

# GOLDEN GATE

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

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## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Fate is unpenetrated causes.—Emerson.

He all is fault who has no fault at all.—Tennyson.

The old order changeth, yielding place to new.—Tennyson.

We get no good by being ungenerous.—Mrs. Browning.

The food of hope is meditated action.—Wordsworth.

'Tis not what man does that exalts him, but what man would do.—Robert Browning.

Many ideas grow better when transplanted into another mind than in the one where they sprang from.—Holmes.

Failure after long perseverance is much madder than never to have a striving good enough to be called a failure.—George Eliot.

A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth man's mind about to religion.—Bacon.

Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven, blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.—Longfellow.

If you cheerfully embrace the Divine will in some things, but in others would rather prefer your own you are crooked in heart.—Augustine.

God as the Infinite Good can be known only through our own growing goodness. In no other destiny than being good can we find rest and joy.

Defer not charities till death, for certainly if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so is rather liberal of another's man's than his own.—Bacon.

It was a maxim of heathen wisdom that all things are possible to him who feels them to be so. So confide in a higher power is to partake of that power.

Nothing is to be despised which men have reverently believed, and disdained for the earnest convictions of others is itself the token of ignorance and of an ungenerous mind.—Prof. Alex. Wilder.

Who has ever loved that has reserved anything for himself. Reservation is selfishness. Earthly life is a prison. The key to liberty is love; it leads us out of earthly into heavenly life.—Goethe's Correspondence.

Be true, if you would be believed. Let a man but speak forth with genuine earnestness the thought, the emotion, the actual condition of his heart, and other men, so strangely are we knit together by the ties of sympathy, must and will give heed.—Carlyle.

Hermes Trismegist when he was about to die, made an oration to this purpose: "That he had lived here in this earthly body but as an exile and a stranger, and was now returning home to his own country so that his death might not be lamented, this life being rather to be accounted death."

## A Letter From Dr. Dean Clarke.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

A day or two ago I received a telephone dispatch from the "Recording Angel," (who is reputed to write no Apocryphal account of human affairs), saying that your beautiful Christmas Number had appeared in the "Heavenly Court," and was the admiration of Angels, as well as of men. He said that he had examined its contents somewhat casually (for want of time) and noted the general correspondence between his record of San Francisco affairs and yours; but he added that certain rumors had come up before him from your city that one of the records of events therein contained a somewhat remarkable *ellipsis*. He furthermore informed me that he is so busy that he is not privileged, like Him to whom similar reports came regarding the affairs of Sodom and Gomorrah, to "go down and see about it himself," therefore he requested me to report to him through your columns, if I chose, whether or not, as it appears in your columns, the *only* thing *worthy of mention* that I ever did for the cause of Spiritualism in San Francisco was to *resign*, after two months' service, from the Secretaryship of one of the societies!

He said in such matters he wishes to be accurate and truthful, for when his books are opened in the court of Eternal Justice, where mankind are "judged according to the deeds done in the body," his record will determine the merits or demerits of every soul. Not being endowed with such a degree of self-consequentialness as to trumpet my own good deeds to a self-engrossed world, I am content to remain conspicuous by my absence from the annals of vain-glorious mortals, and to await the final arbitrament that shall settle the question of right, truth and justice as to the "rewards of merit," to which my humble labors on the Pacific Coast may entitle me. Therefore I leave it with my faithful spirit guides to see that the heavenly record is correct, simply replying to my divine interrogator, that if my name does not appear among those who have labored for the truth in San Francisco, that he may "Write me as one who loves his fellow-men" well enough to "render honor to whom honor is due," even though laurels may be plucked from my brow and bestowed upon others who have done no more to earn them.

Should I ever afflict the public with an autobiography, it may then be proper to supply a "missing link" in a chain of circumstances that led me to resign from association with one of your Societies, and leave San Francisco, with the entire fruits of eleven years of labor and self-sacrifice in the hands of some who, I trust, may yet remember the Golden Rule, and "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's" by legal right!

Truly, "The mills of the gods grind slow, but they grind exceeding small," as all of us will find, in time or eternity!

But pardon this personal reminiscence. I would be happy to forget some of my past experiences as easily as some of my acquaintances seem to have done, but until justice is done, the ghosts of wrongs I have suffered "haunt me still," and point with skeleton fingers to the greater wrong of claiming even my hard-earned honors of the past.

Allow me to congratulate you, Mr. Editor, and your fortunate readers as well, on your eminent success in furnishing them in all respects a first-class Spiritual paper, that does honor alike to its projector and the cause it so ably maintains. I have been delighted with the few numbers I have seen, and said to some of my Eastern friends that the right man is in the right place in your sanctum, when I first learned of your enterprise. Across the continent I send you fraternal greeting for the New Year at hand, and I trust that an appreciative public will make you happy by a generous support, such as true merit deserves. As possibly a few of your many readers on the Pacific Slope, whom I met in fraternal relations during my eleven years' sojourn, may now and then "send a wish or a thought after me" in my far-away location, please allow me to say to them that "I still live," and still am striving to do my humble part in promulgating the heaven-born truth that we all rejoice to know. I would that I could report to them a more active and flourishing condition of that department of the great reformatory work to which I am specially

called; but in truth I must say that the lecture field has narrowed instead of broadened, while I was among them as a public teacher. Many of our oldest and ablest speakers, whom it was my pleasure to be associated with fifteen years ago, have retired from the field—some "to their great reward" on high, some to the more lucrative and popular pulpits of Liberal Christians, and others to secular fields, where the much-needed dollar can be far more easily obtained to sustain their impoverished families. But still the supply is greater than the demand, and many of those who are faithful to the last extremity, are kept "living at a poor dying rate," physically and financially, by a semi-occasional call from some society, that prolongs existence by a spasmodic effort for a season.

Here at "the Hub," as others have informed you, are five or six fairly living Societies, only four of which pay for their speaking. Mr. Colville has, it is claimed, rather the most intellectual and cultured, though perhaps not the largest audience.

The demand of these times, even more than twenty years ago, seems to be for "the everlasting test," and for sensuous phenomena in general. Spiritualism and not Spiritualism is even now "all the rage" of the average audience in city or in country. Hence those who have other than the "gift of tongues" are most in demand on the rostrum, where, unfortunately, the exalted spirit teachers have to give way to "earthy" spirits who are most familiar with earthly things, therefore most in demand as entertainers of insatiate test-seekers and wonder-mongers.

Perhaps it is not because this is "a wicked and adulterous generation" that "a sign" is so much sought, even by those who have received it for the hundredth time, but it does indicate a deplorable lack of spiritual growth and high aspiration, that the philosophy and religion of Spiritualism are less in demand by old believers than the phenomenal phases. Let us hope that the day is not distant when Spiritualism as a moral and religious power shall awaken the dormant spiritual natures of Spiritists, and redeem them from "the lusts of the flesh," make them spiritual-minded, philanthropic and unselfish, and arouse them to active zeal in helping "angels and ministering spirits" in the great reformatory work the world so much demands. *Excelsior* should be the battle-cry of every soldier of progress who puts on the armor of the spirit and follows after spirit leaders.

I am glad to see the GOLDEN GATE luminous with spirituality, and I trust it will go on as it has begun, teaching the higher truths, and inspiring its intelligent readers to strive to ennoble their lives and be *doers*, as well as believers, in the field of effort where angels will help those who help themselves and their fellow-men. It is well to give the phenomena due prominence, for it is an indispensable *means* to a most important end. It is a desideratum to prove spirit presence, and demonstrate immortality, but it should never be as it now is with too many, the sole interest for which they labor and pay their money so freely that they have nothing left for public good. Let the press and rostrum co-labor to teach the proper adjustment of phenomena and philosophy, and the mistakes that are too often made will ere long be obviated.

I bid the GOLDEN GATE and all its worthy contemporaries on the Pacific, a hearty Godspeed in excelling, if they can, our grand old standards this side of the "Great Divide." I extend fraternal remembrances and brotherly love to all old friends. Time will never efface sweet memories.

DEAN CLARKE.

THE New York *Graphic* attributes the death of a citizen of New Jersey to the fact that he was a member of nineteen secret societies. Three meetings every night in the week, and one on Sunday, was too much even for a New Jersey constitution. But he must have enjoyed the fact that all the nineteen orders would have to attend his funeral.

DRAWING THE LINE.—Little Nellie—"What does your papa do?" Little Dot—"My papa is a horse doctor."

"I guess I better not play with you; I'm afraid you don't belong in our set." "Why, what does your papa do?" "My papa is a vet'rinary surgeon."—*Omaha World*.

## From the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

[Given by Saidie, through Mrs. E. S. Fox.]

Saidie comes with her love and blessing to the children of the Order, and holds towards each one the golden-linked chain of love and harmony from the angel world, which she has brought, that she may unite in a closer union, link together with a firmer bond of the same, every child within the sacred inclosure of the heaven-crowned Order. Peace be ever yours, my children, who with oneness of purpose work with the angel hosts; who stand firm at your posts through all opposition, all oppression. You have each added bright, jewelled links to the heavenly chain which binds you to the radiant ones above, and all together to the heart of love centered in the Father of all. Saidie is made glad when she sees the smiles lighting the faces of the children of earth, as they receive gifts from the hands of friendship and of love, and she brings to each child she loves and guards with a mother love, as a link to add to the golden chain she holds, the jewel each has polished and which waits in the home the royal setting of finest gold, which is the work of each soul to purify from all dross, to make clean from all impurities, that it may, with nicety, blend its links thus formed in the grand chain that binds hand to hand, heart to heart, the laborers in the great vineyard of the world, both here and in the beautiful realms of light in the Summer Land.

Saidie has all these years planned and work for one grand purpose, which is the dearest jewel of her heart, to give to the children she loves the rare gems of knowledge the kingdom of the Infinite are in possession of, and the doors leading within are ever open; no forbidding bars or locks impervious to human skill hold the entrance, for all who find the threshold must find the same through their own unfolded powers; must seek the same with great willingness of mind, being fully capable of polishing the rare diamonds therein found, and of workmanship, so perfect a master that the fine gold freed from dross in the crucible of experience can be rendered capable of in the skillful hands of man who has become divine to the degree that he fully appreciates both gold and precious stones. It would be folly in the extreme to place such jewels in unpracticed or unappreciative hands, for, not knowing the full value of them, they would be but as common baubles, possessing no real value, revealing no special beauty above that radiated from the most coarse, unpolished and valueless stone, which would possess equal power to please the sense. All who so undervalue the more fine, more polished gems of wisdom, are pleased with the baubles that speak to the untutored sense, and cannot yet furnish one golden link for the far-reaching chain of harmony from the higher spheres; albeit they will in the future form such chain, adding thereto link after link, for time and experience never fail in their work of refining, of polishing the jewels until they are fit for the master's use. For in the kingdom of the great hereafter, where reign the laws of love and wisdom, will be gathered eventually each soul who now treads the vales of earth. No matter how rough the nature may seem to those who have become the master workers in the great work of redeeming matter, which is polishing the jewels of the spirit, refining the gold of nature, and setting all with nicety that will fit it to be placed in the great chain of harmony. Harmony with the All-Good, the All-Wise Father, and with the home itself, whose very atmosphere is love made sacred in is very unselfishness.

Saidie comes to say this to the children of the Order, and to all children who will hear and understand her words, there is one golden chain to which each one will all unconsciously add their links of love, that is from the heart of the Infinite, reaches through the forces of attraction those who are so formed within that they are attracted thereto. Many chains form themselves, and to distinct and separate ones are separate ones attached.

The constellations or families from the great Central Sun each have their own attractive power, each draw unto themselves and hold that which their own forces naturally attract. This why many are drawn to and held by the central force

of the Order; finding therein jewels, the like of which their own natures hold for polishing, they work with skill, endeavoring to polish the same to like brightness with their own counterpart in the Sun Heavens, while others by the same law of attraction repel the jewels thus seen, have no sympathy with material or workmanship, rather taking from another quarry that which pleases the senses greater, and holds for them greater value. It is no strange law that holds together a congregation or band of persons, it is simply that of attraction and fitness. Saidie sees throughout the length and breadth of the land, great diversity of natural endowments, which are the jewels of nature in the rough, and are receiving the polishing touches of experience which will bring the hidden beauty and brightness to reveal itself in the light; and loving all the children she guards and guides, would see each doing that which will call out their noblest, best qualities, refining the natures, calling forth the God given powers that will place each one in the chain she holds as a polished jewel set in the purest gold, the royal setting of the Infinite, making all its harmony complete. For harmony to be harmony must be perfect, therefore when some are repelled it is well.

Saidie sorrows that any refuse to polish to brightness the jewels that might shine and radiate the light they can receive, for they thus refuse to themselves, put afar off the greater good, which should be their soul possessions here and hereafter. No unpolished gems will be found in the chain which unites all at last in love and wisdom in the Father-land to which you are tending, and where at last all will gladly find their home. Therefore she calls unto each child, each worker, be firm, be strong as ye are passing through the fires of purification, for in the near future you will see the why, the wherefore of all in the clearer light of knowledge, be able to see, as not now, that all is well for those who endure.

Saidie's love and blessing goes with her words, with an unquestioning assurance that all will be well, and the home banner which floats above our center, will lose not one bright star.

Peace be with you. SAIDIE.

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

OSWEGO, N. Y., Dec. 1886.

## Curious Growth of Tree.

In this country the artificial training of shrubs and trees has not attained that degree of perfection that is observed in the countries of Europe. This is due probably to the fact that the gardens and parks abroad have been, many of them, kept in a most perfect state of cultivation for years, and even for centuries. Italy is especially noted for the beauty of form and design that has been imparted to the garden by the use of trimmed shrubs and hedges. This style of gardening has been extensively followed in nearly all the countries of Europe; and although there is no pretense at "courtly nature," this has, nevertheless, asserted itself, and age has added to this method a dignity which greatly heightens its original effect.

At Versailles, at Fontainebleau, at the Imperial Gardens in Austria, and in Germany, this same style is to be found. In England, also, we observe the same effect, not so much in the public gardens as in the private parks.

At Haddon Hall there are two quite celebrated boxwood trees, one representing a ship and the other a peacock of heroic size. At Chatsworth, near by, there are many curious shapes to be found. A tree at present in the Jardin d'Acclimatation, in Paris, originally consisted of five separate trees grafted together, which were successively divided and grown together again, producing curious loops and forms.—*Scientific American*.

CRANBERRY JELLY.—To each quart of cranberries put a gill only of water, cover close and stew for ten minutes over the fire. Then add a pint of sugar, stir well, and stew twelve minutes more uncovered, stirring often. Rub them through a colander and pour them into molds. The next day they will turn out as jelly. At a large dinner four small molds are prettier than one large one, but this is a matter of taste.



## Letter from San Jose.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The great skill you possess as an editor is unequalled at the present time. You and your noble wife deserve great credit in conducting and bringing before the public your Christmas number—a perfect gem of soul light and love to enlighten humanity. In reading the excellent thoughts therein expressed, one feels there is only a shadowy mist between this and the spirit realm, and that mist is caused by lack of spiritual enfoldment.

San Francisco seems blessed with live, active workers, who never tire in well-doing. While I do not begrudge the good people of their blessed privileges in San Francisco, I do feel sad that there is so little interest taken in San Jose. There are a large number of Spiritualists here and with an organized society; why the seeming indifference I know not, unless we haven't the right ones in the right place. I wish one of your tidal waves would wash up for us a new Jesus that would start the ball rolling with such force it would be a long time stopping. It seems to me San Jose is the worst place on the coast for united work, and more is the shame when it claims to be the Garden City of California.

But what of the glorious Christmas and New Year? To some it is full of enjoyment; to others sad memories occupy their over-crowded brain. Some will have reunion of friends, costly presents, with music and feasting, and the merry laughter of happy wives mingled with the prattling of infantile glee, which make the whole household one, halo of bliss and sweet contentment—this is one of life's pictures where luxury and plenty reign. But let us take a peep in another home: No Christmas tree in a gaily-decked room with beautiful gifts tempting the lookers-on, but a day laborer with the sweat of toil already on his face who has barely enough left after paying his rent and other expenses to get a few cheap toys for the little ones, with no extras on the table—nothing to gladden the heart of the poor, tired and overworked mother. She looks longingly over her household group and draws a deep sigh as she thinks of the little lives that are entrusted to her care, and wonders why it is some have more than they can possibly use while others toil early and late, who are careful of their expenditures, yet have nothing left. Let me say to such, your situation in life is far preferable, for it brings out your noble character and rounds out your man and womanhood as riches never can. Riches make us selfish and narrow-minded. The love for money dwarfs our spiritual nature until our very soul is closeted with the one idol—gold. I would sooner spend one hour with some poor, tired, struggling mother, and do what I could to soothe her aching heart than be the selfish wife of a millionaire. Struggle on, dear, tired ones of earth's children; look up for light and guidance; angels will whisper sweet music to your soul until your burdens seem lighter.

I hope these few lines will help to console some poor mortal. Let me waft to you my heart's best and purest affections on the breezes of the morning, that you may feel and know that I sympathize with you in all these afflictions. "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." True divinity lies within. He is rich, indeed, who does all he can to help others. This coming new year may we all have more of Christ's principles, in loving words and kindly deeds; may it draw us nearer to each other until we feel as one band of brothers and sisters, working harmoniously together to make a better and purer condition for the children of earth.

We all have a destiny to work out; no two alike. Let us not quarrel over each other's shortcomings, but go on in our own way and to the best of our ability accomplish the most good, to the greatest number, not stopping to see how others work out theirs, but allow them the same privilege we want for ourselves—to do the best we can without let or hindrance.

Dear friends, who read the GOLDEN GATE, shall we not sow and reap a bountiful harvest this coming year in the cause of Spiritualism? and may the closing part of this year bring us the glad tidings of many hearts that have found that the true healing power lies within him or herself.

Dear Editor, your Christmas number is too rich to keep all to myself; I loaned it to a neighbor before I had read it all. They never have taken the trouble to investigate Spiritualism, but this morning he came down to see me. He said in reading Brother Ravlin's history, "Why I am a Spiritualist," it caused a desire for him to know something about it. He wants to sit in a circle with all the honesty of his heart. I talked with him with all the ability I possessed; promised him I would do all in my power to aid him in his search after these beautiful truths, which means a good convert to Spiritualism before long, for I generally have good luck in that line. His old step-father is eighty-six; he has always been a church-going man, but often comes here to get your paper, which I always loan him, if I have it. He says, "I always did like Owen's writings, anyway," as though that smoothed the way for him. So loan your papers everywhere and anywhere, you don't know the good you might do in that direction. Scatter seeds by the wayside and they take root and grow; ut, oh, I

must close wishing you all a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

Yours truly,

MRS. MARY E. BARKER.

SAN JOSE, Jan. 2, 1887.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Moral Character and Mediumship.

The angel world has been compelled in the past to use such instruments as were available, without being over particular as to quality. In their anxiety to reach mortals with demonstrative evidence of immortality, they have utilized sensitive organisms for that purpose, without regard to moral character, on the principle that it is vastly more important that the world receive a knowledge of the truth than to longer remain in ignorance, waiting for the improbable advent of a perfect channel through which that truth was to be revealed. More than eighteen hundred years ago, the knowledge of immortality burst upon the world through the mediumship of Jesus, the Christ, an absolutely perfect and pure channel of communication, but religious bigotry, superstition and intolerance persecuted Him to death, and all His apostles with Him. The demonstrative knowledge of immortality was afterwards lost amid the gross darkness and blinding errors of the succeeding centuries. Now it has come again, and it had to come as it could. There was less objection, even to downright immortality, with no pretense to goodness than to assumed religious conduits, painted beautifully without, but loathsome and obnoxious corrupt within. As Jesus said in His day, "That the publicans and harlots would enter the kingdom of God before the Scribes and Pharisees," even so this principle was to be illustrated in these last days, in the second unfoldment of immortality to the world. It is that which is revealed and not the channel through which it comes that should most concern us. Of course we do not wish to be understood as implying that all mediums in the past forty years have been corrupt. But many possessing the most remarkable mediumistic powers have been and are. Still, the fact that they are used by the angels is no indorsement of their immortality, but of their quality of mediumship. We are not, however, to overlook the importance of moral worth in this connection. While in one sense, it would not add to the powers of the medium as such, it would, nevertheless, add immensely to his or her influence for good, and to the cause of pure Spiritualism in the world. Many have assumed that because mediums impure in character and life have been honored by the spiritual world as channels of intercommunication between two worlds, that therefore we are at liberty to ignore the distinctions of right and wrong, of vice and virtue, and they have demeaned themselves accordingly to the scandal of civilized humanity, and the great detriment of pure Spiritualism. It has had to bear the odium, and a terrible load it has been to carry.

Men and women assuming to be inspirational speakers having abandoned their own families, and consorting with some imagined affinity, have traveled the country as spiritual teachers, expounding the moral philosophy of Spiritualism. Their attitude has been one of openly avowed atheism, while the burden of their speeches has consisted in ridiculing the Bible, denouncing the churches, treating Christianity with vulgar contempt, and openly scouting the legal sanction of the marriage relation. They have assumed to be truthful exponents of Spiritualism; but they are neither Spiritualists themselves, nor have they the faintest conception of the moral sublimity of the spiritual philosophy. On their account, the very name has been covered with odium, and they have made it a reproach and a by-word. But the time is coming, and it is near at hand, when the name Spiritualist shall be redeemed from the obloquy that has been heaped upon it, and ignorant, spiritist cranks will no longer be needed or tolerated.

The arcana of the spiritual world is being opened to purer and broader minds, and the truth of immortality is being demonstrated by a purer, better, and more reliable class of mediums. "The best gifts" are being sought out, both in the church and out of it, and the next two or three years will witness a wonderful progress in this regard. There are phases and powers of mediumship yet undeveloped, even in the best mediums of to-day, that will soon be brought out, and thousands of such mediums will be developed in the near future. The public exponents of the harmonial philosophy will be accredited men and women of irreproachable moral character, whose pure example of daily life will be the best illustration of the truth of the glorious philosophy they proclaim to the world.

Then will the light of the New Dispensation shine with undimmed splendor; the churches will throw open their windows and doors to receive the divine influx; the strong bulwarks of materialism will melt away like frost before a Summer's sun; the benighted nations will be illumined by the light of the spiritual world; the unseen and the seen will meet and know each other; the spiritual and the material world will everywhere come into conscious juxtaposition; "and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away, and behold all things are become new." It is a

matter for congratulation, that all the leading Spiritualist papers are taking advanced and high moral ground. Now, if any one wishes to know what Spiritualism is, we can with pride point to our published journals for the answer. They are in striking contrast with much that has been proclaimed from the platform as Spiritualism in the past. They evidence unmistakably that old things are indeed passing away, and that a new order of things is now being inaugurated.

They command respect, educate public sentiment, inspire confidence, and lead the world's most advanced and progressive thought. The *Carrier Dove* brings glad tidings of great joy to thousands of hungry souls. The GOLDEN GATE every week swings noiselessly on its hinges, and the holy light of the spiritual world is poured into thousands of homes amid the environments of the material world. The *World's Advance-Thought*, as a rider upon the "white horse," is making the circuit of the earth, as with the blast of a trumpet proclaiming the dawn of the new dispensation; while the *Banner of Light*, as on "Beacon Hill," is still unfurled to the breeze, and from the lofty height to which it has attained, catches in its folds the bright effulgence of the angel world, leading its hundreds of thousands of readers to nobler warfare and more signal victory. So, would time and space permit, might we make honorable mention of many others doing noble service in the cause of true Spiritualism.

The treating of moral character we would not wish to be understood as advocating that cold, negative, unfeeling type of morality that has no sympathy for the fallen, and manifests no compassion towards the erring. It is at best nothing more than an artificial frost work exhibit, that never did anything except to glory in its own exclusive iciness. It never soothed any poor, burdened spirit with the warm and gentle tokens of affection and love, nor lifted any that are bowed down beneath the overmastering power of temptation, to a firmer standing and a better life.

Better infinitely is the sympathy and tender compassion of a reformed Magdalen, than the cold, unfeeling nature of one who may never have gone astray, simply because an iceberg of the Arctic regions is not susceptible to the influences of the tropics. There is much that is called virtue and that is lauded as worthy of all praise, that would readily become vice under other circumstances, or by a simple change of conditions. It is virtue of the highest order, having fallen, to repent and lead a better life; and it is virtue beyond all price to help others do the same; to forgive as we hope to be forgiven, and to extend the same aid we ourselves would desire under like circumstances.

This is pure Spiritualism, and it is true religion, identical with that which Jesus Christ taught, and which he so beautifully illustrated in his life. Warm, loving hearts that know from experience what sore temptations mean, can most truly feel for the tempted, and sympathize with the fallen. Here is the lamentable lack of modern religion in the churches. It is regarded too much in the light of a special favor bestowed on a privileged class, while the very ones Jesus was most ready to have compassion upon are the most neglected and the least thought of, if remembered at all. To stand aloof and seem to say, "I am holier than thou," is no way to reform man from their errors and sins. When we remember that we sustain a certain kinship to the most fallen of earth's children, then are we ready to fulfill the royal law of the Scriptures, by proving ourselves neighbors indeed to those who have fallen among thieves, and are left naked and wounded and ready to die.

N. F. RAVLIN.

OAKLAND, Dec. 31, 1886.

## Psychometry and Its Uses.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Yesterday my friend Coons, of this city, handed me one of your copies. While running over it I received the inspiration to write a few lines, remembering, however, that I am not a gifted writer, yet the inspiration to talk is very free and fluent; but of late I have done but little in that direction. My time and power has been for ten years given to my controls to demonstrate through me the fact of spirit return, by handling ponderable things—physical demonstrations in the light—until two years ago, they then began to give full-form materializations. This has from time to time drawn on my body until my controls have stopped all such phenomena.

Six times during my public life, as a medium for physical phenomena and full-form materialization, I have been stricken with various fevers, prostrations, etc., until now, when my controls feel it a duty for the sake of my wife and children, to stop all phenomena, but are still with me, working daily. Spirit Dr. C. H. Pomeroy examines the sick by lock of hair or letter, and gives remedies which have done a work for suffering humanity which shall ever be remembered. Both mind and body need medicine at times, which Dr. Pomeroy is capable of rendering through me. I have practiced medicine for many years, and with the spirit's help I have been most successful diagnosing the sick with accuracy, which is the main point for success which clairvoyance and psychometry has achieved its diploma. By this law I examine all patients, and I have never failed in one case. Should you de-

sire a test of my powers in that direction to give you the confidence needed in writing up any matter concerning spiritual unfoldment for the good of the world. You may send me a lock of hair from some friend whom you know and fully understand, and I will return you by return mail a full perfect diagnosis of case free of charge. What I wish mostly to speak of is this: During my development and study of the laws which govern the mysterious phenomena which comes through my mediumship, I found that Prof. Denton, dear soul, who has passed to the element into which he gradually pierced with mind's eye, had the key which revealed all hidden things, the soul of things, the power of psychometry, measuring the soul principle in all things. No longer doth the rock sleep, for the revelation of the nineteenth century has brought with all the modern developments the interpreter of silence beneath the earth as well as in the space called heaven. This law proves to all skeptical minds that nothing is lost, and death, like the undeveloped, is but a change. What a school this will yet build for geology and its learned students. What method is there to-day other than Psychometry to discern the whereabouts of the veins and beds of minerals, water, etc., oil, natural gases, and every known thing valuable to mankind, who can tell from whence it came and where, but the psychometrist? Who can tell the relationship and the homes, brothers or sisters or their whereabouts, but the psychometrist?

This has been one of my greatest studies for years. It has been one continuous schooling, which to me has been of the greatest interest; and why? because it has taught me the *modus operandi* of life with all its afflictive elements so little understood and so misconstrued by millions. Spiritualists themselves abuse it, unless spiritual at heart. It has made my practice clear, without the usual anxiety of mind. Every physician should learn this science, and so should every father and mother, as it would show them the ways of life, with all its harmony and love, as well as prove to them the infinite law by which their children become grand, noble and perfect men and women, as well as what makes them thieves and murderers. This is one of the grandest studies, and would take up too much of your time and space did I give you even the outlines of experience of some three months. What builds up the spiritual philosophy but the facts which come through the different medial powers? And how much charity should be used in their behalf, being the channel of communication of every kind, good and bad. But if every medium would study well their position in life, as educators, and appreciate their gifts as I do they would take psychometry as their prayer, morning and night, and measure everything well. Then they will be more respected and appreciated by all who may be placed in contact with them. Let the soul be the judge after the spirit hath its own hearing, and truly a medium will never fail. More than this, the Fire Boy, in your columns, brought me to think of the wonderful developments of my own gifts. This I am now making a business of in connection with clairvoyant examinations. I have, by hard study and labor, developed psychometry so fine that I am now connected with mining companies of New York, and hold the position of civil and mining engineer. Expert in locating minerals, water, oil, natural gas, etc., I am able to take a specimen of any kind and trace it to its bed and afterward tell every line, vein and depth, etc., the compass, which makes mining very easy, and exploring and prospecting but a child's play. Yes, I may say, while a prospector will go about with rod, chisel and hammer in hand, for months, yes, years, I will find the same in five minutes, so long as I have a specimen of what is wanting. Like will attract like. The mineral kingdom is but one family, like the vegetable, the animal and humanity. No doubt should you find space in your valuable paper, and the people of some of the mining cities should see the same they would say, bosh! According to their comprehension and perceptive faculties only, can they judge, but men are not all-wise. We are never too old to learn. To prove what I say, let some skeptical party send enclosed in a piece of white silk a specimen of any known mine with which they are perfectly familiar, and have a chart thereof which will prove its testing, and place it in a box and send to my office, mentioning the GOLDEN GATE. I will give it the study of a law which knows nothing but the soul of truth, and therefore can give only its home relationship, the veins of its body, its pulsation and actual life, when it can be compared with your own knowledge and see if psychometry reads your mind, or tells its own story, remembering that one can not speak, therefore can tell no tales.

Sir, I give you these crumbs simply to show to the world, and especially mediums, the progression spirits make, when true to their mission.

Yours for truth,  
A. W. S. ROTHERMEL, M. D.  
BROOKLYN, N. Y., 301 Clifton Place.

We learn, says the *Medium and Day-break*, that a message in direct writing, purporting to come from "D. D. Home," was lately obtained through the mediumship of Mr. Eglinton. On application to Mr. W. M. Wilkinson, Mr. Home's solicitor, a letter from the hand of the late famous medium was procured, when the handwriting was found to be identical with that given direct. Mr. Eglinton was not acquainted with Mr. Home's handwriting.

## False Economy.

(Pretence Malford.)

The most extravagant living is cheap living. A meal of the very cheapest food is very apt to be a meal of some poor quality of provision. A meal of rich food gives little or no strength to body or mind. Your strength of body and mind is your main stock in trade. It has a value in dollars and cents. A steady diet of poor food may make you, if not "sick abed," sick on your feet, sick while at your business, lessen your snap and vigor and so lose your money. Cheap things, when they are poor things (as in most cases they are), cost far more than good things. You buy a cheap trunk. It bursts asunder in compliance with the effort and prayer of the baggage-slinger, betrays secrets, lets cats out of the bag, and costs far more money, and pains beside, than a good one. You buy a suit of cheap clothes. They look cheap to commence with. It is not a good business recommendation to "look cheap." In three weeks the gloss is worn off. They fade as a leaf. In six weeks they look as much worn as a really good testate of cloth would be in four months. You pay for two suits of cheap clothes more than for one good suit. You get from them neither wear, quality nor style. You do get a second or third-rate recommendation from them to that class of people who judge a man by the "cut of his jacket," and grumble at it as much as you do these are a very necessary class of people to make a good impression on. So, cheap dressing is very extravagant dressing.

Economy means the purchase and use of the very best articles, so as to get the very best out of them. A sick horse may be bought for a little money, to be of little or no use, a care on your mind, an expense on your pocket, and a bringer to you of nothing but worry. This is an extravagant horse. Competition, which seeks to lower the price of everything, is the death of trade. It cuts down lower and lower, until at last no profit is left to any one. Then the factory stops. The workman has nothing to do. The boss fails, absconds or goes into other business. Competitive cheap labor does not tend to make artists. It does tend to make imitators, copyists and counterfeiters. A skilled needle-woman—one who took an artistic pride in her work—said to me, after a week's experience in one of New York's great retail bazars, where scores of cheap dresses "in the latest style" were turned out daily: "There is no encouragement in our work-shop for good, careful, painstaking work. The girl who can rush the most thread through the most yards of cloth, and turn out the most dresses, in reality not much more than basted together, is the one most praised and best paid by her employer." When you buy such a cheap dress you encourage the making of shams, imitations, counterfeits. You encourage work done without conscience, and only for cash. You discourage honesty. You discourage the doing of work in which should be put brains, skill, care, conscience and time. That is another name for artistic work. You are helping on fraud. You help rascality. You oppose yourself to justice and fair dealing. If you buy where you can buy the cheapest, without regard to anything save the getting of an article for the least possible money, you are encouraging fraud and injustice.

You complain that your labor is ill paid. Yet when you hunt for the cheapest article and patronize the man determined to "sell lower than all," you are putting money in the pocket of the man whose policy it is to cut down lower and lower the price of everything he sells. If you are making brooms for a living and he is selling them, it is his aim to force you, directly or indirectly, to make your brooms for the least possible money. The world of manufacture is now engaged in the endeavor to make everybody do its work for as little money as possible in making as good an article as possible. When you go into the manufacture of shoes or hats, you set your wits at work to get other people's labor for the least possible money in making those shoes or hats. You want the work done, and raw material raised for you and brought to you for the least possible money. You don't care whether Tom, Dick or Harry, who grow the article, or prepare it, or freight it to you, get a fair price for their work or not. You don't care how they live or whether they get enough to eat or wear. You don't know them. You don't want to know them. All you want of them is their strength, skill and intelligence, for as little money as possible, so that when all that strength and skill comes to you in the shape of a hat, a coat, a pair of shoes, a kettle, a shovel or a tin pan, you can get four, six, eight or ten times as much for the work you do in selling it as they have done in getting it ready for you to sell. If you (be you laborer or merchant, capitalist or trade-unionist) buy a very good article at a very low price, you congratulate yourself on having made a good bargain. Do you ask, "was the man fairly paid for his labor who made this article?" Do I ask it? When I am trying to beat down the price, do I not say with the Psalmist, "It is naught—it's a poor piece of goods, anyway;" but when I am gone my way do I not boast of my bargain, and hold it up before my neighbors, and say: "Lo! I bought this pan for a nickel—but it costeth ten cents elsewhere?" But am I my brother's keeper?



## What is Buddhism?

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Christians and Spiritualists of Europe and America are alike interested in knowing what are the doctrines of the thinkers and people of Asia, who constitute not less than one-third of the population of the world. Until a very recent period very little has been known with accuracy or certainty concerning the tenets of the Buddhists. But now, thanks to the researches of scholars and the efforts of the Theosophical Society, at Madras, the western world is able, at last, to arrive at an approximation, at least, to the truth in a matter of so great importance. In 1885 an edition of the Buddhist Catechism, prepared by H. S. Olcott, President of the Theosophical Society, and issued under the authority of the Buddhist Church of Southern India, was published in Boston, just as in 1883 a French version was issued in Paris, and more recently a German translation in Munich. The first edition of 17,000 copies in Sinhalese was sent to the homes and schools of Ceylon for use of the children, and 15,000 more in Burmese and English were distributed among the natives there. Thus an authentic and authoritative exposition of the leading faith of the Orient stands face to face with the hereditary and modern faith of the Occident. Of course, in a catechism only the open and acknowledged tenets are to be found. The occult teachings of the Buddhist philosophy or religion are not to be looked for in such a summary. The Boston edition with abundant notes by Prof. Elliott Coues of Washington, D. C., now lies before me. The reliability of the catechism as a true exposition of Buddhist doctrine, its importance in the present transitional and skeptical phases of the Western mind, and its contrast with the leading doctrines of Christianity and Spiritualism, are good reasons for giving it an attentive reading and a careful review. The work of review, however, I shall not undertake myself, because, since reading the catechism, I have found an able and careful review of the same in French, published in the "Bulletin of the Scientific Society of Psychologic Studies" at Paris, shortly after it was published here before that society and met with unanimous approval and unbounded applause. Its author was the President of that society and was heartily thanked by the same for his excellent review of the catechism and able criticism of its subject-matter. It is this critical exposition of Buddhism by Charles Fauvety that I wish now to introduce to your readers by the following translation into English.

W. W. T.

## OUR EXCEPTIONS.

This little work is a part of the great work of unification in which Madame Blavatsky and Col. Olcott have taken the initiative. We have already spoken in praise of it—at the time when first arose the controversy between Theosophical Occultism and Modern Spiritualism. We then said that there exist two entirely distinct and separate civilizations—distinct not so much by material distance as by difference in manners, sentiments, beliefs and methods. There is our western civilization, wholly modern, essentially mobile and progressive; and there is the civilization of the East, conservative of old traditions and immovable in the social and religious forms of a distant past. The first embraces Europe and America, with the entire globe as its field of work; the second, quartered in its old centers, India and China, extends over the greater part of Asia and represents one-half of the population of the globe.

To put these two civilizations in presence of each other, to make them fuse together by science, philosophy, the laws of conscience, that should be the same everywhere, the progress of knowledge and the religious ideal—such is the thought, such the aim of the work in which Madame Blavatsky and Col. Olcott have taken the initiative. This work is of a grand humanitarian scope, and the silence observed by the European press in regard to so noble an attempt is astonishing. That is what we have said and still say, for our entire sympathy is with the work represented by the Theosophical Society of Bombay and Madras. But in undertaking to criticize the Buddhist catechism, compiled and published by the President of that society, we felt the need of recalling this testimony, because the praises and encouragements that we have given to their labor give us a sort of right to utter our warnings, while obliging us at the same time to make our exceptions when we find them pursuing a false path.

That the author thought proper to join together in a little book, made in the shape of a catechism and destined for the use of children and beginners, the principal teachings of the religion of Buddha, is something that he had a right to do; that he also gives us in French this catechism, that had appeared in English and afterwards in German, we have only to thank him for as well as his excellent translator. But Col. Olcott goes farther than this. He talks in his notes like a true Buddhist convinced of the superiority of the doctrine of Buddha, and even goes so far as to intimate in his preface that Buddhism is destined to be the religion of the future.

Against such a thought we enter our protest, and it is this tendency that forces us to make our exceptions to the labor of Col. Olcott and Madame Blavatsky.

Assuredly, if we sympathize with a work of fusion and conciliation between the philosophical and religious doctrines of the East and West, in view of a higher synthesis of both, it is not because we understand that we are to be led back to Buddhism, which we regard as a form inferior to evangelical Christianity, even when stripped of all its popular superstitions and reduced, as is done by the author of the catechism, to be only a sort of philosophical positivism, having no other religious coronation than that of *Nirvana*.

## DEFINITION OF BUDDHISM—BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS.

But before giving our personal appreciation of the matter let us make known Buddhism according to the canon of the Church of South India, as presented to us by Col. Olcott.

The catechism starts out with a brief explanation of the words Buddhism, Buddhist and Buddha.

"Of what religion are you? The Buddhist."

"What is a Buddhist? He who professes to be a follower of our Lord, Buddha, and accepts his doctrine."

"Was Buddha a God? No."

"Was he a man? In form a man, but internally not like other men; that is to say, in moral and mental qualities he excelled all other men of his own or subsequent times."

"Was Buddha his name? No; Buddha is the name of a condition or state of mind."

"What is its meaning? Enlightened; as one is who has the perfect wisdom."

It is further stated that Buddha was called by his royal name of Siddhartha and his family name of Guatama or Gotama; that he was Prince of Hapilavastu (a city in India a hundred miles northeast of Benares and about forty miles from the Himalaya mountains); that his father was the king Suddhodana and his mother Queen Maya; that the people over whom Siddhartha was called to reign after his father were the Sakyas, an Aryan tribe; whence his surname of Sakya Muni, by which he is specially known to us; and, finally, that his birth was 623 years before the Christian era.

The author runs rapidly over the youth of Siddhartha and his marriage with the Princess Yasodhara. He employs a few lines to mention the luxury and enjoyments of all sort that surrounded the young prince at the court of his father; speaks of his rapid progress in the arts and sciences, "which he understood without studying them," he says, and shows him to us, "disdaining the pleasures of childhood and youth, but meditating already upon the causes of our sufferings and the means of escaping them."

At last, at the age of twenty-nine years, he abandons "his beautiful palaces, his riches, his luxuries, his pleasures, his soft beds, his fine dresses, his rich food, his kingdom; he even left his beloved wife and his only son; also his father, who adored him and fled into the jungle or desert."

Feeling great pity and immense love for all beings, he isolated himself to "reflect deeply upon the causes of sorrows and the nature of man."

"Did any other man ever sacrifice so much for our sake?" asks the catechism. "Not one; this is why Buddhists so love him, and why good Buddhists try to be like him."

And this is why, too, they have made a god of him, for without doubt it is not his teaching; it is his immense tenderness for creatures that has caused men to make Sakya Muni divine and set him up as an object of adoration so general and persistent.

Observe how the legend lets him talk to his father at the moment when he quits his family and the throne awaiting him, in order to fulfill his mission.

"My lord," he says, "it is now the time for me to make my appearance in the world. Do not oppose me and do not be grieved,—suffer me, oh, king, yourself, your family and people to depart."

The king, with his eyes full of tears, answered: "What must I do, my son, to make you change your purpose? Name the gift you want; I will give it to you. This palace, these servants, this kingdom and myself—all is yours."

"My lord," answered Siddhartha, in gentle tones, "I ask four things; grant them to me. If you can give them to me I will stay with you. Guarantee, my lord, that old age shall never visit me; that I shall always retain my fair-colored youth; that illness, deprived of all power over my body, shall never attack me, and that my life may be free from decline and without termination."

The king, on hearing these words, was crushed with grief. "My child," cried he, "what you ask is impossible, and I am powerless. The Rishis themselves, (spiritual teachers) during their Kalpa, (immense period of existence), have never escaped the fear of old age and decline, sickness and death."

"If," answered Siddhartha, "I cannot avoid the fear of old age and decline, of illness and death; if you cannot grant me the four principal things, then, at least, oh, king, be willing to grant me one other gift, which is no less important; cause that on disappearing from here below I be no longer subject to the vicissitudes of transmigration."

## THE DOCTRINE.

As proved by the above narrative the unique preoccupation of Buddha was the fear of return to existence. It was with

him a fixed idea which overexcited his brain and threw, as it were, a grain of folly into that fine intelligence. The certainty of the immortality of the soul, united with belief in transmigration, is capable of thus inspiring horror of life even, and of producing in the mind of the best the thought of annihilation. Do we not see in our own days pretended savants, and even philosophers like Hartmann and Schopenhauer, cherish this pessimistic idea and offer it as the last word of science.

Eugene Burnouf, in his introduction to the history of Buddhism, has eloquently described this false pessimistic conception of life, which then reigned in India, and which turned the head of the Prince Sakya Muni. I insist on this point, because it is not enough to believe in the persistence of the ME and its re-incarnations. We must chase from minds this false idea of transmigration by proving that the progressive evolution of beings is absolutely opposed to the retrogradation of life and to the incarnation of a human person in the inferior species. The law of the conservation of energy does not permit that anything that has been gained to the being should be lost for the being, and the nicest use of the scales in weighing proves that nothing whatever is lost in this world whatever change of form may occur. What a loss would accrue if the synthesis of man could be resolved into a synthesis of animals that have not yet acquired the faculties of sociability, reason, conscience, language, progress and moral freedom which characterize human kind, the human species and human kingdom.

"The doctrine of Sakya Muni," says Burnouf in his history of Buddhism, "was founded on an opinion admitted as a fact, and on a hope offered as a certainty. This opinion is, that the visible world is perpetually changing; that death succeeds life and life death; that man, like all surrounding him, rolls in the eternal circle of transmigration; that he passes successively through the forms of life, from the most elementary to the most perfect; that the place occupied by him in the vast scale of living beings depends on the merit of the actions done by him in this world, and that thus the virtuous man after this life must be born anew with a divine body, but the guilty man with the body of a cursed one; that the rewards of heaven and the punishment of hell have but a limited duration, like all that is in this world; that time exhausts the merit of virtuous deeds, and also blots out the trace of bad actions, and that the law of change restores to the earth the good and the accursed, to put them both to the test anew and make them run through a new series of transformations."

After speaking of the efforts of research and meditation made by Siddhartha to discover the cause of human misery the catechism expresses it by a single word—*ignorance*. That is it, indeed, and we cannot too often repeat it. The word is but too true to-day, as it was two or three thousand years ago.

"What is the remedy?" asks the catechism. "To dispel ignorance and become wise."

That is perfectly right; but these are generalities as old as the world. Here is something more like Buddhism.

"What is the light that can dispel this ignorance? It is the knowledge of what Buddha called the four noble truths. They are: First, The miseries of existence; second, The cause productive of misery, which is the desire ever renewed of satisfying one's self without being able ever to secure that end; third, The destruction of that desire or the estranging of one's self from it; fourth, The means of obtaining this destruction of desire."

But, unhappy dreamer that you are, do you not fear, while killing the desire, to kill the very moving force of life and will? Submit the forces that are within you to reason, and direct the desire to reasonable acts; is not that sufficient for you?

"How can we escape the sufferings which result from unsatisfied desires and ignorant cravings? By complete conquest over, and destruction of, this eager thirst for life and its pleasures which cause sorrow."

"How may we gain such a conquest? By following in the noble eight-fold path which Buddha discovered and pointed out."

"What is this noble eight-fold path? The eight parts of this path are called *angas*. They are: First, Right belief; second, Right thought; third, Right speech; fourth, Right doctrine; fifth, Right means of livelihood; sixth, Right endeavor; seventh, Right memory; eighth, Right meditation. The man who keeps these *angas* in mind and follows them will be free from sorrow and may reach salvation."

We have nothing to say against such rules of conduct, not knowing what is understood here by the word *right*. For Catholics, what is right is to observe the commands of the Church, as "to confess at least once a year," or "to fast on Friday and Saturday likewise." For the Buddhist who holds birth as the first evil, which produces all the rest, and the cessation of all existence as the supreme good and very end of life, it is plain that what is right is whatever can deaden the sentiment and destroy the action of living.

For us, on the contrary, who do not separate moral perfection from the plenitude of existence, and who aspire to live more and more and feel our own life in all that is, by all that is, and for all that is, it is clear that the right consists in every work and every thought fitted to enlarge our power of willing, feeling, loving, under-

standing, knowing and doing. In one word, for us the supreme law is the progress and enlargement of being. Starting from the universal being in the state of germ, we hope to return to him only after having gained, through lives ever renewed, all the qualities of the perfect life. That is why we repel from us none of the gifts of existence and recoil not before any of its sorrows, knowing well that effort, labor, suffering, are, like sensation, sentiment, intelligence, the means, the instruments and the very conditions of progress.

It is evident, therefore, that the rules for the guidance of life change according to the conception formed by each one of general existence and its ends. And we cannot agree with the Buddhists upon what is right and what is not right, unless by inconsistency on their part or on ours, since for us the aim of life, of all life, is the enlargement of being, while for Buddhism, on the contrary, the aim of life is the privation of being.

(Concluded next week.)

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Shadowy Reflections.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

I have just received your holiday number of the GOLDEN GATE. It certainly is a very creditable and interesting issue, crowded with readable matter, and I don't see anything to skip in it, and had hardly glanced into it before I saw I must begin at the beginning and read every column consecutively; hardly an article in which were not some suggestions that fertilized my own mind. It would take a good while for my pen to elaborate the suggestions that heave in sight on every page. Don't be alarmed, dear reader, I don't propose any elaboration, yet I have no doubt what I have read there will color some my penwork for sometime to come, but the readers of spiritual papers know that my "shadows" are very common. Like the river Nile, I have many outlets into the ocean of printed thought, so if I expand I will only moisten and not overflow the GOLDEN GATE.

I do not wish to accept any one article where all are so good, but you know the old copy slip, "Many men, many minds." I can not help saying that the article on "Independent Slate-Writing" is an admirable convincer of independent, intelligent, invisible power. Any one who will admit the fact of your experience in that statement can not help being converted to Spiritualism. True, seeing, they may say, is believing, and those who are timid and who don't want to believe it, may say, "Oh, there is a trick somewhere;" but with my own experience in psychography I have no doubt of it. I have had great experience in that phase myself, and almost want to write about it. The article you print, and the photographic illustration, seems to me, as an evidence, is perfection itself; seems to me it covers the whole possible ground. We know, under the described circumstances, there could have been no chicanery, it being in the light and in the hands of the editor, and never out of his hands after taking the slate clean, until the writing was produced, so it could not have been the medium's work mechanically. The messages being in different languages, and some quite unknown, it is self-evident it was not the product of his brain, and no process of mind reading or mind transference, for no one present could think or write in all the languages found on the slate. Then the statement granted to be true, and I don't believe there is a man in the world who knows you, Mr. Editor, who will doubt it, then it becomes self-evident that the messages and the execution of them are the act or work of a disembodied intelligence, which means a spirit. If there is any order of intelligences whose genesis is not human, then there might be a legitimate doubt, but as there are none, and the communications, from the first rap to the last materialization, are a unit in saying, "I am your brother man," it is simply a silly quibble, under all the circumstances, not to take their word for it. There certainly, then, is but one "out" in the whole statement, and that is, was the writer telling the literal truth? The writer being honest and level-headed, it answers Job's question of the ages affirmatively, "If a man die shall he live again?" I talk strongly; my own experience in the same line warrants it. Anybody, then, who does not call that perfect evidence must be either stupid, or logically blind, or prejudiced, and I say to them, as the Nazarine did in the parable of the rich man, "And he said unto him if they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead."

Prof. A. R. Wallace, of London, whom I met at Mrs. Ross' seance, the other day, asked about writing mediums, and he arranged to go and sit with Carrie Twigg. He wanted to know if there were any slate-writers in the city, and I said at present I knew of none; that my friend, Owen, of the GOLDEN GATE, spoke very highly of Fred Evans; that he was worth experimenting with if he should happen to find himself in San Francisco during his visit in this country. If I see him again I shall give him a GOLDEN GATE that has the article that attracted my attention.

I have been at Mrs. Ross' seance since the one Prof. Wallace attended, to which I have referred, and learn that two or three of the Harvard professors have at-

tended with him at one of her seances; I believe it was private. They seemed to be astonished and have tested the matter, and can not understand the wonder, and I should judge that they felt, in critically observing the apparitions, a good deal as Agrippa did under the preaching of Paul, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." At any rate they have engaged for to-morrow another seance with her where one of the party is to sit in the back room; that shows their interest. I refer to the Harvard professors. The greatest scientist of them all, Prof. Wallace, is not one of the doubters, and confessedly so.

As this is rather a gossipy letter, let me add an interesting incident that occurred this evening (25th) at Mrs. Ross' seance. A lady appeared at the curtain, coming a little way out into the room. She had an infant in her arms and a two-year-old child by her side. All present went up and handled them and were amazingly interested. Not wishing to crowd, and having seen such phenomena before, I remained in my seat; the others retiring, the spirit signified a wish that I should not slight her. I went up, examined the baby and the child, kissing both thoroughly to test their apparent humanity, and then giving a little more attention to the latter, the adult spirit said for me to kiss the baby in her arms, and I did so, and she had no baby there. It must have dematerialized in a whiff—went out, so to speak, like a bubble. It was a very positive phenomena, and those sitting near saw the baby vanish as well as I did.

When I reached "page 7" of your holiday number, "Shadows" struck me, and I thought I would have easy work with that page, but my eye fell on the name of my able and venerable friend, Dr. G. B. Crane, which I read through twice and thoughtfully, so I did not gain anything by the appearance of my two-column child. I was quite interested in the Doctor's able article. He begins altogether too modest. First, it made me wonder if I would be able to write so condensed and readable an article when I can look back on fifty-five years of adult life. I don't think I can now. I have no trouble in volume or quantity, but the secret of writing is, "few words, many thoughts;" there the doctor beats me, and may to the end. I will call the attention of Dr. Nathan Randall, of South Woodstock, to that article. He reminds me very much of Dr. Crane, of the same profession, and of advanced age, and a good Spiritualist. I think he will like "G. B. C.'s" article. I am glad to see, by the item in your column of notes, that he has become a subscriber to the GOLDEN GATE. He was one of the many who missed me in the columns of the old *Banner*, and wrote to see if I had lost my interest in the cause. I told him of the papers where he could read my lucubrations, which he seemed to like, to my surprise, and I am glad I have not now to send him stray papers to feed my vanity with, and as he is a well-to-do man, I hope he has not let the *Banner* go into eclipse in his horizon, for I think Spiritualists who are able should support the papers in the interest of Modern Spiritualism better than they do.

I am spinning this article out, so I will not comment on the Crane article, which interested me very much, but while thinking of it, he and the other doctor, Oliver Wendell Holmes, M. D., who is another venerable man of about seventy-seven. He is not a Spiritualist, however, but like the poet, Longfellow, he says good spiritual things both in poetry and prose. I have not time, nor you the space for me to quote much, but this comes into my mind:—

"Sweet, welcome spirits from afar,  
Oft visit us in midnight dreams,  
They leave the gates of heaven ajar,  
Through which a flood of glory streams."

Why I thought of the poet, Holmes, as I was reading the "G. B. C." item, was some interesting and cognate thoughts in that author's little work, "Mechanism in Thought and Morals." He says: "The flow of thought is, like breathing, essentially mechanical and necessary, but incidentally capable of being modified to a greater or less extent by conscious effort. It is a well ascertained fact that certain sulphates and phosphates are separated from the blood that goes to the brain in increased quantity after severe mental labor. But this chemical change may be only one of the factors of intellectual action. So, also, it may be true that the brain is inscribed with material records of thought, but what that is, that reads any such records, remains, after all, an open question."

There is the rub,—the conscious reader of "such records." We all feel and know that we have a consciousness which Prof. Tyndall says is an attribute of the soul. No one knows how an attribute of matter reaches our consciousness, which is an attribute of the spirit. The real man, our consciousness, is a spirit. Holmes recognized it and pauses; does not like to say so, so says it is an open question. Not an open question to the Spiritualist. He knows who reads the "records" that the thought makes—the *I am*, the everlasting ego that survives the chemistry of death.

Young lady behind the counter (to seaside visitor)—"I am sorry you are going away, ma'am, but hope we shall see you here next season." Seaside visitor—"Ah! dear, I don't know, I'm sure; next year I may be in Heaven!" Young lady (with enthusiasm)—"Oh! no, ma'am, I hope not!"



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SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1887.

## "THE LAW OF SUCCESS."

Prentice Mulford devotes a recent number of his *White Cross Library* to the above theme; and therein he weaves into his usually charming prose the new ideas concerning the tangible nature and power of thought.

He takes the ground that a persistent thought of success, in a well-balanced mind—that is, of one living in harmony with nature, and who is capable of governing himself in wisdom and love—will so shape conditions as to make failure impossible. Thus, thought becomes a silent force, working upon other minds and enlisting them in your cause—operating through long distances, sleeping or waking, and all unperceived by the minds with which it comes in contact.

These electric thought messengers, charged with will-force, go forth on their errands of love and duty, attracting the elements of success from nature—from the soul of things—moulding them to the will of their masters.

Whatever of truth there may be in this peculiar idea of the nature and power of thought, it is unquestionably true that the successful man is invariably the one who never doubts, but who presses steadily forward in the path he has marked out, with the complete assurance that victory will crown his efforts in the end. On the other hand, the man who hesitates, and timidly questions his own ability, is sure to fail. His thoughts carry no weight to other minds.

The potency of the will in overcoming hostile or unfriendly conditions—in sweeping away all barriers to deserved success,—is a matter well worth considering. Young men should be educated in this science of mind, and made to understand the godlike attributes of their own souls. If they would succeed in attaining any worthy object in life, they must first *will* to win it, and then put forth every effort to accomplish their purpose—not fitfully, or for a brief season, but persistently and to the end of time, if need be.

Some men are apparently born lucky, and it is sometimes said of them that whatever they touch turns to gold. Analyze the characters of such men and you will be sure to find that they are men of great thought-power and unfaltering confidence in themselves. This power is sometimes called "personal magnetism." But whatever it is it needs to be studied and understood. How to develop this power, with the knowledge to apply it, would be worth more to any young man than a gold mine.

The idea of considering thoughts as in the nature of substances, or tangible things, is new to the world; and yet to the investigator in mental science it seems very reasonable. Thoughts of anger, or of unkindness, go forth to attract and inspire like thoughts in others, and thus the wrong of such thoughts is two-fold. So with all noble thoughts, they stimulate like thoughts in others, and thus they bless alike the one who sends and the one receives them.

**POOR.**—There is a weak point in the Knights of Labor organization—the same that characterize too many orders and associations; this is the big salaries of the officials. Besides impoverishing themselves by long and repeated strikes, the Knights give salaries to their leaders, ranging upwards to five thousand a year. The working men are all avowedly poor, but what is to save them from becoming poorer is not yet visible above the horizon of their day. Of course, Mr. Powderly and the other gentlemen who give their time to the consideration of the labor question must receive pay therefor; but they should put this down to figures corresponding with those that the poor knights sum up each week or month to their own account. Little work, big strikes and high salaries will tell a sorry tale for the Knights a few years hence.

**PARDON HER.**—Terrible as is capital punishment, it never seems quite so barbarous as when the subject is a woman. Not long ago a Mrs. R. Druce, of New York, was sentenced to be hanged for the murder of her husband. The act is said to have been committed in self-defense, the husband being a vicious and most brutal man in his family. A petition was set in circulation, a few days ago, for her pardon. She has a family, and the thought of her being taken from her children in that way, to whom she has been both father and mother, is a dreadful one. We can't recall a case of a man being hanged for protecting his own life, and we don't see why a woman's life is not just as sacred. We do not doubt that this mother's life will be spared; but that she should have been convicted of murder, under the circumstances, does no credit to the jury.

## THE ANDOVER HERESY.

No greater farce, or burlesque on pure Christianity, has seldom been witnessed than that of the trial of certain of the grave professors of the Andover Theological Seminary for heresy—a spectacle now engrossing the attention of the religious world and looked upon by all, not of a strictly evangelical faith, with no little amusement.

This Seminary was founded in the first decade of the present century for the education and training of young men for the Congregational pulpit. It has always been a very respectable institution, and until recently has never been suspected of thinking outside of the regular Congregational grooves.

It now appears that certain of the learned professors, in the evolution of modern religious thought, have profanely allowed themselves to entertain the humane idea that possibly in the providence of the Eternal Goodness, the poor, badly born, and badly educated mortal, may have another chance for reformation in the life beyond. They see that many a poor sinner in this life, warped by heredity and then still further thrown out of moral balance by unfavorable environment, doesn't really have much of a chance to qualify himself for companionship with the angelic hosts. And so, as we before remarked, they have generously concluded that it would be no more than fair for the Good Father to give them a little longer probation, under more favorable circumstances. In brief, they have wisely inferred that death does not close forever the door to the spirit's growth, and that in the lexicon of Omnipotent Wisdom and Justice there are no such words as "eternal punishment."

This is, unquestionably, rank treason to the teachings of the church. No matter how imbued with the spirit of goodness, how broad his charities, or how generous and noble his nature, it will not do for the Andover professor to question the doctrines of his church. And in this he is no exception to the ordained teacher of any other form of creedal Christianity. We may not commend the narrowness that would bind men in the strong fetters of a dead belief—a belief that can not have the slightest bearing on true goodness, or nobility of character,—yet who does not see that all church authority would be at an end, and the church itself would tumble into ruin did it cease to enforce its tenets upon its ministers?

That there is a broadening of religious thought among the churches—a disposition to break away from the letter, and live more in the spirit of Christianity—is no doubt true; and this we regard as a favorable sign of the times. Let no one fear that there will ever be any less goodness in the world than there is now, no matter what becomes of existing religious institutions. Every good man, turned out of the church for heresy, becomes the center and source of a far wider religious influence than he ever before possessed, and humanity gains by his imaginary humiliation. So it will be with Drs. Swing, Thomas and McKaig; so will it be with Dr. Ravlin, the new accession to the Spiritual ranks.

And so we can afford to remain calm and undisturbed while the Andover professors are being disciplined for their doubts, well assured that out of all such trials and tribulations, will be evolved the pure gold of a truer Christian character.

**DEFEAT.**—There is no instance on record wherein young men students of our colleges even succeeded in their designs to humiliate their young women companions in study; but defeats are chronicled on every page of the history of women's effort to gain an equal footing with man in our educational institutions of the period. The very best thing that has come to light for some time is that related of the young men attending the Harvard Medical School, who have a silly prejudice against the women students. One of them, Miss Annie Copeland of Bridgewater, was invited by the young lords to attend a case of fracture of a leg, which, when exposed, was found to be a broken wooden leg. She did not vanish, but sent for hammer and nails, made all needed repairs and charged *twenty-five dollars*, enforcing compliance to her demand by the aid of a constable. When the same young men attempt another practical joke they will doubtless see that the arrangement can in no wise interfere with their pockets, especially if the victim is a woman.

**THE ONLY REFUGE.**—Lord Denbigh, a Catholic English nobleman, says the Pope has a high "admiration for England; for her laws and institutions. England is just and therefore liberal; she is strong, and Catholics have under her 'rule more liberty than in any other part of the world.' History does not warrant the Holy Father's good opinion of England. She has had just and liberal statesmen, but their wishes and power have been nullified by those who were not. Her treatment of Gladstone shows the degree of her liberality and strength. In our own country we have a lasting memory of her justice when she turned against us to give her sympathy and aid to the foes of our free Government and the Union. North America is the freest land on the globe, and the most liberal in all respects. She is the only country that has not, at some period of its history, driven out the Jesuits from its domain and confiscated their property. She is the one land to which all outcasts of other nations

can look with the feeling of assurance, that here they can find protection so long as they maintain good behavior.

## PRIVATE MEDIUMSHIP.

There is an objection in the minds of many investigators into the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, to a paid public mediumship. They regard it as almost sacrilegious for a medium to receive pay for the exercise of such sacred gifts.

There is no more just ground for such objections than there would be for objecting to paying the teachers in our public schools, or ministers of the Christian religion, for their services. With the conscientious medium the exercise of his or her gifts is not a question of money-making, but rather one of bread and shelter. Mediums and ministers must live as well as other people, and it is right that they should be paid.

But the time is not distant when even this stumbling-block in the path of the investigator will be mostly removed, and we shall have but very little, if any, paid mediumship. The private medium and the home circle will take the place of the public medium and the promiscuous seance. Even now there are hundreds of private mediums who never sit for hire, and through whom some of the most convincing tests of spirit existence are given.

There will naturally, however, be some, with far-excellent gifts, whose services will be in public demand until the necessity for their convincing proofs of another life shall disappear. When the world comes into the full knowledge of the facts of Spiritualism, then we may expect that public mediumship will disappear; for mankind will cease to wonder at what is commonly accepted and believed to be true. If one had never seen the sun rise he would gladly sit up all night to witness so grand a spectacle. With millions the manifestation of intelligent occult power is a great mystery, which, like the sunrise, will cease to excite wonder with familiarity therewith.

One would be astonished to know the number of private circles now held regularly in this city for communion with the spirit world, or for the development of new mediums. There will soon be no lack of instruments to voice messages from the angel world. The past year has witnessed a remarkable work in this direction.

Some persons, possessing fine mediumistic powers, and who would make excellent mediums, persistently refuse to yield to spirit influence,—from fear of unfriendly criticism, or, perhaps, of the influences themselves. But the number of persons of this class is becoming less and less, as the truths of Spiritualism become better known, and the cause is uplifted in the scale of respectability.

The new and glorious gospel is not likely to languish in the future for lack of angel-inspired tongues or pens to advocate it, or of instruments to illustrate its marvelous truths.

**TO IMPROVE BY READING.**—It is said of Lord Stafford, Gibbon and Daniel Webster, that after glancing over the little subject, or design of a book, they would take a pen and write roughly what questions they expected to find answered in it, what difficulties solved, what kind of information imparted. Those who cannot make up their mind to so much special work will still be doing well if they will often, reading any valuable article or book, sit down and write a synopsis of the same in their own form of expressions and ideas. We never are sure of having been benefited by what we read, unless we find ourselves able to give in substance the ideas of the writer. Devouring a book or paper with the eyes while the mind is half busy with something else is not reading, since it does not nourish the intellectual faculties any more than does food swallowed whole nourish the body. Furthermore, we must not accept as a matter of fact the ideas of other's unconsidered. Most persons exercise a degree of carefulness respecting their daily diet, but when it comes to the mind it appears to be thought that since it is immortal it can take of itself, and all kinds of pabulum are apt to be given it.

**FAITH.**—Easy credulity is spoken of as a weak thing, but we think it is better to believe too much than too little. The man of faith is the man of works, therefore belief gives strength while doubt is inactivity and weakness. If all men had believed only in the visible and tangible, the world would never have developed up to its present civilized and christianized condition. It is faith in things unseen that keeps men pushing forward to new achievements. It is faith in the power and justice of an unseen world that lightens the crosses, burdens and wrongs of many a man and woman. Faith in a world of rest, beauty, and boundless opportunities that shall recompense for all that has been denied on earth the fruitings of dead hopes and intellectual longings. Do those to whom this life seems a failure especially need the comfort of faith. It keeps many a soul and body together that otherwise would have parted in sorrow and darkness. To feel that after all our struggles and pains here, there is nothing in the end but death and annihilation, is not calculated to support one in trouble and trial. We pity that man or woman who is groping in unbelief, for faith alone gives comfort in affliction and misfortune.

—Mr. Ravlin will speak for the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, at Washington Hall, at 2 P. M. Sunday, Jan. 9th. Mr. Ravlin is an eloquent and forcible speaker, and should have a full house.

## MRS. MAUD E. LORD.

This remarkable medium made her first appearance before a San Francisco audience on Sunday afternoon last, at which time she addressed an audience of over one thousand people at Metropolitan Temple. She was most cordially announced by Mrs. Watson at that lady's morning service. In fact she is so well known to the Spiritualistic world that the mere mention of her name in connection with said meeting was all-sufficient to fill the house.

Mrs. Lord is a stout, pleasant-featured lady, perhaps a little under forty. She is a rapid speaker, pleasing and impressive in manner. She has been before the public for a score or more of years, and the genuineness of her mediumship has never, we believe, been questioned by those who are at all familiar with her gifts.

Her discourse, which was in the nature of an off-hand talk, was an hour and a quarter in length. It recited the history of her earlier mediumistic experiences, the strange phenomena occurring in her presence, and the trials she was forced to endure through the ignorance of her parents of the nature of mediumship.

She was believed to be in league with Satan, and in the ignorance of this belief was treated as an outcast by her father's family. She was cruelly beaten at times, and to this day carries the scars of the blows that were inflicted upon her by her father to drive the Devil out of her! One blow upon the head injured her eyesight and caused her to become wholly blind for a year and a half, when her sight was restored to her.

She never went to school but one day in her life, and that was against her father's orders, and for which she was severely punished. The spirits created such a hubbub with the benches that the teacher was obliged to take her home. But during her period of blindness the spirits taught her the alphabet, and afterwards to read.

The efforts of the good Christian minister to convert her were attended with like unsatisfactory results. She was given up as a bad case, and regarded as a very black sheep in the family fold. And yet she was a tractable and affectionate daughter, industrious and kind-hearted.

When about twelve years of age her father, who was a pious deacon in the church, drove her from his doors with cruel blows and curses, bidding her never to return. She went away she knew not whither, traveling on foot by day, and for two nights sleeping in the fence corners. She was then taken in by a kind-hearted but ignorant lady, and engaged to assist in the family household. Here the same strange phenomena followed her, and she was obliged to seek employment elsewhere. And so she was driven from place to place until life became a burden to her and she resolved to end it by a plunge in the river, which the spirits happily prevented.

But we will not follow her further in her discourse, at the close of which she gave a number of tests of spirit presence. She is here, to remain, we regret to learn, only for a brief period, when there is such a splendid field for her in this great city, and she is so greatly needed. We are in hopes her guides may induce her to change her mind, that many who would witness the exercise of her gifts may have an opportunity to do so.

Her best phases are witnessed only in private circles, where by independent voices and physical manifestations the most conclusive tests of spirit presence are given. She is stopping with her daughter (a bright young miss of twelve or fourteen years), at the Grand Hotel, Room 12, where arrangements can be made with her for seances.

**RETURNED.**—Dr. J. L. York and wife returned, a few days ago, from Australia, whither the former went two years ago, and was followed by Mrs. York a few months later. As we were informed from time to time through the Australian press, the Doctor attracted large audiences from the first. He assures us that his success has far exceeded his anticipations. We are pleased to learn from him that he was incorrectly reported in the remarks [re-copied from an Australian paper into the *GOLDEN GATE* some months ago] wherein he is made to say some disparaging words of mediumship and Spiritualism. He says it was only the wrongs perpetrated in the name of mediumship that he condemned. He is a firm believer in the central facts of Spiritualism. Dr. and Mrs. York were both the recipients of many courtesies while in the colonies, indicating the high esteem in which they were held. Dr. York is an able and forcible speaker. In the new impetus given to the cause of Spiritualism, in this country, there is work for him and all others. He intends to take in the Eastern camp-meetings, next Summer, where we doubt not his voice and influence will be heard and felt.

**A PLEASANT EVENING.**—In company with a few friends, the writer and wife visited Mr. and Mrs. Ravlin at their pleasant residence in Oakland, last Friday evening. Although but recently brought to a knowledge of the truths of Spiritualism, after about thirty years of faithful service in the Christian ministry, Mr. Ravlin already ranks among our very best speakers and workers. He has, through his own mediumship and that of other mediums in his family, nearly every phase of spirit manifestation in his own home. His twelve-year-old son, Clarence, has developed remarkable powers with a planchette of his own arrangement, which, in his hands, will spell out messages very rapidly. It is worked on the other side by the spirit sons of Mr. Ravlin. He calls them his "boys," and to him and his good wife they are almost as real as if in the form. Mr. Ravlin contemplates a trip to Australia in the coming Spring. Wherever he goes his influence will be a power for good.

—Last Sunday evening about fifteen hundred people attended Mr. Slater's meeting at Assembly Hall; there was also a large attendance at the Temple in the morning to hear Mrs. Watson, and again in the afternoon to hear Maud Lord. At Washington Hall, also, there was a large attendance. During the day there were seven

large spiritual meetings in this city, with a total attendance of not less than five thousand people. We have seen the time when it would be difficult to get out one-tenth of that number in this city.

## PROFESSIONAL DISCOURTESY.

There is no form of discourtesy so objectionable and unpardonable to the noble mind as that of professional discourtesy. This disagreeable fact is found in the ranks of all professions, from the learned divine down to the skilled politician, and for truth's sake we are obliged to admit it is often found to exist in the sacred guild of mediumship,—a profession above all others wherein the members, we should think, would hold a peculiar delicacy of appreciation one for the other. For are they not alike the chosen of higher intelligences,—the very elect, as it were, for a special service to mankind; a work involving the divinest faculties of man's being, and evolved through deep and subtle laws,—laws so dimly and darkly understood by the world, and even mediums themselves are totally ignorant of the whys of many singular demonstrations of these hidden laws, a fact which should teach them to deal charitably with each other.

Mediums are the torch-bearers of a new light and philosophy into this age, and as "one candle differs from another in glory," so does each particular ray shine out in different directions, along its own work and illuminating some darkened pathway which no other could. The small torch is as valuable to those who are helped along by it as is the one that towers far above and is farther reaching in its influence.

Because one may have greater gifts than his brother co-worker, should he wish to estimate entirely the lesser light? His humble efforts succeed in bringing home the grand truths, and return to some desolate home where you would fail. The humble as well as the highest are alike under the special guidance of the angel world, and it is certainly a great breach of common etiquette,—not to mention the higher morale of the question,—for one to call into account the gifts of another of the same profession. We never tire of drawing attention to the entire absence of this disagreeable trait in W. J. Colville, and of the perfect Christ-spirit which attended all his ministrations. We wish we could see more of this beautiful spirit manifested among our mediums. When all mediums can stand on this high plane of thought, then the millennium will have come for Spiritualism.

## PACIFIC KINDERGARTEN ASSOCIATION

A few months ago two philanthropic women of this city, Mrs. H. E. Robinson and Mrs. M. L. Arnold, saw the pressing need of increased facilities for kindergarten work, and at once they were strenuously to work to organize a new association. Their labors were rewarded by a hearty co-operation of some of our charitably inclined capitalists. That generous donor, Dr. H. D. Cogswell, heading the list by donating a large lot on which to erect a suitable building and five thousand dollars toward a building fund. After a thorough canvass by the ladies, they found there was still a need of about six thousand dollars in order to proceed with their building; and they concluded to make an appeal to the general public through the representation of the spectacular extravaganza of "Cinderella," which was brought out on a magnificent scale at the Baldwin Theater.

The entertainment was under the personal supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Benton of New York, the noted instructors of juvenile opera in America. The caste included one thousand young people, the greater number of whom had never had any previous training in that line, all of which reflects all the more credit on the marvelous skill of Mr. and Mrs. Benton in the success attained in the representation of the operetta.

The little folk reveled in gorgeous costumes, magnificent scenic surroundings, and all enacted their various parts in a most satisfactory manner. We understand that a goodly sum was realized from the week's entertainment. The organization will probably begin work on a building very soon. It will be the first building owned by a kindergarten association in San Francisco. The success of the enterprise but shows what two energetic ladies can accomplish when united for determined action in a grand cause.

**ANOTHER SIGN.**—When Scottish authority begins to bend, the signs of the times are becoming very apparent. It shows that sectarianism has been holding a taut rein too long; that all are becoming tired of the strain, and long for a little freedom. The Scotch farmers were lately told, on a fine Sunday, that they were foolish not to take advantage of such weather to get in their crops. This advice was from no less a personage than Principal Cunningham; and even Andraeson Blunt, at the recent diocesan conference at York, said that the movement of Sunday observance "ought to be opposed as unseasonable and unwise." This good deacon is but one of many who have no wish to go back to the "old path" (an Sunday, with its gloomy austerity, its rigid "formalism," its bigoted uncharitableness, and its "oppressive savor of Sabbatarianism.") The times are wicked and Godless, but all sensible churchmen know that goodness is not to be thrust upon or into one. In many respects we can not help those who are with us, but their condition and inclination should teach those concerned to give attention to those yet to come upon the stage of life.

—Intellectual freedom is a good thing only for the one who knows how to use it for his own and humanity's good. It must have a solid backing of moral purpose to be of any advantage to one, if not actually injurious. We are inclined to think that a poor quality of religious belief is better than none at all. Hence, we should hesitate to unsettle one's faith in even an inferior religion until we could supply its place with something better. Mental freedom, without a corresponding unbelief of the moral and spiritual nature of man, may lead to the most disastrous results, as witness the exaltation of reason in France in the days of Danton and Robespierre.



## PUBLIC OPINION.

Public opinion is the bugbear of some people's lives, and the idol of others. While it is by no means a thing to be despised, it should not be too much consulted, nor implicitly obeyed when sought for counsel.

It is a law of growth and progress that individuals must chiefly act and speak independent of each other, so far as initiating the new is concerned, though it may interest directly the whole community, and in time all civilized mankind.

Public opinion never built the first steamboat, nor constructed the first telegraph line, nor prompted the idea that resulted in that piece of mechanism for which its author was imprisoned and his mind's wrought treasure cast into the flames. Public opinion often fosters good measures and good institutions and good morals, but it is individual opinion that first blesses the world with new methods and inventions, and new truths. Public opinion, that may be called the world, is becoming more tolerant of what it does not understand; instead of condemning, it silently stands aloof and considers. Whatever its conclusions, it is careful to withhold its verdict until it sees which way thought is drifting.

So, it is simply losing time to wait for public opinion to come to you if you would consult it. It is like the mountain that, though it can not be removed, may be overcome—got over. Encountered it must be; therefore, all who fear it not may move on and be sure of a victory if they are inspired by the living truth.

**CHARMINGLY INSANE.**—All who have seen Blind Tom must note at once the fact that his cranial development is far below that allotted to normal minds. So apparent is this deficiency that no one would suppose him at all capable of caring for himself, as indeed he never has been. His partial idiocy entitles him to that protection given to all such. It is now reported that his mother has made application to have him adjudged insane and therefore confined. We are sorry to hear this. If Blind Tom is insane he has been so from infancy. He is endowed with one beautiful gift, music, that has charmed the world by its matchless delicacy. So long as Tom lives, the wealth of his genius should be allowed to flow out to gladden the hearts and charm the minds of men; this no one else has ever yet done in the same degree. He is a perfect instrument of the spiritual spheres, and through him only, thus far, has our world caught the sweet symphonies of Heaven. The best productions of the masters, that have cost years of toilsome study, Blind Tom, overhearing, renders with so superior effect as to discourage the more intelligent of his hearers wrestling with a musical education.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

—“Voices from Many Hill Tops,” etc., the new book heretofore noticed in our columns, will be sold by John B. Fayette, Box 1362, Oswego, New York.

—St. Nicholas for January sparkles all over with good things—wisdom, wit and fairy lore. Our boys and girls are indeed blessed in the monthly visits of St. Nick.

—J. H. McMillen, of East Portland, Oregon, in writing to renew his subscription for another year, says: “To say that myself and wife like ‘your paper’ would not tell the half. Its pages ‘teem with good sentiments and choice instruction that fill many a void.’”

—It is estimated that hundreds of people, in this vicinity, are now investigating the phenomena of Spiritualism where ten took any interest in the subject one year ago. The cause is advancing with giant strides, and that, too, more especially among the intellectual classes.

—Our *Overland Monthly* for January presents a choice literary menu, embracing papers from Leonard Kip, H. A. Burr, Anthony Morehead, T. E. Jones, Anna S. Reed, P. L. Sternberg, Warren Olney, Louise Palmer Heaven, John B. Tabb, S. N. Sheridan, Jr., and others.

—The *January Century* gives us another illustrated installment of Lincoln biography. As the work proceeds it becomes more and more apparent that its authors, John G. Nicolay and John Hay, are, of all the historians in this nation, the right men for the work. The *Century* is a marvel of excellence.

—Now for the work of the new year. Let all Spiritualists put aside every hindrance to spiritual growth, and press forward in the good work before them. All true reform must begin in individual life and radiate outward. In the promulgation of this work, every individual, however humble, may become a bright and glorious evangel.

—The many friends of Dr. Cora Allison will be pleased to know that she has returned from an extended Eastern journey, and is now ready to resume her practice at her old residence, 129 Taylor street. The Doctor returns improved in health and strength, and very glad to experience a change of temperature, from forty degrees below zero to Summer warmth.

—The vegetable kingdom abounds in delicious odors, and we have often wondered if Nature poured out all this ocean of sweetness without design or purpose for her creatures. Recent observations suggest that perfumes and the fragrance of flowers operate powerfully in preventing lung diseases. Nothing seems more natural than that these sweet scents should bring healing and protection to man.

—Col. C. A. Reed, of Portland, Oregon, writes as follows: “I shall be able to send you ‘quite a list of subscribers soon, for I intend taking the matter in hand myself. The holiday number will arm me for that business. I pronounce the holiday number the finest specimen of spiritual paper ever published. The ‘Evans slate-writing test with yourself and Mrs. O.’ is alone worth a whole year’s subscription.”

—Mr. H. C. Wilson has returned from a three weeks’ sojourn in the country, with the bronzed hue of health, as well as additional avoirdupois.

—S. B. Clark is acting agent for the book entitled “Experiences of the Spirits Eon and Eona,” given through the “Sun Angels’ Order of Light.” All persons desiring the book can send their order to him in care of this office and their orders will be promptly attended to. It is a book well worth studying.

—Mr. J. J. Morse, the eminent inspirational and trance lecturer, has these approving words for our holiday number of the *GOLDEN GATE*: “I am in due receipt of the bundles of *GOLDEN GATE* Christmas number, and I beg to tender ‘you my very hearty and most appreciative thanks for same. They are in the English mails now, and I am satisfied with delight and astonish my friends at home. I must admit that I was greatly astonished at the size, contents, mechanical excellence, and almost perfect appearance of this elegant issue. It is a marvel in every department, and contains literary matter that is honestly worth twenty times the price charged for it. I, and all I have met who have seen it, are charmed with it; it is an example of Spiritualistic journalism that is, I think, unequalled in the past, and unexcelled in the present. May its wide distribution be fruitful in good results for all into whose hands it may fall.”

## IN MEMORIAM.

Passed to the higher life, from this city, Dec. 28, 1886, Mrs. Esther L. Nichols, aged 58 years, 1 month and 21 days, a native of Hancock, N. H.

To all Spiritualists her passing out will have much of interest, as many manifestations occurred in her sick room that proved beyond a doubt the power of the unseen forces. She knew her boat was fast nearing the evergreen shore, but she had no fears, but calmly and with willing heart made all the earthly preparation for the journey, and then, though racked with intense pain day and night, she patiently waited for the boatman and the summons to “Come up Higher.”

Long and weary days she waited, never murmuring, never impatient; but when the agony was so intense that it seemed almost as if the spirit must burst its bonds of clay she would exclaim, “Can you not take me now; is the boat almost ready?”

Some days before she left, when we watched for her going hourly—when she had not spoken loud for several hours—she began singing in a voice, loud and clear, improvising the words beautifully. Like a shock from an electrical battery they thrilled us who listened with wonder and astonishment, for she was never known to sing a note nor even hum a tune in her lifetime. She was quite deaf in her right ear, but one night she seemed to be listening intently; she said, “I hear a sweet, tinkling, silvery-sounding bell—can you hear it?” I said I could not. From that time on she could hear perfectly well in that ear. She saw beautiful flowers and bright lights many times. I said to her often, “Have you no fears, do you still trust the spirits, can you see them?” She would answer, “I do not see them, I *know* they are here all about me. Why should I doubt when they bring me so much strength and courage.” She begged her sister and brother not to grieve that she came to California to die, for she felt she had received so much more spiritual comfort and consolation than she could have had in the old home. Mrs. Babbitt, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Scales, Mrs. McKinley and Mrs. Newell came to see her and the spirit friends controlled and talked to her. She requested Mrs. McKinley to sing “How long, dear Savior, oh, how long,” etc., which she did. Mrs. Watson came to see her one morning, and, sitting beside her bed, gave one of the most beautiful poems I ever listened to. Her lips seemed touched with divine inspiration, and, looking from her upturned face, so sweet and tender to the dear face on the pillow looking so saintlike, so happy and satisfied, I felt that no one should ever say that Spiritualism was not a sustaining faith in the final hours of earthly life.

We thank all those dear friends and mediums for their kindness to her in her last hours, for they brought sweet rest to her weary spirit. And now her beautiful, true, unselfish life is ended on earth; her spirit is rejoicing in the light and love of the dear friends gone before to whom she was so faithful in earthly life. We know she is happy and free from all earth’s pain and care.

Mrs. McKinley officiated at the last sad rites; Mrs. Wiggins also added tender, loving words of sympathy to the lonely friends. Mrs. Mathews, Mrs. Irwin and Mrs. Wadsworth sang beautiful hymns, the words falling like a benediction on the sorrowing hearts.

She is laid to rest under California’s sunny skies, afar from her childhood home, but we know it matters little where the worn-out garments of the mortal are laid, for her spirit was ready for the rest and peace of the Summer Land. M.

We acknowledge the receipt, from Mrs. Mattie Patton Owen, of the *Carrier Dove*, an ably conducted monthly published in Oakland and devoted mainly to the elucidation of Spiritualism. It makes an interesting specialty of biographies, accompanied by beautifully executed lithographs, of some of its prominent advocates. In the number for January these comprise J. J. and Mrs. Owen, Prof. J. R. Buchanan, and others. The portraits are very life-like, and great credit is due to both artist and biographer. Another article of rare interest in this issue is a re-print from the San Francisco *GOLDEN GATE* (which we intended to have noticed at the time of its issue) of a fac-simile of slate-writing obtained in closed slates at a sitting with Fred Evans in San Francisco. At this sitting, it is claimed, on a new closed slate with a short piece of pencil enclosed, writings were obtained in Chinese, Japanese, Egyptian, Hebrew, and several modern languages. There are some articles in this issue of the *Carrier Dove* of great interest to the general reader. In typography and general get-out the paper is not excelled on the Coast.—*San Jose Times*.

THE holiday number of the *GOLDEN GATE*, San Francisco, is before us. It is the finest paper of its character ever published in the United States. It made up in book form it would make 125 pages of very interesting reading matter. The illustrated matter giving account of psychographic writing under absolute test conditions, is worth several times the price of the paper. Five cents will secure a copy of this excellent holiday number. Address as above. Sample copy can be seen at this office.—*Richmond (Mo.) Democrat*.

“Miss Winnie Davis’s remark that she ‘knows nothing about the rebellion,’ leads us to fear that she will write some war reminiscences,” says a cynical contemporary.

WE can do more good by being good than in any other way.—*Rowland Hill*.

## A Question of Evidence.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

On reading the *GOLDEN GATE*, of Jan. 1st., I noticed in your editorial page, that some person or persons had made an objection to the slate obtained through my mediumship, containing the twelve languages, on the grounds that the slate was left in my possession during the interim of your sittings for said slate.

In addition to your evidence as to the genuineness of the slate in question, I would like to add a few facts to show our skeptical friends that the means taken by you to avoid deception were the most intelligent and conclusive that could be devised, unless you doubted the evidence of your own senses and two pairs of eyes, —as our skeptical friends seem to be in the habit of doing,—and to such I think it is only a waste of time to try and convince them.

Now to the facts: The editor of the *GOLDEN GATE* and his good wife visited my office on Sunday, Sept. 11th, at 10 A. M., and during a seance for independent slate-writing, asked the spirit control if he could induce several spirits of different earthly nationalities to come and write a few words independently on a slate, in the languages they used when on earth, and if it could be produced under satisfactory conditions they would publish it to the world, and thus spread a knowledge of spirit power. The control agreed to try and bring about the results asked for, but claimed that he would have to hunt up these different spirits, as there was no attraction for them. The control also advised them to hold the same slate every Sunday, at 10 A. M., and in this way they would attract the foreign spirits from whom they wished to obtain writing.

This advice was followed, and on the third sitting the (one) slate was washed, dried and handed to the editor and his wife, who, after seeing that it was free from any writing, put a crumb of slate pencil on top of the table and placed the slate over it, covering it with their two pairs of hands. In a few moments the writing was distinctly heard on the underside of the slate, and in a few minutes loud rapping denoted that our spirit friends had finished their work. The editor then raised the slate from the table himself and found the writing as published in the holiday edition of his paper.

Now I ask our skeptical friends what difference would it make to any sensible, intelligent investigator, whether the slate was in my possession one second or one year, when they were permitted to see that the slate contained no writing before their sittings, and were allowed to retain the slate in their own possession until the writing appeared? Only one slate being used cut off all avenues of deception; and if two pairs of eyes, in two intelligent beings, could not examine one slate in broad daylight, and retain it in their possession until the writing appeared, and know of a fact that it was not the medium who put it there, then the possibility of certifying facts by human testimony must be given up.

Now if the editor had brought two slates sealed together and left them with a medium for several days or weeks, then our skeptical friends might claim that they had been written upon by the medium and resealed. Because sealed slates shut out the possibility of even the investigator knowing for certain that the slates are free from writing when sitting with the medium. Persons investigating independent slate-writing with sealed or fastened slates do not receive the same absolute proof of spirit power, as the person who takes his slates to the medium unfurnished.

Mr. A—, a skeptic, visits an independent slate-writer with sealed slates; after sitting with the medium he hastens to his home, breaks the seal off the slates and discovers the inner surface covered with writing. He becomes excited at first, but with the assistance of his skeptical friends, he settles down to the belief that some one played a trick on him—that some of his friends changed the slate before he left home, and that the writing was on the sealed slates before he sat with the medium, becomes a settled fact in his mind. Mr. B— visits the same medium with a pair of plain, everyday slates, that he has just bought from the stationery store. He asks the medium for a wet sponge to wash the dirt and dust from his slates. He sees that the slates are perfectly clean, and is asked by the medium to hold the slates in his hand, or place them on the floor in plain sight. In a few minutes the medium tells him to open his slates. On doing so, he finds them full of spirit writing. Nothing on earth will change that man’s belief of the power of spirits to write; for he holds the proof between his slates.

The above scenes are enacted in my office daily. Any person wishing to use my slates can do so, and if their spirit friends will write on them I give the investigator the privilege of taking the slates home with him. In this manner investigators have taken about four thousand slates full of writing from my office. They have been carried away by all classes of people, comprising men of the gospel of all creeds, physicians, statesmen, chemists, professors of science and many others. These people have had all the chances the world affords to analyze and find out if the writing was produced by any chemical process known to science on any slate received from me.

Our skeptical friends also objected that their might have been some chemical process used on the slate containing the twelve languages. Now the slate is in the possession of the editor of the *GOLDEN GATE* and has been in his possession since the slate was submitted clean to him. All are invited to examine the slate. Nay, I challenge them to do so, and if they find that the writing thereon was produced by chemical process, let them announce it to the world. Hoping this will silence the cavil that is constantly being made on this the most convincing phenomena of spirit power, I remain yours for fairness, FRED EVANS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 3, 1887.

## PUBLICATIONS.

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## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHICAL SERVICES AT Metropolitan Temple, by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, Sunday, December 28th. Mrs. E. L. Watson will answer questions at 11 a. m. In the evening at 7:30 she will lecture. Children’s Lyceum at 12:30 p. m. All services free.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 11 a. m., in Washington Hall, 33 Eddy street. Good speakers upon all five subjects pertaining to Spiritualism and humanity. A free Spiritual Library, of 700 volumes, open every Sunday from 1 to 5 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 seance is held, 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—Trance and Inspirational Speaking. Second hour—Tests, by the Mediums. Admission free.

## PUBLICATIONS.

FOR 1886-87.

## “THE CENTURY.”

“THE CENTURY” is an illustrated monthly magazine, having a regular circulation of about two hundred thousand copies, often reaching and sometimes exceeding two hundred and twenty-five thousand. Chief among its many attractions for the coming year is a serial which has been in active preparation for sixteen years. It is a history of our own country in its most critical time, as set forth in

## The Life of Lincoln,

BY HIS CONFIDENTIAL SECRETARIES, JOHN G. NICOLAY AND COL. JOHN HAY.

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## THE WAR SERIES,

Which has been followed with unflagging interest by a great audience, will occupy less space during the coming year. Gettysburg will be described by Gen. Hunt (Chief of the Union Artillery), Gen. Longstreet, Gen. E. M. Law, and others; Chickamauga, by Gen. D. H. Hill; Sherman’s March to the Sea, by Generals Howard and Slocum. Generals Q. A. Gillmore, Wm. F. Smith, John Gibbon, Horace Porter, and John S. Mosby will describe special battles and incidents. Stories of naval engagements, prison life, etc., will appear.

## NOVELS AND STORIES.

“The Hundredth Man,” a novel by Frank R. Stockton, author of “The Lady, or the Tiger?” etc., begins in November. Two novellettes by George W. Cable, stories by Mary Halleck Foote, “Uncle Remus,” Julian Hawthorne, Edward Eggleston, and other prominent American authors, will be printed during the year.

## SPECIAL FEATURES.

(With illustrations), include a series of articles on affairs in Russia and Siberia, by George Kennan, author of “Tent Life in Siberia,” who has just returned from a most eventful visit to Siberian prisons; papers on the Food Question, with reference to its bearing on the Labor Problem; English Cathedrals; Dr. Eggleston’s Religious Life in the American Colonies; Men and Women of Queen Anne’s Reign, by Mrs. Oliphant; Clairvoyance, Spiritualism, Astrology, etc., by the Rev. J. M. Buckley, D. D., editor of the *Christian Advocate*; astronomical papers; articles throwing light on Bible history, etc.

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A SHORT SERIAL STORY by MRS. BURNETT, whose charming “Little Lord Fauntleroy” has been a great feature in the past year of ST. NICHOLAS.

WAR STORIES for BOYS and GIRLS. GEN. BADAUD, chief-of-staff, biographer, and confidential friend of General Grant, and one of the ablest and most popular of living military writers, will contribute a number of papers, describing in clear and vivid style some of the leading battles of the civil war. They will be panoramic descriptions of single contests or short campaigns, presenting a sort of literary picture-gallery of the grand and heroic contests in which the parents of many a boy and girl of to-day took part.

THE SERIAL STORIES include “Juan and Juana,” an admirably written story of Mexican life, by Frances Courtenay Baylor, author of “On Both Sides”; also, “Jenny’s Boarding-House,” by James Otis, a story of life in a great city.

SHORT ARTICLES, instructive and entertaining, will abound. Among these are: “How a Great Panorama is Made,” by Theodore R. Davis, with profuse illustrations; “Winning a Commission” (Naval Academy), and “Recollections of the Naval Academy”; “Boring for Oil” and “Among the Gas-wells,” with a number of striking pictures; “Child-Sketches from George Eliot,” by Julia Magruder; “Victor Hugo’s Tales to his Grandchildren,” recounted by Brander Matthews; “Historic Girls,” by E. S. Brooks. Also interesting contributions from Nora Perry, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Joaquin Miller, H. H. Boyesen, Washington Gladden, Alice Wellington Rollins, J. T. Townbridge, Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, Noah Brooks, Grace Denio Litchfield, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Mrs. S. M. B. Platt, Mary Mapes Dodge, and many others, etc.

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## FORM OF REQUEST.

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.”



## From the Spirit Side of Life.

[From the spirit of John Whiting to his friend, Mr. Rand, of Brooklyn, New York, copied for the Golden Gate.]

To the physical world (and I mean by that man), man in his physical environment, the great spiritual realm is closed. Not because he is incapable by study, observation, or common sense, to make his deductions, but because there is to a certain extent, no affinity between him and the spirit world. If you look for demonstration of power and intelligence from this side of life, you will look in vain, unless there exists that affinity of feeling and desire for the sweet intercourse of the two worlds.

The reason why this world is closed to physical man is, because he is unwilling to begin with the simple phenomena of spirit presence by study and investigation. Behind the tiny rap and the moving pencil lie the great forces of the great spiritual universe. The tiny blade of grass in the physical world is scarcely nothing in itself, but it is the representation of hidden forces, which are sufficient and strong enough to send your planet into chaos in an instant. But man, although accepting these well-known forces of nature, still refuses to investigate the great spiritual mind.

As the rose and violet draw from the sun their individual characteristics, and from mother earth and the atmosphere, elements which preserve their characteristics and make them still more beautiful, so can man, by this same law of affinity, draw influences from the spirit world, which will strengthen his inner spiritual nature and make him still more beautiful and glorious.

This is why, as I have so often said to you, man does not receive tests, impressions, or visions of his future abiding place, simply because there is no affinity between him and us. He is too much like the dumb beast, spiritually, and would rather grope on, day by day, leaving the future, as he calls it, to care for itself. The spirit world is contented, if he really desires to come over here in a crude and undeveloped condition of spirituality; but let me say, that it will most certainly be the worse for him.

The great mistakes of physical life must all be undone or condoned before he can even begin his endless journey in progression from sphere to sphere. What inconsistency—man will work long years in the scientific field for just one little gleam of knowledge, but when he comes to investigate tiny things spiritually, he turns away in disgust, because he do not appear to him in tangible and bodily form. But behind the mists and clouds of by-gone ages I see the rising sun of spiritual splendor. No cross, no crown illuminates this great power; but blazoned in letters of light I see *Justice, Love and Humanity*. With these few suggestions, I leave you, and bid you a good morning.

Your spirit friend,  
JOHN WHITING.

## A Mountain Mystery.

[Ventura Free Press.]

Parties returning from hunting trips to the mountains often tell strange tales of their experience when miles away from human habitation, of conflicts with grizzly bears, mountain lions, etc., but by far the most weird story we have heard is told by two well-known young men of this place, who were on a prospecting tour some three weeks since, near Cobblestone mountain, at the northern boundary of this county. The story they tell—and they are willing to take their oath on the truth of the statement—is about as follows:

One cold night they were simultaneously awakened about two o'clock by the noise of crackling brush that had been thrown on the fire. They arose to a sitting posture and saw the figure of an Indian woman standing by the fire. She was dressed in a robe of gayly colored material that almost reached to her feet. A glistening necklace, evidently of gold and silver, enriched her neck, and hanging pendant from this were a number of bears' claws. Her black hair reached below her waist. In her ears were large hoop earrings of gold.

Upon seeing the form, one of the young men instinctively reached for his rifle by his side, while the other stared in amazement at seeing such a sight in the dead of the night and thirty miles from any house. When the figure saw the motion made to reach the rifle she motioned for them not to fire and moved down the trail, beckoning to them. Before disappearing from view she again beckoned to them, but they were too dumbfounded to follow.

The next morning they followed the trail, and after much difficulty traced the footprints to the base of a high cliff about a mile from their camp. The rest of the story told is to this effect: "When I awoke," said one of the young men, "I was horrified. I couldn't move to save my life. I was frozen with astonishment. The next morning we discussed the matter and determined to investigate. So the next night we took our blankets and went to the base of the cliff. At about midnight, the same hour, the figure appeared to us, we saw a bright phosphorescent light on the brow of the cliff, and I am sure we heard a voice calling, 'Meeneeah! Meeneeah!' several times. This is the strangest experience I ever passed through. I never have believed in ghosts, but I would like to know what this was. If it was a

woman, how did she come there at that time, thirty miles from civilization?"

An old Indian tradition is to the effect that many, many years ago an Indian maiden—Meeneeah, the only daughter of a chief—was lost in this region and starved to death near the place called Squaw Flat. It is said that different camping parties have seen the phosphorescent light spoken of in the vicinity where these young men were camped. Can this be a parallel case with that of the Indian woman abandoned on San Nicolas Island for eighteen years?

## Intuition.

[Woman's World.]

For an idea so seemingly complex as this of mental science it is strange what widespread interest it is awakening. Far above the head of the average thinker—until the average thinker is lifted by a course of training to a comprehension of it—it seems remarkable that it should have reached so low down in the ranks of intelligence for so large a portion of its devotees. To be sure it embraces people of the very highest natural intelligence, and the finest culture, which is not to be wondered at; the wonder being that it is not confined to the latter class.

Is it not possible that the cultured class and the ignorant class have one common meeting room in the realm of Truth? I believe that this is so; and that the common meeting room will be found to be the intuitive faculty, which is the property of all.

Intuition is a faculty we have never cultivated. Intuition, when cultivated, becomes inspiration; and inspiration is the fountain-head of truth.

This inspired faculty—this new sense—is as undeveloped in the educated as in the classes less favored in the matter of extraneous culture. Indeed I believe the class now ready to bring forth the intuitive faculties, and establish them as rulers and judges in the world of thought, is more largely made up from the people whose minds are uncrowded by the thoughts of other people, than by those who have all their lives been students of other men's opinion. To reach the intuitions one must clear away the rubbish that covers them, no matter how expensive the rubbish may be. The man whose mind is not obscured by the beliefs of other men has less clearing away to do. He gets down to the foundation head of original thought easily.

If I rightly understand mental science, it is an uncovering of the intuitive faculties which promises a new era in the revelation of truth. Just in the present dawn of its development it will be impossible either to properly define it or to predict the work it is destined to accomplish. Some of its utterances can be given and the reason therefor. The first and most important, and indeed the one that embodies all the others is this:

ALL IS GOOD AND THERE IS NO EVIL.

Mental scientists say that to rise to an understanding of this stupendous fact is to live in a realm of absolute truth. This is the heaven from which those who attain it "go out no more forever."

The mental science teacher does not attempt to prove the truth of the assertion that "all is good and there is no evil" in the short space of a newspaper article. To do this requires a course of lectures in which the statement is established step by step with a mathematical accuracy that is as remarkable as it is satisfactory. For no one comes away from the closing lecture of a first-class teacher without being fully convinced that this marvelous statement is really and practically true.

I am aware that mental science bases its claim to truth on the Bible; but when evolution comes to be rightly understood, and the truth that is in the Bible stands uncovered, these two sources of knowledge will coincide.

I like to look at this science from the standpoint of what we call natural growth. I want to examine it from all points, because its riches dazzle me; I stand in awe in the presence of such inestimable wealth as is uncovered by this study, and I must test the validity of my claim to all it promises.

In an aggregate sense life had been one constantly unfolding stream. Life has steadily progressed from the first tiny drop of protoplasm to the complex organism of man. This progression has been the never-ceasing effort of thought and nothing but thought. It was thought that, by the law of attraction, drew the first molecules together in the first little dot of conscious life. The same thought passed upward by the power of its own expansiveness to a higher organization, and kept passing on up until it reached its highest known expression in man.

And now, for thousands of years it has seemed as if this great thought stream had become stagnant behind man's immovableness. There seems to be no higher organism than the human form that thought can shape. There then remains to thought the sole effort to push the human organism to greater knowledge of itself and to greater power in its conquering mission; for man must become the conqueror of all things.

Man is embodied thought bound on a journey through the Great Forever. He is force in expression. He is force, and he is capable of conquering his way onward and upward.

He must know how to do this, and his knowing how will give him power to do it. There is only one way by which he will learn how, and that is to connect himself

with his great life source as Christ did when he said, "I and the Father are one."

And what did Christ mean by this? He meant that he had learned the secret of the intuitional life. He meant that he had found and was drawing great draughts from the stream whose inflow was God, and whose outflow was himself. Having found this, he had found the short cut to all knowledge. It will be remembered how Christ, when twelve years old, confounded the wise men in the Temple by his wonderful knowledge. This knowledge came from the intuitional knowledge of greater truths than the wise men had power to question him about. It came from a fountain-head of knowledge that held and embraced the answers to more and greater questions than they knew how to ask. Just so metaphysics, when understood, will unravel the so-called mysteries of the scientific world, and answer with perfect ease every query ever propounded by Huxley, and Tyndall, and Darwin, and others like them.

All knowledge is within us because God or Good is within, and to bring it forth is to bring forth God or Good. To do this is a matter of thought and of effort. To repeat constantly and understandingly the one great fact, namely this: "Good is all in all; it flows to me from every point of the universe; it is organized in me; I could not flee from it if I would, since I should still have nothing but good to flee to;" to repeat this understandingly I say, will surely establish our relations with all intuitional truth, and this truth will as surely banish sin and disease as day banishes night.

The other day a young wife in the last stages of quick consumption was dying at Creston, Iowa. She had suffered much. For several hours her husband and her mother, so reluctant to part with her, had nursed the spark of life in her. She seemed to have gone, but they struggled to hold her to consciousness. She opened wide her eyes, and looking at them, said: "Let me go, father has come and is waiting to take me back; oh, let me go." They withdrew their hands and she peacefully died. It is incidents like this, says the *Gate City*, that gives mankind its profoundest belief in another life.

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## Who Blesses Us in Time of Trouble?

(Written for the Golden Gate by Spirit Dr. Chandler, who is familiarly known by us as "White Locks." H. H. Kinsley, St. Paul, Minn.)

Yes; this thought comes quite often while passing through seasons of sorrow in earth-life. All are obliged to drink from this fountain ere they are through with life's lessons.

Ask mother, who has kissed the brow of her darling, her pride, for the last time upon the shore of life; ask husband or wife who have closed the eyes of the one most dear, and given them into the care of angels, and the true answer will be given unto you. You need not go far from your own self to find an answer to our question, for our own hearts can answer quite as well as is possible to be done.

Love is the grandest gift given us; when made proper use of, when developed in its higher conditions, will do more than all else in saving souls from destruction. It will touch the hardest, most degraded criminals even as nothing else can. Loving words will almost move mountains of sin and sorrow. All true, noble souls have this gift in its grandest, truest and highest unfoldment. Can we reason for one moment that to love and lose, is to lose forever? Can we reason ourselves into the thought that our loved ones have passed beyond the gate which leads to everlasting life forever, never to return to our bleeding hearts; that we are forsaken by those whom we cherished and protected as our life; that all sunshine has taken wings and flown into the beyond with them?

Can any human heart rest and feel content until sure beyond a doubt as to the safety and happiness of the loved ones in the beyond? Can the cry of "trust in the Lord" soothe the broken heart of the sufferer? Not a thousand times no; our Savior and Redeemer did not will it so. Still you will always find the blind leading the blind. It ever has been the same groping in the dark with those who "having eyes, see not, and having ears hear not," but I have always taken particular pains to observe that when sorrow comes knocking at such doors, they are anxious for light; anxious to know more of the condition of the loved ones in the beyond than mere faith can bring.

There will come a strange visitation at midnight, which will puzzle the brain of the ignorant of this truth of spirit return, yet leaving a satisfaction as to its genuineness in this case, and though not always openly admitted, brings an experience and confidence never before felt, and a trust in the happiness of those in the beyond never before realized.

How can this be explained? Is our brain concocting plans, building air castles by which we will be led astray, or are we for once in our lives awakened to the fact that we are *not alone*; which is it, and why does it always do us more good than all else?

Some explain that our "Lord and Savior" allowed our darling to return and prove that the hereafter is a place of life and activity; that as they were Christians, this favor was granted them. Another will gladly admit that their darlings come to them often and do not try to explain; they are happy as it is and sure of its reality. And thus it is that this truth is being forced upon earth's inhabitants in various ways and in time will blossom fully.

I have never known a case in all my experience that bereaved hearts did not receive some little glimpse of the beyond, brought to them by angels of love and mercy who have loved and watched over them for years, uninvited and unappreciated. Did you ever stop and consider the faithfulness of loving spirits? Do you ever stop and question, Am I worthy? If you would imagine yourselves in their place and condition, you would understand what it is to wait years and years for one word or token from the loved ones in earth-life that were loved so well. In passing into the new life we bring all our love for dear ones with us; and though we long to commune with the ones left, we understand the cause of your blindness to come from lack of thought in reference to the life in the spirit world to which all are gradually nearing; at the same time there are so many opportunities open to you where this truth comes so brightly as to dazzle the investigators, yet you cover your eyes and cry, "Have mercy, oh, Lord," and grope along in darkness.

The glorious work goes on; the angels of love return the same, with loving influences to give unto the weak, strength, patiently waiting until the day of *new life* for recognition, often waiting until their own are gray with age before they can instill into their hearts the truth that none are dead; though gone, none are lost; but simply gone before to receive new garments of strength, which will enable them to more fully prepare the way for those sure to follow, a happy reception and glorious reunion in the beautiful realms of eternal life and love.

I would like to close, by bringing before you an illustration, a scene witnessed by myself and friends. One of our loved ones in earth-life had for two years been sick and suffering. At last the light grew dim and voice grew weak. She was young and not ready to part with loved ones, to go into a country where she could never meet and greet them more. The beyond was a closed book to her, and as the last hour of earth-life came, she clung to her loved ones saying,

"Mother, let me stay; keep me with you, for I love you best of all and cannot live without you." Among these friends were none who had learned of the beauties of the Summer Land, so truthfully taught by the religion of spirit return, and all efforts to reconcile this dear one to the change so soon to come were of no avail. As she neared the border, her eyes were unveiled, and she exclaimed: "Mamma, listen! Hark! some one is singing! Oh! look! there comes into the room four of my schoolmates. Oh! they have so many flowers, and they have come to take me away. Yes, I will go, I will go. Oh! mamma, they say that I can come back again and see you again! Yes, I will go. Oh! how beautiful the scene before my eyes, and how happy they all are!" And thus this loved one passed into the new life, safe with the loving companions who had been watching and waiting to receive her troubled, tired soul, and lead her into the beauties of the Summer Land; and the last hour of this dear one in earth-life opened to the bereaved mother the gates of the new life and filled her with everlasting hope and strength to journey on through the remaining years of earth-life, fully confident that she, too, would pass through the "Golden Gate," and angels rejoice that another soul receives consolation from the ministrations of those gone before.

## Social Life in the Spirit World.

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

Have you ever considered the subject of social life after the boundary line between mortal and spiritual life has been passed, or thought what aspects our fellow beings presented to us and toward us? When first the spirit becomes conscious that it is no longer confined to the clay that held it through its mortal life, its first feelings in nearly every case is one of surprise that they feel so real, and that the friends whose faces become apparent to their eyes, and whose hands meet theirs in the clasp of friendly welcome are those whose look and touch are as familiar as when they met after long parting in the flesh, and then the new-born spirit wonders that it ever "feared death."

Why, said one to me a little while ago, "this is just like living," in tones all expressive of great surprise at finding themselves so much the same, except as far as strictly material laws are concerned. Sometimes when the desire for longer life has been one of the strongest the spirit possessed, the feeling is one of disappointment and even anger, that they can not return and carry out their plans; but when this is past, and they find themselves surrounded by those whose tastes are in the main congenial and begin to realize that they can still "enjoy life," as they term it, although not in bodily form, they begin to enter into the spirit of that enjoyment, and forget their disappointment in the desire to fit themselves to enjoy more than they ever did, of all that tends to elevate and raise their thoughts higher in the scale of progression. The lower classes, as they are called, those whose instincts were wholly animal, are longer in coming to any desire to raise themselves. Their only thought at first is to stay where they are as nearly as possible, and carry on their companionship with those who are on their own level *here and on earth*. To these go noble, self-sacrificing souls of strong will power and natural aptitude for "casting the seed in stony places," and endeavor to induce a *desire* to rise out of that condition (without which all aid is powerless). A little at a time, as the advantages of the scheme appeal to their darkened vision, they will listen to what is said to them, and so advance (be it ever so slowly) toward a higher level.

But all the time of these teachers is not spent thus. They have their pleasures and gratified ambitions in accordance with their desires, for else, where would be the advantage over earth life were one's whole time spent in work. Those who are fond of music find their souls filled with the grandest harmonies that can be produced. Those to whom nature, in all of her various moods was a delight find her wonders spread before them like an open book, wherein they may study without disturbing aught else, all the wonders of the world, and the glory of them, and those to whom social argument and friendly debate were as the breath of life, almost, find congenial friends to hold converse with upon all the leading topics of the day, whether of earthly or spiritual import, and the great army of noble souls who have in every generation given their lives for their country's defense, and whose names are honored therefore, fight their battles o'er again and again in friendly meetings. "Like attracts like," and one is much more easily able to discriminate and choose since, as I told you in a previous essay, all that a person is if seen and known, not what they *seemed* to be, and so our lives go on, gaining one upward step after another, and endeavoring to help along those whose desires—being less strong for progression than ours—need a helping hand. Keep your eyes turned toward the sunlight of progression and help all you can to spread that light.

A wise man in the "land of steady habits" has made the discovery that the man who always knows exactly how a newspaper should be run is always engaged in some other kind of business.

## What the Bible Teaches.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

In the GOLDEN GATE of Dec. 25th, I find an article from the *Signs of the Times*, in which it claimed that "Seventh Day Adventists believe and teach that Spiritualism is a satanic deception; and they so believe because the Scriptures so teach." They claim that "the Bible plainly declares that the dead know not anything."

Previous to the coming of Christ it had been no objection of inspiration to reveal a future world. The Old Testament makes no allusion to the mode of existence that succeeds the present. —*Eschatology*, by Samuel Lee, pages 115, 150.

Such being the fact, is it not strange that any one, living in this the nineteenth century since life and immortality is brought to light, should oppose the fact of the continued conscious existence of man after the dissolution of his body, the utterances of a man who makes no pretense to a knowledge of, or a belief even, in anything beyond the present life?

Will it be said of the spirit that was said to be in Daniel, and by whom Daniel was enabled to interpret the king's dream, that it was of the devil? Will it be said of the spirit who communed with "Cornelius, a devout man," etc., it was devilish? Will it be said of Agabus, who foretold that "there would be great dearth throughout all the world which came to pass in the days of Claudius Caesar," that he was controlled by an unclean, a devilish spirit?

But not to slight other examples with which the Scriptures abound, I will proceed to make another extract from *Eschatology*,—the author in his inquiry as to the locality of heaven, quotes Heb. xii., 22-24, and of the language employed in those passages, he remarks: "This would seem to imply the mingling together of the good of both worlds," and he adds, "Paul elsewhere speaks of the whole family in heaven and upon earth." p. 116.

That there are here, and now, family reunions comprising those of both worlds, is as certain as is the fact of their having been once separated. If your Advent brethren would lay aside their preconceived opinions, and investigate Spiritualism with the same candor which characterized their investigation of the doctrines they now cherish, it would not be long ere the facts would so astonish them that they would be led to glorify God, and confess that (they) "we have seen strange things to-day." Well, the "Golden Gate," is open and all honest seekers after truth are welcome to our Zion.

Respectfully, etc.,  
F. W. H.

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## Song of the Mystic.

I walked in the Valley of Silence,  
Down the dim, voiceless valley alone,  
And I heard not the sound of a footstep  
Around me, but God's and my own;  
And the hush of my heart is as holy  
As hovers where angels have flown.

Long ago was I weary of voices  
Whose music my soul could not win,  
Long ago was I weary of noises  
That fretted my soul with their din,  
Long ago was I weary of places  
Where I met but the human and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly,  
Yet I craved what the world never gave,  
And I said, in the world each ideal  
That shines like a star on life's wave,  
Is thrown on the shores of the real,  
And sleeps like a dream in the grave.

And still did I pine for the perfect,  
And still found the false with the true;  
I sought 'mid the Human for Heaven,  
And caught a mere glimpse of its blue;  
And I sighed when the clouds of the Mortal  
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the Human,  
And groined 'mid the masses of men;  
Till I knew long ago at the altar,  
And heard a voice call me. Since then  
I walk down the Valley of Silence  
That lies far beyond human ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley?  
'Tis my trysting place with the Divine,  
And I fell at the feet of the Holy  
And around me a voice said: "Be Mine."  
And then from the depths of my soul  
An echo, "My heart shall be Thine."

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?  
I weep, and I dream, and I pray,  
But my tears are as sweet as the dewdrops  
That fall on the roses of May;  
And my prayer like a perfume from censers,  
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence  
I hear all the songs that I sing;  
And the music floats down the dim Valley  
Till each finds a word for a wing;  
That to men like the doves of the deluge  
The message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows  
That never shall break on the beach,  
And I have heard songs in the silence  
That never shall float into speech,  
And I have had dreams in the Valley  
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the Valley,  
Ah, me! How my spirit was stirred?  
They wear holy veils on their faces,  
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;  
They pass down the Valley like virgins,  
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of this Valley,  
Ye hearts that are haunted by care?  
It lies afar between mountains,  
And God and his angels are there;  
And one is the dark mountain of sorrow  
And one the bright mountain of prayer.

—FATHER RYAN.

## Love's Trust.

If love be tender, truthful, pure,  
If love be regal, loyal, sure,  
By all the world of land and sea  
Divided it could never be:  
While south winds woo in soft replies  
The north wind's wails to lullabies,  
While Summer's sun when white doves fly  
Across the cloud-fringed azure sky—  
Caresses morn's self-tender flowers  
Dew-beaded in the early hours,  
If love be tender, truthful, pure—love will endure!

If love be steadfast, trusted, tried,  
Grown watchful, true, it needs no guide;  
It fears not Fate, nor wane, nor night,  
It walks apace self-crowned with light;  
Through woe it gains sweet servitude,  
Through weal it wins sweet solitude;  
Though fickle years may sound their knell,  
Through perfect chimes the marriage bell  
Will swing this cadence to and fro,  
Beside the thorns the roses blow,  
If love be steadfast, trusted, tried—love will abide!

If love be fickle, wayward, bold,  
And grasps its buds ere flowers unfold,  
With empty hands it walks alone  
When chill winds sigh and sob and moan;  
Through tearful vigils, tired with pain  
And cruel taunts of self disdain,  
Through fruitless hope that brought unrest,  
Bearing the sign of a wounded trust  
That trailed its faith in clay and dust,  
If love be fickle, wayward, bold—love will grow cold!

## Under the Leaves.

Fresh green leaves from the soft brown earth;  
Happy Springtime hath called them forth.  
The first faint promise of Summer's bloom  
Breathes from their fragrant sweet perfume  
Under the leaves.

Lift them! what marvelous beauty lies  
Hidden beneath from our thoughtless eyes.  
May-flowers rosy or purest white  
Lift their cups to the sudden light,  
Under the leaves.

Are there no lives whose holy deeds,  
Seen by no eye save His, who reads  
Motive and action, in silence grow  
Into rare beauty and bud and blow,  
Under the leaves?

Fair white flowers of faith and trust,  
Springing from spirits bruised and crushed,  
Blossoms of love, rose tinted and bright,  
Touched and painted with heaven's own light,  
Under the leaves.

Full, fresh clusters of duty done,  
Fairest of all in that shadow grown!  
Wondrous the fragrance, rich and rare,  
That comes from the flower cups hidden there,  
Under the leaves.

But though unseen by our vision dim,  
Bud and blossom are known to Him;  
Wait we! content for His heavenly ray,  
Wait! till our master himself one day  
Lifteth the leaves.

## Night.

All men must love thee, Night—the duldest clown  
Who bears the burden and the heat of day,  
Counting the hours as they crawl away  
From rosy morn to golden-hued sundown;  
The tired toilers pent within the town;  
Waiting the whistles or bells that say  
Their tasks are done; and all the young and gay  
Who long for thee to bring their pleasure's crown,  
Rest, peace, wild glee, and what remains  
Of liberty to men who wear life's chains;  
Dreams that restore, deep sleep that soothes our pains;  
Thy tender mysteries of dark and bright  
Bewildering contrasts, make thee men's delight,  
Day's better half, womanly, witching Night.

—NEW ORLEANS TIMES-DEMOCRAT.

## What is Self?

[Read before the Gnostic Society of San Francisco.]

This is the great question that every earnest seeker after truth is asking, and endeavoring to understand. It is a very important question, and upon a correct understanding of what our inmost self is, depends to a great extent our true progress and growth out of material conditions and beliefs into a spiritual perception of the difference between that which really is, and that which seems to be, but is not. This is the important end to be constantly kept in view, to be able to distinguish between the real and the unreal—the creations of the Divine mind, that are eternal, and the expressed beliefs of mortal mind (which is ignorance), that are temporal, and capable of being destroyed. With this end in view, the first question that naturally arises is, what is the best method of arriving at this knowledge?

The Master has said, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Or in other words, strive to obtain an understanding of what God is, and the relation He bears to His creatures; and in the light of that understanding you will see clearly what the nature of His creations must be, and will then be able to perceive the difference between the true self and that appearance that we call self.

If it is admitted that God is Infinite Spirit or Soul—Omnipotent, Omnipresent, Omniscient and Eternal—it follows that His creations must be spiritual and co-eternal with Himself, and as man was created in His image and likeness, he must partake of the Divine attributes. But as man is not infinite nor possessed of infinite wisdom, he is liable, from a want of understanding, to view things in a wrong light, and draw wrong conclusions, which, being expressed outwardly, produce what we call inharmony and discord; but it is only such to the erring thought that produced it, and can be destroyed by the understanding of the truth, that all the creations of the Infinite are perfect and harmonious. And it must be so, for you cannot think for a moment that God is not perfect, or that He is not in perfect harmony with Himself; and as it would be impossible for Him to create anything that was opposite or antagonistic to Himself, ("for the same fountain sends not forth sweet and bitter waters") we see that His creations must be perfect in His sight, and governed by His unerring laws, which are harmonious.

Thus it is that man, through a lack of understanding, arrives at the conclusion that all humanity is discordant, sick and sinning, and that these conditions are the reality, whereas the truth is, that they are only the pictures of erring thought, seen by itself, and not the reality, and a better understanding of the nature of God and His creations will show what the true self is.

F. W. G.

## Dropped Stitches.

[Christian Register.]

We are constantly pursued in life by the retribution of past errors. Mistakes propagate themselves, and constantly overtake and arraign us. Our negligence of yesterday confronts us with its challenge. Fortunate is it for us, if we can go back and pick up the stitches we have dropped.

There are lines of work in which this is not easy to do. We can not always unravel the past. We may sometimes slur over the mistake we have made, but often it will propagate itself through the entire work. The unsightly hole is the record of our negligence. It is so in moral relations. Slighted work reproaches us. Our conscience has been relaxed, we have not been faithful to the pattern. We often speak of the dead past, but there is a vast deal of the past that is not dead to us. The yesterdays and their consequences roll on with us. We can not go back to recover the past and the opportunity that it brought to us, neither can we get rid of the consequence that the past has wrought in our lives. The boy who slighted his arithmetic lesson a month ago finds further on that he has dropped a stitch. He must pick it up. Future progress depends, in some degree, in filling up the gap we have left behind. An accountant in the government service may spend long days in hunting for the two cents which stand in the way of balancing the books. Some clerk in drawing a check made a mistake in the record on the stub. It is like hunting for a needle in a haystack to go back and find the error; but it must be found, or it will repeat itself through all subsequent calculations.

There are errors in life which need to be picked up and corrected; and fortunate are we, if we can do it. In some by-gone day, we have uttered a word that ought never to have been said, or have failed to say some word which ought to have been said, or failed to do some deed that ought to have been done. The omission or the commission has left an ugly spot in our lives.

It would be bad enough if the yawning error, which records the failure, were the only consequence; but we find that it stands in the way of our work and development in the future. We are fortunate, then, though it may cost us a little raveling, if we can go back and say the word which ought to have been said or do the deed which ought to have been done. Sad it

is, if we have to look back upon an irreparable past, where mispent days cannot be repaired and consequences of negligence, of mistaking, misreading or misdoing are incapable of correction. The priest and the Levite, who passed by the fallen man, let an opportunity slip through their grasp, an opportunity which could never be recalled. Ever in the record of their lives would remain this unsightly and uncharitable omission.

But, when we cannot repair the past, we may heed its admonitions. Life is a school. The lesson of fidelity must be learned. It is of less importance that any single piece of work be spoiled than that we ourselves should be spoiled. We are not spoiled, if we acquire a new sense of obligation and fidelity through the mistakes we have made. The awful consequence appears when such mistakes become the habit of our lives; they have left their mark, not only on our work, but upon ourselves. We might forgive the priest and the Levite for their single act of omission, if they ever repented of their cold-hearted negligence; but what if it became a habit of life, a settled feature of the character?

It would be sad to look on the side of the irreparable, as it concerns our work, if we could not look on the reparable, as it concerns ourselves. There is nothing more hopeful or more inspiring, nothing grander for the outlook of humanity or for the individual soul, than the power which God may give to us of rising above our mistakes and our sins into higher and nobler life. We may regret, then, the errors of the past; but we may also rejoice that they have not held us in their thrall. Jesus has beautifully embodied this encouraging lesson in the parable of the Prodigal Son. However great may be our failures, however far we may have wandered from our Father's house, the Master says to us that God's arms are ever extended, and His loving, tender mercy is ever ready to welcome, bless, and save the penitent son.

Boston, Brooklyn and Chicago enjoy popular fun at each other. A Boston reporter says a family of that city was leaving it, to live in the City of the Lake, when a little feminine five-year-old, taking a longing, lingering look at her old suburban home, plaintively exclaimed, "Good-bye, house; good-bye, garden; good-bye, birds; good-bye, flowers; good-bye, God—I'm going to Chicago!"

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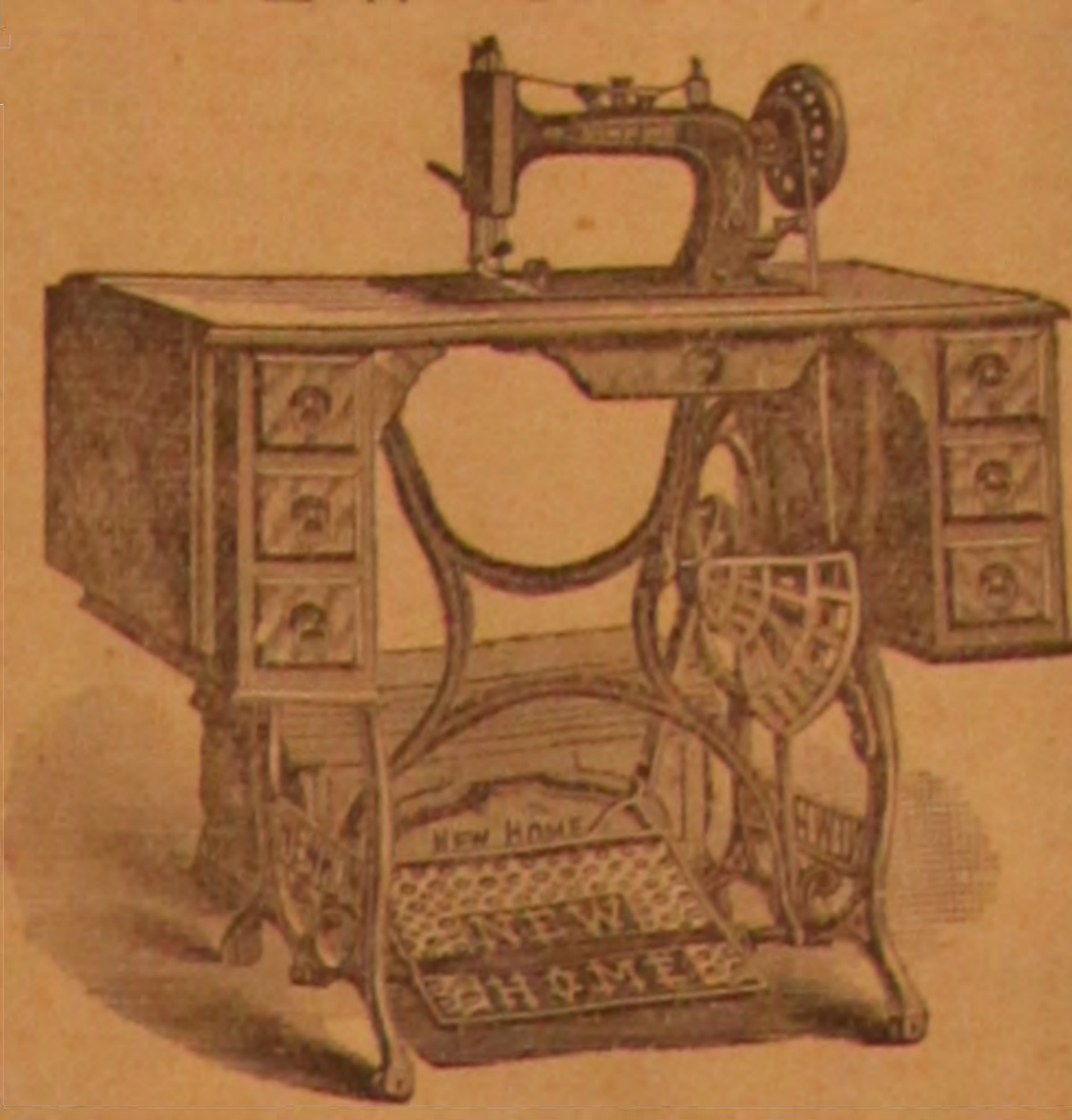
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All Through Trains connect at Felton for Boulder Creek and points on Felton and Pescadero Railroad.

## To Oakland and Alameda.

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