



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.

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

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

Men would be less wicked if they would hunt for fewer opportunities.

Civilization is nothing but the knowledge and observance of natural laws.

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

One must have heart to enjoy a person's qualities; and mind to endure his defects.

Oh! if the promptings of our better hours with vegetative virtue sprang and grew They would fill up the room of living Time And leave the world small space to nourish weeds of crime.—*Lord Houghton.*

A single virtuous action has elevated a whole village, a whole city, a whole nation.

Quarrels would never last long if the trouble was only on one side.—*Rouche-foucauld.*

We have great respect for the penetration of the man who discovers good qualities in us.

There is always a suspicion of hypocrisy about people who are to good.—*Alexandria Gazette.*

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

He who loses half an hour every morning runs after it during all the day without being able to overtake it.—*Selwyn.*

The only legitimate anger is a holy emotion directed against an unholy thing. Sin, not our neighbor, must be its object.—*Arnol.*

To be a philosopher is not merely to have subtle thoughts, but so to love wisdom as to live according to its dictates.—*Thoreau.*

Let us have faith that right makes might and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

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

Flowers are the language of the unseen—the spirits, therefore, when finding it difficult to express themselves, resort to the language of flowers.

Self-praise is no test of self-approval—indeed, those who are most insistent in their own commendation are frequently the least confident of its justice.

What we make others do for us selfishly at one period of our lifetime, we will have to do so for others at some other period. It is the law of compensation. Parents should therefore be careful and not take advantage of their children because it happens to be in their power to exert psychological sway over them. Love is always conscientious.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

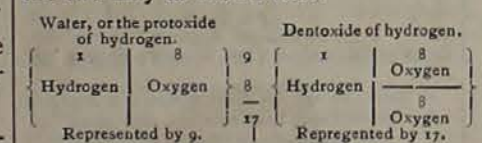
HYDROSTATICS.

Sea Currents and Ocean Phenomena.

BY JESSE S. HALSTEAD.

Water, on account of the mobility of its parts, may be easily displaced, but it is with great difficulty compressed, and only then to one-twelfth its bulk, to the inch pressure of 30,000 pounds. Fluids, when at rest, press equally in all directions and the surface is horizontal. The pressure upon any portion of a column of fluid is proportioned to its depth below the surface, at a maximum of five hundred pounds per square foot for every eight feet. Thus the pressure of a column of water upon the bottom of a vessel, depends wholly upon the height of the column, without regard as to shape or size, displacing as much water at the same time as its own weight.

Before penetrating farther into Hydrostatic Science, let us analyze the element which we base this article upon. Water is composed of hydrogen and oxygen. Oxygen is so called from the Greek *oxus*, acid, added to *gennaos*, to produce. The word hydrogen is also of Greek origin, meaning *uder*, the signification of which is to combine. The chemical parts of oxygen or respirable air are of mineral properties and termed *peroxid of manganese*, pro ratio to ninety-six parts. The author of nature has, in this element, wisely provided the germs of life, which governs to a certain degree the character of chemistry, as every thing is found to be subservant to its power. The properties of hydrogen (water) condensed, are the lightest of all ponderable substances, its weight being fourteen times lighter than atmospheric air. They are composed of sulphate of acid and iron, and highly explosive. Water is composed of two parts of hydrogen and one of oxygen; that is when in bulk. The weight of the two equals nine, a representation of water chemically analyzed. It is called protoxide of hydrogen, because it unites to one portion of water. The union of the two may be shown thus:



We have analyzed and sub-classified the properties of water in meagre quantity, by the science of chemistry, and are now able to penetrate through its mysteries and their phases. Let us not stop short of the five great reservoirs of nature, ere we retie the thread of our investigation into this inexhaustible subject. Currents are produced by the unequal temperature and density of the ocean waters in the equatorial and polar regions, together with the effect of the trade winds and the earth's rotation. The cold waters of the polar region are constantly flowing toward the equator, to supply the deficiency of water caused by the greater evaporation from the surface of the tropic seas, and partially from the tendency of colder and heavier water to displace the of hotter and lighter water of the equatorial region. These currents are divided into three main currents: the Equatorial, Polar, and Return Currents. While the Equatorial Current is divided into the Pacific, the Atlantic, and Indian, and include the belt over which the trade winds blow, a zone of about twenty-five degrees either side of the equator. As the polar currents approach the tropic regions, they fail to partake immediately of the increased velocity of the earth near the equator, and thus fall behind—that is, beginning a general westward movement which is increased by the prevailing tendency.

Currents as sub-classified are the Atlantic, Pacific, Indian, Kuro Swio (Japan Current), Arctic, Antarctic, and monsoons (minor currents.) The Infinite created this great system of circulation to preserve the equilibrium, density, and purity of the waters. The saltier and denser water of one region flows as an under-current to one part of the sea, while the lighter and fresher flows back as a surface current. The influences of these interchanging currents extend to the land nearest to which they flow, softening the extremes of climate. The temperature of the British Isles and the western coast of Europe is regulated, to a certain degree, by the Gulf Stream, while the Kuro Swio produces a

similar effect upon the Japan Isles and northwestern America. We have traversed the currents together in the bark of progression, propelled by the instrumentality of thought. During our journey we have experienced ocean phenomena in all its phases. Let us complete our investigation.

We now take up the theory of ocean storms, being mindful of the mineral properties of oxide of hydrogen. There are three main courses for storms, thus:

First, Meeting and co-mingling of unequal atmospheric temperatures or pressures.

Second, Unequal specific gravity of different layers of air.

Third, A displacement of vacuum by electricity.

The sun's rays, falling upon the earth, calorizes its surface; and by the absorption and radiation of this stored-up heat, renders the temperature higher near the spherical crust than at elevated points. The atmospheric pressure holds this hot air down, until the expansion becomes so great as to break through the cold air pressure. This forces the hot air up with a rush, oft times to a great height, and creates a vacuum below. The vacuum created by this ascending caloric draws into its vortex the air of the four winds. Right at this point is the centre of a storm. What we experience as a lull in a storm is caused by the hot air feeling the effect of the earth's motion from west to east commences to revolve, which spreads the forces until another explosion takes place. The direct cause of a storm is a choking up, or, in other words, a stagnation of the currents of air, resulting from the planetary gravitation becoming impaired by accumulated gases. And the severity of a storm, be it over sea or land, depends wholly upon the amount of gas generated. A storm is an electrical fever—nature's relief for purifying the intermediate currents of atmosphere. Typhoons, water spouts, cyclones, and all atmospheric phenomena are different phases of current stagnation, combined with the positive, negative, and gravital attractions of the sphere susceptible near the foul currents.

Chronologically we note the receding of this vast body of matter, and the great danger shown when comparing coast survey statistics of different years. This phenomena leads us to scientifically investigate the origin and termination of this changeable matter. The formation of a planetary sphere originated out of a commixture of gases concentrated in commensurate proportions, expiated from other planets. The solidification of these gases forms a caloric, which attracts vapor. From this attraction a rotary motion takes place. The forming planet receives its first fuel, and the engines of nature are set in motion to perform their function until a disintegration takes place. This attracted vapor is condensed into hydrogen (water), coating the solidified gases as is the outside of a goblet of water on a warm day beaded with condensed vapor.

When these gases expand, the attraction increases and the bud (sphere), in the period of formation rapidly finds material to gather strength. For the now tangible matter becomes a sphere or planet, increasing in size according to the quality and quantity of food that it may susceptible. Hence, the first period, and extending to a minute part of the second, or, just past the turning point to the period of growth, our planet, likewise all other planets, were entirely covered by water. This may seem strange to many, but it is an analysis of the fundamental roots of astronomy from a scientific and philosophical standpoint. Then, since we have profited so far by our investigations, our eyes have opened to the direct meaning of the geographical answer with regard to three-fourths of the earth's surface being water. Thus: The earth just turning from the first quarter to the half of the second period, as alluded to in a former article, the planet gains strength each day, which absorbs vaporized matter to a greater extent; so much so that the sun returned to space one-fourth of the earth's hydrogen. This absorption is due to more solidified matter being attracted to our sphere. The remaining three-fourths of hydrogen, and the remaining two-thirds of the period of growth, corroborates the authentication of the above and is a key to the expiration of all animal life at the close of the period of growth.

Emolumental investigation into nature on the sphere with hydrous and solidified matter, eradicates the above episode in

an exemplified form. As a statistical coast investigation would comprise volumes of wearisome matter, a few marked features in a concise form I deem worthy of mention, in consideration with this article, as follows:

The finding from time to time of the bones of fish, many miles from the sea, also those of sharks and whales, authenticates the theory of a gradual evaporation, or wasting of the earth's hydrogen. These fossils are generally encased in a sedimentized matter, slateish in appearance and crumbly in texture, and composed principally of carbonate of lime, chloride of sodium and common chalk rock. Sometimes fossils of the sea class have been unearthed from a depth of one hundred feet and over.

It was my good luck to personally obtain, some two years ago, in Santa Cruz, several well preserved bones of a whale, which measured twenty-eight feet in length and was found forty-two feet below the surface of the earth, encased in this peculiar sedimentized stone beneath an alternate layer of slate, gravel and chalk rock. Numerous shells and other sub-marine curios were exposed upon a closer search. The site of this investigation was eighty-two feet above ebb tide, embedded in natural earth formations. Frequent and more profound finds than the above at greater elevations have been recorded. We are all aware that the coast boundaries are continually changing, also channels both in soft and fresh waters; though it is hardly probable that the sun ever cast his rays on the land beneath the sea. An internal evaporation is also taking place to supply the gases, and to nourish the earth's inter domains.

Under the thin crust or covering of our sphere, are imprisoned forces great enough to render our planet a meteoric mass, were they liberated. Volcanic eruptions are the imprisoned gases exploding, which is due to the choking up of sub-earthly vapors or currents of internal evaporation. These currents are less frequent where springs are numerous, as they give vent to the imprisoned forces. The subaqueous valleys resemble their namesakes, with the exception of an outer sedimentized covering, varying in thickness from six to eighteen feet. After becoming exposed to the sun a rapid transformation takes place; as the waters recede, this exposed matter is transformed, through the chemical process of evaporation, into earth. And the once tossing, heaving billows, animated with fish of the sea, have diminished in number with the receding water, leaving their bones to mark the spot that once was a roaring sea.

And so with all animal life, each class is, or has lived out its assigned function, brought about by the conditions of its surroundings. Great men have come and gone; great powers and armies that have ruled, have succumbed to the assigned fate of all. The populating and depopulating of races is governed by the quality and quantity of matter a planet susceptible during the existence of the inhabiting races. In this golden age of enlightenment, we have profited by our investigations into the laws of nature, and opened a new avenue of thought on the evolutions of man and planet. May this abridgment prove a stepping-stone for those who are able to handle this profound and inexhaustible subject, which I have but attempted to outline. Let the laws of nature be a study of progression, that we may look up intelligently and with respect to the works of the God of love, the Omnipotence and Ruler of all things.

Like most garments and most carpets, everything in life has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it around find troubles on the other side; or you may take the greatest trouble and by turning it around find joy on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once, nor does the greatest of life's calamities.

Each one of us is bound to make the little circle in which he lives better and happier; each of us is bound to see that out of that small circle the widest good may flow; each of us may have fixed in his mind the thought that out of a single household may flow influences that shall stimulate the whole commonwealth and the whole civilized world.—*Dean Stanley.*

A single conversation across the table with a wise man is better than ten years mere study of books.—*Chinese Proverb.*

OUR QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

While the "Question Department" may sympathize with the kind spirit of Brother Clark and his effort to give a few of his crumbs of comfort to those who shrink from the consequences of the violation of law, still it is not willing to let him re-state the question, leaving out the very spirit of the matter, thus basing his conclusion on what seems to the "Question Department," to be false premises, carry the whole argument by sophistry. The question is not, "Can we forgive ourselves for any wrong that we see that we have been guilty of?" but, Can sin be forgiven in the sense that the results of violated law may be set aside? This is the question before the house, let us stick to the text, gentlemen. There is little doubt but what most of us would find some excuse for ourselves, even at the expense of an Eve and a serpent.

If, as Brother Clark states, "man did not make himself, but is the result of an infinity of causes over which he had no control," then indeed he should be forgiven without the asking. But if "man is the result of an infinity of causes," which he himself originated, if he is to-day what he has by his own acts consciously or unconsciously willed himself to be, then looking this subject square in the face, there is no forgiveness of the sin itself, and no setting aside the results. There is overcoming the tendency to sin, and the living out the effects of past violation. When the debt is paid (unless we go on heaping up Karma), we are free, not before. There is a fact in regard to the action of the law of Karma which people seem to lose sight of; namely, that the results of living in harmony with the law, are as fruitful of good, as is the violation fruitful of evil; if one can be set aside, why not the other? We might be quite willing to shirk the results of evil doing, are we as ready to give up the effects of well doing? In either case we are reaping that which we have sown.

"M. W." of San Jose asks, "How does the law of Karma differ from the orthodox idea of predestination?" Simply in this, that the child comes into life with his fate fixed by some power superior to himself, doomed to an eternal heaven or hell. At the same time he is held responsible for his acts, is told that he must work out his own salvation, hope against hope, for there is no chance after this one short life of suffering, and that a never ending state of suffering or happiness awaits him. At the same time he is told that "God is love." This is orthodoxy. The law of Karma, in its relation to reincarnation, declares that though the child comes into life with his path more or less predetermined by many past lives, still he is free to work for good or evil results in some future embodiment. No power superior to himself has fixed his life lines. He in the past or in the future has been left to choose between error and its opposite truth, evil, and its opposite good. If the results of error and evil were to be set aside, how would he ever learn the truth, and realize the good?

Would the child ever dread the fire if there were no smarts? And think you the larger smarts of the soul bring to it no lessons? The law of Karma declares love and justice to be one. No, we are not "to settle down to the idea that any condition of misery is our Karma." We are to overcome the ills of life just so far as is in our power, and grow strong to resist evil in so doing. While that which proves the inexorable Karma should be met with such heroic courage that it will also become an opportunity for growth. Remember the trees that have to face the hardest winds strike their roots deepest into the soil. So man may, in his severest trials, through faith in omnipresent good and trust in the divine nature within his own being, ever find safe standing ground where he may battle the ills of life, sure to win if he so wills it in thought, word, and deed. "Try."

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

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

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE NEW

SPIRITUALIST : COLONY

--OF--

SUMMERLAND!

LOCATED FIVE MILES BELOW THE
CITY OF SANTA BARBARA.The Finest Scenery and Fairest
Climate on the Globe.

Building Progressing Rapidly.

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

Summerland offers all the advantages for such a colony, located as it is upon the seashore, in the unequalled climate of Santa Barbara, and but five miles from that most beautiful city, a spot 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 Iner 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.

The size of single lots is 25x60 feet, or 25x120 feet for a double lot, the latter fronting on a fine wide avenue, with a narrow street in the rear. Price of single lots, \$30.00, \$2.50 of which is donated to the Colony. By uniting four lots—price \$120—a frontage of 50 feet by 120 feet deep is obtained, giving one a very commodious building site, with quite ample grounds for flowers, etc., securing a front and rear entrance.

The object of this Colony is to

ADVANCE THE CAUSE OF
SPIRITUALISM.

And not to make money selling lots, as the price received does not equal the price adjoining land was sold for by the acre, said lands not being as good.

The government of the Colony will be by its inhabitants the same as other towns and cities. A prohibitory liquor clause is in every deed. Title to property unquestionable.

Orders for lots in Summerland will be received, entered and selected by the undersigned where parties can not be present to select for themselves, with the privilege of exchanging for others without cost (other than recording fee) if they prefer them when they visit the ground.

Reference: Commercial Bank, Santa Barbara.

Send for plat of the town, and for further information, to

ALBERT MORTON, Agent,

210 Stockton Street, San Francisco, or

H. L. WILLIAMS, Prop'r.

SANTA BARBARA, CAL.

Theosophical Teachings.

BY ALBERT MORTON, D. D.

Conscious compromise on moral planes is cowardice. When one acts other than up to his highest light, and to the extent he fails, is his progress impeded. That burning flame whose source is in one's higher self, ever lights the pathway of him who strives to overcome himself, nor do its rays grow dim and weak to the outward sense and cease to guide, unless choice is made for other ends; then, do they sink low and almost fade away and one is left to struggle on in deepening darkness and in gloom.

Great Ones fall because of this: that self rises uppermost and fills their little horizon, shutting out the beams which only of all else can widen and expand, and clothe in light, so that man is not himself, but becomes that which is divine. Naught but pity is due the erring ones; the greater the fall, the more is their desert of human aid and sympathy that they rise again, and wherefore are strong but that they help the weak? Condemnation of the blinded by error's ways is great weakness in one's self, and by that course a pit is dug for our own occupation. Only and alone as one aids and assists the weak and erring in all the walks of life, is he himself uplifted. One cannot rise alone, all humanity is the burden he must lift and bear on and upward, and each suffering, struggling, wandering brother is that humanity—a part and portion of ourselves. Only that pure Charity is safe refuge which views alike all men, the apparent high and low, the tottering weak and lusty strong, as equal and the same before that law which overshadows and shelters all. Any other place is fraught with danger, a crumbling and unsteady ground that serves one false, that beguiles to certain pain. What though one falls and is sore, bruised, and broken, 'tis himself who caused the pain, and this is his way of rising; shall an self righteous other hold aloof and congratulate himself? then do gibing imps grin in fiendish glee at such easy prey. Imps, fiends and ghouls to these and other states of selfishness and evil intent largely owe their existence and thrive apace, while angels, the pure and holy ones, draw away and weep—which would you have to attend as your companions?

Conditions are in ourselves, and unless they be clean and pure, born of high motives and unselfish aspirations, the worse influences find a home in about us. As each one strives for the highest within himself, the best influences come and dwell with him.

When the heart is right, actions adjust themselves and naturally flow into that great current which tends toward the common goal of a perfected race; the waves sweep on in never-failing tides, ever increasing and bearing humanity. When one with perverted sense, in ignorance, or whose unbridled lower nature is uppermost, vainly attempts to retard the flow, he by that foolish act soon discovers that he who breathes the floods of truth, fails utterly to check or stay the mighty rush, and is himself worsted because out of harmony with the law which guides and controls the individual, the race, and all nature.

As the law operates in nature's material world, so does it act in realms where play her finer forces. As the tree casts off a dead and useless branch that no longer contributes to its growth and ceases to give nourishment to it, but freely yields life to the live and healthy parts which help the whole, so on higher planes, when one fails of the performance of his duties to his kind, or seeks advance at the expense of those whom he would use for selfish purposes, rather than find his progress in their service, that one dies to the parent stock and by virtue of his own course deprives himself of that life and sustenance which constitutes the larger growth. "Each man his prison makes." Each one makes the conditions by which he receives the nourishment of life, or the potion of death. No one owes to any other that which is his portion, whether it be good or bad; he has himself in this and other lives, planted for the present reaping, and now is sowing for future harvests.

Apparently the body or organization to which one may belong, discharges, dismisses, or expels a member; not so in fact, for that one has in himself by act or thought isolated himself before the external and formal action of those whom he leaves took place; or, perhaps, he never was one with them in heart and motive—he may have either deceived them or himself. In any case, soon will the true situation be known, for it is not natural for man long to play the hypocrite, even to himself. All separations are natural before the higher law, as are all unions, and nothing goes amiss. In this truer sense, there is no need for sympathy, nor pity, when others suffer, for by that course they grow; but there is great need for assistance when another appeals by thought, or word, or act for aidance which we can render and no one performs their whole duty unless they help to the utmost of their power. Mere giving of wordly goods is sometimes a compromise with oneself and poor assistance to the needy. Sympathy, hope, encouragement, are the soothing salves which ease an aching heart torn by bereavements, and cool burning lids that yield scalding drops in floods of bitter rain. These be the balsams for sore hearts throbbing with the pain of

recent wounds, and leaden eyes that are blinded by their own heavy mist. No barrier with oneself to pay the debt of man to man with money, will discharge an universal obligation, nor less than freely yielding of the heart's best kind will satisfy its own craving. Of all acts mere money gifts are easiest and sometimes meanest; not that money is non-essential, but, that by itself it stands for so little when other and truer aid is indicated. More often money is a standard of the selfish, a measure of worth both for themselves and others, a criterion of merit. A time will come when material possessions will have ceased to serve as the gauge of worth and merit; but never will dawn a day when sympathy, love, encouragement and fraternity shall fail to pass current as the true coin of loyalty and allegiance in the intercourse of the higher man. Then, you who have wealth of this world's good, make it a blessing to yourselves by using it for the good of others, for all others are continually with and beside yourself whether you will or not. One may enclose his dwelling within a high stone wall, or isolate himself by time and distance—these are but means of self-deception, for each one carries in himself all of the good or evil inherent in his kind—real separation, there is none. The shout of joy, the wail of suffering and despair, will reach one though he do his utmost to shut them out. So, all the good and evil, all the joy and sorrow of each member of the race, finds echo and response in the heart of every other. Do not deceive yourselves by attempting to escape in selfish flight. You carry with you, as part of your inmost self, the burdens and heavy loads of all mankind and only increase their weight upon yourself and all by attempts to avoid them. Rather seek that place where vice reveals most degraded and misery makes its home; where error rules and suffering cries loudest for relief, the better and sooner to help combat all evils and dispel them, so that individually and as a whole humanity soonest drops its shackles and rises towards its manifest destiny. Nor, need one seek far nor wide to employ his hands and heart with work for less favored brothers—at one's very door they are if we would see and know them. Man is prone to expect that from a distance in time and place is good or ill to reach him, ignoring the present and the spot he now occupies and thus, while waiting and looking afar, important events transpire at his very feet which he fails to perceive because overlooking them. The HERE and NOW do most concern us all, for by and through our rising to perform present duties with pure motives, calm front and brave actions, are ills overcome and grand things reborn to live again.

Man transforms, remodels and perfects old forms, and grows apace as his inner nature unwinds its threaded mesh, and becomes his own creator. Nor, do the ruling gods urge him to more rapid speed or greater effort than he has capacity for, but do not less than offer time and scope within which to exercise all his parts to their utmost. These gods are kind and know each one best that he attempts not more nor less than he is equal to. The self within the self it is which receives from above, below, without and within that which becomes itself, which is all else and all others, so that as it becomes and reveals itself by an altruistic life and labor for itself in others, the many become one in purpose and reality.

"He who does not practice altruism; he who is not prepared to share his last morsel with a weaker or a poorer than himself; he who neglects to help his brother man, of whatever race, nation or creed, whenever and wherever he meets suffering, and who turns a deaf ear to the cry of human misery; he who hears an innocent person slandered, whether a brother Theosophist or not, and does not undertake his defense as he would undertake his own—is no true Theosophist." (Mme. H. P. Blavatsky in Lucifer, Nov. 1888.)

He, also, who is not cheerfully willing to serve the Cause of Theosophy either in a high or low capacity and for either a long or short time, using all his powers and talents for its success, is no true Theosophist.

The breadth and scope of a truly Theosophic life thus reaches far and wide, including oneself; naught is too far nor near that it is without the limits of him who wills to do his utmost for a common good; no condition of man so low, no state so high, but is included in its all embracing reach. So, when a misguided brother, eminent in scientific departments asserts "that Theosophy is only for the prominent and learned," he fails in his conception to grasp the full intent and broad charity of Theosophy. Theosophy is for the "prominent and learned," 'tis true, but not alone for them more than for any other condition of men. It is equally for the humble and lowly; the poor who labor for a bare living; the sorrowing and pain-ridden, and those who are overshadowed and pursue their lonely way along the secluded walks of life. If there is any difference in its fitness for one class more than another, it is for the latter, for they are called to experience much of biting sorrow and deprivation unknown to their more favored brothers. He who would pride himself upon his superiority, had better heed lest he fall to lower depths than those on whom he looks with disdain. Another life may reverse the respective positions, and he who takes pride in loftiness, may become of the lowly very low. This is the tendency of the law. The "prominent and learned" have duties to perform toward the humble and the lowly and

should serve them from their abundance with the higher food, if they possess it. But who shall say who is high and who is low. *Appearance is the great delusion.* The "prominent and learned" may be poor, indeed, in the possession of that wealth which alone is true, while the poor of purse, of house and land, may live in affluence of that which constitutes the pure and unalloyed gold of human happiness and content—happy in the knowledge of their own growth, and content to do what they can for the growth of others, resting in the certitude that thus does life yield its greatest blessings.

Before the higher law which is kindness, wisdom and justice, all things are ordered well and nothing fails of the mark. To ordinary man's limited vision much appears tangled and confused, but as that vision becomes perfected by a life of exertion in eliminating his own selfishness and imperfections, by losing sight of self in labor for other's higher good, he discovers that not only does his horizon expand and reach out toward the infinite, but that much appears to him which has always been near but unseen by him before, so that he wonders at his former blindness. Himself, others and all nature present a new aspect to the awakening one and he frets no more because of narrow limitations, but realizes that all that he can sense exists for him to know and to possess. This is the new life which has been struggling within himself for birth. It is his real being, the true self not known before, but now asserting itself and possessing him. 'Tis well if he surrender himself to himself and follow the guidance of his higher self, for that alone will fill the measure of his capacity for all things, will infinitely enlarge that capacity and constantly satisfy it. Then one begins to know the higher life because becoming it, and that great mystery, the Whence and What and Whither, that has been the vital question of the wisest of all ages, gradually but surely reveals itself, so that a great peace, that peace searched and sought for by the highest, comes and dwells with him. Then does that one know himself akin to all that is, and that he is in the way which leads eternally on, and whose goal shall soon be reached because it is the Absolute, is unfathomable and abides in the ever boundless spaces. Soon, also, he realizes that in himself is that Absolute, and those areas of infinite dimension. In succeeding lives this knowledge which he thus embodies will be a part of himself, for what of truth one becomes never departs. From innumerable lives already lived, has been gleaned truths which now in the aggregate constitute the man, and he is only unaware of it until under the mystic spell of evolved and opening consciousness is wrought that change which reveals himself to himself and through himself to all else. Grand mystery, this, of Self! The hidden and unknown must first be discovered and known if man would transcend time, space and all limitation, and self is that most hidden and unknown. By mastery of that self and wedded to divine wisdom, shall man become fitted for his great inheritance.

O, Seeress of the Ages!
O, Queen immaculate!
Accept our lowly homage
To thine imperial state.
O, Flood the chambers of the soul
With the hallowings of thy throne,
And teach rebellious hearts of men
To know thee as their own.

Let fall thy veil and bare thy face,
That all mankind may see
The prophecy of a god-like race
Writ on Eternity!
May drink from thy flowing fountain;
Bow to thy sceptre rod;
And with amazement behold the sign
Which hails the man a GOD!

SAN FRANCISCO, June 26, 1889.

Ungrateful Harcourt.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Rev. Dr. Harcourt of the M. E. Church seems fond of notoriety, but he ought not to stab the church that supports him to gain it. Just after the visit to San Francisco of Moody and Jones, he created a little stir by denouncing Revivalists of that class. He ought to know that Revivalists of that class have placed him where he is; he ought to know that the rapid spread of Christianity during the first, second, and third centuries, which Orthodoxy is so fond of referring to as proof of its divinity, and which was really a continuous succession of revivals, was through the labors of such men as he affects to despise. He ought to know that from the end of the third to the beginning of the thirteenth century, when such men were suppressed, there was not one large outpouring of the spirit, that deadness overshadowed Christendom during a long and dreary period of one thousand years, except indeed for the men in power, who were alive enough in another than a pious sense. He ought to know that but for such men as he despises, neither his church nor himself (as an ecclesiastic, probably not otherwise) would have been in existence.

Such men as Moody and Sam Jones have placed such men as Dr. Harcourt on their pedestal, such as it is, and if they do not wish to see their benefactors on similar elevations, common decency ought to cause them to refrain from saying so. Ingratitude is base.

I read in the *Chronicle* of last Monday that Dr. Harcourt is again (as I interpret the business) acting the traitor to his church. He has lately been dwelling amid the wonders of California scenery.

He met a lady of a decidedly orthodox and devout train; she wanted to know whether Dr. Harcourt did not think the late calamity at Johnstown a direct visitation from God for the wickedness of its inhabitants. Another opportunity for the Doctor and for his pulpit when he returned to it! Oh no, he did not believe in any God that was worse than the Devil! Does Dr. Harcourt believe in a personal God at all? If not, he ought to step down; if he does, then all that that Being did in the case was to look on and permit the cruelty, and brutality, and devilishness!

What would become of Dr. Harcourt if, during his late walks abroad, he had seen a steam engine approaching some children playing on the railroad, and had never lifted a finger to prevent those innocents from being crushed to death, but had stood looking complacently on with folded arms? What would become of him if their parents knew, if his church knew, if the courts knew? How much worse would he be, how much more like the Devil, if he had actually started the engine in motion?
JOHN HENSHALL.
June 26, 1889.

Nature is no soft and indulgent mistress who can be turned from her will by incapacity or persuasion. She is no creditor who can be paid in tears, or even in broken hearts. She is resistless as the sea and inflexible as death.

Conscience should lead each man to be a silent court of justice in himself. Himself the judge and jury, and himself the prisoner at the bar.—*Gothold.*

Believe nothing against another but on good authority; nor report what may hurt another, unless it be a greater hurt to another to conceal it.—*W. Penn.*

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[TITLE PAGE.]

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THE TWO WORLDS.

MRS. EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN, Editor, E. W. WALLIS, Sub-Editor and General Manager, Office—61 George Street, Chestnut Hill, Manchester, England.

From the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

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

Children, greeting to one and all: Saidie e'en rejoices as she enters the atmosphere of your world at the hour when worshippers at their shrines are offering oblations to "Heaven's King." Although these send up the formal prayer, sing with voices attuned by the skilled practice, made more perfect through a knowledge of the art of song, still Saidie has made a highway through the land, where she may with glad feet and happy heart come very near her own, with thoughts in which the would-be wise have no part. Children, seems it strange that the professors in our schools of learning, those whom the world calls wise, and whom, Saidie says, are wise in the lore of books, should enter your temples with bowed head, acknowledging the supremacy of the mythic faiths, trusting in child-like simplicity to the religion their fathers taught them, walking with others the beaten track, o'er which no flowers grow, no verdure pleases the eye, and no love greets the heart. Those whose lives are spent in working the mines of wisdom, who see but into the mists that enshroud the brain, whose thoughts rest upon the word, excluding the manifestations of a power they must in time acknowledge to be the force that rules the world.

Children, all unseen a host are come into the thought world, evolution has formed, and sustains with its unfolding power; a host, with power to make themselves felt, and these will turn the tide of thought wisely with no sound of conflict or inroad of aggression, and yet, with the elements of victory we shall march through and through your land. You feel the spirits have power to shake the world of matter to its very centre, and you accord to us only that which we possess. But we will not sound the trumpet of war in your pathway, will not call to arms, that victory's banner may be unfurled. We have come into your midst with the light of other days, and many hearts are cheered thereby. We have come with a wisdom that bears you aloft o'er the tide undeveloped sends through your land, have come with talismanic power to lead through the wilderness of error and into the broad plain, where the love of the Infinite may bless and lead into wisdom's ways, which are pleasant, and her paths that are peace. Saidie brings from the central fount, light, love and wisdom, that are the foundation of all true happiness, the corner stone of every true life. And life will not end, e'en when the soul has tested the truth of that on which hope's foundation must ever rest, the promise of the life to come. Life! co-equal, co-eternal, co-existing with the Infinite, boundless as space, where are thy realms, made e'en hideous with the cries and groans of God's unbelieving children? In the realms of the blest, where true love and wisdom meet, where ne'er a thought or breath of earth conditions and lesser good finds place, eternal happiness reigns, unmarred, untainted by a shadow.

In the heavens of heavens, no cry of sorrow or of pain is heard, and yet, Saidie says, there are a host existing there, who never knew the story of the cross, and never trusted to an atonement for sin. No shadow of the hell portrayed among the children of men have found their way into the halls of Light. Ministers and teachers are there who would to-day stand in your pulpits and upon your rostrums and proclaim salvation true for every child of the All Father. These with their great wisdom are waiting to bless humanity. And their wisdom is that of the soul, giving health and peace, doing away with sorrow and strife. The earth paths may become clean, earth hearts may receive a greater light, and it is in the possibility of angels to hasten the day. We sit not idly down to enjoy. We seek our councils, plan our work, and carry plans to execution, all silently, and yet all powerfully for the greater good. Among the host of teachers, spirits are found who are deftly and silently substituting knowledge for ignorance, and tangible proof for faith. You see their handiwork, our children, hear its echoes in expressed thought, see its influence upon life and character. Will you not, with increasing courage and greater determination, bear still the pioneer's burdens patiently and cheerfully, and thus become ministers of peace, dispensers of truth, and light bearers to a world in darkness.

A great calamity has surged o'er the land, destroying life and property, and scattering unhappiness and sorrow freely. All this a little forethought on the part of only a few might have prevented. Can any say it was a dispensation of Divine Providence? Rather let people call things by their right names, to look circumstance in the eyes, and learn true wisdom. Call not upon the unseen to do the work mortal hands must do; our work is to baptize with wisdom, to bring you light and knowledge from the world just out of sight; and if when doing this, we warn and counsel, our work is well done. If our warnings and counsel are heeded, your work is equally well done, a time of confusion is in the land of spirits. Hundreds were sent forth into the unknown, who knew not they were freed from the farm, so quickly came the change. But many poor sufferers must groan and slowly wait the messenger, who would if possible have taken quickly from the form and releasing the spirit, bid it take its way to the home whose open doors bade a welcome.

This calamity has long been foreseen in the spirit world. Minds were impressed with the threatening danger, but the warning was all unheeded, and the dread deluge obeyed only the law it might not violate, while humanity must suffer. There in earth land confusion and excitement reign, there in the land of souls all was prepared. There were delegations of spirits to bear away those who might comfort and sustain, and too, upon the border land, white tents were spread, into which the crushed sufferer was borne, ministered to tenderly until all feeling born only of the material pain was passed away. In time all will again have become quiet. Earth will again move on in the usual routine; the deluge will be of the past; the work of the spirit world move on as heretofore and all be peace. But will not doors have been opened nevermore to be closed? Time will tell. Spirits in their return may work a change; the minds of loved ones will receive the soft whisper telling of nearness to home scenes and home life and perchance a new knocking at the door of mortal hearts will be heard. Children, bear high above the mists and beyond the myths, the standard of eternal truth. Peace be with you.

SAIDIE.

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

OSWEGO, N. Y., June 9, 1889.

Theosophical Arrogance.

(Dr. Albert Weston in the Banner of Light.)

The pedantic assumption of profound wisdom which is manifested by some of the prominent members of the Theosophical Society, in which everything of a spiritual nature is contemptuously treated, unless highly seasoned with Hindu mysticisms, give evidence of a spirit of carping, superficial criticism, rather than the desire to join in a candid spirit for the investigation of spiritual truth, which ought to characterize the earnest seeker after God's wisdom. Instead of realizing the illimitable extent of what they don't know—which is the characteristic of all earnest seekers after truth—anything presented as evidence of intercommunion between the material and spiritual worlds must be clothed in æsthetic language to meet their fastidious tastes. The value of a gem of truth is not estimated by them by the rays of spiritual comfort emanating therefrom, but by the artistic fitting of its setting.

In a recent number of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* a gallant F. T. S. contemptuously brushes aside the communications given in the "Message Department" of *The Banner* in a manner in which the untruthfulness of the statement is equalled by the lack of wisdom manifested. Evidently, if the writer had charge of the revision of the New Testament, the beautiful command to "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven," would be improved somewhat in this form: "Lord Buddha, permit no astral shells to intrude 'between the wind and our nobility,' except those which have graduated from Harvard University, West Point, or other scholastic institutions for simple or ungrammatical language offends our æsthetic tastes."

In an attack on Prof. J. Rodas Buchanan, of Boston, the gallant general charges the foe in this language: "Every Spiritualist must see that the sing-song twaddle published in the letters (?) from the spirit-world, which appeared in the *Banner of Light* and excited so much derision," (?) "has injured the cause of Spiritualism to a very great extent; yet if my recollection serves me, in the teeth of the condemnation manifested by the great mass of Spiritualists, Prof. B. wrote a letter to the editor, thanking him for the great good he was doing in publishing these communications." Prof. B. very recently had the temerity to answer this charge by repeating the commendations, in which he will be joined by thousands of others; and, considering the increasing circulation of *The Banner*, the Cause of Spiritualism does not seem to suffer, to an alarming extent, from the continuance of the Message Department.

When this world reaches a condition of development wherein all its inhabitants are wise, and only depart hence after reaching the age of "threescore years and ten," we may expect that all communications from the spirit world may be given in academic language, sprinkled, perhaps, with a few choice Hindu words; but until that time arrives it seems somewhat cruel to shut the mouths of loving children, and older but "uneducated shells," because of their inability to pass the Spiritual Civil Service Commissioners' examination by exalted Gurus.

For years I was frequently a witness of the great consolation conveyed to mourning parents and friends through the so-called "sing-song twaddle," some of it clothed in the lisping words of childhood, and, however expressed, all carrying evidences of a life beyond the grave, which was a balm to many wounded hearts. Being fully imbued with the grandeur of the claim that "God is no respecter of persons," it never occurred to me that the messages were subjects to excite "much derision;" or that the appreciation of the hearts overflowing with gratitude for the evidences of the continued existence and tender love of the arisen friends—however lowly their condition—was not evidence of a grand work being done for humanity through the agency of the mediums and publishers of these "glad tidings of great joy."

Is Maternity a Failure?

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

On the subject of my previous letter, I had read no book, conversed with no friend. Glad am I therefore, to find an answering chord from "Aunt Cordelia." Years of thought and experience have formed my opinions. What can we do? To me the practical side of matters is ever the more important one. Woman has a kingdom, of which she alone is ruler, and to it she holds the key. How shall she turn the lock and enter? Woman's fitness for politics, business, art, literature, and many other positions hitherto filled by men, occupies the time and thoughts of many. So far, so good. To me these things seem of minor importance; I wish to go to the root of woman's wrongs; I want to be master of my own position, perform my own work, not man's.

Women, did they but realize it, have more than enough of their own work, and their power is almost unlimited. It is not a question of inferiority at all, is the contrary. There is no inferior work either for men or women, if we find and do our own.

Again, what can we do? Mothers can instruct their sons and daughters so that no one of them can go to a home of their own in ignorance of these questions. Do not shrink from the duty—it is not difficult, and can be done in plain, chaste language with careful selection of time and place.

Again, women usually furnish their own homes, or have some say in the matter, and I would suggest that single beds only be provided; every person, young or old, should sleep alone; indeed, if possible, I would give every child a separate bedroom too. Then, we can instruct others outside of our families, as we have opportunity, and they are able to receive the truth, remembering not to expect people are able to read as they have learnt the alphabet. Also, fight against the feeling of the utter uselessness of one individual trying to do anything in a world of millions. If your effort enlightens one person, it is worth while, and that one may live to benefit thousands whom you cannot reach, and if you see no visible result, work on, "And do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again."

"Be strong to labor; for thy hire
Is glorious, as thy work is free."

When the foundation of a structure is well and strongly laid, how soon the building rises, a thing of use and beauty. Once again, this is a personal question—women must first teach themselves, then others. Can we not spend less time in the abuse of existing evils, and turn our efforts to sowing good seed, and making wisdom's ways so attractive that human beings shall be drawn, not driven towards the good? To every wife and mother I would say:

"Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve, hold not thy hand,
To doubt and fear, give thou no heed,
Broad cast it o'er the land!"

I signed myself "Happy Mother of Eight," lest it should be concluded that I wrote from the standpoint of one whose life had been embittered by domestic trouble. A simpler signature will now suffice, and one not less true than the former. M. A. H.
SAN FRANCISCO, June 21st.

Let us not be too prodigal when we are young or too parsimonious when we are old; otherwise we shall fall into the common error of those who, when they had the power to enjoy, had not the prudence to acquire, and, when they had the prudence to acquire, had no longer the power to enjoy.

Popularity is a blaze of illumination, or alas! of conflagration kindled round a man, showing what is in him; not putting the smallest item more into him; often abstracting much from him; and conflagrating the poor man himself into ashes.—*Carlyle*.

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AUG 13

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SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1889.

EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

The arrogance of opinion is the rock that has wrecked and broken in pieces whole argosies of happiness. Here is where many a society, organized for good work, has foundered and gone down. Some strongly magnetic man or woman asserts a proposition, authoritatively and reckless of the opinions of others. They draw around them their followers. Others, alike constituted, assert the opposite. Soon the society is divided into cliques and factions, all bitterly endeavoring to destroy each other; and then they all fly apart and chaos reigns. Men will respect the opinions of others, we care not what they may be, when presented in a modest and respectful manner. The "sledge hammer" style of argument never convinces, and generally shocks and disgusts those it is aimed to convince. Spiritualists should bear this thought in mind.

Don't worry; it only makes matters worse. Is rent day near? Have you bills to meet and nothing to meet them with? Do the best you can; leave no resource unexplored; but don't worry. You will need a clear brain to-morrow to plan with. If you lay awake all night, worrying over your troubles, your nerves and brain will be in no condition for business—for cool, deliberate planning. And then some wise spirit friend, seeing a way out of your trouble, might come and impress you (they often do), if you keep yourself in a passive condition. They cannot come to you when you are excited, or your nerves are all unstrung with worry. Bear in mind that no one can do his best unless he keeps cool. The prize fighter who loses his temper is lost. Many a bankrupt might have avoided disaster if he had only not given way to despair. Whoever does his best can do no more. Then if he fails he has no right to blame himself therefor. We are all human, and all liable to err in judgment.

Spiritualists who insist upon scientific Spiritualism, or phenomena under scientific conditions, are often most unscientific in their methods. They impose on mediums conditions which are at utter variance with the laws of mediumship, and call their methods scientific. For instance, the occult telegraph will work best, if at all, when held in the lap of the medium, or very closely in his or her aura. It will work in a harmonious atmosphere when not in contact with the medium, but the results will not be as satisfactory. Here is a law not difficult to be understood—or perhaps we should say, a fact, that pertains alike to psychography and other phases of physical mediumship. Harmony is always essential to good manifestations. To challenge the genuineness of a manifestation upon the offer of money to produce it, or upon a wager, is to create a resistant force that will generally so disturb the conditions as to prevent the manifestation. In the light of this fact, what course would the true scientist naturally pursue in searching for the truth?

The Spiritualistic world is hardly yet prepared to accept cremation as a proper means for the disposal of the bodies of the dead. While many approve the theory as applied to other people's dead, but few are quite ready to adopt the practice as regards their own. Still there is a compromise ground on which all ought to be willing to stand. All Spiritualists will admit that our present expensive funeral system, with its showy hearse and casket, and its long procession of hired hacks, is not the proper manner to show our respect for the dead; it is besides, not at all consistent with our belief. A much better way would be to consign the body to earth in an unexpensive way, privately and without the least ceremony, and then on the following Sunday, say, (as that day is more convenient for a public assemblage), hold a memorial, or resurrection service, in honor of the departed. This service could be made most expressive and instructive. It should be free from all funeral trappings. The hall or home where it is held should be decorated with flowers and vines, and instead of one speaker, we would invite all who felt so disposed, to assist in making the occasion worthy of the risen spirit. This, it seems to us, would be a happy improvement on our present funeral system.

The first thing a man or woman should do, after coming to a knowledge of the truth of continued existence, should be to adjust his life in harmony therewith. He should realize that only by the unfoldment of his own spirit can he expect to reach the highest rewards of happiness in this life or the next. He must lay aside the besetting evils of his lower nature—all jealousy, envy, and unkindness, and seek for the highest good in his own life, and of all with whom he comes in contact. Not to do this is to fail to profit by the glorious lesson of angel ministrations.

W. J. COLVILLE IN STOCKTON.

On Sunday last, June 30th, W. J. Colville lectured in Pioneer Hall, Stockton, at 3 and 8 o'clock P. M., to excellent and most appreciative audiences. In the afternoon a great variety of questions from the audience were ably answered, and an impromptu poem delivered. In the evening the subject of the lecture was "Spiritual Science the Only Basis of True Reform." The discourse was an exceedingly forcible and impressive one and elicited the hearty commendations of the audience. A beautiful inspirational poem concluded the instructive exercises. The admission was free, but the collections were more than sufficient to defray all expenses.

On the following day, Monday, July 1, W. J. Colville gave a lesson in "Spiritual Science," at 3 P. M., to a select company, including the leading physicians of the place. The questions which were asked covered a wide ground and proved that the inhabitants of Stockton are many of them deep thinkers and ready for the highest spiritual teaching which can be afforded them.

Mrs. Sarah A. Harris has done a good work there in private classes, and a company of earnest students of theosophy meet every Thursday for a consideration of some topic of interest and importance.

W. J. Colville's last lecture, which was on "Co-operation," delivered Monday, July 1st, at 8 P. M., crowded the hall at 10 cents admission. Dealing as it did with *nationalism* it elicited the warm approbation of all advanced thinkers on the industrial problem, and was extremely seasonable considering the nearness of the date of its delivery to July 4th. A very fine poem ended the exercises.

Many representative citizens expressed an ardent hope that W. J. Colville's first visit to Stockton would be by no means his last. Financially, as in all other respects, the meetings were a complete success, and Mrs. Kelsey and her co-workers who made the arrangements, deserve sincere praise for the earnestness and efficiency of their efforts.

THE GOSPEL OF NATIONALISM.

If God created this world, he doubtless did it with a full consciousness that he should not succeed in pleasing or satisfying every one. The best government that could be devised and instituted among men would not suit all. Our best institutions are regarded by many as Satan's own inventions; while our philosophies and liberal teachings are all looked upon with more or less suspicion by a various class of minds whose ambitious desires and aspirations have not been clearly defined, because they are moved only to find fault. Boston has the credit of the conception of the new movement called "The Gospel of Nationalism." The animus of the new thing is to put every enterprise under control of government, and all engaged therein to be employed by the state. We do not yet perceive that it will be well for any people to discourage personal enterprise, as the above movement would certainly do. The idea must have had its origin in certain minds who deemed themselves fitted for a higher grade of civil service, and, not willing to sail through seas of turmoil and competition, might, under the new order of things, slip easily into a "flowery bed of ease," to remain indefinitely, if on the "good side" of the right persons.

We can understand that it might be well for government to own the telegraph lines and the railroads, as it does the postal systems. There would then be a great field for individual enterprise of a new kind that cannot now be attended to because the hands and heads of moneyed men are full. The government purchase of these would liberate vast sums that could be turned to new developments.

A BAD TRAMP LAW.

Maine has just added a new law to her statute books for which she is destined to receive severe criticism from all quarters. It was denounced from the first by many prominent citizens as infamous; we call it inhuman. It provides that any one who asks for food or lodging, shall be arrested and sent to jail for a period not less than sixty days. The first victims of this barbarous law were three innocent wood-choppers, who had unwisely spent all their earnings, and were on their way home to Massachusetts, when they applied at a police station in Biddeford for a night's lodging. They were promptly arrested, brought before the Court, briefly tried, and sentenced to sixty days in jail.

It is said by the defenders of the law, that it was designed for the benefit of those living in country towns where they do not have the same police protection as in cities. But it seems the law applied indiscriminately, and that no amount of favoring testimony will save a man from imprisonment in Maine who is unfortunate enough to be obliged to ask for food or bed as a common necessity, with no money to pay at once for the same. Good or bad, the best thing for a law and those whom it is to affect, is to enforce it. By this means only can it be judged, and we predict that this new Maine tramp law, that recognizes no rights nor duties of a common humanity, will die young, not because the gods love it, but because the United States despise it and all such.

—Our installment of copy for "Onesimus Toole," came to hand too late for this week's issue.

OBSEQUIES OF FATHER CURTIS.

The editor of this journal was called, on Sunday last, to officiate at the obsequies of Marshall Curtis, of Oakland, proprietor of Curtis Hall, a venerable pioneer and veteran Spiritualist. It is not our practice to officiate at funerals, though often requested to do so. We find that the work of editing and managing the *GOLDEN GATE* is about all we care to perform. But Father Curtis' was an exceptional case. His long service in the Cause of Spiritualism, his purity and simplicity of life, and his nobility of character, prompted us to deviate from our practice, and make his beautiful example a lesson for others.

The services occurred at 2 o'clock P. M., at Curtis Hall, which was crowded to overflowing with the neighbors and friends of deceased. The floral decorations attested the worth in which he was held. As others than those present may perhaps be interested in our remarks at his funeral, we here reproduce them:

INVOCATION.

Infinite spirit of Nature, thou that pervadest the universe of matter, quickening into life and being all forms of beauty—radiating in the sunlight blossoming in the flowers, filling the air with melody in the song of birds and the murmur of brooks—thou that art everywhere and all things—in the pains of motherhood, in helpless infancy, in the joy and gladness of youth, in the struggles and trials of manhood, in the bowed form and feeble step of old age, in the sinking pulse of death—thou that holdst the universe in thy keeping, and in the mighty sweep of suns and constellations, filleth immensity with glory—may we not feel that we are a part of thee, and realize that thy infinite purpose in us is that we may become like unto thee in all symmetry and beauty of spirit, in all nobility of character, in all grandeur of goodness. Now may thy ministering spirits from the shining shores of immortal life, hover over, and mingle with this assembly, touching all hearts with a tender sympathy for those that mourn, and kindling anew in each soul a kinder feeling for each other, a firmer purpose to subdue all the lesser good in the undeveloped nature, and to rise to the higher planes of being, where all is honor, and purity, and true manliness of soul. And thus we will ever pray.

The poet, with mind illumined with the spirit of prophecy, has said:

The stars shall fade away; the sun itself
Grow dim with years; and nature sink in naught;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

The history of every good man's life is fraught with useful lessons for the living. We have met to-day to pay the last tribute of respect to all that was mortal of our risen friend—to do honor to the memory of one who has passed on from a long and useful life on earth to a home of immortal youth and unending activities in a land to which he was no stranger—to a world of verities, in comparison with which the baser things of earth are but fitting shadows.

It is a beautiful thing to grow in years gracefully and wisely—to carry down into the sunset of life the gentle graces and sweetness of a spirit enriched with good thoughts and noble impulses. Age is not measured by years nor whitened locks, to one who lives rightly. The soul never grows old. It may lose its elasticity of expression through its worn out instrument; the footsteps may become faltering and the voice feeble with time, but the soul is there just the same, with all its garnered earth experiences, all its lustre untarnished. It has only withdrawn a little within the veil, whence sooner or later it will step out into the open day of a new life.

When Death comes to a good man or woman, in the fullness of time, it comes as a welcome friend. One after another their hearts' treasures have been gathered to the home of the spirit, and at last they stand alone, like ripened grain ready for the sickle. The struggle of active life is over; the battle has been fought; the world's stern work has passed into younger hands, and they stand alone with the evening's calm around them, and with ear bent for the sound of the boatman's oar that shall bear them over the silent waters.

So stood he, our friend, who has passed from our sight within the veil; whose risen spirit, we doubt not, is present in our midst to-day, and if he could speak to you through mortal lips he would say, Mourn not for me—my mortal life work was ended—I am happy in the presence of my loved ones on the other shore, in the land of life eternal.

Have we well learned, my friends, the lessons of our translated loved ones that there is no death—that what seems so is only transition—the birth to a new life, as real, aye, far more real than this? For here we bear the changing conditions of time—youth, with its bright hopes and golden dreams; manhood, with its fierce contests in the battle of life, its struggles with the busy world; old age, if we have lived rightly, with its sheaves of ripened grain, its pleasant memories, and its calm outlook upon the future. But there, in that new life, these mortal changes and conditions do not exist. He who has profited by his earth experiences, goes onward in the path of eternal progression, amid scenes and surroundings that are real and tangible to spirit sense. Here all is change. There is no permanency in matter. The hills wear away and melt into the sea; the rocks themselves crumble to ashes at the touch of time; the "firm set earth is growing old, and in some distant æon, will doubtless become a dead world to be buried, perhaps, in the bosom of the sun. Spirit is the eternal, unchanging substance, while matter is the evanescent shadow of things, upon every atom of which is written "change."

No one understood these things better than our departed brother. He knew that it was not "all of life to live, nor all of death to die." He had, by prudent habits, and careful observance of the laws of health, far outlived the allotted years of man. Firmly grounded in spiritual truth, for him Death had no terror. The touch of his icy fingers upon his brow was, to him, the hand of a loving friend caressing him to sleep.

Indeed there is no sight more beautiful than that of a man or woman who has passed the meridian of life, with locks whitening in the frosts of years, and with face turned towards the setting sun, growing old sweetly and gracefully. There

ought to be no such thing as old age, except in a physical sense. Years should bring wisdom to the mind, and growth and grandeur to the soul, but not age to the heart. That should be kept ever young and fair. It should become more and more beautiful, and fragrant with spring blossoms as the years roll away. But there is so much to make us old in spirit,—so many cares and heart-aches, so much work and worry, so many losses and disappointments, that we are apt to grow old and tired, and lose our youthful freshness and fragrance, ere we are aware.

In the morning of life our ships sail away to unknown seas, well ballasted with hope and ambition. We reckon not that a thousand dangers await them. They encounter storm and tempest, fierce cyclones, treacherous currents, sunken rocks. Unless staunch and true, and well manned with a resolute crew of good principles, they soon become drifting wrecks, or go down beneath the engulfing waves. How few return to us freighted with the rich argosies of character which constitute the soul's true wealth. We sought perhaps for earthly gain, social position, gratified ambition, and our ships return to us empty laden. And the shadows of disappointment and blighted hopes gather over us and turn the sweet Springtime of our lives into cheerless Autumn. It is thus we grow old, wrinkled, and gray in spirit, and the outlook grows darker as we near the end.

The end? Rather should we not say the beginning! But even were this life the all of being, and there were no individualized, conscious existence beyond, then how sad and unsatisfactory indeed would be such an ending. Why, if we lived as we ought—if we made our ventures cautiously, and with a view to those imperishable treasures of heart and soul that survive the ravages of time, instead of seeking so entirely after the fleeting and fading things of earth—life would grow richer and sweeter as the evening advances and its shadows lengthen. Profiting by every experience—by every burden and heartache, every mistake and failure, we would gather strength and beauty with our years, and then we should approach o'er the goal as calmly and softly—

"As fades the summer cloud away,
As sinks the gale when storms are air,
As gently shuts the eye of day,
And dies the wave along the shore."

Then shall we know no such thing as age, save in that gentle decay of physical life that even adds a charm and a zest to the higher enjoyments of the soul. And thus it is that when this life is most complete we are best prepared to lay the body down and pass on to the other stage of existence.

Marshall Curtis, familiarly and reverently known, in later years, as Father Curtis, was a grand character,—grand in the simplicity and beauty of an upright life. He was born in Stockbridge, Mass., in the year 1809. He came to this State in 1850, and made his permanent residence in Oakland in 1853. He leaves two sons and four grandchildren. He was prominently connected with the early history of Oakland. Was a hard working man in early life, and afterwards he became a magnetic healer of great power and success. He was a liberalist in early life, and a member of the Universalist church. But when modern Spiritualism became a demonstrated fact, he was among the first to embrace its truths, and has been a firm and consistent adherent of this belief ever since.

The truest test of a man's excellence is the estimation in which he is held by his family and neighbors. If his children and wife love him, and his neighbors speak well of him, the evidence that he is a good man is conclusive. Father Curtis was that man. It is not too much to say that "none knew him but to love him, or named him but to praise." His life was a benefaction and blessing to all around him. And therein he was a true Spiritualist as well as a true man.

To the children of the deceased, who have grown up in wisdom and usefulness under his guidance, we would say, Your father's spirit has not left you to take up its abode in some far away heaven, "beyond the bounds of time and space." He will still abide near you to counsel and to bless. You will no doubt, if you are in any manner sensitive to spirit influence, often feel his loving presence near you, his gentle hand upon your brow, as I am sure some do who are present in this hall to-day.

Here is where he was wont to meet and mingle with you in spiritual and social communion. He gave the use of his hall freely to spiritual lecturers and mediums, and did all he could to extend the Cause he so deeply loved.

And now in closing we will express the hope that the lesson of this good man's life may make a lasting impression on the lives of all present, and that when it may be our turn to pass on, we may meet him in the halls of light, in the beautiful Summerland.

FINE ART IN THE HOME.—Professor H. A. Streight, the artist, of 725 Eddy Street, among whose works are paintings valued from \$15,000 to \$35,000, has conceived the capital idea of popularizing his art by placing a number of his smaller pictures within the reach of people of humble means. He understands the spiritualizing influence of fine art in the homes of the poor, and is prompted to make the effort to supply a want much needed in this direction. His smaller pictures are gems whose value in the coming years can hardly be estimated. And yet he offers these pictures for the low price of ten dollars, and will even allow the purchaser to pay for them in installments! Hardly enough to pay for the paints and canvas. These prices are only to people of small means, and is more a labor of love on his part than otherwise. Prof. Streight is a grand philanthropist as well as artist.

—The following, from the *Occult Review*, may be regarded as a fair statement of the prevailing belief among Spiritualists concerning a Supreme Being: "No personal God, but a Universal Divine Spiritual Essence. Aspiration and Invocation instead of prayer. Self-development instead of public worship. A spiritual side to all nature. No fixed future states, but universal progression."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—John Slater has gone to Santa Cruz to wake up the denizens by the seaside.

—Dr. Nickless and wife have gone to Santa Cruz, where they expect to remain for several weeks.

—Dr. Dean Clarke is now lecturing at Topeka, Kansas. He is open to engagements anywhere west of New England.

—Mr. H. L. Williams writes us that the building of several more new houses is about to commence at Summerland.

—We are pleased to call attention to the very excellent article on "Hydrostatics," in this week's issue of the *GOLDEN GATE*.

—Choice fruit lands, the finest in this state, within one hour's ride by rail from San Francisco, for sale. Inquire at this office.

—Prof. A. B. Ormerod of Kansas City, Mo., will hold psychometric test service at Irving Hall, 339 Post street, Sunday July 7th at 2:30 and 8 P. M.

—The Trustees of the State Camp-Meeting Association offer their big tent (60x100 feet) for sale at the low price of \$200. Inquire at this office.

—W. J. Colville is now in San Diego where all letters, etc., should be addressed to the post-office. He will sail for Europe early in October, immediately his new work on "Theosophy" is out.

—Dr. Nellie Beighle, the magnetic healer, in the Flood Building, wishes her friends to understand that she is *not* the Dr. Beighle who advertises to give massage treatment at another locality in this city.

—Just as we go to press it is positively agreed by the Committee that the drawing for Mrs. Marston's oriental bedquilt will take place at College Hall, 106 McAllister street, on Saturday evening, July 13th, at 8 o'clock.

—The election of Trustees for the State Camp-Meeting Association has been postponed until the first Tuesday in October. In the meantime a committee was appointed to dispose of the property of the Association for the purpose of paying its debts.

—An entertainment will be given at Academy Hall, Mission Street, opposite the Mint, Sunday evening, July 7th, for the benefit of the Mediums' Home, projected by Mrs. Hammatt, at Encinitos, San Diego County. A good program will be presented.

—Mr. and Mrs. Harr Wagner, of San Diego, editors of the *Golden Era*, arrived in this city on Tuesday, on a short visit to their former home. Harr is a gifted writer, and his little wife "Madge Morris," is one of the brightest stars in the galaxy of our Pacific Coast poets.

—Father Marshall Curtis, of Oakland, a pioneer Spiritualist, passed to spirit-life at 5 P. M., on the 27th ult., at the ripe age of eighty-one. Father Curtis was owner of Curtis' Hall, which he freely gave for the use of Spiritualist lectures or seances. He was a grand soul. In the Beautiful Beyond he will be among the shining ones.

—Mrs. Cowell, of East Oakland, whose card will be found in the *GOLDEN GATE*, is one of the best of our test mediums, and a most faithful worker also in the spiritualistic field. Several of the most attractive of the floral decorations at the late tent were the work of her skill. She is ever at the front when the Cause needs helpers. Her address is No. 412 East Sixteenth street, East Oakland.

—The late Tent Meeting in this city was a failure, financially, owing to various causes, not the least of which was the general uncomfortable condition of the tent, in our unamiable San Francisco summer weather. There were other causes, but it will do no good to recite them. It is enough to say that the State Association, which was never properly organized for continuous work, may be regarded as very much dead. It is thought by some that with a new society, instituted on sound business principles (which the old society was not) might be made a success with the right kind of talent upon the platform. In the engagement of speakers hereafter, there should be a provision in the contract that no speaker should receive more for his or her services than the total receipts of the house.

—Those marvelous little musical prodigies, known as the Beasey Babies, drew another very large attendance at the big tent, on Friday evening of last week. The lady-like little Jennie Beasey, the eldest of the quartette, now twelve years of age, is an artiste, both as a pianist and violinist. Graceful in form and beautiful in features, she stands before the audience the very personification of musical genius. Jennie has the principal musical training of her younger sisters, which leaves her not much time for her own advancement. But seemingly she doesn't need much, as the higher expressions of her art come to her naturally. The younger tots, down to baby Violet, are making very rapid progress. The latter, who is scarcely knee-high to a grasshopper, never fails to bring down the house with her violin solos.

AMBIGUITY CONDENSED.—We have received a pamphlet from the author, J. Alexander Strever, of San Jose, bearing this lucid title: "Soul's Absolute Proclamation of the Existent System." Not understanding quite the meaning expressed in the title, we turned to the body of the work, and quote the following as a definition of the author's idea of a certain property of a "condition." "The relative of a condition is the present manifestation of the combination of atoms constituting that condition of nature's gradations, evolving in life's cohesion of the combinations of the conditions of nature's evolution of life's molecular gradations of combinations of soul's universal ascendancy, to eternally reconstitute the same condition of nature at the same point in the existent compass of nature's gradations of combinations in soul's involution of universal descendancy." This definition corresponds with our idea of the subject!

ITS SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE.

The drawing for the elegant oriental bedquilt, donated to the Camp-Meeting Association by Mrs. A. M. Marston, was unavoidably postponed, as it was impossible, on Sunday evening last, to determine just how many tickets had been sold. It was therefore deemed best to postpone the drawing for a short time. W. J. Colville gave a reading of the symbolism of the work, on Sunday evening, which we append below. The drawing will take place at College Hall, 106 McAllister street, on Saturday evening, July 13th, at 8 o'clock.

The lady who made this quilt, Mrs. Marston, is a very rapid worker, and is delighted to do all the work she possibly can, and devote to the noblest ends. In about two days' time she made that most beautiful piece of work; every stitch in it was done with her own hands. It was worked out in the Metaphysical College, in Alameda, where we have been holding our classes, and where a good work has been carried on.

Mrs. Marston is not a wealthy woman, but she has donated this to the Camp-Meeting Association, with the understanding that all shall be made out of it possible.

If you will examine this quilt you will find it of symbolic design. All the colors are introduced in order to typify the various states of spiritual progression which are there represented.

The red denotes the power of love, and therefore it is not simply introduced there in the charming mosaic of the pattern, but it also forms the border, and also the entire background, of the quilt.

Then you will find that the white preponderates from amid the various hues there displayed. The white denotes that innocence, that childlike-ness of spirit which is the foundation of all excellence, and is typified by this beautiful white dove which graces the front of this platform, and denotes the work in which all here should delight to engage. It also signifies that perfectly rounded purity which we have referred to when alluding to heaven or Nirvana, by whichever state you may prefer to call the perfect state of the spirit.

The blue is continually introduced, denoting constancy, fidelity, and the truth that can never fail; while the golden rays speak of the wisdom, the illumination, the light of the spirit which has descended in every age, and is now shining so brightly, not only upon the earth from above, but from out the inmost depths of the interior of man here embodied. In the other rays so typical in their different forms and in their modifications of the various graded states of spiritual expression, there you behold the spheres; and these spheres, the one a dark red, the other a pale blue, and the other pink, will typify in the pink the hope and aspiration, in the blue the dawning of the truth, and in the red the power which is only to be derived from a consecration of the affections and a devotion of the life to the Cause of uprightness and humanity.

You will notice that the general style is to introduce the square. There are fifteen distinct squares, and when we take the number three as typical of love, wisdom and truth, the three essential elements in heaven; and the number five, the five fingers on the hand, always denoting power of government; the five multiplied by the three, or the three by the five, must typify the future government of the earth through the father, mother and offspring elements of love, wisdom and truth; while the square denotes perfect justice, absolute equity, the foundation upon which all must rest, and without which neither love, wisdom nor truth, can prevail on earth or in the heavenly spheres.

All the varied devices which are introduced here and there, have their own meaning, and will interpret themselves to you according to the law of correspondence, which will be a self-interpretation in harmony with your own nature.

From first to last you will find this quilt signifies the light of spiritual glory blended with the hues of human progression. There we find eight distinct points of light and varied hue. The eight, which is the double square, typifies justice, not alone in material, but in things spiritual; as in heaven, so on earth; as above, so below. While the blue arch with the embroidered work encircling it must typify that we are to be bound in the cords of truth, and that fidelity is to be the one future link which shall keep us all together, whatever our works may be.

But more than all these, you will find worked into that lovely quilt the psychic emanations of the worker; woven into it are the loving thoughts and messages of those unseen intelligences who have inspired her deft fingers so often to do such work for many a noble cause. In it is embodied not alone outward industry, but also spiritual purpose.

You may take it and prize it, and it may be to you not only a memento of this camp-meeting season, but also an embodiment of the sweet and loving thoughts which have been wafted, not through one only, but through many from the spheres invisible.

We hope that whoever obtains the quilt will remember that he or she will have a just title to it, but that the object of the quilt is that it shall circulate to do good work; and therefore without the least dictation as to what use it shall be put, let it be devoted to a benevolent use, and let whoever gains it know that a blessing has come into his house, enabling him to set it going again, that the ball may roll still further in the direction of benevolent enterprise.

Your own kindly thoughts and feelings will fill in all the gaps and more than amplify the few words to which we have given imperfect utterance. This lovely fabric represents you all. As those attractive emblematic designs with their many hues and shapes are dwelling together there in such harmony that they constitute a language of beauty—because in diversity there is true union—so you, with all your varied gifts and endowments, may be like this charming piece of work before your eyes.

Do not try to imitate one another or take each other's place, but all be beautiful in your own station. Then will the designs interpret themselves to your quick perception, and in the mosaic all complete you will find you are represented in the spirit and form of a true art.

Mediums' Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

One of the most profitable and interesting of the series of Mediums' Meetings was held at St. George's Hall last Sunday afternoon. The singing was enlivening and was led by the organ, piccolo, and cornet. G. F. Perkins directed the exercises as usual, making a short address and reading "The Golden Ages." Mrs. Perkins followed with a stirring speech. The hall was well filled with investigators, which prompted the chair to call for experiences from those who have had success in investigating the philosophy of Spiritualism. Several experiences were given. The best of harmony prevailed, and the warm social spirit of the gathering made all strangers feel at home. This is a special feature of these meetings.

The Young People's Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Although the atmosphere was exceedingly oppressive and difficult to enjoy, being in a close

hall, last Sunday evening, St. George's Hall was crowded with eager believers and investigators to listen to the exercises at the Young People's Meeting. A service of song was led by G. F. Perkins at the organ, assisted by Samuel Taylor with his cornet, and Mrs. Davis with the piccolo. Miss Christie gave a recitation, Mrs. Stout enlivened us with a piano solo, Mr. Davis executed very pleasing music upon the ocarina, a peculiar instrument, which seemed to amuse the audience immensely. Mr. John Koch gave two beautiful solos upon the zither, which were heartily applauded. Mr. Perkins gave some successful phrenological readings. Mrs. Perkins gave a large number of platform tests, and Mr. Perkins closed the meeting by singing, "The New Time Rolling On."

—Once in three years, it is thought by some, is often enough to hold our State Camp-Meeting. The population of this coast is not large enough to warrant such meetings oftener. A yearly meeting of a few days would no doubt be practicable.



DOCTOR DOBSON.

The above cut represents the beautiful residence and office of Dr. Dobson, in the beautiful little city of Maquoketa, Iowa. Dr. Dobson's success has been phenomenal. Fifteen years ago he was a wandering medium, without where to lay his head. He has devoted himself entirely to Spiritualism, and is to-day, probably, as rich a man as there is in Jackson county, Iowa. He has never for one instant gone back on Spiritualism, nor refused to put his means into the Cause. He is doing more for the Cause than any other one man we know. Where he sees his money will forward the Cause it is always ready.

Beside the building represented in the above cut, the Doctor owns fourteen other houses in the city, where fourteen years ago he used to borrow money to buy a loaf of bread with. Three of his houses are large brick business blocks; two on Main street and one on Platt street. The upper story of the one on Platt street is now called New Era Hall, and is dedicated to Spiritualism and reform.

Beside this, the Doctor owns the largest jewelry store in Maquoketa. All this wealth is made out of his immense practice. Last year alone he had over nineteen thousand patients, over two-thirds of whom report themselves entirely cured.

The Doctor's charities are unequalled by any body in that part of the community. Advertisements are often seen in the newspapers that poor children can go to — shoe store and get shoes and have them charged to Dr. Dobson. Children of all nationalities and all denominations have accepted the Doctor's generous offer. He has thus given away hundreds of dollars in a single year. He always has his pockets full of bread tickets ready to hand out to any poor person in immediate need of "the staff of life."

We heartily wish there were more Dr. Dobsons in the world. —New Thought.

A WONDERFUL CURE,

BY DR. J. S. LOUCKS, NOW OF WORCESTER, MASS.

FREEMONT, OHIO, JAN. 18, 1886.

This certifies that Alva Woodford, aged nineteen years, son of William Woodford, residing in Riley township, Sandusky county, Ohio, in the Spring of 1884, experienced a decline of health—general weakness and nervous prostration and other diseases which increased in severity until August, 1885. He was very much emaciated, his weight having decreased from 140 to 113 pounds, and his strength had failed so that he could scarcely walk around the house. During this time above mentioned he was examined and treated by two of our best regular physicians without any apparent benefit or relief, and after having tried various other remedies to no good effect, and almost despairing of a cure, we saw in a newspaper the advertisement of Dr. J. S. Loucks, of Canton, N. Y., Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician. We wrote him and sent him a lock of his hair. He sent us a true diagnosis of the case and a box of Magnetic Remedies each month for four months, which has so improved his health that he can now perform manual labor, and weighs 135 pounds and still gaining in flesh and feels quite well, and we think he does not need any further treatment. We most sincerely thank you and your good band for your kindly assistance. May you prosper long in your good work.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of January, A. D. 1886.

JOHN L. GARVIN,
Justice of the Peace.

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."

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

SPIRITUAL THERAPEUTICS.

W. J. COVILLE'S

Great standard work on the Theory and Practice of Spiritual Healing, 325 pages, handsomely cloth, \$1.00. Postage 10 cents. Sold by traveling agents in every part of the world.

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STUDIES IN THESOPHY: HISTORICAL AND PRACTICAL, by the same author. This work will extend to nearly 500 pages, and constitute a complete handbook for all students of this fascinating theme. Price \$1.50. Postage 15 cents. Subscriptions taken by Miss H. M. Young, 1725 Everett street, Alameda, Cal.

MRS. R. COWELL,

CLAIRVOYANT TEST MEDIUM.

No. 412 East Sixteenth Street, between Eighth and Ninth Avenues, East Oakland.

At home first three days of each week. Julif

Summerland.

BY ALBERT MORTON

A recent visit to Summerland resulted in confirming my opinion,—based on mundane and spiritual information,—that this charming spot, so highly favored by nature, is destined to become a grand spiritual center, where the invalid can recuperate, the well can enjoy life in its fullness, and the sensitive can rest and improve in development of spiritual powers under climatic conditions unsurpassed in the world; which fact is demonstrated by meteorological tables which have been carefully kept in Santa Barbara for the past twenty years.

The following item, from the San Francisco Journal of Commerce (special edition), of March 18, 1887, months before the spiritual town was projected,—gives a fair and not exaggerated statement of the natural advantages of the locality, from a disinterested observer:

THE ORTEGA.

"One of the pleasant recollections of our stay in Santa Barbara was a visit we paid to Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Williams on the Ortega rancho, which consists of 1,050 acres, and is owned by Mr. Williams. A pleasant and enjoyable ride of thirty-five minutes from Santa Barbara, over roads as fine almost as a race track, brought us to their home, where Mr. Williams kindly placed his time at our disposal. Their residence is situated in a beautiful little vale, with grounds set out in oranges, lemons, limes, olives and fruits of the temperate zone. A clear stream of water runs through the grounds the year round, furnishing an abundance of water for irrigation and household purposes. It also supplies water for a lakelet which previously Mr. Williams had largely stocked with carp. Around the lakelet are hedges, we may say, of calla lilies, which grow to gigantic proportions—one flower measuring one yard and eight inches. The rancho is a succession of gently sloping hills rising as high as 300 feet above the sea, from which a perfect panorama of the country for miles around can be seen. Looking in one direction the entire Montecito valley can be viewed, with its groves of citrus trees and fine residences, backed by the Santa Ynez mountains, making a scene that is really entrancing, while in another direction can be seen the city of Santa Barbara and the coast line in both directions as far as the eye of man can reach, and the islands of Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz and San Miguel can be seen to the southward, while the rollers of the Pacific chase each other in playful sport until they break on the clean white sand of the shore at your feet. It is one of the most picturesque locations from which so many views can be had within easy reach of Santa Barbara. This rancho, situated in such close proximity to Santa Barbara, will, if divided up into tracts, be adapted to residences and villas. No one place on the rancho can be preferred over another; all, as they are visited, seem to present new advantages. The rancho is covered with elevations just suited to the tastes of those desiring beautiful homes, and all are of easy access by roadways. On the top of the highest hill a reservoir will be constructed and the water supply will be piped from one of the canons of the Santa Ynez mountains, two and a half miles away, a water right that is owned by Mr. Williams. This will supply water for irrigating every acre of the tract. The sea bathing here is far superior to the water at other places on the coast, it being free from seaweed. The ocean forms one boundary of the rancho and a beautiful, clean, sandy beach extends its full length, affording every facility for enjoying surf bathing, which can be indulged in the year round. The railroad passes through the rancho, on which a pretty station will be constructed. If Mr. Williams would place this land in the hands of a syndicate, which would divide the property into five and ten-acre tracts, a fortune could be realized. It would make the most desirable location for a hotel or sanitarium of any place near Santa Barbara. The scenery and natural advantages place it far ahead of any other location in the county for hotel and residence purposes."

Summerland is located upon the most desirable portion of this rancho. The bluffs vary in height from about twenty feet to less in the ravines, only two of which extend beyond the railroad track; and these, with a little landscape gardening, will form one of the most attractive features of the town. Lots in the ravines are withheld from sale for this purpose. There are no trees to be cut away, reducing the expense of preparing lots, which are all ready for building upon without cost of grading, and the rise from the town-site is only about one hundred and seventy feet in a distance of nearly a half mile, affording the best conditions for unobstructed views of lovely marine and landscape scenes. There are no "salt marshes" within sight of the colony, and pure spring water from never-failing sources, on the rancho, affording an abundant supply for a city of 20,000 inhabitants, will be conveyed to every house without expense to the purchaser for piping. Frost is never seen in Summerland, and the rich soil, not "adobe," but "loam," is adapted to the raising of all kinds of semi-tropical fruits and the most tender flowers. The following comparisons with the most noted

health resorts in the world demonstrate the desirability of the climate, making further encomiums superfluous, for it is said, "figures will not lie!"

COMPARATIVE TEMPERATURE.

	Winter	Spring	Summer	Autumn	Differ.
Santa Barbara.....	54.99	59.43	69.71	63.11	13.42
San Diego.....	54.60	60.14	69.67	64.63	15.38
St. Augustine, Fla.....	58.25	68.69	80.36	71.90	24.17
Nice, Italy.....	47.88	55.21	79.20	61.63	24.44

Average annual rainfall in Santa Barbara in 15 years, 17.31 inches.

These tables show that the climate of Santa Barbara is the most equable in this country, and superior to the most noted health resort in Europe; and from inquiries made of several old residents I am satisfied that, owing to the protection of the high lands in the vicinity, the climate of Summerland is as much superior to that of Santa Barbara as that city surpasses the other resorts mentioned. Nordhoff's California says, referring to Santa Barbara, "Here the weary may rest, the sick be healed, the active roam over mountain, hill, and valley, or sail upon the ocean; here is peace, health, comfort."

During my visit, we had a sitting with Henry B. Allen (the "Allen boy") who is doing a grand work, wherein I received the following communication through independent writing, under absolute test conditions, and with this indorsement from my old friend and co-worker, both in the form and since his ascension—which confirms messages previously given through the same medium, from my earthly and spirit friends and co-workers, William Denton and Henry C. Wright,—I will close this tribute to lovely Summerland. My friend wrote:

"I am pleased to meet the old friends and workers in truth. I often visit this place, and we on spirit side of life are interested in this movement; there will be grand and glorious results emanate from here. Yours,
H. F. GARDNER."

"Go to Summerland and see for yourselves."
SAN FRANCISCO, June 29, 1889.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHOICE

FRUIT LANDS FOR SALE!

The Trustees of the Sleeper Trust hereby offer for sale a tract of Choice Fruit Land, located at Mountain View, in Santa Clara county, containing about 137 acres. These Lands will be sold in one body, or they can be divided into two fine farms. No better lands, or better location for fruit culture, can be found in this State. The property is located in the far-famed Santa Clara valley, only about one hour's time, by rail, from San Francisco, and six miles from the Leland Stanford Jr. University. This property is offered at the low price of \$200 per acre.

For particulars, apply at the office of the GOLDEN GATE.

AMOS ADAMS,

President of Board of Trust.

J. J. OWEN, Secretary. jun29

Choice Residence For Sale

House and lot in Mountain View. The house is two stories, nearly new, hard-finished, and contains nine rooms. The lot is 125x193 feet, is planted to choice fruit trees and flowers. Contains also, barn, chicken house, etc. Price, \$2,500. For particulars apply at GOLDEN GATE office. Also three choice village lots adjacent thereto.

AMOS ADAMS,

President of Board of Trust.

J. J. OWEN, Secretary. je29

IF YOU CAN'T RELISH RESTAURANT FOOD you should try

MRS. BOOTHBY'S COOKING.

Genuine old-fashioned meals at all hours. The most palatable dinners in town. Home-made bread, cakes, pies and confectionery fresh three times per day. Ice-cream and candies. 209 and 211 Jones Street, between Turk and Bay. jn29

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Circles, Tuesday and Thursday, at 8 P. M., and Wednesday at 10:30 P. M., 50 cents. Private sittings daily.

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10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

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DR. J. D. MacLENNAN,

THE EMINENTLY SUCCESSFUL

VITAPATHIC PHYSICIAN!

—AND—

HEALER!

1410 Octavia St., bet. Geary and Post,

SAN FRANCISCO,

Continues to Perform those Miraculous Cures, which are the Wonder and Admiration of the People!

HIS SYSTEM OF PRACTICE

Includes everything of value in all the Schools of Health, and each case is specifically treated according to its nature, always bearing in mind that drugs can not cure a mind-diseased, nor can prayer or mental healing set a broken bone; nor can magnetism supply the place of Vital food and essential medicines.

OUR CURES ARE OUR REFERENCES. 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 into 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 Tiedoloreux, 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.

I applied to Dr. MacLennan and received seven treatments from him, and in truth must say that I was relieved of all pain. I sleep well, eat without pain and enjoy a peaceful and pleasant state of mind, such as I have not felt for several years.

A. S. HUGHES, M. D.

Consultation and Diagnosis, in all cases, FREE. Every patient will receive as a gift the Horoscope of their life, and the important periods in their life will be pointed out. Take the Geary or Sutter street car.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

The Mother, the Crucified Savior.

BY JAMES MORRIS MITCHELL.

Reading the following article, which has been in several papers, I feel moved to speak of that subject which concerns humanity more deeply than all else, and calls for the sisterhood to respond, not only in thought, but in forming new conditions for human intelligence to act through, for the benefit of future generations; and the brotherhood also, can see as we see, the foundations of harmonious life on earth. The article is this:

"In the economy of our social structure women are almost entirely dependent upon men, and men are, as a rule, haggish enough to let the women understand it. It is useless to say to the ordinary individual, 'Your wife works quite as hard as you, her holidays are few, she breaks in the routine of her labor as very rare, and the strain upon her mind and tug upon her heart are not lightened or loosened as yours are by break contact upon the world and frequent glimpses at the kaleidoscope of affairs. You go out, she sits in; you spend, she saves.' All this sort of thing is useless to the average man; his hide is thick and his senses are blunt."

The mothers of the earth's progeny, both in the human and animal, or the female forced to bear young and made subject to the male power in all ways, is the destruction of the race, the cause of all evils existing. The womanhood, the female intuitive keenness demoralized and crushed, or made a tool of, fills the insane asylums, the penitentiaries and the almshouses of earth. The male power shows itself in the tyranny of the Czar, and in the selfishness and ambitions of all potentates where might rules over right. All can see this, but few can see the effects of the power of man over woman. Were the effects confined to the woman only, it would not produce so serious results, although bad enough; but when the progeny, the result of force of deception of passion, of demoralized thought and feeling, of the ignoring of that God-given intuition which guides the mother and builds humanity aright,—as the Master Architect of the race, when these things are rightly considered who can doubt the assertion that the Mother is the Crucified Savior? In other words, man crucifies the God in man, as in the story of the Cross—through the mother.

Here we see why "woman is first at the Cross," and "first at the sepulchre;" because she alone can bury or forgive her wrongs, and then in the true spirit of a Christ, assist to raise man in his degradation, thus being "first at the resurrection." Because the woman of to-day is found in many instances degraded, even among our more enlightened Anglo-Saxon race, it is not surprising, and does not interfere with our proposition. Has she not become through her loving nature, a yielding subject? Has she not found her ideal of manhood a false idol, a subterfuge, and has she not dragged on in the false conditions because of love for her children, and with forgiving hope she finds within her bosom that her husband may yet become somewhat like the ideal she had of him at marriage? Also, the same with the lover who has been deceived and betrayed; does she not still cling to the hope that her destroyer may become changed towards her—a mother? The mother-nature is the strongest tie in life, and outlives all else. Were it not so, where would humanity be to-day?

Let us then look at this tie; let us see if it is carefully guarded and protected; let us see if might, or man's possible power, has not torn it asunder with a ruthless hand, and thus caused a sore bleeding of humanity's life-blood, the vital elements needed most. Were we living to-day as in accordance with the true laws of life on this planet, we would be a strong and healthful people both in mind and physical life, and our soul-life would be the guiding, controlling power. Many say "all is as it should be," or "all is right," but we should only say this when we, as individuals, question our every act, and thought, and feeling, to find its motive. If its origin is a desire to do the best we can because it will produce harmony to do so, and others will be helped as well as we, may we not then know the soul principle is acting upon the mind, and through that upon the bodily desires by the spiritual forces which move us to do or to enjoy? How many ask themselves, "Is this to produce a good or evil result in my system?" How many ask, "Is this act likely to produce inharmonious or evil to any one with whom I am associated?" The mother does from necessity, as she moves the machinery of life. But does the father, as he enters a saloon, ask, Will my sphere, permeated with saloon elements and associations, as I return to my wife with a young babe, or an unborn child, make her nervous and disturb those mother elements where nature requires undisturbed harmony?

When the child is made uneasy and the mother fretful, does the father ask the cause, or does he use vile language and by abuse turn her nearly wild with conditions which, if the delicate God-given tie of motherhood is not strong enough to resist, will make a lunatic of her or her unborn child? If not a lunatic, you may find a dare-devil from the mother's secret resentment, smothering the injustice by thoughts of resentment, thus laying the embryonic conditions of a murderer. There is not a mother living, here or beyond, whoever she may be, even those you may call vile, but can tell of the sacred feelings through motherhood, and also, my friends, you will find but very few, even of the best

conditions, who have not felt that sacred tie abused or adulterated, or ignored by man—the father.

The mother may outlive the effect, but the child, never! There the sprout is unmistakably like the seed sown, and if you are able to penetrate that finer quality of mind, and see what that seed may become through the mother acted upon, you may see what ails humanity to-day. She feels everything about her, otherwise she could not reach out and find building material to form that child. Man feels nothing, he has no creative power; all he can do is to furnish the material for the building, and does he then feel the responsibility or does he, with his money-making element, hoard his means; or, does he, with the freedom to do as he likes, spend it upon himself, and by doing this, increase his hatefulness to the mother, ignoring his responsibility, causing her to shrink from him, or to lay plans to circumvent him, thus sowing seed of fear and timidity, or of a liar, a thief, an expert at deception? For a reply, look at humanity from the earliest stages, in all countries, and at the present time, whichever way we may look, almost a cesspool.

Only when woman becomes perfectly freed from man's power and has an opportunity to cleanse herself from these effects, living as her intuition and finer sensibilities guide her to do, only then can man be benefited. His knowledge of true womanhood can then be educated, not before. As she has become a thing for his use in many countries and only made to minister to his wants, his caprices, his will-power or, as in more civilized countries so-called—his honor to swear by, reserving the right to tarnish that honor in her presence. But for him she dresses, for him she simps, for him she watches and waits, for him she sacrifices her principles, her love, herself, for him she lives, for him she dies, or him she suffers and for him she endures all hardships, patiently waiting to find a semblance of an ideal God in man. But oh, manhood! where art thou?

She has learned to deceive through him, she has learned all his lessons well; she can smoke or drink as he does, and all because she sees he finds satisfaction in by-paths and false tastes. But does she not get her life's impulses from the same source as he, viz., motherhood misunderstood, despised, forsaken and the godlike element of creative power, viz., intuition, totally ignored and trampled upon.

Where, in such a condition, are we to look for a savior, if not through woman? And man becoming crucified, then she at the sepulchre can bury her wrongs and at the resurrection of man can mount upward with him. Let the amber type of womanhood, those grown in soul through experiences of sorrow, and many are we, let us arise and free ourselves and look about us to see what we, as soldiers of that cross, can do to raise humanity, degraded in thoughts, in speech, in acts, and with no soul motives to grow from, no inner sense of justice to all, and of right-doing. I cannot say freedom here, because man's power so long exercised on this planet, makes him feel he is free to do as he likes, thus giving to freedom a false meaning. When man understands and obeys the motherhood of the race he may see the true definition of freedom, a meaning which carries with it a heavenly satisfaction. Enough! the subject is too broad, too much. Let man study it more and find where "forgiveness" and "sin," belong.

TURLOCK, Cal.

Shall we Have a Purpose?

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The New Era Camp-meeting is numbered with the things of the past. I have been informed that the attendance was not large, that no great amount of interest was taken in the proceedings, and although there were several most excellent mediums on the ground, yet the meeting seemed to lack life and spirit, and we are led to ask the question, Why is this so? surely the people are as much interested in the question, "Is man immortal?" as they ever have been. It occurs to me that we Spiritualists have not enough of a fixed purpose in our efforts. Phenomenism is good in its place and has a work to do, but phenomena alone cannot keep alive and bring to a high standard the practical interest of life. We want an object to work for, something for the general good of humanity to accomplish, before we can properly advance and prosper. Then we lack concert of action. The great point at issue should be, unite as the nation; if not world-wide, why cannot our National League of Spiritualists devise or plan something on which we all could unite to work together for a common interest? "Homes for the homeless," "employment for the idle," "virtue for the hearth-stone, physical and moral development of the race," prison reform and a thousand other things worthy of all thought; and until we have some grand object in view calling us to action in this great and wonderful age, we will, as heretofore, be fluctuating on the tide of life, and make no great advancement.

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Or., June 25, 1889.

There cannot be an expression without an expressor; there cannot be a visible appearance without the presence of the invisible cause; there cannot be a form of matter, a form of thought or speech, nor course of action, without the presence of the formless or maker of forms. A form of any kind, is a symbol of an idea, i. e., an idea spoken that the senses may cognize it—principle imaged.

The Cause in Oakland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The First Progressive Spiritual Society, during the past few weeks, notwithstanding the many that attended the Camp-Meeting, has had very good and interesting meetings. We want our friends to know that whenever they want to pass an hour Sunday afternoons, either in our adult class or Children's Lyceum, from 1:30 to 3 P. M., or our Social, from 3 to 5 P. M., and evenings from 7 to 9 o'clock.

We are working and teaching the higher doctrines of true Spiritualism, viz: That Spiritualism elevates, purifies and reorganizes a man, raises him above the temptations that tempt him at every step in life's journey. If he is a true Spiritualist he will turn his back upon his former vices, and live a purer life. If he does not leave behind his old bad habits, then he is not a true Spiritualist, and is not following out the doctrine of Spiritualism. We have good influences at our hall, good singing and excellent test mediums. We had last Sunday evening (also afternoon) one of the best and most interesting meetings we have had the present month. The first half hour was taken up by Mrs. Wiggins, who delivered in her earnest and attractive way (with illustrations), an excellent lecture on "Purifying the Ranks of Spiritual Societies, and how best to weed out the Tares from the Wheat," showing the beauties of the purer life of the true Spiritualist. After Mrs. Wiggins' lecture, that was listened to in perfect silence, that medium who is coming so rapidly to the front as one of California's platform test mediums, Mrs. S. Cowell of Oakland, gave tests for three quarters of an hour, every test being recognized and acknowledged to be true and correct. We consider Mrs. Cowell, in a short time, will equal any medium on this coast, and now she is as good as any in every respect, except she does not always give names. We do know that she gives only what is given to her to give. She works hard with other members and officers of our society, to build up the Cause in this, our beautiful city.

We expect and intend to build, in a short time, a hall to be dedicated to Spiritualism. Every medium that occupies our platform finds good influences and leaves with pleasing recollections, on account of the good influences they feel during the time they are in the hall.

Next Sunday we have our regular monthly entertainment; come, we say to all that are interested in Spiritualism; come old Spiritualists, and be renewed; in your soul receive a new baptism of electricity and love for the work; come, new convert and have your faith increased, and learn the higher duties of a Spiritualist; come, investigator, and be convinced, not only of the phenomena, but that your life will be better, purer, holier and happier; come, skeptic, and investigate for yourself; come, come with your own secrets and ask your spirit friends to give you such proofs that they live, can, will, and do communicate with you, and that you shall live with them hereafter, that you shall know for yourself the messages are from them and not mere guess work; come with us and we will do you good.

We only differ from the orthodox churches in one thing: We believe and know from communications received, that none but ourselves know anything about; believing such to be facts, we acknowledge the truth, find the proper channel through which we can communicate with our spirit friends the same as with friends in earth life. The churches believe their dead live in a way-off heaven, are preparing a beautiful mansion for them when they shall die, believe they will return in the form of angels, and watch over them. Take from the Christians their hope of immortality and they would be most miserable. They and their Bible are full of Spiritualism; it is as old as the world; even their crucified Savior, Christ, returned in spirit—appeared in the shape of his natural human form to Mary in two days after the crucifixion, and again upon the sea and in the closed, locked and barred room, there he stood, while poor Thomas, scared almost to death, admitted his identity—care not to touch either the hands or wound in the side. He (Christ), delivered and spoke many messages after his death, when he appeared in spirit but bodily form. He quickly dried the tears of Mary and encouraged the disciples. Then why deny the return of spirits; why admit one and deny the other? The very Bible Christians preach from and build their creeds upon, is filled with Spiritualism from the beginning to the ending. Come and investigate for yourselves.

Yours truly,

JAS. H. SHEPARD, Pres.

OAKLAND, June 25, 1889.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

"The End is Not Yet."

BY DR. A. B. WEYMOUTH.

Within the last two years, proposed amendments prohibiting the liquor traffic, have been defeated in Michigan, Texas, Tennessee, Oregon, West Virginia, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Rhode Island. In most of these States the majorities have been so large as to astonish even the most ardent advocates of the liquor interest.

Various causes are assigned for these unexpected results; among others, the

following: Remarkable apathy on the part of thousands of voters who were supposed to be earnest friends of reform; a disposition to give "high license" and "local option," a thorough trial; a belief that several other measures would be preferable to prohibition; surprising opposition from certain prominent clergymen and religious papers; lack of political experience in the prohibitory ranks; thorough organization and lavish expenditure of money among all who are in favor of strong drink; corruption of the secular press; the general scarcity of total abstinence principles and practice among the leading politicians, Democratic and Republican alike.

It would be very unwise to form the opinion that the Temperance Cause is losing ground among the people at large. It would not be difficult to adduce instances in which legislators have voted contrary to the expectations of their constituents. In States where a popular vote was taken on this question, nearly all the friends of free rum promptly rallied at the polls, while a large portion of nominally temperance voters were only conspicuous by their absence.

"The mills of God grind slowly,
But they grind exceeding small."

Remember that the darkest hour is just before the dawn. We have reached low water mark, and the tide of truth will ere long encourage us by the strength of its returning billows. The anti-slavery meetings in Boston were considered an excellent farce, until the Confederate guns opened upon Fort Sumter. Many of the soldiers who fought under the Union flag were far from being abolitionists. Yet emancipation was proclaimed as a military necessity; and perhaps, in some equally unexpected manner, our country may at length be freed from the curse of intemperance.

Great reforms, if unduly hurried, cannot be permanent. When the times are fully ripe for a great moral harvest, nothing can prevent its advent, and all opposing elements will be ground to powder.

LOS ANGELES, June 29, 1889.

"Sun Angels' Order of Light."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Grant me space to speak of parties not at all interested in the "Sun Angels' Order of Light" who air their opinions quite frequently as regards its soundness and sense. I now hold the field after a fierce battle with two of its bitterest opponents. I pity them; they are not able to see over the sides of the ruts they have fallen into. May the angels reach the ladders of light and strength to their clouded minds. Will you please inform me if there has been a book brought before the public that has touched the keynote of hearts and opened the doors of the mysteries of the past, or gilded the pearly gates of the future as has "Eona's Legacy to the Wide, Wide World"? The mediums through which this wonderful work was produced, are all above the reach of the biting sting of slander. They are considered sane on every subject pertaining to every day life. They are persons whose words would be taken for truth in any court of justice? Why should they be doubted concerning this light, through them given to the world? It may be fancy or fiction to the brains of many, but to those who have developed spiritually in that direction, memory has awakened, and adown its corridor are landmarks dear to the soul.

There are many persons whose words could not be doubted, that distinctly recollect a previous existence, recollect scenes and places, recollect sweet faces and dear, dear friends. To those capable of receiving this knowledge from the spirit world, it opens up a grand and wonderful epoch. If one reads the works of profound authors on re-incarnation or re-embodiment, and studies the subject well and honestly, he will see that there is no ground for ridicule or contempt, but become convinced that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy, Horatio." Communications received from the "Sacred Order" weekly are filled with intelligence and knowledge not gleaned from any other subject. It is not faith, it is not hope, it is knowledge. From its lofty heights of wisdom the world will be more enlightened. Understand me, I condemn no one who cannot understand this mighty truth, but endeavor to find charity for all, believing and feeling that all will reach the Father's home in the great eternal Beyond. There is no such thing as "lost light." We cannot make the smile that has passed come back, 'tis true, but it still lives in God's great sunlight, and another smile may bless us as potent as the one passed on. Why should we stand in doubt! On! On! is the watchword, and new unfoldments will greet us in every embodiment. I do not now feel like calling, "Come back; come back; dear, banished smile, come back!" May the angels of the "Blessed Order" continue to enlighten us on the past and the glorious future.

Fraternally Yours,
ROSE L. BUSHWELL.

It seems, on confession (says Charles Lamb), that they are not at the top of their own art when they seek to eke out their fame with the assistance of another's; no large tea-dealer sells cheeses, and no great silversmith deals in razor-strops; it is only your petty dealers who mix commodities. If Nero had been a great Emperor he would never have played the violin-cello.

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(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Test of Death, and Health Restored through Prime Factors, as Drawn from the Electro-magnetic Currents.

BY L. A. BAKER.

Death is the permanent letting go of the terrestrial body by the active forces that govern the brain. This condition may be definitely ascertained by puncturing first a vein, then an artery. If a vein is punctured and the blood flows, vibrating motion is present in the battery of the brain, and a grain of pulverized alum put into the mouth will restore life. If the blood does not flow, puncture a small artery; if the blood is congealed there also, no further trouble need be taken. No body that remains sweet should ever be cut into for other purposes, or interred until both vein and artery have been punctured. All trance conditions are broken by alum. Equal parts alum and corn starch mixed and used in grain doses are best; a grain of this union put into the mouth of a person who is supposed to be killed by morphine will soon restore life. Morphine does not kill—it simply paralyzes and stiffens; but in time the currents of the earth will restore vigor to the nerves. All who are supposed to be killed by morphine are buried alive.

Morphine is a heavy alkali that over weights the magnetic wheel of motion, and, like whisky which is also an alkali, needs the vigor of the proper acid to move it. The asphyxia of chloroform and coal gas are broken by this acid. A grain used every morning for a week will bring the insane back to reason, restore self control to any one suffering from St. Vitus' Dance, and by its cooling vigor, not only brings the drunken sot from his stupor, but thoroughly reforms him by eradicating from his system the burning, abnormal craving for stimulant. It restores the lost vigor which has been withdrawn or thrown off from the nervously prostrated; and if, in connection with this, is taken between meals, a wine glass of pale alum, chloroform, and ammonia water—a grain of alum, a drop of chloroform, and a drop of aqua ammonia to a quart of water, Gravel, Bright's Disease, and Consumption will yield to it. No fever, however intense its action, or under whatsoever name it may appear, can long withstand the cooling properties of alum.

All fevers are alkali conditions starting from spores that clog. Alum eliminates all infusoria; all clogs are removed by nature's electrical forces. The human system is run by a balance of acids and alkalies, weight against pressure. If the weights are in excess, they must be either drawn off, or the proper acid entered to lift them. In the system are three great batteries, which like all other batteries, must be kept in order if good work is expected. If the alkali runs out from the gall cell, the acid department commences to draw from the energy stored in the cells of the corpor of the body, and the flesh shrivels and grows flabby, or dries away according to the speed of the drawing. The electrician must keep his copper, zinc, and vitriol equalized. Food becomes flesh through assimilation; all assimilation creates a burning; and burning requires either water or pale salt and alum. Ammonia and salt are concomitants; each is required by the system because each is a prime element in the ovum of life. The oil of corn starch and ammonia are elements in the gall; alum and salt belong to the pancreas and sweet breads, and unite in rheumatic acid or gastric juice. Chloroform ignites the blaze of brain power when taken through water in sublimation.

The above is curing or restoring the equilibrium of wasted forces by resetting the prime factors of principles, thereby replenishing the batteries. There are times when the changing concessions of planetary motion give long continued heat, or long extremes of cold; when the air itself contains an inharmonious acid vapor that disorganizes animal life not well provided with a rebuff. This condition is the spring of cholera, pink eye, and many qualities of fever, and the disorders that travel in waves, according to the intensity of the aerial deposit. In these cases the inharmonious acid destroys that native to the system, and is itself partially destroyed by the ammonia of the gall. Alum, corn starch, and ammonia, or ammonia, corn starch and chloroform, if coughing is present, will meet and effectually destroy this foe by their counter intensity. When two positive forces clash, the weaker yields to the impetuosity of the stronger. To this class belong small pox, which should be destroyed by alum while in the febrile stage, scarlet fever, measles, whooping-cough, and diphtheria.

The "Washoe Seeress."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

The "Washoe Seeress," Mrs. L. S. Bowers, has just returned from the mines in Lower California, and brings good reports from the quartz leads; she says they are immensely rich, but thinks they will run mostly to silver. She located two for herself, but the International Company jumped them and took them from her, causing quite a loss to her, as she had paid \$40 for recording them. She says until the American government has control of the country, it is no place for a poor man. The placers are about worked

out; a few are still getting a living from them. Her friends here insist upon her settling in San Diego, but the old lady feels that she has been a long time from home, and thinks now she will leave her about July 5th; she has all she can do, and is appreciated. Very truly yours,
SAN DIEGO, June 26, 1889. B.

Camp-Meeting Notes.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

It is with a sigh of relief strangely mingled with one of regret, that we repeat that "camp-meeting" is over. The next natural question is, "Are you coming to the State in September?" The Clackamas county has passed, the most enjoyable, profitable, from both spiritual and financial standpoint, reunion, since they chose this elysian field with its towering (this towering is not for effect; there are three firs in front of the hotel that must reach up into space to the tune of 250 or 280 feet, and they are not all firs. To attempt to describe the grounds, would only show human inability to paint what nature plants.

The President, Thos. Buckman, was absent during a good space of time on account of his own illness and that of his sister. Mrs. F. A. Brown ably filled his chair, to the satisfaction of all. There was a good deal of fun afloat and some surprises. For example, I have become so clairvoyant that I saw the material form of Colby, whom the "United or Associated Press" dispatches stated starved to death in Victoria, British Columbia. He had been attending the meeting during the week, but had to leave in order to reach San Francisco. I heard many favorable remarks as regarded his mediumship; his private character has been the shuttlecock in the various newspapers, spiritual and secular, so long, that I will not venture even an opinion upon it. If he is what he claims to be, he is a brave man to return to the place that report says he was driven from. If, on the contrary, he is reckless and foolhardy, he will no doubt suffer.

Most of the speaking was home talent; we had no one with a wonderful name and more wonderful salary attachment. The principal speakers were Prof. De Jough of the *World's Advanced Thought*, Dr. L. Schlesinger, who really is a very able speaker, though it is a new development to him, Mrs. F. A. Brown and Mrs. Miner, trance speakers; your "humble" etc., would "talk some," occasionally. In the conference meetings there were plenty of good words uttered by good men. The reputation of the camp was nearly spoiled by one of our ladies stealing chickens. But as she was not one of the vulgar kind of chicken thieves that "hie to the hen roost with bag under the arm," she was excused on the theory that he who steals a loaf of bread is a thief, but one who steals a million dollars is an aristocrat. She deliberately walked into her neighbor's kitchen and "lifted" chicken, pot and all; the former owner saw her dinner etherealizing (as far as she was concerned), and started after with a basin of water to cook the chicken or drown the thief. It was strange though, that the majority seemed in sympathy with the abstractor. Perhaps they had been promised a share.

Many of the surrounding residents "cuss" the camp-grounds and Spiritualists in general, but upon being asked where they make the most money, they usually change—all subject to the weather. It is one of the finest grounds in the world, but sleeping accommodations are poor. Many had to sleep in hay mows, on floors, shake-downs, etc. A committee has been appointed to remedy this before the fall meeting.

A vote of thanks was tendered Thomas Buckman, President of both State and County Society, also to Mrs. F. A. Brown, speaker for the First Spiritual Society of Portland, and acting chair woman of the camp, and to Mrs. H. B. Holland, Secretary. Mr. Homer Kruse, whose sweet music has put us in rapport with our spirit friends many times during the week, was, in the excitement, overlooked; he and also Mr. Brown, who acted as usher, janitor and orderly in general, should not be forgotten, it is so seldom so much work is done with so little fuss.

Grandma Eliza Harris took a small stand out in the center of the grove, and in the midst of some 300 people, the friends "tipped" out what will be more salvation to some than they ever dreamed possible. She also "bluffed a smart Aleck," who said he would give her \$5 if he could not hold the stand. He was invited to, but sneaked away.

The most pleasant sight in the world greets the eyes of one upon entering the door of the Tabernacle; it was a banner with the words "Welcome, dear spirits," worked with parti-colored flowers. It was a fitting sentiment, and with fresh flowers, both wild and cultivated, our spirit friends must have been well pleased. It was the work of Mrs. D. A. Wallace of McMinnville, Oregon. To mention all worthy of it, would be extending our vote to each attendant almost, upon the grounds, so refrain, and only hope that the State Camp Meeting will be as joyous as the one closed. Yours fraternally,

MAURITZ S. LIDEN.
PORTLAND, Oregon.

Selfishness is that detestable vice which no one will forgive in others, and no one is without himself.

Letter from Riley M. Adams.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

I used to think if spirits ever returned and revealed thereby a future life, all the world would usher in the glad tidings with joy unspeakable. I could not think that the subject of our immortal life would ever be made one of derision. I did not think human nature was so much opposed to the truth on this momentous matter as I have since found. What is of the highest importance for all to know is that the possession of material dollars for a few brief months here can make us happy or miserable, according as we wisely use what is committed to our care. It is only a question of time, and the possessors of wealth leave it for others, like the swine who bequeath their flesh to those that fatten them.

Gen. Lippitt has completely refuted the Seybert commission of their sanctimonious pretensions of fraud in the mediums they strove to dishonor, to any honest mind that can weigh testimony. This pamphlet ought to be printed in letters of gold. That commission will look as meagre to themselves in spirit life, when they come to face the party they have wronged, as did the spirits of those once haughty Cambridge professors in the presence of spirit Gardner. These dignitaries, after making all efforts to destroy conditions at the seances, issued their false decree signifying that Spiritualism was immoral, promising a report in the future; but the report never came. The writer, being in Boston at the time, used to hear that noble man at public meetings call for the promised report. When this commission become spirits and think of their unholy acts, they will appear as degraded in spirit life as Lord Bacon did in earth life, when he fell from his high state and said he "followed in the funeral of his own procession." Had those men, intrusted with a commission of the highest importance to the race, thrown away their cigars and acted like men, they might have saved themselves from an ordeal and mortification that is sure to come by that inexorable law found by Faraday "over there."

Pray, ye wise thinkers, out of the fifteen million believers, that the spirits reproduce the ten or twelve messages handed by spirits from Keeler's cabinet to that commission, and which they promised Col. Kase to publish in their reports, but did not. Doubtless that one signed "G. C." which said, "Damn the Seybert Commission," would have been suppressed with the rest had they got hold of it, for they knew their own conduct was enough to damn them. Ye men of integrity and principle, look at the idea of three of that commission signing the report, when they were not present at Keeler's seance. This was fraud sure. God pity those men! I have attended a seance of Keeler's in my own house, and saw his hands grasping a sinner's arm on his right, and hands and arms of all sizes were passed over the curtain behind him, while bells and guitar were heard jingling and thrumming in the cabinet. No fraud could be possible. I traveled with a medium over two months, when instruments would float all around the room, and plenty of ringing of bells, etc. The medium would be tied so close around his wrist that it seemed cruel; in less than a minute spirits would untie him.

The strangest feat of all was, he being tied around his body and limbs; his coat would be taken off, and the cord still left around him as tied. I have seen more than a hundred materializations, and met my guardian spirit by appointment at Mrs. Williams', New York, and knew her. Recently I met her at Col. Kase's, Philadelphia. She talked and told me she'd redeemed her promise, true. She gave me her name and bid me good-night on retiring. What a need there is to-day for more mediums. Thousands in the spirit world are bewailing their loss of time in idle worship here, pleading for their friends to go to mediums, that they may tell them of their folly. One of the best mediums of the age is coming to my house every Saturday to give sittings; he was imprisoned in Philadelphia eight months; no crime, only sitting for spirits for pay; his name, William Wilson. Fraternally Thine,
RILEY M. ADAMS.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

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OPEN MEETINGS OF THE GOLDEN GATE Lodge of the Theosophical Society, are held on the second and fourth Sundays of each month, at 105 McAllister street, at 1:30. Earnest inquirers cordially invited.
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The above lectures were delivered to Mr. Morse's private classes in San Francisco, Cal., during October, 1887, and are now published for the first time. The two lectures upon mediumship are especially valuable to all mediums and mediumistic persons. Cloth, 12 mo., pp. 159. Price, \$4. Postage, 5 cents extra.

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A Spirit Poem.

(Continued from the daughter, who passed from earth many years since, to A. D. H., of Union, N. Y.)

All my soul is filled with gladness,
All my life is one of peace,
And I thank sweet heaven for
That my soul did find release.

Are the shadows born of earth-land
Woven through my being were,
Are that which is known as evil
Could my being's pulses stir.

Joy and gladness smooth ever,
Like a pure, flowing tide,
For the shadows linger never
In the land where I abide.

In the land where I shall wait these,
Pilgrims on a foreign shore;
In the land where I shall greet thee,
To go out, no, nevermore.

Oh my thoughts to earth-land wander,
To the loved in shadow land,
And I long through mists that gather,
To reach for thine guiding hand.

Long to speak in terms assuring,
That would rest each waiting heart,
And turn all life's hours to morning,
Till the shadows fall apart.

To reveal the undimmed glory
That awaits the tried and true,
In the land where peace, like rivers,
Flows 'neath skies forever blue.

Oh, my father, in the valley,
Falter not, the way is bright,
And the path you tread winds under
Arches of unending light.

'Tis the glory of the Father,
From the far-off seas of gold,
And the halo will fall o'er you
As a mantle doth unfold.

Falter not, the lights will reach you,
In the pilgrim path you tread,
Blended with the tender voices
Of the living, not the dead.

I will listen, often listen,
'Mid the valley's rush and roar,
For the thought-words of my father
Echoed on each land and shore.

And I'll whisper in the valley,
Words of love, and hope and cheer,
That will tint each cloud of earth-land,
Till life's morning doth appear.

When, with heart all filled with gladness,
I shall watch the shadows flee,
And shall see your tired eyes turning
Toward the home-land shores and me.

Oh! the dawning of that morning,
And the joy each hour will hold,
Will outweigh earth's jeweled treasures—
Will out-glow its shining gold.

And amid the grand forever,
That will stretch out and away,
'Neath Time's unending arches,
And forevermore be day.

You will wander, glad and joyous,
As a child once more at home,
Who has stood beneath the halo
Of the White Celestial Dome.

All my soul is filled with triumph,
Such as earth can never bring,
And the song my soul is chanting,
Hearts on earth can never sing.

For it's torn of grand redemption,
In which winds no cord that bind,
Holding shadows dull and dreary,
That enthral immortal mind.

You will chart your triumphs with me,
When earth's hours have been told,
When the shadows of the valley
Are forever backward rolled.

Till then dwell in peace, my father,
Such as cometh from above,
And is born in hearts illumined
With the Father's holy love.

And the shadows that may grieve
'Twixt the now and time unborn,
Will be lighted with the glory
Of the new and fadeless morn.

I'll be with you in the twilight,
In the valley's hush I'll stand,
And you'll know the voice that greets you—
Know the long, long-missing hand.

That you thought was long since folded
'Neath the daisy-dotted green;
When the shadows fell about you,
Till but dimly could be seen.

Where the hand of justice lingered,
Where the hand of love yet led,
That would point, when years were counted,
To the living, not the dead.

Gird your soul with holy purpose,
Sense the light of God within;
Live for that which glows the brightest,
And soul jewels you will win.

I have wept in simple measure,
Words that trembled to be born;
And perhaps they'll give to earth-life,
Faintest tint of fadeless morn.

Aye, perhaps the heart I cherish,
In the earth-land, rest will find,
As the past that's yet untraversed,
Up the mountain yet doth wind.

They All Are Gone.

They all are gone to realms of light above,
And I alone am lingering on the brink;
There's but a pleasant memory left to love,
Sweet thoughts, and will to think.

These fill my aching breast with mellow light;
Sweet, shining stars set in life's milky way,
As moonbeams softened by the mists of night,
Bring thoughts of coming day.

I know they live again, and see them stand,
Wrapped in a glorious light that shames the sun;
I hear their voices, see the beckoning hand,
And wish my race were run.

O blessed, holy Hope, Faith beyond fear,
Humility that reaches Heaven above,
For this we dwell not, only linger here,
To prove our Maker's love.

Oh Death! thou beautiful, crown of the just,
Who's jewels only shine beyond the skies,
Thy mysteries we'll learn, when changed to dust,
We've dropped our earthly guise.

Sweet canticles are lingering in the air,
We dream of fairy-veins and joys to be,
And hear soft voices, from we know not where,
From lips we cannot see.

They call to us as angels in our dreams
'Tis but the grosser part that dormant lies.
Then we commune with them on happier themes
And see with clearer eyes.

—ELIZABETH R. MACY, in "S. F. Bulletin."

What is Whole-World Soul-Communism?

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Every sensitive person is painfully conscious of the evil conditions of present human society, and also of his own inability and the inability of any mere human power to remedy them. Though this is called a land of Christian civilization, yet everywhere abounds squalor, filth, stench, poverty, disease, crime and appalling ignorance. The masses of the people, with no thought of any life but the physical, are slaving their lives out for an existence that, to an intelligent and sensitive person, is merely an animal one,—not a life in any true sense worth living,—while those who succeed in acquiring the wealth, about which the never-ending battle rages, without any thought of the miseries and privations of those around them, usually make a vulgar ostentatious display of their selfish enjoyments.

Disease and death (the natural consequence of such inharmonies), everywhere fasten upon their victims, who, instead of being thereby the subjects of sympathy, are made the victims of quackeries and swindles of all kinds. The laws of health, and even of common human decency are everywhere ignored in the lives and occupations of the people. Though churches and schools abound, the most appalling ignorance and vice much more abound. The churches utterly fail to stem this tide of abomination, because they refuse to recognize the real causes of it, and their formalities and rituals are merely the white-wash on the sepulchres in which humanity is buried.

In human nature, even in the worst forms of it, are ingermated the seeds of intelligence, and of a desire to rise out of its evil environments, if there was any chance to do it. But the crazy system of competition, which compels human beings to trample one another like dumb beasts in a struggle for existence, which is as unnecessary as it is brutal, makes it impossible for the masses to exercise the ordinary decencies and virtues of humanity in their intercourse with one another. The churches and the newspapers seem to be committed to upholding this system of disorder, because they usually refuse to permit the discussion of any efficient methods of reform, and are deaf to the cries of the oppressed.

The object of whole-world soul-communion is to bring together in sympathy those who deplore these miseries and brutalities (which almost make one ashamed of belonging to a race that permits them), for the purpose of creating a public opinion adverse to such disgraceful conditions, and awakening the people to the possibility and necessity of improvement.

The evil is in the selfishness, blindness and stubborn stupidity of the race, and the remedy is in a clearer public consciousness of human rights and duties.

With a social conscience awakened to the dignity of human nature, and the grand inheritance both material and spiritual in store for an enlightened humanity, the prevalent evils would soon disappear from the earth.

The soul is that in man or woman which is pained by inhumanity. "HOMO."

PORTLAND, OR., June 27, 1889.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

"I go to Prepare a Place for you that Where I am Ye May be Also."

BY A. C. EDGAR.

The language is divine; or in other words, it is divinity speaking to humanity, and calling them up to a higher plane of life. Spirit has become wedded with matter, hence the saying. Jesus Christ, the Son of God was made manifest in the flesh, he being the first born, or the first messenger from heaven—the spiritual or divine part of humanity—hence the bright morning star that tokens the resurrection morn that brings light out of darkness, and they that follow the light will find a department in their own organization where peace flows as a gentle river. Yea, verily it is the river of life, that much talked-of place, called heaven, where there is no need of a candle, for there is no night there, for the unfoldment of the spiritual nature in humanity has opened heaven's doors, and no power on earth can close them.

The laborer is worthy of his reward, and they that labor in the vineyard of their own earthly nature by obeying the divinity that speaks in all humanity, will find that where divinity is, they may be also; for behold the kingdom of heaven is within, and the divine part of human nature will prepare a place for each one, if they will obey its voice.

SANTA YNEZ, Cal., June 26, 1889.

Election of Officers.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

At a meeting called for the purpose of electing officers for the society of Spiritualists known as the Society of Progressive Friends, the following named persons were placed in nomination and duly elected: Mr. A. F. Willard, President; Mrs. Ella Wilson-Marchant, Vice-president; L. Mecham, Secretary; J. Marchant, Treasurer; P. A. Raynor, E. A. Foster, James Allen, Mrs. Joel Smith, Trustees. The purpose of the society is to foster and encourage all honest mediums; and to do so we believe the best way is to discourage all fraud and dishonesty in persons claim-

ing to be mediums. We shall endeavor to promulgate the true principles of the Spiritual Philosophy and to procure speakers and lecturers of good moral standing and advocates of the highest standard of morality. We solicit correspondence with able and honest lecturers and mediums who may wish to visit our town.

L. MECHAM, Sec'y.
SAN BERNARDINO, June 30, 1889.

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[From the GOLDEN GATE]

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