



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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## CONTENTS:

FIRST PAGE.—Gems of Thought: "What is Truth?" by Mrs. Ella Wilson.  
SECOND PAGE.—A Reviewer Reviewed: San Bernardino Items; Miscellaneous Advertisements, etc.  
THIRD PAGE.—The Power of Thought as a Healer, by Eva A. H. Barnes; Does Spiritualism Make us Better Men and Women? Professional Cards, etc.  
FOURTH PAGE.—(Editorial) Editorial Fragments; Summerland; Heaven: Five Cents; Books and Authors; Pertinent Correspondence; Summerland Notes; Some Work for All; Questions Answered: His First Visit; Mrs. J. J. Whitney; Fraternity Hall; Editorial Notes.  
FIFTH PAGE.—If They Only Knew! by Ella L. Merriam; Drifting, by Clarence Chase; The Cause in San Jose; The Work in Seattle; The Medical Law; Advertisements; Professional Cards; Publications, etc.  
SIXTH PAGE.—Spiritualist Colony; Advertisements, etc.  
SEVENTH PAGE.—"What is Truth?"—continued; Medium's Home; Spirit Side of Life; Publications, etc.  
EIGHTH PAGE.—(Poetry) In My Weakness; My Angel; Man; Seasmistress. Our Question Department: From the Southern California Camp-Meeting: To "One in a Fog"; Advertisements, etc.

## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

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

When we know how to appreciate a merit, we have the germ of it within ourselves.

The heart can bear many a heavy burden if the conscience is free.—*Elizabeth Charles.*

God does not measure the theft by the value of the thing stolen; he judges the thief.—*Balsac.*

To fear is harder than to weep—  
To watch than to endure.  
The hardest of all griefs to bear  
Is a grief that is not sure.  
—*Faber.*

Self-will has a hard time of it when it comes into impotent connection with the constitution of things.—*Whipple.*

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

Never was there yet a leader of the people who did not feel with them as they feel.—*All Sorts and Conditions of Men.*

How inconsistent to dream of reforming a region of country, and yet shrink from the idea of reforming one man.—*Balsac.*

"What bits of wisdom each day's life brings,  
What lessons are taught by the smallest things,  
If we only have the heart to receive,  
The patience to learn and the faith to believe."

True glory takes root, and even spreads; all false pretence, like flowers, fall to the ground; nor can any counterfeit last long.—*Cicero.*

When the battle rages, the loyalty of the soldier is proved; and to be steady on the battlefield besides is mere flight and disgrace to him if he flinches at that point.—*Elizabeth Charles.*

We cannot over-estimate the fervent love of liberty, the intelligent courage, and the saving common sense, with which our fathers made the great experiment of self-government.—*Garfield.*

Better death when work is done than earth's most favored birth,  
Better a child in God's great house than the king of all the earth.  
—*Geo McDonald.*

The greatest of fools is he who imposes on himself, and in his greatest concern thinks certainly he knows that which he has least studied, and of which he is most profoundly ignorant.—*Shaftsbury.*

It is no great matter to live lovingly with good-natured, humble and meek persons; but he who can do so with the forward, willful, ignorant, peevish and perverse hath true charity.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

The beautiful souls of the world have an art of saintly alchemy by which bitterness is converted into kindness, the gall of experience into gentleness, gratitude into benefits, and insults into pardons.—*Amiel.*

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.*

## "WHAT IS TRUTH?"

A Lecture Delivered at the Southern California Spiritualist Camp-Meeting, at San Bernardino, on Sunday, Oct. 14, 1888.

BY MRS. ELLA WILSON.

It is on record that more than eighteen hundred years ago one who was about to become a martyr for teaching the truth as he saw it, had this question put to him by the one who stood in the place of judge to pass sentence upon him: "What is truth?" We are not told that any answer was given to the question. Perhaps the answer was withheld for the reason that it could not have been understood, if given, at that time; perhaps because it can only be answered in the entirety of its meaning by the united testimony of the countless ages of the eternities.

It has been said that truth is relative—relative, perhaps, to the times, to the occasion, to the sum of knowledge, and also to the standpoints occupied by individuals. And it is true that what is sacredly held as truth, to-day, may be considered to be error to-morrow.

But, surely, you say, there must be truth which is simply and always the truth—truth in the abstract, from which time can take nothing, to which it can nothing add.

The dictionary tells us that "truth is conformity to reality." Surely, that is concise enough, plain enough, and not to be gainsaid, or picked to pieces. The real is always the real, and that which always conforms to the real, is always and forever the truth. Yes, but often what is considered as a reality to-day, may be discovered to be a delusion of the senses to-morrow. To the ancients it was a reality that the sun rose and set every day; that the earth was the only solid and stationary part of the universe; and that it had a flat surface, except for the mountain protuberances upon it. To us, to-day, it is just as much a reality that the earth is round like a ball; that it swings and revolves in space; and that, instead of the sun revolving around the earth, the earth revolves around the sun. To the alchemist, who preceded the chemist, there were only four elements—air, earth, fire and water. The chemist of to-day divides and sub-divides these elements into numerous other elements and primates, and when he has pushed his investigations away back to the invisible atom, he is still mystified as to its nature and origin.

Not very many years ago it was considered (throughout Christendom, at least,) that the grave formed an insuperable barrier between the so-called living and the so-called dead. All beyond that dread barrier was "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler ever returns."

Now, to the Spiritualist, it is scarcely a barrier at all, not any more—not as much, in fact—than is distance on the earth-plane; and instead of his loved ones being laid in the cold grave, he considers that they were never there at all. It is but their cast-off clothing that is put there, while their real selves (the reality) have but escaped from the chrysalis to soar into their destined native element. And that which once was wholly unknown, or existed only in the ideal, is daily becoming more and more real, as the gates between are ever opening wider and wider to permit us to look through into what is now becoming, to some extent, that explored country, instead of "that undiscovered bourne."

And so we might go on to show that even in the sense that truth is always "conformity to reality," there will constantly be mutations from what to our individual standpoints may be reality. As we follow along the path of eternal progression what seems to be reality to-day, may be proven to be delusion to-morrow. None but the All-Knowing (if indeed the universe contain such an one), who can see all around, and all through, the whole great circle of the eternities of the past, and of the future, can see what is, and was, and shall be, forever and ever, a fixed unalterable reality; and consequently none but such an one is entitled

to declare what is unalterably and infallibly the truth.

I was once down in a deep canyon, on the North Fork of Feather river, in the Sierra Nevada Mountains (I say, in the mountains, advisedly, for it seemed like going right down into the heart of those rock-ribbed hills) down a thousand or two—yes, it may have been three thousand feet—from the brow of the canyon. The sides were covered with lofty pines, any one of which would be a majestic sight standing alone on a plain, but here, the individuality lost in numbers; their green tops mingling and interblending, tier after tier, till the upward-straining gaze reached the distant summit. Only a few rods of the stream visible, but soon winding out of sight, above and below, while the opposite mountain walls seemed to meet and close together before the circumscribed vision. Only a small elliptical piece of sky to be seen overhead, while the white, fleecy clouds, though they floated but lazily along, soon passed the narrow range of view.

In a general way this may be but a figurative illustration of our condition in this world; and it especially applies to some people—the narrow-minded, those who live in the grooves and ruts, and even in deep canyons; seeing but a very short distance above or below, or beyond, from either the past or the future.

Generally speaking, we are imprisoned in matter, as I was imprisoned within those mountain walls. The awakening of our spiritual senses is making breaches in the solid walls, and we are catching glimpses of the Beyond. Those who have been freed from their prison walls are widening those breaches every day; and they come and go, through these breaches in the walls; and they tell us that beyond the mountain walls is an illimitable expanse of country as far as the unfettered eye can reach, or human knowledge kens, into the boundless future.

And, also, they sometimes hint that on the other side of the opposite wall, in the region of the past, is a vast, a boundless realm, where we erstwhile dwelt, ere we became imprisoned within these mountain walls of matter, in the earth-life.

The larger our natures, and the higher our standpoint of vision, the greater will be the measure of truth we shall be able to discern through the shadows, the errors, and the shifting, kaleidoscopic panorama of life's seeming realities. Indeed by constant exercise of our spiritual faculties, by keeping the windows of the soul open toward the light, and constantly polishing them with our efforts to attain to the truth; by sending outward and upward our highest, brightest and purest aspirations; we may reduce the thickness and opacity of the mountain walls, until, with some intuitive souls, they may even become scarcely more than lattice screens, through which they can peer out into the mysteries of the Great Beyond.

But to go back to the question propounded in our title—"What is truth?" That question has echoed and re-echoed up the mountain sides through all the far away ages of the past. Pilate was not first, nor shall you and I be the last to ask the question. It is ever being answered, and yet ever remains unanswered. There have not been wanting those, in all ages of the world, who have deemed that they have learned the exact truth, if not, indeed, all of truth. And there have been classes who claimed to be its chosen depositary, who doubtless thought that they were "the people, and that wisdom would perish with them," as was derisively said by one of old.

Constantine and his followers set up their standard, and in their doctrine of papal infallibility, arrogated to themselves the whole of truth; and they persecuted, tortured, and burned those who dared to differ, even those who made great discoveries in science.

Martin Luther dared to set the inquiry afloat, took an advance step, and claimed to have discovered a great truth; and yet he quarreled with, and brow-beat his fellow-reformer, Zwingli of Switzerland, for a difference of opinion upon a minor point.

Calvin also claimed to have found the truth; but he caused Servetus to be burned because the latter claimed to have also discovered a truth. The Puritans came to the wilds of America because they believed they had the truth, and desired freedom and space to enjoy and

practice it. But they banished Roger Williams, that great apostle of intolerance, because he proclaimed his belief in the right of all to be free to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences and they persecuted the inoffensive and more tolerant Quakers, and burned so-called witches at the stake, because truth stood to each and all of them in a different relative position. None of these had more than a glimmering of truth, but as much, perhaps, as they with their constitutions, their antecedents, and their relative standpoints, were capable of receiving.

It was said by one of old, "The truth shall make you free." There is a world of meaning contained in this one simple sentence. Free from what? The answer to this seems to have been purposely withheld for the ages to work out, like the unknown quantity of an algebraic equation.

Let us venture to fill out the equation with the results that have been either obtained or foreshadowed, so far. From what, then, shall truth make us free? We answer: Free from a slavish fear in regard to an angry God, and a terrible hell. Free from intolerance and bigotry. Free from narrowness and selfishness. Free from self-conceit and arrogance. Free from prejudices. Free from jealousies. Free from all shackles whatsoever, in regard to pushing our investigations out into the vast realm of truth. How many of us, even in this day and age of the world, can honestly claim to have even so much of the truth as shall meet these conditions?

Free from slavish fear we may be; free from tyrannical restraint in many ways; free from many of the errors of the past. But are we free from prejudices, from intolerance, from jealousies, from uncharitableness, from bigotry, arrogance and self-conceit?

Let all the warring factions, the bickerings, the backbitings, the uncharitableness, the jealousies, the charges and counter-charges that befool the ranks of even those who claim to lead the van of advance thought, to-day, be my answer!

We are, all of us, but learners in the great school of truth. None of us has learned all there is of truth. When we shall have approximated to this acquirement, we shall have gone on so far, and have lived so long upon and among the countless worlds of the universe that we shall have forgotten all about our present differences; or if a faint glimmer of memory ever crosses our spirits concerning them, it will only be to cause a smile of self-pity, or self-contempt, at our past petty ignorance and self-conceit. In this great school of truth some have made greater advancement than others. But I venture to say that the farthest advanced is not the one to tell the others that they know nothing; that they are not students at all; or that what they have learned belongs wholly to the school of error. The farthest advanced is only beginning to learn how little, comparatively, we all know, and therefore he is modest; like the great Newton, who felt, at the close of a life of research and discovery, that he had only been picking up a few pebbles on the strand, while the great ocean of truth lay all unexplored before him.

Like our common schools, truth is also a graded school, with all grades of learners, from the A, B, C scholars, or those yet in the first principles, up to those in the higher mathematics, spiritual dynamics, and so on. All grades of learners should be encouraged to press on, as are the scholars under a good teacher in our public schools, with judicious commendations, offered rewards of merit, and the like; instead of being treated as too many of our people treat each other—by heaping opprobrious epithets, slanders, suspicions, and accusations of ignorance upon their heads, because you may consider them as occupying a lower grade in the great school of truth, than that which you claim to occupy.

It is true that some may be called upon to be teachers, in this great school, to those who are still in the lower or primary grades, as advanced scholars in public schools are sometimes called upon to be, even while they are yet pursuing their own studies. And we should also remember that we are still under the tutelage of still wiser teachers than ourselves, and hence we should never suffer ourselves to become dogmatic or arrogant.

Dropping the school metaphor, let us

remember that truth is many-sided. Like the prism, it may present varying hues to its votaries, according to their different standpoints; and yet each separate hue may be really and truly a representation of truth, in so far, though, perhaps, only a partial representation—necessarily, we may say, only a partial representation, for, as has been intimated, none of us stands high enough to get anything like a bird's-eye view of truth, and so none of us is in a position to define what truth is as a whole.

The rainbow contains in an individualized form all the colors that go to make up the white rays of light. The rainbow, as a whole, is a perfect whole; and each separate color is likewise a perfect color, and a necessary part of the whole. But each separate color of the rainbow is not a perfect ray of light. It takes the whole combined to make up the white rays of light by which all color, all form, and all beauty are presented to our eyes. Single truths, or parts of truth, may be compared to these separate individualized colors that go to make up the perfect rays of light—the light that is to lighten up the world to its own salvation, growing brighter and clearer from age to age, as the fogs and mists and vapors, incident to primeval conditions, are being cleared away from earth's spiritual atmosphere. There are one color people who see everything through the medium of their one hue; and there are also rainbow-people, whole-orbed souls, who seek to gain wisdom and knowledge through the white light of universal, eternal truth—the truth whose years are commensurate with those of God.

Again, truth is a grand temple still in process of construction. It has been building through all the ages of the past, and will continue to rise through all the eternities to come; for it is as broad as the universe, as high as the highest heavens, and reaches to the nethermost hells. We, each of us, with our individual lives and experiences, are, in some measure, a part of this great temple. Some of us may be called upon to take very humble positions in this temple; for all can not be corner-stones, or ornamental statues, or towering minarets pointing heavenward. There must be timbers and stones that are out of sight, some of them imbedded in the dirt, perhaps, but still quite necessary. Nor can all, at one and the same time (not yet, anyway; all may be in the great future), be polished, or painted, or made brilliant and beautiful. And there will necessarily be a great variety of shapes, and the square block need not say to the round one, "You do not belong to this temple, because you are not shaped as I am;" nor, *vice versa*, the round block make the same accusation to the square one. In this temple something belonging to all the beliefs of all humanity, have, at one time or another found a place. From Buddhism, Brahmanism, and all the isms of the ancient times, to Christianity; from Materialism to Spiritualism; from monopolist to anarchist; and so on through all the lists of all possible extremes; all have contributed something toward building up the universal Temple of Truth.

True, many timbers, from time to time, become effete and decayed, and must be replaced by new material. And it may be said that to-day there are many decayed timbers, and many more that are rapidly decaying, that need to be replaced by something better. Iconoclasts, such as Robert G. Ingersoll, have been at work—and they are necessary, too. And just as necessary is it that the repairers of breaches should follow the iconoclast. But his work is to build up the walls, and relay the foundations with new and better timbers than were ever before put into the building. The old timbers may have been quite necessary once, but their day of usefulness is forever gone. But in removing them take care, lest you widen the breaches by reckless haste, and unnecessary, or mistaken zeal, and thereby tear away also that which is good and useful.

As individual timbers in this great structure, let me say to you in all kindness: Don't be forever poking your sharpest corners, your most pronounced and advanced opinions, at people, especially if they take the shape of a hobby-horse. If you do, you are sure to clash, more or less, as you go along. Whereas there may be points where you and they may

(Continued on Seventh Page.)



[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Lines

[Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. Bullock, on the death or removal of their only daughter, a sweet child of only nine years.]

BY TINA M. LINDEN.

Dear friends, I sat in your lonely room  
Where your Alice lay cold as clay:  
I heard your sighs and saw your tears,  
And I heard the preacher say:  
That your darling had gone to a land far away—  
To that house where no traveler returns—  
And I thought how consoling such words as these  
To hearts that with anguish now burn.

Then in spirit I grieved and replied to my heart,  
Oh! I knew that that is not true;  
No matter by what or who it is said  
I know she can come back to you;  
She can come when the daylight has faded to rest,  
Can come when the bright morning dawns,  
She can bring you sweet flowers all star-gemmed with love,  
Fresh plucked by some kind angel hands.

She is not far away, as the preacher declared,—  
Only laid that poor, worn garment by  
To don that pure robe that the Immortals made,  
That can never grow sick, fade nor die;  
No love-link is broken that bound her to you,  
No thought she can never return  
Has ever a moment been one fear of hers,  
As gladly she glides through your room.

Unseen though her spirit to your mortal eye,  
In her beauty she roams at her will;  
With new-found companions and friends that she loves,  
She roams over mountain and hill;  
She sings as she goes, and she clasps her white hands,  
And shouts back to loved ones on shore,  
"Oh! papa and mamma, could you see what I see,  
You would sorrow for me no more!"

"For my schoolmates and loved ones we always called dead  
Were all here to welcome me home;  
And I tell you, dear mamma, we never have died,  
And I will tell you the rest when I come,  
For the angels who love you will teach me just how  
I can talk to you, so you will know  
That I love you and papa, and brothers so dear,  
The same as on earth here below."

And now, broken hearts, dry all your sad tears,  
And joy that your darling can come,  
Remembering full well she is your guiding star  
From earth to a happier home—  
To that home where no sorrows of earth can annoy  
When your journey in this life is done,  
Your Alice will stand at the gates left ajar  
And her sweet voice will welcome you "come!"

WEST OAKLAND, CAL., 831 Willow street.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## "Beyond the Veil."

The veil is lifted, and I pass beyond  
Into the mysteries of the Silent Land;  
Some impulse draws me on; some secret bond,  
Whose hidden strength I scarce can understand,  
Binds me to this, the beautiful and divine,  
With glowing, burning cords of living fire,  
And spurs me onward, while this heart of mine  
Beats high with purest, holiest desire.

I do not feel afraid to enter in,  
Tho' in my soul there dwells a sense of awe;  
For it is good to soar away from sin  
And see the things no mortal ever saw:  
To glean pure wisdom from pure lips is sweet,  
Amid the darkness of terrestrial night;  
And sweeter yet, with eager, anxious feet,  
To follow onward up the steps of light.

Clear voices, like celestial music, breathe  
Into my heart the principles of life,  
And spirit-forms their arms around me wreath,  
And bear me from these scenes of care and strife  
To wondrous heights of glory so intense  
That breath is hushed and pulses cease to beat,  
And consciousness of earth, and Time, and sense,  
Is lost in rapture perfect and complete.

No human tongue can e'er find words sublime  
Enough to paint the treasures of the mind;  
Few hearts have the temerity to climb  
So far above the level of mankind;  
Yet to the spirit who will dare to soar  
Away from earth, nor ever faint or fail,  
For him is opened wide the mystic door—  
To him is given to pass "beyond the veil."

—STELLA.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## The Beautiful "Golden Gate."—An Acrostic.

BY ELIA G. LEPPER.

The kingdom of heaven is within you;  
How few there are who search this world through  
Ever come to know or to realize

Both the boundless depth and truth that lies  
Expressed in these words of Jesus who fought  
And bravely died for the truths he taught?  
Unheeding they read them o'er and o'er,  
Their mighty depths they do not explore;  
In searching for heaven they seek a home  
Far away where the bright angels roam,  
Until in fancy the gates open wide;  
Loved ones come to hear them o'er the tide.

Give them sweet rest and a bright crown to wear—  
Oh! the intense longing to be there!  
Look not without, dear friends, but look within;  
Do you sometimes feel you have not been  
Ever patient and always true and tried?  
Nearing each day the gates open wide!

Go search for the kingdom within your soul,  
And every scene of life unroll;  
The gates of heaven are open for you,  
Enter then, ye who are tried and true.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Oct. 20, 1888.

## What to Do.

"What can a helpless female do?"  
Rock the cradle and bake and brew,  
Or, if no cradle your fate afford,  
Rock your brother's wife's for your board;  
Or live in one room with an invalid cousin,  
Or sew shop shirts for a dollar a dozen,  
Or please some man by looking sweet,  
Or please him by giving him things to eat,  
Or please him by asking much advice,  
And thinking whatever he does is nice;  
Visit the poor (under his supervision);  
Doctor the sick who can't pay a physician;  
Save men's time by doing their praying,  
And other odd jobs there's no present pay in.  
But if you presume to usurp employments  
Reserved by them for their special enjoyments,  
Or if you succeed when they knew you wouldn't,  
Or earn money fast when they said you couldn't,  
Or learn to do things they'd proved were above you,  
You'll hurt their feelings and then they won't love you.

—Journal of Woman's Work.

## The Future.

Be not too sure a future world  
Shall make all plain and clear;  
Perhaps we shall be puzzled there  
As we are puzzled here.  
That world may be a single step  
In a sublime career,  
While still a boundless universe  
Shall beckon, sphere on sphere.

## OUR QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

MRS. HARRIS:—Is there not a very great difference between the moral tone of those that give treatments and teach mental science as Christians, and those who are not?

A CHRISTIAN HEALER, OAKLAND.

ANSWER.—If we may judge them all by some of the prominent teachers in that line on this Coast, I should say there is a very decided difference, since the so-called "Christian Healers" use a great deal of time and strength abusing other people who are in the same work. They know nothing whatever about them, except the bare fact that they do not fly their peculiar banner, so they denounce them in the name of one whose whole life and teaching was filled with love and charity, and not with gall.

So far as I have known the other class of teachers, their aim seems to be to show forth the power of truth over error, both in teaching and healing. As they give less time to the abuse of others, of course they have more time for good works and kind words; so I quite agree with you that there is a "very great difference in the moral tone" among the prominent healers and teachers, at least on this Coast, and that the difference is in favor of those you would term unchristian.

You complain that the man Jesus you worship, and on whom you want to pile all your sins, your pains and aches, your fevers, consumptions, and sores, has been reduced to a principle. You have built up a great man-God in your mind, and consequently the abstract thought of an Omnipresent Good is unthinkable. You must make some man God, or otherwise the object on which you pin your faith, forgetting faith is a spiritual energy that works within your own soul, the very "substance of the thing hoped for, and the evidence of the thing unseen." You have brought down upon your devoted heads the anathemas of your own churches, and now seem to want to retaliate on a class of teachers and healers that care no more for what you say, than does the moon for the bark of a little pup.

How can a person be a Christian, and not be Christ-like? I have seen many Christ-like people, who let their good works and kind words tell the story of their inner life. And then what is this healing power that you declare is the especial gift of such as yourself? Is it not an everywhere-present principle, subject to law, as much so as are the tides? All that can be required is that we should come into harmony with that law. To come into harmony with the law, one must absolutely free his mind of fear, grief, envy, jealousy, murderous thoughts, and all thinking that comes under the head of selfishness. Love must be the law of this life. This will show itself forth in charity toward all.

A true healer is one who works in this spirit, while the healing that is charged with the contrary spirit is of doubtful quality, no matter what claims may be set up as to credentials. Words and actions speak for themselves. We see the beauty and smell the fragrance of the flower, even though we do not know its name. We do not see this great nature, which is the outspeaking of Good, asking, "What is your creed?" When she works to bless mankind, she only asks that they come into harmony with law. Men prepare the soil for the seed, and the man who does this the most thoroughly, other things being equal, finds that nature will respond in proportion to his care.

Just so the "Divine Law of Cure" will never fail when all conditions are met, and so far I have not discovered one creed better than another in this work; but I have found that love and charity discount creeds every time.

You see, if the so-called Christians had their way, we should find that when there were signs of rain, they would require people to put up a board with the name of their creed in plain letters, so that the rain would know where to fall, and even then there would likely be some discrimination between the various so-called orthodox creeds.

The healing power must all come from one source, from the *All-Good*, and this in harmony with law. We give quality, tone, purity, to the healing. The quality that heals from center to circumference is *love*. Hatred, uncharitableness, may stir up the cess-pools of disease, but does not cleanse them, though it does cause them to emit that which will bring distress to others.

When you sign yourself "Christian Healer," you may arrest the attention of those who, like yourself, are bound to some creed which shuts out by far the larger part of humanity. But "Divine Healing" makes no such conditions; if it did, no Christian could be sick. There is one supreme law—that of *Love*. This law is working in all, and through all, whether Christian or otherwise, to will and to do God's good pleasure. The one in whom it is doing its perfect work is the one who is living the Christ-life—that of charity and love toward all.

To healers of whatever faith I would say in all kindness: Let us sink creeds, isms and ologies so deep in this all-pervading love that they will never come to the surface in our teaching and healing, any more than they do with the various flowers that lift their hearts to the sunshine.

Yours for Truth,  
SARAH A. HARRIS, F. T. S.  
BERKELEY, Cal., October, 1888.

We men prepare sorrow when we come into the world, and lamentation when we

leave it; and so it is our duty in the intermediate time to fight with suffering, and to sow the seeds of joy. There are many tears to be wiped away.—*Shaftsbury.*

## What of It?

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I read the articles going the round of the press in regard to Margaret Fox-Kane's expose of Spiritualism, or rather, I should say, Margaret Fox-Kane's expose, and its damage to the cause of Spiritualism, and the thought naturally suggests itself, "What of It?" If Mrs. Kane chooses to perjure her soul to pander to the enemies of Spiritualism, will she or the cause she *mis*-represents, suffer by it? Let the skeptic judge as he chooses, but to Christians we would say: Though Judas betrayed his Master, and Peter denied Him, Christianity survived.

It is said that Modern Spiritualism rests on the evidence of the Fox girls as its foundation and corner-stone. Peter was the "Rock" on which Christ promised to build His church.

But had neither faith any stronger foundation to rest on than poor, weak human nature, both must soon perish from the earth. But Christianity survived, and Spiritualism, which rests on the "Rock of Ages," (the soul of being)—the common foundation of all the religious faiths the world has ever known—will not only survive this expose of human frailty, but the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds.

We feel more anxiety for poor, fallen humanity, than for the cause of Spiritualism, which we know is able to take care of itself. Truth is mighty and will prevail.

A. COMSTOCK.

SAN BUENAVENTURA, Oct. 28, 1888.

## Do Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Before?

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

It is an old adage, "It never rains but it pours," and while this saying is literally true in Oregon just now, causing field and meadow, hilltop and valley, to put on the annual green of Spring, so also it is true that we are having refreshing showers in the spiritual vineyard, in the way of mediums, lecturers, trance speakers, and healers by laying on of hands, etc. Noted among them is Dr. Schlesinger of your great city.

Well, this is what the good, spiritual citizens of our good city have been praying for for a long time. I had hopes that the editor of the GOLDEN GATE would have paid us a visit this fall with Fred Evans, but it seems that we must "wait a little longer" for that good time.

Strange as it may appear, Spiritualism is taking no backward step, with all the exposes of bogus mediums, and sometimes I feel that we are approaching the advent of some great event, some grand upheaval or convulsion, in which the nations of the earth will mingle with universal interest, in the finale of which human rights will be much enhanced.

Men and women are fast learning the capabilities and the possibilities of the human soul. What is going to bring these things about I am unable to say. Whether it be warrior, priest or people I know not; whether the earth is to be deluged with human blood, or whether it will be only a war of ideas, I am unable to state; but that some startling event is in the near future I feel is as certain as the sunshine.

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Or., October 24, 1888.

Men can never be neutral in great religious contests; and if, because of the little wrong in the right cause, or the little evil in the good man, we refuse to take the side of right, we are, by that very act, silently taking the side of wrong.

He who says what he likes, may hear what he does not like.

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- 7th—By feeding the brain on pure, nutritious blood, it stimulates that organ to generate a greater Nerve Force, and thus gives added energy and life to the entire system.
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## CONTENTS:

FIRST PAGE.—Gems of Thought: "What is Truth?" by Mrs. Ella Wilson.  
SECOND PAGE.—A Reviewer Reviewed: San Bernardino Items; Miscellaneous Advertisements, etc.  
THIRD PAGE.—The Power of Thought as a Healer, by Eva A. H. Barnes; Does Spiritualism Make us Better Men and Women? Professional Cards, etc.  
FOURTH PAGE.—(Editorial) Editorial Fragments; Summerland; Heaven: Five Cent; Books and Authors; Pertinent Correspondence; Summerland Notes; Some Work for All; Questions Answered: His First Visit; Mrs. J. J. Whitney; Fraternity Hall; Editorial Notes.  
FIFTH PAGE.—If They Only Knew! by Ella L. Merriam; Drifting, by Clarence Chase; The Cause in San Jose; The Work in Seattle; The Medical Law; Advertisements; Professional Cards; Publications, etc.  
SIXTH PAGE.—Spiritualist Colony; Advertisements, etc.  
SEVENTH PAGE.—"What is Truth?"—continued; Medium's Home; Spirit Side of Life; Publications, etc.  
EIGHTH PAGE.—(Poetry) [In] My Weakness; My Angel; Mad; Seamstresses. Our Question Department; From the Southern California Camp-Meeting: To "One in a Fog"; Advertisements, etc.

## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

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

When we know how to appreciate a merit, we have the germ of it within ourselves.

The heart can bear many a heavy burden if the conscience is free.—*Elizabeth Charles.*

God does not measure the theft by the value of the thing stolen; he judges the thief.—*Balsac.*

To fear is harder than to weep—  
To watch than to endure.  
The hardest of all griefs to bear  
Is a grief that is not sure.  
—*Faber.*

Self-will has a hard time of it when it comes into impotent connection with the constitution of things.—*Whipple.*

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

Never was there yet a leader of the people who did not feel with them as they feel.—*All Sorts and Conditions of Men.*

How inconsistent to dream of reforming a region of country, and yet shrink from the idea of reforming one man.—*Balsac.*

"What bits of wisdom each day's life brings,  
What lessons are taught by the smallest things,  
If we only have the heart to receive,  
The patience to learn and the faith to believe."

True glory takes root, and even spreads; all false pretence, like flowers, fall to the ground; nor can any counterfeit last long.—*Cicero.*

When the battle rages, the loyalty of the soldier is proved; and to be steady on the battlefield besides is mere flight and disgrace to him if he flinches at that point.—*Elizabeth Charles.*

We cannot over-estimate the fervent love of liberty, the intelligent courage, and the saving common sense, with which our fathers made the great experiment of self-government.—*Garfield.*

Better death when work is done than earth's most favored birth,  
Better a child in God's great house than the king of all the earth.  
—*Geo McDonald.*

The greatest of fools is he who imposes on himself, and in his greatest concern thinks certainly he knows that which he has least studied, and of which he is most profoundly ignorant.—*Shaftsbury.*

It is no great matter to live lovingly with good-natured, humble and meek persons; but he who can do so with the forward, willful, ignorant, peevish and perverse hath true charity.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

The beautiful souls of the world have an art of saintly alchemy by which bitterness is converted into kindness, the gall of experience into gentleness, gratitude into benefits, and insults into pardons.—*Amiel.*

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.*

## "WHAT IS TRUTH?"

A Lecture Delivered at the Southern California Spiritualist Camp-Meeting, at San Bernardino, on Sunday, Oct. 14, 1888.

BY MRS. ELLA WILSON.

It is on record that more than eighteen hundred years ago one who was about to become a martyr for teaching the truth as he saw it, had this question put to him by the one who stood in the place of judge to pass sentence upon him: "What is truth?" We are not told that any answer was given to the question. Perhaps the answer was withheld for the reason that it could not have been understood, if given, at that time; perhaps because it can only be answered in the entirety of its meaning by the united testimony of the countless ages of the eternities.

It has been said that truth is relative—relative, perhaps, to the times, to the occasion, to the sum of knowledge, and also to the standpoints occupied by individuals. And it is true that what is sacredly held as truth, to-day, may be considered to be error to-morrow.

But, surely, you say, there must be truth which is simply and always the truth—truth in the abstract, from which time can take nothing, to which it can nothing add.

The dictionary tells us that "truth is conformity to reality." Surely, that is concise enough, plain enough, and not to be gainsaid, or picked to pieces. The real is always the real, and that which always conforms to the real, is always and forever the truth. Yes, but often what is considered as a reality to-day, may be discovered to be a delusion of the senses to-morrow. To the ancients it was a reality that the sun rose and set every day; that the earth was the only solid and stationary part of the universe; and that it had a flat surface, except for the mountain protuberances upon it. To us, to-day, it is just as much a reality that the earth is round like a ball; that it swings and revolves in space; and that, instead of the sun revolving around the earth, the earth revolves around the sun. To the alchemist, who preceded the chemist, there were only four elements—air, earth, fire and water. The chemist of to-day divides and sub-divides these elements into numerous other elements and primates, and when he has pushed his investigations away back to the invisible atom, he is still mystified as to its nature and origin.

Not very many years ago it was considered (throughout Christendom, at least,) that the grave formed an insuperable barrier between the so-called living and the so-called dead. All beyond that dread barrier was "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler ever returns."

Now, to the Spiritualist, it is scarcely a barrier at all, not any more—not as much, in fact—than "is distance on the earth-plane; and instead of his loved ones being laid in the cold grave, he considers that they were never there at all. It is but their cast-off clothing that is put there, while their real selves (the reality) have but escaped from the chrysalis to soar into their destined native element. And that which once was wholly unknown, or existed only in the ideal, is daily becoming more and more real, as the gates between are ever opening wider and wider to permit us to look through into what is now becoming, to some extent, that explored country, instead of "that undiscovered bourne."

And so we might go on to show that even in the sense that truth is always "conformity to reality," there will constantly be mutations from what to our individual standpoints may be reality. As we follow along the path of eternal progression what seems to be reality to-day, may be proven to be delusion to-morrow. None but the All-Knowing (if indeed the universe contain such an one), who can see all around, and all through, the whole great circle of the eternities of the past, and of the future, can see what is, and was, and shall be, forever and ever, a fixed unalterable reality; and consequently none but such an one is entitled

to declare what is unalterably and infallibly the truth.

I was once down in a deep canyon, on the North Fork of Feather river, in the Sierra Nevada Mountains (I say, in the mountains, advisedly, for it seemed like going right down into the heart of those rock-ribbed hills) down a thousand or two—yes, it may have been three thousand feet—from the brow of the canyon. The sides were covered with lofty pines, any one of which would be a majestic sight standing alone on a plain, but here, the individuality lost in numbers; their green tops mingling and interblending, tier after tier, till the upward-straining gaze reached the distant summit. Only a few rods of the stream visible, but soon winding out of sight, above and below, while the opposite mountain walls seemed to meet and close together before the circumscribed vision. Only a small elliptical piece of sky to be seen overhead, while the white, fleecy clouds, though they floated but lazily along, soon passed the narrow range of view.

In a general way this may be but a figurative illustration of our condition in this world; and it especially applies to some people—the narrow-minded, those who live in the grooves and ruts, and even in deep canyons; seeing but a very short distance above or below, or beyond, from either the past or the future.

Generally speaking, we are imprisoned in matter, as I was imprisoned within those mountain walls. The awakening of our spiritual senses is making breaches in the solid walls, and we are catching glimpses of the Beyond. Those who have been freed from their prison walls are widening those breaches every day; and they come and go, through these breaches in the walls; and they tell us that beyond the mountain walls is an illimitable expanse of country as far as the unfettered eye can reach, or human knowledge kens, into the boundless future.

And, also, they sometimes hint that on the other side of the opposite wall, in the region of the past, is a vast, a boundless realm, where we erstwhile dwelt, ere we became imprisoned within these mountain walls of matter, in the earth-life.

The larger our natures, and the higher our standpoint of vision, the greater will be the measure of truth we shall be able to discern through the shadows, the errors, and the shifting, kaleidoscopic panorama of life's seeming realities. Indeed by constant exercise of our spiritual faculties, by keeping the windows of the soul open toward the light, and constantly polishing them with our efforts to attain to the truth; by sending outward and upward our highest, brightest and purest aspirations; we may reduce the thickness and opacity of the mountain walls, until, with some intuitive souls, they may even become scarcely more than lattice screens, through which they can peer out into the mysteries of the Great Beyond.

But to go back to the question propounded in our title—"What is truth?" That question has echoed and re-echoed up the mountain sides through all the far away ages of the past. Pilate was not first, nor shall you and I be the last to ask the question. It is ever being answered, and yet ever remains unanswered. There have not been wanting those, in all ages of the world, who have deemed that they have learned the exact truth, if not, indeed, all of truth. And there have been classes who claimed to be its chosen depository, who doubtless thought that they were "the people, and that wisdom would perish with them," as was derisively said by one of old.

Constantine and his followers set up their standard, and in their doctrine of papal infallibility, arrogated to themselves the whole of truth; and they persecuted, tortured, and burned those who dared to differ, even those who made great discoveries in science.

Martin Luther dared to set the inquiry afloat, took an advance step, and claimed to have discovered a great truth; and yet he quarreled with, and brow-beat his fellow-reformer, Zwingli of Switzerland, for a difference of opinion upon a minor point.

Calvin also claimed to have found the truth; but he caused Servetus to be burned because the latter claimed to have also discovered a truth. The Puritans came to the wilds of America because they believed they had the truth, and desired freedom and space to enjoy and

practice it. But they banished Roger Williams, that great apostle of intolerance, because he proclaimed his belief in the right of all to be free to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences and they persecuted the inoffensive and more tolerant Quakers, and burned so-called witches at the stake, because truth stood to each and all of them in a different relative position. None of these had more than a glimmering of truth, but as much, perhaps, as they with their constitutions, their antecedents, and their relative standpoints, were capable of receiving.

It was said by one of old, "The truth shall make you free." There is a world of meaning contained in this one simple sentence. Free from what? The answer to this seems to have been purposely withheld for the ages to work out, like the unknown quantity of an algebraic equation.

Let us venture to fill out the equation with the results that have been either obtained or foreshadowed, so far. From what, then, shall truth make us free? We answer: Free from a slavish fear in regard to an angry God, and a terrible hell. Free from intolerance and bigotry. Free from narrowness and selfishness. Free from self-conceit and arrogance. Free from prejudices. Free from jealousies. Free from all shackles whatsoever, in regard to pushing our investigations out into the vast realm of truth. How many of us, even in this day and age of the world, can honestly claim to have even so much of the truth as shall meet these conditions?

Free from slavish fear we may be; free from tyrannical restraint in many ways; free from many of the errors of the past. But are we free from prejudices, from intolerance, from jealousies, from uncharitableness, from bigotry, arrogance and self-conceit?

Let all the warring factions, the bickerings, the backbitings, the uncharitableness, the jealousies, the charges and counter-charges that befool the ranks of even those who claim to lead the van of advance thought, to-day, be my answer!

We are, all of us, but learners in the great school of truth. None of us has learned all there is of truth. When we shall even have approximated to this acquirement, we shall have gone on so far, and have lived so long upon and among the countless worlds of the universe that we shall have forgotten all about our present differences; or if a faint glimmer of memory ever crosses our spirits concerning them, it will only be to cause a smile of self-pity, or self-contempt, at our past petty ignorance and self-conceit. In this great school of truth some have made greater advancement than others. But I venture to say that the farthest advanced is not the one to tell the others that they know nothing; that they are not students at all; or that what they have learned belongs wholly to the school of error. The farthest advanced is only beginning to learn how little, comparatively, we all know, and therefore he is modest; like the great Newton, who felt, at the close of a life of research and discovery, that he had only been picking up a few pebbles on the strand, while the great ocean of truth lay all unexplored before him.

Like our common schools, truth is also a graded school, with all grades of learners, from the A, B, C scholars, or those yet in the first principles, up to those in the higher mathematics, spiritual dynamics, and so on. All grades of learners should be encouraged to press on, as are the scholars under a good teacher in our public schools, with judicious commendations, offered rewards of merit, and the like; instead of being treated as too many of our people treat each other—by heaping opprobrious epithets, slanders, suspicions, and accusations of ignorance upon their heads, because you may consider them as occupying a lower grade in the great school of truth, than that which you claim to occupy.

It is true that some may be called upon to be teachers, in this great school, to those who are still in the lower or primary grades, as advanced scholars in public schools are sometimes called upon to be, even while they are yet pursuing their own studies. And we should also remember that we are still under the tutelage of still wiser teachers than ourselves, and hence we should never suffer ourselves to become dogmatic or arrogant.

Dropping the school metaphor, let us

remember that truth is many-sided. Like the prism, it may present varying hues to its votaries, according to their different standpoints; and yet each separate hue may be really and truly a representation of truth, in so far, though, perhaps, only a partial representation—necessarily, we may say, only a partial representation, for, as has been intimated, none of us stands high enough to get anything like a bird's-eye view of truth, and so none of us is in a position to define what truth is as a whole.

The rainbow contains in an individualized form all the colors that go to make up the white rays of light. The rainbow, as a whole, is a perfect whole; and each separate color is likewise a perfect color, and a necessary part of the whole. But each separate color of the rainbow is not a perfect ray of light. It takes the whole combined to make up the white rays of light by which all color, all form, and all beauty are presented to our eyes. Single truths, or parts of truth, may be compared to these separate individualized colors that go to make up the perfect rays of light—the light that is to lighten up the world to its own salvation, growing brighter and clearer from age to age, as the fogs and mists and vapors, incident to primeval conditions, are being cleared away from earth's spiritual atmosphere. There are one color people who see everything through the medium of their one hue; and there are also rainbow-people, whole-orbed souls, who seek to gain wisdom and knowledge through the white light of universal, eternal truth—the truth whose years are commensurate with those of God.

Again, truth is a grand temple still in process of construction. It has been building through all the ages of the past, and will continue to rise through all the eternities to come; for it is as broad as the universe, as high as the highest heavens, and reaches to the nethermost hells. We, each of us, with our individual lives and experiences, are, in some measure, a part of this great temple. Some of us may be called upon to take very humble positions in this temple; for all can not be corner-stones, or ornamental statues, or towering minarets pointing heavenward. There must be timbers and stones that are out of sight, some of them imbedded in the dirt, perhaps, but still quite necessary. Nor can all, at one and the same time (not yet, anyway; all may be in the great future), be polished, or painted, or made brilliant and beautiful. And there will necessarily be a great variety of shapes, and the square block need not say to the round one, "You do not belong to this temple, because you are not shaped as I am;" nor, *vice versa*, the round block make the same accusation to the square one. In this temple something belonging to all the beliefs of all humanity, have, at one time or another found a place. From Buddhism, Brahmanism, and all the isms of the ancient times, to Christianity; from Materialism to Spiritualism; from monopolist to anarchist; and so on through all the lists of all possible extremes; all have contributed something toward building up the universal Temple of Truth.

True, many timbers, from time to time, become effete and decayed, and must be replaced by new material. And it may be said that to-day there are many decayed timbers, and many more that are rapidly decaying, that need to be replaced by something better. Iconoclasts, such as Robert G. Ingersoll, have been at work—and they are necessary, too. And just as necessary is it that the repairs of breaches should follow the iconoclast. But his work is to build up the walls, and relay the foundations with new and better timbers than were ever before put into the building. The old timbers may have been quite necessary once, but their day of usefulness is forever gone. But in removing them take care, lest you widen the breaches by reckless haste, and unnecessary, or mistaken zeal, and thereby tear away also that which is good and useful.

As individual timbers in this great structure, let me say to you in all kindness: Don't be forever poking your sharpest corners, your most pronounced and advanced opinions, at people, especially if they take the shape of a hobby-horse. If you do, you are sure to clash, more or less, as you go along. Whereas there may be points where you and they may

(Continued on Seventh Page.)



## A Reviewer Reviewed.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Webster defines criticism to be "a careful and thorough analysis of the subject criticised." I have waded several times in vain through the article of your correspondent in the GOLDEN GATE of October 20th in search of said "analysis," and had the article appeared in any paper but your GOLDEN GATE, I should not have found time to notice it.

In the letter of Oct. 6th I took for my text the verse of an anthem, in order to suggest that the contemplation of the starry heavens would be a more elevating theme to the youthful mind than a lesson derived from the life of Joshua. Mr. Lyman L. Palmer differs with me in this respect. He prefers Joshua to the stars. He has, of course, a right to his preference; but the expression of such preference is not a review of my letter, or a criticism, according to Webster. I had endeavored to suggest that if a Sunday-school text must be taken from the Bible, that a less objectionable theme could be found than a narrative of continuous slaughter, as exhibited in the career of Joshua.

Lyman L. Palmer's preference for the "Heavens declare," etc., is objectionable, but irrelevant. He seems to prefer it because he says it was written by David long before "the Hebrew captives by the waters of Babylon sat down and wept," which is irrelevant, and anyway void of proof. For if David wrote this, or any other Psalm, then who saved the manuscripts in the sacking of Jerusalem? Certainly the assertion that they survived the destruction of the city refutes his statement in another connection, wherein he says, in defending the atrocities of Joshua: "The weak have always been driven to the wall, crushed out of existence, driven before their conquerors into the sea, and destroyed from the face of the earth." If this was the rule, how did David or his progeny save his Psalms? Again he says: "Moses had led the horde of Hebrew slaves about the wilderness for forty years. His authority fell upon Joshua. They were now about to inhabit the land of their fathers (centuries before)."

This Lyman L. Palmer puts forth in defense of filibustering; but I ask, What fathers? Certainly Jacob and his sons and their families, when they left Syria to join Joseph in Egypt, only counted three score and six all told. *Vide* Genesis xli.: "And Israel took his journey with all that he had, and the sons of Jacob, their wives and little ones." "And the souls that came with Jacob into Egypt were three score and six."

Now, the question which I proposed, and which the reviewer has not answered, was as to the possible right of the descendants of these, including Joseph and his sons, seventy people, to go filibustering back to Canaan several centuries later under the flimsy pretext of prior possession; and then under Joshua to murder, rob and outrage the peaceful inhabitants.

Lyman L. Palmer says that "Joshua's orders were to destroy utterly; to give no quarter; that there was nothing strange about that; it was in keeping with the spirit and civilization of the times, and justified by God in tones louder than the thunders of Sinai!"

Now, this would be blasphemous if it were not absurd; the thunder included. Minds of a certain caliber have in all ages associated thunderings and earthquakes as manifestations of divine displeasure, and they fall down on their knees, while the equally superstitious Chinaman rattles his tom-tom and chin-chins his Joss. Be this as it may, I deny the assertion that no quarter was in keeping with the spirit of the times. I have shown by the cotemporary history of Egypt and Assyria, that the Bible heroes alone slew women and children; and I judge that when Lyman L. Palmer was a boy, his school-master taught him holy fables instead of ancient history. Nevertheless, it appears phenomenal that any one can be now found to defend such wrongs.

He sneers at "A. Y. E." for thinking it so terrible to have women and children slaughtered at the command of God and Joshua, because "he has nothing to say against Vespasian." Vespasian had nothing to do with my subject, and the remark is about as relevant as that of "Mr. F.'s aunt," when she exclaimed: "There are mile-stones in the Dover road." He then goes on to contradict himself: "Vespasian, with all the light of the great Chaldean, Grecian, and Roman civilizations, re-enacted the same scenes which the Hebrews fresh from a slavery of 400 years had done 2000 years before."

This is rather mixed, unimportant, vague, and utterly irrelevant. He had previously written: "It is not true that they were in captivity for centuries before their return to Jerusalem;" and then with the most naive assumption of superior intelligence informs us that a "writer for the public press should be exact!" Anyway, what has this all got to do in a so-called review of Joshua's atrocities, or whether my chronology is right or wrong? I took it from the Book he reveres—II. Kings, B. C., 716, "And it came to pass the fourth year of King Hezekiah that Shalmaneser, King of Assyria, came up against Samaria, and besieged it; and in the ninth year of Hosea, King of Israel, Samaria was taken; and the King of

Assyria did carry away Israel into Assyria," etc.

Now, where were David's Psalms at that time? Did Shalmaneser hold on till the captives picked up the manuscripts? Layard gives the same period for the reign of Shalmaneser. Now it will be observed that the Assyrians did not murder their prisoners, as Mr. Lyman L. Palmer, in his defense of Joshua, asserts was customary in those days. Then in verse xiii. we read that "Sennacherib, King of Assyria, came up against all the fenced cities of Judah and took them," 703 B. C., which coincides with Layard's Nineveh Chronology.

Again I ask, Who packed up the manuscripts while their cities were burning? Layard gives an engraving from the Scriptures of the palace of Nimrod of the above date, of a train of women captives on mules, carrying their children in their arms; the men captives on foot. How different is this from the brutal treatment of Joshua and his Lord toward their helpless captives; toward the unfortunate women and children of Canaan. The Assyrian gave them safe conduct and mules to ride upon, while the Lord and his henchman gave their prisoners rape, fire and sword. And a Christian of A. D. 1888 to defend the atrocity!

Again, (II. Kings—610 B. C.) Nebuchadnezzar besieged and took Jerusalem, and made Jehoiakim prisoner. Jeremiah, 590 B. C.: "I will cause to return the captivity of Israel," etc.; Ezekiel, 595 B. C.: "The word of the Lord came to Ezekiel, the prophet, in the land of the Chaldeans by the river Cheber," probably the modern "Khabour." Daniel, 606 B. C., interprets Nebuchadnezzar's dream, and Nineveh was taken by the Medes and Babylonians under Cyaxares, B. C., 606. (*Vide* Layard.)

Now, here is a mass of testimony to prove the beginning of the captivity extending from Hezekiah's time, 726 B. C., or the later captive of Jerusalem, 610 B. C., to the subjection of Assyria by Alexander, about 740 B. C. Yet Mr. Lyman L. Palmer flippantly denies that they were centuries in captivity.

Alexander died in Babylon, B. C., 323, in the thirty-third year of his age, and was succeeded by his half brother, Ptolemy. He must therefore have been about twenty-five years of age when he conquered the Persians, and liberated Assyria and Egypt from their yoke, several centuries after the Jewish conquest by the Assyrians.

Nabuh also gives 713 B. C., the date of the first captivity. And Layard found in Nineveh Scriptures of Sennacherib's time with captive Jews depicted, dragging the great winged bulls, two of which are now in the British Museum.

But all this is irrelevant to the motive of the theme which has so much exercised your correspondent. To me it was simply incomprehensible, why a teacher of children should select the atrocities of Joshua, in preference to higher themes, for a Sunday-school lesson. And when I saw the heading, "A Review," I naturally expected some light on my question. Some one has said, "An undevout astronomer is mad," and surely the contemplation of the starry heavens, night by night, year after year; the confidence born of their acquaintance; the ability given by aid of locating any spot on earth or ocean; the emotion in greeting their re-appearance as old friends, must certainly tend to cultivate in a thoughtful mind higher aspirations than the study of biblical cursing and ruthless butchery. Even Vasco de Gama and his men, when they first beheld, rising above the southern horizon, the glorious constellations of the Southern Hemisphere, fell down on deck upon their knees and worshipped!

Of course Lyman L. Palmer has perfect liberty of taste. He may lack the enthusiasm of a Vasco; he may circumnavigate the globe without knowing one star from another; he may prefer the study of Joshua and his astronomical freaks, his ruthless murder of "women, young and old," his arson and robbery; and he may believe that these outrages were committed, and no quarter granted, by order of the Lord; but the question would still remain unanswered, Is the study of this narrative calculated to elevate the youthful mind to a just conception of the Supreme mind? Is not Joshua's life in fact a satire on his predecessor's code of commandments. Did he not break every one of them ostensibly by the same authority that gave the code?

From this the children might devise an interesting letter on consistency; and because I challenge these fables, my reviewer accuses me of atheism, confounding credulity with piety, and the greater the whopper, the more sanctified they feel in believing it.

It was not a priest, but an astronomer, who first offered demonstrable proof of a Supreme Thinker! Kepler, when he discovered and announced his three great planetary laws, proved the existence of One who thinks, of One who rules the universe by law. He, after years of incredible labor, when he announced the relations of the planets, in these immortal words, "The squares of their periodic times, are proportional to the cubes of their distances," proved the existence of a universal mathematical law, which only a mathematician could conceive, and only a God could establish!—matter cannot mathematize—and that God the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, and not the petulant, capricious tyrant of unholy writ!

And how was this grand revelation received by the Church, this law of the heliocentric, as against the geocentric

theory? It incurred the bitter reprehension of the Roman authorities, Pope, Cardinals, and Inquisitors; which L. L. P. apologetically says was no part of Christianity. To be sure he might say that they were and are pagan. Any way they were orthodox, and denounced the Copernican system as utterly contrary to the Holy Scripture, on which question they had a few years before burned Bruno, which L. L. P. does not consider of much consequence. He sneers at A. Y. E. "holding up his hands in holy horror," maintains that "the Inquisition is no part of Christianity," and inconsequentially alleges that "A. Y. E. would rejoice to see a few Christians boiled in oil."

Why particularly in oil? Because he dares to denounce and hold up to execration those Christians who burned Bruno and murdered Hypatia; who, in their so-styled holy office, prohibited Kepler's "Epitome," and placed it in the "Index Expurgatorius," where it remained until the recent date, A. D. 1824. These are the conservators of science, who would have maintained to this day the Scriptural geocentric theory, had not Magellan, or some other navigator, sailed around the world and proved its sphericity even to their impervious minds. These are the kind of Christians to whom I alluded, and to whom he knew I alluded, when he endeavored with his quibble to draw upon me the odium theologium of the Christian Church, that exorcised Halley's comet, and expelled it from the skies in terror,—the hierarchy that made it lawful to constrain men to goodness, as defined by the Athanasian creed, by torturing and executing heretics. These were the fellows to use his "boiling oil,"—fit successors to the ruffians who slaughtered Hypatia; this the hierarchy that made it lawful (see "Gratian's Decretum") "to kill an excommunicated person, and confiscate his property."

Your reviewer does not confront the issue I have made at all, but seeks to make a sinister issue by putting the inane question, "Would A. Y. E. prefer that a child of his should be brought up under Christian influence, rather than pagan?" at the feet of Mrs. Cooper rather than Hypatia? No person can have a higher regard for this lady, as a true philanthropist, than myself. In the establishment of her kindergartens, she has rescued hundreds of homeless waifs, who, but for her, might have been in the gutter; but she, unable to cut loose from sectarian despotism, is compelled to teach the superstitions of her Church, or endanger herself in another trial for heresy. The question, therefore, is about as sensible as it would be to ask if I would prefer Euclid, as a teacher of the elements of geometry, to the evangelist, Moody, who sings, "Oh, blissful lack of wisdom; 'tis blessed not to know."

Doubtless this strain of piety is to the taste of my interlocutor, but notwithstanding his lucid sneer, Hypatia, a young lady of beauty and great courage (she had been warned to desist), the daughter of Theon the mathematician, was not only distinguished for her exposition of the philosophic doctrines of Plato, but also was she honored for the ability with which she commented on the science of geometry.

Daily, at the door of the Serapion, stood a train of chariots. Her lecture-room was crowded with the wealth and fashion of Alexandria, which excited the jealousy and hatred of the Christian bishop, Cyril, and on that feeling he acted. As Hypatia repaired to her academy that gruesome day, she was assaulted by Cyril's mob of monks, stripped naked in the street, dragged into the Christian Church, killed with a club, flesh scraped from the bones and burned. For the frightful crime of Cyril the bishop, it was admitted that the end sanctified the means.

So ended Greek philosophy in Alexandria; so came to an untimely close the learning that the Ptolemies had done so much to promote; and when I stood upon the spot pointed out to me as the site of the Serapion, I thought that if hell, as holiest men have deemed there be, exists for any, surely the deep damnation of that crime has engulfed its perpetrators in those awful depths. Our critic, however, does not think it was much of a crime—not worse than Bruno's murder. He says only "a lot of heathenish Christian monks." Well, I was not acquainted with them, but naturally supposed that, having a bishop to lead them, they were the best kind the Church afforded—in fact, the *crème de la crème* of that early Christian society.

The Emperor Theodosius had already instituted inquisitors of faith. He had dispatched an order to Alexandria enjoining the bishop Theophilus, who preceded his nephew Cyril, to destroy the Serapion—an injunction which Cyril gladly obeyed. Mr. Palmer's "heathenish Christian monks," therefore, were under imperial as well as holy direction. Mr. P. seems to think that the character of the tools absolved the instigators of the crime. Did he expect the gentlemen of Alexandria to be among the assassins? Thus the leaden mace of bigotry struck down all that was estimable in literature, in science, and in philosophy, throughout the Christian world. There must be no more liberty of thought, for "science fled when fair Hypatia fell."

But Mr. P.'s logic is as remarkable as his ethics. He says, "But for the hand that destroyed the Alexandrian library, we should not have a vestige left." Remarkable result of vandalism! preservation out of destruction! most modern of miracles! Phoenix from the ashes!

But this murder was the signal for universal destruction of all they denominated "pagan." Magnificent Egyptian obelisks were defaced or thrown to the ground, as in the case of that "Cleopatra's Needle," now in London. Temples and statues were demolished. That of Pompey was, it is supposed, torn off the pillar and destroyed; while the red granite column, a 98-foot monolith, could defy their destructive efforts as could one of the pyramids.

Regarding the statue, some doubts having arisen on this point, my brother and I resolved to mount to the summit, as Belzoni had done, and determine the question as to whether or not a statue had been there. On gaining the summit, we found the stumps of four iron stanchions, by which a statue had evidently been secured. These stanchions had been soldered into the granite with lead, some of which we easily cut out with our knives, and dropped down to our friends in evidence of our discovery. They, in turn, hatched on a bottle of wine, which we hauled up, and drank on the summit to the memory of Pompey, and in commemoration of our feat—presumably the only bottle ever drank on that summit, as Belzoni does not mention having done so, and I have never heard of anyone else since we of the Euphrates Expedition were in Alexandria.

In conclusion: "Cleopatra, the beautiful Queen of Egypt, is enshrined by the pen of A. Y. E." This paragraph is pure invention, as I find on turning to my letter, that the only reference made to Cleopatra, in speaking of the Alexandrian library, is this: "It was measurably restored by Antony's gift of the library of Eumenes to Cleopatra, which she added to the splendid collection in the Serapion." Out of this simple reference, L. L. P. weaves a romance, in which he includes Queen Elizabeth, an effusion which should place him in the front rank of novelists, rather than among reviewers.

He also says that "A. Y. E. takes occasion, in a spirit of superficiality and bitter irony, to review the history of the entrance of the Children of Israel into the land of Canaan, as recorded in the first chapter of Joshua."

This paragraph is partly true, and partly untrue. It is quite true that I have reviewed the history of the entrance of these filibusters into the land of Canaan, not only in "bitter irony," but in bitter indignation; but it is untrue to say that I have done it "superficially." On the contrary, I have quoted it voluminously from the first chapter to the last, commenting freely on its atrocities as I proceeded, and it is because I am not an atheist, as this "reviewer" insinuates, that I venture to defend the Beneficent against the blasphemous slanders of the fables he defends.

Now, to sum up: I should have thought that a self-constituted "reviewer" would have explained the doubtful morality of rewarding a harlot for secreting spies, and why these treacherous conspirators were praised, while modern spies are hanged.

2. The hydrostatic law regarding the passage of the River Jordan.

3. The power of a blast of ram's horns to breach walls.

4. The morality of stealing the pots and kettles for the "House of the Lord," in contravention of the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal."

5. The morality of the black flag and no quarter, in defiance of the order, "Thou shalt do no murder." Was the code suspended?

6. The astronomical miracle, by which not only the sun and moon, but the earth, must have stood still; and why does not the "reviewer" give us some cotemporary evidence from the records of Egypt and Chaldea?

7. Where was the necessity of such extensive slaughter, if they only wanted the land? Could not the Lord have secured some of the Egyptian or Tyrian ships, and sent the whole crowd to a penal settlement?

8. To return to my first proposition, is it right to teach children these vicious, immoral, wicked fables?

But finally, credit must be accorded to the lecturer for the pious naïveté with which he demolishes all maudlin sympathy for the butchered unfortunates that incurred the displeasure of the Lord and Joshua. A. Y. E.

## San Bernardino Items.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Among the various attractions at the San Bernardino camp-meeting was that of Henry Allen, more popularly known as "Allen, the Boy Medium." Mr. Allen is no longer a boy, but a 36 year old man, of 165 pounds weight. Outside of his mediumship he is a pleasant, genial associate, and in his line of mediumship I think he is unequalled. His chief phase of mediumship is physical and musical. To be sure, the seances are given in total darkness, but the manifestations are of such a nature that I cannot see how any level-headed, fair-minded thinker, can come to any other conclusion than that the manifestations are produced by some law not yet known to the science of this earth; so certain am I of this, that I am willing to pay five hundred dollars to any one who will duplicate these manifestations, under like circumstances, and tell me how it is done.

The seance room is open to all the investigation that any one wishes to give.

The room is made absolutely dark. An old dulcimer, with thirty strings gone, is placed on two chairs in the back side of the room. A guitar is set beside a chair on another side of the room. A table in the center contains a pencil, writing tablets, and several bells. The sitters are seated around this table so as to take hold of hands. Mr. Allen sits in this circle of sitters, with a sitter on each side of him, holding each of his hands tightly. Sometimes no manifestations whatever occur. Sometimes they begin almost immediately the light is put out. Sometimes an hour passes before they begin. The manifestations consist in imitative sounds of various kinds, from that of sawing wood to the sighing of the wind through the rigging of a ship; and beautiful music of various kinds made upon one or more of the instruments I have mentioned. The guitar is frequently carried swiftly around the room, lightly touching each of the sitters, and then far above their heads, discoursing sweet sounds all of the time. Sometimes a perfect pandemonium is raised with all the instruments; and all the while the medium is firmly held by two of the sitters. I had been told that Mr. Allen's wife sat at one end of the circle and held one of his hands, and that she did the musical racket; but unfortunately for that theory, she was not present the first night I was there. And, on another occasion, my friend J. P. Hutchins, of Santa Ana, sat on Mr. Allen's left and held his left hand, while Mrs. Hutchins sat on Mr. Allen's right and held his right hand, and Mrs. Allen was held between two other sitters. And yet the manifestations were as loud and manifold as ever.

Another feature is the writing of short messages by some unseen hand upon the tablet; the tearing off of the written paper and thrusting it into the pocket of the sitter at Mr. Allen's left. Then this sitter changes places with the one at the left, and so on, till all have sat next Mr. Allen and received a written message, signed by the familiar name of some loved one beyond all knowledge of the medium. The movement of the pencil on the paper while the writing is doing, is plainly heard by each sitter.

Sometimes the spirit loved one is able to whisper the name in the well remembered tones of yore; and in some cases, as in mine, to pat you on the cheek and gently kiss you. And sometimes you can see above you—as I did—a beautiful human hand, lighted for an instant by a brilliant ball of light about the size of a small marble, at the finger tips. Some of the spirit lights seen at these seances are very beautiful and quite beyond all imitation, so far as I am acquainted with science; and I think I will raise my bid to one thousand dollars for being shown how to do these things.

Mr. Allen expects to be in Los Angeles soon, and I trust the friends there will avail themselves of his mediumship to convince their skeptical friends that there are intelligent forces outside of any known law of earth. D. EDSON SMITH.

SANTA ANA, Oct. 30, 1888.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]  
The Power of Thought as a Healer.

BY EVA A. H. BARNES.

It seems that one of the first practical fruits of the new dispensation of Spirituality, is the thought awakened everywhere in regard to the influence of mental states over physical health. And while Mrs. Eddy and her Christian Scientists are bearing much of the heaven of truth among people who are too bigoted to listen to teaching of any sort, not labeled "Christian," we find that they have not been able to take out a patent on the whole truth; for truth is universal, and the term Christian is necessarily limited.

This much of good is done in the beginning, by all disciples of mental healing: They declare without ceasing that "the real man is a spirit," and even Spiritualists cannot hear this repeated too often; for we hear them constantly referring to spirit and the spirit land as something away off, and foreign to their present experience, when the fact is they are just as much spirit now as they ever will be, and their happiness does not depend half as much on casting off the physical body as many suppose.

What is of vital importance to us is whether we are growing in spirituality. Are we leaving behind us the mists of selfishness and inharmonious, and coming into the glory of a new dawn, which reveals the higher joys of peace and love and good-will to all men?

We have so long looked for something to save us from sin and sickness, outside ourselves, but the newly discovered laws acknowledge no vicarious atonement. To the multitude who have awakened suddenly to the phenomena of mental healing, and have assumed the materialized form of an interrogation point, nothing seems so hard to accept as the healing power of thought. Everyone knows of cases where disease has been produced by fear, or grief, or anger; but that it can be cured by restoring the being to harmony and peace is not to be allowed.

Everyone can cite you to instances where the child in the mother's womb has been deformed by the power of thought; but they will tell you that mental healers may meet with success where there is no organic disease, but how can they expect to restore a vital organ after it has become wasted by disease?

For my part, I see no reason in asserting that so useful and beautiful and self-evident a creation as the human body is an illusion. It seems much more philosophical to me to acknowledge its use and beauty, yet as compared with the soul, to think of the physical expression as transitory and fleeting. Neither need we deny the existence of sin and disease, in order to say that their power to continue to exist is subject to and dependent upon certain mental states.

The belief in human slavery caused its advent on American soil; the belief in freedom caused the emancipation of the slaves. The steam-engine was first of all a visionary belief in some crank's brain; as soon as it became a perfect idea, it was materialized.

The Society for Psychical Research in England, claim to have proven that thought transference is a fact. If so, why may not the "idea" of a healthy organ be transferred to the mind of a patient, at a distance from a healer, as well as the "idea" of a triangle? To be sure this science is in its infancy as yet, but it bids fair to grow all too rapidly for symmetry. Let us strive to grasp some of the principles underlying this, as every other system of facts, that we may not stultify our assertions in the beginning.

Now, when we are assured that any new phenomenon is a fact, the question at once arises, "How shall we utilize it?" Hence those of us who accept the fact of the power of mind to cure disease are looking about us for ways and means to make a practical use of this great good; and although but an humble pupil myself, I am anxious to bring a few crumbs to the feast, hoping to be of use to someone, and even as I give, I would thankfully receive any light from others upon this important subject. We are told by that great spiritual philosopher, A. J. Davis, in the volume of "The Great Harmonia," entitled "The Physician," that health is harmony and discord disease; that in health the spiritual forces are equally distributed; there is an equilibrium of the spiritual forces of our being; but that when anything disturbs this equilibrium, there is discord and we say we are sick.

Now if we analyze carefully our mental and physical states before any disease, during our past experience, I think we will find much to corroborate this theory. It then follows that the chief and necessary thing for us all to know is how to render the harmonious flow of the soul through the external organism a rule rather than the exception.

In the beginning, let me say that we must give up depending on our environments for harmony. These we cannot control at all times, but we can learn to be independent of our surroundings. We can build up about us a calm, soulful aura, that shall be as surely our armor as ever coat of mail to valiant knight. We can deny the power of evil to harm us or control us, and declare that good alone shall receive our allegiance.

We can put all worry and hurry and fear and grief out of our lives, going about our daily work serenely, joyously, and peacefully. We can take upon us a

positive attitude toward anything we wish to avoid, remaining negative alone to the divine influences of the spirit. We can persist in thinking alone of those things which we wish to create and perpetuate. And when these things have been accomplished, we cannot be sick, and we can cure disease in others under suitable conditions.

"But this is the work of a lifetime," you say. It may be for some time. It is certainly the beginning of all truly scientific living, and we must begin some time to unfold the powers of the spirit; we cannot begin too soon.

CLARA, Pa., October 23, 1888.

## 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, indisposition, 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.

## Does Spiritualism Make Us Better Men and Women?

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Last Sunday afternoon I attended the meeting of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, at Washington Hall. I heard a great many good things said there, but I heard one thing that I did not think "well said," and that was when Mr. Swift said: "Spiritualism does not make a man either better or worse; that a man will be just as wicked after becoming converted to Spiritualism as he was before."

I think Mr. Swift is mistaken. Spiritualism, if I understand anything about it, teaches the highest possible standard of truth and morality. Looking at it from a standpoint of self-interest, we would be induced to be good for our own sakes. If "every man is to be judged according to the deeds done in the body," surely "every man" will take care that the deeds he does shall merit a pleasant judgment. At this moment I call to mind a lady friend who has all her life been in the habit of indulging in semi-occasional fits of violent ill-temper. She became a Spiritualist a few years ago, and ever since the light of this grand truth first shone into her heart, her sinful temper has been under almost absolute control. She frequently remarks that since she became a Spiritualist no one can make her angry. Surely in her case Spiritualism has made a great change for the better.

I can not believe that any body can come under the influence of so great a truth, under the high moral teachings of this beautiful philosophy, without being made wiser and better. J. E. T.  
SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 31, 1888.

To know how to say what other people only think, is what makes men poets and sages; and to dare to say what others only dare to think, makes men martyrs or reformers, or both.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1888.

## EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

The rich man who possesses the good sense to become the executor of his own estate, and wisely disposes of the same, will not have occasion to worry himself, "over there," about what he might have done. With his earth work all accomplished, he will go on at once to higher enjoyments and richer experiences.

How rapidly the years glide away—youth, manhood, age—the three milestones in the journey of life, that seem so very far apart in childhood, are but a step from each other as we look backward. First a pulsating germ, then a conscious entity struggling in the coil of destiny, then a helpless clod trundled away to the ash heap! Oh, marvelous mystery of being! Well may we ask, Whence cometh man, and whither goeth he?

In many ways human life has its counterpart in outward nature. In some lives we see the tempest and the whirlwind; in some the shifting sands of the desert and the restless tumult of the waves; in some the calm and beauty of the summer sunset; in some the grandeur and glory of the mountain peak. In others still we have the melody of birds, the murmur of the rippling brook, the fragrance of the flowers, and the soft airs of spring. But whatever type of life may be thine, dear reader, let it not be wanting in that divine sweetness that makes it one with God.

How much better is wisdom than riches,—not the wisdom that plans only for time, but the true wisdom of the spirit that lays its foundations in truth and builds for eternity. Think ye not, O mortal, ye whose life is wholly wrapped up in the garments of earth, that when you come to lay aside those garments, you will blush at your own nakedness? What is the fitting phantom of the full span of mortal years, to the countless aeons of infinite duration beyond? Shall we feed the spirit on husks to gratify the vanities of earth? Shall we live that we may die, or die that we may live?

That is a selfish, narrow love that would exact more than it would give. Indeed, it is not the highest love that would demand any return. Such is not the love of a mother for a wayward child; nor of the wife who clings devotedly to a cruel or worthless husband. It is not the love of a soldier who gives up his life on the altar of his country; nor is it the love of Him who died for humanity. If it is glorious to give something for nothing, how much greater the glory for giving good for ill. The spirit that has attained to such divine heights has reached the vestibule of the temple where dwells Infinite Goodness.

It is not the work of this journal to spend much time in searching for fraud in mediumship. But when we stumble upon it, as we have in some instances, we are forced to recognize it. In such cases it would be a crime against Spiritualism to cover it up or ignore it. Even then we much prefer to quietly consider persons guilty of such offenses as no longer entitled to mention in our columns. We would let them go their ways with no other reproof than that of our silence. It affords us far greater pleasure to speak well of mediums we know to be genuine and believe to the honest, than to condemn those we know to be capable of dishonest practices. We can all afford to be charitable in our judgment of the faults of others.

He who lives on a low plane, and indulges in unworthy thoughts, naturally attracts to his atmosphere spirits upon the same level of life, and he therein finds helps to a downward course. Hence, the natural tendency of all who thus live is to gravitate from bad to worse—to sink to still lower levels in the scale of being. On the other hand, he who aspires to the better life—says to his lower nature, "Get thee behind me, Satan,"—will receive help from the spirit to overcome. If he looks upward, with an earnest aspiration to rise, he will ever find a friendly hand reaching downward to help him. And so it is, that there is no standing still in life's journey. We are either ascending the heights, or descending into the dark valleys. In

the latter case through what agonies must the spirit pass in its backward turning to the light no one can know.

The tendency to commit criminal acts is a moral disease, and those afflicted therewith should be treated as humanely as we would treat those who are afflicted with mental or physical maladies. Not that we would go to the extreme of absolving the criminal from all accountability for his acts; for that accountability, however slight it may be, is the leverage whereby we would work his cure. At the same time we would throw around him those benign and humane influences best calculated to stimulate his moral nature. It is much easier to arouse the better nature of undeveloped man by kind treatment, than to suppress the evil side by harsh means. Our prisons should be made schools of reform, and the prisoner should be restored to liberty only when such reform is effected; and once cured of his malady, no more odium should attach to him than to a discharged hospital patient cured of small-pox.

## SUMMERLAND.

The Spiritualist Colony projected by this journal, to be located at the seaside a few miles below Santa Barbara, promises grand results. There was a demand for it, as is shown by the eager response for lots. At this writing (Thursday morning), although the plan of the city of Summerland has been before the public only four working days, we have received orders for 170 lots. In addition to these orders, Mr. H. L. Williams, the owner of the property, has received a large number of orders, mostly from friends of the enterprise in Santa Barbara.

Summerland is located in one of the most delightful places in the world. Its location is an inspiration, as is its beautiful and suggestive name. Onset, Lake Pleasant, Casagada—in fact, no Eastern camp can compare with it in salubrity of climate, or beauty of surroundings. But Summerland is to be something more than a mere place for camp-meetings: It is to become a great spiritual and educational center—a place for beautiful and permanent homes, in one of the most delightful regions of the globe.

Work will be commenced at once to establish the town,—to open streets, establish grades, provide permanent water works, etc. There is not a lot ordered that will not increase in value many fold within the next few years. The choice of lots is now offered to the public at the low price of \$25. This privilege will not be open long.

## HEAVEN.

Were Heaven indeed a locality, and were those souls only saved from perdition that gained entrance there, then surely the vast majority of the human race are born to certain damnation. Dr. Dowie says that Heaven is a city fifteen hundred miles square, which would be but scant room for one generation of the earth's population, if they "live, move, and have their being," as we are taught to believe they do in these latter days.

The Doctor added, with greater truth, that "in all the multitudes of its inhabitants there was not a single case of sickness." Perfect bodily and spiritual health is a prime condition of that state called Heaven; yes, we think it is a demonstrated fact that Heaven is limited only by human ignorance and sin, and we rejoice that it is so. No soul goes on in transgression and darkness forever. The eternal spark of life never dies, neither does it or can it forever smoulder under the ashes of degradation.

All forces in time and eternity are working for each individual life, and the most feeble ember must and will, sooner or later, burst into a glowing flame, not as fuel for the burning in Sheol, but as light to reveal the all-pervading goodness of Infinite Wisdom. Let us give thanks and praise that it is granted to all to make his or her own Heaven; that it is a sphere we live and dwell in, and carry with us as a garment upon the soul. Heaven is as boundless as the realm of life, and the mission of the angels is to teach the world this truth.

## FIVE CENTS.

Small things should never be lightly considered, and as we doubtless have some small readers—young readers—they will be interested in knowing what five cents may really amount to when properly considered and managed.

It is told in good faith that Miss Rosa Wiss, a young girl of Meridian, Miss., was given five cents on her birthday for a joke, and which she made very practical. She bought a yard of calico and made a sun-bonnet that she sold for forty cents; with this she bought more calico and made it up, sold the articles, and re-invested the capital until she had ten dollars. With this sum she bought potatoes, planted them, paid for the culture of the crop, for gathering and carting to town, and sold it forty dollars clear profit.

Now, while the five cents set the young lady's wits to working, calling forth her best judgment, it is very doubtful if a present of forty dollars would have been productive of so much good sense practically applied. It is pretty certain that most young ladies would have been tempted by the sight of the handsome things forty dollars would buy, and been speedily reduced to five cents, with no idea of turning it to other account than paying car fare or buying chewing gum. If Miss Wiss uses the same good judgment in the investment of her forty dollars as she did with the five cents, she will at no distant day be a capitalist, with the management of a corporation on her hands.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

BY C. L. R.

D. D. HOME: His Life and Mission, by Mme. Douglas Home. *La raison en prescit jamaie: elle eclaire.* London, Truebner & Co., J. C. Bundy, Chicago.

This volume of 428 pages is one of the most intensely interesting biographies that it has ever been my fortune to read. The story of a man whose life proved him to be a Christian in the highest sense of the term; and his aim the propagation of that higher Spiritualism, which sought ever to raise those with whom he came in contact from a selfish, material life, to a realization of the spiritual world, and the near presence and guidance of the ministering spirits inhabiting it, teaching ever the one grand truth that without truth and purity there can be no approach to heaven.

With regard to the mediumistic powers which Dr. Home possessed in a marked and wonderful degree, he always adhered strongly to the unalterable fact that spirit communication cannot be forced. And in spite of the marvellous manifestations which came to him, he would never guarantee anything to persons seeking an exhibition of his spiritual gifts, thereby proving himself a true medium, in the highest sense of the word, and not an impostor, for only an impostor would credit himself with power to command immortal spirits at will. Communication may be permitted, but not forced, as it has been permitted, and yet how many people who hold literally to the Bible, deny with utter contempt all idea of spirit communication, which the Bible so clearly proves in the numerous instances where people "were warned in a dream," "saw in a vision," etc.; and at the transfiguration on the Mount, where the disciples both saw and recognized Moses and Elias, who had long been in the spiritual world. Then, too, the writing that appeared on the wall to King Belshazzar.

"You admit all that?" I asked one of these skeptics. "Oh, yes," she replied unhesitatingly, "because it is in the Bible." "And does it anywhere say in the Bible that such visitations shall cease to be?" I questioned; "Are we not, to the contrary, assured that they are all ministering spirits? And if you admit that spiritual guidance was allowed in the past, what right have you to assert that it is not permitted now?" And after a moment's reflection, she was forced to acknowledge that she had no right.

But to return to Dr. Home, he shows in his correspondence a list of names, in evidence of his power and good faith, whose veracity cannot be impeached; and while all of these had not the courage to avow openly what they believed in private, they have, in letters to the individual, attested to the utter absence of fraud in Dr. Home, and to their conviction in the manifestations which he demonstrated, in testimony from such persons as Dr. Clark, Bishop of Rhode Island; Judge Edmonds, of the U. S. Supreme Court; Prof. Wells, of Harvard; Prof. Hare, the eminent chemist and electrician; Bryant; Bulwer; Thackeray; Trollope; Mrs. Browning; Emperor Alexander II.; Napoleon III. and Empress Eugenie; Sophie, Queen of Holland; Rossini, and Ruskin; with hosts of other illustrious names. But my review has already exceeded its limits, and I must leave this interesting subject by mentioning for the enlightenment of those who considered Mr. Home governed by mercenary motives, that he refused an offer of \$10,000 for a single seance.

## PERTINENT CORRESPONDENCE.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF EXAMINERS  
Of the Medical Soc'y of the State of Cal.

431 GEARY ST., San Francisco, Nov. 1, 1888.

MRS. DR. N. BEIGHLE—Dear Sir:—We have been informed that there is a Dr. Beighle practicing medicine at Market and Jones streets, and on looking over the records of this office, as well as the lists of licentiates of the Homeopathic and Eclectic Boards of Examiners, we find no one of that name recorded.

No doubt you are in ignorance that it is against the law of the State to practice medicine without a license from one of the above mentioned Boards.

We are about to publish a Register of all the physicians practicing in this State, and we desire your name to appear among those licensed. Unless we are informed that you have been granted a legal license, we shall be compelled to include your name among the "Illegals."

Hoping that we may hear from you at your earliest convenience, as we shall go to press with the Register by December 1st, I am,

Yours Respectfully,  
CHAS. E. BLAKE, M. D., Sec'y.

## ANSWER.

CHAS. E. BLAKE, M. D., Sec'y, etc.:—In view of the lamentable loss of human life, resulting from what is known as "regular" practice, I am proud to be recognized among what you term the "Illegals," where you will please place me.

As a large share of my practice is among those whom you, or your conferees, have declared to be incurable, but who, in their ignorance, prefer to be restored to health in an "illegal" and non-professional way, rather than yield up the ghost at your professional suggestion, you will pardon me if I do not choose to attach much importance to a membership in your State Society.

My license comes from a higher Board than any claimed by your Schools of Medicine; my diploma consists of the long list of names of those who have been healed through the divinely endowed gifts I profess to practice.

As I use none of your methods, and avoid every appearance of imitating the same (from a sincere regard for the welfare of my patients), I cannot understand why your august body should trouble itself about me. I am,

Very Respectfully, etc.,  
DR. NELLIE BEIGHLE.

—Our Free Library has been made the richer, the past week, by a contribution to its shelves by Col. Peter Sax, of the following books: "The Australian Captive and the Gold Regions," "Whims and Waifs," by Thomas Hood;

"Sydney Smith's Wit and Wisdom," "Jenkins' Life of Silas Wright," "Poems from the Inner Life," by Lizzie Doten, and a copy of "The North American Review." The Colonel has our thanks for his generosity.

## SUMMERLAND NOTES.

There now seems not the shadow of a shade of doubt of a grand success for Summerland.

Owners of cottages at Summerland, who do not care to take up a permanent residence, could no doubt rent them to good advantage to eastern tourists during the winter.

It will be stipulated in the deeds to lots in Summerland that no intoxicating liquor shall be sold upon the premises.

The first block numbered 24 in the printed map of Summerland is a mistake. It should be numbered 23. As the reader will see, the next lot is 24 also.

Those selecting four lots in Summerland will have 50 feet front on a 60-foot avenue, running back 120 feet to a 30-foot street. With a street in the rear, a 25-foot front gives the owner of two lots a very nice building site at a cost of only \$50.

The site of Summerland is a part of the Pueblo lands granted by the United States to the City of Santa Barbara, and there have been but four owners in the last twenty-seven years. No chance for Spanish claims here. There is no better title in the State.

The Southern Pacific Coast Line Railroad will doubtless be completed the coming year. That will make the line now running through Summerland the main line from San Francisco south. The Atchison and Topeka Road will doubtless be constructed through this property also.

For the guidance of our Santa Barbara friends in the selection of lots in Summerland, we will state that blocks 4, 6, 10, 16, 19, 26, 29, 30, 32, 36, 41, as designated on the published map that appears in this paper, are in the hands of the owner, H. L. Williams, for disposal—that is, we at this office are locating no orders in said blocks.

Mr. H. L. Williams, owner of the Ortega Rancho, upon which the town site of Summerland is located, writes as follows: "If you desire to say anything about water, you can say that you have seen ample spring water on my place, and that I will set apart as belonging to the town all that it requires to supply it. There is a spring on one lot, and I have no doubt water lies very near the surface all over the tract."

## SOME WORK FOR ALL.

Patience and persistent endeavor will accomplish anything within the scope of human power to do; and when the mind of man has a clear conception of any given thing he would create, or change he would establish, he may die in the attempt, but never abandon his purpose.

Dying ends nothing; it is really the beginning of more than we imagine here, and the spirit thwarted in the material success of its plans, is equally, if not more capable of carrying them to completion by the direction of another organism, than he was while working in his own. This, because spiritual vision is clearer and more comprehensive than physical sight. Spirit, itself, is untrammelled by the limitations and requirements of the earthly being, so it has the far range of the universe, and may study and compare the various capacities of mind, and choose the best for its purpose which it can command.

Now who dare say, "I am good for nothing?" Yet it is said every day, but with no truth, for everyone has powers that may be turned to good account to him- or herself and the world generally. Myriads of the disembodied have missions to earth, and they are constantly seeking mortal instruments with which to fulfill them. The work they would do lies in all the various avenues of our daily life. Some of it is already going on, much is not begun, and yet more that is not conceived to be necessary.

For all to become useful, it is but necessary for each one to study the natural capacities of him- or herself, enlighten the spiritual faculties of the mind, and ask and seek divine aid, that comes from all pure spiritual forces. Let no one designate what he would do, but be ready for whatever task assigned, and rest assured it will be worthy our best aspirations, and designed to increase our sense of usefulness on earth.

## QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

"Will some one please give me the poet's name of the following verses?"

"Born unto that undying life,  
They leave us but to come again;  
With joy we welcome them the same,  
Except the sin and pain."

"And ever near us, though unseen,  
The dear immortal spirits tread;  
For all the boundless universe  
Is life—there are no dead."

Also, what works can I get on "Theosophy?" I have "The Way, the Truth and the Life," by Dr. Dewey. I must have more light—I am starving for spiritual development. MRS. B.

## ANSWER.

Longfellow is the author of the lines quoted. In the line of your theosophical research we would suggest, "The Mystery of the Ages," by Lady Caitness; "Esoteric Buddhism," "The Occult World," and "Karma," by A. P. Sinnett; "Through the Gates of Gold;" "Man, Fragments of Forgotten History;" "The Cabala," etc.; and then there is *Lucifer*, an excellent monthly published in London.

The only safe guard against Spiritualism is a firm belief of the Bible doctrine that "the dead know not anything," and that the only hope of a future life is in the resurrection.—SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

"The only safe guard" against the materialism of the Bible, as interpreted by the Seventh Day Adventists, is the proofs of spirit existence and life beyond the grave, positively demonstrated by Spiritualism.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Col. D. M. Fox, formerly of the *Spiritual Offering*, has joined the Cambellites.

—Every true Spiritualist will indorse the ringing words of Mrs. Champion in another column.

—Mrs. Sarah A. Harris, of "Our Question Department," will speak in Santa Cruz to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon.

—An excellent paper, entitled, "Spiritualism in the Past," from the pen of a valued correspondent, is filed for publication.

—Mrs. Eva Barnes, writing to Mrs. Owen, from Clara, Pa., says: "I wonder I have not met your beautiful paper before. It fills me with delight just to hold it in my hands."

—Hon Amos Adams, who has been absent in a Southern county looking after his ranch, most of the time since his return from the East, is now at home to remain. He is stopping at the Baldwin.

—Bro. J. C. Parsons, writing from Stockton to renew his subscription for another year, sends us this kind greeting: "May the bright angels ever hover around you in conducting one of the 'best papers yet published.'"

—Now that the squabble over the election has ended, it is to be hoped that Spiritualists will turn their attention to the more serious work of so elevating and ennobling humanity that such contests will be forevermore unnecessary.

—W. J. Colville will commence his present season's work in San Diego, where he will lecture Sunday, November 18th. A class in Spiritual Science and Theosophy will open November 19th. Sessions daily, except Saturday. All particulars will be announced in local papers. Mrs. E. W. Bushyhead is kindly superintending.

—The Beasey Babies,—those marvelous musical prodigies,—will give their first public concert at Irving Hall, on the evening of Nov. 27th. Imagine four little girls ranging from ten down to three years of age, rendering the most difficult music upon the violin with the skill of a master. Little Viola Beasey is doubtless the youngest violinist in America.

—W. J. Colville's great new work, "Spiritual Therapeutics," is selling in Boston faster than the trade can supply it. It is commanding extensive notice everywhere, and has received brilliant endorsement from the press. It is a very handsome book of 332 pages, and retails at \$1.25. Arrangements of a special nature with the author enable the GOLDEN GATE to supply it post free at \$1.

—The egotism of poor, demented Maggie Fox, in thinking that by declaring herself a fraud and a cheat—admitting that for forty years she had been living a monumental lie,—that thereby she was giving a death blow to Spiritualism, would be amusing if it were not pitiful. Why, the world has hundreds of better mediums than Maggie Fox—mediums who would suffer the martyrdom of the stake before they would stultify and degrade themselves as poor Maggie Fox has done. Her declaration of imposture will not make the slightest impression upon Spiritualism, in the mind of any one who knows the truth.

## HIS FIRST VISIT.

Our country has entertained much of the royalty and title of Europe in the last twenty-five years but with an exception or so, this has been only in name and sound; for it is a fact that the so-called nobility are distinguished for little else besides their immunity from the ancient malediction upon Adam's race, and for their inborn love of hounds and the chase.

But now we are to have a royal visitor worthy the name—the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres—distinguished as the leading astronomer and electrician of Great Britain. What is of more interest to us is the fact that this lord comes here for the first time, and that we have so much to show and interest him.

The lord's memory is doubtless full of all he has been told and read of our wild country, so nothing but happy disappointment awaits him, since there is scarcely a correct idea of American life, progress, and her institutions on the other side the Atlantic.

Lord Crawford lately presented the entire furnishing of his fine observatory at Duneth, Scotland, to the British Government, to secure the permanency of the royal observatory at Edinburgh.

The lord's visit to America will be far from satisfactory, if he does not come to the Golden State, and see the largest telescope now in the world. We may confidently look forward to the presence of this truly royal visitor in our midst at no distant day.

MRS. J. J. WHITNEY.—Odd Fellows' Hall, on Sunday evenings, has come, with its occupancy by Mrs. J. J. Whitney, the wonderful public test medium, to be one of the central attractions of the city. Many who go there to laugh, go away to weep, as some loved one from the spirit world comes to them with positive evidence of identity. Her powers seem to improve with experience, and her proofs of spirit existence, no one who attends her meetings for any considerable length of time can for a moment question. Mrs. Whitney gave a grand seance last Sunday evening, and will appear at the same place again tomorrow (Sunday) evening.

## Fraternity Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Last Sunday evening the Progressive Spiritualists met at Fraternity Hall to hold their usual exercises. Mrs. Cowell, of Oakland, gave the opening invocation. Afterwards Mr. Colby, of San Francisco, gave tests from sealed envelopes, many of which were recognized. The audience seemed well pleased with the exercises.

Next Sunday evening Mrs. Wiggins, of San Francisco, will lecture. Afterwards Mde. De Roth will close the evening by giving tests in Psychometry.

We invite all friends to come to our meetings, and find out the truth for themselves. Wishing you success in your work, I remain,

Yours fraternally,  
MRS. DAVIS, Secretary.  
OAKLAND, Cal., Nov. 7, 1888.



(Written for the Golden Gate.)

## If They Only Knew!

BY ELLA L. MERRIAM.

Strolling through one of our city cemeteries, while yet the fresh morning air was resonant with harmonious notes of numerous feathered songsters, and the genial impartial sunbeams were greeting with kindly glowing touch those vacant habitations of the "so-called" dead, with equal fervor, as the homes of busy, bustling, breathing humanity, my soul seemed overcharged with desire that the same divine light that streams into the hearts of those who have come within the radius of our spiritual orb, might enter every home made desolate by the separation of those loved ones, whose mortal remains reposed in that silent, secluded spot.

Many mounds bearing evidences of loving care, while others, plain and even neglected, suggested pitiful scenes of streaming eyes, broken hearts, desolate homes and blighted lives! Here they had brought all that was tangible and visible, and deposited it with loving care and despairing hearts. No further could creed or faith enlighten them. The innocent and good, had been taught to believe, were safe with Jesus, but if otherwise, by inheritance or unfortunate influences, consigned to endure the pangs of endless torment, and perhaps the brightest and best beloved of all! Many others doubting that beyond mortal sense there be any existence whatever!

If they only knew how little to those that mourn was this tear watered mound! If they only knew how close to their hearts, their homes, their daily lives, were these now invisible ties, how their tears would be dried, and smiles dawn again in the comfort of such a knowledge. If they could only know beyond a doubt, as we know, that instead of shroud and pall and tomb enshrining their beloved, that brighter robes of spiritual loveliness clothe their now free, joyous and unobstructed souls that have only risen from conditions of sickness, weariness and disappointments, into a higher, brighter and happier realm, of more satisfying activities. If they could only know that the affections, relations and ministrations of their darling ones are intenser, closer and wiser, what joy would take the place of mourning; songs be heard in place of lamentation, and hope, and trust, and peace enter into and fill their now sorrowing hearts! O weeping, despairing ones, be lifted up into a new and happier condition, as your beloved has been lifted up, for your dead are not in this churchyard: They are near you, all about you, beckoning you from its chill and gloom up into the light and peace and love of true, unbroken spiritual communion! This is the bliss of living, and the glory of dying!

Ours is the shadow land, theirs the Summer Land; ours the tears, theirs the joy; ours the bondage, theirs the liberty; only so long as we remain ignorant of the grand and glorious destiny of our being. Search in the book of nature for evidences of continuous life, of unbroken song, of progressive immortality, and be comforted.

As the grain is placed within the earth, a brief season only, to appear more abundant, beautiful, and luxuriant, so does our life germ vegetate temporarily in the garden of earth, only to burst forth at the happy change called death, into increased beauty and capacity, the same loving spirit, unchanged, save as it is constantly refining and purifying itself, only by the gossamer-like veil of humanity! So thin a screen that at times the brighter light from their spheres may penetrate and bless our lower home!

"If they only knew!" But they are learning. One by one the bereaved are coming into this unending light. Over many a darkened home are the clouds "rolling by," and the sweet consolations of our spiritual luminary, are transforming their lives, as has mine been transformed! Hope again revives, but is now glorified. Life, both here and hereafter, becomes a theme of immortal song.

Dear ones all linked together by this invisible chain of spiritual fraternity, let us be doubly guarded in our daily life, that through no neglect or error of ours, we cast no blot upon, nor in the slightest degree retard the progress of this beautiful philosophy, this sweet music from higher realms, that sings: "Joy to the world!"

LOS ANGELES, October, 1888.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

## Drifting.

CLARENCE CHACE

Some months ago a noted divine of San Jose delivered, with all the fervor and earnestness of settled conviction, a sermon on the dangers of "investigation," particularly when the path of investigation diverged too widely from the straight and narrow way of orthodoxy. He estimated that most, if not all, the so-called "investigators" were not real seekers after truth, but made the pretended search for knowledge a cloak or device by which to escape the yoke of Christ. He said in effect: "When a man forsakes the light of the Bible, and begins to wander about in the darkness of reason, he is drifting, drifting, and each day is getting farther away from the source of all truth and happiness."

I thought then, and still think, how much better to drift,—to drift out on the boundless ocean of the unknowable, to float forever on the broad, sweeping waves of the infinite.

Oh, I would rather pick up shells on the shores of immensity; I would rather be lost in the measureless distances that separate the eternal stars; I would rather climb, wearily and alone, if need be, the towering heights of the everlasting mountains on whose summit wisdom sits enthroned, and from that dizzy altitude look out in the universe, than be caged within the four walls of an orthodox heaven!

There is something expanding, exhilarating in the thought of infinitude—in the idea of immensity. When I was a child I used to rush out of doors into the strong west wind that blew across the prairies, and spread my arms like wings to the invigorating current. What a sense of wild, joyous freedom was there! How I drew in with full breath the life-giving element! I watched the white, majestic clouds that swept grandly through the ethereal spaces. I watched the undulating motion of the tall grass that looked like an emerald sea spread out and over the vast plain, and my soul was filled with a deep, unfettered, far-reaching, ever-expanding sense of liberty. Something of the same feeling comes over me now, when I think of the measureless beyond; when I gaze upon the white clouds of inspiration—the snowy-winged messengers of pure and lofty thought; when I wander through the meadows of the infinite, till the mortal grows weary, and I lie down on the banks of the river of life eternal and sleep and dream.

How narrow, and meagre, and crowded seem the borders of the New Jerusalem, when one thinks of the eternal universe! Who would not walk outside the jeweled gates into the green fields of immortality? Who would not willingly hang the golden harp upon the willow, and wander forth into celestial groves, where beautiful birds sing the songs of paradise; where babbling brooks and silvery fountains murmur soft melodies, and "whispering hope" floats on the tender breezes; or climb the eternal heights of noble aspiration, and listen to the music of the spheres? Who would not exchange the glitter of the golden streets for the light of the undying stars that shine forth on the beautiful meadows of heaven—"the forget-me-nots of the angels?"

With this view of the hereafter, there are such infinite possibilities in store for us, when the mortal is verged into immortality. In view of that which we may yet hope for, we can willingly be bound by the fetters of time for the sake of the eternity beyond us. We can willingly wear the mantle of weakness when the wings of omnipotence are spread out to shield us. We can bear the claims of ignorance and poverty, for the sake of the grand treasures of wisdom that shall be ours some day. We can even rejoice in the limitations of the finite, for the blessed privilege, throughout eternity, of having something beyond us to work for, something above us to strive for and to attain, only to find the illimitable still beckoning us on. And with such grand vistas of glory opening out before our enraptured vision, where are the limits of possibility, or the boundaries of human achievement?

SAN JOSE, November, 1888.

## THE MEDICAL LAW.

The old doctors have obtained a law giving them a monopoly of caring for the sick; if they had not, their business would have been gone. Read the following:

## ANOTHER MIRACLE.

DR. A. B. DOBSON, Maquoketa, Iowa—My Dear Friend:—I esteem it not only a pleasure, but a duty that I owe, not to yourself alone, but to the public, to set forth some facts respecting my mental and physical condition during the past year. In the early part of the year 1883, my nervous system became very much affected, so that I was unable to sleep. This restless and sleepless condition continued to that extent that many nights in succession I was unable to close my eyes, all of which was reducing my physical powers and also affecting the mental; in fact, the whole structure was gradually becoming weaker and weaker each succeeding day, and during all this time I was seeking the various patent medicines, and consulting the best medical ability that I could find in Michigan and northern Minnesota, but of no avail; and finally I was advised to cross the continent, and in October I took a trip to Puget Sound, returning home about November 1st, having received little or no benefit from my journey.

Upon returning home I again consulted an eminent physician, who informed me that nothing but temporary relief could be afforded me; and thus I went on until about November 25th, when a friend, hearing of my situation, brought me one of Dr. Dobson's circulars, advising and urging me to try the magnetic healer, of Maquoketa, Iowa. I finally consented, under protest, to send for a diagnosis of my case. This was November 25th. On the 27th I slept some, but from the latter date up to and including December 4th, I did not sleep, all told, twenty minutes, at which time my mind and memory had become so weakened, and with a distracted brain, I was on the verge of insanity. At the time of the arrival of the first month's medicine, December 5th, I had about fully made up my mind that my case was hopeless and my restoration doubtful in the extreme, as it had baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians in different sections of the country. I commenced my treatment on December 5th, and ere I had taken the first month's medicine I could readily perceive a marked change in my mental and physical condition, and before the second month was ended, to my surprise, and that of my friends, I regarded myself fully restored, both mentally and physically, to as good a degree of health as I have enjoyed in twenty years, and for the same I express my heartfelt thanks to Dr. Dobson, the magnetic healer, of Maquoketa, Iowa, to whom I am indebted as the restorer of my health.

Very Respectfully,  
SAMUEL MAFFETT.

## The Cause in San Jose.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Thinking a few lines in relation to the at present all absorbing topic of Spiritualism, from the city of San Jose, might be acceptable, notwithstanding the late numerous and terrible exposures of the methods by which \$8,000,000 people, the great majority of which have been and are in full possession of all the faculties brought into use when reasoning upon all subjects, and are people of sound minds of more than average intelligence, in fact, in which the most logical thinkers, the most renowned scientists, the most eminent writers, the greatest philosophers, the most learned, as well as people of all other classes, and of all grades of intellect, are included, have been duped for forty long years;—thinking that in spite of all this, to know that Spiritualism still survives in San Jose, may cheer you on your way,—I write you.

I see no symptoms of decay from the pulling of the tares from among the wheat, but sincerely hope that the good work may go on. That not only those persons that have trifled with the most sacred emotions of the human soul, that have prostituted the beautiful truth of spirit return and communion to their greed for gold; but also those who have trifled with the most sacred relations of life—those who have alienated husbands from wives and wives from their husbands; those who have separated and broken up the holy ties of the family altar, and have robbed the worse than widowed and fatherless of their lawful heritage, God grant that the pruning and the weeding may not stop with those mediums that have practiced fraud and deception, but that it may extend to those who have prostituted the truths of the divinest, purest and holiest of philosophies, to their supremely lustful and selfish desires; that have under the guise of friendship, entered homes, and by their treachery and deceit have robbed others of all that was sweet and sacred, of all that life held dear; that have deserted their own firesides and companions, and have dishonored Spiritualism and mediumship, even more than those who have, through fraud and deception, given pleasure, while they have brought anguish and despair to those who trusted their warm protestation of friendship. Let the weeding go on until the grand and beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism shall stand before the world as a monument of truth, purity and fidelity, at which the finger of scorn can no more be pointed, and when the blush of indignation shall no more crimson our cheeks, as the names of our representatives, our lecturers, teachers and mediums, cast their murky shadows athwart the horizon of true Spiritualism.

The society of Spiritualists in this city has the last month been most ably ministered unto by Mrs. E. B. Crossette, whose practical, logical, philosophical, and dignified manner of answering questions is not excelled by any, and while politics have run high, she has had attentive and highly appreciative audiences during the entire month. She has been engaged to speak for us again the Sundays of November for December elsewhere, and no society will ever regret having listened to her eloquent inspirations.

Mrs. Knowles, of Santa Clara, has given a course of lectures upon insanity, its causes, and the treatment of the poor unfortunates at our asylums, upon which subject she is well prepared to speak, and has most ably and eloquently presented the misconceptions and misunderstandings that serve to render them worse instead of better and prolongs their stay almost indefinitely. She has presented the fact of obsession, or the psychological influence of spirits out of form as well as in the form, upon the sensitive organisms of those who fall victims to their power, in such a manner that physicians having charge of our insane will do well to study and investigate for themselves, and I hope she will be able to interest them by her earnest endeavors to ameliorate the conditions of the many now confined in our asylums.

May heaven's choicest blessings be yours for the sturdy blows directed at the fungus growths that must be cut from the body politic of our spiritual philosophy ere its development can be vigorous and healthy.

Yours, Fraternally,

MRS. L. H. CHAMPION.

SAN JOSE, November, 1888.

## The Work in Seattle.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I know your interest and sympathy in all work of a true spiritualistic nature, by my acquaintance with your very valuable paper, and we wish to open a correspondence with the paper, to introduce the work in the North-west to the readers, if you will occasionally allow one to appear.

The interest here in Spiritualism is not very encouraging, but by energetic efforts and no discouragements yielded to, something may be done. At least we are determined to try, and hope that by the aid of the spirit world, good will be accomplished. Since July, there have been meetings regularly every Sunday at 11 A. M. in Masonic Hall, when we have either a discourse or questions from the audience, answered by the guides of the lady

through whom these ministrations come. She opened independently, and so awakened an new interest. The attendance is small, but all manifest a deep and ardent interest.

Others have tried before, but the small attendance gave but little encouragement; but, as the lady is here for some time, she intends to keep at the work as long as she feels she can do any good. A temporary society has been arranged, and as soon as a few more members are added to the list, will become an established and incorporated society. It will be known as the Northwestern Spiritualistic Society.

The lady is an ordained minister of the spiritualistic formula. We hope, from time to time, to have something of interest to write, telling of good results from our undertaking. Very truly yours, S. SEATTLE, W. T., Oct. 9, 1888.

## CIRCULAR.

## The Egyptian Magic Mirrors!

THESE MIRRORS may now be obtained of the undersigned, at San Francisco, California. They are made of the finest and best material known, and are equal to any in the world. They are made after the old Egyptian formula, obtained by me, nearly twenty years ago from an ancient treatise on magic.

Having manufactured a few lately, as an experiment and pastime, I placed them in the hands of a few friends, for trial. Their perfection and power for spirit seeing, will be better understood by a perusal of the letters of recommendation published herewith. There is a secret in their makeup, known only to the manufacturer, that gives great magnetic assistance in the cultivation of clairvoyant sight. Send for circular and terms. Address the undersigned, R. B. HALL, At 2333 Bush St., San Francisco, Cal.

Price, \$15.00.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 29, 1888.

MR. HALL:—I have been looking in your Egyptian Magic Mirror, which I consider equal to any in existence. Immediately, I began seeing visions both prophetic and otherwise, and by desiring it, I see a friend in any part of the world, and learn their state of health and surroundings. It is a great aid in developing clairvoyance, as by looking in it at a lively mental picture form, and spirits appear easily, as the mirror is adapted to aid them in so doing. It is truly a magic mirror, and I would not be without one.

MRS. L. M. BATES

108 McAllister Street.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 7, 1888.

R. B. HALL, Esq.—Dear Sir:—I have given your "Magic Mirror" a thorough trial, and I take pleasure in saying, that it is just the thing to develop clairvoyant sight or spirit seeing. It took me but a few weeks to see psychetic visions, landscapes, and spirits in it, and I take pleasure in sending to you this unsolicited recommendation, believing that most any person who will follow your directions will make a success of it. Very truly yours, MISS C. A. THOMSEN, 2044 Market Street.

## Advice to Mothers.

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## "What is Truth?"

Continued from First Page.

touch—may even exactly fit each other, dovetail, as it were, and thus unite and build together into the great Temple of Truth.

To drop the metaphor, again, and speak plainly, it should be our aim, in our intercourse with others, to find upon what points we can agree, rather than to be looking out for points of disagreement. By so doing we may find, oftentimes, that our disagreements were, after all, only in the seeming.

It is said that a churchman and free-thinker once got into an angry discussion about God. "After sounding all the depths of bitter denunciation, they wound up by finding that their ideas were very much alike, and the free-thinker closed his part of the argument by saying, 'But what do you want to call it God for?'" And so our differences may often arise merely from our different interpretations of a word.

It is said that our lecturers on the camp ground at Oakland, this year, seemed constrained by the force of the prejudices of so-called Liberalists present, "to refer, with bated breath and apologetic tone, to that Being, Force, Power, or Spirit, whatever name we give it." This came from the different meanings that individuals attach to the word God.

The word God, we are told, comes from a good old Anglo-Saxon word meaning good. And has any one an objection to the word in that sense? If they have, they are not genuine Liberalists—much less Spiritualists,—in the true sense of those words. A great many suppose that when the word God is used, the angry, jealous, vindictive, and narrow-minded Jehovah of the ancient Jews is meant. Not necessarily so, by any means. True, theologians have tried to fit the ancient word into the modern; but there has been such a frightful shrinkage in the importance of the Jewish Jehovah that it will not, by any means, fit into the good old Anglo-Saxon symbol of good; and "that Infinite Being or Power dear to modern thought, whose presence thrills into the bursting bud and glows in the beauty of the expanded flower; whose mighty influence guides the whirling orbs of space as well as the mote that glistens in the morning sunbeam; whose voice is heard in the song of birds and the murmur of the running brook; who whispers in the sighing breeze and speaks in the thunder of the summer storm; who sways the nest upon the bending bough, or shakes the very pillars of earth; whose lightest action is eternal law, and whose will was written in unending words on every page of Nature's volume;" who, as Pope tells us, "Ever operates unspent, breathes through all space, extends through all extent;" this is not, by any means, the ancient Jewish Jehovah who had singled out one little race of people as his peculiar pets, and led them with barbarous fury into bloody wars of conquest and extermination.

Our God is our highest ideal; and the higher our ideal the grander will be our conception of that Infinite Good, which we may call God, Force, Power, Universal Spirit, or Universal Law, according to our standpoint, or prejudices. But if, like the speakers on the Oakland camp-ground, we feel constrained "to refer with bated breath to that Being, Force, Power or Spirit, whatever name we may give it," because there are those present who object to the word God, from the Anglo-Saxon word meaning good, I say we are not free; we are held in thralldom by the narrow-minded prejudices of those who have only one-sided views of truth.

A truth has more sides than one; in fact, is many-sided. It may take more than one, sometimes, looking from different standpoints, to see the whole of a truth, unless the one be willing to travel all around it, and view every side for himself. But there are not many who are either able or willing to do this. You can not see all sides of a tree by standing only on one side of it. But if your neighbor stand on the other side, and you compare experiences, you may get a better idea of all sides of the tree. In other words, I may have a half truth, and my neighbor may have the other half. By coming together amicably, and comparing our possessions; perhaps, also, by getting rid of some excrescences in the shape of prejudices, and the like, we may together get possession of a whole, beautiful, symmetrical truth.

A crystal is one model of perfection, and yet is many-sided. We talk about crystalizing truth, but remember it takes many sides, all of them perfect, to make up the perfect crystal. So truth, in taking form so as to be recognized, takes many sides. These separate sides may seem diverse from each other, yet when they are built together they unite to form a perfect figure. The Egyptian pyramids make a good symbol of truth. Layer after layer of foundation and structure are laid on until the lofty and noble structure is completed; and each separate piece is necessary to the whole. And remember, it has four sides, and no considerable portion of the structure can be seen by standing only on one side; nor can you learn all about it by even going all around it; but you must go into the very heart of the structure itself.

As it takes all of human experience to build into the great universal Temple of Truth, we must necessarily come from all points of the compass, from all shades of experiences, from all hues and varieties of

thought and opinion. To more fully express this idea, let us vary our metaphor of a little while ago, and suppose this Temple of Truth to be built upon a great mountain top, and the human race are climbing up all sides of the mountain toward the beautiful temple. There are many and great contrasts connected with the different pathways, and the outlook from each separate standpoint; but they all lead, ultimately, to the same summit. Some of the paths are longer and more tortuous than others, some more rocky and difficult, and the report of experiences of one traveler may widely differ from that of another; and yet they are climbing the same mountain and their destination is the same.

Suppose that upon approximating toward the summit several paths come together, and the travelers thereon meet and greet each other: "Whither are you going?"

"To the Temple of Truth."

"Which way did you come?" and each begins to describe his route.

But their descriptions vary, for each trod a different path, and traversed different scenes upon the way. Shall each say to the other, "Go back! You are not on the way to the Temple of Truth at all. You must come the very identical path, climb over the same rocks, overcome the same difficulties, see the same scenes that I have done, or I can never acknowledge you as a fellow traveler to the beautiful Temple of Truth." Would not this be the height of absurdity? And yet many of our fellow travelers to this beautiful Temple act just as irrationally.

Again we will change the metaphor, and this shall be the last. Truth is a vast realm of varied scenery, climate and productions. One explorer writes: "Truth is a beautiful country, with mighty forests, mountains, streams, and magnificent scenery." Another says, "Not so. Truth is a level plain, with farms and orchards and vineyards, stretching away in the distance, as far as the eye can reach. There is a boundary line of mountains in the far distant horizon, but that is as near to the realm of Truth as you have come."

Another writes: "You are both wrong, for I live in the realm of Truth, and while the country is most beautiful and productive, yet it is only a rather narrow strip of land, with mountains on one side, and the mighty ocean on the other."

Still another, in great contrast to all of these, writes: "Oh, I am sadly disappointed, for I find that Truth is an arid plain of burning sands and fiery skies, where nothing grows but the thorny cactus, and there are no streams to slake the consuming thirst. Oh, if this be Truth, I would rather dwell in the dark abodes, the cool, damp caves of Error, than to be here under the scorching rays of this intolerable light and heat." And so on, almost without limit, the report of climate and productions varying to the same extent.

How different have been the descriptions of the State of California, as written from different points to friends in the East! From burning sands to depths of snow; from magnificent forests to treeless plains; and vegetable productions running through all, or nearly all, the varieties of both the Temperate and the Tropical Zones. Great contrasts are presented, and contradictions almost incredible. So wonderful and discrepant were the accounts, that a few years ago, before the railroad and the telegraph had made them conversant with all the great variety of California life, Eastern people were wont to say, "Oh, that is a California story; you must take it with allowance."

Let me give something from my own experience as an illustration. The winter of 1875-6 had been an unusually snowy one upon the Sierra Nevadas. At a little over three thousand feet above sea level, in the region where I then lived, the snow acquired a depth of eight feet on a level. This remained until late in the Spring, crusting over on the top, and gradually thawing from the bottom. About the middle of April, myself and some relatives left the mountains for another portion of the State. Being at some distance from the stage station, our trunks were hauled thither on hand sleds, drawn on the crust of the snow in the early morning, ere the sun had time to make the crust too brittle for such work, we ourselves walking on the same crust.

Having boarded the stage coach, a mile or two of very gradual descent brought us to patches of bare ground. Still farther and only occasional patches of snow, with here and there a wild flower in bloom. Farther on, and orchard trees were loaded with blossoms, and the foothills bright with the hues of spring-time, with no traces of winter in sight, save as we glanced toward the now distant summit. The valley reached, and we found roses in bloom, and door-yards looking more like conservatories than snow-banks; while the unfenced stretches of land lying between some of the towns on the railroad were literally masses of bloom, presenting, here and there, solid patches of a single color, as one or another wild flower predominated in the general luxuriance.

Arrived at Sacramento, and we saw clouds of dust flying behind loaded wagons on their way to market. All this in less than twenty-four hours' actual travel, the greater portion of the time by the slow stage-coach, over heavy mountain roads. Suppose narrow accounts from a half dozen of these different points had been written without due explanation to Eastern friends, who had never been outside of their own State, and imagine the discrepancies and contradictions they

would discover! From walking and bearing burdens on the crust of several feet of snow, to clouds of dust and flower-carpeted plains, are indeed great contrasts.

And may not this illustration of diversity apply to the vast realm of Truth? Let us, for a moment, apply it particularly to what we hear from the spirit world. From the bright, celestial glory of the higher spheres, to the darkness and despair of many earth-bound spirits, there are surely great contrasts, and a great variety of experiences; and accordingly, the descriptions given us by the spirits themselves often present seeming contradictions, because they can only tell us what they see from their individual standpoints, and these standpoints may differ far more widely than anything we have yet discovered on the earth-plane.

Since, then, truth is relative; since no one can discover all of truth; since the higher our standpoint, and the greater our scope of vision, the larger measure of truth we may discern; while those who occupy still higher positions, and look through more powerful lenses, may behold vast expanses, which dwarf ours in comparison; while yet the one lower down may discern what may be overlooked in the broader view; it becomes us, one and all, that we be not dogmatic in our claims as to what is, and what is not, the truth, absolutely and *per se*.

To conclude, we are all, to some extent, explorers in the vast realm of Truth. What any of us, or all of us have learned concerning it, is not worth while stopping to quarrel over. But we should rather press on to discover more, and, on the way, generously and tolerantly exchange experiences with one another, comparing the same for the sake of knowledge, and not for contention, agreeing to disagree on minor points for the sake of the good of the whole.

## Mediums' Home.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

That good motherly soul, Mrs. Hammatt, of Encinitos, was at the late camp-meeting, working hard for her grand project of establishing a nice home in this lovely climate, where young mediums can be surrounded by the best and most harmonious influences, until their mediumship shall be fully established, and their controls shall have perfected their connection, so that all danger of obsession is passed, and only healthful results fully established.

Another object is to make a quiet home where worn-out, indigent mediums may find a haven of rest during the closing days of their earth-life. This is certainly a glorious object, and Mrs. Hammatt is undoubtedly whole-souled in her enterprise. She has bought out a right to a homestead filling to one hundred and sixty acres of land near San Diego. On this land she has put nearly one thousand dollars' worth of improvements. Mrs. Hammatt is about making an irrevocable will, whereby this property, and all the improvements that may be put onto it, will have to be used for the purposes named, together with the additional purpose of making a home for destitute orphans of worthy mediums. Several gentlemen testified to the property being very desirable for the purpose named from their personal knowledge.

Mrs. Hammatt is soliciting funds to enable her to prove up, and free this property from all encumbrance, and will be glad of any donations that may be sent her for that purpose.

D. EDSON SMITH.

SANTA ANA, Oct. 30, 1888.

DUTY done for its own sake is drudgery. Duty done for love's sake is a pleasure. Love is only a sentiment, but sentiment shapes character and shows character. Sentiment controls conduct more surely and more extensively than a mere sense of duty can control it. If only the love be well placed, if only the sentiment be lofty enough, character and conduct follow as they ought to follow. The lad who loves a good mother will gladly do as his mother would have him do, and he will be more of a man for doing duty at the prompting of such a love. A love of country, a love of learning, a love of heroic being and doing, a love of nobleness of soul, will incite and cheer a man to such achieving as he would never attain to without the stimulus of an all-inspiring sentiment. He who has any sense of God, will love God because he is God; and that love will be in itself the fulfilling of God's law. "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it; if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned." But this love which is all-swaying in its potency is more than a mere emotion. It is not a matter of feeling. It is a matter of one's very self. He who cannot love that which is noble, that which is good, that which is worth living for and worth dying for, is not the man to be faithful to duty as duty. Hence, he who will not do duty for love's sake, will hardly do duty as drudgery.—H. Clay Trumbull.

When I consider the wonderful activity of the mind, so great a memory of what is past, and such a capacity of penetrating into the future; when I behold such a number of arts and sciences, and such a multitude of discoveries thence arising, I believe and am firmly persuaded that a nature which contains so many things within itself cannot be mortal.—Cicero.

## Spirit Side of Life.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

[Received through the mediumship of Mrs. Adelaide S. Brooks.]

MY DEAR ONES IN EARTH LIFE:—That there is real life upon this side of the grave has been demonstrated to you beyond doubt, and that there is very much happiness in store for those who come from paths of true endeavor, has also been made plain to you. At the same time, we know that life upon this side is received "with material eyes of thought," consequently there comes to us the request to explain to you how we occupy our time; also comes the query "that if you are so happy, and spirit life is so glorious and grand, why do you enjoy returning to this vale of tears and sorrow for communion?"

My friends, will you please gather your many associates together and study them well, and then you will learn that some of them love you so truly, that were they to visit the most beautiful valleys in the world, there would be with them a constant desire to explain the wonderful beauties of that far-off country that you have never seen, and you would feel that a neglect to write and tell of the happiness found there, could only come from a spirit of selfishness, instead of love.

That word *love*—who can explain the full meaning of it? There is no country in earth-life which people love to visit, that has not been frequently described by those residing there, or by those returning, so that none are wholly ignorant of some of the beauties to be found there. But how is it with you in reference to the world and life upon this side of the grave? If we did not return and tell you of this life, how would it be possible for you to understand what this life is? All the true information there is among dwellers in earth-life, has been received from loved ones upon this side, who understand the anxiety of loved ones left behind for some true knowledge of the life in what you term the spirit world; and had we come into this life without love of our own, do you imagine that we would be anxious to return to your world of sorrow and disappointments?

It is with me as with all others here; it is love for dear ones in earth-life that makes the journey one of "pleasantness and peace," for where our loved ones dwell we delight to visit, and shall continue the visits to earth until the last of them are gathered home; and it may be longer, for the time slowly approaches when there will be as much information respecting life upon this side, as there should be. If we fail to visit you with the various stories of life here, how will you become informed and prepared to enter into this life, so as to be happy when you do come? Happiness in earth-life is one of the mainsprings of life there, and happiness here is equally as acceptable. Then why not come prepared to enter into this life understandingly?

Our life here is one of constant effort to lead those we meet into better conditions than we find them; for very many come to us from earth-life who had never given this life any thought, and they awake upon this side like a stranger in a very strange country; and though they are received by loved ones come before, the realities of this life and world are so very different from preconceived ideas, or no idea of this life, that we find constant enjoyment in teaching and leading them into a knowledge of the possibilities of this life, in what you call heaven or the spirit world. Are you not spirits before you passed out of the material form?

One of my sources of enjoyment comes from the frequent visits to loved ones left in earth-life, when I can feel that the way has been made plain. Though unseen they know that I am with them, and enjoy their company as well as before I passed away from their vision. You can hardly understand the happiness these visits bring us, who feel that we are always welcome to the family circle. It is love that draws us to your side, and love that makes our life upon this side one of happiness. If the chain of love that binds you in earth-life to us in heaven were broken, do you think we would be happy here?

Yes, I love to come to you in the twilight, and enjoy, with the other dear ones who accompany me, the feast of love that we always find ready for us, and with us. So it is with all who return and find dear ones to greet them; and when those who wonder why we find happiness in returning to earth-life, and the sorrows there, come to this side of life, they will understand that love reached into this life, and there will come great happiness in returning to earth and holding open the window, so that loved ones there may learn that the grave is not the end of those gone before. Verily, I say unto you that there is no death; therefore hold open the door, so that angel ones can lead you heavenward, where you will learn that loved ones are ready to greet you and lead you into scenes of greater beauty than you have imagined could exist beyond the borders of earth-life.

SPIRIT ADELAIDE F. KENVON.

There is selfishness even in gratitude when it is too profuse; to be over-thankful for one favor is in effect to lay out for another.—Cumberland.

Over-busy friends are more damaging than intelligent enemies.—George Ebers.

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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.  
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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## In My Weakness.

BY LEMMA L. BALDWIN.

In my weakness I have wandered  
 Far away from hope and God,  
 Often have I stumbled onward,  
 Guided not by faith or sight,  
 Yet a hand has ever led me  
 Through the weary years of strife,  
 And at last will safely guide me  
 Home to heaven and rest at last.

In my blindness I have wandered  
 Far away from hope and God,  
 And have even cursed my Maker  
 When I felt his chastening rod.  
 Yet, his mercy o'er me has'ning  
 Shields me from the chilly blast,  
 And I know he'll safely lead me  
 Home to heaven and rest at last.

Through my weakness and my blindness  
 I have learned this lesson true,  
 That in life's path 'tis better to  
 That's the best for me and you;  
 And no soul, however it wanders,  
 Gets beyond God's loving care,  
 But at last will find a haven  
 In the mansions bright and fair.

So, my brother, worn and weary  
 With the life and cares of life,  
 Light Hope's lamp and keep it burning  
 Looking upward through the strife.  
 God's good angels round you standing  
 Will rejoice to guide you home,  
 Loved ones on the shore are waiting  
 Anxiously for you to come.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## My Angel.

When bound by soft and peaceful sleep,  
 I see thee in my dreams.  
 I know thy nightly vigils keep  
 My soul from evil schemes,  
 And that some day my spirit, too,  
 Shall roam uncheck'd along with you.

That festal day, like answer'd prayer,  
 In hope doth touch my heart,  
 Unfolds thy presence everywhere  
 With joys that ne'er depart.  
 And cloudless as the summer sky  
 Where never roll the clouds so high.

Then quiet! anxious soul be calm  
 Amid surrounding foes;  
 Nothing of evil e'er shall harm  
 Or break the sweet repose  
 That ever from thy presence springs,  
 And hence to mine forever clings.

Life has its meaning, and our world,  
 Though far from the divine,  
 Still shadows Him who here untried  
 His standard to incline  
 Our steps to follow, and our hearts  
 To learn the lessons it imparts.

Then do not like the coward seek  
 Sad safety in the rear,  
 Let His lov'd banner cheer the weak  
 And banish craven fear.  
 Live life's last hour till life's last deed  
 Shall all thy brighter future feed.

Fear not thy guardian angel's word  
 Shall ever prove untrue;  
 The ear of prophet never heard,  
 Nor science never knew,  
 More joyful and eternal truth,  
 Than tells this guardian of thy youth!

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1888.

J. W.

## Man.

Before the beginning of years,  
 There came to the making of man,  
 Time, with the gift of tears;  
 Grief, with a glass that ran;  
 Pleasure, with pain for leaven;  
 Summer, with flowers that fell;  
 Remembrance, fallen from heaven,  
 And Madness, risen from hell;  
 Strength, without hands to smite;  
 Love, that endures for a breath;  
 Night; the shadow of Light;  
 And Life, the shadow of Death.  
 And the high gods took in hand,  
 Fire, and the falling of tears,  
 And a measure of the sliding sand  
 From under the feet of the years;  
 And froth and drift of the sea,  
 And dust of the laboring earth;  
 And bodies of things to be  
 In the houses of death and birth;  
 And wrought with weeping and laughter,  
 And fashioned with loathing and love,  
 With Life before and after,  
 And Death beneath and above,  
 For a day, and a night, and a morrow,  
 That his strength might endure for a span,  
 With travail and heavy sorrow,  
 The holy spirit of man.  
 From the winds of the north and the south  
 They gathered as into strife;  
 They breathed upon his mouth,  
 They filled his body with life;  
 Eyesight and speech they wrought  
 For the vails of the soul therein.  
 A time for labor and thought,  
 A time to serve and to win;  
 They gave him light in his ways,  
 And love, and a space for delight,  
 And beauty, and length of days,  
 And night, and sleep in the night.  
 His speech is a burning fire;  
 With his lips he travell'd;  
 To his heart is a blind desire,  
 In his eyes foreknowledge of death;  
 He weaves, and is clothed with derision;  
 Sows, and he shall not reap;  
 His life is a watch or a vision,  
 Between a sleep and a sleep.

—ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

## Seamstresses.

Ye ladies of fashion who through the stores through,  
 Alike in the sunshine and wet  
 Look sharply, and see, in the shopping you do,  
 If blood 's on the bargains you get.

You read now and then of an elegant line  
 Of garments so cheap and so nice,  
 And greatly you marvel that clothing so fine  
 Can ever be sold at the price.

You hasten to buy them, but what do you buy?  
 The blood that is wrought in the stuff.  
 The lives of your sisters who suffer and die,  
 That you may have bargains enough.

If raiment you find that is fit for your wear,  
 In texture and finish a gem,  
 Look closely, look sharply, and what see you there?  
 Starvation from collar to hem.

The bargains you get, do you know what they cost,  
 Though plainly the price marks be set,  
 The lives of the starving, the souls of the lost—  
 Yes, those are the bargains you get.

—N. Y. Sun.

## OUR QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

QUESTION.—*Mrs. Harris*.—In an article published in one of our Stockton papers, under the title of "From Mind to Mud," our people are told that mental healing is a dangerous thing; that it teaches the dominance of one mind over another, thereby producing the hallucinations that people the insane asylum; in fact, that the whole thing is questionable. If this statement is in any measure true, people should be warned; if not true, it needs to be met in some way.

STOCKTON.

ANSWER.—I have already noticed these false charges in the *Stockton Daily Independent*, Sunday, Nov. 4th, part of which I will reproduce, as I have another question of the same nature from Santa Cruz, doubtless called out by the same article.

In order to vindicate the truth I need not lead the reader from "mind to mud," but from error to truth; neither need he drag himself through an insane asylum to find a truth that is self-evident. Again, he may be sure that the mental "dredging," which cleans and clears the mind of grief, envy, jealousy, murderous thoughts, malice and selfishness, will not land him in a mad house, but will rather prepare the mind for the reception of truth, and the body for health; for mental healing actually enforces purity of thought, word and deed, while it teaches and develops the power to resist the mental dominance of mind over mind, whether that power comes from the seen or unseen. It maintains the right of every human being to control himself, and declares it his duty to make his body his servant, rather than that his mind should be the servant of his body.

Mental healing is not a creed, but does recognize the relation of the finite to the infinite, and also the relation of one human being to another in so much as it declares "Universal Brotherhood."

Mental Healing only shares the fate of truth generally when first flashed upon the error and ignorance of the average mind; but if its advocates will stand firm to its principles, making them their lives, then they will do for those who are suffering from abnormal ways of thinking and feeling what the warm, bright sunshine does for a dark, dank room. Instead of making the mind ready for "hallucination," it develops the wisdom, whereby the mind may discern truth from error. When a person attempts to meet truth with abuse, he only gives vent to his own gall, but never vanquishes or routs truth from its stronghold; and when he stoops to ridicule the subject, he only exposes his own weak points, for abuse is not argument, while ridicule is not even sophistry.

Of course I cannot expect in these few lines to make clear all the blessings included in this truth, which will place one in relation, through his own thought, to the "Divine Law of Cure," but I do wish to correct the false impressions which are being promulgated by those who, either because of ignorance or envy, strive to "mud" the fair face of truth. There is an everywhere present Good, and when one relates himself to that Good, health and happiness result, but so long as he relates himself to disease, he must of necessity suffer.

Mental healing makes this plain, but in no way interferes with mental liberty. It points the way to health, but leaves each individual to walk the path. It does show the seeker the errors he must overcome before he can truly enter this path, but he is given clearly to understand that he himself must meet and dispel the errors from his own mind, and their results from his own body; and this through the conscious union of his individual and human will with the Divine Will, which is working through him to do His good pleasure.

Again I say that "as a man thinketh, so is he." If anyone can prove this untrue, then let him approach the subject with the right spirit, and with reason and argument show wherein man can feel, know, or be outside of his own individual consciousness, and how he can separate thought and consciousness. "I think, therefore I am."

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

## From the Southern California Camp-Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

At the close of the Camp-Meeting in San Bernardino, Cal., which opened October 12th, and closed Sunday evening, October 28th, the following resolutions were passed:

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be, and the same is hereby tendered to the daily papers of San Bernardino, for their uniform courtesy in reporting the proceedings of the Camp-Meeting.

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be, and the same is also hereby tendered to the Santa Fe Railroad Company, and also the Southern Pacific, for courtesies shown; and,

To the following persons for their zeal and efficient work in the meetings, viz.: to Mr. William Heap, President of the local society of San Bernardino; to Mrs. E. P. Thorndyke, Vice-President, for her artistic work in decorating the hall, etc.; to Dr. J. R. Nickless of New York, for his fidelity in reporting the proceedings of this meeting for the daily press; to Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless, for her efficient and highly satisfactory platform work as speaker and test medium; to Dr. F. B. Taylor, for his untiring zeal and success in working up the Camp-Meeting, and for its general management; to Mrs. Ella

Wilson, Mrs. Dr. Taylor, Mrs. Hammatt, and all others who contributed to the interest and success of the meeting by their presence and work.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded for publication to the *GOLDEN GATE, The Carrier Dove, The Banner of Light, The Better Way, The World's Progress*, and other spiritual papers.

MRS. ELLA WILSON,  
 Corresponding Secretary Southern California Camp-Meeting Association.

SAN BERNARDINO, October 29, 1888.

## To "One in a Fog."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

With your permission I will say a few words to "One in a Fog." He asks if it makes any difference whether one's belief is the result of a fraudulent or genuine Spiritualist? I answer, "No." "As a man thinketh, so he is." It makes no difference how he comes by the thought. If you have been rescued from the dreary life of a materialist to a belief in immortality—"from the low life of a reprobate to one of usefulness"—thank God for the change, and welcome the means, let them be what they may.

The life of a spiritual man is in his thoughts and affections; and he finds himself happy in proportion to the purity of his love and the beauty of his thought. It does not alter the beauty of the thought or idea if it did come through a deceiver; "God sent it, if the devil brought it."

Let "One in a Fog" remember that the spiritual world is in him, and nowhere else; that in fact he is a world by himself, and knows nothing of any being but his own; that he can make that world what he wills; that he can have no belief or imagination even so good and beautiful that God can not make it real to him, and he will never have to go back to feed on "hunks of despair," or take one backward step. "Every Materialist will become an Idealist; but no Idealist will become a Materialist."

Assume your God-given prerogative, that of a Creator, and make your ideal world as beautiful as possible, and live in it, not heeding or caring through whom, or how the heavenly ideals came.

Your brother in love,

S. CARTER.

BALDWINVILLE, Mass., Oct. 29, 1888.

The proportion of genius to the vulgar is like one to a million; but genius without tyranny, without pretension, that judges the weak with equity, the superior with humanity, and equals with justice, is like one to ten millions.—*Lavater*.

Friends must be torn asunder, and swept along in the current of events, to see each other seldom, and perchance no more. Forever and ever, in the eddies of time and accident, we whirl away.—*Longfellow*.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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the afflicted for relief.

A REGULAR EDUCATED and Legally Qualified Physician, and the most successful in his specialty as his practice will surely prove. The Doctor treats all of those peculiar diseases of young and middle-aged men, resulting from indiscretion and ignorance of youth. Those who are ailing should send Ten Cents for his book, "Private Counselor," setting forth an External Application—

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The book is worth many times its cost, and should be read by the young for instruction, and

As DR. FELLOWS is an outspoken Liberal and Spiritualist, the Free-thinkers of the land should give him their patronage.

All Communications Strictly Confidential.

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DR. R. P. FELLOWS,

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[Say where you saw this advertisement.]

From the "Golden Gate."

"We have heard of some remarkable cures performed by Dr. Fellows, who, as a specialist, is known throughout the land as a physician of great skill."

## A TESTIMONIAL.

LYONS, TEX., March 23, 1888.

DR. R. P. FELLOWS.—Dear Sir:—I have used the whole of the External Remedy, and can truly say: thanks to your skill—I am a new man. One good turn deserves another, and whenever some one needs medical treatment in your line of practice, I will surely recommend you, knowing that you are able to relieve and cure those who are afflicted. I remain, Respectfully, Yours, J. L. P.

REMARKS.—When such evidence as the above is given, (which is a fair sample of testimonials I am receiving from all parts of this country and from foreign shores), should inspire full confidence in those seeking a reliable remedy. My External Application is truly a wonderful cure and should be in the hands of all sufferers. DR. FELLOWS.

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Will, for a short time take Spirit Photos, at her old place,

515 SEVENTH STREET, BROADWAY STATION, OAKLAND.

From a lock of the sender's hair.

She will also take Pictures of Departed Friends, nov 11

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Through the Agency of Spirit Control, a New Remedy for Disease has been discovered in the Puget Sound country.

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Of these Powerful Medicines, Mercury and Quinine, with none of their evil qualities.

It is composed exclusively of Roots and Barks some of which can be found only in Western Washington, and is therefore Purely Vegetable. It contains no alcohol and yet keeps without fermenting in any climate.

This remarkable remedy has ten characteristics to recommend its use to everyone:

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- 2d—It contains no Mercury, Potash, Arsenic, Strychnine, Morphine, Quinine, or any poisonous drug or mineral whatever.
- 3d—It Promotes Digestion and acts as a tonic and appetizer to the stomach.
- 4th—It Regulates the Bowels to perfection, no matter what may be their condition.
- 5th—It Stimulates the Liver and therefore cures disease arising from a torpid condition of this important organ in the human anatomy.
- 6th—It Purifies and Enriches the Blood.
- 7th—By feeding the brain on pure, nutritious blood, it stimulates that organ to generate a greater Nerve Force, and thus gives added energy and life to the entire system.
- 8th—It is a sure cure for any malarial disease, such as Chills and Fever.
- 9th—It will counteract the evil effects of Alcohol upon the system.
- 10th—It will break up any fever inside of ten hours.

## REFERENCES:

- C. H. Shaw, Seattle, W. T., cured of dyspepsia and heart disease, at a cost of \$1 25.  
 John D. Hewitt, Seattle, W. T., cured of asthma, sixteen years standing, cost \$2 50.  
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 J. A. Collins, Esq., No. 1807 Jessie street, San Francisco, relieved at once of chronic constipation, piles, and great nervous exhaustion, by Moore's Revealed Remedy.  
 M. J. Henley, No. 16 Bond street, San Francisco, cured of torpid liver, impure blood, and constant heat in top of head, at expense of \$2 50.  
 Richard Williams, New Castle, W. T., asthma seven years, cured by one bottle of Moore's Revealed Remedy.  
 Capt. Al. Taylor, Occidental Hotel, Seattle, W. T., cured of very bad attack of inflammatory rheumatism, at an expense of \$1 25.

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In 10,000 Shares of \$100 each.

CAPITAL PAID UP IN GOLD COIN,

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## DR. PIERCE'S BODY-BATTERY



DR. PIERCE'S GALVANIC CHAIN BELT. ELECTRIC SUSPENSORY. PRICE \$6 AND UPWARDS. FOR MAN AND WOMAN. PATENTED Oct. 11, 1887.

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This Belt is the Very Latest Improvement in Electro-Therapeutic Science, and is warranted to be far superior to anything of a similar nature ever before invented. It produces from 26 to 90 degrees of electrical power, giving MILD, STRONG, or REVERSIBLE currents, which can be INSTANTLY FELT by the wearer. DR. PIERCE'S BELT is, in fact, a complete

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THOUSANDS CURED!

CAUTION! DR. PIERCE'S CELEBRATED Belts and Trusses cannot be had from canvassers or peddlers; not are they sold on any "90 Days' Trial," "Money Refunded," or similar schemes, calculated to deceive the public.

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FREESTONE, Sonoma Co., Cal.,

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DR. PIERCE & SON—GENTLEMEN:—I take great pleasure in writing you that the Electric Belt which I bought at your office last Fall, for my son, has cured him of a severe attack of neuralgia, which the doctors could not cure. They examined him and said he had the "hip disease," or something of the kind, and that it would cost me from \$400 to \$500 to have him cured; but one of your \$10 Belts cured him, and he is now a strong, healthy boy, with no sign of "hip disease" or anything else the matter with him. Electricity is the remedy for me and the rest of my family. You will probably remember that one of your Electro Magnetic Trusses cured me of rupture after I had suffered with the complaint for several years.

I consider Dr. Pierce's Electric Belts and Trusses to be the best ever manufactured, and heartily recommend them to all sufferers.

Yours truly, CHAS. S. COLLINS.

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Call on the undersigned, or

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