



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

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[J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER,
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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.—Emerson.

Truth has rough flavors if we bite it through.—George Eliot.

A brain might as well be stuffed with sawdust as with unused knowledge.

Liberty is a principle; its community is its security, its exclusiveness is its doom.—Kossuth.

There are some deeds so grand
That their mighty doers stand
Ennobled, in a moment, more than kings.
—Baker.

Unselfish people are always polite because good manners are only the absence of selfishness.

When a man has no good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.

There is nothing so strong or safe, in any emergency of life, as the simple truth.—Charles Dickens.

Love doth seldom suffer itself to be confined by other matches than those of its own making.—Boyle.

True fortitude is seen in great exploits,
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides;
All else is towering frenzy and distraction.
—Addison.

It is always better to keep out of a quarrel than to make it up ever so amicably after you have gone into one.

He who strings the pearls of moderation, industry and self-denial, on the cord of a high, courageous character, shall wear the jewels of a noble manhood.

The advantage of life will not hold out to the length of desire; and since they are not big enough to satisfy, they should not be big enough to dissatisfy.—Jeremy Collier.

How loved, how honor'd once, avail thee not;
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
—Pope.

Modesty is a kind of shame or bashfulness proceeding from the sense a man has of his own defects compared with the perfections of him whom he comes before.—South.

It is of unmistakable advantage to possess our minds with an habitual good intention, and to aim all our thoughts, words and actions at some laudable end.—Addison.

Like dogs in the wheel, birds in the cage, or squirrels in a chain, ambitious men still climb, and climb, with great labor, and incessant anxiety, but never reach the top.

Genius apprehends at once the ties which bind the soul of man to the destinies of society; religion inspires pure minds with the principles necessary to happiness.—Balsar.

The more one studies and tries to understand these wonderful laws which rule this world, the more one wonders, worships and admires that which to us is so incomprehensible.—Princess Alice.

WHAT IS MIND CURE?

What is the Human Mind. How Does it Originate, What is its Destiny, and How Can it Occasion and Remove Bodily Disorder?

[An Inspirational Lecture delivered by W. J. COLVILLE, in Boston, October, 1883.]

Mind Cure is a popular term, but spiritual healing is a far more appropriate one and covers a great deal more ground than mental healing, because the spirit is superior to the mind, even as intuition or moral perception is superior to the intellectual. We may be intellectual, rational, very learned; we may be paragons of perfection in an intellectual sense, through acquaintance with arts, physical sciences and philosophy, and yet be miserably devoid of soul culture, and if devoid of soul culture, if the divine breath is not made manifest in us, if we are not unfolded on the spiritual side of our nature, all our intellectual development will not avail to save us from sickness and suffering.

The mind of man must be subordinate to the divine soul. Intellectual progress must be made subordinate to spiritual culture. Reason must be subordinated to conscience or the moral sense. If nothing higher than the mind of man be recognized, if nothing beyond intellect or reason be cultivated, a man, though a prodigy of valor, or an encyclopedia of information, concerning worldly knowledge, will lack the only wisdom that can guide him safely over the tempestuous waters of earthly discipline.

The human mind, its origin and destiny, must signify the origin and destiny of a servant of the soul. There is a power within you beyond the mind, which causes you to often build wiser than you know. You declare that your mind changes, and it does. Your mind is only the accumulated mass of your thoughts. All your thoughts together constitute your mental state; but the thinking principle, the power that gives you your mind (the mind being only an organ or perhaps only a function of the spirit) is the spirit (*atma*).

The individual mind of man originates in the soul of man. We will express our idea in this wise: The soul of man we regard as the ultimate spiritual atom, the essential primary. Those of you who are familiar with scientific analysis and with the terms used by the schools, know well that a distinction is made in the scientific world, and that a very broad one, between the atom or primal, the monad and the molecule. The atom or primal it is inferred is self-existent, and being self-existent it was of course never created and can, therefore, never be destroyed. The molecule or monad is only an expression of life, a manifestation; therefore scientific inference, granting that substance is eternal (as science invariably declares), concludes that an atom always has existed and always will.

There may have been periods when the molecule or monad was not. Molecules or monads having come into existence during time and being results of the movements of atoms, may pass away in time, but the atoms themselves, whose movements have made the existence of molecules or monads possible, can never pass away.

It strikes us as extremely singular that learned bodies of men, such as the Presbyterian assembly, for example, should ever have fallen into the error of supposing that, according to a true rendering of Genesis, the human body must have been created by a direct act of God's sovereignty out of nothing. Such a ridiculous hypothesis is equivalent to saying God is nothing; because, according to Genesis, everything is the result of God's activity. The spirit of God is said to have moved upon the waters, moved through the vast expanse filled by what is called—for want of a better term—chaos, without form and void, and this directing intelligence organized the original cosmic fluid into organic forms. Such a definition of creation is certainly not to the effect that anything was made out of nothing, but that everything was made from and by the action of the spirit of God.

The spirit of God is not "nothing," but according to the Rosicrucian definition, it may be spoken of as No Thing, which signifies the Eternal and Infinite

cause of everything. The spirit of God, the divine life, is the one Eternal, Primordial Being which defies all analysis and cannot be discovered by any mortal method of research, because it is altogether impalpable, immaterial and wholly spiritual, and if apprehended at all, must be apprehended by the soul which is in the image and likeness of Eternal Spirit.

Now this theory gives you a logical basis for existence. Out of nothing, nothing comes, but every manifested thing proceeds from something greater than itself. Every effect proceeds necessarily from a cause adequate to produce it. The cause may be greater than the effect, but can not possibly be less than the effect. As a cause must be equal to or greater than the effect which it produces, and as "nothing" is an unmeaning term, for you can have no idea of "nothing" in your mind (an idea being something), it is absurd to infer that anything was ever made out of nothing, it is also a *reductio ad absurdum* of scientific ignorance that mind is a creature of matter, because mind is demonstrably the rightful lord over matter.

If every thing proceeds from what is infinitely greater than itself—every manifestation of life being only an expression of the intelligence of All Pervading Deity—if the life of the entire universe, primordially and elementally is God's life, then we can understand that there is no creation other than organization, and no destruction other than disintegration. There can be no annihilation, for annihilation means the destruction of being, but there can be disorganization. Spiritualists affirm that in materializing circles forms are built up, apparently, out of invisible atmosphere; that they stand palpably in the presence of the sitters for a while and then vanish from sight. The New Testament declares that Jesus after His crucifixion appeared to His disciples, manifesting to them in palpable form, and then vanished out of their sight. Chemistry declares that all substances can be volatilized, *i. e.*, converted into impalpable ether; solids and fluids change into gases; the hardest substances float away into invisible and intangible realms.

The researches and knowledge of the scientific world abundantly prove that the realm of potentiality is a realm of invisibility. Electricity, that wondrous motor power now coming into universal use, is strictly invisible; the wind which as it blows manifests such terrible and mighty force in tornado or hurricane is invisible; the steam that propels gigantic vessels across the ocean is invisible, and so with all the forces of which man knows anything. According to scientific statements there are many millions of sounds and colors that are neither heard nor seen, because the vibrations which cause them and which, indeed, they are, make no impression upon your optic or auditory nerves. Now as the great and mysterious realm of causation, which materialists admit is superior to gross matter, is absolutely unknown to external sense; when we declare life to be invisible, the immortal soul to be real though invisible, we simply conclude that everything logically, that everything destined to outlive the mortal body is invisible and spiritual, we accord with science. The fleshly body is only an aggregation of molecules, which are ever being displaced to make room for others. Attraction and repulsion change outward forms incessantly. While consciousness abides, we can reasonably declare that the immortality of the soul, yea, and the pre-existence of the soul also, is an inference of science.

Epes Sargent, one of the most eloquent and scientific writers upon Modern Spiritualism, in his work entitled, "The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism," proves conclusively, by the soundest argument and clearest logic, that immortality is inferred by physical as well as mental science.

Rev. M. J. Savage, a popular Unitarian minister of Boston, has taken the ground that immortality may be conjectured from analogical evidences supplied by nature. Many lights in the Unitarian church, and in other liberal denominations, many luminaries in the scientific world, and many philosophers outside all creeds and denominations, take a similar position. The question of questions to-day is: "Are we matter or spirit?"

Now, the primal source of being must be unitary. There can not be two Eternals, two Infinities, two Almighties, and we maintain that the fact of the hu-

man mind being totally invisible to sense, and the fact of the soul being entirely beyond the reach of the scalpel or dissecting knife (neither vivisection nor any other cruel practice invented by the barbarism of materialism to account for the origin of life having discovered its source in anywise), the fact that soul and mind can not be materially discovered, furnishes abundant proof that all that is real abides forever in the realm of the All-Powerful, which is Spirit. Our senses never apprehend one hundredth part of what our souls recognize. This experience alone sufficiently demonstrates to the unprejudiced thinker that the invisible realm of intelligence is the seat of causation.

In art everything is conceived by the painter mentally before there can be any outward expression. The inventor has his model and machine in working order in his mind before he can take the first step toward preparing a model for public exhibition or setting any one at work to construct the external body of his invention.

You may pronounce transcendentalism folly, you may demand something practical, but you could never have any practical object or external knowledge unless some one had first beheld a design in mind. Even in the matter of dress the fashion plate is the result of some new thought in some one's mind; before there can be any outward garment made it must be planned in mind. So with every material comfort, with every external thing you enjoy, mind first operates, and matter proves its servant.

As mind first produces plans and models and sets hands to work afterward constructing apparatus to apply motor power externally, it is invariably the case that the nearer you approach the realm of absolute mentality, the more wonderful are discoveries, the mightier and more matchless the exhibitions of man's consummate skill. This is instanced by the fact of no outward effort, however superb, fully satisfying the designer.

The mind of man is the handiwork of the soul, which is an embodiment of the divine creative energy displayed in universal nature. Materialists and Atheists, looking no further than man, often declare that while they find no God in the universe to worship, they are willing to worship great men. So great, so marvelous are the achievements of the human mind guided by the soul that infidelity may almost be excused for putting man upon the throne of the universe and worshipping man, who is in the image of God, as God. In every school that disallows the existence of an Infinite Divine Spirit as the cause of the universe we behold, man is made to take the place of God (*vide* the school of Auguste Comte). At this we do not wonder, as the highest manifestation of God is through the divine in man. We do not wonder that glorious intellects are bowed down to, or that human reason is deified; but we must not forget that at the close of the last century, when churches were closed and religious worship proscribed, when all religious teaching was under the ban of popular anathema, and reason was set up publicly as a goddess, men were shot down and stabbed in the streets of Paris and elsewhere, and this was because reason alone, intellect, apart from spirituality, is not capable of saving or redeeming a nation. No one is capable of governing wisely and well unless his reason is married to intuition. Conscience, the moral sense, the divine affection of the spirit, must be the dominating force, or an age of reason is an age without heart.

Do not think for a moment that we underrate the power of reason, or that we decry the glorious human intellect, or that we undervalue the advantages of mental training in colleges and seminaries. But history certainly proves that Greece and Rome fell in spite of their intellect and their wonderfully beautiful art, and fell solely because the people lacked spirituality. Phoenicia, Babylonia, and many another land once bright and glorious, but now desolate heaps of ruin, fell into decay because reason, esoterically speaking—man without woman, intellect without soul, brain without conscience—held sway and was idolized. All deep thinkers agree that in the present generation if there be no recognition found for something beyond human reason, if nothing above intellect is acknowledged, men will become cultured tyrants.

Mind of man, thou art no ruler save of

the physical body. Reason of man, thou art not the supreme interpreter of Deity, still thou hast a mission appointed thee to govern the senses. Mind of man, wonderful intellect, glorious reason, thou art a captain appointed over all the bodily functions and carnal appetites, and thou must reign supreme over these; but thou hast a Commander, a General, a higher Officer of the army in which thou art stationed, whom thou must acknowledge as thy Ruler, for with all thy vaunted strength and boasted superiority, thou art the servant of a loftier power, even the power of the soul divine, which is the source even of thy existence.

It is the power of the soul, of religion pure and undefiled, of genuine spirituality, of the divine life in man, that can alone save and uplift a nation or an individual.

We care not how distinguished may be halls of learning, how great the dignity of professors of art and literature, or how profound the teachings of the schools, if there be lacking the power of the living spirit, beyond the finite reason, man will not and can not be perfected; neither can the earth complete the cycle of its changes, and arrive at the golden age so long foretold, when sickness, sin and sorrow will be utterly unknown.

The mind of man is not the supreme or primal cause; it is a secondary cause, beyond which we trace the divine soul which is the primal or ultimate atom of life, related to eternity, the one absolute individuality, which is your real self, and with which you can never part, no matter what lies before you in the way of experience, either in this or any other world. The soul of man has made itself known to the intellect in some measure, but is quite beyond the perception of bodily sense. Scientists are ever searching for the atom which their microscopes have ever failed to find. Intellect, however, is already somewhat conscious of spiritual existence. It dimly apprehends spiritual entities, which are immortal, even souls which can never cease to be, for they never began to be.

The question is often asked, "Were souls always individual? Did man always know himself as an individual spark of divine life?" This question is unanswerable unless we deal with it problematically; as one of the profoundest questions ever submitted to the intelligence of man; philosophy has often answered it in this manner, *i. e.*, through processes of deduction.

According to the Greek philosophers the soul is eternal. But though the soul has always existed, it may not always have reflected upon its existence as we now reflect. It may have existed as a seed exists before it is sown. It contains, within itself, unexpressed, all the potentiality of manifested life. What is earthly discipline but the evolution of the mind's reasoning, intellectual and reflective powers? The world produces a material form in the act of unfolding the attributes always within it.

Agriculturists know that it is impossible to really create anything, still by planting a certain kind of seed, a certain unfolding will follow. The germ of a rose will never produce a geranium. Every potentiality or possibility of fruition must inhere in the planted seed, for what is not within, can not be produced by any outward effort. So with our earthly discipline. We can see what growth can do for the seed, and how that can be made manifest which is already contained in the primal germ.

Here we take decided issue with materialism, and challenge all who declare that mind is the product of matter, and human intelligence the result of physical organization. But another view of this statement shows us that if mind is the result of physical organization, the declaration is proved true that all is mind, and there is no matter. If materialism is logical, it is only logical on the basis of the most extreme metaphysics, which declare that everything is mind, and therefore there is no matter, if so-called matter evidences mind, it is not matter, but mind in another phase of existence.

Now, we all know that we can not apprehend anything except by the use of our mental faculties. You talk about seeing with the eye; but let an eye be taken out of your head, will the eye see anything? After the spirit has left the body, what can eyes behold? They see

(Continued on Seventh Page.)

The Basis of Faith.

BY J. W. BACON.

Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asks you a reason of the hope that is in you.—Peter iii., 15.

According to Paul, that reason was the resurrection of Jesus. But the bodily resurrection of Jesus from the dead would be a baseless hope to many of the readers of the GOLDEN GATE.

And yet, why should it be so? Granting the impossibility of the resurrection of a dead body, does it affect the position of the early Christian, or prove that he had no foundation for his faith? The testimony given by eye-witnesses, that Jesus was seen alive after death, gave assurance that what had occurred to one would probably happen to all. It matters little whether preconceived ideas converted what was seen into a resurrection. Spiritualists now would determine it to be a materialization. It matters little indeed what they believed it to be, their basis of faith and hope remained, the positively demonstrated fact that the dead was yet alive and had been communicated with. The evidence was so strong that they sealed their testimony with their blood.

In this age there has been a similar revival of faith, also based upon communications from the so-called dead, by which it appears that life is continuous after physical death. Paul enumerates the number of witnesses to the manifestation of the continued life of Jesus as follows:

"He was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve. After that he was seen of above five hundred brethren at once. After that he was seen of James; then of all the apostles. And last of all he was seen of me also."

Multiply all of that by thousands, and we have Modern Spiritualism. Indeed, the vast accumulative evidence existing, renders the prevailing skepticism one of the most surprising phenomena connected with Spiritualism; that is, when viewed from the standpoint of accumulative evidence.

If the skeptic be interviewed, it will, in all probability, appear that a personal realization of the truth is what is needed and demanded. It will also appear that more is required to convince some than others; preconceived ideas, differences in mental training, or there may be constitutional tendencies. Then thousands are swayed by the magnetic current of their surroundings, and are mainly violent partisans as long as they are in the current, but without value in the day of trial, as they change with their surroundings.

March 31st has been celebrated as the Easter of Spiritualism, the day on which the Rochester knockings were first heard and interrogated. And now comes one of the actors on that occasion, declaring it all to be a fraud. It has taken forty years for that woman to discover that she had been lying, and had deceived with her own toe-joints. If the Spiritualists' faith and hope are dependent upon the truth of the testimony of the Fox Girls, and it now proves to be a fraud, the anniversary has all along been one day too early. But is that the basis of our faith and hope?

We who have had much experience in spiritual history and development, know that fraud has been marching side by side with the genuine all along, and often the more prominent; nay, it has been often accepted as the genuine, and the genuine left to languish in the cold. The confession (?) of Mrs. Kane pains and surprises her old friends, but it cannot affect the faith and hope of those who realize spiritual truth in their own experience.

If the Rochester knockings were frauds, and they were the means of starting that movement which has converted doubt of immortality into faith, and faith into knowledge, it only shows, which the history of the world shows, that the mightiest changes have taken place from the most trifling causes.

I hope that this trifling woman may be again the cause of a new life in spiritual history—the inauguration of a crusade against everything associated with Spiritualism that loveth or maketh a lie.

Equally surprising as skepticism in the face of so much light, and indeed the cause of much of this skepticism in spiritual things, is the very discouraging amount of trash through which an investigator has to pass before he encounters enough to satisfy him that his departed friends can communicate with him. Even in seances with mediums of undisputed merit, of whose honesty and integrity there is not the slightest doubt, the communications are so often of a general and indefinite character, that the investigator is more bewildered than enlightened.

The fault may lie nowhere, only in the incompleteness of the development on both sides—in the spirit as well as in the material world. Yet so it is, and the investigator is left to doubt or stop inquiry—if he can.

The honest, well developed public medium has much to contend against, and however honest he may be, it is impossible for him to be always proof against inharmonious surroundings, spiritual and material, and perhaps an exhausted physique.

Again, no medium can have his mind in that tranquil condition so necessary to successful mediumship, with an empty pantry, or a dunning landlord at the door. This brings us to that class whose vanity,

poverty, greed, or indolence makes a livelihood, by mediumship, a thing to be desired.

For example, a circle is formed, and, after patient sitting and surmounting a vast amount of apparently ludicrous nonsense, someone shows signs of mediumship, and gives to a few very fair proofs of spirit influence and perhaps identity. Those few advise her not to hide her light under a bushel, but to let the public share in the good things—at one dollar a sitting. She is easily advised. Vanity and poverty are both hard task-masters, and one or the other or both drive her into a field she is not prepared to enter. Even the little development acquired soon deteriorates, but having once entered the field, she must continue and she must live.

So as mediumship fails, as it must, trickery and every kind of imposition are resorted to, till their position cannot be distinguished from the most disgusting modes of card-shuffling fortune-telling, and sometimes worse.

Only the best should come before the public. If all followed the course adopted by Mr. Colby—to receive pay only on the basis of satisfaction, there would be fewer in the field, and less complaint by skeptics.

The early Christian had something more than the sensuous demonstration of immortality, the witness within himself, that awakening of the spirit to a consciousness of its own existence and its relationship to higher spiritual conditions. This Spiritualism must give, if it is to have more than an ephemeral existence. The simple demonstration of a continued life after physical death, though of great value and a source of consolation and comfort to the bereaved and of hope to many in the battle of life, yet falls far short of the complete experience of the spiritual man.

Spiritualism must become a religion, or a school in which man as a religious being shall have his religious faculties fully and rationally developed. I know religion when it has crystallized into a creed and a sect instead of a brotherhood has been the occasion of more evil than anything I can easily think of, but then it has ceased to be religion, and has become only a cruel superstition.

Religion is spirit culture and spirit communion by which every aspiration to be more and better is encouraged and assisted, and gives life, light, liberty and happiness.

Religion minus superstition, Spiritualism plus spirituality, are nearly equivalent terms. Both leave the soul free. In fact, freedom is the test of truth, as dogmatism, bigotry, and superstitious fear are signs of error. Thus we may live in the spirit, conscious of our spiritual being, and fellowship with spiritual beings, having for our spiritual guide the great "over-soul" that Emerson tells us of in intercommunion with the inner soul. We have then a sure foundation for faith, and independent of the whims and caprices of mediums and undeveloped spirits.

TULARE, NOV. 2, 1888.

A Converter Converted.

One of the stories about Col. Ingersoll is that a Christian woman went to his house to convert him. The Colonel smiled with the most deferential politeness as he said: "Will you walk in, madam? There is no need of making too solemn a business of it. I thank you for your kind intentions, at any rate." The lady, who, apparently, expected to be knocked down and dragged out for her temerity, looked very much relieved at the kindness of her reception. A moment after the dinner bell rang. "Come," said the Colonel, "walk out and dine with the family, and we can talk over this conversion business as we eat."

Soup was served. As it came on the table, and before it was ladled out, the lady lifted her hand. "Stop!" said she. "What is it?" said the Colonel. "Do you not think we ought to thank the good Lord for this bountiful dinner before we begin eating?" "I will only make one suggestion first. Your Lord is a just Lord, is he not? Now, perhaps within a block of me at this present time, there is some faithful, devout Christian who is starving. Perhaps, if perfect justice were done, our dinner would be on his table. Do you not think the less we say about this matter the better?"

It was in this way that the talk ran on. The lady came every day to visit the Colonel and his family. She appeared to be fascinated with the loving trust, content, and happiness of this compact household. Finally, she said to the Colonel: "I apologize. I do not care what you believe. You are leading more of a Christian life than I ever hope to accomplish."

Life is largely what we make it, and, whatever may be its clouds and storms, they will be chased away at length by the clear sunlight of a strong and noble character. "Fill thy heart with goodness, and thou wilt find that the world is full of good."

No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, pure, and good, without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.—Rev. Phillips Brooks.

Shallow things are capable only of the mystery of darkness. The most genuine and profound things you may bring forth into the fullest light, and let the sunshine batter them through and through.—Phillips Brooks.

From the Sun Angel Order of Light.

[Written for the Golden Gate, by Spirit Saidie, leader of the Original Band in the Harmonies, to the children of the Order of Light in Earth Land, through the Scribe of the Golden Gate, Mrs. E. S. Ford.]

Within the atmosphere of earth, e'en into that which echoes the tones of the church bells, which strike on the heart of angels like a funeral knell, Saidie comes laden with the dew-drops of blessing from the very heaven of heavens, of which mortals, in their blind zeal, following still the myths of old, have no conception. Saidie would e'en turn back the pages of time, and reach into the records of a beginning, when earth resounded not as now to the tread of human feet; back to the time when angel-watched earth was putting on the garments of verdure, when this child of the Infinite listened not to the music of the spheres, for as yet it was deaf to the echoes, and silence reigned supreme.

There were in the higher heavens anxious, waiting, expectant ones, who were watching the unfolding of law, as before they had witnessed the same upon other worlds, and deep within their hearts they knew that through the long vista of time, which lay in the future, and which was God's own time, unfolding should come; its records should tell themselves on each page of the record now held in the Infinite hands. The recording angel e'en then placed the pen upon the pure white page, writing the title, "Unfolding of the Law of Life and Progress upon this child so long watched with the Love of the Eternal."

In the council chambers beyond met those whose future should be given in love and wisdom to efforts for good, and in the time to come the children of the planet should feel their power sweeping o'er and surging through their lives. The animal man in time found dwelling place here.

Through the laws of evolution he would inherit from Deity the inheritance of immortality. But even this lay in the possibilities. As an animal he walketh the earth, but the eye of the angels followed his ways, for here, in the fullness of time, they knew the Infinite would set his seal—that of Love Divine. The little warblers, flitting from tree to tree, sang their notes of praise, echoing the songs that came to them from the source of life, which here found a channel of expression. Soon the man listened to the tones; his ear at last caught the sound. Listening again he heard and smiled, and soon essayed to sing with the warblers of nature. These songs were echoed back again until man and bird could warble in harmony; then angels drew near, caught the echoing strain, sang it back again, until, on waves of melody, went back and forth the tones of love, growing more strong, and thus was formed a magnetic wire of communication between the child-man and the redeemed soul dwelling in the upper courts. These were built by the higher angels, those who could form of the elements a home in space, from whence they could come and go on their errands of love and mercy, bringing the elements of divine love and life to the needy earth.

Angel hearts rejoiced when they noted the smile of intelligence upon the face of man; and when the song echoed through the air, its echoes found quick response in our every heart, and answers came back, bringing to man more than the mere tone of gladness. They found their way into the very life with resurrecting power, calling up from the very depths of nature a responsive reply, on the wings of which angels could bestow their gifts. Thus was man the animal taught to look beyond himself for a something his nature craved, even as his material nature sought the food which should sustain his mortal life. As an animal sees the changes he is subject to with undimmed eyes, and seeming perfect indifference, so man became accustomed to the sights of his dead comrades, not knowing of risen life, nor evolution's power. Through the agency of those unseen, he began to look beyond, and grasp the thoughts which came into his brain; from thence his growth was assured.

As time rolled on we began to exert more and more our power, until an atmosphere was formed in which elements of spirit might unfold, and then, from the love atmosphere of the Father, a constellation of souls might find avenues of expression in matter, and the earth become a dwelling place for deific babes and dual children of the Infinite, who would seek through incarnations to gain their inheritance, thier birth-right, their home.

Saidie, to whom the powers had given the prerogative of Wisdom Guide, turned her thoughts to the children she had loved and led, and seeing in the new world a need should come, a time awaited the land, when strong forces of unfolding would be required, and here in the battle-fields yet to be they might gain their own victories, and at the same time bless the land, her heart filled anew with the purpose which had lain for ages there, and she turned to the planet again baptized with a love which should know no failure, e'en though darkness encompass the whole land; and before the tides which must in time sweep o'er, her dearest hopes must almost suffer shipwreck; still triumph was sure, for far beyond the valleys and plains she could discern the glory-crowned hills of the Far Away, and the promises of the Eternal were sure and steadfast.

Therefore, through space sounded the

clear bugle tones of Infinite Love, the echoes, like ripples on the ocean, extended far out o'er the sea of space unsounded by mortals, and reached the shores of many worlds, where dwelt in homes of peace Saidie's own. Those who hearing the call would obediently respond; although by so doing they enter the mist-covered, cold, fog-enshroued, lands of the unknown.

Children of Saidie's love and care, the long, long ago has heard the sound of your voices, at Saidie's call, echo back to her heart, "Lo! I come," and then, as she knew that the rugged ways of life would open before you, she bade you enter, knowing there arose before you obstacles unknown; that the way must be dark and gloomy; but with her promise she cheered you, and you willingly entered the battle-fields before you. Art sorry, children of Saidie's love and care? Dost regret entering the rugged, uncultivated fields? Have the experiences procured e'en so bitter to thee that your hearts rebel because love and wisdom beckoned you thither?

Saidie has drank of many bitter cups, but this, that her children regret, would exceed all. She looks back o'er the past; sees how the pathway has wound around hill, through desert and wild, and says in her heart of hearts, The way has never been more rough and wild than her own; the heart has tasted no more bitterness than e'en that of Saidie. And even in the present, with the threatening war-cloud in the distance, Saidie sees the light of your higher spheres shining like a ray of glory, and it shall bathe your hearts in gladness.

As in the days when earth was young, a magnetic wire was formed of love and harmony between mortal and immortal, even now let the same tie bind the two worlds in a bond of union and purpose. Let courage and strength find its way to each heart thereon. These are times of agitation and upheaval, but such were inevitable. In this time of deep war of thought the process of sifting must be endured. Earth-bound ones who bear not the test, must learn their own lessons through discipline, while those whose feet have found the rock will learn more firmly to rest thereon.

Oh, my children, ye have borne the burthens of the ages, will you not e'en bear still longer, now that the sunset is gilding the turrets of Home, sweet home?

Saidie looks back to the time when her loved ones responded to her call, and in her heart of hearts rests the assurance she has been faithful to her trust. Down through the ages we have met the elements of lesser good; have battled with these, until the heart grew weary and sore, and longed for the peace of home.

Now, with the land of home in sight, Saidie bids each one gird on the armor anew; battle firmly for the right, and though the foe be strong, he must yield.

The bells which call to the multitude, call not to the hard theology of old. Spiritual light has dispelled many of the dark shadows which covered the land in olden time. Much has faded away, and Saidie sees that the future will make brighter records than in the past. Earth-bound ones fall by the wayside, but Wisdom will lead her children into the temples of light, where peace abides.

The blessing of angels be with each one, and peace be yours, SAIDIE.

J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angel Order of Light.

OSWEGO, NOV. 5, 1888.

Spirit Picture.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

At Cassadaga camp, last August, a lady sat for a spirit picture, with Keeler, the spirit artist. On the negative were two spirit forms, both unrecognized by the lady. On showing them to a neighbor, he at once saw the face of his wife that had been in spirit life a long time, and who never had a picture of any kind taken while an inhabitant of earth life. He had her picture enlarged, and taken alone from the card; then could be plainly read her full name, Jane Streater, formed of flowers across the drapery which covered her head.

We consider this proof positive of individualized existence in the life beyond this, and the undeniable truth that they can return.

C. C. BACON.

ELYRIA, OHIO, NOV., 1888.

Corrections.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Will you kindly correct typographical errors in my letter of to-day's issue, which somewhat mar the sense, to wit:

"Heavens declare objectionable," should read "unobjectionable." "Scriptures of the Palace of Nimrod," should be "sculptures." "Ninevah scriptures of Sennacherib" should be "sculptures." "Later captive of Jerusalem" should be "capture." "Subjection of Assyria by Alexander about 740 B. C." should be "about 340 B. C." as he could not conquer before he was born. "Children might devise an interesting letter" should be "might derive an interesting lecture."

And oblige, Yours truly,

A. V. E.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 10, 1888.

As they who, for every slight infirmity take physic to repair their health, do rather impair it, so they who, for every trifle, are eager to vindicate their character, do rather weaken it.

Margaret Fox Kane's Renunciation.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

A renouncement of mediumship to reporters for the popular, the tyranny-controlled press, is doubtless very joyously hailed by church monopolies. Opponents of Spiritualism will quite naturally presume such "expose" will be a heavy blow to the cause, if not a deadly one, as Mr. Kane professes to hope. It is indeed a sad event, especially for her, as some time she will see; though now, in the semi-delirium of beguiling control and flattering surroundings, she probably believes it has insured lasting friends on earth, and saintly reverence in the future state. But it will not. Thousands of such retractions cannot annul belief in the science of intercourse between mundane and de-carnated spheres, nor prevent understandable correspondence through unfolding communicators.

Poised minds and developed souls that understand much of the law by which the communion is possible and natural, will not be moved, save in pity for duped victims, and disgust for obsessing (evil designing) spirits and mortals, who follow and finally capture passive subjects. We know good and honest mediums are obsessed for the purpose of blasting their reputations. Some of them are partially conscious of the wrong at the time, but have not positive power to resist the control. Such are doubtless a large majority of published cases, the managers in both spheres the real frauds.

We are not surprised at abductions by Catholics. Crafty Protestants have ever been proving their purpose to absorb for sect uses the branches of progress that they could not crush by ostracism. Itinerants, professing to expose the phenomena they have learned to imitate, are ar-rogant persons, tricking for money. Students of the philosophy of co-acting spheres have not, I think, deigned to swell their numbers and purses by seductive arts; though mediumship does not always imply integrity of character, nor do spirits leaving crude systems readily become refined. Growth comes by culture there as here.

Spiritualists and other liberal people have been remiss in not exposing assumption, pretense, and usurpation, which has given aggression open fields of labor, which have been actively exploited. It is now, in this stress of general struggles, recommended that the progressive and justice-loving break their silence, and by pen, press, and voice show the world the secret causes and objects of ill-acquired and misleading results.

It is reasonable to believe that both the Fox Sisters have been subjects of obsession, for it has long been evident that one of them has. Katie Fox Jencken has been cursed by an influence that has visited many mediums, seeming determined to destroy their trustworthiness. A few years ago I saw her in the affliction, and her friends were satisfied that the cause was an outside designed control. Other phases of mediumship than the physical are apparent in her, and doubtless, also, in Mrs. Kane, whose husband's aversion to them evidently psychologized her with scruples against them. Their acquaintances will always know they were mediums.

The story of children under eight years old producing raps voluntarily with still feet, and at a distance by foot "ventriloquism," does not bear criticism as well as did the children. But anything is admissible that promises aid from credulous ignorance to tyrannies aiming to grasp control of the laws of a nation, and of the speech and resources of its peoples.

VINELAND, N. J., Nov. 1, 1888.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the defect when the weaving of a lifetime is unravelled.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1888.

EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

What a surprise it will be to the Talmagean and Prendergastian minds, that Spiritualism presumes to live, notwithstanding the many stabs it has received of late in the house of its friends;—and especially after the pitiable confessions of Katie and Maggie Fox. Judas betrayed his Master, but did Christianity die thereby? Truth never dies. The glorious truths of Spiritualism will live forever, and grow brighter with the ages.

How much misery might be averted in this world, if man was freed from the slavery of the foolish pride that prompt him to excel his neighbor in those things that are in no wise essential to his true happiness. If A can afford to gratify expensive tastes, and B cannot, it is not well for the latter to make himself unhappy deploring his depleted exchequer. Neither is it wise in A to excite envy in the mind of his neighbor by an ostentatious display of his own advantages. We should seek to help each other along in the journey of life, ever remembering that at the station just ahead, where we shall all embark for the country beyond, no factitious circumstance of wealth or fame will count for aught in securing favorable accommodations. It will no doubt often be found there that "the first shall be last, and the last first."

Evil thoughts sting and hurt the spirit whence they emanate, even more than they do the object towards which they are directed. We cannot think ill of anyone without connecting ourselves, in a certain sense, with all the ill in the universe. We thereby place ourselves in the current, as it were, of unfriendly elements. We become receptive to evil influences, and to all that retards the growth and advancement of the spirit. The result is an inharmonious condition, often resulting in sickness and premature death. We all ought to live to ripe old age, in the full possession of health to the last. That many do not, is no doubt mainly due to their ignorance of the laws of life and health. They drift unconsciously into these inhospitable currents, and suffer the ills thereof, without realizing that they have the remedy in their own hands.

In the light of the Spiritual Philosophy, life should be made a perpetual hallelujah of gladness. "Sickness and sorrow, pain and death," that are such lugubrious subjects under the teachings of the old philosophies and theologies, are no longer regarded as such by those who have "entered the path," but they become useful spiritual helps and educators—valuable acquisitions of experiences to take with us to the other life. We should learn to extract sunbeams from clouds, and joy even from sorrow. We imagine someone will say, "Can one be cheerful with the toothache?" He surely will, if he realizes that a fretful and surly acceptance of the pain really aggravates it, as it surely does. We may not all be mental scientists to the extent that a denial of the pain will drive it away, but we can all understand that a cheerful acceptance is certainly a great alleviator of suffering of any kind. It is a sort of flag of truce to meet the enemy half way with a view to compromise.

It is indeed pitiful when one who, like Maggie Fox, for the best portion of a long life, has been faithful to a holy trust, then, yielding to a temptation to betray, involves her spirit in unutterable darkness. Let no one blame this poor, unfortunate woman, for henceforth her burden will be heavy to bear. She needs pity, kind treatment, and loving thoughts, in her wretchedness, for only thus can she be brought to a realizing sense of the great wrong she has done to herself. P. B. Randolph and W. F. Peck, once good mediums, both turned back on their spirit guides, and denounced Spiritualism as founded in iniquity. The former fills a suicide's grave; the latter lived to repent his folly, but lost his beautiful gifts as the price of his perfidy. Modern Spiritualism has survived many predicted death-blows. It will survive this last one by one of its founders; aye, though every public medium should turn traitor to the cause, and to his own soul, Spiritualism will live on and on, till all the world shall come to know the truth.

If you would get the best out of life, spiritually or physically, you must learn to live in harmony with your own soul. Thereby you come into sympathy, or rather, your nature becomes receptive to the spirit of the All Good. Once fully under the dominion of this spirit, the body can know no sickness, the spirit no real anguish. Peace, like a tidal wave of inspiration, will bear you ever on its sun-kissed crest, and all the heaven there is in God's universe will be yours. How, do you ask, can this state be attained? By kind thoughts and generous actions; by noble endeavor to do your best in all things; by rendering good for ill—love for hatred; and by constant aspiration for the interblending of the divine life with your own.

He who would investigate psychic phenomena to the best purpose, and with the best results, should approach the subject with a passive and gentle spirit of earnestness and simplicity. The mind should be divested of all skepticism founded upon mere assumption of facts, or preconceived opinions of any kind. He should endeavor to realize that nature has her own ways and methods for the accomplishing of her ends, and that in these ways and methods she never consults mortal man, or stops to consider his opinions. In this spirit, and with an earnest desire for truth, he will find the spirit world alike earnest in its efforts to convince him of the truth of spirit existence and return. He must remember that he cannot dictate or command the spirits in any way. Also, that they are eager to convince only those who are truly willing and ready to be convinced.

SUMMERLAND NOTES.

The following are samples of many letters we are now receiving:

WOODLAND, Cal., Nov. 11, 1888.
EDITOR GOLDEN GATE.—Dear Sir:—Your paper is a welcome friend in our house. In it we read of the new city which you are endeavoring to found in Santa Barbara. We feel interested in the enterprise, and would like to take a chance. Will you please select a lot 50x120 feet (I mean four lots in one) and reserve the same for me. I will expect to build upon it and live there with my family. Respectfully,
D. S. SCOTT.

NAPA CITY, Cal., Nov. 11, 1888.
MR. J. J. OWEN.—Dear Sir:—I would like to have four lots as near the place described for a temple as I can get. When will I have to send the money? I think it is a safe investment. I like the plan very much.
Very respectfully,
MRS. GULNARE WOLFE.

SAN JOSE, Nov. 12, 1888.
MR. J. J. OWEN:—I would like four lots in Summerland for a home residence (corner lots) in a good location,
MRS. MARK SILCOX.

The above letters, together with two others—one ordering eight lots and the other four—all came by the same mail.

Work has been commenced in removing fences and clearing off the lands for opening the streets in Summerland.

On Saturday last we took orders for thirty-eight lots in Summerland. Many of the parties securing these lots will build thereon in the coming spring.

The deeds to property in Summerland will be fashioned somewhat after those of Lompoc—with an iron-clad clause forever prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor within the town limits.

At this writing, Thursday morning, Nov. 15th, 364 lots in Summerland have been ordered. Twenty per cent of the present low price will be added to the price of the lots, to all new purchasers, after 500 lots are sold.

Mr. H. L. Williams writes, Nov. 9th: "On account of Mrs. W.'s low condition I have been unable to be away from home but a few hours each time; but in a few hours spent in each of two days I have forty-eight lots ordered here, and know of many more that will take them here when I can see them." It should be remembered that Mr. Williams is the owner of the property, and he is taking orders from Santa Barbara people, who live right there and know all about the property. P. S.—Later advices from Mr. Williams state that he has already disposed of 100 lots in Summerland.

WASHINGTON HALL.—The spiritual meeting at Washington Hall last Sunday evening, was well attended, with growing interest and numbers. The subject, "Has Kate Fox Killed Spiritualism?" was ably argued and logically demonstrated by Judge Swift, in his usually happy style. Mrs. D. N. Place, a medium new to the public, occupied the platform, and for over half an hour fully demonstrated to the audience that not only is Spiritualism not dead, but exceedingly alive, showing by the number of tests given and recognized, that the spirits of the so-called dead can and do come back to cheer and encourage us. And last, but not least, Dr. Schlesinger gave tests to a few that were fortunate in securing an admittance to the ante-room, thus adding testimony to that already given, that Spiritualism, like truth, though crushed shall rise again. It is the intention to continue these Sunday evening meetings, and Madame De Roth will occupy the platform at our next, as she has consented to assist at every alternate meeting.

—Bro. J. J. Morse, his wife and daughter, left last week for the East. Bro. Morse has labored most faithfully on this Coast for a year and a half, and has made many friends. He proved himself an able and convincing speaker, and a grand exponent of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism.

NOT SIGNIFICANT.

The prohibition vote, in the recent election, would be discouraging to the Temperance Cause, were it really a fair expression of the popular voice on that important question, which everybody must know it was not.

There are thousands of straight out Temperance voters, who, seeing not the slightest chance for success in the election, and realizing that important issues were pending between the old parties in which they were interested, they did not wish to waste their votes, and so they concluded to let Prohibition rest temporarily. There is surely nothing particularly discouraging in this.

But the fact is, we shall never make much headway with Prohibition until it can be taken out of partisan politics, and made a national issue upon its own merits. And it should come in the shape of an amendment to the National Constitution, forever prohibiting the manufacture and sale of distilled spirits by individuals within the jurisdiction of the Government. Alcohol, necessary to be used in the arts, might be manufactured by the government, as it now makes its greenbacks, postal cards, etc., and its sale placed under such restrictions as to make it extremely hazardous for citizens to use it for other purposes.

Such a provision should be submitted to the people at a special election. It might not carry at first, but it would poll such a vote as would astonish its friends. We believe that at a second attempt, or third at most, the people, irrespective of party, would be brave enough and wise enough, to crush out the monster traffic.

By striking first at the narcotizing poisons, distilled spirits, (by which most of the evils of intemperance are produced,) the great brewing and wine interests of the country would concur, or at least interpose no vigorous opposition, as with the distilled poisons suppressed they would naturally conclude that there would be a larger demand for their slops. It would do well for the country to let them think so.

The people once educated up to the point where they could adopt a constitutional provision of the kind proposed, the next step would be comparatively easy. This might come first in the way of local option, giving to such communities as were strong enough to enforce absolute prohibition, the right to do so. (As is well understood laws of this character are operative only in communities where the people are able to elect officers who will enforce them.) This would confine the wine and beer traffic to the large cities where most of the vice and wickedness of the community abound.

Then, one step more—a little more work on the part of temperance people—a little more enlightenment of the masses, and victory will crown the effort.

DIFFERENCE.

It is very unfortunate for one to be so muffled up in the zeal and infallibility of his own opinions and belief that he will not go outside of himself to explore the world of growing thought around him. And it is quite an easy matter to convince such a person that the universe is a fraud, in which he stands independent, the only genuine thing it contains.

Spiritualists are, or should be, liberal, because they have nearly all developed up through other beliefs, and found them simply bundles of assertion and assumption without a single demonstrated or demonstrable fact. Spiritualism proves the truth before asking one to believe it; its methods of doing this are all susceptible of easy imitation, giving boundless opportunity for deception, but we are happy in the belief that no Spiritualist ever attempted to imitate any of the ways and means of communication between mortals and immortals.

We said Spiritualists are liberal. So they have great patience with those who are halting in their opinions of the Philosophy because of a weak woman's false confession, and the repeated exposures of so-called spiritual mediums.

But the patience and liberality can not be extended to those who are so luke-warm in their faith oft confirmed, as to express doubts, and, in some cases, disbelief, in the origin of the most convincing proofs of spirit return by their own firesides.

The defection arising from the big-toe story seems to be contagious, and one would think that no other religion, or philosophy, or following whatever, ever had a deserter or traitor in their midst. Modern Spiritualism has never been put to a crucial test, never been persecuted near to death, but it seems its time has come, and that there is more than one Judas among its disciples.

All Christians believe in immortality. Spiritualists go farther and hold communion with the immortal. For this they are deemed monstrous, as if dying transformed our loved ones into demons!

ODD FELLOWS' HALL.—The interest in Mrs. J. J. Whitney's public seances at Odd Fellows' Hall was enhanced last Sunday night by the fine performance upon the piano by Miss Henschell, who executed some truly remarkable improvisations while in a trance, and under spirit influence. Then Mrs. Whitney, under control of her guides, gave her usual variety of spirit tests, some of which were of a strikingly convincing character. As a source of public enlightenment on spirit communion, Mrs. Whitney's meetings

are unsurpassed. The large attendance at each meeting is indicative of the deep interest taken therein. She will hold another public seance to-morrow (Sunday) evening at the same place.

BAD LUCK.

"Bad Luck is simply a man with his hands in his pockets and pipe in his mouth, looking on 'to see how it is coming out.'"

That may be a correct likeness of the unfortunate, but it is not all there is of him or about him. He is not a bad fellow, and some one, or many, are responsible for his indecision. He is equally incapable of strongly claiming his rights, and of doing one a wrong, but would risk his life to do a favor. It is his superabundant kindness that mainly causes his misfortune (omitting the cost of tobacco), for he trusts everybody's word, and will work fifteen hours out of the twenty-four, the week round, for a kind word and his dinner. Breakfast and supper are private affairs of Bad Luck that his friends do not meddle with.

Bad Luck has a habit of complaining, but not about the right things. His unpaid work is never his theme; but his poor living at home, his poor clothes, and back rent, are topics that should touch the conscience of those who are wont to reward his honest toil with promises.

Some may be disposed to call Bad Luck a fool that he has not spunk enough to collect his just dues. He is no such thing, but a good, peaceable man, who would rather suffer himself than cause others annoyance. He comes of a long line of descendants, and was never known to violate a law of his country, nor to dun a debtor. Were it not that he occasionally finds an honest patron, his race would have died of starvation long ago.

Bad Luck may be seen in every town and city the world over, and was never yet a person deserving scorn and ridicule, but rather the sympathy and kindness of all well regulated lives. He is not lacking in ability, as his mechanical skill shows, but he is lacking in his will-power to direct his energy for his own benefit, and he thus becomes a tool for that large class who want something for nothing.

When Bad Luck stands with his hands in his pockets and pipe in his mouth, he is not waiting for work, but for pay for work he has done, and must pass the time in some way agreeable to himself.

We would suggest that Bad Luck quit smoking; and to those who keep him standing there waiting for his hard-earned money, that they pay him before they again enter their church pews or closets, to give thanks to the Lord for the good things of this life.

AT HOME.

Accustomed in the past to turn to the other side the Atlantic in search of fine libraries, one has grown up in our own country with the knowledge of comparatively few of our inhabitants, which is now called one of the finest reference libraries in the world. This is the collection of Columbia College that comprises eighty-seven thousand volumes and thirty thousand pamphlets.

A book written by St. Chrysostom, and printed by Zell, 1467, is the oldest in the library. One of Cafton's prints, dated 1489, is next in age; and a third volume from the press of Wynkyn de Worde, 1475. Then comes a first edition of Herodotus, issued by Alders at Venice, in 1502, and the first five editions of "Walton's Complete Angler," printed between 1656 and 1675. An edition of Horace, 1727, and one of Gratier's volumes, are said to be conspicuous for their beauty of print and binding. Among interesting manuscripts under lock with other literary treasures, may be mentioned the original manuscript of Southey's "Mocdoc," and several of Chatterton's poems.

While the library is especially designed for the students of the college, it is not only open to the public, but persons are allowed to take books for home reading, who are known, or who can show satisfactory reference, or bring letters of introduction.

The books are most conveniently arranged, being catalogued by subject, title, and author, upon cards arranged in a case in the center of library hall. For the present status of the library, thanks are due to the efficient management of Prof. Melvil Dewey and President F. A. P. Barnard. By a judicious expenditure of the fifteen thousand dollars appropriated by the trustees at their last meeting, for the purchase of new books, the Columbia College library may become an object of envy, as well as admiration, in the eyes of the so-called Old World. The large, rare, and costly donation of books presented by Mr. Phoenix are still locked up, but soon to find places in the reading-room.

—Those wonderful little geniuses, "The Beasey Babies," assisted by some of the best musical talent in San Francisco, will appear in their first benefit concert, at Irving Hall, on Tuesday evening, November 27th. Those who have never witnessed the musical performances of these little artists should not let this opportunity pass.

—Mrs. Carrie C. Van Doree, the trance and platform test medium, is at present located in Watertown, N. Y.

Fraternity Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Progressive Spiritualists of Oakland held their usual meeting at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets, last Sunday evening. The attendance was not very large, but all seemed well satisfied with the exercises. Mrs. Wiggins gave a very interesting lecture. Afterwards Madame De Roth gave tests in Psychometry all of which were recognized. Next Sunday evening Mr. Colby, independent slate-writer, of San Francisco, will be present. He will also answer sealed letters. We invite our friends to come and visit us, and investigate for themselves. Exercises commence at 7:30 P. M. Wishing you success in your efforts to spread the truth, I remain,
Yours Fraternally,
MRS. DAVIS, Sec'y.

OAKLAND, November 14, 1888.

ALL BUT INFIDELS AND SPIRITUALISTS.

It would seem that all believers and disbelievers, of whatever faith or following, except Infidels and Spiritualists, are freely allowed to differ with each other, without causing any outside cry of disruption and ruin. Clergymen of the various denominations have become heretical, and been excommunicated, the old religion going on as before. But when Infidels or Spiritualists differ, the sign is very different, and we soon hear that their cause is injured and must soon die.

Now it happens that these two latter classes of minds are quite as diversified in their mould and constitution as are those of other men. Be cause Buchanan, Ingersoll, Paulus, Bauer, Renan, and other so-called Infidels, do not echo each other's opinions, they are compared to the Killenny cats, and soon to destroy each other. If difference of belief regarding one and the same thing, is really an element of destruction, then everything instituted by men is false, and is doomed. We had supposed, however, that difference of views was our one hope and sign of intellectual growth, and that by it we had arrived at our present standard of enlightenment. And we believe it is so admitted, except in the case of liberal minds.

Now, there are as many veins of liberal thought in the world's great mine of progress, as there are prospectors to discover them. The various ideas regarding them do not lessen their value, and those who follow them up will find their origin in one great vein of truth yet untouched by the pick of investigation.

OUR QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

It would seem as though a great fear is coming over our people generally, if I may judge by the questions that find me on my return home. What does it mean? One obsessed by elemental, another suffering from "malicious mesmerism," another sure Spiritualism can't be true because the "Foxes" have gone back on it, and still another who sees so much in Spiritualism that there is no need of Theosophy. "Why go back when we have it all in the living present?" "Are not my guides as safe teachers as the followers of Buddha?" a seeker inquires, and thus all over the State there is an unrest.

To tell a person he is obsessed by elementals, is a polite way of telling him that he is suffering from his own error and ignorance, for we create our own elementals. They are part and parcel of us, and can have no power over us unless we give it to them. Take hold of your most easily besetting sin, and overcome it, and you will vanquish the elementals you were feeding. Cease to fear them, for by fearing you give them power over you.

An animal knows instinctively if a person fears him, and takes advantage of it. The lion-tamer would not enter the den unless he were fearless. You are a superior intelligence to the elementals. Defy them, and assert your own individuality.

Many people think they see elementals who see nothing but the creations of their own minds, fear giving loose rein to fancy; just as they read medical works, and think they have every disease that has a hard name. Again, some people see their own and others' thought forms in the astral atmosphere. These are nothing more nor less than pictures. If you don't want to look at them, withdraw your attention from them, just as you would from any unpleasant sight in the realm material. If you are a medium, and these things you dread so much are only a psychological illusion forced upon you by some other person, either on this side or the other side of life, then refuse to submit longer to their influence. Become yourself, even though you are ever so small. Then treat self for fear, and hold that self related to the good in thought, word and deed.

The same thing is true of mesmeric or psychological influence. To fear a person's influence is to give that person power over you. Mesmeric influence is no new force; it has been exerted consciously or unconsciously through all time. Every person who tries to influence another either for good or evil, whether he uses the spoken word or silent thought, is using this force just in proportion to his power of concentration, and the subject's power of resistance. Crime and suffering of all kinds do often result from mental dominance; it were folly to deny the fact. People must learn to protect themselves against this most subtle of all forces. You are a sensitive. Your efforts to develop mediumship have made you more susceptible. You will need to exert your own mental power to resist. Only by so doing can you get control of yourself.

Truth is eternal; consequently the truth in Spiritualism will stand against its foes. Only those who have doubted themselves will fear.

This is also true of Theosophy. Why not let each one seek the truth in his own way? As to going back, is not the progress of to-day the result of all the past? Knowledge comes by accumulation; no one age finds it all; but each age adds to the last its wisdom.

This is as true of spiritual truth as of material facts. If you are content with what you get in the present, divorced from the past, no one should try to coerce you. Only do not hold others under the limitation you make for yourself. Those who would gather the truth pearls scattered along the track of time have surely the same right that you have. Out of the present conflict there must come good to all. Let us look and hope for the best results. To fear is to give evil power over us.

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

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Mrs. Kane and Her Wonderful Toe.

To feel that one is right—to know what we assert—this is the principle that has aided and sustained all the great minds of all the centuries. A belief which has no other foundation than the word of a few poor, frail specimens of humanity, has indeed an unsecure basis to support it.

The assertion of Margaret Kane, and the fact of her avowal that she has been a fraud for forty years, and that this will be a death blow to Spiritualism, shows her to be a monster of egotism. She says (in substance) that through the crackings of her big toe she has founded this doctrine; that eight millions of people are believers in the return of spirits through her instrumentality; and that now she confesses to being an impostor, the whole structure will fall to the ground (or at least she hopes it will). Vain delusion! Woman, you have not the honor to have been the founder of this school of knowledge. God Himself was the founder of Spiritualism; for He has declared Himself to be a spirit, and from Him, the divine source, emanates all spiritual gifts. I say it with all reverence; the Bible teaches it; history teaches it. We have the accumulated evidence of the teachings of all ages that the phenomena have always existed. Materialists and scientists have attempted to account for it in various ways, some attributing it to natural causes not understood; others have left it as a mystery which could not be unraveled. The teachers of Spiritualism are the only expounders of these facts who can make it perfectly simple and natural.

I know not whether this woman is to be mostly condemned or pitied. There has no doubt been a weakening of the bodily and mental functions brought about through the biting pangs of sickness and poverty. In this condition she has no doubt been unduly influenced. This together has produced the sad and degrading spectacle of coming forward before the world and proclaiming herself a phenomenal liar.

We believe Mrs. Kane to be merely a tool in the hands of those mentally superior to herself, who are using her for a purpose, but it will be of no avail; the truth is bound to live. There is a vital principle involved therein that can never die. It is like Banquo's ghost and will not down. Impostors, tricksters, and frauds will thrive for a time, and are making money fast by advertising their shows in the name of Spiritualism. They draw large and intelligent audiences with this placard. But, friends, do you consider the fact that these assemblies, drawn together by this means, only go to prove that the people are hungering for spiritual food?

Spiritualists have talked too much about the Fox Sisters being the wonderful nineteenth century mediums, that first manifested this truth as a modern phenomena, testifying to spirit power. Now they will see their mistake. Those who wish to crush out this doctrine, thought they had found a first-class opportunity for doing so. Of course, in those days, mediumship was more rare than at present, and the Fox Sisters received more than they were entitled to of credit, but now that there are thousands of genuine mediums, all over the country, they are at a discount; so the loss to the cause is not so great as the defamers of Spiritualism had vainly imagined, and the blow they fondly hoped would fall with such tremendous force, has scarcely caused a tremor. They cannot impede the car of progress; its wheels move slowly but surely, and will in time crush out intolerance, bigotry and error.

A SEARCHER FOR TRUTH.
OAKLAND, November 13, 1888.

Spiritual Unfoldment.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

I would like to give through your paper a few thoughts about Spiritualism, that some of my friends, who are readers of the GOLDEN GATE, may know what I think about it and the "expose."

The latter, to my view, confirms the truth of Spiritualism more than anything else, for how could "toe-joint" raps travel all over a hall, unless the toe was a ventriloquist or the woman a medium? But let that be as it may, I have nothing to do with it, but only with what I myself know.

This invisible force which some call spirits and some call God, and others call the devil, I am acquainted with. In 1880, it commenced working through me in healing, and many other ways. I commenced to study its operations: at first I supposed it was spirits; later on I came to the conclusion that it was my own unconscious individual spirit; later on still I concluded it was not that either, but a force prior and superior to it, and that the influx of it was developing the spiritual man and woman, and through it that humanity would be raised from the animal to the spiritual kingdom.

I see it operating in all sorts of ways, according to the development of its agents. When this force strikes some organisms there is such an influx of light that it is difficult to retain any hold on material things; and I would say just here that persons coming under this influence need the most careful and friendly counsel, and if the development is carefully attended to, the spiritual world is opened to view, and we can see and hear our friends who

have passed on. And in the continual unfoldment of the spiritual man and woman, there comes a time when the earth yields to this power, and poverty, and crime, and all the ills which "flesh is heir to" must be done away, for righteousness will reign, and all enjoy the fruits of their own labor. MRS. L. M. BATES.
324 Sutter street, Nov. 13, 1888.

One of "The Old Guard."

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

I want to express my appreciation and cordial approval of the chunks of solid wisdom in the article on "Pure Spiritualism," in last week's GOLDEN GATE, by Dr. Albert Morton.

It is consoling to have some of the "Old Guard" come to the rescue of common sense and pure Spiritualism, when it seems in such great peril of being sacrificed on the altar of rampant mysticism and blind credulity, or lost in a maze of metaphysical paradoxes. And this, too, by the teachings of most excellent people, whose chief fault seems to be an over-anxiety to soar upwards and discount the future in their contemplation of spiritual things, as though they were forgetting that we are encased in mortal bodies, and have this physical existence to complete before entering on that exclusively spiritual life not found this side the "pearly gates."

Many of us who have been born into the clear light of modern Spiritualism congratulated ourselves on escaping the absurdities and mysteries of dogmatic theology, such as are included in the doctrines of the trinity—three Gods in one, and one in three,—vicarious atonement—washing out our sins in the "blood of the Lamb,"—endless punishment inflicted by a loving father on his children, because their mental make-up happens to be such that they cannot accept certain theological propositions.

We have no sooner found ourselves free from this nightmare of horrors and mysteries, than we are called upon to swallow others, if not as horrible, at least more numerous, paradoxical, and absurd, and to accept which we have got to ignore some of the fundamental principles of Spiritualism, that have made that faith so attractive to us, and from which we have, when afflicted, derived so much comfort.

We find these absurdities in undertaking to follow out to its logical conclusions and results the doctrine of re-incarnation, as set forth by some of its advocates, which includes an acceptance of the idea of not only "one in three and three in one," but scores and hundreds in one, and this may be—some say must be—necessary to make one final spirit embodiment.

Then, too, we are confronted by extravagances sufficient to muddle the brain of a "Philadelphia lawyer," in listening to those good souls who are expounding the wonders of mental science healing and Theosophy, and who, to the average understanding, only succeed in making obscurity more obscure.

It is done by such propositions as those quoted by Brother Morton (as samples of absurdities), such as that there is no matter, no evil, no disease. "There can be no physical disease"—it is only in the mind. "All is spirit." "Spirit is supreme."

And to these I would add "elemental spirits," which seem to be sort of "decoy ducks," "just over the river,"—or perhaps only half way over—midway between earth and heaven, luring us on to seek communion with our friends, and making us think we are getting loving messages from our dear ones, when it is nothing but the emanations of a spiritual nondescript, which never had an existence even in an earthly body, much less one in spirit spheres.

Now, most of this is simply discounting the future. It may be a condition we hope to reach when we "shuffle off this mortal coil," and which we have only faint glimmers of here—a state that will not be reached here unless in the far distant ages, when evolution has so far transformed this world into one of spirit that it shall cease to be a propagating house for mortals.

There is a fragmentary truth at the base of most of these propositions (leaving out the "elementals") that is caught up and magnified into a philosophy, when it is only a small factor subject to limitations.

We find the advocates of ideas antagonistic to true Spiritualism in the two extremes of blank materialism, and an idealism, which refuses to recognize facts as they exist, and the limitations of physical life.

Among the first we find men like Bro. York, who has dived so deep into the spiritual waters that he has stuck his head in the mud, the sediment of the ages, at the bottom, which has so obscured his spiritual vision that he can see nothing but matter. Spirit is only a myth, and spirit communication a product of the imagination.

On the other hand are our good brothers and sisters who, taking "Excelsior" as their motto, soar into the ethereal regions till they lose sight of earth and conditions and limitations, and see what can only exist away in the "Summerland."

Between the two extremes we find rational principles of pure Spiritualism, which will survive the incredulity of materialism, the mysticism of mere theorists, and the human vultures which are being exposed in their attempts to feast upon its sacred truths. LEON BOWDOIN.
STOCKTON, Oct. 18, 1888.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

"You're a Fine Medium Yourself"

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

It is almost an impossibility to go to any Spiritualist meeting in session, and not hear these words oftener than any other, while the "medium" is giving "tests." It seems that mediums can always get "control" enough to tell this to almost, if not every one they come in contact with, whether they can get any name, description, or not.

Now is this right?

A skeptic, or rather an investigator, steps into a meeting out of pure curiosity, and after a while either he or someone he knows intimately gets a test; and then he continues to attend Sunday after Sunday, and, if his means will allow, perhaps attends all circles within the radius of his pocket-book and residence. But from the first moment that the conviction enters his mind that we never die—from that moment he too wants to become a medium.

He is ignorant of his power, until some medium tells him, "You are a fine medium for slate-writing, clairvoyance," etc. His heart bolts out of its usual orbit (figurative language), and he is transported with joy, for did not a medium, under control, tell him he was a "fine medium," and do not spirits always tell the truth?

So he commences "sitting," in most cases under the guides of the medium who first told him of his wonderful power. Well, results differ greatly from these sittings. If the "would-be" is of a fine nervous temperament, in fact a natural medium, and his teacher and guides honest and sincere in their work, he or she will in time, if patience and conditions hold out, be of use to the spirit and material world. But if, on the contrary, this poor sensitive fall among wolves, he could scarcely fare harder if he violated all the laws of his physical and moral nature with which he is endowed.

But, on the other hand, it may be simply an "animal," who, seeing the wonderful results obtained by different mediums, thinks it a fine play-thing, or perhaps a tool to further his ends. Then the case is different. Perhaps his organism and thoughts are so gross that he cannot develop. (This, unfortunately, is not always the case). In that case, he is thrown among people who will, by sheer association, cause him to learn and lead a better life. But if even this does not take place, he is doing no actual evil, unless it be to throw an undesirable influence over the circle.

Now the question naturally presents itself, Could not Spiritualists devote a little of the time spent in quarreling among themselves, and in picking flaws in all but those they devoutly worship, to pointing out some of the *pains* as well as the profits of mediumship?

Not by any means that I would discourage the development of mediumship, but that I want to save many from going through a useless and trying ordeal!

When a man or woman has to work at something from ten to eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, in order to live the rest, it is not an easy condition to develop under. And I have had the following words from the mouths of many, and among others the old veteran, James V. Mansfield, that "to develop mediumship is to sacrifice everything, as regards business," etc. Of course, there are many cases to be cited against this, but in the main the guides use the instrument they train to their own purpose; and if that be to elevate humanity, we should not complain, though it is the most thankless task in this world.

But, if our friends are to be believed, it will all be made clear "over there." It could be made more clear "over here," if there was more attention paid to systematic, scientific development, and some means being taken by some society to study the question.

As long as we turn out undeveloped mediums, and the colleges turn out undeveloped "saw-bones," the developed will have to suffer with the undeveloped. We claim Spiritualism to be rational, whether you call it a religion or a science. But if it be a science, it must have capable exponents; if a religion, it is doing as well as can be expected.

911 1/2 Mission St., San Francisco.

—Light on the Way thus speaks of Mrs. Juliette Yeaw and her lectures at Queen City Park: "The lectures given by Mrs. Juliette Yeaw were of such a character as to win the approbation of all. Mrs. Yeaw is a lady 'possessed of superior natural talents, highly intuitive and inspirational, and carries with her 'that charm of perfect loveliness only presented by those who lead the higher life.'"

—Again we ask our correspondents not to become discouraged if their articles do not appear at once. We have received, during the past week, original matter enough to fill a half dozen papers the size of the GOLDEN GATE, much of which we hope to be able to rise in time.

—We commend to our readers the excellent article by our Theosophical friend, Theo. G. Ed. Wolleb, entitled, "A Word of Sympathy and Cheer." Theosophists and Spiritualists are not so far apart in their ideas as some people seem to think.

—An able paper from the pen of Dr. A. T. Hudson, of Stockton, entitled, "The Way of Life; or, Origin and Definition of Life," will appear in our next.

—Mrs. F. A. Logan's meetings are well attended. She is one of our most faithful and energetic workers, and is deserving of every encouragement.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GOLDEN GATE
Printing and Publishing Co.,
Flood Building, Room 43.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., NOV. 13, 1888.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company, will be held at the office of said company, on SATURDAY, December 1, 1888, at 2 o'clock P. M. The business to come before said meeting will be the election of a Board of five Directors of said company, to hold their office for one year.

MATTIE P. OWEN,
Secretary of G. G. P. and P. Co.

FROM A GRATEFUL PATIENT.

DR. A. B. DOBSON:—You, without doubt, think me either dead or else without gratitude, or true appreciation of what you have done for me. You no doubt remember me as the man given up to die with a combination of diseases from head to foot, that wrote you from Miltonville, Kansas, while you were in Florida, last winter. Well, I had been suffering with kidney, bladder, lung, head and skin diseases for nearly six months, and was almost a walking skeleton when I applied to you for help. As the M. D.'s, with their accursed drugs, had failed to do anything, except to make me worse, I had given up all hope of recovery. When I received your diagnosis (which was very correct) and the box of remedies, I obeyed implicitly your instructions, and I began to feel improved within forty-eight hours, and by the time my month's treatment was through all my diseases had vanished. Still I should have taken it longer, for I was quite weak. Do you think I had better send for another month's treatment? I expect to be at the Clinton camp-meeting next summer, and will see you there.

I hope you will be enabled to keep your health good for many years, for such a healer as you are is truly a blessing to humanity.

I am most truly, D. C. SEYMOUR.

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 2 P. M., Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. All are invited. Admission, free. The Library and Reading Room of this Society is located at 441 Market street, "Carrier Dove" office, and is open every week day from 2 P. M. to 9 P. M. also, Saturday evenings. Meetings by same Society, at same place, every Sunday evening, at which a choice musical and literary entertainment will be offered, for benefit of their free spiritual library. Admission, 10 cents.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN HOLDS SPIRITUAL MEETINGS in St. George Hall, 207 1/2 Market street, between Fifth and Sixth streets. Sunday evenings, at 7:30 o'clock. Also in W. J. Colville's College Hall, 105 McAllister street, Thursday evenings. Speaking, healing and tests will be given by several mediums. Mrs. C. J. Meyer gives full names, and advice in business. All invited. Only 10 cents admittance. Experience meeting at 11 A. M., Sundays, in Crusader's Hall, in St. George's building.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will meet every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, Nos. 207 1/2 and 213 1/2 Market street, between Fifth and Sixth. The hall is commodious and well arranged for this purpose. Strangers and all those interested are respectfully invited to attend.

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

FIRST PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION of Oakland, meets every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Meetings at 3 and 7:30 P. M.

OPEN MEETING,—ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, November 17th, at 2 o'clock, a Bible Class will be held at the Home College, 324 Seventeenth street. All will be welcome.

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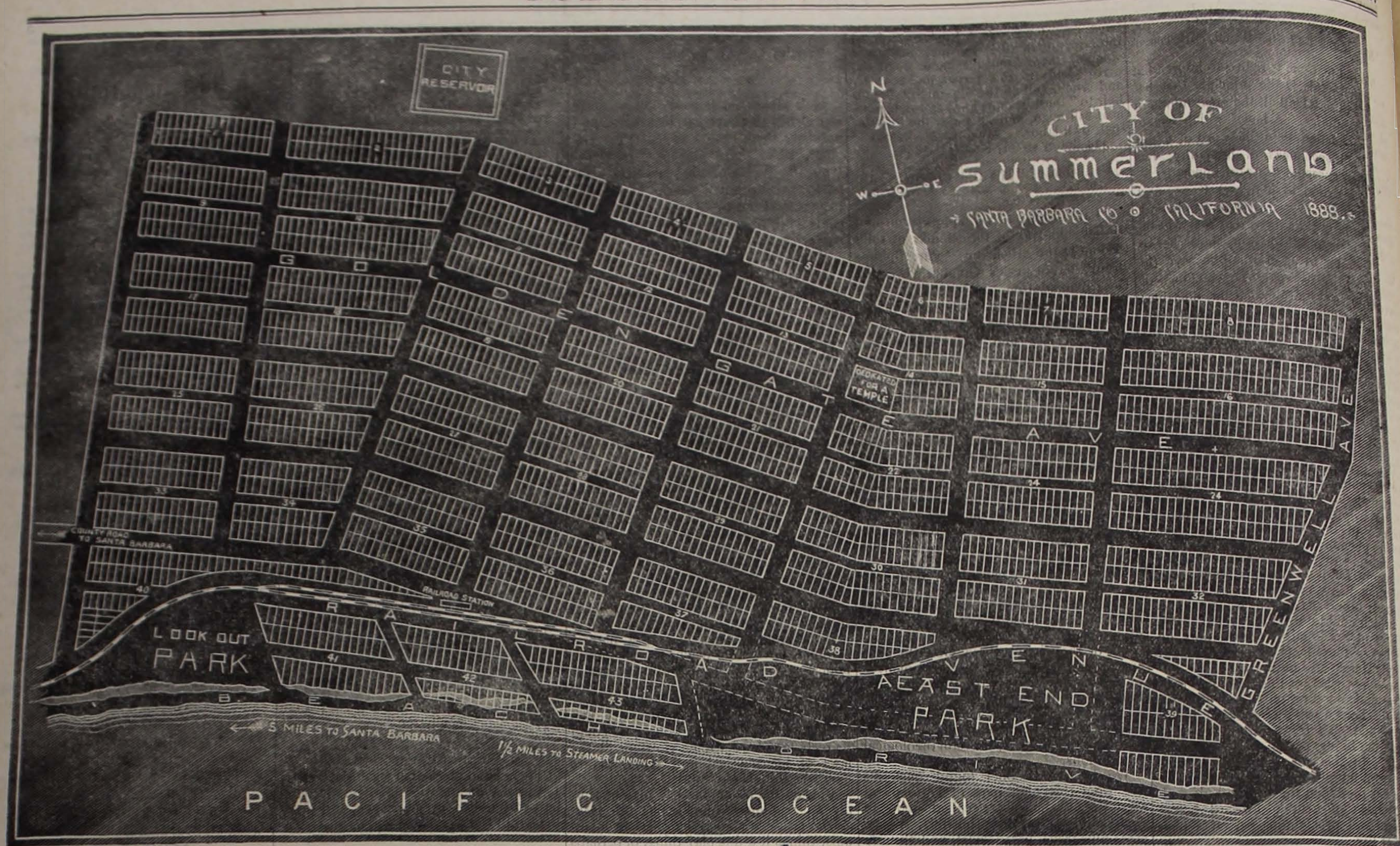
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Summerland offers all the advantages for such a colony, located as it is upon the seashore, in that unequalled climate of Santa Barbara, and but five miles from that most beautiful city—a spot where the sun ever shines, overlooking the ocean, extending even to its silvered shore, with a background of mountains, which forms a shelter from the north winds, insuring what that country has the reputation of en-

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the GOLDEN GATE. No money need be paid until the owner concludes to go ahead with the scheme,—which will depend upon the interest taken therein; but orders for lots will be received and entered, and the lots selected and located by the editor of this journal, where parties cannot be present to select for themselves.

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- I. The Trance as the Doorway to the Occult. Its Magnetic, Natural and Spiritual forms of Induction.
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- VI. The Soul World: Its Hells, Heavens and Evolutions.
- VII. Life, Development and Death in Spirit-Land.

APPENDIX—Answers to Questions.

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What is Mind Cure?

Continued from First Page.

nothing, for they are only mediums of communication between two objects, both of which exist in mind. If there were no intelligence beyond the eye looking through it, or no intelligence beyond the brain, or no connection between that intelligence and the brain, or no connection between the brain and the retina of the eye, or between the retina of the eye and something external to the eye, could there be any perception through an organ of vision?

But, you argue, "we can not see without eyes." We beg to differ from you, for we have known many persons physically blind who have seen clearly without bodily eyes; such we appropriately call clairvoyants, meaning persons who see with unusual clearness. If you refer to the experiments of Mesmer, and others upon the subject of clairvoyance and clairaudience, and also pay heed to what is constantly transpiring at the present time, you will find there are many people who see without a bodily eye; and clairvoyance does not enable persons to come in contact with ideas exclusively, but it also enables them to describe distinctly the color, form and texture of material objects; and clairaudients, when physically deaf, or with their ears completely stopped up, can hear sounds both near at hand and far away when there can be no action upon the physical ear; they will often describe sounds which are occurring in very distant places, and that with perfect accuracy.

Psychometric experiments prove conclusively that an object placed in the hand, or, for that matter, upon the back of the neck of a blindfolded person, can be accurately described as to its texture, color, form, dimensions, and everything else you term material. There is evidence in the scientific world, among many who have not investigated Spiritualism, but who have investigated clairvoyance and clairaudience, and have encountered persons gifted with psychometric power, that people constantly hear independently of bodily ears, taste, without material palates, smell independent of nostrils, and detect a difference between velvet and stone, without coming into any physical contact with either the velvet or the stone.

If you investigate psychometry, you can abundantly prove that there is in man a power that works independently of "soul-measuring" of his material body, a power that far transcends it, and proves that the spiritual or psychic body is not an unreality, a mere phantasm, but far more real than the fleshly body of man. We declare that the real body of man is spiritual; man's whole nature is spiritual. But when we endeavor to apply the principle of metaphysics to healing mental and bodily infirmities, we do not adopt the phraseology of those teachers who say you can see as well without an eye as with one. We prefer to say you can see perfectly with your spiritual eye if you have no bodily eye; you can hear perfectly with your spiritual ear if you have no physical ear; therefore if you lose your physical sight or your whole material body, remember you have a spiritual body, or you may call it, if you choose, an astral body, which is a body that has form, size and dimensions, and which exists in the realm of mind, and is the cause of your material body, and being its predecessor, outlasts it.

If size appears in outward expression, there is prior size in its invisible realm. If there are external dimensions, there are dimensions in the realm of their causation, which is the realm of mind. If there are colors in outward expression, there are colors in spirit. Shut your eyes and you can think of colors and sounds. Anything you can think about has an existence in the realm of thought. If it did not exist in the realm of thought you could not think about it. As everything produced in the material world is the result of thought, mind must necessarily be the power that produces it. That which you term matter is only a result of vibrations in lower octaves of the vibrations, which cause what Swedenborg terms spiritual substance.

If the soul of man had not an eternal past, it cannot have an eternal future. But if, as we affirm, the soul has always existed in the bosom of the Infinite, if the soul has always been an individual atom in the eternal life, your immortal individuality is secure. Your reflection upon your individuality may have been brought about in time; in time you may have made discoveries, through your intellect, of something you always perceived in your soul. When the figurative books shall be opened, and the soul fully testifies of itself, then will the great mystery of dual consciousness be explained; then will you understand how you are fully conscious in spirit when quite unconscious of outward things; then will your dream-life no longer remain to you a mystery; then will all spiritual experiences glow with the light of complete interpretation, and you will be all aflame with the knowledge of your relation to the Eternal. You will then no more bow down before idols of material belief, than you would pray to the images of wood and stone worshiped by poor pagans who know not of life in spirit.

Materialism says life springs from protoplasm. If everything comes from protoplasm, if it is primal, then it is spiritual; but if protoplasm is only another word for spirit, it is improper to employ

it, because it is misleading. Is it not affirmed in the scientific world that the discovery has been made by Darwin, Spencer, and others, of a primordial cell from which all life arises, and that this cell is the same for the monad as for man, the same for the jelly-fish or the tadpole as for the philosopher?

If this be true, we simply exclaim that this primordial cell, representing the absolute primary in the material world, is the primal manifestation of intelligence in the realm of effect. All that Darwin or any evolutionist can accomplish is to trace effects to their seeming cause, from the circumference inward toward the center. Involution starts at the center. The soul is the center. Protoplasm is toward the circumference. Materialism starts near the circumference, and endeavors to find the soul in dust. When you have found the soul, you will comprehend protoplasm, which is a product, a creation by the soul. When you only know protoplasm, you can know nothing of the soul, and thus you endeavor to argue that unconscious dust has evolved spirit, that material atoms have evolved intelligence, and that consequently, on the breaking up of the physical organism, the intelligence vanishes, as brightness from a polished shield when dampness approaches it. It goes nowhere, you say, whereas, from the standpoint of spirit, there is found an adequate and satisfactory solution for every material phenomena, while from the standpoint of materialism, consciousness is an utterly miraculous phenomenon.

In the realm of spirit, the soul is the acknowledged creator of its expressions. The source and center of all is the divine life. In the divine life there is perfect rest, for it is absolute being. Divine life is the only center of the wheel of life. All revolutions are around that center, and no matter how rapidly the wheel may rotate, the center is always calm. From the inmost center, which is the divine cause, to the outermost effect, or circumference of the wheel, life is made manifest through the descent of spirit (involution) and the ascent of matter (evolution.) We believe in the gradual development of species, in the ascent of the body of man; but this is a result of a descent of spirit. When spiritual descent and material ascent are understood by being studied together; when spiritually minded professors of involution enlighten professors of evolution, light from the realm of causation—which is spiritual—will make comprehensible the realm of effect, which is termed material.

Then, instead of supposing that you are mere creatures of dust, or that a handful of dust has evolved an immortal soul; instead of dreaming that matter has been refining itself age after age, until from unconscious dust a conscious soul has been at length produced; instead of imagining that everlasting life may be the result of an evolution from unconscious molecules, you will understand that from eternal life, wherein ever exists the soul, has every outward expression proceeded. Man, then, instead of claiming relationship to dust, will claim relationship to Deity.

It is manifestly absurd to argue that effects are greater than causes, and works greater than their maker. If you are superior to every other form of life on the planet, then your soul may have been a world builder, as in ages gone by the triumphant souls called in the Hebrew Scriptures "Elohim," the angels who shouted for joy at the completion of the external world, may have lived on earth long since depopulated and outgrown. Those angels must have been souls who had for ages been ascending the ladder of progress, who, from their glorious homes in spirit, may have caused their thoughts to have assumed form upon earth. Creation may have therefore been, as one of the Hebrew accounts declares, the work of the "Elohim."

The soul is the creator of all material things. In spiritual life you may change your spiritual bodies, as you change your material forms on earth; you will graduate to higher and ever higher forms of expression; you will accrete to you thought essences from the spiritual atmosphere, and finally, expression in all its outward forms having been fulfilled, the soul will know itself as conqueror over all.

A period will arrive when you will be able to produce any form you please; when, upon the wings of thought, you will pass from planet to planet as easily as birds navigate the air or fish swim in water. As rapidly as your thought can move from one country to another, and from one star to another, does your soul pass from point to point in the boundless universe.

When your eyes are opened to the sublimities of eternity, there will appear to you no longer any vacuum or void, no interstellar spaces in the universe. Where now you imagine there is no life, you will find orders upon orders of intelligences, homes and habitations of spirit, all the universe being filled with thought and its expressions. Then when you have attained to the glorious states which hold sway over all planetary bodies, you will know the material center of gravity on any earth is but the outermost expression of angelic thought; what you now term most real is only the fleeting shadow—the world of outward sense being phantasmagoric, while the world of soul is alone real and eternal.

Spencer says the origin of life is unknowable, and therefore he dare not call it material. Matthew Arnold speaks of an eternal energy. The greatest astronomers, geologists and chemists that have ever lived have bowed reverently before

the Divine Over Soul, and have acknowledged matter as only an expression of infinite intelligence.

Behind all phenomena is God. Man can never be educated out of his intuitive belief in spirit. When you are prepared for the teachings angels are ready to give; when minds on earth are prepared to receive such instructions, you will listen to glowing words of truth vibrating from celestial homes through this earth's atmosphere, filling your minds with truth eternal, giving you perfect knowledge of spirit. Spiritual involution will completely account for earthly evolution. Darwin may yet descend from the realm of spirit to write another "Origin of Species," in which you will find stated the descent of spirit as the all-sufficient cause of the ascent of life through material form.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

English and American Poems, By Albert J. Edmunds.

BY ALBERT J. EDMUNDS.

A volume of poems from a friend is the daintiest of gifts, like a letter saying better the thoughts of the giver, better than letter can. We look the pages over, expecting and finding not only the meaning of the author, but the special application made by the giver. We ask ourselves how this or that passage was interpreted or applied, and what application is expected for us to make of the especially appropriate passages.

Such a gift came from a friend of olden days, a friend of youth's bright morning, when the sky was radiant with hope and life all ahead of us. We set out together, and the years have brought no change except as they have welded the firmer the links in friendship's golden chain.

The poems of Mr. Edmunds are pervaded by a sweet and beautiful spirit of harmony. He is a true poet, in whose sensitive mind nature is not only reflected, but glorified. The "Seaside Idylls" are like refrains of music. The return to the memories of childhood, which we all indulge in, are thus sweetly expressed:

"Lead me to the Land of Childhood,
Where the fairy morning breaks
O'er the blossoms of the wildwood,
Pictured on enchanted lakes;
Where the sun is ever early,
And the springs are ever cold,
And the sea at noon is pearly,
And the sky at eve is gold."

In a different view is the "Spectre Ship," which is the mortal body. The closing is of profound philosophical significance:

"But I am the soul of this fleeting abode,
Unchangeable, aye, on the changeable road;
Yes, I am the captain alone on the sea,
The king of the 'Spectre Ship,' mighty and free.
Tho' the ship be renewed as eternities roll,
Yet I, who am one with the Infinite Soul,
Am the same as was He when the æons began—
My body the spectre, my spirit the man!"

"Dolden" is as fine a poem as the book contains, but obscure unless the story is first told in prose. The author thus explains it:

"The son of a Boston Lawyer began to talk, as soon as he could speak at all, of a visionary place which he called 'Dolden.' His parents never heard the name before. The little fellow would spend hours in paying imaginary visits to 'Dolden,' and would dress himself to receive visitors from thence. If he coveted anything he could not have, he would say he got all he wished of the required object in 'Dolden!'"

"This life of imagination continued for about three years, and then ceased. It remained only as a childish memory. But one day, when the boy was several years older, he went down to a country house his father had bought at West Falmouth, Mass. In writing from the new house he dated his letter 'Dolden.' His father was astonished by the revival of an almost forgotten dream, and asked him what he meant. He replied: 'West Falmouth is the nearest approach to 'Dolden' we shall ever see in this world!'"

This incident furnishes a study in psychology, and leads to the mysterious domain the spirit becomes cognizant of at favored times.

"The Song of the Leaf" is Biology set to music, and flashes with brilliant gleams of profound philosophy. Of the mind the poet sings:

"The mind it is who steals her vital flame,
And sets on fire the body, which is tame
Until he drives it wild, and calm desires
Of instinct become passion—food for fires
Of hell that worlds can quench not."

The poet is an evolutionist, and writes a hymn to the praise of that view of creation:

"Evolution is the spiral,
Ever widening in its flight
From the whirlpool of destruction
To the vortex of light;
And the world of soul begeth
Where the world of sense began—
Passion, like volcano—chaos
Endeth at the God in man!"

The poet of the age has yet to write—the poet whose keen intuition pierces beyond the extreme limits of physical science, and expresses in sweet measure the thoughts and aspirations of the present, which no bard has yet caught in the crystallization of verse. Mr. Edmunds stands on the threshold of this as yet unmastered realm.

Love doth seldom suffer itself to be confined by other matches than those of its own making.

Spirit Side of Life.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

[Received through the mediumship of Mrs. Brooks, in reply to the following letter:]

OAKLAND, CAL., Oct. 25, 1888.

FRIEND KENYON—I am seeking information in reference to life beyond the grave, and receive some queries to questions. The controls of one medium in Boston, Mass., assured me that there are very many spirit worlds, and that the passage from one to another is through death, as from the earth to the first spirit world; therefore, those partings of loved ones will continue through eternity. Will you please ask the controls of Mrs. Brooks whether they find it to be so?

W. A. B.

MY FRIEND:—You must have misunderstood the message you refer to, or been misinformed by some mischievous spirit. You must remember that all who come into this life do not come from paths of truthfulness, and very many were fond of jokes there, and do not at once lay aside the old habit.

You in earth life are prone to think that "death and resurrection upon this side" makes all perfect and reliable in all things, and this lays you open to accept everything from the spirit side without question. You should always exercise your own judgment, and not allow such statements to pass without asking the same spirit to explain more fully than at first, and in that way avoid misunderstandings.

So far as I can learn, there is no death in the spirit world, nor can I learn that there is more than one spirit world, and this world is so large that there appears to be no boundary to it; to me it appears to be an endless space prepared for those who take on the spirit form. There is no change like that of death in earth life. We do pass from one condition to another, as would appear to be quite natural where progression is the universal law, and this takes us into a different portion of the spirit world; not above nor below the place where our home had been, but a location on the same plane, so to speak, as before, and in reach of all who desire to associate with us. You have divisions in earth life called States, and you can go from the State you live in to New York State and return, but do not go to another world; and so can we journey from one location to another and occupy the place that suits us best, without going into another spirit world. Some persons progress faster here than others, and consequently find themselves often in new conditions and surroundings, and all find ourselves more active and receptive than when in earth life.

You in earth life are full of undeveloped ideas, and in most cases are like dried up plants when you come here, and this life will be to you what the rain and dews are to thirsty plants that take a new start with increasing strength and wisdom.

Very many come into this life with serious doubts about the fact of life upon this side of the grave, and when they awake to the truth, they are generally anxious to convey the fact to loved ones left behind, and they frequently fail to give a very clear idea of this world of beauty, and yet the same spirit will come very plain in their statements later on; not from a desire at first to deceive, but from a failure to describe this world plainly through the organism of some other person; therefore, I would urge that you give us more than one chance to answer your questions. Get rid of the idea that death makes us at once angels of perfection, for, of a truth, we do have to contend with the ideas brought with us into this life, and who among you have much true knowledge of this life? Who of you will find all things here as you imagine? After you have been here as long as I have, very few things will be found to agree with old notions of life in heaven. It looks to me as though you will be obliged to rely upon residents of this world to give you the facts and truth connected therewith; therefore, have patience with your spirit friends, at least, as much as you have with earthly friends; if you do, all will be made plain to you in due time.

My friend, the greatest changes that we pass through here are wrought by efforts to progress, thereby compelling us to lay aside old ideas for new ones after becoming familiar or acquainted with the laws governing this world. Nearly every one coming into this life find themselves like a stranger in a wonderful world of beauty that they had no correct idea of.

When you come into this world and all your loved ones have joined you, there will be no parting in sorrow and tears, so common in earth life, and this truth should assist you to manfully fight the battle and learn the lessons of that life. Be assured that there will be no parting of loved ones here.

CLARENCE CLARK.

Man perfected by society is the best of all animals; he is the most terrible of all when he lives without law and without justice. If he finds himself an individual who cannot live in society, or who pretends he has need of only his own resources, do not consider him as a member of humanity; he is a savage beast or a god.—Aristotle.

If thou hast done harm to any one, be it ever so little, consider it as much; if thou hast done him a favor, be it ever so great, consider it as little. Hast thy neighbor shown thee kindness, do not undervalue it; and has he caused thee an injury, do not overrate it.—Talmud.

The lasting and crowning privilege, or rather property, of friendship, is constancy.

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The City just Over the Hill.
The Golden Gates are Ajar.
Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair.
Who Wins My Child to Sleep?
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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Difference.

BY ELIZA A. FETTERING.

If a nation was struggling and freedom lay low
And all arms had grown nervous and numb,
Like the soldier of a tramp or a low,
Like the soldier of a tramp or a low,
Your clear voice like a bugle that dares the foe,
Then, would that with the victor you came;
I would hand the banner and would soften the blow,
And would speak for the low that are dumb.

Not so grand, not so strong, is my nature or voice,
Not so brightly life's life I defy;
I can mourn for the sad, you would bid them rejoice,
And would live when I, weakly, might die.
But there's work for us all, and for each soul a place,
And a time when the sword is laid by;
So, when first of the tumult and tired of the race,
We will whisper of peace—you and I.

THE ANSWER.

BY ELIZA A. FETTERING.

Dear Lupa, when the bugles rang
And pealed upon the trembling air,
And when the Loyal Poles sang
In strains that only heroes dare;
When Justice made the black man free,
Oh, there was work for you and me!

When the dark storm-birds made their flight,
Like specters speeding through the clime,
And when the scepter in its might
Was wrested from the sons of crime;
When Freedom's hand was tinged with blood,
Then you and I together stood!

We stood as woman stand, above
The line of color, sect and race;
Thou with thy tender deeds of love,
I, in my real, sought out my place,
And as the tide rolled deep and strong,
I wrought my spirit into song!

Dear friend, in these 'twas kind and good
To bear the helm and pour the oil;
And in the crown of womanhood
It is a gem no hand can soil—
Sweet praise to all who bid the wound,
I'll sing to all the world around!

The Cause of War has many a need,
And Freedom no set path or way;
She finds the hands to sow her seed,
The reapers for her harvest day—
Her temple rises, and each part
Is gleaming with the builders' art.

Dear Lupa, it is good to sing,
To breast the storm and bear the palm;
And if again the bugles ring
Oh, let me not forget the charm
Of her who like an angel stands
With balm of healing in her hands!

Again the storms are gathering round,
As all who see may understand;
Again I hear the muffled sound
Of cannon booming through the land;
Oh, let the powers of sin prevail!
All but the right at last will fail!

SAN FRANCISCO, November 6, 1888.

The Bird of Passage.

Oh, bird of passage! down the lowering sky,
The deep-toned gladness of your heart I hear,
As with swift wings above the storm you fly
To seek a home in softer atmosphere.

In icy chains our rivers fast are bound;
A glittering surface spreads above our lakes,
By chilling snows our zone is girt around,
And life for death the joyless scene forsakes.

The rushes by the stream are crisp and sere,
The wild rice flaunts no more its emerald plumes,
The murmuring waves have frozen with the year,
And Winter's king again his reign resumes.

Go bird, oh spirit of the dying year!
Go to the clime where joy and life abound,
And leave us with our forests brown and sere,
Our leaden sunless sky and snow-clad ground.

My heart rejoices at your clarion note,
A farewell to us from your lofty height,
I gaze upon you floating as a mote,
And cry farewell! O bird speed on your flight!

We, too, are birds of passage, and when death
Congales our vital streams, our flight shall take
Where we no more shall feel the blighting breath,
Not home within our hearts shall sorrow make.

Far through the mists we see a gleaming shore,
Beneath whose purple shade the angels stand;
The sky is golden and the pearline floor
Melts into azure on the blooming strand;

The angels garbed in robes of woven light!
We hear their voices echo through the spheres,
Estatic with the sweetness of delight,
Regret we not the swiftly flying years.

That bear us to life's changeable autumn bloom,
The falling snows of Winter's early prime;
Let all go by! We shall our pinions plume
And from the wreck betake our flight sublime.

Go, bird of passage, go! the murky sky
Surcharged with tempest, bids you take your flight;
Go where the scenes are bathed with tropic dye,
And to the feathery palms sing your delight.

—HUDSON TUTTLE.

Bartimeus.

[And Jesus answered and said unto him: What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? The blind man said unto him, Lord, that I might receive my sight.]

I would receive my sight; my clouded eyes
Miss the glad radiance of the morning sun,
The changing tints that glorify the skies
With rosy splendors when the day is done;
The shadows soft and gray, the pearly light
Of summer's twilight deepening into night.

I cannot see to keep the narrow way,
And so I blindly wander here and there,
Grope amid the tombs, or helpless stray
Through pathless, tangled deserts, bleak and bare;
Weeping I seek the way I cannot find—
Open my eyes, dear Lord, for I am blind.

And oft I laugh with some light, thoughtless jest,
Nor see how anguish lines some face most dear,
And write my mirth, a mocking palimpsest—
On blotted scrolls of human pain and fear:
And never see the heartache interlined—
Pity oh, Son of David! I am blind.

I do not see the pain my light words give,
The quivering, shivering heart I cannot see,
So, light of thought, midst hidden griefs I live,
And mock the oppressed with my sightless glees;
Open mine eyes, light, blessed way to find—
Jesus, have mercy on me—I am blind.

My useless eyes are reservoirs of tears,
Doomed for their blind mistakes to overflow;
To weep for thoughtless ways of wandering years,
Because I could not see—I did not know.
Those sightless eyes—then, angriest glance less kind—
Light of the world, have pity! I am blind.

—ROBERT J. BURETTE.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

A Word of Sympathy and Cheer.

BY THOMAS G. M. WOLFE, P. T. S.

It seems as if an onslaught is made upon Spiritualism, fiercer and more venomous than ever, and what makes it severer to bear and complicates the case, there is an apparent reason for it on account of the many frauds that borrow its livery, besides traitors in the ranks, not to mention the many unstable, weak, unbalanced, yea, foolish adherents to the cause. "Adherents" is a proper designation, they being, so to say, merely tacked or glued on to the edifice, and not imbued with the inner nature of the knowledge they have acquired. Those in the front ranks feel, of course, the attacks more keenly than the numerous rear-guards; and it is nothing but meet and proper for the friends of Spiritualism, those who have been benefited by its teachings, its labors and its studies, to offer at this juncture a word of sympathy, even should they be unable to do more.

But by Spiritualism we do not mean the countless vagaries, follies and perversions with which so many inconsiderate, incompetent, and even fraudulent followers have disfigured it; by Spiritualism we mean the proved facts of continuous existence after this body is left behind, the proved possibility of communion of the better, the higher, though not the highest principles of man with mortals through certain persons called mediums; we mean the lessons it can teach, lessons of charity, of purity, of humility, of justice; the lessons of the brotherhood of man, of personal responsibility, of compensation and retribution, denying the corrupting doctrine of vicarious atonement; we mean the "Twelve Articles" given by or through Mrs. Hardinge-Bruten, which define concisely and clearly its principles and teachings, for which the reader is referred to No. 46 of the *Two Worlds*.

These words of sympathy are not tendered only, but they are felt by Theosophists, whose cause Theosophia, Divine Wisdom, is so often called by misinformed or half informed persons the enemy, the would-be destroyer of Spiritualism. What errors we mortals can fall into when we set ourselves up as infallible judges of questions we are ignorant of, or what is worse, one partly informed about! How one-sided are then our judgments! And why all this excitement? Do not we, Spiritualists and Theosophists, hold up and defend unitedly against the ignorance and the dark legions, the obscurantists of the world, the above referred facts and principles?

Only on some of the conclusions arrived at we disagree or ought to agree to disagree. And for this we are called names, the mildest of which is the "adversary," intentions are attributed which exist only in the fancy of an overwrought or one-sided mind. The rantings and insults of a Talmage are considered friendly and complimentary to Spiritualists in comparison with the teachings, or rather the opinions of Theosophists (see No. 46 of the *Two Worlds* and occasional outpourings in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*); and all this ire and abuse is based on or caused by the authoritative writings of A. P. Sinnett and others. Authoritative forsooth!! Is it not known that Theosophy is not based on authority, just as little, or even less, as Spiritualism is or ought to be? Does the theory of Reincarnation rest on authority? If it were, we could cite you the names of the greatest and deepest thinkers of all the ages, holding, affirming and teaching the doctrine.

Is the law of Karma based on authority? It is based on the authority of nature, of justice, of reason; these are the authorities of the Theosophists. And let me say—in parenthesis—that the law of Karma and the theory of Reincarnation are closely connected together; in fact, interblending. But—make a note of this—to cognize the essence, to arrive at the truth of such authority, necessitates correct, logical, and unbiased reading, understanding, and interpreting of the laws of Nature, of this Universum, with all that moves, lives, thinks, and has its being in it, all of which finite human reason is unable to accomplish if unaided by the sublime gift—intuition.

Is this statement sufficiently clear, or do the readers wish more information? In the latter case they can easily be accommodated. There are meetings of a school of theosophic research advertised in these columns; there are open monthly meetings of a Theosophic Lodge held in this city, where all earnest inquirers are welcome. Knock, and the door will be opened; ask, and you will receive whatever can be given.

But—*revenons a nos moutons*. What sane person does believe that she has exposed Spiritualism? All she has exposed is her own self, with her numerous weak points. If Spiritualism could be upset by the sayings or doings of one or a hundred thousand persons, it would deserve to disappear. Generally these attacks and trials have the opposite effect which they are intended to have; instead of upsetting, they are setting up; instead of ruining they are building; instead of asphyxiating, they are clearing the atmosphere. It is true the storm will blow away many useless, dead leaves, but the tree has sound roots, and will be the better for the riddance.

But you, small band, that stands in the

front ranks, exposed to attacks of all sorts, from Roman catapults down to the favorite weapon of the Talmage battalion, the Chinese stinkpot,—you overburdened workers, surrounded by enemies and abandoned by deserters—surely you will not, you cannot, be left alone by the many who profess to be instructed, to be upheld by you. It is a well known fact, that the Spiritualists in general are the least practically devoted to their cause of any body (of course with many noble exceptions), but in such a time of a general attack, they will be forced by circumstances to rally around their standard-bearers, well knowing and feeling that if by their indifference their banner should be laid low, they would not dare to lift their heads for many years, being then covered by the ridicule of the world, and, what is worse, accused by their conscience of having proved false to the spirit world, false to their conviction, derelict to their duty.

Should one ask why these lines were written, the answer comes from "Lucifer." "He who hears an innocent person (or cause) slandered, whether a Theosophist or not, and does not undertake his defense as he would undertake his own, is no Theosophist."

The following translation will prove a staff for the brave, untiried ones—a refreshing draught in the heat of the fray:

There where a sorrow comes upon thee, where Thy tears are made to flow, there certainly A treasure lieth waiting thee, which shall Richly repay thy sorrow and thy tears; Some true thing hast thou there to find, something Of beauty there to see, some good to do, Some wrong to right, or at the very least, Thou hast the fairest recompense of all; To learn what life is, and to try thy heart; And freshly, freely, to look out on heaven! Thy very tears shall open wide thine eyes, Thy very sorrows shall wake up thy heart; Then mark the heavenly signals and be glad, And where thou sufferest feel a joy to come! In woe be glad, glad of the very woe, That thou canst prove by thy happiness, Strength, wisdom, love, tranquility and toil; Then, and not till then, art thou truly man; Then is thy happiness a steadfast thing, So shall thy spirit lightly bear the pain That nature gave thee for its health. How blessed Is he who only wills that which is good.

When one object passes away, and is succeeded by another, the cause of the disappearance and reproduction still remains, as it is an eternal operation; the powers of production, preservation, dissolution, and renovation, reside in Nature; they are attributes of Nature; everything is renewed in the bosom of death.

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