



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

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Most great works are accomplished slowly.

That which we live is faith, for faith is the food of life.

No view of life can be a right one which is not a joyous one.

Difficulty is the very school of culture and progress.—O. Dewey.

A guilty weight upon the heart takes the sun out of the sky.—Thom.

Faith in the supremacy of the soul leads to the subjection of the outward life.

There is nothing more troublesome to a good mind than to do nothing.—Bishop Hall.

The spirit in man can be sustained only on that which is spiritual and infinite.

Injuries are forgiven only in their ceasing to be such; and, then, what is there to forgive?—MacDonald.

When you rise in the morning form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature.—Sidney Smith.

The highest burst of genius is always devout, and the truest expression of devotion is ever full of the force of genius.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.—Hume.

Life indeed is but a short journey, on which we have our duty to do, and in which joy and sorrow alternately prevail.—Princess Alice.

All virtue consists in the sovereignty of the spirit over the sensuous, and spirit culture is the deepening and extending of spiritual power over the outward and finite.

It is worth realizing that there is no such thing as commonplace life or uninteresting circumstances. They are so only because we do not see into them, do not know them.

The merit of a good deed evaporates with the first profit we derive from it. Even to relate it is to draw a dividend of self-love, which is worth as much to us as gratitude.—Balsac.

Sometimes ideas are made flesh; they breathe upon us with warm breath; they touch us with soft, responsive hands; they look upon us with sad, sincere eyes, and speak to us in appealing tones.—George Eliot.

Honor to the true man ever, who takes his life in his hands, and at all hazards, speaks the word which is given him to utter, whether men will bear or forbear, whether the end thereof is to be praise or censure, gratitude or hatred.—Whittier.

In the soul God reveals himself to man. It is the door into the infinite presence, once opened never shut. Deep questions must be answered by deep thought. As we live from the spirit, so flows the spirit upon us; and the soul becomes the everlasting son, the continual recipient of God.

Unsatisfactory Answers.

BY THEO. G. ED. WELLES, F. T. S.

In a late number of the *GOLDEN GATE*, A. D. Cridge asks questions of Theosophy, and then answers them in his own way, or in anybody else's way, but surely not in the way a student of Theosophy would answer. He (and undoubtedly many others) wishes to know the exact foundations, reasons, principles, etc., on which the theory of re-incarnation rests; but he even wants more than this. He wants "facts," and not merely assertions—and he is right in so far as his unwillingness to accept mere assertions goes; but as to facts—material facts perceptible to our senses—why, this is entirely another thing. When we try to shed some light on this subject, he will not be required to "ask his inner consciousness," nor to accept the *ipse dixit* of anyone, ancient or modern. Very doubtful it is, if he can find anyone, who, "looking within," is able to discover one or more former lives. Mere impressions, or fancies, or dreamy perceptions of former lives, are no foundations on which to rest such an important doctrine as the one of re-incarnation is.

Now how are you, Mr. Theosophist, going to prove this re-incarnation doctrine? Well, my friend, we are not going to try to prove this at all. Instead of the western, we have adopted the eastern mode of instruction, which consists in stating a truth, and then giving to the scholar or inquirer the keys or instruments, by the aid of which he can find out for and through himself the truth or the reality of that which is affirmed; which method of instruction will impress on the learner the facts or results of his study, much deeper than a mere assertion *ex cathedra* could do. This advantage of the eastern method of instruction over the western one is patent, and needs no discussion nor proof.

The key or instrument with which to open or solve the apparent mystery of the doctrine of re-incarnation may for this time consist of a few questions which inclose hints of the truth. The scholar has to be on the lookout for the hints, and must be able to perceive, to adapt, to systematize them; if he is unable to do so, the worse for the scholar—or shall we say the worse for the hints?

Recognizing the purpose and end of the human life to be the perfection of the individuality step by step in all its phases, of all its possibilities, in every way and manner we may and we may not know of, how can we reconcile with justice the life of an ignorant, miserable human being, a slave or a Hottentot, for instance, with the life of a modern civilized person? The one without means nor desire to progress, and the other with all advantages of our civilization surrounding him, and in the midst of the current of progression. Please keep in mind that we postulate perfect, not human justice for every human being.

Another question, What is the logical, not the plausible, explanation of the fact of children being born musicians, mathematicians, or otherwise unaccountably endowed with extraordinary qualities? Atavism does not explain or reach the facts of small children being similarly endowed. It has been sometimes asserted that spirits do produce all these wonders, but just as unsubstantial assertions were declined, so do others avail themselves of a similar privilege.

And now for the manner with which to use the keys and instruments spoken of. A. P. Sinnett, in the "Occult World," says: "It is no denial of the materiality of any hypothetical substance to say that one cannot determine its atomic weight and its affinities. The ether that transmits light is held to be material by anyone who holds it to exist at all; but there is a gulf of difference between it and the thinnest of the gases. You do not always approach a scientific truth from the same direction. You may perceive some directly; you have to infer others indirectly; but these latter may not on that account be the less certain. The materiality of ether is inferable from the behavior of light;" and re-incarnation—apart from the teachings of wiser men than we ever have met—is inferable from such facts which have been just alluded to, is inferable from the stand-

point of eternal justice ruling the universe, and which justice is often beyond the comprehension of mortals.

"The light of reason confuses them," meaning Theosophists, is the finishing sentence in the article under discussion. Might he, the writer of it, not humbly confess, that the light of reason may sometimes confuse all of us?

Spiritualist Church Members.

EDITOR *GOLDEN GATE*:

Last evening, in glancing over the Oakland Saturday Evening *Tribune* of that date (September 15, 1888), I discovered in the column containing the usual Saturday evening church notices, the following clipping, which I take the liberty of sending you. It was interesting to me, and would be so, I thought, to others interested in the teachings of Spiritualism:

A young widow lady of this city, in conversation with a *Tribune* reporter a few days since, said she had received frequent visits from her husband, who died two years ago—that he fully materialized, and while sitting in a chair near her, talked and acted just as he used to. "There can be no mistake," she said, "about this; but you must not mention it in connection with my name, as it might make me a great deal of trouble. I am a member of the Presbyterian Church here, and wish to remain so. But if it were known that I had become a believer in Spiritualism and was having seances in my house, there is so much prejudice against it that I would have to suffer." The lady would not release the reporter till he had explicitly promised not to make any such use of what she had told him as to compromise her in her church relations. Mentioning the circumstances, but not the name, to one of our city pastors a few days after, he said: "I am not at all surprised, for I have reason to believe that there are many secret Spiritualists among our church members. They are very quiet about it, though, fearing to lose caste."

I think there is every indication to all careful observers that the Church will in time wake up to the realization that the fact of spirit return is not a myth, but a grand and glorious reality. I am pleased to see that the *GOLDEN GATE* has recently taken a very decided move in an upward direction, and although it has become so elevated, we are thankful it has not ascended so far as to be entirely beyond the reach of us poor sojourners upon this mundane sphere, but as a beacon light may shine out upon our pathway, and that the change may be the beginning of a new era of prosperity and success for all interested in this great work. Desiring to be counted among your well-wishers, I still subscribe myself,

A SEARCHER FOR TRUTH.

OAKLAND, September 16, 1888.

HOW A MAN DESCRIBES A DRESS.

The average man usually finds himself at sea when he undertakes a description of a lady's dress. An old farmer, returning from the wedding of his niece in a distant city, was eagerly questioned by his family as to the bride's costume. "Well, said he, "she had on some kind of dress, with a lot of flub-drubbery of some sort or 'nother down the front of it, a thing-a-mijig on the back of it, with a long tail of some stuff—I don't know what it was—dragging out behind, and a lot of flip-flap flourishes over the whole thing. There wasn't no arms to it, and she had a lot of white truck, soft and floppy-like, on her head, and that's just all I know about it," all of which must have been very unsatisfactory to the ladies of his household.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

NATURE HER OWN HISTORIAN.—Nature will be reported; all things are engaged in writing its history. The planet, the pebble, goes attended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain, the river its channels in the soil, the animal its bones in the stratum, the fern and leaf their modest epitaph in the coal. The fallen drop makes its sculpture in the sand or stone; not a footprint in the snow, or along the ground, but prints in characters, more or less lasting, a map of its march; every act of man inscribes itself in the memories of his fellows, and in his own face. The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens, the ground of memoranda and signatures; and every object is covered over with hints, which speak to the intelligent.—*Hugh Miller*.

One's self satisfaction is an untired kind of property, which it is very unpleasant to find depreciated.—*George Eliot*.

Letter from Addie L. Ballou.

EDITOR OF *GOLDEN GATE*:

While resting from the fatigue of a long, dusty and heated journey with the dear children and little ones at Carney, Michigan, I wrote you last. For days the quiet and peace of forest surroundings lent a soothing charm that dispelled the anxieties of itinerancy and public service; but repose is not long ordered for the able-bodied. In response to cordial greetings and invitations from old time friends, some of whom were centers of tender memories of girlhood's magic days, when the mutual misery that bound us together was that of being equally motherless. While others were comrade soldiers of the old army days, with whose regiment my hospital services as matron began. I spent a delightful week among their respective families, who all endeavored to excel each other and the rest of the world in doing the honors of hospitality; a week I cannot soon forget. Returning home, I was requested to address the villagers of Carney on the subject dearest the heart of an old soldier, experiences in war times, etc., etc.; and a very attentive audience listened to the same.

For some days the forest fires had been filling the air with smoke and ashes, and as we dispersed to our homes, there were indications of trouble on the morrow, unless the long-desired rain should fall. About noon the next day the wind commenced to blow very vigorously, and in an hour the flames were swept across a wide area of forest and field, carrying destruction and ruin with them in every direction about us. The mill was shut down, and the forty men employed were all set to fighting the fires, to save if possible, the building and valuable lumber piled everywhere about, in staves and bolts; but the red fiend kept on, catching here and there almost at our feet; while every woman of us were at the pumps, and carrying water and putting out fires that ignited from falling cinders near us, as the large barn filled with many tons of choice hay went up in a vast volume of blaze and smoke, and settled among its smouldering ruins. A few hours later the exertions of the men, with the lulling of the wind, so subdued the fires as to make it possible to rest some during the night. But before noon on the next day, Saturday, August 27th, the fire burst forth with renewed intensity, and raged with the utmost fury for hours. The flames would run over the parched grasses and shrubs, climbing in a moment to the tops of trees, dry and green alike, whose livid branches like maddened satanels tossed the burning brands over far stretches of country, to light again the charred places of recent fires, or burn on newer ones. Everywhere the thud of falling trees, and the crackle of burning ones; the screeching of the engine of a rescuing train plying between the stations, the calling of voices asking help or ordering the men to different points of danger, the lowing of smoked-driven kine, the smoke, the heat, the red glare of falling cinders and ashes obscuring the sun, until it seemed the molten source of all the fiery wrath encircling us, and confusion and the Inferno were typed in that terrible afternoon; and the record of Peshtigo, the town a few miles below that burned out, leaving only a solitary house, and burying in its ash pile four hundred souls some few years ago, was to repeat itself with our lesser little throng.

Houses and their contents were consumed, and many barns with harvested crops, and such was the intensity of the heat that potatoes were baked in the ground. Many families were made homeless, barely escaping with their lives, and destitute of any other garment than the light ones upon their bodies. Many were badly burned about the hands and feet. One poor fellow nearly lost his life, burning his hands most terribly in shielding his face, while passing through the flames, and all presented a most pitiable sight, with smeared and swollen faces and eyes bloodshot and almost sightless; and when sight came nearly famishing with thirst and hunger, having eaten nothing since morning except what had been carried there in baskets. Some of the women and children were taken on a box car to the next station, while some of us, when our nearest neighbors' buildings were consuming, and the smoke and heat became

intolerable, took our most available effects, and sought refuge and a clearer breath of air in a gravel pit some half mile distant, and watched and waited for the nightfall, in the hope that with it would come either rain or subsidence of the wind, and were gratified at least in the latter.

Grand and awful as was the scene on every side, as the sun went down that night, I never wish to see its like again. The lurid glow and smoke stifling air about on every side, the heat and the desolation, the ruin all about, and the homeless on either hand, were enough to sadden the lightest heart, and mine, intensified in the memory of that other day of devastation, when at Peshtigo a dear sister and her two babes were victims of the relentless flames, and the knowledge of the immediate jeopardy of dear ones present, was trembling between conflicting emotions—pity for the stricken and unfortunate, and thankfulness for the rescue and lesser loss to my own. So that it was a privilege, more than otherwise, to be able to render slight service in binding the blistered hands of one, or nursing the sickness of another whose misfortune was the sequence of that day's record among the elements.

En route to Columbus, O., to attend the National Encampment of the G. A. R., am at present tarrying a day or two at this lovely suburban township, just outside Chicago, at the pleasant home of friends, who will be kindly remembered on the Pacific Coast, the genial and ever hospitable family of F. M. Pebbles, the artist, whose walls of home reflect the handiwork of its proprietor and many of his fellow workmen; and quiet refinement and harmony on all sides bespeak the true artist, alike in each, host and hostess.

This morning we attended the service held by the Rev. Miss Chapin, at the neat little church over which she has presided for the past three years, and is doing good work among a most excellent people. This afternoon she called to talk over many pleasant things, among them persons and places and events still held dear to her in the memory of her ministrations as pastor of the Universalist Church in San Francisco, and also in Oregon; since which time the seasons have dealt kindly by her, and those who knew her then would see but little change in look or voice; remarking which, she replied with a pleasant smile: "Yes, I suppose I shall keep right on the same for forty years to come." To which, if she continues teaching in the unsectarian way, the gospel of good we heard to-day, we can earnestly respond, Amen!

It was a blessed thought that prompted the movement toward the working girls of Chicago, their week of vacation in the country. Hundreds of weary ones, tired of the dust and heat of the great city, have received at the hands of various newspapers, private patrons and societies, the funds to carry them to the interior, where among hosts of volunteer homes they are received gratis as members of the family a week at a time, while they recruit shattered health and weary spirits. On the railroad outreaching from Chicago, nearly every day may be seen groups of these girls wearing badges of ribbon on which is printed "Fresh Air Fund," leaving and returning to their homes.

Thus the purses of the prosperous contribute to the health and happiness of the willing workers, whose lives are made more hopeful, and whose faith in humanity and the virtues of goodness made stronger by a week's vacation among the flowers and trees they seldom see, and the songs of birds they seldom hear.

Ah! the world is not so hard and bitter after all, and even labor with its wearing tooth is not all weary with its waste and dull monotony, since after all comes the recompense of recognition, and the tender homage of the welcoming home to the tired stranger—the land of flowery promise looked forward to by the weary, longing eyes of overtaxed girlhood—this aftermath of the years to the toiler.

Thus may every city contribute to the meagre joy of its industrious children.

ADDIE L. BALLOU.

OAK PARK, Ill., Sept. 9, 1888.

Between the doing of good and the doing of evil, there's but one difference,—a conscience at peace or the reverse; the trouble remains the same. If rascals chose to behave well, they would end by being millionaires instead of being hanged.—*Balsac*.

Phases of Evolution, from a Theosophical Standpoint.

By ALLEN DUFFIELD, F. R. S.

Evolution, viewed in the light of purely material science, while indicating a vast stride forward, yet utterly fails to account for the principles involved, or render a rational reason for the existing state of affairs in the world of matter itself.

With the material aspect of Evolution science entirely concerns itself; mistaking effects for causes, it thereby weaves the meshes of confusion until it finds itself bewildered and lost in the mysteries it would solve. Recognizing only the material, admitting only that which is apparent to the physical senses and denying the existence of that indescribable something, without which manifested nature could not be, it flounders about in the bog and mire of ignorance, prejudice and egotism, failing from the very arbitrariness of its own position to know and understand that with which it concerns itself. Recognizing matter as the first and last, the ultimatum, the objective end, the cause and effect of all, the very limitations of its self-imposed environment precludes the possibility of a rational solution of its own theories.

From protoplasm to man, within which limits material scientists recognize only and alone matter in various degrees and states, they travel back and forth along the dismal waste, bounding over the abyssal chasms which separate the different kingdoms into which they have classified matter, with the astonishing agility of a skillful acrobat, and pour upon an innocent and long-suffering world the flood of their recondite and pain-born deductions, posing, meanwhile, in calm, adolescent dignity, to receive the laudations and plaudits of a bewildered people! Matter is deified; matter bows down to itself and worships itself! Erstwhile, these doughty giants of matter fossilize and petrify into statues of stone whose eyes become sightless, because they will not see, and they at last appear, what they really are, disintegrating masses, lapsing back into the dull, dead clod to which they have willfully allied themselves.

But there is another and entirely different aspect to this absorbing question of which a few men of all ages have occasionally caught a glimpse, more or less clearly, and which has existed as a dominant feature of their being. This constituent part of humanity has been the Beacon Light of all the ages, which has ever lighted up the darkest periods of human history, and thrown its piercing rays along the pathway until it shone full upon the ultimate goal of its destiny. This light "that lighteth every man" is the God within him, the essential and eternal self, and has never ceased to ally him in relationship to the highest and lowest, with all that exists, and of which all, he is a part as surely as the sun is a part of the solar system. Man, being a component part of the whole, is co-existent with it as regards the past, present and future. Man is a manifestation of the Divine, as all nature is, and of necessity, is related to the Divine. He can never have had a beginning and can know no end, since he, the real entity, which has now assumed the garb of man, is destined in the future to realize and experience, as he has in the past to a lesser degree, yet fuller powers which tend to ultimate deific states. To realize the dignity, power and sublimity of the Great First Cause, no one phase of manifestation, as compared with another, approaches nearer that end. Each manifestation of God, whether it be that of a stone or of the highest within the conception of man, is equally God, for God is all and all is God. It avails not, nor does it serve to emphasize, that a given manifestation be objective or subjective, "dead or alive," inasmuch as it is always a manifestation of God in some phase. The stone, the vegetable, the man, all are equally manifestations of the One and only God—the Absolute,—for its completeness consists of the "large and the small," and could not be otherwise. The different states are each perfect in themselves according to their requirements and conditions. Only man, who arrogates to himself superiority over all, is discontented and dissatisfied, and is so because of his ignorance. Egotism is the limitation set upon his powers and capacities. Self is the barrier he has himself raised which prevents him from realizing his true nature and possibilities. Instead of knowing himself, and thus widening his horizon that it may include all there is, he closes the only avenue through which can flow the silent, but all potent and vitalizing force, which alone can enable him to realize the unity and oneness of all manifested nature and his part in and of it. Man constitutes himself the center of a limited circle, and denies existence and possibility of aught without its narrow confines. But, experience and the tutelary influences of his higher and divine nature, sooner or later, cause the breaking down of hitherto self-imposed barriers, and the interior self guides and instructs to broader conceptions and greater possibilities, thus opening and expanding the natural channel for the outflow of the all-pervading, but in him partially hidden, life. As he comprehends himself and combines the self-involved knowledge with that volume which has grown and aggregated with the ages, he sets in abeyance his own narrow conceptions, and immediately feels the

awakening of new and more potent powers with which to measure his existence and further realize the potentialities lying dormant within, but now ripe and ready to fulfill the prophecy of his innermost nature.

With the stirring of new possibilities, and partial realization of capacities but hitherto foreshadowed, his whole nature assumes a new phase with regard to himself and all mankind. The circle, which at first would only encompass himself, now enlarges with gradual but sure expansion until it ultimately includes, in order, his kin, his country and his race. With the broad charity that recognizes all men as brothers, comes also the recognition that, held in common by all of the past, are certain well-defined and established ideas and beliefs pertaining to life, its objects and ultimate ends, often buried beneath the debris and gross accumulation of ages consequent upon deviation from straight and narrow paths, are, yet, discernable to the earnest searcher after hidden truths. Common destiny and common means of achieving at once impress him, the individual, with the commonality of origin, and he thus is ready to admit that without the pale of his own environment, exist grander and larger conceptions, the product of the best of the ages. It dawns upon him that the interpretations given to life by his own immediate time, are incomplete and narrow unless illumined by the wisdom gleaned from those ages of which he is now, in truth, an embodiment. In his review of the philosophies of the past, as preserved and transmitted to the present by the great ones who were the divinely appointed guardians and expounders of the highest thought of their time, he observes that certain fundamental and essential truths constituted the basis of their belief and action. The lights of the olden time, the efflorescences of all history, the names that are now revered, drew inspiration from its native source, and myrtled themselves upon the altar of truth. The people and the age that scoffed have passed, but that which is alone immortal yet exists to heaven and consolidate the whole.

These venerable few, with one voice and motive, proclaimed the truth of evolution; but, in that proclamation, maintained it but a means, the royal servitor of Omnipotence. The wisdom of infinite Intelligence, they asserted, directed the intricacies of all its manifold complications, and will ultimately weave a complete and grand design to its own exaltation. The ABSOLUTE, the source from which proceeds all; THAT which is alone self-existent, manifests at ITS will as the universe, nature, man, and all are but ITSELF from out ITSELF returning to ITSELF.

The inorganic structures, which, to merely human perception, are devoid of life and appear to be but inanimate masses, hold within their unconscious bulks the divine spark, of which the exterior form is an evidence and proof; the lowest orders of existence known to man, and those still lower in the scale of which he has as yet only faint knowledge; the higher forms of vegetable and animal life, and man himself, are but the various and progressive stages of divine expression, culminating to perfection. The exterior, the material physical form, that, to superficial knowledge, appears to be all there is, is but the external exponent of an internal factor which is the moving spring of action, the indwelling of the divine principle, cleaving through the dense matrix of matter, assuming now one phase, now another, with which to serve its progress, and which phases it casts aside when is exhausted all that is therein contained for it, and takes on again still higher and finer forms with which to accentuate its ends. All exterior forms, having served their uses, are deserted by the life principle, disintegrate and resolve into primitive conditions, again and again to serve the requirements of advancing entities in various stages of progression, the entity, meanwhile, embodying in more sublimated forms, proportionate to its needs. Always advance, never retrogression, thus does the endless chain exist in myriad links, connected and continuous, forming an unbroken series of manifestations from mote to man, from man to God. Spirit, the individualizing Ego, ever supreme, utilizes matter in the exact ratio of its imperial will. It gathers from the all-pervading ether that with which to become, and when its purpose is served, relegates back to its first state the now, for it, useless mass. Casting off the old and effete, taking on the new and useful, ever changing, and with each change advancing along its course, the ultimate goal of which is infinite Consciousness. Finite limitations expand in the processes of becoming, until the confines of Eternity alone measure capacity.

Man, as now signalling the stage of advancement and embodying the degree of becoming of the Ego, has the power vested within himself to know the entire past, which he is, by reason of his origin in God, and of knowing the future, which he shall become by virtue of his capacity. Therefore is the saying, "Know thyself," the key of all knowledge, the one door through which all have to pass. Self illumination, spiritual perception, intuition, these be the attributes which now, as of old, offer solution to life's mysteries, and alone can disperse the dense clouds of materialism, and permit the radiations from the Central Sun to permeate and enliven the whole, so that a new era in the history of man arise, that shall designate and direct the race to its high destiny.

The smaller ripples that now are break-

ing in upon the rocky heads, throwing up their fleck and foam as signals to the watchers, are but the precursors of that volume, which, because it has its force in each individual heart, is destined to flood the dry and barren parts of earth. It is useless to breast the wave since it, in itself, is the collective strength of the race, long dormant, but now moving as one man toward the attainment of its own ideals. They who sight the forthcoming flood are the few who, standing upon the cliffs that jut out into the now calm, but soon to become moving and restless waters, sense the impetus from afar, and herald its approach with feeble but earnest voice. To the dwellers on the main, the troubled air holds within it a foreboding of an impending crisis. Not wholly unconscious of its coming, they yet little realize that they are themselves to be the principal factors, which, yielding to that unswerving element of their higher natures, shall swell and augment its far-reaching power, until man shall exist no longer as an isolated and separated being in his wants and desires, but shall blend with his kind in a final consummation of Universal Brotherhood.

They who work, watch and wait are but the continuation of that long line of sentinels set by the hand of destiny in all ages, to hold aloft the Light which is at once the prophecy and fulfillment of the highest ideals, ever present, in a more or less degree, in the heart of humanity. The servers of mankind expect not reward nor recognition, praise nor acceptance, except as the whole is leavened and becomes one in the ultimate fruition and realization of the grandest possibilities of which the race is capable, and toward which it is slowly but surely tending.

To the true observer of events, the apparent obstacles which, in the phases of opposing thought are embodied as religious dogmas, scientific conclusions, materialistic assertions, or any or all of the seemingly antagonistic factions, constitute in and of themselves no real obstacle; nor will they, either or all of them, serve but to finally hasten the coming time and augment its sweep and power. These be but the surface indications, fortelling the various processes of crumbling, crushing and breaking, by which the outer shell that has so long held imprisoned that which is the man, shall burst its bonds and release the captive. This internal working has softened and destroyed from within, outwardly, the stratas that have for ages withheld and confined the spirit, and as it nears the surface, the hollow sounds and deeper mutterings but serve to signal its foretold and final breaking forth to full freedom. The more heated the contest, the louder the roar and clash, the nearer approaches the hour of liberty. Not silence and calm, not torpor and sloth, presage a brighter day; but, action and conflict, strife and turmoil, herald the mighty peace and usher in a Golden Age, that foretold of long ago.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1888.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Splints.

By ELLA L. MERRIAM.

A word, a look, a deed, has turned the course of many a life.

Slander, like an infectious disease, leaves its poisonous breath upon all who handle it.

A proper use, and not abuse of things, would convert our present sanatorium into an earthly Paradise.

Cultivate your own strength, for often times life's burdens must be borne alone, however numerous and true your friendships may be.

Any kind of labor that yields an honest equivalent for the remuneration sought, is both honorable and noble.

Get your own consent to act, not that of others.

Nature is as considerate as she is unrelenting. Effect follows cause in rapid and unfailing order, but the opportunities to mend and improve are multitudinous.

Be not indifferent to the advice of friends, but remember that you and you alone, must bear the responsibilities of your deeds.

Any theory, science or belief that we cannot hold upon for our guidance, support and assistance in every trying moment of duty, doubt and danger is unprofitable. The world needs practical, tangible and visible means to reach higher and safer conditions.

What a glorious and inspiring thought, that however slowly and spasmodically the progressive movement may be, that all mankind, without a single exception, sooner or later, as the eternal cycles roll on, are destined to emerge from the darkness and weakness of undeveloped conditions, into the full and divine perfection of their spiritual natures.

It is said that "brains will tell." Sometimes they will, and sometimes they will not. Sometimes the more brains a man has the less he tells. It doesn't always answer for brains to tell.—Lowell Courier.

To the kindly spirit, there is a bright side to everything he looks at; while to the ill-natured man not even the noon-day sun is without its disfiguring spots.

A "BLIND" SEQUENCE. — Nonquitt has a "Dumpling Club" drawn from its summer contingent, and the following is said to have been among the results of one of its recent sessions:

"Why is the west wind blind?
Because the west wind is a zephyr;
And zephyr is worsted;
And worsted is yarn;
And a yarn is a tale;
And a tale is an attachment;
And an attachment is love;
And love is blind."

The continuity of life is never broken; the river flows onward and is lost to our sight; but under its new horizon it carries the same waters which it gathered under ours, and its unseen valleys are made glad by the offerings which are borne to them from the past,—flowers perchance the germs of which its own waves had planted on the banks of Time.—J. G. Whittier.

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Burns and his Highland Mary.

Sir Isaac Newton the Great—although he knew not how he appeared to others, but to himself he seemed like a fisherman's child playing with pebbles upon the beach, picking up a *pretty shell* here and there, and with infantile glee showing it away in the pockets of his new bib and tucker, in which he had just been arrayed by his dear mamma, while the illimitable ocean of truth lay all unexplored before him.

The excursionist to the country, roaming through a sea of wild flowers, in the month of May, oft discovers, in some secluded nook or crevice of a boulder, or beneath the overhanging bank of a crystal brooklet, on the outskirts of a wood where the cicadae sing at eventide, an isolated species of these sweet children of Spring, which, in exquisiteness, beauty, and luxuriance of contour, and richness and delicacy of texture, hue, and odor, reigns without a rival as "Queen of the May."

Your correspondent, during an occasional browsing in the literary pastures of Spiritualism, has found a gem from the spirit life of "Auld Scotia's" immortal bard, and you may possibly deem it not unworthy of a sequestered cranny among the columns of the GOLDEN GATE. Eugene Crowell, M. D., in his admirable work on "The Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism," gives the history of this production, as follows:

"Some time since, I read the following lines in the *Banner of Light* of Boston. Personally I know nothing of them, but they bear the impress of spirit inspiration, and most beautifully express the great truth that loving souls shall be reunited in heaven. I give the poem and the preliminary remarks accompanying it, and it cannot be said, as is often justly remarked of many communications through mediums, that they are in merit far below the former productions of the spirit purporting to communicate; for I doubt it Burns ever wrote any lines superior to these, and his style and mode of expression are at once recognizable."

BURNS AND HIS HIGHLAND MARY.

The following beautiful poem was printed in the *Banner of Light*, March 27, 1858. We have since frequently been requested to reprint it. It first appeared with the following introduction: Mrs. Frances O. Hyzer, of Montpelier, Vt., is sometimes influenced to write both poetry and prose, purporting to emanate from departed spirits. She had one day been reading some of these productions to a lady visitor, who asked her if Robert Burns (the lady's favorite poet) had ever communicated with her. She replied that she never had been conscious of his presence, nor was she familiar with his writings. The lady remarked that she hoped he would some time make known his presence, and answer a question she had in her mind, which question she did not express. A few days subsequently, Mrs. Hyzer felt impelled by spirit influence to pen the following, which, on being shown to the lady, was found to be an appropriate reply to the query she had in her mind:

"Fair lady, that I come to you
A stranger bard, for weel I ken;
For ye've known naught of me, save through
The lays I've poured through Scotia's glen;
But when I speak o' gliding Ayr,
O' hawthorne shades and fragrant ferns,
O' Doon and Highland Mary fair,
Mayhap ye'll think o' Robert Burns."

"I am the lad—and why I'm here,
I heard the guid dame when she said
She'd know, in joyous spirit sphere,
If Burns was wi' his Mary wed.
I sought to tell her o' our joy—
No muckle impress could I make;
And, lady, I have flown to see
If ye'd my message to her take."

"Tell her that when I pass'd from earth,
My angel lassie, crown'd wi' flowers,
Met me wi' glowing, love-lit torch,
And led me to the nuptial bowers;
That all we'd dream'd o' wedded bliss,
And we'd, was meted to us there;
And sweeter was my dearie's kiss,
Than on the flow'ry banks o' Ayr."

"Where love's celestial fountains play'd,
And rosebuds burst, and seraphs sang,
And myrtle twined o' our couch to shade,
I clasped the love I'd mourned as lang;
And while by angel harps was played
The bonnie bridal serenade,
Though nae gown'd priest the kirk-rite said,
Burns was wi' Highland Mary wed!"

"There's nae destroying death-frost here,
To nip the hope-buds ere they bloom;
The bridal tour is through the spheres,
Eternity the honeymoon.
And now, my lady, if ye'll bear
These words unto the anxious dame,
I think I can see reward,
Ye'll ne'er be sorry that I came."

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 6, 1888.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

She Weepeth.

Do you know the woman who moans and groans—who draws long, gasping sighs, and whose every sentence is a lament? Sometimes this woman wears the garb of a man, but usually she is dressed as women dress. Quite likely she can do and does do enough for two or three ordinary women. She is not lazy, but oh, how she suffers—or thinks she does, which is the same thing. Even if she is forced to confess herself "pretty well for me," she does so with such a mournful whine, that your own soul is damped by superfluous sympathy, or hardened by its opposite. No doubt this

woman is perfectly honest. Perhaps I should have been like unto her, had not my ear caught the sound of her dismal wail, and disliked the sound thereof. Since we all bear such a family resemblance, I have been seriously investigating myself to see if in any degree, I approach her mental state. Whether I heavily bear all my burdens without feebly catching on my neighbor for support. Whether if things go wrong, I can firmly keep my own council, and quietly overcome my own difficulties. Whether I can live so that my very presence is a perpetual sunshine. Do we not all know how our hearts have been made to leap for joy when we have met a cheerful face, or dropped heavily at the sight of a cloudy one?

Shall we symbol suns or shadows? Whether we will or no, each soul must decide, and is deciding its own here, and its own hereafter.

OCCASIA OWEN.

Proof Positive.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Speaking of spirits clothing themselves with materiality, reminds me of an incident which occurred to me several years ago. A lady of my acquaintance, formerly well and widely known as a first-class medium, was at my home in Salem, Or., on a visit. The lady kindly offered to give us a private seance, and authorized us to invite in a few congenial friends. When the evening arrived to hold the seance there were assembled together some thirteen persons, all ladies except one gentleman besides myself. We all retired to an upper room in the third story of a brick building, where we formed a circle in the form of a horse shoe, and placed the lady at the open end of the circle; I was placed at the right of the circle and on the left of the medium. When the light was extinguished we all joined in singing, when we could distinctly hear spirit voices surpassing in sweetness of tone any of those in the circle. Then followed independent spirit voices, some evidently male and others female, during all the while the medium was conversing in her usual tone. Several well known and familiar voices, long hushed in earth life, addressed us in loving words of cheer and comfort, when suddenly I was grasped firmly by my right hand by apparently the hand of a man, and a voice just in front of me commenced speaking to me. The voice was that of a familiar friend, one that I recognized at once as that of an old partner of mine, and run something in these words, as near as I can recollect: "My dear Colonel, it affords me much pleasure to be able to thus come to you, to again take you by the hand and talk to you in my own natural tone of voice. The fact of my being able to do so now is owing to the extreme harmony of this circle, and the fine condition of the medium. I have only materialized my hand just to the wrist, and enough of my vocal organs to enable me to talk in my natural tone of voice. Were the light suddenly turned on I would not present a very pleasant appearance, and I would permit you to do this were it not liable to damage the medium by the sudden shock it would give; but I will let my hand dematerialize in your own, which I think will convince you that it is me. I do not want you to doubt any longer; you have all that Thomas of old ever had to recognize the Christ his Savior."

Every person in the room heard the voice, and recognized the same, as myself; the hand then slowly dissolved in my own. I have never doubted its genuineness since.

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, August 18, 1888.

Matter and Force Eternal.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Hoping not to be a trespasser upon your patience, or of your numerous readers, I should like to call attention to what to me has been a very strong impression for years. And that is, that nothing was ever created. That matter and inertia on one hand, are balanced by force and intelligence on the other; and that these are co-extensive with time and space; and as matter never falls below or out of the reach of an intelligent force, so I presume and I think, without any stretch of the imagination, that intelligence can never get beyond the environments of matter. Thus giving to the spirit world a tangible material surrounding, as much so to them as ours is to us.

Now nature's laws are unvarying, and one of them, as regards matter, is that it has its particular key notes (as much so as every crystal has its particular angle), that when struck will always respond. Hence, the musical scale finds a response in the material universe, and is the spiral stairway that reaches from infinity to infinity; and where is the intelligence that does not live somewhere along its line?

I here allude to music in its broadest sense, and hold that sound or vibrations, which if intensified would produce sound, are musical, and when controlled by intelligence become language.

Hence I claim it is the central idea of the transmission of all intelligence between what we call the visible and the invisible world. In fact I claim that intelligence never pauses, only as the parties harmonize on the same key note.

EDGAR LINDSAY.

BILLINGHAM, W. T., Sept. 10, 1888

More (Moore) "Irrepressible Conflict."

EDITOR GOLDEN GATE:

Will you kindly keep your "gate ajar," that I may still further open the conflict between truth and error—"Irrepressible" forever, until truth shall conquer? Especially would I congratulate my newly born brother "Abner" for his highly illuminated "open letter," and his great success in answering four questions, getting on the side of truth every time, but in the fifth he gets stalled.

"Again we would say that it is not gold but selfishness that is the Supreme Ruler, or God, of this world."

Now my good brother, and all who are illumined by the truth, is not this problem the process of "breaking the seals" of the human mind? Is selfishness only the material part of the passion for self-preservation, but devoid of the social inspiration which is the "marriage of the sense and the soul?" Have you not, my friend, got off with the preachers, who, for the temptation of pay, will continually say total depravity explains the cause of evil? Does not the law of psychology explain how, by ritualized habit, the kindly and good in the Church, in political parties, in the professions, and in psychological philosophy, become fossilized in errors—asleep to what they in-dorse?

Is it not the law of progress that the mass of mind advances by psychologic waves; as the Christian science wave, the theosophical wave, the re-incarnation wave?

In your third answer you are correct. It is through the Messianic wave that individuals are reached from the heaven of truth and justice. Are they not the elect? All the rest psychologic subjects, with gold as the material magnet, that puts the races of men in the "dream of life," from which profound sleep nothing but a Messiah like Jesus awakes to the glorious resurrection to happiness that can awaken men.

You are a Messiah, my brother, and a few more touches from the bright elysian, and you will see that what you call evil is only the impressive "door" through which enters the light that enlightens every man. Women are more psychologic than men, because more kind, more impressive. The darker races are more impressive than the lighter races through their emotions. All are held by their fears and superstitions, and then through this very power or susceptibility lies the possibility—the open door to the heaven of happiness. Does not idolatry imply capability of true worship, or adjustment to uses? Theodore Parker said only yesterday, through the lips of Sarah Ramsdell, "There is an open communion between this and the celestial world that could never again be shut."

So, my brother, the resurrection morn is here. It has come as the thief in the night, and it will be the gladdest day on earth to all who can realize the open communion between their normal conditions and the celestial state. An orderly and systematic method will soon be established of imparting the "science of life." A Pacific Spiritual College will be established on this Coast, which will adjust all relations of life by the intuitive science, the union of the inner and outer consciousness making a real United States—a new life—the Universal Republic. "So that now when the perfect has come, that which was in part shall be done away."

In conclusion, my friend, permit me to say to you when the "seal" (your psychologic impressibility) is once touched, you will see that the malignant powers, through the prince of the powers of darkness, has fastened the attention of the nations upon gold. So life became only a psychologic sleep, from which the messiahs have striven to awaken it through all the weary centuries, and you must see as all angels do, human nature is all right, and the false system of compensation is all wrong.

Conservatism is the insanity of greed, fear, and ignorance, and hates the innovation that will free men. Two forces hold mankind in bondage; viz., ignorance and psychology. Psychology is a mental force, without love or social sympathy. Ignorance is held by virtue of mental force—psychology—and is the God of this world. Psychology constitutes environment. Break that hallucination in the spirit world, and man will be free on earth.

Women, slaves, and partisans are held, not by the power of selfishness, but by the power of will force. Tyrants, aristocrats, and the proud hold themselves by will, and the good will rise by willing righteousness. "No man can serve both God and mammon." Mammon is the outer man—ignorance; God is the soul or inner man.

To say that selfishness rules the world is to blame and charge total depravity to man—one of the profoundest errors of the Church. Inspirational love alone can save it by adjustment. Dethrone gold and man will begin to inspire the element of strength, which will bring adjustments of life. Gold, or mammon, is the lever power of law and ignorance by which the world is ruled by will force. Take off this pressure, and selfishness will vanish.

Hoping the way is open here, as there, for true communion, I am as ever,
Yours in the true life,

J. K. MOORE.

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GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1888.

UNSETTLED.

Although we announced last week the removal of our office to the new and magnificent edifice known by every citizen as the Flood Building, we really, from various but not unusual causes, did not get into our new quarters until the following Tuesday—four days after the time set,—and then all was chaos for awhile; and with all our efforts in the direction of order we are yet far from settled. And so we know our readers will overlook any shortcomings in the GOLDEN GATE for this week, and perhaps, also, next. But it will not be long before we shall be able to settle down to our regular work, with a brighter outlook and a better inspiration than ever before. Here everything is new and clean, and the magnetism sweet. Our rooms are delightfully convenient and comfortable. The faithful workers with us on the other side are as well pleased with the change as we are ourselves.

It can hardly be expected that our free reading room and library can be made complete at once. It is an enterprise that it will take time and money to accomplish, and it can grow only as we can encompass the means. Still, we hope at once to obtain a very fair start, and our periodical department especially, embracing as it does a wide range of exchanges, will be really good. Our thanks are due to several good friends for valuable contributions of books and money to aid in this work.

We want all who choose to avail themselves of our offer, to feel that this reading room is theirs, to come and consider themselves at home. Spiritualists from abroad are especially invited to call.

CHARMED LIVES.

Perhaps we have all known at least one such—a man or woman whose presence was like magic in changing all about them to the temper of their noble wills; one whose looks were more than the words of others, and whose silence was more eloquent and impressive than all the studied rhetoric of an age. The most secret wishes of such persons are mysteriously granted, as if the gods and good fairies were their only companions, and messengers of all glad tidings, as well as allies in making the world about them a paradise, not alone for themselves, but for all who come into their charmed atmosphere. These are not by any means confined to the gay world of society and fashion, but more frequently are they found in retirement, and sometimes solitude. Not the solitude that develops in one a morbid vanity, but that which is spent in devotion, when not in ministrations to suffering and sorrow of the stormy, bustling world outside the cloistered retreat.

If the silent presence of these charmed lives is so potent in moving the feelings and wills of others, what should be the effects of their words? We have a grand illustration in the persons of two sisters of St. Vincent de Paul: In Constantinople a poor Mussulman committed an offense for which he was condemned to death. These tender-hearted nuns hearing of his case, and feeling great compassion for the distress of his large family, sought Abdul Hamid, and asked pardon for the condemned man. Their request was not only granted at once, but were sent with the State officer to the prison, that they might themselves liberate the prisoner. Is it supposed for a moment that the Sultan argued the point in his own mind? No. He heard and thought not but of the sublime power of these pure and noble lives before him; lives that would brave all danger to assuage one pang of human suffering. Lives whose silence is a charm, and whose least request is a command, because it can not be denied.

"HARMONY."—A new monthly of thirty-two pages, neatly printed and entitled *Harmony*, has made its appearance in this city. It is edited by those two noble souls, Mrs. M. E. Cramer of 324 Seventeenth street, this city, and Frederick E. Coote, lately from Australia. Among its principal purposes we note the following: 1st, To supply teachers and students with lessons in Spiritual Teaching and Healing. 2d, To give interpretations of Truth in harmony with Divine Law. 3d, To supply a simple method by which to come into a full realization of Truth. 4th, To apply to all problems of life a simple method of interpretation, by which to understand them in the light of Divine Reason. 5th, To review publications of value to students, and supply interesting information on and connected with religious subjects and workers. This magazine is furnished for the low price of one dollar per annum, and well is it worth the money to all students in the occult. The GOLDEN GATE swings wide to give it cordial welcome to the broad field of useful journalism.

—All persons having business with the pension office are referred to the advertisement of Capt. J. H. Shepard, to be found in our columns. Capt. Shepard may be relied upon to attend to all business placed in his hands promptly and faithfully.

EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

There is no life so complete that the eye of Perfection may not see in it many defects. It is this imperfection that makes us kin with all humanity. We cannot separate ourselves from our kind. We are a part of all, and all are a part of us—each dependent upon every other—each a help or hindrance to his fellows. And this unity of being does not end with this life; it embraces all conscious intelligence in the universe, from an infant angel to an Infinite God, with whom we are all ONE.

The Spiritualism that has no element of spirituality in it—the Spiritualism of phenomenalism and sensuous excitement solely—is of no more benefit to an individual than the fetishism of the barbarian. It must touch the soul and quicken the finer qualities of the man into activity—it must make him grander, more gentle and charitable, more loving and kind—it must ennoble him in every department of his physical and spiritual nature, to be of any real benefit to him. This is the kind of Spiritualism that comes of the higher teachings from the spirit world.

All Nature is throbbing with life divine—the earth, the air, the sea. God is indeed everywhere. Upborne on the crest of the wave of the infinite sea of life is man, the highest and most perfect expression of God in matter. On and on through the ages, from infinity to infinity, the work of man's spiritual unfoldment is ever progressing, nearing but never reaching absolute perfection. How vast the thought! The question with every unfolded soul is, not, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" but, "What is God that He should be mindful of man?"

How very, very brief, at its longest, is mortal life! We scarcely reach years of accountability before we begin to note traces of decay and death. The locks are threaded with silver, the eye loses its luster, and ere long the step becomes feeble with the palsy of approaching dissolution. Look back, ye who have reached life's limit of years! How like a swiftly fleeting dream does it not all seem! And what a hollow mockery of happiness is all that ministers to the vanity and selfishness of earth! The bright, shining gold of character is all that is of value to the spirit now, that it is about to lay all things else aside, and step out naked into the new life. Is it not so, O Sire?

Some people are always looking backward; they seem to be anchored to the past. Pride of ancestry, tradition of opinion, what has been, is vastly more to them than what is, or what may be. Lucky for the world—for the cause of human progress—that some there are who have but little respect for tradition, or authority of opinion. They prefer to do their own thinking, although they may not always think wisely. They regard it as far more creditable to believe an error, or come to a wrong conclusion, after a careful examination of any given subject, than to accept the truth blindly, without investigation. Of such is ever the grand army of reformers in the world's ways and works.

Why plow with a forked stick, or carry your grist to mill with your corn in one end of the sack and a stone in the other? That is just what all are doing who pin their faith upon the sleeve of tradition. The evolution of humanity from some lower form of life, and that from some still lower form, reaching back through eons, to the first quivering protoplasm or jellyfish throbbing with divine impulse on the margin of some paleozoic sea, is a fact as well demonstrated as the rotundity of the earth. Hence, the religious thought adapted to the infancy of the race is but mother's milk to the full grown man. And hence, again, the religion that does not keep step to the march of human progress, must needs stand aside and give place to something better.

Christ came to Joseph and Mary, two poor young people of Nazareth, ignoring the ostentation and pomp in which the Jews looked for him to come; hence, they rejected him. The wonderful manifestations of Modern Spiritualism, bearing to the world the positive proofs of a continued existence beyond the grave, came first to three young people in humble life residing in Western New York. It is nearly always thus, that through the weak and lowly of this world—"from the mouths of babes and sucklings"—come the great truths that confound the wise, and the wise reject them. Truly, "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." It is not for us to question His methods, but to accept with grateful hearts whatever of good He chooses to bestow upon us.

Young man, a word in your ear. We know you—we have "trod the wine press" of your temptations—have revealed in your hopes and aspirations. If you were driving a pair of high metaled thoroughbreds, how taut you would hold the reins; how carefully you would watch every

motion. No wayside object which might cause them fright would escape your notice. You would hold them steadily to their work to your journey's end. Your passions and appetites are those high-strung chargers, and you, your better self, your spiritual nature, are the driver. The drinking saloon, the haunts of so-called pleasure, the temptations to a life of idleness, these are the wayside objects you must guard against, and which will require your constant vigilance. Take care there! Hold a steady rein! The vortex of a wrecked life is at the right, and danger and death at the left and just before you! Angels are watching you. Loved ones on the mortal plane, with eager eyes, are hoping, praying, that you may reach your journey's end in safety. Oh, disappoint them not!

THE WAY SHALL BE BEAUTIFUL.

The supremacy of spirit over matter is no better or more strongly illustrated than by its ever upward, on and onward tendency of thought. It stems all obstacles and laughs at the little faith sometimes exercised by its faithful exponents. It would seem the morality of the earth is being swallowed up in the burning flood of intemperance, poisoned to death by noxious drugs, or choked by the fumes of the "filthy weed;" but still it lives, and our thoughts, sentiments and conceptions are growing purer each day, and reaching starward unto the infinite mysteries whose meaning we shall one day enter into. But this comes not of material strength. The weak powers of men are supplemented by united spiritual forces, that act as a lever to life, the great mass of humanity, willing or unwilling, conscious or unconscious, up to a higher standard, a plane above themselves, from which they may look and behold the ascent they have made. The way may be stained with every crime that bad physical conditions necessitate; all the more sure may we be that it will never be traversed again by those who are given to see its dark footprints, that they may, and perhaps must, walk in them, should not be discouraging to consider.

Each succeeding generation will see a smaller company journeying these rugged, thorny paths. As its travellers grow less, the tender grass will spring up, and by and by the flowers shall come, and soft vines will entwine and cover the plains and stones, and it shall be forgotten of earth that any soul ever journeyed that beautiful way in sorrow and remorse.

Then will the long-ago redeemed walk the path again, and rejoice that it is one of pleasantness and peace; that out of tribulation comes wisdom and happiness for those who learn aright their lessons.

CHANGE.

There is no barrier so strong and high as to keep out the encroachments and depredations of time; nothing that can secure one against the vicissitudes of fortune; a wise provision, tending to lessen our attachment to the transient things of a life, and to set less value upon personal possession of so uncertain tenure. Death is not always the disburser of earthly fortunes. He has many living agents that do the business quite as effectively; and it is doubtless true that a living man bereft of a fortune is a more contented and resigned creature, than would be his spirit if suddenly torn away from vast wealth over which he could have no further control, and doomed to witness the good it might have done with wise management.

Those persons from whom riches take wings and fly away, have a consolation in the belief that Providence has found a better steward, and the change is simply a transfer. They might even feel themselves richer than before, in the knowledge and clearness of perception adversity brings.

There is a man in Georgia who reminded us of the last idea. In years gone by he was a cultured man of wealth. He owned thousands of acres and hundreds of slaves, that gave him ease and luxury. He lived in a palace, and the palace stood on enchantingly beautiful ground. He thought himself happy then, and he says he is so now, as he walks the streets of his city in police uniform, and supports his family on fifty dollars a month! And what an opportunity is thus given one to grow.

CAMP-MEETING.—The Spiritualists and other freethinkers hold a camp-meeting at San Bernardino, October, 12th, lasting over three Sundays. Location, corner of Sixth and C streets. Plenty of water, shade, room for tents, and all inexpensive. Tents can be rented there at \$1.00 to \$3.00 per week. Cooking stove, wood and dishes free. Sleeping cots for rent cheap. Hotels and railroads at reduced rates. Up-Coast people come by boat and rail to Los Angeles, then via Santa Fe to San Bernardino. Street cars pass the grounds. Speakers and mediums first-class, and large variety engaged. Good music. Literary and musical feast and social hop during the meeting. Among the mediums engaged are Dr. J. V. Mansfield and Henry B. Allen, from the East. Three lectures on Sundays; two other days: Seances every day. Gate fee, ten cents to all public lectures and seances. Come down from the "Northland" and see this glorious "Sunland." The Southern California Conference will be organized, and every city, town and village supplied with speakers and mediums. For special information, address with stamp at once, Dr. T. B. Taylor, Pomona, Cal., Box 903.

We are in receipt of the GOLDEN GATE, a "journal of practical reform, devoted to the elevation of humanity in this life, and a search for the evidences of life beyond." We wish to say to our readers—and especially to our Australasian readers, who know but little of Mr. J. J. Owen's work in San Francisco—that in our opinion the GOLDEN GATE is filling an important place, not only in the homes to which it finds its way, but in the history of the planet, and we hope it will receive their support.—*Harmony*, San Francisco.

A Deserved Tribute.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Mrs. J. J. Crawford of San Jose, a pioneer Spiritualist, a prominent member of Stella Rebekah Degree Lodge, and one of God's own women, was the recipient of a most happy surprise on the 3d inst. This was the sixtieth anniversary of her birth, and her many friends, consisting principally of members of Stella Rebekah Degree Lodge, and of Spiritualists, conspired to give her a testimonial of the manner in which she is generally regarded in the community.

For many years Mrs. Crawford has lived in San Jose, during which time, through sunshine or shadow, her face has ever shone like a benediction where sickness, pain and sorrow were to be alleviated, tears wiped away, or desolate hearts to be lifted up. The most beautiful part of her life has been its unostentatious and utter unconsciousness of having done anything at all deserving of praise, together with a self abnegation that partakes more of the Christ spirit than falls ordinarily within the range of observation.

On the evening mentioned Odd Fellow's Hall was filled with ladies and gentlemen, and when the gentle victim of this conspiracy was enticed within its precincts, she was received with music and a general welcome. The surprise was almost overwhelming to Mrs. Crawford, and when she had been escorted to her seat, Mrs. S. E. Moreland called the meeting to order, and spoke as follows:

BROTHERS, SISTERS AND FRIENDS:—We meet to-night for the purpose of tendering a little surprise and reception to one of our best and dearest of friends, on this, the anniversary of her birth—one who needs no eloquent and flowery words of introduction. We all know her worth among us. To many she has been the greatest of all friends, "A friend in need." To Stella Rebecca Lodge she has ever been the guide and counsellor. When dissensions have arisen, she has "poured oil upon the troubled waters." She comes to us in sickness and in sorrow, giving us words of help and sympathy. When we have rejoiced she has rejoiced with us, and there is no one on whom we rely with so much confidence as upon our honored sister, Mrs. J. J. Crawford. To the friends who have assembled here this evening, we extend a hearty greeting, and hope that we may all spend a pleasant evening together.

After a piano solo by Mrs. Clara Plomondon, Miss Ada Burgess read the following poem composed by Mr. Wallace W. Battles:

To Mrs. J. J. Crawford on her 60th Birthday.
No. 126 Montgomery Street, San Jose, Cal.
September 23, 1888.

In memory of days that are gone,
In memory of words fitly spoken,
And of deeds, quiet deeds nobly done,
In memory of every sweet token
Of kindness to those in despair,
We greet thee to-night, with the prayer
That thy guardian angels reward thee,
While from pain and evil they silently guard thee.

We number the vanishing years
That are changeable with shadow and brightness,
Sixty swift years, swiftly flown,
Revealing a soul in its whiteness;
Revealing through sunshine and storm
A heart that has been tender and warm
In pity for earth's desolation
In love and in kindness for all God's creation.

Though years have swept over thy head,
Though silvered the soft silken tresses,
There is no time to the heart,
No age to the fountain that blesses
Our lives with its sweet depth of love;
That fountain whose source is above,
In the vale that is flower-strewn and vernal,
Whence flow the pure waters of friendship eternal.

There are no years to the soul
When love is the spirit's adorning,
And the radiant evening of time,
Is merged in eternity's morning;
Thy dear heart will never grow old,
Thy friendship will never grow cold,
And naught shall thy constancy sever,
For friendship and love perish not, they live on forever.

After more music, etc., Mrs. S. P. Sanders read the following beautiful poem sent in by Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson:

To my Dear Friend, Mrs. J. J. Crawford, on her Sixtieth Birthday, Sept. 3, 1888.

These sixty years, with hopes and fears,
Have sown my dear friend's rich heart meadows,
And yet, methinks, love's bobolinks,
Are not all silenced by Time's shadows.

Many a nook, if we should look
Into her inmost, secret being,
Would clearly show where flowers blow,
'Twould make us better for the seeing.

For faith intense, life's recompense,
Unto her constant soul discloses,
And if by thorn her heart were torn,
She still would cultivate love's roses.

From day to day, the uphill way,
In patience sixty years ascending;
Whate'er her stress, with time to bless,
Some fellow soul that needs befriending.

Until this hour beholds her power—
Far more than that of youth's fresh beauty.
And Friendship weaves the laurel leaves
Of honor for life's fulfilled duty!

To do great deeds, which the world needs,
To write a book of song or story,
Which men applaud, and sound abroad,
Or fight on battlefield of glory.

Were all sublime; and yet, sometime
Methinks, when we can see more clearly,
Will seem as fair, and quite as rare,
A life like this we love so dearly.

Forgiving wrong, is sweet as sugar,
And living true, grander than fighting,
While they who win o'er selfish sin,
Full victory, do the bravest fighting.

And our dear Queen, of this fair scene,
Deserves the loftiest pedestal,
For many things, which Time e'er brings,
And last, to love's fadeless festival.

And now with cheers for the sixty years
You've kept so bright through all affliction,
May angels send to you, sweet friend,
Their blessings with my benediction.

With affectionate congratulations, and sincere regrets that I cannot be present in person, as I shall be in spirit, I am, Cordially Yours, ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.
SUNNY BEAR, Sept. 3, 1888.

With this the literary and musical part of the entertainment ended. Mrs. Emma Prindle then came forward, and, in a few words, presented Mrs. Crawford with a silk dress, a rocking-chair, and other presents from friends. No sooner had she taken her seat than Mr. S. P. Sanders arose, and coming forward, added to the gifts an elegant carpet and curtains for

the parlor of Mrs. Crawford's home, together with a hand-bag containing what he called tacks, but which jingled with a golden sound, speaking as follows:

DEAR MRS. CRAWFORD:—There seems to be a conspiracy here to-night of which you are the victim, but, judging the temper of the conspirators by their happy faces, I fancy no harm will come to you if you quietly submit, and do not try to thwart them in their designs. I look about these walls and see many emblems, the significance of which I do not understand. To the initiated no doubt they are full of meaning, and are designed to be perpetual reminders of the vows of secrecy and fidelity which bind you in fraternal bonds with many of these gentle conspirators around you.

But you have felt that touch of nature that makes all the world akin, and no preconceived signal of distress is ever needed to draw you in sympathy and helpfulness to the side of the soul weary and afflicted. Knowing this, your friends outside the Stella Rebekah Degree Lodge are here to join with them in showing their appreciation of those beautiful womanly characteristics which are exemplified in you, which all true men delight to honor, and only true women can be jealous of.

I am charged with the pleasant task of conveying to you the congratulations of your friends on this birthday anniversary, and to assure you of their hearty wish that you may have many returns of the same, all as joyous as we want this to be. I wish I could remember all the hearty messages of good will that I am expected to deliver to you, and the many kindly things that are said of you, but I fear I am a poor ambassador. You will find more of them in the shaking of the hands and in the kindling eyes to-night than I could put into words. Some of your best friends who could not be with us have sent their loving thoughts, and written messages; some have sent their offerings to spread the banquet; some have paid their tribute in song and flowers; some of a more utilitarian turn wish to make you some little birthday present. They know that you must often be weary with running to and fro on your errands of mercy to the afflicted, so they ask you to spread this soft carpet in your home, and rest your tired feet upon it and this soft mat. One friend thought these fleecy lace curtains would temper the garish light of day, and assure the quiet and pleasant seclusion of the home rest.

They wish they could have put these things in place, but they were afraid the conspiracy would be frustrated, so they want me to give you *this*, (which was a hand satchel containing gold pieces) to buy tacks with. So with many hearty wishes for your enjoyment to-night we beg you to join in the festivities of the evening.

Many minor presents were given besides those specified, among which was an album containing the autographs of all the donors, to the number of more than four hundred.

Mrs. Crawford, in a voice tremulous with emotion, thanked her friends for their kindness, and said: "It is impossible for me to express my feeling in words; my surprise and gratitude are too great. This is not the first time I have received testimonials of your regard, but this is the crowning occasion, and though I am unable to give a fitting response, I assure you I do appreciate your kindness and feel deeply grateful for it. Since I first knew you, fourteen years ago, you have shown me many favors; you have ever been lenient towards my shortcomings, tender towards my weakness, and have made my pathway brighter by your smiles. I love our lodge, and I hope to go on with it in its good work for some years to come, before you lay me down with loving hands into my everlasting rest. I cannot realize that sixty years have passed. I do not feel old, for though my hair is gray and I am not so strong as I was, yet my heart is young and my love is stronger even than in youth.

"It is a very comforting thought that love will never fail us; that it outlasts all changes and will endure with us forever.

"United thus in bonds of love
We'll meet again in Heaven above,
A lodge of friendship, love and truth,
With fruitage of immortal youth.
From earthly pains we'll find release,
And spend eternity in peace."

The formal part of the evening closed with this address, and Mrs. Crawford's friends gathered around her with congratulations and friendly voices. An excellent collation was served in the supper room.

It is safe to say that there is not in all Santa Clara county an individual recipient of so flattering a tribute, with such entire and heartfelt satisfaction to everyone who knows her, as Mrs. Crawford.

SAN JOSE, Cal. C. S. WALTER.

THOUGHT.

It is called "a queer theory" by Arlo Bates, that "things are in the air, and that originality" "consists chiefly in sensitiveness to these wandering impressions, and celerity in uttering them" "to the world." But it is true, nevertheless. Air is not such an intangible medium as poets would make it appear, since we can feel it, and it is a power as great as electricity; and in the not distant future it will be the principal agent in all things where the electric fluid is now governing, as it is a less dangerous thing to handle. Neither is air *vacant*. It is thronged with the finer forms of life, and teeming with the spiritual thoughts and ideas and feelings now revolutionizing the thinking world.

Those most susceptible are first to receive these new and grand revelations of progress; for a while they abide with the first chosen, giving due time for expression to the world. If that period is unreasonably prolonged, those persons who thought the ideas were theirs, that no one could get them while they kept silent, one day will find themselves mistaken, for the thoughts have taken wing, and found a more obedient mind. Thoughts are as tangible as anything we touch, and they strike us with a force pleasing or displeasing, soothing or painful, according to the spirit that sends them forth. They can stab like the most bitter words, and aim straight as an arrow to the one for whom they are intended. But we must learn to think kindly, even of our enemies, and launch no thoughts upon the waves of eternity that we would not have live forever; for in their ceaseless wanderings they will return to us.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Problems in Life.—Truth.

"Truth is the most powerful thing in the world, since fiction can only please by its resemblance to it."—Shakespeare.

Truth is powerful because it is truth; all would be confusion without truth. The condition we call hell is from want and practice of truth; happiness is ever present where truth abides; hence to make your soul happy be truthful. A lie is the opposite of truth, hence brings to your soul the opposite condition of truth; thus misery follows the liar through life. Even liars respect truth. All must have truth to be satisfied in life, and all feel satisfied when they know the truth is spoken. Liars are ignorant of life's higher conditions, and from the standpoint in life view all life.

Healthfulness corresponds to truthfulness, both being contentment; the body is generally healthy where truth abounds. Truth is virtue and brings virtue's rewards. All souls respect truth, the guilty bow to its superior judgment. Liars when in distress look for a truthful person to confide their troubles to. Character always brings its reward in its charitable acts; respect is always given to a truthful character, even if clothed in the garb of poverty. Truthfulness begets love, and love is happiness. Who does not feel the glow of sunshine in their hearts when listening to words spoken from the lips of one we know is truthful? Their warnings are heeded and their instruction takes root, although the seed may lay dormant for a time, yet when conditions are favorable that seed of truth will spring up in the garden at memory, and the words of truth become a living thing. Why can we not then all be truthful? do we not see the examples of liars as they bring discord into our daily lives? Do not inharmoonious conditions spring from untruthfulness? Why then practice that which we condemn in others? All liars point to the others, and compare their good with the others, bad, and feel important in the fact that others are worse than they. Facts are stubborn things; therefore it is not always prudent to corner a liar; give them a chance to retrace their steps and they will be your friend, but confront them with the lie or thing that makes them a falsifier, and you make a mortal enemy; and they will ridicule your virtuous attitude. Hence to deal with a liar properly help him to rectify the lie without prejudice to his honor.

Many people lie from habit, and do not see the harm, as they mean no harm when lying. Thus to break them of that habit, show them the inconsistency of making statements they do not know themselves to be facts. Thus you can make them feel the pressure of the lie without throwing the responsibility of the false statement on them.

Mankind are of sensitive natures, while they will indulge in habits not in harmony with nature's laws, yet they don't want to be told that it is ingrained on their nature, and thus becomes a part of themselves; try to lift them to a higher condition of life without making them feel unimportant, and you will succeed in many cases, while the opposite course will generally fail.

Truth asks no reward, it brings character and happiness, and thus rewards the soul from its standard of truthfulness. No one can understand life's conditions except they themselves have had experience through those conditions; hence no one not given to untruthfulness can feel that sympathy for those that have the habit ingrafted on their natures. Mankind are too apt to condemn in another that which they have had no experience in themselves, and thus show their ignorance in that which they are condemning. Prove yourself worthy to condemn before you cast stones. Remember the words of Jesus, "Let them who are without sin cast the first stone." Then carefully look into your own life, and learn its short comings. Nothing is so powerful to magnify right or wrong as the reflections of the mirror of conscience. There truth is reflected, and as we see ourselves just as we are, from that standpoint must progress. To the world we can profess to be what we are not, and our defects are covered up with the material body. Yet our every act is engraved on the spirit body, and some day will be revealed in their virtue or detriment. Spirit vision reveals its good or bad, and our life here is to learn to unfold our spiritual natures, and not to act indifferently as to our future state. Daily are spirits passing over the line to spirit spheres. Let your to-day be lived in preparation for higher conditions to-morrow. Let some act speak words of comfort on the morrow; and then when you are called to repent in your spirit form, let truthfulness and kind and loving acts speak your praise in the world of spirit.

Then life in all its beautiful ray Will bring upon the soul the welcome day, And loved ones gathered all around Will tell the virtues they have found. Oh, be a man! let truth abide In all your acts, no lie to hide, Then virtue brings a welcome day To your bright soul then called away.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3d, 1888.

The young should learn especially to endure suffering and want; for such suffering doth them no harm. It doth more harm for one to prosper without toil than it doth to endure suffering.

RULES FOR THE SPIRIT CIRCLE.

The Spirit Circle is the assembling together of a number of persons seeking communion with the spirits who have passed from earth to the world of souls. The chief advantage of such an assembly is the mutual impartation and reception of the combined magnetisms of the assemblage, which form a force stronger than that of an isolated subject—enabling spirits to commune with greater power and developing the latent gifts of mediumship.

The first conditions to be observed relate to the persons who compose the circle. These should be, as far as possible, of opposite temperament, as positive and negative; of moral characters, pure minds, and not marked by repulsive points of either physical or mental condition. No person suffering from disease, or of debilitated physique, should be present at any circle, unless it is formed expressly for healing purposes. I would recommend the number of the circle never to be less than three, or more than twelve. The best number is eight. No person of a strong positive temperament should be present, as any such magnetic spheres emanating from the circle will overpower that of the spirits, who must always be positive to the circle in order to produce phenomena.

Never let the apartment be over-heated; the room should be well ventilated. Avoid strong light, which, by producing motion in the atmosphere, disturbs the manifestations. A subdued light is the most favorable for spiritual magnetism.

I recommend the seance to be opened with prayer or a song sung in chorus, after which subdued, harmonizing conversation is better than wearisome silence; but let the conversation be directed toward the purpose of the gathering, and never sink into discussion or rise to emphasis. Always have a pencil and paper on the table, avoid entering or quitting the room, irrelevant conversation, or disturbances within or without the circle after the seance has commenced.

Do not admit unpunctual comers, nor suffer the air of the room to be disturbed after the sitting commences. Nothing but necessity, in disposition, or impressions, should warrant the disturbance of the sitting, which should never exceed two hours, unless an extension of time be solicited by the spirits.

Let the seance extend to one hour, even if no results are obtained; it sometimes requires that time for spirits to form their battery. Let it be also remembered that circles are experimental, hence no one should be discouraged if phenomena are not produced at the first few sittings. Stay with the same circle for six sittings; if no phenomena are then produced, you may be sure you are not assimilated to each other; in that case, let the members meet with other persons until you succeed.

A well-developed test medium may sit without injury for any person, but a circle sitting for mutual development should never admit persons addicted to bad habits, strongly positive or dogmatical. A candid inquiring spirit is the only proper frame of mind in which to sit for phenomena, the delicate magnetism of which is made or marred as much by mental as physical conditions.

Impressions are the voices of spirits, or the monitions of the spirit within us, and should always be followed out, unless suggestive of wrong in act or word. At the opening of the circle, one or more are often impressed to change seats with others. One or more are impressed to withdraw, or a feeling of repulsion makes it painful to remain. Let these impressions be faithfully regarded, and pledge each other that no offense shall be taken by following impressions.

If a strong impression to write, speak, sing, dance, or gesticulate, possess any mind present, follow it out faithfully. It has a meaning if you can not at first realize it. Never feel hurt in your own person, nor ridicule your neighbor for any failures to express or discover the meaning of the spirit impressing you.

Spirit control is often deficient, and at first imperfect. By often yielding to it your organism becomes more flexible, and the spirit more experienced; and practice in control is necessary for spirits as well as mortals. If dark and evil-disposed spirits manifest to you, never drive them away, but always strive to elevate them, and treat them as you would mortals, under similar circumstances. Do not always attribute falsehoods to "lying spirits," or deceiving mediums. Many mistakes occur in the communion of which you can not always be aware.

Unless charged by spirits to do otherwise do not continue to hold sittings with the same parties for more than a twelvemonth. After that time, if not before, fresh elements of magnetism are essential. Some of the original circle should withdraw, and others take their places.

Never seek the spirit circle in a trivial or deceptive spirit. Then, and then only, have you cause to fear it.

Never permit any one to sit in circles who suffers from it in health or mind. Magnetism in the case of such persons is a drug, which operates perniciously, and should be carefully avoided.

Every seventh person can be a medium of some kind, and become developed through the judicious operations of the spirit circle. When once mediums are fully developed, the circle sometimes becomes injurious to them. When they feel this to be the case, let none be offended if they withdraw, and only use their gifts in other times and places.

All persons are subject to spirit influence and guidance, but only one in seven can so externalize this power as to become what is called a medium; and let it ever be remembered that trance speakers, no less than mediums for any other gift, can never be influenced by spirits far beyond their own normal capacity in the matter of the intelligence rendered, the magnetism of the spirits being but a quickening fire, which inspires the brain, and, like a hot-house process on plants, forces into prominence latent powers of the mind, but creates nothing. Even in the case of merely automatic speakers, writers, rappers, and other forms of test mediumship, the intelligence of the spirit is measurably shaped by the capacity and idiosyncrasies of the medium. All spirit power is limited in expression by the organism through which it works, and spirits may control, inspire, and influence the human mind, but do not change or re-create it.—Emma Hardinge-Britten.

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While we have no desire to condemn the motives of certain committees who make it their business to pass judgment on mediumship, we do not believe their way is the best, or just what is needed.

As long as people are willing to part with their money for what they are not sure of, just so long will there be a demand for fraud, in any or all departments of life. Spiritualism not excepted.

Every spirit medium who takes money for services rendered in the exercise of their mediumistic gifts, should be expected to give something for what they receive.

TEST MEDIUMSHIP.

If they are in the exercise of this phase of mediumship, they should give the sitters the correct name of some spirit friend or relative, with a message of recognition from that spirit; also incidents connected with the person's life, unknown to the medium and beyond any guess-work, etc. Every good medium of this phase can tell the moment they sit at the table with a person as to whether they can give them a sitting, or such proof of spirit return as they seek. If he cannot do this, it would be honest in the medium to say so at once, and not exact money for a mere pretense.

PLATFORM TEST MEDIUMSHIP.

There are many ways of tricking the public, and counterfeiting this phase of mediumship, by persons who are disposed to do so, which we have not time now to mention; but we will give a few samples of the genuine, and leave the reader to draw the line where it belongs. The medium is expected to be clairvoyant, and either clairaudient or inspirational or both. They see a spirit and describe it; you recognize the description as for you. The spirit tells the medium something about their earthly individuality, which the medium repeats for you, all of which the medium, in his normal condition, knew nothing about. This would be a test of the genuineness of the seance. Then again the medium clairvoyantly goes into your home and past life correctly, and tells you things he knew nothing of; this would be positive proof of their mediumistic gifts. In the physical phases of mediumship, such as slate-writing, manifestations in the light, and dark seances, with the materialization of spirit forms, the public do not seem to understand how to discern the genuine from the fraud. They are inclined to be too tender-hearted with this department of mediumship to gain very much knock-down argument.

THE SLATE-WRITING PHASE.

If you go to a slate-writing medium, you expect either a phenomenal manifestation that shall convince you of spirit return, or an expression from some power outside the medium that shall convince you that there is an intelligent occult force at work. This is what you pay for. The medium advertises to give you this; if he fails to do so hold on to your money. The conditions under which this phase manifests will allow you to bring your own slates sealed and marked. It is not necessary they should ever leave your sight or presence to get the writing. The message, when written, may or may not be in the handwriting of the spirit it emanates from, for all spirits cannot at first write on slates, but it should express some of the spirit's individuality that it had on the earth plane, as a test of recognition for you. People are at times required to leave their slates for a few days to be magnetized before the writing can take place. This request should be regarded with suspicion. If the spirits can produce writing between slates, it would only require about three minutes to magnetize the slates for that purpose.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

Physical manifestations, such as the independent spirit voice, ringing of bells, lifting of tables, with materialized spirit hands, etc., must bear with them some test of recognition, as they always will when genuine. The voice will be, in tone and accent, characteristic of some spirit friend that comes to some of the circle, and will be recognized as such. The instruments that play and move round the room, will manifest intelligence above and beyond anything the medium possesses. If the seance is a dark one, some of the circle should sit with the medium, holding his hands during the seance. No genuine medium will object to this, as no necessary conditions will be infringed upon in so doing.

THE MATERIALIZATION OF SPIRIT FORMS.

About this phase there seems to be more doubt and trouble than all the balance. We cannot understand why this should be so. If the medium is to sit in a cabinet for the manifestations, the cabinet should stand near the centre of the room. The circle should be formed half way round the cabinet in front, and sitting quiet for results. Leave a subdued light in the room. If a form comes from the cabinet different from the medium, and is recognized by someone in the circle, this would be of itself but little evidence of genuine phenomena. The spirit, if such it be, will not object to some one in the circle going to the cab-

inet, provided it cannot bring its medium into the room, and seeing for themselves as to the whereabouts of the medium. Under these conditions the medium will be entranced. You should not touch or in any way disturb the conditions. If you do, the spirit will instantly dematerialize, and in so doing shock the medium's nervous system, which will require days to recover again. If you see two forms at the same time, or the form in the room and the medium in the cabinet, you have undeniable proof of the genuineness of the seance. This is so very plain and simple to follow that all can, if they are so disposed, determine the character of any seance held for this phase. If a medium, or any person claiming to be a materializing medium, objects to any test condition that does not antagonize the power manifesting, you may be sure there is a screw loose in their business. It is for the interest of all spirit mediums to sit anywhere and everywhere, under all reasonable conditions for phenomena. This is what they take money for. I don't think the public are unreasonable or hard to please; at least I have not found them so. On the contrary, they are entirely too generous as regards conditions for phenomena and the investigation of spirit return.

SPIRIT PICTURES.

This phase, like all the rest, may be counterfeited. There are two ways to tell the genuine. A picture taken by a spirit artist must be recognized by the person it is taken for, otherwise it is of no value as a test of spirit return. A sensitive plate may be exposed many times, and when developed have the appearance of being genuine, so far as the phenomena is concerned; but if the correct likeness of your spirit friend is on the plate, and you recognize it as such, that settles the question. If you wish to test the phenomena to the full extent, borrow the artist's plate holder. He will not object to letting you have it if he is honest, for he wishes you to be sure about it; take it to another artist and have him insert a sensitive plate in the holder for the spirit artist to take another picture on; as soon as the plate has been exposed take it back to the artist you got it from and have him develop it for you. If when developed there is in addition to your own picture, others you know or those you do not recognize, the work under these simple conditions would be genuine.

HEALING MEDIUMSHIP.

In this branch of mediumship it is more difficult to detect fraud in those who practice it than any other. There are many persons advertising to cure disease who have no mediumistic gifts whatever in that direction. The best way to test such persons would be to go to them for a clairvoyant diagnosis; if they make it out correctly so far they have mediumship that is reliable; then if you wish to test their healing powers, the only way is to take a few treatments; if after the third treatment you find you are improving from day to day, it matters not what disease you may be afflicted with you should improve in strength and condition. Every healing medium has a spirit doctor who should be able to tell you through his medium whether or no you can be cured, and all about it. If they cannot do this, you had best steer clear of them. Again there are many persons who advertise the "mind cure" as a potent factor in the cure of disease. I cannot understand how any disease can be eradicated until some clairvoyant's intelligence first finds out the nature of the disease to be dealt with. Then again, it is hard to understand how the mind can contain any remedial agent. The mind is an effect or prism through which the soul consciousness manifests its power in the form of physical sensation. That is all. Every healing medium is a spirit chemical laboratory. Spirit force is passed through the animal part of the human brain, and under this condition animal magnetism is produced, and in its passage is by the spirit band medicated, so to speak, with just the right remedial elements to suit the requirements of any and all cases they are to deal with.

THE DEVELOPING CIRCLE.

Like the other phases of mediumship this may be counterfeited to some extent. Persons may hold developing circles without definite results. The way to test all such is this: in every organized developing band of spirits there is first a practical spirit chemist, i. e., some spirit that while in earth life understood and practiced chemistry and anatomy, and who was a clairvoyant, so that when they return to manifest in the developing of mediumship they can again take on those material conditions to work with through their medium. This spirit chemist must be able to point out the different gifts each person is endowed with, all about their organic qualities and experience at home, etc., etc. There is always from three to five entrancing spirits for each band, who, during the sittings for development, impress or exercise their will power on the different nerve centers of each individual's brain, as the spirit chemist directs, until they yield to the spirits' will power which is development. Then there are other spirits belonging to the band whose will power can deal with the occult forces of the circle, so as to harmonize the different magnetisms of the persons who sit for development. If when you sit in this kind of a circle you do not feel the power at work, you may be sure you are impervious to spirit force, or there is no developing band

at work; in either case one need not consume much time in finding out the truth. With this evidence before us we see no reason why any person should be deceived by pretending spirit mediums. Let each person demand something from all mediums in return for the money they give them, the same as in any other business transaction of life. Fraudulent persons cannot give genuine tests of spirit return. Stop paying for any other kind, this is the best and only way to discourage fraud in Spiritualism. In my opinion it is far more effectual than committee work.

A. M. STODDARD.
SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 15, 1888.

Each man is a walking coal-mine, and it is for him to decide whether it shall send forth heat and light or only soot and smoke.

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aug18 tf

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ap21-1m

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july3

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Friend or Foe?

BY W. W. MORGAN.

You've gazed by me many a day,
And not beside my heart at night;
Yet still I cannot tell to-day
Whether you bring me bliss or light.

Through many silent hours of night
You've driven me from heart and brain,
And sent through every vital dream
The deadly thinking pulses of pain.

Oh, times you bring me happy days,
When life was young and love seemed true,
And to the heart brought, betrayed,
Curses lack the joys which once it knew.

A summer night I see again,
And smell the fragrant-laden air,
While one beloved leans to me
A bunch of lilies pure and fair.

And then you mind me that the hand
Which bore me lilies brought me rue,
And were around about me thorns
Whose poison pierced me through and through.

I see in thought a friendly face,
And kindly words to cheer of old
Return with all their olden warmth;
You mind me he is changed and cold.

Oh, memory, subtle, cunning, spite,
Sneering the heart to joy or woe,
Though missing oft I cannot tell,
Whether you are most friend or foe?

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Wonders of Re-Incarnation.

BY T. F. HORTON.

Shade of Munchausen! we would gladly hail
The re-incarnate in this sleepy vale;
We gladly recognize your fertile pen,
And welcome you, and yours, to earth again.
O Death, where is thy sting? when old graves yawn,
And saints foretell the resurrection morn—
Coffins shell out like cabinets at night,
And myths in petticoats regale our sight:
Dead men trot round upon their children's bones,
And queens return to reconstruct their thrones:
The miracles of old may come to pass,
And Jesus rise again to ride an ass.
O, wondrous wonders of weird wonderland,
How can we ever hope to understand?
Though we are so accustomed to such doings;
That we expect to behold now with Moses,
Find out how Jonah liked his boarding-house,
And treat old Noah to a good carouse;
Shake hands with Pharaoh from the Red sea water,
Hail Joseph for a son, or father Jephtha's daughter.
We might some day encounter mother Eve,
Why not? It seems that women now conceive
Of such a thing; if things were made to suit,
And there's abundance of forbidden fruit;
While there are things we rather would not be,
And some relations that we would not see.
The whole elect might hurry up the dawn,
Nor wait the tardy foot of Gabriel's horn.
We never yet have heard of old Mahomet;
Who knows? Perhaps he tried but couldn't come it.
Good gracious! if these startling things be true,
There's lots of charming tales in store for you.
Our faith is rather weak, we must admit;
Ere these new theo-sophies will fit;
Yet we might gulp the whole hypothesis,
If devils once came from a world of bliss,
And we have found Old Nick so many times
In torgery of saint, and Sunday rhymes.
No wonder that the foolish are at sea,
And worship at the shrine of mystery.

Yet, for our part, we fear we have been slighted,
And doubt not you will herein see us righted;
Therefore, Munchausen, so to make amends,
Drop these disguises,—let us know our friends,
And have a chat with them before they go—
The knowing ones, and learn a thing or two:
Show us our former selves, and set at rest
The monkey question: If we have progressed
This much, we'll start anew, and give you thanks,
And so forgive you all your former pranks:
The world still relishes a slice of fun,
And myths are sacred since the world begun.

Endurance.

How much the heart may bear, and yet not break!
How much the flesh may suffer and not die!
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh.
Death chooses his own time; till that is worn,
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel;
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life;
Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This, also, can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill;
We seek some small escape—we weep and pray,
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still—
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
But think it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life,
We hold it closer, dearer than our own;
Anon it faints and falls in deadly strife,
Leaving us stunned, and stricken, and alone;
But ah! we do not die with those we mourn;
This, also, can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things, famine, thirst,
Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery;
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body, but we cannot die,
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn;
Lo! all things can be borne.

At Last.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unsummed spaces blown
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown;

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper, ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love that answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where Thy sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find, at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

—J. G. WHITTIER.

Moral Evolution.

[Given inspirationally through the brain-impossibility of Mrs. Julia C. Franklin, Big Creek, Steuben Co., N. Y.]

In entering on a theme like this, I have the prejudices as well as ignorance of harmonial principles of life and love, to contend with. But as the time has come in the order of human development, when men and women must come nearer together that they may keep further apart as regards intimacy, that may or may not be productive of good to the race of human kind, I must do it.

As a spiritual teacher, I thought what I believed; but oh how woefully mistaken I found myself on entering spirit life. Instead of meeting either the Christians' "God" or "Savior," as I had confidently expected I should, I met my own imperfections in thought and action.

Does the reader ask how I met them? thus am I in duty bound to tell them. Spirit artists are ever busy painting human character, and when one "passes out of the form," as dying or death is called on your side of life, these pictures of human character are panoramically passed before the spiritual sight of the individual whose character they faithfully delineate.

Thus is "The Book of Life," so to speak, yours to examine; and if what is recorded there is not attractive to look upon, you know at a glance that it is but the naked truth.

Brothers and sisters of earth life, let one who knows whisper in your ears this solemn fact, viz., that "Truth knows no favorites, bows to no individual shrine, neither can it be mocked or set aside with impunity." It makes not the least difference to its faithful followers who have crossed "the cold Jordan stream," who comes over with "the boatman pale," they have to meet themselves, and in this way.

Public teachers of earth, to teach is not enough. Practice in harmony with teaching is the greatest need of the hour. Especially is this so of those who set themselves up for moral and spiritual teachers. I speak from knowledge and experience, and not from mere hearsay.

I was myself a living example of theological piety, but as a man among men I was far too unyielding and severe in what I presented as being the truth, which I've found to my cost is not the way to present truth, even if it is such.

If the clergy of to-day would live more in harmony with the claims of truth, they would not be found as they now are, that is idling away their time, to the detriment of this moral and spiritual capacity, as well as physical and mental. Go to work! Every one of you! if you want to receive especial favors at the hands of angels of light, wisdom and love. They cannot bless you, unless you make an effort to first bless yourselves. Would not if they could, because they know and I now know that manual labor that is useful in character, is indispensable to health of body, vigor of brain, and also conducive to good morals, because it does away with those elements of cast that are a curse to the one who makes it manifest, by indicating in practice, if not in theory, that "I am holier than thou, my parishioners."

Oh my brethren of the clergy! you've got to meet death sooner or later. Then you'll know for yourselves, if not before, that I've but told you the naked truth, as unattractive as it may appear to you now. This is all to-day. But I shall come again, through this medium's brain impressibility, because I belong to her "guardian band," and love to write out my thoughts for the enlightenment of the Christian Church communicants, as well as for other people equally worthy, and for this reason: They love truth for its own sake, and the best men and women in any church can say no more.

When I first began to use this medium's brain impressibility, I used to sign myself, "The Humble Nazarene," because here in spirit life this means no more and no less than a teacher of the religion of nature; and to be such a teacher was the height of my personal ambition, and is yet, for that matter. But I've now dropped that *nom de plume*, and simply sign myself, "Dr. Lyman Beecher," using the prefix to merely indicate my personality, nothing more. For here in spirit life there is no titled aristocracy, the only methods of distinction practiced by truth-loving spirits being the wearing of badges, to indicate some well-unfolded mental or spiritual characteristics; a practice that earth's inhabitants would do well to imitate, and they will do so when they have a little wiser grown, as I can already clearly perceive.

NEW YORK, August 12, 1888.

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In Heaven We'll know Our Own.
I'm Going to My Home.
Love's Golden Chain.
Our Beautiful Home Over There.
Our Beautiful Home Above.
Oh! Come, for My Poor Heart is Breaking.
Once it was only Soft Blue Eyes.
The City Just Over the Hill.
The Golden Gates are Left Ajar.
Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair.
Who Sings My Child to Sleep?
We're Coming, Sister Mary.
We'll all Meet again in the Morning Land
When the Dear Ones Gather at Home.
Only a Thin Veil Between Us.
Child of the Golden Sunshine.
Home of My Beautiful Dreams.

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