



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

VOL. IX.

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Floor Building, Market Street.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1889.

{ TERMS (In Advance): \$2.50 per annum; }
\$1.25 for six months.

NO. 4.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Hope is the last thing that dies in man.

Without love there is no knowledge.—*Carlyle.*

There is no man so bad but has a secret respect for the good.

Every ultimate fact is only the first of a new series.—*Emerson.*

The best becomes a man which he is by nature intended to perform.

You will never find time for anything; if you want time you must make it.

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.—*Montaigne.*

He who does not engage in the quarrels of others will have few of his own.

Reflection increases the vigor of the mind as exercise does the strength of the body.

Men always consider women unjust to them when they fail to deify their weaknesses.

We should do everything we can for others, if only to dissipate the thought of what they omit to do for us.

Four things come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, the neglected opportunity.—*Haslitt.*

There is no greater help toward well-doing than the knowledge that one is believed in.—*Karl Emil Franzos.*

Neglect no opportunity of doing good, nor check thy desire of doing it by a vain fear of what may happen.—*Atterbury.*

Idlers cannot even find time to be idle, or the industrious to be at leisure. We must be always doing and suffering.—*Zimmerman.*

The temperate are the most truly luxurious. By abstaining from most things, it is surprising how many things we enjoy.—*Simms.*

If we hope to instruct others says Coleridge, we should familiarize our own minds to some fixed and determinate principles of action.

That man that doth not know those things which are of necessity for him to know, is but an ignorant man, whatever he may know besides.—*Tillotson.*

Of natural duties we affirm that in authority they are higher than law; in time, older than creation; in worth, more valuable than the universe.—*Horsley.*

It is more honorable to the head, as well as to the heart, to be misled by our eagerness in the pursuit of truth, than to be safe from blundering by contempt of it.

There are few mortals so insensible that their affections cannot be gained by mildness, their confidence by sincerity, their hatred by scorn and neglect.—*Zimmerman.*

To awaken a dormant spirit of discussion by pointing out the imperfections of accredited systems, is at least one step gained towards the further advancement of knowledge.

(Written Especially for the GOLDEN GATE.)

Onesimus Toole;

OR, FROM SHADOW TO SUNSHINE.

A Psychological Romance by W. J. Colville.

CHAPTER XIX.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

"Oh, call it not a foolish dream,
That aspiration of my heart,
Which leads me to diviner things
And bids me try a higher art.
Say, are there not deep meanings yet
To be discovered in God's law?
And who shall dare to claim that he
The whole at any time can draw?
Truth is my solace and my goal,
And will be while the ages roll."

—*Peter Jarvis Macmahon.*

Luncheon always proves a very pleasant meal when partaken of in good company, and on Sundays in England, where it is customary always to dine early on that day, the midday meal is invariably a very pleasant time for meeting friends and enjoying the pleasures of hospitality. Half past three or four P. M. is a fashionable time for attending a second church service, though many people spend the afternoon quietly at home and go to evening service at 7. Mr. Fischer-Bennett's chapel was closed in the afternoon, though during the greater part of the year the Sunday-school met in the school-room from 2:30 till 4, but this did not resume its sessions, so his time was quite his own till the hour arrived for evening service.

As they rose from the table, and all invited to Croydon began to make preparations to catch the 3:45 train, Mr. Bennett proposed escorting them to Victoria station, if they felt able to walk the short distance without fatigue.

Cabs are cheap in London, which is one of the most convenient features of the city; you can at any time hire a comfortable conveyance for two persons and ride a long distance for one shilling; if the distance is beyond the shilling limit, the fare is one shilling and six pence, or thirty-seven and a half cents American money, and that sum will almost invariably carry any two persons to any terminus or place of public resort, if their quarters in town are in any way central. Notwithstanding this fact, and the innumerable omnibuses, and great facilities offered by the underground railways, pedestrianism is quite a feature of London life, and to this fact alone the uniformly superior health of the population may be safely attributed.

Mr. Fischer-Bennett was a very practical religionist. He attached sufficient, but not extravagant, importance to religious exercises. His chief desire, however, was to help people to live more nearly to nature, and thus develop a healthy and hardy man- and womanhood, without which he declared pietism degenerated to sickly sentiment, and instead of ennobling, enfeebled character.

Mr. Toole was greatly pleased with his frank convictions and vital interest in every leading question of the day; but, when more spiritual themes were broached, Dr. Maxwell in particular felt inclined to chide him gently for displaying so much incredulity.

As they walked through the delightful district which lies between the Hotel Metropole and the Victoria Terminus, they conversed upon the marvelous phenomena of Spiritualism and the singular tenets of theosophy, in which Mr. Bennett displayed a certain intellectual interest, as becomes a student and a scholar, but it was clear to see his affectional nature was not at all touched by the sentimental side of Spiritualism, nor was his intellect enamored of the mysteries of Hindu occultism. He was a man fitted to lead in all social questions, but his spiritual insight was not particularly keen. As the conversation glided from one topic to another, Mr. Voysey's utterances on Spiritualism became for a few moments the subject of discussion. Dr. Maxwell thought them shallow and unworthy of a man in any sense great. Mr. Bennett considered Mr. Voysey's position quite tenable, and failed to see how M. A. Oxon, and other distinguished Spiritualists who had replied in the *Light*, had met the case.

"Still," said Mr. Bennett, "I am not a scoffer, all I want is truth; and, if any of you who believe more than I at present can, are able to convince my understanding, I shall only be too happy to listen to all you have to say, and to carefully observe all you have to present."

"As to your experiences in Paris," continued Mr. Bennett, "I can say nothing. Such things are quite beyond my ken, and, while they may be true, pardon me for suggesting they may not be true; but if, as you say, Professor de Montmartre is among the most exemplary people you have ever met, I can scarcely let incredulity swing over to the extreme of credulity, and believe evil of others without the slightest foundation. The cures you report to me are the most wonderful of all. We hear of nothing like it in London. There are, indeed, many alleged cases of healing by mesmeric and magnetic means, but they are mostly of a dubious character; and, by the way, I was introduced to a lady, recently from Chicago, the other day, a Miss Dominus, a particularly intelligent woman, with a frank, serious face and great command of excellent language. She is the guest of Lady Steephlight, and is just commencing to teach what she calls Christian Science. I shall avail myself of the first opportunity to listen to one of her instructions. I am convinced she is honest, and that is saying a great deal now-a-days, when we meet so many charlatans who are making money and position everything, and shamelessly sacrificing principle in every conceivable manner to exalt their personal caprices. Miss Dominus teaches gratuitously, which is remarkable, and, unless she had some private means, would, I should think, be impossible. And, by the way, there is a Mrs. Catsleigh here; she arrived only yesterday from New York—a decidedly stagey woman, traveling with a fellow who must have been at some time a theatrical agent, where bounce goes further than breeding. Monsieur Alphonse de Kabriet influenced me against the whole affair. He was so persistent that I should spend five pounds on a ticket admitting to one course of twelve lessons, I told him such prices would not succeed in England, upon which he rudely asked me if I thought people could live on air, and whether preachers weren't paid higher than anybody else. I refused to parley with him, and he decidedly declined the ticket. He left me, muttering, 'Stingy cuss,' and that was the last I saw of him. His diamonds were blinding, and Mrs. Catsleigh at dinner looked like a second-rate star in the role of 'Camille'—a woman too stout to look the part, but determined to act it, nevertheless. Her manners are very taking, and she is a fluent talker, but the box-office air about both of them (the agent in particular) repulsed not only me, but several whom they have been trying to bring into their classes. They are staying at the Owlshead Hotel, three streets from us."

As time was passing rapidly and nearing trinitine, their conversation was abruptly terminated at the station gates.

The party for Croydon had just time to secure tickets and seat themselves in their compartment before the train started. A few miles delightful riding brought them to Croydon, where they found everything in readiness for their welcome reception, and Lord and Lady Ambleside delighted to receive and entertain them. Lord Ambleside has already been introduced to our readers. His wife impressed all who met her in a friendly manner, as a woman of unusual intellect, self-reliance, and strength of character—a trifle masculine, perhaps, but, for all that, possessed of a sweet, womanly tenderness of feeling. She could rule with a hand of iron, and quell insubordination with a glance or gesture. Still, she was loved by more than a few, as her genuine disinterested, intelligent regard for others' welfare stamped her as a noble and true benefactress to all who sincerely sought counsel to aid them to a higher life. The lovely Signorina Ferranita almost idolized her; being an orphan she could not measure the depth of her affection for the stately lady, who had taken her heart and home, and was now beginning to cherish the hope, in which her husband fully coincided, that the gifted damsel might prove to her a daughter indeed, as she was soon to become the wife of their only son, Lord Currisbrook Clive, provided she could overcome her first scruple against marrying an Englishman and a Protestant.

Dinner at the "Darning Needles," as the Amblesides' Croydon house was named, was a delightful six-o'clock affair, *san ceremonte*; it was over before 7, just in time to allow of the fair cantatrice attending vespers at the beautiful church of St. Dominic, which is one of the features of Croydon architecture, and renowned everywhere for its splendid music. Whilst she was absent, the conversation was very much about her—her past and her future. She was an intensely romantic girl, but so conscientious and high-principled that the faintest shade of prevarication in another disgusted her. Kind and generous to the utmost extreme as she had proved in the case of Miss Carroll, and in numberless other instances, she was high-spirited, though gentle and so enthusiastic a devotee to art that her profession was to her as sacred as ever his calling can be to the most devoted preacher of the gospel.

About 8 o'clock, while they were chatting together in the peaceful twilight, a servant announced a visitor. In the fading light they did not distinctly see who was approaching, but, on distinctly hearing the rattle (we cannot correctly say rustle) of stiff brocaded silk skirts, Lord and Lady Ambleside knew they were once more favored with the never-unwelcome presence of their elderly American friend, Mrs. Fumbling Cockroach (pronounced Koroche for twenty-seven generations).

The little lady who had been on the steamer with Dr. Maxwell and his party, though no one except the stewardess had really seen her except at the landing stages at New York and Liverpool, was at least 75, and looked every day of her age. Still, she was an active little body, kept fashionable hours, wore a dark brown wig, dressed in almost juvenile costume, and wished every one to know she was as much in the world as any matron of 40, with marriageable daughter. Spiritualism was Mrs. Cockroach's pet hobby—you could not call it her religion, for she took it more as a pastime than seriously, and enjoyed nothing more than an innocent joke or a harmless bit of gossip with some familiar spirit who entertained her at the strictly private seances in the residences of the nobility, which she was often invited to visit, being a very popular old dame in many quarters.

"My darling Lordship and Ladyship, how glad I am to find you in! I was afraid you might be at church. I never go in the evening. As usual, I have come for just a cup of your most delicious Formosa tea, your unequaled bread and butter, and a talk with our dear spirit friends, who never seem so near me as in your presence. But I see you have company. Any one I know?"

"Some of our fellow-passengers from America, I believe. Let me introduce Dr. Maxwell, his aunt, Mrs. Finchley, and the Rev. and Mrs. Onesimus Toole," said Lady Ambleside.

And soon the new addition to the group caused the conversation to flow in a more lively strain than before; and to those unacquainted with the ins and outs of English high life Mrs. Cockroach's narratives must have been indeed instructive, as well as amusing. But, as soon as tea and cake had been disposed of, nothing would do but they must hold a seance with Mrs. Finchley as the medium.

Signorina Ferranita was a wonderfully gifted clairvoyant, and often in private made wonderful revelations to her intimate friends; but she objected to the Spiritualism in which Mrs. Cockroach revelled. Therefore, when that lady was in the house, she often retired to her own apartment while a seance was in progress. Mrs. Finchley, being such a very different type of woman, and the girl having taken a great liking to her at Covent Garden the evening before, the servant was told to invite her into the drawing-room as soon as she returned from church and had removed her walking apparel. Zenophon had accompanied her at her request to St. Dominic's, greatly to his own happiness, as he was of a nature to almost worship artistic genius, wherever it might be discovered, and the fair singer was one who never held herself aloof from others unless she saw or felt some good reason for so doing. With a lad as truthful and pure-minded as the little Greek, she was thoroughly at home in a single instant.

They talked together of their singular experiences on the way to church and back, and found nothing in each other's startling career to occasion surprise in the other. At benediction the surprised singer

reminded Zenophon so strikingly of Heloise, as he knelt beside her, that he was convinced something more than fancy caused him to see his beloved Parisian friend and hear her voice joining in "Tantum ergo."

Returning to the Darning Needles about 9 o'clock, they found Mrs. Finchley speaking with rare eloquence and feeling to all in the room; and, as they listened to her inspired words, they felt a communion of souls such as they had rarely felt before. Though usually very shy of mentioning her own affairs to any one—particularly a stranger—and never seeking to consult clairvoyants on matters where her own affection and reason must, in the very nature of things, be the only proper judges, she felt constrained, as soon as there was a pause in Mrs. Finchley's eloquence, to inquire, "Do you see anything in store for me outside of my musical career, in which I take so much pleasure, and which I never wish to relinquish?"

"Your true position is in this house," answered the good lady impressively. "And, as you question as to your future, I answer unhesitatingly, you will not do well to refuse the offer of a hand which is accompanied by one of the truest hearts in England. As Lady Cline you can still use your musical gift to the highest ends, but a public operatic career is not your destiny for longer than one year or so. I know your religious feelings as well as I know my own. I will not trouble you with theological controversy, knowing how painful it is to you. I will only say, ask your beloved friend and preceptor, Heloise, to advise you in the matter of your marriage. We both know her far too well to harbor the faintest suspicion that she could be capable of giving any other suggestions than those prompted by the far-seeing angel who guides her life, and whom I have recently seen in my own visions as a being of particular brightness and glory. Perhaps we may receive some message from Paris this evening. You have no doubt received communications yourself from Heloise in the manner we were accustomed to get them in New York."

"Oh, I should be so glad to hear her sweet voice trembling on the air, as I heard it once in my dressing-room at Covent Garden. It was the first night I appeared before an English audience, and I was very nervous. The ground seemed quaking under my feet, when I heard the sweetest song to which I have ever listened vibrating in my ear, and then a star appeared before me, and in the center of it I read the words traced in letters formed of electric light, 'Follow the star within, and respond to the voice of the great central sphere of being; so shall your success be assured forever; heed not the opinion of the world. Sing to God and to his angels, and men will rejoice in the echo of your song.' I was no longer timid. All fright vanished instantly, and I scored my first triumph, and never saw the audience till a gentleman in the audience handed me a lovely basket of roses and japonicas, and I heard the whole multitude recalling my number. I responded to the recall, but again while I was singing I saw only a star shining before my eyes, and I felt the star was a veil hiding the radiant features of invisible helpers and listeners. Since that day I have never heard the voice, but whenever I call for the star it shines before me. I think the Star of Bethlehem must have been a light seen by the shepherds and the wise men in some such way, rather than one of the orbs in the sky."

While Signorina Ferranita was thus speaking, and Mrs. Cockroach listening with all her ears, as the saying is, a low, sweet Gregorian chant sounded through the room: "Credo in unum sanctum Catholicum et apostolicum Ecclesiam."

"Oh, do listen to the dark spirits; what are they singing? Why, this is just like Mr. Higginbotham's dark seances, only it isn't nearly so dark here. We shall get materialization directly. O dear, how beautiful! It sends the cold shudders all through me," exclaimed Mrs. Cockroach, who could not in the least distinguish between the silvery tones of the voice then sounding and the harsh guttural tones produced through a cardboard tube at the home of the illustrious Higginbotham. Any way, she appreciated anything and everything which seemed to her to emanate from the spheres invisible, and thus enjoyed a great deal, and doubtless derived much solid comfort, though as an expert in discrimination she was a failure.

Continued on Sixth Page.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

"Hertha."

BY E. WHIFFLE.

This is a pamphlet of 81 pages, written and published by Elizabeth Hughes, an English lady of good education, located at 247 South Spring street, Los Angeles (paper cover 25 cents, cloth 50 cents). This little work is from a woman's heart and fountain of intelligence. She sees and acknowledges the defects and limitations of the actual woman, as she does those of the actual man of our modern society; but she believes in the nobility of the ideal man and in the sweetness and perfection of the ideal woman; that their functions are equal, complementary and reciprocal, and that the era dawns when the feminine and masculine counterparts of society will spontaneously move forward to their state of balance and adjustment, while there will be no real occasion for self-assertion and antagonism. She sees the wide interval between the actual and the ideal state, and accepts the actual state as the outcome of large general causes, rather than as the result of the injustice and depravity alone of the masculine half of humanity.

It is indeed gratifying to see the woman question treated by a woman with the breadth, cheerfulness and impartiality which shines forth on every page of this little work. If the author has ever suffered from masculine injustice, she does not betray the fact, but rises superior to personal hurts and injuries; above the local and limited into the universal, with a full belief that the possible man and woman will be the actual and achieved state of a society whose sundered halves shall be reunited and co-ordinate in a working whole. A few extracts will serve to indicate the style and spirit of the author:

"Assertions of rights have always a tendency to antagonize. When the inherent forces of our own being are undeveloped, we take our place by virtue of what we are, and we have the eternal forces and laws of the universe back of us. . . . Woman has been submerged, and has submerged herself in the material, and has therefore lost both peace and power. She has made herself passive and receptive to the physical and intellectual man, and has idolized his errors, which are reflected upon herself and her children. She has exalted and extolled the man of war and warlike deeds. She often exalts and worships the more rapacious man of modern civilization, because he, too, lays the spoils of provinces at her feet. . . . The ideal woman is not the artificial woman of to-day, whose falsities are sounding the death-knell of modern civilization, any more than the average man of to-day is like the real man of the future. An intellectual giant, spiritually and affectionally dwarfed, is not a perfect man. We can form but little idea, in our darkness and decrepitude, of the power and beauty of the mind-born men and women of future races. . . . Woman is a revolutionary element in present-conditioned society. She disintegrates; she confuses. Modern civilization fails to interpret the riddle of this immortal sphinx. Her vulnerable point is her affections. . . . Oh, women, on whom dawns the light of the coming day, within yourselves is the power that will free you! nothing external will or can help you. It is you who must help man, not be helped by him. Stand out of his shadow into the sunlight of God. The ideal woman helps and blesses man. She does not look up to his greater intellectual and physical strength in helpless adoration. She renews and blesses his life with the divine benediction of her own intuitive and spiritual nature. This has figured in the old mythology, for every time that Anteus touched the earth in the great combats of the gods he received strength. . . . The feminine is being more and more revealed. Isis is raising her veil, and the mystery of womanhood in the internal, and the freer manipulation of itself on the external, is one of the most marked signs of the times."

TURLOCK, Cal.

CONTENTMENT.—An article which the poor are apt to envy in the rich is their ease. Now here they mistake the matter totally. They call inaction ease, whereas nothing is farther from it. Rest is ease. That is true, but no man can rest who has not worked. Rest is cessation from labor. It cannot, therefore, be enjoyed, or even tasted, except by those who have known fatigue. . . . I have heard it said that if the face of happiness can anywhere be seen, it is in summer evening of a country village, when, after the labors of the day, each man, at his door, with his children, among his neighbors, feels his frame and his heart at rest, everything about him pleased and pleasing, and a delight and complacency in his sensations far beyond what either luxury or diversion can afford. The rich want this; and they want what they must never have.—*Paley's Reason for Contentment.*

THE EMPTY SEPULCHRE.—The *Boston Globe*, writing upon the case of the three doctors who expected to discover the secret power of Bishop, the noted mind-reader, at the point of the dissecting knife, says: "The preposterous thing about it is that they should have expected to discover the secret of the phenomenon exhibited by Bishop by an examination of material organs of his body. If they did not expect that then why make the autopsy at all, and why, of all other things, make it in such haste as to horrify every one who has heard

of their conduct? It is a very clear case of Materialism probing for the living principle which mere Materialism need never hope to find. The method pursued, too, was strictly consistent with Materialistic theories. It assumed that in spirit the principle of all life is something that can be handled, weighed, measured and treated after a material fashion."

Some of My Experiences.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I was one of a circle who sat in Clinton, Iowa, in the year 1880, in a private house, where there were husband, wife, one daughter, a medium and myself (the medium being an aunt of Mary Roff, spoken of in the account of the Watska wonder). We would sit around a table, putting on our right hands, all except the medium, who would put on her left hand, and holding a slate in her right hand under the table, with some one of the circle holding the other side with their left hand. Sometimes we would get writing, and sometimes nothing; but we continued for some months, gaining ground all the time, till one time we got the following: There was a spirit came and wrote that he had been killed in a mine somewhere here in the mountains only a short time before, and was on his way back to Cincinnati, Ohio, and, being attracted by other spirits, came into our circle. He told his name, told the name of his wife, the number of the street, and all; and, making a note of it, I wrote to the address given, and in due course of time I received a letter from her. A synopsis I will give:

242 Longworth St., Cincinnati, O., January 12, 1880.

Your letter I received this morning, and it is a very strange one. I do not know what to make of it. My husband's name was Henry Wilson, and it was reported that he was drowned two years ago. I never saw his body, and I did not live with him for one year before that, for he drank so that his family was in danger. [I advised her to see some good medium.] I have not been to see any medium yet, but will go as soon as I can.

MRS. JANE WILSON.

Now, there is one case where independent slate-writing proved true.

We then sat another way: The same members sat in the same room, only perfectly dark, sitting in a circle with hands joined and the medium in the center, and wait developments; and soon they came in good shape—there were stones from the size of walnuts to the size of a man's fist brought into the room and dropped on the floor; and at one time there was a round sleigh bell brought in and rung all around the room and left on the floor. Another time there was sea moss, wet and fresh from the sea, brought into the room. Another time there was a branch of California cypress that was green, just broken off, brought, of which we cut up and planted in some of the flower-pots, and it grew nicely. This all occurred in the dead of winter, the ground frozen solid, with a foot or more of snow on the ground.

I give these experiences for the benefit of some folks who are trying to be developed. In giving the methods of sitting so distinct is to show that you must have some discipline in sitting. The object of all supporters of circles to put their right hands on the table, and the medium the left hand, is that the magnetism passes from left to right; the supporters send their magnetism into the table where it is purified, and the medium takes what she, or he (as the case may be), requires. By so sitting any one can sit without injury, providing they live an honest life.

Now, Brother Owen, if I have not infringed too much on your space, and if what I have said is suitable or worthy of publication, I would be glad to see it in print. No more for this time.

OAKLAND, Cal. F. E. SMITH.

A PECULIAR GIFT.—Mrs. W. Weir of 1562 Seventh street, in this city, appears to have the gift of communicating with the spirit world through the science of telegraphy. Unlike most mediums, she does not go into a trance, but to all outward appearances is perfectly conscious. Her control is the late Mrs. Breed. A person having a sitting with Mr. Weir merely places his or her hands on a small table, the medium doing likewise, but the hands of the sitters do not touch. Very soon rappings, not unlike the ticking of a telegraph instrument, are heard, and Mrs. Weir translates them for the benefit of those present. Some really wonderful results are obtained; for instance, by this method Mrs. Weir can tell things that have actually occurred in the past; that are happening at the present, and foretells the future; also diagnoses diseases and prescribes for their relief. She recently made several cures which speak volumes for her skill. The curious, skeptical, believers, and those afflicted with many diseases of the human race, will find that an hour spent with Mrs. Weir and her Indian (spirit) medical control is by no means thrown away.—*Oakland Inquirer.*

If there is any great and good thing in store for you, it will not come at first or second call. "Steep and craggy," said Porphyry, "is the path of the gods."—*Culture.*

Life extends into and through all; but they who make worldly accumulation its main object are building things upside down.

WHAT IS SAID OF PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

J. H. Fichte, the German Philosopher and Author.—"Notwithstanding my age (83) and my exemption from the controversies of the day, I feel it my duty to bear testimony to the great fact of Spiritualism. No one should keep silent."

Professor de Morgan, President of the Mathematical Society of London.—"I am perfectly convinced that I have both seen and heard, in a manner which should make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual, which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake. So far I feel the ground firm under me."

Dr. Robert Chambers.—"I have for many years known that these phenomena are real, as distinguished from impostures; and it is not of yesterday that I concluded they were calculated to explain much that has been doubtful in the past; and when fully accepted, revolutionize the whole frame of human opinion on many important matters."—[Extract from a letter to A. Russel Wallace.]

Professor Hare, Emeritus Professor of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania.—"Far from abating my confidence in the inferences respecting the agencies of the spirits of deceased mortals, in the manifestations of which I have given an account in my work, I have, within the last nine months" (this was written in 1858), "had more striking evidences of that agency than those given in the work in question."

Professor Challis, the Late Plummer Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge.—"I have been unable to resist the large amount of testimony to such facts, which has come from many independent sources, and from a vast number of witnesses."

In short, the testimony has been so abundant and contemporaneous, that either the facts must be admitted to be such as are reported, or the possibility of certifying facts of human testimony must be given up."—[Clerical Journal, June, 1862.]

Professors Tornebohm and Edland, the Swedish Physicists.—"Only those deny the reality of spirit phenomena who have never examined them, but profound study alone can explain them. We do not know where we may be led by the discovery of the cause of these, as it seems, trivial occurrences, or to what new spheres of Nature's kingdom they may open the way; but that they will bring forward important results is already made clear to us by the revelations of natural history in all ages."—[Aftonblad (Stockholm), October 30, 1879.]

Professor Gregory, F. R. S. E.—"The essential question is this: What are the proofs of the agency of departed spirits? Although I can not say that I yet feel the sure and firm conviction on this point which I feel on some others, I am bound to say that the higher phenomena, recorded by so many truthful and honorable men, appear to me to render the spiritual hypothesis almost certain. . . . I believe that if I could myself see the higher phenomena alluded to I should be satisfied, as are all those who have had the best means of judging the truth of the spiritual theory."

Lord Brougham.—"There is but one question I would ask the author, is the Spiritualism of this work foreign to our materialistic, manufacturing age? No; for amidst the varieties of mind which divers circumstances produce are found those who cultivate man's highest faculties; to these the author addresses himself. But even in the most cloudless skies of skepticism I see a rain-cloud, if it be no bigger than a man's hand; it is Modern Spiritualism."—[Preface by Lord Brougham, in "The Book of Nature." By C. O. Groom Napier, F. C. S.]

The London Dialectical Committee reported.—"(1) That sounds of a very varied character, apparently proceeding from articles of furniture, the floor and walls of the room—the vibrations accompanying which sounds are often distinctly perceptible to the touch—occur, without being produced by muscular action or mechanical contrivance. (2) That movements of heavy bodies take place without mechanical contrivance of any kind, or adequate exertion of muscular force on those present, and frequently without contact or connection with any person. (3) That these sounds and movements often occur at the time and in the manner asked for by persons present, and, by means of a simple code of signals, answer questions and spell out coherent communications."

Cromwell F. Varley, F. R. S.—"Twenty-five years ago I was a hard-headed unbeliever. . . . Spiritual phenomena, however, suddenly and quite unexpectedly, were soon after developed in my own family. . . . This led me to inquire and to try numerous experiments in such a way as to preclude, as much as circumstances would permit, the possibility of trickery and self-deception. . . . He then details various phases of the phenomena which had come within the range of his personal experience, and continues: "Other and numerous phenomena have occurred, proving the existence (a) of forces unknown to science; (b) the power of instantly reading my thoughts; (c) the presence of some intelligence or intelligences controlling those powers."

That the phenomena occur there is overwhelming evidence, and it is too late to deny their existence."

Camille Flammarion, the French Astronomer and Member of the Academie Francaise.—"I do not hesitate to affirm my conviction, based on personal examination of the subject, that any scientific man, who declares the phenomena denominated 'magnetic,' 'somnambulist,' 'mediumic,' and others not yet explained by science to be 'impossible,' is one who speaks without knowing what he is talking about; and also any man accustomed, by his professional avocations, to scientific observation—provided that his mind be not biased by preconceived opinions, nor his mental vision blinded by that opposite kind of illusion, unhappily too common in the learned world, which consists in imagining that the laws of Nature are already known to us, and that everything which appears to overstep the limit of our present formulas is impossible—may acquire a radical and absolute certainty of the reality of the facts alluded to."

Alfred Russel Wallace, F. G. S.—"My position, therefore, is that the phenomena of Spiritualism in their entirety do not require further confirmation. They are proved, quite as well as any facts are proved in other sciences, and it is not denial or quibbling that can disprove any of them, but only fresh facts and accurate deductions from those facts. When the opponents of Spiritualism can give a record of their researches approaching in duration and completeness to those of its advocates; and when they can discover and show in detail, either how the phenomena are produced or how the many sane and able men here referred to have been deluded into a coincident belief that they have witnessed them; and when they can prove the correctness of their theory by producing a like belief in a body of equally sane and able unbelievers—then, and not till then, will it be necessary for Spiritualists to produce fresh confirmation of facts which are, and always have been, sufficiently real and indisputable to satisfy any honest and persevering inquirer."—[Miracles and Modern Spiritualism.]

Dr. Lockhart Robertson.—"The writer (i. e., Dr. L. Robertson), can now more doubt the physical manifestations of so-called Spiritualism than he would any other fact, as, for example, the fall of the apple to the ground, of which his senses informed him. As stated above, there was no place or chance of any legendary, or fraud, in these physical manifestations. He is aware, even from recent experience, of the impossibility of convincing anyone, by a mere narrative of events apparently so out of harmony with all our knowledge of the laws which govern the physical world, and he places these facts on record rather as an act of justice due to those whose similar statements he had elsewhere doubted and denied, than with either the desire or hope of convincing others. Yet he can not doubt the ultimate recognition of facts of the truth of which he is so thoroughly convinced. Admit these physical manifestations, and a strange and wide world of research is opened to our inquiry. This field is new to the materialist mind of the last two centuries, which even in the writings of divines of the English Church, doubts and denies all spiritual manifestations and agencies, be they good or evil."—[From a letter by Dr. Lockhart Robertson, published in the "Dialectical Society's Report on Spiritualism," p. 24.]

Baron Carl du Prel (Munich) in *Nord und Sud*.—"One thing is clear—that is, that psychography must be ascribed to a transcendental origin. We shall find: (1) That the hypothesis of prepared slates is inadmissible. (2) The place on which the writing is found is quite inaccessible to the hands of the medium. In some cases the double slate is securely locked, leaving only room inside for the tiny morsel of slate-pencil. (3) That the writing is actually done at the time. (4) That the medium is not writing. (5) The writing must be actually done with the morsel of slate or lead pencil. (6) The writing is done by an intelligent being, since the answers are exactly pertinent to the questions. (7) This being can read, write, and understand the language of human beings, frequently such as is unknown to the medium. (8) It strongly resembles a human being, as well in the degree of its intelligence as in the mistakes sometimes made. These beings are therefore, although invisible, of human nature or species. It is no use whatever to fight against this proposition. (9) If these beings speak, they do so in human language. (10) If they are asked who they are, they answer that they are beings who have left this world. (11) When these appearances become partly visible, perhaps only their hands, the hands seen are of human form. (12) When these things become entirely visible, they show the human form and countenance. . . . Spiritualism must be investigated by science. I should look upon myself as a coward if I did not openly express my convictions."

Good natured is he who can smile away the ill nature of others—sunbeams in the path of a clouded existence.

Let sin have no dominion over thee.

FORM OF REQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the GOLDEN GATE, the following form of request 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."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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—OF—

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Summerland offers all the advantages for such a colony, located as it is upon the seashore, in the unequalled climate of Santa Barbara, and but five miles from that most beautiful city, a spot overlooking the ocean, extending even to its silvery shore, with a background of mountains, which forms a shelter from the north winds, insuring what that country has the reputation of enjoying—the most equable climate in the world. It is located on the Southern Pacific Railroad, now completed between Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, and on what in the near future will be the main line of that road.

The site constitutes a part of what is known as the Ortego Rancho, owned by H. L. Williams. It faces the south and ocean, gently sloping to the latter, where as fine bathing ground exists as can be found on this Coast. A fine beach drive extends to and beyond the city of Santa Barbara. Back, and two and a half miles to the north, extends the Santa Inez range of mountains, forming a beautiful and picturesque background. 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.

From the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

[Written for the Golden Gate by Spirit Lemnara, from the councils that meet in the Halls of Light, through the mediumship of Mrs. E. S. Fox. Write for the Sun Angels' Order in Oakland.]

The tolling of bells calling together worshippers in the different temples of your land greets mine ear with their tones to the spirit of mingled gladness and sorrow. Glad are we that the laborers, toilers of your world, may have a day of rest. It were wise that there come a time when they may lay aside their implements of toil, when one day in every seven may dawn upon their lives that they may call their very own. Lemnara looks abroad o'er the length and breadth of the land, and sees homes of opulence and refinement; she also sees homes of poverty and want, of filth and abomination. She sees hearts made happy by the possession of all that wealth can give to the sons of men, and sees hearts equally worthy that bear the burden of poverty and extreme want. There are millionaires and paupers, all the children of the Infinite, compelled to dwell upon the world that swings in space obedient to the divine command; they are not able to build for themselves a world suited to their needs and necessities, but are children tossed upon the shores of life subject to its laws, governed by circumstance, over which they have no power, and have drifted into the channel circumstance has made, with no question of what would be for their pleasure or best good. Is chance indeed the ruling power of the world? Even as Lemnara has written her words, there has come from the church over the way, floated to the ears of her who pens an angel's thoughts, the words and melody so often heard:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

Praise ye Him, ye rich, learned, favored of fortune and seemingly so of your God. Why should you not? But here are the poor, unlearned ones, battling with life's lesser good, held down by an oppressor's hand. Can these join your songs of praise, your prayers and adorations? Angels are glad of this one day in seven for the sake of the weary, the sad, and the oppressed. And could they but gather these together out upon the hillside or plain, or in God's shady grove, they would tell them of loved ones "over there," who come near their very hearts and whisper of a land where oppression finds no place, of a home where tax is not paid to the ruling powers, and of the world where the sunlight of a Father's Love is free to all, where all may feel the exhilarating power of Life, where want has forever flown, and oppression never found place.

We would tell you, each and every one who feel the pangs of want and sorrow, of hillside in the better land where your loved ones meet to enjoy the sunlight, bear the song of bird and rippling brook, feel the balmy air of our God that freely kisses all brows and fans all faces, and there oft they speak of you, the loved ones whom the All Wise laws have sent as pilgrims to the valley lands of your present incarnation, here to work out a problem of life, the solution of which will place you again among their numbers, the gainer for this baptism in matter, the stronger for this battling with lesser good. And we might gather together the loved children of the Infinite, and speak from angel hearts, the glorious truths of the angel world.

With joy and sorrow the tones of the bells are mingled; joy that one day may belong to our fellow man, the brotherhood of our God, and sorrow that the bonds of superstition bind the heart of man upon this day, when all should be free. Bound and fettered, yet you shall all be free—free to live and enjoy the good things that belong to the Father and are His inheritance for His children. The day will come when all shall join heart and voice in the song:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all people here below,
Praise Him above ye heav'nly host,
Praise God with man and angel host."

For while we render to the Supreme the praise His due, we render to our fellow man the same, for he has with bravery and love upheld in the midst of superstition, the banner of truth that has waited long to be planted 'mong the tribes of men. Superstition has ruled the mind and heart, and given to the world its power, but all through the ages there have been those who dared to enter the very heart thereof, and proclaim the untruth of revealed religion. A braver greater than to stand at the cannon's mouth has been required, for humanity ever turns away from their fellow with scorn and contempt if he even dare proclaim a greater truth. And is this not true of all who will dare proclaim a more glorious gospel to mankind? All honor to our brave pioneers, all praise for their courage and bravery.

It were well to build in the higher spheres a glorious temple, where in good time our noble workers will sing hallelujahs yet unsung. And, dear ones, not one note we'll miss, if sad or sweet, but with angels you know not of, you shall join with heart and voice, and as you sing, the last shadow, the last breath of mortal condition shall forever pass away. In our Temple of Light we would meet many who now are among the poor and oppressed, who have no name to call their own, who are struggling with all adverse

influences with which this land is so filled, and oft turn toward their longed-for home the tear-filled eye and weary heart.

What might be in this beautiful earth is very far removed from that which is really exists, and yet, the veil is being lifted and the two worlds mingle thought, while loved ones on both sides the river are being made more happy. The time will come when truth finds its way even into the creeds. Be ye fearless, each and every seeker for truth and light, bidding all unrest begone. Loved ones are not far away, and the world of light sheds its benignant rays into each heart. Be happy, and the smiles of angels will beam upon each one. With the love of

LEMNARA.

J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angels' Order of Light.
OSWEGO, N. Y., July 16, 1889.

Letter from Cassadaga.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

These far-off, and far-famed lakes of Cassadaga that encircle like a chain of pearls the wooded isle of Lilydale, may have an interest even to your denizens, so accustomed to tropical luxuriance, that our most variegated scenery might seem as hardy in its productions, as would that of Greenland or Iceland, Labrador or Alaska, to us. And that interest would centre in the spiritual city springing up with characteristic northern energy within its sylvan shade; as has ours reached down to "Summerland," and would, to the points above mentioned, if any such Zion of the new spiritual philosophy were building among their rugged pines and firs.

Aside from the spacious and pleasant auditorium, built upon the inner incline of the ridge or bank of the lake to the west—above which is an avenue of gothic cottages, among them the latest and best, the now permanent residence of the first president, T. J. Skidmore—and which a lady from Boston declares to be the finest auditorium she has seen, there is a new library hall, with lecture room, which, in unfavorable weather, competes in coziness with the open pavilion. A "Grand Hotel," an ice-cream, lemonade, and soda fountain, across the avenue, under its administration, the Fern Island House, and other retired places for boarding, complete the accommodations in that line.

A school district was established last autumn, the Lilydale P. O. During the summer session there is a telegraph in operation, I believe, at least there has been heretofore; with two passing trains on the opposite shores of the lake, consequently two mails a day. Two small steamers ply hourly from Cassadaga Village, an old, shady, quiet, sleepy little place, compared to this growing, thriving, modern new town. For, though there is a good grocery here, it cannot feed the multitudes coming and going, who are quite too material still to be satisfied with a few small loaves and fishes. Lake Erie has yielded up its famed white-fish, and the entirety of Chataqua county its noted butter and blackberries.

This is a wheat growing region too, and if one does not get good bread, an indispensable help toward spiritual elevation, it is not the fault of the wheat of Western New York, which, I understand, is only rivalled by that of California.

As to the mental, moral, and intellectual instruction obtainable here, it stands unrivaled, even by its much longer established orthodox opponent, the Chataqua School on Chataqua Lake, but twenty miles across country. Progressive people go there sometimes out of curiosity, knowing that when they weary of its "dry-as-dust" ologies and 'osophies, of its gloomy if classic shade, and its gloomier atmosphere, they can "run over here," into our sunlight, and into our cheer; they can wear gloves to meeting or dispense with them, ditto bonnets, though one would say that men with shaved heads, were the uncovered ones; the young people can row on the lakes all day, and dance till midnight, two nights in the week; in short, unconventionality, and liberty without license, prevails in this free atmosphere. And unconcealed vigilance will be the price of that liberty, as ever of yore.

Yet on Sunday when the vast concourse assembles several feet deep under the outside awning of the pavilion, whose platform is made attractive by music and flowers and pictures, it is a grand sight to look upon the respectable, respectful, and waiting audience, when some slender, white-robed woman arises, or when an unlettered, sightless, and formerly unfriended (save by the angels) male medium is led to the front, to be the mouth-piece of celestial wisdom. Who takes note of uncovered hands or heads, on such an inspiring occasion? The most absorbed listener, one week-day, was a bronzed and bearded laborer in flannel shirt and suspenders, who would never think of entering a more exclusive place. And these are the multitude fed with an explanation of the meaning of this life as a primary, preparatory existence, merging in a natural manner, by the change called death, into the next, where will continue similar methods of training, discipline and development, to those provided here.

It is noticeable, that this common-sense view of life approves itself to the plainest intellect, befogged, hitherto, by presumptuous men'salogies, which are but theories, of God and futurity.

One of the marked events of the season so far, has been the presentation of a

life-size spirit portrait of an Oneida Indian, executed by the well-known spirit-artist, Anderson. It was owned by a gentleman in Buffalo, who paid five hundred dollars for it, and whose widow has now, through the negotiations of our most venerated worker, Mrs. Susan Anthony Burtis, donated it to the Association in its plain, old-style, massive gilt frame. For it is the work of a quarter of a century ago, a valuable acquisition, and an appropriate figure upon the platform of an organization, whose most faithful workers are often pioneers therein by some noble soul from among the tried and true of the aborigines of America. Mrs. Lillie gave a poem upon the subject, with her usual success, wherein Abram Antone interpolated his message of "Salvation by Good Deeds," to the waiting and admiring people.

To-day, Tuesday, July 30th, Lyman C. Howe, who has been doing good service all the past year in the columns of a leading secularist magazine, came upon the platform, weary, almost to faintness, yet upheld by a spirit of mirth, not to say jocularity, and dealt with such subjects as "How can we Fulfill the Command 'Bear Ye One Another's Burdens?'" the gist of his reply being, that we "cannot escape fulfilling it in one way or another, and all in good time." Therefore it were wiser to seek to fulfill it in season. Another, "In Order to Retain Civil and Religious Liberty Against the Encroachments of the Great Religious Hierarchies, is not Eternal Vigilance Necessary?" I pause for another reply from the editor.

LEWIS OLIVER.

Spirit Message.

(Copied for the Golden Gate.)

"DEAR SCRIBE: I am delighted to come. Heaven knows that this is a privilege I had never believed I should enjoy after dropping my earthly body.

"Oh, dear ones below, I have found such a beautiful home here, and one so natural! Hundreds of friends meet me daily on these shores, and all of them must be saved, for each one is as happy as a bird. Oh, why did I not embrace this new and beautiful philosophy? I did not, and I could not, receive below this new faith. I sorrow each day I live on these shining shores that I did not take hold of this beautiful truth, and promulgate it to everybody. I long to come back to the world and plead my guilt—that I was moved by the folly and fashion of the ages past, and dared not receive this truth which lay outside and independent of the church world. Oh, this sweet and indissolubly beautiful world which I have found, and would not turn my hand over, to find it when on earth, with all the evidences at my door. I realize my oversight; and each day I live this enjoyable haven I sorrow amidst my pleasures, as I realize that I have cooly lived my earth-life out in ignorance of the sublimest and gravest of all knowledge. But I have found my way back, and I have hundreds of bright souls by my side, rejoicing with me, as I dictate to my kind scribe. I would publish to the world, were it possible, the glorious tidings of a bright and natural and satisfying world after the change called death, which appears to me in the light of reward of merit for past good behavior.

"Dear ones left behind, you will think strange that one so dormant while with you on this all-absorbing subject should awaken to it with such zeal on this side, and so quickly; but come here, with well-meaning heart and enjoy what you will find, and your souls will quicken with enthusiastic love and with anxiety and tenderness to your brothers and sisters in earth; and you will feel like rallying the forces of heaven that you may carry back to earth the glad news of life immortal, and a bright home for every soul of pure motive who has left the clayey tenement.

"Be cheered, brothers and sisters of earth, in well-doing, for over here, I am told, that all whose lives were pure enter here as heirs to the crown of victory, and the gems of the diadem found magnificently with the ages, and so as time goes on do they multiply and increase their splendor. Thus far, O earth fellow-creatures, I find no narrow plan of salvation, but all shall turn to me on; and that the Golden Rule is all-efficacious to fit up the souls of mankind for the enjoyment of life immortal and its unspeakable influences.

"Seeing what I see—that God loves all and saves all—I feel forcibly moved to song, even at this early point in my new-born life—that the church must change its tone, and give a new tune to the entire congregations of the Christian world. The old anthem of a crucified Saviour to take away the sins and guilt of men to save them must flee, as the mountain shadow would part with the lifting sun. A new song of self- uplifting, and this means fair deal fellow to fellow in all exchanges of life. The song of love universal is the new creed of salvation, so I am told, and so I begin to see.

"Washingtons and Lincolns, Jeffersons and Jacksons, women, great and small, and men and women from all lines of life, are busy over here, I find, in a work—an earnest work—which tends toward the uplifting of the human family the world around. Inspiring thoughts of nobler lives; for better rulers, with higher forms of government; and for an overwhelming eradication of ecclesiastical fumes, which they tell me are a series of crafty lies, invented to hold men in lowly service.

"Again, dear friends, I will join this innumerable host of spirit co-workers for re-

form, apply my mite to the lever which gives upward movement to the planet that gave us birth."

APPENDED NOTES.

"DEAR MEDIUM: You are at liberty to publish this message if it please you. If a copy were sent to my husband, my joy would be complete.

Mrs. HAYES, Wife of President R. B. Hayes, the 19th President of the United States."

"I speak for a thousand witnesses to the above message. We take a vote: 'Shall we publish it?' And, with a unanimous voice, all say, 'Aye.'

"ANDREW JACKSON."

"Should we take the names of all listeners on this occasion, we should omit but few braves who signed for independence, fought our Revolutionary battles, and framed, sustained and gave impetus to the Republic of the United States of America. "T. STARR KING."

"I endorse the sentiment of the message and the notes.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

Dear friend Owen, I submit the above, asking if its merit could claim a place in your GOLDEN GATE.

R. V.

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

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Published every Saturday by the "GOLDEN GATE PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY," at
Flood Building, Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1889.

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EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

The very worst condition of mind that one can bring himself into is that of general distrust—that is, to doubt the honor and honesty of every one with whom he is brought into business or social relations. Of course it is well to be cautious against indiscriminate confidence in people one doesn't know, but we hold that if one will endeavor to cultivate his intuitive faculties—his sixth sense—he will not be apt to be deceived. Besides, it is better to be deceived occasionally than to lose faith in our fellow-beings. We should look on the bright side of life, and recognize the good there is in all. Only thus can we best aid the erring up the steps of life, and at the same time bring our own spirits into the best condition for healthy growth and unfoldment.

What a change has come over the world since, for the amusement of his debased subjects, Nero fed his hungry lions on the humble followers of Jesus. The taste that could find satisfaction in such a cruel spectacle was akin to that of the ravenous beasts that fought and struggled in the awful carnage. The world, to-day, possesses no type of humanity so low as to tolerate such cruelties, which clearly shows the upward trend of the human race. It is only by contrasting great lapses of time that this fact is made prominent. Thus we are made to recognize the great truth of man's development from lower types of human life, and by which we may logically infer his ascent from the primordial cell, through vast gradations of animal life to his present high estate. In all this chain of unfoldment we can discover no "missing link"—no break in God's eternal purpose in human progress. Surely, but slowly, the world is growing better.

Did you ever try to realize the immensity of the universe, of which our little world is the smallest of tens of thousands?—stars so remote that a ray of light traveling at the rate of nearly 200,000 miles a second, would require centuries to reach the earth? The mind is utterly powerless to grasp such distances. Man, of his own powers is only cognizant of a few things, and those of a certain dimension. Reaching upward with the telescope, and downward with the microscope, he is able to unveil new worlds and countless forms of life that were entirely beyond his grasp before. Think you, with these helps to his eyesight, he has reached the limits of life or space? Far from it. There is still infinitude beyond. The measureless expanse of ether is doubtless filled with life, tangible and real to a finer than mortal sense. And so the Psalmist might well exclaim, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" A mere speck on the object glass of God's great microscope.

Some good souls wonder why it is that, with their charitable natures, good intentions, and industrious and temperate habits, they should always be at the bottom of fortune's ladder, while other people, wanting in all these virtues, revel in abundance. They seem to think that in some way Providence is not dealing fairly with them. Now, if the "abundance" their hearts long for were the highest end of being, and there were no hereafter in which to adjust the losses and apparent mistakes of time, they might reasonably conclude that there was some injustice in the divine order of things. But Nature has all space and all eternity in which to strike her balances. In her own way and in her own good time, we doubt not, it will be found that she has dealt fairly by all, and each one will see and realize that whatever his lot in life may have been, that however great the seeming disparity between his own condition and that of others, it was the very best condition for him—best suited to the highest needs of his spirit. In this faith we should live, and therein we could get out of life its highest measure of happiness for ourselves.

Some one has wisely said: "There are two things man should never trouble himself about"—the unpleasant things he can help and correct, and the things he cannot. Of course, the evils he can alleviate he should set himself at the task of correcting, and those that are beyond his reach it will do him not the slightest good to fret about. Some people waste their lives in complaining, and thereby they invite all manner of causes for complaint. We have known families whose homes were but little less than apothecary shops, so vast was the array of all manner of medicine bottles in sight. The result was that there was some one in said homes always ailing. Whereas, if they would take Shakespeare's advice, "Throw physic to the dogs," welcome the air and sunlight to their bed-rooms, and, above all, quit thinking themselves sick; or, if they are a little out of harmony, forget themselves in the alleviation of the miseries of others, they might soon laugh at their follies and infirmities. The trouble with most people is they think too much about themselves—their aches and pains, their poverty or their riches, their likes and dislikes, when their true way to happiness would be to turn their thoughts away to the great world of wrong and misery around them, and by every effort in their power work to lift the burdens of others.

Which is the most to man's credit—to come down from an angel by some moral cataclysm, like that mentioned in the Mosaic fable of creation; or come up from some type of anthropoid ape, in accordance with Darwin's theory of development? The latter process is the only one consistent with the idea of Immutability Law, or of that Infinite Energy that is ever pushing upward through matter towards perfection. It is alike creditable to man and his Creator that he should ascend the scale of being—alike discreditable to both, that he should make a pitiable failure of himself, after once having been sent forth perfect from the hand of Infinite Perfection. As compared with his barbaric ancestors man has every thing to encourage him; but, as compared with the Mosaic fable of creation, the outlook for him is far from hopeful. We prefer the more rational theory, and hold that man is the central point of two eternities—of the past, up which he has climbed from an impulse of Divinity; and of the future, toward which he is steadily moving forward in the highway of eternal progression.

We heartily concur with the dramatist who said, "Fools are they who seek for happiness and pass by love in the pursuit." The unmarried man is more or less selfish, especially if he is able to maintain a home, and capable of making some good woman happy. He spends his days in the keen pursuit of trade, and his nights in a more or less destructive form of dissipation at his club, and, ere long, his kidneys go back on him, and "the wheel at the fountain is still." No loving wife bends over him with a farewell kiss; no children join the regulation procession that follows his remains to the grave. "Poor fellow! we shall miss him at the club," spoken between drinks, by some fellow bachelor, is the nearest approach to a sigh of regret at his departure. The Club is a monstrous carbuncle on the neck of society. In fact, any form of social life whence woman is excluded, is unnatural and wicked. The man who goes through life unmarried, unloving and unloved, misses, by an infinite waste of barren years, the road to true happiness.

THE MOON.

Considering that the moon is called a dead body, it is surely the most active corpse, if science is to be believed, of which we have any knowledge in our solar system. Besides the well established fact of its influence on the tides, its baleful effect upon lunatics, and its supposed power over animal and vegetable life under certain of its phases, more has been attributed to the pale orb in latter years than is easy to believe of the periodical luminary of our night. M. S. Gner, the Austrian met-ologist, has assured himself that the moon affects the magnetic needle; especially is this to be observed when the moon is nearest the earth; when it is passing to first or last quarter, reaching its maximum when the moon is in the plane of the equator, and is greater during the southern than the northern declination.

A greater charge is made against our moon. Many years ago, another Austrian scientist, Herr Falb, expressed the idea that the moon may act upon the molten interior mass of the earth, the same as it does on the ocean of water, and thus operate to produce, or contribute force to earthquakes. The same authority now says that the truth of such action is proven; that the earth's crust is strained and more or less warped and broken, at the periods the theory named indicates. At these times it has also been observed that gas seems to be forced into coal mines to such an extent as to largely increase explosions. Now, can we believe all these things of the moon, and say we are affected by no other of the worlds, dead or alive, that shine by reflected light above us? We are like so many ants on an apple, suspended in space at our good or evil pleasure; we may destroy them, and greater power may thus end our globe-walking.

—J. J. Morse, of England, will give the opening address at Lake Pleasant Camp-meeting.

GOOD FOR SUMMERLAND.

The article on our fifth page, by Dr. Morton, who generally knows the facts whereof he writes, affords a fair illustration of the productiveness of the "miserable, barren waste" of Summerland. Eighty bushels of barley to an acre would not be considered evidence of barrenness, even "in the fertile fields of the East." The captious critics evidently are not aware that the land in the immediate vicinity of Summerland furnishes a large percentage of the brain food of the Hub; the culture of beans being a prominent industry in the adjoining valley of Carpentaria.

As evidence of the desirability of the location, the action of the residents will probably carry quite as much weight to the minds of reasonable people as the statements of those who know not whereof they speak.

Mr. William Bowley of Melbourne, Australia, visited all the spiritual camps and resorts in the East last year with a view of locating—the climate of Melbourne not agreeing with him. On his return from Australia last spring he visited Summerland, weighed all the advantages and "disadvantages" (if there are any of the latter) carefully, and decided that the location was the most desirable he had found, bought six lots and proceeded to erect a cottage for his future home. The fire which swept over the Santa Inez mountains July 27th consumed his house and all its contents, the lives of himself and wife being saved through the timely help of their neighbors, Messrs. Morris and Barden. Before the close of last week Mr. Bowley had the lumber upon his lot for the erection of another cottage, which affords striking evidence of his appreciation of the location, as well as of his energy and enterprise.

Mrs. O. K. Smith had a horse attached to her hydrant, to which precaution she owes the preservation of her house from destruction, giving a practical demonstration of the power of the Summerland water works.

The fact is, the fertility of the soil made the extended ravages of the fire possible, the mustard had attained such an immense growth that it furnished an abundant supply of fuel for the flames, where it had not previously been burned off. Precautions will be taken another season to prevent a repetition of such a disaster.

"LOOKING BACKWARD."

As Mr. Bellamy chose to call it, is one of the most hopeful books ever written. To be sure, the author himself will be looking back, and somewhat before the year 2000; while to those who are to realize on earth the happy state of social life, so charmingly depicted by Mr. Bellamy, it will be a glorious looking forward. Nothing more interests us than a comparison of ideas and opinions of deep thinkers on the same theme, and one of these is Dr. Prescott, of San Jose. Not long ago, in expressing his views on the future of our social state, he said: "The forces of modern life are well-nigh exhausted. The church and the people which in former years have been well-springs of life to the nation, are both becoming stagnant. There are few to whom Christianity in these days is 'anything more than a system of ethical philosophy, and fewer still to whom universal suffrage signifies aught but a form of government.'"

We have weighed these things in the balance and found them wanting. The present generation is weary of enthusiasm, and those who come after will be still wearier. In the Twentieth Century will begin the decay of the world. It will be an era of rest and sloth, and "sensual enjoyment. Pride will dwell in sumptuous palaces and exhaust in its behalf the resources of the world. Poverty will crawl in rags to sleep beneath the hedges where, in the midnight it will look up to the stars without hope and without faith. The high and low will meet one another without fear and without envy, for both will be too indifferent to life to care for anything. All over the world there will be peace and calm, and decay and rottenness, through all the seasons of the Twentieth Century."

We think it highly probable that the deadness described in the above picture might have fallen upon the world, but for the new life that has come to the hearts and minds of humanity through Spiritualism, and which makes Mr. Bellamy's conception the more likely to be realized.

ENGLISH WARFARE.

The most shocking reports come over the wires regarding the methods the English forces in Egypt have adopted for exterminating the Dervishes in Africa. On July 6th, the Egyptians gained another victory over their wretched foes, killing nine hundred and taking seven hundred prisoners. Those who escaped met a worse fate. The water supply is cut off and they are being annihilated by thirst and starvation. Latest advices from Cairo says that seven thousand, including camp-followers, are suffering the utmost extremities, hemmed in between the Nile and the hills. The English and Egyptian troops have stripped all the date palms in that region, and guards are stationed over all the wells, so that the Dervishes cannot obtain either food or drink. Hundreds are lying dead that have perished by these privations. The radical press of London is crying out against this barbarity of a Christian nation. There is no language strong enough to condemn such cruelty. The pages of England's history are black with deeds of inhumanity, but none is so black as those it is just now turning in recording its fiendish dealings with a defenseless people. The whole civilized world should rise up in condemnation.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

Among the "Spirit Messages" given through the mediumship of Henry H. Warner, Cincinnati, Ohio, and published in *The Better Way*, of August 3d, are the following, referring to faithful workers in this city:

HENRY BEIGLE.

I do not know whether many of the people in San Francisco will remember me or not, but there

is one who will and to her I say, Nelly, dear heart, you need not fear, for there is a band of faithful workers who have ever stood by your side in the dark hours of the past, when sorrow and affliction were your portion, and shall we desert you now when you are so near the haven of rest? No! We draw still closer around you and ever strengthen you with our presence. This is the symbol that is given to us for you: A wreath of laurel leaves, among which are twined blossoms of heart's-ease, sweet magnolias, and lilies of the valley; the laurel is the emblem of your victory over all opposition; the heart's-ease is what you have been to many weary travelers on life's highway; the magnolia, the sweet incense of love and harmony that you are continually giving unto others; and the lilies typify the music of the spiritual realms to which your heart is ever attuned. May you ever realize the presence of the angel loved ones near you to guide and sustain you. To Mrs. Dr. Beigle, San Francisco.

Henry Beigle is the spirit father-in-law of Dr. Nellie Beigle, of this city.

SANGATOOGA.

I come this morning from the land of the setting sun, where my medium, Mrs. Sarah Seal, lives in the city of the Golden Gate. Her life has been full of crosses in the past, and when the husband passed away so suddenly, although I had tried to warn you in the morning, yet you were not prepared to have his body brought home to you by his fellow workmen with the life crushed out by the accident. The husband is here with me and he sends much love to you saying he ever draws near to you to sustain and cheer you. We cannot always do as we would, and as there are others here who desire to communicate to their friends, Sangatooga, the Sioux chief, bids you farewell.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

From a splendid letter in the *Saturday Evening Spectator* of Minneapolis, from the pen of James G. Clark, we find the following reference to Santa Barbara and our beautiful Summerland:

The most magnificent stretch of ocean shore scenery I have found on the Pacific coast is in the vicinity of Santa Barbara. It is a wonderful picture, in which massive mountains roll away to the northeast and the arms of the mainland stretch out on either side into the sea, while in the foreground at the southwest the islands lift their brown heights above the warm, blue and shimmering waters to an elevation of 2,500 feet. This is the picture which Nature hangs out in sight of the dwellers of the Santa Barbara coast. I sometimes wonder if they appreciate it.

In the very heart of the picture is located the "Chautauqua" of the Spiritualists, beautiful "Summerland." Being—as my friends know—an "Eclectic" in theology, and finding something good in all systems which dignify human existence through a rational faith in the soul's indestructibility and endless progression, I do not aim to tear down any, but rather strive to help and aid in the development of the good in all, trusting in the survival of the best.

My association and acquaintance with our Spiritualistic friends, especially those who live above the mere phenomenal or elementary plane, has led me to love and respect them for their sympathy with all true reform, and their practical illustration of the Christian graces. I find less of the spirit of social caste among them than I do among the average members of any of our great denominations. I am glad that in their new and fitly named "Summerland" they have at last established a rallying point and home of their own, near matchless Santa Barbara, where they can secure cheap lots for dwellings, and hold summer and winter camp-meetings, and like church friends, blend pleasure with utility, in search of higher life, growth and expression.

A PROGRESSIVE BISHOP.

Bishop Billing of Bedford, England, is one of the bold spirits of the age, and is a striking illustration of the extreme difference of opinion that exists in clerical minds on the subject of that oldest of amusements, dancing, as well as billiards and card playing. Not long ago he startled his audience at Eastbourne by a proposal to introduce dancing as a social form of recreation in popular religious and semi-religious clubs. Going farther, he urged that the church should not object to cards and billiards at workingmen's clubs and institutes, believing that neither would lead to gambling for money. But he still had a greater surprise for his hearers. He said that, on some occasions, as an alternate necessity of circumstances, he would sooner close a church than a workingmen's club.

It is very evident that these amusements could not harm Bishop Billing—therefore, he has faith that others can enjoy them with the same impunity; and so they should, and will, if ever in time they are freed from the influence of evil opinion. It is with amusements the same as with persons, generally speaking, they are what we make them by our good or bad opinions of them. There's good in all rational and innocent amusements, and they should be trusted, as we trust society to work out all that is best in itself. We must trust the people at large to extract the good, without perceiving the evil that might be.

RETURNED.—That grand medium, Mrs. J. J. Whitney, returned from her eastern trip a few days ago very unexpectedly to, but greatly to the delight of her host of friends here. Mrs. Whitney had secured a pleasant cottage at Onset for the season, where she stopped for a short time, and had made arrangements for extensive work in the East; but the excessive heat of Onset, and other causes, operated to bring about a good substantial attack of homesickness, so she cancelled her engagements and sped away back to her own loved San Francisco, where she thinks she will be contented to remain for the rest of her stay on earth. She has secured handsome parlors at Hotel Marquette, 1206 Market street, Room 7, where she will resume work at once. Here Mrs. Whitney's mediumship is in constant demand, and she can do quite as much good as anywhere else, and here we think she ought to stay. She belongs to this Coast.

The morphine and cocaine habit is spreading with great rapidity, and it will not be long before every city will have an ordinance against it as strong as, if not stronger than that which San Francisco has.—*S. F. Daily Report*.

Wherefore, O Report, this spasm of virtue! Didn't we hear you, the other day, sounding your bazoo in defense of whisky selling? And do you not know that whisky kills ten where opium does one? Why discriminate in the kinds of poison with which people choose to make their exit?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Dr. Dean Clark arrived in this city a few days ago, and is open for engagements to lecture.

—W. J. Colville has gone to Portland, Oregon. He will visit, during his stay in the northwest, Seattle, Tacoma and Victoria.

—No department of the GOLDEN GATE is more interesting than "Our Question Department," conducted by the talented Mrs. Harris.

—Prof. H. A. Streight, having removed his residence to 334 Golden Gate avenue, announces that he will give lessons to a few pupils in oil painting.

—Mrs. M. J. Hendee, who has been absent for a short time in the country, has returned and may again be consulted at her new quarters, 119 1-2 Sixth street.

—John Slater, just before his departure for the East, gave \$50 to the Elms Club for the benefit of their Free Kindergarten. John is always doing something of that kind.

—Mrs. Juliette Yeaw, one of the speakers at Temple Heights, Maine, for this season, is a sister of W. H. Yeaw, of this city, one of the Trustees of the Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company.

—The *Harbinger of Light*, of Melbourne, Australia, gives the strongest possible endorsement of Fred Evans' mediumship. One correspondent, who had several most satisfactory and convincing tests through him, places him ahead of Slade and Foster, with both of whom said Witer had held seances.

—Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond will occupy the platform of the First Spiritual Temple, Boston, the month of September, Mrs. Lake, the regular speaker, being absent to fill engagements in Philadelphia. Mrs. Richmond returns to her flock in Chicago to which she has been the faithful shepherdess for so many years.

—Sister Mary E. Barker, of San Jose, writes very encouragingly of the good work accomplished by the Intuitive Science Circle, of that city. They hold interesting talks in public, on progressive subjects, and in their private circles some excellent mediums are being developed. Such circles are grand promoters of our Cause.

—An old lady recently visited Mrs. Utter, a medium residing at 309 Thirteenth street, this city. Of the result of her seance, she writes us as follows: "I saw her notice in the GOLDEN GATE. I am an old lady and cannot write much. I am 76 years old, and have this day found more comfort than I ever have in life."

—Dr. J. R. and Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless have returned from Santa Cruz to our city. They are located at No. 108 McAllister street, in rooms opposite those occupied by them before. On Friday evening, August 9th, they commence their weekly social receptions. Every Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday evening Mrs. Nickless holds a tea seance.

—We are informed that Madame De Roth, a well known medium for public work, is lying very ill at 1829 San Pablo avenue, corner of 27th street, Oakland, and is, with her children, in very destitute circumstances. Will not a committee of Oakland ladies call on her, ascertain her needs, and take some steps for her relief? And the friends of the Cause on this side of the bay—cannot we do something for her?

—James G. Clark, in a letter to a Minneapolis paper, thus refers to Hudson Tuttle's new book, "Psychic Science is attracting more attention on the coast now than ever before. I regard Hudson Tuttle's late book on the latter theme the clearest and most comprehensive work of the kind yet published. It is refreshingly free from stilted phrase and metaphysical fog which some writers inflict upon the public as evidence of depth and profundity."

—Mrs. Ada Foye, lecturer and platform test medium, will be in Denver, Colorado, during the month of August and September; October in Chicago, Illinois; November in New York City; December in Chicago; January in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; March in Cincinnati, Ohio; April in Brooklyn, New York; May in New York City. Spiritual societies desiring her services for week evening meetings in the vicinity of the above named cities, will please address her, until Sept. 28th, at 1203 Wazee street, Denver, Colorado.

—England's grand poet-laureate, Alfred Tennyson, celebrated his eightieth birthday last Tuesday, August 6th, at his residence at Aldworth. He was the recipient of many congratulatory letters from different parts of the world, and was visited by many friends during the day. Eighty years is quite a span of time—more than is allotted to the ordinary life, but Tennyson will live on through his works for unnumbered years to come. He will still speak "down through the corridors of time," through his "Locksley Hall," "In Memoriam," "Enoch Arden," "Queen Mary," "Maud," and other poems, to the hearts of men, and "move them on to nobler ends."

"SUMMERLAND SONGS AND HYMNS."—We have received from the author, Dr. B. M. Lawrence, of 345 Fifth avenue, New York, a little book, in paper covers, bearing the above title. It contains 125 pages, together with all the choice music and songs in use at our Camp-meetings and Spiritualist gatherings generally. It is just the book needed for spiritual work. It is sold for 25 cents a single copy, or \$2 a dozen. Every Spiritualist Society should have a supply of this song book.

Miss Clara A. Brockman, a worthy young lady, for a long time connected with the printing department of the GOLDEN GATE, has formed a co-partnership with Miss Ella R. Ayers, and opened a Stenographic and Type-writing Institute at 121 Montgomery street. They not only give instructions in stenography and type-writing, but they fill orders for work in either of those branches. They are good and energetic women, and well deserving of a liberal support.

Metropolitan Temple.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The morning exercises consisted of conference and tests by Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Miller and G. F. Perkins, and a very enjoyable hour was spent.

The Medium's meeting was well attended. Mr. Perkins directed the exercises and delivered a short address on the "False and True" in life, pointing to the two extremes in business and religion also.

The cornet and flutes aided in the vocal and instrumental music. Several songs were sung appropriate to the occasion by G. F. Perkins. Mrs. Perkins, under control, gave a short address of welcome. Several ladies and gentlemen spoke of their experiences in mediumship.

Groups were formed for social communications, and among the mediums present, Mrs. White, Mrs. Brown, Mr. Davis, Mr. Johansen, Mr. Clements, and others, were seen giving tests which gave much satisfaction, as was expressed by many who were present.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING

Was well attended; Mr. Fletcher, of Oakland, gave several selections upon the large pipe organ, which assisted in bringing much spiritual power to the minds of the medium.

G. F. Perkins read Longfellow's "Building of the Ship," and sang to his own music "The Creeds of the Bells," which brought forth a hearty round of applause. Mr. Johansen and Mr. Kemp sang a duet. Mrs. Perkins gave a number of very satisfactory tests; all but one were positively acknowledged to be correct. There were many expressions of satisfaction and sympathy by the people who crowded around Mrs. Perkins at the close of the service.

Circle of Harmony.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Circle of Harmony in St. George's Hall, 909 Market street, Sunday, at 11 A. M., was well attended, and opened with an invocation by Mrs. F. A. Logan, and after music by Mrs. Rutter and Mrs. Cook, Dr. Moore of San Jose continued his lecture of the Sunday previous on "Psychology and its Relation to Spiritualism." It was a masterly effort, and showed deep research into the histories of the past, present and what may be anticipated for the future, when the dominating or psychological powers are governed by wisdom and love, instead of greed and lust. At this point the Doctor became very eloquent, and found himself in a field of thought too expansive for the hour allotted. He then sang another song suitable for the occasion, Dr. Mead, Dr. Wingell, Professor Ormerod, and others, spoke earnestly, and Mrs. Logan gave some of her experiences in the practice of psychology, and its usefulness in developing mediumistic powers, whereby the mind and body become comforted and the almost broken-hearted made to rejoice. Psychology and mesmerism were also remedial agents in restoring the sick to perfect health. These powers are waves from the mighty depths of the great unknown. They emanate within their folds enchantment, entrancement, inspiration, table-tipping, mysterious movements of furniture, spirit photography, independent slate-writing, and various other manifestations foreshadowing grander realities awaiting investigation in the real life of man, and the infinite possibilities within his reach. As it was time to close the meeting, it was suggested that the question for discussion the next Sunday should be, "Whatever is Right," Mrs. Logan taking the affirmative and Dr. Moore the negative, to be followed by others. All arrived free.

A Pleased Reader.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The dear GOLDEN GATE, how I love it! How could I live without it but one week? When it comes laden regularly with words of love and cheer, to fill my very soul with peace and joy, and rouse me to higher consciousness of spirituality, how thirstily do I drink in every line of its contents! The dear GOLDEN GATE, may it ever flourish! What a grand future lies before us, oh, Spiritualists! Just think what a hundred years will bring to the children of those of our faith. Are we not the "chosen of Israel?" What would not the world be to-day had Spiritualism been one hundred years sooner? What sin and sorrow could we not have avoided? Oh, sisters, brothers, think! God bless our much-abused mediums, our writers and teachers, that are working faithfully in the Cause, and send us light, more light; light to all the suffering, sorrowing children of old earth. I too, would like to shake hands with the Editor of the GOLDEN GATE and say a "God bless you" for the good work he is doing. The editorial fragments are ever my first reading, and I do enjoy them.

LOUISE C. VALLET-KRIDEWISSE.
Folsom, Cal., Aug. 7, 1889.

Progressive Spiritualists.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Progressive Spiritualists held a very interesting conference meeting at 2 P. M., Sunday last, at their hall, 33 Eddy street, in which Mrs. Miller, Judge Collins, H. M. Thompson and Dr. Mead, also Mrs. Eliza Pittsinger participated. Mrs. Miller gave some very good tests to persons in attendance. Music, which was very fine, by Mrs. Rutter and Mr. Cook. In the evening Mr. Charles Dawbarn, the very popular lecturer, dressed a very large and intelligent audience, his subject being "The Fight for Freedom," which he treated in his usually masterly manner. A speaker of rare oratorical powers and very broad in his views, having a comprehensive idea of the needs of the hour. We should feel very glad he has come to stay with us. His subject for next Sunday evening will be "The Slaves of Commerce," which we know will prove interesting to all.

W. H. F.

St. Andrews' Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The meeting last Wednesday evening was the largest we have had for some time. The usual order was reversed by holding circles at the opening. After some music and singing, the following mediums took charge of the circle, and gave a large number of tests: Mrs. Ladd-Finnigan, Dr. C. B. Dewey, Mrs. M. E. White, Prof. Adrian Ormerod, Mrs. G. M. West. After about an hour and a half of tests, the meeting closed.

The meetings in future promise to be very large and successful. There will always be good mediumship at the meetings, and everybody is invited. Meeting every Wednesday evening, at 7:45, at 111 Larkin street.

M. H. W., Sec'y.

St. George's Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The spiritual service at St. George's Hall on Sunday last, was both interesting and instructive.

The address on the phenomena of Spiritualism by the guides of Prof. Ormerod, was logical and to the point, the main purpose being to set forth the absolute necessity of the spiritual phenomena in order to obtain a positive foundation for the spiritual philosophy. Circles were then formed, and many evidences of the presence of spirit friends given by the mediums present; Mrs. West, Prof. Ormerod and others participating.

The evening service was enlivened by a beautiful song from Dr. C. B. Dewey, trance medium, and a solo by Miss Wilson. The usual psychometric readings were given and recognized, as well as appreciated; the large number of articles collected, showing that the people take an interest in these meetings. The hours of meeting are 2:30 and 8 P. M. Sundays. All cordially invited.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 6, 1889.

OUR QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

If the Question Department may be indulged in asking questions, it will be to inquire of the writer of "a friendly criticism," why he would exclude thoughts on Theosophy, since many readers of the GOLDEN GATE are not only interested in the subject, but earnestly seeking in this direction? Hardly a day goes by but the Question Department is in receipt of letters from different parts of the country; many of these letters are long, and of such a nature that they must be answered briefly, while almost without exception they speak of the liberal spirit of the GOLDEN GATE.

Question No. 2. Would it not be well for each person to select out of such food as suits his mental and spiritual need, and leave others free to do the same? The time is past for a paper to force all its readers to feed from one dish.

Question No. 3. If the writer of "a friendly criticism," has not taken a degree in Theosophy, how can he be sure that it may not be "the thirty-third degree in Spiritualism?" His questions show that he has not taken the first degree, or even the trouble to inform himself in any way, on the subject. It seems a pity, in these days of many books, for a person to air such a misunderstanding of his subject; better by far let a question alone than distort it. Theosophists do not for one moment suppose a person can ever lose a step he has really taken in his upward path; they are also sure that one cannot lose what he never had.

The truly human never was animal, so cannot become animal again. The atma (spirit) ever was divine, and cannot become less so. Theosophy does not "cling to the garments" of any person, creed or ism, it stands for universal brotherhood, "without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color." Searching for the pearl of truth in every great religious system, it cannot fail to find it. I have no fear that the GOLDEN GATE will take any back step, the advance has been too real. Spiritualists all over the land are calling for just what it gives. Truth is many hued; the GOLDEN GATE is reflecting its various rays.

The attempt to "prune" the paper reminds us of the story of a minister who had a very fine suit of hair, really the envy of many in his church. These envious people took it upon themselves to suggest to the minister such changes in the manner of dressing his hair as seemed to them most in keeping with his ministerial dignity; but, unfortunately, no two thought alike, so that in the endeavor to please them all he had made sad work with his hitherto beautiful locks. At last, one day he informed his congregation "that in trying to suit them all he had neither pleased them or himself; but that, in his vain endeavors, he had succeeded admirably in making his head look like nothing in heaven or hell—that in the future he would try to please himself." Now, we simply suggest that the readers trust Brother Ormerod to run the GOLDEN GATE, and to exclude such matter as he deems best, each one making the selection which he finds fits his need.

"Light, more light," is the soul cry of a sister in Oregon. "Look within, for what thou findest not within thou wilt never find at all." Search deep within thee own being for the light, even though for a time only darkness answers thy cry. Be very honest with thyself, and doubtless, in the recesses of thy human nature, thou wilt find that which must be overcome before thou canst reflect the Divine ray. "Know thyself," and then thou shalt know all. At the eternal fount of truth the really hungry must feed through a necessary law of being. Remember that even a greater than thou "did not many of his mighty works because of unbelief." Be true to thyself, steadfast in thy life, untiring in love and charity, then trust thy ways. "There is a divinity that shapes" thy thoughts—that divinity is within the depths of thine own being, "Persevere."

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

A Bolinas subscriber, writing to renew his subscription, says: "I am very much taken up with the GOLDEN GATE, and am especially interested in the editorial fragments. . . . May you always prosper in your grand work."

WANTED.

A governess capable of teaching good English, drawing and music. To the right person a good situation assured. Inquire at this office.

Aug. 10, 11.

ADVISE TO PROCEED. Mrs. WILSON'S SOUTHERN STREET—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 take. It cures the child, soothes the gums, allays 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.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Spiritualistic Amenities (?).

BY ALBERT MORTON.

In a recent number of a so-called spiritual journal, I find this trite, but ever beautiful, sentiment in one of the editorial writings:

"Truth is the corner-stone of the faith of the Spiritualist. No word in the literature of Spiritualism, nor in the professions of those who believe in it, has such importance. It sums up all there is of the Spiritualist's creed. It is the immovable rock alike of the spiritual philosophy and science."

Brave words, my masters. Let us apply this grand touchstone of truth to an editorial diatribe on the same page of this eminently truthful sheet.

Under the heading of "Summerland," it has said that: "Far out on the Pacific Slope, hemmed in between a homely range of rugged, knotty (knotty is good), unfertile mountains on the one hand, and on the other a dreary expanse of endless sea, that has not even the activity of a surf, there lies a miserable, barren waste. . . . No native fresh water is found within the border lines of this would-be-city of the future."

This is said to be a description of Summerland; and it would be difficult for any one to string together a greater number of lies than are found in this column by the "Truthful James," who has evidently been incited to these attacks by parties who are envious of the success of any movement they get no plums from. The "extensive advertising" alluded to has not extended to this obscure sheet, and the editors are crying, with Old Probit in "The Chimney Corner," "I haven't had my gruel."

To those who are unacquainted with "the listless waters of the calm Pacific . . . that has not even the activity of a surf," I would commend a perusal of Dana's "Two Years before the Mast" for graphic descriptions of Pacific surfs. I am pleased to admit that there is no surf to prevent bathing in comfort at all seasons of the year at Summerland, and the sea at this place is even destitute of the exhilarative frolics of undertows. There is one spring of "native water"—at least, it seems to be naturalized—on the site of the town. Pure well water can be obtained by sinking from fifteen to twenty feet, but the inhabitants seem to be content to have water piped to their homes, free of expense, from unfailing living springs not one-half mile from the town site, instead of "four miles" away. Those who prefer, however, are not debarred from sinking wells by any clause in the deeds, but they must sink for whisky out of town.

The fertility of this "miserable, barren waste" and the rugged and knotty slope of the land has been demonstrated by the fact that, without irrigation, Mr. Williams has gathered from this waste, by the aid of headers—which are not generally used on knotty lands—eighty bushels of barley to an acre of land. If the "innocent and uninformed" occupants of "comfortable homes in the fertile fields of the East" can do better, common sense would commend them to remain there.

In the allusion to Chinese gardeners irrigating their lands, Warren Chase omitted one small item, which may be of interest to some frost-bitten readers. These poor Chinese raise "garden truck" 365 days in every year, and four crops of vegetables yearly, from the same land. This cannot be done in any of "the fertile fields of the East" or West which I have seen, and my journeys between Maine and Illinois were frequent in former years. The Americans who cannot produce as much as the Chinese are most cordially invited to keep away from Summerland. One serious drawback must be admitted: This place has no concrete sidewalks—not even an electric light nor gas factory. (The gas, however, is being manufactured by its opponents, but has not, as yet, displayed any dazzling amount of illuminative qualities.) I cannot agree with the prophet who thinks "Summerland is going to be a fizzle." On the contrary, I predict it will be a generous shower of agreeable conditions—if its truthful detractors can be kept away.

A REMARKABLE CURE.

DEAR DR. DOBSON: It becomes a duty, as well as a pleasure, to make due acknowledgment to you of the benefit my husband has received from your treatment. For six weeks previously, he had been sick with pain in the head, face and eyes. We used such remedies and appliances as are usually administered, but without effect. Finally he grew so bad we called in an allopathic physician, the best in town, who used his medical skill to no purpose in the case as he steadily declined. He maintained that one eye must be removed to save the other, etc., but his remedies only made him worse. Husband and friends, and the doctor all despaired of his life, as a steady decline at his age, sixty-nine years, terminates usually at the grave. But I and one other faithful friend would not give up yet. So upon his suggestion I wrote to you. A perfect diagnosis was given, remedies sent promptly and treatment begun. He had no been using your medicine and magnetized paper four days till a change for the better was manifested, and his improvement is such, that now, after two months, he considers himself well—better, in fact than for twenty-five years. He has hopes that sight may be in some degree restored to his eye. Whether it is or not, you and your hand of healers have accomplished great things for him and we are truly grateful. He might have been saved much suffering had we employed you sooner. Blessings attend you, F. E. P. MALCOLM.

Glidden, Iowa, July 12, 1889.
P. S. My husband's recovery is a great sur-

prise to his family and neighbors, and they cannot account for it; but to me, a Spiritualist, it is no mystery. You are doing a noble work. Continue working in harmony with nature's laws. People should be taught what those laws are and how they operate. Truly,

F. E. P. M.
[NOTE.—Having carefully copied the above from the original, and read it by copy we can testify to its correctness. We can also testify as to the truthfulness, honesty and intelligence of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm. Ed. N. T.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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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, \$3,500. For particulars apply at GOLDEN GATE office. Also three choice village lots adjacent thereto.

AMOS ADAMS,
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To introduce this GREAT SPIRITUAL WORK into every Spiritual family, and to show that read for advanced thought, I wish to appoint an agent (lady or gentleman) in every city and town in the United States, Canada, and foreign countries.

Those that will accept this position will find it very pleasant work. A few hours each day devoted to the sale of this book will bring you a nice income. Aside from this, you are doing a great spiritual good in distributing to the many the advanced thoughts in the book.

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ONLY ONE AGENT to each town or city is wanted. Those that desire the same will please advise me at once, and I will mail them full particulars as to price, etc.

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

[TITLE PAGE.]

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will meet every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, Nos. 925 1/2 and 933 1/2 Market street, between Fifth and Sixth. The hall is commodious and well arranged for this purpose. Strangers and all those interested are respectfully invited to attend.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 7:45 P. M., Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. All are invited. Admission 1 cent. The Library and Reading Room of this Society is located at 34 1/2 Market street, "Carrier Dogs" office, and is open every week day from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

CIRCLE OF HARMONY—MEETS EVERY SUNDAY at 11 A. M., in St. George's Hall, 909 Market street. Mediums and speakers especially invited. All welcome to participate. Mrs. F. A. Logan presiding.

UNION SPIRITUAL SOCIETY MEETS EVERY Wednesday evening, at 7:45 o'clock, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111, Larkin street. Good speakers and lecturers will be in attendance every evening.

OAKLAND CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM meets every Sunday at 1:30 o'clock P. M., at Fraternity Hall, Oakland, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Everybody receives a welcome.

OPEN MEETINGS OF THE GOLDEN GATE Lodge of the Theosophical Society, are held every Sunday at 106 McAllister street, at 1:30. Earnest inquirers cordially invited.

COUNCIL G. G. OF THE T. S.

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

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

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

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This Ranch is now offered for the very low price of \$10,000—one-half cash, and the balance on easy terms.

For further particulars inquire at this office.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN ASKS PERMISSION to state through the columns of the GOLDEN GATE, that she is rapidly recovering from her illness, and seems to have developed the Spirit of Prophecy and Literary talents. In addition to Healing and Poetical Communications, will hold Development and Literary evening, Room 33, 341 Market street, San Francisco. Persons at a distance will please write out the dream and enclose \$1.00 to insure an answer. Address, Mrs. F. A. Logan, 341 Market St., San Francisco. Jlaot

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Property, and equal rights to all. Issued, monthly, at St.
Louis, Mo. Fifty cents a year.

Reminiscences.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

While opening the GOLDEN GATE of July 20th, "to see what was inside," my eye caught the familiar name "Wachusett" in Brother Wetherbee's letter, and the sight aroused in my mind a feeling of delighted surprise, as if I had scarcely expected the dear old mountain to be still there, with the pond at its foot and the lively brook flowing away toward the north and east (if I remember rightly) two or three miles, where it turns a saw-mill, chair-shop and paper-mills, then on (as I thought in my childhood) to an indefinite somewhere that I never expected to see.

Near the mills were grouped unpretending dwelling-houses, and among them one where the "school-land" in summer or "master" in winter took us, according to Mitchell, from "What is Geography?" to "Europe," and left us there "without visible means of support," or providing for our return. But we didn't care. We preferred stringing laurel blossoms on a straw or gathering young wintergreen leaves (we called them "pippins") to learning the capitals of places we never saw; and running across the brook at full speed, with the slender board swaying and bounding under our feet, was so delightfully dangerous it set the blood tingling as "b-a, ba, k-e-r, ker" never could.

The place was called "The Narrows" in its earlier days, but after it was dignified by the possession of a store and postoffice called itself Wachusettville; but this, like other similar clusters ("Scrabble Hollow," for one, I remember), was not the town proper, where "town meetings" were held, and the several churches were set on neighboring or not neighboring hills, the Baptist being conveniently near a large pond.

The town Westminster is, or was, little and old and respectable; in fact, it dates back to about revolutionary times, and one of my playthings in childhood was a cannon ball fired in one of the battles of that time, and dug out of a sand-bank near our house.

I wonder if Mr. Wetherbee has found much sign of a spiritual awakening there, or if the table-rappings many years ago satisfied them for all time to come.

I had a dear bachelor uncle who wandered away to the South, so I never saw him after my eighth year; but we kept up correspondence by letter to the day of his death, and after that event my first letter to him (or any one else), with other things he had treasured, came back to me. Of the funny little composition I now remember only one sentence, which was, "Plenty of spiritual rappings around here." To this he answered, "Do not go near the spiritual rappers yourself. It is all humbug and deception, but it is so well got up that it startles and frightens many." It puzzles the sharpest eyes and quickest ears to detect how it is done." That you see, was many years ago, and now he reports himself as among the most active in my band of helpers.

There comes a time of belief or knowledge to all; if not in this life, surely in that; and must be waited for. Premature conversion, at a time of revival, is worth little more than that which takes place when the gathering is Methodist instead of Spiritual, for the same class of minds are affected in much the same way, which is mostly mesmeric or sympathetic. I knew a young man who was "converted" at every yearly revival and as regularly "backslid," whereat an irreverent companion remarked that "they ought to chalk him to keep him from slipping." But the fault was not his, and he deserved sympathy rather than contempt, for he had a susceptible nature, which yielded to the wave of religious emotion sweeping over the community, yet could not tell why he felt so nor why the feeling ceased. While trying to understand these mysteries are not more of us than we care to own like him? Do we not say, "Lord, I believe," but in the next breath, "Help thou mine unbelief?" LUPA.

A DOCTOR BECOMES FRIENDLY.—There was once an English doctor whose morning patients were very numerous. It was his pride and boast that he could feel his patient's pulse, look at his tongue, probe at him with his stethoscope, write his prescription, and pocket his fee in a space time of varying from two to five minutes. One day an army man was shown into the consulting-room, and underwent what may be called the instantaneous process. When it was completed the patient shook hands heartily with the doctor, and said:

"I am especially glad to meet you, as I have often heard my father, Colonel Forrester, speak of his old friend, Dr. —." "What!" exclaimed the doctor, "are you Dick Forrester's son?" "Most certainly I am."

"My dear fellow, if you find informal prescription in the file, and sit down quietly and tell me what's the matter with you.—Ex."

DOING GOOD.—"There," said a neighbor, pointing to a village carpenter, "there is a man who has done more good, I really believe, in this community than any other person who ever lived in it. He cannot take very much in public, and he does not try. He is not worth \$2,000, and it is very little he can put down on subscription papers. But a new family never moves into the village that he does not find it out and give them a neighborly welcome and offer them some service. He is on the lookout to give strangers a

seat in his pew at church. He is always ready to watch with a sick neighbor and look after his affairs for him. I believe he and his wife keep house plants in winter mainly that they may be able to send bouquets to friends and invalids. He finds time for a pleasant word to every child he meets, and you'll always see them climbing into his one-horse wagon when he has no other load. He has a genius for helping folks, and it does me good to meet him in the streets."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Common-Sense Thoughts on Forgiveness of Sin.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Having read several articles recently in the GOLDEN GATE on the question of forgiveness, or the pardon of sin, I make use of a few spare moments to pen a few common-sense thoughts, peradventure they may meet with favor with you and your many subscribers. Old theological teachings have befogged the large majority of minds on this question to such an extent that few, even though professing a belief in Spiritualism, can rise above its baneful effects. The idea of forgiveness, as held by such minds, is identical with that of the child who, having committed some act of offense, or disobedience against its parent or tutor, hopes and endeavors to escape the prescribed penalty; it may be the ruler, the birch stick, the dark closet, or expulsion from the school. The offender is told that by getting on his knees and begging pardon and promising future good conduct that he can regain the confidence and good will of the parent or tutor, and the use of the ruler, the birch stick, or dark closet, will be dispensed with; and this arbitrary idea of sin and forgiveness is the one held by the large mass of minds which are still under the sway and influence of theological darkness. I say the idea is arbitrary, because it has no foundation in nature or her laws. Forgiveness, as generally taught and understood, implies a forgiver—a personality; and to be forgiven upon certain conditions, or receive the penalty, is the fiat from which none can escape, as theology puts it. This, it is claimed, was necessary in order to maintain the dignity and unchangeability of the law-giver. Thousands of pages have been printed in defense of these ideas, when the whole question of sin and forgiveness, or remission, can be amply set forth on a half-dozen pages of foolscap.

There is no such thing as forgiveness, in the sense as taught by old theology; and yet there is a germ of truth in the idea, and especially in the term "remission." Forgiveness and remission may mean the same thing to many minds, while to others they have quite different meanings, so I will deal with these terms both separately and jointly. Under natural law (which is, in reality, the only divine law), there can be no such thing as forgiveness, for there is personal action implied in the term; but there may be, and often is, remission of sin under natural law (of course, I am now writing of transgressions of natural law, and not of personal offenses), which depends largely on conditions. Now, remission simply means doing away with or destroying the effects of an act, or acts, whatever such may be. If, by accident or design, you have severed an artery, if there are those near you who have the proper appliances, the flow of blood may be stopped, and your sin is remitted, or nearly so; and it will make no difference in the effect of the remedies applied whether the act was intentional or otherwise. Is your system full of scrofula, inherited from your great grandparents? If you can find remedies sufficiently powerful, whether in drugs or in magnetic, spiritual or mind healing, you can be cured, and the effects of your forefathers' sins, as well as your own, may be cancelled or remitted, or, at least, partially so; and so on, the same principle applies to every form of physical or mental disease to which humanity is heir to.

"Oh, but," say you, "this is not the kind of forgiveness or remission which Jesus practiced and preached about." Yes, it is exactly the same kind, and the only kind which he spoke of or practiced. Did he ever talk about forgiving the murderer or robber or the thiefing Scribes and Pharisees, who laid heavy burdens upon the backs of the people which they would not so much as touch with one of their fingers to remove? Jesus gave a practical lesson in forgiveness and remission in the case of the palsied man. He said, "Son, thy sins are forgiven thee." But certain Scribes, reasoning to themselves, said, "Can any but God forgive sins?" Jesus rebuked them, saying, "Is it easier to say take up thy bed and walk; or, Thy sins are forgiven thee? But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins (he said to the sick of the palsy), Arise, take up thy bed," etc. (See Mark ii: 5-11.) Jesus puts the case very plainly. The healing of disease and forgiveness of sin are one and the same thing; but, alas! how far his professed disciples have strayed from the real spirit of his teachings. But, because they have done so, let us not think or say for a moment that there is no such thing as forgiveness or remission in their true and natural sense, for all nature is full of each and both; and, as the world grows stronger and wiser, this principle of forgiveness or remission of the effects of transgression will increase in strength and power, until all humanity shall be healed by its potentiality. BEN. FRANKLIN FRENCH.

Los Angeles, August 3, 1889.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Ruts in the Roadway.

BY ARRA L. HOLTON.

Housewives have been known to put in a raisin when the ale in bottle has turned flat. Did it never occur to prudent wives to have plenty of raisins to pop into their husbands' spirits whenever they are at ebb-tide? But the contrary rule seems to be the method of those women that think marriage a failure. Why, they even go so far as to make a hole in the corks and knock off the necks of all the effervescent liquors in the inner apartments of their husbands' hearts. Such wives, as soon as they perceive their good men hopeful, sanguine, cheerful and interested, they make their part of the music a discord and inharmonious, aiming to reduce all and everything to insipidity, and the concert given a cold chill.

Then if their husbands do not smile and sing on this bed of nettles, they only make the music more discordant by more grumbling, and some go so far as to shed great many tears over their victims, imagining all the time in their own little minds, that they are the victims. There is a good story about a man who was born near-sighted and never knew it, living unconsciously in a dark world until he was about twenty-five, when he happened to put on glasses and lo, the world was new, he had been born again; so, if these poor wives who do so suffer because they are neglected and mistreated, would put on some mental glasses, that is, hunt for their own shortcomings, and never notice those of their husbands, the life about them would become all new and bright.

To such wives and mothers we say, "Get out of your ruts; get into new thoughts; there are hundreds of ways of making this transformation." Some writer has said, "A Flemish shop-keeper says to himself when he has made a little extra money, 'I will buy a new picture.' The German, under similar circumstances, 'My son shall learn another language!' The American says, 'Now I will see the world!'" The Englishman says, "Now I will have salmon though it is four shillings a pound."

Now feeding the mind is far preferable to feeding the stomach, as the Englishman does, and women will find if they undertake this task, that they will feel at first as though they were crawling out of a hole like a toad that has been found to have been embedded 6,000 years; they cannot hop; that is, think very fast at first or very far. Why, they have believed just what their grandmothers and mothers believed and have not an idea that is all their own, or even dared to have one. To escape from mental bondage is to read good books, and those books that people tell you will be sure to make you an infidel; when you are reading, think; and after you have thought, talk—talk with that husband what you have been reading, not about servant's delinquencies, or how bad the children act, and see how interested he will get to be. Why, at the very first effort you made to interest him interestingly, he lingered over his coffee and roll and missed the earliest train to town, saying only, "I was so interested in what you were saying, well, well; continue this talk to-morrow morning. How's the baby, let's see him," going with you to see baby, cooing to it, leaving reluctantly to go to his daily toil to keep you in home and comforts.

Just think, dear mothers and neglected wives, how much is done for your comfort, and aim to keep the intellectual light bright in the home, that the home does not become dark and chill. I want to be forgiven for writing as I have done in this article for the mother's column, but a dear, good friend came to me this morning and poured out all her woes to me, and I read her just such a lecture, and told her not to hear that which was not nice; sing, not cry, when the air was blue, etc., and on going away she said, "I must write out what I had told her, to do all her dear sisters good, as it had done so much for her, showing her faults she could and must remedy, and preaching so strongly for cheerfulness that she knew most wives forgot amid their cares." So at her request I have written it for the GOLDEN GATE, and may it, like the white-winged dove, bring peace to any soul that needs to learn the true way of life; that is, to be happy and so make others glad they live.

ALAMEDA, July 31, 1889.

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

We Shall Know.

When the deepening shadows gather,
And the long life's work is done,
When we reach that better country
Out beyond the setting sun,—
When we've crossed the golden meadow
And have climbed the golden stair,
There will be no anguished parting—
For we'll know each other there.

Cherished ones who walked beside us
In the years so long ago,
We shall meet and greet in welcome
In that glorious, golden dawn.
Loving voices that were silenced
In the morn of life so fair,
We shall hear again in joy-tones—
We shall know each other there.

Tender babes that mothers cherished
In the morning of their life,
But were taken in their beauty
To the land of promise rife,—
They will meet in glad reunion
In the Summerland so fair,
Out beyond life's golden setting,
And will know each other there.

Leaving angels who beside us
Through life's rough and rugged way,
Have watched and guarded every footstep,
Gilding life with golden rays,
We will meet them in that haven
Clothed in robes of life so fair,
Garlanded with wreaths of laurel,
And will know each other there.

Friends, while here on earth we journey,
We know not our neighbor's life,
Of his care and grief and strife;
But beyond where it is sunshine
Where life has no grief or care—
Up above in the brighter glory,
Friends, we'll know each other there.

G. T.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Love Song of the Spirit.

BY MRS. H. S. LACE.

I know you love me, when the twilight gathers
O'er all the hills and plains;
I know you love me when the sun is darkened
And fall the summer rains.

'Tis sweet to feel, when land and sea are shaken
By storms of wild unrest,
That I, in spirit, may be gathered safely
Upon your faithful breast.

The world is wide, and hope and fear, alternate,
Play on the life of man;
And few there are who learn to fathom
The universal plan.

Benighted by the sense, confused, and sobbing,
The spirit reaches forth
And strives, oft vainly, for the priceless jewels
Of everlasting worth.

But we, my love, enliven by truth and duty,
Enspired by laws of right,
We may walk on, with undiminished courage,
Amid earth's darkest night.

I would not part with lessons learned in trial,
In bitter gloom and tears;
For woven from these storms of stern denial
Rainbows will arch the years.

Along the pathway we have trodden firmly,
Undaunted by earth's woes,
Spring roses gay, bedewed with faith's own glory,
And joys that few can know.

Sweet earth, toll on, and when the light is fading
Adown the purple west,
'Twill be for me, with peace of thanksgiving,
To gather you to rest.

Boston, Mass., July 12, 1889.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

They Miss God's Frown.

BY EDWARD S. CREAMER.

Nature has her own way to move mankind,
Taking for heroes righteous or else of earth,
Clothed in the ruggedness of birth from birth,
Of radical proclivities which bind.

Past to the task the teacher they must do,
And wealth, nor ease, nor beauty ever frees
Them from the work which warms their energies.
Their raiment may be rough, their food poor rue,

Their pilgrimage on earth be mid despair;
They may be called fanatic, fool, or worse,
And their intentions may be deemed a cause
To shatter much in life thought good and fair.

Yet working for the right they miss God's frown—
The shackles of each slave were on John Brown.

"Our Heritage."

When you are dead;

When some white lips have said

Their last good-bye, and you are still—

Life's work complete, no more to live or do

What will be found that you

Have left to grow

Springing where you have stepped, to show

That you have lived? Marking the way

Across fair time, day after day,

We leave ourselves behind wherever we have stepped,

A heritage to be kept

As flowers or weeds which give themselves to die,

Yet are not dead indeed. What seeds lie

Shed from out the gardens of our hearts, to grow

For centuries? We saw

Ourselves. Just what we will be produced in kind,

For other lives to find

And multiply.

Our influence cannot die,

However we may pray, and dream mortality

Sows only mortal germs. Our destiny

Is shaped in part by lives which long ago

Scattered down the earth, a time for weal or woe.

We live our humble lives, nor see

Results, nor think to be

More than but passing shadows, while along our way

We sow for immortality the living day.

—GEORGE KLINGLIE.

The Under Dog in the Fight.

I know that the world, the great big world,
From the peasant up to the king,
Has a different tale from the tale I tell,
And a different song to sing.

But for me—and I care not a single fig
If they say I am wrong or am right—I
I shall always go for the weaker dog,
For the under dog in the fight.

I know that the world, the great big world,
Will never a moment stop
To see which dog may be in the fault,
But will shout for the dog on top.

But for me, I shall never pause to ask
Which dog may be in the right,
For my heart will beat, while it beats at all,
For the under dog in the fight.

Perchance what I've said I had better not said,
O, 'twere better I had said it in cag;
But with heart and with glass filled cheek to the brim,
Here's a health to the bottom dog!

Cassadaga Camp Notes.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The season of 1889 is now well under way, and the people are gathering from far and near unto this haven of rest. The increased attendance, some fifty per cent. over any previous year, at the opening, is an indication that Cassadaga's fame has by no means reached zenith, and that the people are thirsting more and more for the living waters of truth and knowledge to be found here.

The opening lecture on Friday, July 26th, was given by Walter Howell, who spoke with his usual earnestness and power to an interested and attentive audience.

He was followed on Saturday by Mrs. R. S. Lillie, so well and favorably known in all Spiritualistic centers, who gave new proofs of her wonderful powers as a clear and logical speaker.

On Sunday Mr. Howell and Mrs. Lillie spoke, in turn, making the initial Sunday of double interest, and laying a good foundation for the season's work.

The Monday conference was well attended, and much interest manifested in the discussion of the questions of the day by all present. All indications point to unusually interesting conferences during the entire meetings.

Tuesday, July 30th, that veteran worker, Lyman C. Howe of Fredonia, N. Y., occupied the platform. He spoke with all the old-time fervor, and was listened to with the closest attention by the large audience before him.

Dr. J. C. Street officiates as Chairman to the satisfaction of all, and his genial presence makes the people feel at home as soon as they enter his presence.

We noticed upon the grounds to-day the Rev. Mr. Adams of Dunkirk, N. Y., pastor of the Independent Congregational church of that city. Mr. Adams is a broad-minded gentleman, and his sermon on "Spiritualism," published in the *New Theology Herald* a few years ago, proves that he appreciates the good our cause has done in the past and is still doing to make the world brighter and happier.

Rev. Mr. Keyes, pastor of the First Baptist church of Dunkirk, N. Y., is spending a part of his vacation with us.

Rev. Solon Lawer (Grapho) of Milford, N. H., is spending his vacation at the camp. Mr. Lawer's health is none of the best, but he knows that Cassadaga air has wonderful curative powers, and expects shortly to return to his labors fully restored to health and strength.

Mr. J. T. Lillie of Melrose, Mass., has charge of the singing, and delights all with his vocal powers and frank, cordial manners.

Many different States have representatives upon the grounds, extending from Maine on the east to Kansas on the west. Truly, Cassadaga has already a natural reputation, and who can predict its growth through the coming years?

Dr. A. J. Swartz, agent for *The Better Way*, was here last week, and is expected to return soon to spend the remainder of the season.

Hon. A. B. Richmond of Meadville, Pa., has arrived, and intends to pass the season with us. Mr. Richmond says that he has almost forgotten that he is a lawyer, or that there is such a profession as that of the law in existence—he is enjoying himself too well to think of anything else but enjoyment.

P. L. O. A. Keeler and Will Mansfield, the noted slate-writing mediums, are fully occupied with business, their time being almost entirely taken up by those who are eagerly seeking messages from the other side of life. These gentlemen give the best of satisfaction, and it is to be hoped that their health and strength will not be overtaxed by the continuous strain upon them.

Our hotel-keeper, C. H. Gregory, is winning golden opinions in his management and bountifully-laden tables and marked courtesy to his guests. A number of fine cottages have been erected during the past year, and others beautified and improved. The Secretary's office has been completely renovated, making it a very commodious, business-like place. In fact, improvement is the order everywhere, and each succeeding season adds many things to the natural beauties of our camp.

We can promise a good time to all who wish to investigate our phenomena, and to study the philosophy, should they see fit to visit our camp. A cordial invitation is extended to all Spiritualists to come and see us, for they will be made welcome, and can find entertainment, at reasonable rates, either in the hotel or with families who have rooms to rent. Come one and all to this health-giving resort, and have a good time physically, spiritually and mentally.

Lily Dale, N. Y., July 30, 1889.

HAPPINESS.—We know that acts are good or bad only as they affect the actors, and others. We know that from every good act good consequences flow, and that from every bad act there are only evil results. Every virtuous deed is a star in the moral firmament. There is in the moral world, as in the physical, the absolute and perfect relation of cause and effect. For this reason, the atonement becomes an impossibility. Others may suffer by your crime, but their suffering cannot discharge you; it simply increases your guilt and adds to your burden. For this reason happiness is not a reward—it is a consequence. Suffering is not a punishment—it is a result.—*Ingersoll.*

Warren Chase's Attack on Summerland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Again Summerland has been fired at, not alone by the elements; this time by the pen of Warren Chase in the *"Celestial City"*. What spirit actuated such a blast from Brother Chase is unknown to charity and good fellowship. I learn that he has been a resident of Santa Barbara; he can but know that the statements made are false, in short, he does know the utter untruthfulness of his tirade. I am sorry that a venerable brother in the ranks should dip his pen in gall and bitterness with the express purpose of staining the fair name of our beloved colony. Advice and entreaties have been before the readers of the *GOLDEN GATE*, to come to the aid if I am truthfully informed, many did come to his aid, for which I presume he is truly thankful. But I cannot understand why he, as well as other Spiritualists, feel called upon to attack this beautiful Summerland, not only beautiful in name, but in realities. They do not stop at simply equivocating, but tell downright falsehoods.

This colony is not going to get frightened at the guns leveled at it. It is right there where it has always been, and is going to stay; all can view it from steamers, cars or carriages. Steamers pass every day. Several passenger trains pass daily. All can visit it who desire, and drink of its pure waters, inhale its balmy air, that is never too hot in summer, or too cold in winter. Summerland has been visited by many who have purchased lots there, and all concur in the one verdict: All have rejoiced in the fullness of satisfaction. What is the matter with the *Celestial City*? And what is the matter with Brother Chase and others? I cannot understand why friends of the Cause should be jealous of this colony; is it because they do not own one of these "small lots"? Come and see for yourselves, and you will very soon have the home feeling that all acknowledge is theirs. Summerland has gradually improved and gained in strength since it was first laid out for this lovely colony. It is not now in its swaddling clothes, it has begun to walk alone. The secular press speaks of it now as a town.

Articles in public dailies, in pamphlets, in spiritual papers, etc., have given it description time and time again; nothing has been hidden, yet the half has not been told. Mr. H. L. Williams bears the reputation of uprightness of character, is a gentleman of conscientious honesty and honor; he has the esteem of friends that would-be enemies might be proud of.

Please let me inform Mr. Chase and others, that Summerland will live and grow to full stature in spite of the barbed shafts hurled at its vitals by croakers and chronic growlers, for the angels, or spirits of just men made perfect by transition, are at its back. We who have started homes there, and are blessed with the wonderful influences that seem to be a part of it, can smile at the "barking dogs in the manger," and pity them for not coming and doing likewise.

Brother Chase, do you think if the liberal friends of Summerland should present you with a house and lot, and you could dwell therein, that you "would want to move in a short time"? There would be nothing to hinder, as the railroad trains run both ways at the feet of our beautiful land. As you are nearing the morning light of the Summerland "over there," it is to be hoped that you will leave your broad charity, or a portion of it, your good thoughts and kindest benedictions to help us on the way, and when we all get home, how sweet it will be to greet each other with "Well done; we can now rejoice in the fullness of peace."

Fraternally,

ROSE L. BUSHNELL.

Lyceum of Self-Culture—Its Coming Entertainment and Future Work.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

That which tends to add directly to the happiness of the great family of man; to remove from its pathway the errors and untruths that in the past have acted as obstacles to its progress, unto a knowledge of the destiny of the human race, and seeks to accomplish speedily a recognition of the nobler principles of being, or guides the human spirit into a realization of the sweeter and more tender ties which unite it to its kind, and all to their Maker,—the infinite Love who is the Spirit of the Universe, must be greeted as a beneficent undertaking. Its success would not be gauged by numerical strength or financial holdings, any more than individual success should be subjected to such dwarfing estimates, but instead, the ratio of its influence in cultivating freedom of thought, liberality of speech and action, and sympathy with the struggles of all, should be the measure of its value.

The Lyceum of Self-Culture, which meets each Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock, at Fraternity Hall, 909½ Market street, is an institution of this character, and deserves the warm support of the public, as it aims to assist the youth as well as men and women, to think intelligently upon the world around them, and endeavors to assist them to a knowledge of their own spiritual harmonies. A group of earnest men and women, with Mrs. F. H. Michener as its conductor, and Mr. C. F. H. Wadsworth as musical director, are the instructors who are engaged in this service, of love. To render their work

more efficient, it has been decided to give a musical and literary entertainment at Pythian Hall, 909½ Market street, to close with a dance, on next Saturday evening, Aug. 10th, in order to procure funds to apply to the purchase of new books, that have already been selected, wherewith to replenish the library, that has not been added to for several years, in this way.

The visitors who gather each Sunday morning can not fail to be impressed with the brightness of the pupils, who are induced to read various works and to reflect upon what they have read. On Sunday August 18th, the Lyceum will have for consideration, What effect tobacco may have upon the human system, when the scholars will furnish short essays, or brief condensations of what they have read or heard, relating to such subject.

All are cordially invited to attend the Lyceum meeting, and it is hoped the entertainment will be well patronized. *

With every selfish act, whether through perverted acquisitiveness, injustice towards others, or malice, we imprison ourselves in an aura which drags us to the earth and subjects us to its disagreeable influences (emanating from both mortals and spirits); to disease and contagion, and withal, dulls our intuitive faculties, which brings about troubles that otherwise could have been avoided. Love—generosity, sympathy, charity—has a reverse effect, making us light-hearted, positive to disease and clear-minded (intuitive). The latter neutralizes the former when these conditions are known to exist. Melancholy, sadness, insomnia, discontent, dubiousness or gloomy forebodings are indicators to that effect. To become happy, therefore, follow the golden rule conscientiously.—*The Better Way.*

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(From the GOLDEN GATE.)

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