

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Spirit Communication.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

I was attracted by the editorial in the last GOLDEN GATE, under the caption, "A Reasonable Explanation," referring to psychography, or independent slate-writing. I think the explanation was reasonable. As the article asks for others' experience, I will consider myself addressed and add a word or two, for I have had a good deal of experience in this very wonderful and convincing phase. I fully agree with my friend and neighbor, Epes Sargent, (I do not use the word "late" in his connection as I am so sure he still lives, moves and has a being, even if his body is buried,) who said these words: "All thoughtful people must admit that the transit of a pencil proved beyond a doubt to be guided by unseen force and intelligence is a phenomenon of infinitely more value and concern to the world than the whole science of astronomy." Why is it so? Because by the fact we know that we have eternal life. I use the words "eternal life" as meaning simply the survival of man beyond his physical dissolution. This proof of survival is not altered or impaired in the least by the fact that the communicating spirit does not spell his own name right, or does not remember his full name, or express himself as the spirit would if it were he or she. It is a very great thing to be absolutely sure that a material object can be moved without physical contact; it is a still greater thing when the movement is accompanied with intelligence, for that settles the question of another conscious life, whether the communicating intelligence is a bogus or a genuine personality, whether he or she is honest or dishonest, whether a saint or sinner. You want to be sure of your fact of intelligence and that its source was "over the river." The identification is a secondary affair. I fully appreciate the value of an identification and also the difficulty of it, and that we have a hundred proofs of spirit intelligence where we have one of unmistakable identification. The intelligence is the strong point, its presence and activity, and proved beyond a question not to have been the intelligence of any embodied persons in the room, settles the fact of a disembodied intelligence, that is the intelligence of a spirit. I take it for granted that no one doubts, if there be a spirit, that such spirits are the spirits of departed human beings, who were once mortals living on the earth plane. That being so, intelligence proves the presence or existence of a human being. If the intelligence is not one of us mortals, it must be one we call the immortals, or departed spirits, because intelligence is of human genesis; the product of the human mind and emanates from nothing else in the universe. We are theists, but we have never conversed with God and never heard or read a word of his, and we have never heard that even a spirit had. He speaks to us in the works of nature, but not in written or spoken words. They come alone from human beings. I am not blind to the loves and hates of the atoms, or to the mute intelligence of natural objects when questioned by thoughtful minds, nor the wonderful manifestations, sometimes of animal and insect life, but I am using the word "intelligence" in its dictionary meaning. When an intelligent message is written mechanically, or by will-power, on a slate and it is not the work of any one in the form, then it must be the work of an intelligence out of the form, and that means, as I have said, a departed spirit.

When the matter is settled as far as this, to be absolutely sure that the source of the intelligent message is spiritual (and I for one feel that point to be actually demonstrated), we may as well pause, for the next step first is a minor, or secondary one; and second, the occult details of the phenomenon are very uncertain and often very unsatisfactory. We have got to learn that the intercourse with one on the other side of life is quite different from the verbal intercourse with one on this side of life. It would take a long article to explain why and to give the rationale of it, and then no two would agree. The explanation of the "refraction," if I may use the word, would be various from various sources. It has proved to me that the mission of Modern Spiritualism is to supply this great want of this material age, to know whether death ends all, and it tells us no, and in poetic language says:

"There is no death;
What seems so is transition."

Has our hopeful light nothing to offer beyond that? Certainly; but not very definitely. It has not come to stultify us, to do our sums for us, to put money into our pockets; we have in a sense got to paddle our own canoes,—take our chances in the struggles of life and be strong men and women. We, of course, will know that the spirit world lies all about us; we will know that our loved and lost still live and are necessarily more or less cognizant of our incomings and outgoings. I am inclined to think they "shape our ends" more than we are aware of; are unseen factors in some or many of earth's movements, and thoughtful and wise people, knowing first the fact that we have a conscious future, seemingly or naturally will make their own deductions and live with an eye to that future.

Every one has his circle of spirit friends. We are in the habit of calling them his band, or his control. It applies in this sense more particularly to mediums, but those who are not mediums are just as much under the rule. In fact, everybody is a medium; not everyone, however, is sensitive to spirit influences to the degree that enables them to produce the manifestations, or phenomena. Those who have that sensitiveness are what are known in spiritual parlance as mediums. Generally speaking, in fact most always, it is one of the band, or control of the medium, who is the factor of the manifestations. This seems to be the case in most all the phases—certainly in all the physical manifestations. Now take psychography: a message comes on the slate and Ralph Huntington writes a message for me in which he spells my name Wetherbee instead of Wetherbee. That man, if it were he who wrote would spell my name right. A well-known editor writes me a message and he puts the objective case after the to be. If the editor had been the writer he would have written "it is I," not "it is me." I think it is possible for some spirits to read some minds. Possibly the control of the medium may get from the sitter's mind the name and circumstances of some departed friend and give a message as if from him, and the sitter not know that it was a bogus personality. The motive may have been good to give a test and to spread Spiritualism, or perhaps to benefit the medium. I think it very difficult to identify the spirits who claim to be certain persons. I know that I have often been imposed upon by spirits in this way, and sometimes I have not been. Some writers of experience, like Robert Dale Owen and Eugene Crowell, say, "high spirits read the mind, lower spirits do not, but they hear the spoken voice and read the written question"; but this is all a secondary matter compared with the basic idea of which I have spoken.

We, of course, would like to be sure we are communing with our special "loved and lost," but it is relatively a small matter whether we are or are not, but it is a great matter to know that we are dealing with a spirit, because if it be a spirit, whether it be our friend or an alias, we know thereby our friend lives, for the survival must be by a law of nature, and if one, then all survive;—there is no getting away from that logic.

Is there wicked deception in such cases on the part of the spirit? From a human standpoint, judging by the laws of human integrity, the answer must be "yes." It may seem different when our point of view is different. Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britton was converted to Modern Spiritualism (she told me the circumstances herself), by a spirit who pretended to be her brother. Afterwards she discovered the fraud, but the fraud did good work; the end seemed to have justified the means.

I am not white-washing the methods of the spirits. I am making the most of a slice—when a loaf is not within reach. I am so square myself that when I "go over the river" and come back, I will be honest or dumb. That is the way I feel now. When I get there I may see wisdom in some of the spirits' methods that I do not see now; but I am so thankful that I have had a future life proved to me, after "this life's fitful fever is over," that I do not want to look too critically the gift-horse in the mouth, or turn my nose up at what is valuable, because of accompanying disabilities. I feel that I have hardly fully explained my impressions, but the thoughtful reader will probably read me between the lines, so this will do for the present.

BOSTON, October, 1886.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Coming Religion.

The coming religion must of necessity be one of perfect charity, pure love, and unflinching faith, with a divinely trusting hope, and a belief that can be demonstrated beyond a doubt. Based upon such a safe foundation, with the assured aid of all the good of past and present time, shall not such a union of spiritual strength work wonders indeed?

A charity that gives to each a perfect right to individual belief, ready and willing to take those who differ by the hand in all harmony, and listen to their mode of thought in brotherly good faith and feeling.

A love so pure that "an injury to one is the concern of all." That each shall help bear the other's burden, thus lightening sorrows, and sharing together all joys. Every heart shall be ready to respond to those in need, poverty and sickness; or to rejoice with the happy and prosperous.

A faith made sure by more than promises; by actual words of cheer from departed friends; by the sight of beloved ones gone before; that is able to be fully demonstrated by science and philosophy as well as fact.

A blessed hope, too, that desires good to all humanity, and a divine aspiration of beholding a heaven upon earth, which would certainly be possible if all humanity earnestly endeavored to be unselfish, honest, pure, intelligent, just and industrious, believing in the fatherhood of God, and brotherhood of man. Then could we say with the good and great Thomas Paine: "The world is my country, and to do good my religion."

L. P. J. HERRING.

LOS GATOS, Cal.

Who elevates himself isolates himself.
—Rivarol.

Common Sense Materialism.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Everything in the universe is material. The very expression "it is" carries the idea that it is something. This is true, no matter whether a thing or a force. The grossest materialists in the world are those who can not understand any finer condition of matter than something to stub their toes against, or fall over and break their necks. I say again we can not conceive of anything immaterial. The very fact that we can conceive of it shows it to be something, therefore material.

"W. W. T." says we can conceive of "thought, emotion, volition, and consciousness." Of course we can, because thought, emotion, volition, are all forces and consciousness is a form of motion. So we can conceive of love, hate, benevolence, sympathy, because they are all forms of force, and so far as human beings are concerned are all generated and put in motion by that wonderful battery, the human brain.

All "W. W. T.'s" long quotation from Tyndall amounts to is the confession of that eminent scientist's inability to comprehend and explain the steps in the process by which cerebral molecular motion rises into consciousness or thought. That is all.

Neither can Tyndall tell just how we go to sleep. Many philosophers have tried to analyze the process. One man put a round, metallic ball into his hand over a metallic dish, thinking that when he was passing into that condition his hand would relax and the ball would fall. So it did. But he was already asleep and the falling ball simply woke him up.

Tyndall can not tell how two pieces of carbon, with a piece of zinc between them dipped into a solution of bichromate of potash in weak sulphuric acid, generates a force which will shake his frame and permeate every tissue of his body. But it does it all the same. The how is just as much an incomprehensible mystery as the product of thought by the human brain.

Take another example of the innumerable, incomprehensible facts in nature: In front of my window is a little patch of black soil. It has no beauty, it has no odor except a peculiarly earthy smell; it is simply a mass of unattractive, black dirt. I take a little, scrawny, dwarfed and thorny shrub and plant its roots in this earth. The rains and dews of heaven fall on it; the sun shines on it a few weeks or months and lo! what a wonderful result! This little, thorny shrub is covered with gorgeous flowers, wonderfully constructed, with beautifully painted petals. But this is not all. It emits an odor which is to the smell simply delicious. The flower we can see, we can feel, we can taste, but the delicious odor escapes all these senses. Yet when allowed to reach the olfactory nerve it is apprehended. To a man who has lost his sense of smell from catarrh this odor is one of "W. W. T.'s," immaterialities. But to a healthy organism it is a delicious odor, a something—a materiality.

Now Tyndall can no more explain the wonderful alchemy by which this little thorny shrub, by the aid of sunlight and water, extracted from this black, ugly, inodorously soil, the beautiful and exquisitely odoriferous rose, than he can tell how an explosion of cerebral cells produces the forces of love and hate.

It is just as philosophical to assume that the wonderful chemistry which produces the rose, needs the interposition of immaterial nothing to perfect its process, as that the electro-magnetic action of the brain needs the same kind of an unexplainable, inconceivable nonentity to help it out.

Both processes are at present to us unexplainable and incomprehensible, like nearly all of nature's wonderful operations. But they are both the marvelous operations of the great force of the universe through organizations for the production of definite results, and are governed by law. Every organization is for a purpose. Vegetable organizations are for the transformation of inorganic substance into forms for the use of animals. Each animal organization is a step for the upward climbing to the human. The human organism is undoubtedly for the development of a refined interior organization capable of continued existence as an individualized entity after the dissolution of the grosser, external body.

In the same issue of the GOLDEN GATE, which contained the last lucubrations of "W. W. T.," was a lecture by Mrs. E. L. Watson which I recommend him to read. It is a very able essay which might be called "refined or spiritualized materialism." There is hardly an idea in it with which I disagree except one—"before the soul of man was produced as a conscious entity on this planet, there was a soul-world adapted to the higher needs of the undeshed spirit." This may be called a simple rhetorical flourish, as it is inconsistent with the ideas running through all the balance of the lecture which elucidated the idea that the long labor of the ages was to produce the spiritual part of man. It also showed that the universe was full of forces, refined and intangible to our senses—nevertheless forces and therefore material. Because we can not see, hear, feel, taste, smell or weigh a thing or force, does not therefore make it any the less a thing or force and therefore material. It simply shows that our means of apprehend-

ing these things are, as yet, coarse and unsatisfactory. It does not prove that things or forces are immaterial—in other words nothing.

Suppose "W. W. T." did get slate-writing in the presence of Mr. Fred Evans. Something moved the pencil. If the writing was intelligent, some thinking being used the force which moved the pencil intelligibly. Clairvoyants tell us the spiritual body is a counterpart in every particular of the present body. If that is true, the spiritual brain generated the thoughts and enabled the spirit to use the force which moved the pencil. I can take a horseshoe magnet and hold it over a slate or plate of glass and the force from the magnet will cause a needle to move under the slate or the glass. My brain directs the magnet in such a way that its force moves another object through apparently solid matter. Does any one doubt the purely materialistic character of either phenomenon?

It is time that we relegated the effete, worn out, vague, indefinite and hazy old theological ideas, with their immaterial God, with his immaterial attributes, their immaterial soul, their immaterial heaven and all their immaterial nonsense to the shades of the past where they belong, and adopt a rational and common sense materialism. The universe is alive. It has no vacuums and no storehouse for immaterial nothings throughout its boundless realms.

E. A. CLARK.

SAN JOSE, Oct. 31, 1886.

The Story of an Ancient Egyptian City.

[Harper's Monthly, for October.]

Upon some spot of rising ground above the level of the annual inundation, a few mud huts cluster round a rude sanctuary. The hut-dwellers multiply; the village spreads; the sanctuary is enlarged or rebuilt. As time goes on the village becomes a town; the town becomes a city, and the temple, enriched by successive generations of kings, governors and pious donors becomes a vast historical aggregate of chapels, halls, courts, avenues, pylons and sacred inclosures. By-and-by, whether ravaged by foreign foes or shattered by some convulsion of nature, the splendid structure falls into partial ruin. Hereupon the degenerate princes of a later age, careless of the past and eager to raise some memorial of their uneventful rule, lay profane hands upon the monuments of their great predecessors, cut them up for building material, and use them in the construction of debased imitations of earlier schools. This process, in all probability, is again and again repeated. Not merely stones, but statues, sphinxes, obelisks, are appropriated and reappropriated, worked and reworked, till at last there comes a time of disruption and change, when the old religion is abolished, and the images of the gods are cast down, and the very language of the inscriptions is forgotten. After this the sacred places become quarries for the builders of Coptic churches, Arab mosques and the palaces of Turkish Governors. Meanwhile the actual city, consisting of labyrinthine lanes of mud-built dwellings, gradually disappears. The spacious houses of the rich, the hovels of the poor crumble, collapse, and resolve themselves into mounds of dust and potsherds. Such is the local history of hundreds of ancient Egyptian sites, and such is the history of Tanis.

A hundred years ago the grave of this dead city was yet inviolate. Then, as now, the great sand island was heaped high with desolate piles of reddish-brown rubbish. Then, as now, these mounds enclosed a low, level area of large extent like the bed of a dry lake, or the crater of an extinct volcano. The traveler who—once, perchance in a decade—scaled those crumbling slopes and looked down into that area, beheld at his feet an undulating waste inclosed by what at first sight looked like a quadrangular rampart of earthenworks, but which proved, on closer inspection, to be the remains of an extraordinarily massive wall built of sundried bricks. The space thus bounded was strewn with ruins.

Such was the aspect of the place when surveyed in 1798 by the engineers of the great French expedition. Meanwhile there was war in Egypt, in India, in Europe, on land, on sea—universal war, followed, in 1815, by universal peace. The rich, the learned, the adventurous, the speculative, were once more free to travel, and the world was speedily overrun by tourists and traders. The picture market and the antiquity market, both long dormant, started into new and vigorous life. In Egypt the soil was strewn with treasures which it was not only profitable but praiseworthy to rescue from the destructive propensities of native fellahs and Turkish pashas. A host of depredators laid hands accordingly upon every movable object within their reach, and the collections so amassed were sold for enormous sums to crowned heads and wealthy virtuosi. Thus were founded the great Egyptian galleries of our European museums.

THE CEAT of Russia is said to have a most violent temper. Only a few days since, while in one of his fits of anger he murdered his chamberlain.

FOR several years past the loss by fire in the month of August has averaged about \$7,000,000; but this year it was nearly double that amount.

Hedged In.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Under the head of "Something Spiritual," in your Oct. 2d issue of the GOLDEN GATE, you published the required proof necessary to convince the editor of the Boston Investigator that Spiritualism is true, and conclude by wishing Brother Seaver might receive the proof he desires.

This is very kind in you, but do you know that if the editor of the Boston Investigator really wished the proof that he would have had it long ago? The truth is there is a channel marked out for that editor, and all like him, through which their boat must glide. The Boston Investigator has to be just what it is, and there is no help for it; and should the editor receive the required proof he would immediately set another one beyond his requirement, and so on and on, ever keeping the standard just a little beyond his reach. I know this by long experience with men of his mould of mind.

B. F. Underwood, one of the most able and talented lecturers and writers of that school, informed me that he never could get any convincing test of the truth of Spiritualism, although he had visited a large majority of the best mediums in the United States. When I hinted to him the cause and asked him why he could not go as a little child, yea, become as one, setting up no standard requirements, be as trustful as a child would be to his parents for his food, he answered that he had his opinion in relation to the whole phenomena and had never seen anything to cause him to change it; thus clearly proving that he also was in a channel already marked out for him to travel in.

I knew a gentleman in Salem, several years ago, who claimed to me to be willing to learn that Spiritualism was true, and he belonged to the same school of thinkers. When I told him some of the convincing proofs I had received he said that would not do for him. "What do you require?" I asked, "that would be greater proof than what I have had?" "Why," said he, "I want them (the spirits) to talk to me right out of the air when there is no one near me, and in a manner I know there could be no mistake about it." "Oh," said I, "you want to be a medium, do you?" "No, sir," said he, "I would not be a medium for the world."

And thus you will ever find it; there are those who hedge themselves up against all proof and who forever fix the requirements to bar themselves from a knowledge of the truth they claim to be willing to learn.

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Oregon.

The Gray Head by the Hearth.

[The Youth's Companion.]

A private letter from a lady who is spending the year among the peasants of Tyrol, says:

"The morning after our arrival, we were awakened by the sound of a violin and flutes under the window, and, humming down, found the little house adorned as for a feast,—garlands over the door and wreathing a high chair which was set in state.

"The table was already covered with gifts, brought by the young people whose music we had heard. The whole neighborhood were kinsfolk, and these gifts came from uncles and cousins in every far-off degree. They were very simple, but the donors are poor,—knitted gloves, a shawl, basket of flowers, jars of fruit, loaves of bread; but upon all some little message of love was pinned.

"Is there a bride in the house? I asked of my landlord.

"Ach, nein!" he said. "We do not make such a bother about our young people. It is the grandmother's birthday."

"The grandmother in her spectacles, white apron, and high velvet cap, was a heroine all day, sitting in state to receive visits, and dealing out slices from a sweet loaf to each who came. I could not but remember certain grandmothers at home, just as much loved as she, probably, but whose dull, sad lives were never brightened by any such gust of pleasure as this; and I thought we could learn much from these poor mountaineers."

THERE are several ways to speak: to speak well, to speak easily, to speak justly, and to speak at the right moment.

H. M. LA RUE has sold his grape crop near Davisville, Yolo county, for \$28 per ton, and will realize a net profit of \$50 per acre from four-year-old vine without irrigation.

A RECKLESS ten-year-old in Belle Plaine, playing around the great artesian well there, which is still flowing furiously, fell into it; but the great force of the water threw him out again in short order.

PREJUDICE is the stronghold of ignorance. It is the lunatic that clings to the burning building in spite of the efforts of intelligence to draw him away. If the time ever comes when men in the mass renounce prejudice, and commit themselves unreservedly to the investigation of truth, seeking truth, not to bolster up preconceived dogmas, but with honest intent, to be led by its light, no matter what direction that may be, this creeping malice will arise from its prone condition, and move forward at a rate that will crowd centuries into years.

From "Over the River."

(Written for the GOLDEN GATE by Spirit W. G. Clay, through a private medium.)

THIRD PAPER.

I wish to continue for a little space of time my former talk, relative to the abuse of the mediumistic power. I think its use is fully understood by you to whom I am writing, but I had not time enough (without abusing my own instrument) to more than mention what I consider the abuse of what should be the most delicately handled, and put to the best uses of any power given to man.

It is greatly to be regretted that the strongest mediums are so often of themselves unscrupulous and unworthy of confidence, but, as I have said before, the peculiar characteristics required for a medium are often found where there is not intellect and cultivation of any sort; hence the power is prostituted to the baser uses of what they call "fortune-telling," and foretelling events that had much better be left untold and left to come into one's life in the usual way, a little at a time.

Those who visit public mediums are very many times themselves to blame for what they receive; they go for frivolity, and a desire to "make fun" that calls influences about the medium (unless he has a strong band whose aim is to aid, not amuse,) that will give them all the fun they want, but nothing that tends to satisfy any higher aspirations, or elevate their thoughts towards investigating the philosophy for the purpose of improving themselves or others. The medium is sometimes actuated solely by a desire to make money, and here comes in one of the strongest temptations that assail mankind. Money being so indispensable an article in earthly life, and without it one must suffer for what will sustain life; but when the greed for money is the strongest element of the medium, all higher influences leave him, and he is only surrounded by a lower order of controls that had possessed the same desire themselves, and to whom the same feelings cling. Such controls will descend to any means to accomplish their end, forgetting or being ignorant of the fact that they must give an "eye for an eye," and "if the eye be evil the whole body is full of darkness,"—that has got to be disposed of before the can "enter into the kingdom of heaven," or rather, into any condition but that of mental darkness, whose progression will be slow and tedious.

Mediums should strive to gain knowledge for their own sake, to keep themselves true and honorable for the sake of drawing about them only those whose delineations would tend to elevate and instruct those who came to them to investigate; then the light would spread faster and mediumship be something to glory in, instead of keeping to one's self as many do; a grand field of usefulness would be opened up for many who are physically unfitted for manual labor, but who could, by thought and study, fit themselves for the grand position of being instruments for imparting the highest principles to humanity, and thereby be the means of doing incalculable good.

The whole truth lies in being true to your own convictions, honorable in your dealings with one another, and not ashamed to let your "good works be seen of men." You know that the same life continues and can return after having adapted itself to the new conditions in which it finds itself after death, for the purpose (when it has a desire) of aiding its fellow beings to be better fitted to carry on their life's work more understandingly. That word "work" seems to be a great bugbear to many who hear it spoken of, in connection with life after the body has been laid aside. But pray tell me you to whom the idea seems so distasteful, what is your idea of eternity? What would you wish to do forever? To most most people who use their reason the general idea is that they want to do some thing congenial to their taste; to travel, it may be, to see foreign lands or explore the wonders of unknown wilds and fastnesses, to have all the books they want and the time to devour and digest their contents, to hear beautiful music and be able to adapt themselves to "good society," by becoming adepts in language.

These and thousands of longings and desires one will hear expressed among those whose lives are often barren of what their souls delight in. Well, my friends, "all this and more shall be given unto you." Strive while still in earthly bonds to elevate your thoughts,—to rise superior to the petty annoyances of common everyday life,—to help yourself by helping others, whose lives are more barren of pleasure, or devoid of even the commonest necessities, and you will find that when you lay aside the bodily conditions that have so long hampered you that your high aspirations will rise to the surface and become the life; that the thoughts that have filled your heart for all the weary years of waiting will turn into a glorious reality and your work will not be burdensome.

Whatever thy hand findeth to do "will bring with it the desire to do it with all thy might," and the delight of seeing that the accomplishment of it brings joy to both earth and heaven will be all the reward desired. Of course, I am speaking only of those whose high aspirations are realized. Some of us have to go down for the purpose of striving to

shed the light among those who come out of earth life "unregenerate." There are those who delight in "bringing souls to Jesus," and also self-forgetting people who do it for the sake of humanity; but whatever the motive the effect is advancement, and no good deed is lost, whether accomplished on earth or in spirit life.

A Voice from the Mountain Top.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In the GOLDEN GATE of Oct. 2d, there is a copy of a most masterly speech by W. W. McKaig, delivered before the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society of San Francisco. I wish millions could read it. Appealing as it does to the head, heart, and soul of every reader, what a power of good it might do could it reach every corner of the globe! Its closing words ring in my ear yet,— "Men and brethren, why did you not hold us?" Ah, yes, why not, my friends? shall I tell you? Because our laws, license the making and selling of this infernal stuff! Our customs recognize, society associates with the makers, sellers and drinkers of this liquid poison! Because a majority of the temperance people of the land talk, and argue and pray, instead of working for the overthrow of this mighty evil in our midst! I am sick of this talking, praying, and temperance society business, friends. It is too slow! Let us roll up the sleeves and go to work to hold them! How? This is my way: Let each parent hold their own boys and girls, and just as many more as come within their influence.

If each one of us does this, some are sure of being saved. Many can do more. They can give time and money toward coffee rooms that shall be open at all times, well warmed, lighted, and cheerful, and furnished with games and reading matter; in all respects as inviting as saloons are, without their evils and temptations. Give the young men a better place to go to, where they are welcome, and can meet social friends, and they will never prefer the saloon. I do not believe in the natural depravity of man or woman—unless inherited.

Some years ago the writer was interested in a free reading room in one of the small cities of the State, and my mind was greatly exercised over the number of boys, between the ages of eight and sixteen years, who were out of school and roaming the streets at all hours of night and day, although there was a city ordinance forbidding boys from being in the streets alone after 8 o'clock. These poor children were forming habits of idleness, profanity, and, worse still, learning to steal, lie and cheat. They were somebody's boys. Some parents were neglecting their duty; they were not holding their boys from ruin of soul and body. Whose duty was it? Mine perhaps, but giving all of my time and means to another temperance enterprise, I had no time for this new departure. But I tried to interest ladies of different churches to do something, anything, to keep the boys amused and instructed evenings until they were tired enough to sleep. But I failed of course. Most women seek quiet avenues and ways to help and benefit humanity, and few are ready to grasp any new idea. My heart has always grieved over those boys. Many I feel sure are physical and moral wrecks ere this. They needed a kind, helping hand, and the right word spoken to hold them back from evil ways, and no one gave it.

Friends, these are the ones to hold back—the children of our land. If we will pledge ourselves to keep them instructed and trained in purity and knowledge, our nation is safe. Don't let us falter in this good work. Mothers, see to your boys and girls—are they pure and yet wise? Fathers, how are your votes cast? for good, pure, clean men, or those who sell and drink whisky? Boys, who are your friends, those who swear, and talk vulgarly, or honest, manly fellows who respect themselves and make confidants of their mothers and sisters? Such boys can always be trusted. And girls, is your chief aim in life to look pretty and be admired? or to be an example of purity and wisdom, what every woman should strive to be? All ought to be wise enough to work for the highest benefit of humanity, for in so doing they elevate themselves and those dear to them.

While all temperance people are not Spiritualists, I take it that all earnest, active, Spiritualists are true temperance people. Let us be alive and active then, friends, on this subject. We have hosts of helpers on the other side, if we but put our shoulders to the wheel and push the good work along, not forgetting our brother's cry of "Hold us back!"

L. P. J. HERRING.

LOS GATOS, Cal.

PARADISE OF THE PHILANTHROPIST.

Journalism is the paradise of the philanthropist. From the platform he reaches hundreds, but through the press hundreds of thousands. It is estimated that about twenty-five years are requisite for an idea to "get around" and find its equilibrium in average brains; but the daily newspaper can, if it will, reduce this period to ten years. The propaganda, by this process, goes not at stage coach, but at lightning speed. To fuse public sentiment into sympathy and wield it into organization, we must have the glowing forge of daily journalism.—*Frances E. Willard in Chattanooga.*

Mrs. Mozart in England.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

After a pleasant sea voyage of nine days we reached Liverpool, and after seeing the sights, left for London. The weather was all that could be desired; all nature seem to enter into that mellow condition which marks the decay of vegetation, just as the going out of a life full of years, and bearing the golden sheaves love gathers for a happy garnering.

London has all the antagonisms peculiar to a great city. While it has numberless royalties it has its numberless poor—poor on every hand. The beggars here are so persistent as a class that one seems to grow poor themselves, under the influence of the down-trodden ones of humanity. Kingly crown will not always rest tranquil under this terrible oppression. The Queen is at her home in Balmoral, surrounded by the Grampian hills of Scotland, and can not be reached by rail, consequently feels herself shut out from the every day humdrum of real life. She has with her Prince Henry of Battenburgh, the penniless young German who married Beatrice, her youngest daughter. Rumor says she makes a "royal mother-in-law," who rules him with a rod of iron. When in Scotland she makes him wear a kilt. He invariably catches cold when he does so, but owing to his dependence is bound to obey her royal edict. He and Beatrice make their home with her.

Among the many grand old sights to be seen is Westminster Abbey with its royal burial vaults and long series of monuments to celebrated men, is not unreasonably regarded by the English as their national Walhalla, or temple of Fame. The seeming immensity and dismal odor of this vast edifice produce a profound and mysterious sensation. We move cautiously about, fearful of disturbing the silence of the tombs, while each footfall echoes along the deep, dark passage, and seems to chatter back to us, and press down upon the soul, hushing the beholder into quiet reverence. Among the many chapels, none appealed to our imagination of the grand more than that of Henry VII. The glory, however, is in the style of architecture. The ceiling is one vast fan-tracery. Stone seems to have lost its weight and density—suspended aloft with an air of magic, its fantastic pendentives covered with a rich fret-work, exhibiting the perpendicular style in its utmost luxuriance. The airy elegance and richness of this exquisite work and elaborate beauty of sculptured detail can scarcely be over-praised.

Among all this grandness of design lay buried, bodies whose characters are as curiously wrought in history as is this ancient abbey. Side by side lay friend and foe, and there is very often a close resemblance in the massively carved sarcophagus. Queen Elizabeth, the mortal enemy and murderer of Mary Queen of Scots, lay a short distance apart and both tombs are very like each other. The poets' corner is profoundly interesting, as containing dust of many illustrious poets of the kingdom from Chaucer downward. Having reached the tomb of Edward the Confessor, we find, and most appropriately, as under a guard of honor, drafted from the centuries of the dead, the coronation chairs of the Sovereign and Royal Consort; the former having fastened under the seat the huge stone of Scone, on which the Scottish monarchs were crowned. This stone was brought to London by Edward I., in 1297, in token of the complete subjection of Scotland. Every English monarch since that time has been crowned in this chair. Had I been left to my own judgment I should have supposed these to be penitential chairs, belonging to the old conventional regime, so cruelly straight, stiff and hard are they, rude and unsightly too, without a particle of ornament. Happily coronation occurs but once in a life time.

Among the institutions of its kind, the British Museum ranks as an educator of no mean prestige. The library alone contains nearly a million volumes, with room for half a million more. The reading room is a rotunda, one hundred and forty feet in diameter, the height nearly equal to the diameter from the floor to the summit of the dome. In this room aisles radiate from the center with a capacity of five hundred readers, each furnished with seat, desk and writing material. Any one properly introduced and certified too of either sex may frequent this apartment. Another department of the Museum is devoted to the colossal bulls and lions, and the many other objects of curious interests brought from Nineveh. Another, too, similar massive works from Egypt. In another are the Elgin marbles, with a vast collection of architectural and sculptural fragments from Athens. Among these a statue of Athenia, formed of gold and ivory, unfortunately in very imperfect preservation. The figures of the deities represented are most nobly conceived, admirably executed and beautifully draped. This is the reputed work of Phidias.

In the different departments of the Museum are found vast collections of British antiquities—and antiquities of all ages and nations, costumes, weapons, culinary utensils, ornaments, coin, indulgences in the way of Scarabai rings, seals and mummies; in fine, everything that can illustrate history or ethnology.

We now turn to the hall of manuscripts; here are the numerous autographs of many historical persons. Among them we read,

Edward V., Richard III., Henry VIII., Catharine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn, Jane Grey, Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, Oliver Cromwell, Napoleon I., Shelley, the poet, Bulwer Lytton, and the last letter ever written by Charles Dickens. Here we have the deed of sale of "Paradise Lost" with Milton's signature, also the prayer book of Lady Jane Grey, will of Mary Queen of Scots, written just before she was beheaded, autographs of Robert Burns, Walter Scott, and many others. As I gazed intently on these individual writings, many shadows seemed to gather round me and I felt to thank God that I lived in the nineteenth century, where liberty had set her seal of divine truth, that all may be free and equal if they will.

Spiritualism in England is obliged to work in various ways on account of the old laws which punish all phenomena with imprisonment that is not done by skilled tricks; so to be a spiritual medium of physical phase means to be incarcerated in prison if publicly announced as such. But notwithstanding all this physical mediumship is found here. Meetings are carried on in different parts of the city, and the bands of brotherhood seem strongly united in the good work. After a week we intend to make a journey to Scotland and Ireland; hope to be able to report good progress in our philosophy.

MRS. MAY MOZART.

LONDON, Oct. 9, 1886.

Beacon Lights.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Yesterday I was called upon to officiate at the funeral of a little child. It was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Lewelling, of Milwaukee, a bright and beautiful little boy who had been with them only a few months, yet long enough to have woven its little life into the hearts of both parents, and it seemed so hard for them to give it up; but the summons came and there was no alternative. Were you ever called upon to part with one of your little ones? If not, then you do not know how hard it is to let them go. You can only learn it by experience.

Our friends were both outspoken Spiritualists and realized that their little boy was in the hands and keeping of good angel friends. I could but realize how different their grief was to that of those who are ignorant of our beautiful philosophy, but the earth life was severed and they keenly felt the loss of their little one.

Many years ago I was called upon to pass through a similar affliction, if it may be called one; at any rate it seemed so then, and I could not then reconcile myself to the thought that all was for the best. But when twenty years had passed away, and I received this message from my long absent son, I felt to thank God that I had a son in the spirit world, who could and did come back with so kind a message:

My Dear Papa:—Your own little boy that was comes to you again, older, wiser and more loving to his friends in earth life.

CHARLES EDGAR REED.

Then came this message from a dear, departed sister:

My Dear Brother:—Father and mother are both here, but I do not think they will be able to write, but they desire me to assure you, my own dear brother, that they love you beyond anything you can well conceive. They have witnessed your troubles and trials, and your brave and honorable effort to surmount your difficulties. Courage, my dear brother; you are building for yourself a beautiful mansion in the world of spirits, and you may rest assured of a glorious reward. Praise be to the God of Nature, there is no death. We live and love and are happy in this land of spirits, where death and disease can not enter. You sometimes have doubts of a future life, but never fear or doubt it more, it is more real than earthly existence. We are near you often, and strive, by entering into your atmosphere, to soothe, comfort and make you happy. Our best love and warmest blessings on you. Your sister, SARAH W. REED.

These precious messages were both received at the same time and through a medium entirely a stranger to me, and who did not know I had a son or a sister in the spirit world.

Thus you see our dear ones gone before become our beacon lights on the other shore, and do, whenever they can, give us assurance of their undying love and affection, and encourage us to renewed effort to battle with the vicissitudes of our earthly pilgrimage, and convince us more and more of that grand old saying that "Whatever is, is right." C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Or., Oct. 26, 1886.

THE COMING LIGHT.—It has been sanguinely predicted that within five years the magnesium light will be as familiar a sight in many places as the electric light is to-day. Only the high cost of magnesium has hitherto kept it from extensive use, and its price, which was \$40 a pound a few years ago, is said to have been reduced to \$8 a pound by a new German process, with the prospect of still further cheapening. A wire of moderate size equals the light of seventy-five stearine candles, making the cost at present but little more than that of gas, while no expensive works of street main are required for its use. The magnesium is simply burned in lamps provided with clock-work movement to feed the ribbon of metal regularly. There is no danger as with electricity.—*Science.*

WITHIN the last nine months no less than \$83,000,000 has been invested in manufacturing and mining enterprises in the Southern States.

The Orthodox Battle.

(Christian Register.)

It would have been perfectly safe for Wiggins, the earthquake defaulter, to prophesy a heavy storm recently at Des Moines. There were black clouds, gusty breezes, and thunder mutterings, when the orthodox Congregational clans gathered there. Not since the Unitarian controversy has the Orthodox body been so stirred by theological strife. The issue is one that has been clearly made. It was not possible for one side to represent the issue as one thing, and the other side to represent it as something else. The battle at Des Moines has turned upon one question: Shall men who believe that there is an opportunity for the heathen after death to repent and be saved be sent abroad as missionaries to the heathen? This has been the practical form the controversy has taken.

But, theologically, it involved questions concerning the justice and mercy of God, and method and limits of salvation. On one side have stood the New Departure or Andover men, representing the liberal element of the Orthodox body. On the other side have stood the old champions of Orthodox conservatism. Ever since the fight over the Andover creed, which some regard as rigid as adamant, and others as elastic as India rubber; ever since the new professor took the chair which the founders of Andover had provided for them, or, as their opponents say, had provided for somebody else,—the strife of discussion has continued. Is probation confined to this life? Does salvation depend upon an acceptance of the historic Christ? Shall the heathen who have not had an opportunity to embrace Christ here have an opportunity to embrace him hereafter?

So long as the question was a purely speculative one, it was not likely that the heat of discussion would produce any fissures in the Orthodox body. But when the Advisory Committee of the American Board declined to send forth theological students who conceded to the heathen an opportunity to repent hereafter, and when the Board postponed the return to India of one of its most earnest and successful missionaries, because he had sympathized with the Andover heresy, the question assumed a practical form. In earlier times, the Church split very easily upon speculative questions. To-day it is more tolerant of speculative issues, but splits upon practical measures. The action of the American Board at Des Moines has had much to do in determining whether the liberal and the conservative forces in the Orthodox body could work together through a single foreign missionary organization.

The question thus precipitated could not be avoided at the annual meeting. It came up fairly and squarely. It was debated with intense earnestness and much ability on both sides. The result is much as we had anticipated.

On the theological side, the victory lies with the conservatives. It is seldom or never the case that a new heresy obtains an early victory in a large ecclesiastical body. Such victories are won as the fruit of much toil, patience, and persistency. Large religious bodies are almost invariably conservative. The liberal elements represent, at first, but a tithe of the whole. It takes years to work out those changes by which the liberals win a victory for their ideas, and gradually succeed in leavening the whole lump. It proved to be so at Des Moines. The great majority of those present were conservative. Whatever moral victories the liberals might have won in the debate, they could not secure any vote favoring the theological ideas they represented. Nothing was done which committed the Board to the doctrine of probation after death. It was not even recognized as a question for division of opinion. The support the doctrine received was in the earnest men who pleaded for it, not in the vote which gave the verdict of numbers.

But, though the conservatives would not show any toleration to the doctrine of probation after death, they did show some toleration to the men who represented it. The liberals did not come away without gaining an important practical victory. It is far less significant that Prof. Egbert Smyth is to be dropped from the Advisory Committee than that Rev. Mr. Hume, the missionary, is to be sent back to his field of labor, without any surrender or retraction of his questionable views. But the essence of the liberal victory lies in the resolution which provides that the theological fitness of candidates for the mission field shall be determined by a council of churches, and not by the secretaries of the Board. In other words, the same method by which candidates are to be introduced to the home field is to be used in introducing them to the foreign field.

Thus, the liberals, if they have not gained a victory for their theological ideas, have gained a victory for Congregational principles. The secretaries of the American Board may determine as to the personal fitness of a candidate for the foreign field, but the churches themselves determine the fitness of his theological views.

So far this year, New England fishermen have suffered the loss of twenty-seven vessels valued at \$173,000. One hundred and sixteen men have also been lost; twenty-eight women have been made widows, and fifty-six children rendered fatherless.

GOLDEN GATE.

Published every Saturday by the "GOLDEN GATE PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY," at

734 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER.
MRS. MATTIE P. OWEN, Assistant.
R. B. HALL, General Agent.

TERMS:—\$2.50 per annum, payable in advance; \$1.25 for six months. Clubs of five (mailed to separate addresses) \$10, and extra copy to the sender. Sent money by postal order, when possible; otherwise by express.

All letters should be addressed: "GOLDEN GATE," No. 734 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1886.

CO-OPERATION VS. COMPETITION.

There have been many attempts at co-operative industry, in this country, during the last half century, most of which have been signal failures; and yet that it is the true system, and will eventually supplant all others, is the generally accepted opinion of all social scientists and philosophers. That it has succeeded in some few instances, as with the Shakers and the Oneida Community, is sufficient to demonstrate its practicability, where the conditions are favorable.

The trouble in the way of its general adoption appears to be in the undeveloped nature of the average man. It is entirely practicable with people upon a high moral and spiritual plane, or those actuated by a deep religious feeling, as is the case with the two societies named. It would, no doubt, be practicable with any advanced order of humanity, such as can be found by selection in every enlightened community.

In this way it must come, if at all—by the bringing together of the right people, in small communities at first, and gradually extending their field of influence and usefulness, as the proper elements could be found and brought together.

Competition is a crude, barbaric struggle for existence, in which the weak are crowded to the wall, and often by undue advantages, which, although recognized as legal, are anything but moral or honest. It is the snarl, the cunning, and the fierce encounter of the wild beast in human nature. There is but very little of the angel in it. In fact there is scarcely enough of the Golden Rule in ordinary business transactions to remind one that such a divine principle exists. Most people will buy at the lowest price and sell at the highest, regardless of any possible advantage or injury to the other parties to the transactions. They look wholly after the interests of No. 1, trusting to their superior sagacity to get the best of the bargain.

In all productive industries—in farming and manufacturing—co-operation is practicable, if the right kind of people can be brought together. That its advantages are many can be readily demonstrated, as it has been in the successful instances referred to. It does away with pauperism and crime, by removing the prime causes for those vices, viz., whisky and idleness. It insures protection from oppression of the weak, as well as education for all the children.

We hope it may not be too late for those grand philanthropists, Mr. and Mrs. Stanford, to provide for some experiments in co-operative industry in connection with their great educational scheme. If a portion or all, say, of one of their great ranches could be devoted to demonstrating this principle of industry, what better system of education could be established for the benefit of the people? The success of one community would stimulate the organization of others, and an influence for good would go forth to the world far-reaching in its consequences.

Such experiments, surely, need not, and would not interfere with the general scope of the great university. The matter might be placed in the hands of a select committee of the Board of Trustees, with instructions to study up and evolve some practical plan of action. If deemed premature at the earlier stages of the work, then might not the plan of the University be so enlarged as to comprehend some experiments of the kind suggested in the future?

While we would hardly presume to advise in a matter of this magnitude, yet we can not help but think the one thing the people most need to know is, how best to utilize themselves in the necessary work of the world.

NOT WANTED.—Banishing Geronimo and his tribe to Florida does not seem to end the Indian difficulties. Now it is the Crow Indians on Little Horn river, then the Creek Rivers, and next the Cheyennes, all reported to be committing depredations and outrages upon property and life. When they are not harrowing the whites they turn upon each other and furnish the press with reports more interesting than alarming. If the noble red men were not such lovers of tribe prejudice, it would be a generous thing to give them a country all to themselves, with educated Indians from the Choctaws and Cherokees to govern them. But they are a sadly divided family, and mutual troubles do not in the least tend to harmonize them. There are statesmen who declare themselves capable of solving all the Indian troubles, and willing to assume the undertaking without the aid of a soldier. However, it seems they are not wanted for that purpose, and Indian threats and outbreaks are as plentiful as politicians.

"SIGNS AND WONDERS."

There are "strict constructionists" in religion who interpret the Bible to mean exactly what it says, regardless alike of figure of speech, or hyperbole, or poetic fancy; and who find in all great national events, and especially in the "signs and wonders" of Modern Spiritualism, a fulfillment of prophecy, pointing immediately to the "second coming of Christ," and to the general purification of the earth by fire. Attending these stupendous events, is to come, by the same literal interpretation of Scripture, a literal resurrection of the physical bodies of the dead of all ages, the destruction and annihilation by fire of all who do not "believe" and have not been baptized, the literal binding of Satan, the "coming down out of heaven" and the setting up of a literal city to be known as the "New Jerusalem" upon the renovated earth, and all to be followed by a general and everlasting jubilation of a little handful of "saints" who are to "possess the earth" for evermore!

When we consider the fact that all physical life, through all the untold eons of the past, has undergone perpetual changes, the same elements existing in successive and countless forms, both vegetable and animal—that in reality our present bodies are composed of the elements of our dead ancestors, upon whom, cannibal-like, we have unwittingly fed—a literal resurrection of the mortal body becomes simply and absolutely impossible. Not even a God, with whom all things are said to be possible, could make the elements in one body the very same as those of countless other co-existent bodies. There is a limit to possibilities which even Jehovah must respect.

But it is of the treatment of spiritual phenomena by these literal interpretationists that we desire especially to speak. Believing, as they do, that there is no such thing as a human spirit separate and distinct from the physical body—an idea derived from the utterance of an ancient materialist, who said there was "no knowledge nor device in the grave"—they declare all of these phenomena to be the work of Satan, a mythical being contending with his own Creator and Master for dominion among men. This mythical adversary of God, man and angel, they declare to be capable of performing personally and simultaneously, the millions of spiritual manifestations occurring in all parts of the earth. Now in the shape of a lying spirit, manifesting to deceive and betray, anon as a sainted mother returning to bless the children of her love, or the dear companion of her mortal years,—and all to lead souls to eternal death and destruction!

They gravely tell us that a wise, just, and loving Father permits this cruel and insatiate monster, over whom he has entire mastery, to reach out through the dearest emotions of the soul,—the love and affection of human beings for their kindred and friends,—and gather in for his holocaust of death and destruction, untold millions of the human race! And that all of this is in strict accord with the teachings of the Bible, which they claim to believe! Is it not infinitely more reasonable to believe that *they* are the ones whom the Devil—if there is a Devil—is seeking to deceive? Surely, the sinuities of the spiritual and intellectual nature of man are "a great deep and past finding out."

The world wants a religion of common sense, Bible or no Bible. It wants a religion that will fit into the grooves of an enlightened reason, and not one that is the outgrowth of a childish imagination, warped and distorted by the bugbear fancies of some superstitious dreamer of a race in its infancy of spiritual and intellectual unfoldment. It wants a religion of love and good will to man, founded on the Golden Rule, and with scientific evidences of a future life.

And this is the religion the GOLDEN GATE is humbly endeavoring to proclaim,—not to a "lost world," for there is nothing in God's universe that can be forever "lost," but to men and women groping in doubt and uncertainty of a future state of existence, and to all upon whom the cares and burdens of life sit heavily.

THE MATERIALISTS teach that the brain is the seat of the intelligent principle in man; and if this is correct, then it would seem that the Spiritualists and Christians, who tell us there is intelligence OUTSIDE of the human brain, must be in error. Intelligence, therefore, is not of itself an entity, or a being or thing, which exists when the material brain has done its work and is no more active. It appears more reasonable to conclude that intelligence is a quality or property of the human organization, like hunger, thirst, digestion, sleep, fatigue, etc. These are not entities or things which survive after death and dissolution; and if not, then neither does intelligence.—BOSTON INVESTIGATOR.

While engaged in pleasant conversation with a medium for independent slate-writing, we take a slate, carefully clean it, and hold it in our own hands, with no other hand touching it, or we cast it carelessly out upon the floor, with a small bit of pencil, in the full light of day. No person, in the latter case, is within six feet of it. It matters not whether the pencil tip is under the slate or not; it will be drawn there by some mysterious power. In a few moments, by listening carefully, we hear the scratching of the pencil upon the slate, followed shortly by three raps, indicating that the work is finished. We take up the slate and find the under surface written full with a message from a wife, or brother, or some near friend, passed on to the higher life (or, as the *Investigator* would call it, dead.) The writing is in the old familiar

hand, with signature perfect, and bearing every evidence of genuineness. We have had this experience many times, as have thousands of others. We know the writing was not done by the medium, or by any operation of his brain. Now, in the light of these facts, will the *Investigator* please tell us what becomes of its "material brain" theory? If there is no intelligence "when the brain has done its work," whence that communication in the well known chirography, written by no mortal hand? One solid fact is worth more than a million theories.

CHAOS OF PARTIES.

There must always be a destruction of the old and a removal of the rubbish before the foundation for the new can be laid, or the structure erected.

In the recent election there was witnessed a general destruction and tearing down of the old political parties; and now the wreck and rubbish remains to be cleared away for the new edifice that is yet to rear its lofty columns to the heavens. This will prove to be no easy task, and may take years to accomplish; but when order comes out of this chaos of political elements, we believe there will be at least one party with grand aims and purposes, and throbbing with live issues for the uplifting of humanity.

No political party can live long upon its history. It must needs seek fresher and more nutritious aliment to save it from blood-poisoning and the scurvy. Both of the old parties of the country were seriously troubled in this way—the Democratic party more especially with the former ailment and the Republican with the latter, with a slight interblending however, of both in both.

There are millions of good men in this nation who are better than their parties, as there are millions of good Christians who are better than their creeds. These good people are worthy of a party and a church that fairly represent them in these matters; and when either fails to do so they should set themselves at work to reform and reorganize both to their liking. And that is precisely what they are doing now, and what we delight to see.

There was a time, not many years ago, when the canvassing of election returns was a work of but a few hours, and the result was sure to be known throughout the State and nation on the following morning. Then "straight" tickets could be counted out by hundreds and the "scratched" ones by units; now all this is reversed. No one pretends to vote "straight"—at least no one who does his own thinking. As a consequence, the canvassing of the votes becomes a tedious and most laborious process, lasting, often, in the large cities, for weeks.

Nothing unifies a political party like some grand principle. It is then all lesser issues are subordinated to the greater, and the voter sinks all personal feeling and preference for the cause he would uphold. So will it be in the evolution and centralizing of political issues in the years to come—when parties come to mean something more than the mere greed for the spoils of office.

COMING TO THE FRONT.

How many, many times, since the first tiny rap was heard in the humble home of the Fox family in Hydesville, New York, has the "delusion" been exposed and exploded. There is scarcely a secular paper in the land that has not repeatedly (to its own satisfaction) shown up the whole thing to be a deception, and thereby consigned Spiritualism to the shades; the Church, with singular unanimity, has inveighed against it, declaring it to be the work of Satan; science has devoted an entire evening to the investigation of its facts, and pronounced them untenable,—"clever jugglery," "involuntary muscular action," "thought transference," and anything but what they really are, the absolute evidence of a conscious existence beyond the border land of mortality.

Notwithstanding all this, the belief is making progress in the world with amazing rapidity, and that, too, among the very best minds and the best people that society can produce. It is everywhere pressing forward and coming to the front,—in the church, in the schools, among all phases of intelligence.

And why should it not? Are not the dearest treasures of millions of our race among the mighty hosts who have passed on to the "pale realm of shade," from whence we have been taught that "no traveler returns"? But when they do return, and make their presence known to the living, why should not the living accept the glorious truth? Indeed, how can they help it, when their loved ones come back to them with overwhelming evidences of their identity, assuring them that they still live and love them—that they exist in a world more real, and far more beautiful than this, and that life to them is far more complete than it ever was in the mortal.

The fact is, Spiritualism is a kind of "delusion" that will not stay "exposed." The smart newspaper reporter or self-opinionated "fraud detector," who thinks he has annihilated the whole business to-day, finds on the morrow that some of the most intelligent members of his own family have been convinced of its truth by overwhelming proof.

A lady of our acquaintance, a great skeptic, and given to treating all spiritual manifestations with ridicule, became suddenly entranced, not long ago, in the midst of her sport, and was made an unwilling instrument for the truth. She now receives messages from her spirit friends in independent slate-writing, and in other ways, and together with her husband, rejoices in the glorious fact of a demonstrated life beyond the grave.

And so the good work is going forward in spite of all obstacles.

—The reception given to Mrs. Watson, on Friday evening last, was largely attended, and a most enjoyable occasion it proved to be. These reunions should be held oftener than they are to give the members of the Society, over which Mrs. Watson ministers, an opportunity to become better acquainted.

WHO IS TO JUDGE?

There is probably not a public physical medium on the globe who has not been declared to be a fraud, or guilty at times, of fraudulent practices. That the most reliable mediums do, in the presence of some investigators, simulate fraud, if not practice it outright, is beyond question.

We say, "in the presence of some investigators," not of all. Some of the grandest manifestations of spirit power we ever witnessed have occurred in the presence of mediums whom others have charged with deception—manifestations so open and irresistible that, to be seen, would be to convince the hardest skeptic in the land of their genuineness.

Why, it may be asked, do mediums, possessing such gifts, ever resort to trickery? The question is easier asked than answered. But who is to determine exactly how much of the deception is due to the medium, how much to mischievous and undeveloped spirits controlling him, and how much to the inhospitable aura of the investigator? Shall we condemn and reject a medium, who, in the main, gives the most positive assurance of genuine mediumistic power, but who, occasionally, for some unaccountable reason, simulates the tricks of the juggler? If we do, there will be but precious few public mediums left. On the other hand, would it not be wiser to endeavor to ascertain the cause for such deceptions, and seek to remove it?

The seeker after truth, who "asks for bread and receives a stone," thinks he has just ground for complaint, and so indeed, in the present state of our general knowledge of mediumship, he has. He feels that he has been trifled with in the most sacred sentiments of his being, and it is quite natural that he should feel indignant and act accordingly. But, perhaps, the very next person who seeks to hold communion with his loved ones, through the same medium, will be overwhelmed with positive proof of their presence.

Our mediums should be encouraged in well doing in every possible way; and they should be discouraged from sitting with unreasonable skeptics, or inharmonious persons; and never should they endeavor to force the manifestations; but if, after a few minutes' seance, they find the intelligences upon the other side unable to communicate, they should candidly say so, and dismiss the investigator.

We are aware that it is a hard task for most mediums to refuse a seance to any respectful or respectable investigator. They are naturally kind hearted, and are sometimes really over anxious to give the evidence sought for. And then the question of remuneration is often a serious one with them. They need the money, and really can not afford to lose their time; and while it would be just that they should be paid for their time, whether the seance is a success or not, yet they do not like to receive pay where no satisfaction is given. For this reason, it may be, that they are sometimes induced to resort to tricks, and then tricky spirits are ever ready to assist them in their deceptions.

It is sadly to be deplored that the good and the bad are so mixed up in public mediumship, and that the mediums, as a class,—together with many investigators as well,—are not on a higher moral plane. But shall we reject the current coins because we find an occasional counterfeit with the good money?

PACIFIC METAPHYSICAL ASSOCIATION.—The above Association was organized at the Mental Healers' Convention, held in this city on the 27th and 28th ultimo. The objects are to give practical expression to a union already existing in spirit, sentiment and feeling among metaphysicians, healers and teachers, and seekers after the higher manifestations of the truth, and for the purpose of increasing our opportunities for its dissemination, and be more helpful to our fellow-men through the means of meetings, lectures, schools, publications, libraries, and united efforts in all good works. Any person may become a member of the association who sympathizes with its objects. The officers elected are A. C. Stowe, President; Mrs. E. Hornbrook, Helen Moore, Vice-Presidents; I. Birnbaum, Recording Secretary; Miss E. J. Bennett, Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. L. A. Pomroy, Treasurer. An association of this kind was highly recommended by Mr. Colville during his last course of lectures in this city. The first meeting of the Association will be held at the parlors of the President, 19 Ninth street, San Francisco, on Tuesday evening the 8th inst. The meeting will consider the best plans for active and practical work.

THE ULTIMATE.—The world is happily come to the belief that men and women are not improved by dwelling upon past wrongs, and mortifying self by way of atonement. So far from the total depravity of Adam's race now obtaining, we have talked, preached and written infinite possibilities, not only for the innocent but the guilty as well. The only difference is in time; and this fact, of which we have positive spiritual proof, will at last save the world by saving man from his perverted physical being, for which he is not responsible. While wrong will always be painful and deplorable, it will not damn the evil doer in the future as it has in the past. He or she will not become an outcast from normal society, as now. Spirit teachings inculcate charity, leniency and forgiveness; and they also teach that there is great suffering for evil done—far beyond what mortal laws inflict and a heartless world imposes. Suffering for all and every wrong is inevitable in the spirit realm, because there the enormity of evil and crime is clearly perceived, as also the causes, reaching far back through countless ages. Oh! the reclaiming of all souls is a mighty work, but it will be done. Faith in one's better self is a powerful agent in the understanding.

—There are people who believe in spiritual existence, and in the immortality of the soul, and yet who will not allow a paper to come into their homes that preaches a belief in those grand facts based upon positive knowledge. There is not a

grace of mind, not a noble element of character, not a virtue of social life, that the GOLDEN GATE does not seek to exalt. It aims to strengthen the weak in all the ways of well doing; to make human life sweeter and richer; to bring comfort to the sorrowing, and good to all; but not even this is sufficient to commend the paper to some who think they are good Christians.

JUMPING AT CONCLUSIONS.

Mrs. Sidgwick, the wife of Prof. Henry Sidgwick, of Cambridge, published an article in the June number of the *Journal of the Society for Psychical Research*, headed "Mr. Eglington," in which she charges that eminent medium with fraudulent practices—of being a "clever conjurer,"—and that, too, without any personal experiences with him.

This was quite in keeping with the Society for Psychical Research in question, whose object seems to be to set up theories of their own and then force all divergent facts to accommodate themselves to their theories.

Mr. Eglington, unluckily for the Society, and especially for Mrs. Sidgwick, refused to submit tamely to the unjust imputation, but gathered together a vast array of evidence of his genuineness,—from scientists, prominent laymen, and others,—evidence of the most conclusive kind, amounting in the aggregate to some forty-four finely printed pages in *Light*, all of which Mrs. Sidgwick and the Psychical Research Society will probably treat with the same arrogance of opinion with which they are disposed to treat all facts that do not square with their ideas of truth. Mr. Eglington has proved himself in this entirely equal to the occasion.

TROUBLE.—In proportion to its population, this world has probably been as much troubled in the past as now, only we have not the means of finding it out as we have at the present time. What one does not know is non-existent to him, and it were better if much that comes to light to-day were kept a secret of time. We are not at all benefited by being informed of all the evil happenings among mankind, save those material disasters to life and property that call for sympathy and charity on the one hand, and greatest caution and carefulness on the other. The acquaintance of immorality even at a distance is baleful to the mind, especially to young minds; and we believe the daily newspaper can be as injurious in giving the particulars of crime as is the yellow-backed pamphlet, so justly denounced. Individuals never get out of and over their troubles, until they cease to talk of them. So we believe it is with our world: wrong is given precedence over good in the "news of the day," and thereby kept fresh and perpetual, by suggestion and repetition. A person ceases to do evil and learns to do well, by banishing the one that the other may take possession. The world should have the same chance.

COUNTRY HOMES.—And now is the steam wood-saw heard in the land. The careful householder duly inspects the condition of his chimneys, and the rain-conductor along the eaves. He goes about with nails and hammer, strokes of which may be heard from various parts of his premises at odd hours of the day. Yards are cleared of all litter and walks made tidy. Hinges of out-house doors and gates are oiled or painted anew, and loose pickets and boards of fences are secured. The storehouse for vegetables and other substantial is put in order for its coming occupants, each compartment as trim as a pantry. Indoors all is happiness and bustle. The odor of preserves, and jellies, and sweet pickles, and catsup make fragrant the kitchen, stealing in through keyholes to other rooms, where busy fingers are diligent at the family serving. Sweetly and all too quickly the Autumn days glide by in such independent and orderly homes. Not the Autumn days alone, but all other days, as all time flies on wings of contentment and joy. Winter is coming, and to industrious and economic homes it holds infinite delights, with its long evenings filled with reading, games and study.

A GOOD TEST.—A few weeks ago, Mr. C. M. Brown, editor of the *Eastern Star*, of Glenburn, Maine, sent a letter to Fred Evans, of this city, asking for slate-writings from his spirit friends, of course, naming none of them. The editor of the GOLDEN GATE and wife were present when the letter was placed upon a slate, and the medium's psychographic control requested to bring some of Mr. Brown's spirit friends to the seance. He was silent for about three minutes, when loud raps all over the table signified his success. One slate was then placed under our hands, and another thrown out upon the floor. Soon the under side of both slates was written full, the tests being in two messages, one signed "Elizabeth Brown," and the other, "J. Brown." The slates were sent to Mr. Brown. In his paper of November 1st, he says: "We recognize Elizabeth Brown to be a sister-in-law that passed out some twelve or fourteen years ago, and J. Brown is an uncle who has been in spirit life some three or four years." It would be difficult to understand where mind reading comes in in this case.

A GOOD TASTE.—The taste for reading is one that stands above all others, if it is a taste for good reading. None other will so fully substitute the loss of worldly things, and maintain through such a variety of circumstances the cheerfulness and happiness of the mind of either man or woman. In reading one may choose the very best society, regardless of material conditions, travel in all lands, become familiar with all sciences, and dwell in palaces, despite the poor roof that shelters the body. The mind—the immortal part of man—roams untrammelled the universe. We talk of the losses by fire, flood, drought and earthquake. All are insignificant when compared with what that person, who has never learned to read, is losing every day of his or her life. Reading for profit and pleasure has to be learned as much as the alphabet itself. We never know human nature so well as when learned from books. The lives of the tenderest, the bravest and purest characters, still live in printed pages, and we may know them and be inspired by them, as much to-day as they ever inspired any one in their life time.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Pebbles.

BY ISAAC KINLEY.

How soon, O man, O woman, will you learn that Nature demands conditions, and that you, yourself, would you be great, or wise, or happy, must have without you and within you the causes leading to this end? The child of your love and hope—what would you have it become?

There is a limit to its capabilities, and it is not wise to seek to make it what it can not be. But within a prescribed circle it is as potter's clay, and you may mould it almost as you will. Look to the environment. See that the surroundings are such as lead upward, not downward; into symmetry, not distortion; into greatness, not littleness.

This prescribed limit to human growth has probably never been reached. None are so low but he might have been raised up, none so great but he might have been greater. Humanitarians have taken the idiot child and developed it into a reasoning being; how much more could the naturally gifted have become great?

Whatever you may be, O reader, it is in spite of ten thousand unfavorable conditions. In the education of your child you will needs make mistakes. Your very love for it may lead you astray, and the environment you seek for its growth may be a hindrance, or positively drag it down. There are influences pre-natal as well as post-natal. The former you should have studied long ago; the latter you can not study too well now.

See that little boy puffing his life away with a cigarette. The dram-shop is just a little ahead, and, unless death kindly intervenes, the drunkard's grave is wide open to receive him?

Who is to blame? The parent and the teacher who have failed in the needed moral training; and the ancestors all the way along the line, who by their own follies and their vices, have caused to be transmitted the vicious tendencies.

Nature is a great reformer. She works at both ends of the advancing column. To the most advanced she says, "Come up higher." To the less advanced she applies the whip, and for the stragglers she has ready-dug graves. Idleness, disease, the wine-cup, the brothel, and the assassin's dagger, destroy the weaklings that the expurgated army may be the less encumbered in its march.

But if these cut off the weaklings, it must be charged against them also that they degrade into weakness those who had otherwise been strong. They are the vicious environments that degrade; and better, it is, that the child breathe the poisonous breath of the serpent than come within their destroying influence.

The farmer has learned that environment makes the fruitful tree and vine, develops the blooded cow and horse; but forgetting that environment may also put good blood into the veins of his children, he sometimes gives to his boy the morning dram and sends him, with a pipe at the mouth, to curry down the fatted pig for the coming fair. Properly proud of red ribbon on his pig, he forgets to blush for the carnation on the nose of his boy.

But Nature has her revenge. She wants no weaklings in her army. She re-mands the boy to the rear among the stragglers to be cut down, in order that the grand army may not be impeded in its march.

There is the girl with the vitality corseted out of her and growing into a woman of unwomanly shape. Does she imagine that Nature has failed to detect her folly, and that her crimes can escape consequences? Do you not see consumption, dyspepsia, and the thousand diseases that batten on human disabilities, nestling under those unnatural compresses? But the vicious surroundings of fashion have misled her. She has taken folly from choice. Nature has diagnosed her case, pronounced her incurable, and is mercifully removing her from the ranks.

Could we know the whole truth—that Nature, through her very mercy, is inexorable, and that for sin of whatever kind suffering must come, even here on the earth, we might all learn to practice better ways, and through her recuperative forces be lovingly restored to healthful vitality; and instead of the moral and physical misshapen dwarfs that we all more or less are, grow into noble and symmetrical men and women.

Nature is a universal harmony, and who strikes one cord correctly has the keynote to all the rest.

I stand on the mountains; I stand in the valley; I look on the ocean and on the land; on the earth and the stars; on the plant, the beast, and the man—on the infinitesimally little and the infinitely great—and through all I see the force of a universal power, the wisdom of a universal intelligence. To disobey this intelligence is to publish my folly; to thrust

myself against this power is to invite destruction.

In the acorn is the oak, in the embryo the man; and far back in the dim twilight of time the monad was the highest organic life, and stood for all that has been and all that is to be. Causation is at once a wisdom and a force through which the Divinity has worked to the higher ends, and in which design is at once a manifestation and a fact.

From the low the high; from the high the higher, and working through an infinity of ages. This is Omnipotence; this is Omniscience; and can I reason aught than an Infinite Intelligence in all, of all, and ruling all?

If this Infinite Intelligence has enacted laws for the government of my action, moral and physical, can I doubt their wisdom? And were I not a fool to stop and question? What are these laws is the highest wisdom to know, and to obey them the highest duty—the only duty.

Lafayette's Grave.

A Paris correspondent of the *Buffalo Courier* writes. Having, after much questioning, ascertained, and that too from an American resident, that Lafayette's tomb is in the ancient cemetery of Picpus, one of the fourteen cemeteries within the walls of Paris, I was not much better off; for I had not driven far with the cocher whose vehicle I had taken by the hour, before I saw that he had no idea where the place was. And no wonder. Anything more unlike the entrance to a cemetery than rue de Picpus 35, which after much blind driving we drew up before, just after passing the Place de la Nation, could not be conceived. It looked like the ordinary entrance to the ordinary French house, with the walls a trifle higher, perhaps. Our ring at the great yellow-white door was answered by the concierge, the usual little old lady in the usual fussy, cheap lace cap. The site, which was originally that of an old St. Augustine monastery, is now occupied by the Convent of the Sacre Cœur, whose high buildings surround the cemetery on three sides.

"The convent is a very fashionable school," said the concierge. "Many pretty American girls are educated here." She led us down a long, shady path, past a flourishing kitchen garden, where the luscious red-ripe tomatoes looked as though they were longing to be served with their proper accompaniment, mayonnaise sauce, through three different doors or gates, making four in all through which we pass, into the quaint old cemetery. It is a little oblong plot not larger than the ordinary city building lot, and the afternoon sun was beating down so fiercely on its gravel walks that I was obliged, having left my parasol in the carriage, to make my stay brief.

All the French cemeteries are lacking in taste, but this one, without a blade of green grass to relieve its time-worn grayness, is the most austere spot in all Paris. The burial lot of the Lafayettes is at the lower end in a corner surrounded on two sides by a brick wall and on the others by an iron chain. The inclosure contains six or eight tombs, with the slabs lying flat upon them. In the foreground, connected by a stone cross, are those of Lafayette and that faithful wife, the granddaughter of the Duke of Noailles, who endured imprisonment for his sake, and who, while he was a five years' captive at Olmutz, wrote imploring letters to George Washington, urging him to use his influence to have her husband liberated. I copied into my note-book the inscription on the slab over Lafayette's tomb, but it is so simple, that it would be superfluous to repeat it here. It merely gives the date of his birth, and beneath the motto, "Requiescat in pace." Two or three ugly bead wreaths like one seen in all the French cemeteries lay upon the tomb, and I was sorry, indeed, that I had not a few fresh flowers to lay in place of those upon the grave of a patriot, who, instead of resting in the Pantheon, seems so utterly forgotten in France. Interments are now prohibited in Picpus Cemetery, which contains the tombs of some of the most aristocratic families of France, such as the Montmorencys, the Grammonts and the Noailles. Next to the Lafayettes lie the Remusats, but I was more interested in peeping through an iron-bound door close by the Lafayette slabs, where, in a small inclosure the green grass is growing over the headless trunks of some 1,300 illustrious victims, guillotined at the Barriere du Trone during the reign of terror and thrown together in this common grave, called the Cimetiere des Guillotines.

In a lecture at the Royal Institution, London, Prof. Oliver Lodge has endeavored to show that electricity might be employed to clear the upper atmosphere of great cities of the over-hanging clouds of dust and smoke. He exhibited bell jars filled with dense smoke, and rendered them clear in an instant by an electrical discharge from a friction machine. A similar discharge of electricity on a large scale into the dust and smoke-laden air over London would, he thinks, produce a like effect; and he is desirous of making experiments of sufficient magnitude to test the correctness of this view.

The Microscope.

(Halls Journal of Health.)

No two instruments have played a more important part in science than the telescope and the microscope. They have done more to revolutionize old theories founded in error, and build anew upon foundations of ascertained truth, than nearly all others put together. It is comparatively of recent date that the dominant ecclesiastical powers enjoined, nay, enforced as an essential article of belief, the assumption that the globe we inhabit was the center of the material universe, transfixed in the heavens, around which all other worlds revolved, and to which they were in a manner tributary; but the telescope has revealed millions of worlds, with their sidereal groups, systems and suns, and made the names of Galileo, Herschel and Kepler famous for all time; while the microscope has been equally efficient in revealing those minute forms of swarming life all about us, which the unaided eye is powerless to discern. Though in point of time the junior of its big brother, the microscope occupies a field of usefulness scarcely less in importance to the telescope, for it is at once pioneer, instructor and a safeguard in nearly all sanitary measures and remedial agents. Its astonishing disclosures will be appreciated when it is considered that the mites in cheeses were formerly thought to be the minutest forms of animal existence, while it is now computed that a single mite is twenty-seven million times larger than some of the animalculæ brought to light by the microscope, some of those discernible in certain water being so small that a thousand millions of individuals, each with a distinct organism, occupy no more space than a grain of sand.

While the improvements in microscopes have kept pace with those of other optical inventions, any new discovery which will tend to its still higher development, can not fail to be of interest to our readers, and it is with no small degree of satisfaction that we append the following account of a recent discovery in the manufacture of glass adapted to microscopic lenses, which will greatly increase their refractive qualities, extracted from one of our foreign exchanges: "It was in the year 1878 that Dr. Abbey read a paper before the South Kensington Association, in England, in which he strongly set forth his ideas that it was possible that a new kind of glass might be made which would increase the power of the microscope. In the year 1881 he and Dr. Scott, a celebrated chemist, began to experiment in the town of Witten, in Westphalia. Their funds gave out in 1883, however, before they had obtained any remarkable results from their experiments, but both were so sanguine of making a beneficial discovery if they had funds to continue their work that the Prussian Government was induced to give \$1,500 for the continuation of experiments. Professor Abbey and Dr. Scott then erected a laboratory in Germany, at the works of Carl Zeiss, a manufacturer of instruments used by scientists. They tried nearly all known elements, and it was only about six months ago that their long labor was crowned with success, which will make them famous in the history of science.

"The ordinary glass contains six substances. The new glass made by Prof. Abbey and Dr. Scott contains fourteen. The most essential elements of which it is composed are phosphorus and boron, neither of which is used in common glass. With the old glass the full power of the microscope was the discernment of the one-five-hundred-thousandth part of an inch, and with the new glass it is claimed that the one-two-hundred-and-four-million-seven-hundred-thousandth part of an inch can be distinguished. This certainly seems incredible, but positive assurance of its truth is given by parties who have tested Prof. Abbey's and Dr. Scott's new instrument. The fact of the experiments having been conducted with funds supplied by the Prussian Government prevent the discoverers from making it a private enterprise, and compels them to make it a public benefit. The difference between the new and the old consists in the refraction of light. The glass is not on the market yet, but will be very shortly. It will be used entirely for high-power instruments. The benefits to be derived from the discovery can hardly be estimated. It will, of course, be of great value in microscopic photography."

It was when Darwin, in his old age, was bringing out his books on the habits of plants. His health was poor; and an old family servant, overhearing his daughter express some anxiety about his condition, sought to reassure her by saying: "Hi! believe master'd be hall right, madam, hif 'e only 'ad somethin' to hoccupy 'is mind. Sometimes 'e stands in the cohservatory from mornin' till night—just a-lookin' at flowers. Hif 'e only 'ad somethin' to do, 'e'd be hevvor so much better, h'l'm sure." No one enjoyed the joke more than the great naturalist himself.—*Index.*

No sublimer precept was ever uttered than that of Christ in his sermon on the mount, in which he enjoins upon his disciples to love their enemies. By the exercise of this love, and the practical effects which it produces, they are to demonstrate their divine relationship and their superiority to the world.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. DAVID J. STANSBURY,
No. 1 Fifth Street,
Corner Market Street, : : : SAN FRANCISCO.
Suite 14.
INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING,
And Other Tests.
Sittings, \$1.50. Circles—Tuesday and Friday Evenings,
50 Cents.

DR. LOUIS SCHLESINGER,
TEST MEDIUM.
254 1-2 BROADWAY, : : OAKLAND, CAL.
Office hours, from 9 a. m. to 12 m., and 2 to 5 p. m.,
(Sundays excepted.) Sittings at other hours by appointment.
Terms—First sitting, \$2.50, which includes one year's
subscription to the *GOLDEN GATE* or "Carrier Dove."
Subsequent sittings for same persons, \$1 each. a025

MRS. ALBERT MORTON,
SPIRIT MEDIUM AND PSYCHOMETRIST.
Diagnosis and healing disease a specialty.
210 Stockton Street, : : : SAN FRANCISCO.
no14-1f

DR. J. E. & C. MAYO-STEERS'S
SPIRITUALIZED REMEDIES.
Specially Prepared and Magnetized to suit each case, under
the direction of spirit controls Drs. Nicolai and
Rosie. Send lock of hair, age, sex, one
leading symptom, 2-cent stamp,
and have your case diag-
nosed FREE.
OFFICE—251 HENNEPIN AVENUE.
Address, P. O. Box 1037, : Minneapolis, Minnesota.
may1-6m

MRS. R. A. ROBINSON,
PSYCHOMETRIZER AND TEST MEDIUM.
308 Seventeenth Street,
Between Mission and Valencia, San Francisco.

A REMARKABLE OFFER.
SEND TWO 2-CENT STAMPS,
Lock of hair, state age and sex, and give your name in full,
and I will send you a CLAIRVOYANT DIAGNOSIS of your
disease, FREE. Address,
I. C. BATDORF, M. D.,
Principal Magnetic Institute, Jackson, Michigan.

DO SPIRITS OF DEAD MEN AND WOMEN
Return to Mortals?
MRS. E. R. HERBERT, SPIRIT MEDIUM,
Gives sittings daily, from 12 to 4 o'clock P. M., (Sun-
days excepted), at
No. 418 TWELFTH STREET. : OAKLAND, CAL.
Conference meetings Sunday evening; Developing Circles,
Tuesday evenings. Public are invited. no15

MRS. M. J. HENDEE,
TEST MEDIUM,
AND PSYCHOMETRICAL DELINEATOR OF
CHARACTER AND DISEASE. MAGNETIC
AND MENTAL HEALER.
Sittings daily, at 20 Turk Street. Developing Circle, Thurs-
day evenings and Wednesdays, at 2 o'clock p. m.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN,
MAGNETIC AND MIND CURE HEALER,
1540 Webster Street, (West End),
ALAMEDA, : : : : CALIFORNIA.
Healing and Developing Circles, Wednesday evenings,
free. august 1f

MRS. S. SEIP,
PSYCHOMETRIST.
Sittings, daily. Circles, Monday and Friday evenings at
8 o'clock.
Send stamp for circular for Sibley Circle, the best
method of developing in your own home
305 SUTTER STREET.

MRS. MARY L. MCGINDLEY,
Mandan, Dakota,
CLAIRVOYANT, INSPIRATIONAL & BUSINESS
MEDIUM.
Six questions answered for one dollar.
Life horoscope sent for \$2.00. : Satisfaction guaranteed.
aug1-1f

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 3m

MRS. WM. H. KING,
TRANCE, CLAIRVOYANT AND CLAIRAUDIENT
MEDIUM.
Residence, : : : San Diego, Cal.
Will answer calls to lecture anywhere in the State.
june 25

MRS. M. MILLER,
MEDIUM.
Meetings—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings,
and Fridays at 2 p. m. Sittings daily, \$1.00.
114 Turk Street, between Taylor and Jones.

MRS. J. J. WHITNEY,
The well-known
CLAIRVOYANT, CLAIRAUDIENT AND TRANCE
MEDIUM.
Is now located at No. 120 Sixth street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Sittings daily, : : : : \$1.00.

MRS. EGGERT AITKEN,
CLAIRVOYANT, MAGNETIC HEALER AND TEST
MEDIUM.
No. 820 MISSION STREET,
Between Fourth and Fifth Streets, San Francisco.
Sittings, daily. Cases diagnosed without any questions
asked. Circles, Sunday and Thursday evenings, at 8
o'clock.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED EVANS,
Medium
—FOR—
INDEPENDENT
SLATE
And MECHANICAL
WRITING.
Sittings daily (Sun-
days excepted), from 9
a. m. to 5 p. m.
Private Developing,
daily.
No. 1244 Mission Street, San Francisco.


MRS. M. E. AYERS,
PSYCHO-MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN,
Residence, 581 Seventeenth Street, : Oakland, Cal.
Office Hours—From 11 a. m. to 2 p. m.
june 25

SHORT-HAND AND CALIGRAPH TEACHER.
MISS GEORGIA HALL,
At 161 Seventh Street, : : : Oakland.

MRS. DR. BEIGHLE,
WILL DIAGNOSE DISEASE WITHOUT
QUESTIONS.
No. 209 Turk Street, : : : San Francisco.
Hours from 9 to 5.
NERVOUS DISEASES A SPECIALTY.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DOCTOR FELLOWS



Is a regularly educated and legally qualified Physician of twenty years' standing, during which time he has treated thousands of patients in every state and territory in the Union. The diseases which he treats are SEMINAL WEAKNESS and LOSS OF VITAL POWER, as the result of indiscretions of youth and excess in married life, etc., etc. It can be truthfully stated that eighty out of every hundred of cases which he has treated have been radically cured, while every case has been benefited. Now, reader, if you are one of the afflicted, send the Doctor at once five 2-cent stamps for his "PRIVATE COUNSELLOR," telling all about the above named complaints, what the price will be for a cure, with strong, convincing testimonials. Address, Vineland, New Jersey, and say in what paper you saw this advertisement.

READ, AND BE CONVINCED!

A patient residing at Hollister, California, writes Dr. Fellows, as follows: "Have been using your remedies (External Remedy and System Curative) for about a month, and can say that they have done me more good than all the medicine I have ever taken. I believe you to be the physician you claim to be, and not one of the leeches and charlatans that prey upon the innocent victims of this disease." octy-13

WM. H. PORTER,
(Successor to Lockhart & Porter),
—(Undertaker and Embalmer)—
NO. 116 EDDY STREET,
Between Mason and Taylor Street, opposite B. B. Hall,
one block and a half from Baldwin Hotel.
PRESERVING BODIES WITHOUT ICE A SPECIALTY.

GOLD Fields are scarce, but those who write to
Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, will receive
from full information about work which
they can do, and live at home, that will pay
them from \$5 to \$25 per day. Some have
earned over \$100 in a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital
not required. You are started free. Those who start at once
are absolutely sure of snug little fortunes. All is new.

\$1.00 FOR WATCHES
CLEANED AND WARRANTED. GLASS 10 CENTS.
T. D. HALL, Jeweler,
No. 2, Sixth Street, : : : San Francisco.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry retailed at wholesale prices.
Clocks and Jewelry repaired. Orders and repairs by mail
attended to.

SHEW'S
Photograph Gallery,
No. 523 Kearny Street,
SAN FRANCISCO, : : : : CAL.
What is the use of paying five and six dollars per dozen
for Cabinet Photographs, on Montgomery and Market
streets, when the very best work can be obtained at this
Gallery for half the price.
Children's Cabinet Pictures taken by the instantaneous
process for three dollars per dozen; and no matter how
restless, a good likeness guaranteed. 5

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS EMPORIUM.
Men's, Youths' and Boys'
READY MADE AND CUSTOM

—(CLOTHING)—
No. 11 Montgomery Street, : : : : San Francisco, Cal.
SCHAFFER & CO.
B. J. SALISBURY,
—DEALER IN—
—(Real Estate!)—
SANTA ANA, - LOS ANGELES COUNTY, - CALIFORNIA
Inquiries from abroad answered promptly.
may 22-1f

The Liquor-Seller in Politics.

[Theodore Roosevelt contributes an article to the November Century on "Machine Politics in New York City," from which we quote the following:]

"The strength of our political organizations arises from their developments in social bodies; many of the hardest workers in their ranks are neither office-holders nor yet paid henchmen, but merely members who have gradually learned to identify their fortunes with the party whose hall they have come to regard as the headquarters in which to spend the most agreeable of their leisure moments. Under the American system it is impossible for a man to accomplish anything by himself; he must associate himself with others, and they must throw their weight together. This is just what the social functions of the political clubs enable their members to do. The great and rich society clubs are composed of men who are not apt to take much interest in politics anyhow, and who never act as a body. The immense effect produced by a social organization for political purposes is shown by the career of the Union League Club; and equally striking proof can be seen by every man who attends a ward meeting. There is thus, however, much to be regretted it may be, a constant tendency towards the concentration of political power in the hands of those men who by taste and education are fitted to enjoy the social side of the various political organizations.

"It is this that gives the liquor-sellers their enormous influence in politics. Preparatory to the general election of 1884 there were held in the various districts of New York ten hundred and seven primaries and political conventions of all parties, and of these no less than six hundred and thirty-three took place in liquor-saloons, a showing that leaves small ground for wonder at the low average grade of the nominees. The reason for such a condition of things is perfectly evident; it is because the liquor-saloons are places of social resort for the same men who turn the local political organizations into social clubs. Bar-tenders form perhaps the nearest approach to a leisure class that we have at present on this side of the water. They naturally are on semi-intimate terms with all who frequent their houses. There is no place where more gossip is talked than in bar-rooms, and much of this gossip is about politics,—that is, the politics of the ward, not of the nation. The tariff and the silver question may be alluded to, but the real interest comes in discussing the doings of the men with whom they are personally acquainted: why Billy so-and-so, the alderman, has quarreled with his former chief supporter; whether 'old man X' has really managed to fix the delegates to a given convention; the reason why one faction bolted at the last primary; and if it is true that a great down-town boss who has an intimate friend of opposite political faith running in an up-town district has forced the managers of his own party to put up a man of straw against him. The bar-keeper is a man of much local power, and is, of course, hail-fellow-well-met with his visitors, as he and they can be of mutual assistance to one another. Even if of different politics, their feelings towards each other are influenced by personal considerations purely; and, indeed, this is true of most of the smaller bosses as regards their dealings among themselves, for, as one of them once remarked to me with enigmatical truthfulness, 'there are no politics' of the lower sort—which, being interpreted, means that a professional politician is much less apt to be swayed by the fact of a man's being a Democrat or a Republican than he is by his being a personal friend or foe. The liquor-saloons thus become the social headquarters of the little knots or cliques of men who take most interest in local political affairs; and by an easy transition they become the political headquarters when the time for preparing for the elections arrives; and, of course, the good-will of the owners of the places is thereby propitiated,—an important point with men striving to control every vote possible."

"The strength of our political organizations arises from their developments in social bodies; many of the hardest workers in their ranks are neither office-holders nor yet paid henchmen, but merely members who have gradually learned to identify their fortunes with the party whose hall they have come to regard as the headquarters in which to spend the most agreeable of their leisure moments. Under the American system it is impossible for a man to accomplish anything by himself; he must associate himself with others, and they must throw their weight together. This is just what the social functions of the political clubs enable their members to do. The great and rich society clubs are composed of men who are not apt to take much interest in politics anyhow, and who never act as a body. The immense effect produced by a social organization for political purposes is shown by the career of the Union League Club; and equally striking proof can be seen by every man who attends a ward meeting. There is thus, however, much to be regretted it may be, a constant tendency towards the concentration of political power in the hands of those men who by taste and education are fitted to enjoy the social side of the various political organizations.

I Shall Lose My Baby.

[Toledo Journal.]

To-morrow my baby'll be my baby no longer; she is going to school. Her world is about to widen, her life is about to broaden, but I, I shall lose my baby! What a short six years they have been. They brought her and put her on the pillow beside me; I put my finger near her hand and she grasped it. Heaven came closer to me than I ever dared hope it might. The first day that I sat up nurse gave her to me and I held her in my arms. I wanted no past, no future; I was supremely happy in the present. When she lay in her crib and followed me with her eyes, that was bliss. When she cooed to me; when she stretched out her little hands to me; when she laughed as I came near her! Ah, God is very good to mothers, and I wondered why such joy should come to me! Perhaps there was a pang of sorrow as she left off her long clothes. Yet the cunning little feet, the creeping figure, the aimless steps, the final walking, these made the change a time of fullness for the mother, and the baby was still all my own. She has grown in everything except in getting along without me. Mamma has been the pivot around which

her life has revolved. She has come to me with her pains, her disappointments, her failures, and her joys. In my ear she has whispered the wonderful thoughts that childhood lives upon. No question could reach so high or pierce such depths but that mamma could answer it. No danger could threaten her that mamma's arms were not a safe refuge from; no pain so severe but that mamma could relieve it. How many hours in these six years have we two been together. Ah, me, we shall be as but one from this on, but we have been but one thus far. Not any less real to her than I am are the hundred heroes of stories that I have evolved for her; they seem very real, indeed, to me. If I have entertained her she has no less been my Scheherazade, and has related tales fully as impossible as the "Arabian Nights." Of late she has wandered further away, but never so far but that she could run quickly home if her fear was aroused. She has brought with her thoughts gathered from other children, but they are brought to be tried in the crucible of mamma's judgment and wisdom. When she "keeps house" I often take tea with her, and she can not take more pleasure in the "make believe" than I do. But now she is going to school! I shall lose my baby; I have lost her. She will leave the door with kisses on her lips, and my words in her ear, but she will come home full of school, of companions, and teachers. She will pass into a world where I am not; where I can only follow at a distance; and she will never again be wholly mine. Oh, good teacher! she is but one of fifty in your room, and perhaps, in your eyes, one of the least interesting. But, oh, she is my one ewe lamb, and heaven shines on me out of her eyes. I must share my kingdom with you. Your praise will count with her greater than mine; your frown will be more fearful than all my thundering. She was but a baby an hour ago, but she is one no longer. I shall pick up most of her playthings and put them away. To-morrow night she will look on them with great scorn; she will be a baby no longer, and she will have to put away her baby things. So I sit here pitying myself while I press her to my heart. She is full of the happiest anticipations, but I whisper to my aching heart—I am about to lose my baby.

JOHNNY WAS POSTED.—Little Johnny Jordan was a passenger on a suburban train. Beside him sat a tall, solemn-looking man with side whiskers. In front were Johnny's pa and ma, and behind him his aunt Hettie. The whole party had been to church, and the man sitting beside Johnny was the minister going out to spend the afternoon with the Jordans. "My little man," said the minister to Johnny, "did you pay close attention to the sermon?" "Yessir." "Do you remember that I said something about miracles?" "Yessir." "Well, Johnny, do you know what a miracle is?" "Yessir." "Tell me, please." "Well, all I know about it is, ma said this morning that it would be a miracle if we could go to church once without havin' the minister taggin' home with us to dinner. So I guess this hain't no mir—," "Johnny Jordan (from the front seat), will you come here this minute?" "Yessir."—*Boston Transcript.*

THE FRENCHMAN'S WATCH.—One day, Mr. Shaw, of the Consolidated Virginia Mine, found a watch lying in the snow, where it had evidently been dropped by some one who was working in the mine. Mr. Shaw wrote a notice to this effect, posting it by the side of the window to which the men came to give their names when going in or coming off the shafts. A little Frenchman soon came to Mr. Shaw, and asked, "You find one vatch, Mistaire Shaw?" "Yes, sir," said Mr. Shaw. "Have you lost a watch?" "Yes, sare." "Can you describe it?" "Oh, yes, sare, ver' perfectly!" "Well, what is it like?" "My vatch he vas a silver vatch." "Very good. What kind of a face?" "Vell, he had he's face vide open." "What kind of a chain?" "One leedle brass chain." "What kind of key was on the chain?" "He have no key at all. I wind him by ze tail." The watch was a stem-winder; and the Frenchman had given an accurate description of his property, even down to "ze tail."—*The Enterprise.*

A LADY once consulted Dr. Johnson on the turpitude to be attached to her son's robbing an orchard. "Madam," said Johnson, "it all depends upon the weight of the boy. My school-fellow, David Garrick, who was always a little fellow, robbed a dozen orchards with impunity. But the very first time I climbed a tree,—for I was always a heavy boy,—the bough broke with me; and it was called a judgment. I suppose that is why justice is represented with a pair of scales."

QUEEN VICTORIA is very strict in the matter of court etiquette. She even makes grammatical rules. She wishes to be referred to as *Her Majesty*, not *her Majesty*. This is more modest than the requirement of Russian royalty, which has the names of the Imperial family printed on the title page of the orthodox prayer books in big capitals, while the name of God appears in small type.

THE oranges on the trees in Modesto are assuming fine proportions and begin to make the average had boy look around for convenient places to jump the fence when they ripen.

PUBLICATIONS.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS,
(Chief of the Harmonical Philosophy.)

His latest remarkable book, written and published within the past year, entitled,

"BEYOND THE VALLEY,"
(A Sequel to the "Magic Staff.")

Explaining Some Important Events in his Private Life.

Is as gladly read, and will be as universally appreciated, as any other volume from his pen. The publishers receive orders for it from all parts of the civilized world. It contains six vivid, dramatic illustrations, and treats upon subjects of metaphysical and spiritual interest.

THE FIRM, GENERALLY,
And the numerous distinguished correspondents of the author in particular, have uniformly given to "Beyond the Valley" a high and influential position among the many works of this author.

Price, Single Copy, \$1.00
For Several Copies, a Liberal Discount. The Trade Supplied.

Address the publishers of the "Banner of Light,"
COLBY & RICH,
Corner Bowditch and Province streets, Boston, Mass.

In remitting by postoffice money order, or otherwise, please make it payable to COLBY & RICH.

NEW INSPIRATIONAL SONGS.
BY C. PAYSON LONGLEY.

Author of "Over the River," and other popular Melodies.

Beautiful Home of the Soul.
Come in Thy Beauty, Angel of Light.
Gathering Flowers in Heaven.
In Heaven We'll know Our Own.
I'm Going to My Home.
Love's Golden Chain.
Our Beautiful Home Over There.
Our Beautiful Home Above.
Oh! Come, for My Poor Heart is Breaking.
Once it was only soft Blue Eyes.
The City just Over the Hill.
The Golden Gates are Left Ajar.
Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair.
Who Sings My Child to Sleep?
We're Coming, Sister Mary.
We'll all Meet again in the Morning Land.

Single song 25 cts., or 5 for One Dollar, sent postpaid. For sale at the office of the GOLDEN GATE.

LIGHT FOR THINKERS.
The Pioneer Spiritual Journal of the South. Issued weekly at Atlanta, Georgia.

A. C. LADD, Publisher.
G. W. KATES, Editor.

Assisted by a large corps of able writers.

"Light for Thinkers" is a first-class family newspaper of eight pages, devoted to the dissemination of original Spiritual and Liberal thought and news. Its columns will be found to be replete with interesting and instructive reading.

Terms of Subscription—One copy, one year, \$1.00; One copy, six months, 75 cents; One copy, three months, 50 cents; Five copies, one year, one address, \$5.00. Ten or more, one year, to one address, \$10.00 each; Single copy, five cents; Specimen copy, free.

Advertisements published at ten cents per line for a single insertion, or fifty cents per inch each insertion, one month or longer.

THE NEW YORK BEACON LIGHT,
An Independent weekly Spiritual Journal, giving messages from our loved ones in spirit land, and containing matter of general interest connected with Spiritual science. Free from controversy and personalities.

MRS. M. E. WILLIAMS, Editor and Publisher.

Subscription rates—One year, \$2.00; six months, \$1.00; three months, 50 cents. Postage, free.

Rates of advertising—\$1.00 per inch for first insertion; 50 cents for each subsequent one. No advertisement inserted for less than \$1.00. For long standing advertisements and special rates, address the publisher. Payments in advance. Specimen copies sent free on application. News dealers supplied by the American News Company, Nos. 39 and 41 Chambers street, New York.

All communications and remittances should be addressed to Mrs. M. E. WILLIAMS, 212 West 45th St., New York City.

THE NEW THOUGHT.
A vigorous 8-page Journal, devoted to Spiritualism and General Religious Reform.

Published by MILES HULL & CO.,
Every Saturday, at Des Moines, Ia.

Terms of Subscription—One year, \$1.00; Six months, 75 cents; Four months, 50 cents; Single copies, 5 cents.

"The New Thought" will be sent to new subscribers on trial three months for 25 cents—a sum which barely covers the price of blank paper and presswork.

Address all communications to the above.

THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE,
To be published monthly after Jan. 1, 1886.

This is to be a FREE magazine, from which no communication will be rejected on account of the sentiment expressed. And the editor will reserve the right to be as frank in the expression of his views as are the correspondents. Each writer is to be solely responsible for his or her opinions. Each number will contain 40 pages and the price will be five cents, 25 cents for a single number.

Address, H. L. GREEN, Editor and Publisher, Salem, N. Y.

HOW TO BECOME A MEDIUM IN YOUR OWN HOME.
I will send you a 16-page pamphlet, containing full instructions, and a sealed letter designating all your chosen correspondents; also a copy of "The Rules of the American Spiritual Society; or, the Lost Key Found," and a sample copy of "N. D. C. AXE," for only 15 cents, in one or two-cent stamps.

JAMES A. ELISH,
474 A Broadway, South Boston, Mass.

SPIRITUALISTS' DIRECTORY,
RECORDING STATISTICS OF SOCIETIES, NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF SPEAKERS AND MEDIUMS, LIST OF PERIODICALS, ETC.

By G. W. KATES.

Price, 25 Cents.

For sale at this office.

IN FOUR PARTS,
Complete for 25 Cents.

"WOMAN'S MANIFEST DESTINY AND DIVINE MISSION."

Send orders to "Mrs. E. Hughes, St. Ann's Building, opposite Baldwin Hotel, San Francisco."

SPIRITISM, THE ORIGIN OF ALL RELIGIONS,
By J. F. DARTMOUTH.

Author of "The Divine Powers," "Devil and Hell," and "The Evil Forces in Nature."

For sale at this office. Price, 40 cts.

PUBLICATIONS.

THE WATCHMAN.
AN 8-PAGE MONTHLY JOURNAL,
Devoted to the Interests of Humanity and Spiritualism. Also, a Month-journal of the American and European Congress in Spirit Land.

WATCHMAN, Spirit Editor.

Published by
BOSTON STAR AND CRESCENT CO.
1090 Central Park Avenue,
Near 100th Street, 11 Chicago, Illinois.

HATTIE A. BERRY, Editor and Manager.
ARTHUR R. BERRY, Assistant Manager.

Terms of Subscription (in advance)—One year, \$1.00; Six months, 75 cents; Three months, 50 cents. Single copies, 10 cents. Sample copies, free.

U. S. Postage stamps will be accepted for fractional parts of a dollar. (See ad. on p. 10.)

800 Remit by P. O. order, drawn on Chicago, Ill., or by Registered letter. Payable to

HATTIE A. BERRY,
Editor and Manager.

THE SPIRITUAL OFFERING.
Devoted to the Advancement of Spiritualism in its Religious, Scientific and Humanitarian Aspects.

CHAS. D. M. FOX, Editor.
D. M. & NETTIE F. FOX, Editors.

NO FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS.

Prof. Henry Kiddle (R. K.), No. 1, East 124th street, New York City.

"Online," through her medium, Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond, 54 Union Park Place, Chicago, Illinois.

"The Offering" has a Department especially devoted to "Our Young Folks,"—Mrs. Eva A. H. Barnes, Assistant Editor.

Among "The Offering's" contributors will be found our oldest and ablest writers. It is to be found in London, Essays upon Scientific, Philosophical and Spiritual subjects. Spirit Communications and Messages.

Terms of Subscription—For year, \$1.00; Six months, 75 cts.; Three months, 50 cents.

SPIRITUAL OFFERING, OTTAWA, IOWA.

THE N. D. C. AXE,
AND TRUE KEY STONE.
(Successor to "The Spirit Voice.")

A 4-page Weekly Journal devoted to the Development of Mediumship and the interests of the National Developing Circle.

INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.

Terms—\$1.50 per annum; 75 cents for six months; 50 cents for three months; 25 cents for one month; 10 cents for single copies, free.

Advertising—10 cents per line, each insertion, average seven words compared to the line.

JAMES A. ELISH, Editor.
474 A Broadway, South Boston, Mass.

Until further notice this office will hold good: To every yearly subscriber to the N. D. C. AXE and True Key Stone, we will present a year's certificate of membership in the National Developing Circle.

JAMES A. ELISH,
Developing Medium N. D. C.

THE CARRIER DOVE.
An Illustrated Monthly Magazine, devoted to Spiritualism and Reform.

Edited by MRS. J. SCHLESINGER.

Each number will contain the Portraits and Biographical Sketches of prominent Mediums and Spiritual workers of the Pacific Coast, and elsewhere. Also, Spirit Messages by our Artistic Mediums. Lectures, essays, poems, spirit messages, editorials and miscellaneous items.

Mrs. J. SCHLESINGER, Publisher.
Mrs. J. SCHLESINGER, Editor.

Terms—\$1.50 per Year. Single Copies, 25 cents.

Address, THE CARRIER DOVE,
Oakland, California.

Terms for single, one dollar. New subscribers to the "Carrier Dove," on payment of one year's subscription, \$1.50, will be entitled to the first sitting free.

JUST PUBLISHED.
A STUDY OF PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY.
By LEWIS G. JAMES.

300 pages, 6-8vo, cloth, gilt top, price, \$1.25.

"A careful and conscientious summary of the established results of rational criticism, based upon the purely scientific method, and presented in such a guise as to be attractive and readily comprehended by the people. I regard this book as invaluable, and I would urge all who may be interested in the important questions which it treats, to procure the volume and carefully and thoroughly study it."—Wm. EMMETT CHILMAN, in "Golden Gate."

Also, by same author, "EVOLUTION AND IMMORTALITY," published, price, 50 cents.

Best post-paid on receipt of price.

Address, "GOLDEN GATE,"
724 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

THE EASTERN STAR.
C. M. BROWN, Editor and Publisher.
GREENSBORO, N. C.

A live, wide-awake, semi-monthly Journal, devoted to the interests of Spiritualism.

Per Year, One Dollar.

It contains a Literary Department: Reports of Spiritualistic Phenomena; Spirit Medium Department; Original Communications; Scientific Essays; Reports of Meetings in Hall and Camp; Live Editorials, etc., etc. "To the end of the kind of paper that every progressive Spiritualist wants." Send for sample copies.

Address,
THE EASTERN STAR,
Greensboro, N. C.

THE BOSTRUM.
A Periodically Journal devoted to the Philosophy of Spiritualism, Literature, and the Progress of Humanism.

A. C. COTTON, Editor and Publisher.

All communications to the pages of THE BOSTRUM must be addressed to A. C. COTTON, Visalia, N. J.

Price, per annum, in advance, \$1.00; six months, 75 cents; three months, 50 cents; single copy, 10 cents. U. S. Postage stamps will be accepted for fractional parts of a dollar. (See ad. on p. 10.)

All orders and remittances must be made payable to A. C. COTTON, Visalia, N. J.

THE COMING AGE.
A Popular Journal for the Household.

Devoted to Spiritualism, Physical and Occult Phenomena, Practical Research, Science, Health, Hygiene and Human Rights. One dollar a year. Sample copy free.

HYGIENE PUBLISHING CO., Publishers,
101 North Eighth St., St. Louis, Mo.

THE ALTRUIST.
Is a monthly paper partly in Pictorial spelling, and devoted to education, progress, united love, community feeling, and equal rights to all. 30 cents a year. Transmitted every five, Address

A. LINCOLN, Editor.
1 N. Fourth Street, St. Louis, Mo.

SPIRITUALISTS.
Sent to

"LIGHT IN THE WEEK,"
324 Chestnut Street, 11 St. Louis, Missouri.

Five copies of a cheaply written volume on the philosophy of Spiritualism. 50 cts. per volume.

Write to—"See them by light."

PUBLICATIONS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

—BY—
J. J. OWEN.

(Late Editor of the "San Jose Daily Mercury.")

SECOND EDITION. REVISION AND ENLARGED.

Following are some of the Press opinions of the first edition:

"We consider the volume a most readable and useful compilation, in which the sagacity 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 distinguished 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 pen have combined together."—*Spirit of the Times.*

It is calculated to elevate the mind above the mere good for gain and momentary pleasure, and cause the thoughts to rise to a more elevated channel. It contains some magnificent gems, and is of that character that will command a place among the literature of a day.—*Pioneer.*

As to the contents of the book we can not speak too much praise. The selections are principally made up from the best things which have for several years been written for the Mercury by Mr. Owen. It is a collection of the beautiful thoughts—thoughts characteristic of the cultivated mind and warm heart of the author, clothed in the purest and best English. Mr. Owen, as a writer, has few equals on the Coast, and his "Sunday Talks" were pointed in his happiest vein.—*Fortnight.*

The compilation brings before us, in a compact form, the talented author's best and wisest thoughts on life and morals. Nothing in quiet hours will give more food for wholesome reflection than one of Mr. Owen's essays.—*Golden Gate.*

The volume is made up of short editorials on thoughtful topics culled from the columns of the author's newspaper, which tell of statistics, application and observation, written in a pleasing and interesting style, and full of good "meat," with the intent of benefiting their minds.—*Carson Appeal.*

As a home production this collection of glowing essays and flowing verse is particularly interesting. The author writes a graceful pen, and all of his efforts involve highly moral principles. Although these are newspaper articles published by an editor in his daily round of duty, yet when thus bound together in one volume they seem to breathe more of the spirit of the editorial scholar than is wont to gather round the ministrations of the editorial tripod.—*S. F. Post.*

Mr. Owen's editorial is a pure and noble writer in unquestionably of a high order, and in thus grouping a number of his best productions into a compact and handy little volume, he has rendered a favor on many of the Mercury's readers, who, like ourselves, have read and appreciated the "Sunday Talks," and from them, perhaps, have been led to form a higher and more enduring idea of the mission and duties of mankind.—*San Joaquin Advertiser.*

Owen has a poetic way of saying practical things, a neat and attractive way which makes them readable and easily assimilated and digested, and this volume should have a wide circulation.—*Fort Hill Tribune.*

The volume is readable and suggestive of thought.—*S. F. Chronicle.*

They contain editorials on miscellaneous subjects, poems, sketches, and short stories, and are really what we style them, "Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought." The contents are as creditable to Mr. Owen's literary ability as the handsome looking volume is to the taste and resources of the Mercury printing establishment.—*S. F. Call.*

The articles in "Sunday Talks" are written in an easy, flowing style, combining the useful, and teaching grand doctrine. One has given "Sunday Talks" being impressed in spirit, with a renewed confidence in mankind and a brighter opinion of the world. The poems are beautiful, and one in particular, "Answer the Sun," I never were not attracted, would really give to the production of some of the most poets of the country. The poems have a similar tone to the ballads of B. F. Taylor, one of the greatest poets of America. "Sunday Talks" should have a large circulation.—*San Joaquin Phoenix.*

We have read the "Sunday Talks" and shall continue to do so, for let us open the book when we may we are sure to find something that will set the better for reading; every article is the expression of the thoughts of a steady man to his fellow men.—*Mountain Californian.*

High, crystallized sentences, which gladden the heart, and give birth to inspiration to the soul. The few sentences we selected as their expression have longed to be heard, 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 sentences have been memorized in the magic incantation of a master mind. A more beautiful, instructive and entertaining volume never was bound upon the Pacific Coast, or any other coast. Every page is graced with bright, sparkling thoughts, the substance of a really cultured intellect. As we read page after page of this splendid volume, we are forcibly reminded of the inspiration received from our first periodical of Timothy Throon's "Gold Leaf," or "Hudson's" "Attitude of the Breakfast Table." It is a work which represents the highest, purest standard of thought, as presented in the best choice language. It is one of the happiest contributions which our literature has ever received.—*San Joaquin Phoenix.*

They are each and all of them full of deep thought, delicious expressions, and clear insight into life and its trials and triumphs. They are terse, clear, concise, penetrating, pure and satisfying in character in language that gives to the understanding, and has seemed to be inspiring. Throughout the volume are choice gems of thought in paragraphs, as pointed and pungent as those of Rochester, without any of the latter's inferiority.—*Fort Wayne (Ind.) Gazette.*

PRICE IN CLOTH, ONE DOLLAR

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Upward Struggle.

BY CLARENCE CHACE.

'Tis said the world is growing better day by day,
That each year's ending
Casts o'er the earth some purer, brighter ray,
Her darkness rending;
That all this sad and weary strife
Is leading toward a higher life.

I trust 'tis so; I feel within my inmost soul
That all our striving
Must lead, at last, to some enduring, perfect goal,
Where, once arriving,
The heart shall find its longed-for rest,—
The soul shall be supremely blest.

Yet, when I think upon the world of sin,
The vile life reeking
From every pore of those whose hearts within
No light is seeking
Entrance, it seems that hope were vain
To such, the future only pain.

Behold the drunkard, in whose helpless, wandering brain,
Hell's fires are burning;
Behold the wretch whose hideous crimes for self and gain
Have killed the yearning
That once inspired a purer heart
To better ways, from guilt apart.

Behold the one whose sin has shut out all that's pure,
And sweet, and tender;
Behold her, who, a paltry pittance to secure,
Would fain surrender
Womanhood and virtue—all of worth—
Living for naught above the sordid earth.

Not these alone, but such as grasp and strive for gold;
Who only labor
For the things that perish; who quietly behold
A suffering neighbor,
And feel no kindly promptings from within,—
Feel no compassion for the souls that sin.

Think of the weak, the wandering, and the imbecile;
Think of the thronging
Mass of struggling, human forms that struggle still,
Yet with no longing
For the light of heaven-born day;
Will they walk in darkened paths away?

When, oh! when, upon the wings of passing years
Of earth's awaking,
Or heaven's unfolding, shall these, through penitential tears
And sad heart-breaking,
Pray for the sun of truth to rise,
Pine for a glimpse of paradise?

Ye whose thoughts are high, whose purer spirits feel
Love's great heart beating,
To whom the life immortal doth reveal
A tender greeting
From the angels, pause awhile,—
Weep for the wayward and the vile.

Of all earth's wanderers who need compassion's balm
And love's sweet healing,
They the most whose hearts have reached the awful calm
Of death to feeling;
Death to every impulse pure,
Death to all that can endure.

What though we stand behind the gloomy prison bars
Of dire oppression;
Yet shall we soar away beyond the glittering stars
A grand procession
But if our hands have forged the chain,
Alas! the thought is full of pain.

Yet sometime, sometime in the great beyond, shall dawn
The light of morning,
Even for those who far from virtue's path have gone,
All goodness scorning;
Yea, from the glorious heights above
Must dawn the light of perfect love.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Way of the World.

BY MRS. ELLA WILSON.

See that youth, with lofty motives, struggling up the hill of
Difficulties thick beset him, but he bravely gives them strife;
With his eye upon the summit, he pursues his flinty way,
Never pausing, 'e'en though shadows darkly o'er his path-
way play.

Stronger men are all around him, but they move not 'e'en a
stone.

He, uncheered and unassisted, bravely struggles on alone;
Look again! He's reached the summit, and the laurel
wreath is won!

Hark! A million voices greet him with the cheering words,
"Well done!"

Not a hand reached out to help him while his way was dark
and drear,
Not a voice, with friendly accent, kindly bade him keep
good cheer;
But, the difficulties conquered, and the distant summit won,
Hark! How readily they greet him with the cheering words,
"Well done!"

Would it not seem inconsistent on the bank to idly stand,
While a drowning man is making vain endeavors for the
land?

But, when all the waves are conquered and the danger has
been passed,
Blantly proffer your assistance when the shore is gained at
last!

Dark and fearful o'er the nation hang the gloomy clouds of
war.
Blending with the cries of orphans comes the cannon's boom
afar!

One brave heart, with courage dauntless, leader of a chosen
band,
Boldly ventures to the battles to redeem his stricken land.
He, through many months of danger, patiently moist
and wait,
While the world looks on and wonders what's the nation's
coming fate;

Criticising all his movements, wondering why he don't
pursue
Some peculiar plan they'd follow—some design they have
in view.

Not a voice of cheer and courage greets him from the mur-
muring rear—
Only words of blame and censure harshly fall upon his ear;
Here, he acted far too rashly; there, his movements were
too slow.

Then, he lost a great advantage over some retreating foe.
But their tones become how altered when the field is won
at last.

How they praise him for his valor and the dangers he has
passed;
Then he's called his land's preserver—children taught to
love his name,
And his deeds forever blazoned on the glittering roll of
fame!

How untimely such assistance! when the struggle has been
passed,
When a soul, through many trials, has the victory won at
last!

When ambition's patient toiling gains the standard held so
dear,
Then breathe faith, and hope, and courage, then proclaim
your words of cheer!

When the youth has gained the summit, shout his praise
throughout the land!

When the drowning man is rescued, proffer him the helping
hand!

When the gallant, brave commander has, 'mid censure won
his cause,
Then let earth and heaven echo with your grateful, loud
"Hurrahs!"

To the cup that's overflowing, pour ye out with lavish hand,
Let the one that's nearly empty, nearly empty pleading
stand;

See one weak, but struggling bravely,—crowd him closer to
the wall,
What though scores of noble virtues are defeated by his
fall!

Let your plaudits echo only where Success' flag 's unfurled,
If ye would remain in keeping with the fashion of the world!
Rio Dell, October, Cal.

God's finger-touch is on the hills;
The leaves beneath it gleam and glow,
Till the strange splendor overfills
Their trembling life, and lays them low.

So ardent souls, by life divine
Enkindled, light our gloomy day,
A little while before us shine,
Then, spent with glory, pass away!

Soul in Nature.

[From a paper delivered before the Conference of Unitarian Societies of Illinois, Oct. 11th, by Rev. J. B. Forbush, and reported for the Religious-Philosophical Journal.]

The miracle of nature is so full and perfect that it surrounds us everywhere with marvel. Every slightest thing is a part of an infinitely wonderful whole. When we touch it anywhere an immeasurable life floods us. Wherever we come in contact with it, it is all there waiting for us, just as the whole ocean is present in each pulse of the tide, in every creek or bay. And so closely intermingled is the eternal soul with every form of this material life that it looks right out into our eyes, when we look closely enough, whether we are attracted by a falling leaf or fascinated by the roar and plunge of a Niagara. There is human tendency to see meaning and power only in mighty things that startle and awe. The prophet must bring down fire from heaven. The Christ must raise the dead. God is manifest when the storm strikes the sea, or the tornado devastates the land; is present in Alps and Amazons; in vast solitudes, and in the starry expanse which domes the mountain peak and presses down upon the boundless level of the plains. But spirit is everywhere. It is pulsing in the weed that springs through the crevice in the pavement just as truly as in the aurora whose wierd fires awe us in the northern night. There is life, there is beauty, there is soul, there is God in these least things which so perpetually surround and interpenetrate our lives. Only go just a little below the surface of our daily living, and we stand upon the mount before the Lord, listening to the still voice.

But in order to feel this soul in nature we must gain companionship with it. We must somehow dwell with it and in it touching it at many points and seeing it under various aspects. It is one of the weaknesses of our modern times that we expect to do the world by express train: Twenty minutes for the Yosemite! a half-hour for the Rocky Mountains! is the allotted time. And then we murmur at the tameness and lack of inspiration. Nature—God—does not respond to such peremptory demands. We pay our paltry entrance fee, but there is nothing on exhibition. We go away dissatisfied and sharply criticize those who have reported visions, upliftings and divineness. We say: "We have looked at all this; we have been in the woods, on the river, have stood among the hills and by the sea, and found nothing there, only sunshine and shade and a little purer air. The men of other times were mistaken; they did not have modern eyes to see through things." No! they did not see through things, but they saw into them, and that was better; and they saw into them because they did not attempt to go round the world in eighty days—did not think to burglarize nature of her secrets, or to have inspiration "on call." They dwelt in these grand presences, sat with open eyes and open hearts in the mornings, in the evenings and in the midnights; walked slowly and lovingly among familiar objects, growing accustomed to all the moods and tenses of the verb of being, until at last soul spoke or shone, or somehow made itself felt through all. It is difficult to tell just how it comes about, just what channels are open between the life within us and the life without us; but when a sensitive soul in a receptive mood immerses itself in nature, dwells with it calmly and lovingly, not searching after manifestations, but letting them come in their own way, at last it will stand "in the presence of the Lord." The vision may not be lasting, it may be only a brief withdrawing of the veil, as once on a misty mountain top I caught through a rift in the horizon haze the sparkle of the far-off sea; one moment and no more, yet in that moment I had seen into the immeasurable distance; and these glimpses into the depths of the life which is around us, come in just this fugitive way. They are not permanent; no higher moods are permanent. They flash upon us and are gone. It is difficult even to recall them with vividness; but they are the moments when our souls and the souls of the universe stand face to face. We feel a mighty presence whose great tide floods every inlet of our being so indescribably full that words and thoughts fail. Time does not measure these moments; they are a part of eternity. With the turning of the eye or the dropping of a leaf a subtle change may pass as the spirit silently withdraws itself beneath the surfaces of sense, slowly sinks down into secret depths; but we have seen the invisible, we have been conscious of the everlasting soul.

Such insight, such revealing—fugitive as it may be, rewards only those who are patient dwellers at the doors of life. I think sometimes that we are afraid of ourselves, and dare not trust ourselves to be alone, and perhaps this is one reason why we so seldom get a glimpse of the soul's presence. For all the rarest and shyest things come to us in solitude. If you go to woods or fields with a companion you do not get so close to their life as when you go alone. If I try to surprise any secret of nature, there must be no other witness. She will not take two into her confidence. If I wish to listen to the song of the hermit thrush, to have the shy squirrel play at my feet, or to see how the partridge trains her brood, I must ask no company. When there is an overplus of humanity nature withdraws all her favorite children. And it is especially so

in regard to these disclosures of soul. There can not be three with God. When we feel the Sublime Presence all else disappears. We do not think of companionship; at that moment in all the universe there are only two: the Infinite Soul and the finite soul conscious of its overshadowing, and these two are one. Revelations do not come when the mind is distracted by companionship. The prophets must live by themselves. They must find or make a mountain top. And any one who craves glimpses into the heart of things must learn to go alone, and to stay alone until all disturbing influences have settled away, and the quiet soul has got itself attuned to nature's own serenity. Then voices will begin to sing in the silence, and he will have such consciousness as may be possible to him of the eternal life that doth encompass him. We can discuss nature with a friend; we can admire and learn, but we can not commune; we can not feel the soul behind the form. Even the counterfeits of nature which the artist creates, if it has any life and power, has this quality of giving itself to me only when I am conscious of no other presence. My friend calls my attention to the detail of a picture, but he can not help me into the heart of it. When I begin to feel its power, begin to learn its secret, I am alone with it. If external word or motion intrudes, the spell is broken. Something has come between me and the soul that was speaking to me out of the canvas. . . . And we ourselves must learn to be quiet and still. Nature abhors prattlers, and I doubt if she ever revealed a single secret save to those who would rather keep silent than speak. There is nothing more helpful than silence. All great souls praise it. Out of it are spoken the supremest words, are done the noblest deeds. Pythagoras commanded silence for the morning; then there would be something worth saying at evening. I am sure that periods of silence are health-giving and fruitifying to man. I like to take a solitary journey in which I shall speak to no one for the day. Thought ripens in the stillness. I am surprised at the ideas which slowly rise up within me. I can not but think that if our book-crammed and society-worried men and women would withdraw occasionally into the serenity of silence, and would commune with their own thoughts in the stillness, the result would be something nobler for the world.

But if you wish to look into the heart of Nature, it is certain that your eyes must ask questions rather than your lips. There is no need to tell nature what we think; there is no need to even voice praises. In silence wait and her great silences will penetrate us. They will slowly draw us to themselves, and as their spirit takes possession of us we shall begin to feel the shadowy presence of the great Unseen who liveth and worketh in eternal stillness. Dogs bay the moon, let man stand face to face with the night as silent as the stars above; there will come into his heart something far holier than any echo of his own voice. The deeper the quiet the more clearly shall we catch the breathings and whisperings of the Infinite Soul.

ADVERTISEMENT.

FRED EVANS'

Magnetized

DEVELOPING SLATES!



is prepared, through his guides, to develop any mediumistic persons for these convincing phases of spirit power. Persons residing at a distance can send for Mr. Evans' MAGNETIZED DEVELOPING SLATES with instructions of how to sit. Send four recent stamps for circular, stating age, sex, etc., in your hand-writing, to

FRED EVANS, 1244 Mission Street, San Francisco.

JOB PRINTING.

We have now completed arrangements with one of the best Job Printing offices in the city, whereby we are able to fill all orders for

JOB PRINTING!

In the Most Satisfactory Manner and upon the Best Possible Terms.

"Golden Gate" P. and P. Company.

Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & CO., 111 Maine.

And are buying the Best Stock that can be found in the market. Will make suits at all prices, from \$20 up. Will guarantee Good Fits and Perfect Satisfaction. Our motto will be: "FAIR DEALING."

Goods sold for what they are worth, and strictly at one price.

IN PRESENTS GIVEN AWAY. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get FREE, a package of goods of large value that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the \$200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. For times for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & CO., 111 Maine.

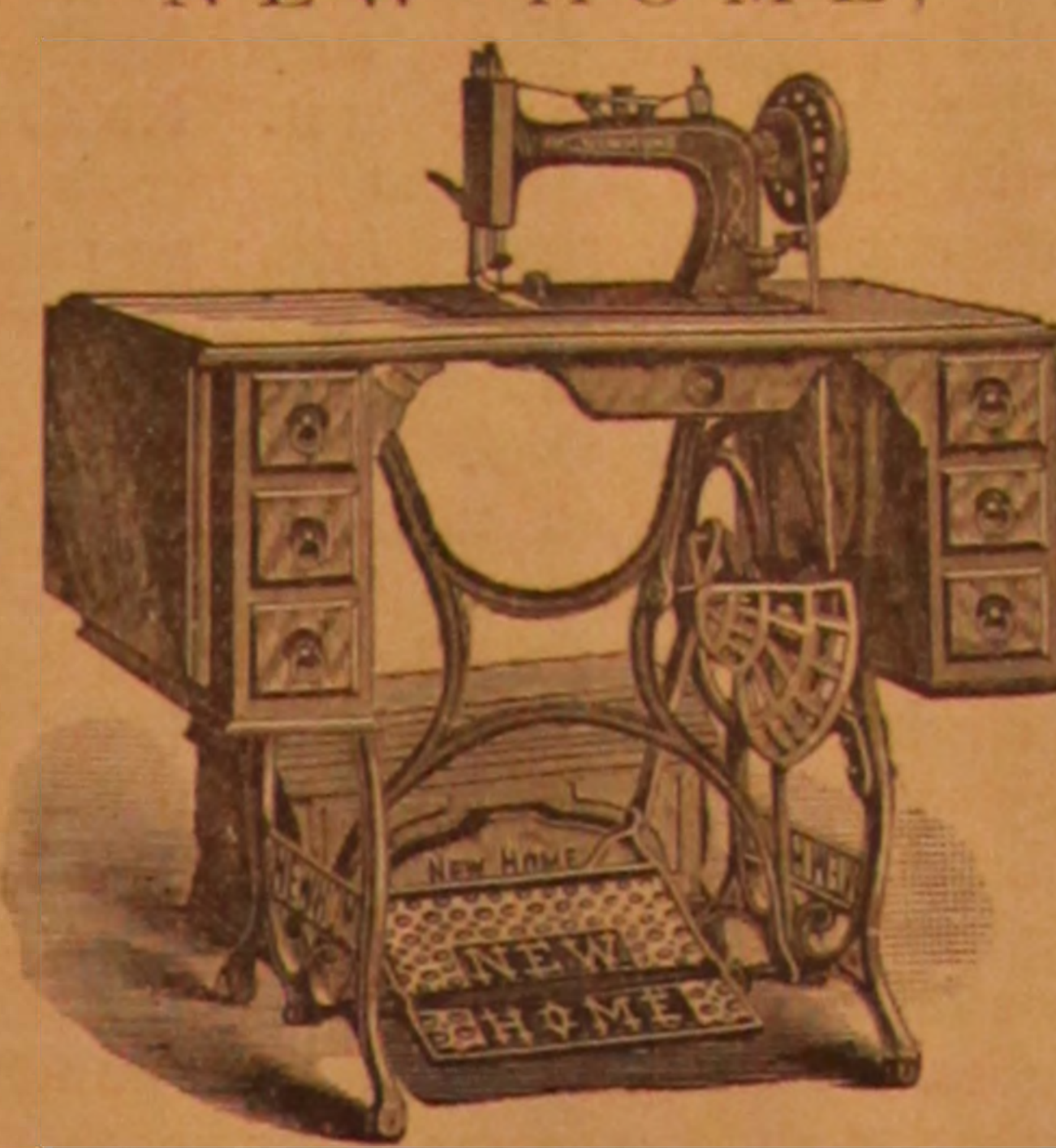
Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & CO., 111 Maine.

Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & CO., 111 Maine.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BUY ONLY THE LIGHT-RUNNING

"NEW HOME."



The Best Sewing Machine in the World!

Send for circulars, price-lists and terms, to The New Home Sewing Machine Company.

General Agency and Salesrooms,

634 Market St., opposite Palace Hotel,

SAN FRANCISCO.

ARTHUR M. HILL, Manager.

juns-3m

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE STATION, FOOT of Market Street, SOUTH SIDE, AT
A. M., daily, for Alameda, Newark, Centerville, Alviso, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, Wrights, Glenwood, Felton, Big Trees, Boulder Creek, SANTA CRUZ, and all way stations—Parlor Car.
2:30 P. M. (except Sunday), Express: Mt. Eden, Alameda, Newark, Centerville, Alviso, Agnews, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and all stations to Boulder Creek and SANTA CRUZ—Parlor Car.
4:30 P. M., daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos and intermediate points. Saturdays and Sundays to Santa Cruz.
\$5 Excursion to SANTA CRUZ and BOULDER CREEK, and \$2.50 to SAN JOSE, on Saturdays and Sundays, to return on Monday inclusive.
\$1.75 to SANTA CLARA and SAN JOSE and return—Sundays only.
8:30 A. M. and 2:30 P. M., Trains with Stage at Los Gatos for Congress Springs.
All Through Trains connect at Felton for Boulder Creek and points on Felton and Pescadero Railroad.

To Oakland and Alameda.

3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45,