



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.

That religion is a sham which does not make its professor honest.

There is no charitableness in being uncharitable toward the uncharitable.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.

The manner of giving shows the character of the giver more than the gift itself.

What is love without truth or truth without love? They purify and ennoble each other.

The idea underlies all Christian teaching that woman is inferior to man.—E. H. Benn.

Grief is lessened by common endurance; joy and hope are sweeter by common enjoyment.

Most of the miseries of life result from our straying from the path which leads to content.

One by one the great thinkers of the world are giving up the dogmas and superstitions of the past.

There is only one thing worse than the desire to command, and that is the will to obey.—Prof. Clifford.

Every man's power is his idea, multiplied by and projected through his personality.—Rev. Phillips Brooks.

Never reflect on a past action which was done with a good motive and with the best of judgment at the time.

Conceit is to Nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.—Shelley.

Money and time are valuable; but a man may be miserable with both when he has more of either than he can spend.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten the cause.

How much trouble he avoids who does not look to see what his neighbor says, or does, or thinks, but only what he does himself, that it may be just and pure!—Marcus Aurelius.

Wendell Phillips was a living example of his statement that no man really believes his own opinions who does not give free scope to his opponent. Persecution is a want of faith in our creed.

Money is a very good servant but a bad master. It may be accused of injustice towards mankind, inasmuch as there are only a few who make false money, whereas money makes many men false.

It is a piteous thing to see how, in this life, the gentler and finer organized nature is always the one to suffer most, and come off vanquished in collisions, and the coarse-grained, brutal one to triumph.—Helen Jackson.

I believe that obstinacy, or the dread of control and discipline, arises not so much from self-will, as from a conscious defect of voluntary power; as foolishness is not seldom the disguise of conscious timidity.—Coleridge.

(Written Especially for the GOLDEN GATE.)

Onesimus Toole;

OR, FROM SHADOW TO SUNSHINE.

A Psychological Romance by W. J. Colville.

CHAPTER XIV.

A PARISIAN SUNDAY.

"We left our beds at dawn of day, We drank our coffee, ate our bread, Then hurried off to sacred fane Where the most holy MASS was said. Our duty to high heaven done, We wandered gently to the Seine, There took a boat and sailed away Beneath the sun to yonder plain, Where emperors and kings have met And great, decisive battles fought. The air was restful, all was calm; We gave ourselves to pleasant thought, We dined beneath tall, spreading trees Whose arms for centuries have spread Kind shelter over multitudes Who, by their love of nature led, Have found a sabbath in the air Conductive both to praise and prayer. The day was hot, the night was cool, We hastened home at dying eve, And felt when we retired to sleep Our souls could heaven's highest arches cleave. That was our sabbath; say my friend, Had your's more grace or holier end?" —From *Alphonse Lorraine's Continental Sabbath*.

A Sunday in Paris will doubtless suggest to some of our readers experiences far more pleasant than the mention of a Sunday in England, while to those of the Puritanical type (if such there be) associations not so agreeable may be conjured up. Whether the French nation be frivolous in spite of religion, or religious in spite of frivolity, or not at all religious, or not at all too frivolous, must be left to analytical essayists; suffice it for our purpose to affirm that in spite of all drawbacks, the continental sabbath is far preferable to the puritanical, though neither is ideal. One day out of seven devoted to rest, recreation, social and moral enjoyment, must commend itself to all workers as a boon not lightly to be esteemed. But London and Edinburgh, and even New York and Philadelphia are apt to be altogether too rigorous in their mode of sabbath observance, not that in any or all of those cities people get too much rest, but every once in a while we are made to feel that certain types of Protestants are a little too fond of a union between church and state calculated to imperil the freedom of citizens and their children in the innocent enjoyment of the beauties of nature and of art on the only day on which they can all enjoy them together.

In Paris I feel free, to say the least; there is probably no city on the globe so free as the gay French metropolis, and yet there are many sad drawbacks to the perfection of Parisian life. But with these drawbacks we are not now concerned. The few brief, happy days between their arrival at Prof. de Montmartre's delightful home and the first Sunday Mr. Toole and Miss O'Shannington had ever spent out of America, had passed all too quickly, but very profitably as well as enjoyably, and now at 9 o'clock or a little later, all our party were in the library discussing plans for the day. They had reserved all church visiting till now, as the strangers naturally wished to see some of the grand old buildings during the more imposing services common to Sundays and festivals, and hear the fine music from which they expected to derive benefit as well as pleasure. The Octave of the Assumption was not completed as the day was August 21, the churches dedicated to the Blessed Virgin were consequently the most desirable to visit, though in all the great churches and many of the smaller ones the services would be very fine.

In Paris there is a paper called *Le Semaine Religieuse*, which gives a detailed account of the services for the current week at all the churches in the city; it is a most useful guide both to residents and visitors, as it enables people to go just where they can derive the greatest pleasure and profit from their attendance and exactly at the right hour. All visitors to Paris want to see the interior of the grand cathedral of Notre Dame, and be present at least at one service, though the fact can

hardly be disguised that the music is much finer at the Madeleine and St. Roch. High mass at Notre Dame commences about 10 o'clock, and thither Prof. de Montmartre, Heloise, Mrs. Finchley, Dr. Maxwell, Mr. Toole, Miss O'Shannington, and Zenophon wended their way on foot; it took them just thirty minutes to reach it from "The Palms." When they arrived, a preparatory service held only in metropolitan churches was in progress; the pleasant but monotonous chanting of the choir, to the accompaniment of a fine organ was well in keeping with the subdued and somewhat sombre magnificence of the massive pile, which does not owe its celebrity to any gorgeousness in decoration, but to the perfect symmetry of its proportions.

Notre Dame is an architect's heaven, every line and curve is exquisite; the design may be pronounced faultless, and it is carved out in every detail, nothing is left unfinished anywhere. After paying the twenty-five centimes (five cents) apiece, which is expected for the use of chairs in the Nave at the high mass, to the polite and kindly woman who conducts visitors to seats, they had just time to give one all round glance at the stately building when the immense organ in the gallery pealed forth its glorious tones and the procession entered to celebrate the grand mass. Mr. Toole, who had never been deeply impressed with any Catholic service at home, and had not expected any enjoyment from the ritual at Notre Dame however he might admire the building, was most unexpectedly thrilled with delight; not only was the grand music unspeakably inspiring, there was a sense of deep spiritual feeling all about him, which lifted him from thoughts of earth to blessed realization of far nobler things.

As the beautiful Gregorian music proceeded, the incomparably rich voice of Heloise rose and fell as though in transports of adoration; it was not however till the *Sanctus* that the superlative effect was produced. A boy in the choir whose clear, treble tones had led all the other voices again and again through the high sustained melodies of the *Gloria* and *Credo* faltered slightly as he touched high G, and then almost broke as he was taking A. Heloise, grasping the situation instantly, threw her voice into the choir and sang with the little fellow in such perfect union that none but those familiar with the voice of Heloise and knew her power could have suspected anything unusual; her voice was however so much finer than any in the choir that many comments were heard after the service, such as: "Who was that boy who sang so divinely; we have never heard so sweet a voice before."

The day was lovely and all felt like enjoying a portion of it in the air. No healthy people being poor walkers, no matter what nation they belong to, and all our friends being in excellent physical condition, though it was an August noon when they left the cathedral, all enjoyed a slow stroll along the banks of the Seine for a full hour, which brought them in due course back to "The Palms." At 3 o'clock they were in the Madeleine where they enjoyed another rare musical treat, and though there was no occasion for her coming to any one's assistance, Heloise, who loved to sing as the birds love singing, again added to the superb effects by remaining motionless on her *prie dieu*, while her voice sounded from behind the altar where the fine choir were in their stalls around the organ. At benediction her face gleamed with something more than earthly light, and it was several minutes after the lights were extinguished on the altar before she rose from her knees. When she did so, her face had a far-away expression, and as they were going down the steps she whispered to Lydia O'Shannington, who, despite the electric incident, was always at her side and growing to love her devotedly, "You and I have been to two churches this afternoon. I wonder if our companions had any idea of our taking such a long voyage in so short a time?"

Overhearing this singular remark quite incomprehensible to the ordinary understanding, Mr. Toole, who was now engaged to Lydia, who had accepted him, modestly but fearlessly said in an apologetic voice, "Pardon me for hearing what may not have been intended for my ears, but the experiences I am now undergoing are sharpening all my faculties, and whatever concerns my affianced bride interests me deeply. I understood you to say that

both of you had attended two churches this afternoon while we had only been at one. May I ask an explanation of this new mystery? Do we understand you to say that while the service was proceeding in the Madeleine, a service in which you showed the deepest interest, and during which you manifested peculiar devotion, you were both conscious of being somewhere else, and therefore oblivious to your earthly surroundings. Had you appeared sleepy, rigid, motionless, or even indifferent, but Mme. de Montmartre, you sang seraphically; were you unconscious while you were singing?"

"Not by any means," responded both young ladies at once, "we were never so vividly conscious as when we were in the two churches while you were only in one; the second church can only be described as a church above a church, reached by a ladder of light; our bodies remained with you, and our spiritual essence seemed to elongate itself so that we were large enough to be in our places beside you at the same time, in a far larger and much more beautiful edifice; we cannot imagine how far off when measured by earthly distance; after the benediction we stayed to join in a magnificent *Te Deum* in the grander church. When the song ceased there, we felt ourselves returning to our ordinary dimensions, picked up our parasols and accompanied you down the aisle of the beautiful earthly temple where we had all been worshipping together. The universal church is a subject upon which my father wishes to converse with you very soon, certainly before you leave us," continued Heloise, "and while our experiences do not at all accord with any orthodox theories, and throw iconoclastic Spiritualists into convulsions of impotent fury, I am certain you will be glad to hear them explained, and be quite ready at the right moment to make them the basis of your future religious operations."

Walking slowly homeward discoursing as they went of the future of the French Republic and then of the coming commonwealth of nations, which Professor de Montmartre declared "could not be delayed much later than 1950, though the full glory of the new age might not flood the world till 350 years later, their conversation turned to the supposed impending conflicts between France and Germany and England and Russia. Such conflicts will not take place; there will be rumors of wars, but not wars at all events, for a number of years to come; and then, if war there be, though fierce, it will be short; it is not through a clashing of swords, or firing of cannon, but through a conflict of ideas the new cycle will be ushered in."

"1881 was the first year of preparation; we are now on our hands and knees, at least, most of us, creeping through the narrow passage into the King's Chamber of the Great Pyramid. Professor Smyth and others have seen an outline of what is coming, but they are too hampered with literature to give the matter the universal exposition it demands. I have a work in manuscript in my library which gives accurate instruction how to decipher every portion of the Pyramid; but such a work would be pronounced profane by the biologists, so I should not show it to them; they think every one a heathen unless he be outwardly Jew or Christian, consequently, they cannot accept God's revelation to the earlier Aryan races; peoples who were as far above the Jews of the time of David and Solomon as our modern civilization is ahead of the savage customs of untutored aborigines."

Thus they talked as they walked, first upon one theme and then upon another, till they reached their own door, where a pleasant surprise awaited them in the person of the Baroness von Eaglebald, their pleasant acquaintance of the steamer. Having received a most courteous note of invitation from the Montmarts to call upon them at any time, she thought Sunday afternoon vespers a good time to find them in. She had just come from her favorite church, the beautiful St. Augustin, and was anxious to show the Professor, in whose judgment she felt great confidence, an essay on the "Vedas," written, apparently with automatic ease in her presence, by the hand of a delicate girl only twelve years of age, whose educational advantages had been confined to the ordinary curriculum of a home school-room presided over by an English clergyman's daughter, who served in the double capacity of governess and lady's companion.

The essay with which all who heard it were greatly astonished, read as follows:

THE VEDAS.

"The name Veda has grown to be a familiar one in the ears of this generation. Every educated person among us knows it as the title of a literary work, belonging to far-off India, that is held to be of quite exceptional importance by men who are studying some of the subjects that most interest ourselves. Yet there are doubtless many to whose minds the word brings but a hazy and uncertain meaning. For their sake, then, it may be well to take a general view of the Veda, to define its place in the sum of men's literary productions, and to show how and why it has the especial value claimed for it by its students."

"The Veda is the Bible of the inhabitants of India, ancient and modern; the sacred book of one great division of the human race. Now, leaving aside our own Bible, the first part of which was in like manner the ancient sacred book of one division of mankind, the Hebrew, there are many such scriptures in the world. There is the Koran of the Arabs, of which we know perfectly well the period and author; the Avesta of the Persian 'fire worshippers,' or followers of Zoroaster; the records of ancient China, collected and arranged by Confucius and others less conspicuous. All are of high interest, important for the history of their respective peoples, and for the general history of religions; yet they lack that breadth and depth of consequence that belongs to the Hindu Veda. This is what we have to explain:

"The (Sanskrit) word Veda signifies literally, 'knowledge'; it comes by regular derivation from a root *vid*, meaning 'see,' and so 'know.' Here is found a first intimation of the relation of the Veda to us; for this root *vid* is the same that lies at the basis of the Latin *video*, 'I see' (whence our *evident vision*, etc.), of the Greek *oia*, 'I know,' and of our own Germanic words wit, wot, witness, and so on. It is a sign of that community of language that binds together into one family most of the peoples of Europe and a part of those of Asia, showing their several histories to be, in a more peculiar and intimate sense, branches of one common history."

"In the following table is given a little specimen of the evidence that proves this:

| | | | | |
|-----------|------|-------|---------|-----------|
| English, | two | three | mother | brother. |
| German, | zwei | drei | mutter | brüder. |
| Slavic, | dwa | tri | mater | brat. |
| Celtic, | dau | tri | mathair | brathair. |
| Latin, | duo | tres | mater | fater. |
| Greek, | duo | treis | meter | phrater. |
| Persian, | diva | tri | matar | |
| Sanskrit, | diva | tri | matar | bhratar. |

"We know enough about the history of human speech to be certain that such correspondences as these—and their like are scattered through the whole vocabulary and grammar of the languages in question—are only explainable on one supposition, that the tongues which contain them are the common descendants of one original tongue; that is to say, the dialects of German, Slavonian, Celt, Roman, Greek, Persian and Hindu are the later representatives of a single language, spoken by a single limited community, somewhere on the earth's wide surface, somewhere in the immeasurable past; where and when, we should like very much to know, and mean to find out if we can; but as yet we do not know anything whatever that is definite about it. We call this great body of related languages—carrying with it by inference, a relationship also, at least in good degree, of the peoples speaking them—the Indo-European or Aryan family; and we acknowledge something of kinship with every member of the family. It is not, perhaps, a very lively feeling; cousinship loses much of its charm when expressed in high numbers; yet, as we have a certain warmth of sentiment in foreign lands toward even an unrelated countryman, so, in wandering up and down the wastes of human history, we cannot but feel drawn toward those who really speak our own speech."

"One great division of this family of ours we find in Asia, occupying Iran (Persia, etc.) and India; the Aryan division, according to the best use of this name, since the ancient people of both these countries, and no others, called themselves *arya*. Their oldest dialects of which we have any record, those of the Avesta and the Veda, are hardly more unlike one another than are English and Netherlandish; and as in the latter case

Continued on Sixth Page.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)
What is "Forgiveness of Sin"? Christianity as a Disturbing Force.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

The excellent and intelligent lady who conducts the *GOLDEN GATE* "Question Department" makes the assertion or "plain statement" that there is no forgiveness of sin. How does Mrs. Harris know this? If sin is anything but the result of voluntary or involuntary deviation from the natural laws of body, mind, and spirit, will Mrs. Harris define it for us? And if the foregoing definition of sin is correct, will the lady tell us, in plain English, precisely what she means by the forgiveness of sin. The conflict between Christianity and certain systems of ancient and modern philosophy, is involved less in the fact of the assertion than in the length of time required in its operation.

None except the rapidly diminishing class who hold to the doctrine of the eternity of sin and suffering doubt the final extinction of all personal spiritual bondage. Hence the main question is that of gradual emancipation on the one hand, and the possibility of immediate emancipation on the other. I will admit that I—not having reached the polar heights where I can get an unobstructed view of the mysteries that revolve around the centre of all knowledge—am not sure whether this emancipation—which, after all, is all there is of "forgiveness"—is gradual through the ramifications of successive "re-embodiments," or whether it may not, under certain laws and conditions incident to the great unfathomed and unlimited principle called Spiritual Faith, be instantaneous.

Spiritual Science, as defined and advocated by the Christian wing of healers and teachers, is but a practical re-affirmation of the idea promulgated by Jesus when, in answer to the pious and materialistic Jews, he replied in substance that the Son of Man had power on earth to forgive sins, and significantly asked whether it were easier to say, "Thy sins are forgiven thee, or to say, Arise, take up thy bed and walk," following the claim by healing the patient instantly. Understand, I do not introduce this testimony for the purpose of "preaching" the Christian Idea, for I am too well aware that some of my readers have made the discovery that "there never was such a man as Jesus"; that others regard him as a common "medium," while still others, of a strictly mathematical tendency, seem to think that they, by virtue of the fact that they excel the Great Galilean in avoiderpois and general measurement, and perhaps, have bigger heads and are better posted in the knowledge of apes and tumble-bugs, may also discount him in spiritual energy. I only aim to prove that *somebody* at that early period conceived the idea of the necessity, feasibility, and existence, in the natural economy of things, of an act or law for the relief of discouraged and despairing moral debtors for whom a sense of uncanceled obligations rendered life and all its agencies absolutely unbearable.

Christians believe that somebody to have been Jesus of Nazareth, and that he first revealed that law, and made of it an active, healing force among men. This, I think, is a brief but fair statement of the Christian idea of the doctrine of the forgiveness of sin, which seems, just now, to be agitating the minds of the readers, if not the writers, in the *GOLDEN GATE* "Question Department."

The question, in some form, has always been working in the human mind, proving that there must be a truth somewhere at the bottom, and a truth that can neither be set aside nor silenced by Mrs. Harris or anybody else through the "plain statement" that there is no forgiveness of sin. All the religious systems and beliefs of time have been working—blindly, it is true, in most cases—along the affirmative line of this disputed doctrine. Christianity has been most prolific in results, because it has been radical and required a new spiritual birth and a change of heart, and has, with all its blunders and imperfections, and in spite of an opposition born of selfish greed and of its own spiritual blindness combined, been the most potent, disturbing, and conquering force for human progress the world has ever known.

And the central idea of Christianity has ever been the doctrine of the forgiveness of sin and a new chance for the subject. In fact, Christianity, when stripped of this quality, loses its quickening and healing power, becomes a system of moral ethics, and ceases to be a religion. Of course, religion has a higher and more enduring reality than that embodied in any and all doctrinal stages, namely, *spiritual illumination*; but this, as a rule, can only be reached and realized till the other is passed through and experienced, as mountain summits are only reached by first passing through the atmosphere of the lower levels. But I will return to the question, What is forgiveness of sin?

1. How can we repair wrong done, either unwittingly or designedly, to ourselves and to others? Can we restore human life when once taken? Can we pay back sob for sob, sigh for sigh, tear for tear, agony for agony, that we have caused?

2. Must we remain unforgiven—spiritually insolvent—unless we do these impossible things?

3. And being unable in one "mortal coil" to make things even, must we, according to the doctrine of Karma, take

on successive "coils" and wear them out, one after another, committing new sins and blunders in each, till the ever growing debt is paid?

I can see but one possible way of obtaining forgiveness of sin, and while the door or gate to that way must be Faith, the way itself must be through ceasing to do evil and continuing to do well, or the best we know how. This may, as far as possible, include restitution, but the latter is not the way or thing *per se*. Human souls are units, but humanity is complex. We cannot fall, arise, and stand to ourselves. The way to convert a piece of land that has been producing vile weeds and malaria is to place and cultivate within it those forces that tend to usefulness and health. If each separate owner begins at his or her *tail's centre* and works toward circumference, the inevitable result will be the ultimate redemption of the whole. So, any influence, scientific or religious, personal or impersonal, Christ or Christian, or spiritual science, that quickens within the human unit those forces which expel discord and darkness, leaving peace and light in full possession of the individual, is the agent or savior through which personal forgiveness of sins is accomplished. Don't let us juggle with words and phrases, but look to results. We may, after the manner of chronic fault finders and "progressive" mules, who endeavor to reform everybody except themselves, by radiating kicks in all directions from an inharmonious centre, call the seekers and recipients of personal salvation or reform, selfish, or narrow and bigoted, and accuse them of deeds and crimes in their past lives for which restitution has not been and cannot be made, and of which we ourselves perhaps could never have been guilty; but all this does not affect the basic principle a particle.

The only vital questions are: Have not these parties done what is best for themselves personally, and are they not, as separate representatives of the great whole, far more useful than they were previous to their new departure, or than they would be in a condition of doubt, inharmonious, and despair over their fate, because of things in their private history for which there can be found no known remedy or restorative as potent as the one they have accepted and utilized? If these questions are answered in the affirmative, as they must be if answered in accordance with practical facts, and with the logic of all life rather than death, it follows that the main question of the forgiveness of sin is solved through hope and faith.

The most that any human soul can do, either for itself or others, is to first make the best possible use of its own receiving and quickening centre, so that life and love shall abide there instead of death, despair, and hate. Such a soul is qualified to understandingly put forth efforts in aid of others. In other words, the soul that teaches others the way to peace and forgiveness must first feel an inward sense of peace and forgiveness, no matter whether that sense be reached "through belief in the merits of another individual," or Christian science, or what materialistics consider a "myth." The race is forever climbing toward higher elevations by a ladder whose top rounds are lost among ideals that unimaginative, one sided, or cold blooded people reject as myths, and yet it keeps climbing in its old accustomed way, only under varying and multitudinous types and forms.

Forgiveness of sin is the starting point of growth in spiritual quality and stature, ultimating in rulership over a low condition to which the soul had previously been subject, and the time required for such growth is not to be limited by our estimate of physical and ordinary mental processes, for spirit manifestation, like lightning, defies the ordinary limitations of time and distance. Neither can we order by any method of special selection or exclusion the various agencies through which such transformation may or may not be accomplished. We must judge by the fruits, bearing in mind that agencies which may to some of us seem stumbling blocks or foolishness, may to the parties directly concerned prove, through actual demonstration, the highest of wisdom. Being an "eclectic" in my own creed and practice, both social and religious, I find something in all systems that challenges my respect and prevents my dogmatizing either for or against any particular faith or method upon which any considerable number of people, quite as conscientious and intelligent as myself, have placed their convictions and affections.

It is a surprise to me that believers in the doctrine of re-embodiment, or in the facts of Spiritual Science, and of modern Spiritualism, should demand that Christians and others who adhere to ancient spiritual history and record, should submit their accounts to tests laid down by materialists. Psychical experiences of all ages are matters that cannot be satisfactorily and permanently settled by notary publics and petty juries. It ought not to seem impossible or even incredible to believers in occult science, that the very active and vigorous intelligence that unhorsed the belligerent Saul of Tarsus, might be able to return and impress his own disciples and friends with a renewed consciousness of many things in the past, and even make plain to them incidents and conversations and "prayers" which they had forgotten; or, perhaps, not realized when half asleep, or "standing afar off."

Something must have happened after the crucifixion to convert men into martyrs—willing to undergo torture, and to calmly face the certainty of the most cruel of deaths, as a seal of their faith—who

previous to the crucifixion, were common cowards and deserters at the "supreme moment." What that something was we have no positive means of knowing, nor even surmising save as we refer to testimony recorded in the New Testament record—testimony that perfectly harmonizes with the astonishing results, and which ought to seem reasonable in view of modern phenomena which go unchallenged by the average believers in Psychic Science, but which Mrs. Harris would evidently, if she is consistent, doubt, if not exclude, because it does not tally with the infallible gauge laid down by Blackstone, and endorsed by the ordinary lawyer, judge and juror in our "courts of law to-day," where premeditated murder is frequently rewarded by acquittal on the ground of self-defense, and where poor men are sometimes sent to states prison for the theft of thirty five cents worth of old iron.

In the light of that something, it is not strange that while the chosen friends of Socrates—who, it has been said, died not like a "man," but "philosopher"—stood by him to the last, those who had ignominiously forsaken the living Jesus, had the courage to renew their allegiance to a crucified Master because they were nerved, inspired and sustained by his returning Presence, and by unseen forces not generally recognized in those critical and fastidious tribunals where Justice, the only woman in court, and she voiceless, poses in the impressive scale and balance pantomime act, while jurymen and policemen decorate her skirts with tobacco juice, and rich criminals sometimes blind her eyes with gold dust.

Yes, by all means let those of us who sail the mysterious seas of Theosophy, or even dig for "test," occult claims just across the low-tide-mark of the five senses, leave our claims to the decision of civil courts if we propose to try Christianity by the same exalted standards.

The charge against Christianity, that "bloodshed has followed all down the ages in the wake of the misinterpretation of Jesus' teachings," applies with equal force to every advance step made by the race toward higher elevations, more especially when that step has involved a radical attack on human selfishness. And the "far-reaching cause for this result," which Mrs. Harris thinks it "not yet known to man," may, perhaps, be found in the very simple one that average human nature is fond of the case, and its customs, both good and bad, and hence, hates and resists any innovation that threatens to cast out old, time-honored and cherished forms.

The two declarations of Jesus—"Ye cannot serve God and Mammon," and "Ye must be born again, or ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven"—which are eternally true, no matter how vaguely or liberally interpreted—embodied the living, deathless germ of that irrepressible conflict which has "followed all down the ages," for it was a declaration of aggressive war against selfishness. It was this "doctrine that brought out a stream of opposition that resulted in the crucifixion," for it was aimed at the very heart not only of self-righteousness and hypocrisy, but of avarice and cupidity, which from that day to this, have never ceased to cry, "crucify him!" War was as certain to follow these declarations—which "come not to bring peace but a sword"—as it was to follow the Declaration of America's Independence, and the still later declaration, "No more slave territory."

Truth, if earnest—and that is the sort that wins—always invites the sword. If the sword remains sheathed, it is only because old, strongly entrenched errors lay down their arms without a struggle, which is not usually the case. And while it is very true, as Jesus said,—"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword,"—there is a radical difference between inviting it by adhering to the truth, and raising it in defense of error and oppression. The first generation of Christians were, in the highest sense of the word, socialists; enjoying equally and in common with each other, the productions of the whole; and it was their doctrine of human brotherhood—the seed from whence sprung the tree which is only in blossom now, but which in coming time is to supply the race with its ripened fruit—that incited the most bitter and violent persecutions and wars the world has ever known.

Whether these wars are to be renewed over new and ultimate issues from the same root will depend largely upon whether agitators, teachers, and pupils on the one hand, learn wisdom of prophets like Edward Bellamy, and capitalists on the other, follow the significant example of men like Leland Stanford, and reading the signs of the times, take practical measures for the re-distribution of vast accumulations which under proper views of life and its uses, could never have been heaped together,—and favor co-operation as a solution of the labor problem.

The doctrine of human brotherhood, as applied to the family on a limited plan, must be extended to communities and nations if we are to avoid wars and contentions whose only remedies are standing armies and weapons of death.

We reap what we sow, no matter whether the soil represents a square foot or a million acre ranch. If we sow selfish, grasping competition, we must reap monopolies and trusts that rob the many to feed and fatten the few. And then, can we wonder that the many, as they become enlightened, and discern justice without looking through the clouded lens of civil law, become restless, or even violent?

It did not require a "misinterpretation of Jesus' teachings," to produce wars as inevitable means to ultimate "peace." If, in a single family of children, where all were, in their way industrious, as producers, one or two of the number should, either through superior management, or "commercial enterprise and brains," succeed daily in not only securing their own necessary rations of a supply just large "enough to go around," but should appropriate that of a dozen smaller or less "smart" children, and then comfort the latter by piously referring them to the detached phrase uttered by Jesus: "The poor ye have always," there would very likely be a big row in that family, and a call for a new deal; and no sane person, familiar with the circumstances, would think of exploring the hidden mysteries of philosophy, or even of mathematics, for "some far-reaching cause not yet known to man," as Mrs. Harris does for the wars that have accompanied the career of Christ's declaration, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

The same rule applies with increasing force to the great human family as fast as the latter, through educating, illuminating, and equalizing forces, grows more and more sensitive to the obligations accompanying mutual relationship and destiny. It is to be regretted that Mrs. Harris—an able and representative teacher of a system in which it is proposed that the partial shall be lost in the impartial, the personal in the universal—should, in her praiseworthy effort to do justice to pagan and ancient philosophers and institutions, fall into the bald-headed practice among realists of endeavoring to belittle Jesus and his influence.

The philosophy that gave to Socrates "an absolute conviction that though his enemies destroyed his body, they could not touch his spirit, his real self;" and so grandly illustrated the heroic principle of self-adjustment to the inevitable, was good, and can hardly be too highly commended. But the spirit that not only did this but tenderly reached out in behalf of his "enemies," and said, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do," was better and grander, and this is why we call it god-like. Has Mrs. Harris a better term? Do what we may, cavil as we will, we cannot escape the fact that our highest ideals are, to all intents and purposes, our "gods," and the highest one our "God."

I have quite as much love and reverence for Buddha as Mrs. Harris can possibly have, and I cannot help a sentiment of sympathy for his sweet and merciful practice which "to a great extent did away (among his true followers) even with the taking of animal life." But I fear if his "true followers" should attempt to live by cultivating the soil, they might, in Minnesota, be compelled to draw the line at gophers, and in Fresno, California, at jack rabbits.

Would-be Mediums.

EDITOR OF *GOLDEN GATE*:

No person should ever attempt to be developed without first going through a general course of training, as follows: To prepare yourself for a medium, you must quit all bad habits, such as the use of any and all intoxicating liquors; quit the use of tobacco in any form; quit the use of tea and coffee, meats of all kinds, except fowls; quit the use of butter, pies and cake; quit all profane language, all slang words, and live an honest, upright life; in every respect be truthful to a fault.

When you and three or four others have accomplished all the foregoing, then you can begin to sit together for development. How to sit to advantage: Form around a table; first, select the one that is most mediumistic, and let him or her (as the case may be), put the left hand on the table, and all the rest put their right hands on; then sit quiet for some time, when you may sing a song (something spiritual); then sit quiet again, and so on for one hour, and whatever phase of mediumship you are adapted to, will come forth; when you get pretty well started, change with some one of the circle, and so on till you are all developed.

Or, you may sit another way: Form into a half circle, join hands and still keep the medium on the right hand end, and proceed as before, only don't sit more than half an hour; repeat two or three times a week. The object in doing this is to prevent being controlled by evil or undeveloped spirits, and have to go through so much misery of having lying spirits come and get control, which is terribly hard to change the conditions; when you find out they are such, as some cases I know of here; one in particular, where the medium would be a good writer, and can hear them talk as plain as anyone in the form, who has been trying and almost fighting for some months past. It is shocking how the evil spirits do talk to this medium.

F. E. SMITH.

OAKLAND, CAL.

KNOWLEDGE.—The more men are deficient in knowledge and reason, the more zealous they are in religion. In every religious faction, a mob of women, assembled by their directors, display immoderate zeal for opinions, of which it is evident they have no idea. In theological quarrels, the populace, like ferocious beasts, fall upon all those against whom their priest is desirous of exciting them. A profound ignorance, boundless credulity, weak intellect, and warm imagination, are the materials of which are made bigots, zealots, and saints.—*D'Holbach.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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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 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 Ortego 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. Pure spring water is distributed over the entire tract from an unfailing source, having a pressure of two hundred feet head.

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SANTA BARBARA, CAL.

Messages From the Spirit World.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

A few years ago that noble and true medium, Mrs. Patison, of Philadelphia, was visiting her sisters in this place, I sat with her a little over one hour, and received from spirits seventeen messages. While she was controlled automatically to write with her hand, two of the messages were written by spirits in the drawer of the stand that was bolted. This is the medium that the Seybert Commission tested, and expressed doubts to her, not to say *insults*, as though she might be a fraud.

I have often wondered that no one has ever written in behalf of this lady's genuine mediumship, so plain to any unprejudiced mind that has ever had a trial by sitting with her. Every message was written rapidly in different hand except those coming from the same spirit. I published several of these messages in the *Light for Thinkers*; there were three I did not publish, and I copy them for the *GOLDEN GATE*. One of these was a great curiosity, being written through the medium's hand, so fine that one needs to use a magnifying glass to read it. Here it is:

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

"I wish to give my testimony as to this great truth. Necessitated by poverty, I was compelled to use economy in the use of paper, consequently I wrote a very small hand. Though not a believer in this philosophy when in the body, I gave my friend Harriet Beecher Stowe, proof positive of my ability to return. Farewell.

"CHARLOTTE BRONTE."

CLAUDINE (A FRENCH ACTRESS AND MUSICIAN).

"I am glad to have the opportunity to talk with you. Words cannot express my happiness, here in my spirit home. You who are yet in the earth form can have but a poor idea of the true meaning of the word happiness, for here it has more meaning than you could guess. We find a happiness that earth life ever fails to give; we have everything here that you have that would go towards making life a pleasure, but ours is unmarred by earth conditions; ours is indeed a reality, yours but the shadow.

"Lay up treasures here by your actions in earth life; make the conditions such as will bring still better ones on this side. The time will come in the very near future, too, when I shall be seen in your home, not by one or two, but all who choose to look; for such conditions and influences are being perfected as will enable us to materialize in the perfect light of day, just as perfectly as they do at Mrs. Williams' in partial light. I am very often about you and how hard I try to make myself known; and I look forward with pleasure to the time when I shall not only show my form, but speak in a clear voice and tell of this beautiful home I have found.

CLAUDINE."

E. V. WILSON.

"You need have no fears; you are on the true road to peaceful rest. Go forward boldly, and every step will be made clear to you; and remember that he that follows the teachings of the Golden Rule cannot stray from the right pathway. True religion consists in deeds, not in empty words. Make every act of your daily life a prayer; for sincere prayer is work. Do your share toward lifting up the base and down-trodden; this is the religion of the just and wise. I thank the angel world that I believed as I did, and it is now as in the past, my duty to disseminate the religion of justice, truth and right.

"E. V. WILSON."

Messages written through Mr. Chester Fish:

NANCY BEARDSLEY.

"Anxious hours ever had ceased to be this property, only longer, but had come to be a condition, where it, according to a great and unalterable law of the vast universe was to go back to the general fund of matter from which it came, thus ever restoring unto the common stock what it had only borrowed, or used for the development of the finer elements or spiritual portions of which is composed the real man or woman. How glad I am that I can come to your midst at a season when the fragrant flowers bloom. Rejoice every one; first, that you live; second, that you have so good opportunities to learn of what is required to develop the spiritual natures of yourselves.

"There are countless thousands to-day coming from the eternal shore to the old mother earth, and could they be permitted to speak would say the same things; many would express themselves more readily than I can, but none can feel more interest and can more appreciate the blessing of eternal life than I can. I feel to sing the song, 'There is a land fairer than day,' to a tune that can never grow old while ages roll by. I see many familiar faces on coming back to my former home, but I have met many on the fair banks of the ever green shore whom we all knew while here. But now I will close with good will towards all.

Your old friend,

"NANCY BEARDSLEY."

Mrs. Beardsley was a medium who came to our place a few years ago, I being the first to make her acquaintance and know her fine gifts as also noble qualities. She left us for the higher life in a few years.

OSCAR B. GRAY.

"We wish all could see the grand light of truths as we see to-day; there would be more interest felt in the finer unfoldment of the human race. We are all philanthropists in our notions, and will at all times when it is profitable impart our experiences to the world of materiality. We can not do too much for old mother earth, who has borne us so many years and given us so good a start on the journey of eternal life. Right glad am I that our journey does not end in the grave, but ever onward and upward, and with joy and thankfulness we are striving to make the best of the talent that has been committed to our care, and with the help of the great combinations emanating from the great chemical laboratory of nature, we hope to help on the glorious work of spirit communion until all the world shall acknowledge its claims to respect and attention. With these few remarks we will now close for the present.

Your friend,

"OSCAR B. GRAY."

We had the great pleasure of sitting in the circle of Mrs. Stoddard Gray and son De Witt, through the invitation of Mr. Gray, two years ago last fall, while Mr. Gray sat by my side and gave me every attention as the spirits issued from the cabinet in materialized forms. There I saw the famous Joan of Arc rise from the middle of the floor, a vapor appearing

first, then the body gradually forming until a perfect one stood before us. She arose from the floor, and seizing two flags in the chandelier, waived them near the ceiling, came down at last and was soon out of sight. The kind attention Mr. and Mrs. Gray bestowed upon me I can never forget. As soon as I heard, the next Spring, of Mr. Gray passing over, I often wished that he would come into our circle, and was happily surprised at his writing the message above at that season. My guardian came twice and led me into the cabinet. If I could not witness the materializations I did at Mrs. Gray's, Mrs. Williams', and recently at Mrs. Beste's and at Col. Kase's, Philadelphia, I would not part with the consciousness of the phenomena for the wealth of either city.

Fraternally,

RILEY M. ADAMS.

VINELAND, N. J., June 5, 1889.

From the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

Written for the Golden Gate for publication by Spirit Saidie, Leader of the Oriental Band in the Heavens through the mediumship of Mrs. E. S. Fox, Scribe for the Sun Angels' Order.

CHILDREN WHOM SAIDIE LOVES, Greeting:—Many lines of light have fallen earthward. Mankind has received from the unseen that which for the time fed the brain and seemingly met the need of the inner man. God, the All Wise and All Powerful, has been painted before the mind of man in all the imagery the brain could conceive, and his form and fashion has been given to mortals as the brain receptive could receive from beyond the veil of mystery that hangs between the seen and unseen. He who is supposed to have made heaven and earth, and all that is in them, has counseled with the hosts unseen regarding his work, arriving at conclusions, e'en as the children he has made; mistakes were made in the beginning, and made by a hand called Divine. Children, Saidie has not come to you as an iconoclast alone; she will not tear down the temples which enshrine the dearest hopes and most sacred thoughts of man, but she will lay bare the falsehoods and dispel the myths, and when the earth temples lay before you, there shall be found to have risen upon the site thereof a temple more gloriously fair, for it shall be builded of spiritual material, and the light therefrom shall never fade or grow dim. Saidie will go no farther back than your Adam's time, for with you belongs the present time to garner in the wealth of wisdom lying yet unharvested upon the fields where it is fast ripening, for as ne'er before the sun of our Father's love shines o'er all the earth, tingling all things with its ripening glory. From that time until now spirits have clothed themselves with materiality again and yet again; have left the peace of their bright homes beyond and become dwellers in the valleys, taking upon themselves with the mortal they must wear, much of the condition or element of superstition with which this earth is filled, and which is and was its winding sheet.

Although these in the spheres may have possessed great knowledge, yet while wearing the mortal form, they were subject to its rule. Thought flowed in mortal's brain although it had its source in the realms beyond mortal ken, and like a stream issuing from a crystal fountain, partaking wholly the nature of the fount whence its source, yet as it becomes mingled with the conditions earth has evolved it partakes the nature thereof. Therefore earth has had the teachings of the past; each advanced mind has endeavored to loosen the chains of bigotry and free the brain, and in doing this has usurped a power greater than was their right, and in lieu of leading mind has essayed to force their opinion at point of the sword or before the cannon's mouth, that ideas and opinions might be held even not in accord with the inner convictions of right and justice. All these times are past, thank the higher powers, and the era of liberty of thought dawns o'er all the world. Liberty to prove each and every word, whether presented by man or angel for belief, by the standard of the highest reason and most unfolded wisdom man has.

The time is at hand when spirits in incarnating will bring a knowledge of the past, nor leave this beyond the mystic veil that hangs between the two worlds. Some now incarnate retain a dim memory, to others this must come as a vision or dream, while many in the inmost recesses of the soul must receive. And yet, our children, faith must not bind your souls to mythic lore; there must be an inner perception, a deep meaning, to the revelations you are receiving, that they may be sacredly true to each one. The churches of the land in which the eyes of angels may rest, were builded since the "creation of Adam and fall of man"; the mosques since the advent of Mohammed, and each and every religion now known can date its rise back no farther than the Adam and Eve, known as the first of God's created beings. But, our children, know that the Infinite existed prior to these, and his children now dwell in homes the glory of which is yet unrevealed to any dweller of earth.

Wisdom guides meet with Saidie in the Halls of Light who finished their incarnate life ages ere Adam came as the first created man. Immortality has no bound, endless life no beginning, and God no creation. These myths of the human mind will slowly pass away, and then mankind will

begin an eager search for knowledge that will meet response from the hands of angels. Then will evil hide itself away among the myths, mysteries, and darkness of the past, and with truth shall come the dawn of Freedom, Justice, and Right. The millennium glory but waits to reveal itself and the wise and pure shall receive it. Mortal and immortal haste the day. Peace be with you.

SAIDIE.

J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angel's Order of Light.
OSWEGO, N. Y., May 26, 1889.

Spiritual Unfoldment.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I have just finished reading a book; the title page is "Spirit Eon's Legacy to the Wide Wide World; Voices from many Hill-tops; Echoes from many Valleys," and several other books on Christian science, mental healing, and various other names for the power that is beyond the grasp of material or the animal senses in the human organization, and the question arises in my mind, How are we going to arrive at the true light and knowledge of those spiritual laws that are beyond the grasp of the physical senses? I don't see but one sure way to arrive at the truth of the matter. Humanity gains knowledge of material things by an exercise and unfoldment of their material organization, and the moral and spiritual faculties have lain dormant so long in the majority of human beings, that it is hard to find a person spiritually developed enough to comprehend spiritual things; hence all kinds of figures and similitudes have been used and are being used to convey spiritual truths to mortals' spiritual understanding, and how can they comprehend spiritual things without a development of their spiritual natures?

As fast as the moral powers are developed, and become active, and become a leader, and are obeyed by the animal nature, just so fast the individual is coming to the knowledge of the truth, and no faster. It is not the amount of books they read, nor the prayers they offer, nor the isms they believe, that makes them wise, but the natural unfoldment of all their faculties. Thou shalt not kill, is nature's divine command to be applied to all the various natures that are concentrated into the chemical compound of a human being, and as each one of all the various lives that have been reincarnated into the human constitution have done their work, they will relinquish their hold and drop away as the useless bark on the outside of the tree.

A. C. DOANE.

SANTA YNEZ, June 8, 1889.

THE Albany *Telegram* speaks as follows of Mrs. Carrie Twing: "Mrs. Twing is a most excellent medium, and with her peculiar control who designates himself as 'Ichabod,' has convinced more people of the return of those who have died, than any other medium who has ever filled an engagement with the Albany society of Spiritualists. Ichabod is very reluctant in giving the name he bore while living on this earth, but it is fully understood that he was the well known humorist, Artemus Ward. Be this so, or not, he is highly entertaining and witty, and holds the attention of the audience while giving communications to those persons who go up to the medium and take her hand in theirs."

"I DRINK to make me work," said a young man to an old gray-headed man of seventy. "Yes," he replied, "it will. I thought just so. I have buried two boys in drunkards' graves. I am an old man and feeble. I have spent a competence in drink, and now my poverty compels me to work when I should have rest. Yes, drink, and it will make you work, young man."

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SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1889.

A WORD WITH YOU, READER.

Through the noble donation of Mrs. Eunice S. Sleeper, of about forty thousand dollars worth of choice fruit land to the Trustees of the Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company, in trust for the uses of Spiritualism, we can now see our way clear to a home for this paper, at no distant day, with all the conveniences for good spiritual work that such a home will give. While the amount is far short of the sum that will be necessary for the purchase of a lot in a suitable location, and the erection thereon of such a building as we are hoping and laboring to secure, that objection, we have the assurance of our spirit workers on the other side, will be removed. One step in that direction will be the placing of the unsold portion of our company's stock—about \$6000—in the hands of those interested in our cause; and this we wish to do as soon as practicable. The Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company was incorporated November 28, 1885, with a capital stock of \$15,000, and with fifty years to run. This stock will soon have at least a par commercial value. Every share of it we can now sell will, by just so much, help along the good cause the spirit world have in contemplation through this enterprise. The shares are only five dollars each, and five shares entitles the purchaser to a copy of the GOLDEN GATE during the life of the corporation, together with all other advantages, business and otherwise, that may accrue therefrom. The friends of Spiritualism are cordially invited to secure an interest in this work.

EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

It is a generally accepted fact in spiritual circles that mediumship and morality are in nowise related to each other—that a good medium may be a deplorably dishonest man or woman. And this is one of the stumbling blocks in the way of the advancement of our Cause. Why it is that good spirits should seek to return to earth through corrupt channels, is a puzzling problem. That they do so is beyond question; but that they would prefer to communicate through honest mediums is also no doubt true. And herein, perhaps, we may discover the key to the solution of the problem: Mediumship is a physical condition wholly depending upon a certain peculiar status of the material elements of the body. There can be no dishonesty in matter. Thus, the spirit who finds the way open, comes, without any thought of the moral qualities of the man or woman whose body furnishes the way. We go by railroad or steamboat to visit our friends in a distant city, but do we ever stop to consider the moral character of the engineer who runs the train, or the pilot who guides the vessel? No one would think of requiring credentials of good character from the postmaster or telegrapher through whom one would communicate with his friends. That is probably the way in which spirits look upon dishonest mediums. They take no note of their dishonesty, so long as the message goes through to its destination all right.

"If spirits see fit to use dishonest mediums," says one, "why should we hesitate to accept them?" The illustrations given in our preceding fragment may help us to a reasonable answer to this question. Mediumship is confined to no class or condition of society; it may be found among the grossly immoral and dishonest as among the purest and best. Because we accept the services of the unworthy postmaster or telegrapher, is no reason why we should take him to our hearts and condone his wickedness. We would naturally prefer to send our messages through some worthier channel, if such could be found; if not, then we must needs make a virtue of necessity and do the best we can. At the same time we should never forget to exercise that kindness and charity towards erring mediums, as well as towards our erring fellow mortals generally, as will best help them into better ways of life.

Another question—"Should mediums once detected in dishonest practices, be allowed no opportunity to reform? In other words, should their mediumship be rejected when they cease their evil practices?" Most certainly not. The whole question of salvation hinges on ceasing to do evil and striving to do well. Spiritualists

should be ever ready to assist in the reformation of the erring. If the Great Teacher could forgive seventy and seven times, surely we ought to be magnanimous enough to overlook an error honestly repented of and abandoned at least once. Mediums guilty of deceptive practices, may see their error, and, in the light of a higher spiritual unfoldment, cease their evil ways. When the fact of the reformation of such mediums becomes established, we would be the last to remember the past against them. There are none of us so good as to be beyond the need of a kind forgetfulness of our follies.

The higher love is an unselfish love, a love that reaches out far beyond the confines of one's immediate kindred—a love that honors all life, and can do no harm. The she tiger will die for her cubs—could a human mother do more? Both are governed by the same law to that extent; but beyond that is a mighty realm of love whereof the brute knows nothing—a realm of eternal growth and everlasting delights. It is only the advanced spirit—the spirit that has risen superior to self—that has learned to explore this higher realm.

Perfection is found nowhere—all humanity is struggling up the heights, even though some portion of it may seem to be slipping backward. But it is with the latter only to get another and better start—if not in this life, then, perhaps, in the next. Man has come up out of an infinite past, and he has an infinite future before him. The present is his opportunity of growth and unfoldment. If he is wise, he will improve it to the utmost. The golden hours of this mortal day are swiftly speeding by. Behold the night cometh!

We shall never find any better heaven than that we carry around with us in our own hearts. He who takes his own life to escape from trouble commits a stupendous folly. If he would get his spirit into harmony with the divine law of being, root out all evil and set up the throne of righteousness in himself, he would never do so unwise a thing, but would patiently endure all the ills of life to the end. And yet in the light (or darkness rather) of materialism, suicide is a natural and reasonable escape from trouble. Ignorance of the consequences of the act will not atone for the mistake.

It is better to think kindly of the erring, even though they may persist in their evil ways, than unkindly or harshly. What right have those who are better organized and educated than their less fortunate fellows to think otherwise than kindly? Is it any particular credit to the one, or discredit to the other, that they are what they are? Is the fox to be blamed for being a fox, or the snake for being a snake? Is not all animal life—human life included—very much what it is made to be? If one, by virtue of better birth, and a better developed moral nature, lives wisely and righteously, ought not the fact of the possession of these superior qualities to fill his soul with tender sympathy towards all who are not thus favored? We cannot avoid the responsibility of a common brotherhood of the race, even though some of the family are not what they should be.

THE STATE MEETINGS.

Some very interesting meetings have been held at the big tent during the past week. In fact all the meetings have been of unusual interest, as far as the platform work is concerned, but all have not been attended as fully as they should have been. A portion of the time the weather has been abominable, which kept many people away, and then other causes operated to reduce the attendance. The Sunday meetings have been all that could be desired in the matter of attendance.

On Friday evening of last week the wonderful "Beasey Babies" was the chief card of attraction, and the tent was well filled with a delighted audience. These little musical geniuses will appear again on Friday evening next, when, no doubt, it will be found necessary to go early to get a seat.

Mr. Charles Dawbarn's lecture on "Anhood and Humanhood Contrasted," was pronounced by all who heard it as a remarkably thoughtful production. So also was his lecture on "True Individuality." Mr. Dawbarn is a thinker and a close logical reasoner.

The other regular speakers—Mrs. Crosette, Mrs. Downer, Mrs. Ballou, and of course Mr. Colville—are all excellent, and their lectures above reasonable criticism.

We hope to see some rousing meetings the coming week, which will be the last week of the season. The meetings will close with the meetings of Sunday, June 30th.

—Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bowley, late of Australia, left this city, on Tuesday last, for their new residence in Summerland. Their presence there will be a grand accession to the growing colony.

—Mr. J. J. Morse, during July, will visit Norfolk, Va., and in August the leading camps. All dates are filled prior to his leaving for England on August 29th.

—While a bogus medium was giving counterfeit spiritual manifestations to a Cincinnati audience on a recent Sunday evening, a genuine medium was lecturing and giving genuine spirit manifestations to a packed house of people eager to know something about Spiritualism.

AN ARTIST AMONG US.

Not one only, for San Francisco is the foster mother of much genius in high art, as all who are familiar with the productions of Hill, Rosenthal and others, will bear witness. But a new one has come among us—one not new to fame, but one whose works are comparatively new to the denizens of these shores—we refer to H. A. Streight, late of Denver, Colorado.

Prof. Streight flashed upon us a few months ago with several samples of his art exhibited in public places, the most notable of which is his marine view, "Point Lobos," painted since his arrival here, and which may still be seen at Baneroff's piano rooms, 134 Post street. It has been admired for its wonderful fidelity to nature by thousands. One can almost hear the swish of the waves upon the rocks as he gazes upon it.

Among Prof. Streight's more notable works, and which will live in history, is his night scene in the Canon of the Rio de Los Animas, known as "The Valley of Lost Souls." The picture is thus described by the *Denver Press*:

"The snow-capped mountain peaks, in the distance, are made visible by the light of the full moon; whose silvery rays illuminate them, giving a strange and ghostly appearance to the far-away peaks which baffle description. The intermediate range of mountains, densely covered with spruce and pines, is partially obscured by the columns of smoke which arise from a terrible forest fire, of smoke which sweeps down the valley, carrying devastation on its fiery wings. The representation of the fire is the key-note to the picture. The burning flames, the flying avant couriers of burning bark and bits of wood; the rocks lit up red and lurid; the awful blackness of the canon and nearer hills, and all the wild details of a forest fire in the mountains, are depicted with such truthfulness and feeling that the beholder is startled by the awe-inspiring and terrible representation. Words are inadequate to describe this grand work of art, which does the author great credit and assures him lasting fame—were he to die to-morrow."

Others of his more notable works are, "The Home of Thunder," "Autumn Sunset in the Southwest," "Sunset in the Sangre De Christo Mountains," "Mount of the Holy Cross," etc. The latter picture was sold recently in Chicago to Mr. H. Daniels, for \$15,000. Only genius can command such prices. And yet the Professor has painted many smaller pictures (for he is a most rapid worker), all of a high order of merit, which can be purchased at a moderate cost.

The writer enjoyed a rare half hour in the studio of this artist, at 725 Eddy street, a few days ago. We found him at work on a marvelous scene in the Mountains of Arizona, which promises to be fully equal to his best. He showed us a number of smaller pictures, all more or less unfinished, but which with a few touches more will be ready for their frames, and which need but to catch the eye of the connoisseur of art, to find a ready purchaser.

No home is complete without the refining and spiritualizing influence of art. A handsome picture upon the wall is a "thing of beauty and a joy forever," to all who behold it.

DIVIDING PROFITS.

Every new system, when first adapting itself to the needs, wants, and demands of a people, shows defects, just as all new machinery does in its trial workings; but it is only by trial and application that the virtues and effects of a system or invention are proven. Theory never proves anything. Many remedies have been proposed for the righting of working men's wrongs; numerous organizations exist for that express purpose, but they are as naught compared with the profit system, which is destined to be the quiet solution to all labor problems, notwithstanding the serious objections raised against it by many employers, especially in France, where the system originated and was first tried in 1842. Though the results were encouraging, those who were employing the method could not banish the facts that their laborers incurred no risks and took no responsibilities, furnished no capital and would object to reduction in wages in cases of disaster and loss to the firm.

The objections, however plausible, are not based on perfectly just grounds, for the reason that the employees are not equal sharers in the profits but only fractional partners; therefore they should not be expected to take the same or any risks as those who receive many times more than an equitable quota of receipts as compared with that contributed towards production of wares and fabrics. The remedy suggests itself and will readily appeal to honest masters and workmen alike. Of the same experiments tried in this country, some were abandoned and others still continue with good results. It is the remedy and in one way or another will be a success.

CHANGE OF AGENCY.—The increased duties of the editor of the GOLDEN GATE, as a Trustee for the disposal of the valuable lands donated to the Cause of Spiritualism by Mrs. Eunice S. Sleeper, prompts him to relinquish his agency in the Summerland project, which agency, with the sanction of H. L. Williams, will hereafter be conducted by Dr. Albert Morton, 210 Stockton street, this city. All applications for lots, and all payments of money for the same, and all installments of moneys yet unpaid, should be made to Dr. Morton, when not dealing with Mr. Williams direct. The GOLDEN GATE will never lose its interest in Summerland, and will ever, to the best of its ability, aid in the promotion of that grand spiritual scheme. Summerland was inaugurated by the spirit world for spiritual purposes, and not for the personal aggrandizement of any one in mortal life. It is a noble scheme, and one whose far-reaching influence for good cannot be estimated. May the angels give it speed and blessing, as they already have to a wonderful extent.

—Dr. James V. Mansfield, "the spirit postmaster," who, for the past year or more, has made his home in this city, left a few days ago for the East to visit the Summer meetings. Just before his departure the Doctor gave a complimentary

benefit of one day's mediumship in aid of the State Camp-Meeting Association. He has endeavored himself to hundreds upon this coast, and we bid him God speed on his errands for the angel world wherever he may go. Dr. Mansfield is authorized to receive subscriptions for the GOLDEN GATE in the East.

W. J. COLVILLE'S WORK.

On Sunday last, June 16, W. J. Colville lectured to a large and deeply interested audience at the Camp at 11 A. M. At 3 P. M. he spoke in Oakland Synagogue, and at 7:45 P. M. in Tucker's Hall, Alameda. On both occasions the lecture was on the "Book of Daniel," which proved a beautiful and suggestive theme. Mrs. Chandler, accompanied by Miss Lang, rendered some exquisite music; the flowers were lovely as usual. W. J. Colville lectures for the last times in Oakland at the Synagogue, next Sunday and Monday, June 23 and 24, at 3 P. M. Subject on Sunday "Gethsemane to Galilee; or the Post-Resurrection Work of Jesus" (by particular request); on Monday the exercises will be specially intended for the members of the classes and their friends. Seats free; collection.

On Monday, June 24, at 8 P. M., W. J. Colville will finish his work in Oakland with a lecture in Hamilton Hall, on "The Possibilities of Collectivism," before the Nationalist Club of that city. He will lecture in San Jose Wednesday, June 26; in Watsonville, June 27 and 28; at the Camp Meeting June 29, at 8 P. M., and in Stockton June 30 and July 1.

AMERICAN CHANCERY.

Chancery, as understood and realized in England, we know nothing about it; and if the immortal Dickens told but half its blighting and ruinous effects upon those who become entangled in its meshes, we may be thankful for our ignorance of the workings of that high court of law, as a people. Two decisions have lately been rendered by our Supreme Court, however, the cases of which were so long pending that they savor much of the late "Bleak House." The first is the case of Robert Shields, who thirty years ago contested his right to one hundred and sixty acres of land on the site of the present city of Omaha, that, during a brief absence had been jumped by a town-site agent. A decision was given in favor of Shields, now an aged man of Puyallup, awarding him property valued at twenty-two millions. The second is the more famous case of Myra Clark-Gaines, pending about sixty years. The suit, as most of our readers know, was against the City of New Orleans, to recover possession of land sold by the executors of Daniel Clark (Mrs. Gaines' father), to the above named city, and re-sold by it to several hundred individuals.

There was a mystery about her parents' marriage, and Myra Clark did not know until the day of her marriage, who her father was. His will gave her the greater part of his property, and for the recovery of this, she instituted the suit that has become famous in our judicial annals, and supplies material for a romance founded upon fact, as great and thrilling as was ever written. Ten years ago Mrs. Clark-Gaines died, but whether she gave up the contest of fifty-five years, is not so certain. Final judgment gives her grand-children \$576,707 only!

"HIDDEN THINGS"

The specialist is under a great disadvantage these latter days. The world used to see things separately and individually; but it has grown so much spiritually that it now perceives that nothing stands alone; therefore, one must know a great deal of many things to know much of one.

Rev. Joseph Wild of Toronto says: "We only know partly concerning every object we have as yet come in contact with. There is a seal and a department of mystery in and of all things yet seen. The creating form has concealed itself in all things created. Man is a wonderful centre of hidden power—a living witness of 'miracles' from conception to birth, from birth to death. The occurrences recorded in the Bible are surpassed by the living lesson embodied in man. The things now in existence are sufficient ground for a vigorous conviction that there is a new scheme—a new life; man will live on; much of our future life is revealed by analogy." The "scheme" is not a new one save to some understandings.

It has always existed, and some have always known it. Those that are born with foreknowledge, need no revelation; but the mass of mankind arrive at spiritual facts only by a long process of study and investigation, and thereby think themselves discoverers. Very many persons are given greater understanding than power or experience. Those who can express most are deemed wisest. But, we imagine there will be many scientists and philosophers in the spiritual spheres that are not known as such here. The physical body is but a poor medium for the outworking of the mental, spiritual gifts. Our necessary systems of arbitrary language is a great obstacle.

FAREWELL SEANCE.—Mrs. J. J. Whitney held her farewell seance, prior to her departure for the East, at the big tent, on Sunday evening last, before an immense audience. We never saw this wonderful medium at better advantage. Names, circumstances and other proofs of identity were given, and generally to persons who were strangers to our philosophy. The interest throughout was intense, for all felt that the heavens were bending low, and many were able to obtain a glimpse within the veil. Mrs. Whitney's guides never offend by revealing unwholesome family secrets. They are modest and thoughtful. We most cordially commend her to the Eastern public, confident that wherever she goes she will do honor to the Cause of Spiritualism, and reflect credit upon her host of admirers upon the Pacific Coast.

OUR MOTHER COUNTRY.

In some respects we are an improvement upon England, but in a very important one, we are no better, which is the disparity between offense and punishment. Two cases there recently might serve to show us how our unjust sentences passed upon different grades of crime may be regarded by other countries, just as we are quick to criticize them. In the first case an inhuman woman was accessory to the murder of another woman, and was therefore sentenced to five years imprisonment, to which place she went, carrying the deepest sympathy of the *London News*.

Then, a poor woman, whose husband was sick, and six children dependent upon her, had no food in the house and no prospect of procuring any, stole three silk handkerchiefs worth six shillings, and sold them to buy bread. For this offense, committed to save her own from starvation, she was promptly arrested and sent to prison for five years, being thereby proven in the eyes of the law, as much a criminal for trying to save life as was she who had assisted in destroying it. No paper has yet found any sympathy for her nor her perishing family, save the *Woman's Penny Paper* that claims to be the only paper in the world, written, printed and published by women. Just such cases as the above are of almost every day occurrence in the United States, the greatest, wisest and most just country in laws and government under the sun.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—The residents at Summerland now number twenty-nine, with more to come soon.

—Application has been made for a postoffice at Summerland, also for a railroad station.

—The grand jury has found indictments against Drs. Irwin, Ferguson and Hance, the Bishop carvers, for the violation of the sanitary law.

—*Psychic Studies*, for July, is out. Its principal paper is on "Pre-natal Culture—Heredit," which every thinking man or woman should read. Send \$1 to Albert Morton, 210 Stockton street, San Francisco, and get this trim little monthly for a year.

—An entertainment is in projection for the benefit of Mrs. Hammett's plan for a Medium's Home, to be erected on property she proposes to donate for that purpose at Encinito, in Southern California. The time and place will be named hereafter.

—The Annual Camp-Meeting at Vicksburg, Michigan, will convene August 8th, and continue till September 3d. The Camp will be held in a beautiful grove of oaks, known as Fraser's Grove. Several of the best speakers before the public have been secured.

—The two immense audiences that attended the platform test seances of Mrs. J. J. Whitney at the big tent, and of Mr. John Slater at Metropolitan Temple, on Sunday evening last, is significant of the hunger of the people for knowledge concerning the Beyond.

—The many friends of W. J. Colville will tender him a benefit on the occasion of his farewell concert, to take place Tuesday, July 2, at 8 P. M., in College Hall, 106 McAllister Street. A very fine program is in course of preparation. Tickets are now ready; 25 cents each, 5 for \$1.

—Mrs. F. A. Logan, of 841 Market street, who had to suspend her meetings in St. George's Hall, four weeks ago, on account of illness, is now convalescent, and hopes to be at the Camp-Meeting before its close, meanwhile she is ever hopeful and prayerful for the best good of the whole.

—Mrs. A. M. Marston, of Alameda, imbued with the beautiful Spirit of Charity, has made with her own hands an elegant Oriental quilt, the cash value of which is \$100, which she wishes to donate (or rather the proceeds of the sale thereof), to the Johnstown and Seattle sufferers.

—That excellent medium, Mrs. Weeks, late of Los Angeles, who has been sojourning a short time in this city, where all who tested her psychical gifts were more than delighted, left on Wednesday last for Chicago. She intends to make that city her permanent residence and will act as our agent in receiving subscriptions for the GOLDEN GATE.

—W. J. Colville leaves San Francisco FINALLY on Friday, July 5. He will lecture in Louis Opera House, San Diego, Sunday, July 7, at 7:45 P. M., and on the following evening open a class in Spiritual Science in Tremont Hall, that city; also a class in Theosophy, in the same place. Tuesday, July 8, at 2:30 P. M. Mrs. E. W. Bushyhead is kindly superintending all arrangements. W. J. Colville's address is still 1119 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

Theosophy.

The following Resolutions were unanimously adopted by Golden Gate Lodge Theosophical Society at a regular meeting held June 16th, at San Francisco, California:

WHEREAS, A base and unwarrantable attack has been made by certain Fellows of the Theosophical Society upon Mme. Blavatsky, and through her upon the Theosophical Society in general; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Golden Gate Lodge of the Theosophical Society, do hereby re-affirm our loyalty to the Theosophical Cause, and our allegiance to its founders and leaders.

Resolved, That we denounce and condemn all such attempts to destroy the unity and usefulness of the society, all endeavors to vilify its leaders, by whomsoever made, and that we will withstand such attacks to the best of our power and ability.

Resolved, That recognizing the pre-eminent services rendered by Mme. H. P. Blavatsky to Theosophy, also the many persecutions she has thereby endured, we offer her a tribute of thanks, respect, sympathy and love, with the hope and belief that she will live down all and any such treacherous attempts, and that she may for many years continue to be our leader and teacher.

THEO. G. ED. WOLLEB,
Pres. G. G. Lodge T. S.
ALLEN GRIFFITHS, Sec'y G. G. Lodge T. S.

Fragrance from an Orange Grove.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Immediately after my return from San Francisco, I was unexpectedly summoned to this part of the state to look after some real estate interests, and the time has been most agreeably divided between Long Beach and this far-famed city, which has undergone wonderful changes and improvements during the past two years. Numerous business blocks and countless residences, in exquisite architectural designs, have sprung up in every direction, while its broad sidewalks and smoothly paved streets are lined in many places with magnificent pepper trees, whose long and graceful branches are almost constantly waving in the soft summer breezes that make this charming city so attractive, in striking contrast with our favorite San Francisco.

Our great hearted friends, the Mozarts, are nicely located and doing a successful business on one of the principal thoroughfares of this enterprising town, which, judging from appearances everywhere, is far from being a "dead city." The cause of Spiritualism is sustained by two societies, who hold regular Sunday evening meetings, as you are doubtless aware, one of which is presided over by Miss Susie Johnson, so long and favorably known as a zealous worker in the spiritual vineyard of the East. Her faithful labors seem well appreciated by earnest, thoughtful audiences, who congregate in a small, but neatly furnished hall on Fort Street, generously donated to her use by M. Glover.

It has been my pleasant privilege to tarry for a season in the beautiful home of an old time friend, Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake, delightfully situated in an immense orange grove, some three miles from the city, where she is enjoying a respite from long-continued public labors, in quiet companionship with a sweet, lovely, and accomplished daughter and a devoted husband. Mrs. Drake has lost none of the remarkable psychic powers that have made her name familiar in all the principal towns and cities of the United States, and the recent fearful calamity at Johnstown was clearly predicted by her nearly a week prior to its occurrence. The disastrous fire at Seattle was also foretold as being just at hand only two days in advance of its coming, and a young man living near by was so impressed with the prophecy that he made an item of it in his note book. Mr. Drake is one of nature's noblemen, and instances are of frequent occurrence where his ready sympathies are enlisted in behalf of unfortunate individuals, and his deep sense of justice, and strong personal influence, as well as financial aid, have been generously combined to rescue the victims of real estate sharks and sharpers, that would otherwise have been driven to hopeless and inevitable ruin. God bless him! Long may he live to enjoy the blessings which fate and the angel world have so kindly bestowed on him. The GOLDEN GATE has many readers, and is deservedly popular here as everywhere. I hope to get a glimpse of Summerland when I return, if steamboat and railway connections will afford the coveted opportunity.

Fraternally Yours,

S. M. KINGSLEY.

LOS ANGELES, June 16, 1889, Orange Grove Cottage, East Jefferson Street.

Mediums' Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Last Sunday was a lively day for Spiritualists. The several meetings, as well as the Camp-Meeting, were well attended, which demonstrates the fact of the increasing interest in the good, old-fashioned Spiritualism; and, by the way, just why it is necessary to be called by any other name, is a mystery to many believers in our beautiful combination of religion, science and philosophy.

Fraternity Hall, on Market street, contained a goodly number of old-time Spiritualists and newly converted seekers, and many investigators. The singing was unusually fine. G. F. Perkins led with the organ, and Mr. Samuel Taylor with the cornet. Mr. James McCann, assisted by Messrs. Bean and Perkins, rendered "They'll Welcome Us Home To-morrow." Miss Nina Wilson sang "Thy Face is Always Fair to Me." Mr. and Mrs. Perkins sang "Pity the Homeless," in memory of the Johnstown sufferers. The singing by the congregation brought a harmonious influence which was felt by many and expressed in short speeches. Mrs. Thompson, of Santa Rosa, Mr. Bean, and several strangers, also gave their voices in favor of the good work.

Mrs. Perkins, after making quite a stirring address upon the development of mediums, gave a large number of straight-forward tests, one of which was to a lady who was a total stranger to the city, her home being some two hundred miles from San Francisco.

The entire meeting was one of perfect harmony. Mediums are being developed every week and have the privilege of exercising their gifts each week. These meetings will still be conducted with the good of the Cause in view.

The Young People's Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

One of the most successful of the Young People's Meetings which have been in Fraternity Hall on Market street, was enjoyed by a large audience last Sunday evening. The excellent singing by the audience, led by the chairman, brought splendid conditions for the development of spirit power. There is nothing like real wide-awake congregational singing to produce good feeling and harmony. Beginners may be attracted to, and become interested in the meeting and its results, by singing and music.

Mrs. Stout executed a march upon the piano, with good taste and expression. Oscar Stormfield delivered two stirring recitations, as did also Miss Flora Thompson. G. F. Perkins sang "The Tempest," which brought forth a hearty applause from the audience. Mrs. Thompson delivered a poem written by spirit power, and Mrs. Wicl, the mother of the child medium, related the wonderful development which came to the child within a week. Mr. Perkins gave several very accurate character-readings, which seemed to interest the audience immensely. Mrs. Perkins gave many tests from the platform, in her usual plain, straightforward manner. Several mediums were noticed to be under control and giving tests at the close of the meeting.

St. Andrews' Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Union Spiritual Society had a very good meeting last Wednesday evening at St. Andrews' Hall, Larkin street. First half hour was occupied by a song by Miss J. Hershberg, followed by platform tests by Dr. E. B. Dewey and Mrs. E. A. Nickless, who gave a large number of good tests, after which Mr. Sully, Dr. Nickless and Mrs. McLellan from Portland, Oregon. The meeting was a success as they always are, notwithstanding the fact that the Camp-Meeting is now in session in this city. Meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:45 P. M. All are invited.

Mediumship.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Of what does mediumship consist, is still the question among mediums and speakers. Out of darkness cometh light, out of sleep cometh wakefulness, out of death cometh life, out of winter cometh spring. "Eternal life" is not possible, except all the conditions of life are prepared for it. "Behold, I go to prepare a place for you." *Destiny* is not by chance, but by design and wisdom. The home, the heavens, are prepared as by a father and mother, according to the state attained by individuals.

Liberty is the choice by which man preserves and prepares his own heaven. He chooses what his Master shall be. Hero or god worship may be the worship of the Devil, whose inspiration is derived from hell. Each person interprets nature or life, according to his state. His state of growth is in accord with his inspiration or delight. Swedenborg calls it "affection."

Mediumship is susceptibility to be impressed or written upon. Sympathy, or the affection for good, the desire to confer happiness is the bridge to heaven. By sympathy the angels come to mortals, by sympathy for a Cause, the GOLDEN GATE gets \$40,000, by sympathy for suffering men and women will I get co-operation to build a spiritual college, by sympathy do we prohibit cruelty to animals and men, by sympathy is Leland Stanford moved to put his millions into a college, by sympathy directed by wisdom is all good accomplished, by sympathy for the good do we grow to be good.

As we grow towards goodness do we shun evil. We cannot love both good and evil; one or the other is the master power, from which we inspire our delight. Susceptibility—mediumship—is the last step to sympathy. To sympathize with, is to give ourselves to and become a part of, what we sympathize with. Did the mediums understand the object of the spiritual phenomena, they would sympathize with the purposes and principles, and instead of fighting, pity the wrong-doer, and endeavor to show the better way.

To do good is the object of mediumship. What is good? says the dead man who has lost his susceptibility by tobacco, whisky, prosperity in wrong, as he cannot discriminate—divide the darkness from the light. Spirituality is the truth in the life that has separated the good and left the evil. How to become a medium for the truth is to solve the problem of life, and make it a grand success. The principle of darkness is materialism!

Mediumship is the open door to eternal principles. The strong fortress of materialism is possession by monopoly. The angels have found the key to storm these fortifications and put the Satan and all his allies to rout through affection. They pay no hotel bills, house rents, land taxes, lawyer's or doctor's bills. They have "come as a thief," and stolen the affection of bereaved ones and brought light and happiness where theological darkness had shut it out. Mediumship may be derived from a previous will-force—a Karma or individuality prenatally derived; at least we are forced to think it, as we find qualities of susceptibility that reach back to prehistoric times, and it is mostly latent and can be developed by psychic force, as a sensitive plate is. Where, or how it came is not so important as what we do with it now.

Resurrection of the better qualities under a new and true dispensation is much more important than serving the devil of greed or self love forever. A quiet or negative condition only will permit the transition from darkness to light. It is of paramount importance to know the spirit of the dispensing power, to know the object, purpose, motive, or mainspring of action. The spirit is either good or bad for personal power or love. The Papal, Jesuit, Pagan selfishness, legal or mammon, all arise from one source, having one object, to possess the good things of sense, and the angel hath sworn their time shall be no longer. A coveted state of life is to be brought to light by the medium of this age. It is covered by the drift of a materialistic age, as it is latent, frozen by the hate of externalism. It is called "cranky, atheistic, spookism, infidelity, heretical, the work of the Devil." Can we not see what the dispensing power has done for the human race. Jesus and the prophets were accused of having devils. What will mediumship excavate from the debris of the ages? J. K. MOORE.

A CARD.

At the suggestion of Mr. J. J. Owen, who is unable at present to devote the necessary time to the business interests of Summerland, I have appointed Dr. Albert Morton, 210 Stockton street, San Francisco, as my agent for the transaction of any business relating to the purchase of lots in said tract, and to transact any other matters relating thereto. Mr. Morton will be pleased to meet any parties interested in this movement, or to answer any letters pertaining thereto.

H. L. WILLIAMS.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 18, 1889.

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."

A MIRACLE—DR. DOBSON AGAIN.

If the following cure had been performed in Bible times, it certainly would have been called a miracle. We will leave the father and mother of the little girl to tell the story:

"Our little girl, twelve years old, had the diphtheria of a malignant type, and it left her in such a state that it affected her mind and spine, and she was in such a condition she could not talk, walk or feed herself. She was continually in motion; her hands, head and limbs could not be kept still for a moment. We employed the best physicians and they could not do anything to relieve her, and advised us to send her to the University at Ann Arbor, Michigan. As we were preparing to send her to that institute, a Mrs. Potter, of Albion, came to our house and gave us one of Dr. A. B. Dobson's circulars, stating that he had cured her, and believed he could cure our little girl. We said we would not send her to Ann Arbor until we first counseled the husband at Maquoketa, Iowa. We wrote to Dr. Dobson, he answering immediately, calling her disease a fearful case of St. Vitus' Dance."

"We lost no time in sending for his so-called spiritual remedies, and in two weeks after she commenced taking them she was perfectly well, and we soon sent her to school. This naturally created an excitement, and the sick flocked to us, asking who cured our child. We told them, and his address, and we wrote him many letters ourselves for the sick in this place, until his patients numbered hundreds, and many more wonderful cures were performed by him in this place."

We heard Dr. Dobson was going to visit Jackson, and we wrote and asked him if he would not call on us, for we did so much want to see the man who had saved the life of our little pet. He said he would. We procured the best suite of rooms at the Donnelly House, and told our friends that Dr. Dobson would be there on the 14th of November, for two days. He came and so did the sick; and his rooms were full all the time of his stay. Over one hundred took his treatment. Our little girl met the Doctor several times (she and we would naturally love the person that brought health to our child.) Whether this cure was done by spirit power, we know not; one thing we do know, that our little girl was terribly affected unto death's door, and now she is as well as any member of our family; and by getting well it has been the means of many more in this town sending to him and getting cured. If you have any doubts of the above facts, write to us or any other responsible person of this place, and we will willingly answer your letters."

J. C. KIMMEL,

MARY KIMMEL.

Mr. Kimmel is a prominent clothing merchant, and he and his wife are members of the Presbyterian Church, of Mason, Ingham county, Michigan.

Hundreds of such cases as this Dr. Dobson and his Band are curing monthly, among them many old school physicians.—*Maquoketa Record*.

MARVELOUS CURE AND A GRATEFUL PATIENT.

See what he says of our magnetic remedies; an unsolicited statement for Dr. J. S. Loucks, of Worcester, Mass. Also, see advertisement in this paper for examination by lock of hair:

EAST GERMAN, Chenango Co., N. Y., Nov. 22, 1885.—DR. J. S. LOUCKS—*My Dear Friend:* I received your Magnetic Remedies the 7th of this month and have used them just fifteen days to-day, and am well pleased to think that there is such a good doctor in God's world to cure the sick. Why, the first time I took it, it went right to the spot, and I began to feel better, and have continued to feel better, every day. When I began your treatment I only weighed 148 pounds; now I weigh 158 pounds—ten pounds more in only fifteen days' time. Glory to God in the highest for what you have done for me! I was sick for two long, weary years. I have doctored with five of the best doctors in this place; they did me little or no good. Oh, to God I could have found you long ago, for I have suffered everything but death with this terrible kidney and bladder disease. Doctor, I have done more work and taken more comfort in the past fifteen days than in two long years, and I can't express my gratitude for this God-send to me.

W. S. CARR.

Advice to Mothers.

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

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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.,

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.

A New Departure!

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(TITLE PAGE.)

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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. 929½ and 931½ Market street, between Fifth and Sixth. The hall is commodious and well arranged for this purpose. Strangers and all those interested are respectfully invited to attend.

UNION SPIRITUAL 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. O. OF THE T. S.

SPIRITUAL SERVICES IN MASONIC LODGE Room, B. B. Hall, 121 Eddy street, Sunday evening. Lecture and tests by H. W. Abbott and James McCann. Admission, 10 cents.

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

OPEN MEETING—ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, November 18th, at 2 o'clock, a Bible Class will be held at the Home College, 324 Seventeenth street. All will be welcome.

MRS. J. R. WILSON'S CLASSES IN SPIRITUAL Science, at 106 McAllister street, on Monday and Thursday, at 2 P. M.

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THE STAR OF PROGRESS.

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Onesimus Toole; or, from Shadow to Sunshine.

Continued from First Page.

the narrow North Sea separates the two parts of an only recently divided people, so in the former case the highlands and passes of the Hindu-Kush do the same.

"As the English crossed the sea from Low Germany, dispersing the Celts, so the Indian branch of our kindred stole into India (doubtless more than two thousand years before Christ), through the same gorges that now connect and hold apart India and Afghanistan, and began the conquest of the great and rich peninsula. There we see them still, occupying with their own dialects only the northern part of the country, while the aboriginal 'Dravidians' still hold the south, but permeate it all with their influence and institutions, grown to number many scores of millions; possessed of a civilization of native growth and high grade; with literature and arts and religions that have overrun a great part of Asia—in short, a leading factor in universal human history. All this, and how it came about is a matter of only recent knowledge. By a strange fate, this easternmost branch of our family has fallen within the last century or two, under the dominion of one of the westernmost members, the English.

"The story of its subjection is well known and need not be more than alluded to here. The wisdom and the wealth of India had always been the admiration of the world; it was not, however, curiosity as to the wisdom that brought knowledge; rather, greed for wealth. Almost everywhere in human history the lower motives are immediately efficient, and a band of adventurous traders, seeking material profit, threw open also the intellectual treasure-house of India. The wars and intrigues by which an English commercial company became masters of the destinies of the country, turning their charge over later, to the English crown, form a striking chapter of modern history. For near nine hundred years, India has been the prey of foreign conquerors and oppressors. The English are merely the last, and by far the best of their long series. They found in this immense and highly civilized country a host of varying languages, dialects of more than one great family, with abundant literatures. They also found one language, the Sanskrit, reputed of immemorial antiquity, held sacred by the real Hindu everywhere, read by the educated, and even spoken and written by the leading class, the priestly caste of the Brahmans. Precisely so might the Mongols, had they completely ravaged Europe in the Middle Ages, have reported to their countrymen concerning the diverse tongues and literatures of that region, and the Latin as common dialect of the learned, especially of the Romish hierarchy; the analogy is a close and instructive one. This was a sufficiently notable condition of things; but the interest of the world was greatly heightened when it was discovered that this learned and sacred idiom of India, the Sanskrit, is related with nearly all the languages now spoken in Europe, and with the ancient ones that we most value (as Greek and Latin), and that it is in many respects entitled to the leading place among them; that it casts more light than any other upon their common history and origin.

"In the excitement of such a discovery, many scholars lost their heads and extolled the Sanskrit and its literature far beyond their deserts, even holding that this was the original tongue of our division of mankind, and the source of literary culture for the rest of the world; and the echoes of these errors may be heard dimly reverberating here and there among the nooks and corners of literature even of our own day. But,—thanks in no small measure to what the Sanskrit itself has taught us—such matters are much better understood now. Languages are certainly changing and hence we could never find the original Indo-European tongue except in documents coming down from the very period of Indo-European unity; and that lies perhaps thousands of years back of the time of the earliest Sanskrit. We have, too, no reason to believe that any culture was carried from India to nations beyond its borders until the missionary period of Buddhism, not far from the Christian era.

"But the study of Sanskrit, chiefly as the mainstay of Indo-European comparative philology and of the general science of language, has become an integral part of the system of modern education, a department of classical learning standing along with Latin and Greek, and coming next to them in practical importance. All this is a necessary introduction to an understanding of the value of the Veda. We need to note what are the relations to us of the people to whom it belonged and of the language in which it is written. The opening of India, as we see, gave us the ancient Sanskrit language as an instrument of linguistic research, and laid before us the immense Sanskrit literature, as a part of the archives of our division of the human race, to be studied and comprehended. A task, this, of no small difficulty, and the more since the element of history is wanting in the literature. The Hindu is great in constructing systems of absolute truth, but he despises a record of facts; he has a scheme of astronomical cycles reaching back almost to infinity, and can tell precisely how many days ago the creation of the universe was completed; (namely, if any one cares to know, say 14,404,118,434 days before January 1st, 1887), but he cannot give the real, prosaic

date of any event, civil or literary, back of our Middle Ages. We are left in the main to work out by internal evidence, the order of succession of the parts of this literature, and then, with help of the chance notices of foreign visitors, to determine what we can as to their absolute date; and the problem is yet far enough from being solved. At what time were composed those two tremendous epics, the 'Ramayana' and 'Mahabharata,' in comparison with which the 'Iliad' or the 'Odyssey,' is but a ballad? No one can tell, at any rate, a good while ago.

"How old are the laws of man, from which certain people stoutly maintain that Moses must have derived his legislation for the Hebrews? That is equally unknown. Of the latest and best authorities some set them before Christ, others a little after. And the period of the leading dramatic poet, the author of 'Sakuntala,' has been reduced from 100 B. C., as claimed by early students of India, to 5-600 A. D. But it is at any rate possible in this literature, as in every other, to lay out in a broad and general way the history of growth divide it into successive periods, and determine what is oldest in it. Everywhere throughout it the Veda is acknowledged as its beginning, is regarded as a revelation on whose authority everything else reposes.

"The sacred literature of Christianity does not point any more clearly to the Bible as its foundation than the sacred literature of Brahmanism to the Veda. It was a considerable time, however, before European research had cleared the way for dealing directly with the Hindu revelation. The name Hindu Veda to the Hindu signifies a very extensive and heterogeneous mass of writings, covering a space of time and growth like that from Moses to Christ; and the later parts of it are those which the modern Hindu best understands and most values, as being nearest to his own age and thought. Manuscripts of its older parts were comparatively rare, and less freely furnished to the curiosity of the stranger; yet they gradually gathered in European hands, and in 1805, some 30 years after the opening of Indian literature to the knowledge of the world, the illustrious English scholar Colebrooke, in an essay since become famous, was able to give a comprehensive and fairly correct survey of the whole vast field without, however, at all fully comprehending the relation of its parts, or realizing the supreme importance of some among them.

Yet a generation passed before anything further of consequence was done; then the work fell into the hands of the great German scholars, whose names will be always associated with it—Rosen, Roth, Benfey, Weber, Aufrecht, Muller—and a new era was inaugurated, in the study of Indian antiquity, and in that of the antiquities and religion of the whole Indo-European race. As a matter of course, the Hindus have all sorts of absurd stories to tell about their sacred literature. That it is of divine origin, revealed from all eternity, miraculously preserved and revealed at each new destruction and recreation of the universe, "goes without saying"; few Oriental people have failed to claim as much as that for their scriptures. Then they tell of a certain holy *rishi* or sage named Vyasa, by whom the mass was collected and put in order. Vyasa means "arranger"; so it is as if people were to hold that a saint named Editor brought into shape the two testaments and the fathers for the after use of the Christian church. But the Hindus have done their full share by handing down to us, with a reverential and painstaking care that has not its equal anywhere else in the history of literature, their sacred books, not at all comprehending their historical relations and only in part understanding their contents; ours is the task to bring true order and intelligence into the chaos.

We find the whole body of inspired writings divided into four parts, each of which is called a Veda—the Rig Veda, Sama Veda, Yojur Veda, and Atharva Veda. Each division has its schools of more special votaries, by whom it is handed down; each has its assortment of works, in prose and verse, devotional, ceremonial, expository, and theosophic. But at the head of each stands a collection of sacred utterances, chiefly poetic, which we have no difficulty in recognizing as their oldest part, the nucleus about which everything else has gradually gathered: all the rest presupposes these, as plainly as the "Talmud," the Old Testament, or the arisings of the fathers the New. They are in a language in many respects peculiar and evidently older, a more primitive dialect of the primitive Sanskrit. Among these four collections, the superior interest of one is seen on the briefest examination; it is the Rig Veda, an immense body of hymns to the gods, of sacred lyrics with which the remote ancestors of the present Hindus praised the divinities in whom they believed, accompanied their sacrifices, and besought blessings. We cannot compare them with our hymns, because these imply so much that is earlier, out of which they have proceeded. The Vedic songs are more like the Psalms of David. There are more than a thousand of these songs, and they contain over ten thousand two-line stanzas—a body of text about equal to the two Homeric poems taken together, or twice as much as the great German epic of the Nibelungen. The collection is an orderly one, arranged in ten books, chiefly according to a tradition of authorship that appears to be genuine; hymns of the same author, or clan, or school of authors are put together. But the last book is a kind of appendix to the rest, containing in part material of a peculiar

character, later, more superstitious, and with some miscellanies of quite exceptional interest. Inside the divisions, the hymns are arranged chiefly in the order of the divinities.

The two gods most often worshiped, their praises together fill almost the majority of hymns, are Agni and Indra: Agni (Latin *ignis*), the fire, the medium of sacrifice, the divinity on earth, in bodily presence before the eyes of his worshipers, the messenger between earth and heaven, who bears the oblations aloft to the other gods, or about whose flames the gods gather to receive their share of the offering; and Indra, the Thunderer, god of the storm, who drives his noisy chariot across the sky, and hurls his lightning missile at the demons that are keeping the refreshing and fertilizing waters imprisoned in the hollow of the clouds.

Hymns to Agni, then, come first; those to Indra follow, and after them those to other gods. As specimens, accordingly, of the general content of the Rig Veda, we cannot do better than to take first a hymn to each of these two divinities. Such are given below, in a version that is very liberal, neither adding or omitting anything, and in meters closely imitated after the original. The hymn to Agni, an ordinary and undistinguished one, is the first of the whole collection; its stanzas are composed each of three eight syllabled sections, with iambic cadence. In all the Vedic meters, the first part of each section is of very free construction as regards quantity.

TO AGNI—REG. VEDA I, 1.

1. Agni I praise, the household priest, the heavenly lord of sacrifice, the offer most bounteous.
2. Agni, by bards of olden time and bards of our day, should be praised; he shall bring hither all the gods.
3. By Agni treasure may be won, and welfare, too, from day to day; in honor rich and numerous sons.
4. Agni, what sacred offering thou dost shield from harm on every side, that surely cometh to the gods.
5. May Agni, priest, with insight filled, faithful, of favor most glorious, come hither with the other gods.
6. What favor on thy worshiper, Agni, thou wilt bestow, that faileth not, O Angirasi!
7. Unto thee, Agni, day by day, at morn and eve with worship we approach and our obeisance bring.
8. Presiding o'er the sacrifice the shining guardian of the right, increasing in thine own abode.
9. As father to his son do thou, Agni, be gracious unto us; and for our welfare cleave to us.

The selected him to Indra is a more than usually vigorous one, and the jealousy of a rival worshiper intimated in the concluding verse is rather interestingly naive. The verse sections are of twelve syllables, also with iambic cadence.

TO INDRA—REG. VEDA X, 38.

To us, O Indra, in this conflict glorious, The toilful din of war, be helpful, that we win; Where in the foray, 'mid bold warriors ring adorned The arrows fly hither and thither in the strife.

And open to us, Indra, in our own abode, Wealth rich in food, flowing with kine and full of fame. But we, thine allies, when thou conquerest, mighty one, Just what we wish do thou, our friend, perform for us.

The godless man of Aryon or of barbarous race.

"What an abrupt ending," they all exclaimed; "but how marvelous a production for a girl of twelve. Is she a seeress?" "Really, I don't know," responded the Baroness. "The little creature is staying with her mother and governess in the same pension with me. I took a liking to her and she to me. May I invite her to one of your reunions?"

"Certainly," replied the Professor, and his daughter, in a breath. "Let us send our carriage for her and you this evening. We have a few delightful friends, including two or three of your fellow passengers, coming to us at 8. Bring the young lady's mother with you, and the governess, too, if you think it desirable; but unless they are exceptional people they may be startled."

"I thank you a thousand times for your kind invitation, and for myself and little Florence I gladly accept it. I must be going now. Au revoir till 8 o'clock." And the Baroness had departed.

To be continued.

SPIRITUALISM claims 20,000,000 adherents, which is certainly a very moderate estimate, for there are hundreds of thousands in the so-called orthodox church who are Spiritualists in all but name; that is, they believe the fundamental doctrines of Spiritualism. Thousands in all the churches believe that their departed friends are their guardian angels, watching over them and shielding them from a thousand unknown and unseen dangers, and influencing them in some mysterious way for good. Such persons are to all intents and purposes Spiritualists.—*Signs of the Times.*

Let us be hearty in our pleasures as in our work, and not think that the gracious Being who has made us so open-hearted to delight, looks with dissatisfaction at our enjoyment, as a hard task-master might, who in the glee of his slaves could see only a hindrance to their profitable working.—*Sir Arthur Helps.*

The rare thing is not the man who knows what is right but the man who actually with all his power in him, with his very being, sets himself to do that right thing however unpleasant or painful, or irksome or heartrending to him. Such a man, and such only is a hero.—*George MacDonald.*

Moderation is commonly firm; and firmness is commonly successful.

Out in the Light.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Dear GOLDEN GATE, through whose shining portals I have had such a soul satisfying glimpse, as yet I have only dared to peep in, but I have enough light of the beauties within, and long to enter and explore its wonders for myself. Having been raised by orthodox parents, I have had both the loss and gain of Bible teachings, which I consider both a blessing and a curse to mankind. I confess I have about the same respect for Bible stories that I have for the Mythology of the Greeks and Romans, and they have about as much foundation in fact, in my opinion, as the story of the part which the gods (spirits) took in the wars of the Athenians, as related by Homer in his matchless "Iliad."

With all due respect for those who are still plodding along in the shadow of orthodox creeds, I am glad for my own part, to get out into the broad, clear light of day, and see things as they are, as far as my limited knowledge will permit, and be thankful for freedom of thought and an occasional glimpse of the GOLDEN GATE, which, literally speaking, has been a Golden Gate to me, as I hope it is to many others. I have just come across a piece of poetry written by Lucretius, a Roman poet in the first century before Christ, which seems to express so entirely the thoughts of my mind, that I feel as if I can understand that Roman poet's feelings when he wrote:

"How sweet to stand when tempests tear the main,

On the firm cliff, and mark the seaman's toil; Not that another's danger soothes the soul, But from such toil how sweet to feel secure. How sweet, at distance from the strife, to view Contending hosts, and hear the clash of war! But sweeter far, on wisdom's heights serene, Upheld, by truth, to fix our firm abode; To watch the giddy crowd, that deep below, Forever wanders in pursuit of bliss; To mark the strife for honors and renown, For wit and wealth, insatiate, ceaseless urged, Day after day, with labor unrestrained."

Hoping that all dwellers on this plane will at some future time know and feel truly what the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man means in its fullest sense, allow me to sign myself an humble seeker after truth. F. S. SANTA CRUZ.

INFLUENCE OF GOOD AND EVIL.—It is true, of course, that, in the end of ends, nothing but the right conquers. The prevalent storms of wrong, at last, crackle away in indiscriminate flame; and of the good seed sown, one grain in a thousand at last verily comes up—and somebody lives by it—but most of our great teachers, not excepting Carlyle and Emerson themselves, are a little too encouraging in their proclamation of this comfort, not to my mind very sufficient, when for the present our fields are full of nothing but nettles and thistles, instead of wheat; and none of them seem to me yet to have enough insisted on the inevitable power and infectiousness of all evil, and the easy and utter extinguishtness of good.—*Ruskin.*

The highest exercise of charity is charity toward the uncharitable.—*Buckminster.*

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(Written for the Golden Gate.)

The Spirit Side of Life.

(Received through the mediumship of Mrs. A. S. Brooks.)

The allotted time for mankind in earth life, is measured by years, and often appears very long and tedious, but as measured by us, is only a day; therefore, we urge you not to worry, but journey on in the assurance that upon this side the trials and vexations of that life can not enter, nor will you ever long to return for any other purpose than to help lead anxious ones out of the darkness of error's ways into the light of truth.

Many dear ones upon this side of life accompany me as I come to your meetings so regularly, and we are more interested than you imagine in the questions that come up for discussion, and are very glad to have the opportunity to explain to you the real conditions surrounding us in this beautiful country. We are interested in all the questions you are discussing and often wish we could stand before you in a materialized form and tell you how we have learned and found conditions here, for then you would know beyond the shadow of a doubt that you were listening to those who had returned from the home in the Beyond, and that we also enjoy these occasions quite as fully as you can.

I understand fully that death has been considered the greatest foe that humanity has to contend with, and now I wonder that such is the case, for truly, mankind should long ago have learned that what is looked upon as death is really a new birth and an opening of the gate leading into a broader and more satisfactory life in the Beyond. One of the errands that so frequently calls us earthward is to teach this truth of life and individuality in the country upon this side of the grave, and thereby lead dear ones down to the river's banks in confidence instead of sorrow and doubt.

This realm is one of beauty complete, and I do not wonder that the dear ones upon this side delight to return and assure those left behind of the grand and beautiful world they now live in. At the same time, let me direct your thoughts to the fact that if you in earth-life had more leisure, you would most likely discover very much to admire in every nook and corner of the fields and woods upon every side of you; for, in truth, there is beauty everywhere in earth-life; therefore, do not shut your eyes and soul to the influence of these conditions in the hope that when you come home to us upon this side of life you will have more time to enjoy such things. Were I to return in the form, thereby doing away with all doubt as to my identity, one of the first lessons I would try to teach would be, "Worry less, and look for the good and beautiful at all times, for whether in earth-life or in this, it would aid greatly in entering into a condition of happiness and content."

There appears to be a law or influence governing us upon this side leading in the direction of progression, for during the time I have been in this realm, I have not known an instance where a person has become more degraded than when awakening upon this side of life; but I have known numberless instances of those who came with ignorance respecting life beyond the grave, reaching out for more light and grasping the hand of loving ones who were glad to lead a brother man upward and onward. This is the universal experience of all I have met upon this side, therefore, I feel that it is safe to assure you that the natural law governing this life is one of love and progression. We do not try to compel those sitting in doubt and superstition to follow us into the light, for compulsion is not needed and would do no good; in such instances we wait and watch, for the time soon comes when there is a desire to enter into better conditions. It is here as with you in earth-life, very few enjoy miserable conditions and soon ask to be guided to brighter conditions.

If you could see through the thin veil that separates earth and spirit life, you would be surprised to learn that the dear ones here are constantly reaching down to lead some one out of sorrow and doubt, in the hope of turning their eyes and thoughts heavenward. This is not, as many in earth-life imagine, the exception, but is universally true, and I am assured that thus it is in the beyond of this life. There are dear ones ever reaching out the helping hand to lead us into realms of far greater beauty than we now occupy; and it appears to be the universal law for those in advance to reach back and help those following. In this we are fulfilling the command that was given to mankind many years ago, that "they should love one another." In obeying the dictates of the Golden Rule none need ever go astray.

The question that has engaged your attention at this meeting, "Inspiration," has interested very many in earth-life, and it is wise to give it thought. When a medium gives you ideas clothed in language beyond her natural capacity, or voices harmonious music entirely beyond anything she is capable of rendering while in her normal condition, how do you imagine she receives the inspiration if not from some unseen one who delights to return and voice the love she has for dear ones left behind? Could you hold the curtain one side so as to see us clearly, you would discover that on such occasions the unseen ones are enjoying themselves more fully than you imagine, and you would see that these meetings are not wholly for the happiness of the dear ones

on your side of life, for love reacheth beyond the veil, and we are rendered happy in knowing that we are welcome there. ADELAIDE.

OUR QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

"R. C.," San Jose.—Man does not "create the spiritual powers" you mention, he learns to use them. Faith is not given for the asking, unless the individual calling on his own higher self evolves that which is his divine nature; then, indeed, faith becomes a power which metaphysically speaking, moves mountains. To feel that we are to create these soul functions is more than likely to weaken every effort for growth; while to know they are ours now, even though only potentially held, is to give us an impetus that can come from nothing less. There is a unit of consciousness which embraces in that unity all manifested existence, from the atom to the first expression of absolute being; you and I have part in this consciousness, it remains for us to develop that which may be to-day dormant power, but none the less ours.

You ask, "How?" First declare it for yourself, and then direct the thought and focus the consciousness toward the thing you would attain; do to accomplish in this direction just as you would if you desired to realize some particular wish of your heart on the more material plane of life. If you were pursuing a special course of study, and wished to work out on some other line, perhaps quite diverse from the one which now engrosses your attention, you would find it necessary to withdraw your conscious effort from these familiar paths in your mental life, and thereby prepare yourself for untried roads; you do not know yet what you are to meet, what you must overcome; still you feel brave to undertake the task. No truly progressed person is content with his present attainment; he longs for untried paths and loftier heights, even though he must have the silence of the soul to reach them. Now what are we to do who would commence this ascent, this research for the spiritual consciousness which is ours for the asking?

Must we not first withdraw as far as may be consistently with our present duties from this all-engrossing material care? Do our duties we must; but there is a broad line between our real duties and those imposed on us by custom, by pride of earthly position, by the enslaving appetite and passion, as well as that of habit. Until we can face this fact unflinchingly, we may as well work along the lines of natural evolution; for once we consciously set our faces in this direction we must not turn back, else the last state will be much worse than the first. Better by far leave the wild rose in its native copse than to cultivate it, changing its habits, training it to depend on artificial aid, and then to withdraw that aid, for in so doing we destroy its natural, vigorous growth, and then leave it helpless to withstand the Winter's cold and the Summer's heat.

There are many people to whom the development of their interior senses is already a fact. Such people have made conscious effort in some past incarnation, and are reaping fruits in this. If they prostitute the power, it were better they had not attained thereunto. But for those who are looking unselfishly toward the promised land, it is required of them to let go their strong grasp on the present material consciousness; for a short time each day, close the ears to external sound, the eyes to external sights; quit the tumult of the life on this external plane, then listen in the silence for the word which may be heard in the soul; look for that which takes no outward form; find the peace which vibrates in harmony with the universal; then to each will come consciousness of another plane of being. No one need be discouraged if he wait long for the revealing, it cannot come until he is grown to the possibility; surely we would not wish to miss one single step of the way, for if we do, the long, weary path must be trod again.

In working for this, do not let yourself pass into an unconscious state; hold on to your consciousness with all the will you can master. There may come a time in the future when you will know a sleep of the senses which is self-induced, in which time and space will be non-existent to you; these things are incidental in one's development, we need not urge them; eternity is long and we are in it. In going this journey through the unit of consciousness, we must touch every point to know it in our own selves, thus we individualize and become interpreters of the One Life.

To "R. C.," I will write what I say to myself hourly, "Make haste slow;" still, do not stop one moment in this home-stretch of the soul, even though flowery paths entice. He who would win this race, must guard his way with noble resolves, must people the path with duties well done, must scatter charity, hope and good will everywhere about him; he must feel himself one with humanity, and with humility claim the divine prerogative to develop into actuality the spiritual possibilities inherent in his being.

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

The precepts of the law may be comprehended under these three points: To live honestly, to hurt no man wilfully, and render every man his due.—Aristotle, B. C., 384.

Reply to the Attack on Madame Blavatsky.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In view of the Coues-Collins attack upon Theosophy and Mme. Blavatsky, I wish to say: I have read, and do now hold, a number of letters written by Dr. Coues to Madame Blavatsky, during the past two years, in which that gentleman entreats and urges Madame Blavatsky to have him made President of the Theosophical Society in America. This correspondence includes such requests from a member of his family and also letters from himself to Col. Olcott and others, preferring the same urgent demand. Their dates cover a period of time during which Professor Coues has said, written and published that he was then the President of the said Society, which statement was utterly false as his own letters and the records of the society prove. Madame Blavatsky and the General Secretary made, in '87, an attempt to have Dr. Coues elected to this position, but they were met with indignant refusals, based upon the career and private character of Dr. Coues; these written refusals include those of his personal friends, who considered him unfit for the place, in view of the ethical teachings of Theosophy. Undeterred by this rebuff, Dr. Coues still pressed his request upon Madame Blavatsky, finally bullying and threatening the desperately sick woman with personal scandal and enmity if she did not accede, and also calling her the greatest woman on earth, as so seen by himself, "the greatest man," and that he believed in her most fully.

Madame Blavatsky replied that the Branches were autonomous, and that she had no authority to force a President upon them and could not do it. Disregarding this constitutional fact, Dr. Coues wrote and cabled her during the convention of last April, insisting and threatening still more strongly. The convention having closed without making him President, Dr. Coues fulfils his threats by his conspiracy with Miss Mabel Collins. Copies of all Madame Blavatsky's replies to Dr. Coues were made at the time by her secretary, and are included in the correspondence covering all of the above points. There are, moreover, a number of other letters of Dr. Coues contradicting one another, stating facts known to be utterly false, as many witnesses and I can prove, and threatening other parties.

As regards Miss Collins, I also state that this lady received in London during March and April, a serious official rebuke for grave cause, in the Theosophical Society. Up to this time she had always declared her theosophical writings to be inspired by an adept known to her and to other members of English lodges, but not an Oriental adept.

This statement she has written and made verbally to me and to others known to me, besides printing its substance in each of her theosophical books. It was not until after the said rebuke and dismissal for most serious cause, and not until after Dr. Coues' final threats had been firmly withstood by Madame Blavatsky, that the two persons above named united to slander Madame Blavatsky, and a traitor in America aided in the plot. Although Madame Blavatsky was in India at the time Miss Collins says she "begged and implored her" to write to Dr. Coues that "Light on the Path," was inspired, and although Miss Collins could not have "taken the letter to her" (Madame B.) as the latter was 7,000 miles away, yet these two conspirators against the society and Madame Blavatsky, have deliberately contradicted all their previous statements frequently and fully made, verbally and in writing, at various times and places during several years past, in the hope of punishing the woman who withstood their unjust demands or punished their breach of faith and pledge.

The above correspondence, in the shape of letters from both conspirators, copies of Madame Blavatsky's replies and other documents, can be seen at the Path office, 21 Park Row, New York, on application by any trustworthy person, and will probably be published in due course. It gives the lie direct to almost every utterance of Dr. Coues regarding his relations with the Theosophical Society whether made to reporters or others, makes his motives of enmity clear, and shows his word to be utterly worthless.

While I deeply regret this public exposure, good faith towards Madame Blavatsky, to fellow Theosophists and the world at large, impell me to make this statement, sustained entirely by the letters of the parties named, upon which simple but overwhelming proof we rest our case.

Perfidy, disappointed vanity and defeated ambition may hurt individuals but cannot harm the Society.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, F. T. S.
NEW YORK CITY, June 7, 1889.

If all that has been said by orators and poets since the creation of the world in praise of women were applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during the war.—Lincoln.

The road to true philosophy is precisely the same as that which leads to true religion; and from one and the other, unless we would enter in as little children, we must expect to be totally excluded.—Lord Bacon.

Ignorance gives a sort of eternity to prejudice and perpetuity to error.

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durability is another of pianos' holes are bored in wooden boards and tuning pins inserted. The pins turn round in this board and cannot stand permanently in tune, and it cracks, splits, dries up, becoming utterly, totally and entirely worthless as a musical instrument. Our steel tuning device is in no way affected by such casualities and the sounding board is so constructed that our pianos can never become thin or metallic in tone. They are always in tune and the expense of tuning is saved. This patent alone is worth millions and makes our piano the greatest in the world. Prices are no higher than other pianos. Buying direct from us, the largest manufacturers, you save \$100 or \$200—dealers' profits. Don't mind the ominous growling of dealers and agents, who see their chances of selling a poor piano at a big profit of \$200—slipping away—pity them.

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(Written for the Golden Gate.)
Oh, Most Kind Death, Most Perfect Love.

BY HELEN MARION WALTON.

All died in the venture of the angels,
Crowned with the glory of the blest,
Well fed with the fruits of celestial,
Behold her forever at rest.
Then call her not back from her gladness,
Ah! wish she was not gone away,
For the sun of her life that is setting
Shall arise in a white morning-ray.

Lay aside the dark drapery of sadness,
Ah, be not thus cruel to wear
The garments of grief and of mourning
For one all so sweet and so fair—
Who was glad when the hour of departing
Had come as a white-winged dove,
While her face all illumined immortal,
She fled away radiant with love.

Disturb not the light of her morning
Nor break the pure cloud of her bliss,
By the robe and the tears of your parting
As you give her the last fervent kiss.
Ah! lay her away with the flowers,
Where the June roses bloom in their clime,
Then cover her form with the daisies
That grow in the glad Summer time!

For she lives again all immortal,
Not a shadow sweeps over her life,
Most radiant again in her beauty
And freed from earth's pitiless strife;
Then call her not back with your weeping,
No regrets or vain sorrows employ,
Lest you break the deep charm of her slumber,
Or lure her away from her joy.

For death is so kind and so tender,
God's love most eternally sure,
Then how can we grieve for the dying
Since death is for all to endure?
We are born, and we die, this is certain,
For short, or for long, who can tell?
Whether living or dying in the mortal,
The dear Christ hath said, "It is well."

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 5, 1888.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)
Mother-June

BY MARY BAIRD FINCH.

I am yours, sunny June; in return you are mine;
I claim your bright rainbows, your rivers that shine;
Your billowy hills and your star-blooming sod,
A gift from the sweet, silent forces called God.

Your roses are mine, and they gladden my toil
As I garner the sheaves of your generous soil;
On all the green headlands of wheat and of corn,
They burst on my sight as the day-star of morn.

Your wild, roaring floods, and your mountains and dells,
Your west winds that soothe me as musical bells,
And mine are your canons, your caverns and seas,
And your plains of the western-land like unto these.

Your trees, how they woo me while passing along,
To me in their message, their balm and their song;
The mystery of Time and of Space is their own,
For the south winds that murmur have breathed in their tone.

You are mine, Mother-June; you gave me to earth,
You wept at my sorrow and smiled at my mirth,
Your lilies leaned out from the cup of their charms
And kissed me to sleep in my own mother's arms.

Could I compensate her for the angel* that died?
A recompense bring ere her tears they were dried?
As I lay in his stead 'neath her beautiful face,
Yet gave her no part of his beautiful grace.

Tho' her mother-love blessed me 'till days like to June's,
Were serene on my path as the mid-summer moons,
And all the world bloomed for me lovely and fair,
As she wrapped me about with her soft, flowing hair.

Your ripples of sunlight, as creative showers,
Are weaving the uplands and prairies of ours,
'Till their robes be the vesture of Summer's sweet bride,
Whose maidens were the May-days that stood at her side.

Oh! fair bride of Summer, arrayed in your best,
Your soft winds seem borne from the isles of the blest,
And whisper to me of the peace I shall know,
And the days are of June's, sweet, whither I go.

FRENCHTOWN, N.B., June 8, 1889.

*A baby-brother who passed away a few months previous to the writer's birth.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)
Immortality.

BY FREDERICK GERHARD.

"From Death arises still more precious Life!
So says the poet; and his lofty word
Is true and strong as is the word of God.
It finds an easy door to every heart,
And breathe of immortality to man.
With this conception man can not believe
That, though his mortal frame to ruin fall,
His spirit, too, will vanish unto nought,
In dark annihilation lost and gone.

To man, nature and science join to teach
That nothing vanishes which once had birth.
The form may change: the inner being lives;
The germ, the living force, must still survive.
And, as man's mortal frame does change and pass,
But never vanishes, so does his spirit
But pass, and not expire.

For, since no thing can perish in the germ,
Man's spirit can not die; it still must live;
Eternal life is his. The sun may fade,
And hoary Time may alter with his years;
Still, fresh and fair, man's LIFE OF LIFE remains.
The stars will pass away, but in man's spirit
The star of immortality will shine
From life to life, a luminous intelligence,
Forever and forever.

Music of Creation.

BY MRS. LIZZIE PARDON.

The Father spake! In grand reverberations
Through space rolled on the mighty music tide,
While to its low majestic modulations
The clouds of chaos slowly swept aside.

The Father spake! A dream that had been lying
Hushed from eternity, in silence there,
Heard the pure melody, and low replying,
Grew to that music in the wondering air—

Grew to that music—slowly, grandly waking,
'Till, bathed in beauty, it became a world!
Led by His voice, its spheric pathway taking,
While glorious clouds their wings around it furled.

Nor yet has ceased that sound—His life revealing,
Though, in response, a universe moves by!
Throughout eternity its echo pealing—
World after world awakes in glad reply.

And wheresoever, in His rich creation,
Sweet music breathes—in wave, or bird, or soul,
'Tis but the faint and far reverberation
Of that great tune to which the planets roll.

Woman's Column.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Hurrah! Let's have a woman's Fourth of July! "Aunt Cordelia" has struck the key-note through the organ pipes of the GOLDEN GATE. I have long wished for a Woman's Column in some good paper, but expected we must wait until some time—that indefinite time—when woman was as free to act as man. I have thought of asking our good Brother Owen to let the "Sisterhood of Seven Links," have a column, and in it let each sister woman—whether a united member of the "Links" or not—speak as she is moved to do. Of course, the editor might not like all that was said, but he could lay the responsibility upon Eve, as Adam did—man's resort in trouble.

Now sisters, one and all, if Mr. Owen will give us a column, speak for truth's sake, all of you. Some can relate an experience, some tell a story, others give their impressions and ideas; and, my sisters, a wheel will be set in motion which no power can stop. We are all in the habit of thinking and nursing our thoughts too much. One old physician once said to me: "If women would only swear and tear as men do when they suffer mentally or physically, there would be less heart disease among them and their children." Now, as man is born of woman, and the condition of things to-day is, to say the least, rather mixed, let the woman speak for herself. I've been in the habit of writing my thoughts when ready to burst, as no one cared to listen to that subject, strange to say, the all-important one too. Let the sisterhood speak, the motherhood, and she'll find the "lost chord" of that grand amen.

JANE MERRITT MITCHELL,
TURLOCK, Cal.

A Spirit Prescription.

The Shamokin Times says: "I was sitting in a drug store when a gentleman with a very red face and white hair came in, and, taking a little slip of paper from his pocket, said to the prescription clerk, 'George, I wish you would take your files and look back about twenty years and see what physician signed these numbers.' The files were produced, bound in volumes of 500 prescriptions each, and a list of some dozen or more read off by the anxious inquirer revealed that they were signed by Dr. D. D. C., who had committed suicide some ten years previous.

"In a day or two I left the city and was gone for upwards of a year. On my return, happening in at the same drug store, who should come in but the man with the red face and white hair. He took an immense drink of Jamaica ginger and departed. Remembering the queer errand of a year ago, I asked the clerk, George, what Gen. Kellogg wanted with the old prescription numbers, when I was here a year ago. 'Well, you see, the old fool had been drinking very heavy and he got it into his head that old Dr. D. D. C. was making nightly pilgrimages from the cemetery and sitting down at his bedside and talking with him. He claims that the Doctor gave him those prescription numbers to prove that he really was there. It is a little singular how he got hold of those old numbers (we think it a big singular on any but spiritual knowledge.) It had one good and one bad effect. He stopped drinking and turned Spiritualist."

The wives and mothers of the many otherwise noble men who are slaves to appetite, would gladly have them Spiritualists, if by that means they could be lifted above their appetites.

Mankind are not so wicked as some people exclaim, in hopes of governing them. That the devil may be in the bodies of the theologians I am ready to allow; but assuredly he is not in mine.—Voltaire.

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We will here submit a few cases, selected from thousands of others in our possession, who failed to find relief until they came to us:

A DEAD LEG.

SAVED FROM THE SAW AND LIFE RESTORED TO IT BY DR. MACLENNAN.

TO THE PUBLIC:—Over two and a half years ago my ankle was badly broken by an accident. I went to the hospital to get it cured. I stayed there one year. Two open sores refused to heal, and I suffered great pain. I was very lame and could walk only with the aid of a crutch and cane. There was no feeling in the shin bone and I was told that it was dead, and would have to be removed or cut off. For that purpose I went again to the hospital, but as they delayed action I changed my mind and went and consulted Dr. MacLennan. After making a thorough examination he said that he would cure it without cutting; and that life and feeling would restore to the bone; that the sores would heal and pain and lameness would disappear. Well, I put myself immediately under his treatment. I am glad I did, for now I am well. All pain is gone. All lameness is gone. Life and feeling came back into the dead bone. The sores healed up quickly, and I am as well as ever.

I reside at the Parrott smelter, Butte City, Montana, where over seven hundred people will bear testimony to my wonderful cure.

JOE KULTZER.

A MIRACLE.

CURE OF MRS. ANN ALEXANDER, RESIDING AT 241 SOUTH FOURTH WEST ST., SALT LAKE CITY.

(From the Daily Tribune)

"Oh, yes; I want every body to know that the Doctor is the greatest mystery I ever met. Just sit down and I will tell you all about my long sickness and sudden recovery. Some fifteen years ago, while crossing a railroad track in a lumber wagon, I received severe injuries, which have disabled me ever since from doing any physical labor. For weeks I have been confined to my bed, and only able to move with the aid of help. My spine was curved, and I had to walk stooped, with my hands on my sides. During all the past fifteen years I have suffered untold miseries, and no amount of care and medicine gave me any relief. On the 20th of this month I managed to get out of bed, and on the afternoon of the day following I determined to go and consult Dr. MacLennan. My husband and daughter assisted me to a street-car, and after a great deal of exertion, I managed to get up stairs into the Doctor's office, by the aid of my friends. After the Doctor had made an external application to the injured parts,

I FELT ENTIRELY CHANGED,

And realized that every misplaced organ was going into its proper place by some mysterious means. The Doctor then told me that the work was accomplished and that I was healed. I at first doubted his word, when he told me to get out of the chair and walk the floor. With fear and doubt I gradually rose up, and to my astonishment I found that all pain had left me and that I was perfectly well. I leaped with joy and could scarcely refrain from worshipping so great a healer as Dr. MacLennan. Yes, sir; you can just tell your readers that Dr. MacLennan cured me of an infirmity I had suffered with for fifteen years, and I want all afflicted ones to go and see him for themselves. I am now 58 years of age, and feel as though I could do the work of two women since I have regained my health and strength."

DR. HUGHES' SUFFERING AND CURE.

PORTLAND, OR.

The undersigned, a resident of the town of Slaughter, King county, W. T., has been afflicted for over two years with a disease termed by some physicians Epitheloma, by others Ticoloreux, from which I have suffered greatly—at times the most excruciating pain, only relieved by hot fomentation.

The disease and pain started in my upper jaw on the right side, under the right ale of the nose, extended up through the bones of the face, and finally to the right side of my head, affecting my eyes.

My own skill, being a practicing physician for over forty years, and counsel from several others of good repute, failed to give any relief.

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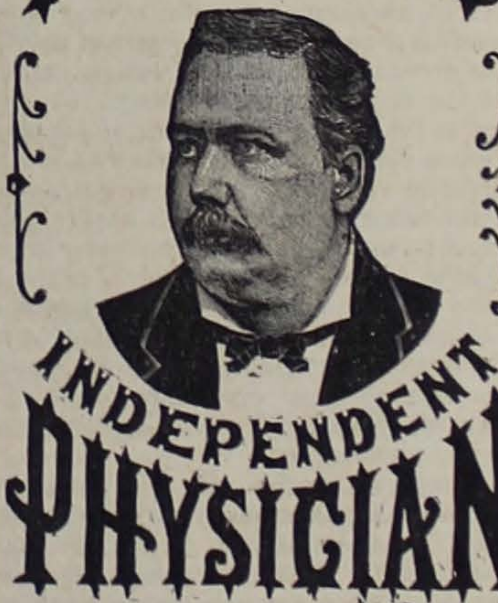
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