



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.

The greatest friend of truth is time.—*Colton.*

The slow tortoise made a long journey by losing no time.

Experience is the name men give to their follies or their sorrows.

Hate idleness and curb all passions. Be true in all words and actions.

Most persons can be led; few can be driven without spoiling them.

If length of days be thy portion make it not thy expectation.—*Sir T. Browne.*

A good daughter is the morning sunlight and evening star of her parents' house.

Rousseau defined suicide as a "furtive and shameful death; a theft from the human race."

He who loves to read, and knows how to reflect, has laid by a perpetual feast for his old age.

The wisest man may be wiser to-day than he was yesterday, and to-morrow than he is to-day.—*Colton.*

Use not evasions when called upon to do a good thing, nor excuses when you are reproached for doing a bad one.

I fancy the proper means of increasing the love we bear our native country is to reside some time in a foreign one.—*Shenstone.*

There is an indissoluble union between a magnanimous policy and the solid rewards of public prosperity and felicity.—*Washington.*

To write a good love-letter we must begin without knowing what we mean to say, and finish without knowing what we have written.—*Rousseau.*

Fame is nothing more than the enjoyment of being abused to your face now, and being praised behind your back some hundred years hence.

Men talk as if they believed in God, but they live as if they thought there was none; their views and promises are no more than words of course.—*L'Estrange.*

The rage of people is like that of the sea, which once breaking bounds overflows a country with that suddenness and violence as leaves no hopes of flying.—*Sir W. Temple.*

Every attempt to make others happy, every sin left behind, every temptation under foot, every step forward in the cause of what is good, is a step nearer to heaven.—*Dean Stanley.*

He that does as well in private between God and his own soul, as in public, hath given himself a testimony that his purposes are full of honesty, nobleness and integrity.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Among all the many kinds of love, that which begins in childish companionship is the strongest and most enduring; when passion comes to unite its force to long affection, love is at its springtide.—*George Eliot.*

[Written Especially for the GOLDEN GATE.]

Onesimus Toole;

OR, FROM SHADOW TO SUNSHINE.

A Psychological Romance by W. J. Colville.

CHAPTER XII.—CAN SUCH THINGS BE?

"Over the mountains toward the sea They told me was a wondrous land, A country free from sin and doubt, From fear and care; upon whose strand Angelic beings talked with men, And showed how deities devise Divinest moulds beyond our ken, And how with magical surprise A traveler once was led by guide, Enveloped in a cloak of light To reach a mystic cavern where 'Twas always day, yet always night, A lamp perpetual shed its beam Across the tessellated floor, While hangings of rare tapestry Shrouded the massive golden door; There worked the alchemists who change Base metals into burnished gold, Whose secret is alone revealed To those who are both pure and bold." —*Cameron Montessor's "Dream of a Hierophant."*

As the voyage progressed, the days and nights passed rapidly away without a ripple to disturb the harmony of those passengers who had grown to look upon each other in the light of dear friends, though their physical acquaintance with each other was of such very recent origin. About twenty of those on board were vitally interested in occult matters generally. About fifty more took a sporadic interest in psychic phenomena, a few prigs looked upon the whole great subject with supercilious contempt, while a handful of strictly orthodox believers regarded everything except their own belief as soul destroying heresy. It is often very delightful, entertaining and instructive to meet large minds representing various schools of thought, while on the ocean out of sight of land for days together, and hear them argue in a friendly spirit, over doctrines which have lighted the fires of the inquisition and sent men to the rack in their defence; under the calmer skies of this more liberal age, no gibbet looms in view confronting with frightful suffering all who dare to express honest convictions at variance with the views of a reigning majority, and on the water, indeed generally, while traveling, one meets more enlightened than bigoted people, as bigots are very apt to be confirmed stay-at-homes or, when they venture forth into the great world, they usually scent each other out and herd together after the manner of clanish animals, who never wander willingly into the company of those outside their own species. Exclusive society rules, as well as restrictive denominational customs are all an outcome of the clanishness of early undeveloped races, while breadth of sentiment, liberal education, and in a general sense, all the word culture rightly means, serves to enlarge the area in which man holds instructive friendly converse with his brother man.

Night after night, when there were but few people in the music room, Lydia O'Shannington would improvise sweet strains on the grand piano. At first she was left pretty much to her own immediate circle of friends, but soon the entrancing melodies grew so well defined, while her voice rose to such clear heights of almost perfect tone, that one by one men and women and children stole noiselessly into the saloon and sat transfixed with wonder and delight at the superb performance of so youthful an artiste.

"Is she in training for the opera?" or "Has she already come out?" "Who is she?" These and many like questions were constantly being asked of her friends, to all of which calm, impassive negatives were quietly given; still all the while the impression was gaining ground all over the ship and even in the minds of Dr. Maxwell and Mrs. Finchley; that Lydia was destined to be a great songstress; one who would not only score brilliant worldly success, charming the multitude by her sweet, clear notes and wide range of tone, but one who, in addition to every outward grace, would touch the deeper springs of human feeling which can only vibrate in response to an appeal which does not

arise from simple loveliness of exterior or mere purity and depth of song.

Mr. Toole, who constantly listened to the girl and watched her intently while his ears drank in the volume of harmony, was beginning almost unconsciously to himself, to love her with that deep, abiding, growing affection of which only large, constant natures are capable; he could not well define his feelings to himself, he was not at all a sensuous man and he detested flirtation. Marriage he did not think of, but he was beginning to realize that Lydia's presence contributed something very real, quieting and ennobling to his life, he began to feel that he could be a wiser and happier man in her presence than removed far from her, and this feeling we believe, is one of the sweet tokens of the dawn of a pure and lasting love.

Zenophon, who enjoyed sailing exceedingly and had been much accustomed to the blue waters of the Mediterranean and the Levant in his childhood, was happy as the day was long; nothing occurred to disturb the serenity of his enjoyment or to ruffle the feelings of his new friends, as Count Katalowynski had been detained on business of the utmost importance which came upon him like an avalanche, just as he had made every preparation for departure on "La Gascogne."

Col. Petrovanovonska had been detained by the same business which consisted of important negotiations with the Russian minister at Washington, and other affairs of a nature which would brook no delay; the two gentlemen had been thus forced to forfeit their passage which, however, they easily transferred at no pecuniary loss, and were now intending to sail on the Norddeutscher steamer "Teufelheute," which would set sail for Bremen on the 23d. Count Katalowynski's rage knew no bounds, for despite his cruelty on some occasions, he really loved Zenophon in the selfish way in which one person can love another who is useful and a means of gratifying an ambitious and vainglorious person's over-weening sense of self-importance. Zenophon could never decide whether he really cared for the Count or not, as when under his mesmerizing sway he idolized him, but when released from the spell he felt a sense of security and rest, and enjoyed liberty as much as any released captive. Zenophon's childhood had been in some respects unnatural; he was left an orphan at a very early age, and having to wander about in search of a livelihood, he was sometimes employed to sweep a church and at other times to assist the steward on board a yacht; he always had enough to eat and drink, and something to wear and a roof over his head; his temperament was sunny and he had attained to something of that higher carelessness which makes people contented with few material advantages and little worldly wealth; he was usually happy, and he made people happy about him; he was industrious when work was required of him, but his natural temperament much resembled that of the best type of Hindu mystic; he was introspective and psychometric, and from babyhood had shown signs of spiritual precocity.

When Count Katalowynski met him he was in an out-door church procession strewing flowers as the statue of the Blessed Mother passed through the streets of an old Italian city on the Feast of the Assumption (Aug. 15th). The day was very hot, but towards evening a cool breeze had arisen. Count Katalowynski, who had been educated in the Russian church, which pays great homage to the divine mother principle, though not in the manner customary in the church of Rome, was greatly impressed with the beauty of the scene, but it was Zenophon's face that captured him; he knew at a glance that the boy (then only ten years of age), was just the one to yield to his will in everything and carry out many of his designs which lacked fulfillment because of the absence of a competent coadjutor. He then and there accosted the boy who went to his apartments that very night and began his duties as *valet de chambre* to the imperious nobleman who was then not much over twenty-one, but had achieved so much occult as well as secular information that the boy was his docile attendant from the very moment the imperial green eyes had been fastened upon him. From that day to this the two had been inseparable; the Count had failed in nothing during the five or six years they had been together, and now to be compelled to

bend to a mysterious, invisible power beyond his strength, was indeed humiliating to the handsome despot, who now at twenty-seven had ten times the arrogance and determination he possessed at twenty-one. But as we shall meet the Count again in Europe, we need not at this point dwell further on his doings or his character.

After a delightful passage, occupying exactly eight days, La Gascogne reached Havre, August 17. Our friends reached Paris the same evening about ten o'clock. As they landed at the Gare du Nord, they observed a very handsome carriage, drawn by a magnificent pair of white horses, which they felt at once impressed was intended to take them to the residence of Prof. de Montmartre. Their impression proved correct, as the stately footman, who was well known to Dr. Maxwell, at once recognized him, and in a few moments the whole party was comfortably ensconced in the commodious equipage.

A drive of rather more than half an hour brought them to the hospitable mansion which bore the euphonious title of "The Palms." This decidedly English and yet suggestively Oriental appellation marked the stately dwelling as a house apart from all its neighbors. The house was approached by means of an ancient courtyard; it was indeed a mediæval palace, and contained many trophies of the time of Louis Quatorze and yet earlier monarchs; the multioned windows were left just as they had been four or five hundred years before; nothing had been changed in the design; the stonework had been kept in repair; modern improvements had been freely introduced into the interior, but the exterior was a monument of bygone days. To describe the beauty of the court around which the house was built, would task the ingenuity of the descriptive artist; and those of our readers who have seen the finest modern hotels, take for example, the "Coronado," near San Diego, and have enjoyed the fountains and flowers in the open court, have a conception of the design, but not the beauty or picturesqueness of this most lovely home.

Modern buildings have a new, almost raw appearance; they suggest nothing but modern capital and enterprise; in California such structures are built principally of wood, and being only a few years old they have a glaring look of newness; and moreover privacy or anything approaching retirement is unimaginable in connection with a fashionable hotel at a watering place. "The Palms," on the contrary, though in the very midst of Paris, scarcely a stone's throw from a crowded, bustling thoroughfare, and within five minutes walk of several popular resorts, was as silent as the tomb but for the distant, low murmur of city life, which just penetrated the massive enclosure like a faint echo from another world, hardly perceptible except one strained one's ears to catch it; and then the house and its appurtenances reminded one of bygone times as much as Oxford, Cambridge, York, or some other grand old English city where every spot is associated with great epochs in human history.

The contrast between the outside and the inside of Prof. de Montmartre's inimitable mansion was perhaps its most fascinating feature, as there was nothing shocking to the most aesthetic taste in this contrast, striking though it was. The twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and later centuries were all there holding their own in the form of the ceilings, the shape of the windows, the paneled oak wainscots, the heavy doors, and massive stairways. The nineteenth century at its best had not turned out its predecessors, it had but heightened the charm of their productions. The massive candelabra, naturally associated with a bygone day, held their own in stately magnificence, but electric light had banished wax or candle grease, but so gracefully had it accommodated itself to its surroundings that it shed a graceful, mellow light in candle-shaped burners; it was the candle of the new age, retaining all the beauty but none of the inconvenience of the earlier candle, which often smoked and guttered, and often went out in a draught; the whole house was warmed as well as lighted by electricity, which also served for the cooking of all the food. Prof. de Montmartre, who had studied gastronomy as well as all other sciences, declared that food cooked by electric agency was far more healthful than when prepared in any other way, unless the direct action of the sun's rays could be brought to bear upon it; he

further stated, that for the eyes electric light properly tempered was far preferable to gas, candles, oil, or any other contrivance, while for heating purposes, the culture of fruit and flowers, etc., electricity was utterly without a rival, and, strange as it may appear to those who are bound by conventional notions, on the hottest day in summer the house was kept perfectly cool by the same electric force which warmed it so completely in winter.

While we have been giving a few particulars concerning the house and its management, we have left our friends to retire to their rooms and prepare for a twelve o'clock supper, which was always prepared for guests who arrived late in the evening. Though the very soul of hospitality, Dr. Maxwell and his lovely daughter never came out to meet arriving guests, nor did their guests ever see their host and hostess till they met in the banquet hall or breakfast room to partake of a social meal.

The Professor and Heloise were so sweetly considerate of the refined susceptibilities of their sensitive visitors, that they invariably sent kind letters ahead and a carriage to the train, but never presented themselves till their guests had been able to change their garments, or at all events, remove the soil of travel. They never forgot the smallest detail which could add to the comfort of those whom they had requested to sojourn for awhile under their roof; thus, if luggage was not immediately delivered, the elegant and useful aids to the toilet and wardrobe which were plentifully supplied to all the guest chambers, enabled their visitors to make themselves very comfortable and thoroughly presentable before they were open to the inspecting glances of their hostess or their host. Five handsome rooms were prepared all opening out of one corridor for the party now just arrived. Mrs. Finchley and Miss O'Shannington were provided with separate but communicating rooms; Dr. Maxwell, Mr. Toole and Zenophon had three rooms which could open the one into the other if desired, otherwise they were quite distinct. Each communicating room was provided with a bolt on both sides of the connecting door, so that under no circumstances could a person enter unbidden, and not only did Professor de Montmartre thus secure each unmarried guest that total privacy which every human being needs if he or she is to live a truly individual, healthy life, free from nervous disorders; he always supplied a married couple with two rooms on precisely the same plan, as he regarded it cruel and barbarous to force or even persuade any two persons under any circumstances, to occupy the same apartment, unless in a case of absolute necessity. This noble and wise man was a practical theorist; he demonstrated to our friends the soundness of his views by carrying them out in every detail of daily life; by this means he won for himself not the title of an august pretender, but a thoroughly practical man of science who never advocated a theory the usefulness of which he could not prove.

Precisely at twelve o'clock, an electric bell sounded in each of the chambers, which was a signal to our friends that they were expected in the banquet hall. On leaving their rooms, they were escorted down the massive marble stairway to a place of such beauty they could hardly associate it with ordinary pursuits such as eating, drinking and the entertainment of company.

The banquet hall was a fairy palace lighted with at least five hundred miniature electric lamps. At one end of the table sat Prof. de Montmartre, a man fully sixty years of age, but looking less than forty, though of his own deliberate choice his hair was white as snow; he was clad in a superb oriental robe and looked the very embodiment of Eastern goodness and wisdom. Directly facing him sat his beautiful daughter, who, in flowing white robes with no ornament save lilies of the valley at her throat and in her superb dark hair, looked like some goddess descended from above to grace a banquet to which some privileged mortals had been invited by beings of a higher race.

As their guests entered, they both rose and went to the very door to meet them, their eyes and lips alike expressing the depth and sincerity of the welcome they extended. After cordially greeting the two ladies and the two gentlemen, Prof. de Montmartre kissed Zenophon on his forehead, while Heloise placed both hands on his head and blessed him in the name

Continued on Eighth Page.

God-Hunting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Andix is the Latin root of it. Better find the root first, the top may be stumbled upon.

When a person receives a blow upon the head which breaks the skull and depresses a piece of bone in upon the brain, all mental action stops. The mind then sleeps till that depressed fragment is lifted and allows of cerebral vibration and thought, be that time long or short. The mind on waking takes up and carries on the same topic or line of thinking which possessed it when the interruption occurred.

It is recorded in the annals of surgery, of one patient in that situation, who took up and went on with an unfinished sentence which had been stopped by a sudden accident. So it is with the accident or incident of death. The mind on waking over on the *other side*, takes up the same subject and drift of thought which last possessed it on earth. Hence we are to understand that the last words and latest impressions made upon the departing soul, at the so-called, "death-bed," are liable to become dead weights and mill-stones about the neck of the unhappy subject after waking in the next world. Those ideas and impressions become the leading matter, the mono-mental thought for periods of time indefinite. They become a bias so strong as amounts to aberration, mania, and ultimates in mischief of grave magnitude. Its pressure binds the victim for months and years, sometimes for centuries.

That last thought about God and the Saviour urged upon the helpless individual, is uppermost and imperious on awakening in the Spirit world. "Where is God? Where is my Saviour, my Crown? Surely, here if anywhere, are their whereabouts;" and they must be found and addressed. The random search is begun without delay. It is continued indefinitely, till exhausted with disappointment and despair. That frantic beating the air is a solid wall, a mocker, that will at once turn a hint or ward off a suggestion of mistake.

Satisfied with the ready answer, "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God," the deluded wanderer is in no frame of mind to analyze even that foolish assertion. It never occurred to him that it is impossible for the Fool to say such a thing. The Fool has no reasoning power, no judgment; he does not even know the meaning of the word or name of God. Therefore, the Fool may as well say it "in his heart," or his heel, or what not, for his brain is not of sufficient calibre thereto. Rational people think and judge with the *cerebrum*—the ample brain. Our theme, then, is compassed by fact and detail. God-hunting is not sport, it is serious business.

Wm. Makepeace Thackeray, from the further side of being, tells us he at once started out God-hunting and wasted two years in bootless search before he saw his delusion.

Archbishop Bruno of Cologne, who crysmutated A. D. 930, had that bewildered mania in a more chronic form. His faith was iron-clad. He reports in 1880 "that he was 600 years seeking a personal God." Hail! Methusalem! So long! For six centuries did the bullets of experience pelt and bombard Bruno; thick Godistic shell before it broke to admit the light. Then he exclaims, "Oh! If I could only get rid of this seeking for a personal God."

Mary Wood, of Deerfield, Mass., says, "It has been three years since I entered the after life, and have not seen in the Christian religion that peace and happiness so loudly proclaimed on earth. I have seen lots of spirits wandering round seeking the Lamb of God, but have never met one who has found him."

Caleb Jacob of Concord, N. H., says, "I have taken two long years to hunt up Jesus and have not found him, nor have I met any one who has."

Rosella L. Benedict, of Wangan Co., Penn., exclaims, "Oh! what a shock it was to my spirit to behold the realities of the Christian heaven—no gates of pearl—no crown—no harp—no God—nothing but black despair."

Pindar, a Greek poet, who made his Crysmutatio A. D., 520, in an observation of eighteen centuries, says, "There are no virgins that are mothers of gods and no sons of God."

Artemon, A. D. 150, another ancient worthy, testifies, "I have never been able to find any of the gods or sons of gods as redeemers of the world."

The mature opinion of Miletus, a Greek writer A. D. 160, enables him from the other side to say, "We want no God outside of ourselves."

Anna Ralston, Warrior's Mark, Penn., has gathered bravery enough to face the bigots, defy the crafty, and say, "Religion should be out of the way altogether. No God, no Saviour, nothing but the center of matter from which you are evolved;" whatever or wherever that is.

"On entering spirit life I devoted myself to searching for gods. I have never been able to find one of them, either Pagan or Christian."—M. Servilius Nonianus. Agrippa Paconius, a stoic philosopher, the date of whose crysmutatio I do not find, hits the question in a spiritualistic point of view, plain and pat. He says: "Reason is my god. No god or religion rules in spirit life." To my view, an improvement might be suggested on the above. Instead of saying "Reason is my god," I would have it: Observation is my

pursuit, reason is my umpire, experience is my estate."

Boniface, Governor of Northern Africa, A. D. 430, says: "No mortal can fully comprehend what delusions Christianity, Mohammedanism, Buddhism and Brahminism are; but we in spirit life can, for we see the billions of their deluded followers. There is no God to redeem you." *Deluded billions!* How pitiful, pitiful! Xenocrates, after graduating from this to the other life plus 2000 years ago certifies and says: "After these many hundred years, I have failed to find a single God." A logos far-reaching!

Therefore measured by the logic of events, by the logic of life, the logic of numbers, and standing with one foot on record, the other on reason, in the lead of Ingersoll, the explorer advances with the fiat of a crowning figure—so far as known, this radical conclusion, namely: There is no God.

Mr. Editor, is there not meaning in this galaxy of testimony on a subject as universal as man, and deep as destiny? Where can be found witnesses more competent, evidence more relevant, each one rational, skilled and direct?

However, the reader will accept only so much of it as comports with his taste and mental storehouse.

A. S. HUDSON, M. D.
STOCKTON, May, 1889.

Spiritual Awakening.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Spiritualism has been sleeping, like a good many other things in the good old town of Sacramento, but only sleeping; for at the touch, and under the inspiration of the guides of a true and genuine trance medium, it awoke with a generous enthusiasm. Some years back, a society was organized, and under the vigorous and enlightened presidency of Dr. I. S. Cook, it went on its way rejoicing, like a voice in the wilderness, speaking as one having authority.

The doctor, an old pioneer of the State, established himself here five years ago, and soon won the esteem of the general public and the especial regard of his brother Spiritualists, by the sterling integrity of his character, his large learning, his varied scientific attainments, and that warm, generous humanity which offered his hand with his heart in it, to any honest worker in the great cause.

But somehow San Francisco became the Mecca of advanced mediumship, and our city became unvisited and neglected. The life of Spiritualism is in the evidence of things unseen. The test is the thing by which we catch the conscience of the citizen king. And for good tests, there must be a good medium with good conditions. The trance medium, who is above the suspicion of fraud, greed or conceit, whose personal record is clean and unquestioned, and whose professional career is without fear or reproach, is a *fortiori*, the best of mediums. Being entranced, unconscious, with his pulse down below the doctor's belief, and yet acting and speaking as if normally, he is a manifestation that no intelligent man can explain, except on the doctrine of spirit control. Such a one challenges doubt and defies argument. He is the living fact, talking square out in meeting, straight from the other shore. That ends it. The honest, sensible man must examine and is convinced.

Such a medium is Professor Adrian B. Omerod from Kansas City, who, though young in years, has placed his feet already on the topmost round of the bright ladder. His loyalty to the cause, his fidelity to his patrons, and above all, the exquisite shyness and modesty of his manner, claiming to know nothing except as the mere instrument and vehicle of his controls, wins at once the popular applause, and sets the human mind to its profoundest thought. This was shown last Sunday. Coming a stranger, welcomed by Dr. Cook to whom he made himself known, with but two days of simple advertising, the Exempt Fireman's Hall was crowded with the intelligence and culture of the city; other seats were brought and an overflow meeting could have been organized by those who could not get in.

The old society revived, and such an awakening has not been seen since the dawn of the truth here. The lecture on "Scientific Basis of Spiritualism," was listened to with great interest; then came the tests by Mr. Omerod walking about the hall with his eyes sealed in the deepest trance, giving full name, dates, facts and figures, to the wonder of many and the satisfaction of all. It was a great triumph and subject of congratulation among the Spiritualists.

Next Sunday he will probably lecture while under control, on "How I Became a Spiritualist," and give a number of tests. He always makes the usual fervent invocation, and the audience join heartily in the singing.

Spiritualism is again on its feet here, and the good work goes bravely on. Mr. Omerod's parlors are on J street, at No. 619½, front rooms; and already the sensible people are making use of the opportunity to advance their scientific, domestic, personal and business interests. To sit with him is a better sermon than Talmage ever delivered, and it seemed to me that such a movement here was something very valuable journal, that stands so gallantly as the best champion of the truth on our coast, would like to chronicle. Mr. Omerod may visit your city in June at the reunion. Respectfully,

ASPER.
SACRAMENTO, Cal., May 28, 1889.

An Indignant "Summerland"er.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The *Carrier Dove* of June 1st is before me, and contents of editorials, page 350, noted, where it says of Summerland: "Personally we have no desire to injure or retard the movement." (?)

I will say for the information of those now at, and others expecting to go there to live (and surely I do), that Dr. Schlesinger was here, in my house, on the 22 of March last, telling me of his great expenses in publishing his paper. I gave him five dollars. Putting it in his pocket, he said, "I will send you the *Carrier Dove*, have you seen it?" On seeing a map of Summerland on my table, he said that it was "the greatest swindle out," or to that effect, and said it was a "salt marsh, and it would cost nine million dollars to get water on it." Now, had I not already given him the five dollars, he would never have got it, for there and then I told him I knew that was not so, for I had been over it on foot in 1870, and there was no such "salt marsh" there then. I told Mr. Schlesinger I was going down very soon any way, and then he referred me to one of those doctors, R. F. Winchester, and Mr. Rea, photographer, for verification of what he said.

I left here the next morning, March 23d, for Santa Barbara and Summerland. As I expected, from what I had seen of the place in 1870, there was no salt marsh there, and the very opposite of all Dr. Schlesinger said was true. I gave out a contract for a cottage 36 by 24 feet, which is now just finished, of which I am very proud, and intend to build another, or a place of business soon as possible. I have quite a number of buildings here, but am glad to say my last building built I now have named the "Sometime" cottage, is in Summerland!

The way it works; Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, who went down on the same steamer to the Summerland picnic, were so taken with the place and what they saw whilst there, bought four lots, making 120 by 50 feet, and they wanted them alongside of the writer of this, but they had to take them as they could get them, those alongside of self being already sold. Seeing is believing. "Nine million dollars for water" (?) what a whopper. Why, water is on the place and at my cottage door, and a pressure far greater than we have here in Watsonville, which did not cost me one cent (Mr. Williams had the water put there). I saw the place where the water was brought from, and there is plenty of it running to the sea, and all can be utilized when wanted, and it is so good, too.

As for "gulches" and "so many of them at angles of 35 to 75 degrees," that is another whopper. My boy of fifteen could ride a bicycle from the foot of Ortega Hill to the station, all through Summerland without getting off. Ortega Hill, with its beautiful situation, gentle ascents, extensive and glorious panorama of mountains to the north, Islands of the Sea to the south (and such a sea, the Venice of the Pacific). Water on it can be had from the Summerland reservoir, which is thirty feet higher than the summit of Ortega, and to its top the soil is of the very best. Did I own Ortega, I would not take twenty-five thousand dollars for it.

To Mr. Charles Ehrenfeld I would like to say, I do not give much credence to advertisements. But the advertisement in the *GOLDEN GATE* of the description of Summerland is *correct*, with the exception of that "where the sun ever shines," for the sun never shines more than eleven or twelve hours in twenty-four, on any place year in and year out! You, Charles, cannot stop me from buying there; I know your description of the place is very erroneous; had your bile wrought up 'cause the conductor would not stop to let you off, eh! Should you get on the train on State Street, Santa Barbara, and want to get off three or four blocks away, would you have the conductor stop the train before you get to the railroad depot? Would you then write an ill-natured description of the "much talked of" Santa Barbara?

If I am correctly informed, I am the largest purchaser of lots in Summerland, and I have a letter, unanswered as yet, written to Summerland for five more lots which I want if not already sold. And you, my dear erring brother, can have "your wish to be counted out" of Summerland. Should the fool-killer come around Pasadena, California, there would soon be a new funeral. Ta, ta!

To the present and ever-increasing number of residents of Summerland, and friends of truth everywhere: I am fully convinced that if Dr. Schlesinger, Dr. R. F. Winchester, and Dr. H. M. Baily should diagnose the diseases of their patients with the same ability of apparent hate, venom, spite and pure "cussedness" well rubbed in, as they have done Summerland, you can go to the graveyards and find lots of their bad work covered over with dirt. If you would have health in Summerland, count those doctors out.

I have nothing to say against East Monterey, Del Monte or Pacific Grove; I own property there but prefer Summerland. Soiled *Carrier Dove*, please copy.

E. T. SLIGHT.
WATSONVILLE, Cal., June 3, 1889.

THE action of the authorities of the Catholic church in condemning Galileo for teaching the Copernican system of

astronomy is paralleled by the Southern Presbyterian synod of elders, who, in the case of Professor Woodrow, decide that evolution is a fallacy and a heresy. This shows the inconvenience of being bound by dogma. The Presbyterians had to decide one way or the other, and they chose to make themselves ridiculous by deciding against evolution rather than to indorse it at the expense of their creed and Bible.—*Free Thought*.

[Writes for the Golden Gate.]

"The World's Crisis."

BY ANNA L. HOLTON.

How cruel must be the souls of people who are educated, and are trying to educate the world to believe that the Christ is coming to reward some and condemn others to everlasting perdition, were my thoughts as I took in my hands a paper with the above title; yet the second coming of Christ is like the "will o' the wisp" that is always near and still away in the distance, and forgetting the duty to their fellow-men, to love them like unto themselves, they chase this phantom and are as the blind led by the blind. If there was only a way to tell them, as Eona says, "that hand in hand the armies each side of the river's flow, work for the good of earth's children in upbuilding the tabernacle of spiritual light in the hearts of the hungry;" that "man's inhumanity to man that makes countless millions mourn" on earth, cannot be carried out in the great eternities; there can be no harps nor crowns, tinkling cymbals and sounding drums for just a few; our Father will never forget one wandering child; we are all marching onward, ever onward, and the plains of existence may be lighted up by such souls as Jesus, Buddha, Luther, Servitus, Washington, Franklin, Paine and Lincoln, and hosts of others that stand as beacon lights—Christ to all the world, teaching the people the way, the truth and the life; but we have no need to watch for them, we only need to watch ourselves.

Then to our unfolding mind there will come a realizing sense of the several forms worn through the law of re-incarnation and entombed on different planets, bearing testimony how our duty as messengers to the world in darkness has not been "labor for a crown of gold with the orthodox ring to it;" rather the crown of wisdom, the chalice of peace, the fount of love that radiates to other souls the light of the better way.

Standing in "the valley and shadow," who can say, I know that my belief is the only correct one of life eternal? It would take a Solomon to be so wise, methinks, and he never claimed such wisdom. Who is there that can condemn any one's religion or belief and not thereby condemn themselves? The Spiritualist can be just as bigoted as the strict Calvinist; the Theosophist as the slave to castes in India who will allow a person to remain unburied if he does not belong to his caste. All this is wrong. The trial or test of all spirits was enjoined upon us by a wise man once, and who would refuse a beautiful rose? So truth, or what is new may be true when handed to us in the form of ideas, and ought to be sought and studiously tested. A sweet thought can cure an ailing friend, save a soul from despair, and be delightful as a rose.

Christ, in the person of Jesus, came to teach us spiritual wisdom, and the royal robes of virtue which he taught, we must put on, and among them the one that sheds the brightest hues to the world as seal and pledge of all the others, and badge that denotes the enlightened soul, is charity "that suffereth long and is kind," and leads us to know that other Christs have come to teach men the god-like powers and duties of this environment in government, science and art, and direct into new light the groping children of earth.

When we hug to ourselves the little we know, and think *we know it all*; we are like the foolish virgins with no oil, and lamps untrimmed. In order to be good, we need not club our brains to wade through Mme. Blavatsky's "Secret Doctrine" (I doubt if few would know any more when done wading than when they commenced), or travel to India to hunt up people, Mahatmas, that even India's priests do not know if they exist or not, or study Sanscrit scriptures; the stuffing of book lore has but little to do with the opening and efflorescence of the God-implanted germ that is the only real part of man, but ever pressing forward to the true education, the cultivation of the thought-power guided by the love-power.

Indeed, the world is moving in a crisis that is evolving the upward and onward flow of righteousness and spiritual unfoldment; this yearning for truth marks the way with unrest and inquiry; thus victory perches upon the white banners of truth borne on the breezes that are leading the children of earth heavenward, each his own way, learning to lean on its own light, trying all things, holding fast that which is good, because knowledge has no dangers like that of ignorance, knowing one cannot miss their way in the daylight, but they can in the twilight and darkness, finding the Christ that lights the world, lighting it in many ways and at all times, coming in our day as well as in days of old, if there is a great need for a Christ. "God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold; We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,—Time will reveal the calyxes of gold."

ALAMEDA, June 1, 1889.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE NEW

SPIRITUALIST : COLONY

--OF--

SUMMERLAND!

LOCATED FIVE MILES BELOW THE
CITY OF SANTA BARBARA.

The Finest Scenery and Fairest
Climate on the Globe.

1200 Lots Sold and Building Progress-
ing Rapidly.

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 the 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 enjoying—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.

The site constitutes a part of what is known as the Ortega Rancho, owned by H. L. Williams. It faces the south and ocean, gently sloping to the latter, where as fine bathing ground exists as can be found on this Coast. A fine beach drive extends to and beyond the city of Santa Barbara. Back, and two and a half miles to the north, extends the Santa Inez range of mountains, forming a beautiful and picturesque back-ground. A most beautiful view of the mountains, islands, ocean, and along the coast, is had from all parts of the site. The soil is of the very best.

Orders for lots in Summerland may be made through the office of the *GOLDEN GATE*, or of H. L. WILLIAMS, Santa Barbara. Price, \$30. Orders for lots will be received and entered, and the lots selected and located by the editor of this journal, where parties cannot be present to select for themselves.

The size of single lots is 25x60 feet, or 25x120 feet for a double lot, the latter fronting on a fine wide avenue, with a narrow street in the rear. By uniting four lots—price \$120—a frontage of 50 feet by 120 feet deep is obtained, giving one a very commodious building site, with quite ample grounds for flowers, etc.

From the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

Written for the Golden Gate by a guardian in the higher life, through the mediumship of Mrs. E. S. Fox, Scribe of the Order of Light in earthland.

To one and all greeting: To you in the valleys of materiality, the facts of human life must come within the innermost precincts of the soul; you feel their truth, the inner man realizes their power, the soul feeds upon them as the Bread of Life. Dear ones, to whom Saidie has come as one with power, each receptive one shall yet be able to prove to the world that they have the truth from the higher life. And yet, as Telessa utters this, she well knows how the minds of mortals reach out for a tangible proof. Look back o'er the demonstrations and manifestations that have been given for the last ten years; then look forward into the years now to come, and in the light of unfolding law, judge what may be the import and character of the manifestations yet to come.

The angel world is not meagre in knowledge, the earth lacks not in possibilities, but both must move on together, hand in hand, heart to heart, in love and harmony; then the millennium time will draw near, the time when those unseen will walk by the side of their loved ones in the valley, and these will talk freely together; talk of the past which will have become an open book to the earth pilgrim, talk of the way-side experiences that have brought their wealth of knowledge to the soul, of the homes they have built and left for the good of others, and the grand, more glorious home yet to be, when the bright Forever has opened wide its doors to receive the triumphant Conqueror who has come up from the last battle-field, bearing the victor's jeweled crown.

Dear ones in the valleys, angel hearts rejoice as day by day some loved one turns their thought toward the realms where love and wisdom abide. Telessa is one of the glad, happy ones whose heart is made glad, whose step has a quicker bound as o'er the earthward paths she seeks the side of her own, who fell asleep in the bowers of the better land to waken in the lowlands of human bigotry and superstition. These mists enveloped the spirit for a time, but the restless search for knowledge for abiding truth, has led to the Eternal Rock, o'er which the sunlight of our Father's love ever shines, and where the soul finds its own deep peace.

Dear ones of earth, set your feet firmly thereon, for where you find unquestioning peace and rest, you are near the great beating heart of the Infinite, where the soul finds the manna from heaven though times of unrest must sweep o'er the life, still the abiding rock, the sure love, will sustain and cheer, and brighter will shine the sun, until a perpetual day will have dawned upon your souls.

The promise we give to our earth loved ones is, a sure peace and ever abiding truth, a rock of safety, and guiding, guarding love that will never fail you. Abiding in these, you our earth loved ones are giving to us all conditions possible, and the manifestations and wisdom we will give in return shall more than satisfy each longing heart. Remember we can not hasten the time. Mortal and immortal must patiently walk the road of progress side by side, while continually the pathway shall become more beautiful and bright; continually the two worlds shall mingle in sweeter harmony until angel and mortal shall sing the songs of home in rhythmic sweetness which many shall bear. Dear ones, the time is passing with each one. You who are pioneers, will in time be gathered home and others will fill the places you leave vacant. When you have come up from the valleys and take again the places you have left, with the knowledge of earth conditions fresh within your hearts, you may become a power indeed with us, helping us anew as we shall all together work upon the hearts of the people, bringing about a wondrous revolution in the world of thought that shall tell itself in the manifestations the world shall behold. Meantime the promises to each one shall be fulfilled. You shall receive as you make receptive conditions; truth and light shall guide each life-barque into the harbor of eternal rest. May the angels bless each and every one.

TELESSA.
J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angel's Order of Light.
OSWEGO, N. Y., May 19, 1889.

A CURIOUS NURSE.—In India, where the elephant is treated by his mahout almost as one of the family, the grateful animal makes a return for the kindness shown it by voluntarily taking care of the baby. It will patiently permit itself to be mauled by its little charge, and will show great solicitude when the child cries. Sometimes the elephant will become so attached to its baby friend as to insist upon its constant presence. Such a case is known where the elephant went so far as to refuse to eat except in the presence of its little friend. Its attachment was so genuine that the child's parents would not hesitate to leave the baby in the elephant's care, knowing that it could have no more faithful nurse. And the kindly monster never belied the trust reposed in him.

There can not be a great man without large sympathy. There may be men who play loud sounding parts in life without it, as on the stage, where kings and great people sometimes enter, who are only characters of secondary import—depicting

great men. But the interest and instruction lie with those who have to feel and suffer most.—Sir Arthur Helps.

The Good Work in Oregon.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

When Brother Yeaw and wife visited us on their trip through the State, we promised to write often and keep the GOLDEN GATE posted in regard to the movements of the First Spiritual Society. Our time is so much occupied with the cares of business that we do not take the time for spiritual matters that we should. We fully appreciated the kind remarks of the brother. We are glad to know that men of influence and push are taking the wheel at San Francisco; that assures success.

Let me say that the Spiritualists of this locality are on the advance and capturing many converts from churches, and recruiting many in their ranks from the highways that no argument the churches can make will turn. This is really an age of reason; it is only by the best of reasoning and positive proof of a future state of existence that we can turn those who believe that this life ends all.

Since we have appointed Mrs. Brown (the noted medium), as our speaker, the feeling that has pervaded the minds of many, that Spiritualists were so much opposed to the Bible is fast disappearing. Every Sunday evening, Mrs. Brown uses the Bible on the rostrum, to prove that the knowledge of spirit return is taught in the Bible, is in fact, the foundation of its whole structure. My idea is that when we go among the Romans do as the Romans do. Should I go among the Sioux Indians to teach them, I must first gain their confidence, learn their ancient traditions and adopt some of their ways; then use their traditions to prove my argument. So, when we wish to argue with a Christian, accept his Bible. Then take that and prove that we are right in our belief.

The case recently reported by the New York Herald of the man in Illinois by the name of Swinforth, who claims that the spirit of Jesus of Nazareth has taken control of his physical body, brings the same response from the churches that it did 2000 years ago. Let him be crucified; or, in other words, send him to the Insane Asylum. What a pity it is, that people who are well posted in the ordinary affairs of this life, cannot understand the true relation between this sphere of life and the one next to this. As the Christian church always taught progression in the next sphere of existence up to the date of Martin Luther, I fail to see why the orthodox church deny it now. Why are the prayers for the dead said in the churches, if they do not believe God will hear them and send his angels to look after the lost spirit to assist it to progress out of darkness? I do not wonder that the Catholics look upon the orthodox as lost sheep, who make the argument for speculative purposes.

I notice that Dr. Abbot of Brooklyn, is advocating progression beyond the grave. I think Henry Ward Beecher, if allowed to once more stand up in his accustomed place, would tell his congregation many things about the next state of existence that would surprise them. Although old John Brown died on the Cross, for the benefit of humanity his soul went marching on. The songs of the Grand Army of the Republic as they marched to the sea fully attested. So with Brother Beecher; although he cannot speak in person, his soul goes marching on. The work he left undone while here is being done by those whom he can use. CICERO NEWELL.
PORTLAND, May 29, 1889.

More Spirituality.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I frequently meet with old Spiritualists who for years have been investigators of the phenomena, who seem to have outgrown physical manifestations, and are hungering after more spirituality; they are tired of going week after week and listening to tests, as they are called. This I consider a good omen, and promises a better day coming; while I would by no means ignore the phenomenal feature nor the less prize its value; but if we are to stop at phenomena merely, we would fail to reap the true benefits of the philosophy it teaches. I know this is no new thought, but as it has been suggested by persons making the inquiry, I mention it, so that all may see the direction we are tending.

How shall we best promote spiritual advancement, is the question. I mean aggressively; of course, individuals can take their own course and will, but a society, organized for the promotion of the Cause may need some directions. While I would not advocate debate, as it has a tendency to create a feeling akin to inharmonious, I would think that the selection of some question of interest, and have each and every member of the society express his or her views on the question in a short, clear way, then let the chairman analyze and decide the subject in accordance with the thoughts advanced, would have a good effect; but above all things, let love and harmony prevail.

C. A. REED.
PORTLAND, Or., June 1, 1889.

Many strive more to become learned than to become good; and the consequence is they often go astray, and bring forth little or no results from their labors.—Thomas a Kempis.

Written for the Golden Gate.]

Splints.

BY ELLA L. MERRIAM.

True, sound progression requires that we overcome, not simply endure.

Tempered spirits, like tempered steel, are fitter instruments for human needs and purposes.

The spirit world "lies all about us like a cloud." O, let us take on abundantly, of its heavenly conditions which are eternal, and less of the "earth earthy" that endureth but a day.

As refined gold is a much needed commodity in material operations, so should human kindness, refined in the progressive crucibles of earthly discipline, afford indispensable benefits in spiritual associations and relations, that now, alas, is so sadly needed and so sadly deficient.

Give vent to your better, natural impulses, and thus grow into that beatific condition that is in direct relation to, and in unalloyed harmony with the Infinite source and center of perfect love, truth and happiness.

If we only realized but a few of the numberless benefits of true spiritual progression and our ability to attain them, we would joyfully arise and with smiling, expectant and determined faces sunward, we would fight the good fight, and finish the course and receive the Crown! Let us so do, and let us help and encourage each other.

It is the little things that constitute life's happiness or misery. To mould a useful and happy existence, we must make each passing event as bright and profitable as possible, and let the darkness will disappear and Heaven's own, true unfading light dawn upon us.

How easy to be agreeable, obliging, and even magnanimous, when we are basking in the warm, bright sunlight of harmonious and congenial influences! But, alas, how frail our shimmering structure, when adverse winds and furious waves beat against it! Right then and there appears the true beauty and excellence and efficacy of our Spiritual Philosophy. Its golden lessons, its gleaming objects of inspiration, its varied encouragements and unerring justice, and its beautiful visions of light and love, are always apparent when we direct our eyes aright. So let us love its becoming and protecting garments, that when suddenly and unavoidably we are exposed to the unpleasant and often, destructive elements of undeveloped forces, we may walk erectly, smile serenely and rest securely in the loving arms of a universal philosophy that reaches out for all humanity!
LOS ANGELES, Cal.

If we would preserve our mental efficiency amid the changing pressure of circumstances, we must, by occasional recreation, withdraw the mind from too continuous application.

If there is not enough of the Christian religion in Europe and America to stop war forever between nations, there certainly ought to be common sense enough.

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Mr. Davis would be pleased to receive the full name and address of liberal persons to whom he may, from time to time, mail announcements or circulars containing desirable information.

nov19-5m*



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feb3-1m*

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aug25-1f

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jan1-1m*

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SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1889.

EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

The world has many heroes whose deeds are unending. There is one now, across the street—that pale, delicate young girl, modestly going to her daily task, at the counter or the printer's case, where by eight, or perhaps ten hours of patient toil, she earns ten or twelve dollars a week. And this meager income she faithfully hands over to her mother for family expenses—to support an invalid father, perhaps, and two or three younger sisters. How her modest eyes droop as she feels the vulgar stare of the young roués at the street corner! How patiently she pursues her task, spurning the hourly temptation to a life of gilded sin—lifting her soul in prayer for help to be good and true, and bear up bravely under the crosses of life. Do we not all know of many such, of both sexes, and are they not angels of light and love to mark the way for human duty?

A great calamity has befallen a populous region of Pennsylvania. By the breaking away of a dam in the mountains, a mighty flood was precipitated upon the defenseless inhabitants of several towns below, sweeping away a thousand homes, and hurling to swift and terrible destruction many thousands of human beings. Men, women, and children, a vast multitude, dashed to destruction, and no hand to save! Where was the intelligent, conscious Power, that some think dominates this universe? And so the world is slowly being educated to the fact that Law, or Force, (which is a property of matter, and which is utterly heartless, as judged by all human standards) controls all things. Thus, is it not possible that in worshipping God, we render homage to the law of gravitation that destroyed the multitude of residents of that ill-fated defile of the Alleghany Mountains? But what of the Eternal Intelligence behind the law? We do not know.

The work of Spiritualism is steadily broadening under the inflowing light of the higher spirit influences. Great schemes for the uplifting of the race are in process of unfolding—broad charities, and reforms in old methods, civil, social and political, all looking to the betterment of humanity. As the spirit world becomes better able to overcome the obstacles to a fuller and more perfect communion with mortals, the more we find these influences pressing forward to practical work. The most skillful mechanic could accomplish but little without tools; so the most earnest worker in the presentation of our facts and philosophy must needs have the appliances essential to efficient work. We need buildings and presses, schools of mediumship and colleges of psychic research. We need many things to bring our Cause into respectable prominence before the world. When Spiritualists own their public halls, and can make a fair showing before the world in other ways, they will then be able to command considerate treatment of the church, and its satellites, the secular press.

Some of our good workers seem to entertain a fear of organization, as something of a very dangerous character. They seem to think that organization means a surrender of individual liberty—as in some mysterious way fastening upon their consciences the shackles of creed, and binding them as slaves to opinions. Now, there isn't the slightest danger from organization if we only leave all creed out of the question. We can surely organize for public work, which, in fact, can be carried forward to no great extent without organization. The means we would apply, to extending the truths of Spiritualism will naturally cost money, and that can only be obtained by co-operative effort. Spiritualists everywhere should organize for work. Wherever practicable they should own their public halls, and especially should they encourage giving, among the rich and poor alike. There is nothing so enlarging one's spiritual nature as a liberal loosening of the purse strings. There is not much danger of any one's impoverishing himself in temporal things, with over-giving. If he should, he would find himself so rich spiritually, that he would never know it.

How like the refreshing raindrops upon the dry and parched earth, or the soft glow of the summer sun that falls upon the heart of the opening flowers, falls the warmth and glow of a kind word and loving thought upon the tired heart, hungry for sympathy and kindness. How very easy it is to make one's self beloved by one's neighbors and friends; and just as easy to make one's self disliked. People who succeed in the latter respect often complain of what they alone are wholly responsible for, and do not actually know it. What a grand world this will be to live in when we all learn to practice the Golden Rule.

Let us be honest with ourselves. We can't afford to deal unfairly with our own spirits. In fact we can't do it and expect to escape the consequences. If we cramp our spiritual natures into a straight jacket, and take on the conditions of error incidental to such spiritual distortion, we can expect nothing else than that we shall enter the other life spiritual cripples, with our faculties for growth and unfoldment seriously impaired. It is with the spirit as with a dwelling house: Open the windows, and pure air and sunshine will flow in, bringing health and happiness to the inmates; close them and the pale shadow of disease and death will ere long make his presence felt.

We know a grand, unselfish soul—a man at the head of a large and profitable business, giving employment to many hands—a Spiritualist in the truest meaning of the word—who religiously gives away to charitable purposes, every dollar of his large income not otherwise needed for the proper support of his family. He helps every worthy cause to the extent of his last available dollar, and then regrets that he has not more to give. No poor or sick medium ever appealed to him in vain, and no hand of worthy want, outstretched to him, ever returned to its owner empty. He gives for the very love of giving. His sympathetic nature overflows with goodness, with kind and loving thoughts, with generous and noble impulses, towards all humanity. Riches! what does he care for worldly wealth. His riches are of a kind that never perish. Why, he could pile up a mint of money if he so desired; but he prefers to enjoy it in making others happy as he goes along. And so he fills the air all around him with sunshine. What a host of loving spirits will stand at the portals to bid him welcome to his beautiful home in the "sweet by and by!" What a host surround him here to bless and gladden his life!

THEY DON'T LIKE SUMMERLAND.

A contemporary publishes four letters condemnatory of our Summerland project—one from Dr. H. M. Bailey, dated January 24th, of which the writer, a month later, after visiting the place, recanted, and wrote to the GOLDEN GATE as follows: "As we are here to-day, on the site of 'the City of Summerland, we most heartily endorse the statements made in the GOLDEN GATE 'in regard to the beauty of scenery, the 'unsurpassed location as to climate, and the general 'location of the ground.' And again: 'We feel justified in recommending to all our brothers and sisters far and near, who feel desirous 'to focalize our forces for the spiritual work and 'centralization, that this is the place to unite 'with us.' Two of the letters are from 'R. F. Winchester, M. D.,' whose opposition might possibly grow out of the fact that he had a tract of land a short distance from Summerland that he was anxious to dispose of, for town lots! The fourth and last letter is from one Charles Ehrenfeld, of whom we know nothing, except that the name and that of our contemporary are suggestive of a kinship (in sympathy at least), that would naturally oppose any measure advocated by the GOLDEN GATE.

The best answer to these letters is the fact that there are now eleven houses completed or in process of building, at Summerland, and that nearly all who go there are delighted with the place. Of course, there are those who can never see anything good in the undertakings of others. It is well for Summerland that such persons do not like the place, as their presence there would introduce an element of inharmonious that would seriously interfere with the purpose for which Summerland is established.

THE TRUE WAY.

To reform a man who is on the downward grade, say something that you know to be good of him, and let it come back to his ears. Once he begins to believe himself worthy of notice, he will be ashamed to compromise his dignity by unspiritual acts, for fear of losing his laurels again.—Better Way.

Yes, that is the better way and the true way. Our jails and prisons might have been strangers to many of their inmates to-day if but some one had spoken some good of those found in evil ways, as good may be said of all at some time in their lives; this good is the hope that should have been watched and stimulated, and praised, until evil inclination was driven for very shame into banishment. All creatures are susceptible to the power of kindness, but man alone to the power of opinion. Hence, how cruel a thing it is for one to speak ill of another, or to repeat an evil report. If from eternity the soul may be privileged to look back and see the results wrought upon earth by its physical embodiment, we doubt whether any power therein vested, will appear so potent and awful as that of word and thought, that are one in effect. To think well and speak well of all human beings, is a virtue that few attain.

W. J. COLVILLE'S WORK.

On Sunday last, June 2, W. J. Colville delivered a very forcible and interesting lecture on Mme. Blavatsky's great new work, "The Secret Doctrine," during the morning service in Metropolitan Temple; the attendance was very good, the music excellent, flowers lovely and abundant, and collection very liberal. Alluding to some articles in last week's GOLDEN GATE, wherein explanations of the purport of oriental scriptures were given by some educated theosophists in the eastern states, the lecturer remarked that such explanatory criticisms were self evidently conducive to public enlightenment and the promotion of general good feeling, and that while some of the views put forward in the articles referred to, might not seemingly agree with the paper attributed to Mr. Vincent Hammer, a fictitious character introduced into the story "Onesimus Toole," the real ground taken was very nearly identical in both instances, as the moral agreement between the New Testament and the Hindu writings, these writers had not endeavored to disprove; they had only undertaken to show that the Vedas and other eastern bibles taught science as well as ethics, and so they do, but not in a manner self evident to the ordinary reader, as will be clearly seen at a glance by any reader of "The Secret Doctrine," in which the author proceeds to interpret many very mystical statements, and acknowledges at the same time that she is not in possession of the key to yet profounder mysteries.

This latest work of Mme. Blavatsky is far superior to her "Isis Unveiled," published eleven years ago, and it cannot be disputed that this great new work is making more than a ripple upon the surface of literary circles. The best periodicals are devoting several columns to the subjects of which it treats, while the gifted authoress is receiving something of the recognition her ability and industry demand. The shallow prejudice which blindly opposes Theosophy, because it cannot understand it, is about as effectual as a dog's barking at the moon.

In this age of free research, people of intelligence will steadily refuse to be scared off the field of occult wisdom by the jibes and sneers of those who bring vulgarity and ignorance into the arena of debate. The wisdom religion, perfectly in accord with all science as it is, is the religion of the future, and as it can be found hidden in all the bibles of the world, and at the root of all systems, it can and must be the solvent of all differences in time to come. The reading and thinking public owes Mme. Blavatsky an inestimable debt of gratitude for her latest contribution to religio-scientific literature, which is without question one of the grandest and profoundest works ever published; the personality of the woman is completely lost sight of in the utterly impersonal treatment of the theme.

Reading clubs could very profitably be formed for the study of the "Secret Doctrine," which though a heavy work is intensely interesting and in many parts extremely lucid.

In the evening at College Hall, 106 McAllister street, W. J. Colville spoke to an audience larger than the seating capacity, on "Christ Preaching to Spirits in Prison." Many of the great reform questions of the day were touched upon, and the true method of enabling the weak and erring pointed out.

At Oakland, in the afternoon, the Synagogue was again crowded. "The stories of Cain and Abel and Jonah" were instructively expounded at the request of the audience.

W. J. Colville closed up his classes in San Francisco at College Hall, on Tuesday, June 4, at 8 P. M., when the exercises were very interesting. He is now engaged as follows: Oakland Synagogue, Sunday, Monday, and Thursday, 3 P. M.; Alameda, 1725 Everett street, Monday and Thursday, public class, 7.45 P. M.; Tuesday and Thursday, private class, 10 A. M.; San Jose, I. O. O. F., Wednesday, 2.15 P. M.; Mountain View, Wednesday, 8 P. M.

During the sessions of the Camp Meeting he will speak nowhere else in San Francisco; he lectures on the grounds next Sunday, June 9, at 11 A. M., on "Spiritualism and its Message to all Humanity"; in Oakland Synagogue, at 3 P. M., on "Pentecost; the Law and the Gospel."

W. J. Colville will begin a short season of work in San Diego, Sunday, July 7, where he will probably remain until he departs for Paris and London. His address is still 1119 Sutter street, San Francisco.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

The Panama Canal may well be called "the burial place of wealth," and when all its stories of extravagance shall have been written, it will be found that the three hundred thousand spent on the house of the Superintendent, and nearly the same sum for the opening of fine roads that his wife might indulge in the exercise of horseback riding, are by no means the greatest. There are some good results now being felt that will doubtless be regarded in future as an offset to all the shortsightedness, and extravagant management of this gigantic engineering enterprise, and for which credit will be given DeLesseps, and be considered of greater moment than would his success in his great scheme. We refer to the climatic change that has taken place in Panama through the prosecution of the canal work. The great forest on the heights of Cebra, that formerly cut off all wind from the Panama side of the Isthmus, have been cleared off, and with them sixty feet of the mountain top, thereby giving free sweep to the North-east trade winds of the Atlantic, that are now doing much to mitigate the heat of Panama and Acapulco. With the completion of the Canal this modification would be great, indeed.

—L. Pet Anderson, a beautiful soul, well known in this community, was recently united in marriage with a Mr. Bovee, of Chicago, an old time Spiritualist, and one well supplied with earthly comforts. At a grand reception given at their beautiful home, one hundred and fifty guests were present. *New Thought*, speaking of their

marriage, says: "She is splendidly situated in a charming home, and we bespeak for our sister 'Pet, a pleasant life's sunset.' So say we all of us. Mr. and Mrs. Bovee expect to visit the Eastern Camp-Meetings this summer, and then come to California in the Fall.

LIFE.

Who can estimate its value or tell its purpose? Yet, how quickly we condemn it, and call it worthless, and cut it off! Man is preposterous and presumptuous; he interferes with what he calls the Divine plan, and expounds the will of God as though he were in direct communication with Him; he sets a value and an estimate upon the lives of his fellows as though he knew the purpose for which they were created, and found them all failures. This, however, is no worse than the self-depreciation of life that is manifest in all sorts of self-destruction called suicide. There is very little philosophy in the mental workings of the masses, whereas it requires a great deal to see the why, wherefore and worth of life to those whose existence is not rounded out by a fixed purpose. And it requires but a unit less for the most well directed, successful or persevering, to always keep in mind a purpose in life that is never revealed to mortal understanding. Some few persons have lived on the earth who thought they had found their proper place and work, for which they were the happier; but whether they did or did not, is for the other life to answer.

One thing we believe is certain, no one will be punished or held accountable for not finding the work he is best suited for, or the place he can most perfectly fill. We sometimes doubt whether there is a special work and place for each in the world, because there are so many details, and odds and ends of work to be done, that there must be many "Jacks-of-all-trades" to do them. The small things, the finishing up and putting things generally to rights after the master workmen have done and gone, is what the many do not like, and call life a failure in doing; but all necessary work is good work, and those who do these undesirable parts here, are doing as much or more towards the beauty and harmony of the world as those who choose their task and have fortune to assist them in fitting themselves to it.

Mortals do not sufficiently prize life, but the Philosophy of Spiritualism is going to help humanity to realize that no life is prolonged a day on earth that is not worth prolonging; that every day adds to its usefulness by a submission to the destiny that shapes all events and lives, however insignificant. Life is like a book we are reading; if we skip over the pages in our impatience to know the conclusion, we shall not understand it, or be able to pass judgment upon it as a literary production. We gain nothing in life by shirking its small cares and duties, for in these lie its discipline and its understanding. "Be ye faithful in small things."

In reading the Book of Life some have no thought or patience but for the end—these commit suicide, and they lose that which they must learn in another way—a way they will very much regret for its disadvantages. We shall most honor and reverence the Great Ruler of life, when we do most to preserve it, and make it useful.

"UNIVERSAL THEOSOPHY," by W. J. COLVILLE.—A book bearing the above title has long been before the public, but in its old form it has not fully justified its title; it was hurriedly compiled and is made up of thirteen lectures on Health and Healing, directions for treatment, answers to sixty or more questions on the general subject of Spiritual Science, poetry, extracts from various authors all good in their way, and a fine glossary and index, rendering it a very serviceable book for teachers and healers. A demand has however arisen for a work from the pen of W. J. Colville which will bear out the title, "Universal Theosophy," far more fully, and embody a consideration of many subjects scarcely touched upon in the work already referred to; this new work will be written during the present summer and published in the autumn at a moderate price. The following is an outline of its contents: Chapter I, "What is Theosophy?" General definitions and popular explanations. Chapters II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X and XI will be devoted to plain, popular expositions of the tenets of the great religious systems of the world, with a view to correcting prevailing misconceptions, and helping persons who have comparatively little leisure and opportunity for research, to comprehend the main features. Chapter XII will be a general summing up, while an appendix will give helpful hints in all kinds of ways concerning self-culture and the practical uses of Theosophical instruction, together with a concise review of all the leading Theosophical works now before the public. This is just the book for busy people and all inquirers. Miss H. M. Young, 1725 Everett street, Alameda, is authorized to secure subscriptions and fill orders.

—Mr. J. Wm. Fletcher closes his Boston office July 1st. He will lecture in Saratoga, New York, during August; in Brooklyn, New York, September; October and November; in Philadelphia in December; in Brooklyn, New York, first two Sundays in January 1890; in Bridgeport, Connecticut, last two; in Springfield, Massachusetts, in April. Mr. Fletcher can be engaged for other dates, near New York City, where he will remove about September 1st. Address, 6 Beacon street, Boston, Massachusetts.

—Dr. H. W. Abbott, the well known healer and test medium, has been holding developing and test circles for the last two months every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening, and has met with good success. He invites all wishing development to call on him at 120 McAllister street.

—Bro. Abner Rush has our thanks for copies of his pamphlet entitled "The Principles of Justice, the World's Crucified Savior. An inspirational Lecture, delivered in Irving Hall, San Francisco, Sunday, Dec. 19, 1886."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—See the program for the coming week's entertainments at the big tent on our 5th page.

—Turn out to-morrow, friends, and give the State Meeting a grand start. Only ten cent admission, with no rebate business.

—The following is given us as a sure and quick remedy for a sprain: Whites of eggs beaten to froth and mixed with salt enough to make a poaltice.

—Mr. Frank Algerton, the boy medium, is meeting with great success in New England; he goes West in August. Address, 6 Beacon street, Boston, Massachusetts.

—The afflicted should read Dr. Golden's advertisement in this issue of the GOLDEN GATE, also the local notice, entitled, "Sensation in Alhambra, Mich.," on our 5th page.

—The Elsmere Kindergarten held its closing exercises for the term on Tuesday last. Some seventy children took part, acquitting themselves in a manner reflecting great credit upon their teachers, the Misses Hill.

—A San Diego subscriber, writing to renew her subscription for another year, says: "You can rely on my subscription as long as I live in 'this world, and the paper is as good as it is 'now. It helps me greatly."

—An interesting entertainment was that of the Monthly Dime Social of the Ladies' Elsmere Club, held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Washburn, on Saturday evening last, for the benefit of the Elsmere Kindergarten. The contributions amounted to \$23.

—"Free Money by a Free People; or, Bond Money by Bondholders; or, The Republic a Transcendent Success of Liberty, or an Ignoble Failure and Defeat of Liberty," a pamphlet of about sixty pages, by J. K. Moore, of Oakland, has kindly been handed to us by the author. It is written in vigorous English, and by one who has evidently given the subject much close attention.

—Mauritz S. Liden, Vice President of the Philosophical Spiritual Society of Portland, Oregon, has been duly elected and ordained as a minister of the gospel of truth and spirit communion and return. He was formerly a member in good standing, and an earnest worker for the United Spiritualist Society, of Chicago, until its dissolution. Bro. Liden is authorized to receive subscriptions for the GOLDEN GATE.

—No Protestant Church in this city draws such immense crowds as does John Slater, the platform test medium, at Metropolitan Temple, every Sunday evening. He has kept up these meetings now for many months, and they have been steadily gaining in numbers until every seat of the large hall is usually occupied. Last Sunday evening Mr. Slater invited a collection for the Elsmere Kindergarten, when the audience responded in the handsome sum of \$50.

—It is very rarely that we even defend ourselves against unjust attacks, preferring to suffer the injustice thereof to that of using our columns for aught else than the advancement of our cause, and the inculcation of the highest principles of love and good will to man. But when our motives are assailed, as they have been in our advocacy of the Summerland scheme for spiritual work, it seems but right that our columns should be used to show up the source and character of the opposition,—as we do in this issue.

—From a report of a base ball game, published in a recent *Examiner*, we copy the following: "Gallagher, right-field of Springfield, while running after a ball the other day, felt a sudden 'thrill. He stopped as if frozen to the spot. 'He couldn't imagine what was wrong. That evening he received a telegram announcing that 'his father had been killed by falling off a building at Syracuse. A comparison of time showed 'that it was exactly at the same minute that his 'father fell.' Who can explain it?"

—"If you could get an accurate, photographic 'representation of the audiences that attend on 'mediumistic shows, you would see they have 'unintelligent countenances, and a dull, far-away 'look in the eyes.' Such is the intelligent (?) description, given recently from an Oakland pulpit, by Rev. Dr. Bothwell, of, say, the audience that attended the lecture on Spiritualism, delivered in this city by Prof. A. R. Wallace, about two years ago! Or of the audiences of Mr. Colville, or Chas. Dawborn, or Mrs. Crossette, or John Slater or Mrs. J. J. Whitney, or any other of our good speakers and mediums! It is sad to realize that the pulpit should be so deplorably in need of a Fool-killer, as the above extract would seem to indicate.

A LIVELY WRESTLE.—Work on the lot, preparatory to the erection of the big tent, came to a sudden halt, on Tuesday, by order of the Fire Marshall. Not imagining that there was any such fool ordinance as that preventing the erection of a tent on one's own grounds, without the permission from the Board of Supervisors, the party having the matter in hand had failed to obtain such permission; hence the trouble. But one of the Directors, Mr. W. H. Yeaw, came promptly to the rescue, and with the kind assistance of Supervisor Pilster, a petition was prepared and the necessary steps taken to obtain the required permission. This was done by visiting each of the supervisors in person, and obtaining their signatures to the permit, as the Board would not again be in session in time for them to act. Mr. Yeaw relates some interesting experiences in his canvass for official signatures. To some he was requested to explain the principles and teachings of the Spiritual Philosophy, which he did, awakening much interest on the part of his questioners. Others kindly assisted him, going with him and urging members to sign the permit. He found the Catholic members of the Board far more cordial and obliging than some professed Protestants. Two of the latter refused to sign, thereby doing their best to prevent the holding of the meeting. They are Colin M. Boyd of the Third District and Levi P. Ellert of the Sixth. Let Spiritualists remember them if they ever again ask for the suffrages of the people.

IDLENESS.

While there never was an age of greater industrial activity than the present, there certainly never was a time of so much idleness among the youth of the land. Hard-working parents, in a majority of cases, get no assistance from their children, especially their sons. One reason is, parents do not know that a child is never too young to learn; it is left without training until a certain number of years are attained, but in the meantime has gained a fund of knowledge in the "Devil's Kindergarten,"—the streets,—that predispose it to any thing but useful work. Hence, when the parents finally begin their training, they find, as they say, that "it is more work and trouble to teach and show my boys and girls how to do this and that, than to do it all myself," and so the young ones get their liberty to do what they please, or do nothing.

Every town and city is running over with these failures of parental training and government. We have great faith in the saving and reformatory power of industrial habits imposed upon children, from the time they can walk. Little hands and heads may be as useful in their way as big ones, and a feeling of self-importance is a good one with which to inspire a child. "Ladies are misused, an idle hour waiting to be employed, idle hands with no occupation, idle and empty minds with nothing to think—these are the main temptations to evil."

Habit is second nature, and may be just as fixed as that which is in-born. Good habits must grow with the individual to become permanent and reliable. Kindness and great patience are necessary for children, but they very soon bear fruit. How little of this is exercised towards the average child, the language, scenes, and sounds of our streets daily testify.

The same parents would be horrified to see one of their children taking poison from a vial; but that they are taking it from the streets and their evil associates, does not alarm them; not at least until some act is committed that sends them to jail or prison. Even this event does not inspire them with greater concern for the younger ones, as every one may see.

—One of the greatest charms of our "Summerland" scheme is the perfect harmony that prevails among all interested in the success of the project. Mr. Williams, in a private letter to us, referring to the attack of the *Carrier Dove*, says: "Of one thing the *Carrier Dove* can rest assured, and that is, Summerland was started by the 'angel world' and for a purpose. They have a great work to perform for the world, and they have selected this spot for it, and those they do not want there they will see that they do not come." We do not complain at the opposition to Summerland of our contemporary. It simply aids in the exclusion of elements that would militate to its disadvantage.

The Cause in Cleveland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Saturday afternoon, March 24th, a meeting of representative Spiritualists was held at the residence of Mrs. J. M. Ammon, for the purpose of organizing a Spiritual Association on a strictly scientific basis.

The body has been incorporated under the name of "The Society for the Advance of Scientific Spiritualism of Cleveland, Ohio," and the Charter declares the object to be "the education of its members in the philosophy of Modern Spiritualism and the promulgation of its truths."

The society now numbers about seventy members, and the Board of Trustees are receiving many more applications for membership. Professor H. Day Gould is now engaged in delivering a series of lectures before the society on "Spiritualism and Modern Science," while we have had an inspirational discourse from Hudson Tuttle and a very enjoyable seance with Edgar W. Emerson. Mrs. R. S. Lillie occupies our platform the last two Sundays in June.

The officers are: B. F. Skeels, Chairman; Richard Carleton, Vice Chairman; C. Bird Gould, Secretary, and F. C. Bangs Treasurer. The four planks of our platform, are:

1st, The continuity of life; 2d, Spirit return and communication; 3d, Personal responsibility; 4th, Eternal Progress. The Board of Trustees will engage only the best speakers for the coming year, and doubtless the interest taken by our citizens in scientific Spiritualism, will be greatly increased.

Fraternally yours,
C. BIRD GOULD, Sec'y.
CLEVELAND, Ohio, May 31, 1889.

Six More Lots.

EDITOR OF THE GOLDEN GATE:

I congratulate myself on the fact that Bro. Williams has consented to sell me six more lots in Summerland. Would be glad to have got the whole block, but Bro. Williams told me he "preferred to keep a few such spots for himself."

I have been over to Pacific Grove and East Monterey. Seeing people cutting down the trees, I asked why they were cutting them down? I was invariably answered: "Oh, they are generally in the way; and besides, we want more sun, and we can plant trees just where we want them, and of the kinds we prefer, either fruit or ornamental."

I am very glad there are no trees on my lots in Summerland, but there will be some of the kinds I want next planting time. The Japan Quat is a beautiful tree; grows well all around Santa Barbara, besides, the palm of many kinds, and almost every kind of fruit and ornamental tree; and Summerland soil is rich as any of the prairies East of the Rocky Mountains, and being in the delightful climate of Santa Barbara, between the mountains and the smoothest sea, that of Santa Barbara Channel. Well, don't I wish I was there just now.

Yours truly,
E. T. SLIGHT.
WATSONVILLE, June 4, 1889.

Fraternity Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Progressive Spiritualists of Oakland, met last Sunday to hold their usual services, Mr. Shepherd presiding. Mrs. Cowell of East Oak-

land, gave an invocation both afternoon and evening. Mrs. Jenkins, lately of San Francisco, gave tests, and answered mental questions from the platform, which she rendered very satisfactorily to those present.

At the evening exercises, Mrs. Loomis delivered a lecture on "Reincarnation," with her usual impressiveness. The meetings were well attended, and all seemed well satisfied. Next Sunday evening a lecture, also tests, will be given from the platform. We invite all friends to come and investigate. Meetings commence at 7 o'clock.
MRS. DAVIS, Sec'y.
June 5, 1889.

SENSATION IN ALBION, MICH.

One of the most remarkable and wonderful cures that has been performed since the Christian era, is the case of Mr. Geo. Young, a highly respectable citizen of Albion, Calhoun county, Mich. The following is what Mr. Young says:

"For many years I was stricken with a disease of so serious a character that I could not walk or stand. I was reduced in flesh from 180 to 100 pounds. The local physicians called my complaint liver, heart, and kidney disease; but after I had paid out a great deal of money, they said I must die, and that very soon. Just at this time one of Dr. Dobson's circulars fell into my hands (I was no believer in Spiritualism), and I thought I would send to him and make a trial, for there was nothing else left for me. He sent what he called spiritual magnetized remedies. I commenced to take them, and in a very short time I began to improve, and to-day I am as healthy a man as there is in Michigan, and can do as hard a day's work, and I know that Dr. Dobson cured me. I took four months of his treatment; two months after I was well, and it has nearly, if not quite, made me a Spiritualist. Since I got well, Dr. Dobson has been here to see me, and I attended one of his slate-writing seances, which, to me, was wonderful. My cure made an excitement in our town, and by its means Dr. Dobson has had over one hundred patients here, and he has been successful in curing or greatly benefiting nearly every one. Myself and wife will never tire in doing everything we can to induce the sick to send to Dr. A. B. Dobson, Maquoketa, Iowa, for assistance—the man that saved me from a premature grave. It is through him and his spirit band of doctors that I am alive."
"ALBION, Calhoun County, Michigan."

The foregoing is but one of many similar testimonials furnished Dr. A. B. Dobson, of this city. His disciples number thousands, scattered from Maine to Oregon, and from Dakota to the Gulf. It is quite likely some may be found who have derived no great benefit from his treatment, though we are free to say we have never heard of such a case—the uniform testimony being "entirely cured," or "greatly benefited." "The lame walk, the deaf hear, the blind see." Dr. Dobson's career has been a wonderful one; and certainly he is richly deserving of all the success that has crowned his work during the last few years of his residence in this city. He is warm-hearted and generous with his friends, while with those disposed to deride or oppose his work, he is not afraid to answer a fool according to his folly.

"Tis better to die, some of 'em say,
Than to be cured in such an irregular way."
—Maquoketa (Iowa) Record.

MIRACULOUS CURE.

EUREKA, KANSAS, Jan. 10, 1886.

DR. J. S. LOUCKS—Dear Sir:—I herewith send you two dollars to pay for remedies. My wife's health is so much improved with your treatment that she now believes that she is going to get well (you may think I should not have worded it in that way), but for to express hopes of getting well is but to speak of your treatment in the most favorable light possible. She has been sick for nine years, and at times her suffering has been almost beyond endurance. What has been the disease? You probably know better than I do. Although she has been treated by two of our best physicians, I have never learned what was the real cause of the trouble. They simply called it a breaking down of the nervous system, and they have failed to do anything for her more than temporarily relieving her when she was having severe crampings. The trouble usually commences by chills running over and especially up the back and through the shoulders. This often repeated for several days, and with this would commence that "all gone" feeling (as she says) in the pit of her stomach, and the circulation would become bad, so much so that at times there was little or no pulse, palpitation of the heart, hard work to breathe. Then would come the cramps. These symptoms have been growing on her for nine years, becoming more frequent and severe all the time. At first she only had them about two or three times a year, but before we received your first box of remedies she had got so that she had three or four a month, and had two the week your remedies came; in fact, she had got so low that it was only by giving her the strongest stimulants that we kept her alive at all. When your letter came and you said, "Don't give her any stimulants, not even tea or coffee, I can but confess I felt a great reluctance. I thought to take her off of the stimulant was soon to result disastrously, but I knew that she could not last long without relief. I gave your remedies as directed. I did not give her any more stimulants. The two days following she had slight chills. She has had that chilly sensation several times since which causes that goneness in the stomach. She has had no indications other than those of cramps since we commenced your treatment. Now you can see, that for her to say that she believes she is going to get well, she looks to you with a heart full of gratitude and on you as a great benefactor. If this is of any use to you, you are at liberty to use it."
A. M. STODDARD.

Another letter from the same, stating the result of this case fully:

EUREKA, KANSAS, Sept. 5, 1886.
DR. J. S. LOUCKS—Dear Sir:—In justice to you, and the cause of humanity, I will say that my wife's health is so much improved that she feels that she is entirely well. She commenced your treatment in December, 1885, after a sickness of nine years, which sickness grew in severity as the years went by until she was a mere wreck, and given up by the best physicians. Her sufferings at times were the most severe. She had crampings that were almost beyond endurance, and became more frequent as the disease progressed. My letter that you published of date January 10, 1886, is the best statement possible for me to make of her case up to that date, as her feelings are there described in her own language, and at a time when her sufferings were the most severe. You are at liberty to here re-publish that in connection with this. And in conclusion we are both of us only too glad to be able to state that she has continued to improve from that time to the present. And we will cheerfully recommend to all those that are suffering, Dr. J. S. Loucks and his band.

Yours for the truth,
A. M. AND E. J. STODDARD.

St. Andrews' Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Union Spiritual Society had a very large and intelligent audience at St. Andrews' Hall, 111 Larkin street, on last Wednesday evening. The first hour was occupied by short addresses, and music and singing. The meeting was opened by the reading of a poem by Mr. Henderson, followed by a song by Mr. E. Hersberg, after which Mr. Sully followed with a few remarks and a few advices by Mr. Henderson. The second hour was occupied by Mrs. Mayo-Steele giving platform tests. Mrs. Nickless closed by giving a few thoughts and a number of tests.

This Society will continue to hold meetings during the month of June as usual. Good test mediums and speeches at every meeting.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the GOLDEN GATE, the following form of bequest is suggested:

"I give and bequeath to the GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, incorporated November 28, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, — dollars."

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For each subsequent consultation, 1.00
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Celebrated Spiritual, Trance,
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Will continue her Private Sittings daily, from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Thursday evening from 8 P. M. till 9 P. M.
Private Sittings, \$1.00.

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Sittings Daily—to 4 P. M. fe23-tf

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MRS. C. M. STEERS,
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Has returned to the City, and is located at 1510 1/2 Market street, opp. Van Ness Avenue. Would be pleased to see her many friends.
Circles—Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings, at 7:30 o'clock, 25 cents. Sittings daily, 9 A. M. to 5; 7 to 9. fe23-1m

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Test Circles, Monday and Friday evenings.
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Lecture and Tests by
H. W. ABBOTT, Well-known Test Medium,
assisted by
JAMES R. McCANN,
Admission.....to Cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

JUNE 9th. — 1889 — JUNE 30th.

— THE —

California : : Spiritualist's

Camp-Meeting
ASSOCIATION!

— WILL HOLD THEIR —

Fifth : : Annual : : Meeting!

— IN —

SAN FRANCISCO.

Commencing Sunday, June 9, 1889,
Continuing over Four Sundays.

LOCATION.

As formerly the meetings will be held in the large Tent of the Association, which will be erected on the West side of VAN NESS AVENUE, near Market street. A place easily reached from all points of the city by lines of cable cars.

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As in former years, the platform will be occupied by able speakers and the most popular test mediums that have ever appeared before the public. The management take great pleasure in presenting the following

PROGRAM.

Sunday, 11 A. M., 9th, Lecture by Mr. W. J. Colville; 2 P. M., Lecture by Mrs. Carrie E. Downer; 7:45 P. M., Lecture by Mr. Chas. Dawbarn.

Tuesday, 2:30 P. M., 11th, Short Address by Mrs. E. B. Crossette, and Conference; 7:45 P. M., Lecture by Mr. W. J. Colville.

Wednesday, 2:30 P. M., 12th, Lecture by Mrs. Carrie E. Downer; 8 P. M., Tests by Mr. John Slater.

Thursday, 2:30 P. M., 13th, Answers to Questions by Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, and Conference; 7:45 P. M., Lecture by Mr. Chas. Dawbarn.

Friday, 2:30 P. M., 14th, Answers to Questions by Mr. W. J. Colville; 8 P. M., Literary and Musical Entertainment.

Saturday, 2:30 P. M., 15th, Lecture by Mrs. Addie L. Ballou; 7:45 P. M., Lecture by Mrs. E. B. Crossette.

Sunday, 11 A. M., 16th, Lecture by Mr. W. J. Colville; 2 P. M., Lecture by Mr. Chas. Dawbarn; 8 P. M., Tests by Mrs. J. J. Whitney.

Tuesday, 2:30 P. M., 18th, Answers to Questions by Mrs. Carrie E. Downer; 7:45 P. M., Lecture by Mr. Chas. Dawbarn.

Wednesday, 2:30 P. M., 19th, Answers to Questions by Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, and Conference; 7:45 P. M., Lecture by Mrs. Carrie E. Downer.

Thursday, 2:30 P. M., 20th, Short Address by Mrs. E. B. Crossette, and Conference; 8 P. M., Tests by Mr. John Slater.

Friday, 2:30 P. M., 21st, Children's Meeting; 7:45 P. M., Literary and musical entertainment.

Saturday, 2:30 P. M., 22d, Lecture by Mrs. E. B. Crossette; 7:45 P. M.

Sunday, 11 A. M., 23d, Lecture by Mr. Charles Dawbarn; 2 P. M., Lecture by Mrs. Addie L. Ballou; 7:45 P. M., Lecture by W. J. Colville;

Tuesday, 2:30 P. M., 25th, Conference meeting; 7:45 P. M., Tests by Mr. John Slater.

Wednesday, 2:30 P. M., 26th, Lecture by Mrs. Addie L. Ballou; 7:45 P. M., Lecture by Mrs. Carrie L. Downer.

Thursday, 2:30 P. M., 27th, Answers to questions by Mrs. E. B. Crossette, and Conference; 7:45 P. M., Lecture by Prof. W. H. Holmes.

Friday, 2:30 P. M., 28th, Short address by Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, and Conference; 8 P. M., Literary and musical entertainment.

Saturday, 2:30 P. M., 29th, Lecture by Mrs. Carrie E. Downer; 7:45 P. M., Lecture by Mr. W. J. Colville.

Sunday, 11 A. M., 30th, Lecture by Mrs. E. B. Crossette; 2 P. M., Lecture by Mr. Charles Dawbarn; 8 P. M., Tests by Mrs. J. J. Whitney.

MUSIC.

The Musical Department and the Friday evening Entertainments will receive special attention, and be made an enjoyable part of the exercises.

ACCOMMODATIONS.

There will be no camping upon the grounds. In close proximity good board and lodging can be obtained at reasonable rates.

All strangers from abroad are cordially invited to unite with us in this prominent spiritual event of the year, and feel they have a home among us.

This is the first time the State Association has pitched its tent in the great metropolis of the Pacific Coast, and a large attendance is expected, with an outpouring of spiritual blessing from the hosts of light.

ALL ARE WELCOME!

For further information, address the Corresponding Secretary,

G. H. HAWES,

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PUBLICATIONS.

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The book is well advertised, and the many sales we have made is proof that this is the proper time for a book like this

[TITLE PAGE.]

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— { OR THE } —

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nov 26

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM

will meet every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, Nos. 909 1/2 and 913 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.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS

meet every Sunday at 2 P. M., Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. All are invited. Admission, 10 cts. The Library and Reading Room of the Society is located at 841 Market street, "Carrier Dove" office, and is open every week day from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

COUNCIL G. G. OF THE T. S.

UNION SPIRITUAL SOCIETY MEETS EVERY

Wednesday evening, at 7:45 o'clock, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111, Larkin street. Good speakers and test mediums will be in attendance every evening.

OPEN MEETINGS OF THE GOLDEN GATE

Lodge of the Theosophical Society, are held on the second and fourth Sundays of each month, at 106 McAllister street, at 1:30. Earnest inquirers cordially invited.

COUNCIL G. G. OF THE T. S.

LECTURE TESTS AND SPIRITUAL HEALING,

by Mrs. Edith E. R. and Dr. J. R. Nickless, of New York, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111 Larkin street, every Sunday evening, until further notice, commencing March 3d, at 7:45 o'clock. All are invited; seats free.

THE PEOPLE'S SPIRITUAL MEETING IS HELD

every Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock, in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Speaking and platform tests by the best mediums at every meeting.

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,

A Few Words on "Aberglaube," in Theosophical Teachings.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

BY THEO. L. ED. WOLLEK, F. T. S.

A recent writer in these columns, "A. B. M. A.," connects the word "aberglaube," (why not use the word "superstition?") with Theosophy, and it is the object of these lines not to criticize, but merely to review some of his most salient statements.

Professedly, he attended many meetings in which Theosophy was brought to the fore, and even "penned a good deal of current theosophical literature," (whatever this expression may signify), but evidently was little benefited by this course, *au contraire*, he appears to have arrived at so many erroneous conclusions that it is a duty, even an act of kindness, to draw his and his readers attention to a few of his most glaring, we will call it merely, mistakes:

More than once it was stated, explained and shown in these columns, that Theosophy offers no attractions nor inducements "to those who are inclined to be forever running after novelties and sensations of the mystical type," that it enjoins on its students the contrary, and a life (not merely a lip-service and pretense) of charity, purity and self-control. If "A. B. M. A.," had read with only one eye the current theosophical literature, or listened more attentively to our friend W. J. Colville, he would not have connected "aberglaube" with Theosophy, nor made assertions which neither he nor any one else can substantiate. Those fond of sensations of the mystical type, can find them abundantly in the materialization and other physical manifestations during spiritual seances. Theosophy does not deny the occurrence of such affairs, but has it ever countenanced them? or made them the foundation of its precepts and teachings?

What are "the venerable superstitions of the far Orient," the "fossilized oriental system of religion," which "many professed Theosophists wish to introduce into the Western world?" Please define another time what is meant. Is the Law of Karma to be classed in this category? a law which is taught in the Christian Bible as well as in the Book of Nature, the law which is the corner-stone of Buddhism?

It is a custom of many writers on Theosophy, as well as on other subjects, to construct for themselves an edifice and then demolish it to their complete satisfaction, at least, if not to the one of any body else. But what is gained by such a procedure? What signify these vaguely put "venerable superstitions of the far Orient," this "mystical Asiatic cult," or "freeing the subject of all its present mysterious and most pernicious environment?" Are those not merely men of straw? It is even difficult to review such phrases, much more so, yea, impossible, to criticize. At best it can be stated and affirmed, that these are entirely unwarranted and unsupported assertions, such as are often made by more or less (generally less) competent and only partially informed persons, who gained their knowledge of Theosophy at heaven knows what sources, and who are not yet able to assimilate its teachings. Such persons' serene unconsciousness of their own defects and shortcomings are very marked and occasionally leads them into print. If any "friend of all true progress" would specify these "venerable superstitions" which Theosophists try to introduce, and define what or where this "most pernicious environment" into which humanity is in danger to be lured, really is, he will find us ready, disposed, aye, desirous, to elucidate questions which are generated by a desire to know. Very grateful we shall be to be shown the errors of our way and the delusions we labor under; yet of questions and arguments for the mere object of controversy, no notice will be taken. Theosophists' meeting are advertised in these columns; earnest inquirers are invited and welcome.

The writer of this has been for many years an observing student of Spiritualism, subsequently of Theosophy, has read considerably of its literature, but has failed so far to find a single instance tending to show an inclination to make an idol (we leave this to certain Christian sects) of any oriental scripture. We admit the correctness of calling the translation of the Bhagavat Gita a "Celestial Song," but is not Solomon's song called divine, too? And which of the two contain sensual materialism? In fact, who amongst Christians and half-Christians has a shadow of right to use expressions like "idol, fetish?" Read Talmage's and Spurgeon's sermons on the "Word of God," if idolatry and cant is desired.

Neither can be found anywhere what "A. B. M. A." calls "cringing sycophancy displayed toward Madam Blavatsky." This best abused of all mortals has undoubtedly earned the profound aversion and disapprobation of that numerous class which draws the Divine into the mud, and which, by expediency, cant and hypocrisy expect to earn dollars and paradise, and no doubt she considers it a privilege to be abused and maligned by the moral riff-raff. At the same time and for same reasons, she has earned the gratitude of those who can understand, more or less, her writings, and who have in consequence been benefited by her, and who can, even imperfectly, appreciate her untiring and unselfish labors in behalf of the theosophical

cause, which is that of the "great orphan" humanity. The great majority has in fact little or no comprehension of her "intricate and voluminous literary efforts," and the less the said majority talks or writes about what it cannot understand, the better can it hide its, let us say, want of knowing, its short sightedness.

Some critics exhibit a great want of tact, even of decency, to carp about the personal character of Madame Blavatsky, her idiosyncrasies, which are sometimes attacked when a captious writer is at his or her wits' end to find a vulnerable point in her literary productions. Nobody, she the last, claims perfection for her, and it is silly and rude at all times to drag a woman's character into print.

And what about the "oft heard of Mahatmas." They are human beings who succeed in evolving and using the hidden faculties innate in every human being, and whose character can be judged, partially and incompletely, by the letters received from their midst. The adepts may be myths to some, mediums to others—what of it?

It is not the object of these lines to compare Buddhism with Christianity. Let him who wishes to do so take two sacred books, the Gospels and the "Light of Asia," it will not require much reflection to perceive the fundamental oneness in some respects, and the fundamental difference in some others, between the laws as laid down by Buddha and the dogmas of the fathers of the church. One says that what one has sowed he must reap, that wrongs bring forth sorrows and woes, that each for himself must give answer for all things done and undone; and the other, Christ Jesus has atoned for your sins, believe only and be saved and happy in *saecula saeculorum*. The latter doctrine, being so easy and forsooth so comfortable, what wonder that it is the accepted one in this era of civilization; logic and experience, nature and reason notwithstanding.

Where is the need of such assertions that "we need no permission from Himalayan brothers to utilize or manifest our psychical endowments?" Who ever intimated to prostrate ourselves at the feet of the Masters, as some Christians do, when bread is said to be converted into flesh? Where are the foundations of such assertions? It is easy to assert, less so to answer.

That "there are numbers of people like himself who would gladly unite in an earnest and practical endeavor to particularize the theory of Universal Brotherhood" is a yet unproven averment. For several years past has a handful of earnest women and men labored to spread and to popularize the idea of the Universal Brotherhood of humanity, irrespective of sex, color and creed, and they have seemingly not yet been able to "impress most favorably the best minds all over the world" thus far, as to unite these aforesaid best minds in a bond of moral brotherhood.

The reason whereof is obvious to the knowing ones, but space will not allow its elucidation.

It has been remarked in these columns ere this, that it would be more conducive to the enlightenment and instruction of the reader and less humiliating for the writers, if these latter would acquaint themselves thoroughly with the subject they intend to elaborate, before rushing into print, otherwise the first would only become confused or led astray, and the other merely show their incompetency in that particular line of research. Such a superficial course is generally accepted by immature, emotional, enthusiastic young people, who often "rush in where angels fear to tread." The style used by a girl for her graduating exercise is not the one a ripe scholar will ever adopt, and as for unripe scholars—the least said the better it would be, if the seed they sow were to fall only on stony ground; but as we all know, weeds and wrong impressions germinate wonderfully easy. It might occasion visible improvement, if the daily press should utilize the meaning of these remarks.

OBITUARY POETRY seems to have no limit, but we rather suspect that this effusion is as near to the boundary line as one can well get:

Farewell, dear little Robert Allen,
Gone to meet his departed Pa;
In yonder lovely world up higher,
Where, by the golden throne of blazing fire,
He waits for his little brothers and his sisters and his Ma.

—New York Herald.

The first and chief element of success is decision of character. Without this, and the kindred traits that are always found in its company, such as resolution, courage and hope, there is little chance of success. With it "there is no such word as fail," and no such thing as failure. To such a spirit even difficulties afford a stimulus!

Literature has her quacks no less than medicine, and they are divided into two classes; those who have erudition without genius, and those who have volubility without depth; we shall get second-hand sense from the one, and original nonsense from the other.

"WHICH do you love most, your papa or your mamma?" Little Charlie—"I love papa most." Charlie's mother—"Why, Charlie, I am surprised at you. I thought you loved me most." Charlie—"Can't help it, mamma: we men have to hold together!"—*Texas Siftings*.

Discretion of speech is better than eloquence.

Our Centennial—The Other Side.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Was it not the object of the Centennial to depict, in a graphic, striking manner, the present actual condition of the whole people of the United States as a republic, after a hundred years of experiment, and to contrast it with the monarchical systems of government in the Old World?

In those governments the greatest good of the fewest number is sought and perpetuated by inheritance, regardless of intrinsic worth on the part of the individual office-holder, or the property possessor; these having been originally obtained by the sword war, and maintained by laws framed by the conquerors, regardless of inherent primitive rights. The king ruled by divine right, which the war priesthood proclaimed, and the kings and priests divided the spoil. The priests diverted the attention of the common people from earthly things by pointing them to their imaginary heavens. They affirm that woman is the source of all evil to the human family, and that the man should rule over her by divine appointment, as a punishment for introducing sin into the world. And the kings and their aristocracy—under priestly inspiration and at their instigation—in the meantime take entire possession of the land of the nation, of woman (half of the population), and of the mass of the people. The landless people they divide, using one-half as soldiers, to keep the other half in subjection, and to maintain their power and possessions. In both church and state, it was authority for truth, not truth for authority.

The American Revolution was preceded by an earthquake and a heaven-quake (Napoleon's "War of Ideas"). Thomas Paine, Franklin, Jefferson, and their peers were *infidels* to the infidel systems of civil and ecclesiastical governments of the Old World: these constitute "the great whore of Babylon, with mystery written on her forehead." Governments, they proclaimed, were instituted for the good of the people—the greatest good for the greatest number—and by the people, and for the people; *vox populi, vox Dei*—the voice of the people being, henceforth, the voice of God. The "Age of Reason" was written and published in place of orthodox mystery and authority. The primordial "Rights of Man" followed; these existed before any government; and "Common Sense" was next in order; and then came the Declaration of Independence—"The Crisis"—that brought on the revolution. It succeeded, and a government was established, based, theoretically, upon the "inalienable rights" of human beings. That all men were created free and equal, and possessed of certain inalienable rights, and government should acknowledge and enforce those rights. Jefferson said, "No man has right to land only in usufruct." No person could believe or disbelieve any proposition as they willed, or because of authority of either church or state.

The inherent rights of men and women are equal, and there should be equality of the sexes in the family, in society, and in governmental affairs. In the earthly order, woman should have entire control of the sexual relation pertaining to reproduction. In that order education should be universal. Each child born should be equally educated as a citizen of the republic. There should be no monopoly of knowledge; for knowledge is power. And in a republic all the sovereign people should be taught morality—self-supporting industry—hygiene. There would be no place for army, navy, doctors, or lawyers. No priests or millionaires. No poor and no criminals.

Paine said, "The most formidable weapon against error is reason; and I trust that I shall never use any other. I believe in one God and no more; and I hope for happiness beyond this life. I believe in the equality of man, and that religion consists in endeavoring to make our fellow-creatures happy." A government that was purely secular conserving the freedom of conscience of sects, and non-sects, from the infidel founders to the most fanatical Shakers—no sooner was this entirely secular government established, than the Catholic and Protestant priesthood united, like Pilate and Herod, to oppose and subvert it by introducing their Gods and Christs into the constitution, as they introduced poisons, under the name of medicine, into their own physical systems. The evils that remained after the government went into practical operation, unlimited land possessions, chattel slavery, wages slavery, women's subjection and disfranchisement, and other forms of wrong, like class education, brought on the Civil War, costing thousands of lives and millions of property. Now, the priesthood of the old heavens and earth are seeking to subvert the "reason" and "rights" of the American people contrary to their "common sense," and a second "crisis" is impending.

The Centennial has shown up one side of the great American republic—the wonderful prosperity, and astonishing social and pecuniary success of the class-educated part of the United States; a class educated in common schools, then in high schools, academies and colleges, and finally, in the military institutions of the miscalled republic of the United States, at the expense of the laboring part of the population, who are the wealth producing majority. These are left in ignorance and poverty, to become either the chattel or wages slaves of the non-producing, class-educated part of

the population, who had "taken away the key of knowledge" from their fellow-citizens. "Knowledge is power." And thus they became the ruling powers of the state—legislators, enacting laws, and then lawyers to interpret those laws, by means of which they monopolized the life-elements of the nation—the land, the money, and the labor of the uneducated men, women, and children of this "boundless continent." Whilst the governments of the Old World are "founded in force and fraud," beginning with force, the American government is founded in ignorance, and then perpetuated by fraud and force; it ends in a large army and navy, as exhibited in the grand display in the streets of New York and its adjacent waters. The pomp and pride, and glittering display of dress, and of music, in war, to drown the cries of the wounded; in peace, to captivate the uneducated and ignorant, and render them willing slaves to their educated brothers, who had taken away the key of "knowledge," destroyed their "reason," robbed them of the "inalienable rights" of man, the elements of existence, by which alone life and liberty can be maintained, or the pursuit of happiness be successful.

Washington declared that this was not a Christian, but a secular government. His private secretary was Thomas Paine, who said, in the crisis of the revolution, "These are the times that try men's souls." Paine hated war like a Quaker, and the orthodox war Christians of all denominations—Catholics included—in both armies, hated "Tom Paine," as they opprobriously termed him, slanderously calling him infidel and heretic, because he believed in the "Age of Reason;" in the "Rights of Man;" in "Common Sense;" in the equality of men and women, who should be equally represented in making and executing all the laws, social and governmental; and who said, "I believe in one God and no more."

THE SECOND CENTENNIAL.

Let us have another Centennial, wherein shall be brought out, to the blaze of day, the dark side of the picture of the great American republic. In our great cities, Jefferson declared, the people would be piled, one upon another, and would devour one another as under the Old World rule. Is it not true? He said, "No man has right to land except in usufruct." If carried out, there would be no great cities or "cancers on the body politic."

If there be a skeleton in our national house, let it be exhibited; let us see things as they are. Take off the covering that is over all people, and the veil that is spread over the face of all nations. Let us have an exhibition, by processions, of the uneducated and robbed classes of society. Empty the slums, pauper houses, hospitals, tenement houses, jails and prisons, bringing out the poor and tramps. Give them appropriate emblems, banners, and mottoes. The fifty or a hundred thousand fallen women, with a like number of needlwomen, would make a grand display, *with their friends* escorting. Then the landless men, who have become soldiers and sailors from necessity, who learn to kill their fellows that the rich may feed and clothe and shelter themselves.

Let the "city by the sea" ask Whittier to write another ode; he knows how to do it. His heart is not turned to stone; it is in the right place. The theme would inspire him, and the Shakers would endorse him.

ELDER F. W. EVANS.

MT. LEBANON, Columbia Co., N. Y.

A Marine Ghost.

The Sydney Herald prints the subjoined narrative from an American paper. What was supposed to be the relation of the deceased cook is not apparent:

"Under the heading of 'A Spook at Sea,' an American paper thus refers to the voyage of the barque 'Madura,' which left Newcastle, New South Wales, for Callao, twelve months ago, and which afterwards carried a freight up to Baltimore. Upon arrival at Baltimore her crew apparently hurried ashore, carrying their belongings with them, and declaring that they would not sail on it again for double wages. Captain Bernier said the men had become very superstitious, and believed that the barque was haunted. He related how the vessel left New York September 23, 1887, with a general cargo for Brisbane, Australia, from which place she sailed for Newcastle, New South Wales. On November 17th, a hazy, rough day, the vessel was suddenly surrounded by thousands of birds. Captain Bernier regarded this as a phenomenon he could not account for. About noon the cook, a Maltese, named Theuma, went forward to clean some fish, and while at work the roll of the vessel snapped the fastenings of a piece of wood on the weather side. The piece of wood was hurled through the air with such force that, striking Theuma on the head, it cut his skull half in two—one part of his skull went overboard. The man died instantly. He was buried at sea. The same evening, and almost simultaneously with the descent of his body into the sea, the myriad of birds disappeared. These facts are recorded in the log of the 'Madura.' From Newcastle the 'Madura' carried coal to Callao, and preceding to Pisagua loaded for Baltimore. The crew, or several members of it, including the boatswain, afterwards declared that the deceased cook was repeatedly seen in the forecabin and about the decks at night, hence their determination not to re-ship in the barque 'Madura.'"

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Letter From Vineland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I am anxious to see all of our good mediums commended for good work done, so I write to say that I attended a seance at Eighth and Spring Garden in Philadelphia, the second Sunday in April, where Carrie E. S. Twing was the speaker and test medium. The lecture was a plain, straightforward talk, which commended itself to the common people, of whom it is said, "They heard Jesus gladly."

The lecture was followed by tests; the method was by the medium taking her seat on the front of the platform and allowing people to take her by the hand, when at once a test would be given. I, a perfect stranger, took Mrs. Twing by the hand, when she said: "You are an old veteran; you have great ability to accumulate; you might have been worth hundreds of thousands if it had not been for your Spiritualism, but you would have been poor; you have been burnt out and no insurance." Then followed a description of friends gone on. Good tests followed with all others.

I arranged with her to come to Vineland and spend two days. We entertained her at our home, and am gratified to state that I believe that the mediumship of our Sister Twing does not seem to demoralize her. She seems to be a spiritually developed humanitarian, and not solely after the dollar. She gave private seances in our parlors during the day, and held two evening public seances, giving perfect satisfaction, and to some most wonderful tests. We were forcibly reminded of the text, "Come and see a man who told me all things that I ever did; is not this the Christ?"

The first Sunday in May I attended at Eighth and Spring Garden, Philadelphia, listening to a good discourse in the morning by Brother Peck, who is not only a good speaker, but a worker who appreciates the importance of the work. In the evening, Mrs. Ada Foye of California, held one of her unparalleled seances, giving entire satisfaction. The second Sunday evening, Brother W. F. Peck spoke for us; subject, "The Passage From Methodism to Spiritualism," giving good reason for the passage.

Thursday evening, the 23d, Mrs. Ada Foye astonished some of our Vineland skeptics by giving absolute proof of continuity of life and individuality, "over there." Every thing, as one expressed it, was absolutely correct as to age, disease, time of passing on, etc., and not a single mistake. I have been trying to comply with the scripture injunction, "Leaving therefore the principles of the doctrine, let us go on to perfection." Having the knowledge of the power of decarnated spirits, over so-called matter, knowing the power of decarnated spirits over what we call matter; I have been teaching the power of spirit while incarnated to perform wonderful cures. I believe and teach that we have a gospel to live, in order to successful and permanent work. I am profoundly convinced that spiritual development with intelligent concentrated effort will insure the occult or spiritual power of the entire universe of spirit centering on the to-be-attained, and accomplishing what even we will. We are now meeting every Sunday at the parlors of Mrs. Augusta C. Bristol (the poet), she acting as leader to study how best to develop and heal. I trust our efforts are being crowned with some success, for as we lay up landmarks we can perceive that the Divine in man is externalizing itself to the extent that hay fever is giving away, and as the spiritual sight is improving the bodily eyes in some are improving, and may the good work go on. Yours for the highest,

A. C. COTTON.

VINELAND, May 27, 1889.

An Actual Life Sketch.

[The Oregonian.]

The great question of our day is: What is religion? We meet it in all possible shapes and sounds, and after spending years of life and time prospecting the future and analyzing past, and present, we are again found asking the important question: "What is religion?" Somehow the answer does not come in satisfactory shape, and when the most recalcitrant of sectarians has tried to answer the question from his standpoint, we listen eagerly enough until the end, and then the soul's vacuum is felt craving answer still. There is no sectary who can amply answer your question or satisfy the inquiry you have made.

Here in Oregon, once upon a time, an old man lay dying at his home, and to a neighbor who came in he poured out his aching soul. He had always been a Christian, he said, and had tried to bring up his children in the way they should go. He never had fully enjoyed the hope and confidence for which he prayed. He had prayed for his sons, yet they were not religious and in fact their lives were a scandal to him. It was pitiful to hear him tell of his disappointed hopes and his unanswered prayers. Pointing to the family of his friend, he said: "Your father was not a Christian, and only in his later years did he believe in a God, but he taught his sons to be honest and truthful and to do good when they could. All of you boys are a credit to him; all of you are good citizens and good men. There is nothing more in religion than he taught you when

he said, 'Be truthful and honest and good to your neighbor.' My religion that I have tried to live up to teaches nothing more. With all my prayers and labors and efforts to bring up my sons, they are not a comfort to me."

The old pioneer continued to speak of the history of the neighborhood and recalled that the man they called "an infidel" had been most charitable to those in need; he became wealthy, but he always gave to those in need who came here from off the plains, and supplied their wants, when ministers and old missionaries and church members held on to their grain and wanted the highest price. There, in his stricken old age, the veteran who had lived a consistent Christian life became almost a doubter as his thoughts canvassed the men of the past and recognized that those who accepted no dogmas of religion, taught their children a creed that was Christ-like; lived up to it themselves, and died with calm resignation and confidence in the future, because they loved God and man.

The above sketch is true to life and is the experience of many. We ask: "What is religion?" and wonder that Providence does not watch our steps and bless our mortal existence, when the scope of Providence is the real and true, not the unreal and miraculous. There is no religion that teaches more than the supposed infidel above alluded to taught his children and himself lived up to—to do right before God and man. All the difference in creeds—be they Christian, Pagan or Moslem—have reached the sublime summit of all life when they teach the simple doctrine of brotherhood and kindness. It contains all, and when it is perfect and pure, as thus taught, it combines all the teachings of the ages, all the faith of purest minds, all the creed that can avail to make the world better and holier for all time. And this in fact was the real teaching of Jesus of Nazareth. All else put forth in his name is dogma overlying the simple and essential truth.

Dr. Shradly on Death.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

"Speaking generally," said he, "the death agony is very rarely attended by pain, because the system is always prepared for death by a weakening of the vital forces, by the circulation of impure blood through the brain and by the obtunding of the nerves. Of course some people have more pain than others, and this is largely determined by temperament. A nervous man—all other things equal—suffers more pain than a man who has enjoyed robust health, because the nervous man's sensibilities are stronger, but the pain of death is more in the anticipation of it than in the reality. The instinct for life is strong in man, and the teachings of the present day as well as the writings of our novelists do not make the majority of men any the more ready to die. Hell fire is not preached as much as formerly; it is an unpopular doctrine, but it is nevertheless taught and often adds to the torture of dying people."

"What people are the most afraid to die?"

"My own experience, strange as it may seem, has taught me that Christian people are, as a rule, the most afraid to die. My profession has brought me into contact with all sorts of men, and I have made a study of death from a psychological standpoint, and I have found that the best Christians are the most willing to stop out of heaven as long as possible. They all want to get there but they're in no hurry. The scientific philosopher who weighs the chances, who knows that death is inevitable, who recognizes that there is no way of escape since every one before him has had to meet the grim visitor, meets death as bravely as any. He knows that the necessity of dying is the penalty of living. He regards it from a purely matter of fact standpoint, and he is fully aware of the fact that no argument or theory will take off its edge."

"I am talking like an agnostic, am I not?" broke in the Doctor parenthetically, "but I am a believer in Christianity for all that, and what I have told you is the result of my experience as a physician and quite apart from my own preferences."

"What religious sect show the most bravery in the face of death?"

"The Catholics, I think. That religion prepares persons for death as far as outward semblance is concerned better than any other. The reason of this is, I suppose, the intense and deeply rooted belief in their religion. The mind of a Catholic is much more at ease after he has received the last sacraments of the church—the sacrament of extreme unction. The pulse sometimes has renewed strength after the unction has been given. To illustrate this I might say that had I to perform an important operation on either a Catholic or Presbyterian—all other things being equal—and provided the Catholic had seen the priest beforehand, I would rather operate on the Catholic, because he would be in better nervous condition than the Presbyterian. I had to attend, a short time ago, a noted revivalist who was living, I suppose, in a state of religious exaltation, and who was terrified at the thought of approaching death."

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EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

An article by A. M. Whitmore in GOLDEN GATE of May 25, on the "Blair Bill," now pending in Congress, is timely and to the point, and I rejoice that the columns of your most excellent paper are open to the discussion of this (to me) all important subject. Thomas Paine, the grand old hero and real father of this country, said, years ago, through the organ of that brave, fearless medium, Amelia H. Colby, that "when Catholics and Protestants combined their forces in an effort to forcibly blend religion and politics, then the liberties of the American people would be endangered as never before," and a bulwark of defense should be erected at once in every town and hamlet. After many years of skirmishing openly, and secretly as well, to force the recognition of their Jewish Jehovah into the Constitution of the United States, the raid on Sunday newspapers, cessation of excursion trains (in the direction of Spiritual camp meetings), these secret, wily plotters in the dark have, as a last resort, united their forces in one grand effort on this infamous "Blair Bill," resting their hopes on the peculiar wording of the bill, to deceive the masses into its wily toils. I am reliably informed that Senator Blair has always been a liberal man, and I have heard it hinted that Catholic and Protestant money is behind the bill, and yet the average Spiritualist with whom I have conversed says, "Oh there's no danger, the people of this country are too intelligent. An amendment to the Constitution must be submitted to the people!" Therein, my friend, lies the danger. Who are the voters of this country? Are our laws enacted, and the cumbrous wheels of the political machinery run by the best and most intelligent brains of this republic, or does money work any figure in this matter, and back behind this Blair Bill are millions of money and treasure supplied by both Catholics and Protestants alike. The materialistic fraternity claim, and I fear to some extent justly, that we Spiritualists give little or no heed to the dangers that threaten our liberties, while they are constantly on the alert, and surely they do deserve great credit for their efforts in thwarting the designs of Anthony Comstock, in his designs in the New York Legislature and elsewhere to throttle the last vestige of freedom enjoyed by the liberty loving people of this country outside of the church. I would that Spiritualists would wake up to this danger.

Never before has there been such a combination and concentration of religious intolerance in every direction. Any person of ordinary intelligence, who is any way conversant with the efforts put forth by prominent speakers, who are constantly employed canvassing the country, cannot possibly say there is no danger. These religious bigots have the audacity to ask the Congress of the United States to pass a bill that will prohibit Sunday mails, Sunday railroad trains, and all kinds of amusements, and one of these reverend gentlemen said, in substance, that God, in order to get even with Sabbath breakers, caused all the horrible railroad accidents, and the attendant agony and suffering, to appease his own wrath; and the religion of this God is the kind they wish to enforce upon our public schools.

I am well aware of the fact that a great many Spiritualists feel that no subject outside of double distilled Spiritualism should be discussed either in meetings or papers, but my Spiritualism means the discussion of every subject pertaining to human weal or woe. When mediums prophesied our late civil war, people said, just as they do now, "Oh, there's no danger, we can't have a war in America," but the war came. The very move that is now being made to enforce laws that will never be tolerated by the liberty loving people of this nation, and the consequences that must inevitably follow, will prove a desolating scourge to people of the nineteenth century.

MRS. O. K. SMITH.

SUMMERLAND, CAL., May 31.

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

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Faith is the impulse of the soul,
Which reaching forth to things on high,
Perceives as reason never can.
The light of love that he's not dead,
For while man's reason can explore
The mysteries of land and sea,
And calculate how planets roll
Through regions of immensity,
Faith only can explore the path
Which leads beyond this transient sphere,
Discerning the immortal realm
Where there is neither pain nor fear.

Faith is much more than mere belief—
Credulity can never scan
The glories of the immortal state,
And offer bliss relief to man
From sickness, care, and vain regret.
It needs an inner eye to see,
It needs an inner ear to hear,
Ere we can grasp the abiding world
And know a full salvation near.

The God of Truth points out the road,
Marks out the way which leads to heaven,
And tells us by an inward voice
How we may be released, forgiven.
The intellect may hear the tone,
Reason may analyze the tone,
But only faith the sacred voice
Is in its deeper teachings found.

Our outward eyes behold the earth,
The deep blue sky, the broad green sea,
Our ears of flesh hear music sweet
From songsters' notes, from minstrelsy;
But all our noblest dreams of truth,
Virtue and peace, are from within
Reflected from a world beyond
The territory marked by sin.

How shall we trust and be at peace?
How shall we work yet sweetly rest?
How shall, 'mid turmoil of the earth,
Can mortals feel divinely blest?
All beauties of this world depart,
We can not hold them if we would;
And often those we prize the most,
Conduct us to our highest good.

The painter and the sculptor strive
To idealize the works of time,
But all the while they catch a glimpse
Of things immortal and sublime.
There are no fading flowers on earth,
There are no forms which grow not old,
There is no simple earthly love
That ever doth, or can grow cold.

But through the filmy veil of art,
Or through the force of potent song,
The echo of a brighter state
Are unto mortals borne along.
We feel 't' when we can not see,
We know 't' when we can not hear,
And thus thro' faith the evidence
Of things divine is bro't most near.

The God in flesh we can not see,
The Holy Spirit is our guide;
Revealed to soul but not to sense
God's word within our hearts doth hide.
We love the right, we know we do,
E'en though we often wander far;
We love the truth and purity,
We reverence our beacon star.

How beautiful to turn aside
From all earth's vain regret and strife,
And feel that there remains for us
A glorious and eternal life.
Let go upon the mortal props,
Let's lean no more on broken reeds,
But turn in perfect confidence
To Him who satisfies each need.

How beautiful is child-like trust,
The simple faith which will not doubt,
A faith which resolutely trusts
By might of love, all faltering out;
A faith which says, I can, I will
Do what so'er God asks of me,
Trusting in heaven's eternal might,
I dwell in full security.

As patriarchs, prophets, martyrs, all
Sustained by faith receive their crown,
Strong in the confidence of right
They trod each dark temptation down.
So let us in each hour of peace,
Of grief, or pain, or loneliness,
Resolve to trust in God alone,
Confiding in his perfectness.

Then through our frames the electric thrill
Of strong, glad health, will freely pass,
Our minds illumined by heaven's light
No longer peer thro' darkened glass;
Our souls aflame with light alone
Surmount the barriers of clay,
And ever while we dwell on earth
We realize immortal day.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1889.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Mabel's Response.

BY MARY T. FURLONG.

[Lines addressed to Mrs. L. F., whose beautiful daughter, aged 17 years, died in New Orleans, of yellow fever, August 18, 1878.]

In thy soft sacred mood,
The lonely sorrow of thy solitude,
The willow crown of sadness on thy head,
The blossom of love's myrtle wholly shed,
Thou thinkest this, twice veiled in love and loss,
Within thy breaking heart for all that was;
Ah! I am with thee still, although thy tears
Are heavy on the roses of my years.

So few those years, mamma, the spirit shrive
Where they are hidden, more ethereal thine.
The melody that ceases is not dead;
Its written notes of sweetness may be read.
That soars in ether, that erstwhile is heard.
It has not ceased, its song is pure and true
In higher clouds of white and deeper blue.

Thy princess in the palace of deep sleep,
Thy child that caused thee overmuch to weep,
Like heavy incense of a broken flower,
A white, sweet jasmine, all thy Summer's dower,
The lily-faded hands and silent lips,
Ah, not so silent, but the deepest deeps
The under currents murmur back may bring
Responses to thy grief's sweet lingering.
Be satisfied: beyond the Temple of Peace
I will console thee after life's release.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1889.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

I do not know from whence I sprang,
Nor whither shall I go,
Out on the sea of Life I'm flung,
Tossed by the waves of weal and woe.
But this I trust,—if I but work as work I can,
With aim set high and purpose brave,
And nobly live my allotted span,
The God who gave my soul will save.

And then on the vast, uncertain sea,
My soul will drift forever free.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 3, 1889.

—ALICE J. STEVENS.

Onesimus Toole; or, from Shadow to Sunshine.

Continued from First Page.

of Azoriel; no sooner had the words left her lips than a living sheen of electric fire encircled them, and the glorious form of the angel was visible to all present. Dr. Maxwell and Mrs. Finchley were awed into reverent stillness, but they were not the least afraid. Lydia O'Shannington cried gently, but her tears were of deep and grateful emotion, not called forth by dread. Mr. Toole was startled, almost terrified. The angelic form was not materialized; it was a form of electric light without any semblance of flesh, blood, or garments; it could not be described as other than it appeared; electric light in the form of man, and such a beautiful and impressive form, at once so stately, so wise, so kind, that all who saw it must have bent in reverential love; but coupled with this wonderful graciousness was a keen, penetrative glance, which evidently read through the most secret thoughts of the heart; not a word issued from the shape of flame, but whatever Azoriel intended his pupils should learn at that time he communicated to them by influx into their minds. All present saw their careers marked out in that moment, not in the manner in which the fortune teller marks out the future, it was revealed to them what their work in life was, they were shown their destiny, in the sense in which the word destiny is understood by the truly enlightened. The glorious presence vanished as it came, suddenly disappearing in a soft, mellow, rainbow-tinted cloud of lessening light. Heloise and her father smiled a radiant smile, no one present ventured to talk over the matter then, and as quietly as though nothing unusual had taken place, the host said to the page in attendance, "Leonidas, serve the pine apple," while Heloise said to Mrs. Finchley, who was sitting next her, "These grapes are from our own hot house."

(To be continued.)

OUR QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

To "Believer." There are two kinds of repentance, one leads to reformation, the other to regeneration. One is outward and may not touch the inner desires, the other is interior and must, in the very nature of things, change the every day life. For the sake of clearness, let us suppose a man who comes to realize that his intemperate habits are interfering with his business, lowering his social position, bringing sorrow to his friends, and injuring his own health. Under the conviction which this realization brings to his mind he determines to change his life. When he has succeeded in so doing, he has reformed of course. Such a reformation holds more or less of good in proportion to the unselfishness of the motive; still it is only reformation, not regeneration.

Now let us take the case of a man who, coming into a clear conviction of the moral wrong of intemperance, determines to reform, because he has come to hate the wrong and love the right, for the reason that he realizes the degrading influence of such slavery, and determines to free himself, body, soul, and spirit from the tendency. When he does overcome the mental condition which made him a slave to his appetite, he is regenerated, changed from the centre to the circumference of his being. But there is a state of mind, which sometimes passes for repentance, that does not hold one single impulse for either true reform or regeneration. I mean a state of fear for the future consequences to one's self as the result of evil doing. This fear may take hold of one who really is living a good life, but who is sensitive to these emotions in other minds. In such a case there will be much unnecessary suffering, the individual really being the victim of hallucination. Or there may be that in the life which relates one to fear.

The doctrine of future reward and punishment is not one calculated to develop the moral nature; it acts on the emotions. Fear being the most prominent in many people it is easily called into activity. Such a state of mind is not one of true repentance, and but rarely results in permanent reform, much less in a regenerative life. There is very great wrong done to children in thus acting on and developing the emotion of fear as to the consequences of their naughty actions, rather than teaching them to love the good. If these conclusions are sound, then it seems safe to declare that there is one true repentance, which needs not to be repented of. This comes to one who, hating the wrong, forsakes his evil ways, and at last finds true peace in his love of the right.

To "Riverside."—In deciding what may be one's duty in his relations with other people, perhaps a safe guide is the Golden Rule. We shall rarely go astray if we "do unto others as we would have others do unto us." In coming to a decision in regard to a course of action which more nearly concerns our own welfare, perhaps if we ask ourselves, "Am I doing this simply because I want to, without any regard to any other consideration? Ought I to do this, or do I simply want to do it?" This test lived up to will usually show us the right path—for our perceptions become more clear if we respect them. Of course there are many things we may wish that do not invoke a moral question, where we may follow our private wishes

without restraint, but I suppose you refer to questions which must have an influence on ourselves or others, either for weal or woe.

"Clara C." "The unpardonable sin" seems to hide itself either in shame or mystery. But we will, for the sake of meeting your inquiry, suppose it to be some violation of one's own nature, that is so far-reaching that the consequence (even though he should reform), could not be overcome in this incarnation. Still, that would be no reason why he should not reform, as soul growth is a question of repeated incarnations, not of one life; what could not be forgiven (overcome), in this life, may in the next. You ask: "If one does not know what the unpardonable sin is, how is he to avoid it?" Whatever this sin may be, we shall avoid it if we live in thought, word and deed up to our highest conception of what goes to make a pure life. All short of this may lead in the end to what might be for this life, unpardonable.

In answer to "An Old Sinner," I must say that the idea of no "forgiveness of sin," seems to have produced many cases of "chemicalization" of the genuine sort. Now, "Mr. Sinner," who have you sinned against, yourself or some other human being, that you cry so loudly for forgiveness, and what do you mean by forgiveness? If your son, whom you say "I love dearly," should do you some great wrong, you might find it in your heart to forgive him so far as your overlooking the act, and treating him as though he had not done you the wrong; still, this would not recall the past, or prevent the consequence of the act either to himself or to you, no matter what you may do to cover up the wrong; he must meet the results somewhere, sometime.

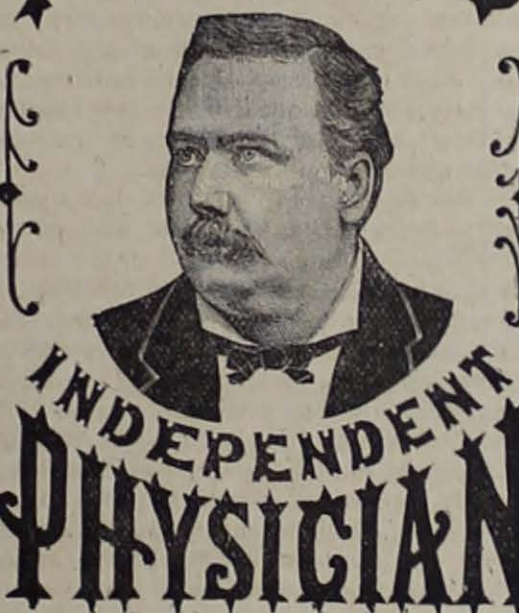
We cannot "sin against God," as a personal being, for that which man names God, is spirit. We may violate law, and thus sin against our own divine nature. Can we forgive ourselves? Can we recall one moment or act in the past? Of course not. Then how are we to prevent the effects which must result from the acts of the past? Now, my dear "Sinner," forgive yourself in the same way you would your son (if you can), but know this: your Karma must be met; the only "atonement," either for you or me, is expiation; I would not have it otherwise. If I am ever to become pure, grand, a conscious working factor in the realm of good, it must be through individual effort, not through any vicarious atonement, or forgiveness of sin. The "Kingdom of heaven is within," a state, not a place; there is no royal road leading to this state, unless it be in overcoming.

Several questions wait over.

SARAH A. HARRIS, F. T. S.
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