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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Faith is the soul riding at anchor.—*H. W. Shaw.*

Love is only satisfied with love.—*Pythagoras.*

The science of love is the philosophy of the heart.—*Cicero.*

Nature is to the mind what heaven is to the soul.—*Plautus.*

The first and last which is required of genius is the love of truth.—*Goethe.*

On the earth, the Infinite has sowed his name in tender flowers.—*Richter.*

Forget not that a kiss may prove a traitor in an angel's dress.—*Sir S. Garth.*

Great truths are portions of the soul of man; great souls are portions of eternity.

Many wonderful things appear in nature, but nothing more wonderful than man.—*Sophocles.*

Help somebody worse off than yourself and you will find that you are better off than you fancied.

The key of fate is in our own hands; we often unlock it, and then throw the key away.—*Anson.*

Ignorance is the greatest of all infirmities; and when justified the chiefest of all follies.—*S. Walton.*

Genius in olden times was more precious than gold, but the barbarism of the present day puts no account on it.—*Ovid.*

Use money, but banish the love of it, and let it no longer defile, degrade, and cripple the noblest powers of man.—*J. B. Guerin.*

Wealth is to be used only as the instrument of action; not as the representative of civil honors and moral excellence.—*Jane Porter.*

Worldly joy is a sunflower, which shuts when the gleam of prosperity is over; spiritual joy is evergreen, an unfading plant.—*Racine.*

Except wise men be made governors, or governors be made wise men, mankind shall never live in quiet, nor virtue be able to defend herself.—*Plato.*

Memory can glean, but never renew; it brings us joys, faint as the perfumes of the flowers, faded and dried of the Summer that is gone.—*H. W. Beecher.*

Opinion is a light, vain, crude, and imperfect thing, settled in the imagination, but never arriving at the understanding, there to obtain the tincture of reason.—*Ben Johnson.*

If our religion is really a thing of the heart; if we move about day by day as seeing one invisible; if the love of Christ is really warming the springs of our inner life; then, however inadequately this is shown in matter or in manner, it will be sure to be known and thoroughly appreciated by those who are ever living their lives around us.—*Alford.*

PILLARS OF SALT, OR LOOKING BACK.

An Address Delivered Before the State Meeting of Spiritualists in Oakland, Cal., June 20, 1886.

BY W. W. MCKAIG.

The study of comparative mythology in our day is shedding a bright light and a new charm over many things that once looked very uncouth and absurd in the ancient myths and legendary lore. The mythologies of Egypt, Greece, Rome and India, that long had a bloody, cruel and idiotic look, now begin to glow with a pleasant and intelligent meaning. Their religious literature is largely discovered to be a highly picturesque and allegorical way they represented their notions of creation, and that unseen mysterious agency that animates, guides and rules the world. When language was poor, thin and meagre, spiritual and abstract ideas and impressions were represented by actual things, and all nature became a dictionary of symbols. To read these ancient books literally, would make them a collection of the most silly and ludicrous stories, a huge heap of the veriest trash. For instance, every one revolts at the ugly story of Hephæstus splitting open the head of Zeus with an ax, and Athene springing forth full-armed, but when we find hidden in this savage imagery, the fact, that Zeus was the bright sky, that his forehead was the East, and that Hephæstus was the unseen sun, and Athene the morning dawn stepping forth from the fountain of light, it begins to have a poetic meaning. Again, when we read how Apollon and Artemus murdered the twelve children of Niobe in cold blood, we are horrified at a people who could worship such ferocious gods; but when we discover that Niobe, in that ancient language, was the original name of Winter, and that no more is meant by Apollon and Artemus than that the vernal forces of nature, with their beautiful darts, the sun-beams, slew the ice and snow—the children of the Winter,—it becomes really a very pretty picture of ancient thought. We think that old Saturn was a horrible monster when we read how he ate up his own children, but when we find out that Saturn was the name for old time, that swallows up all the days and weeks, months and years, we are no longer offended at his peculiar appetite. In this way we may travel over nearly the whole realm of mythological literature, from the most classic and elegant to the most rough and barbarous, and instead of feeling disgusted at the coarse and grotesque imagery, come out with profound astonishment that a people, so far away upon the verge of history, apparently in the twilight of the world's morning, could look so deeply into nature, and feel so much of its unearthly meaning. No doubt, it is true, that the great mass of the people, dull, cruel and material, often read these mythical stories that had come down to them from a source they could not tell where, as literal history, and hence there sprang up among them a coarse and revolting form of worship; but most of the philosophers, poets and men of thought and research, it is certain always regarded them as only a poetic and picturesque way of representing the hidden forces of nature, or dimly shadowing forth the sense of something unearthly, divine and eternal.

Now, it seems that many of our Bible students might wisely take a hint from all this, as to the proper way of interpreting many passages in the Bible, and especially in the Old Testament, which if pressed too literally will certainly involve the reader in grave difficulties from which it is impossible to find a rational escape. For instance, were some oriental scholar to find an eastern book containing a story about trees of life and knowledge, having once grown in a primal garden, and how a very talkative conversable snake wheedles the first woman into eating the fruit of one of the trees, rather against her will, but greatly to her injury, deceived by his polite and fascinating speech, would he not instantly, from his knowledge of oriental literature, pronounce the story an allegory that doubtless shrouded some important truth? Why not, then, be equally reasonable in our construction of the story when we find it in the Bible. And yet thousands of children will be

taught to-day in Sunday-school that it was a real snake that beguiled the first woman. We find, on reading the Bible, and especially its more ancient books, that the Hebrew literature, in its early formative state, like the literature of all other nations was objective—that is, the writers spoke of things spiritual, abstract, and supernal as if they were visible and concrete realities. When speaking of falling into temptation, they would say, "We have seen the devil." What we call a kindly, protecting providence, they call a rock, a fortress, buckler or tower. When an old patriarch had a good dream, a vivid impulse, or presentiment, he would say the angel of the Lord had been talking to him. What we call the light of conscience, they sometimes call a pillar of cloud by day to guide them, and a pillar of fire by night to stand sentinel over them. Now, it is certain, if we read that ancient picture language, that highly poetic literature, as we do our modern prose-history, we shall make it a jungle of absurdities and lose the fair truth it contains. "We must allow for this mental parallax," says Max Muller, "or all our reading of those ancient skies will be erroneous."

The story of Lot's wife is a very fair specimen of the need of this style of liberal construction, and I wish to give it special emphasis as the basis of some practical reductions. That God did ever actually rain fire and brimstone out heaven upon the devoted cities of the plain, and did actually turn a poor woman running for her life into a pillar of salt for being curious enough to glance over her shoulder to see the fearful storm which was falling upon her once pleasant home, and dear neighbors and friends, is too ridiculous and absurd to entertain for a moment. It is clinging to such monstrous stories as this, as literally true, that is rapidly making the theology of the orthodox church the butt of ridicule and satire. A more rational explication of such strange marvels must be found or we shall see the whole Bible become a scandal and an offense to every honest, thoughtful mind. One explanation of this story, and most likely the true one, is that some terrible earthquake, caused by volcanic disturbance, sunk those cities of the plain, just as other cities in a similar way have been overwhelmed since, and as the timid, superstitious mind of the people in that early day looked upon all such events as a direct visitation of God, it was very easy and natural, as the fact was handed down orally from father to son for many generations, for the rest of the mythical garniture to gather around it. Swedenborg, who had a very subtle genius for seeking hidden meanings, in Bible history, says that by Sodom is meant the condition of a people who have become so intensely earthly, sensuous, and selfish as to utterly ignore the existence of God, and scout all thought of a providence or a hereafter, and give themselves up wholly to material pursuits and voluptuous pleasures, which, in time will bring upon them a storm of retribution, for social disintegration and ruin must ultimately overtake any nation or people that becomes lax in morality, and selfish and material. By Lot and his wife, he says are not meant two persons, but two states of mind, conscience, which prompts to duty, and the heart, full of its impulses, inclinations and desires. As a man and his wife are one, complements of each other, so these two states of mind should be wedded in the soul and walk hand in hand, with but one will towards all that is true, beautiful, lovely and good. The severance of the two will be the ruin of both. The heart, the source of impulse and desire, falls in love with the world, walks reluctantly with the conscience, grows stubborn, willful, looks back and becomes a moral petrification, what in other places is called a heart of stone. The conscience, left to walk alone, no longer possessing that warm impulse which comes from an ardent love of the pure and good, runs off into a mountain cave, a symbol for low policies and selfish though plausible expedients, which the reason in its intoxication with worldly wisdom calls the only standard of right. He thus turns the whole story into an allegory which shadows forth a valuable truth. It is an ingenious and rather fanciful way of interpreting a bit of Hebrew history, but it is better than the bald literalism of the church, which turns the Bible into a corpse-candle burning in the chamber of the dead.

This bit of exegesis suggests a practical thought that even in a liberal society is worth keeping fresh in memory. It is this, in the march of life to halt and look back is to petrify. To become satisfied with the good things one has is to lose them. That in short we live and grow only so far as we move forward.

All nature whispers this lesson to us. The tree that has ceased to grow, to add an annual ring to its girth, has begun to decay. Evolution started with star-dust or fire-mist and made a world, and from monads, trilobites and flies, has climbed all the way to man and the Christian civilization. It is a long way back, from the philosophy of Newton, the culture of Oxford, and the Court of Arbitration at Geneva, to the age when men shared Europe with the mammoth, the cave bear, the woolly-haired rhinoceros and other extinct animals, and left only flint arrow points, stone hammers, and a few dirt mounds behind them. Nature is still at work, and so far as we can see has not yet done her best. Nature moves forward.

The doom is upon all departments of human thought to follow her example or come to petrification and decay. The philosophy that does not constantly aim to transcend all we learn by experience, all we gather by observation, and bathe our thoughts and warm our shivering souls in the pure white light of Divine thought and glory, will ever be doomed to be a stone-breaker by the way-side, and a hodge-pole around the temple of Truth. The science which does not leap from fact to law, and from law to some higher generalizations, until it reaches the ultimate forces and there confesses that it feels the pulsations of the universal mind, whose movement in the soul we call the Holy Spirit, must ever creep on the earth and eat dirt. The ethics that does not look for the supreme light, and strive to adjust the action of men, as far as possible, to conceptions of absolute truth, justice and right, must inevitably degenerate into a mere waiter around the table of self-interest and pleasure with its paltry bill of fare. The life-bloom and freshness of art, poetry or literature comes from the dew and sunshine of hope, aspiration and faith. Its mission is to interpret the present and become the seer and prophet of the future. The poetry or art that must seek for models and themes in the decay of dead civilization, in the debris of ancient thought, life and manners has numbered its days, and may as well pass away. It has nothing to say or do for its age. The imperishable charm of Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare, Dante, Milton, Michael Angelo or Raphael, is, that more than any of their contemporaries they dramatized in words, stone, or on the canvas, the ideas, feelings, passions, hopes and aspirations of their times.

All the life of political thought comes from the future, from the faith of a people in the potential powers and possibilities they possess, and may hope to realize. All over the earth the nations that are growing, that show vigor in commerce, enterprise, industrial arts and financial prosperity, are the nations animated by ideals of liberty, equality, manhood, wealth and power not yet fully attained.

The church that does not coin its theology into modern thought, melt its teachings into the consciousness of men, and help them in all their present doubts, struggles and temptations, has accomplished its mission, and, whatever good it may have done in the past, is now only the tombstone of a departed faith. It may be well for us to remember that the spirit of any time largely creates the creed and belief of that time. Never was there so great a folly as to contend that any set of men, however wise or good, or learned, could come together in synod or conclave and make a manual of rules and doctrines that should be authoritative and bind the consciences of men for all coming time. No statement of Christianity, however exhaustive for one age, can meet the wants of all ages. It is right here we come on the secret why so many preachers have lost their hold on modern thought. They have, perhaps unconsciously, become mere brokers of the antique, dealing out the smooth, worn coins and curious mintage of the past. We are not iconoclasts. We venerate the past. Our fathers did good work in their day; but they did not beat down all the fruit that grows in God's orchard. What is the life, energy and inquiry of the present, this coming in of the new and going out of the old,

this new cloth of events woven by the ceaseless loom of time, but the unfolding of another book of Divine Will, whose authenticity and inspiration no one can doubt. And then see how this throwing out of straw from the old theological barns works. Here we all are, far out on this journey of life, in the nineteenth century, and we are all alike—strangers trying to thrud our way through a tangled wilderness, for none of us have been over the road before. There is a crag to climb, and one dim path of ascent. There are morasses and rivers we must cross, and the ford is deep and hard to find. There are robbers and wild beasts in the woods, and it is growing dark, and we not know where they are. Now, how is it going to help us to be told how the patriarchs, prophets and apostles fought a good fight and won the crown. We do not live in their age and have quite another contest to wage.

Of course we are all anxious to know how they got along in those weird old times when they had no clocks, watches, pens, papers, telegraphs, telephones, railroads, sewing machines, allopathy and homeopathy, divorce laws, police courts and municipal elections. But then they had but one devil to fight, a cowardly sort of devil at that, who could be easily chased away by the sign of the cross, the odor of sacrifice, or a drop of holy water. We have legions of devils to fight. They infest the stock boards, whisky rings, wheat corners, and look down complacently from the lobbies of congress and halls of legislation with thieving schemes in their pockets. They are nice-looking, well-dressed devils, who glide softly into the customs of trade, touch deftly the scales of justice, travel day and night in cars and stages and put up at all hotels. They come in the shape of hard times—poverty, debt, gas bills, water bills, rent bills, all sorts of bills—when we have nothing to pay. They are shrewd devils that are experts in phrenology and physiognomy, and know all the weak places in one's character; wily imps, that will melt so slyly into one's thoughts, wishes and desires that we heed not whence they come. Now what we all want is that kind of teaching that knows how to come down from the heights of abstraction and speculation into the leather-aproned work-days of the week, and show how to buy and sell, borrow and loan, vote and run for office, marry and give in marriage, nurture childhood into beautiful life; eat, drink and live temperately and cleanly, hear patiently the frets, quirks and talebearing of our neighbors, and yet keep our conscience perpendicular to the zenith, and the teacher who can not do this may as well pass on, the time has no use for him.

We hear many just now complain that the bread in the church is stale and mouldy, and men say that they had rather eat their sandwich and cheese in the field under the open sky and by the roar of the sea.

Is it any wonder when the wind that turns the weather-vanes upon so many churches blows up out of the dark ages. Angels sit by the tomb doors of the past and say to all who go there to seek Christ, He is risen, and goes before you down the ages, incarnating himself in its ideas, feelings, laws, and civilizations. The doom of Sodom is upon the church that looks back and does not feel the inspiration of the present and watch for the dawn of the future. When Robinson preached to the Pilgrims on board of the Mayflower, about to sail in search of more liberty, he expressed the belief that more light would yet break upon the world. It was a great thought for the time. It may be well for our church people to heed the fact that Christianity is not something finished and perfect, and laid away in an ancient book, but is a heaven that is to go on working through all time, making all human history a holy scripture, and transfiguring art, science, culture and manners with the beautiful, the true and the good. The Church of Hope looks for the golden age in the future, and goes forward with elastic step. The Church of Memory looks for the golden age in the past, and becomes a pillar of salt.

A few individual applications may be made of this law of growth and development. To halt in our education, to cease storing the mind with useful knowledge, or in some way keep exercising the mental powers, is to petrify. Many talk as if nature was a plenum, something complete

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Eusebius and "Lying for Christ's Sake."

Mr. Kersey Graves' System of Quotation.
BY WM. EMMETT COLEMAN.

In response to Mr. Alfred Cridge's suggestion in the *GOLDEN GATE* of the 12th instant, the following facts about Eusebius are submitted. It was Eusebius of Caesarea, also called Eusebius Pamphili, "The father of church history," the first ecclesiastical historian, who, as is often asserted, and not altogether without truth, advocated and practiced "Lying for Christ's sake." The other eminent Eusebius referred to by Mr. Cridge, was doubtless Eusebius of Nicomedia. In addition to these two, there were one hundred and thirty-three other Eusebius of note during the early Christian centuries. Of the one hundred and thirty-five, there were ninety-four bishops, ten priests, three deacons and readers, six martyrs, (exclusive of martyred bishops and priests,) 8 monks, 4 lay dignitaries, and ten miscellaneous. The most noted of all these was Eusebius of Caesarea, who was born about A. D. 270, and died A. D. 340, and against whom Gibbon and others have alleged literary dishonesty.

Mr. Cridge is mistaken in stating that he saw in Gibbon the original Latin text of Eusebius upon which the charges against him are founded. In none of the many editions of Gibbon's *Rome* which I have seen is the original or even a translation given. He simply mentions the location of the two passages in Eusebius upon which he bases his accusation. I believe that in none of the editions of Gibbon claiming to be complete are there any omissions,—in all of them the full text is given just as originally published by the author. In various editions, edited by churchmen, there are appended numbers of notes in reply to his strictures upon, or statements unfavorable to, Christianity; but I do not think that, in any unabridged edition, any omission has been made. Gibbon's remarks concerning Eusebius are these: "The gravest of ecclesiastical historians, Eusebius himself, indirectly confesses, that he has related whatever might redound to the glory, and that he has suppressed all that could tend to the disgrace of religion." And in a note he adds, "Such is the fair deduction from two remarkable passages in Eusebius, l. viii. c. 2, and de Martyr. Palest., c. 12." (Gibbon's *Rome*, Milman's edition in six volumes, Vol. ii. p. 79). Eusebius' works were written in Greek, and as I think that no Latin version is known of the work in which is found the second of the passages referred to by Gibbon, it is very improbable that Gibbon would have published them in Latin. A Latin version by Rufinus is extant of the *Ecclesiastical History*, in which the first passage is found; but as it is very unfaithful and incomplete, Gibbon would never have cited it as an original text. Therefore, if Gibbon had quoted the original of the two passages, he would have done so in Greek; but that he did not quote them at all is very evident. Shortly after the original publication of Gibbon's *Rome*, a Dr. Chelsum published certain strictures upon that portion of the history relating to Christianity, in which he referred to Gibbon's failure to quote the two passages referred to an English translation of which he himself gave in his *Strictures*. In Gibbon's reply to these and other criticisms of his work, he states that he did not "quote the words of Eusebius," but instead "reduced into one sentence the spirit and substance of two different and distinct passages." (*Vindication in Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works*, London, 1814, vol. iv. 629). It is scarcely possible then that Mr. Cridge ever saw a Latin version of these passages in Gibbon. Copies of Eusebius' writings in the original Greek are comparatively rare. They are principally found in the libraries of theological universities and colleges, and of college professors, and I know of no copy of either work in San Francisco. I am therefore unable to give the passages in the original, but I append fairly accurate translations of them.

The first passage is in book viii., chapter ii., of the *Ecclesiastical History*, and is as follows: After mentioning in the preceding chapter the sins and misdeeds both of the pastors and the people, for which, through the Divine will, the churches were made to endure merited punishment in the shape of divine persecution by their enemies, Eusebius continues thus in chapter ii: "But it is not for me to describe fully the sorrowful calamities which they endured, since neither does it belong to me to record the dissensions and follies which they exercised against each other before the persecution. Hence, also, we have purposed not to extend our narration beyond the events in which we perceive the just judgment of God. Hence, also, we shall not make mention of those that were shaken by persecution, nor of those that suffered shipwreck in their salvation, and of their own accord were sunk into the depths of the watery gulf. But we shall only, upon the whole, introduce those events in our history that may be profitable, first to us of the present day, and hereafter to posterity."

The other passage is found in chapter xii of his work "On the Martyrs of Palestine" (*Peri en Palaistine Martures-Santon*), a work often found attached to MSS. of the *Ecclesiastical History*, and it reads thus: "But the events that occurred in the intermediate time, besides those al-

ready related, I have thought proper to pass by,—I mean, particularly, the circumstances of the different heads of the churches who from being shepherds of the reasonable flocks of Christ that did not govern in a lawful and becoming manner, were condemned, by divine justice, as unworthy of such a charge, to be keepers of the unreasonable camel, an animal deformed in the very structure of its body; and condemned further to be the keeper of the imperial horses; and so, the number and severity of the burdens and oppressions they bore, for the sake of the sacred vessels and property of the churches, from the imperial rulers and governors, at the time in the midst of insult, injury and torment; moreover, the ambitious aspirations of many to office, and the injudicious and unlawful ordinations that took place, the divisions among the confessors themselves, the great schisms and difficulties industriously fomented by the factions among the new members against the relics of the church, devising one innovation after another, and unmercifully thrusting them into the midst of all these calamities, heaping up affliction upon affliction,—all this I say, I have resolved to pass by, judging it foreign to my purpose; wishing, as I said in the beginning, to shun and avoid giving an account of them. But whatsoever things are serious and commendable according to the Scriptures, 'If there be any virtue, if there be any praise,' deeming it most proper to tell and to describe these, and present them to the attention of the faithful in a history of the admirable martyrs; as, also, most consistent with that peace which has recently shone upon us from heaven, I shall consider myself as most likely to desecrate the close of my work, if I present to the attention of the faithful an account of these." The English version of the two passages as above, may be found in Cruse's translation of Eusebius' *Ecclesiastical History*. Bohn, pp. 302, 303 and 356. These passages tell us that Eusebius in his historical writings used the suppression policy,—that he only related those things redounding to the credit of the church, omitting those which would reflect discredit upon it and its members. This principle is still much in vogue, both in and out of the church. A goodly portion of our spiritual writers follow it constantly. The practice of concealing and glossing over the misdeeds and criminal practices, as well as the follies and fanaticisms of alleged mediums and other public workers in Spiritualism, whose acts tend to bring odium on the cause with which they have identified themselves, largely prevails, even in cases where the interests of truth and general morality, as well as the protection of the public, demand the publication of the facts.

The simple omission of certain portions of the truth is not, as a rule, equivalent to direct falsehood, though in certain cases it is tantamount thereto. These two passages would not therefore be, of themselves, proof that Eusebius advocated or practiced "lying for Christ's sake," though they do establish that he suppressed portions of the truth. In addition to them, however, we find that the title of chapter xxxi., book xii., of Eusebius' *Præparatio Evangelica* is this: "How far it may be lawful to use falsehood as a medicine for the benefit of those who need such a procedure?" (*Oti deesi pote pseudeti anti phariseou chresthai epi ophelaia tou deomon tou toiotou trapu*). Eusebius begins this chapter with a quotation from Plato (*De Legibus*, ii.) as follows: "A legislator of any value, even if the fact were not such as our discourse has just established it, if in any case he might make bold to deceive young persons for their advantage; could he possibly inculcate any falsehood more profitable than this, or more potent to lead all without force or compulsion to the practice of all justice? 'Truth, my friend, is honorable and permanent; but not, it would seem, very easy of persuasion.'" To this passage of Plato, Eusebius adds, "You may find a thousand such instances in the Scriptures, where God is described as jealous, or sleeping, or angry, or liable to other human affections, so expressed for the advantage of those who require such a method." Commenting on this, McClintock and Strong's *Ecclesiastical Cyclopædia* (iii., 358), a staunch orthodox work, remarks as follows: "This is all that is said on the subject, and it may be interpreted to mean nothing more than that one's statements must be adapted to the understanding of his hearers or readers. But the use of the word 'falsehood' in the heading of the chapter shows, that in the mind of Eusebius, either there was no just appreciation of the difference between 'falsehood' and 'accommodation,' or else that his moral sense as to veracity had been vitiated by the ecclesiastical casuistry which even in his time had begun to show itself."

Charges of wholesale forgery are often made, on very insufficient grounds, against Eusebius by certain rabid anti-Christian critics and writers, and the most shameful abuse is heaped upon him by the same school of reckless, crude, and illiberal "Liberalists." There is no evidence that he had ought to do with the forgery of the passage in Josephus concerning Jesus Christ or with the various other forgeries alleged against him. That he was credulous and not over scrupulous is beyond doubt, but that he was a deliberate literary forger on an extensive scale, as some assert, may well be doubted.

A FEW WORDS TO DR. TAYLOR.

The only thing in Dr. Taylor's article to which exception was taken was the specific naming of *Origen* as the Church

Father advocating "lying for Christ's sake." Had Eusebius been named, or the Fathers in general been referred to, not a word should I have written on the subject. Beyond this, of course, my remarks were not applicable to Dr. Taylor. In order that Dr. Peebles should see what I had said about his citations from Mosheim, I sent him a copy of the *GOLDEN GATE* containing my critique. Should he see fit to publicly notice it, I think that he will to some extent coincide in the justness of my remarks. As for Mr. Graves, it was Dr. Taylor who first referred to him, and I merely made a passing reference to the uniform inaccuracy of his quotations. The truth of this Dr. Taylor admits, but states that Mr. Graves did not misrepresent "the spirit and intent" of the ideas of others, but merely paraphrased or translated them, and that he did not "wantonly misquote any one." In the interests of truth, I positively deny this. During Mr. Graves' life I published long articles in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* and the *Iron-Clad Age*, in which I proved beyond all doubt, by exact citations from both, that, in numerous cases, by omitting certain words from, changing certain words in, and adding certain words to, the passages quoted by him, Mr. Graves had entirely changed the meaning of the words of the authors cited, and made them utter and state various things never thought of by them, and in many cases directly contrary to what they had written. In various cases Mr. Graves virtually made them say "black" where they had said "white." And far worse than this, in any number of cases, Mr. Graves attributed to authors, of all times and countries, statements in sustenance of his peculiar theories and so-called facts not to be found in any manner, form, or shape in their writings,—statements evidently manufactured by Mr. Graves out of his own brains and then assigned to some writer or writers of whom he may have heard. A large part of Mr. Graves' alleged quotations from other authors, and his so-called historical facts, can not be found anywhere in the world except in Mr. Graves' book. He manufactured them himself. All this I demonstrated in print before he died. I sent the papers containing these facts to a number of the leading scholars of the world, and received from them in return strong testimonials of the truth and accuracy of my statements. I pointed out in my articles how grievously Mr. Graves had misrepresented Max Mueller, not only by garbling and distorting his real words, but by attributing to him various passages and statements not to be found in his writings, nor in any other book, but deliberately forged for the occasion and published by Mr. Graves as emanating from Prof. Mueller. I sent to Prof. Mueller my vindication of him from these forgeries, and he wrote to me thanking me for my impartial vindication and suggesting the publication of my articles in book form, as a valuable work.

According to my definition of "good," I can not apply that epithet to a man constantly guilty of the above-named practices, and of others equally as bad that I could name. However "good" he may have been in other respects, certainly in his literary labors villainess is a weak term to fitly characterize their predominant attribute.

PRESIDIO, San Francisco, Cal.

Tangible Grounds of Hope.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I want to say that I have carefully read your lecture in the *GOLDEN GATE* of June 19th, and consider it good all through. It agrees so well with my views I felt disposed to say so.

I am glad that I have at last some tangible and grand ground of hope to build upon, and can add to faith knowledge, and we can open our arms to the world and claim all as brothers and not a few select and elected from the foundation of the world and fore-ordained to eternal life whether or no. I feel like giving a good old Methodist shout for freedom, for liberty of conscience. Pull up the sectarian stakes, let us have true universal liberty, let every one seek the good of each and lay aside every weight and run with patience the celestial road and press others into the ranks. By love and good works go on. C. L.

CERES, June 29, 1886.

That "Wonderful Book."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The recent articles in *GOLDEN GATE* entitled "A Wonderful Book" meets my hearty approval. I am equally satisfied that all spiritual societies should have that book of books as a foundation to organize on. Will you please give "R." my well wishes, and let such sentiments accrue all who would learn the truth? I am a poor woman but can not estimate the riches contained in that book. Wishing the *GOLDEN GATE* great success I am, Very truly yours, FANNY M. EDDY.

At this period of my life, when a change occurs in my affairs by which the future is obscured, and nothing is visible but starvation, I put on my best clothes and sit down in a sort of mental ecstasy waiting for the next event, knowing that man's necessity is God's opportunity, and feeling certain that nothing evil can come to him, who in divine passivity raises both soul and body to the influx of good.—Helen Wilmar.

EXPERIENCE DEPARTMENT.

An Unwelcome Visitor.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

It has been some years since I learned the particulars of the occurrence which I will now furnish: When here on a former occasion, I made the acquaintance of a gentleman who informed me that he had an annual visitor from the other side who was regularly punctual to time, and prompt to make himself known and perform a duty, which, if it afforded the visitor any pleasure or satisfaction, was anything but pleasant to my informant.

Having met and renewed my acquaintance with him, I inquired if his old antagonist and enemy yet paid his visits? He assured me he is yet regular and still performs the same unpleasant feat. He informs me that when young and living in Texas, he made the acquaintance of an estimable married lady. Her husband was a bad and desperate character, having killed many men, and abused his wife badly—had even beaten her. My informant took him to task about it, and from unavailing words resorted to that which had to be a finality in that part of the world, viz., threw a glass of wine in his face. The challenge was promptly given and accepted. On going to the grounds the challenger declared his intention to kill the youth who had so insulted him. The youth's reply was that he would shoot him through the head. The intentions of both were evidently good—better than the fulfillment—for while the desperate duelist succeeded in depriving the young man of a lock of hair, he got in return a bullet through the head.

That has been many years since, but through all the intervening years the old enemy appears on a certain night of each year, and pulls him out of bed! Let him go where he will, it is all the same; let him do as he will, it is all the same. He has tried to foil him by drink, but to no purpose; and consequently he now expects the unwelcome guest through all time to come.

I feel not only much interested in this singular occurrence, but shall feel equally so to learn how those inveterate skeptics will explain the *modus operandi* of this performance. They have heretofore displayed an amount of ingenuity, for transcending any of the actual phenomena occurring in spirit visitations, in order to discredit them, many of them so absurd, and yet coming from persons credited with intelligence, that it would appear they were obsessed by demons, who are as persistent in perverting the truths of spirit visitation as this perturbed spirit is in his annual visit to his enemy on earth.

Fraternally yours,

WASHINGTON, D. C. O. M. W.

Sayings of the Spirits.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In a former issue of this paper, which is certainly one of the leading papers of its class, if not at the very top, and represents the very latest of advanced human thought, an article written by myself was given a prominent place in which I quoted at random remarks that were made through independent raps to a mourning husband and father by what purported to be the active mental portion of his physically deceased wife; in spiritual vernacular, the spirit of his wife, who claimed that she was mentally alive, and, with her baby, was living quite happily in a condition of existence that, on account of his lack of similar experience she was unable to give him any definite idea of, except in a very restricted way by analogy; and as the quotations have been favorably commented on, as being at least interesting, I will give a few more, selected, as the last were, at random, but being of a later date and in chronological order:

"Oh! these lovely flowers! How nice it is to have some one on earth to fulfill my wishes." "What shall we name our baby?" "Never mind, it is too painful for you, we will not name him until you come." "The brave General is here, (Grant, a distant relative of hers,) I will introduce him to you when you come over." "It is too bad you have to live alone. I can see you all the time though you can not see me." "Baby is learning to walk." "Our friends are building us a lovely home." "Those who have sinned on earth, having riches, will be servants here." "Try and forget our separation in the knowledge that I am with you. It seems hard for you to be separated from me, but when you come over here you will see differently, as I never was very strong, and your trial is strengthening you." "You had better sit alone, I am afraid we could not give any positive test to any one else through you unless for some very urgent reason." "Our home here will be nicer than any on earth. O what lots of friends we have in spirit life; I meet new ones every day." "Baby is getting to be a very smart boy." "Wait awhile, our friends want to help us so much, they are in the way, and I have to get them placed right." "Our friends are anxious to do something grand for us; I want them to help our folks on earth to live good, pure, noble lives." "Sometimes, when you are asleep, I write poems and dedicate them to you; I have written a whole volume of poetry since I came here." "Christmas should be kept as a day of alms-giving and merry making, and remembering old friends until we spirits find a better day for Christmas." "Baby

is having a good time to-night; he would go and look up at you and then at the paper you were reading, and then he got up on your shoulder and sat there and swung his little feet, and he would pat you on the head and look around as if he owned you; he is so droll; he has been having a good time all this week. Laura took him to the children's Christmas carnival and fancy dress ball in the spirit world." B.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Re-Incarnation.

The air at the present time is filled with the missiles of opposition, thrown, or hurled, by those who, wise in their own opinions, think they know the doctrine of re-incarnation is untrue; and there are those who, without thought, are ever ready to cast their decided opinions broadcast, against any advanced thought, and are ever ready to cry false, impossible, and denounce as absurd all thoughts that are in advance of their narrow views or conceptions. Those who reason wisely and well give voice to no conclusions, without previously arranged premises, from which proofs may be deduced, and no one can prove by any earth land premises the falsity of many incarnations, as the only way home, or the only path that leads to the Father's house, where spirit is no more bound by matter, but controls matter, by making it subservient by his or her masterful will-power. It is always wise to withhold judgment until positive proof has been given; then no one will be conscious of having exposed weakness or ignorance, for the day dawn of truth is already tinting the hill tops of time with truths, but to many it will not appeal to their souls as truths, because their spiritual natures are not sufficiently unfolded to accept the truths. But when we take into consideration the possibilities of some souls, and also see that others fall very far short, it can not reasonably be supposed that one spirit was superior to another, because exact justice belongs to Deity, and it is reasonable to suppose that all individualized existences known as spirits received an equal power and capacity from the creative and reigning power known as God.

If these premises are correct, and there is no proof to the contrary, why are the fulfillments of some so far in advance of others? Common sense would reply, because of the many incarnations of some, and the few incarnations of others. If the individualized existences who touch the shores of the present have never before existed, either in the seen or unseen, how is it possible for them to respond through an inner consciousness to the great deep of knowledge that others in a long lifetime catch not the faintest glimmering of? It is not because of the fathers and mothers, as that theory is greatly at fault, because children, that have been as stars in the world's history, have had birth in homes where the parents were far, very far, beneath them; again, if the spirit comes not from an other life to inhabit the building, or form, while in process of construction, where does it come from? and in what form does the spirit come if not individualized?

Give to the winds the fables of the gods, and seek wisdom from fountains of common sense; unbolt the doors of your souls and let your own reason have a glimpse at the horizon that is illuminated by the rays of truth; screen not the eyes of your soul, but pierce as far as possible the mists and shadows, and know for yourselves all your beings are capable of receiving and understanding, as this is the duty and privilege of all.

Advanced thoughts, or thoughts in advance of the narrow proscribed limits of those who are wise in their own conceits, and who are ever ready to cry false, untrue, impossible, absurd, preposterous rubbish, self-evident absurdities, and also assert that no sound mind ever believed in re-incarnation, and the existence of such belief is evidence of a "mental twist," and that a screw is loose somewhere, we would say in answer, that there are in earth land many men and women who are fully as intelligent as "Presidio," who not only believe but know that incarnation is a fact, and the only avenue to spiritual unfoldment. There are some men and women in the valley of incarnation now encased in materiality, that have a consciousness of previous existences of living in different localities, and on other worlds in ages past; and we would say that the only path that leads to the Father's house is through many incarnations. "Marvel not, ye must be born again." In time all the children in earth land, as well as all dwellers in the lower spheres of spiritual life, will realize and accept the truth of re-incarnation. Those who oppose the truth of incarnation dwellers, either in earth land or the lower spheres of spirit life, are lacking in spirit unfoldment; and to all such we would say, Come up higher where you can learn the grand truths of the higher spheres and become blessings to the world of humanity, by leading the children to the light, as it is time the earth children were led from an old life ignorance, and out of the wilderness, as the earth land and the elements surrounding are rapidly approaching the time and condition when a grand fulfillment will be evolved and recorded, and towards this true and loving hearts are anxiously looking, for they know a new dawn will be heralded, and they wait to chant the glad hallelujahs thereof.

J. B. F.

OSWEGO, N. Y., June, 1886.

(Continued from First Page.)

and finished, and that God had closed his account with it, and had ever since been resting and congratulating himself that it was a very good job and could not be improved. Be that as it may, it is true that man is still in a process of making, and has not received, and is not likely very soon to receive, the benediction of a completed work. "A man," says Emerson, "with a capacity undeveloped, is only an organized day-dream, with a skin on it." His normal attitude is that of a perpetual seeker. He lives and thrives only so far as he seeks to come into possession of some new power. When we weigh the body it is its present weight in a veridical sense; but when we weigh the mind it is not what it knows or has done, but its presumptive value, its potential powers, the amount that may be made of it, that we desire to know. And we grow only so far as we are anxious to enter upon this estate, come into the ownership of our best powers, thoughts, feelings and actions. We grow only in the degree we become discontented with the *Actua*, and seek to draw water from the deep well of the Possible. "Care is taken," says Goethe, "that the trees do not grow into the sky;" but I may add, that man is a tree that must grow into the sky, and push out its boughs into the finest ether of thought, or become a dead tree, dropping with decay. This is why society is so much like Barnum's museum, crowded with statues, mummies and wax figures, instead of a wide field of mental activity, where every one, according to his circumstance and ability, is daily trying to harvest all the thought and power he could. This is why so many men become dwarfed to the size of their business, and run all their lines in ruts. This is why conversation is often confined to the weather, the boundary of a neighborhood, the topics of the market, or social gossip, and is as thin and dry as a paper collar. We must think or abdicate the power of thought. We must think in the direction of something fresh and nutritious or cease growing and come to mental paralysis.

The same law holds good of moral growth. You know that in climbing a precipice or some steep ascent, that it is dangerous to look down, for the head may grow dizzy, the hand relax, and then all may be lost. So, too, in our struggle after moral worthiness, to cherish the habit of looking back and mourning over the slips and failures we have made, will certainly prove a hindrance to growth. Let the dead past bury its dead. What though that past be all ablaze with evil deeds, shame and regret, and remorse burns the soul with a fiercer flame than that which licked up the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah! Can you put out that fire by turning round to look at it? Help comes from the rebound of the conscience, from the staggering blow it has received, and planting the foot more firmly to meet the next assault. Very much that is called repentance is merely a sad looking back, and pelting one's self with bitter memories. True repentance is a forgetting of those things which are behind and a reaching forth unto those things which are before. Salvation does not come out of the memory. It is the fair child of faith and hope, born on the bright dawn of the future. We have all done wrong, strangely and foolishly gone astray, and the best way to show that we are heartily ashamed of it is not to do so again, and meet the temptations of the future with more zeal and courage.

Some religious teachers make a great ado about what they call the duty of self-examination, or interviewing one's self in order to find evidence of one's religious state. That great and good man Jonathan Edwards, wrote his work on the affections for the purpose of helping people, piously inclined, thus to analyze and dissect themselves. It ought to be called a treatise on the morbid anatomy of the mind. We have any amount of this sort of literature—the diaries and journals of people who every day kept tally of their frames of feeling, and it is just about the driest and most useless reading one can indulge in. There is no way one kills more quickly the few delicate flowers that grow in the mind than to be constantly handling them. The practice of some pious persons to set apart an hour to hold self-communion and gather up into a sort of inventory all their lapses and infirmities, their joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, to pour into the ears of a priest or a class leader, as a means of grace, is just about as philosophical as the boy who went out every morning and plugged his watermelons to see if they were ripe. The poor things all died from too much examination. Had he let them alone, the winds, rains and sun, in the natural way would soon have brought them to ripeness. "Of what religion are you, Mr. Rodgers," said a lady to the great poet. "I am of the religion of all sensible people," he replied. "And, pray, what is that?" she asked. "Madam," said the poet, "all sensible people keep that to themselves." Now, the true law of Christian growth is to look right forward, doing the duties of to-day in the light of to-day's conscience and planning better things for the future. Nothing gives such a hold and ugly twist to the character as to be constantly looking back to see how far one has come and what sort of steps he has made. George Fox is about the only one I remember who ever wrote a diary of his religious life that did not prove to be a pillar of salt. He rarely ever alludes to any frame of feeling as an evidence of his spiritual growth, but goes straight forward,

telling where he went, what he did, what kind of success he had, and never intimates that he had any fear for the safety of his soul, and death with him was simply one day forgetting to live. If you want to petrify your religious life, put yourself in the habit of looking back in the way of self-examination and prating your moods of mind to other people. If you want to grow, put yourself in the attitude of ever looking forward and trying to make each passing day better than the last one, and make no noise about it.

There are many that have a way of nursing, petting and coddling their sorrows until they actually become too enfeebled to perform the duties that are immediately before them. The one dead child in heaven takes away all thought about the living children. We cannot forget our dead; but, it is not by looking back on the joys we have lost, but forward to the immortality that awaits us, that we most honor their memory, and learn wisdom and patience. Chensh their memories only so far as you can bring perfume out of them as cherished flowers to shed more love, sweetness and sympathy upon others.

We have no time morbidly to look back. The hours are fast coming in upon us, laden with other duties too important to be neglected; responsibilities too grave to be overlooked; opportunities too precious to lose. Turn your eyes away toward the bright hopes of the future. Make amends for the folly of to-day and yesterday by extracting all the honey out of tomorrow. There is no virtue in becoming a pillar of salt. Forward! is the word of command. You and I have no time here on this high of years for sentimental retrospect. The past is gone and cannot be reclaimed. Once it said the shadow went back fifteen degrees on the dial of Ahaz, but no fable tells of its ever going back on the brow of man. No tear dropped over the grave of a dead virtue will bring it to life. Wearing mourning upon the conscience will not atone for past failures. Putting up grave-stones over a departed privilege is not the way to find mercy. The future is yours. Let not the corpse of the dead past stand between you and the blessings it contains. Onward and upward, is the only way to God! Onward to the purer and better! Upward to the spiritual and divine! Onward and upward.

From the Pulpit to the Stage.

Mr. George C. Milo, who left the Unitarian pulpit and went upon the stage, is by the invitation of the managers of the Chicago News, writing sketches of his life. From one of these we make the following quotation:

"I was a clergyman. I am an actor; two pursuits in a single life, which, to most minds, seem fairly antipodal. For ten years I lived the life of a hard-working, earnest, and, I hope, not altogether unsuccessful minister. For three years and a half I have been a play-actor. Of my record in the former calling I have never been ashamed; in the latter my career is still before me. During my life in the pulpit I passed through all the different stages and fulfilled all the functions of a minister's life. I baptized the young, buried the dead, married the foolish, and preached a great many wretchedly bad sermons! I knew what it was to be poor—so poor that Job's turkey might have passed me by with the strut of a Vanderbilt or a Gould.

"Later on, I knew what it was to have more money than I needed—though not more than I used. During these ten years in the ministry, I passed through a mental evolution, whose genesis was ultra and enthusiastic Orthodoxy, and the termination of which was well-defined 'Agnosticism.' The curious often ask how I came to change? To which my reply has always been that 'I grew.' Certainly I had neither intention nor desire to abandon the faith of my childhood. But conviction is the result of convincing reason, and living in the nineteenth century, as we do, it is not easy to escape the 'irrepressible conflict' between the logic of modern philosophy and science and the legacy of mediæval theology which lingers in the standards of the church."

Pure Reading.

(The Mother's Magazine.)

The taste for pure reading can not be too early cultivated. The careful selection of books for the young, and a watchful supervision over their reading matter, can not be too strenuously impressed upon parents and teachers. Books are to the young, either a savor of life unto life, or death unto death; either contaminating or purifying, weakening or strengthening to the mind of the reader.

If the first aim of a public school system is to make men better workers, the second should be to make them thinkers, and to accomplish this, young minds must be brought into correspondence with the thoughts and works of the great men of the past and of to-day.

Nine-tenths of what they have learned, as arithmetic, algebra, geometry and geography, will pass away as the cares of life come upon them. But the taste for pure reading, when acquired, will never pass away; it will be of use every day and almost every hour; they will find it a refuge and a solace in the time of adversity, and be happy when others are sad; it will spread from the father to the third and fourth generation.

"Let Us Have Light."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The article from the pen of J. T. Babcock, Bangor, Maine, on an occurrence in connection with Charles Foster's mediumship, interests me much; and as he has asked for an explanation without throwing out the usual cry of "fraud," or "evil spirits," "lying spirits," etc., which sum up all doubtful matters, in some minds, it seems a good plan for any one who has had similar experience, or who would like an honest investigation, to express any opinion they may have, thus giving all the benefits of what light may be thrown upon these facts.

There are many things which need study in strange facts which occur. For instance, a lady in Chicago, a good clairvoyant, although a Swedenborgian in faith, had a lover in France. She refused him, but he continued his protestations at every opportunity. He afterwards married, and for a long time she knew nothing of him. One day, while with a friend, she saw him form before her, as we now see spirits form in materialization. She spoke to him and he replied. In the converse the reality convinced her and her friend that he must be a spirit out of the body; that he had died so termed. But one year after she went to Paris and there saw this same man living in the form, to her utter amazement. Again, I, at one time, in Wisconsin, was busily engaged in cooking. My mother came in at the open door so really that I dropped my work and noted the time of day, as I was sure something must have happened to her. A letter from her in Massachusetts, on the same day written, stated in these words the cause: "I have been wishing so very much to-day that I could walk in upon you."

A fact of another kind: I sat lately with a good independent slate-writer. I asked my former husband before I went to state some matter to me with reference to a living son, knowing, as I did, that the father was able to state the matter, and that all matters pertaining to his children were of deep interest to him, and that in earth life he was clairvoyant, trance and prophetic in his mediumship. (It is said, if not clairvoyant, or prophetic here they are not there.)

I felt sure as I sat, having previously requested his presence, I should get my answer. He had always much to say through mediums since his demise, of the children. But, I also wished to test slate-writing, to see if the mind reading of the control, or medium, or both, did not shape the reply at times. I laid a question upon a slate, worded so the spirit addressed could understand it, and wrote the name of the spirit imperfectly, or, rather, hastily, without intention. The answer came, "The children will do very nicely," signing the name "Henderson," as written in the question, instead of the real name Henderson. I held the slates myself. The word "nicely," was a word the medium used often, but never a word of Henderson's. He would have used the word "well" in its place. There was much beside to prove to me the spirit was not there; did not communicate.

It seems to me in the study of this case, the spirit control of the medium who writes could not read my mind, so could not answer. The person addressed was certainly not present. I inquired after if he were there. He replied, "no." "Why were you not?" Answer: "To give you light on this subject." The light was this: My mind was investigating mind reading. I had a good opportunity to study causes. Mr. H. knew what I wanted to know. He did not come, and the spirit control who writes could not learn through my mind or question what was wanted. The question was blind to one not familiar with me or mine, but perfectly plain to spirit, Mr. Henderson. My own mind was purposely closed up as a vise, not in doubt or skepticism. The spirit, Mr. H., knew what was in it previously, as I had communicated to him through my own mediumship before I went to the slate writer. The medium asked me several questions—How many children have you? Where are they? etc. The question was, "What can you tell me of the children? You know what I wish."

My theory is, in short, the control of the slate or of the medium is bound to help them out; if not in one way, in another, where a person sits for money. If sitting to learn, or if only as the "power" comes upon them, the more certain of correctness. The object is much, conditions are much, but to my mind the object is more. When a medium sits for money at regular times, or at all times, it is certainly not possible for the conditions of sitters and mediums to be always in trim. But in such case, the control is going to help out the medium if a special control they have. It seems to me, mediums are at times good, at other times not. The medium who sits for money may help themselves out, or their control may do it.

Let mediums and sitters try these matters. See first the object of sitter and medium. No good spirit, as I call good, is going to work, or be, or do, without an object; and that object is a worthy one. Many come to convince of after life; many to instruct and help on the right road; but on a selfish road, for self interests, never, unless they belong to the earth sphere in development. The case Mr. Babcock speaks of, if I expressed an opinion at all, I should say, Foster's control searched the aura of those persons, and found, looking back, that one important

item in their past life to tell. He read it as he found it in their aura—the event I mean. He did not see or know more. He could show the name on the arm; he could read the event but no more. The spirit when really present can give proof in some way if they choose, but often they are not present at all in my examinations; and because the object is not of sufficient importance to leave their sphere of labors to answer, even though they are called. Spiritualism is fast becoming a selfish sphere of action on this side. On the other, they are taught to labor, to learn, to live, and the many questionings of earth, or calls from duties are too insignificant? No; but of too selfish a nature to be heeded. At times a rebuke is given. Such times I would say are needed more and more. Supposing a mother were preparing a meal for her family, or a man putting in a crop, how would it be if they were constantly called away from their labors? Wisdom would say, it is not best; and then the messenger who gets pay for messages, must make something else: take the place of the individual called. This is one thought. Another is, mind-reading, the aura of one's life, searching for events to give out. Another is, mind in the body reaching mind in the body, and communicating as instances given. Another, the slate-writer's control, reading mind and questions, and aura as well, and writing it out. All needs study; let us have more of it, and free expressions.

J. M. M.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

An Evening With the Angels at "Sunny Brae."

(Remarkable tests through the mediumship of Mrs. R. A. Robinson.)

A pure joy is always enhanced by sharing it with others; "a light set upon a hill" may become a beacon to thousands as easily as to one; even a tallow candle gives off an infinite number of rays for a certain distance; and one fact of nature is capable of illumining countless minds. I can not, therefore, consistently hoard the golden beams of spiritual light that so completely filled my heart at the very beginning of my release from public labors, and hope their mild radiance may reach others through the GOLDEN GATE.

We had spent a delicious day in one of the lovely canyons within an hour's drive of home, where the great bustling world seemed a thousand miles away. A crystal stream of cool, sweet water filled the air with incomparable melodies as it dashed over the mossy rocks, glided along the pebbles and sank into dark, still pools—a perfect paradise for trout—its multitudinous voices lulling our hearts to rest as we swung in our hammocks under canopies woven of living green and gold. Later on we partook of a sylvan feast and drove back to "Sunny Brae," feeling that we had enjoyed a season of divine communion with the "Over Soul." But even better things awaited us, for which, perhaps, those sunny hours were a fitting preparation. As we came home a veil of silvery light was softly drawn across the breast of the mountains. Heaven's golden flocks were just beginning to answer the infinite Shepherd's call out in the great sky-pastures, and somewhat of their silence and sweet solemnity stole into our hearts; when suddenly one of our little group began to speak in low, soft tones, as though afraid an uttered word might jar the music of our thoughts—and soon we learned that we had been entertaining angels unawares! Mrs. Henrietta E. Robinson, who resides at 308 Seventeenth street, San Francisco, was the medium to whose inner or psychic sight were revealed quite a large company of our spirit friends, the most of whom were unknown to her, but whom she described with such vividness, down to minute details, that there was no mistaking their identity.

The sacred privacy and purely personal character of the communications forbids a public recital of them, suffice it to say that in every instance the description of the appearance, manner, speech, habits and peculiarity of expression was absolutely perfect, so that my little daughter exclaimed, "Why, mamma, that is Aunt H— and B—," while the messages were of such a nature as to preclude the possibility of illusion. Words of counsel, love, penitence, a prayer for forgiveness for wrongs done us in the flesh; messages of hope and blessing poured in upon us from that mysterious and still almost unknown realm, until our hearts melted and the barriers between our own beautiful world and that other state of being which we name the Summer Land dissolved, and we were already with our dearly beloved immortals! Several guests as well as the members of my own household were partakers of this spiritual feast, the memory of which will remain a living comfort in days of weariness when battling for the blessed truth.

While we are heart-sore over the frauds and follies that encumber Spiritualism let us not forget to be grateful for the facts and noble examples of pure mediumship with which our ranks abound.

ELIZABETH L. WATSON.

"SUNNY BRAE," Cal., June 20, '86.

A MEMBER of a Georgia grand jury said: "We can hardly be expected to indict men for carrying concealed weapons, when the major part of the grand jury themselves are ballasted to their seats during the deliberations by the weight of a pistol in their hip pocket."

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

The Logic of Materialism Applied to Spiritualism.

"Who is to dictate to nature what phenomena, or what qualities inhere in what substances? What effects may result from what causes? Matter is already in the field as an acknowledged entity; this both parties admit. Mind, considered as an independent entity, is not so unmistakably in the field! Therefore, as entities are not to be multiplied without necessity, we are not entitled to postulate a new cause, so long as it is possible to account for the phenomena by a cause already in existence, which possibility has never yet been disproved."—*Professor Ferrier in his "Institute of Metaphysics."*

If the theory that the laws of physical or material nature are capable of explaining all the phenomena in nature is true, then why advance the Spiritualistic theory to account for what is already accounted for?

All life had its origin in the protoplasm, which is extracted from the elements by plants; plants merge without a dividing line into the lowest forms of animal life. These slowly ascend to animals possessed of brain matter, on which intelligence depends; ascending, without any distinct dividing line, the end is reached in man, who possesses a larger amount proportionately of brain matter and intelligence than any other animal. Nearly, if not quite all the mental characteristics, or mental phenomena discoverable in the very lowest order of man, are found in the highest order of animals below man, which are prevented by physical difficulties from attaining the higher mental characteristics of man.

Mesmerism and clairvoyance are mental phenomena pertaining to mind, while mind exists in connection with matter.

Man's religious beliefs have been traced back near enough to their origin to render their cause apparent, and the cause is not beyond the materialistic theory. There is no real break in the chain of logic that connects all the ordinary phenomena of life, both mental and physical, and shows their material deviation; and so far as the phenomena of life goes, the materialistic theory seems to be perfect; but connected with life are the phenomena of death. Here the materialistic theory is lame, and the materialists divided; evidently a new set of facts enter the field on the arrival of death, and not being able to account for these facts, materialists are forced to illogical theories, or none at all. Matter continues its course all uninterrupted by death, and after all, what was this life principle that for a time animated matter? Is the conclusion that while deathless matter lives on, the life principle and mind which have fled, have ceased to live, a logical one? So far as the materialistic theory accounts for the facts of life it is necessary; but since it fails to account for facts at both ends of life it is not sufficient; in fact, two other theories are necessary, one for the beginning, and one for the ending, so-called, of life; the one to show there is no beginning, and the other to show there is no ending. Then life and death will be on the same knowable footing as matter. This brings three entities into the question. The theory of life is shrouded in mystery; the theory of matter is materialism; the theory of death is Spiritualism.

It is because of its necessity in accounting for facts not accounted for by the materialistic theory that Spiritualism has advanced hand in hand with Materialism; that all have not observed these particular facts, is a very good reason why all (including Prof. Ferrier) should not see the use of the Spiritualistic theory. Such facts may, for convenience, be termed revelations. Locke does not deny revelations, but denies they are such to any but those to whom they are made. If revelations have been made to men, the materialistic theory does not account for them; so the only question at issue between Materialists and Materialistic Spiritualists, is as to whether such revelations have ever been made. During the past few years much investigation has been done; the result being, in nearly every case, where the investigation was followed in a thorough, impartial and patient manner, that the investigator satisfied himself that such revelations not only have been, but are made; and he has been able to explain the conditions necessary to be followed in order to receive them. These conditions, although so simple, are so generally understood, that Materialists and others can easily avoid both them and the necessity for the Spiritualistic theory, provided the result should be a revelation.

Mankind may be divided into two classes. Those with whom a preponderance of evidence is sufficient to decide conviction and lead belief, and those with whom a preponderance of belief is sufficient evidence to decide conviction. The foregoing article is not addressed to the latter.

COL. A. K. McCLEURE mentions in his new book, "The South," that New Orleans under Ben Butler was ruled with the iron heel which only war can wield. We commend this sentence to the careful consideration of the congressional orator who remarked, incidentally, a few days ago, that the Republicans are engaged in "an effort to hamstring the ship of state."—*Washington Hatchet.*

"ARE we going to a picnic this year?" inquired a youngster of his Sunday-school teacher. "Why, what do you want of a picnic?" "Nothing much; but I can get six new scholars in a hurry if you are going to have one."—*Hartford Post.*

GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1886.

—Two numbers more of the GOLDEN GATE will close the first year of its existence. Those of our yearly subscribers who commenced with the first number, are kindly invited to renew; and all such can save us the cost of an agent's commission if they will send us their subscriptions for another year by mail. Send money order when convenient. If our friends will act promptly in this matter, they will do us a great favor, and save us much extra work in erasing and re-entering names.

"WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?"

Man carries an ever-present savior in his own nature—a divine monitor, whose wise counsels, if heeded, will lead to everlasting happiness. This is the promised Comforter—the risen Christ who was to come again, and fill the world with righteousness and peace.

Man needs saving in many ways—some men, of course, much more than others,—but there are none so perfect that there may not be infinite heights of perfection above and beyond them. He needs saving—the best of men—from the small as well as the greater evils of his nature—evils which in his journey upward "from atom to angel" he has not yet left behind him. Coming up from the rock, through the mire and mold of unrefined vegetable conditions—through the coarseness of undeveloped animalism—there is much of the crudeness of his past life still clinging to him. He needs to be saved from evil habits—from ungenerous thoughts—from all unkindness. He needs to eliminate the animal from his nature and take on the angel.

Happiness is the end and aim of all, but all do not follow the direct road to its attainment. They mistake the false for the true,—the counterfeit for the real,—temporary physical pleasure for the lasting delights of the spirit. And this is a very natural mistake of the undeveloped spiritual nature. But when the light of divine goodness streams down into the soul, and the spiritual man has been touched with a live coal from the altar of eternal truth, he experiences no more ultimate satisfaction in mere sensuous things. Then it is that he finds his sweetest joys in the practice of goodness.

All selfishness—all shapes of evil—all mortal appetites and desires—must be outgrown, either in this life or in the next. They block the way to happiness, and must be removed. This lesson well learned here, and well profited by, leads the spirit, at its transition, well on, in its journey of progression.

What must ye do to be saved? Simply, cease to do evil and learn to do well. It requires no visible Savior—no vicarious sacrifice or atonement—but only and truly the outworking of the Christ spirit within—the divine purpose in creation radiating human souls and filling the gloom of the earthly nature with everlasting light.

SUNDAY IN CAMP.

Last Sunday was another beautiful day—deliciously clear and cool, like all the royal days of our Pacific Summers. What a contrast in this respect with an average June day east of the "Rockies." There to stir is to melt, and all flesh is a burden that one would gladly dispense with, provided one could live and keep house in his bones!

On Sunday morning, in camp, the platform was occupied by that Boanerges of eloquent power, Rev. N. F. Ravlin, who held the large and attentive audience to the end. He concluded his thoughtful discourse with an account of his experience with the test medium, Dr. Sclessinger, of the *Carrier Dove*. He had been compelled, by the most indubitable evidence, to admit the fact of spirit return. He placed himself squarely on the Spiritual platform as regards this fact. Mr. Ravlin is destined to be a power in the field of spiritual advancement.

In the afternoon our grand "little preacher," of the Temple, Mrs. E. L. Watson, addressed an immense concourse. The gifted speaker had not yet fully recovered from her throat troubles, and really ought not to have undertaken the task of addressing such a multitude. But, as usual, she did grandly, and delighted her hearers with her beautiful inspiration.

In the evening Mr. Colville spoke to an audience of about fifteen hundred, with the same power that has marked his lectures from the first. His wonderful versatility and fertility of resource, are a constant matter of surprise to his hearers. It is amusing to hear the comments of the people after one of his discourses. The general conclusion of the skeptical and uninformed is that he is a highly educated man, when he is nothing of the sort, but simply an instrument for spirits of a high order to talk through.

Next Monday will close the series of meetings, which, in attendance and influence, have far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of Spiritualists.

INTELLECTUAL PHASE OF SPIRITUALISM.

The managers of the present Camp-Meeting, in excluding public exhibitions of mediumship from the rostrum, save in some few instances of well-known public test mediums, have incurred the displeasure of a number of mediums on the ground, who anticipated that the meetings would be conducted mainly in their interest, or in the interest of public mediumship. But the wisdom of the course pursued is well demonstrated in the larger and better character of the attendance upon the meetings, and the much greater good, doubtless, that has been accomplished.

Most Spiritualists will admit that much of the mediumship with which they are familiar, true and genuine though it be, is better suited to the privacy of the home circle than for the public platform. People who have never witnessed certain phases of trance mediumship, and who do not understand the philosophy thereof, are not apt to be edified with what to them at first might seem ridiculous. Hence, it is well to keep such phases of mediumship—all well enough when understood—in the background, and to bring to the front, for the instruction of the public, such intellectual phases of Spiritualism as are witnessed in the phenomenal discourses of Mr. Colville and Mrs. Watson, and in the thoughtful utterances of other prominent speakers.

Many people, strangers to spiritualistic teachings, have attended these meetings, and have been heard to comment most favorably on the high intellectual character of the same. They had been led to expect some sort of psychical monkey show, or exhibition of mediumistic gymnastics, whence they could possibly derive a dime's worth of cheap amusement. But when they come to hear the grandest of spiritual truths—truths well calculated to lead humanity upward to a better life,—all expressed in the choicest and readiest language, and with a glow of inspiration that could come only from one source, they are brought face to face with a phase of Spiritualism that commands at once their most respectful consideration.

The policy of the managers has been to make the present State Meeting intellectual, rather than phenomenal or sensational; and most admirably have they succeeded. In the accomplishment of this end they should be commended by all good Spiritualists. Even the mediums, who feel themselves aggrieved at the apparent lack of appreciation on the part of the management, must realize now that the greatest good has resulted from the course pursued. Hundreds of people have become interested in the claims of Spiritualism, through the more attractive manner in which it has been presented, who would otherwise have come to ridicule and cavil, and who will now find use for the very mediumship that, otherwise, they would have derided.

And so "all things work together for good." The managers have conducted the meetings with a view to the best good of the cause; and the vast number of people who have attended them is the best endorsement of their course.

HUMAN DYNAMITE.

Freedom, that blessed boon of born freemen, is showing itself to be a dangerous thing for those whose blood is tainted with the influence of despotism. If like begets like, it is no better proven than in the master and his subjects: The one may be hard but the other will be harder when his freedom comes. The revengeful feeling that has grown with his growth, does not particularly desire that the ones directly antagonistic should be made to change places, but it is just as well satisfied to tyrannize over fellow-bondsmen as if they were so many kings shorn of power. These yielding too ready obedience, it seeks for others that will offer sufficient resistance to exercise the full brute energy that it is.

That the masses of the Old World are incapable of self-government, is shown both there and in this country, where the first impulse that seizes upon the average foreigner landing on our shores, is to govern somebody or something, but failing in this, he resolves upon ruin. While these misguided wretches receive direct punishment, they are not really the ones to blame. Every country and its government should be as kind and wise parents to the children, providing its best conditions for their birth, then caring for, restraining, counseling, educating, directing and trusting, until each one becomes self-helpful, independent and useful in its special way. But to subject human beings, turning them into machines of apparent obedience, and allowing them to duplicate themselves into millions, is simply storing dynamite that is bound to explode, sooner or later, somewhere.

"AN EYE FOR AN EYE."—Much as we deplore the destruction of all things valuable, there seems to be a fate that impels men to that end. War is more relentless than the great destroyer himself, and lays waste with a ruthless hand the accumulations of years with as much fury as the senseless elements that gather in blackness and hurl ruin upon earth. The Golden Rule of Christian nations does not deter them from doing as they would not be done by, so that during the last thirty years they have sacrificed two million men, to kill whom cost them fifteen billions of dollars. The same nations annually expend two billion five hundred million on their standing armies. With these facts in view it is not easy work to imbue rising minds with a conception of

the benefit of the gospel, since if it does tell one to "turn the other cheek also," it elsewhere demands "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." This latter takes precedence of all the peace injunctions of the Book, and is better suited to the general disposition, therefore it will always prevail, until most men are born again, and better.

NEXT YEAR.

A "camp" meeting within the corporate limits of a great city, surrounded by city residences and street railroads, is largely wanting in the elements of "nature unadorned," with which we are wont to associate the idea of camping out—so devoid of rural simplicity as to make it appear anything but what the name implies. But to hold such a meeting away from the great centres of population would be to defeat the purpose intended. The camping out would no doubt be very charming, but there would be only a very few to enjoy it.

Now as the central object of these meetings is to reach the people, why not hold them "where the people most do congregate"—right in the heart of San Francisco? Why not, next year, secure the Mechanics' Pavilion for a month, and give the dry bones of this great city such a shaking up as the people would remember throughout eternity?

Country people would naturally prefer to come to the city for a change and rest from the cares of country life; and then, no doubt, arrangements could be made for the accommodation of many of them in private homes; and all who would be likely to come could be provided for at a moderate cost. Even Metropolitan Temple, with its comfortable seating capacity for some two thousand persons, would far excel in convenience that of the tent in use for the present meeting. At the latter place, the audiences could have the advantage of the rand gorgan, could sit comfortably, and see the speaker from all parts of the house.

It is a suggestive fact that the Oakland meetings have been attended mainly by Oakland people. Had the managers depended upon San Francisco patronage alone the meetings could have been held in a tent of one-third the capacity of the one there in use. The reason for this is apparent—the people did not care to cross the bay to hear an inspirational lecture, no matter how good it might be. But give them an opportunity to patronize at home such a series of meetings as that about to close in the city across the bay, and we doubt if anything short of the pavilion would be large enough to accommodate them.

Here are over a quarter of a million of people. While Oakland has about one-fifth of that number. Hence, who does not see that this is the place for the next State Meeting? The suggestion may be worth considering, if nothing more comes of it.

INTERESTING TESTS.

A few weeks ago, Jim G. Anderson, of Richmond, Mo., a brother editor, sent us a lock of his hair, and a letter requesting that we represent him in a slate-writing seance with Fred Evans. We did so and obtained four slates full of writing, from what purported to be various friends and relatives of Mr. Anderson, a brief account of which we gave in the GOLDEN GATE of June 19th. We sent the slates to Mr. Anderson and have just received from him a letter in reply. (We will state that we are not personally acquainted with our correspondent, nor with any of his kindred, and do not think it possible that Mr. Evans should be. We know that the writing was not produced by mortal hand.) Although not intended for publication, Mr. Anderson will pardon us for copying such portions of his letter as we give below:

RICHMOND, MO., June 24, 1886.

DEAR BRO. OWEN:—The slates have just arrived. In spite of the excellent manner in which you packed them the slate on which the colored writing was done was broken. By pasting board on the back I have it all O. K. save a little sliver off one side. The writing can readily be read on this and all the slates. . . . The test is in the message signed C. P. Anderson, the signature being as near that of my father as can be. His writing was peculiar. It is so pronounced that my foreman, who worked with me when my father died in 1879-80, recognized the signature at once. The names Mary and Elizabeth are my sisters, but neither George Anderson nor J. Anderson are known, any more than I have a cousin and an uncle whose first name was J. or John. (Pshaw! It comes to me as I write that it is my cousin Jim T. Anderson, who was accidentally killed over a year ago.) My mother may be able to place George Anderson. I knew of a prominent man of that name but did not know him intimately. The message from my father is enough as a test, and I consider the result astonishing under the circumstances. It is the best I ever heard of by proxy. May the angels bless you, Fraternally,

JIM G. ANDERSON.

The question of mind reading, or suggestion of prepared slates, cuts no figure in this case.

HABIT, if wisely and skillfully formed, becomes truly a second nature, as the common saying is; but unskillfully and unmethodically directed it will be as it were the ape of nature, which imitates nothing to the life, but only clumsily and awkwardly.—BACON.

We differ with this eminent author. Good habits, in our opinion, is nature itself, and only bad habits can become second nature. Whatever is perverted and wrong is not nature—not natural, but may become stronger than nature itself. It does not then imitate or ape at anything, but lives and acts, and the true thing it is. We come into this life with tendencies and inclinations, but not fixed habits, yet we can not exist without them. Our very life depends upon our physical habits. Indeed, we almost believe that sickness and health are themselves only habits—certainly they are the result of habit. With good habits we are in a true state of nature; with bad ones we fall from it and become lower than beasts in so far as they do not violate the law.

SAN FRANCISCO JOURNALISM.

During the past month tens of thousands of respectable and intelligent people have assembled (not all together, of course,) beneath a great canopy of tent, in the city of Oakland, to listen to the wonderful discourses of an unlettered boy—discourses treating of morals, ethics, history, sociology, theology—in fact, of every subject relating to man's welfare in this life, and demonstrating beyond reasonable questioning, the great fact of spiritual existence on another plane of being,—discourses which have awakened great and wide-spread interest in the community,—and yet the leading dailies of San Francisco have not thought the matter worthy a two-line notice.

Bro. Munhall, or the "Boy Preacher," Harrison, visits San Francisco, and preaches the terrors of a misinterpreted gospel to a few hundred timid women and frightened children, and the public is regaled daily with a synopsis of their discourses, and the noted evangelists are commended for the grand work they are doing in "saving souls."

An eager audience of thousands of the best men and women in the community, assembled from day to day to listen to 'grand spiritual truths from the lips of an inspired speaker is of no moment to these journals; but if a hundred roughs should meet in some dive, or old barn, to witness a slogging match between "Rattlesnake Bill," and "Big Nose Jake," their Christian readers would be regaled, the next morning or evening, with a column account, under quadruple headings, of all the disgusting particulars. We should be told how "Bill" "shot out" his "left manley" for "Jake's" "potato trap," spreading the latter's nose "all over his face," and "starting the claret"—how, after a number of "rounds," all minutely described, "Jake" came up "groggy in his pins" and received a "settler" in his "bread-basket," that "sent him to grass," and he was unable longer to "come to time."

The dailies would vie with each other in this sort of information, and the reporter who could throw the most fistic slang and scientific sloggery into his description of the brutal affair, would very likely be given a holiday, or promoted to the position of first assistant to the editor-in-chief. Such is San Francisco journalism.

"THE SUN DO MOVE."

Thus said the colored preacher in his notorious discourse, that attained wide publicity, in which he maintained that the earth was the center of the solar system. The ignorance of the discourse was only equaled by its very amusing character. Hence, its notoriety. But now we have its counterpart, in a recent decision of the Presbyterian General Assembly, South, in which it declared by an almost unanimous vote, after a whole week of discussion, that the Bible account of the creation of man is the only true and safe one to accept.

According to the newspaper accounts of the debate on the subject, the Assembly adopted by the emphatic vote of 137 to 13, the following report: "That man was created by an immediate act of divine power, without any natural animal parentage of any kind, but of matter previously created of nothing; and that any doctrine at variance therewith is dangerous error, inasmuch as by methods of interpreting Scripture, which it must demand, and in the consequences which by fair implication it will involve, it will lead to a denial of doctrines fundamental to the faith."

The colored parson endeavored to persuade his congregation to accept his views, by argument, but in this Presbyterian "report," we have a deliverance worthy of the middle ages, for religious intolerance and bigotry. The Mosaic account of the introduction of man on the earth, is endorsed and reaffirmed, not because of its reasonableness or truthfulness; not because of any supporting evidence, but because an admission of its weakness and vulnerability would invite the logic of common sense to the task of biblical exegesis, and throw discredit on the whole fabric of theologic doctrine which has been manufactured out of a strained interpretation of the letter, and not the spirit of canonical scriptures.

To supersede the provincial history in Genesis, of man's ascent in the scale of being, by the rational and philosophic theory of evolution, would lead naturally to such an interpretation of the whole Bible, as would per force, shatter to atoms the cast-iron mould of Calvinism and cast anew the entire horoscope of man's religious destiny. Not for the sake of the truth, or progress and knowledge, did the southern Presbyterians cast their vote against the doctrine of evolution, but for the defense and perpetuation of their creed, their confession of faith. Despite the able advocacy of evolution by the insignificant minority of this body, and in the face of the enlightenment and advance of christendom respecting the origin and destiny of man, this assembly of Presbyterians stoutly upheld the biblical fable of human creation. They virtually said "the sun do move."

A SAD SCENE.—The County Clerk of Butte County recently committed suicide at Oroville. The father and mother, who had been separated by divorce for over twenty years, met for the first time since their separation over the bier of their dead son. We are told that "both parents were deeply stricken; that the aged father gently stroked the hair of his son, and the poor mother again and again kissed the clay-like lips of her boy, and both wept bitterly, but although thus brought together by a common grief, neither father nor mother would recognize the other, and they met and parted over the body of their child.

as though they had been utter strangers all their lives." We should have thought their common grief would have made their proud hearts tender and forgiving. Such hard, relentless natures, have much to learn ere the Divine Guest, sweet and gentle Peace, takes up his abode in their souls.

"SPIRITS OF DEVILS."

The editor of the GOLDEN GATE, in an article on "Spiritualism in the Churches," says, "Ministers and laymen alike are disposed to 'try the spirits.'" Thus, it is, he says, that "the communion of saints" is "a glorious fact in the lives of thousands who are never known or recognized as Spiritualists." Well, we also are disposed to "try the spirits," but in a different way. If we were ignorant of the nature of some substance, we would not think of swallowing it in order to try it and see if it were poison. We would take it to a chemist, who would subject it to the test of some known substance, and we could soon tell whether or not it would be safe to take it. If it was declared to be poison, we should certainly leave it alone. Well, the same word which commands us to "try the spirits," also tells us now to try them: "To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." Isa. 8:20. Turning to a part of the "testimony" where a brief account of the work of the spirits is given, we learn that "they are the spirits of the devil." Rev. 16:14. That settles the matter for us. We do wish any closer acquaintance with those spirits than the word of God, our sure guide, gives us. It declares Spiritualism to be a deadly poison; and the only way we know of to escape the effects of poison is to let it alone.—BIRCH OF THE TREES.

And so the mighty host of spirits that come back to us from the other side, bringing hope and comfort to the world, are "spirits of devils!" The spirit mother, watching over her little ones on earth, and with loving admonitions leading them in the ways of purity and happiness, is the "spirit of a devil!" The loving wife, or husband, passed on to the land of souls, who returns by any of the many ways now open to the spirit world, bringing comfort and hope to the living, and urging to all uprightness and purity of life and character, is a "devil," permitted by the Good Father to deceive and lure poor mortals to their eternal ruin! It is a "devil" who speaks through the inspired lips of a Colville and a Watson, urging men, by the persuasive gift of oratory, by argument and appeal, to cast aside all evil thoughts and habits, and to "come up higher," into a realm of spiritual truth and light, where all the besetting sins and weaknesses of the flesh shall be dominated by the divine spirit of love to God and man! No, no, neighbor, "devils" are not engaged in that kind of business. And if they were so disclosed, what sort of a Heavenly Father must he be who would permit them to lay their invisible snares for the souls of men?

SPIRITUALISM THE DESIDERATUM.

In this day of materialistic force, when human nature is so strongly and widely overborne by material and physical considerations, the philosophy of Spiritualism is crowded vigorously to the front, as the only system of thought worthy and competent to cope with the prevalent practical indifference to the needs of man's higher and eternal being. Able preachers of the old forms of religious thought, inveigh against the intrenchments of materialism in vain. They present, with all the power at their command, the theologic doctrines of man's position on earth, and his destiny beyond earth-life, to little or no purpose. The popular ear turns away from their statements. Onward rushes human life, as busy as ever, with present physical engrossments. The outwardness of religious life, in all of the so-called Christian denominations, attests the shallow depths they reach in swaying and controlling the impetuous activities of the race. How shall the masses be reached? How shall the gospel be presented to the people so that they will listen to it and heed it? How shall the materialism of the day be met and vanquished, are among the problems they are constantly asking the solution of, whenever they assemble for consultation.

But the new philosophy, the doctrines of Spiritualism, springing into this fight against materialism, with facts in one hand and logical deductions in the other, Spiritualism plants itself athwart the path of the practical materialist, and brings him to a dead halt. At first he is astonished at the courage of his foe. Then he recoils at the formidable presence that confronts him. Unwillingly he scrutinizes the prowess of his antagonist, and measures his parts. Then he begins an investigation of his opponent's assumed superiority, and finally retreats, abandoning the contest, and gracefully yielding up his sword to his gracious and matchless victor.

How many instances can we recall of cultured minds and grand characters, who stood as towering beacon lights for moral purity and manly citizenship in the midst of a darkened mediocrity, stern and inflexible for half a lifetime, in utter disbelief of any other life for man than the present, yielding up at last their rationalistic negations, their atheism, their intense materialism, for an ardent, and pronounced belief in a continued existence. And all this change under the potent influence and reasonableness of the claims of Spiritualism. Doubtless the readers of the GOLDEN GATE have knowledge of many such examples of the ordained mission of Spiritualism. Organized religion, the blind guide of the spiritual in man, has actually precipitated materialism upon us, and like John the Baptist of old, whose voice was heard in the wilderness, it has prepared the way of, and made straight paths for,—not the Lord, by any means, but rather the materialistic bias of the nineteenth century.

If there is such a thing as divine providence, its footprints can be nowhere more clearly discerned than in the ushering in of Modern Spiritualism, to meet and destroy man's penchant for the visible and material only.

LAPSED.—By a singular oversight the Annual Election for a Board of Trustees for the California Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting Association has been permitted to lapse. Everybody thought that the election was to come off on Saturday, July 3d. It now appears that the election should have been held on the second Monday of June, as provided by the Constitution of the Association. The old officers hold over until their successors are elected and qualified; and as there is no provision for any election, other than on the day named, there appears to be no help for it but to pass it over for another year.

RELIGIOUS FORCE.

Ignatius Loyola, the founder of Jesuitism, Martin Luther, the initiator of the reformation, and less conspicuously John Calvin, the author of that rigid system of religious thought so largely followed, and familiarly known in theology as Calvinism, were like their great prototype, Jesus Christ (the purest and most exalted spiritual medium recorded in history), the embodiment, the vitalized reflex of a mighty religious force. Their work began as a unit of individual power, and has continued through centuries, accumulating a vast multitude of adherents. They each and all illustrate the deathlessness of religious force which has been vested in man here and there through the development of the race.

This force is possessed of a loyalty high as heaven, beyond suspicion, of a constancy as indestructible as human nature, and of a devotion so complete and pure as to baffle adequate description. It does not matter how intellectually erroneous or irrational this force may be, provided its morality is exalted and its purpose single to the most positive human good. It creates discipleship with almost miraculous power, and energizes that discipleship with a life overmastering in its way. Thus torture, persecution and poverty fertilize, rather than diminish its growth. Martyrdom becomes a joy and the severest of sufferings, but blessings in disguise. It can not but excite the profoundest reverence for our common nature and the keenest admiration for the heroic within us, to witness the exploits and results of this wondrous religious force in man.

It will take all of the beast and the fiend out of him and transform him into angelic beatitudes. Time, circumstances and numbers are but tributary to its steadfast aim and accomplishment. It possesses all of the will of Deity, with only the lack of sufficient power to fulfill it.

We were prompted to this reflection by the suggestion of what Spiritualism, the mightiest of all religious forces known to the human, should do for man on earth, to say nothing of beyond earth. There is enough in it to make human enthusiasm a genuine holocaust of purification and refinement. Devotion, constancy, loyalty, zeal, endurance, sacrifice have but feeble significance in other religious forces when compared with what they should stand for in Spiritualism. Do people cultivate and live saint life under the spur of other religious ideas? Do they subjugate everything hideous and unlovely in character, and bring out the divine in bright effulgence? How much more should the glory of Spiritualism enable them to do this.

Do people transform the religious and intellectual status of whole nations, and carry such changes, strongly and grandly through many generations, altering the complexion of the world thereby, under the influence of inferior religious force? Should not Spiritualism actuate them to do all this with tenfold vigor and intensity? It has no equal, no competitor, as a religious power or force, and we can not portray the accomplishments in store for it when it shall finally take that full and absorbing possession of human life for which it is so pre-eminently prepared, and which it so richly deserves.

CHILDREN'S DAY.

It was a gala day for the little folks in Camp on Wednesday afternoon. The big tent was aglow with animated life. The floral display seemed unusually fine, or was it because the rosebuds of the living flowers gave the scene the redolence of a "harmony divine." The literary and musical exercises were as follows:

Instrumental duet, "Fairy Wedding March," by Libby Doben and Hope McKinley; Recitation by Winnie Michner; Song, "Going to a Spiritual Camp Meeting," written for the occasion, by M. McGuire; Recitation by Ray Irvin; Recitation by Applegarth; An impromptu poem, by Mr. Colville, "The Children," the subject being chosen by the audience. It was a gem. Instrumental solo, by Libby Doben; Recitation, by Bertie Wilson; Recitation, "Nutting," by Hope McKinley; Song, by Mrs. Clark; Recitation, by Grace McKinley; Song, by Mr. Colville; Instrumental music, "Chop Stick," by Rena and Lotta Van Dernaillen.

The little ones all acquitted themselves with credit, and especially the "wee tots," Lotta Van Dernaillen, who is scarcely three years old, and Ray Irvin, who had to stand on a chair in order to be seen.

At the close of the programme refreshments were served, consisting of cakes, candies, etc., etc., which was quite an enjoyable feature to the little participants. It was a very pleasing occasion to both young and old, but as the "spirit never grows old," we mean the larger children.

DISRESPECTFUL.—It sometimes seems to be quite forgotten that age is not always beautifying; and it farther appears that for some persons to grow old, is to lose the homage and respect of the world. This is particularly the case with Queen Victoria. There are not many journals in the world that have not in the past ten years freely commented upon her vanished youth, as though it were not alone a personal trait, but that in so becoming, she had in some way committed an unpardonable wrong and forfeited all consideration. Twenty years ago an offensive remark made against her portrait in the Royal Academy by a visitor, caused him to be knocked down by a stranger. But to-day English papers show open hostility to the Queen, and men hiss and groan an accompaniment to the national anthem; but so far from getting knocked down, they are not even reproved.

THERE is one thing almost as strong as truth itself, and that is persecuted error.

We don't know who first gave utterance to that truth, but a greater was never written. It has a strong illustration down in Maine now, where the clergymen are agitating the question of closing the saloons on Sunday. Just think of it! That prohibition State still struggling with alcohol! The great truth is that alcohol is the arch-enemy of men.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Mr. Colby, the eloquent inspirational lecturer, is now stopping in Portland, Oregon.

—Hon. I. C. Steele, the eloquent Granger, is expected to occupy the rostrum at the Camp-Meeting, next Sunday morning.

—Those who did not hear Dr. McKaig's grand lecture at the Camp-Meeting should read it in this issue of the GOLDEN GATE.

—Mr. Fred Evans, who has been quite ill for some time past, has gone for a brief vacation to Santa Cruz. He expects to be at home again on Wednesday, July 7th, and ready for sittings.

—Subscribers, not caring to bind their GOLDEN GATES, will oblige us by sending to this office copies of the issue of June 26th, after they are through with it. Although we printed a large extra number of that date the edition is entirely exhausted.

—Spiritualism presents a platform broad enough for every true religionist and non-religionist—for every good man of every creed, for all who aspire for the truth, and are searching for the light divine—to stand upon, and side by side to work for humanity.

—The cause of Spiritualism is advancing rapidly among the more thoughtful classes of society. They find here a rational religion wedded to a beautiful philosophy, and supported by positive evidence of a future life. What more could the soul, hungering for truth, desire?

—Jim G. Anderson, editor of the *Richmond (Mo.) Democrat*, writes us as follows: "You are making the G. G. an honor to yourself and the cause. Such a paper is worth more than books to interest seekers. There are some of our books that might be destroyed without loss to the cause. I wish you unlimited success."

—A. J. Davis, the pioneer seer and writer in our glorious philosophy, whose card appears elsewhere in the GOLDEN GATE, writes us as follows: "Greetings fraternal, and 1,000 best wishes for the success of your admirable labors!" Millions of Spiritualists throughout the world re-echo the sentiment as regards his own labors in behalf of humanity.

—The deceased wife's sister's question is still in the negative, and Englishmen, who wish to marry a second time in the same family may go to Texas or Guinea, for they can not do so in Merry England. The last bill asking for the privilege was rejected by a vote of one hundred and forty-nine to one hundred and twenty-seven. The opinion somewhat prevails that the opposition must eventually break, but there are few signs of it yet.

—On Sunday afternoon, July 4th, the subject for Mr. Colville's Camp-Meeting discourse will be "Prehistoric California." In the evening his subject will be, "A Soul in Search of God." On Monday morning next the class in mental science; in the afternoon, an oration by Mr. Colville. On Monday evening the series of meetings will close by a lecture by Mr. Colville. Subject, "Freedom of Man, Woman and Child."

—The *Overland Monthly* for July is an exceptionally excellent number. It contains papers from some of the best writers in the country. Hon. A. A. Sargent, whose head is always clear in whatever he undertakes, has a capital paper on "Irrigation and Drainage"—a subject, just now, of great interest to miners and farmers. And then there are papers from the fertile pens of Charles D. Merrill, Albert H. Tolman, Henry De Groot, and others.

—Mr. Paul A. Smith will lecture for the first time at Camp, on Friday evening. From reports of him elsewhere, as an orator of fine abilities, we may expect a treat. That grand test medium, Mrs. J. J. Whitney, of San Francisco, will follow him in giving tests from the platform. The tent should be crowded. Mr. Colville's lecture for Saturday evening is on materialization. All will be anxious to know what Mr. Colville's guides have to say on a subject in which Spiritualists are so much interested.

—The disestablishment of the Church of England is being talked of. That and the House of Lords have been two expensive institutions, and their dissolution would set considerable British gold afloat in the United Kingdom, if divided into proper channels. It is estimated that after the payment of all claims by the clergy, for compensation and similar demands, there would be a net gain of five hundred millions. It looks criminal to keep that amount of money idle when so many poor are calling for bread across the water.

—The Alameda *Encinal* says: "W. J. Colville, the young inspirational speaker who has created such a furore at the Spiritualists' Camp near Lake Merritt, and whose utterances and ready speech have been the wonder of admiring thousands, has been engaged by Mr. Sanford Bennett, to deliver two lectures in Alameda, at Harmonie Hall—the first, on Tuesday evening, July 6th—subject, 'The Bible; Its Truths and Its Fallacies'; the second, on Thursday evening July 8th—subject, 'Ancient and Modern Miracles.' Admission to each lecture, 25 cents. All the Ministers of the Gospel resident in Alameda will be invited to be present."

CONFUSION.—Foreign journals and their geographical divisions and localities of our country; respondents make ludicrous mistakes in the geo-but it is not to be wondered at, especially in Londoners, since there are thousands of them that could not for their lives tell exactly the place of their abiding, so perfect is the hash mode of London local divisions. One man supposes he lives of Upper Teoting, but its postal authorities state at Balham; the assessors say it is Clapham, while voting people declare it to be Battersea, but the local directory states it to be Wimbledon and Ratney. To pay his taxes he goes to Clapham; to settle his gas bill he goes to Bermondsey; for water bill, to Kingston-on-Thames. To pay local rates, he hies him to Battersea. When it comes to voting for member of Parliament, he votes for Clapham division. Looking out of the front door of his house he finds Wadsworth Common two hundred yards in front of him, with Battersea two miles beyond. Going round to the back of his house, he sees Upper Tooting park fifty yards from him. Walking to one end of his road he finds himself in the parish of Wadsworth; at the opposite end, he is in Streatham. Then, if he cross over he is in Battersea. Climbing upon his garden wall and sitting on a post, he finds himself in three or four parishes at the same time. It would certainly require a pretty sober man to give a correct account of himself to the police, under suspicious circumstances, in the great island metropolis.

ENCOURAGING.—Bro. J. B. Greene, of Courtland, Sacramento county, a subscriber for the GOLDEN GATE, writes as follows: "Enclosed find an order for \$5, which I wish you to place to my credit to be drawn upon in payment for extra numbers of the GOLDEN GATE, which we often wish to order to send to friends who do not see the paper. So many good things appear in it, and it is inconvenient to send small sums for extra numbers. We think it is true to its name—the GOLDEN GATE to invaluable knowledge—and we wish it unlimited success. Please send to us six or eight copies of the number of June 19th containing the address of the editor—'Claims and Mission of Spiritualism.' There is lots of comfort in such letters."

Every Day Life.

[Written by Dr. Chantler, spirit friend of H. H. Kenyon of St. Paul, Minn., and copied for the Golden Gate.]

MY FRIEND KENYON:—In answer to your question I will relate an incident that came to my notice when I had been in the spirit world, or new life, four years.

I was requested to witness the reception of a man and his wife who passed out of the earth conditions at the same time in a railroad accident. This man had been a cheerful, contented person in earth life, while his wife was just the opposite in all things.

The first remarks of the man upon coming into consciousness were that he had come out of the wreck in good shape, not injured at all, at which he was very much surprised; while his wife was very much surprised to find herself clad in plain white raiment in place of the rich apparel she had on when the accident ended her earthly career.

Both of these persons realized that they had passed into the spirit world; neither expected to enter into the new life for years to come, but the husband's nature was hopeful always, ever making the best of every change in life, and when he found that he had come to the spirit world he began at once to look around and learn something of it. He soon found flowers in bloom, and was very much interested in their beauty and profusion, his nature being the same as in earth life. He saw many things of beauty to increase his happiness in his new conditions, while his wife, being just the opposite in all things, was miserable in her plain dress. This of itself caused her unpleasant thoughts, and if this was heaven, she did not want to be here, for any one could have a plain, white dress.

After they had come fully to realize that they were not in earth conditions, one being happy and the other miserable in their new conditions; one being contented and the other restless, they were surprised by hearing some one singing. They could see no one, yet could hear singing in the distance, and soon some little children came with song and flowers—the flowers were scattered at their feet and the little ones passed on. Following the children came two ladies who had known these people in earth life, and were recognized with gladness by the man, while the wife remarked, "Well, I am in a nice place; what does it all mean? I do not want to remain here. I know that I am dead, but I always supposed that a home had been prepared for me to enjoy when I did come to my Heavenly Father's mansion, but here I am, no home, nothing that pleases me, why am I left so much alone? I am so very lonely." To which her friend replied that there are lessons to learn which should have been learned in earth life; when that is done your home will be ready for you; were you to enter your home now it would not satisfy you.

All this time the husband was gathering flowers, continually finding one of rare beauty, and he appeared to be perfectly happy. He was assured that he would soon find his home or place of restfulness, to which he said, "I am all right now and ready for anything, or any place that is like this; this is nice enough for me."

Here I will leave him in his contentment and happiness, assuring you that "the good deeds done in earth life receive a sure reward in the new life."

The wife remained in a state of restlessness for a long time, and remaining in about the same place as when we first found her; her dress changed to a dark gray, simply from her condition. After a while another friend came to her with a radiant smile, and extended her hand to welcome her to the happiness of the Summer Land: "Please allow me to advise and help you; your earth life has been one continual struggle to appear better than you were; your selfish nature entirely ruined all the good qualities you possess. Now you have entered the spirit world and have much to undo before progressing to a state of happiness. There are many here more miserable than you are, and as you do good to them you will grow out of your own unhappiness, and be prepared to enjoy your home in this world of glorious beauty. All darkness and selfishness brought with you must be cast out before entering your home of restfulness. You will find much to surprise you as onward you go, but with the guidance of those who love you, all will be well, and in due time you will fully enjoy all the beauty of your home in the spirit world."

Friend Kenyon, I relate this experience to assure you that every day life on earth must be right in order to prepare you to fully enter into the glorious happiness in the new life. It will not do to live in wrong and deception, trusting to a death-bed repentance for wrong doing.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

TESTIMONIAL TO W. J. COLVILLE.

[From his class in Metaphysical Healing, in Boston. Signed by over sixty pupils, and presented, with a purse of gold, on the eve of his departure for California.]

To Our Beloved Teacher, W. J. Colville:—We, the pupils of W. J. Colville's Classes in Metaphysical Healing, desire to express our heartfelt gratitude for the many truths expounded to us during the past few months, and for the great generosity shown in allowing us the freedom of the various classes.

We feel that we have been doubly blessed in our fellowships, recognizing in our teacher one who can, and does, exemplify in the purity and modesty of his life, the principles of his teachings. His humanity and charity are unbounded. All religious sects have in him a friend, only too willing to acknowledge the truth principle in their doctrines.

His instructions have been simply and beautifully expressed, and remind us of the Great Master.

We congratulate him on having drawn to himself such a high order of intelligences. We congratulate him on having secured such a worthy instrument for the furtherance of their work.

We trust he will return to us, but, if ordered otherwise, we have the assurance of knowing that he will be with us in thought, and we with him; and that we can still profit in the future, as in the past, by the example of his teachings.

HIS FAITHFUL PUPILS.

BOSTON, May 25, 1886.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS,
PHYSICIAN TO BODY AND MIND.

Has become permanently a citizen of Boston, and may be consulted concerning physical and mental disorders, or addressed at his

Office, No. 63 Warren Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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.

July 3-3m

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE "DOMESTIC."



From its position AT THE HEAD, the

"DOMESTIC"

AFFORDS A SHINING EXAMPLE OF WHAT AN HONEST EFFORT TO MAKE THE BEST WILL DO.

J. W. EVANS,

General Agent,

29 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

mar24-tf-5thp

DRS. DARRIN.

A VISIT TO THE ROOMS OF DRS. DARRIN, AT NO. 113 STOCKTON STREET.

During the interim since our last visit the Doctors have enlarged their rooms to accommodate the throng that daily besiege their offices. We happened to call at the Doctors' lunch hour and could see the class of patients who were awaiting their arrival. Their patients rank among the better class of our people, and not a few of them are of the highest class in point of wealth and known respectability. Private family carriages leave their occupants frequently at their door. Scores are cured by this magnetic or vital cure that never appear in print, as none are published unless by permission of the patients. During our visit we took occasion to talk with a number. W. S. Dibble of Berkeley says that his daughter can hear as well as any person living. She was cured of total deafness. His wife is also fast recovering from paralysis. O. Crandal of the American Exchange Hotel, this city, says he needs no further treatment for deafness and catarrh of fourteen years duration. J. A. Kelly of 4 Morrell place, city, has no further use for the Doctors after being cured of catarrh, lung trouble, deafness and ringing in his ears. Mrs. P. Harris' son of 255 Jessie street rejoices in the cure of a cough, bronchitis, kidney trouble and weakness of the limbs.

jet2-1m

W. J. COLVILLE'S CLASSES IN SAN FRANCISCO AND OAKLAND.

Mr. Colville will give courses of Spiritual Teachings in twelve lessons and conversations on the power of spirit over matter in destroying error and disease, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons and evenings, in Friendship Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, on Market street, between Seventh and Eighth streets, San Francisco; also in Hamilton Hall, Oakland, Tuesdays and Thursdays, to continue six weeks, commencing on Thursday, July 8th, at 2:30 P. M. Tickets \$5, for each course, can be secured by personal application to Miss H. M. Young, or by letter addressed to care of Albert Morton, Room 331, Phelan Building, San Francisco.

jun26-tf

MR. AND MRS. FRED EVANS.

These wonderful young mediums beg to inform their friends and the public that they will not hold evening seances for a few weeks. Due notice will be given on their commencement.

FRED EVANS.

1244 Mission street.

PASS THEM ALONG.

We printed large extra editions of all the earlier numbers of the GOLDEN GATE, many copies of which we have yet on hand. As interesting samples they are just as good to send to those who have never seen the paper as the latest edition. We will send these papers in packages, postage paid, to whoever may wish to scatter the good seed, for fifty cents per hundred copies—package of fifty copies, twenty-five cents.

GOLDEN GATE EUROPEAN AGENCY.

H. A. KERSEY, No. 1 Newgate street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, will act as agent in England for the GOLDEN GATE, during the absence of J. J. Morse, receiving subscriptions therefor at 2s 6d per annum, postage included.

PUBLICATIONS.

NOW IN THE HANDS OF THE PUBLISHERS.

A Spiritual Legacy for Earth's Children.

This book of many lives is the legacy of spirit Eona to the wide, wide world.

A book from the land of souls, such as never before published. No book like unto this has ever found its way to earth-land shores, as there has never been a demand for such a publication.

This book has been given by spirit Eona through the "Sun Angel Order of Light," to her soul-mate Eon, and through him to the world.

This book or legacy is composed of the various experiences of earth-land pilgrimages and soul-land rests, in past ages, in spirit spheres, and on many worlds, that swing in the depth of space, and is respectfully dedicated to a world groping in darkness and blindly peering in the dark and gloomy mists of religious teachings, vainly striving to find the right path that leads to their Father's house.

TITLE PAGE:

Voices from Many Hill-tops.—
—Echoes from Many Valleys;

—or the—

Experiences of the Spirits Eon and Eona,

In earth life and spirit spheres;

In ages past; in the long, long ago; and their many incarnations in earth life and on other worlds.

GIVEN THROUGH THE

"SUN ANGEL ORDER OF LIGHT."

JOHN B. FAYETTE & CO.,
Box 51, Sandusky, Ohio.

jun5-12-3m

TO FRIENDS OF THE GOLDEN GATE

For the purpose of placing the GOLDEN GATE upon a basis that shall inspire public confidence in its stability, and also for the purpose of extending the field of its usefulness, a number of prominent and influential Spiritualists have organized themselves into a Joint Stock Company known as the "Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company," with a capital stock of \$15,000, divided into 3,000 shares of \$5 each. The corporation is invested with power to carry on a general printing and publishing business; to buy and sell, hold and inherit real estate; to receive, hold and dispose of bequests; to deal in books and periodicals; in short, the foundation is laid for the future of a large publishing, printing and book-dealing business.

It is agreed that each share of the capital stock of said Company subscribed for shall entitle the holder to an annual dividend of ten per cent, payable in subscription to the paper. That is, the holder of five shares, or \$25 of stock, shall be entitled to a copy of the paper free, so long as the corporation exists, together with all the profits and advantages which the ownership of said stock may bring. (The paper at \$2.50 per annum—the lowest price at which it can be afforded—being equivalent to ten per cent of \$25.) For any less number than five shares a pro rata reduction will be allowed on subscription to the paper. Thus, the holder of but one share will receive a perpetual reduction of fifty cents on his annual subscription. That is, he will be entitled to the paper for \$2 per annum. The holder of two shares will pay but \$1.50; of three shares, \$1; four shares, 50 cents, and of five shares, nothing.

By this arrangement every share-holder will receive, as we have before stated, what is equivalent to a perpetual annual dividend of ten per cent. The subscriber for twenty shares of the stock, or \$100, would be entitled to four copies of the paper. He could, if he chose, dispose of three of these copies among his acquaintances, at the regular subscription rate of \$2.50 for each per annum, and thereby realize what would be equivalent to a cash dividend of seven and one-half per cent on his investment, and have his own paper free in addition.

This plan of incorporation can not fail to commend itself to every Spiritualist who has the welfare of the cause at heart.

As no more stock will be sold than will be necessary for the needs of the business—which will not be likely to exceed, in any event, over fifty per cent of the nominal capital—and as the paper will be conducted on the most economical principles, there will be no probability of, or necessity for, future assessments. The sale of the reserved stock would be ample to meet any contingency that might possibly arise. But, with careful management, there will be no necessity to draw upon this reserve. On the other hand, from the present outlook and the encouragement the paper is receiving, we confidently believe that the time is not far distant when the business will pay a fair cash dividend upon the stock, in addition to that already provided for.

This is no vagary of an inexperienced journalist, but the firm conviction of one who has had a quarter of a century of successful experience in journalistic management. You can order the stock by mail just the same as in person, and will receive therewith a guaranty of free subscription.

While the paper is now placed beyond the possibility of failure, still its future usefulness will depend, in a large measure, upon the liberality of its patronage. All Spiritualists who can afford it should not only take the paper but also secure some of its stock, which will be a safe and profitable investment.

The Board of Trustees named in the articles of incorporation (which have been duly filed) consists of the following gentlemen: Amos Adams, M. B. Dodge, R. A. Robinson, Dr. Robert Brown and J. J. Owen. President of the Board, Hon. Amos Adams.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

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

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

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

"Beyond the Valley."

BY JOHN WETHERS.

Andrew Jackson Davis is one of the canonized celebrities of Modern Spiritualism. He has published a book lately, its title being "Beyond the Valley." Book making is no novelty with him, for the books he has written, and the way they were produced, are phenomenal, and are a feature in early spiritualistic literature, and they hold their own to-day, even when it can be said, in the line of Spiritualism as well as otherwise, "to the making of books there is no end."

Before I speak of this last phenomenon of his in the book line, I will say a few words somewhat introductory: I thought when some of his last productions appeared, particularly his "Diakka," that there was a weakening, both in originality and in quality of thought, and to use a homely expression, that "his pump had begun to suck." I considered it due to the withdrawal of his earlier high influences, perhaps a hint for taking the credit of his literary work to himself, when he was only a "paw," moved by higher powers, and this warning was an admonition on the part of said powers to go slow in self-esteem, or come to grief. I think I have detected similar weakening in some of the trance-speakers, and for the same reason, so that it has pleased me to think I was not indebted to any royal avenue for any humble work for fear I might be "a daw in borrowed feathers." I have to take a lower seat. I thought, also, Mr. Davis' silence as a contributor to the *Banner of Light* for a few late years, and his alliance with the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, had rather a human look by its manifest ingratitude, as the *Banner* had been the means of endowing him with some thousands of dollars. All this seemed to show a coming to the front of Mr. Davis, and the eclipse of the seership which had made him the celebrity he was, and is.

There seemed also an injustice to the weaker vessel in his separating from his Mary, after twenty-nine years of marital life; and although I knew by history that Cicero, one of the world's celebrities, left his wife in her old age and united with a younger woman as a financial speculation, so that he could pay his debts, I have always thought Cicero's creditors had better suffer than Mrs. Cicero, and I considered the latter lady and Mrs. Davis as "under dogs in the fight," and my sympathy is always for "the under dog." I was in full sympathy with Henry Kidder's criticism of the matter, but when I learned the true inwardness of the affair from his and my friend, Giles, of Hyde Park, I saw, to say the least, that there was another view to take of it, and that both Andrew Jackson Davis and Mary understood the matter better than the public did; and I did, too, then, and saw it in another light; and one who reads "Beyond the Valley" will see it also, for the author has been very confiding.

The venerable and accomplished editor of the dear old *Banner* did not take kindly to the conciliatory remark on his account embodied in this new book, which, as was to be expected, bore the imprint of Colby & Rich, and the book in its special gilded form, when, as a gift, it reached the said editor, was not handsomely received or treated; but it is hardly worth while, or perhaps proper, to narrate the childish and amusing circumstances, but it led me to say to him (this was before Mr. Giles' explanation that had changed my views of Mr. Davis' domestic matters), that I did not approve of his course, and in my opinion he was a fading light; but for all that, he had a national and an international reputation, and would be remembered when he and I were forgotten.

With the foregoing for an introduction, I will now say with quite a changed feeling in regard to Mr. Davis, that I met him lately when he asked me if I had read his "Beyond the Valley?" And I said no, but intended to. He presented me with a copy, and I returned the compliment by giving him a "Shadows." I have now read Mr. Davis' new book with much interest, and I think it is a remarkably readable and instructive book, and fully up to his highest and earlier efforts. Efforts may be the wrong word to use, when a man is more or less a conduit and not a source in the ordinary sense, or using the expression of Thoreau, the Walden sage: "The flow of thought is more like a tidal wave than a prone river, and is the result of a celestial influence, not any declivity in its channel."

"Beyond the Valley" seems to be a sort of autobiography of his later current life. He tells his story very confidentially to the reader, more or less in the first person. The reader seems to be taken into his confidence; he reads him private letters, states his feelings, his motives, his expectations and his views of things, with remarkable clearness and tenderness, and one gets, as it were, into his good graces, or he does certainly in the readers. He, in this way, seems to make a confidant of the public, and the book seems to me to be as honest, and conscientious, and fascinating, as any one I ever read. I think the better of him for the contents. I am in the habit of posting myself in current spiritualistic literature, but I had not been drawn to this book for reasons stated. I think it was a "divinity shaping my ends,"

that brought it at last to my notice, and as an undivided good is only half enjoyed. I thought I would write this late notice to say, if any who have not read "Beyond the Valley," to hasten and do so; and if it affords any one the pleasure it has afforded me, and this notice the cause, he will certainly thank "Shadows," as I do the circumstances that drew my late attention to it. I intended to comment on and quote some of its contents, but I have so spun out this intended to be brief notice, that I shall refer the reader to the book instead, and pause just where I am.

BOSTON, June, 1886.

Letter from Bayard Taylor.

(Mina Irving in New York Graphic.)

Here, in a long disused drawer, I have found a letter written by Bayard Taylor the year before his death. The brain that beats with godlike thought, the hand that was its willing servant, are crumbling to dust under the snow and the sod and the church-yard willow at Kensett Square, but the fragile sheet of paper that a Summer breeze could waft away, or the tiny flame of a candle consume to ashes, still endures.

Without, beneath the blue skies and amid the pink and white of orchard blossoms with which the gay young year delights to wreath its sunny locks, birds are singing roundelays and vallerelles of spring, and in the tender grasses, newly sprung from under Winter snows, morning dewdrops blaze like jewels lost from the crowns of angels that fly between earth and sky at dawn to pilot those who die in the dark to heaven. Budding ivy branches tap against the pane, like friendly fingers beckoning me out to the fields where Spring and morning frolic together, and a spray of pale pink peach blossoms exhale delicate odors from a slender white vase on the sill below, and amid all this beauty and life, color and fragrance of Spring, I hear a voice from the dead—the voice of the poet, translator, journalist and diplomatist, of the man who served many masters of thought and served them all well. Here, on these yellowing pages written in the last year of his life when honors crowded thick and fast upon him, he speaks of his early struggles when fame was yet the golden vision of a dreaming boy, and gives the key to his success: "I am far more laborious and painstaking now than when I was a young man. I published my first poem at seventeen, but nothing that I wrote before I was twenty is now preserved in the collected edition of my work. I never asked the advice of an author until I was nineteen. Whatever success I may have won is owing entirely to the fact that I have never been satisfied with my work, but strive to do better, year after year."

Literary aspirant, if your heart is faint, if you are easily persuaded to leave work for pleasure, if you fancy the path up Parnassus is strewn with violets and roses, then listen, I pray you, to this voice from the grave and be warned by it. Follow the green paths in the dewy meadows of your fathers, where Dolly, the milk-maid, and Dick, the mower, have gathered the golden-hearted daisies and swung the shining scythe for many generations before you, and pine not for the cloud-girdled mountain of poets that towers into the blue heaven beyond, for though gardens of roses and myrtle and groves of laurel and bay may flourish at the top, the upward path is steep and stony, and beset with cruel thorns, and Keats and Chatterton, sons of the gods, fainted and died by the way.

But you who sit in a bare attic, by a smoky lamp, with a pocket of rejected manuscripts in your hand and one white star shining through the curtainless window like an angel's face, and can look up, and, beholding the silver glory of the planet, feel the influence of its beauty fall upon your bleeding heart like dew on fainting flowers, its cool splendor penetrate your throbbing brain, the divine ether in which it floats bathe your burning spirits, and then sing a song of hope out of the depths of pain, even as the nightingale of poetic fable sang with its breast against a thorn, you may know that the fire from the altar of love has flashed upon your soul, and the crowd will pause and listen to your voice as we pause and listen to the clear notes of the woodlark singing after rain. So climb onward and upward until you stand on the summit above the clouds, and close to the sapphire gates of heaven. You will find every drop of blood that you shed in the struggle a crimson rose blooming, spicy sweet, in cool, green leaves, and the star that shone in at your attic window, a crown set with a jewel for every song.

Such a crown was his, the thunder of the hoofs of whose Pegasus will echo long in the highways and byways of earth! Hark! all the birds on the orchard boughs are singing "Annie Laurie" as the soldiers sang it in "A Song of a Camp," and I can almost fancy that I can see the "Quaker Widow," with kerchief neatly folded and sober gown of gray, dozing and dreaming in the sunshine.

Fold the papers as he folded them years ago when the ink yet glistened fresh upon them, and lay them away with a spray of lavender and a leaf of laurel, for he has closed his eyes forever and rests from his labors, forgetting in the dreamless sleep that wraps him round as a mantle the knowledge that filled his waking brain, and out of which with tireless hands he built up monuments of thought that will

tower to heaven when the marble above his tomb is resolved to dust by time, and scattered to the winds. The pen must rest, the ink become powder, the busy hand lie still while the seasons come and go, heaping blossoms and snows by turns above the head, but the winged word goes forth and sighs in the forests and sobs in the seas, and shines in the stars, tireless and ageless, until, as he himself has sung:

The sun grows cold,
The stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!

MRS. MALAPROP (to daughter, who is going on a visit to the country)—"My dear, you must not wear your best clothes when you are romping in the mountains. I see a man named Goodyear advertises the best quality of garden hose at fifteen cents a foot. That is only thirty cents a pair, so you had better go and get some."

—Life.

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(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Pebbles.

BY ISAAC KINLEY.

What is there, whether of gold or thought, that can be had for the taking? The richest mines lie deep, and he must toil who would possess. But thou, O Delver in the rich mines of Truth, know that though the precious ores do lie deep, labor will find them.

Ego, I, myself, egotism, the most unlovable of all isms. It is impossible to love, and difficult even to respect, the man or woman who is ever sounding in our ears the pronoun *I* spoken in italics. Offensive egotism repels from its possessor and detracts even from the charms of genius.

Honesty, every one says, is the best policy. As it is the best also in morals, where does the rogue find his argument? Man, it is said, is a rational being; but by what logic can be deduced for crime so much as a plausible pretext? The criminal may escape human tribunals, but the laws of his own being are ever present, even in this life, torturing sometimes into confession, sometimes into suicide, always into misery.

Who are they who conceal their convictions and prevaricate a thousand times lest to some persons their opinions may give offense? Who are they, who by their silence only their words and phrases of double meaning, cause themselves to be quoted as believing that which they honestly disbelieve, or as disbelieving that which they honestly believe; as approving that which they honestly disapprove, or as disapproving that which they honestly approve? Are they you and I, my reader? Are we all cowards—moral cowards? Dare we, at all times, avow the truth and nothing but the truth? We can face the cannon's mouth, we can stand where the death-shots thick as raindrops are flying; but how few of us in the face of the multitude shouting, "aye!" have the courage to say "no!" or shouting "no!" to say "aye!" even in a whisper though our convictions be ever so strong!

In the long struggle against slavery, it was not that the world needed to be convinced that it is wrong to degrade a human being into a beast of burden. This all know by instinct. It was that the moral sense needed to be developed into a power—that the moral courage needed to be made an ingoverning force—educating the people up to the acceptance of a glorious title, but which only ignorance and perversity could have rendered odious.

But is there no work yet to be done? Are there no remaining evils to be abolished? Who so believe and rests in this belief, slumbers on a pent volcano. Look about you, see you no human slavery? The lash for enforcing obedience has indeed been abolished, but the thumb-screws of hunger are no less effectually applied. Know you this and yet dare not speak? What a multitude of evils would be abolished, how much of truth and philosophy would be asserted and promulgated, had all the courage of their convictions!

Of less value than the dust on the sole of the shoe, are professions of religion not emphasized by a life of virtue. He is a liar and the truth is not in him, who asseverates with his lips his love of God, and yet daily violates God's holiest law by wronging his brother or sister. And he is religious, whatever may be his creed—whatever dogmas he may accept or reject, who is truthful for his love of truth, just for his love of justice, virtuous for his love of virtue; and who by his daily walks, and talks, and thoughts, aspires to grow into a better and nobler life.

"Go to God with your sins," said a man of the pulpit. But can we? Are they not our sins that have put distance between us and God? Rather go to him from our sins. Leave these and we are with him now.

Seek the altar of humiliation in the heart and leave it not until the spirit of moral purity has taken possession; but hug not the delusive hope that you have approached God, or been redeemed from the curse of your transgression, until, as far as in you lies, you have made amends for the wrongs committed. Have you willfully injured a man or woman? Repentance will be well, but the evidence that it is genuine will be found in the reparation. Until you have got your own consent to do this, there is no forgiveness for you, though you mouth your prayers until the vocal organs have lost their power of utterance, and agonized until you have wept dry the fountain of tears. That word of defamation which your malice has uttered, will burn into your soul until you have confessed your crime and repaired the wrong. That money or property in your possession which belongs of right to another,—the pride of it is your shame, its blessings your curse,—a witness to yourself against yourself of your soul's deep hypocrisy.

Man, in all his faculties and powers, is hereditary. We are the children, not of our fathers and mothers only, but of their ancestors for a thousand generations back; and the parents, not of our children only, but of their descendants for a thousand generations to come. Our tenden-

cies to virtue or vice, to health or disease, to strength or weakness, are transmitted, and it is not ourselves alone whom we elevate by our virtues or degrade by our vices. The forces go on often to be greatly exaggerated as they descend. The desires of the parent ripen into action in the child. The aspiration for a better life, which even a bad man sometimes feels, may be an inspiration of positive virtue in his children or his children's children. The parsimony which only covets the property of another, may be developed into a ruling motive in the child or grandchild, and cause the taking without asking consent of the law. The iniquities of the parents are visited on the children, not to the third or fourth generation only, but to the tenth or twentieth. The murderous meditations of the parent may send his child or grandchild to the gallows.

In the presence of this law of heredity, how strongly are re-enforced the arguments for a virtuous life! If we are wise we will hear these truths and be instructed and warned.

Have you learned this truth, O my reader, that there is an integrity in universal nature, including yourself and all there is of you, that every part consists with every other part, and that causation is perfect wisdom?

INDIVIDUALITY.—On every hand are the enemies of individuality and mental freedom. Custom meets us at the cradle and leaves us only at the tomb. Our first questions are answered by ignorance and our last by superstition. We are pushed and dragged by countless hands along the beaten track, and our entire training can be summed up in the word—suppression. Our desire to have a thing or to do a thing is considered as conclusive evidence that we ought not to have it and ought not to do it. At every turn we run against a cherubim and a flaming sword guarding some entrance to the Eden of our desire. We are allowed to investigate all subjects in which we feel no particular interest, and to express the opinions of the majority with the utmost freedom. We are taught that liberty of speech should never be carried to the extent of contradicting the dead witnesses of a popular superstition. Society offers continual rewards for self-betrayal, and they are nearly all earned and claimed, and some are paid.—*Col. R. G. Ingersoll.*

EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.—An ecclesiastical looking man distributing tracts through the train left one bearing the title, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his ways," in the seat with a Hebrew traveling man from New York, and shortly after came back and sat down by him. "My dear sir," he said, "may I have a few words with you?" "Vid pleasure," responded the traveler. "I am engaged, my dear friend," continued the visitor, "in a very important undertaking, namely, the saving of souls, and I hope you will excuse me if I ask you a leading question: are you a Christian?"

The traveler laughed and the visitor was shocked. "Why do you laugh?" inquired the good man.

"Vell, I was laughing at a gonuntrum ligke dot, from a man, ven a nose ligke mine was staring him straid in der face. Does dot nose look ligke a Gristian's nose?"—*Merchant Traveler.*

THE part played by the saloon in the present era of boycotts, labor riots and anarchist murders should not be overlooked. The boycotters of the Gray bakery in this city had their rendezvous in a beer saloon; every anarchist den raided by the police of Chicago was connected with either a saloon or a beer garden. The rioters in Chicago, St. Louis, Brooklyn and Milwaukee were prepared for their bloody work by liberal potations in the whisky shops. The authorities of East St. Louis found it necessary to close the saloons for days together in order that the turbulent classes might be more easily kept within the limits of the law. The saloon-keepers protest against this action, but without avail. The saloons are everywhere the recruiting agencies of the enemies of society. They furnish the mob element with their stimulus to action, and keep hot the flames of hate and revenge. When anarchy, riot and sedition are put down the saloon should be put down with them. They are all of a kind.—*N. Y. Observer.*

WANTED HIS MILEAGE.—And now it appears that the New York militia wants to be paid for attending Gen. Grant's funeral. Well, maybe it is all right. I guess it is, but somehow, you see, one fancies the last trumpet sounding, the dead awaking, the sheep and goats going their respective ways, the saints joyously pouring into heaven, when one new saint stops in the straight gate and blocks the way. "Well, what is it?" says St. Peter. "My mileage, if you please, sir," says the new saint. "Mileage!" shouts the astonished Peter, "and what for?" "If you please, sir, I came all the way from New York." And, indeed, a man who goes to heaven by way of New York has earned his mileage.—*R. J. Burdett.*

TORNADOES have so scared the citizens of Meriden, Ill., that they talk of building a huge "cyclone cellar," where the whole town can take refuge when a wind-storm comes along.

THE *Psychische Studien*, for May, calls Mr. Eglinton "the notoriously genuine English medium." We wish we could conscientiously apply the same term to all the American physical mediums; but we can not. The time is rapidly coming, however, when the physical mediums will sit only in private circles with conscientious people; and when that hour arrives—and it is even at our very door; we know whereof we speak—the evidences of spirit-form manifestations (known as materialization), will be so palpable that no doubt will remain in the minds of the witnesses upon this important subject.—*Banner of Light.*

"FIRE, 97," said a busy hotel clerk to the new porter. Presently the porter returned, looking very much mused. "I fired him, sorr," he said, "but begorra, for jist one blissed moment I thought he had me."

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We consider the volume a most readable and useful compilation, in which the taste and ability of the able writer has been fully illustrated. Mr. Owen is editor of the *San Jose Mercury*, one of the leading newspapers of the State; edited with great tact and good management, and conducted with care and marked clear-headed judgment. His writings are always readable, terse, vigorous and clear-cut, and in the choice little volume before us, he gives us the very best flowers culled from the *bouquet* which his mind and brain have combined together.—*Spirit of the Times.*

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We have read the "Sunday Talks" and shall continue to do so, for let us open the book where we may we are sure to find something that makes us feel the better for reading; every article is the expression of the thoughts of a manly man to his fellow man.—*Monterey Californian.*

Bright, crystallized sunbeams, which gladden the heart, and give fresh inspiration to the soul. The few moments we allotted to their enjoyment have lengthened to hours, and with a sigh of regret we turn from their contemplation, only because the duties of the day have imperative claims upon our attention. These sunbeams have been materialized in the magic alembic of a master mind. A more beautiful, instructive and entertaining volume never was issued upon the Pacific Coast, or any other coast. Every page is gemmed with bright, sparkling thoughts, the sunbeams of a rarely cultured intellect. As we read page after page of this splendid volume, we are forcibly reminded of the impressions received from our first perusal of Timothy Titcomb's "Gold Foil," or Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." It is a work which represents the highest, purest standard of thought, expressed in the best-chosen language. It is one of the happiest contributions which our home literature has ever received.—*Santa Barbara Press.*

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Indirection.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is false;
Rare is the rose-bud of dawn, but the secret that clings to it is true;
Sweet the exhalation of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never a poem was writ, but the meaning outmastered the meter.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty scripteth the flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did outfold him;
Not even a prophet foretold, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is hinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes, the soul of the sculptor is hidden;
Under the joy that is felt, lie the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed, is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolized is greater;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence; back of the gift stands the giving;
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outline by the doing;
The heart of the wood is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where these shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.

—RICHARD REALE.

The Baby's Things.

Just as he left it—softer pressed—
We'll put the little crib away;
The pillow needs no smoothing now,
The baby went from home to-day.
We may not watch his sleep to-night;
O loving angels, guard his bed!
And stars, look down with kindly eyes,
Where rests the downy baby head!

Take, tender hands, and fold from sight
The little garments love has wrought.
And fashioned with such dainty care
And skill, the baby's coming brought.
He'll wear them now, ah, nevermore!
Death clothed him in such pure array
He cast aside the garb of earth,
When he went forth from home to-day.

His carriage! It is useless, too;
He needs it not where he has gone,
For God's own hand will lead him safe,
And angel pinions bear him on;
And yet, because it held him once
And soothed him in his earthly stay,
We'll keep it, for the baby's sake,
Whose going broke our hearts to-day.

The scattered playthings gather up—
The little rattle, where it fell
From out his hand; the headless horse;
The woolly dog he loved so well.
The baby's things—such trifles once!
Ah! could I see—awake, at play—
The little one, how fair would seem
The dreary home he left to-day!

—ADELAIDE PRESTON, in "Good Housekeeping."

The New Era.

From the old years of dark superstition,
The New Years are speeding away;
The world is in better condition
With the dawn of each day.

From the cloister, the text book, the college,
Men turn to their souls, and read
The secrets of life and of knowledge,
And the thoughtful take heed.

Though the pessimist groans in his terror,
And points to the evil that thrives;
Though the scoffer is bold in his error,
Yet, look at men's lives!

They are growing, expanding, progressing,
They are nearer the source and the light;
Each new year that comes is a blessing,
A step toward the right.

There is less of cold creed in men's preaching,
And more of the spirit of love;
We have learned where to look for true teaching,
To look in—and above.

No church, no redeemer can save us,
No prayer books, well bound on our shelves,
For the growth of the souls that God gave us,
We must look to ourselves.

This age is an era of thinking,
Brave thought reigns supreme in its power;
From fountains of light we are drinking
New truths with each hour—
The world has outlived its delusion
That woman is helpless, as fair;
For lo! she comes forth from seclusion
To do and to dare.

No longer a mere mould of fashion,
No longer the plaything of man,
She acts with deep feeling and passion
Her part in life's plan.
She brings a new strength to the nation,
Till borrows a grace from her worth;
And the dawn of a new civilization
Shines over the earth.

—ELLA WHEELER WILSON.

Rain in the Heart.

"[Into each life some rain must fall,]"
If this were all—oh! if this were all,
That into each life some rain must fall,
There were fewer souls in the poet's rhyme,
There were fewer wrecks on the shores of time.

But tempests of woe dash over the soul—
Since winds of anguish we can not control;
And shock after shock are we called to bear,
Till the lips are white with the heart's despair.

The shores of time with wrecks are strewn,
Unto the ear comes ever a moan—
Wrecks of hope that set sail with glee,
Wrecks of love sinking silently.

Many are hid from the human eye;
Only God knoweth how deep they lie;
Only God heard when arose the prayer,
"Help me to bear—Oh! help me to bear."

"[Into each life some rain must fall,]"
If this were all—oh! if this were all,
Yet there's a refuge from storm and blast—
Gloria Patri—we'll reach at last.

Be strong, be strong, to my heart I cry,
The pearl in the wounded shell doth lie;
Days of sunshine are given to all,
Though "[into each life some rain must fall,]"

AND as, in sparkling majesty, a star
Gilds the bright summit of some gloomy cloud;
Brightening the half-veiled face of heaven afar;
So when dark thoughts my brooding spirit shroud,
Sweet Hope! celestial influence round me shed,
Waving thy silver pinions round my head. —KEATS.

The Blue-Envelope System.

[Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.]

When Mr. Powderly exhorted his disciples to boycott rum, he might have pointed to Fall Brook for an illustration of the effect of such a course. For three and a half years, the employees of the coal company of that name, in Tioga county, Pa., have practically boycotted strong drink; that is, since December, 1882, the rule has been strictly enforced which forbids any one of the thousand men employed on the company's railroads or in its mines to drink any kind of strong liquor. The slightest infraction of this stern regulation is punished by immediate and final discharge; and nearly six hundred men have been dismissed for this cause since this rule was adopted. The method used is simply to hand to the delinquent, immediately upon detection in his first offense, a blue envelope containing the wages due him. This action is decisive. The blue envelope is the notice not only that the man is discharged, and discharged for drinking, but under no possible circumstances will he be taken back in any capacity whatever. The most evident result of the adoption of this rule is that since it went into force the list of fatalities in the Fall Brook Company's mines and on its railroads has diminished fifty per cent.; a second, and one not less to be anticipated, that the employees have money laid up.

Would it not be well if the blue-envelope system were more generally adopted among employers? It would certainly be to their advantage; it would also be to the advantage of the employees, even from their point of view. Self-denial is so hard—who has not found it so? To whom can it be harder than to the men who, with few other comforts—with crowded homes and ill-cooked food, and an absolute starvation of the soul—are shut out to the deadly comfort of a dram in a warm bar-room for the only solace of existence? Ruinous they may feel it to be; but how are they to find the strength for self-denial, while the ruin is yet afar off? Let it be brought nearer to them; let the vision of that fatal blue envelope be evident behind every bar-room door, at the bottom of every glass. How many workingmen—faithful husbands, not unkindly fathers, as their opportunities go, true lovers, perhaps, but weak of will and domineered by habit—will not welcome the strong coercive power?

Spiritualistic Facts.

[Banner of Light.]

Mr. J. J. Owen, of the San Francisco Golden Gate, says he has known a little girl—a mere child, delicate in health, and backward in mental development—whose hand would be used automatically by unseen intelligences in writing long messages to the living, messages of love and wisdom, written often in a language of which she had not the slightest knowledge, and during all which writing she was wholly unconscious.

As corroborative evidence in proof of what our contemporary says regarding spirit power and its action through mediums on the mental plane, we could cite at random from an extended experience many instances of such manifestation? We have, for instance, often had translated into English, through the mediumship of the late Mrs. J. H. Conant, German letters, the language of which she did not understand. They were first read aloud to us in that language, with the proper accents, as well as an educated German could have done—the lady reading them while her eyelids were totally closed! Then she (or, we should perhaps say, the occult intelligence in control at the time,) would give us the translation in English. We have had many business letters in the long ago answered in this way. Yet, to-day, notwithstanding the indisputable proof we and thousands of other Spiritualists have had, and are still having, that spirits control mediums, and often "speak in unknown tongues, but by the same spirit," we find highly intelligent men and women (otherwise) who scout the idea, and call all spiritual phenomena "humbug," "fraud," *et cetera*. Even the (so-called) respectable daily press, with a few exceptions, continues to cater to its bigoted readers by condemning a great, a momentous truth—such as the Bible fully endorses—namely, DIRECT SPIRIT COMMUNION.

A PHYSICIAN, referring to the custom of traveling on sleeping-cars with the berths made up with their heads toward the engine, said: "It is certainly bad for the brain of the sleeper, as it is not natural; and it is no wonder that so many travelers, especially those who have been on the road extensively, experience bad effects from it. Take infants in baby carriages, and no sane woman will think of trundling the vehicle along so the child goes head first. They always—except the young and inexperienced mother—push them along feet first. Physicians invariably advise such locomotion. It is the same thing on the cars, and no one should hesitate about having his berth made up so as to move along feet first. It is much better for the brain."—*St. Paul Globe*.

SIXTEEN carloads of fresh salmon from Oregon and thirteen from Canada were received in New York in one day a short time since.

Mr. JOSHEE finds that Christianity lacks justice, righteousness, humanity, honesty of purpose, and charity. The unfortunate thing about it is that these charges can all be amply sustained by ecclesiastical history. It would be hard to find anything more unjust, unrighteous, unhuman, than the conception of God and humanity which is embodied in the great creeds of Christendom. When we look at Christianity from this side, we are moved to say, as did Mr. Mozoomdar when he was here, "Christianity needs to be Christianized." This prescription was an admission that Christianity contains in itself the ideals and the examples which are necessary when applied to human life for its own purification. Mr. Joshee seems to have determined to see the worst possible side of Christianity; and, in so doing, he unconsciously exhibits the narrowness and injustice of Brahmanism.—*Christian Register*.

THIS is the way the silver-tongued Tom. Fitch speaks about the hereafter: "There is surely another life than that on earth. Those who have gone before still live in our consciousness, though no more living in the flesh than the radiant children of the stars. We need no priest to tell us this, nor scoff to deny it, for there is ever before each of us the testimony of his own soul. We give our dead not to the grave and the gloom, but the hope of the dawn that dwells beyond the sunset. The intellect with its endowments of knowledge and its attribute power goes indeed from its fleshy house, goes out with the tide. But the tide which ebbs here flows elsewhere, and even so the spirit, its garnered riches of earth life in its arms with its personality beautified, but not absorbed by the new light, sails out of this earthly night into the radiant morning of another light."

SISTER LAVENDER, a negro exhorter, in opening her season of Sunday meetings at Bath-on-the-Hudson, declared: "You young women who came here to spark and laugh, with big feathers in your hats, ought to pull the feathers out and go down to the ribber and jump in, and say, 'Here goes nuffin.'"

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All Through Trains connect at Felton for Boulder Creek and points on Felton and Pescadero Railroad.

To Oakland and Alameda.

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