



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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{ J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER,
734 Montgomery St. }

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CONTENTS:

FIRST PAGE.—Gems of Thought; Why Not? by J. J. Owen.
SECOND PAGE.—Impressibility During Sleep, by Hudson Tuttle; What is It? by Lupa; Advertisements, etc.
THIRD PAGE.—Why Not?—continued; Professional Cards; Advertisements, etc.
FOURTH PAGE.—Editorial Notes; Marriage in Camp; Compliment to a Teacher; J. J. Morse's New Meetings; Mediums to the Rescue; Spiritual Science; Passed On; Notices of Meetings; Advertisements; Publications; Professional Cards, etc.
FIFTH PAGE.—Editorial Notes; Marriage in Camp; Compliment to a Teacher; J. J. Morse's New Meetings; Mediums to the Rescue; Spiritual Science; Passed On; Notices of Meetings; Advertisements; Publications; Professional Cards, etc.
SIXTH PAGE.—Day-Break in Heaven; Face to Face with an Angel; Advertisements, etc.
SEVENTH PAGE.—Following the Light: A Word from the "Raiders"; New Era Camp-Meeting, etc.
EIGHTH PAGE.—(Poetry) In Bondage; "Too Many of We"; Make Me a Song; The Soul; Love Unrequited. Our Question Department: "Over the River"; Aphorisms, by S. W. Jewett; Mediumship; Advertisements.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Do the duty which lies nearest to thee.
—Gotha.

There is not a moment without some delay.
—Cicero.

No gifts, however divine, profit those who neglect to cultivate them.

No padlock, bolts or bars can secure a maiden so well as her own reserve.
—Cervantes.

Be neither too early in the fashion, nor too long out of it, nor too precisely in it.
—Quarles.

It is the destiny of many women to be submerged in floods of sorrow, but few are drowned in them.
—Mme. du Defland.

It is in the power of the wife who lives with her husband to hurt or please him fifty times a day.
—Francis Power Cobbe.

In matters of human prudence, we shall find the greatest advantage by making wise observations on our conduct.
—Dr. J. Watts.

Let there be no willful perversion of another's meaning; no sudden seizure of a lapsed syllable to play upon it.
—Dr. J. Watts.

This body in which we journey across the isthmus between the two oceans, is not a private carriage, but an omnibus.
—Holmes.

Take away this measure from our dress and habits, and all is turned into such paint and glitter, and ridiculous ornaments, as are a real shame to the wearer.
—Lavo.

Who shoots at the midday sun, though he be sure he shall never hit the mark, yet as sure he is he shall shoot higher than he who aims at a bush.
—Sir Philip Sidney.

To buy books only because they were published by an eminent printer, is much as if a man should buy clothes that did not fit him, only because made by some tailor.
—Pope.

Not that we are so low and base as their atheism would depress us; not walking statues of clay, not the sons of brute earth, whose final inheritance is death and corruption.
—Bentley.

The paternal and filial duties discipline the heart and prepare it for the love of all mankind. The intensity of private attachment encourages, not prevents, universal benevolence.
—Coleridge.

Charity itself commands us, where we know no ill, to think well of all; but friendship, that always goes a pitch higher, gives a man a peculiar right and claim to the good opinion of his friend.
—South.

There is nothing which bars the doors of hearts so soon and so fast as rudeness and gruffness, and there is nothing that throws them so wide open as kindness and suavity of manner.
—Rev. Wm. Leacock.

Education and instruction are the means, the one by use, the other by precept, to make our natural faculty of reason both the better and the sooner to judge rightly between truth and error, good and evil.
—Hooker.

WHY NOT?

A DISCOURSE DELIVERED AT THE SPIRITUALISTS' MEETING IN OAKLAND, JUNE 17, 1888, BY J. J. OWEN.

WHY SHOULD THEY NOT?

Why should they not, on free and tireless wing, Visit us here, if, in their journeying, From the Free Country, where apart they dwell, They yearn for us, as we yearn for them, If but to touch their saintly garments' hem? Ah! who can tell?

Why should they not? We wait at eve and morn For their return, And our poor hearts ill brook their long delay, As, day by day, We wait and watch, and listen for the tread Of those whom we call "dead?"

Why should they not, from that mysterious change We miscall "death," gain larger, ampler range, To serve, as God's high ministers of good, To our poor humankind? Why not through slumbers speak More than our awakened senses dared to hear? With unseen fingers wipe away the tear?

Aye! do they not, with clearer sense discern What we so slowly learn: The while, with kindly purpose, still They prompt to good and warn us of the ill? Does not their behest Greet us alike in labor and in rest?

Do we not see their faces, calm and white, Pressed against the bars, which shut them into light, While, with fond hands, they beckon us away Into their day?

Why should they not? Oh, dim and unveiled! The inner from the outer sight concealed! We wander still along the mist-hung river That rolls between us and the dread forever; And to its waves that kiss our shrinking feet Our vague, untutored questionings repeat; And yet no sound Brings answering echo from the dark profound.

Why should they not? Oh, Universal! Bid these strange queries of our hearts "Be still!" Teach us the trust which spurns the creed of fate, And open wide our hitherto interposing gate! Thou, All-Father! We, Thy children, would, With upturned hands, receive both ill and good, Undoubting still, till crossed the narrow tide, And all is made plain upon the other side.

—S. P. Driver

These are the words of one to whose ears "no sound brings answering echoes from the dark profound;" and yet they are so full of spirituality and aspiration that they suggest to my mind a fitting setting, or framework, for the humble mosaic of thought which I shall endeavor briefly to present to you this morning.

Indeed, with our poet, we may well ask the question, "Why should they not?"—the spirits of our loved ones—return to us,—those whose pulseless forms we have laid away in the silent grave? The spirit is the all of man that lives and loves,—that survives the disintegration of the body. All religions worthy the name, teach this fact, although they are mostly unable to demonstrate it, or present satisfactory proof thereof. When the spirit ceases to animate the mortal form, and passes out into the "dark profound," as our poet expresses it—no longer "dark" to millions of the human race—it must carry with it all of memory and affection it possessed here. Why should it not long to return and hover near the hearts and homes of its mortal loves? And why should it be deprived of this blessed privilege?

We hold that it is irrational and illogical to believe in the existence of the spirit of man after the death of the body, and at the same time deny the possibility of its manifesting that existence to spirits in system to claim continued existence for the spirit of man while it denies the possibility of proof? In rejecting our facts do not our orthodox religious teachers throw down the ladder by which they have climbed—overthrow the very pillars of their religious system?

But when overwhelmed with proof, they reluctantly admit the facts, and then quite as illogically and irrationally attribute them to malign, or satanic origin. As though Divine Goodness would discriminate in favor of evil!

What a crude if not cruel idea of Supreme Wisdom, or Justice, it is to suppose that, in the economy of creation, evil should be accorded any special advantage over good. If undeveloped or evil spirits are permitted to return to earth to ensnare the feet of the unwary to their eternal destruction, and good spirits are not allowed to make use of the same law

of return to counteract the influence of the evil ones, then wherein, pray, consists the justice and goodness of God? Can some of our Talmages, Harcourts or Dilley-believers in the Devil theory of creation—answer?

But nature presents no such absurdity as partiality or favoritism in the distribution or operation of her laws. Law prevails everywhere, governing all forms of life, from a monad to a God. There is not an atom of matter in the universe—not a grain of sand upon the desert waste or the ocean shore—that is not obedient to law, and is not also the expression of some mysterious force.

It is man's business here to find out what nature means, at least as far as relates to himself. And this he does first by stumbling against what she does not mean. He learns that fire burns by experiencing its effects upon his shrinking flesh and nerves; and if he is wise, one lesson is all that is necessary. He learns that the "house we live in" needs taking care of to maintain health and longevity. This knowledge comes to him at every turn, as he sees the wrecks of humanity all around him caused by neglect or abuse of the simple laws of life or health.

The wise man profits himself by these lessons, and gathers wisdom by experience. He learns to obey, for he knows that in obedience only will he find happiness. It is not for him to question or demur. Nature speaks to him with many voices, "Behold the way, walk ye therein."

Why is it that any conscious person ever disobeys the laws of his being? He knows the dire effects of disobedience—has experienced them, perhaps, many times. He has suffered the fierce lashings of physical pain, as the result of intemperance, for instance,—has stood, figuratively, on the brink of the fiery pit, with serpent tongues of flame rioting with his sensations; and yet, when he has thus paid the penalty of violated law, and Nature woos him again to obedience, he again rebels, and again suffers the consequences. Who can explain this strange anomaly upon any other hypothesis than that true obedience is an attribute of the moral and spiritual nature of man, and not of the animal or physical.

Hence, it is only in proportion as man is unfolded spiritually that he becomes obedient—a willing subject to law. It is when he begins to cast off the animal—the besetting crudities and imperfections of his lower nature,—and lift his soul by aspiration and practice, into the likeness of the pure, the beautiful, the divine—it is then he is in the right way to become a law unto himself—the willing child of obedience—one with the eternal unity—the Father and Mother God.

The great skeptical world of humanity, wrapped up as it is in materialism—absorbed in the things of sense, in money-getting, in earthly enjoyments; or, perhaps, weighed down with earthly afflictions,—with never a thought beyond save one of dread and uncertainty—before whom death and the grave are nameless horrors from the contemplation of which the mind turns away with unutterable dismay,—how little do these countless multitudes realize or understand the serene delight that comes of a solution of the problem of future existence. How little do they realize that there are walking in their midst hundreds, yea, thousands of thoughtful souls, to whom death is no longer dreadful, and the grave no more a thing of gloom.

Into many lives the light has come that dispels the darkness of the tomb. They are in constant and loving communion with those who have passed on to the other life, and have learned the way of return. They no longer see, like the Christian world, as "through a glass darkly," but standing face to face with their loved ones from the world of souls, and enwrapped, often, in the radiant presence of the bright and shining ones, they derive such supreme joy as only the true Spiritualist may know.

We appeal to you, dear hearers, who have demonstrated the fact of a future existence, and have enjoyed "the communion of the saints,"—the sweet delights of the interchange of thoughts with the loved ones whose forms went out of your sight as you once thought forever,—would you exchange the knowledge of this fact for aught of temporal satisfaction, the world can bestow? What is wealth, or fame, or all the enjoyments of time, to

the higher delights of the spirit—to the "soul's calm sunshine" that lights the way to an eternity of growth and unfoldment, ever nearing, but never reaching, that infinite perfection which we call God.

In the light of this faith—faith that is lost in sight and swallowed up in knowledge—is involved all the true happiness of earth. Here is the rose that blossoms amid the brambles of care; here is the silver lining to every cloud of woe. With the soul aglow with this knowledge, how it becomes reconciled to all the ills of life. To such an one poverty and misfortune are nought—the riches of the spirit everything,—and he seeks to lay up treasures of character that shall constitute an everlasting possession in the country to which he is fast journeying.

It is within the recollection of every person who has reached middle life, when the teachings from the pulpit were mainly upon the subject of the "wrath" of God, and the terrible fate that awaited the unrepentant sinner. Ministers were accustomed to depict a literal place of torment for lost souls, with a fidelity to imaginary details that was well calculated to excite the fears of all believers in the existence of such a place.

But the last third of a century has wrought a wonderful change in the nature and methods of evangelical preaching. The "anxious seat," the spasmodic conversion, and the "power" of God, as exhibited in the unconscious trance, once so common, especially among the Methodist and Baptist denominations, have all disappeared, or been relegated to the backwoods, where they naturally belong. "Stated preaching" has taken on a higher tone. We now hear more about the "love" than the "anger" of God.

This drift of thought is in the direction of a larger and broader spirituality, and a liberality to which the Church was unaccustomed. It is the forerunner to a still wider range of thought and usefulness, which is really moving rapidly in the direction of disintegration, as far as relates to the authority of creed is concerned.

There are those who regard this change in religious sentiment—this laxity of faith in what was long supposed to be essential to man's elevation—as an unfavorable indication for the race. They think they see in the loosening of the hold upon man's religious nature of the time-honored doctrines of the Church, a decadence in spirituality—a falling away from the high standard of Christian manhood. But this is a mistake. There was never more spirituality in the world than there is to-day—never better men or women—and never was there more earnest or successful work being done for the uplifting of humanity.

We believe the spirit world is preparing the churches for the new gospel of humanity now dawning upon the world. Already a belief in modern spiritual phenomena is taking possession of the minds of vast numbers of their members, and this belief is the source of happiness to them that they never realized before in their religious experience.

The heaven is everywhere at work. Thousands of noble souls are coming up out of the night of their old beliefs, into the sunlight of the new day of spiritual knowledge. And thus is the world becoming better as it grows wiser.

No one who has never experienced the sublime satisfaction of communicating with loved ones who have passed to the other life, and of knowing that this life is but the primary school to one of a higher grade beyond, can understand or realize the precious comfort and joy that such knowledge and experience bring to the soul.

"Oh, that I had possessed this knowledge, and understood the spiritual philosophy in my earlier years," exclaimed a good woman in the presence of the writer recently,—one who had followed to the cruel and remorseless grave, one after another of her loved kindred, until of a once large and happy family, she had become almost the "last of earth." Now, those voices that were once silent to her, and those loved forms that had passed from her sight, as she supposed, to be heard no more on earth, are her constant companions and comforters. Hence the exclamation of regret that she had not known the glorious truth sooner.

In the church, we lay away our dead with the sad assurance that we shall meet them no more on the shores of time; and then, if they and we are reasonably good,

we are permitted to indulge in the dim hope that we shall meet their spirits in some far-away heaven. But even this comfort is denied us to those wayward ones to whom our hearts often cling with the fondest ties,—they must go out into the infinite darkness of despair, the creatures of the eternal displeasure of the one Father of us all.

The spiritual philosophy gives us far better and clearer perceptions of the Eternal Good. It sweeps away the childish myths and fables of the past, which have so long involved the race in the shadows of an unnatural theology. It shows us the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of humanity. It unlocks the doors to the mystery of the future, and leads the spirit out from the gloom and darkness of superstition, into the clear, sweet light of day. It teaches us that we are all passing through a process of growth and unfoldment, in the life of eternal progression, whose ultimate is infinity—that some, as the result of conditions and circumstances they had no hand in shaping, are further advanced than others; but that all are the children of God's infinite love and care.

This is the joy that has come to the world in the fullness of time, when intelligent thought was rapidly drifting away from the anchorage of a theology that had no foundation in nature, nor in the constitution of man. Better annihilation, says the materialist, than a future so clouded with woe to all but a comparatively few of the race.

And so thousands of the best minds of the race were settling down to the conclusion that death ended all,—that, with the materialist of old, there was "no knowledge or device in the grave whither thou goest." Welcome, thrice welcome, the glad truth that is illuminating the world. Humanity is linked together in indissoluble bonds, from the lowest and most undeveloped, to the highest, purest and best. And the chain that binds the lowest to the greatest is not broken at the grave, but reaches out and on through the ever unfolding grades of spiritual existence and intelligences, binding angel and archangel in its mighty clasp of unbroken links, until it becomes welded to the heart of God. Not one is omitted,—not one left to grope his way alone. Pursuing this symbol further, we may say that this chain which binds the highest to the lowest, sweeps downward and outward through the lower forms of animal and vegetable life,—through monad and protoplasm, and the mineral kingdom, to the infinite atom, where it finds God at the other end,—thus forming a mighty circle, around and through which the Infinite Spirit is ever moving.

Thus linked, soul to soul, humanity is moving onward, from cycle to cycle, with the precision of the earth in its orbit, or the universe around some central sun. The individual, in his ignorance, may think himself a lonely wanderer through life—a fatherless waif, uncared for and forgotten by his Creator—but it is not so. The Infinite Arm is ever around him, and it will never forsake him, nor suffer a single soul to be lost.

In the light of this philosophy, may we not behold man's true place in the economy of nature? May we not see his pathway of duty to himself and to his fellow-beings more clearly defined? And in this light, how little and narrow seems that life that lives wholly for self,—that has no broad and tender solicitude for the welfare of others.

There is, in every nature, something of the brute from whence he has ascended. The state of one's spiritual unfoldment may be gauged by the extent to which he has overcome this brute nature and put all unworthy passions and ignoble thoughts beneath his feet.

And herein every individual may see himself as in a mirror. Does he find rancor in his heart, envy or revenge? does he think unkindly of another, or is he lacking in charity for another's failings,—just to that extent is he under restraint to the ancestral beast within him. Not until he sees the hideousness of this condition, and realizes that his own health of body and soul, and his happiness here and hereafter, depend upon the elimination of all this element from his nature, can he begin to grow into the likeness of the Divine Manhood.

The evolution of humanity from the lower to the higher is a well demonstrated

(Continued on Third Page.)

Why Not?

Continued from First Page.

fact of creation. It may be difficult to determine it within the brief period of human history. In fact, there may be apparent relapses where nations and peoples have seemingly degenerated—gone backward in the pathway of unfoldment. But there is an unwritten history of this planet reaching far beyond human history; and therein we see clearly set forth man's lowly origin.

As the astronomer ascertains the distances of the fixed stars by the angle of incidence taken at the remotest points of the earth's orbit around the sun, so we may determine the fact of man's evolution by going back far enough in his history for a starting point—to the time when, as some fierce anthropoid beast, he contended with his fellow beasts, and with the untamed elements of nature, for his existence. That such a time must have existed—nay, more, that still farther back in the work of creation there must have been a time when no vegetable or animal life did exist, or could have existed upon this planet; and then for vast aeons of time only the crude forms that came to prepare the way for the existence of man;—are not these facts unmistakably written in the rocks?

So, as we compare man now with what in the nature of things he must have been, and note the mighty chasm he has spanned, we conclude his course is upward and onward, and must thus continue forevermore.

He has yet a long journey before him, but having come to his inheritance of soul, with godlike faculties of reason, he is no longer obliged to journey in the obscurity of darkness and ignorance. He can avail himself of a thousand helps his ancestors never had and never dreamed of—helps from the material and spiritual worlds—helps in the successful lives and ripe experiences of those who have gone the way before him.

And so we come, in a modest way, to reaffirm the truth that health and happiness can come only of right living and right thinking; and that the sooner we learn to be gentle and charitable, and magnanimous in our intercourse and dealings with our fellow beings, the sooner will we get started on the right road, and the better will be our chances for happiness in this life and the next.

If Spiritualism does not make its votaries better for their belief—more charitable, more spiritual and gentle in their natures,—wherein is it any improvement over any other? Those of other religious beliefs do charitable acts from a sense of religious duty, or from fear of offending the God whom they worship. But whatever of fear, or sense of duty it may be, that prompts one to perform generous or noble acts, even though it be the bluest kind of Calvinism, has a sort of virtue in it, which is better than no virtue at all.

But it is of but little, if any, benefit to one's own nature to do good from fear or compulsion. The nature must be so unfolded that the act is spontaneous, before it will count for much. And it is upon this vantage ground of spiritual unfoldment that every Spiritualist should aspire to stand. It is surely the prompting of his belief, and the teaching of the spirit world with which he ought to be familiar.

"To err is human." No one is perfect. There is no one who may not, at some time in his life, need the mantle of charity to cover his mistakes, or misdeeds. And surely the gentle Teacher could forgive, and forgive, even unto seventy and seven times, we ought to be enough like him to overlook another's failings at least once.

The wrong-doer would have a sorry journey before him if all his misdeeds were to be forever regarded by his fellow-beings as insurmountable obstacles to his advancement. All proper growth in man must come from the stimulation and cultivation of his better qualities. He will always cease to do evil just as soon as he truly learns the better way. It is the duty of all good men and women to assist the ignorant and erring in finding that better way, and helping them to walk therein. Who would harshly blame and condemn another, can in no sense be regarded as a reformer. To all such the great Teacher would say, "Physician, heal thyself."

By slow and painful steps the human race ascends the heights of knowledge. The lesson of wisdom needs,—its lines and precepts need to be drilled into the obdurate understanding, before they take root in the individual soul, and become a part of its being.

And so it is that our speakers and writers for the press—all who are engaged in the noble work of dispelling the clouds of ignorance and darkness that befo the world, and lifting man up into the light of world, and lifting man up—and themselves a better and purer life—find themselves ever repeating, but in new forms of better way. Like the story of the Cross to the receptive and devout nature, it is ever new—the story of love and good will to humanity—of discipline and subjection of the animal man to the higher or spiritual nature—of the necessity of right living and right doing to secure happiness here, or hereafter.

These lessons have to be presented in many ways. To some they are the living waters—the bread of life—to others the seed that falls upon barren and stony ground. But spring forth the fragrant vine, the beautiful flowers of virtue, the rich

fruitage of a well ordered and harmonious life.

Let us rejoice that the way of life is open as never before, and that from the open windows of heavenly homes is streaming forth a divine radiance that is thrilling the world. Voices of inspiration are heard from a thousand platforms; magnetic waves of thought from the upper world are breaking in upon the consciousness of humanity; and the burden of this mighty, intelligent impulse, is "peace on earth, good will to man."

How like the gentle dew distilling from a summer night over the thirsty earth, falls the sweet influence of loving thoughts and kind acts upon the human heart. However perverse or hardened in sin one may become, or however shunned by his fellow beings, a kind word, prompted by a spirit of loving sympathy, will often touch and lead into better ways of life.

Love, then, is the golden key that unlocks the door to all civil and social reforms. The wholesome exercise of this divine attribute will solve all problems of capital and labor. It will ennoble human rights and sanctify individual freedom. No man can wrong a fellow-man who is actuated by this principle.

"A new commandment give I unto you," said the Great Teacher, "that ye love one another." This is the true gospel which no one can dispute; and yet, knowing the truth, how few there are who practice it. Ought not we who have heard the voice, and seen the light, to "walk in the way"—the better way that leads to everlasting happiness?

As a tree is judged by its fruits, so may we apply the same standard of judgment to all things or theories with which man has to deal, and even to man himself.

Spiritualism is on trial before the world. There are those who unjustly condemn it without a hearing, and who will not listen to reason concerning it. All such must go their ways until they learn wisdom, which may not be in this life, nor in many ages of eternity.

The champions and defenders of this new science, religion, philosophy, (call it what you may), ask for it the candid consideration of all thoughtful minds. As to its phenomena we have no apology to offer. They are nature's ways, and inscrutable to mortal intelligence. Not ours to question how Nature performs her work. Her laws are God's laws; man's duty is but to study and obey.

Through these phenomena has come to the world the knowledge of continued existence beyond the confines of the grave. Accepting this fact as an irresistible conclusion of our researches among the varied phases of psychic phenomena, what are the lessons it teaches us? 1st, That only by loving thoughts and good deeds can man attain happiness in this life or the next. 2d, That sin leaves a lasting scar upon the spirit, and that every wrong action done must be atoned for in humiliation of spirit and remorse of conscience. 3d, That the physical temple of the living soul should not be contaminated by base indulgences of any kind, but that it should be kept pure and undefiled, thereby affording to the spirit a pure and healthy channel for its highest and best expression. 4th, That love is the guiding star of human destiny, by whose light only man can ascend to the higher realms of being.

Now, these are the teachings of the spirits, and the tenets of all true Spiritualists. Can anyone say that these teachings are hurtful? Are they not calculated to uplift humanity, and thereby bless the world? What son would go astray, knowing that the watchful and loving eyes of a spirit mother were bending down upon him, and her tender pleadings voicing thoughtful warnings to his soul?

"Since I lost my son," wrote a longing mother to me recently, "I have been anxious to learn if it is really true that the spirits of the dead do return to the world, and that they come upmost in the mind, and will not be denied. It is when the light of one's life goes out in death. It is at such times that mere faith in, and hope of a future life does not satisfy. The bursting heart must know, or it will cease to beat."

We have never found the glorious facts of Spiritualism distasteful to the dying. The writer was once called to the bedside of a good Christian woman, whose sands of life were fast running out. She had but recently wedded her heart's idol, a man of large wealth, with a beautiful home, and every luxury that a cultivated taste would care to enjoy,—and she so longed to live. We spoke to her of our beautiful faith in such earnest words as we could command,—of the glad welcome we had had to the realities of spirit-life. She listened with rapt attention, and expressed the great satisfaction our words gave her. We are sure they greatly helped to dispel the gloom that had settled down upon her spirit at the thought that she must go.

The true Spiritualist has no fears of a wrathful Omnipotent Being, ready to consign his spirit to everlasting torments. He knows that life is continuous, and that death is but the gateway to another stage of existence far more real and satisfactory than this, because removed forever from the harsh conditions and necessities of earth. He realizes that in that other life, hopes and aspirations which have been suppressed by poverty, ill-health, and the many pressing demands of this mortal existence, will there have a chance to unfold, and that the growth denied him here will there find blissful fruition.

In that other and better world, whoever will may rise, as they can not always do here, because of tendencies and environments which they can not control. And who is there who would not rise—who would not be glad to come into the better relations with the divine within his own soul, and lead a truer life?

"A very nice philosophy," says the skeptic, "but how do you know that it is true?" Well, we, in common with millions of the human race, have had positive evidence thereof. The spirits of our loved ones, who have passed to the other life, have returned to us to assure us that they still live, we have held them by the hand, and looked into their loving eyes. They have come to us in our own home, where deception was impossible, and they all tell us the same story. The veil has been rent, and we are permitted to see and know, of a very truth, that there is no death.

Whoever will may have this knowledge. No one who earnestly and honestly seeks will fail to find it. Knock and the door will be open to you. There is no monopoly of spiritual gifts. Money can not purchase them. And never did the heavens bend so low as now—never before has such a tidal wave of spirit power swept over the earth.

To do good is the highest and best use any man can make of himself. And no one can practice goodness, even in the humblest way, without making the world better thereof. Jesus never taught any other religion than this. He never practiced any other. His life was a perpetual out-flowing of goodness to the world.

All that is expected of any man is to do his best; and yet he must not hug to his soul the delusion that he is doing his best when he is really doing evil. The practice of goodness—enough of it—is all that is needed to save the world. It will drive out all inharmonious, and wipe away all tears, in time. Man wants no other creed. This alone will carry him safely through the turmoils of this life, and give him a glorious start on the journey of life beyond.

How simple is this plan of man's salvation, which means nothing more than the uplifting and unfoldment of his spiritual nature, and bringing him into harmony with the true life of the soul. He needs no rosary or cross—no baptismal font—no crown of penitential thorns; but all that is required of him is simply to turn his face from his evil ways, and henceforth march, with undeviating footsteps, toward the light—ceasing to do evil, and forevermore doing well.

All Spiritualists ought to belong to this grand army of the redeemed. They have every incentive thereof. No one knows better than they the glorious effect of well doing upon their own spiritual natures. They know that it means salvation in the truest sense.

And it is the easiest way after all. The evil way is the one that is ever beset with difficulties. It is full of thorns to tear the shrinking flesh. Every step therein is one of suffering and pain. The lash of violated law meets one at every turn, warning him to turn back and seek the better way, where is health of body and peace and happiness of mind.

Such is the teaching of the spirit world—the "cloud of witnesses" forever hovering around the homes of men. And now in closing I desire to say a few words to my elder brothers—of whom there are many present—those of you whose whitening locks indicate that you are nearing the silent rest.

If you have been a successful man,—that is, successful in acquiring rich stores of character, golden nuggets of wisdom, to carry with you into the other life, we congratulate you. If, in addition, you have gathered together a goodly share of this world's goods, which you can not take with you, but which gives you a grand opportunity to help the world, then you are doubly fortunate.

You fully realize that "the shadows are lengthening in the west," and that at best your busy days—your buying and selling, your jostling each other in the halls of trade—are nearly at an end. You remember the time, when, with trusty rifle, you would tramp the hills for many a mile for a shot at a harmless squirrel. That time is past. The rifle is heavier and the hills harder to climb now than they once were! And then, if you have grown, as we trust you have, you no longer take delight in aught that causes pain to any of God's creatures. While you may destroy animal life as a necessity, it is no longer a pleasure to you.

Your remaining years should be the happiest and best years of your life. They should be your years of ripest wisdom and serene enjoyment.—Not in the wild, mad ways of hot blooded youth, nor in the fierce energies and pursuits of middle life; but in the calm joys of the spirit—in peaceful and pleasant remembrances of the past, and in sweet anticipation of the future.

Even your sad experiences—your mistakes and failures—your heart-aches and bitter tears—for a shot at a harmless squirrel, you to the earth and filled your soul with dark despair, you now look back to as needed discipline to fit you for the higher life of the spirit. Time has glossed over the black lava beds of your woe, and beautiful ferns and fragrant flowers now flourish and bloom where once was bleak desolation.

But now the question naturally presents itself to the mind, How can this brief remnant of mortal existence be made most profitable, how can it bring the sweetest solace to the soul—the rich-

est compensation of gladness, in the coming time? The answer that comes from the innermost depths of being, and is voiced by the lips of inspiration, is, By doing the greatest possible good to others. Have you a cause you love? Aid it if you can. Know ye of ways for the betterment of humanity? Leave them not to go untraversed because of your indifference.

Let it not be said of you by the children of earth, nor by the shining ones into whose presence you must soon go, He might, but he did not. From your home in the beyond, which we trust may be unclouded with regrets, may you look not back with a single sign of remorse over opportunities unemploy.

How eagerly the storm-tossed mariner watches for the land—for the haven where his loved ones dwell. They, too, are waiting and watching for the gleam of his welcome sails—little "faces by the pane,"—a fond mother, perhaps a loving wife, all eager to greet the wanderer and fold him in the heart of home. How typical of the journey of life; and how precious the thought to the "homeward bound"—those of us who are nearing the silent shore. Soon the shadowy hills will break upon our vision—soon we shall drop anchor in calm waters, in the beautiful harbor of rest.

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No storm so fierce, no cloud so dark, but eventually spends its fury, and then the calm; shadow and sunshine, sorrow and joy; blending so perfectly that it is impossible to tell where the one merges into the other.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1888.

EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

Death comes to the aged as a gentle and loving friend. It touches the tired heart and its pulses are stilled. It kisses the eyelids of care, and they are lulled to sleep. It fans the brow with its cool breath, and it finds repose in the bosom of Mother Earth. A little while, and the morning of a new day will break upon the world.

Blessed be the man who finds heaven in this life, for then he has something that can never be taken from him. He need then have no apprehensions concerning the future, for he has brought the future, will all its treasures of delights, into his own soul. Life henceforth becomes to him a living joy. The nearest and most direct road to this condition of happiness is by doing good to others.

The believer in our facts whose Spiritualism is all upon the external plane—that is, in the pleasures of sensuous phenomena,—with no high aspiration for the uplifting and unfoldment of his own spiritual nature,—misses the lesson of the divine purpose in his earthly discipline by an infinite waste of barren years. It is not by beholding the goal from afar, but by manfully running the race, that we may win the prize.

Nature presents to man many problems, many strange manifestations, which she expects him to investigate, and to deduce therefrom a lesson for his benefit. To stand upon the border line of some phenomenon, afraid to go forward,—as do some timid souls with the regard to the wonderful facts of Spiritualism,—is indicative of moral weakness or cowardice. There is no forbidden fruit in the garden of Nature. All is for man's use, for profit or instruction. He who would find the truth must seek for it with untiring diligence, and never allow any bugbear of superstition to intimidate him from the search.

"Do we believe in the possibility of the psychic form?" Of course we do. We demonstrated the fact years ago, and have done so many times since. But we have seen so much that purported to be genuine, in materialization, which, to our mind, was painfully wanting in the first element of honesty, that we are very careful in recommending, editorially, mediums for this phase of manifestation. It is a question we prefer to let everybody settle for themselves. Darkness is such a convenient cloak for deception, that it stands all investigators of psychic forces in hand to go very slow, wherever that element is made a factor in the manifestations.

Every rich man, if he is reasonably wise, will be the executor of his own estate. Then he can make just such disposition of it as he would like. His wealth will not be at the mercy of probate courts, nor scheming lawyers, nor unworthy heirs,—after he passes out and on. To look down from one's future abode and behold the careful accumulations of one's lifetime of years scattered to the winds by rollicking relatives, who are only too glad to get their fingers on the old man's coin, can not afford the spirit a very great measure of comfort. Why wait until it is everlastingly too late, but do the good now that will give to the disenthralled spirit the blessing of rest a little further on.

All true Spiritualists should unite in uplifting the cause they love. In loving kindness and charity should they assist each other in bearing the ills and burdens of life. They should go to those who are making a traffic of mediumistic gifts for unworthy ends, or who are, by cruel deception, imposing upon the confidence of their fellows, and dissuade them from their unholy practices—by gentle means, if possible—by the righteous lightning of their displeasure, if necessary. Spirit communion is too sacred a thing to be dragged down into the slums of unholy purpose. It means the betterment of man, the uplifting of the race, the bringing of each individual spirit into a truer harmony with the Divine Spirit. To this end we should ever labor and aspire.

The only Spiritualism calculated to benefit humanity is that which exalts the spiritual nature, expands the love for the good, and draws one nearer to the divine life. To sit in a close and sultry room, night after night, holding a jamboree with supposed spirits in corsets, with rings on their fingers, and their back hair done up in a Grecian pug,—to hold in one's arms a perspiring form with an unsavory breath, and an exuberance of averdupe, under the pleasing delusion that one is greeting some lost darling from beyond the veil,—may have its recompense, but certainly not in a spiritual sense. The materializing show that costs a dollar or two to get into is not usually the kind of a circus that helps one heavenward to any appreciable extent.

"Would you put away the Bible?" inquires a good sister, whose heart has been touched with the new gospel, but who still clings to the religion and teaching of her fathers. Certainly not we would put nothing away, or out of the life of the world, that is of any use to humanity. There are many golden lessons in both testaments that the world needs to-day as never before. There are some things, in the Old Testament especially, that we would not care to perpetuate—for instance, the cruelties and debaucheries said to have been perpetrated by the consent and at the instigation of the Lord of Hosts. We do not believe the Lord ever countenanced murder or rapine in the past, any more than he does to-day. God speaks to man by inspiration just the same in one age as in another.

IT IS NEEDED.

Cornell University Faculty is considering a great need, in its proposed introduction of a new course of study,—that of journalism. If one profession more than another stands in need of the refining influence of education to-day, it is surely that of journalism, particularly of our own country.

But few, considering the great number of weekly and daily papers, are dignified in character. Many of their publishers and managers make what they consider a good excuse for the trivial, if not questionable, matter printed in their columns, viz.: "They are designed to please the masses." In the same breath, they will also claim the credit of being public educators.

How can any paper pander to the low taste of a class, and also improve that taste? The contents of newspapers should be such that careful parents would find it unnecessary to dictate what articles their children may and may not read.

It may be asked, Why do careful parents admit such papers into their families? Because daily papers are a necessity, and must be had, good, bad, or indifferent. In the good are often found articles, which, while not really pernicious, could more creditably be omitted.

Fine discrimination is a great thing—yes, everything—in the upbuilding of journalistic character. A paper with pure, lofty and cheerful tone soon becomes a talisman in the homes it enters. It may not gain so rapidly in subscribers, but it never loses friends once made. It bears acquaintance, and the friends it makes are lasting and influential. Educated journalists may give us some improved papers.

LOSE NOT FAITH.

Bigotry has no stronghold in the thoughtful minds of to-day. The few fierce outbursts are but the dying convulsions of the monster that, a few hundred years ago, put men to death for opinion's sake.

Turn which way one may, and he will see a material and spiritual broadening of the lines of fraternal sympathy and charity, and a tolerance of opinion and belief that really makes it seem impossible that anything of a prolonged religious strife could occur in this age. The spiritual power now descending upon our little world is so acting upon most persons as to give them new understanding; and when one begins to detect his own misconceptions, he naturally grows lenient to the mental errors of others.

Some words of Rev. Abram S. Isaacs, editor of the *Jewish Messenger*, show him to be one of the enlightened. He says:

The borderland of creeds is widening day by day. People are gradually awakening to the points of agreement between the different sects, and find themselves not so very far apart that they can not stretch a helping hand across the gap. One crucial test is demanded,—not the repetition of prayer or formula, nor antiquity, or vestments, or wealthy endowments, or venerable associations, but the translation into life of what is best and purest in the traditional faith and symbol. The weaknesses, no less than the virtues, of a common humanity, array us shoulder to shoulder. It is beginning to be understood that the universals of honesty, virtue, purity, cement men more firmly than the particulars of doctrine and litany, which have a knack of driving men apart, and converting religion into rancor. The many preacher, the thoughtful worker in every creed, finds the basis broadening for common action.

These hopeful signs of the times should all be noted, lest we grow faithless and misanthropic amid all the evil alarms that vibrate the physical atmosphere.

THE ASTRAL FORM.

This is the name given to one's own spirit body, while it is still connected with the mortal form. This body, with many psychics, can leave the physical body at will, and go long distances with the quickness of thought, and is able to impinge its presence upon the consciousness of other sensitives to whom it may present itself. When thus away from its own body, it is still connected therewith by a fine magnetic chord, which renders it possible for it to return. When absent from its body, the latter is usually in a deep trance, or it may be occupied temporarily—rather, its vocal organs, and sometimes the entire physical system, may be controlled by some guardian spirit, who carefully keeps watch and ward during the absence of the owner, and delivers it up upon his return.

The astral takes these occasions to visit with friends in spirit, but it can rarely bring back any clear recollection of its visits. It is very like the waking from a dream which leaves its impressions more or less distinct upon the tablets of memory.

We have studied instances where the astral (returning before the controlling or guardian spirit was able to disconnect the battery whereby it held possession of the physical form) has stood by and witnessed, with no little interest, the manipulation and use of the vocal organs of its body by the spirit temporarily in charge. When thus close to each other, they have conversed together, and the astral was then able to retain a lively remembrance of the occurrence, upon taking possession of its own organism.

Here opens a wide field for investigation. May it not be that many of the imperfections of so-called spirit messages are due to the fact that the medium's astral, or his own spirit, acting independently and unconsciously, to the medium himself, and at the same time being anxious to produce a message, gives what purports to be a message from some spirit, when it is simply its, or the medium's own thought?

A gentleman informs us that once when sitting with Watkins, the independent slate-writer, a message was written between the slates, signed, and purported to have been written by, his father; but it bore no other evidence of genuineness. While the message was being written, Watkins said, "That is not your father writing; it is my guide." Afterwards, at the same seance, he obtained a genuine message from his father that convinced him of its genuineness.

If a medium is disposed to be dishonest or tricky, so will his astral deceive, and will no doubt produce messages upon the slates, or in other ways, that is simply a reflection of the medium's own thought.

Here is something for the investigator to consider. It should teach him the importance of developing his own spiritual faculties so that he may know with whom he is communing.

NEAR THE KINGDOM.

We don't know an orthodox divine who is nearer the spiritual kingdom than Brother Jewell. Last Sunday evening he addressed his audience on the quadruple subject, "The Door Opened Into the Spirit World; A Wonderful Vision; Mind Reading; Clairvoyance." He said:

"There are periods when the supernatural predominates, those times in the past being: 1st, 'In the life of Moses; 2d, In that of Joshua; 3d, During the captivity; 4th, The thirty-four 'eventful years of the incarnation.'"

To these periods our good brother should have added the present one, that set in some forty years ago, and is to-day pouring a flood of spiritual light upon the earth, that is penetrating all minds and creeds and places. That "large stock of psychics," which the Doctor says "man seems 'to carry about with him, and which he never 'uses in his daily life, but which, on occasions 'of great excitement, come to the surface,' are the spiritual faculties, and the present 'excitement' that has 'brought them to the surface,' will never permit them to sink out of sight again.

The Doctor sees not through a veil darkly, but in the bright sunlight of truth, and says:

"There are minds that can communicate 'across miles and miles of land, without artificial means. I tell you, beloved, there have 'wonderful changes occurred to you and me. 'We have passed from the stage coach to the 'steam car, from the steam car to the electric 'wire, from the telegraph to the telephone, and 'what will happen next I do not know; but it 'does appear as if in the future we will be com- 'municating at distances, without physical nature."

"You say I have turned clairvoyant, but I have 'not. I have simply hinted at some of the pos- 'sibilities of mental action. 'There is a great spiritual realm to get into, 'which, to appreciate it, requires a special ca- 'pacity. He must be born of the spirit, and 'into the spirit. It is not enough to be familiar 'with the wording of the Bible, and commit it, 'he must have the spiritual faculty to see what 'those words mean.'"

It requires a certain "capacity" to see the truth, and sometimes a certain courage to admit it. But we feel certain that, should Dr. Jewell ever hold communion with the so-called dead, and be satisfied of the identity of his communicant, that his flock would be so informed when next called together. Then what? It would not matter to our honest brother.

—The great struggle for supremacy in the fine art of lying, between the partisan journals of the

country, has begun, and will be kept up until the election in November, after which they will settle down to their usual gale in the direction of more skilled proficiency in the art for the next campaign.

THE CHILDREN'S DAY

The brightest and liveliest day in Camp is always the "Children's Day." Friday, the 23d, was set apart for their special enjoyment this year, and a gladsome day it was to five hundred or more restless little hearts—

"That thro' and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat."

At 1 o'clock the children formed in a procession and marched through the grounds in twos, coming to a halt at the entrance to the circular arbor, where an abundance of sandwiches, cakes, ice cream, candy and lemonade was served out to them. About five hundred refreshed themselves, filling the arbor twice full, and keeping several ladies extremely busy waiting on them.

At 2 o'clock the number had greatly increased, and when the exercises commenced the big tent was filled to the utmost capacity, and from the rostrum one looked upon a sea of bright and happy faces. The opening was a song of greeting by a cluster of girls from the Oakland Lyceum, which was received with a hearty applause. This was followed by concert reading by the San Francisco Lyceum, led by Mrs. H. I. Michener. There were three dialogues by the Oakland Lyceum, one of which was "Three Little Maids from School," in Japanese costume. The "Gypsies' Festival," by six girls in costume, from the San Francisco Lyceum. The Ray sisters sang a duet, "The Snow is Fast Falling." Ray Irvin stood up in a chair and sang, "Rock-a-bye Baby," in a sweet voice, which brought an immense applause from the little ones. Miss Ida Bedbury danced the "Fisher's Hornpipe." Maud Weir recited "A New Fashioned Girl."

Mr. J. T. Lillie sang a comic Dutch song, which amused the children to a high pitch, and their little hands kept clapping until Mr. Lillie was seated again at the piano, when he sang "Riding in a Sleigh."

Fred Berry, of San Francisco, recited "Boys' Rights," followed by Miss Eva Peck on "Girls' Wrongs." Miss Ida Bedbury sang "The Beggar Girl." Miss Edith Forsythe recited "Sunbeams." A class from San Francisco Lyceum sang "The Joys of Earth and Heaven." Miss Eva Peck recited "The Family Cat."

Mrs. R. S. Lillie gave an impromptu poem full of feeling and simplicity, and beautifully adapted to the occasion.

Mr. J. J. Morse presided, and kept excellent order throughout the entire exercises. When he dismissed the meeting, there was a chorus of good-byes from the little folks, which caused a pleasant surprise to light up his face, and to which he heartily responded.

Mrs. L. Knotts, who leads the singing for the Oakland Lyceum, presided at the piano, and also sang a sweet song in German.

The "Children's Day" brings a double blessing; it brings to these buds of promise in our keeping a day of sunshine, nurturing a silent force which shall prove a help to guard and guide their little feet on the long march which stretches so wide before them.

"O little hand that, weak or strong,
Have still to serve, or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask,
Am weary thinking of your task."

It blesses alike the children of larger growth, those whose feet have traversed the entire way, and who for a little while more only touch the shores of time. They bridge, for the day, the chasm of years by clasping hands with gentle, golden youth, and a gale from the exulting morning of life brushes away their cares.

"O Life and Love! O happy throng
Of thoughts, whose only speech is song!
O heart of man! Canst thou not be
Blithe as childhood, and as free?"

RELIGION IN JAPAN.

To understand how religion—Christian religion—is regarded in Oriental lands, it is only necessary to note the discussion now going on in Japan by a number of her prominent men who treat the matter precisely as we do a proposed political measure. Some are for, others against, and yet others indifferent to its adoption by the nation.

Prof. Toyama, of the Imperial University, holds that Chinese ethics must be replaced by Christian ethics; that Christianity improves the mind; that it tends to unity of sentiment and feeling, leading to harmonious co-operation; also that it furnishes a medium of intercourse between men and women.

Kabolat, President of the same institution, shrewdly says that religion is not needed for the educated, and avows his dislike to all religions; but at the same time urges the introduction of religious teachings in the Government schools for the benefit of the ignorant.

Fuka-Zawa, a prominent writer, advocates its adoption, though admitting his entire ignorance of all Christian teachings. He regards all religion as a garment to be put on or taken off for pleasure.

The general verdict of those taking part in the movement is that Christian dogmas are a bitter pill to swallow, but had better be swallowed promptly for the sake of the after effects. The idea that the masses need religion on the ground of their ignorance, shows that those wise heads do know something of its theory, if not practice, all innocent confession to the contrary notwithstanding. As to the "after effects," it is not supposed that those learned heathens know what they will be.

—Dr. and Mrs. Henry Rogers, the spirit artists, left yesterday for Onset, where they own a pretty cottage, and will spend the Summer in the continuance of their public work. Dr. Rogers is one of the Trustees of the Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Association, and will represent this paper during his absence.

CAMP NOTES.

Many of Edgar W. Emerson's tests from the platform are of a truly surprising character. The skeptic who watches him closely must admit that, in many cases at least, the possibility of deception can not be considered. His manner and appearance carry conviction of honesty.

Mr. and Mrs. Lillie are capturing all hearts. Their hosts of new-made friends on this Coast will be very loth to part with them at the end of the State meetings. This means that they will probably return to us again at no distant day, and we sincerely hope they may. Mrs. Lillie's gentle ways, deep sincerity, and high spirituality, give to her a power and influence that but few speakers possess.

The Camp-Meeting last year left the Association \$500 in debt. The receipts this year will meet the current expenses, pay off the old score, and leave a handsome sum in the treasury.

Why should there be a Chairman, or presiding officer, at the regular lectures at the Camp? The speaker could make any needed announcements, the same as from an orthodox pulpit. A Chairman at such meetings is really of no use, but is rather in the way. Of course it is different in the conference meetings, or when the exercises are widely varied.

To-morrow will be the last day in Camp. Three grand lectures will be given,—by J. J. Morse in the morning, W. J. Colville in the afternoon, and Mrs. R. S. Lillie in the evening. Edgar W. Emerson will give tests after the morning lecture, and also again after the evening lecture. Go and stay all day.

On Wednesday the big tent was turned over to the use of the mediums, who prepared and carried out the programs of the meetings to suit themselves. It is needless to say that the day was made profitable to many in many ways. The meetings were well attended, as they well deserved to be.

The receipts of the Camp-Meeting Association this year, will fall but little short of \$3,000—nearly double what they were last year.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

The *Two Worlds* contains a very suggestive article on public mediumship, expressing some ideas that it would be well for skeptics to consider when they go to mediums for a test, or to be speedily convinced or forever confirmed in their unbelief. The writer says:

"I confess I do not see how the exercise of 'mediumship in promiscuous circles, and for 'pay—for that involves a sitting at any time 'with anyone who can find the fee—can be any- 'thing but deleterious. When I consider the 'difficulties with which the exercise of public 'mediumship is beset, I can not wonder that 'the supply runs short. No doubt ignorance 'and the injudicious use of these powers is re- 'sponsible for much. But even in a private cir- 'cle, where there is no reason for their exhibition 'at a particular hour, it not infrequently hap- 'pens that the medium is indisposed, the atmos- 'pheric conditions are antagonistic, or that 'some occult cause intervenes. If a sitting be 'forced on, the medium rises weak, depleted, 'nervous, ill. What shall we say then, of the 'public medium, who is at the mercy of his 'clients, and must procure his advertised phe- 'nomena at any time or lose his reputation? 'Shall we wonder that the temptation to get 'them by fair means or foul, is too seductive for 'some? And shall we not blame the system 'rather than the victim? The truth is, the 'whole matter is in urgent need of revision.'"

So say we, and who does not agree with us and the writer?

A SPANISH priest who lately inherited one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, gave it to the Vatican in exchange for a plenary indulgence.—*Exchange.*

This only shows that the 'conceptions of a priest as to the nature of indulgence is no clearer than those of many a worldling. The one looks to the Pope for absolution in the end, and the other thinks occasionally of a crucified savior as a possible refuge from the day of wrath. They never could have been so deluded had they given their reasoning and reflective faculties the least chance to enlighten them; kind messengers, too, would but too gladly awaken and instruct these sleeping souls as to the consequences of their relying upon men for future escape from their misdoings here. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars scattered in the poor, waste places of the earth would assuage much grief and misery, and might mitigate a multitude of sins in the giver, but we doubt its efficacy when poured into golden coffers. If the Lord loves a cheerful giver, he must spurn that one who withholds succor from his starving flock for the privilege of purchasing temporal pleasures not sanctioned by the robes of priesthood.

VERY LIKELY.—At the Presbyterian General Assembly recently held in Philadelphia, Dr. T. L. Cuyler delivered the historical address commemorating the Centennial of American Presbyterianism, in the peroration of which he said:

"The spirits of the mighty dead, whose achievements we have rehearsed, seemed to hover 'around us, and to join in our song of thanks- 'giving. For amid the entrancing splendors of 'Paradise, they can not have lost the memories 'of the church to which they consecrated their 'earthly lives, or have lost their interest in its 'welfare.' Our neighbor across the bay, the *Sign of the Times*, wants to know, 'If this is not Spiritualism, what is it?' Therein we are pleased to concur. It is Spiritualism, and that, too, of a highly religious order. There is much of that kind of Spiritualism in the churches, and we can only regret that the church which the *Sign of the Times* represents is wanting in that spirituality which would entitle it to its share in the glorious truth of spirit communion."

—All letters, etc., for W. J. Colville, may be addressed to 106 McAllister street, S. F.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—All orders for W. J. Colville's new book (at reduced rates to subscribers for the GOLDEN GATE) should be sent in at once.

—We are pleased to state that we have on sale at this office J. J. Morse's new and able work, entitled, "Practical Occultism." It is a valuable acquisition to every spiritual library. Price \$1.

—Mrs. Foye's public séances at Washington Hall closed last Sunday evening for the Summer vacation. This faithful worker, after a good and needed rest, will be ready and eager as ever for public work.

—Arrangements are pending for a series of special meetings, to be conducted in San Francisco by W. J. Colville, Sundays, July 8th, 15th, 22d, and 29th. Full particulars will appear in next week's GOLDEN GATE.

—We are pleased to call attention to the card of that excellent magnetic healer and test medium, Mrs. Egbert Aitken, 830 Mission street, San Francisco. No one has ever questioned the genuineness of this lady's mediumship.

—Mrs. E. L. Watson has been called home from her Eastern trip, to the bedside of her son, who is lying at death's door with typhoid fever. She arrived by the overland train of Sunday afternoon last, and left immediately for her home near Santa Clara.

—All who send their name and a two-cent stamp to Dr. A. J. Swarts, publisher of *Chicago 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.

—In response to numerous requests, W. J. Colville will deliver four Saturday evening lectures on Ancient and Modern Gnosticism and The Wisdom-Religions, now termed Theosophy and Mysticism. Each lecture followed by answers to questions. Course tickets, 75 cents. Single admission, 25 cents. July 7th, 14th, 21st, and 28th, to commence at 8 o'clock precisely. Delicate Conservatory, Room 17, Flood Building, Corner Market and Fourth streets, S. F.

—Students wishing to graduate as legally qualified metaphysicians are reminded that on Tuesday, July 10th, at 8 P. M., Mrs. Cramer's Normal Class opens at the Home College, 324 Seventeenth street. In our advertising columns, on page 7, the hours for treatments are given, during which time Mrs. Cramer will be glad to see students. Pupils from the country can obtain comfortable board and residence close to the College.

—W. J. Colville lectured in Grand Army Hall, First street, San Jose, Sunday, June 24th, at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M., in answer to questions from the large, intelligent audiences there present. The use of the hall was kindly tendered by the Spiritualist Society, which meets every Sunday morning. Many urgent requests have been made for W. J. Colville to deliver more lectures in San Jose this Summer, but, owing to the press of other engagements, he is reluctantly compelled to abandon the project for the present.

—At the Annual Election for Directors at the State Camp Meeting Association, held at the Camp Ground, June 25th, the following persons were elected, and will constitute the Board for the ensuing year: C. E. Eliot, Oakland; G. H. Hawes, San Francisco; J. L. Batchelder, Tulare; W. R. Colby, San Francisco; S. B. Clark, San Francisco; Dr. G. J. Bentley, San Jose; Mrs. Egbert Aitken, San Francisco; Mrs. S. Corbell, Oakland; and Mrs. J. H. Shepard, Oakland; I. C. Steele, Pescadero; J. J. Owen, San Francisco.

MARRIAGE IN CAMP.—On the Camp Ground, June 23, 1888, Mr. J. Wesley Wood and Mrs. Addie E. Carr were united in marriage, in the reception tent, W. R. Colby, who is a duly licensed minister of the spiritual gospel, officiating. The marriage occurred at 7 P. M., and immediately thereafter the party adjourned to the pavilion, to attend tests by Edgar W. Emerson; after which an impromptu feast was set in W. R. Colby's tent, at which the following persons were present: Bride and groom, and Mrs. Capt. Metzger, Mrs. Cowles, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Batchelder of Tulare, S. B. Clark, Mrs. M. L. Lantz, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Clark, Misses Cottle and Singleton of San Jose, Mrs. McKathleen, and Jos. W. Maguire, Mr. and Mrs. Mozart, and Master Willie Colby.

Compliment to a Teacher.

[The following was read at the close of a class in Metaphysics, taught by Mrs. M. E. Cramer, 324 Seventeenth street, San Francisco, June 19, 1888.]

Our amiable and worthy teacher has requested us to make a synopsis of what we have gathered from her very interesting and lucid explanations of Spiritual Science. If, after all, we are not able to stand upon the same plane, it is not her fault, for she has most ably, clearly, and satisfactorily explained the many and varied questions which have arisen for discussion, beside setting forth the statements or formula of Metaphysics in well written essays.

For ourselves, we have gathered much which I feel will, if practically applied, help us to "lay up our treasures where moth and rust can not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal." That is, we can better let go our hold and clinging to things of time and sense, that, when our bark arrives at earth's thither shore, we may not be detained by unloading that which our hearts have clung to, but will be of no use upon our journey; that we really can not go upon a progressive journey, while we cling to the shadows of time, and in those shadows are piles of

rubbish, which must fall away from us as the pack which Bunyan carried. I had supposed that spirit and matter were two forces, the one expressing itself through the other. I now see there is but one, and that is spirit; and I consider that truth the greatest of all, as it embraces and resolves all problems—those problems over which the world has fought and bled, prayed and delved, through cycles of time.

It comes to me also that this is the culminating point to my previous life's study and ideas; that I know better where to place myself among the seekers of truth, and for that, associated with a little band of choice souls, we can truly feel where two or three are gathered together, there I, the Master, will be with you.

Here we breathe the air of fragrance and melody of sympathy, and love, and appreciation for any little effort the soul puts forth toward the light. Surely here the angels may bend their soft wings and be glad, and the dove go forth bearing its olive branch of peace.

With regard to healing, which is one of the special objects of this class, and allows of a wide interpretation, I will only say, when one can understand that by equalizing or balancing the forces within, one can dispel disease and live in health, not only of body, but of mind; that the petty vexations and trials, all the discordances of sense, can be overcome, then indeed can we live in peace and harmony with the Universal Good, the Divine; then we can look down the vista of time and see that all these have been as a polishing stone in the hands of the Master, revealing the sparkling gem which shall grow brighter and brighter in the "Land of the Hereafter." H. B.

J. J. Morse's New Meetings.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

In the interest of our common cause, kindly allow me to announce to your many readers in San Francisco, and its vicinity, that, owing to the urgent solicitation of many friends, combined with their promises of practical support, I have decided to remain in this city a brief time longer, and inaugurate a short series of Sunday evening meetings.

For the above purpose I have secured Washington Hall, Eddy street, this city, and shall commence therein on Sunday evening, July 8th. This series of meetings is entirely upon my own responsibility. They are not in any way related to either of the existing societies.

They will be conducted on strictly non-partisan lines, their one object to diffuse a knowledge of Spiritualism. A small door fee will be charged, but any unable to provide it will be cheerfully welcomed. There will not be any "reserved" seats.

Efficient instrumental and vocal talent will be presented; and arrangements are being made to introduce a newly developed and promising test medium. The facts are the foundation of our philosophy.

Further and full particulars of the opening service will be announced in the next issue of this journal. Thanking the editor for his courtesy in finding room for this, and extending a cordial invitation to all, I remain, Yours for humanity and truth,

J. J. MORSE.

331 Turk street, San Francisco.

A ROUNDED LIFE.—To devote one's main energies to the higher part of existence, to become absorbed in amusements, or social pleasures, or dress, or display, to the exclusion of the grand thoughts and purposes of life, betrays a shallow character that never reaches below the surface of things. He who lives a rounded life is not he who despises trifles, still less is it he who dwells in them, but he, looking upon his life in wholeness, gives to each part due respect and attention. He is too thoughtful to be frivolous, too earnest to be paltry, yet he "thinks naught a trifle, though it small appear—small sands make the mountains, moments make the year—and trifles the life."

RED SEAL GRANULATED 98 PER CENT LYE OR POTASH.

SAN JOSE, April 5, 1888.
P. C. TOMSON & CO., PHILA.—I have made three experiments with your Red Seal Granulated 98 Per Cent 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. I 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.

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This 98 Per Cent Lye, it will be noticed, has only 2 per cent of salt, and as the soil on this Coast must have quite enough of salt already, it follows that all salt used is a positive injury not only to the trees, but also to the land. We are quite sure that Red Seal Granulated Lye will destroy all kinds of insects, and is the cheapest and best of anything that has ever yet been discovered. Call at your grocery store for Tomson's Red Seal Granulated 98 Per Cent Lye; or send two postage stamps to P. C. Tomson & Co., 248 North Third street, Philadelphia, and we will send you a book that will give you all the information that is known in regard to killing insects, and much more valuable information. ap14-6m

FORM OF BEQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute 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."

Mediums to the Rescue.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

The spirit moves me to write this morning a report of our meeting last evening, so unceremoniously gotten up outside, as transcending the decisions of the Camp Committee of Arrangements.

The tent was literally packed before dark, with eager listeners, to witness the wonderful tests of the medium, John Slater, who was advertised to entertain them.

When Mr. J. J. Morse took the platform, and announced that Mr. Slater was sick, and that we were all greatly disappointed; which he regretted very much, but that their admission fee would be returned to them as they passed out of the gate,—at this juncture, the same inspirers who originated the first Camp-Meeting on Long Branch, Alameda, in this State, brought me to my feet with these words: "Mr. Morse, why dismiss the meeting, when there are several mediums and inspirational speakers on the Ground?" To which he replied, "It was so ordered by the management."

A stampede was made for the door, when loud calls were heard for "Colby! Colby!"—who took the platform, and remarked that he could not entertain the audience under the circumstances.

Your humble correspondent then extended her hand to be helped on to the platform. With her feeble voice she assured them that all who wished to remain would be edified by the different mediums and speakers on the Ground. One by one released into their seats, and joined in singing "The Sweet By-and-By."

Harmony being restored, Mrs. Miller remarked that she hoped that they would all have their cents' worth before the meeting closed, and then proceeded at once to give tests. Over two hundred people listened to her inspired utterances half an hour. Many tests were recognized, and many dependent souls comforted. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered Mrs. Miller, with a wish that she would proceed.

We then introduced Mrs. Crosset, a fine trance medium, who delivered a beautiful address in eloquently style.

Mrs. P. W. Stevens was invited to the platform, but not feeling very well, asked to be excused. She, like ourselves, has borne the burden of the New Dispensation to thousands over the rugged way of life during the past twenty years, and feels that we are nearing the tender line, yet are not ready to shirk responsibilities, while our hands can work, our feet can walk, and our lips can talk, knowing beyond a doubt that we have angel helpers.

Mrs. Covers was also taken to the stand, entranced, and gave a short but very interesting address.

Satisfaction was expressed by the audience as they passed from the tent.

Ever for the right,
MRS. F. A. LOGAN.

CAMP GROUND, Oakland, June 26, 1888.

SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.

W. J. Colville's classes in Spiritual Science, Masonic Hall, Alameda, from Monday, July 2d, to 29th, at 2:30 P. M., and in the Jewish Synagogue, Thirteenth street, Oakland, from Monday, July 2d, to 29th, at 7:30 P. M. Subjects treated upon in course.

Monday, July 2d.—What is Man? A Searching Inquiry into Human Origin, Nature and Destiny.

Friday, July 7th.—Can Man by Searching Discover God? If so, How and Where? Portraits, like those of Anderson, have been made before; but they were done through control of the medium's hand, and were pictures created of such large size and execution without the touch of any human hand.—A. A. HEALY, in "Religion-Philosophical Journal."

DR. ROGERS is now located at Onset Camp-Meeting, Mass. Persons at a distance desiring Pictures can address him at Wareham, Mass. Terms for Pictures on Onset Camp-Meeting, \$10 each, in advance. Life size Pictures, by special agreement. All money should be sent by Postoffice order to

Passed On

From San Jose, June 21, 1888, C. M., wife of Capt. W. J. Sweeney, 35 years of age.

Mrs. Sweeney was a native of Ohio, and for many years, prior to her removal with her family to this Coast, did valiant work as a trance-speaker throughout the West and Northwest. The family came to this State and located in San Jose about twentythree years ago. Here her voice was soon heard in behalf of the cause to which her life was devoted. She was then known as Mrs. C. M. Stowe, her marriage with Capt. Sweeney occurring about eight years ago. Mrs. Sweeney possessed rare mediumistic gifts, among them that of independent state-writing. Her poetical inspirations were also of a high order. Although often called from home in the discharge of her public work, her care and love for her family was unceasing. She leaves two daughters, both settled in life, and both women of rare excellence of character. Mrs. Sweeney had been an invalid for the last three years, and was a great, but patient sufferer. She passed on in the full assurance of "rest for the weary" within the veil.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winstan's daughter always be used when children are producing trouble. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it induces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to take. It soothes the child, soothes the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from indigestion or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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We received a picture of our niece, Ella Simpson, by independent drawing, through the mediumship of Dr. Rogers, when there was no picture of her existing. We have also seen written testimonials from others who have received recognizable pictures under similar conditions, through the Doctor, and we take pleasure in recommending him to the spiritual public as a powerful and reliable medium for independent phenomena.—HAWES or LOGAN.

I have received a very marvelous spirit picture, by independent drawing, through the mediumship of Dr. Rogers. "Taking it all in all this is the most wonderful manifestation within my present knowledge. Portraits, like those of Anderson, have been made before; but they were done through control of the medium's hand, and were pictures created of such large size and execution without the touch of any human hand.—A. A. HEALY, in "Religion-Philosophical Journal."

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The above lectures were delivered to Mr. Morse's private classes in San Francisco, Cal., during October, 1887, and are now published for the first time. The two lectures upon mediumship are especially valuable to all mediums and mediumistic persons. Cloth, 12 mo. pp. 192. Price, \$1. Postage, 5 cents extra.

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

PSYCHOLOGY AND SPIRIT PHENOMENA.—There will be circles for the investigation of spirit phenomena and development of mediums at 315 Tenth street, Oakland, every Sunday evening, at 7:10 and Sunday afternoon, at 2:30. Pupils may be psychologized, the quickest way of development.—Admission, 25 cents.

METAPHYSICAL COLLEGE, 105 McALLISTER street. W. J. Colville's classes in Spiritual Science meet every Tuesday evening, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. Wilson's class at 2:30 P. M. Mrs. Harris lectures on Theosophy every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.

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, meets every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Perilla streets. Meetings at 3 and 7:30 P. M.

THE SOCIETY FOR THEOSOPHICAL RESEARCH, meets every Friday evening at 105 McAllister street, 7:30 p.m. Free library and free ad mission.

PUBLICATIONS.

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[TITLE PAGE.]

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Day-Break in Heaven.

(Given by the Spirit Dr. Chautauque, through the mediumship of Mrs. Brook, of St. Paul, Minn.)

Those who view the grand light of early morning, and listen to the birds warble their songs of glee, and see the refreshing dew upon nature's carpet of beautiful green, and inhale the fragrance floating in the air, need no reminder that it is the sweetest and most sublime hour of the day, for it comes, clearing away the darkness of night and brings light to enable mankind to view the day-break. To the sick it is especially welcomed, for night to such is long and wearisome, and day-break comes to brighten the coming hours as darkness never does. To the child the darkness of night has brought no fear and anxiety, but by such day-break is hailed with delight; still I doubt if any in earth-life realize the vast importance of day-break, and how it influences life with you as well as with us upon this side of the river, where day-break is hailed with joy and gladness.

To those in earth-life day-break should come to clear away the mists of gloom and doubt, enabling them to come forth in the morning full of hope and strength to overcome the many trials that are certain to be encountered in the various paths of earth-life, and the effort put forth to overcome temptations that lead into forbidden paths, will tend to clear away the shadows that would otherwise be present at the day-break of the resurrection morning in the beautiful spirit world.

Day-break does not come to each and every one alike; for the sorrowing and happy ones can not view it alike, nor do all awake upon this side to find equal delight when the day-break of the resurrection morning dawns upon them; for to the pure in heart, who have delighted to remain in the realm of good endeavor, that hour comes with unsurpassing beauty and splendor, wholly free from mists and clouds, with nothing to bring doubt or anxiety; while to those who have come from the realm of wrong-doing, are surrounded with darkness, and wonder if there is any clear light or real day-break for them in the new life they have entered into upon this side of the grave.

Sickness and pain are the common inheritance of all in earth-life, and you often have had those among you who have passed through seasons of long suffering, and have heard them pray for deliverance from that condition. There often follows such seasons of prayer a feeling of rest, and attending loved ones are assured that there is no need for alarm, because there will be rest in the morning; not realizing that angel ones are present, and preparing the sufferer for the day-break upon the other shore where the much needed rest awaits him.

Sorrow and suffering does exist without sympathy from loved ones upon this side of life, and we always rejoice when earth work is complete, and dear ones are ready to come home. Could you be with us and assist in receiving such souls, and notice their wondering amazement when the day-break comes to them upon this side where pain and suffering is not present, you would comprehend, as never before, what the day-break in the new life has in store for all who come from paths of good endeavor in the life with you.

There is much for those in earth-life to learn before they can enter into complete happiness upon this side of the grave, and judging from those constantly coming to us, very little effort is made to instruct mankind in reference to the happiness possible to enter into upon this side of life where each and every one is certain to come in due time.

There are many in earth-life who feel called to preach, and they pretend to teach the way leading to happiness there; but, judging from the observation and experience of those upon this side who are working as receiving spirits, whose pleasure is to receive and care for those coming to us, it is painfully clear that the teachers among you have no knowledge of what and where the heaven is that they preach of. For those coming from Christian Churches are by far the most astonished of them all, as they awake to consciousness and the realities of life upon this side of the grave. They are usually surprised when they discover that we, as well as themselves, have not even a resemblance of feathers or wings in the make-up, and when we explain to them that they have now passed through the day-break of the resurrection morning, and are residents of the spirit-world, they usually inquire how long it will be before they will see God and his Son, Jesus of Nazareth.

Ah me! "How long?" Who can answer that question? And why are so many taught this idea that mortal man, with all his imperfections, can enter the realm where God dwells?

Teachers, go forth and proclaim the truth that mortal eye hath not seen God, and teach, also, that as none in earth-life are perfect—no, not one—consequently there are none in a condition to enter into conditions that will enable them to live in the realm where God dwells. What sublime conceit it must require for any mortal to imagine it possible for him to enter at once the presence and companionship of "God and his angels." Yet they do come here thinking it possible, and are disappointed in not seeing Jesus of Nazareth waiting with open arms to receive them home to mansions on high.

It is painful to witness such souls when they come to understand that they were misguided by pretended teachers of God's laws and the life beyond the grave. And were it not for the presence of loved ones here in whom they have confidence, there would be very little joy and contentment for them in the new life. But as one loved one after another greets them, they become contented, and the old ideas of God and heaven become modified, and they soon realize the truth that real happiness and heaven is, in fact, the realm where congenial and loving souls are reunited; where there will be no more parting in sorrow and doubt.

It is a glorious truth that the day-break of the resurrection morning comes to us, one by one, and that the night before is so short that we do not realize that the great change has come to us, until we find ourselves in the presence of dear ones who had passed on before. Then do we rejoice that there is no great day set apart for all to come forth and be judged, but that we find loved ones waiting for the mists to clear away, so that they can receive, greet, and welcome us to a home prepared by them for our coming into the new life among them, where there be no more parting with loved ones and the fear of death never enters.

Be you also ready to enter into the beauties and restfulness of the day-break of the resurrection from mortal life, and find heaven a place of restfulness and happiness.

Face to Face with an Angel.

(New York Sun.)

"I have read a great deal of late about occurrences of a supernatural character," said a member of the theatrical profession, "but in all my reading I have not seen anything approaching an occurrence that made a great stir in Hancock county, Ohio, thirty years ago. In 1858 I was in that county for a short time. In Orange township there was a family by the name of Charles. William Charles, the head of the family, I think, was a carpenter, and his wife was a most estimable young woman, a member of one of the best families of the county. They had been married six or seven years, and had one child, aged five. About the middle of August, 1857, Mrs. Charles suddenly became despondent and low spirited. This was all the more commented upon as she was of a notably lively and cheerful disposition. She would give no reason for her sudden change in spirits, always giving to her husband's appeals to be made acquainted with the cause the one simple reply: "Wait. If there is any real cause you'll know in time."

She was fearful much of the time, and was frequently found in prayer. Her affection for her child, always great and demonstrative, became apparently still greater, but tempered with a spirit of sadness that was affecting to all who came in contact with the family. Mrs. Charles could not bear to let the little one out of her sight, and the strangest part of the circumstance was that the child seemed to know what had made the change in her mother, and was often heard to console her in her childish way, and to tell her not to cry.

As the middle of October approached, to Mrs. Charles' despondency was added a state of feverish unrest and very apparent suffering under a strain of some great suspense, until one day, when the month was about half over, she begged her husband not to go to his work that day, but to remain at home with her. He humored her fancy, and between 12 and 1 o'clock of that day their little girl fell to the floor in a most unaccountable state of insensibility. The mother was near, and, clasping her hands to her head, she exclaimed: "My God! It is true!"

Mrs. Charles fell in a faint, and her alarmed husband sent the servant for aid. He placed his unconscious child on the bed and did what he could to revive both her and his wife until several neighbors arrived. A doctor was sent for, and Mrs. Charles was soon restored to consciousness, but the child remained in the trance in which it had so suddenly fallen, and never came out of it, dying three days later.

As soon as Mrs. Charles could gain strength and composure she told a most extraordinary story. She said that at noon one day in the middle of August, her little girl was playing in the yard. Her mother, happening to look out at her, saw the child gazing earnestly up in the sky, raise her little hand up as if reaching or greeting something. Mrs. Charles could see nothing, but she went out to where her child was standing as if transfixed, and when she reached her the little one turned to her with a beaming face and glowing eyes, and said: "Oh! mamma! it is an angel!"

Mrs. Charles said a feeling of awe came over her that she could not describe, and she felt that she was in the presence of something that struck her with awe. She could see nothing, and in much alarm took her little girl by the hand to lead her away, but the child resisted, and suddenly there was revealed to the child's mother the form that had been visible to the child even before it reached the earth. That form was exactly like those of angels she had read descriptions of in the Bible and seen pictured there, and she knew that she stood face to face with a messenger from heaven itself. She felt no fear, but was overwhelmed by awe. The angel spoke to her and said that her little girl

would be called for from heaven in just two months from that day, but that she would lie in a trance for three days, when her soul would leave the body. More than that the angel foretold to the awestricken mother that her own death would follow that of her child by one month, mentioning the day and hour. Then the angel slowly vanished from sight.

Mrs. Charles said she tried to make herself believe that she was the victim of some hallucination, but could not. Never having been a believer in the orthodox religion, she resolved to keep the secret of the vision and to impress the necessity of secrecy on her child if possible, so that if it was a hallucination she would not be ridiculed for having spoken of it earnestly.

This story naturally created a profound sensation in the community. The child was buried, and after the first effects of Mrs. Charles' narrative were gone, a strongly expressed feeling of incredulity arose in the neighborhood. Mrs. Charles, desiring, as she said, to destroy the strong unorthodox feeling that existed thereabout as it had been destroyed in her, sent for two officers of the law—one a Justice of the Peace, and the other a county officer, neither of whose names I now remember—and she repeated her story under oath to them, and had the fact made public. I came away from that part of the country soon afterward, and I have never had occasion to return. Some years later, however, I met a gentleman named Lattimore, who was a resident of Hancock county, and I asked him if Mrs. Charles' death had followed the strange prediction she alleged that the angel had made. He said that she had died on or about the day she said had been foretold.

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(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Following the Light.

Spiritualism, in its polluted soil, has grown up almost every abominable crime.—*Rev. Harcourt's Sermon in the "Starlet Sun" Series of June 3d.*

In your June 16th number I illustrated one of the crimes here referred to, and here is another one of them: Many years ago my young family and self were living in a solitary house in the midst of a plain, in this State. One night my brother and I were belated, but determined to get home that night. We had sixteen miles to drive, partly through a rough country. Frank, like most long-sighted people, was as blind as a bat in the dark, yet he persisted in taking the reins and with a spanking span of horses, we set off homeward bound. There were in those days no fences to guide. Our road lay partly through a rough boulder country, and to get off the track at the speed we were going, meant a smash up. The night was dark as Erebus. "Good gracious, be careful," I said. "How can you drive so recklessly?" Frank simply replied, "I am following that light." I could see nothing, neither road nor light; but in about an hour of this tearing gait he pulled up where it appeared necessary to turn off to the right, and as we slowly turned, I myself saw the light we passed within a few feet of the wagonette; and Frank whispered, "It is Dr. Fish." In a few more minutes the house was in sight.

I may say here that Dr. Fish was his spirit friend and doctor, who endeavored to assuage the attacks of pain from which he suffered, and who once told me, "If you could realize what your brother suffers, you would not wish him to remain." Now, here the question arises, and I ask for light from the Reverends Talmage, Harcourt, and Prendergast, adopting the satanic theory, Ought we to have said, "Get thee behind us, Satan," and instead of following the light, have gone back to the village, and left the family to the alarms and tender mercies of possible tramps, or were right in accepting the devil's guidance? Please rise and explain, my reverend friends. Anyway I take this opportunity of tending my grateful thanks, to whomever it might have been, for his most opportune guidance that night.

But if these spiritual experiences were demoniacal, what shall we say of Bible Spiritualism, as taught in the reverend gentlemen's "Sunday School" series. Take, for instance, Judges xx., 28—"And the Lord said, Go up, for to-morrow I will deliver them into thy hand."

Now here is a distinct, divine or spirit communication. Then follows in the same chapter, 35th verse, "And the Lord smote Benjamin before Israel." "And the children of Israel destroyed the Benjamites, that day 25,100 men." Here was materialization with a vengeance, and they must have kept accurate count to the hundred slain.

Then follows chapter xx., 41—"But 600 men turned and fled to the wilderness, unto the Rock Rimmon, and men of Israel turned again upon the children of Benjamin and smote them with the edge of the sword, and the men of every city and the beast and all that came to hand, and set on fire all the cities they come to!"

Having thus slaughtered the whole tribe of Benjamin, including women and children, except the six hundred fugitives in Rimmon, the Israelites very considerably took counsel of the Lord about getting wives for the refugees that remained alive.

Judges xxi., 7—"What shall we do for wives for them that remain, seeing that we have sworn to the Lord that we will not give them of our daughters to wife?"

Then the Lord inspired them to solve the difficulty by first of all (see chapter 21, verse 10), "smiting the inhabitants of Jabesh-gilead with the edge of the sword, women and children."

11th verse—"Ye shall utterly destroy every male, and every woman that hath lain by man."

12th verse—"They found four hundred young virgins," etc. "These they brought into the camp and gave to Benjamin for wives," etc.

Unfortunate Jabesh-gilead! But it appears that these young women would not go round, so then the Lord suggested a way out of the difficulty.

20th verse—"Therefore were the children of Benjamin commanded to go and lie in wait in the vineyards, and behold if the daughters of Shiloh come out to dance, catch you every man his wife of the daughters of Shiloh; and the children of Benjamin did so, and took them wives of them that danced, whom they caught in the vineyard," etc.

Now here appears to have been a pretty good week's work. First, all the Benjamites slain; then women, innocent maidens, and prattling children; in fact, the whole tribe wiped out, except six hundred fugitives. Second day, the whole tribe of Jabesh-gilead wiped out, except four hundred virgins. Third day, several hundred virgins stolen from the tribe of Shiloh.

The question now arises why the Lord relented in favor of the six hundred Benjamite fugitives, and why he slaughtered the whole tribe of Jabesh-gilead, in order to get only four hundred virgins for the escaped Benjamites; and why these young ladies, innocently dancing in the vineyards of Shiloh, should have been torn from their homes to be raped by a squad of Benjamite soldiers? The answer does not appear in the inspired record.

Will the expounders of Scripture, the reverend revilers of Spiritualism, please

rise and explain? and in fact elucidate the animus of this whole atrocious tragedy, which involves murder, rape, robbery, and arson, all by order of the Lord, as more fully described in chapters 20 and 21 of Judges; and I will allow Rev. Harcourt and its "best advocates" to bring forward their best products of argument. "No borrowed fruits accepted." And if they can not, amongst them, offer any palliative or excuse for these most infamous atrocities, then I demand that the Society for the Suppression of Indecent Literature shall exclude the Book from infant and Sunday schools. Is it any wonder that under these villainous teachings cruelty and piety run together?

Spiritualists have been altogether too weak under the insults of orthodoxy. For my part, if one cheek is smitten, I don't propose to offer the other one, but to hit back again.

These men of buckram shall have blows enough. And learn they too are made of penetrable stuff; And though we may not hope unsathed to go, Who wars with truth shall find a stubborn foe.

A. Y. E.

A Word from the "Raiders."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I have to-day received a copy of your issue of May 20th containing a letter written by John Wetherbee of this city, in which he describes the "raiders" of so-called materialistic seances in Boston as "bad eggs," and uses other equally opprobrious expressions, and claims to know most of the party. It is my pleasure to know them all, their number including bankers and merchants, and men of high business standing, and there is not one who is not a person beyond reproach. As there are many among us who are adherents of Spiritualism proper, let me say at the outset that Spiritualists of all ranks have tendered their hearty co-operation in all we have undertaken. What we seek to do, and what in part we have done, is to crush out the materializing mediums, and in doing so we have the personal written endorsements of Prof. William James, of Harvard University, the Rev. Minot J. Savage, Col. Bundy, and others of equal note.

Yesterday I called the attention of the President of the Spiritualistic Phenomena Association, of this city, to the coincidence of character of the persons who have been successfully swindling the public and beguiling the unwary under the guise of materializing mediums. We have found that, as a class, without exception, they are of the lowest type, some of them bygone prostitutes, others abortionists, and not one who can claim, in the smallest degree, what would pass for common intellect. They are all as far moved from Spiritualism as is vice from virtue.

I would say that the *Banner of Light*, the representative Spiritualist organ of Boston and vicinity, has not ventured to uphold a single materializing medium whom we have raided. It never mentioned the Cowan fiasco, nor will it countenance anything of the kind. I have been present at most of the raids, Cowan's included, and pronounce them all of the coarsest species of imposture. We have offered a thousand dollars, to be secured in any way the medium shall see fit, to any medium who will produce a spirit form which shall not be flesh or blood, or some palpable device specially prepared beforehand for the purposes of deception, but not one has taken up the offer on the conditions proposed, which are simply that a cabinet shall be placed in a room to be provided by us, and the medium shall have no accomplice present, and shall submit to being searched by a committee of ourselves before and after the seance. If, under these conditions, a spirit form other than the medium is produced, the money is earned!

A few evenings ago we allowed a medium from Medford, Mass., to give us a seance in a private house; all the conditions seemed favorable, and the forms appeared! But before the evening was over we discovered that the medium's husband who was present had furnished her, while in the cabinet, with a piece of cheese cloth and some phosphorescent preparation both of which she used, by manipulating the curtains, to produce shadowy forms. Some ladies of the party had examined her in an adjoining chamber previous to the seance, and were convinced that she had nothing concealed about her person which she could use for the purposes of fraud or deception. We have articles in our possession in the shape of wigs, robes, illuminated cloth, all kinds of devices used by these swindlers, which we have captured from the persons of the mediums at different times, and which we have exhibited to hundreds of people this season.

We have successfully raided and exposed Mrs. Bliss, Mrs. Fairchild, Mrs. Fay, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Dodge, and the notorious Berry sisters, who were under the management of one George T. Albro, and from each of these mediums we have taken, and now possess various spirit robes, wigs, devices, and other implements of deception. These are all materializing mediums of Boston, and of them, Cowan and Albro are the only ones who are continuing in the business. Albro, on his admission, is to leave Boston after this season, and Cowan is to be required to give up his premises as conducting a disreputable business. There is no money in it now, as the public are beginning to see through the fraud,

and the expenses are somewhat heavy inasmuch as they have to hire and pay at least for bullies for the purpose of defending them in the event of a raid.

I was present at the Cowan raid, and saw Mrs. Cowan in the cabinet when the police broke it down, with nothing on but her skirt and waist, not even corsets, and I unhesitatingly pronounced Wetherbee's statements as false, for he was not present, and I was, and my references will sufficiently vouch for my reliability.

I was also present when Mrs. Fay was raided, and when we stripped her of the spirit robes she was almost naked, having nothing on but petticoat and bodice, although in each instance these two characters were fully dressed before entering the cabinet.

The same with Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Bliss, and the rest! Why then is it necessary that materializing mediums should undergo this change of clothing except for the purpose of attiring themselves in the various disguises in which we have found them, and which, as I have already said, we have in our possession.

Now with regard to the question of confederates: If Mr. Wetherbee will take the trouble to apply at police headquarters there, Lieutenant Walker and clerk Arbicum will tell him that they seized one of the confederates, at Mrs. Ross' raid, stripped, and took her to the police station, after she had been dressed by one of the very men who had, up to that time, endorsed Mrs. Ross, and who has since given us every support in investigating these frauds.

I saw confederates myself in the Cowan cabinet, and Mr. Dunbar, who was assaulted by Cowan with a loaded billiard and severely injured, had hold of both Mrs. Cowan and a female confederate in the cabinet at one time. The latter was stripped to the waist, and we tore from her a spirit gown which we now have on exhibition with the other articles. The police came in, by our desire, to suppress the row, and tore down the cabinet, finding, as I have already said, Mrs. Cowan inside, stripped.

Mrs. Bliss was again exposed at New Bedford, Mass., a few nights ago. Mrs. Ross was also again exposed here the other evening, at the rooms of, (and under the auspices of), the Spiritualistic Phenomena Association, 1031 Washington street, Boston, while attempting the picture frauds similar to the noted Diss Debar case, by Dr. Dean Clark, who is well known to you.

The truth is, that as a body, these materializing scoundrels and their friends are now cornered, and therefore desperate. They can not meet us (representing as we do, the respectable section of the community), in a fair fight. We shall surely crush them out, and every day is adding new numbers to our ranks and lessening their adherents, who now seem to be narrowed down to a handful of eccentric cranks, with brains so contracted that they would rather believe a white sheet hung on a peg in a dark room is a spirit (even though they themselves had hung the sheet and turned out the gas), than that it is the sheet itself. Our purpose is, therefore, to aid Spiritualism, by giving the most respectful support and hearing to every honest person, still reserving to ourselves the right of reason and investigation. These we concede to no one, and the assurance that in time we shall be amply rewarded for our labors, I remain, dear sir, Yours respectfully,

W. H. CULSHAW.

BOSTON, Mass., June 7, 1888.

New Era Camp-Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The ten days' spiritual camp-meeting at New Era is among the things of the past. In many respects this meeting might be considered the best ever held in Oregon, and would have been so without a question had the weather been favorable. There were more and better developed mediums present than at any previous meeting, and a feeling of good will and harmony prevailed generally, and I trust and believe much good was done for the cause. There was a good display of home talent shown among the mediums.

Mrs. Bruce, of Lebanon, was there; her slate-writing is certainly very fine, and hundreds received tests through her mediumship. I had a private seance with her myself, and can place the seal of "genuine" on her phase of mediumship, and recommend her to all seekers after tests of the truth of spirit control.

A young man, also from near Lebanon, showed unmistakable signs of being a good medium, but as his control is now almost exclusively Indian, further development will be required before he becomes valuable.

A list of our home mediums with their different phases of mediumship would be too long for this article. Among mediums from a distance might be mentioned Mrs. Brown, recently from Michigan, a fine test medium, and most excellent and amiable lady.

Mrs. Ladd-Finnican was also there, and added new laurels to her already fair fame. You may mark my word for it that "world wide" will yet be written on her brow.

The State Organization contemplate holding a camp-meeting on these grounds (New Era) in September, when another good time may be expected.

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Or., June 20, 1888.

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In Bondage.

"Let us be free," we said, "to come and go,
Bound by no ties that fetter us in vain,
No viewless chains the world may never know,
That cut into the heart with ceaseless pain."

"We will be free," I said—I was so strong
To climb to heavenly heights where souls are free,
My words seemed o'er a brave sweet song
That passed in waves of light 'twixt you and me.

The clasping of your hand I put away,
And turned me from the love-light of your eyes,
I was so brave—I thought—to turn away,
And close the gate 'twixt me and Paradise.

To turn away—because an angel stood
With sword of Duty pointing stern the way,
Through starry nights, and dreary solitude,
Where patient Love can send no hopeful ray.

And am I free? Yes—as the prisoned bird
That beats its weary wings 'gainst iron bars
Is free to soar and let her heart be heard
Full in the glory of the sun and stars.

Yes, free—as all things caged and bound are free
To cast aside their chains for dance and song;
Free but to know that through eternity
Love's chains beyond all human will are strong.

—CARRIE STEVENS WALTER, in "Golden Era."

"Too Many of We?"

"Mamma, is there too many of we?"

The little girl and her mother said,

"Perhaps you wouldn't be tired, you see,

If a few of your child could die."

She was only three years old,—the one

Who spoke in that strange, sad way,

As she saw her mother's impatient frown

At the children's boisterous play.

There were half a dozen who round her stood,

And the mother went and sat and read,

Worn out with the care of the noisy brood

And the fight with the wolf at the door.

For a smile or a kiss, no time, no place;

For the little one, least of all,

And the shadow that darkened the mother's face

O'er the young life seemed to fall.

More thoughtful than any, she felt more care,

And pondered in childish way,

How to lighten the burden she could not share,

Growing heavier day by day.

In only a week, and the little Claire

Her tiny white trundle bed

Lay with blue eyes closed, and the sunny hair

Cut close from the golden head.

"Don't cry," she said—and the words were low,

Feeling tears that she could not see,

"You won't have to work and be tired so

When there ain't so many of we."

But the dear little daughter who went away

From the home that for once was still,

Showed the mother's heart, from that dreary day,

What a place she had always filled.

—A Woman's Journal.

Make Me a Song.

Out of silence make me a song,

Beautiful, sad and soft and low;

Let the loveliest music sound along

And bring each note with a wall of woe,

Dim and dear:

As hope's last tear.

Out of the silence make a hymn

Whose sounds are shadows soft and dim.

Out of the stillness in your heart—

A thousand songs are sleeping there—

Make me but one, thou child of art,

The song of hope in a last despair,

Dark and low,

A chain of woe:

Out of the stillness, tone by tone,

Soft as a snowflake, wild as a moan.

Out of the dark recesses flash me a song,

Brightly dark and darkly bright:

Let it sweep as a love-star sweeps along

The mystic shadows of the night,

Sing it sweet,

Where nothing is dear, or dark, or dim,

And earth songs melt into heaven's hymn.

—FATHER RYAN.

The Soul

I touched a late and melody vibrated;

I sculptured, and the stone to life did wake;

Pictures I drew; which poets contemplated,

And poetry I spoke.

THE MIND.

I fashioned the creation through and through;

Forever-past and future—felt my clutch;

I sounded through the suns, I slunk through dew,

And God himself did touch.

THE FLESH.

On red-ripe lip and breast, sense consecrating

To lust, I drained the dregs of pleasure—life

(Youth's lonely life of memory vibrating?)

Sank, stricken in the strife.

Then (yearning after God) Soul, Mind and Flesh,

Weeping and wailing, plunged into the dark,

I knew no more, but dreamed their voices fresh

Sang of forgotten—so—hark!

—A. E. LANCASTER, in the "Home Journal."

Love Unrequited.

O Love, when I spoke with my eyes,

You surely knew what I meant;

O Love, when I spoke with my eyes

Why did you go by?

I opened the door of my heart,

Why came you not in?

I called with the voice of my soul,

Your own was so near;

I called with the voice of my soul,

Why would you not hear?

Lie low, foolish Hope, idle Faith,

Sup grief to the end,

Ye have found me the mockery of Love,

Ye have lost me—a friend.

—MARY D. BENEDET.

BUT, friends,

Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise

From outward things, what'er you may believe.

There is an inner center in us all,

Where truth abides in fullness; and around

Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in.

This perfect, clear perception—which is truth,

A baffling and perplexing carnal mesh

Blinds it, and makes all error; and to know

Rather consists in opening out a way

Where the imprisoned splendor may escape

Than in effecting entry for a light

Supposed to be within.

—BROWNING'S "Paracelsus."

The truths of God forever shine,
Though error glare and falsehood rage;
The cause of Order is divine,
And Wisdom rules from age to age.

Faith, Hope and Love, your time abide!
Let Faith marshal all its hosts,
The heavenly forces with you side;
The stars are watching at their posts.

OUR QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

QUESTION.—MRS. HARRIS.—How is a person to decide between the different theories advanced by the various speakers and writers of the present day? Either re-incarnation is true, or it is not true, and still we hear the theory advanced, decided true, and sustained by arguments which seem unanswerable. And perhaps, at the same hour, the whole thing is declared to be untrue in principle, and unsound in doctrine. "When doctors disagree, who is to decide?" unless it be "Our Question Department?" SUBSCRIBER.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

ANSWER.—I am inclined to think we make our great mistake in looking to some one else to decide these questions for us. If we do this, how far are we in advance of what we were when the church faded our belief for us in the form of a creed, and said, "Believe this and be saved; believe it not and be damned?"

The church claims inspiration, special revelations, while angel ministrations make a large feature in the Christian Bible. Even the Most High was believed to dwell in their Holy of Holies. Still, we find various sects and many forms of religious belief, for the reason that occasionally someone has dared to think for himself.

We find, even among Spiritualists, a disposition not only to depend on what someone else believes, but to make what "my guides, my band, my controls say" infallible. It does not occur to such that what comes through their organism not only partakes largely of their own nature, but is diluted and charged by the current thought of the day.

I am inclined to think those who have the matter in hand must be surprised often at what is declared to come from them. This is as true now as in Bible times. It surely seems as though the "gates" were widely open, and that revelations of mighty import are coming to mankind, but the instruments through which they come are so sensitive, that they reflect whatever presents itself the clearest, or else a mixed picture.

So, my friend, what is left for us, only that each one take these revelations home to his own mind, digest and assimilate, or else reject them, as they appear to his own consciousness? To me repeated embodiments are an intuitive truth. I can not see, if we look at it simply as a matter of justice, how it could be otherwise. Still, my conviction is no proof to another.

There must be an opening up of the higher consciousness, before we really know. Most of our knowledge is only opinion, and someone else's opinion at that.

There has been so much that is ridiculous tacked on to this grand philosophy of repeated earth lives, that there need be no wonder that thinking people recoil at the thought. I have known of those who were bitterly opposed to the doctrine to listen to an able speaker who taught the truth, to become so positive in regard to it before the lecture was over, that they knew who they were in their last earth life; and two different ones claimed Lady Washington's name.

Now you see, my friend, how necessary it is that we should do some thinking for ourselves. Those who do not yet see this truth can well wait for its revealing. To such I will say, Live as you would if you knew it to be true. Turn every thought, word, and deed toward the good, so that when you pass over, you will not be on the down grade, or at a dead level.

Then, if repeated embodiments are not a fact, you will be in the line of spiritual progression; but if it be the law, you will make such conditions for yourself, as will, through the force of attraction, take you into a birth where you will prove a blessing to the age which calls you, and out of it you will get a larger growth in self-consciousness.

Remember, my friend, both the truth and the good will wait our recognition. In the meantime let us live up to the light we already have. "Our Question Department" may suggest, but could not decide for another. To be free to think is to be free indeed; to be forced to think another's conclusion is the worst slavery.

The questions in regard to "soul mates," and the "law of heredity," will be answered next week.

SARAH A. HARRIS, F. T. S.

BERKELEY, Cal.

Mediumship.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

A good deal has appeared in the GOLDEN GATE lately in regard to mediumship of a discouraging nature. Most of it has come from those who are known to be mediums.

There may be a modicum of truth in what they say, and it may be an illustration also of the poetical quotation, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," but it seems to arise a good deal from the idea that because a good deal of harm arises from ignorance of certain conditions, therefore you must not try to get knowledge from those who have gone before, lest, perchance, in your ignorance harm may befall you.

It reminds us a good deal of the hackneyed story of the mother's advice to her boy, not to go into the water until he learns to swim. But let us look a little deeper into this matter, and see what would be the consequences of following this advice, not to pay any heed to mediumship—that is, supposing the angel world would let it go that way. How long in the case indicated would it be before the world would again be "lying

in darkness?" How many of us have been brought out of materialism by the aid of mediumship, and how many of us are kept out of it by the daily bread we receive therefrom? But what is mediumship anyway? Is it a surrender of ourselves, body and soul, to any and all spirit influences that may come along?

Rather is it a co-operation with the spirit world for enlightenment of humanity. The intelligent medium is not a slavish devotee, but an intelligent co-worker with higher intelligences.

The true medium is not a fortune-teller, for the individual can not show the fortune hunter how he may acquire wealth at the expense of some one else, or worldly honors at the expense of his or her own honors, but he can, and is always trying to show us how we may perfect ourselves in such a way as we may be enabled to carry out the wishes of the spirit world by advancing the progress of humanity, first, on the material, and then on the spiritual plane.

And now as to the dangers of mediumship. The ancients were wiser than we are. Paul tells us to "try the spirits," and not to believe every spirit. If mediumship be consecrated to the highest uses, and our mediums will only live in heaven, and use only heavenly weapons in their warfare, no power from hell can reach them to do them harm.

I know how hard it is for a poor, struggling medium to resist the temptation to go on the lower plane to use his or her gifts to practice their arts, as long as the living depends on the exercise of the gift. Our orthodox brethren in the clergy have their salaries, and their sustentation funds and provisions for old age, and still they sometimes go astray; but for our poverty stricken mediums what? Let the past answer.

As I view mediumship in its better phases, a spirit comes to us and asks us to lend him or her our body, for a longer or shorter space of time, under the idea that he can use it to better advantage than we can ourselves, with the distinct understanding that it shall be returned to us in as good order as it was received by him. I am aware, however, that certain phases of mediumship are very wearing on the material form, but will not discuss that matter at present, as I presume that is not one of the evils alluded to. The mediumship of the future will be more and more an intelligent co-operation with the spirit world, and as soon as we are prepared for it, the medium will be entirely conscious of what he says and does, and will also be responsible, which he can not altogether be at present.

In the past, by reason of our ignorance and timidity, and for other causes, our mediums had to be rendered unconscious; but the times are getting ripe for intelligent co-operation of the material with the spirit world. When that time comes, those who prate of the dangers of mediumship will simply be relegated to the rear.

JAMES BOYD.

RIVERSIDE, Cal., June 26, 1888.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Aphorisms.

BY S. W. JEWETT.

Clients possessing willfulness and wealth are the lawyer's delight.

The spirit world is thronged with the souls thrust there by what may be called "justice" of man-made laws, another name for legalized man-slaughter or crime.

In nine cases out of ten where brutal assault or murder is committed, or incendiarianism is common, a saloon or liquor store is not far distant.

He that showeth more respect to the living body than the dead will reap the largest reward.

In one hundred years from now Spiritualism will have changed the character and condition of mankind over this universe.

A person may have organs of discrimination in one direction, and remain ignorant or quite lacking in another direction.

God values men according to what they have had to walk through.

To say the least, our homes should be as holy as the churches.

The general sentiment of fathers is that children owe a debt to them for existence. There is a fallacy in all this. The parent is only paying a debt earlier contracted.

To reach the port of heaven we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it.

Do your daily duty, never mind whether it is known or acknowledged. Do it.

One thing is sure to come: All those who discard the spiritual doctrine now will be very willing to accept it when they arise on the border lines of eternity.

Nature does things in a liberal way when she sets her blossoms on a tree. It is a large expenditure of bloom for a relatively small return of fruit; but, as Beecher once said, "It typifies the large way in which God loves to do pleasant things." So it is a mistake to expect rich returns in the propagation of ideas without abundantly expenditure of time, words, ink, paper, money, and personal effort. It is better to have an excess of blossoms than a deficiency of fruit. The reason why so many causes fail is because they are not generously conceived and not generously supported. There is plenty of soil, but too much economy in sowing seed to insure a crop.—Christian Register.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



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10:40 A.		8:10 A.
1:10 P.		9:03 A.
3:30 P.		10:02 A.
4:45 P.	Menlo Park.	1:35 P.
5:15 P.		4:39 P.
6:30 P.		6:50 P.
11:45 P.		7:50 P.
		8:15 P.
8:10 A.	Santa Clara, San Jose, and	9:03 A.
10:40 A.	Principal Way Stations.	1:35 P.
1:10 P.		6:00 P.
4:45 P.		7:15 P.
8:10 A.	Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville,	10:02 A.
1:10 P.	Salinas and Monterey.	6:00 P.
8:10 A.	Watsonville, Camp Goodall,	10:02 A.
1:10 P.	Atascadero, San Luis Obispo,	6:00 P.
8:10 A.	Capitola, and Santa Cruz.	6:00 P.
1:10 P.		8:15 P.
10:40 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz,	10:02 A.
1:10 P.	(Sunday Excursion)	6:00 P.
4:45 P.	Hollister and	7:15 P.
6:30 P.	Tres Pinos.	8:15 P.
10:40 A.	Soledad, San Ardo and Way Stations.	6:00 P.

Sundays excepted. A.—Morning. P.—Afternoon.

Theatre Train, Saturdays only.

Standard time furnished by Randolph & Co.

STAGE CONNECTIONS are made with the 10:40 A. M. Train, except Pescadero Stages via San Mateo and Redwood, which connect with 8:10 A. M. Train.

SPECIAL ROUND-TRIP TICKETS.—At Reduced Rates to Monterey, Atascadero, Santa Cruz, and Pescadero; also to Gilroy, Pajaro, and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

For Sundays only, for Return day and Sunday only.

For Saturday, for Return day and Sunday only.

For Sunday, for Return day and Sunday only.

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