



GOLDEN GATE

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

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

A man of integrity will never listen to any reason against conscience.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good one you gave before.—*Swift*.

True generosity remembers benefits received, and forgets those it has conferred.

Remember that, valuable as is the gift of speech, silence is often more valuable.

Injustice in the statute books is gunpowder under the capitol.—*Wendell Phillips*.

We may learn something by everything, and make a benefit out of all misfortunes and evils.

In an attempt after equality, a man or woman cannot grow less; the ignorant must be raised to the level of their superiors.

Nature is sensitive, refining, elevating. How cunningly she hides every wrinkle of her inconceivable antiquity under roses, and violets, and morning dew!—*Emerson*.

Nothing betrays a greater ignorance of the world, the human heart, and of good manners, than the assumption of a self-sufficient, dictatorial tone of conversation.

I had rather be poor, with a little sympathy in my heart, than to be as rich as all the mines of earth and not have that little flower of pity in my breast.—*R. G. Ingersoll*.

He only is great who has the habits of greatness; who, after performing what none in ten thousand could accomplish, passes on, and tells neither father nor mother of it.—*Lavater*.

Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptation; do not weaken or distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them.—*Charles Kingsley*.

They learn nothing there but to believe: First, to believe that others know that which they know not; and after that, themselves to know that which they know not.—*Lord Bacon on Colleges*.

Duty is the power which rises with us in the morning, and goes to rest with us at night. It is co-extensive with the action of our intelligence. It is the shadow which only leaves us when we leave the light of life.

Owe not thy humiliation from adversity; look humbly down in that state where others look upwards upon thee. Think not thy own shadow longer than that of others, nor delight to take the attitude of thyself.—*Sir T. Browne*.

Experience keeps a dear school; but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that; for it is true we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct. However, they that will not be counselled cannot be helped, and if you will not hear reason she will surely rap your knuckles.—*Franklin*.

Some of Nature's Ways as Known to Theosophy.

BY ALLEN GRIFFITHS, F. T. S.

Nature is a wonderfully prolific mother, and is never at a loss as to what is best for her children, nor does she fail to allot each one its exact due; and more, to every child comes, by the law of necessity, that which will fill its highest needs. Her children are often willful, and very frequently accept her gifts with bad grace, if they do not attempt to refuse them altogether; but to do other than receive at last what is offered, is for them impossible. It may be that what is offered is rejected in that particular form, or at that time, but, she, in her wisdom and bounty, presents the same again and again in one shape or another, until, finally, from very lack of further power of resistance, the child accepts.

How often is heard these words by the disappointed and dissatisfied:—"My lot is hard, indeed; how differently would I act, and how much better I would succeed, were I otherwise situated." How often does one deplore their condition in life, and vainly struggle to change it, failing to recognize the fact that there is only one place in the whole universe for him, and that that is now just where he is, and until he has gained the experience which his present position affords, and accepts the lesson of life as there presented, as not only inevitable but accruing to his highest good, there he will remain held by inexorable Justice and kindest Mercy. This is the Law, and no one is above or without it. Nature does not often place her child where he can make the most money or wield the widest power, or exercise to the full his greatest strength. More often does the man find himself so hampered and handicapped that it is impossible for him to utilize those very powers which he feels surging within, and which, if allowed full scope of action, would give him what, in the eyes of the world, would appear success.

There are but few men who, if placed or able to place themselves in another position, would not achieve if not wealth, greatness and fame, at least a large proportion of what is recognized by the world as such, than is now possible for them in their present situation. But the Law does not work in that manner. It takes a broader view of man's destiny than the puny and finite estimates of men. These passing things, which, to short-sighted man are the essentials of life, are to it but the means to infinitely higher ends, and it, the Law, delights not in the acquisition of the transient itself, but gives freely of it that man may gain in the exercise of the power, and at the same time learn that he who sets his mind on possession alone, to that extent fails of his full capacity to achieve and attain the highest for which he exists.

Acting in opposition to this wise law, man brings upon himself sorrow and suffering! When a man sets his whole soul upon the accomplishment of a certain worldly, passing and perishable object, he may succeed; what then? Does satisfaction and content fill the measure of happiness? Not often. The very achievement of his purely earthly desires brings greater unrest, and calls into activity what he little dreamed of before possessing—an insatiable hunger for still larger acquisition. It is now, not fulfillment of necessary wants, but the creating and catering to a large number of artificial ones, and in the unnatural state thus engendered, he shrouds himself in a still denser atmosphere of unrest and unhappiness, and may be, when too late, when life has slipped away and he finds himself launching out into the great unknown, he realizes that all has been in vain. He may, indeed, have attained a large measure of worldly success, but it is only worldly, and remains with the world, while he, the real man, goes elsewhere.

If, as the vital spark deserts the broken and worn frame, it dawns upon the consciousness that life has been a failure, in so much as it has spent itself in the acquisition of the perishable and passing, and which fact is clearly realized by the departing one; if he understands, in that

fleeting moment, that the heart should not be set upon Things themselves, but that Things exist but to offer the growing and becoming Ego opportunity to develop and exercise its god-like attributes for attainment of the Real and True, then has that life with all its vicissitudes of sunshine and sadness, not been spent in vain, but has acquired that modicum of wisdom which will enable it, in its next incarnation, to make wiser uses of its powers. *One lesson has been learned.*

If the realization comes not to the forth-going Ego, but it departs with a longing for its possessions, and regrets that they must be left, and that that which it has accumulated with so much toil and unceasing application, sacrifice, and suffering, may fall into imprudent and improvident hands to be scattered and wasted, then has the lesson *not* been learned, but has yet to be, for the wheel continues to revolve, and when it turns again for him, he cannot escape the inevitable.

Nature's noblemen are not always found in the ranks of the successful as reckoned by the world. Poverty, ignorance, slavery, hold their large proportion. Before the Law there is no better nor worse, no high nor low, except for the great end of advancement. Man's lot is cast in that environment which holds for him the largest good. That he does not realize it and utilize time and means for the intended end, is a fault of his, not of the Law or its intention. He must adapt himself through knowledge, or else be bruised and wounded in a vain attempt to fit into a certain niche what is not true to it. The Law would produce, and affords all means to that end, a full-rounded man, equal alike in every part, not an angular, one-sided nature, with this or that quality cultivated beyond the reach and extent of all or any of the others, but each attribute awakened and equally fulfilling its potentiality. In the race of life man is tested not according to the greatest strength of his active and most perfect parts, but the strain bears upon his weaker powers, so to call them, into activity and use that they become strong as the strongest. Does man rebel, 'tis but because of ignorance; he is finite while all-reaching Law is all but infinite, and it operates but to make him equal to it—a law unto himself. 'Tis vain to resist and causes lasting sorrow and deep misery. 'Twere better, an humble supplicant, to inquire her ways and get wisdom. To him, she is kind; to all others cruel but to be kind. Would man realize that all his powers, instead of wasting and exhausting them upon the plane of material, of matter, which is not in itself real and eternal, but basest illusion in the sense of being impermanent, and lacking that highest substance which alone remains superior and unaffected by all cosmic changes, exist for acquisition and attainment of the True and imperishable, he would not waste and exhaust but increase and augment them. Would he learn that all his powers operating upon material planes, is only preparation and exercise to strengthen them for the higher use of coping with and subduing on superior planes, he would then date an epoch in his career of transcendent and high import.

The expenditure of natural force upon lower earthly planes gives a strength and increase of its own, but it also generates effects which, being earthly and of consequence perishable, and which, never rising above the earth, hold the potential ego in stronger bonds to the earth; when the ego has exhausted, burnt out, the earthly force and energy in one body, it leaves the old encasement, for that now useless mass is no longer essential to its present further progress. The Ego having attained all that was possible for it to attain in that particular body, naturally deserts it, and after an interval takes to itself another, which affords it opportunity to attain along other lines of experience. The Ego, on leaving the body, charged with all its earthly tendencies and desires, cannot ascend for permanent residence to higher spheres, but in time returns, by reason of its own condition to the plane for which it has the strongest attraction—the same earth—it formerly dwelt upon, and brings with it its old earthly desires, to burn still more fiercely, may be, in another fleshly body, until it finally learns by actual experience that it exists for higher ends than to ally itself with, and become part of the illusive transient, and meanly perishable.

One may, by the cultivation of a low

and earthly nature, or by neglecting and willfully ignoring the promptings of his higher self, and failure to act and live in accordance with his highest light, bind himself more strongly to earth, until he partake so largely of it that the Divine Spark will no longer dwell with him, that he ascend the shining road to infinite being and consciousness, the rightful goal of all deserving ones; but having chosen the Left Hand Path which is the dark and downward course, he will ultimately lose consciousness of existence altogether, and cease to be.

There are, fortunately, few who thus commit themselves to a worse than suicidal course. The great mass of mankind progress by slow and sure evolution to a higher consciousness and realization of their capabilities, and, in the end, achieve development of potential powers, which fit them for existence upon higher planes of action; but, it is self-evident that no one leaves a lower plane for a higher, until he has acquired all that the lower holds potential for him. He would be lost and out of his natural element otherwise. As well expect a child to understand the higher mathematics, without having first mastered the rudiments of the science. It is for the purpose of attaining this high end, fulfillment of all potentialities capable of being realized by the progressing ego on this earth, that Re-incarnation operates as an inevitable and inexorable Law. Since a man cannot possibly attain these ends in one life of, say eighty years, when he dies, nature kindly and wisely causes his return to earth again and again, after an interval of rest between each earth-life. These re-births occur until man has acquired all that life on this earth contains for him, and does not leave it permanently until this is accomplished; then he departs for higher realms, for the same reason a scholar is promoted from one grade to the next higher, *because he is prepared for it.*

With few exceptions, all mankind will ultimately achieve this state of full preparation, and ascend to superior planes; but to those who have, to a larger extent, learned the folly and utter futility of earthly aims and interests as a finality, and who have developed, by reason of that knowledge, interior senses by which they cognize existence of other and higher spheres, the cultivation of these senses enables them to advance with more rapid strides toward the goal. There are now those who are striving to "Live the Life" assured in their inner consciousness that that is the first step toward attainment; knowing, also, that a continuous and unswerving yearning and will to attain the realization of their highest ideals, ideals which to them of the finer senses are actual realities, will accomplish and yield full fruition. They are imbued with an intense and burning energy, which, in proportion to its free activity, achieves and attains that which to less earnest and less knowing ones, has no existence, but to them, the striving ones, is life itself.

He who imbibes of the living Fountain has no doubt that it is or that it nourishes, for he has become one with It. When the lamp is filled, trimmed, and lighted, do its rays not pierce the gloom? When one has searched long for a hidden treasure, knowing full well that it exists, and is waiting for him to discover and claim it, does he not know when he has found it? There is no doubt or question. Rather, he takes it to himself eagerly, silently, contentedly, and at last would share it with the world, for, soon or late, he also knows the treasure is not his alone, but the common property of all mankind, and that keeping it for self is, of all, the surest way of losing it.

You, who would know if you have entered on the Way, and have found this Treasure, apply the test. Pure honesty, not lurking self-deception, will stand one here. *The heart alone can answer.*
SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1888.

Sincerity is the most commodious wisdom, an excellent instrument for the dispatch of business. It creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labor of inquiries, and brings things to an issue in a few words.

More men grow old from having nothing to do than from overwork. The running machine will keep bright for years; the idle one will soon rust out. There is something in this to set some people that we know of, to thinking.

A Question of Malaria.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

With your kind permission, I would like, with a view to the good of humanity, to give a little of my experience with that dread enemy, malaria. For twenty-five years myself and family have experienced its baneful influence in all its various phases, beginning with the crude and vulgar shaking, and ending with the more refined dumb ague, technically classified in their order thus: Quotidian, Tertian, Quartan, and Quintan.

This complaint is one of the most capricious and deceptive of all diseases; it has so many ways of manifesting itself. Often you will feel unusually well just before a chill, and I am satisfied that there are thousands ailing in our city that have a malarial trouble, and attribute it to something else.

With quinine by the ounce, and every known remedy, yet we could never find permanent relief. I am satisfied that nothing but change of locality and climate will avail anything. When once in the system it comes to stay, and will stick like the shadow to the substance. It may be asleep, and only wanting condition to manifest itself. Persons subject to ague, should rather regard prophylactics than therapeutics; keep up the system, and avoid everything tending to produce the complaint.

Some fifteen years ago, the writer, with his wife and little daughter (we were then living in Washington, D. C.), took board, it being the Summer, about twelve miles out of the city with a farmer. The location was one of the most healthy and beautiful to be found; high ground, air dry and clear. The first day myself and daughter went a short distance to see some plowing. The sun was hot, and as they turned up the earth, we could smell the soil, which was damp and of a rich, loamy nature. We were there something like an hour, and that night we both had chills. My wife, who did not go, escaped. My daughter had one of the worst of her life. In the middle of the night, a doctor three miles away was sent for. On seeing her, he pronounced it cholera morbus, and remained with her the remainder of the night. I insisted that it was a chill. "Oh! no sir, it is not; I am familiar with ague."

Well, she got relief, as she would anyhow. In a week after she had another attack. The doctor came again, and then it was he was satisfied that my diagnosis was right, and his treatment was Fowler's solution of arsenic.

So much for this most deceptive complaint. Now what I started out for is this: My theory is that the turning up of that damp soil, and the sun striking it, disseminated the life therein (bacteria), and we inhaled it. And thus it is all the time. We either drink or inhale these minute living death.

When we consider that one drop of water from a stagnant pool contains millions of these molecules, can it be wondered at that we are in danger from drinking water. "A. Y. E." is sound on the question of malaria, but he does not tell the whole story. It is not the water *per se*, but that which the water contains—the life of the water.

Everything comes of life. A plant will not grow in dry earth, and nothing else will. It must have water, and that water must have life. This life is in the water and in the air and soil. Should I want a first-class chill, all that is required is to water my garden for an hour with the sun pouring down; the life of the water is taken up and waters my lungs.

It is my idea that much sickness comes from watering gardens and the sprinkling streets with fresh water. Streets should be sprinkled with salt water. Liquid of a saline nature does not favor bacteria. We have practiced boiling water for some time for drinking. It should be boiled for some time in order to destroy the animal life. I spent some time in Mexico, and never knew of a case of ague. In a climate where meat will dry instead of becoming putrid, bacteria finds little lodgment. I might go on for an indefinite time with this subject, but will close.

T. F.

Ability involves responsibility; power to its last particle is duty.

Jottings from San Diego.

Editor of Golden Gate:

At this season, when nature in Southern California assumes her fairest garb, when the grass is of a bright, fresh green, and earth and ocean vie with each other as to which shall present the bluest front to the admiring gaze of all who can appreciate the loveliness of semi-tropical scenery, conditions are particularly favorable for spiritual as well as other work.

The climate of San Diego never shows to such complete advantage as at the approach of Winter. The happy mortals whose favored lot is cast in that charming city by the sea read, with a shudder of amazement, of the rigors of the Atlantic Coast, but soon tune their lips to praise, as they unselfishly rejoice in the beauty of their Southern home, for home it is in the fullest sense of the word, even to the "stranger within the gates." We say the enjoyment of those who participate in such advantages as Southern California in Winter time affords is unselfish, because no one here wishes to monopolize his blessings; on the contrary, he earnestly longs to see the multitude in search of health and pleasure arrive, with all the possible speed, at the beautiful railway station, and quickly betake themselves to the pleasant quarters already provided for the Winter tourist. Last Winter many persons were seriously accommodated by reason of the paucity of accommodation. Since December, 1887, house-room has been quadrupled, and though there is a large and steadily increasing growth in permanent as well as floating population, so great has been the desire to build hotels and lodging houses (and they are well and comfortably built and finely equipped), that there are at present many rooms awaiting occupants, though the actual number of people in the city is far larger than it was a year ago.

There are, of course, croakers and grumblers everywhere as well as self-interested parties, who vainly hope to gain something for themselves by depreciating the value of other territory than where their own lots lie; and there are again others who so extravagantly laud their favorite spot that it suffers in consequence of insane exaggeration, mischievously indulged in with a mistaken view to promote its interest.

News has no doubt often reached the Eastern seaboard that the boom of a year ago has not only subsided, but has almost caused this city to collapse, while the old, threadbare falsehood concerning lack of water, and no back country, has been repeated so often that quite a few people have come to indorse it through its incessant reiteration. Truth is that San Diego is now building up a solid, substantial future. Many of its citizens are persons of sterling worth, considerable property, and enterprising industry, and though there is still room for much improvement, such as has been made already, and is still being carried on, equals, if it does not surpass, that of any other district, Los Angeles not excepted.

Thanksgiving Day was a lovely day, and it was beautifully and appropriately observed in a variety of interesting ways. Your correspondent attended the Unitarian Church at 11 A. M., and heartily enjoyed a most impressive service. The new edifice is very pretty; it is seated with about four hundred and fifty comfortable chairs, is nicely carpeted and adorned with handsome colored windows of elegant yet simple design. The much respected minister, Mr. McDaniels, is a genial, happy man, and an excellent preacher. His Thanksgiving sermon was a most felicitous and inspiring effort. Good music was a prominent feature of the service.

In the afternoon we visited Good Templars' Hall, where W. J. Colville conducted a Thanksgiving service at 2:30. The attendance was far larger than the number of seats provided, and it was quite a curious sight to see ladies and gentlemen of all ages sitting on inverted stands and poised on tables. The music of this service was beautiful. Miss Drake and W. J. Colville rendered magnificent solos, and the large congregation united their voices in stirring hymns. The lecture was a very remarkable one, not only in substance, but in method and manner of delivery. It was deeply spiritual, highly intellectual, yet intensely humorous, at least in some portions; and while at times the audience may have felt moved to tears, they frequently had difficulty in keeping under control a decided tendency to hilarious laughter. Once or twice the entire congregation was literally convulsed. As an abstract has been sent to you for publication, we will not endeavor to transcribe our own mental notes. Your present scribe is one who never could employ pencil and paper when eagerly listening to an inspired address, but can always write out a fair synopsis at least on returning home of any utterance which has impressed her.

Apr 1889 of W. J. Colville's brilliant extemporaneous lecture, which was certainly a lengthy speech, judged by the standard of persons who delight in measured written essays, what can people be dreaming of, who, while claiming to be firm believers in spiritual influx, who declare they do not enjoy prepared discourses, express a wish to limit an inspirational orator to a certain small number of minutes in each discourse. Persons who want to pare down and measure off every address by an exact

time standard, must in reason resort to the written sermon, and attend those halls or churches where carefully digested manuscript is strictly adhered to in delivery. An inspired speaker who consents to be ordered by a committee to speak regularly for an exact number of moments would be either a fool, or a person who was dishonest enough to claim inspiration while his discourses were prepared beforehand. "Give me liberty or give me death," is a motto which suggests itself when such restrictions are proposed. We have enough temporizing literary and oratorical fossils in the world already without lending ourselves to idiotic schemes for depriving inspired people of liberty of utterance. This digression leads to the inquiry, How long will professedly liberal-minded people continue to adopt the old hire system and seek to narrow everybody and everything to their own close standard?

As Thanksgiving Day is always an appropriate occasion for charitable endeavor, it struck us as a very pleasant incident at Good Templars' Hall that between the lecture and poem a collection was made for the really needy ones who make no complaints, and do not beg, but whose necessities are known to kind-hearted friends who are ever bent on charitable designs. \$20.55 was found in the basket for this object.

The Spiritualists of San Diego have indeed reason to be proud of the President of the First Society, Mrs. E. W. Bushyhead, who is, without exception, one of the noblest women we have ever met. Highly accomplished, an excellent writer, a leader in society, and above all, a fearless nature, never afraid to boldly stand for all she feels to be the truth, she is in every sense the right woman in the right place. A speaker under her auspices enjoys unrestricted freedom, and at the same time she manages all the affairs herself, and carries her point in every instance. Occasionally dissensions have arisen and divisions have threatened the welfare of the cause; Mrs. Bushyhead has been pronounced impetuous and self-asserting by the disaffected, but after a short time the estranged ones have gladly returned to the fold of the First Society, and when it has come to a re-election of officers, Mrs. Bushyhead has been unanimously voted to the chair. The people will have her; her presidency from year to year is a striking example of the office seeking the woman, not the woman the office.

Mr. Bushyhead is a man whom all San Diegans delight to honor, and at a recent election it was with great difficulty he escaped being again forced into public office.

On the evening of Thanksgiving Day your correspondent attended a delightful entertainment, in Odd Fellows' Hall, in company with a party of friends. After a very pleasing musical and literary entertainment a handsome cake was raffled off. It finally came into the possession of W. J. Colville, and was eventually eaten on Friday evening, Nov. 30th, at the residence of Mrs. Lily Bothwell, 1144 Grape street, the occasion being a farewell party in honor of Mrs. Calhoun, of New York, a distinguished *litterateur*, who has just completed an extended residence in San Diego.

We have frequently attended W. J. Colville's lectures on Theosophy and Metaphysics during the past three weeks; and have been much pleased with the utter repudiation of personal vagaries, which characterizes all of them. The offensive personalism which characterizes much of the teaching presented by servile minds who offer adoring incense to Mrs. Eddy, Mme. Blavatsky, or some unknown Koot Hoomi, is entirely absent. All the subjects discussed are treated in the broadest possible manner, and the freest opportunity is afforded questioners at every session.

W. J. Colville says eight lectures a week, besides an extensive correspondence and other literary work, is very light work. He says he feels like a horse only half in harness, and assures me his duties when in San Francisco are much heavier, owing to the demands upon him of neighboring cities. In San Diego the work of a speaker is concentrated, and while the auditors come in many instances from surrounding places (Colorado and National City are always well represented), the center of work must always be in the city proper to attract an audience of large dimensions, and W. J. Colville's audiences are never meager. They were positively large when he lectured in the D Street Theatre, on Sunday afternoon and evening (Nov. 18), when the mud in the street was ankle deep. Mud is the one *belo noir* we have to encounter here, but happily it dries as quickly as it forms; the soil being for the most part sand, the water sinks into the earth, and on highground a few hours of sunshine after the largest and heaviest rain, render the walking positively pleasant, and even were the mud far worse than it is, when contrasted with the slippery sidewalks of the Eastern cities where limbs are constantly sacrificed to ice, the mud is unworthy of a moment's attention beyond the simple act of pulling on and off of a pair of rubbers. Often we have urged the City Council to further expedite the work of completing the grading of the streets and laying down the solid planks for crossings, which are all that is needed to prevent all suffering to pedestrians.

Last Sunday, Dec. 2d, the Spiritualists of both societies united. Three meetings were held in Lafayette Hall (Hinton's Dancing Academy). Mr. Ravlin had a good audience, and delivered a masterly discourse in the morning. W. J. Colville

spoke to an almost crowded hall, afternoon and evening. His subjects were, "Dives and Lazarus," and "Why Does not God Kill the Devil?" We were glad to see so many people in both audiences. The older element was well represented, but youthful faces were more numerous than patriarchal ones.

I could say much more and not exhaust myself, but you doubtless like short articles, so I will consider brevity a virtue and conclude.

Yours for Truth and Progress,
EMILY KATSWOLD.
SAN DIEGO, Dec. 3, 1888.

Written for the Golden Gate.

Penumbra Sketches.

BY JOHN W. HERRICK.

One of the mysteries in the new order of thought, which is the feature of modern Spiritualism, is the lapsus of connection between the agreements of human beings, made when in the form, and often under the most solemn circumstances, and the spirits of these persons when manifesting themselves as still living though invisible presences. There is no mistaking the presence of the invisibles, even if one may have doubts of identification; for intelligence proves that, if it is demonstrably intelligence that is not the intelligence of any of the embodied persons present. The genesis of intelligence is human; wherever there is intelligence there is, or was a man. A man in the form or out of the form; if out of the form that settles the question of the survival of conscious life after the dissolution of the material organization, and that proves Spiritualism to have a foundation in truth, and in testimony of that truth, the manifested intelligence always is "I am thy brother man;" "I am still alive as ever I was," and often gives his or her name, and in a majority of cases they are names of the persons who have lived in the form; and often prove to be tests. Identification is not so easy, nor is the fact of identification essential to establish the truth of modern Spiritualism. The question of intelligence settles that, for if any body survives, all must, for the one fact proves the law. A pedlar, or a pirate, may manifest and claim to be the ancient spirit of Paul the Apostle. That does not alter the fact; for if it be an assumed personality, a bogus saint, so long as it is an invisible intelligence that has survived mortal dissolution it is logically certain that the Apostle survives also, and everybody else.

There is much mystery in these manifestations, but we do not know the conditions or the refractions in connection with the spirit communications, hence, they are not always or often practically reliable, hardly safe as testimony, the courts to date wisely rule them out. "Summon the Angel," said Jeremiah Mason facetiously to his client, who had seen an angel and got some angelic information, but there was the rub, a *mandamus*, could not have produced the witness; so up to date all that is positively reliable in this intelligence from the other world is the simple affirmative answer to the question of the ages: "If a man die shall he live again?" But that fact alone makes it the one great discovery, and makes our century the champion one of the ages, and the ethical and philosophical deductions therefrom, applicable to human life here, are examples for its *raison d'être*, even with all, as yet, its many practical disabilities.

The foregoing is rather a digression from what I intended to write about when I took up my pen, so instead of continuing in the disability line, I will speak of the "lapsus of connection" which I had in my mind. I have many, many times, more than a score, made agreements with people near the end of their life, and sometimes during their active life, to manifest to me after they have shuffled off the mortal coil, and state the fact that they came to remind me of their agreement. There was my intimate friend, James Duncan; we were both young men; he was long in poor health and was ready and willing to go, and often in talking over the future, we agreed to meet—he to appear to me if possible, and that would settle the question of a future life. He was a consumptive and did not expect to survive a week for two months, and on each week in parting with him, he reminded me of his promise. I sat up with him the night he died. He was very rational and he even mentioned the spot where he would appear to me if possible. This was before I was a Spiritualist. He has never hove in sight mentally or physically. In 1854 George B—, died, after a long illness. We were fellow clerks and connections, and he was a member of a Baptist church, as I once had been; nevertheless he had doubts about a future, though he was a man of faith. Napoleon once said, Scratch a Russian, and he would be found Cossack beneath the skin. So Scratch a disciple, and he has doubts below the surface. George B—, when at the point of death, or before while nearing his end, agreed to appear to me and settle the great question if he could, and he would come for that purpose. Ten years after his death he came to me through Mrs. Hardy, knew all my circumstances, and was as good as one of my guides or band. I had good evidence for many years by unmistakable tests that it was George B—. To be sure he might have got those tests from my own mind; if so, why did he not get the facts that I so well remembered and always had in my mind, his promise

to make a connection with his *ante mortem* agreement reminding me of his promise to come. His coming did fulfill the promise, but why did he not say so, as in duty bound? John R. Manley, the friend of Theodore Parker, who did not believe in Spiritualism, though I did, but always liked to talk with me about it. Consumption took him out of human life; every week for the last month or two of his life, he expected was to be his last, and each time on leaving him, he bid me good-bye for the last time, always saying he would report himself and tell me that I was right if he found I was right, and the last time I saw him, which was three days before his death, he added to his repeated promise, "and, John, I will come to you direct, and won't come where there is any fee. If I come it shan't cost you a cent." Manley was one of those who considered it sacrilegious to pay money to deal with the dead. Manley manifested soon after his death or within a year and called me by name, and on asking him if he saw any others present he knew, he named them both which was pretty good evidence that it was he. It will be remembered that he said if he came "it should not cost me a cent." It cost me fifty cents. He made no reference to his promise, why he came, and yet it was a very definite one. I saw in the gathering two of the members of the Parker Fraternity.

There has been a great many others who have promised to put in their *post mortem* appearance. A few have come like those I have mentioned, but do not mention the purpose; but a larger number have not come at all, though I have often thought of them and wondered why. It will be remembered also that S. B. Britten and his friend agreed upon a message that the one who died first should send to the other. Britten died, but the message did not come, and sometime after the friend died, so no one will know how what that message was.

I have always been very sincere in making these *ante mortem* agreements, and it has always seemed very strange that such agreements have not been kept. I think out of nineteen or twenty fully three-quarters have wholly defaulted, and only one has returned in a perfectly satisfactory manner, and the circumstances of that return has always been a pleasant experience in my memory. It was the return of Seth E. Brown. As this article is perhaps already too long I will relate the circumstances in a second article.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

From the Sun Angel Order of Light.

[Through the mediumship of Mrs. E. S. Fox scribe of the Order, by one of the Messengers of the Order in the Higher Heavens.]

To her brothers and sisters in the mortal, Greeting:—Saidie has bidden Muricana to give to those she loves words she feels will interest, as they instruct each one. From afar, Muricana came at the call of your Wisdom Mother, to be a help to those who are battling to overcome, that they may reach the higher heavens, and find the rest and peace for which their souls long.

In the thought atmosphere of your world Muricana sees the dark clouds of unrest. The deep feeling of the human soul is sending forth the bitter cry, How long, oh! how long ere these may pass away, and peace, like a river, flow through the soul? The angels sorrow to-day, o'er hopes deferred, o'er light which mortals would dim—aye, even extinguish, that that which is false may yet envelop the earth. How long, oh! how long will ye bow down before the shrine of mammon, and call it your God? But Muricana turns from such, saying, All in good time. When you have made shipwreck of your hopes, have gone down with the false you now press to your bosoms as a jewel of untold value, then will you rise to the surface again, and call for light of truth to guide your bark to the safe harbor of Eternal Rest, nor call in vain. But to-day in many of your synagogues spirits from the other shore stand side by side with the expounders of earth faiths, and inweave thoughts of truth, which shall prove leaven of sufficient power, to leaven all in God's good time. We use the term mortals have adopted to express the Infinite Power, the All in All; for we know children of Light understand its significance. So we say, God speed the time when creeds shall sink into oblivion, although we are aware that many a hope will go beneath the dark waters thereof, with that on which they rested; but angel hearts are true, and mankind shall know, by experience, the height and depth of angel love. This has manifested itself in the past, and in the time to come shall not fail.

Muricana, in the spheres of her home planet, dwelt in peace with her own. We had fought many battles of life, not all upon the fields of our own world; we had been pilgrims and wandered to other shores, where we might gather to ourselves the forces and powers needed to fit us for our place in the Halls of Light, which are beyond the reach of any mortal conditions, even in the fields of sunlight and happiness, such as ye mortals know not of. There, in our home, we might rest, for life's bitter cup we had drank; had known all joy and sorrow, and entered triumphantly into the Council chambers of the blest, which are in the highest spheres of each world. Here we met those who had gained like victories, and with them recounted many a scene of the past

through which we had gained the conquest of matter; and glad as we were to remember the scenes, more joyously glad were we to think the weary march was o'er, and a more glorious life had dawned upon our souls. Even while we thus comforted ourselves, there came within, like the echoes of a forgotten melody, a feeling of deep unrest. We looked each into the eyes of the other, and saw there that this wave of unrest had touched each heart. Looking at the faces of those who had dwelt long in that sphere, there came home to us, in the clear light of their eyes, a memory of a promise given long ago, recorded only on the tablet of the heart, and in the moment of the soul's supreme happiness lost sight of, but only for an instant, when we arose, and brushing away even the vestige of a last lingering cloud, there came to our souls the clearer light of those higher spheres, and therein were we clothed. Therefrom we willingly would wander at any call of Infinite Love; our hearts were willing; our hands ready for any work; and as we thus stood a new benediction reached our souls, as of the Most High; a deeper peace came, and on its tide we sent back the answer of our souls, "Lo! we are ready; our promise shall now be redeemed." A new light seemed to shine even in that sphere, but it was the light reflected from our own inner beings.

As we recalled the promise given to Saidie during her earlier care for the planet o'er which she was watching, our hearts said, "The time has come; we have the gathered forces of the ages; we will hasten to make glad the heart of her we love, and will carry tidings of cheer to her weary heart."

The tides bore us along, as propelled by the power of our own united wills, we sailed toward the planet that needed the influence of our unfoldment, to help in bringing thereto the peace of the higher spheres.

Children of Light in earth-land, Muricana has brought to you her heart greetings. She extends to each a helping hand; she visits those who give her a heart welcome. She will redeem her promise fully, ere again she seeks her dwelling-place within the spheres of her loved planet home. There are those even in the earth valleys, to whom the mention of her name brings a response as though some forgotten memory was being revived. Muricana says to such: there is written on her heart a promise to bring light to such souls. There are records she will give, which will be as opening doors to the spirit, revealing much which will be a light and a help. There are others connected with Muricana in this work, who will reveal themselves to you in the near future, and we are able to bring certainty to many hearts. It has not been in vain that your Wisdom Mother Saidie has sent forth her call, which has reached the soul of many in other worlds; and to which ransomed ones readily respond. It is not in vain that the doors of Wisdom's temple are opened wide before the children of men. These are but opened now it is true, but the time hastens when mankind shall flock hither, eager to receive the light which endures. For there is an element of decay working its way into the very heart of earth theology, and time will tell its sure ravages. Time which tests all things proves all things, causing the death and destruction of the false, leaving the true to upbuild itself on the foundation of its merits. Ages of undevelopment are gone by, ages of darkness and doubt, of error and uncertainty, in which man has built that which cannot endure, for the very foundation is now falling away, and time will see the structure thereof fall into ruins, while the angels will see that these are hurled into the deep waters of oblivion, from thence no resurrecting power will be able to call the debris from the vasty deep. God and His angels speed the day.

Meanwhile, let us gird on the armor anew, stand firm in every conflict, and bide well our time, for Truth shall triumph, and angel hearts see their victory with rejoicing hearts. May the blessing of High Heaven be with every staunch, true-hearted one.

With the angel love of

MURICANA.

J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of The Sun Angels Order of Light.

OSWEGO, N. Y., Nov. 25, 1888.

Like the distinct branches springing from the same trunk, man and woman are varieties springing from the common basis—humanity. There is no equality between them, but—even as is often the case among men—diversity of tendency and of special vocation.

The time of sickness or affliction is like the cool of the day to Adam, a season of peculiar propriety for the voice of God to be heard; and may be improved into a very advantageous opportunity of begetting or increasing spiritual life.

Christianity bids the poor to bear with the rich, and commands the rich to comfort the miseries of the poor; to me, those words are the essence of all laws, human or divine.

It were not better for men that what they desire should come to pass. It is sickness that makes health pleasant and good; hunger, fullness; fatigue, rest.

The men who spend their time in an impartial search after truth, are better friends to mankind than the greatest statesmen or heroes.

Spiritualism in Bonne Terre.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Bonne Terre is a little city away out here on the southern slope of the Ozark Mountains. Our population is about five thousand, and six months ago there was not a Spiritualist in the town. We started the first circle at my house in May last, with only three sitters. Now we have three well-formed circles, who meet regularly semi-weekly, and one more just started. They had seven persons at their first sitting.

We have two trance mediums who give messages, and nearly all of our members who began before July last, are fast developing some phase of mediumship. We have no medium here except home talent; all developed in our own circle.

Mr. D., our best developed trance medium, is a miner, and works hard every day. His control claims to have been a "drummer" for the Cincinnati Pipe and Tile Works. His name is Robert D. Miller, and he says he "passed out" twenty-three years ago, and was sixteen years in darkness before the "eyes of his soul" were opened. Now he sees well. He told us of the Lehigh valley disaster the night of the day it happened, and also of the Kansas coal-mine horror, the latter only two hours after it happened, describing it in each case almost exactly as it was in the *Globe-Democrat* of St. Louis the next day. He also told us of a suicide in our county, and asked if any of us had heard of it. "Mr. Koen had shot himself in the head with a gun," he said, "at ten o'clock A. M." This was told in our circle at eight P. M. of the same day. I told it the next morning, but no one had heard of it. In the afternoon, about four o'clock, a man came into town from Koen's neighborhood, and described the occurrence just as Mr. D. did in the trance the night before.

My first wife, who passed out in 1885, seems to be a very strong spirit, and comes often to our circles.

On the night of the election some gentlemen were in our office, and one of them remarked that he would give a great deal to know how the election would go, and laughingly bantered me for a sitting; so we all repaired to Mr. D.'s (who is a near neighbor of mine), but he being at work, we all sat around the table without him. My wife rapped in answer to our question that "Harrison would be elected, Francis would be Governor, and Clardy (running for Congress) would be beaten," all of which proved true.

Now, this was all done away out here in the Ozark mountains, a thousand miles from any "educated toes," and no professional mediums nearer than St. Louis, sixty-five miles distant, and the above facts were witnessed by seven or eight good, trustworthy citizens, who will make oath to the facts, if necessary. The phenomena all occurred in the light, and under strict test conditions.

Your good GOLDEN GATE, of Sept. 8th, was sent me by some kind, unknown friend in New York, who has my sincere thanks for that and many such favors.

Bonne Terre is much in need of a good lecturer and platform test medium. Will some good missionary spirit "come over and help us?"

Yours for truth and progress,
S. T. SUDDICK.

BONNE TERRE, Mo., Nov. 22, 1888.

All extraordinary men who have accomplished great and astonishing actions, have been derided by the world as drunken or insane. And in private life, too, is it not intolerable that no one can undertake the execution of a noble or generous deed, without giving rise to the exclamation that the doer is intoxicated or mad?

What soothes suffering, what sanctifies labor, what makes a man good, strong, wise and patient, benevolent, just, and at the same time humble and great, worthy of liberty, is to have before him the perpetual vision of a better world casting its rays through the darkness of this life.

When men of rank sacrifice all ideas of dignity to an ambition without a distinct object, and work with low instruments and for low ends, the whole composition becomes low and base.

RULES FOR THE SPIRIT CIRCLE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1888.

EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

The real things of the spirit cannot be measured or cognized by the mortal senses. Herein is found the stumbling block of the materialistic investigator of psychic phenomena. Who would "discern" the spirit in its true sense, must first exalt his own spiritual nature, and bring himself in rapport with the world of spirit forces and causes.

We can learn to say "No" with a gentle grace that will even inspire a feeling of gratitude in the heart of the one denied. But the negations of many people are generally accepted, if not always so intended, as an offence. How much the thoughtful amenities of life smoothe down the rough places, and lighten the burdens which most of us are required to bear. If you cannot grant your neighbor's request, do not refuse him with a stab.

There is no joy like love, no pain like hate. In one blossom all the delights of life—health, companionship, spiritual growth, and at last, and including all, heaven itself. In the other we behold all hideous shapes, phantoms of fear, grim horrors of despair, the fungus growth of disease and death. The man or woman who passes through life unloving and unloved, misses "by an infinite waste of barren years" the road to true happiness.

"A wonderful memory," is what the secular papers call it, when a blind colored baby, three years of age, in Chicago, gives the exact population of various cities at various times, and answers readily puzzling geographical questions, and performs other astonishing mental feats. There is no more memory about that than there is in young Hoffman's piano playing, or in the writing in various languages by persons who have knowledge only of one language, such as we have often witnessed. These flashes of inspiration are something more than memory.

If every man could only realize how strong is the tie of sympathy between his own spirit and the spirits of those who are near and dear to him in the other life, and how pained they are at his misdeeds, how careful he would be not to wound them by any sinful act. The thought that angel ministrants are ever near to sympathize with us in our sorrows, and rejoice with us in our rational joys and successes, should be a strong safeguard against an evil life, and it no doubt is. Let us welcome all good influences, and ever seek for the "communion of saints."

From what a night of horrors is not the world awakening—has not already awakened—as the result of the development of the art of printing! Thought has burst the restraints of a tyrannous theology, that so long held it captive and now radiates the lightning flashes of ideas, from the brightest spirits to the darkest, even unto the ends of the earth. The past is useful to us no more, only as a lesson of humiliation to curb our pride and circumscribe our vanity. The Great Captain of our Salvation, Universal, Mental and Spiritual Liberty, aligns humanity with face to the front, and then with the command, "Forward," takes up the march of human progress down the ages. It is well for him who knows how to keep step to the rhythm of humanity.

If we would enter upon the higher spiritual delights of the other life, when the toils and troubles of this life are ended, we should bring our spirits into harmony with the divine symphonies of existence here. There is no break in Nature's plans. There is a perfect uniformity in her conditions for the happiness of the human spirit, in this world and the next, and in all the worlds. We cannot live angular, inharmonious and unhappy lives here, and expect to enter at once upon a condition of exalted happiness "over there." We are spirits now as much as we ever shall be—not as radiant and grand as we may reasonably hope to become, but in expression and quality just the same, differing only in degree. Our true work here is to sweeten this life by the practice of an everyday kind of goodness. This it is to draw near unto God.

The more one chafes or rebels against his environment—as the wild bird beats its wings against the bars of its cage—the greater the pain and unhappiness he brings upon himself. To wisely plan to improve one's condition, or seek to overcome unfavorable or inhospitable barriers to one's happiness, is quite another thing. "What can't be cured must be endured," is an old and homely adage. But before one consents to "endure" he should first be certain that a "cure" is impossible; and when found that it is, then endurance, with the best possible grace, becomes simply a virtue.

Col. Ingersoll's reply to Cardinal Manning on the holy pretensions of the Roman Catholic Church, as published in the October and November numbers of the *North American Review*, is a dynamite shell of fearful energy. The polished and scholarly Cardinal should not presume upon the unintelligence of the age to extol the virtues of Rome. What the present usefulness of the Catholic Church is, or what her future may be, cannot surely be predicated upon any pretension to sanctity she may have possessed in the past. Ingersoll lifts the veil and exposes some unpleasant facts in her history—facts which send a shiver of horror through the nerves.

CONTENTMENT.

A blessed thing is contentment when of the right nature, but it is a serious thing. Contentment with to-day should not always argue contentment with to-morrow, and does not with progressive minds; those to whom to-morrow is the threshold of a new life, as all to-morrows should be estimated by to-day, which is but the to-morrow of yesterday. Contentment and satisfaction are often confounded, yet, in our own opinion, they imply quite different states of mind. We may be contented if we are in debt, if we are poor, if we are misunderstood, or anything else we would not be, for it is the power of all philosophical minds to command this state and maintain it so long as necessary; but it is no wise follows that we are satisfied. No aspiring nature is ever satisfied, but sensible people are contented with most things, because they have learned that not to be, to fret and worry, is to thwart every effort they would make for the betterment of their condition.

There is a contentment, however, that takes possession of a certain class of minds that really amounts to satisfaction, and stagnates their lives, that shrink up and dry away like a pool confined by rocks, without giving life to so much as a blade of grass to tell that it existed. They may be a set of philosophers, but the philosophy that only goes backward or stands still, is of no account to the world. They are contented and ever satisfied in imagining how much worse things might have been, and never dream they might be better. The political, religious and social discord jarring upon the atmosphere around us, signifies nothing to them but human perversity. They are the inertia the world has had to overcome in starting, and though they do not move of their own will, let us hope their ponderosity will fulfill the natural law, and save the world from giving them another start.

JUDGE HORNBLLOWER is engaged upon the solution of the old problem of how to punish a wife-beater without injuring the wife, either by forcing her to pay his fine or lose his support while he serves out a sentence. The Judge rises from the unsolved problem as others have done before him, with a regret that the State does not number its whipping-posts among its agents of reformers.—*Exchange*.

It is a sorry problem, this trying to protect wives against the brutality of husbands, and it will be a hopeless one so long as we continue to deal with effect and ignore the cause.

Liquor is at the bottom of all crime, and so long as we legalize its sale, so long shall we have the consequences to deal with in our courts. When we condemn a man to death, we take every possible precaution that he shall not injure nor destroy himself, so conscientious is human justice in taking an "eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." But how different when we doom a human being to live! We say doom, for it is a fearful responsibility to thrust an immortal being into existence. How do we then? The only definite idea most parents have about their offspring is that if they live they are bound to grow, and become men and women, or their imitations. When they can walk they are turned into the public streets from which they mainly gather their education. We prepare jails and prisons for those who would graduate in depravity and crime; we license drinking saloons and brothels to confirm the weak in their natural and acquired tendencies to go wrong. We sanction crime, then punish the criminal. The world is wise in the natural sciences, arts and mechanics, but deplorably ignorant as to the government of spiritual beings bound to material conditions. It is as yet knows nothing of reformation, only brutal subjection, which it calls legal justice. It is a long time learning that man cannot be elevated by degrading him; that it should place as much security around him as a citizen as it does when he becomes a felon.

THE churches and ministers may denounce Spiritualism as much as they please; but so long as they uphold the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and deny the inspired statement that "the dead know not anything," just so long will they oppose in vain the progress of this blighting error. . . . No man who rejects the plain testimony of the word of God concerning the dead, and in its stead clings to the vain traditions of men, to the teachings of heathen philosophy, has any reasonable assurance that he will not sometime become a Spiritualist.—*Signs of the Times*.

Here we have one class of Bible Christians denouncing the belief of another class or sect of Bible Christians—with a "contingent remainder" that holds out the comfort of positive knowledge of a future life.

THE COMING DAY.

What myriad sounds of joy hail the coming of a new day? Even before the dawn tints the darkness in the East, Nature's children catch its inspiration and send forth a chorus of praise and thanksgiving that puts to shame the apathy of man to whom this rising sun is no miracle of infinite goodness and power.

And among Nature's own all is harmony—the new day is an omen of good, all instinctively hail as a special providence to each. No provision of misfortune or coming doom hushes a voice; no jealousy that one may receive more than another makes discordance; no envy of praise or merit—all receive according to their capacity and rejoice forever more.

A new day is dawning upon mankind, but its first effect is not one of general rejoicing or quiet peace. Instinct and reason operate very differently. The one is passive, the other active. Man senses this new day, but he questions what it will be; to some this answer is "evil, strife," to others "good, harmony." Men discuss the signs and premonitions of the coming day, but not all rejoice. Some have dwelt so long in the mystery of sleep, that the greater mystery of waking stuns their senses, and they doubt, that not being able to fathom the one they can ever understand the other, and so many would prefer the darkness and continued sleep to the perplexity of fathoming the double life.

But the day is breaking, and when it shines fully upon the mental world, it will be seen that the darkness and sleep caused all misapprehension and discord. That there is no mystery to solve, no double life, but one, that of the spirit; that error is but distorted truth, as seen through the lens of our material vision, falsely educated and dimmed by peering through the gloom of ignorance.

THE OPPOSITE SWING.

No one, not even the most creed-bound of minds, will deny the universal revolution now generally going on—turning the world upside down, so to speak; bringing the hidden things to light that is drying out the mold of ages, and causing the verdure of a new life to take its place. No orthodox mind will deny, to itself, that its ideas are changing, becoming heretical to the old, dark faith, and verging upon self-forbidden ground of reason and speculation.

To a free people of a Republic, this mind metamorphosis seems scarcely more than a result of mental freedom; but when we find it going on and more vigorously, in Catholic countries, even within the Pontifical presence, we then realize that there is an animating power greater than that exercised by mortal speech and agitation. We can well believe the martyrs of truth, though they suffered physical death, have lost nothing of their energy and determination to emancipate their brother mortals from the slavery of religious bondage.

The boldest heretic that ever lived, could hardly have predicted the state of religious affairs now in Rome. Rev. Father Schuck, pastor of St. Mary's Church at Millhausen, Ind., has just returned from a visit to Rome where he had a private audience with Pope Leo on matters of Church interest, and says: "The affairs of the 'Church in Italy are most lamentable. The 'only property it owns is the Vatican, where the 'Pope lives. The Italian Government and people are continually subjecting the Pope and 'priests to every insult they can on the streets. 'Priests are spat upon and insulted by the people. As matters now stand, I have positive information that the Pope will not remain in 'Rome more than two years; and judging from 'the progress of things now going on, I expect 'he will have to leave there within the next six 'months.'

While Pope Leo is not responsible for the past bigotry, intolerance and persecution, practiced by his predecessors for long ages, he, standing in their place, must bear the consequences and inevitable result of the opposite swing of the great pendulum of time, that keeps the human machinery of right and adjustment ever at a balance, be its vibrations ever long or slow. Its movements cannot be impeded, and those who would escape its stroke, must "move on."

ADDIE L. BALLOU.—Mrs. Addie L. Ballou has been lecturing before the Spiritualists and Grand Army Posts in St. Paul and Minneapolis with great success, and is now filling an engagement with the Spiritualists in Kansas City. She is accompanied by her daughter, Eva, formerly a member of the Tivoli Opera Company in this city, and her beautiful singing, in connection with the lectures, is highly commended by the press. We are informed Mrs. Ballou intends to return to San Francisco soon, and is desirous of securing engagements for lecturing in this vicinity, in which she will be assisted by her daughter, whose sweet singing will be an attractive feature of the meetings. Mrs. Ballou's reputation as a writer, artist and lecturer of fine abilities is well established on this coast, and it is to be hoped that—associated with her talented daughter—her services in the Spiritual field of labor will be in demand among those who appreciate ability and unselfish devotion to the cause of human progress.

SPIRITUAL MEETING.—The People's Spiritual Meeting, last Sunday evening, was largely attended, although the weather was inclement. The main feature of the evening was the finishing reply to Dr. Gibson's attack on Spiritualism, by Judge Swift. He thought their future business would be the devising of some plan for filling their empty pews instead of cursing Spiritualists.

Mr. Swift was pointed in his rejoinder of the true inwardness of the clergy who are constantly assailing Spiritualism, and all liberal thought. Mrs. D. N. Place, a pleasing platform test medium, gave about twenty tests, all of which were recognized. She will appear often hereafter before this meeting.

SUMMERLAND NOTES.

Mr. Williams informs us that he will be with us on Monday next, Dec. 17th, to execute deeds to Summerland lots. Purchasers should come forward at once and secure their property.

Sarah C. Williams, wife of H. L. Williams, after a long and painful illness, passed on to the better life, from their beautiful home at Ortega Hill, near Santa Barbara, on Saturday last, aged 45 years. Hers was a beautiful soul, faithful to every duty,—a loved wife and mother, gentle-hearted, and held in high esteem by a large circle of neighbors and friends.

A certificate of perfect title to the Summerland property may be seen by purchasers at this office, on and after Monday next.

Among the street names for Summerland, we have Whitney, Golden Gate, Banner, Lillie, Wallace and Railroad Avenues, and Colby, Olive, Temple, Beighle, Evans, Hollister, Finney, Pierrepont, and MacLennan streets. Then we have Williams Place, Morse Place, and Park Place.

The papers for dedicating and filing the map and property of Summerland with the County Recorder of Santa Barbara, were made out last week.

The permanent survey and maps of Summerland, for filing with the County Recorder, have been found to correspond exactly with the temporary survey and map to be seen at this office.

CLASSES FOR SPIRITUAL UNFOLDMENT.

Mrs. Dr. Nellie Beighle, that grand little instrument for healing, is to open a class January 2d, for higher Spiritual unfoldment, and especially the power for healing. She is acting under the direct guidance of Sir Astley Cooper, the principal physician in her band of medical guides. The rules he lays down are to be implicitly complied with. He assures all who desire to avail themselves of this opportunity of developing the latent capabilities within each and every one, that they will be surprised at the assistance received and progress made, in the organization of such a class. The class will meet twice a week for twenty-one consecutive lessons. No one will be allowed to become a member of the same except for the entire course. The place of meeting will be at her office, 37 Flood Building, a central locality and easy of access. Only twenty-one members will be admitted in one class. Persons desiring to be one of that number can send in their application to Mrs. M. P. Owen, GOLDEN GATE office, also any other information pertaining to the same will be gladly given. We know of no one who has finer powers for this developing work than the Doctor; who is all nobility of character, and purity of purpose, and as "nobleness like stars doth shine on all deserving," so shall the radiation of her true worth ennoble, enrich and enlarge the higher natures of those who come under her influence through this subtle and psychic law. All who can should avail themselves of this present opportunity.

MRS. J. J. WHITNEY'S TEST MEETING.—Mrs. Whitney's Test meeting at Odd Fellows' Hall on last Sunday evening, was a grand success in spite of the rain and the number of other meetings. The fact of her always giving names in full and incidents in their lives and the relationship is one of the features of her grand gifts. The advice in regard to health and often on business affairs is given so as there can be no mistake. On Sunday evening, in addition to her own control, she was controlled by a little child, who called one to speak, and when there was no response she said: "I mean the man with the picture in his pocket of Ida." This was a wonderful test to the gentleman, he being a stranger, and said he put the picture in his pocket just before starting out, hoping the spirit might come to him and give him some evidence. The tests given by Mrs. Whitney's guides cannot be mistaken. Many speak of feeling a beautiful influence. Mrs. Whitney requests all to be prompt at 8 o'clock, so she may not be disturbed by entrances. Admission 10 cts. as usual.

PSYCHOMETRY.—We had the pleasure a few evenings ago, of attending a preliminary lecture on Psychometry, by Dr. Mariam Starkey-Dussenburg, at her rooms, 1502 Market street. Dr. Dussenburg, who is a pupil of J. Rodas Buchanan and Dr. Wm. Denton, teaches Psychometry as a science and art. She is thoroughly at home in her work, and is no doubt, capable of developing in others the gift she possesses to a remarkable extent. Psychometry is nothing more nor less than the faculty of intuition—some call it the sixth sense. This faculty is prominent in some persons, but generally more or less dormant in others. By its unfoldment one comes into possession of powers of incalculable value—powers that supplement reason, and leave the deliberative intellectual faculties far in the shade. All desiring the unfoldment of these powers should consult with Dr. Dussenburg.

—Those who take an agency for a reliable, enterprising house, learn their business and stick to it, "get on" in the world. People who have any idea of engaging in any canvassing business, will do well to write George Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine—the great art and general publishers. They offer the most exceptional advantages to those who are sufficiently enterprising to be willing to make a push in order to better their condition. It costs nothing to try. Women make successful canvassers, as well as men. Full particulars will be sent to those who address the firm; their full address is given in another column.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—A number of choice articles, as usual, are crowded out of this week's issue of the G. G.

—Mrs. E. B. Crossette, the inspirational speaker from San Jose, will speak for the Union Spiritual Society, at 111 Larkin street, on Wednesday evening next.

—That grand friend of the Cause, Mrs. E. S. Sleeper, of Mountain View, has our thanks for a copy of "Ghost Land," and "The Clock Struck Three," for our Free Library.

—That grand old pioneer spirit postmaster, Dr. James V. Mansfield, can still be found at No. 1 Fifth street, where his rooms, during business hours, are generally thronged with investigators.

—We had a pleasant call, a few days ago, from Mr. Chas. Dawbarn, the eminent lecturer from the East. Mr. Dawbarn comes to make his home on this coast. He is located at present in Oakland.

—Mr. W. J. Colville will resume his work in this city on Sunday, January 6th. A programme of his Spiritual Science and Theosophical classes will appear in our next, together with other matter relating to his work.

—Mrs. H. S. Lake is speaking for the Spiritual Society of Paterson, New Jersey, during the month of December. At the expiration of this engagement she will return to Boston and resume work in the First Spiritual Temple.

—Thirty thousand women in Boston, on Tuesday last, braved a howling storm, to come out and vote for School Directors, and they elected their ticket against all opposition. It was a struggle between Protestantism and Liberalism on one side, and Rum and Romanism on the other, for the control of the public schools.

—"Slogging" is what they call it when two human brutes beat each other's faces into pulp, and a crowd of men (some of them with an appearance of respectability) look on and applaud. Strange that men should pride themselves in matters wherein an uneducated mule with his heels can excel them. This is our "Christian civilization."

—Mr. and Mrs. Mozart returned on Wednesday from a very successful trip to Chico and Marysville with their Royal Photo-Optician. On Thursday and Friday evenings of this week they appeared at the Powell-street M. E. Church in this city. They have one of the finest instruments in America, and their views were mostly selected by themselves upon the grounds they represent. An evening with the Mozarts is about as good as a year's travel abroad.

—Dr. Cogswell has received numerous anonymous letters from what purported to be pious people, urging the removal from his Institute of the Principal, J. G. Kennedy, on the ground that he is not a Christian. But as Mr. Kennedy is a thoroughly honest man, and believes and practices the highest kind of morality (which the same cannot be said of all Christians), Dr. Cogswell has the good sense not to trouble himself about his religion—especially as Mr. Kennedy is a most thorough educator.

—A free Spiritual experience meeting will be held in Fraternity Hall, 909 Market street, to-morrow (Sunday), at 11 A. M., and also at 7:30 P. M., at the same place. Miss Alice Masel Henshall, the inspirational musician, will be present at both meetings. Speeches by Mrs. Logan and others. Tests will be given by Mrs. Meyer, and healing will be performed by Mrs. Bates, metaphysician. The exercises will be delivered by good music by Prof. Prior, Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Rutter and others. All invited.

—On Sunday, December 9th, W. J. Colville lectured in Grange Hall, National City, at 11 A. M., on "The True Basis of Spiritual Philosophy," to a large and greatly interested audience, which completely filled the hall. The platform was beautifully adorned with choice, natural flowers, and the music was excellent. The congregation joined in hymns, and Mrs. Emily Catwold rendered "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," and an Italian "Ave Maria." W. J. Colville lectures in the same hall, December 16th, at 10:45 A. M.

—The First Spiritual Society of San Diego, is now in quite a flourishing condition. W. J. Colville again lectured in Lafayette Hall, Seventh and D streets, Sunday, December 9th. The subjects of discourse were: "The Origin and Significance of Religious Rites and Emblems," and "Satan." The hall was well filled in the afternoon and crowded in the evening. Miss Florence Drake, Mme. Annie Matot, and Mrs. Emily Catwold, furnished excellent music, and the floral decorations were very fine. Every day during his month's sojourn in San Diego, W. J. Colville has lectured to an excellent audience, and many regrets are expressed that December 16th is the date of his farewell for an indefinite period. On that day services will be held in Lafayette Hall, at 2:15 and 7:15 P. M. The afternoon lecture, by particular request, will be on "What Shall we do with our Young People?" W. J. Colville's work in Los Angeles commences Monday, December 17th, and continues till January 3d.

—The following ladies have been appointed a general committee of arrangements for the reception to be given to W. J. Colville, Jan. 4th, at Irving Hall, on his return to this city after an absence of about six months: Mrs. Dr. Beighle, Mrs. Emily Thompson, Mrs. Olive Washburn, Mrs. Josephine Wilson, Mrs. Nellie Aylsworth, Mrs. Solomon, Mrs. Rose Bushnell, Mrs. Scott Elder, Mrs. C. A. Morse, and Mrs. M. P. Owen of San Francisco; Mrs. Dubois and Mrs. Capt. Gorley, San Rafael; Mrs. Dr. Bowman, Mrs. Dr. Tremble and Mrs. Eliot, of Oakland; Mrs. F. H. Terrill, Mrs. Dr. Knowles, Mrs. J. A. Nathan, Mrs. C. Wilson, Mrs. John Youngberg, Mrs. Ella Aughenbaugh, Mrs. D. L. Sheard, of Alameda; Mrs. A. A. Moore, Berkeley. A fine literary programme is being prepared for the occasion, and the ladies having the matter in hand are determined to make the reception to Mr. Colville worthy the guest they honor. The complete programme will appear in the GOLDEN GATE in due time.

A Vigorous Protest.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I presume you have seen in the *Carroll* of the 3d inst., Mrs. Schlessinger's tart review of the "Rev." Gibson's diatribe, which has been dignified by christening it a "Sermon on Spiritualism."

While I admire and love the charitable feeling evinced by Dr. Mead, in his introduction to the lady's address, I am bold to say that in spreading this mantle of charity over the unfruitful statements of the priest on the plea of ignorance, he is setting an example that ought not to be followed.

Ignorance excuses those who have no opportunity to learn, but not public teachers, whose bigotry or spirit of intolerance has prevented them from investigating the significance of startling phenomena, in which the whole world is deeply interested.

The Rev. in question, is evidently included in this last category and has nevertheless assumed the province of teaching what he has willfully refused to learn. If he had read Doctor Wilkins' report of the history of the Napa Insane Asylum for the year past, in which it is stated that 365 patients have been received, eleven of whom were made insane by "Religion," and three by "Spiritualism," it may be that he would not have charged Spiritualism, even by implication, with being a principal cause of mental derangement. "It may be," I say, for it is plain that the Rev. is not at all particular about his facts.

A Stockton Asylum report, a few years ago, in enumerating the causes which had brought in its patients that year, specified: "Religion, 16; "Spiritualism, 4."

This disparity clearly shows that what Mr. Gibson calls "Religion," is just four times as dangerous to mental health, as the mysterious facts and teachings that he calls "common trickery." To maintain his own mental integrity, judging from his late "sermon," it would be wise in him, as indicated by the above statistics, to become a Spiritualist.

The figures 11 and 3, and 16 and 4, cannot be explained by there being three or four times as many religionists in California, as Spiritualists, for the probability is, that the last named, outnumber the church members of the State, and the convicts in our penitentiaries show a similar disproportion between orthodoxy and a belief in Spiritualism.

And yet that "Reverend" says: "Go to our asylums and you will see the evidences of its work." Indeed! And this with no other proof than his own mere *ipse dixit*, while the above authoritative statistics prove the exact contrary. *Preachers* should be honest.

Better, if honestly in search of the most fertile cause of mental distraction, to have said, "Go to my catechism. There the sorrowing soul finds no possibility of escaping an eternal hell, unless he chances to be one of the 'elect' for whom Christ died, and there is no way to prove that he is one of that favored few, except by the unreliable evidence of blind faith; but our own catechism proves (if it proves anything), that the old doctrine which Jesus taught of working out our salvation by good works as these deluded Spiritualists now teach, is played out. Calvin has assured us that faith is a good substitute for virtue, and it opens a much easier road to the New Jerusalem. It (the catechism), also clearly shows that 'God for His own glory hath foreordained whatsoever comes to pass.' Consequently, if I was crooked in my late charges against the Spiritualists, and setting aside the mosaic injunction, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness,' etc., I am excused, as it was all 'foreordained.'"

But the degenerate sons of the present age, whose reason is supplanting the credal dogmas that justified John Calvin in burning Doctor Servetus in a slow fire, hardly believe that God gets much "glory" from the labors of men who claim to be his servants, in their slanders of such men as Lincoln, Stanford and many of the leading clergy and scientists of the new era.

These men, and millions of others, many of whom equally distinguished, firmly and most reasonably believe if the spirit world could "materialize" normal men in the days of Abraham and Lot, recall Samuel by the mediumship of the "woman of Endor" (not witch, as priestcraft has fixed it), materialize a hand to write on the wall at Belshazzar's feast, and in the habitude of an angel, tell John, the Revelator, that he is of his "brethren the prophets," that they can do it now.

All these wonders and hundreds more of a cognate character with which the Bible abounds, are ignored by the man Gibson in his "sermon on Spiritualism," and phenomena exactly like them in this more enlightened age, denounced by him as "all common trickery."

Hence, it follows that the man who immortalized himself and the age in which he lived, by signing the Emancipation Proclamation, was weak enough to be deceived by "common trickery"—and still worse for him, if this calumniator told the truth, when he said that a person who puts his foot inside of a seance room is half an infidel, and when under Spiritualistic influence wholly one—still worse I say, provided the Reverend's catechism accords with the teachings of the Great Master.

For it is well known that Mr. Lincoln not only "put his foot into seance rooms," but habitually attended them, and consequently "his" mind, his body and

his soul were destroyed, "and he is now, in the language of our Reverend Calvinistic brother Spurgeon, "burning, asbestos like, unconsumed forever more."

And here comes in another proviso. If he was one of the "some" that were "elected to everlasting life" (see short catechism) and for whom vicarious atonement was made to the exclusion of all others, it is not easy to see how he could be damned for attending seances; but the following literal answer to the nineteenth question in the abridged Calvinistic confession of faith may throw as much light on the obscurity as we of the non-elect can see.

"All mankind, by their fall, lost communion with God, are under his wrath and curse, and so made liable to all miseries in this life, to death itself, and to the pains of hell forever."

Adam's fall of course, is meant. This and other portions of the confessions of faith, was satirized by Burns, in Holy Willie's prayer, thus:

"What was I or my generation,
That I should get such exaltation:
I, who deserve such just damnation
For broken laws
Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
Thro' Adam's case."

Were I like Ingersoll, at war with the Christian religion, I would gather my arguments from the creedal catechisms and the preaching of such men as Gibson.

G. B. C.

ST. HELENA, CAL.

Fraternity Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The progressive Spiritualists of Oakland met last Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets, to hold their usual services. There was a large attendance present. Mrs. Cowell opened the evening exercises with invocation, also giving texts.

We were sorry to learn that Madame De Roth and Mrs. Wiggins were both unable to be present on Sunday evening, as advertised, on account of sickness. We sincerely hope they will both soon be able to be with us again.

Next Sunday evening Mr. McDorley has promised to be with us, also Mrs. Plafce, Psychometrist, will give texts.

We invite all friends to come and visit us and investigate for themselves, and we will endeavor to please all. Meetings commence at 7:30 P. M. Wishing you success in your work, I remain yours fraternally. MRS. DAVIS, Secretary. December 12th.

SUMMERLAND.—The GOLDEN GATE, the leading spiritual paper of the Pacific Coast, has been advocating for some time the formation of a Spiritualist Colony, and the matter has at last assumed form, and the City of Summerland, laid out on the Ortega Rancho, owned by H. L. Williams, about five miles from this city. We are glad that Santa Barbara has been selected as the location, for while we are not of that faith, yet as all mankind are entitled to their opinions so are Spiritualists, and if they desire to establish a colony of this kind, they could not find a more desirable climate in which to do it. We congratulate the Spiritualists upon their selection of this county, and particularly upon the selection they have made on the Ortega Rancho. It would be difficult to find a more lovely spot, and if the projectors see the enterprise they will be surprised to see what a lovely city they can found in a short time. The project seems to be an assured success, as fully one-third of the lots are already subscribed for, and many express the intention of building immediately.—*Santa Barbara Independent*.

A PROPHECY OF CALIFORNIA.—Hudson Tuttle said in a lecture on the "Philosophy of History," compared by the inspirational intelligence under which he writes and speaks, in 1861, or 27 years ago: "When by the opening of this great national artery, the Pacific Railroad, an emigration unprecedented, flows over the mountains and floods the magnificent country beyond; we may expect the reversal of this order, (referring to the position of New England as leader.) California furnishes in intensified form all the conditions I have pointed out as essential for progress. Its fabulously fertile valleys, its exhaustless mineral resources, are united with boundless commercial facilities. It fronts the Eastern world, and when this road is completed, commerce will seek this new channel. St. Louis will be the half way house between New York and Asia. Confined, compressed, intensified California, will yield a civilization more grand than our wildest dreams."

—John Slater has returned from his vacation, during which he took a trip to the East, and appeared before a large audience on Sunday evening last, at the Metropolitan Temple, which he has engaged for a series of meetings. There appears to be no flagging of interest in physical phenomena, in this section of the Spiritual vineyard.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

Dr. A. B. Dobson, Maquoketa, Iowa, clairvoyant physician and magnetic healer of marvelous power. He has been in active practice nearly thirty years.

His vegetable medicine receives magnetic power higher than human or earthly agency; and in treating diseases at a distance with this medicine, his success is remarkable. His practice is very large, both at home and abroad, and he is daily in receipt of numerous letters expressing the profoundest gratitude, acknowledging wonderful relief and complete cures, performed by his band of invisibles, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, dyspepsia, bronchitis, diseases of the liver, heart and kidneys, tumor and dropsy; in fact, every disease that flesh is heir to, they have successfully treated.

Sufferers, you that have failed to get relief from any other source, try this strange and marvelous man. Magnetized medicine and paper sent under the direction of his spirit band of doctors for each case—enough to last first month for \$2.00. In many cases, this is sufficient, but if a perfect cure is not effected, \$1.15 per month after. Send three 2-cent stamps, lock of hair, sex, age, one leading symptom, and he will tell you what ails you, free. Medicine sent by mail, postage free. The best of reference given if required.

Advice to Mothers.

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

Common Sense.

BY DANIEL COHEN.

Were any of us consulted in regard to the date or manner of our birth? Did we arrange that this most important event should occur in a palace with all of the many advantages of wealth and luxury—or did we choose the hovel with its attendant disadvantages of ignorance, poverty and consequent misery. All are born alike, equally helpless, and on a perfect equality. All have to pass through the same stations in life, and none are consulted in regard to the terms of our lives here on earth, when, where or how they shall close. We do know that we are received and cared for, while here we know our mother's loving greeting, we do know that we are met at the threshold of life with all the loving conditions that our earthly parents are able to give us; this being the case then is not the greatest question of life, How can we benefit humanity most? How can we make the world better by having lived in it? We are all children of one common Father. Some of us may feel "That I am holier than thou," but after all, we begin life on the same plane, we pass out exactly on the same plane, and surrounded by the same conditions we will pass through life on similar planes; then why worry, fret and fight to accumulate this world's goods to the utter destruction of each other and of all the best impulses of our natures?

Is there any one individual so lost to all that is worth living for, as to contemplate with pleasure the misery and degradation of a fellow creature? If not then is it not our first great duty to help our less fortunate brothers and sisters to overcome the failures of this life?

One will say, What would it avail, if I gave all I possessed, impoverished myself, those individuals would only profit by it for the moment?

My friend, does that expression fulfill your duty, or does it not most positively display your own innate selfishness? Is it not a cloak for you to buckle up your pocket, your feelings, your conscience and your better self closer, thus reducing your less fortunate (in this world's goods and advantages) brother and sister still lower in the scale of existence? Granted that your act is not appreciated, is not at once attended with grand and successful results, is that any reason why the duty should be evaded? Are all great results the work of a minute—an hour, a day, a month, a year, or an age even? Our duty properly attended to to-day may be the beginning of a grand reformation that will go rolling down the ages of time for the benefit of generations yet unborn; then there will be no more selfishness. Instead of a continued effort to crush our fellow mortals that we may enjoy the luxuries of this life, at their expense, each and all will cultivate the virtues, will encourage each other by constantly striving not for gold, but for each other's common good. No good deed, word or thought is ever lost. Good is like a two-edged sword, it cuts both ways. Who ever did a kindly act spoke a good word, or even cast a sympathetic thought to another, that did not feel better for it? "Is it not more blessed to give than to receive?" On the contrary, is there anyone who is not degraded by an evil deed, word or even thought? The time has come, is here now, when each and everyone of us should carefully consider this question, Am I doing all I can to make the world better, more desirable, more what it was intended to be, a home of love, (a "heaven" if you like the expression better.) Come friends, it is my duty, it is your duty to begin this work at home, and now is the accepted time no matter what others do; let us clear up our own dooryard, live up to what we preach and our grandest idea of good.

There seems to be no question in regard to what is best to be done. If from vicious acts, words and thoughts we are only more degraded and vile, then, of course we should not hesitate for a moment in choosing the better way. The great trouble with humanity is the consideration of the results for the immediate moment, the gratification of the senses without a thought of to-morrow. "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die," is the motto of many unthinking minds; but does such a life tend to lengthen that "to-morrow," or cause it to seem more happy even for the present, without regard to our future life? Almost nineteen hundred years have elapsed since the Golden Rule was laid down, and yet how few there are who even pretend to understand what it means, and fewer still give any thought to its observance; in fact, who if any of our great teachers even advocate its observance?

Brothers and sisters, one and all, irrespective of color, nationality, station in life or creed, let us join our forces in the cultivation of our spirituality. Let us each read the lesson of our lives carefully. Are we fulfilling in its highest sense our whole duty? Are we even trying to do so? Have we done any one act to-day worthy of commendation? or, on the contrary, have we not done something that may yet cause us to hang our heads in very shame? or, have we even allowed one opportunity to pass where we might have done a brother or a sister a favor, brought them comfort, aided them to a better understanding of themselves, ministered to their wants in ever so trivial a matter?

Brothers and Sisters Spiritualists, we of

all men should present ourselves to those dear ones who are trying so hard to reach out to us with their love, with pure hearts. How can we expect them to come to us with greetings of purity and love unless we are prepared to receive them on a similar plan. Let us leave harsh criticism, caviling over technicalities, and general inharmoniousness to those who enjoy such things, and quietly meet our friends, presenting to them the most loving conditions possible, devoid of selfishness, ready to aid in ministering to the necessities and comforts of all mankind. Our deposits may not be regarded so favorably by bankers on this side, but our consciences will be easier, and we at least can feel that we have made some one happier here, and our capital will not be impaired when we reach another sphere of existence.

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OUR QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

MRS. HARRIS.—What are the requirements that will enable a person to open up into the higher consciousness, and to live the higher life?

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ANSWER.—First, one must feel an assurance that there is a higher or more interior consciousness for him as the result of trying. Without this conviction no real advance is possible. So long as we feel all our wants met on this plane material, there is no aspiration for that which we only find in a life apart from this. Have you this conviction? If so, has there come with this a desire, a soul hunger, for that which you will only find there? If this is true of you, then you already have the only requirements necessary to enter the "path." Where, if you "live the life you will know the doctrine."

If you were to sit down in a dark, damp room, and moan and long for the warm, bright sunshine, and some friend should say, "The sunshine is all about you; come out into the daylight, and you will know it," this would require an effort, but once the effort is made, you will realize the sunshine. Aspiration, reaching out in thought, is the effort required whereby you may find the revealing of the higher consciousness. Remember, motive has much to do with the result of effort in any direction; I mean, results in actual growth.

I may do a kind act which will bring a blessing to another, but with a selfish motive that will prevent the act from bringing blessing to myself; or, I may think a kind thought, and do some little (perfectly unselfish) deed that will be the means to soul growth. The feeling that goes out with an act or thought is the measure of its real worth to one's self. To be truthful because one loves the truth; to be honest because of the love of honesty; to do good, to benefit humanity without thought of self, brings true growth. The higher consciousness is already yours potentially, and will reveal itself to you if you will make the condition for the revealing an unselfish life; a life freed from the slavery of self is the condition required. If you feel hungry and take food, you are sure the need is met. If you have an intellectual want you do not doubt the power of an intellectual effort to supply the demand. Can you have the same faith in aspiration to feed you spiritually? Ask and it shall be yours; seek and you will find; knock and it must open unto you, for such is the fact throughout nature.

You do not need to wait for some unusual opportunity to begin this work, no matter how you may be situated in life; right in your own path is the very thing you require for growth. Every trial is your special opportunity to improve in meeting your own duties. You cannot grow through another's work, but may get such suggestions as will encourage you to work out your own regeneration.

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

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE MEETING FOR FREE interchange of thought, by all who may wish to participate in the spirit of brotherly love, in Friendship Hall, St. George's, 225 Market street, over Curtin's store, between Fifth and Sixth streets, at 11 A. M., Sunday. Admission free. All invited. At 7:30, in the same building, Fraternity Hall. Good music, good speeches and grand tests, by distinguished mediums. Admission only 10 cents.

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 341 Market street, "Carrier Dove" office, and is open every week day from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.; also, Saturday evenings.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will meet every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, Nos. 925 1/2 and 933 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.

AT METAPHYSICAL COLLEGE, 106 McALLISTER street, Sunday, 2:30 P. M. and 8 P. M. Subject: "Spiritual Science," by Josephine R. Wilson, assisted by other prominent workers. Good music and singing are one of the attractions. All are invited.

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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 11th, 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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SPIRITUALIST COLONY.

It has long been the desire of many Spiritualists that a Spiritualist Colony, or place of pleasurable and educational resort, might be located at some convenient point on this Coast—a place where the Spiritualists of the world could meet and establish permanent homes, and enjoy all the advantages, not only of our "glorious climate," but of the social and spiritual communion that such association of Spiritualists would insure.

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-

joying—the most equable climate in the world. It is located on the Southern Pacific Railroad, now completed between Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, and on what in the near future will be the main line of that road.

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The above lectures were delivered to Mr. Morse's private classes in San Francisco, Cal., during October, 1887, and are now published for the first time. The two lectures upon mediumship are especially valuable to all mediums and mediumistic persons. Cloth, 12 mo. pp. 159. Price, \$4. Postage, 5 cents extra.

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Come to a Knowledge of the Truth.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

I see from many sources there are great efforts being made to belittle, and, in fact, stigmatize the spiritual philosophy as false, simply for the reason that poor, deluded Maggie Fox claims to denounce it as such, while, in fact, she has only proved to more enlightened minds, her deficiency in spiritual growth, her weakness in all her claims of the philosophy of Spiritualism, and continued adherence to the lower developments and baser passions of her own mortality, stimulated for years by that class of spirits on the same plane of development as herself.

I, for one, have long felt the need of some decided action on the part of truth-seekers for the investigation in a more esoteric manner, what is known as phenomenal Spiritualism.

Material science has utterly failed to give any satisfactory light on the subject, after years of investigation and thousands of experiments, simply for the reason it is beyond the reach of material science, and can no more be analyzed, weighed or measured, by any process known to its methods, than the love of the mother for her child, the deep, designing mind of the midnight assassin, the appetite of the drunkard and gourmandizer, or the passions of the libertine, money-grabber and deceiver.

It is a power from the world of effects, the causes having developed on the material plane of life, while the animal soul, or the selfish animal principles, held superior control of the mortal or material body in objective life.

Material science can only analyze the material body, can weigh and measure its component parts to which it gives names, can ascertain with a seeming degree of certainty the traces of dissipation and excesses that leaves its blight upon the mortal body or temple in which it revels in all its wantonness, until the temple is destroyed, when the selfish, animal soul with all its attributes, escapes into the world of effects.

The wreck left for material science and doctor of physics, is all that can be caught or handled by them. Over this wreck they hold their councils and render their decisions with regard to the destroying causes, then add to their already cumbersome scientific and medical work, their remedies, preventatives and cures. That such efforts have done much in the world of esoteric knowledge to benefit humanity, is not to be doubted; but if we would come into a more perfect knowledge of the whole truth, and the real causes that leaves its blight and defaces its own temple until it can no longer remain, we must come into a better understanding of spiritual science, which is beyond the reach of the surgeon's knife, or the crucible retort and receiver of material science.

Where is the destroyer who has forsaken the mortal body or temple? Is it dead, or annihilated? Ah, no; it still lives, though not having progress in the world of causes beyond the desires and passions of animal selfishness; it has only passed beyond the veil of mortal sight and still knows no higher pleasures or aspirations than there enjoyed or anticipated while in the body; hence, is ever seeking opportunities to satiate the thirst of whatever quality it may be.

To do this some mortal on the same grade or plane of development is often sought, who becomes the unconscious victim to more degraded passions, appetites and wrong-doing, than before, from the fact that the unconscious and unseen stimulant thus given to such passions, appetites and earthly pleasures or greed that characterized the unseen being while in the mortal body gives greater strength for action, and the poor, unfortunate victim sinks lower and lower, until unable to rise from the deplorable state into which it has fallen.

Not only those who are known as mediums become the victims to these unseen powers, but many who know nothing of the phenomena or philosophy of Spiritualism. And, such cases are out of the reach of the most skillful drug doctors. Our insane asylums are filled with them. The records of crime grow longer each day, and suicides multiply year by year. What is to be done?

The religious world, known as orthodox Christianity, have also failed to enlighten humanity on that one all important subject. In fact, they have proved themselves wholly incompetent to deal with esoteric religion or science, as well as philosophy. And, while there are many useful lessons in their teachings, they fail in the most important ones, namely, the basic principles of involution and evolution, hence, the laws of progression from lower to higher degrees of development through nature's process, as well as effective labor on the part of every person for wisdom and knowledge, are by them ignored, and in its stead is taught the incomprehensible and unjust dogmatism of transferring redemption from ignorance, sin and wrong-doing, upon all, with a promise of transportation into the glory and wisdom of heaven's grandeur to reign eternally in spheres of light and knowledge, simply for the asking, and faith in their unthinkable dogmas, though their labors and lives in the material body may have been of the most selfish, cruel and unworthy. To-day the world of effects

proves such teachings false. And calls aloud from beyond the grave for a fair and intelligent investigation of the travail of the soul through its different grades of development, from the lowest condition in which it takes the human form, to that in which it becomes qualified in wisdom and knowledge for the divine marriage, and becomes one with the Father.

Who, if not Spiritualists and truth-seekers, free from the bondage of creeds and theological yokes, are capable for such important work? Then let me implore all who are anxious to know the truth, regardless of isms and man-made religions, to come to the rescue, for the veil is lifted, the door is open. The tables of the Infinite are spread out on all sides, and those who will may partake. More anon.

MEDICAL LAKE, W. T., Dec. 1, 1888.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Does the Soul Ever Leave the Physical Body?

BY JOS. TILLEY.

This is a question which, to many minds, still remains unsolved. Assertions have been made, pro and con, for many years, and some of our best seers, after numerous and extended observations, have concluded that it does not, until released by death; and this, with a full knowledge of all appearances to the contrary, I have but to present these thoughts from an experience which I heard from the lips of a gentleman, some time since, who is now in his seventy-third year, and living in San Bernardino.

At the time of the experience I am about to relate, he was a stout, strong, vigorous young man, weighing some two hundred and fifty pounds, which offset the usual notion that all mediums are sickly, nervous, and physically unfit for the arduous duties of life. He says in substance:

"I was a young married man, and a neighbor of ours, also married, came into the house one day (this was some thirty years ago), and in a very earnest, yet almost frantic manner, said: 'Mr. —, won't you see if my husband is dead or not?' She had heard that I often saw and talked with the so-called dead. Her husband had gone to California several months before. She further said, 'I am wretched, for there are so many noises about the house, such as rapping, and things moving about, that I believe he is dead, or that something has happened to him.'

"Why, I said, I should not know your husband if I did see him, as I have never seen him; but as you are so troubled, I will try; for rough as I was, my feelings were soon touched, and as quick as a flash, I was whirled round and fell on the floor as dead, and in a few seconds I was standing beside my prostrate form; saw my wife and the other woman chafing my hands and saying, 'He is dead; and to all appearance I was, as a body, but never felt more alive in my life.

"I felt impelled not to linger there, but was, apparently, without effort, borne upward through the roof, which was no impediment to my form. I moved across the country, observing many objects of interest in my course. I appeared to be but a little distance above the surface of the earth, but my journey was so rapid that I had no time to particularize, and ere I was aware, I found myself on board of a ship sailing on the broad Pacific.

"The first object that attracted my attention was a rather tall man with a large, black beard. I appeared attracted toward him, and noted him particularly; and, moving behind him, I noticed on the back part of his head a white spot. Then he went to his labors; I followed. He took up a letter he had apparently written and added a postscript. I looked at the letter, and read it, and here was a mystery—I did not know how to read, yet I read that letter, word for word—about as follows: 'My dear wife—I am on my way to Oregon with a load of cattle, and hope to realize enough to buy you a nice, little home, where we may spend the balance of our life. P. S.—I think you will get this letter in about six weeks.'

"As soon as I had read the letter, my business there appeared to be at an end, for in a few minutes I found myself standing beside my apparently lifeless body, and saw both women bewailing my supposed death. Quicker than I can tell you, I appeared to grasp my body, and instantly I was on my feet. The tears were soon dried up, and the first question was, 'Well, what have you seen?'

"I related to them what I have already recorded, and as soon as I mentioned the white patch of hair on the back of his head—'Ah! now,' said the wife, 'you have seen him, for that description applies to nobody else.' The sequel proved the truth of the vision, for in about six weeks the letter arrived, worded exactly as he had read it in that strange manner."

I know of some other cases of a similar nature, which have been related to me by the parties themselves, and who could not be persuaded but that they had left their bodies. Now, the question recurs, Did they, or was it, only a change of state, and which brought the two mentalities in rapport, so that the desires of the quiescent could obtain the information sought. But this opens the way to a series of questions which would take more time and knowledge of psychic laws than we possess.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., Nov. 7, 1888.

Letter from Cassadaga.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I think your paper, though an infant in years, can take its place among the foremost journals of the day that have long ago reached adulthood. It is like the youthful Nazarene among the doctors in the temple.

I like your paper for its fearless, straightforward manner of expression concerning frauds, whether among mediums or the spiritual laity at large. I am more than pleased to see that you are aiming at the "golden mean," whose extremes have been reached so often heretofore by some of our spiritual journals; either on the one hand of sitting down like goslings in a rain, and swallowing all that comes, urging every one to accept everything without question as coming direct from heaven, no matter how mundane its origin and belongings; or, on the other hand, of sitting in grave judgment like a hierarchical tribunal, and condemning everything as fraudulent, or bad, that has not been sanctioned by its immediate *ipse dixit*.

Again, it is so refreshing to find a journal (strange, that it should have to come from the uttermost limit of the Occident) that can deal with fraud, wrongdoers, and people differing with it in opinion, in a chaste, charitable manner, remembering, no doubt, that "a soft answer turneth away wrath."

I am in receipt of some fifteen copies of your most excellent paper, and as yet have seen so little, if any, of the ordinary journalistic vituperation and invective, that I feel like saying: "Go on, Brother Owen, and may good angels ever guide you and your contributors in the paths of that divine charity that 'vaunteth not itself, and is not puffed up.'"

You will find, by the paper I send, that the few of us who represent (outside of camp season) the interests of this little sylvan city, are trying to keep in motion the car of reform and spiritual good will, started by W. J. Colville after one of his inimitable, inspirational lectures here last season upon temperance and general reform.

Bro. Colville is a great favorite at Cassadaga camp, and holds a warm place in very many hearts that come here beating high with spiritual faith and fervor. Through my acquaintance with him, I found it an impossibility for him to be persuaded to an unkind word of another. Alas! that this sweet spirit should be so rare among many of the active workers in our spiritual vineyards.

Heretofore only two or three families, besides those immediately concerned in the work or care of the grounds, have remained during the Fall or Winter; but this Fall there are at present some twenty or more, all of whom expect or hope to become permanent residents. Measures are already under way to establish a district school here this Winter, if possible.

Last week another society was organized under the name of Cassadaga Camp Political Equality Club, with Mrs. Marian Skidmore, President; Mrs. S. M. Carroll, Vice-President; Mrs. O. E. Tousey, Secretary and Treasurer. All of them are residents on the grounds.

Mrs. Skidmore is already widely known through her identification with every public, as well as private interest of the camp.

Mrs. Carroll, a lady of much literary ability, is about to give the public a new drama, which has been pronounced highly meritorious by all who have heard it, among whom are many competent judges.

Mrs. Tousey is also known to the literary world by the name of O. E. Turner, and will be pleasantly remembered by the readers of her "Love vs. Fascination," "Sturla-Stiles Tragedy," etc.

There are others of literary merit living here, of whom I will mention H. Rathburn and B. M. Purple, both able exponents and defenders of our cause.

A resident physician and surgeon, by practice homeopathic and electrician, who, though here only a little more than a year, is already becoming widely known and popular, is keeping disease at low ebb in this vicinity.

A children's lyceum has been opened for Sundays, and it is hoped and expected will become permanent. A resident teacher gives instruction on piano, organ and violin.

There are several recognized mediums, as Mesdames Stearns, Stedman and Bower, besides some who are just developing in physical mediumship. A circle, which is being held twice a week, is getting fine physical manifestations, it is said, with bells, musical instruments, etc.

We have an established postoffice, and it is thought to be only a matter of a few months before we shall have a permanent grocery; the nearest one now being a mile distant. Two large houses are now being erected below Library Hall, and, it is said, are to be occupied as soon as finished as permanent homes by their owners. Cassadaga already has a "local habitation and a name" that is likely to become familiar among the nations.

The success of the camp last season, as represented by the attendance, and the proceeds of the same, was much in advance of any previous year.

My letter has grown longer than I intended. If it proves of any use to you, I will write occasionally any item I think may interest your readers, especially those familiar with our grounds. Many campers

of last season were induced to subscribe for your paper through the advice of Bro. Colville.

J. E. HYDE.

CASSADAGA, NOV. 22, 1888.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Now is the Time all Glorious Deeds are Done.

BY H. S. MAYNARD.

Seldom has a line so brief as this of Tupper's furnished a more important theme for man's consideration, and no time in the world's history called more earnestly for its thoughtful consideration. The legacy bequeathed to us by the past is ours to profit by. The future is ours as a birthright endowment from the Infinite one. The present, and only the present, is ours, in which to create, earn, dispense, and enjoy good in our individual capacity. This wealth, which is the result of well directed effort of our own, has a significance in value that does not attach to dower or inheritance: It is new wealth evolved from the mint of the ever present now, added to the total of yesterday, to be bequeathed to the comers in the morrow. We cannot feel less than grateful to those who wrought for us in the now, ere it joined the throng of retreating yesterday.

To them we are indebted for all the circulating medium of good laid upon the threshold of the morning of to-day. And would we be just in the acknowledgement of good bestowed, surely, we will feel thankful for the preparatory labor of which we have been relieved through the well timed strokes laid at the root of giant obstacles that stood firm and thick in the way of the marching host of to-day.

Let us remember that was toil unrequited in the day of its accomplishment. The reward for all such labor is treasured where moth and rust corrupt not, still the benefits that accrue in the present, suffer not of diminution.

Every beneficent deed, word and thought, is a sure promise of a twofold harvest of recompense. Is it not more blessed to give than to receive? Let us all strive to secure that choicest blessing to ourselves by being a continual blessing to others. This is our role to act before the curtain of the ever present now. For soon; oh, how soon, the curtain that is to hide us from our present audience may roll down in front, blotting out our place, and leaving to others on life's dramatic plane, the place and opportunity that so lately it was ours to occupy and enjoy, to complete the role and act our part.

That we all may learn in the by-and-by that our recompense for all our to-days may be accounted a grand harvest, is the wish and prayer of this scribe.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Oct. 19, 1888.

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

Undeserved praise is dangerous to the weak; unjust blame may turn even the strong from the right way.—George Ebers.

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A Perfect Day.

The earth is wrapped in a dream of bliss,
In a rest complete;
And the touch of the air is like a kiss,
Conquering, sweet.

And the day concerns are ringing low
As a melody;
And the sweetest silence dithers and glows
As the wind sweeps by.

And there is the sun's own magic ring
On the clearest blue;
And the golden light of the sun is strong
With shimmering dew.

And over the things in nature the
In a gentle way,
A hush of peace and a tender glow
That the summer saw.

Open the windows wide to-day,
Where a cool breeze dwells;
In the heart of a golden glow and glow
Of a perfect day.

In Hope.

Why should we ever turn our mournful sight
Upon the buried years,
When on the future rests a golden light
That comforts us and cheers?

Why ponder on the past with lingering sighs
When now its storms have ceased,
And God's forgiveness brightens in the sky
A rainbow in the East?

'Tis better far to think how we have smiled
In golden days of old,
Than hold sad memories unrecalled,
Of sorrow, death and cold.

The joy of heaven will be the broadening hopes,
Its endless future shows,
The watching of a day that while it opens
Forever sweeter grows.

And so must be the sunlight of our lives,
Where'er on earth we tread,
The looking forth to something that survives
When something sweet is dead.

God seems to pluck our hopes, yet let us trust,
We fail the truth to see—
Our joys are only lifted from the dust,
And ours again shall be.

There's nothing fair and good that we have given,
Dear face of gladness rare,
That is not treasured up for us in heaven
To be more blessed there.

—ERNEST W. SHURTLEFF.

When Jim was Dead.

"Hit carved him right," the nabos sed,
An' "buses him for the life he'd led,
An' him a lying thar at rest
With not a rose upon his breast
Ah! menny cruel words they sed
When Jim was dead.

"Jes' killed himself," "Too mean ter live,"
They didn't have one word ter give
Of comfort as they hover near
An' gazed on Jim a lying there!
"Thar ain't no use to talk," they sed,
"He's better dead!"

But suddenly the room grew still,
While God's white sunshine seemed to fill
The dark place with a gleam of life,
An' o'er the dead he bent—Jim's wife!
As tho' he knew an' felt the kiss,
She sobbed—a touchin' sight ter see—

"Ah! Jim was always good ter me!"
I tell you when that com ter light
It kinder set the dead man right;
An' round the weepin' woman they
Threw kindly arms of love that day,
And mingled with their own they shed
The tenderest tears—when Jim was dead.

—Atlanta Constitution.

After Many Days.

I do not ask remembrance in your hours
Busy and full,
Bearing such gifts to others, rich in powers,
For use and rule.

Check not the current of your life that breaks
Joyous and strong,
To hearken where some haunting memory speaks
Like a sad song;

But when the dusk is creeping, and the dew
Lies on the hill;
When the first star is trembling through the blue,
Remote and still;

When from the lilies steals a breath so faint
It thrills like pain,
And hushing into peace Day's long complaint,
Night falls again—

Oh, then one moment be the Present fled,
From passing days,
And that sweet Summer that so strangely led
In one our ways,

When I was yours in every pulse and thought,
And you, too, seemed
To give back something of the gift I brought,
Or so I dreamed!

And know that as it then was with me, Sweet,
So it is still;
That a life's love is waiting at your feet,
Where'er you will.

—Macmillan's Magazine.

Crowns.

What crown makes man the noblest king?
A crown of splendid jewels rare,
That gleam like starlight on his hair?
A crown of blossoms culled in Spring
And breathing incense on the air?
Nay, these were idle crowns to wear.

There is a crown that wounds the brow
But glorifies the heart, and brings
The soul a view of heavenly things,
And teaches him who wears it how
To win the praise that honors kings,
And stand the peer of lordly kings.

'Tis woven of the conquered pain,
And conquered sorrow by the way,
And never brow has borne the ray
Of kingly light in life's domain
Than his whose noble will each day
Rules pain and grief, and they obey.

—Youth's Companion.

A Prophecy.

[The following prophetic message was given through the mediumship of Fanny H. Green, to Solomon W. Jewett, at San Francisco, April 18, 1882. All old Spiritualists will remember the beautiful, innocent soul, Fanny Green, afterwards Fanny Green McDougall. This gifted writer and medium, was born in Southfield, Rhode Island, in 1805. She was a descendant of one of the oldest and most distinguished families in the State. At an early age she attracted much attention as a poetic writer and contributor to the press. She passed on to spirit life a few years ago, from the home of kind friends—Mr. and Mrs. George Perry, of Oakland.]

"Spirits take you by the hand, and lead you forth. Your life is soon to assume a very important change. Whatever has been difficult, whatever has been hard and strange, has still been to you, the truest blessing. You will be directed and led most truly by your own intuitions, or impressionable power. Confide in this, and know that whatever spirits may speak to you through other mediums, they can best inform you of what is best for yourself.

"Learn to respect your own impressions, your own intuitions, your own reason. These are the lights by which you can most truly walk. Yet, we will often speak to you through others, to confirm and cheer you, for the ways of the worker are hard; and sometimes the thorns stand so hard and strong about you as almost to forbid progress; yet, a kind word, a cheering look, a hopeful thought, and in a moment the hard and cruel spines will expand and bloom, and roses will bask in this light, to breathe their sweets around you.

"Go forth! The farm or plantation we are to establish, is soon to be chosen, and you will be one of the pioneers and builders of the new city. There will be established a truer and more excellent social system. The state and the society will be erected on a truer basis, and developed into happier and more beautiful proportions. A finer art, a simpler science, a nobler freedom, a truer justice will then be made manifest; and all these will be potentialized by the yet unknown magnetisms of California. Currents shall here be formed, that will radiate power, and finally reach around the world.

"You do not know, you do not dream of this power. It consists in an intense concentration of the natural essences of the earth, light and air; and California is the very focal point where all these rays of power converge and blend. All this may appear dreamy and strange to you; but it is nevertheless true. So you are entrusted a high post of honor. It may be that you will set the first stakes to the boundaries of this new empire; and that you shall keep the keys of this 'City of Golden Gates.' The spirits are leading you. You are to open a number of mines, from which all necessary means are to be attained.

"There are to be great agricultural improvements and inventions. Many fruits that now flourish only under the power of tropical, or hot-house temperatures, will grow here in the open air. Great changes are very soon coming. Peace will prevail. Then it will be seen that out of all these horrible discords, will be unfolded new harmonies. There will be vast accessions of spiritual power, and instead of coming in by units and tens, they will soon be numbered by hundreds and thousands, and even millions will the widely radiating lines extend.

"I ask, now, who is the communicating spirit? And the answer comes: 'I am no other than his, Mr. Jewett's friend,' John Allen."

Now he furthermore adds, that the constitution of this farm will not be that of Fourier alone; but a kind of eclectic system will be established, in which the truest principles and policies of human society will unite and harmonize.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Man, Not a Free Moral Agent.

BY MRS. ELIZA A. MARTIN.

There are moments upon which hang mighty issues, whose decisions change the currents of human lives, transforming its changeful tide into calm, peaceful waters, or filling its angry surges with the debris of its destroyed hopes. Almost unconsciously are we carried through these momentous periods, and are unable to judge of the wisdom of our own decisions until the results are attained.

We are often surprised to find ourselves floating upon the bosom of tranquil seas, and enjoy our own congratulations upon our possession of wisdom superior to our fellows.

Unhappily, this is not always the ultimate result, but the reverse condition is frequently the case, and we are obliged to retreat, chagrined and discouraged.

While either result is always beneficial and tends to promote the end required, reflection convinces us that circumstances actually compel us to make the decision that produced the same. Through our experiences our souls grow, and our mistakes are often our greatest blessings.

If man's free moral agency was an absolute fact, his destiny would be reached through a straight and narrow path and all the unpleasant digressions avoided, and the experiences which appear so undesirable, but which are really most beneficial, would be lost. To be a free moral agent, man must be endowed with the wisdom of a God, a condition which he may attain

in the distant future, but it is far from being his present possession in his undeveloped state of to-day.

Did not the inherent principles and surrounding circumstances compel Washington to become the man that he was? And who is responsible for the cruel nature that produced a Nero?

OXFORD, Mass., Oct. 18, 1888.

"Perfect Love Casteth Out All Fear."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The above question was under discussion before the Philosophical Society of Portland, yesterday morning, at their 11 o'clock service. One could not help being surprised at the wonderful amount of thought that can be brought out of such a question: "Perfect love casteth out all fear."

This thought applies to every phase of life and being, to every religious idea, and is graphically illustrated in the love of a mother for her child, for every true mother will sacrifice her own life for that of her child; and what love can go before or take the place of her own life? The same rule applies to every hero who takes his life in his hand in defense of his country and his home; and when the soul has perceived a great truth, it will be loyal to that truth and fear not, though prison bars inclose him in, and the stake and the scaffold stare him in the face, for perfect love has cast out all fear, and the soul, triumphant over matter, fears no ill,—"smiles at the drawn dagger and defies its point."

Oh, could we but see the beauty of this question when applied to humanity at large, we would all earnestly pray to be clothed with perfect love, as Christ, that great teacher, exemplified in his life and death, so that the works he did we could do also, and greater works, according to the promise. Perfect faith and perfect love should have full sway to bring about the perfect day. C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Or., Nov. 28, 1888.

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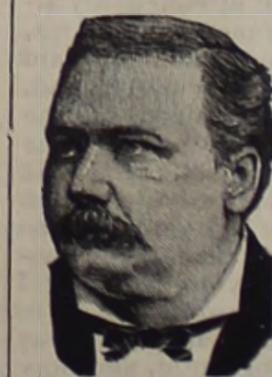
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A TESTIMONIAL.

LYONS, TEX., March 23, 1888.

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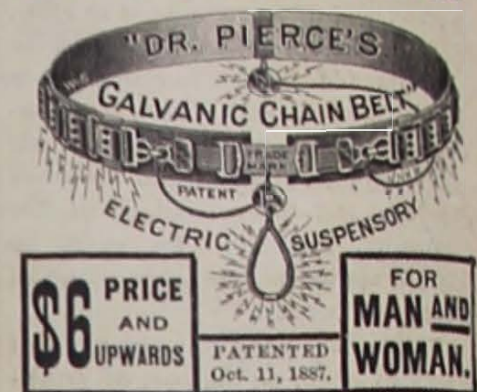
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