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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

[From The World's Advance-Thought.]

There is no trifle, there is no accident.

True modesty is woman's strongest protection.

Life has surprises at every age.—*Alfred Mercier.*

You can only be good to self by being good to others.

Every place is safe to him who dwells with justice.—*Epictetus.*

Heaven does not come down to you; you must go up to heaven.

Conscience is the most enlightened of all philosophers.—*J. J. Rousseau.*

Truths germinate in obscurity and bloom in the sunshine, like flowering plants.

Progress means a ceaseless external struggle through lower to higher conditions.

The godliest soul is the one that radiates the influence of love over the widest field.

The oppressor must experience, in time or eternity, the suffering caused by his oppression.

The God of Truth is necessarily a God of Vengeance to the False, and yet a God of perfect Love to all.

Inspirational thoughts are seeds, and, following the natural order, they go forth to root in other souls and multiply indefinitely.

He who dares to promulgate truth in the face of opposing popular prejudice is as much superior to him who dare not do so as light is superior to darkness.

It requires talent to combine ready-made materials into new forms; but only a genius can build from the crude. The difference is that between mind and soul.

That lacks soul which is written or spoken with a view to self-glory or self-justification. The thought that goes forth and returns to bless must be detached from self.

Though individuals cannot think and feel alike, the real power of all comes from the same source. It is Love—the power that keeps the machinery of the universe in motion.

Jealousy is a seed of destruction, and it will surely germinate and fulfill its direful mission in whatever it enters, if the conditions are not radically changed that made its introduction possible.

He who is discontented with things present and allotted, is unskilled in life. But he who bears them, and the consequences arising from them, nobly and rationally, is worthy to be esteemed a good man.—*Epictetus.*

The spiritual Spiritualist opens his soul to the reception of the precious diamonds of spiritual truth from above, and they drop into it as fast as he can polish them on the revolving wheel of thought. The material Spiritualist digs for them in the earth, and his soul poverty and his worldly greed increase together.

Time, Space, and Eternity.

[A review in the Notes by the Way by "M. A. (Oxon)" of a book, entitled "The Stars and the Earth."]

This little book, which I remember long ago—years before Mr. Crookes first mentioned it to Sergeant Cox and me—has always appeared to contain arguments and thoughts which a Spiritualist should sympathize with. Sergeant Cox, being thus introduced to it, employed some of them at the close of his "Introduction to Psychology," but he has by no means exhausted or even fully stated the curious speculations contained in those sixty little pages. We are so accustomed to take things as we see them, accepting surface explanations, that many of us have carried the same method into our dealings with the supersensuous phenomena of which we knew so little. It may be well to reflect that sometimes things are demonstrably *not* what they seem. Some elementary considerations will show this. Light travels at the rate of about 200,000 miles in a second. The sun, therefore, being 92,500,000 miles distant, has risen eight minutes before it becomes visible to us. It takes fifty-four minutes for a ray to come to us from Jupiter; two hours from Uranus; and no less than twelve years from that glorious star Vega in the Lyre. This calculation might be indefinitely prolonged, till the mind refused to take in the facts: *e. g.*, from a star of third magnitude a ray of light takes thirty years to reach us, and from one of the seventh one hundred and eighty years, while from one of the twelfth magnitude, perceptible only through a very good telescope, the ray which meets the eye has left the star four thousand years ago. Nothing, then, is more sure that we do not see any star as it is. Vega appears to our eye as it was twelve years and more ago, and, for aught we know to the contrary, its light may have been finally quenched before the child of ten years old, who wonders at its glory, first drew the breath of life.

Reverse these considerations, and see what views are opened out. Imagine the universe peopled with beings like ourselves, gifted with the requisite power of vision, or a sufficiently good telescope. What would happen? An observer on the sun would see this earth as it was eight minutes before. An observer in Vega would see what occurred more than twelve years before; and a denizen of a twelfth magnitude star might now be gazing on the palmy days of Memphis, and be tracing the adventures of Abraham and Lot. So, then, Omniscience and Omnipresence are one and the same thing. Only postulate an intelligent observer placed at every point in space—omnipresent—and he would see at a glance all that ever occurred; he would be Omniscient. The extension of space is identical with that of time. A human being capable of being transmitted through space—*i. e.*, delivered from the prison-house of the body—might see from one fixed star Galileo before the Inquisition; from another St. Augustine as he brought Britain into relation with the highest civilization of that far-off epoch; from another the Battle of Waterloo, and from yet another the pomp and splendor of Solomon in all his glory. The universe preserves an imperishable record of the past, and is in very truth the scroll of the book of God's remembrance. It is not alone on the floor of the secret chamber that the blood-stain of murder is indelibly fixed, but the hideous details are photographed with faultless accuracy and imperishable permanence on the ether of space.

Carry on this thought. Let our observer with infinite power of vision be placed on a star of the twelfth magnitude. He sees before him the history of Abraham. Let him be moved rapidly forward with such speed that in an hour he come to the distance from the earth at which the sun is fixed. Imagine this, and you will have this unquestionable result. Your observer has had before his eye the entire history of the world from that distant time till eight minutes ago, and he has seen it all in an hour. He has lived this four thousand years in a single hour. In annihilating the ordinary conditions of space you have also killed the limitations of time. In one hour he has lived four thousand years; and if for the hour you substitute a second, in that flash of time he would have summed up the events of forty centuries. That, with the higher and more developed spirits, "a thousand

years are as one day" may be conceivably, a literal truth. And what seem to us to be the indisputable facts of time and space may be demonstrably false conceptions, belonging only to an elementary state of being.

These sublime conceptions are susceptible of further application. Imagine that the light, and with it the reflection of some earthly occurrence, arrives at a star in twenty years, and that our observer mounts to the same star in twenty years and one day, starting, say, at the moment when a particular rose began to bloom. He will find there an image of this rose as it was before it began to blossom, and if he were endowed with infinite powers of sight and observation, he would have had time and means of studying for twenty years the changes which occurred to that rose in a single day. So we have a microscope for time: as the lens enlarges a thousand times the space a tiny object occupies, so here we have a means of enlarging a momentary occurrence to the magnitude of a century.

Nor is it difficult to show by a single consideration how absolutely fictitious are our conceptions of time. Imagine that from this moment the course of the stars and our earth becomes twice as rapid as before. The year is six months; the day twelve hours; the normal duration of life half three-score and ten years. The hands of the clock would travel twice as fast; all the processes of nature would proceed with double rapidity. How should we be affected by the change? We should have known none. Our thirty-five years would pass as the seventy did; our days would be as full of busy idleness or strenuous toil; our night's rest would not be perceptibly diminished. We should be to all outward seeming as we were. A similar result would follow if the period and processes of life were accelerated a million times, or if they were reduced to the smallest conceivable point. There may be in the minutest globule of water a microscopic animalcule whose ideas on these matters are as lofty, and as misguided, as our own. For whether any space of time is what we call long or short, depends solely upon our standard of comparison and measurement. Compared with that endless duration which we call eternity, the question is not susceptible of answer. Time is not necessary for the origination or existence of an idea, but only for its communication. The idea exists as independently of time as the entire history of the world does. "Time is only the rhythm of the world's history."

And what of space? As, in reference to eternity, finite time vanishes, so in reference to endless space, the entire created universe is an inappreciable point. Reduce the standards of measurement in the same way as we reduce the standards of time, and a similar result follows. If our solar system were, in all its infinite details, suddenly contracted to the size of a globule of water, or a grain of sand, we should move and exist with the same freedom from restraint, and be absolutely unconscious that any change had taken place. Unless we had a standard of comparison we should be in blissful ignorance, though our stature were but the decillionth of an inch, and our world were of microscopic magnitude.

Time and space are human conceptions, methods of contemplation incident to our present state of existence; and no more inherently true than is the human conception of life as necessarily consisting of conception, growth, decay and death. It may be said in reference to these methods of dealing with time and space, that we have only narrowed them down to an infinitely small point, and have not really got rid of them. Scientifically it may be replied that, in its strictest sense, the idea of the infinitely small is the same as the idea of nothing. As long as something more than nothing remains we must continue to divide it. The end is only reached when we have got to that which is no further divisible, *i. e.*, "a point without parts and magnitude."

But it is possible by a simple illustration still more completely to bring home to the mind the fact that space, as far as it is within the scope of our senses, does not exist in the expanded and varied forms which we see around us, but that these are dependent on our human methods of perception. We are familiar with the magic lantern. It is so constructed that a picture painted in colors on glass is thrown upon a lens, which has the prop-

erty of refracting all rays that fall on its surface, and focussing them in a single point. Through this point they pass and expand the picture, diverging from one another as much as they previously converged. Now, given perfect lenses, and a perfectly smooth surface on which the picture is to be cast, if the lantern be brought so near to the surface that the focus falls on it, the light would appear as a single distinct minute bright point. Yet that tiny speck of light contains the whole of the picture with all its details of form and color; and the withdrawal of the lantern will cause these to become visible to our imperfect senses. They are then no less in the point of light than in the expanded picture, but our eyes are not constructed to see them. The *surface* has become a *point*; that point contains all the varied, distinct parts of the surface; and it results that the differences which appear by the separation and juxtaposition of the component parts do not require space as absolutely necessary to their existence, but that one single, indivisible point may contain them all. Only when we want to see them we must expand our *point* into a *surface*.

These considerations, which pretend only to be conceivably possible, *i. e.*, not contrary to the laws of thought, are, I think, interesting from the point of view of an observant Spiritualist. They lead up directly to Zollner's conception of a fourth dimension in space. They are calculated to make us pause before we explain all the mysterious phenomena of Spiritualism by what is called "rude common sense"—a most unsafe and treacherous guide in such matters. Already we see reason to distrust the evidence of our senses in matters of daily life. How shall they pilot us safely in the midst of new and unimagined difficulties when the average experience of mankind is traversed and contradicted, as in the tying of knots on an endless cord, and in defiance of ordinary laws that govern matter, recorded, among many other observers, by Zollner in his "Transcendental Physics?" In dealing with the phenomena that meet us on the very threshold of an investigation into mediumship, it is surely well that we use "common sense" guardedly, pondering how it treats us even when we watch the sun rising and setting, and wondering by how much all marvels would be diminished, and most problems be solved, if we had but mastered the great problem of all, *Know thyself*.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

From the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

Angels from courts celestial unto earth their greetings send; and unto those who hunger and thirst for the bread and wine of the kingdom, Saidie sends greetings far and near. Now at this your holiday time, when in your homes are assembled the members of the household from far and near, making, if possible, an unbroken band of kindred gathered around the home table, loaded with the good things of the season, prepared by the hand of love, and brightened by wishes of good cheer, Saidie's heart would bid all welcome to a spiritual table spread by angel hands, and bountifully filled with all good things humanity needs.

Saidie well knows that not all the Father's children understand or feel the soul's deep hunger, as in the future they will and must feel the same, for too long have they fed upon the dry, meager husks of church and creed, which has dwarfed and enfeebled their divine nature, until it has caused them to become satisfied with such food, called divine. It is a law of our being, that whatever we feed the mind upon continually will so assimilate itself to us that we grow up therein, until at last reason asserts itself and shows the errors of the past teachings, therefore Saidie looks not with censure upon the children of the All-Wise for becoming thus weakened in their perceptions of that which is truth, but with love in her heart would she spread upon earth the table of wisdom, filling it with the choicest fruit and bread of the kingdom, and would bid all come and partake. The rock of church and creed has piled itself high, and in its forbidding shadow do the children live, sensing not the Father's love, which is ever shining for them, but in the cold shadow of the rock are they still groping their way in darkness, ever trying to find the right path to the Father's house, to the great unknown future,

which to them seems shrouded in mystery, the truth concerning it veiled in mist of uncertainty.

At this holiday time we would unveil the world where dwell the loved of many households, who have not forgotten in the land of peace and joy, where they now dwell, the old-time cheer, the heart-felt gladness of other holiday times when they, with you, enjoyed the "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year." Such would come into their own homes on earth, would meet again the faces they were wont to meet, and would bring again their wishes of love and good cheer to the hearts there assembled. They would be in your midst as of old, not shrouded in gloomy mystery, not as an airy myth, but the same loved and loving one, the same living, individual person, risen indeed, free indeed from earth fetters, but joyous, happy spirits, breathing anew love and blessing, and joining anew your holiday festivities, entering into and sharing your happiness with more zest than in olden times, for now we can bring to you the happiness, the love and peace of our risen condition, and throw over you its full baptism.

But to many, as they strive to enter the home of other days, sadness comes to the spirit, for they are met by gloomy thoughts of death; loved ones are shrouded in mourning for the lost, all idea of the life beyond is darkened by fear,—uncertain are they if they be in a heaven of happiness, or perchance yet sleeping in the grave, waiting the resurrection morn. To better this condition, to bring to your inner beings certain knowledge of the better life beyond, must we of that land bring to earth the better spiritual food,—that which will give to your mind the needed nourishment, and, in your growth thereby, cause the immortal being to turn toward the sunlight of Eternal Wisdom.

Saidie has seen, with a sad heart, the Word of Life distorted by human ideas, and with grief has seen the pure bread of the kingdom made unclean by unholy hands. But she assures each child of the Infinite there is a holy table spread, and the fair dwellers from the holy hills of light bring to it bread and wine, and the fruits of the land, and are waiting with loving hearts and willing hands to portion to each and every one as their needs may be. All are invited and made welcome; it is spread for all.

But Saidie also assures each one there is a work to be done by each, that is no part of another's work. Each must uproot the known evil of their own nature. Everyone must trust no savior for sin, but, by evoking all the good within, must seek to overcome all that is impure and unholy in the inner man, and in so doing they will unfold more and more the appetite for better spiritual food. Growing continually in the light of truth, reaching into the sunlight of love, steps of progress are made, and truth earnestly and sincerely sought will reveal itself to you in increased brightness each year of your life. We substitute the wise and true, for the false and foolish, taking from you only that which will fail, and sooner or later lose its powers of nutrition. Each and everyone must in ages to come find a home in the highest spheres; there is no abiding place ere such home be reached. We must come and go in response to the continual tick, tick of the clock of time until redeemed, until free from all fetters that can bind.

To the members of the loved Order, Saidie would say: Be ye knit together by the tie of fraternal love. Sit together at your holiday feast, where Saidie with your loved ones will preside, and from which will be portioned to each that which their needs demand. As ye receive from the angel world freely give to each other. Be banded together in oneness of purpose with the angel hosts who guide and guard you, and the benediction of love and peace will fall around your hearth-stones, making of each home a little paradise where the feet of angels delight to walk. Bear and forbear; carry each the lamp of truth lighted by the hand of love; cheer and help each other in all that is good and pure, even as you desire the same from the angel guides who minister to your needs, and the blessing of the world where dwell your loved ones is ever yours. Peace be with you all.

By Saidie, through Mr. E. S. Fox.
J. B. FAYETTE,
President Sun Angels' Order of Light.
OSWEGO, N. Y., Dec. 1886.

Pre-Existence and Re-Embodiment.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The author of the Fourth Gospel puts into the mouth of Jesus these words: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, before Abraham was, I am." Thus Jesus is made to assert his own pre-existence in the most positive way. The natural inference is, that if true of one man, it is equally true of all men. Those who believe in the Deity of Jesus escape that inference, it is true, but at the cost of invalidating and destroying St. Paul's doctrine of the resurrection of the dead, as this rests wholly on the equality of all men with Jesus, as the model and pattern of all men not only for this life, but for the ascent to spirit life also. And this resurrection doctrine is the central and vital point of the entire fabric of Christian faith. The orthodox, who reason logically, should therefore reject the resurrection; and the liberal Christians, who reject the Deity of Jesus, should admit not only the resurrection of all men from the dead, but the pre-existence of all men, also, as formed in the likeness and image of the same model man.

A few verses further on, in the same gospel, is found the account of the man born blind, but restored to sight by Jesus, whose disciples asked their master, "Who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind?" If it was the man himself, then, of course, he must have pre-existed, so as to sin, before his birth into this world. The question itself shows the opinion held by some, at least of the questioners. Others, agreeing, perhaps, with the Sadducees, who held the same views as modern materialists, thought blindness was the result of heredity, and inherited in the physical structure or functions of the parents. Jesus does not here sanction either view, but points to a higher range of thought, showing that the works of God control all things and are manifested even in the sorest evils of life.

The above hints from Christian Scripture, even if there be no more, suffice to show that the teaching of pre-existence (and re-embodiment as a result,) can not be dismissed summarily and without argument by those who believe the Bible, except at the expense of consistency, sound logic and right reasoning.

The foregoing remarks are intended to arrest the attention of those who are afraid of new ideas, and think that anything out of the beaten track of their education must necessarily be absurd and unworthy of a candid hearing. It is a well-known fact that outside of Great Britain and the United States,—in other words, in France, Italy, Spain, Germany, and many other countries,—millions of Spiritualists hold firmly to the truth of pre-existence and re-incarnation. Then, too, the hundreds of millions of Buddhists in Asia, have, for untold ages, been firm believers in the doctrine. It is not at all improbable that the tyranny of church orthodoxy on the one hand, and the narrowness and vanity of modern materialism on the other, have had much more to do in shutting out a fair consideration of this subject from the general mind than either love for the truth or a careful consideration of the arguments to be adduced for the doctrine. In current English literature we know not where to point out standard arguments in favor of this doctrine. In French literature we believe these are to be found more abundantly. But we have not had the good fortune to come across many of these; still, there is one just now lying before us, printed in the *Revue Spirite* of February, 1877, written by T. Tonoeoph, in response to an English lady, who assured him that the doctrine of re-incarnation was destitute of all or any proof in its favor. Thus challenged, he answers as follows. I translate his argument from the French:

"Do you believe in the soul and its perfect nature? Do you believe in the existence of God,—I mean the living, acting, personal God, infinite in all his attributes, known or unknown by us, his creatures? Yes, from your writings, I am satisfied that you do. Well, from all those attributes, I hold fast to but one, apart from which all the others disappear or can not exist; it is *justice*.

"How, then, in face of perfect justice, explain the prodigious dissimilarities of souls when they appear in our world, and the so different destinies which they come here to accomplish? Take some examples, the first I think of.

"How explain the enormous, almost incommensurable distance which, in the domain of intellect, separates a Newton, a Leibnitz, an Allan Kardec, marking their passage through their epoch by a luminous furrow, from a stupid, ape-like Papuan, a Bushman, eating dirt, and others, whose utility in a social point of view, remains an unsolved problem? In the domain of morals, how explain the distance separating a Socrates or an Epictetus, from a Borgia, as pope, joining incest to the familiar use of poison, or from a Marquis of Sades, stretching the known limits of depravity, and forming a school of the same? A Joan of Arc, personification of heroism, elevated to its purest and most radiant expression, from a Du Barry, a mass of vices, gathered from the mud and slime of Paris, to regle Louis XV? Nay, more. A Vincent de Paul, or a Curate of Ars, spotless souls, overflowing with inexhaustible charity, from an Abbe Lacollonge, or a Curate

Mingrat, incarnations of unbridled lasciviousness, and of murder coolly planned out?

"How explain a Pico de la Mirandole, knowing without having learned? A Pascal, alone, without teachers, without books, without preparatory labors, at twelve years of age and while playing, deducing one from another, a whole series of geometric theorems, whose discovery and solutions had cost ages of researches to hundreds of generations? A Mangiamelli, a Mondeux, poor little rustics, amusing themselves, while guarding their goats, in calculations which would have demanded pages of figures on the part of mathematicians habituated to combine numbers? A Philippe Baratier, who knew how to write at three years of age, at four, conversed in Latin with his father, in French with his mother, in German with the servant; at nine years composed a Hebrew and a Greek dictionary of the most difficult words of the Old and New Testament, with critical reflections, showing a remarkable maturity of mind; at eleven, translated from Hebrew into French, the *Itinerary of Benjamin de Tulede*, with dissertations of a logical clearness and force, which still astonish commentators even to-day; before the age of nineteen, had engaged with equal success in mathematics, chronology, history, astronomy, physics, cosmography, ancient and modern literature, numismatics, linguistics, Chinese, Indian, Egyptian, Hebrew, Greek and Roman antiquities, undertook the explanation of hieroglyphs, was elected member of the Academy of Prussia, and left behind him the fame of universal *savant*?

"How explain a Sebastian Bach or a Mozart, at an age when boys usually care only for crunching apples, composing and executing sonatas, of which masters would have felt honored in being the authors? A Michael Angelo or a Salvator Rosa, without studying line or color, and in face of all the obstacles belonging to their vocation, revealing themselves at the dawn of their life, one morning as sculptor or painter, and astonishing the artistic world with their improvised talents.

"How, on the other hand, explain the fact that in the same social circle, nay, even in the same family, subject to the same conditions of education, the same influences of example (good or bad), one child displays innate dispositions radically opposed to those of his brother at the same age? One seeking the open daylight, loving the beautiful, and charmed with truth and justice, choosing unhesitatingly and on every occasion, the straight line as a path long familiar to him; the other obstinately closing his eyes to all light, conceiving no joys but those drawn from the most brutal satisfactions of the senses, and always choosing from the routes before him, the most crooked to attain the object of his lusts.

"How explain, I repeat, that growing not only in the same social ranks, but from the same stock, angelic natures and natures odiously perverse develop simultaneously, the former their perfume, the latter their poisons, under identically the same influences?

"In a word, how explain the infinite variety of human characters and lots? To some belong genius, inexhaustible goodness, heroism of the heart, their path visibly and in advance smoothed for them; to others more numerous, half talents, half knowledge, uncertain qualities, incomplete satisfactions, trials moderated, *golden mediocrity* in everything; to the greatest number, incessant struggles against adverse fortune, compulsory ignorance, necessary misery, physical pains, moral sufferings, the burden and anxieties of the day, doubled by the uncertainties of the morrow; alas, to far too many conscience scarcely awakened, the sentiment of right almost unknown and its perceptions almost incomprehensible, vice accepted as a family heritage, brutishness as a natural condition, and often crime as the only means of quenching that thirst for beastly enjoyments that puts them in a fever?

"How, if we generalize these contrasts, explain jointly upon the same earth, under the same heaven, under the eyes and laws of the same Providence, here civilization unfolding its splendors, multiplying its refinements, extending its provisions even into the still distant future, mastering and bending material forces so as to make them its disciplined slaves; there, close at hand, barbarism decimated by penuries of all kinds, blindly guided by its puerile ambition, enslaved to its disorderly passions and cherishing its ignorance, which keeps it under the yoke of the brute force which it deifies; not far off, savagery, living from day to day, forgetful of the miseries of yesterday and careless of those of to-morrow, bordering on mere animality?

"How, in fine, explain the good and the evil that are reflected in all their phases in the human family?

"Here, then, are facts, or, if you will, effects too manifest, too manifold and too discordant not to strike eyes the least clear-sighted. There is no way of disregarding them, and they must have a cause. One of three things—either the fate of each of us is his own personal work, or God is its author, or it is chance. But as we banish this last into the category of nonsense, then our destiny is either the natural consequence of the premises voluntarily fixed by us in the past, whether remembered by us or not; or if every soul, when incarnated here below, makes its beginning of life, then, God, the common father of men, has, beforehand and of set purpose, chosen his future Benjamins and his fut-

ure reprobates, his Abels and his Cains, his elect and his cursed ones. God is, then, nothing but arbitrary will deified, in other words the most monstrous chimera, the most shadowy conception ever created by ignorance instigated by fear and wrought out by fraud. Willing or unwilling, we have to choose. In lack of proof, such as some may demand to show our pre-existent selves as the causes of our present selves and present conditions, the alternative remains to make of God the monster of the universe. That is the choice."

Such is the cogent argument of the French Spiritualist and re-incarnationist, which seems worthy of serious consideration. How otherwise explain rationally the terrible contrasts, inequalities, inconsistencies and injustices of human life? The hearers of W. J. Colville tell me that his chief argument for the theory of re-embodiment was also founded in the impossibility of otherwise reconciling the facts of the universe with the justice of God. The celebrated Origen of Alexandria, Egypt, was one of the early, learned Christian fathers, who took the same view. And in our own days Edward Beecher, son of Lyman Beecher and brother of Henry Ward Beecher, a Congregational clergyman and President of an Illinois college, I learn, was forced to adopt the same theory from the same motive. The anathemas of the orthodox and of the materialists were alike ineffective in changing the views of any of these men.

W. W. T.

A Chinese Medium in California.

[Sarah Graves in the Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

Several years ago I was spending Christmas in California with a sister and her family, which consisted of three sons, one married, then at home with wife and child. They had a Chinaman to work for them, a boy seventeen years of age. He could talk English, and was bright and intelligent. The dinner being over the question was, "How shall we spend the evening?" Some said, "Auntie, will you have a circle?"

"Yes."

The Chinese boy, Charlie, wondered what a circle meant. They told him it was for the purpose of inducing the presence of devils. The Chinese call all departed spirits devils. I arranged the circle in the usual way, Charlie sitting at my left hand. The table was round, made heavy and strong of sugar pine. There were eight sitting around it. I made them a speech and gave some communications. Then I asked if the spirits could rap for us? When the raps came, they spelled out names, and then the table began to move, and answered questions. I then put my hand on the head of Charlie, and he became clairvoyant—saw and described many spirit friends. At last he said, "Oh! I see my mother!" She died in China several years before. He was quite excited, and all arose from the table, when he laid himself on top of it, and it walked across the room. There was no carpet on the floor, and it hopped along very easily as he laid on his breast; it carried him over twenty feet and back. This shows that the influence of spirits is not confined to any nation or people, but where conditions are right, they will show their power. Charlie sent me his photograph after I came back to Michigan. I can have no more seances in California, as my sister and her husband both have passed to spirit-life. I may never visit the land of sunshine and flowers again, but I shall visit them in their home "over there" some time.

GRAND RAPIDS, Michigan.

A NICE little boy, reared in the intellectual and heterodox atmosphere of Boston, happened to be a witness in a case in Cincinnati, and the question arose as to his being able to understand the nature of an oath, so the judge investigated him. "Well, Wendall," he said, kindly, "do you know where bad little boys will go when they die?" "No, sir," replied the boy, with confidence. "Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the judge, in shocked surprise; "don't you know they will go to Hell?" "No, sir; do you?" "Of course I do." "How do you know it?" "The Bible says so." "Is it true?" "Certainly it is." "Can you prove it?" "No, not positively; but we take it on faith," explained the judge. "Do you accept that kind of testimony in this court?" inquired the boy, coolly. But the judge didn't answer. He held up his hands and begged the lawyers to take the witness.—*The Washington Critic*.

ONE VIEW OF TOBACCO.—At an important convention of prison superintendents in New York, a few days ago, Dr. T. C. McDonald, Superintendent of the State Asylum for insane criminals, at Auburn, said experience, observation and study led him to believe that tobacco was detrimental to the bodily, mental and moral health of its prisoners. He said that tobacco ranked next to alcohol as a deteriorating and demoralizing agent when used to excess. Two years ago he withheld it from his patients, most of whom had been addicted to its use. He was surprised to see how rapidly the clamor for it subsided. They had generally improved in their bodily health and mental and moral tone. Yet how many slaves to the habit there are out of prison, yet in chains.—*The New York Advocate*.

Resurrected.

[Written for the Golden Gate by Spirit Rev. H. B. Kanyon.]

Shout the glad tidings from near and far, for a soul is given into our care.

Softly in the stilly night the tired eyes close in search of sleep. It cometh softly, like the wings of gentle breezes, lulling to rest the weary soul; it cometh like the love touch of childish fingers—like a whisper from one we prize most high, and softly o'er the weary brain will come the assurance that I will live again. I am tired now and go to sleep to awaken again in the morning light.

Softly we cover the form so dear, but do not know that the angel spirit has taken its flight to scenes more bright, to meet the long parted face to face, and hear the glad welcoming cheer, "The morn has come, you are born again; a new life is given unto us, a new field of labor is open before you which will bring greater blessings and triumphs than ever before, a field of labor where the grandest and highest aspirations meet with perfect result; no disappointments, no down-fallings, for you have crossed the stream which leads to everlasting life."

We find upon the banks of living green our companions dear and true, who extend the hand we love so well; to feel its touch, let alone all else, is bliss divine.

We are protected along the way from conditions that would disturb the newborn soul, and until they understand the scenes we keep them safe in our embrace.

A soul is risen; a soul so loth to part with earth's conditions and companions, finding upon the shore hearts that warmly beat as in days gone by, finds that instead of death there is open to them a new field of life and activity—that instead of the thought that "they are no more" their souls are filled with love for the life before them and strength to meet it.

In earth conditions there is given unto us a child. We rejoice and plan for its future great things which are oftentimes met with a condition that sweeps all away like a gust of wind. Again a child is given unto us, and this one is so constituted and full of vitality that disease is overcome and our loved one grows to full maturity; and if willful passions are held within bound we are made happy and the world has been made better through the influence of this one.

One of our darlings is in the Summer Land and one in earth conditions with us; but our love is not given wholly to either, and it is wise that it is so, for by our love for our own we are led to care for the one with us in the form and reach out and up to the one on the other shore, thereby inducing us to think and study the possibilities of the joy and happiness enjoyed by our loved ones in the beautiful beyond.

Many ambitious, energetic friends have built plans to be cut down by sickness and death, to awaken in the new life better enabled in every respect to carry on his great work, though you in earth conditions do not see how it is possible to accomplish as much from this side of life as on your side, yet such is frequently the fact.

We do not think it is always better for the dear ones left who mourn their loss. No, it is not in all respects; for disappointment and sorrow come when hope and trust held full possession, and the door to the spiritual is not held open so as to give you a glimpse of the beauty and happiness enjoyed by the loved ones on this side. If the door was open wider, if the companions of our heart would let us come as fully as before, there would be in place of grief an ever-living reconciliation; it would help us to live for the one who is away from us in the form, yet quite as near as before.

The passing away from you of loved ones so dear should not unfit you for earth-life career, and were the truth of spirit-life better understood it would give more strength, more light and love; for then the truth of spirit return would induce all to open the door for us to come with love and strength to lift up the clouds that hover over our loved ones in earth-life; then we could change conditions so that if you would realize the fact that though we are out of sight to mortal eyes, yet are ever near and striving to lead you into paths of pleasantness and peace; then it would be that your lives would be moulded and directed toward the home in the beyond, where loved ones are waiting patiently for your earth work to be fully done, so that they may sing the glad tidings of another soul "resurrected," and brought home to enjoy the unspeakable bliss of love's fullest hope in the new life, where you will find that to be "resurrected" is taking you away from trouble and sorrow, transplanting you into fields of *living beauty*, into companionship of love and trust, where there can no parting grief enter to mar the angelic harmony. To be "resurrected" is stepping out of your old worn-out clothing for better and purer ones. To be "born again" is to accept and fill a higher office of usefulness; though it does separate loved ones for a little time, yet it will be the means of enriching you in a thousand ways, though you do not now see the truth of this fact, as you view it from the earth side of life; the time will come when it will flash over you very clearly on this side, then you will wonder at your blindness?

Many exclaim: "Oh! had I only known that you were so happy I would not have wished you back." There is a way to find the light that will lead you where your loved ones can come to you with

assurances of love and constant interest in your welfare. "Seek and ye shall find, ask and it shall be given unto you," holds just as true to-day as ever before. You must do your part of this work and you will be gladly met by your loved ones who have passed to the fields of everlasting life.

Letter of Dr. Aliyn.

[In Light for Thinkers.]

If one engaged in an arduous struggle for liberty of thought and progressive ideas, against fearful odds, is deserving of respect, you are entitled to your meed of praise. In the coming years, either in this or spirit-life, it matters little which, you will come to your own. Be assured you are appreciated by some who have the cause of Spiritualism at heart. I say you are struggling against odds. True, you have the sympathy of a multitude of progressive souls, and an invincible army of earnest workers in the spirit world. But in the natural world, and in the state of mental and spiritual development, or lack of development, there are obstacles to be overcome of a tenacious character. Not among the least of these is an inherited system of theology, supported by well-stocked arsenals of text-books.

The fact that professors in colleges have been ousted from their positions because they believed and taught the doctrine of evolution, now become so prevalent, and held by a large share of the more advanced clergy—illustrates what is meant.

Men may come and men may go, but spiritual unfoldment and progressive development will go on forever.

The cause of Spiritualism is in a healthy condition on the Pacific Coast. In Oregon and Washington Territory, owing in part to the labors of Brother Colby, but more to the conditions of the people and the motives which induced the settlement of the country, the cause is manifesting a better growth in small towns and country places.

In the cities of California, since the opening of the camp-meeting at Oakland in June last, the good work has gone rapidly forward. The labors of W. J. Colville, or, perhaps I should say, the band of spirits who utilize his wonderful organism, have accomplished a grand work in San Francisco. Frequently at the camp tent on a Sunday evening fifteen hundred listened with rapt attention to his elegant, polished, and profound lectures on subjects chosen by the audience, and given without preparation, with an improvised poem at the close. Some lectures were announced beforehand. All intellectual workers acknowledged it to be a mystery how a delicately organized man of twenty-eight, without school education, can give three lectures a day with the inevitable poem, and two each day through the week without the least appearance of fatigue. I think that the Rev. J. Mott Savage, of Boston, must have had his case in view when he said publicly that "to establish modern Spiritualism there is a body of evidence that would be recognized as conclusive proof on any other proposition whatsoever."

In San Francisco the two leading societies, each in their own peculiar way, are doing a grand work. The Religious and Philosophical Society, which meets at the Temple and is ministered to by Mrs. Watson, represents the more conservative element. During Mrs. W.'s Summer vacation Mr. Colville occupied the rostrum, and now to give her another needed rest, that prince of eloquent and effective lecturers, A. B. French, is engaged.

The Society of Progressive Spiritualists are working on entirely different methods, which are so unique and successful that I cannot close this letter without giving a brief account of it for the encouragement of others, although it is adapted to peculiar conditions, and could not be adopted as a pattern under other conditions. They do not employ paid speakers, and yet they never lack speakers with more or less ability to interest and instruct. Their plan is to give out a subject for a week ahead, have an opening address of thirty minutes, followed by volunteer speeches of ten minutes each. Frequently platform tests are given, adding great interest and attracting an audience. They have already accumulated a building fund of about \$15,000, mostly by donations, and intend in the near future to have their own hall. They have a respectable free library. They do not eschew practical subjects, such as the relation of labor to capital, and of course sympathize with the struggling masses, and the powers of wealth and monopoly are not flattered. For the past few weeks they have given bi-weekly evening meetings to relieve needy mediums, the principal attraction of which are test phenomena. Ten cents are charged for admission, and the houses are crowded. They have thus realized over two hundred dollars. The members of this society originated our State Camp Meeting Association, and brought it to a grand success, when the more conservative came in with a rush.

Last, but not least, is our grand weekly, the GOLDEN GATE. Pure-hearted, sound-headed, well-balanced, with wholesome conservatism, but ever progressive, it is the peer of any paper on the continent devoted to the spiritual and religious cultivation of humanity.

JOHN ALIYN.

ST. HELENA, California.

ASTRONOMERS say the seventh return of the "Star of Bethlehem" may now be expected at any time. It has always been the forerunner of momentous events.

Spiritualism Among Uncivilized Races.

BY E. L. HARRISON.

In the pursuit of ethnological studies, I have read with great interest the observations of noted travelers and explorers on the manners, customs and habits of the uncivilized races; and while it is not my purpose in the subjoined remarks to speak at length in regard to their religions and superstitions I have found such evidence of a crude Spiritualism among the benighted denizens of Africa, South America, and the Islands of the Southern seas, that I have taken the trouble to collate and condense some of the leading facts, believing that they are of sufficient importance and interest to deserve a place in the current literature of Spiritualism. To the mind unfamiliar with mental phenomena, and the laws governing spirit communication, an endeavor to establish a relation between Spiritualism and what many worthy and esteemed Christians would call degrading superstition, may seem far-fetched and ill-timed; and may also furnish some over zealous and misguided orthodox, another javeline to hurl at the religion and philosophy which is unfettering men from the body of creeds and bigotry. But all persons who know anything about the laws of the mind, be they Spiritualists or not, will understand why the Spiritualism of the semi-barbarous savage is crude and warped by superstition. It is not so much the character of their spiritualistic belief, as the fact that they have such belief to which attention is directed. In fact, the universality of such a belief, crude, undeveloped and chained with superstition, though it may be, and necessarily is among the uncivilized, is the best philosophic evidence of a spirit existence.

"It must be so. Plato, thou reasonest well! Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire, this longing after immortality?"

Having said this much by way of preface, I will introduce the reader to the Kaffir of Southern Africa, and while an ethnological treatise upon this rather intelligent native of the "dark continent," who is of the possible Asiatic origin, would no doubt be interesting, it is only the purpose of this article to examine the spiritualistic phase of his religion. Like nearly all other tribes and nations they have legends about the creation of man which bear a resemblance to the story told in Genesis. In one of their legends, however, God is made the first creation and the ancestor rather than the creator of the human race. While their ideas about creation may be vague, immortality to them is an assured fact, as they not only believe in the continued existence of spirit, but in its power to communicate. They have their prophets whose business it is to communicate with the departed, discover the perpetrators of crime, reverse witchcraft spells, which are the works of evil spirits, and to make rain. A Kaffir prophet "is born, not made." The gift belongs to certain families, which is in consonance with the laws of heredity, and the novice is compelled to make a preparation which reminds one of the Buddhist requirements necessary to become an adept. First the novice is impressed by the spirit; he loses all interest in everyday life, prefers solitude, and often has fainting fits. When the spirit has gained complete possession, he is said to perform all kinds of insane freaks, catching poisonous snakes and tying them around his neck, performing marvelous feats, etc. He has strange dreams. Eventually he begins to prophesy, and then begins the practice of his profession. If his prophecies are true, he is respected and revered by his tribe, and used as a medium for communicating with dead. The Kaffir believes in animal sacrifices, which fulfill a double mission—the flesh furnishing food to mortals, and the spirit of the animal going to increase the herd of a deceased relative. He takes no interest in spirits outside of his family, but his superstition makes him believe that the spirits often take possession of the lower animal forms and appear to mortals.

What is said of Kaffirs, in regard to their belief in immortality, may be said of all the uncivilized tribes of Africa, save the Hottentot. And while I entertain the opinion that even he has some remote or vague idea of another world, travelers and missionaries have been unable to discover it. In many other parts of Africa, notably in Dahome, Abyssinia, Balondo, Unyoro, Batoka and Angola, the people believe in communion with the dead, through priests or prophets, who are entranced or controlled by the gods or communicating spirit. In Dahome the fetichers or priests are chosen because of a sort of ecstatic fit that comes over them, causing them to fall to the ground insensible. When a priest returns to his senses from the first attack, an older priest tells him what kind of a spirit has come to him. He then goes to a private part of town, and is instructed in the mysteries of his calling, including an esoteric language which requires several years to master, and which is only spoken and understood by the priests. Fetish women outnumber fetish men; and as to the position of the human soul in the next world, they believe that it takes the same rank in the world of the spirits that it had among men. Visiting the spirit world is the chief employment of fetish men, and is accomplished by the fetichers lying down and covering himself with a cloth, when

he falls in a trance, and upon his return to conscious details the conversation he has had with the spirits.

In the religion of all the uncivilized races, one thing is conspicuous: Evil spirits are feared, and seem to be the most numerous, so that the principal work of the priest consists of exorcising demons. The Abyssinians believe in obsession and transformation. The former is known as the influence of the Bouda. The Bouda exhibits his power in various ways, the chief of which was to put a spell on the afflicted person, assume the shape of a hydra and call the person to him. A writer who has traveled in Abyssinia tells of a Bouda affliction which commenced with headache and languor, followed by hysterics and great pain. She soon became quiet and sunk into a stupor, during which the narrator, Mr. Parkyns, pinched her and stuck pins in her without producing any effect. A rag saturated with ammonia was pushed into her nostrils, but she never noticed it. Buckets full of cold water were thrown over her, but did not cause a pant or a start. Thus she remained for three days, when she slowly recovered. On another occasion Mr. Parkyns tried to exorcise the Bouda with a false charm, but it had no effect; but soon after a soldier coming in with a Bouda charm, the afflicted person sat up, and the demon speaking through her, promised to depart if he were given food. A basin of filth mixed with ashes and water was prepared, and by Mr. Parkyns hidden in the yard, where the patient did not see it. The Bouda was then told that his supper was ready, and the woman crawled out in the yard on her hands and knees, smelling like a dog as she proceeded. She went straight to the basin, and pulling it out, discovered its contents and fell in a faint, from which she recovered her natural self. There is another possession, or rather, obsession, they call the Tigritya. The person becomes weak and emaciated, and sits for days without eating or speaking. Music arouses the spirit, which then causes the person to dance and go through all kinds of contortions, even when he seems to be too weak to stand. When the influence leaves, the person falls to the earth in a swoon. If this is not obsession, what is it?

Near the west coast of Africa there is a tribe of natives known by the name of Balondo. They believe in a supreme being and in immortality; and although this would seem to be a good foundation for missionary work, great efforts in this line have met with but little success. The Balondo now will admit that the spirits of deceased white men may go to a mysterious heaven, but "the deceased Balondo prefers to remain near their villages which were familiar to them in life, and to assist those who have succeeded them in their duties."

"The Angolese," says Dr. Livingstone, "fancy themselves completely in the power of disembodied spirits," and they think they know more about these things than their white brethren."

In Unyoro the people have their prophets, many of whom have been tested and credited with considerable occult power, by white travelers. Captain Grant says that one of these persons predicted the result of his expedition, and many things connected with it that literally came to pass. These magicians claim to be able to find lost articles, and Captain Speke says he witnessed the process, which resulted in the discovery of an article that was lost, but was supposed by the owner to be stolen. Among these people, who are known by the name of Wanyors, there are several religious orders, not the least conspicuous of which are the Sorcerers.

The Batoka or Botonga tribe of Africa, believe that the spirits of the departed know what those who are left behind are doing, and are pleased or not, as their deeds are good or evil. A Batoka refused to sell his canoe, because it belonged to the spirit of his father, who helped him to kill the hippopotamus.

But it is needless to enumerate further, as the same peculiarity of religious belief is universal throughout Africa. This fact would seem to indicate the possibility of a remote higher intelligence and spiritual unfoldment; and this idea is in accord with the reports that come from the spirit world. In answer to a question in regard to the future of Africa, the controlling spirit, as reported by Dr. Peebles, said:

"The history of this country, with her Lost Arts, was long since buried in forgetfulness. In remote antiquity, hidden under the dust of ages, Central Africa was the garden of the world. The Sanscrit language, the pride of ancient India, was begotten and saw its palmiest days near the fountains of the Nile. Why, then, has the lion so long borne the curse of degradation? Why should the dark stains remain upon one of the fairest portions of God's universe? Why such a long night after such a glorious noonday? After the night cometh the morning. Ethiopia shall yet again stretch her hands forth to God. The baptism of fire is now upon her. After the clamor of war and warfare comes peace and prosperity. Ancient America was the alpha of earth's humanity, Asia the beta, while to Europe has been allotted the fiery work of scourging and purification. But in the dawning cycle, to Africa shall be given the full unfolding of that flower, whose grateful fragrance shall fill the whole earth, and whose melodious melodies shall add to the harmonies."

In a description of a rhinoceros it is stated that he is a powerful beast, with a mouth ranging from an open valise to a candidate's smile.

The "Golden Gate."

[Written for the Golden Gate by Spirit "White Locks," St. Paul, Minn.]

To the dear readers of our messages I come again, hoping to give words that will carry with them an after-thought—something that will be to the sorrowing a comfort, like an arm of protection in time of trouble.

Climbing up the stairway of life you pass through experiences which at times appear to be placed in your way by those not in rapport with you or your surroundings, and are often forced to suffer through the blunders of others. If all would open wide the "Golden Gate" of trustful confidence and be frank with each other there would be more sympathy among mankind, which would help to make all stronger and more noble; then there would be more sunlight and happiness than now to brighten the way.

You do not allow the thought of loving confidence to develop and outgrow its shell and flood others with strength, but live within yourselves, keeping all the better emotions under lock and key, as it were.

Be not afraid that this loving nature, or soul, will take wings and fly away because you allow its influence to shine upon thy fellow-man. No! fear not, but place your light so high that it cannot be hid, and let the truth that is in your soul so shine that though you are at times counted as "odd" the conviction is also conveyed that you are not selfish.

In spiritual things be ever true to your convictions, ever remembering that to become respected you also must respect the thought of those around you. No two faces are just the same, no two souls can reach the same truth at the same instant though both are honestly hoping to. Have patience with each other and always be true to your own thoughts. Learn to become self-reliant and you will learn that these earthly obstacles will prove in the end one of the means to assist you in approaching the true "Golden Gate" in confidence and strength. In other words, do not expect perfect happiness in earth or spirit-life unless you improve and make use of your advantage to lighten the sorrow of your fellow-traveler. Do not wait for others to do your work; reach out your hand and help as you can see the way open. Do this daily as you journey on and have no fears about finding the "gates ajar" when you come to lay off the mortal form, for you will not only find the way open but many waiting joyfully your coming amidst them.

Experiences on this side are frequently very amusing, as you would understand if you become conscious of the truth that each soul or spirit brings only its own self into this new life, no better, no worse than when they left earth-life, and it is amusing to notice the astonishment of many who relied wholly upon faith without works for future happiness. Many come to the "Golden Gate" in full confidence of passing into the immediate presence of "Our Savior, Jesus Christ," who were not fit associates for their companions in earth-life. We are always ready to help these spirits; at the same time do never forget the fact that if the truth of spirit-life was more openly taught there would be far more happiness in earth life and not so many dwarfed souls to ferry over the river of life to become for a time sorely disappointed.

In the spirit world there is happiness and there is sorrow. If we do not work for the good of others as well as for our own happiness we find the sorrow. Selfishness has no home here, and all strive to rid themselves of it as fast as possible, for while in that condition there is no perfect rest to the soul. Why expect eternal rest and happiness until worthy? Until we are pure in thought we need not expect to be ushered into the presence of angels white and pure, and there is no opportunity better than to-day for getting ready the ship that someday will sail across the river of life, and perhaps carry you over unprepared for the change. Do not let the thought "that all is joy and happiness to every soul over there" deceive you, for just in proportion as you help your fellow-man in earth-life, do you help yourself to build upon the spirit side, conditions of happiness and joyful reunion of souls gone before. Every day brings its work; if neglected it will pile up so high that you will not be able to accomplish it while in earth-life, and much will have to be completed in spirit-life before taking up your spiritual work. The "Golden Gate" and River of Life, though figurative, give a better idea of our entrance into the spirit world. Many fall to sleep and experience the feeling of gliding across waters blue; awaking to find that they are closely harbored in the loving embrace of some dear one who is safely taking them over one of our streams of crystal water into conditions in perfect harmony with their earth-life.

An old lady once related to me her experience as follows: "I passed along a narrow pathway, and in the distance saw an archway with closed doors and no one in sight to open them for me. There was a beautiful golden light filling all before me and covering me with its beautiful radiance; surely this must be the Golden Gates, but I expected to find them ajar. Everything was wonderfully beautiful, and a restful influence came over me. I was in the act of gathering some of the lovely flowers that were so plentiful, when the gates gradually opened, flooding me with an atmosphere of sweet-scented roses. As they opened wider, all my dear companions, who had gone before, came joy-

ously to greet me, and as I passed through, my husband was the first to clasp me to his bosom, and then exclaimed in his olden way and voice: 'Yes, the gates were open wide and we were all waiting to greet thee.' Then I looked back and saw that all was as before I safely passed through."

There is a GOLDEN GATE in earth-life, if thoroughly understood, would enable you to see more clearly the one in life to come; each copy is laden with joyful tidings to hungry souls, and may you all stand firm as an oak by its editor's side, and help carry on the work he has so nobly begun of spreading the gospel of truth, love and the right before the world.

Spiritual Meaning of Salvation.

[Extract from a lecture by Cora L. V. Richmond.]

The salvation of the New Dispensation will be ever more searching than that of the Christian. It is said to be the highest offering if a man gives his life to save another's; but under the new light the love that merely gives the physical life will be accounted selfish, but that which gives life service, that which gives day by day the heart drops and heart beats; that which endures day by day ignominy and scorn; that which bears patiently the crown of martyrdom, as in the case of some Christian lives that, day by day, and hour by hour, work away with tired hands, and weary forms, for the sake of others. The mother praying for her child, her brow uplifted to heaven while she waits to breathe the word of ministration; he who cares for and watches over another without upbraiding, without reproaching, and without judging, but because he loves his friend, such will be the salvation of the New Dispensation in the world.

It is not enough that you shall lay down your life and say to another, live, but it is more that you shall teach the way to live, so that the life of the spirit shall be breathed among you. I scorn to believe that Christ was sent to man merely to die, and by that death to say to a sinful world, live instead of me. When He says "I am the way," when He says, "I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman," it is the Christ spirit that shows the way to live, and the way of salvation in the life that He brought as an example to humanity.

The world needs saving, not because it is eternally lost but because it is in a state of spiritual death, spiritual lethargy, spiritual ignorance, spiritual doubt and gloom. You are to be saved from this condition by that one Divine power, which can save any state from its darkest fulfillment, and that is the power of God's love, the spirit of Christ working in and through your own lives.

No man can die to save you. The kingdom of heaven which you attain must be by growth. Lofty exemplars are placed upon the mountain heights of time for you to see what man may become; the Christ revealed in history that you may know how glorious and perfect this divine and God-like humanity may be; and the way is shown it is made easy. Falsehood has made it dark, circuitous and troubled. You always find it harder to do wrong than to do right in the end, and you wish you had done right. Falsehood begets falsehood; small transgressions lead to larger transgressions; all these are placed before you in their terrible array, and the good so simple, the Christ voice, the child voice speaking words of truth, with untutored tongue, that penetrates the heart. The spirit of the child is drowned and quenched in later years by worldliness, policy and pride, and that which constitutes the falsehoods of daily life; that which makes men stultify conscience and deny the truth, and turn from the Lord and Master to serve Mammon, because Mammon wears the glitter of daily prosperity.

The Christ over there amid the shadows, with torn mantle and dusty feet, you do not know Him; but were He crowned with regal robes, with the crown of prosperity, were He accepted of all men, you would say I have always believed in Him.

Nor is the truth so difficult. One man will say, "I can not serve the Golden Rule alone in the world; if all mankind are willing I will agree to do unto others as I would have others do unto me." But it is so much easier to do this than to refrain from doing it. All the difficulties and entanglements in the world are the result of the opposite of the Golden Rule and the Christ spirit. When these fill your daily existence with their love, and power, and strength, you will have no quarrels to engage in, no lawsuits to settle, no arbitration to invite, nothing indeed but the pathway that is highest and best, filled with the flowers of immortal life blooming in daily existence, whose incense, like voices of praise, goes out from the heart that is already saved by the light of God's Love.

COLONEL BAIN in a recent temperance address said: "I believe there is a process of evolution where man by the use of liquor descends below the level of a brute. Sixteen months ago, in Louisville, Ky., at midnight, a grandson of Henry Clay, the image of his illustrious ancestor, was shot in a bar-room; at the same hour, in the same city, a grandson of John J. Crittenden was in jail. A block further away at the same time a great-grandson of Patrick Henry was in the station-house for drunkenness. I have my doubts as to evolution, but am convinced that the use of liquor is productive of what may be called devolution."

New Year's Calls, or the First Glass.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In the course of human events we shall, in a few short days, have arrived at another mile-stone in the journey of life—another link added to the mysterious chain of our earthly existence, "The entrance upon another New Year," a time which should be of deep reflection and meditation, when we should open our spiritual ledgers to balance either to the debit or the credit the fulfillment or otherwise, of the solemn views and firm resolutions assumed on the beginning of 1886. At this point I am reminded of our sweet Longfellow who says,—

"Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days be dark and dreary."

On the first day of 1886 a promising young man of eighteen years twice greeted his mother very tenderly, "Mamma, dear, Happy New Year! Happy New Year!" kissing her on both sides of her cheeks. After breakfast he said, "Now, I am going out for the first time in my life to make regular New Year Calls. Good-bye, Mother." She sat in her bay-window and watched him turn the corner, manly, and sweet, and clean and noble. She was proud of her boy and thought of him all that day. Towards late in the evening the bell rang rather strangely and a curious sensation came over her as if something were wrong. Instead of letting the girl go she went herself, opened the door and two young men had brought home her boy so drunk he could not walk; they laid him on the floor. Oh, how that mother did cry! She took his hand in hers and looked into that face so lovely in the morning and see it now—lips swollen, hair damp and matted, and the skin of the fair face had grown coarse in ten hours, whilst his breath poisoned the atmosphere of the drawing-room. The fond mother said that if it had been the work of her son's worst enemy she could be comforted and consoled, as a mother's love could shield him from enemies in any direction. "But it was the work of his friends." That was his first intoxication, but not his last; he is going to ruin.

This is only one true illustration of many that will be repeated, we fear, the first day of the year 1887. Society ladies are already preparing their lists of invitations "to receive," which promises to be on a larger scale than ever before. If the ladies with their kind and generous hearts would only ponder and reflect upon the fearful consequences following in the wake of their unconsciously putting the bottle to their neighbor's lips, they might be induced for the sake of blighted and withered homes, broken-hearted wives, sisters and little ones, to abolish this pernicious and sin-cursed custom and substitute those things that do not steal away men's brains and self-control, or nerve the arm to strike down the better life of his fellow-men. If friends cannot meet, at least once a year, and exchange mutual greetings over a cup of chocolate, tea or coffee, pie or cake, cold meals, etc., without the curse of strong drink being added, then such friendship is not worth the having.

Another phase of these annual receptions by the ladies is the fearful eating indulged in by their callers. It is true, we are glad to learn, that all callers do not drink, but they make up for it by overloading their poor stomachs, thus engendering diseases as detrimental as a surfeit of liquor. Then, lastly, this generous hospitality is much imposed upon by the invited friends themselves—they invite other young men, who, perhaps, never visited the families before and, perhaps, never will again. We are not condemning this beautiful annual custom of friends meeting to greet each other with New Year smiles and benedictions, but we are loud in our hatred and denunciation that so many young men will be tempted by the first glass, in which there is a fearful life written, and that placed to their lips, innocently no doubt, by the fair hand of woman. We trust that the ladies this New Year will, in a large majority of cases, dispense only the simple refreshments of which we have spoken, whilst, at the same time, they can drop a word of cheer and encouragement to carry away instead of that which degrades and debases. ROBERT BARRY.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 22, 1886.

HOW VANDERBILT KEPT AN APPOINTMENT.—Vanderbilt plied himself on being exact in keeping his appointments. In 1884 he refused to permit his Meissoniers to appear at the Paris loan exhibition of that artist's productions, on the ground that there was too much risk in sending such precious treasures across the Atlantic and back again. But he did not hesitate to make the voyage himself in order to admire the wonderful collection. The day before he sailed, Vanderbilt telegraphed as follows to Georges Petit, Meissonier's business agent: "I will be at your house on May 23d, at 6 o'clock. Tell Meissonier." And sure enough when the clock struck 6 on May 23, 1884, Vanderbilt walked into Petit's picture store. But Meissonier arrived a quarter of an hour late! As Vanderbilt remained in Paris only two days, embarking for home forty-eight hours after his landing at Havre, every minute was of course precious.—Theodore Stanton's Letter.

Man will never surrender himself to be the permanent vehicle of any set ideas unless it completely satisfies the whole of his nature.

GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1886.

BUSINESS MEDIUMSHIP.

If mediums would become more perfect instruments for the higher intelligences, they should never debase their gifts to sordid uses. But this they do whenever they invite spiritual communion for business purposes.

That spirits can—or would if they could—give one any points whereby one might profit himself in a wordly sense, is very doubtful; that there are spirits who will assume to do so is certain. The shores of the mystic sea of spirit communion are thickly strewn with financial wrecks caused by overweening confidence in the business counsels of mischievous and ignorant spirits.

Who can not see, with a moment's thought, the fallacy of spirit knowledge in such matters? Death has not unsealed their eyes to the whole arcana of nature. They can not read the future there any better than they could here. If it were possible for them to indicate to their friends on the earth plane how and when to buy and sell, thereby giving them an undue advantage over those with whom they dealt, who does not see that such interference would be an act of dishonesty, equivalent to that of wagering money on a horserace in which the winner, having bribed the jockey, knew the result in advance?

There may be occasions when it would be well to ask help from the higher powers, and when the spirit world might wisely come to one's assistance; but it could only be when one was sinking beneath the waves, or was wholly unable, in and of himself, to stem the tide that was bearing him to swift destruction.

The spirit advice, asked and usually so readily given, in the ordinary business affairs of life, if persistently followed, will be very apt to result disastrously; and no one understands this fact better than the mediums themselves, who lower the standard of their divine gifts to gratify the lust of gain on the part of those who consult them for this purpose.

We would that all mediums could be induced to shake off the spirit leeches that cling to them from the other side, and cease their sitting for business purposes. They would at once call around them a higher order of spirits and exalt and glorify their divine gifts as never before.

When one sees to what base uses mediumship is oftentimes devoted, the evils that have resulted from following the advice of spirits, and the mischief that has been wrought through a blind belief in what might be termed the unspiritual phases of Spiritualism, we are not surprised that many good men and women hesitate to be regarded as Spiritualists.

We want to see mediumship lifted out of the ruts, and this can be brought about, not by denouncing mediums for their faults and weaknesses, but by kindly helping them to a truer understanding of the sacred nature of their gifts. They should be encouraged in all honesty and purity of purpose, and made to feel that any communion with the spirit world for other ends than those of demonstrating the fact of spirit existence and return, or for the spiritual unfoldment, either of spirit or mortal, is to trail their robes in the dust, and lower themselves in the estimation of all good men and angels.

We have as good mediums here in San Francisco as the world can produce. There is no good reason why they should not be the first in all that pertains to spiritual growth, and the unfoldment of the higher nature of man. They should be upborne by the loving sympathy and earnest prayers of all good Spiritualists.

NOT ALWAYS.—Man is but a higher animal, but he is so high—just "below the angels"—that it is a sorry thing to know that, brute-like, he will often kick his fellows farther down hill when he sees them on the down grade. They seem to forget that when one gets to the bottom there may not only be peaceful, beautiful waters, but other hills to climb whose sides are virgin to human skill, and whose green summits are crowned with flowers and fruitage, ripe for other hands than they that hold no kindness for those upon whom adversity has cast its shadow. Kicking a man down may, however, prove the greatest of kindnesses. It is only by falling we learn to watch our steps, and only by poverty we find our friends. Men and women can not successfully live in this life until they have grown wise in human nature. It is a sad thing that the trustful should be made victims, but as it will be until the world sets a true estimate upon loss and gain, when it will no longer despise honest poverty and extol wealth, however obtained.

SPIRITUAL POTENCY.

Man has yet to learn the capacities of his own marvelous spiritual nature—the grand possibilities and potencies of which he is capable.

We talk of matter and spirit, but we know very little about either. We are coming, however, to the understanding of some facts in relation thereto that have hitherto been new to the world. We are beginning to learn that what we call matter is the mute language, or outward expression, of the Infinite Spirit; and that the human spirit, being a spark from the Infinite, contains within itself more or less of the potency of the source whence it emanated. That is, each human soul contains just as much of the Infinite Soul as it is able to express, and its capacity of expression is measured by the knowledge it possesses of itself.

A little child may lead and control the powerful brute, because the latter is ignorant of his strength. So man, being ignorant of his own spiritual powers, is dominated by many temptations, appetites and weaknesses, around and within him, that he could readily overcome if he only knew the mighty potency of his own immortal spirit. But this knowledge comes only through fidelity to truth—to adherence to the highest aspiration and impulse of his divine nature.

The new science of mind has thus a grand foundation in truth. Disease is made to yield its dominion over the physical, in many instances, by the power of the spirit, acting through newly discovered laws, over the physical.

And thus we are beginning to realize that the dream of the old magicians in the possibility of the discovery of an *elixar vita*, whereby the dominion of age, and even of death itself, might be overcome, may possibly be a prophecy of the future that shall yet have fulfillment. Only, it will not be wrought by any magic draught or spell, as they imagined possible, but by the slow and sure unfoldment of the spirit of man—by the coming in of the soul to its divine inheritance—its omnipotent birthright.

As a continuance of life on this plane would be desirable only when conditioned with the potency to overcome disease and unfavorable environment, man must first be able to subdue the elements of unhappiness within and around him. He must first solve the great problems of society, bring harmony out of disorder, and thoroughly subdue his own wild and untamed nature. He must convert his weapons of mortal destruction into implements of peace and industry and "learn war no more." He must first understand nature's laws and obey them. Then may he reach out for other conquests over himself—for victories, such as the old Magi dreamed of, and such as Bulwer has foreshadowed in his "Zanoni."

And thus may it not be that the two worlds now drawing so closely to each other may eventually blend into one, and "death be swallowed up in victory"? Surely, in the new and stranger light now dawning upon the world such an outcome of the great problem of human life does not seem impossible.

OUR PREDECESSORS.—Few things on this planet awaken more general interest in the reading world than those discoveries that tell of the prior inhabitants and possessors of our temporal abiding place. A recent Manila paper reports the discovery of some massively constructed temples on two islands of the Caroline Group—Ponape and Kusaie. These remains and the sculptured figures thereon create as much wonderment as do the ruined cities of Yucatan and Mexico. Evidently they are not the work of semi-savage ancestors of the Malay race, now peopling the Carolines. Who were their builders is a puzzle to antiquaries. These discoveries recall to mind the magnificent ruins of Siam, of enormous buildings at Ankor-Wat, located in the midst of extensive swamps. What one first mentally asks is, "From whence came the stone with which these ruins were built?" The query has echoed along the ages, but the answer does not come. The past is surely dead, but its dead are not buried so deep but that they rise up in the path of modern man to remind him of his mundane fate.

THE TWO SAMs.—We have formed the opinion that Sam Jones and Sam Small, though orthodox, are very independent of public opinion, and no less of that of their brother ministers. Therefore, we imagine that the announcement regarding the decision of the Boston Baptists to have nothing to do with these blunt divines when they visit that city in January, will be just about as acceptable to them as the other thing. Sledge-hammer revivalists have had a work to do in all ages, and so long as they continue to appear in our midst we must agree that their mission is not yet done. We dare say the learned city of Boston has as many hardened sinners as these reverend gentlemen find in their travels anywhere. The soil must be broken for the sowing of spiritual seed.

A LAST APPEAL.—It is reported that special steps are soon to be taken to bring about a renewal of diplomatic relations between England and the Vatican. This is significant, and reminds one of the recent decision of the Pope in the Caroline Islands affair. Having rejected the measures of Gladstone, England is no doubt at her wits' end in the Irish troubles. If she is planning to lay her differently before His Holiness she had first better get the consent of her pride to abide by his judgment, which it is more than likely will be in favor of Ireland. This is

the last appeal in national cases, and if England cherishes the least hope that the Vatican will send forth the death knell of the Emerald Isle she is deceiving herself.

LOOKING UP.

It is a noteworthy and pleasing fact that the Spiritualists of San Francisco and vicinity are rapidly gaining in the assurance and confidence that enables them to look up and face the world. They are no longer afraid of being ridiculed as lunatics and cranks, when they find doctors, lawyers, judges, bankers, merchants,—many of the best and most intelligent men in the community—believers in the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism.

This is no doubt due, in a large measure, to the improved class of phenomena presented for the consideration of skeptics, and also to a higher order of spiritual instruction than that which the public has been accustomed to listen to. We might also, perhaps, include among the causes operating to break down the prejudice hitherto existing against Spiritualism in this section, the publication of a weekly paper and an illustrated monthly magazine, both clean, dignified and neatly printed—the peers of any religious papers published on this coast, and a credit to public journalism.

Spiritualists can point to their papers, to their public speakers and mediums, and to their associates in the cause, with a feeling of pride. They are beginning to realize that they are in very good company—quite as respectable and intelligent as any they have been accustomed to associate with. They are no longer afraid of being laughed at.

And then, as they become fortified with arguments, and develop more and more of the Christ spirit in their natures, Spiritualists find themselves able to convince without antagonizing other religionists and skeptics, and to present their facts in such a manner as to command the respect of all.

The time is rapidly approaching when no believer in this new gospel will hesitate to avow his belief, and stand forth as a champion for the truth.

That in its infancy Spiritualism has been under the social ban is not at all to be wondered at, for it overturns many a dogma hoary with age and frosted all over with respectability. But in this respect it has suffered far less than did Christianity in the earlier period of its existence. It has made no greater inroad upon old conservative custom than did Christianity upon the phariseism of ancient Judaism.

And so may all Spiritualists take heart and press forward in the good work, ever feeling that the eyes of the world are upon them, and that the honor and good name of the cause so dear to them is in their own hands. They should walk uprightly, ever squaring their actions by the pure and holy teachings of the angel world with which they are all familiar. Then will the shadows of unbelief flee away as the mists of the morning vanish before the radiant smile of the king of day.

FEAR THEM NOT.—It is decidedly unpleasant to have the ill-will of any one, but there is that in positive, active characters that passive ones can not understand, but at the same time are very quick in forming opinions and passing judgment. Thought and ideas must have minds to present themselves through, and it is the persons of such minds that are unpopular because misunderstood. A single new truth is worth standing alone for, and there have been such isolated souls since man attained to the intellectual kingdom. That person who suppresses thoughts that would in any way benefit the world, because he fears they may not be accepted at once, is untrue to his own soul, and a defrauder of his race. We live by thought alone. Feeding the body is not life, since it perishes as the tree. Mind is the life, and he who administers to its wants is casting bread upon the waters that will return to him, however long the storm of opposition may sweep its threatening billows seaward. No one can be popular, or without enemies, who is not content to stay back with the throng trudging along in the old ruts of thought. Some, it is true, will follow to learn, but more will keep in sight to cast stones. But, be not afraid of enemies you have not designed making.

CUSTOM.—Custom is a tyrant that rules the freest people. About the first thing we learn is to do what others do. It is really a wonder how character develops at all under such hampering conditions. Now, we hold that the young should be shielded from custom. "Popular usage" will soon enough crystallize about their existence if they are kept ever so unconventional up to man and womanhood. A child brought up in a good moral atmosphere instinctively knows right from wrong at a very early age. Good morals mean purity of mind and good manners, which is all a child needs to grow into a free, natural man or woman. Fear of not strictly conforming to a prescribed form has made many an awkward, ill-appearing person. Cultivated kindness will produce an easier manner than all posing and training for effect could possibly develop in a lifetime. But sooner or later the world mostly has its way with us. We may lose no charity, no kindness, for others, but we grow stiff and formal and never again quite rid ourselves of the straight-jacket imposed upon us until we are clothed in the vestments of the grave.

LABOR TROUBLES.

During the last ten days there has been witnessed in this city no little rioting, bloodshed and brutality, as the result of the efforts of the employees of two of our best patronized cable roads, to tie up their respective lines, and thereby compel their employers to accede to an increase of wages from \$2.25 to \$2.50 per day, and a reduction of the hours of labor from thirteen and one-half to twelve hours.

There is surely nothing improper in this demand, and upon the refusal of the company to accede to it, the men had an unquestionable right to quit work; although it would seem to be no more than just, as a fair business transaction between man and man, for them to have given their employers a reasonable notice of their intention—say a week or ten days,—and not drop out in a body on the morning of the busiest day of the week.

Then, to have carried public sympathy with them, they should have conducted themselves like good citizens. But instead thereof they commenced a warfare on the men employed to fill their places, and also against the Company's property, (for all destruction of which the city will have to pay), breaking car windows with rocks, and thus endangering the lives of patrons of the roads, and in various other ways, weakening their cause and alienating themselves from the friendly encouragement which the justice of their claim might otherwise merit.

While it is no doubt true that \$2.25 a day is a small sum for a man to live upon and support a family, yet it is considerably more than the wages of farm hands, and the hours are no longer nor the work harder, if as hard as that of the latter. There are thousands of men in this city who would be glad to earn that sum—many poor fellows who haven't earned a dollar a day for months,—some who walk the streets hungry, seeking for work in vain.

These poor men have a right to accept the positions these gripmen and conductors have voluntarily surrendered, and it is no part of manliness on the part of the latter to seek, by violence, to prevent them. Haven't they and their families just as much claim for protection—just as much right to earn their bread by honest labor, even though the loaf be scant, as the strikers? Is one laboring man so much better than another that he should presume to deny to his fellow laborer the privilege he claims for himself? Wherein does a monopoly of labor differ in principle from a monopoly in capital?

These questions naturally arise in every just mind familiar with the outrages recently perpetrated in this city in behalf of the rights of labor.

We know nothing of the financial status of the Companies handling these roads—nor whether the roads are paying properties, or otherwise. Even these striking carmen will admit that capital is entitled to a reasonable earning upon its investment. To hold otherwise would be to discourage all public enterprises requiring the combination of capital.

There are two sides to all questions of this kind. It will not do to say that employers are always wrong and employees always right. And surely no one who values his citizenship will presume to declare that because an individual or company refuses to accede to the demands of its employees for an increase of wages, that therefore the latter is justified in acts of violence against the persons or property of the former.

Neither will any one justify the arbitrary and insulting manner in which the Superintendent of one of the roads is said to have met the deputation of carmen appointed to confer with him. These men were entitled to respectful consideration, and their claims weighed and discussed; and if the Company was unable to comply, the reasons therefor should have been kindly given, and the men made to feel that they were men, and not menials.

Two wrongs never yet made a right. To attempt to overcome evil with evil is to "sow to the whirlwind," the harvest whereof will be the tempest, yea, the very cyclone, unless the people learn wisdom in time.

"It is the beauty of truth that nothing can rest upon it but justice."

Truth is like the blue vault of heaven—over all and eternal. It needs as little defense, since no harm can touch it. Many human lives are spent in fighting for it, but it would be just as strong and impregnable if the myriads of worlds in space should combine as one against it. It is like the life of Him whom the world is ever bringing to trial, denouncing and denying, but whose spirit pervades and lives in all that is good and lovely. It is His spirit, and like Him is it persecuted. Does it cry out? Do the eternal heavens complain that they are not understood, that they do not awaken adoration in all minds and draw them to a study of their mysteries? No; all is silent. Beauty lives and reigns in heaven upon earth, and in the hearts of all whose lives are actuated by the spirit of Him who would save by truth alone; the truth of right, and the calm adherence thereto that causes no wrangling. It is kind and patient, waiting for the time when "all knees shall bow, and all tongues shall confess."

REPEATING ITSELF.—Some of the States east of the Rocky Mountains are making history for themselves that will be about as creditable a hundred years hence as the history of witchcraft in New England is to-day. Massachusetts seems to have forgotten this ancient odium, and has fallen in with Arkansas and Tennessee in the persecution of men who were found to have worked on Sunday. It is a great mistake for a free government, or any branch thereof, to undertake to lay down ecclesiastic law for the regulation of personal conduct. The masses in this country have so far grown out of superstition that they think, speak and act for themselves in all religious matters, and to endeavor to restrain this equal right, is to precipitate strife. Not individuals only, but nations as well, should gather prudence and wisdom from experience. If religious persecution has not yet done its

work for the world, then we are afraid it is kindling a fire that will this time burn its own fingers. The nineteenth century can never be turned back to mental slavery, and the man, or set of men, who think so, are a long way behind the day.

A recent number of the GOLDEN GATE credits Seventh-day Adventists with teaching that Satan not only appears sometimes as "an angel of light," but "that he plays his part so well as to be able even to deceive the very elect." That is a misstatement of our position. Seventh-day Adventists believe and teach that Spiritualism is a Satanic deception; and they so believe because the Scriptures so teach. The Bible plainly declares that "the dead know not anything," (Ecc. 9:5), and that the spirits that permeate them are "the spirits of devils," (Rev. 18:24). But even though Satan works "with all power and signs and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness," (2 Thes. 2:9, 10), only those will be deceived who receive "not the love of the truth." From the words of the Savior (Matt. 24:24) we learn that the elect, those who believe and love the truth, can not be deceived.—SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

We are pleased to admit the above correction. But it is really true that the Scriptures teach that "Spiritualism is a Satanic deception"? Surely, our neighbor will hardly presume to say that the materialization of Jesus in presence of his disciples, after his crucifixion, or the appearance of Moses and Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration, were "Satanic deceptions." Was the appearance of the angel to John on the Isle of Patmos, who assured John that he was one of his "brethren the prophets," a Satanic deception? Were the materialized spirits who wrestled with Jacob, and the one who appeared with the Hebrew children in the fiery furnace, "Satanic deceptions"? Thus, we doubt not our neighbor will admit that the Scriptures do not teach that all spirits, in the olden time, were "Satanic deceptions." If not then, why should they be now?

THE DIFFERENCE.—European nations are rated according to the size, condition, and quality of their standing armies. Therefore, Germany and the Russian Empire rank first in the Old World. In our free land we set up a better standard—that of the arts of peace—so we stand at the head of all nations in manufactures. In 1880 they exceeded those of Great Britain by a value of six hundred and fifty millions. From 1870 to 1880 the increase was one billion and thirty million dollars. It is not at all strange that the United States is the wonder and admiration of the world in her one-hundredth year. She has nobly and grandly illustrated the difference between an entirely free people and those under absolute or partial despotism. Had no prescribed class of foreigners ever come to our shores we should have had none of those evils that keep other governments in a turmoil. Americans are born with too keen a sense of the blessings they inherit nowadays to ever be deluded into plotting against their country's administration. Political differences sometimes run pretty high and loud, but whatever man wins the day all unite to do him honor; none but half-crazed cranks think for a moment of "removing him."

DO AS THEY DO.—A correspondent in the *Eastern Star* presents what to most persons would be a novel idea as to the treatment of children. He says: "When my children were young, and would sometimes cry, I never used palliating words, nor allowed myself to say anything, but would commence crying with all my might, when they would run to me, pound my knees with their little fists and say, 'Stop, papa; and with long, drawn-out sobs I would say, 'I will if you will.' That was enough." If all parents would study child-nature as this gentleman undoubtedly has, there would be no need of corporal punishment, and very few troublesome children. Nothing surprises a child more than to see its elders repeating its conduct. One who has not learned this has not found the key to child government. When children are well they cry for sympathy; when, instead of getting it, they find their tears causing sorrow to those around them, it not only surprises but alarms them. Whipping, scolding and petting are equally bad at times, and the former would be wholly needless if parents would show grief at their children's bad moods.

—The Los Angeles *Tribune* reporter recently interviewed Maud Lord, the medium, who is now sojourning in that city, and had his skepticism concerning a future life very seriously shaken.

—Mrs. Ida A. McLin of Texas, Mich., writes: "I am more than pleased with your paper. I have read spiritual papers for twenty years, and really must say, the G. G. excels them all—for me."

—Miss Annie Johnson, one of our most deserving mediums, will be the worthy beneficiary on next Sunday evening at Washington Hall. Mrs. Whitney, with others, will give tests. This grand instrument seems to live in an ever-increasing spiritual power; she now gives full names, and like convincing evidence.

—That excellent spiritual journal, *Light*, of London, is about to pass under the management of the London Spiritual Alliance, provided the requisite funds, \$3,000, can be raised. Spiritual journals in England, we judge, are not as well patronized as they are in this country. We trust nothing may occur to dim the *Light* of our able contemporary.

—We hear only golden words of approval of our double-sheet edition of last week. Its publication would have been impossible but for the kind assistance of the large-hearted friends of the paper. It was a labor of love all around, with no pecuniary profit to any one but the paper dealer, printers, pressman, folders, etc. But we trust the cause has gained thereby.

—The interest in John Slater's seances, at Assembly Hall, is on the increase. His last Sunday evening's audience numbered nearly a thousand, and many were the expressions of wonderment and delight at his remarkable tests of spirit presence and identity. He will hold another seance to-morrow at half-past two, P. M., and again in the evening. Mr. Slater has changed his private rooms to No. 220 1-2 McAlister street.

WHAT NEXT?

An invention, as useful as it is wonderful, is the automatic letter-boxes that are just attracting attention in the United States, Brooklyn taking the initiative in their introduction. They are attached to the lamp-posts, and contain postage stamps, postal cards, a pencil and postal letter envelopes. These are accessible at any hour of the day or night to any person who may go to one of these boxes and drop in a cent, when there will appear a postal card and pencil with which to write the desired message. If a letter be already written and only a postage stamp required, by dropping two cents in the box a two-cent postage stamp comes out of the box as if from a human hand. These magic boxes have been in use some time in London where they stand high as a public convenience. As might be expected, American ingenuity has made an improvement in the Brooklyn boxes, which are said to resemble writing-desks, and are seventy-five inches high by seventeen inches deep. Each box is divided into several compartments—one for stamps, one for postal cards, one for stamped envelopes and one for letter paper. Over each is an opening for dropping in coin. The proper coin sets in motion a delicate piece of mechanism in each particular box, which sends out the required article. Now, what should next be forthcoming is an automatic convenience that would feed as cheaply the starving poor, and which would discriminate between enforced and willful idleness.

BENEFIT ENTERTAINMENTS.—An entertainment for the Library of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists was given at Scottish Hall, the evening of Dec. 10th. Great credit is due the efficient managers of the affair. A very enjoyable programme, consisting of recitations, vocal and instrumental music, was prepared and most admirably carried out; each number receiving its meed of praise and applause. At the close of the literary part of the exercises, dancing was introduced. The "youth and beauty" of the occasion entered into the gayeties with a buoyancy of spirit which is always refreshing to see. Rapidly the hours flew by till the friendly tell-tale clock announced the midnight hour. The following Sunday evening's receipts at Washington Hall were also contributed to the same worthy cause. Through their combined efforts the Library fund has been considerably increased.

CHINESE GOOD SENSE.—Though the Chinese nation is pointed out as an example of "arrested development," its rulers seem to be in active possession of their senses. The desire of the Empress of China to give place to the Emperor of fourteen years, has been overruled by the latter, who wishes that the Empress Dowager shall govern with the Emperor until he reaches the age of twenty. It is likely that this request is the result of counsel given by the wise heads of his ministers; but that the Emperor should so readily accede to these measures favoring a woman, shows no less discretion than modesty. It is also an acknowledgment of the ability and good judgment of the Empress. The arrangement speaks well for the Prime Minister who is father to the present Emperor.

A DUBIOUS WILL.—The man who lately died in Berlin leaving by will "one dollar for every policeman reporting a case of cruelty to animals," leaves one in doubt as to the amount a policeman might get for such service. If it is meant that he is to get a dollar for every case he reports, then it would amount to considerable, but the provision reads as though he was to receive but one dollar, regardless the number of reports made. The same man had lived long enough to learn the effects of wealth upon the average mortal since he said, "As men have no souls I leave my money to the brutes." So the Berlin Society for the Protection of Animals is one hundred thousand dollars richer by his will. But we are sorry that any one should leave this life with such a poor opinion of his kind.

GOOD BOOKS.—Was there ever a lover of nature's works who could enjoy her beauty and grandeur alone without a wish that all could see and feel her inspiration? Did you ever look upon a flower and not feel a desire that another stood beside you to drink in the pure inspiration that flowed from its painted chalice? Did you ever break its tender stem but in memory of some one not near you? We think not. So should we feel toward all good books,—the flowers of the mind. We ought not bury these treasures in dark rooms while others live amid the sterile rocks of a flowerless life. Books and flowers are the gates that open into earthly paradise, and all who would enter should be shown the way. Give flowers and books to the hungry mind and it is fed.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Every scholarly reader of the GOLDEN GATE will enjoy the grand Christmas poem by Mrs. Ninetta Eames, on our eighth page.

—A pleasant notice which had been written of the Young People's Lyceum Christmas entertainment, on Thursday night, Dec. 23, was inadvertently omitted in the rush in making up the forms of our holiday edition, a fact we very much regret.

—We will fill all orders for the holiday number of the GOLDEN GATE, as long as the edition lasts, at the rate of five cents per copy. We printed a large number of copies in excess of our orders, and have still a goodly number on hand.

—The hard physical labor incident to folding and mailing our large holiday edition,—work that we were obliged to assist in,—has left us with but little time or inclination for editorial writing for this issue. But we hope to waken with the new year to fresh inspirations and renewed activities.

—A good sister, writing from Bowling Green, Ky., to renew her subscription to the GOLDEN GATE, says: "I count the GOLDEN GATE as one of the necessities of life just now, since from no other source that I know of could I receive continually such a flood of 'light as flows unceasingly earthward through this pure GOLDEN GATE.'"

—We have received from the author, Carrie Stevens-Walter, a beautiful souvenir of about sixty pages, illustrated, and entitled "An Idyl of Santa Barbara." It consists of pleasantly-told incidents and reminiscences of the former home of the gifted author, and will be read with delight by her many friends, as well as by all who may have access to its pages. We congratulate the author on this admirable gift to the literature of California.

—The January number of the *Carrier Dove* will contain fine lithographs of Dr. J. Rodas Buchanan, the eminent author and psychometrist, Mr. Frank A. Davis of this city, D. L. Painter of Rio Dell, and the editor of this journal and wife. It will also contain a fine specimen of colored printing taken from a wreath of flowers painted by Mrs. Blair, the flower medium, while under spirit control. It is expected that the *Dove* will be out to-day.

—Everybody has some business in life, but so much of it is unprofitable and shiftless that they get discouraged in minding it and take their chances with that of the other life. If business was always industrious, no faithful worker would take his life, but it is too often the opposite. One may be very busy at doing nothing; a deal of thought and strength is expended in that way, and it does not take many years to convince a man that such failures are not worth continuing.

—Sweet and consoling is recollection. The mind is happily prone to cast aside from its storehouse the dark and sad experience of life and treasure only the bright and joyful of the past; but we suspect the latter is made more bright and precious by the former, just as the new day is more welcome for the night just spent. Let us cherish the happy past; it is the soul's inheritance of earth, and its recollections the one mundane "paradise from which we cannot be driven."

—N. F. Ravlin, the recent convert to Spiritualism is no idler in the vineyard, but enters into the promulgation of the new truths which he has become heir to with an enthusiasm and earnestness which carries a magnetic fire of life with all he says. Together with his Oakland work his service is frequently given in this city to the Religious and Philosophical Society, at the Temple, and the Progressive Spiritualists, at Washington Hall, in which place he lectured last Sunday afternoon. He chose for his subject that biblical query, "Who was Cain's Wife"? Mr. Ravlin believes in a pre-existent race prior to an Adamic race, and answers the question from that standpoint. Some of the Methodist divines of this city we find agree with Dr. Ravlin on this point. He lectures at the same place at 2 o'clock next Sunday; subject, "What is True Religion and What was Christ's Mission?"

—Mrs. Abbie J. Spalding of Champlin, Minnesota, in writing to renew her subscription for another year, says: "Count me among the admirers of the GOLDEN GATE. The paper is highly 'credible' to all concerned in its production, 'both spirits and mortals. To read its inspired 'pages from week to week is to grow wiser, and 'better, and happier. It reaches me regularly 'every Thursday after the date of publication, 'and when I take it in my hands it seems like 'taking the hand of a dear friend. Is this imagination? or do you manage to send it out 'freighted with magnetism from the higher and 'holier life? Nearer and nearer comes that life 'to us, or we to it. There is no room for doubt, 'none for despondency. What is already accomplished is ample guarantee for the future. 'If there lives a company of mortals who can 'thank God and take courage, we who know the 'fact of spirit return constitute that company."

Cross-Grained Humanity.

(W. W. McKaig.)

All cynicism, all fault-finding, all intolerance, all dogmatism, are simply abhorrent and ugly. There are some people who have a lack of making conscience look cross-grained, sour and morose. Instead of being a delicate instinct of danger, it is a surly watch dog that lies on the door mat, and barks at friends and innocent visitors as quickly as at louts and tramps. This was the trouble with the old puritans. They carried their consciences like pistols, and shot down in cold blood every thing that came along that did not have their theological passwords. They were solid, square-built, substantial consciences, a great deal more reliable than many nowadays, but sadly lacking in the finer qualities of love, tenderness and charity. Then there are some people who really feel benevolent at heart, and want to do some good in the world. But they have such an awkward way of showing it. They are so stiff and precise, so cold and unsympathetic in manners, so deficient in delicacy of tact and refinement of perfection that their kindly meant words and deeds fall like the dripping of icicles. Their tenderest mood is something like the January thaw of an Eastern Winter. In the home circle and in society we often meet people who have such a habit of being on the outside of every question, such a chronic disposition to find fault with everything, such a cross, gloomy and perverse way with them, that they are positively disagreeable. Their presence freezes the genial current of thought and speech, and turns merry laughter into a frosty spray. It is impossible to feel comfortable with them. One would cross the street rather than feel the touch of their magnetism. And yet such people may be well-intentioned; they go to church regularly, have a fine nose for heresy, but the trouble with them is, their esthetic sensibilities and social qualities were never converted, and are still in their sins.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

"Suspria de Profundis."

BY J. STANLEY FITZPATRICK.

[Re-published by special request in this edition.—Ed. G. G.]

Are hearts but as broken toys
When flung from a child at play?
Must all their sweet hopes and joys
Be laid like the dead away?
The fair and the good of earth,
With souls that are pure and high—
Will they own no nobler birth?
Alas! must they ever die?
Ah, me! must they ever die?

Is life but a fever dream,
And death but a dreamless sleep?
Are hopes but the ghosts they seem,
When over their graves we weep?
Are beauty and truth unreal,
The holy and pure a lie?
We bury a fair ideal—
Oh, say! must it ever die?
Ah, me! must it ever die?

O Soul! that is born to pain,
O Heart! that is wrung with woe,
How paltry and mean your gain
When down to the grave you go!
O Brain! with your God-like thought
That soars to the bending sky!
O Mind! with your wonders wrought!
Must ye fade, and droop, and die?
Alas! must ye droop and die?

Ah, no! in the life to come,
Through rolling cycles sublime,
Sad spirits shall find a home
Unmarked by decay or time.
Each hope that we wept as dead,
Each vision and dream of love,
Shall rise from its lowly bed
Again to blossom above,
To bloom and blossom above.

And Beauty and Truth are real,
And Death is a heartless lie;
We bury a fair ideal,
And yet it shall never die.
Then welcome, mystic river,
That stifles this mortal breath;
Roll on thy tides forever
That break on the shores of death.
Nay, life! for there is no death,—

PALOMAR, San Diego Co., Cal.

John Brown's Book—What it Lacks.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In answer to Prof. J. L. Loveland's communication, in a recent number of your paper, I will say no one can regret more than I do the non-appearance of that wonderful communication in John Brown's book. As the communication contained a certificate of my honor and integrity, I would, of course, have felt it a personal compliment to have seen it in the book.

When Mr. Loveland sent the letter to me he suggested that it would be well to have the communication in the book; this suggestion exactly suited me. But the MSS. of the book was not all in, and Mr. L. was its editor. He continued to send MSS., but did not send that, or indicate any place in the book where it should go. I very naturally came to the conclusion that he had changed his mind.

If I were either the author or the editor of a book, I should object to publishers taking great liberty with the MSS.; so I took very few liberties except to see that orthography and punctuation were correct, or to write in a line or take out an unnecessary word or two in order to prevent a paragraph coming at the top of the page.

Thinking, Mr. Editor, that you and your readers may not have seen the communication, I will here reproduce it, together with the circumstances under which it was given.

Mr. Brown on receiving my letter took it to Dr. D. J. Stansbury and laid it on the slate, remarking that there was a letter on business and he would like the advice of spirit friends regarding it. Almost immediately the writing commenced between the two slates, and the following was found on them when opened.

"Dear Friend and Fellow Co-Worker in the Cause of Humanity: The time has arrived when you are to give to the world the thoughts that have been given to you by the higher intelligences. We advise you to give the printing into the hands of our trusted agent, MOSES HULL (I capitalize as per copy, M. H.), and we guarantee a faithful performance of the contract. We will supervise the press-work and make the book a success.

Fraternally,
BENJ. FRANKLIN,
HORACE GREELEY."

This spirit endorsement was as unexpected as was the original invitation to print the book. Not only for the sake of my own honor and pride, and for the sake of the author, but on account of my spiritual endorsers, I have done a job which, in every sense, is first-class. I thank this and the spirit world for every kind remembrance.

Hoping, Mr. Editor, that you and your paper may "live forever," I am respectfully,
MOSES HULL.

MAKE FRIENDS.—Life is very critical. Any farewell, even amid glee and merriment, may be forever. If this truth were but burned into our consciousness, and if ruled as a deep conviction and real power in our lives, would it not give a new meaning to our human relationship? Would it not often put a rein upon our rash and impetuous speech? Would we carry in our hearts the miserable suspicions and jealousies that now so often embitter the fountain of our lives? Would we be so impatient of the faults of others? Would we allow trivial misunderstandings to build up a wall between us and those who ought to stand very close to us? Would we keep alive petty quarrels year after year, which a manly word any day would compose? Would we pass old friends or neighbors on the street without recognition, because of pride, or ancient grudge? Or would we be so chary of the kind words, or commendation,

our sympathy, our comfort, when weary hearts all about us, are breaking for just such expressions of interest or appreciation as we have in our power to give?

Convincing Test.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I wish to acknowledge a very fine test which my daughter, Sophie, received through Mr. Slater's mediumship at his first public seance in San Francisco, and I know positively that he could not have known anything about it. It was concerning my son that had left home two weeks before. He gave his whole name and also the circumstance through which he left. He called my daughter by name and told her we would hear from him, which we did two days later. It gives conclusive evidence to me and to my family that the good angels were there and wished to send me words of comfort, substantiating those I received from my own guides, for I was in great distress about him. I sincerely hope that the gentleman will continue to give such proofs of the spirit's return, as it will arouse the skeptical mind and show that the good angels are around us to guide and comfort us when in sore need and distress.

Yours in truth,
MRS. K. S. AITKEN.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 21, 1886.

NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

It is said that recently in one province of China 700 able-bodied men crippled their hands to escape military service, and 300 of them were taken out and beheaded.

December 17th a steam whaling vessel was destroyed by fire in San Francisco Bay. The loss was about \$75,000. The vessel would have sailed in a few days for the South Pacific.

The tithe war in Wales still continues and it is feared that the rebellion may lead to serious results. In one section the farmers expelled the collecting bailiffs from the farms and escorted them out of the district.

It is said that one of the curious results of the Charleston earthquake is the loss of animals from terror. Many of the milch cows have gone dry since the earthquake in the country about Charleston, and one man is said to have lost seven horses from the effects of terror.

Some idea of the magnitude of the dry-goods business in this country may be obtained from the fact that there are now about 80,000 traveling dry-goods salesmen on the road in this country, and that their expense accounts alone will average \$1,500 a year, or an outlay of \$120,000,000.

It is stated that the French deficit during the present year will be about \$156,000,000. The French national debt has increased since the Germans left the country at the rate of \$120,000,000 a year, and it is claimed that the French Republic regime has cost the country more than it did to buy peace from Germany.

An insane man who was the husband of twenty-six wives died a few days since in the Michigan State Asylum. When examined by the physicians it was discovered that when with one wife he was oblivious to the existence of the others. On all other subjects he was sane. The superintendent of the asylum says it was the most remarkable case of mania ever known. The man was a commercial traveler. Is it not possible that this case suggests a solution of the Mormon problem?

FUN AMONG THE MAGNATES.—Mr. Evarts' special weakness as a presiding officer, is the interjection of facetious comments on the efforts of the other speakers. He delights to diffuse mirth and good-fellowship, and his facetiousness never has the sting of acerbity. Occasionally, in attempting to score a point on a fellow speaker, he suffers the fate of the boom-crang thrower. An instance in point occurred at the New England Society dinner last Winter. Mark Twain had just finished an extraordinarily piquant address when Mr. Evarts arose, shoved both of his hands down into his trousers pockets, as is his habit, and laughingly remarked: "Doesn't it strike this company as a little unusual that a professional humorist should be funny?" Mark Twain waited until the laughter excited by this sally had subsided, and then drawled out: "Doesn't it strike this company as a little unusual that a lawyer should have his hands in his own pockets?"—*New York Times*.

BIRTHDAY OF DR. BUCHANAN.—The seventy-second anniversary of the birth of Dr. Joseph Rodes Buchanan was appropriately celebrated on the evening of Saturday, Dec. 11th, by a gathering of students and friends at his residence in Boston. Beautiful flowers, choice music, eloquent remarks, and the best of good feeling characterized the meeting. The speakers were Bertram Sparhawk, Esq., (late consul-General at Zanzibar, Africa), W. J. Colville, Mr. Brandenburg (of the College of Therapeutics), Hon. Stephen M. Allen and Dr. Buchanan himself, who presented an interesting retrospect of his life-work.—*Banner of Light*.

The greatest man is he who has charity for the faults of others, but none for his own.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

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

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

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BUCHANAN'S JOURNAL OF MAN.

The first number of this monthly (one dollar per annum), will be issued February, 1887. Devoted to the science of man in all its departments, and to all human progress and reform, especially to "the dawn of the new civilization" arising from psychometric science and the revelation of the entire constitution of man, soul, L. X. and body,—making a journal entirely original for the most advanced, profound and liberal thinkers. Remit by postal order, to

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHICAL SERVICES AT Metropolitan Temple, by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, Sunday, December 26th. Mrs. E. L. Watson will answer questions at 11 a. m. In the evening at 7:30 she will lecture. Fine vocal music under the management of Mr. Whiteley. Children's Lyceum at 12:30 p. m. All services free.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 1 p. m., in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Good speakers upon all live subjects pertaining to Spiritualism and humanity. N. F. Ravlin will speak at 2 o'clock p. m. A free Spiritual Library, of 700 volumes, open every Sunday from 1 to 3 p. m. At 7:30 p. m., Conference and Medium's Seance, at which representative test and inspirational mediums of San Francisco and Oakland, will appear. The proceeds will be expended in aiding worthy persons and objects. All are invited.

FREE PUBLIC MIND-CURE MEETINGS ARE held every Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. and 2 o'clock p. m., at Grand Pacific Hall, 1045 1/2 Market street. The morning meetings are devoted to questions and answers and healing patients. At 2 o'clock a paper is read, followed by testimonies and closing with a social. These meetings are for the purpose of showing people how they have power in themselves to remove all disease and trouble.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY WEDNESDAY evening, at St. Andrew's Hall, No. 111, Larkin street. First hour—France and Inspirational Speaking. Second hour—Tests, by the Mediums. Admission, free.

What Spiritualists Believe.

[From Spirit W. G. Clayton, through a private medium, and transcribed for the Golden Gate.]

I have often heard people, who had no belief in Spiritualism, express a desire to know what those who professed to be real Spiritualists believed. What was the creed of their religion in which they seemed to find such unbounded comfort and satisfaction, and which, in time of trouble, seemed to be able to uplift and uphold them to such an extent. The religion of Spiritualism dates back to the earliest records, (if they are read understandingly.) It is no comparatively new departure from the tenets of the established churches. Its believers have been in all ages since Christ's time and before. Its disciples have lived and died and made no sign for thousands of years, because to admit being a medium and "follower of the devil" were synonymous. In the times that are now, happily for us, past, witches, or those who performed cures by means of laying on of hands or mumbled invocations, or whatever could not be understood by the intelligence of the communities in which they lived, and who were therefore looked upon as being possessed of the "evil eye," were all mediums, endowed with healing powers to benefit mankind had they been allowed to practice them. But meeting with the iron prejudice of narrow-minded and ignorant people, who held the power of wielding the stern arm of the law against such dangerous persons, they were persecuted and killed.

Now the intelligent part of mankind are beginning to be interested in the manifestations that come through sources which they consider in their own circle, so to speak, or at least through persons of intellect and culture. It is no longer looked upon with the same eyes as of yore—as belonging to none but disreputable persons—and the light is coming to be more widely disseminated. Spiritualism, in its present sense, is the religion *par excellence*. Its teachings are of the highest principles, and its tenets of the purest, for they teach the great lessons of time and eternity as no other teaching can, and the deceptions practiced in its name are in no wise connected with real Spiritualism.

The beliefs of Spiritualists vary in regard to many points of faith among those who are all Spiritualists in the sense of believing in spirit communion, but there are as many differences of opinion on other points as among other sects and thinkers. The belief in God is the purest and at the same time most powerful principle known,—is the foundation stone of all. This principle is in everything, whether animate or inanimate—on earth or in the spiritual form—everywhere and a part of everything,—controlling and combining matter with matter, and matter with mind, over and over, so that nothing that ever was can be lost. It may disappear from the form in which it has been known, but is only disintegrated to re-appear in some other form *infinitum*. The spirit of God is in all his children whatever their condition. All are a part of the same principle however depraved they may become. They can not lose their soul. That is the one thing that can never become inanimate through whatever changes it may pass—of whatever form its outer covering may consist, for it is the "God spirit" that never dies. The material from which its outer covering is composed may pass into dust and be combined over and over with other dust and atoms to form other combinations in nature's laboratory, but the spirit can never be so disintegrated; it must live and progress forever.

Then the true believer in Spiritualism holds that purity of life and personality is necessary to aid the spirit in progressing while still in the body,—to aid by all the means at their command their fellow-men,—to, by this aid, assist the progression of themselves as well as those whom they strive to elevate, for no deed of kindness but brings its own reward. The true Spiritualist believes in charity as applied to other religious denominations, appreciates whatever is good and true in whatever shape it may come, and rejoices at the light that creeps in unconsciously through the crevices of new "isms," because although the "ism" itself may be faulty it may lead to deeper research on the part of its followers than would otherwise be possible.

"Mankind is my business," feels the true Spiritualist—not in a vaguely curious way, but in all charity and kindness, and desire to aid. Christ's words to his disciples are the best "creed," and were they followed there would be none of the sectarian differences and uncharitable discussions that are a shame to the churches who profess to be Christian. Belief is involuntary. No two can have *just* the same feeling on any subject; the difference of personality and natural characteristics make a difference in what one can believe. Some require more proof than others for instance, and what is clear to one mind that is inclined to trust everything that seems good, must be subjected to rigid scrutiny before carrying conviction to another. The world is full of "doubting Thomases," and it is well to have it so, for, once convinced, these strong natures carry conviction to others that a less positive nature could not.

Each Spiritualist has his or her ideas upon the subject of incarnation for one thing—some vague, others clear, but all

unite in believing that Christ was the Son of God in man, even as they are,—not divine, save as the spirit of purity is always divine, and that he was subject, during his life in mortal form, to the same temptations that assail the sons of men in all ages, but the purity of his nature, and the God spirit within him, proved sufficient to overcome the temptings of the lower nature. He died and was buried as it was written he would be. The disciples who saw his materialized form, had their spiritual vision opened for that purpose that in all the ages to come it should be a precedent for other spirits to become visible to those whose sight was given them to behold those who, "being dead yet live." Some believe that he yet appears to those in earth life, while others, whose belief in advancement to spheres so high as to preclude the possibility of a memory of earth even remaining, think that his spirit has again become absorbed in that of the Power which none can know as God, but which is everlasting and all-powerful, and able to absorb all spirits whose advancement has brought them to the highest plane; that then come great heroes into the world of singularly pure and able natures which are the outcome of this absorption.

I can not say that this is my belief, but I have heard it discussed, and the theory advanced. I find among many a desire to carry on this subject still further and prove, or endeavor to prove, to their own satisfaction, and that of others, that reincarnation is to be looked for yet. But this, too, is not my belief as yet. Of course I, in these essays, can only give you the beliefs that seem real to me from my standpoint, and touch upon other theories that I hear advanced, leaving you to accept whatever appeals to your reason, which in all cases must be the "touchstone" by which to judge whatever comes.

If those who investigate this philosophy could bear this in mind, there would be less misapprehension and fewer mistakes made in the communications between spirits in mortal and those in spiritual bodies.

An interesting ceremony was recently performed at the famous "Standing Rock" in Dakota, from which the local Indian agency takes its name. The Sioux worship this stone, and firmly believe that it is the petrified form of a young squaw who died in the act of appealing to the Great Spirit for the return of her truant lover. Recently a pedestal was erected for the stony maiden, and when she was to be unveiled the entire local Indian population gathered at the spot. The most important rite to be observed upon this solemn occasion was that of painting the statue, and Sitting Bull declared that only the purest man in all the tribe could render the sacred service. The choice fell upon "Fire Cloud," and after the rite had been performed by him prayers were offered for peace, rain and bountiful crops, and the Indians returned to their villages.

—Banner of Light.

TAKING Carlyle altogether, there never was a man whose conduct throughout his life could better bear the fiercest light. He had no sins of youth to apologize for; and, in the grave matters pertaining to the law, he walked for eighty-five years unblemished by a single spot, never deviating from the strict line of integrity. Although more than once he was within sight of starvation, he never did less than the best. He never wrote an idle word, nor a sentence that he did not believe was true. He had frailties and impatience, but he had no dishonest or impure thoughts. He lived a life of single-minded effort to do right.—Froude's "Life of Carlyle."

FIRST PASTOR—"You have a paid choir, I believe?" Second Ditto—"Yes, and a very good one." First Pastor—"I don't believe in them. It is wrong in principle and is an extravagance a church should not sanction." Second Ditto—"That's what I thought, my dear brother, but it got so in my church that we were compelled either to pay the people to stay and listen to a volunteer choir or pay a choir to sing, so on the score of economy we concluded to hire a choir instead of a congregation."

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(Written for the Golden Gate by the golden of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond through their medium.)

The Propaganda is pre-eminently an outgrowth of and a necessity in an institution like the Roman Catholic Church.

The perfect organization and perfect system of Propagandism constitute the sources of the absolute power of the above named church; a power which the Reformation, and all its bloody train of horrors, was expected to overthrow; a power which all modern thought, in Europe and America, has been successfully struggling against; a power which, confessedly, from the standpoint of individual freedom of conscience, is as despotic, exacting and degrading as that of the master over the slave. The Propaganda teaches service to the Church of Rome under any and all circumstances. And the Church is never wrong. Every effort is justifiable which increases the power of the Church. Even Protestantism did not escape the influence of this baleful blight, and after the first fires of the Reformation were over, the Established Church of Great Britain and the organized bodies of Dissenters followed very closely in the wake of the Roman Church, and soon became little else than organized institutions for the propagation of tenets, creeds and established forms.

Discipleship, Apostleship and advocacy differ as essentially from Propagandism as natural growth and bloom differ from the forced forms of the hot-house, or, to use a better illustration, as natural beauty and grace differ from the artificial and bedazzled image which is intended to imitate them but never deceives.

A disciple is an enlightened, earnest, and inspired follower of any teacher or doctrine, and may teach or speak or write as the spirit or conviction move; but, beyond an earnest avowal on all fitting occasions, of the themes that inspire and pervade him, will never make unusual effort or resort to artificial means to turn people to his doctrines. An apostle may preach, teach, explain the themes and principles to which he is devoted, may even bear the "glad tidings" abroad over sea to distant lands, but like the disciple his principal avowal of the Truth that is in him must be in its work within, and its exemplification in life and actions.

Advocacy is a part of true discipleship, but only a part, the foundation is elsewhere. It is easy enough to advocate a doctrine, but Truth is to be illustrated in individual lives.

Spiritualism has been, is, and must continue to be—if it shall work the renovation intended in the world,—a revelation and inspiration. Its acceptance is a matter of growth. Its facts, the various phenomena that have indicated its presence in the world, have not been recognized as facts until the individual minds were ready. Its message, of a future life for all earth's children, of love from those in spirit states, of comfort to those who mourn, of knowledge concerning spirit existence, has only been accepted when the minds were ready;—others have heard but would not receive; have witnessed the phenomenal evidences; have received test after test of spirit identity, have had numberless opportunities for investigation but were not convinced; because conviction is three-fold; viz., of the senses which are easily satisfied and as easily forgetful and doubting; of the intellect, which may deduce from the senses the logical conclusions, but may also seek every other explanation than the real one for phenomena witnessed; and of the spirit, real conviction or conversion does not come until the spirit is quickened or awakened, then it is perception, and perception is knowledge. Those who seek are to find. Unto those who knock at the door of the spirit is it to be opened. Spiritualism came because the world needed it; it was the day and hour for its appearance, hearts were weary, lives were hungry,—famishing for the "bread of life," in revealed immortality.

The facts came challenging attention; they came spontaneously from the world of spirits; to classify, arrange, prepare for or attempt to systematize the phenomena would destroy the essential conditions of their presence. The attempt to do so has caused much of the discord and confusion and bitterness among Spiritualists and mediums. The acceptance of facts, the manifest result of spirit power, is the only office of human mind, at first. To govern them, to decide when they may and may not appear, is to regulate the source of the manifestations and that lies beyond human power to effect.

Even the teachings of Spiritualism, (we are not speaking of the opinions of individual spirits,) i. e., of life beyond death, of continued progression, of the various states and conditions of spirits, according to growth, of all that the presence of Spiritualism implies in the world, are more to be accepted by growth and perception than formulation. But the essential and absolute truths of Spiritualism, their method of introduction into human life, and what they are to do in the world are so utterly at variance with Propagandism (in its technical sense) that where the latter exists Spiritualism cannot abide; its name indeed might be there as Christ's name is the church, as the Propaganda use his name for the furtherance of the building of ecclesiastical power, but the spirit of Spiritualism would have fled. What we mean is this: Propagandism loves sight of the truth in the form, frequently substitutes the latter for the former, and

is blinded by service to name, often neglecting the spirit. Propagandism is outward, substitutes organized human methods for growth, urges men and women beyond their convictions to accept of a name. Propagandism resorts to all methods; appeals to the senses, the affections, the intellect, the love of beauty, of music, excites and stimulates, and, perhaps not intentionally, resorts to unworthy measures, "doing evil that good may come."

The spirit of Spiritualism in the life of the spirit on earth and in the future states, whatever forms it needs it will create or find, they may change everyday but the spirit is eternal. Spiritualism, if humanly organized would be limited to that human status. There can be no organization of Spiritualism in mortal life, and Spiritualists can only co-operate and work together from within. They should beware of cumbersome organizations which they, in another decade of years, would wish to wipe out.

Spiritualism, ever ready to minister to those who need it, resorts to no subterfuge, device, stimulus, or artifice, for its acceptance; those who have ears to hear, and whose minds are quickened to understand, unto to such as these Spiritualism has an ever-ready message and ministration.

Propagandism would force people into the kingdom of heaven. Spiritualism must allow them to attain it by growth from within. Propagandism would take people blindfolded, if need be, through the cretan labyrinth of creed, dogma, and church, into the security of Paradise. Spiritualism would, indeed, minister to those who need it; would heal the eyes that are blind, and would show the way, but the individual must walk therein.

Under the influence of Propagandism many would sacrifice truth, love, humanity. Under the influence of Spiritualism Truth spreads its light, Love illumines her altars, and Humanity is the name and theme of all ministration.

For the most part those who are engaged in the advocacy of Spiritualism, are free from the objectionable spirit of that Propagandism which has desolated the past. There can be no idleness, nor lethargy, nor stagnation, when the inspiration of Truth is upon any life. Enthusiasm, activity in well-doing, espousal of every good will, naturally and spontaneously flow from lives inspired by its presence; the danger is not there. But there are some minds between the outermost expression of Spiritualistic faults and the innermost revelation of spiritual truth, who accept the phenomena, believe in the future life, and have an intellectual understanding of the future state; these minds naturally do not perceive the one spirit working in and through the incoming dispensation of spiritual life; to them Spiritualism is a discovery like any scientific fact, or a philosophy like any formulated theory; or a theology (these are few) like any creed. They want to examine it, and therefore would detach it from the great ocean of inspiration, and take it as a small globe to the laboratory. They accept it and want to teach it, and it is inconvenient to have it wear one garb to-day and another to-morrow. They must have it properly clothed to be presented at all times in the same intellectual garb. If it is a religion, they say, they would like it defined; formulated into doctrine. They are easily lost in the boundless, the eternal, the Infinite.

Such minds as these are faithful and earnest, oftentimes over-zealous, and they would form a Propaganda. Perhaps they will succeed. Superficially, there is great convenience in alliances of this kind. Morally and spiritually, there is death.

Spiritualism is intended to serve humanity in the revelation of the life of the spirit, with the best of motives. Man may place a shadow before the very window that admits the light. Let your eyes grow strong; let all the windows, doorways, gateways, vistas, be opened heavenward. The spirit world, understanding your needs, will neither dazzle your eyes with too much light, nor drown your mortal life in the sea of Immortality. Already you float there, and the light of the Spirit is your safety and strength. Do not try to urge the acceptance of truth upon man. Show them the light; give them time and opportunity to grow into it.

CHICAGO, Dec. 1, 1886.

To ATTAIN LONG LIFE.—He who strives after a long and pleasant term of life must seek to attain continual equanimity and carefully to avoid everything which too violently taxes his feelings. Nothing more consumes the vigor of life than the violence of the emotions of the mind. We know that anxiety and care can destroy the healthiest body; we know that fright and fear, yea, excess of joy, become deadly. They who are naturally cool and of a quiet turn of mind, upon whom nothing can make too powerful an impression, who are not wont to be excited either by great sorrow or great joy, have the best chance of living long and happy after their manner. Preserve, therefore, under all circumstances, a composure of mind which no happiness, no misfortune, can too much disturb. Love nothing too violently; hate nothing too passionately; fear nothing too strongly.

Boston Investigator.

Intellectual faith is giving way to soul faith. The former supposes through uncertain mental conceptions; the latter knows by feelings of sympathy. The former has heretofore been master; hereafter it will be servant.

Prophetic Revelation.

(Syracuse Standard.)

Living with a prominent physician of this city, and undergoing treatment for a nervous disorder, is a young woman whose name it is not material to the story to make public. Soon after she went to live with the family, or soon before, it is not exactly known which, money was missed from the house, but nothing was said of it. One day the patient walked into the parlor and informed the family, which was assembled there, that they had lost money, but requested them not to worry about the loss as the money would be returned, though perhaps in small sums. Sure enough, in a few days the lost money began to flow back through the mails, one and two dollars at a time. When spoken to subsequently about the revelation she had made, the young woman seemed utterly amazed, and denied that she had ever made any disclosure. Then it dawned upon the family, they say, that this young woman was a somnambulist, if not possessed of supernatural powers. One day members of the household went out to do some shopping. While in a shoestore the young woman talked very intelligently to a clerk about shoes, and finally concluded that she could not afford just then to purchase a pair. Next day she knew nothing at all about the event, and insisted that she had not been out of doors on the day in question. On another occasion she came down stairs and told the family the house was to be burglarized on a certain night, at a given hour and minute, which she named. As usual she afterward declared that she remembered nothing about it. About 8 o'clock on the evening of the night when the burglary was to occur, she again sauntered down stairs, and with the same unconcerned air told the family that at seven o'clock that evening the burglars had changed their plans regarding the time, but that the burglary would take place in precisely the manner already described. A few nights afterward a noise in the front hall caused an alarm to be raised. A lamp was lighted, when it was discovered that the door had been forced in just as the young woman said it would be, but nothing had been stolen. This story has been told the police.

THERE IS NO MATTER.—The atom being a thought, and thought being spirit, of course the materialist, who denies the existence of spirit, cannot find it. That the atom is spirit is as much a demonstration of science as many theories that are accepted as such. There are forms of life so minute as to barely be detected by the most powerful microscope. Who shall say such infinitesimal creatures do not support as parasites other forms of life? This is the extreme of our Spiritual Unity Idea reached on the descending line. Thoughts are the universal units, the superior thought being the soul principle around which inferior thoughts group, by a law of spiritual affinity, and appear as matter to the external senses. Forms of matter do not appear as objective realities to those who have advanced to the realization of their subjective relationship to the Infinite Thought, or God. The thought, and not the act, was the real to the perception of Jesus.—*World's Advance-Thought.*

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PUBLICATIONS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS;

Gleanings In Various Fields of Thought,

By J. J. OWEN.

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

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

It is calculated to elevate the mind above the mere greed for gain and momentary pleasures, and cause the thoughts to run in a more elevated channel. * * * It contains some magnificent gems, and is of that character that will command a place among the literature of the 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 penned in his happiest vein.—*Footlight.*

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

The volume is made up of short editorials on thoughtful topics culled from the columns of the author's newspaper, which tell of studios 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 pleasing essays and flowing verse is peculiarly interesting. The author wields a graceful pen, and all of his efforts involve highly moral principle. Although these are newspaper articles published by an editor in his daily round of duty, yet when now bound together in one volume they seem to breathe more of the spirit of the cloistered scholar than is wont to gather round the ministrations of the editorial tripod.—*S. F. Post.*

Bro. Owen's ability as a prose and verse writer is unquestionably of a high order, and in thus grouping a number of his best productions into a compact and handy little volume, he has conferred 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 ennobling idea of the mission and duties of mankind. *San Benito Advance.*

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.—*Foot Hill Tidings.*

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

They embrace editorials on miscellaneous subjects, poems, sketches, and short articles, and are really what he styles 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, enchain the reader, and teaching grand doctrine. One lays down "Sunday Talks" feeling improved in spirit, with a renewed confidence in mankind and a brighter opinion of the world. The poems are beautiful, and one in particular, "Across the Bar," if name were not attached, would easily pass for the production of some of the noted poets of the country. The poems have a similar tone to the ballads of B. F. Taylor, one of the sweetest poets of America. "Sunday Talks" should have a large circulation.—*Watsonville Pajaronian.*

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

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

They are each and all of them full of deep thought, felicitous expressions, and clear insight into life and its needs and lessons. They are better than sermons, preaching purity and nobility of character in language too plain to be misunderstood, and too earnest to be forgotten. Throughout the volume are choice gems of thought in paragraphs, as pointed and pungent as those of Rochefoucauld, without any of the latter's infidelity.—*Fort Wayne (Ind.) Gazette.*

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

"When Half Gods Go, the Gods Arrive."

BY NINETTA KAMES.

"Then the voice cried aloud, 'The Great God Pan is dead!' and immediately they heard a dreadful noise of groaning and lamenting. And there being many persons in the ship, an account of this was soon spread over Rome, which made Thibon, the Emperor, send for Themis."—
"PUTARCH'S 'Why the Oracles Cease to Give Answers.'"

Light as a foam-flower on the Ionian sea
A bark danced outward under sun-lit skies
That fringed the waves with rubies, and set free
Upon their heaving crests a thousand dyes,
And merrily now the mariners sing,
While their rhythmic oars their salt drops fling,
And their wild, weird notes down the sea-gulls' cries.

Uprising from the blue of bounding waves
That kiss their feet, the islands strong and grand
Let the impetuous sea roll in their caves
His gifts of amber vines and jeweled sandals
And old is the song the mariners sing,
"Th' gods are immortal!" Their voices ring
Far out on the sea and back to the land.

Then through the quivering air a sudden cry
Swept o'er the waves, and upward rose and fell
With its deep wail against the radiant sky
That paled and darkened with the awful knell.
"GREAT PAN IS DEAD!" Each from his place
Struck dumb with fear falls on his face,
And the cry fills earth and heaven and hell.

And shrieks of lamentation and despair
As dreadful anguish sounded in their ears;
While fearful moans filled all the thick'ning air
Whose vaporous folds dropped earthward spirits' tears.
A moment more and through the gloom
A silence presses close as death,
Upon the earth that wheels among the spheres.

Then one, a dark Egyptian, pale and stern,
Themis by name, spoke solemnly and slow,
"Brothers, arise, make haste our course to turn;
Of Delphi's voice divine we'll seek to know
What deed of might the gods have done
That shakes the world and clouds the sun,
And hurls this grand apocalypse of woe."

Now trembling hands wrench at the shivering sail,
And bare brown arms strain at the bending oar;
The ship leaps toward the sun that glimmers pale
Through banks of mist along the Grecian shore;
They reach the land, they hasten on,
And lo! they find the gods are dumb;
That voice of death had sounded on before.

Pan, Pan is dead! And every cloudy peak
Of great Olympus trembled through its snows;
While through the abyssal gorges tore the shriek
That shook the pines and cedars of the groves,
And the gods drop mourning to the ground,
Their purples rent and brows discolored;
Forever quenched their altars and their loves.

Through mountain-mists the Creteans nevermore
Flash sudden splendor from celestial eyes.
No more the Dryads tread the forest floor
To singing pipes that breathe poor Syrinx' sighs,
And Ida's hundred streams flow to the sea,
Through nymph and Naiad all are gone,
No voice can make these Grecian gods arise.

Once at the bidding of their mighty king
Outswung the clouds on high Olympus' crown,
And through the piled light the gods went in
And at Jove's royal board each guest sat down.
They eat and drank, and the gods were glad,
Apollo plays their spirits free,
And Hebe's nectared cup the moments drowns.

Where hides the Thunderer in Olympus' shades?
Of old he shook his brazen Agis forth,
And piercing through Dodona's oaken glades
The tempestuous winds tore the clouds to shreds.
With black plumes drenched and forlorn
His eagle screams above the storm
Of swift, fierce rain that beats upon the earth.

No more her blazoned chariot Juno drives
O'er massy clouds streamed through by Iris' bow;
Gone are her stately peacocks, and the cries
Her cuckoo gives, the sacred road no more know,
Her flaming poppies from green banks
Drop tears of dew among the ranks
Of lily-buds that by cool waters grow.

O mountain summits! where the immortals stood
And shook their glories down the tottering peaks
That overhung the catenae's road to the gods,
Whose thunders Echo sent far up the steep,
Cybele's lions' answering roar
Rock her brave turrets nevermore,
No more in stony grief Niobe weeps.

What wine has Bacchus drunk that clasps his brain
As closely as the ivy does his hair?
Under its golden fall no touch of pain
Mars the set features that are all too fair.
Has Hermes borne the god away
To Pluto's realms that know no day?
Will those black shades no Grecian godhead spare?

Queen Aphrodite, lie she on her sea-flower bed,
While by her side the Ocean waves
The priest's dunsbeams glorify her head,
Crowned with the rarest brilliants of the deep,
Her charmed cestus' shimmering gold
Coils like a serpent's glittering fold
Around the perfect form in dreamless sleep.

No longer now proud Neptune rides his waves
In silvery chariot drawn by winged steeds,
With flying, fleecy manes and gasping neighs
They dash through surf and ropes of dank sea-weeds,
Fresh from the breaking, olive-buds
Plucked from Minerva's tree, the gods
Wreathen into garlands for brave warriors' graves.

Eternal silence shrouds the gods of Hellas
Since their Divine has crumbled to the dust,
Priest or poet cannot even tell us
Where in graves their old-time glories rust.
And homeward now the mariners sail
While Themis questions, grave and pale,
"If gods no longer speak, whom can we trust?"

The false gods died when Christ the Lover hung
In more than mortal anguish on the cross,
From nail-pierced limbs His priceless blood was wrung,
And fainter grew his soul with peace of loss.
Through breaking clouds His upraised eyes
See heavenly visions in the skies,
And loud His shout of triumph is outflung:

"It is finished." And on the laboring breast
In benediction of divinity lo!
Slowly the thorn-crowned head sank to its rest;
The tortured head had found its peace above.
Then, crashing through the dizzy earth
A hundred thunders' light for birth,
And in the ghastly glare the crosses move,

And to and fro their bleeding burdens swing.
And now men dread the deed that they have done.
The screams and curses of the thieves can bring
No accusation like the hush of One.
His blood is on the cross. Wild with fear
They feel the muttering heavens anear,
The drunken earth reel on her path alone.

Through perfect love His Godhead stood complete.
No lesser light could shine before His face.
Earth saw the flash of angels' whitening feet,
And nevermore the memory could replace
With ancient form of fair romance.
Whose semblance needed but a glance
Of Truth's clear eyes its falsehood to efface.

Christ has left with us his bright evangel
To light up and save our path and mine;
And beside us walk the blessed angels
Beckoning us to hills they dare to climb.
We shall kneel with them their victor
On those white heights grand and glorious,
And learn through death life's mystery divine.

The Years.

The wee and weaking years!
When time is new and sweet unto the lip,
When steps are toddling, doubtful little things,
When stronger fingers lead us, lest we slip,
When curls fall o'er our brows in fair, wild rings,
And kisses press the pure-eyed dears—
The wee and weaking years!

The slow, sad-footed years!
When staff must lend support and eyes grow dim,
When frost bath the raven of our brow,
When we are lonely, looking o'er the rim
Of two worlds—here and there—when bent life bows
And from hid lips the last call hears—
The slow, sad-footed years!

Sowing and Reaping.

Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow truth, if thou the true would'st reap;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Highways and By-ways—The Past and the Future.

BY PROF. JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN.

The leading aim of all men with a few phenomenal exceptions is the personal success which brings wealth, power and honor. To attain any goal speedily there must be an open road. Hence men travel the dusty highway trod by millions before them, in which they find companionship, sympathy and co-operation. By that broad road they attain the ends of personal ambition, a wealth which they enjoy with a lavish profusion and ostentation which mock the sufferings of the unfortunate, a power which they use to build up the hereditary aristocracy of wealth, however humble may have been their own origin, and a pedantic collegiate culture for themselves and their families, which contains not the remotest hint that man is a trustee for heaven when he holds the vast wealth that is gathered from other men's toil.

If, like Empedocles, one shuns the highway and the crowds for the pursuit of wisdom, or with a nobler aim like Jesus, gives up all personal ambition to call men to a higher life, isolation and antagonism must be his fate. Martyrdom was the fate of every courageous reformer in mediæval or ancient times; ostracism is the fate of the bold modern reformer who demands reforms of which his predecessors have not dreamed.

The pursuit of wealth and honor brings the companionship of the highway. The pursuit of wisdom and duty leads to the solitude of the wilderness and untrodden paths, around which the angel world gives the only companionship. If our thoughts are entirely external or material, and our purposes entirely selfish, we are in harmony with the present generation as well as its predecessors, and there is nothing to forbid our aspiring to the highest rank; but if we feel deeply that a nobler life than the present is possible to man, and that there are wise methods by which that nobler life may be realized, we are not in harmony with the times. The college, the pulpit, the press, the popular assembly and fashionable society, the learned professions and the literary guild are not in harmony with our purposes. Our life leads into the wilderness.

We know there are the millions of the highways whose lives but repeat ancestral selfishness, and who form the nations that from century to century repeat the same monotonous lives, as a colony of ants by instinct perpetuates the habits of their remote ancestry. But there are also the permits of the by-paths in whom a greater fullness of the Divine Influx develops the strong impulses and the higher wisdom that carry on the work of evolution and begin the future that is to overshadow the past.

It is not among the politicians or the *litterati* who flourish in cotemporary fame and prosperity that we are to find the wisdom that will elevate mankind, nor should the reading of our youth be confined to fashionable authors, for no author wins the plaudits of the multitude who does not repeat the ancestral opinions that the multitude cherish. If we wish to meet the foregleam of divine wisdom we must look among those whom their cotemporaries did not know.

When near the close of the last century, amid the crowd of eighteenth-century *litterati*, the most of whose names are already forgotten, the master mind of Thomas Paine, rebelling against the governments and churches inherited from a barbarian age, sent forth the world-agitating thoughts, embodied in his "Common Sense," "Rights of Man" and "Age of Reason," he planted the seed of American liberty and progress. But never has he been forgiven by the conservative multitudes whose selfish bigotry he rebuked, and whose power he shattered. Not yet is the world ready to do him justice. When about the same time John Fitch successfully developed the steamboat at Philadelphia, there was neither sympathy, nor thanks, nor honor, nor co-operation for the great inventor, and even to-day his name is little known.

When near the same period Dr. Gall, departing from the paths of all anatomists and all philosophers who had preceded him and who ruled the thought of the age, unfolded the then unknown anatomy of the brain and began the mighty work of revealing the operations of the soul in that mysterious organ, his cotemporaries, astonished at his anatomical skill, listened for a time to his psychic teachings, but after his death fell back into the ancient ignorance, for they realized that Gall's discoveries were revolutionary, and the monotony of conservatism dreads revolution and adheres to old methods and old opinions.

"The good time coming" is repelled and driven far into the future by stubborn conservatism. No man who worships the past, who identifies himself with the creeds of colleges and churches and seeks a speedy popularity, can greatly aid the onward progress of the race. No Emerson worshipping with blind idolatry the exploded philosophy of Cato and the Greeks, while turning his back upon cotemporary psychic science as if unconscious of the existence of Spiritualism; no Carlyle, scoffing at all modern reforms, at modern democracy, at George Washington, at negro emancipation, at spiritual and cerebral science, defying reason and humanity, while glorying in every exhibition of mili-

tary power and tyrannical energy; no Walter Scott immersed in the romance of the past and unconscious of the nobler romance of the future; no Herbert Spencer laboring before applauding *litterati* to give plausibility to the crass materialism of a materialistic age; no Hamilton, McCosh or Fiske laboring to perpetuate the barren ages of speculation under the assumed name of philosophy, can help the real progress of society which demands new thoughts inspired by divine love and wisdom to realize the latent yet heavenly possibilities of humanity.

Those thoughts are coming as a flood in the approaching century. If men do not arise with inspired energy to give them utterance and actualization they will gleam upon the many in the divine intuitions of psychometry, calling them to action. By presenting that science I have called upon many hundred thousand whose talents have been buried in unconsciousness to rouse up into consciousness of their own splendid endowments, and they who in their passiveness fail to be aroused to such self-assertion may be seized and inspired by the spirit world and made familiar with the thoughts to which dull conservatism and learned bigotry are strangers.

There are millions who need to be awakened to the consciousness of their own powers and the knowledge of the wonderful truths of heaven and earth revealed by psychometry, and the wondrous depth of wisdom in that science of man—that anthropology which colleges and churches have ignored. To those millions I wish to speak and give them the results of half a century of the pursuit of scientific truth in the highest and most neglected realms of knowledge. Hence, I am to re-establish the *Journal of Man* next February as the organ of the pioneer thought which may obtain a hearing now from those whom spiritual science has enlightened and may begin the work that is to become a power in the coming century.

The Gospel of Wisdom appeals to the enlightened with cheering words of promise—with the assurance that there is nothing on this globe to escape human knowledge; that there is no plant which is not to reveal some benefit to man; no geological formation that may not be explored; no period in paleontology or forms of terrestrial life since the evolving of this fiery globe that may not become known; no starry life that may not be explored; no heavenly wisdom that may not be approached; no heavenly scenery that may not be brought to mortal vision; no divine love that may not be exemplified on earth; no picture that may not come in glimpses to enlighten the present.

The past is but the infancy of humanity. The adult age is still far off, but it approaches. Let us go forth to meet it. Psychometry will guide us, mediumship will lead us on, and science of man will illumine our way.

One by one the pleasing old delusions about sobriety in wine-drinking countries have to be given up. If any place in the world could have the full benefit of real wine, good wine, and a steady supply, it would surely be the islands of the Greek archipelago. They have been famous for their vintages for thirty centuries. But Anacreon was not by any means the last of the toppers of the islands. We read that on certain saints' days, the whole male population will be drunk. The wives, not being allowed to eat and drink with their masters, are saved from this.

In the first seven or eight years of a child's life it will probably be settled whether he is to be swayed by superstition or intelligence, whether he is to live terrorized by fear or buoyed up by hope and courage. Whoever sends a child into life permanently anticipating evil, suspicious of every one in authority, with a disposition to lord it over inferiors by way of making things even, does the child, his associates and society a wrong so great that no counter charity can cover.—*Boston Journal of Education.*

The one heresy is the want of faith in man. To doubt his ultimate triumph over himself is to strike at the scaffolding of past achievements, on which he stands, and from which he still builds and reaches upward.

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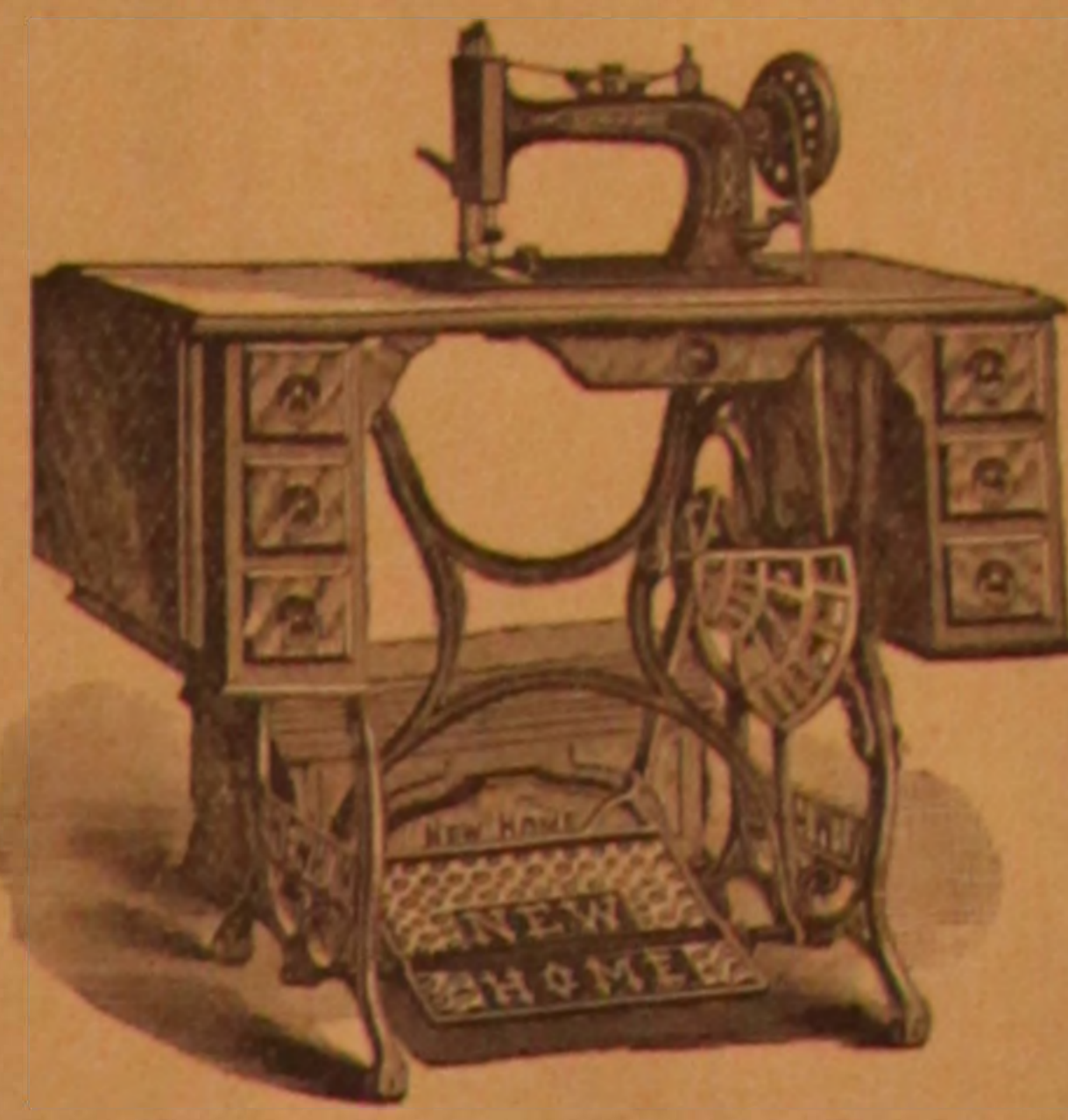
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8:00 a. m., 8:15 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 8:45 a. m., 9:00 a. m., 9:15 a. m., 9:30 a. m., 9:45 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 10:15 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 10:45 a. m., 11:00 a. m., 11:15 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 11:45 a. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:15 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 12:45 p.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