier day,—where fuel is more plentiful, and where water in innumerable streams comes rippling down the mountain sides.

Soon after passing Provo city, we turn abruptly to the east, and by the aid of Spanish Fork canon, Red Narrow and Soldier Divide, the road reaches the summit of the Wasatch mountains. Thence we glide down their eastern slope to a barren, broken, worthless country. No birds of any description are to be seen. It doesn't even produce ground squirrels, snakes, lizards, to no, not even horned toads are to be found. After traveling over this country for hours, rich only in its poverty, one is thoroughly convinced that there has been a greater waste of raw material in making up Eastern Utah, than in any other country of its size in the world.

As we push our way eastward, we are soon confronted with Castle Gate, guarding the entrance to Price River canon, through which the railway runs. The huge pillars or ledges of rock composing the gateway are offshoots, and stand independent of the cliffs behind. One is said to be five hundred, and the other four hundred and fifty feet high. They are richly dyed with red. Fir and pine trees grow high up on their sides, apparently without any soil to nourish them. It was through these gates and down Price river that Sidney Johnson marched his army home from Utah. Emerging from Price river canon and journeying on to the east, we cross a region of country resembling a billowy desert, but this uninteresting portion of our route is far from dreary or monotonous, for on the north are the richly colored Nook Cliffs, while to the southward the snowy groups of the Sierra La Sal and San Rafael mountains glisten in the distance. Onward as we speed our way, Mount Sneffels and the Uncompagne mountains lift their snow-covered summits far above the clouds, while nearer to us, the less elevated portions of the range, the marvelous formations of rock rivets the attention of the observer and weary the mind in contemplating the wonderful works of nature.

As we are whirled along the arid plains a perfect panorama is presented. Now we see formations that convey to the mind Egyptian art and architecture. Vast bastions of granite, strata upon strata, are piled up to a stupendous height. Again, formations reminding one of the Sphinx and the pyramids. Again, you see columns, bastions, buttresses, walls, towers, turrets, and even statues, all conveying to the mind of the observer that he is looking at the fading monuments of past glory. But we are soon whirled away from this kaleidoscopic view, and will end this imperfect attempt at describing some of the wonders of this wonderful country at Montrose, Colorado. AMOS ADAMS.

Greeting from Bro. Ravlin.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The last issue of the GOLDEN GATE has refreshed my spirit as copious showers the thirsty earth. I also feel the influence of the camp-meeting, at Oakland, very perceptibly. It comes like a refreshing breeze from the mighty sea. It comes like "good news from a far country." Its influence for good will be felt in all coming time,

and reach around the globe. The sun of the New Spiritual Dispensation will soon rise above the dark and sombre mountains of error and superstition, and the refrain of the angels, heard two thousand years ago amid Judea's verdant hills, "Peace on earth, good will to men," shall again burst forth in the mighty, irresistible eloquence of song, and the "Nations learn war no more."

All hail! that the glad day of human freedom has dawned at last, and that soul-fetters are everywhere falling off. Let all true Spiritualists stand shoulder to shoulder, dwell in love, walk in harmony, study the things that make for peace, and, above all things, put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness. Seek to find virtue in each other rather than vice, and look for genuineness rather than fraud. Thus, shall we show those blinded by error, the better way.

N. F. RAVLIN.

SUNNYSIDE, San Diego Co., June 15th.

RED SEAL GRANULATED 98 PER CENT LYE OR POTASH.

SAN JOSE, April 5, 1888.

P. C. TOMSON & CO., PHILA.—I have made three cases of our Red Seal Granulated 98 Per Cent Caustic Lye with the following results: First, I used twenty-seven cans of the lye in twenty-seven gallons of water, and sprayed twenty-seven trees with this solution. At first it looked as if these trees were killed, but they have come out in full bloom and look strong and thrifty. It then changed and used one can to seven gallons of water, but found that this was a little too weak, and finally settled down to about five gallons of water to a can of the lye, and this has completely destroyed all the scale.

S. K. JOHNSON.

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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 28th, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, — dollars."

Advice to Mothers. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is always by me when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

PSYCHOLOGY AND SPIRIT PHENOMENA.—There will be circles for the investigation of spirit phenomena and development of mediumship, at 316 Tenth street, Oakland, every Sunday evening, at 7:30 and Sunday afternoon, at 2:30. Pupils may be psychologized, the quickest way of development. Admission, 25 cents.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY WEDNESDAY evening, at St. Andrew's Hall, No. 111, Larkin street. Interesting addresses, followed by tests by the mediums. Admission, free.

FIRST PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION of Oakland, meet every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Pearl streets. Meetings at 7 and 7:30 p. m.

THE SOCIETY FOR THEOSOPHICAL RESEARCH meets regularly every Saturday evening at 106 McAllister street, at 7:30 sharp. Free library and free admission.

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[TITLE PAGE.]

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Written for the Golden Gate.]

A Summer Idyl

BY MRS. E. D. FRENCH.

Shadows lie ever near
The fairest sky;
The sun-bright glory
Of Summer hours
Is born to die.

Auroral splendors brighten
Above the dawn day

In tender radiance, red and near,
Then pale to sunset ray—
Away, away.

Sweet Summer cometh
Over the silent hills;
Her breath of balm,
Her sweet, low song
My being fills.

She lives again
Over the brightening earth;
The wild birds' song—
Bright shining leaves—
Proclaim her birth.

I look afar
O'er flowery fields,
And here beside me
The rose's heart
Its sweetness yields.

Fair is her gauzy veil
Across the sapphire skies;
Low, gentle winds and dews of night,
Her chalice fill
With Tithian dyes.

Her light falls soft
Upon the slumb'rous deep;
The white ships sail
Across the main, nor fear
Its dream-like sleep.

She scatters blossoms fall
Upon the grass, and
And whispers low, "Look up,
Away, they are not here,
They live and reign."

"Away, beyond these skies of blue,
These emblems of a Summer day,
Where Love is law,
And Life is light,
They live and bloom for aye."

Fair hope of Summer
With us abide,
And shed thy glorious light
O'er land and sea
Beyond the tide.

Till balmy skies are reached
Across life's restless main,
And dreams of Summer days,
Fadless and bright,
Be ours again.

POWAY, San Diego Co., May 30, 1888.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Mountain View Cemetery, Oakland, Cal.

Thou beautiful city of this tempest of clay,
Sacred to us and loved by all,
With spires of granite, of marble and wood,
Marking the spot where the sorrowful rest,
As they covered the old body, worn, faded and gray,
In this home by the mountain, and in sight of the bay.

We thank Thee, dear Father, for the knowledge and trust
That our friends we love do not turn back to dust;
That the old superstitions to which we cling,
So revolting and bitter we need not believe;
But may know, if we will, that Father and mother,
Wife, neighbor and friend, kind sister and brother,
Are still alive, and with us, as of yore—
That they are not dead, but just gone on before,
And at will they can come from that beautiful land
And help us to do the good we have planned;
That they can and do come to friends here below,
And help us in many ways, more than we know.

They always are ready when we open the door
To come and to help, as they used to before
We laid their frail bodies down in the ground,
And raised to their memory the great green mound.

The old "house" we live in goes back to the dust.
But the spirit, the soul, the life, away nor rust!
It must grow to a higher and still higher plane,
In the old beaten track it can not remain.
For sometime and somewhere, though distant it be,
We shall have the right light our condition to see,
And as soon as we learn that within our own will
Lies the power to do right and our mission to fill—
Lies the only true navor to save us from sin,
To cleanse us without and cleanse us within:
Then truly we'll live in that home up above,
Redeemed from all sin by the power of love.

Jesus has shown us the light and the way,
But the work is for us to watch and to pray;
We can not buy comfort, money or leisure,
But must make it ourselves if we would it obtain;
That can not be given by friend or by foe,
For that which we reap we surely must sow.

That which makes a true man or woman is work,
And the material is lacking in terror and shock;
A bright, gifted spirit was never yet found
Who could lay his hands on the material ground
For spirit is made and moulded each day
By our thoughts and emotions, and in no other way.

If our thoughts are pure, enlightened and bright,
Our spirit is growing in power and might,
While every bad thought that enters certainly taints
Its ugly, dark line on the innocent face;
And pencil and brush are almost at hand
To work quick and surely at every command.

So, also, the thoughts we can summon at will,
That paint the bright lines with quickness and skill,
Until all ugly spots shall be covered from sight,
And our spirits be heavenly, peaceful and bright.

Now, brother, don't wait for others to do
The work marked out and intended for you,
For if you should manage, by some great wealth,
To live here on earth without labor yourself,
You surely will find your work still to do
In that land where strict justice is waiting for you;
Oh, then 'twill be hard at this heavenly birth
To return and finish the labor of earth.

Watch your thoughts then, dear friends, for there is the
danger,
You can never go wrong, be an outcast or stranger;
If your thoughts are kept pure, and noble, and good,
You can rise as high as man ever stood;
You can shine like the sun at meridian light,
Resist every evil and fight the good fight,
Go onward and upward forever and ever,
Planting sweet flowers for others to gather.

Your path ever free from bramble and thorn,
Your life ever bright and above cloud and storm;
Your example for others shall leave a fair line
Where the dints of the rainbow all meet and combine;
Where the rose without thorn ever grows sweet and pure,
And your treasure forever and ever endure.

"The mind is the man." "As we think, so are we,"
And a true, faithful artist, with hand light and free,
Paints each thought on our features with the quickness of
light.
Be it good, grand and pure, or dark as the night,
And there it remains, and there it stays so true,
Telling the life of me and of you.

Then let us all try to govern the mind,
And keep our thoughts pure and to wisdom inclined,
For every bad thought will surely cause pain
Before the true spirit will shine forth again
And the pain will be ours to suffer and bear—
So Nature, and God, and the Bible declare.

Without the sharp pain we never should know,
When doing what's wrong in the form here below;
And the pain by another, though suffered twice o'er,
Would never tell us we were weary and sore;
But as soon as we heed the warning thus given,
We leave this ill-clad earth and soar into heaven;
For punishment, surely, must cease with the sin,
And our real existence in spirit begin.

And now, in conclusion, dear sister and brother,
Let us live a true life in content with all we have;
And e'er this our body shall lie here at rest,
May our spirits all merit the home of the blessed.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

S. P. C.

The Future Life.

Continued from Third Page.

and reform, useless for you to endorse
their sentiments so glorious, beautiful and
divine, useless to feel so full of divine
enthusiasm of these things if you forget
to do what you have endorsed while you
are here or elsewhere.

The world's reform lies with its people;
its progress is accomplished by humanity,
and as humanity labors and does its duty,
so does it realize more and more clearly
the divine love of God beneath all the
efforts of human life. You are the
agents of divinity, you are fellow workers
with God; and as the angels over there
(as you call them) once were flesh like
yourselves, and had the character and
circumstances you are enjoying, as they
have reached up to the heights, and being
like you, and you being like them, there
is within you the possibility of building
up here on earth in the future that all we
have described in that future life.

Ere we close let us sum up one or two
conclusions: There is a great work being
done to-day in various departments of re-
form. Continually human life branches
out in new directions, and fresh interests
are being enkindled in every department;
there is an unparalleled activity, and we
venture to say with all confidence that the
greatest element in the upheaving of the
present century was that tiny rap that
sounded in the little village of Rochester
some forty years ago; there was the key-
note, the bugle call that woke the reforms
of the world, for since the gates of spirit
life swing wide open upon their hinges,
and the evangelists from that nobler life
came down to this world and told you
of the glories and realities, of the facts
and the circumstances of that life, re-
ligion, philosophy—materialistic and specu-
lative—social questions affecting every
department of life, the industrial and
political questions, have been agitated and
shaken as they were never shaken before.
Why? Because these wise ones at last
have come back to preach the holy crusade
that in the eye of God righteousness
is the only passport to happiness,
that justice is the only foundation of uni-
versal happiness, that love is the only
solvent for the evils and hatreds of the
world; that it is not what people be-
lieve, or what they fancy they believe,
but it is what they are themselves that
makes them good or useless in the world
in which they are living.

Since the angels came back and told
you this, we repeat, that the great ques-
tions of the day have been agitated as
they were never agitated before. The
legacy has been given to you; shall you
permit the evils that afflict you to con-
tinue? Will you allow the terrible evil
of intemperance, and the long calendar
of crime and wrong, to burden the com-
munity, and make no other effort than
to imprison the thief and hang the murderer,
and give no earnest attention to rendering
the one or the other impossible of repro-
duction in future times? If you do not
teach them a better life, if you do not
labor to make impossible a continuance
of these things in future, if you do not go
down into the criminal populations of the
world and try to lift their lives up, then
is your prate of justice only an empty
sound upon the air.

If you will take these lessons to your
hearts, and apply them to your civiliza-
tion, you will have established here the
health, harmony, and beauty in the com-
ing future life of man on earth, that we
have pictured to you as pertaining to the
life of the world that lies beyond you.

Remember, as you look upwards, the
beauty and glory of the day shall grow
stronger, its light sink deeper into your
hearts and souls, and as it falls as gentle
as the dew within your nature, it shall re-
fresh and strengthen you until you shall
be like noble giants going up to battle
with the evils on every side around you.

Labor then that the future life of man
on earth shall express all the glories and
beauties we have attributed to the future
life that lies beyond this mortal state.
Remember you are souls now; that im-
mortal possibilities are enshrined within
your natures; and that as you increase
and improve the conditions, so will these
divine possibilities be more and more dis-
closed with every generation. You have
goddish within you now; work out that good
in the progress and advancement of the
race. Work out that divinity within you
in the enlightenment and advancement of
yourselves; sound an everlasting alarm
against all errors, all the disease, and all
the evils of the hour; stand draped in all
the beauty and power of wisdom and of
justice, and you may go forth undaunted
into the battle, and you will be victorious.
Now, in very truth, mankind contains
within itself the elements of the ultimate
triumphs of the divinity within; and as
sure as the Everlasting reigns in the
eternal purity and beauty of nature, so
sure shall the beauty and harmony of
heaven, the justice, wisdom, and love of
divine happiness and comfort,—the grand
aspiration that we refer to in that future
life beyond—be realized here on earth,
for in this world and in the world beyond
it, humanity is the servant of God in the
fulfillment of the divine power and pur-
pose whereby his nature is disclosed in
the perfection of humanity and the happi-
ness of the human race at large.

Every profession of religion that does
not make a man kind to his parents, wife
and children, is a mistake in the article.
Learn to say No to yourself.

OUR QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

QUESTION.—MRS. HARRIS:—That man has
the force in his own mind which, when con-
sciously directed, will induce changes in the
body it seems to me no one can doubt; also, that
fixed habits of thought may hold a person in
some form of chronic disease is a foregone con-
clusion. This is no new discovery; it has always
been known and acted upon more or less. Now,
honorable Mrs. Harris, don't you think this bodi-
podge of mind cure, mental cure, Christian sci-
ence, prayer and faith cure, and spiritual science,
might be brought out of its present chaotic con-
dition if people could be made to realize how
their own mental states express themselves in
their bodies? Please take this into "Our Question
Department" of the Golden Gate, and oblige
A SUBSCRIBER.

OAKLAND, CAL.
ANSWER.—Subscriber will please ex-
cuse me if I incorporate the preface as
well as the question in this week's talk,
since in the two the whole subject is stated
in brief.

Man is a thinking being. To think
and to consciously exist are one and the
same. We can not separate thought and
consciousness. In whatever direction
man may turn his mental gear, he thinks
in that direction. Those states of mind
which we know as faith and fear are really
conditions of expectant attention. Con-
scious direction of thought takes form in
the mind through faculties which we know
as desire and imagination; will responds,
while faith, which is the very substance of
the thing hoped for, symbolizes the thing of
thought in the body, more or less quickly in
ratio to the intensity of thought and defi-
nitely in its direction. These modes of
thinking may become a conscious habit,
and joining themselves to the involuntary,
or the unconscious range of mental activity,
work outwardly through the body.

I have not been able to see that the
several names given to mental healing are
other than different names for the one
principle when we get at the original
statement of their author. Mind cure
originally assumed that there is an infinite
mind, that all less than that is but a limita-
tion of the Infinite, while error is the
mortal thought, which is the result of such
limitation, and which experience will in
time overcome.

Sin, sickness, and sorrow, are facts of
the sensuous consciousness, but they are
no part of the spiritual self.

To think the truth of the Real Being
is to think in harmony with Infinite
Good, and as we can not separate thought
from mind, all metaphysical healing may
really be termed mind cure. Of course
I am not speaking of the individual intel-
lectuality apart from the All-Good in "whom
we live, move, and have our being." Men-
tal science can mean nothing more
nor less than an analysis of our mental
states, so that we may trace the corre-
spondence between the condition of the
body and the mental states, which register
themselves as health and harmony, or as
disease and inharmony.

I do not think it was the intention of
the author of the term Christian Science
to compromise or bridge over any other
belief coming under the general name
Christian, for the lines are so clearly
drawn that they would be at once called
unorthodox by the present day Christian-
ity.

Christian Science is an absolute ideal-
ism, denying the reality of error, and
declaring the power of truth to clear away
sorrow, sin, and disease.

Prayer and faith cure, as taught
and practiced by its founder and great
exemplar, is surely a state of mental
consciousness, which is not only individ-
ual, but a creative force. "Thy faith
hath made thee whole." According to thy
faith be it unto thee. Believest thou that
I can do these things? "And many other
sayings of the Master, indicate the fact
that the faith that healed was thought,
and if directed with a power would secure
the end sought and hoped for.

Perfect faith in the All-Good leads to-
ward and relates one to the good, while
fear and doubt relates one to the things
feared. All things are possible to him
who believes; but the question is, Who
believes?

We are told that the term Spiritual
science is more inclusive than any other
name. This is doubtless true, if one
admits the limitations and distortions
from the original sense of the other terms
used. To me they are different names
for the one thing. They mean such men-
tal states or states of consciousness as
will relate the person to health and har-
mony through the power of thought.

Mr. Editor, I notice over the signature
"H. A. S.," headed "Mediumship," an
article which indicates such a decided
misconstruction of my meaning, that I
wish to correct her. Doubtless she will
be glad to be set right in the matter. She
refers to my answer, "How to develop
mediumship." I maintain that the me-
dium has the "God-given" right to con-
trol himself, even though he goes into a
trance state. I will try to make my posi-
tion clear. In order to develop medium-
ship, it is necessary to sit in a passive
state. In this condition, one is likely to
contact influences from the seen and un-
seen realms. And unless he has devel-
oped his will, or power of resistance,
there must result much that might be
avoided.

I will illustrate my meaning. If some-
thing is thrust against the eye, involun-
tarily, in an instant of time, without any
conscious reasoning on the subject, the
eye will close in self protection. If the
hand should come in contact with some
hot substance, it would be withdrawn in-
voluntarily. No one would stop to reason
about it.

This instinct, which acts under the law

of self-preservation, is common to both
animal and man, and does often protect
the body when danger is presented.
This same will some time become true of
man in a much larger sense, when he, by
concentration and regeneration, attunes
himself to the Good in thought, word,
and deed. Then even in a trance condi-
tion there would be a recoil at the ap-
proach of any influence that does not
vibrate in harmony to the same key note.
It is not enough that a medium should be
negatively good, but for self protection he
should be positive against the not-good.
This power comes by concentration.

I am of the opinion that frauds, ex-
posures, and other irregularities would be
less frequent if this precaution were taken.
People go to sensitives with all these con-
ditions in their minds, and meeting no
resistance on the part of the medium,
have it all their own way. Nature has
made this provision for natural mediums;
they only need to know how to utilize the
gift. This is not true of a forced devel-
opment. With this forestalling of nature
there needs to be self protection. This
is what I mean when I say one has the
"God-given right to control himself."

Whether he be inspired consciously or
unconsciously; whether a medium for
physical phenomena or for any other form
of mediumship, he should maintain his
right to protect himself by his own in-
voluntary will. Only the powers of dark-
ness would have it otherwise. The time
is not far distant when this will be gen-
erally acknowledged.

My friend makes a statement to the
effect "that the healing accomplished by
the Christian scientist is done through me-
diumship, whether he admit it or not."
In reply, allow me to say that so far as I
know, mental healers of whatsoever name
look to spirit as the source of all their
power. A healer would surely lose his
gift for healing if he were to divorce him-
self in thought from the One Life.
Whether the healing flows through him
from some principality, power, or hierar-
chy, or from some individual spirit, it must
have one ultimate source.

It may be that the healer relates the
subject to that source.

A subtle chain of countless rings
The next unto the farthest brings.

That there is a healing power which
works through mediums, seemingly di-
rected by an intelligence that is unseen, I
can not doubt; but, my friend, this heal-
ing power is everywhere; it heals plant,
animal, and man, and may, if we know
how, be directed intelligently by one
who still wears the material form.

So let us try to understand each other,
and work harmoniously for humanity, each
in the way which seems best. With
kindly words and kindly thoughts, let
each the other's burden bear.

SARAH A. HARRIS, F. T. S.
BERKELEY, CAL.

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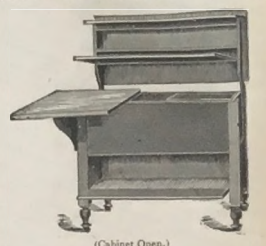
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