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**GEMS OF THOUGHT.**

• Thought is the lightning of the soul.

Great thoughts spring from the heart.

Love has no age; it is always in birth.—*Pascal.*

The heart has no wrinkles.—*Mme. de Sevigne.*

A delicate thought is a flower of the mind.—*Rollin.*

Our faith is but a sleep and a forgetting.—*Wordsworth.*

Every man is entitled to be valued at his best moments.

If you believe in evil, you have done evil.—*A. de Musset.*

Life is a combat, of which the palm is in heaven.—*Delavigne.*

Woman is the sweetest present that God has given to man.—*Guyard.*

The energies of the soul slumber in the vague reveries of hope.—*Mme. Guizot.*

As caloric is to matter, so is love to mind; so it enlarges, and so it improves.

Blest are they whose sorrow rather is to suffer wrong than to do wrong.—*Wordsworth.*

'Tis a thing impossible to frame conception equal to the soul's desire.—*Ella Wheeler.*

A wise chief may give words, but he keeps his thoughts to himself.—*Te Ranparaha.*

To forgive a fault in another is more sublime than to be faultless one's self.—*George Sand.*

My thoughts are my own possession; my acts may be limited by my country's laws.—*G. Foster.*

As a good tree produces good fruit, even so does a virtuous soul produce pure thoughts.—*Aphra Behn.*

Women are never stronger than when they arm themselves with their weakness.—*Mme. Du Defand.*

How few friendships would be lasting if we knew what our best friends say of us in our absence.—*Pascal.*

There is comfort in the strength of love, which makes a thing enduring, which else would break the heart.

The visions of good men are good; it is the undisciplined will that is whipped with bad thoughts and bad fortunes.—*Emerson.*

The future of society is in the hands of the mothers. If the world was lost through woman, she alone can save it.—*De Beaufort.*

The human heart concerns us more than the pouring into microscopes, and is larger than can be measured by the pompous figures of the astronomers.—*Emerson.*

Make use of time while it is present with you; it depends upon your will, and not upon the number of days to have a sufficient length of life.—*Montaigne.*

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

**DRAFTS FROM MEMORY.**

BY JOHN WETHERBEE (OR "SHADOWS.")

When Modern Spiritualism was about nine or ten years old, there was in this city (often called the Hub), many occurrences that are pleasant to remember and to bring before the eyes of a later generation. I do not know as I manifest too much local pride if I say this vicinity has always been a marked place for our "light" when it once got located here. At the period now in my mind, Dr. Gardner was the active managing man, and the spiritual meetings were then held in the old Melodeon, and under his direction, and they will always be remembered as very interesting occasions. I am now speaking of twenty-eight or twenty-nine years ago. Some of the old speakers there then are still workers to-day; many more are lost stars in the form, but whose souls are still marching on. In the words of the poet—

"And though the hills of death  
May hide the bright array,  
The marshalled brotherhood of souls  
Still keeps its upward way."

It was at the old Melodeon Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch (now Richmond), a light-haired young woman, seemingly about seventeen years of age, made her first appearance before the Spiritualists of this city. She was a wonder and a mystery. She was without education, yet astonished the scholars with her eloquence and her profound spiritual thought. Mrs. Middlebrook was also a favorite, and Mrs. Bebee. The latter used to read her profound discourses, which were written under influence, and came nearer Theodore Parker's strong thought than any other person I ever heard, but the advantage she had of that scholar was her discourses being silver-lined with our new light, which, as sensuous knowledge, was an improvement on the best of hope. Mr. Whiting, also, and many others who could be named, formed the galaxy of those days. I was then but newly born into Spiritualism, and it did seem to me as if I had been in the dark all my life and not to have discovered the "dawning light" before when it had been shining for almost a decade. The *Banner of Light* was flung to the breeze about this time (1857), and it has been waiving ever since, not at all dimmed by its almost three decades of active life, its venerable editor still "alive and kicking." In the days of which I am now speaking, the *Banner* was the "lone star" in our horizon; now it is only one of a constellation, and as I look at all the other "lights"—one in the South, one in the West, one on the Pacific coast, others in Iowa; some are called "Gates," some "Offerings," and some "Stars"—but they all give light, however designated, and are making the world's night luminous with their rays, and as a whole are a credit to the cause. But it is not my purpose to speak of newspapers, new or old, or like "Old Mortality," to retouch the names of living or departed human lights, who figured on the platform of the old Melodeon. I had been reading the letters the veteran, Allen Putnam, had received from "over the river," which, by calling up the memorable incident of the Harvard College investigation, I seemed to see some of the same old faces as I remembered them in the long ago, and they may have influenced me to write a word or two; this, however, may be only imagination, but who knows where imagination leaves off and influence begins? But to a spiritualistic constituency, I trust I need no apology.

The presence of Professors Felton and Horsford at those Melodeon meetings for quite a season, added much to their interest. Mr. Felton afterwards became the President of that celebrated university, who, with many others, has now gone to the land "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Professor Felton was a man of commanding presence, cultivated and imposing. I think these distinguished people came with a "squelching" intention, and for the public good. I think the large and respectable meetings they found gathered there rather surprised them, and the addresses of the *ignorami* on the platform surprised them still more by their marked ability, as there were no *alumni* among

them. It was a new thing then for a subject to be given by the audience, and was more of a sensation then than now. Several times the Professors gave the subject, and the ability with which it was treated by the male or female speaker who delivered the address, was somewhat perplexing to them. They evidently thought their ignorance assumed; that the speakers really were gifted and cultivated, but for the sake of sensation and mystery, they called it trance or influence of the spirits.

Professor Felton's questions and comments that followed the address were often as interesting as any part of the service. I remember once how sincerely he complimented the youthful Mrs. Hatch by saying to her, after a fine address and able answers to his questions, even beyond his own ability under such circumstances, "Now, why don't you admit, which must be the case, that you are a cultivated, scholarly woman; that this address is your own intellectual work, and take your stand where you belong as one of the most gifted ladies in the land?" I remember her modest and evidently honest reply, which was this: "I would be glad to if I could, only it would not be true." We all know what Mrs. Richmond is to-day. This was twenty-eight years ago, and she not out of her teens; and it was in the morning of Spiritualism. It will be remembered by some that about this time N. P. Willis, the gifted poet and editor, said he claimed to be an expert in philology and knew the fitness of the proper words or language for special thoughts, and he said the language or phraseology of this lady's address was not only grammatically and eloquently correct, but shew an ability of selecting the proper words in a generic sense with which to clothe her ideas.

I remember on one of these occasions after there had been some interesting discussion (I do not think Mrs. Hatch had, on that occasion, occupied the platform), Prof. Felton said he had a word to say on another matter, and he held a *Banner of Light* in his hand (this now old paper was then about a year old), and said, "Here is a paper that prints messages from the dead. Can you conceive of anything more wounding and disrespectful to the feelings of the living, who are in grief, than to have such letters printed? It is actually atrocious." He spoke of the silence and the sacredness of the grave, and of the propriety of treading lightly on the ashes of the dead, and said he: "I beg of you all, for you seem to be a body of well disposed people, not to allow or to countenance such a wicked practice." He seemed to talk as though it was a sensational fraud and ought to be at once stopped. The Professor then with considerable emotion read the letter that claimed to have come from the late John E. Thayer, one of the millionaires of this city. The letter was not a happy one, but it appeared to this writer who knew him well as very fitting. The Professor spoke of him "as this good man whose whole life was a chapter of charities," and appealed to that large audience not to countenance or approve of such wicked and untrue inflections.

I remember of making there my maiden speech, for it was the first time I opened my mouth publicly since I was a young man and a member of the Baptist church. As this distinguished Greek scholar sat down, I arose and said I knew nothing of the reliability of those printed letters (I was not then acquainted with Fanny Conant, one of the best mediums that ever lived, and who so long filled the position of the "Message Department" of the *Banner*), I said I knew nothing of the reliability of those *post mortem* communications, but I had known the departed gentleman as banker and broker all my adult life, and the letter that has just been read, purporting to have come from him, was so true and fitting to his case, and his present dark condition so reasonable under the circumstances, that there is internal evidence of its authenticity. I said I wanted "to tread lightly on the ashes of the dead," but principles before men always. "Whose whole life had been a chapter of charities," as the Professor said, will be a surprise on State street, where he has been a prominent actor for a score or two of years! I was earnest and almost scared when I got through, and wondered how I dared to say it, but I could not help it. I was very much applauded, and he turned to a well known man by his side, so the man afterwards told me, and

said, "Who is that young man?" As I was in no way distinguished and in no sense an authority, so instead of saying, Mr. Wetherbee, the man said to the non-plussed Professor, "You can believe every word he says." I don't think my subsequent life has fully sustained that reputation, but I have endeavored to be honest and wise; but I thank the man, nevertheless. The Professor had nothing further to say, and the messages still flow in, in spite of Harvard College.

On another occasion and not long afterwards the lecturer was Mr. Whiting, a popular speaker in those days long since passed over to the Summer Land. On this occasion Prof. Felton had given a subject which was treated in a very able and satisfactory manner, and questions at the close were asked and answered, and some direct personal ones also, and the professor quoted many classical names that were similarly gifted, including, probably, by inadvertence, the name of Socrates. "These men," said he, "never attributed their efforts to the gods; they took the responsibility and have the credit. But now you claim to be under the influence of departed scholars, dead people." If my memory does not fail me, Mr. Whiting, the lecturer, got a little mixed, where the professor was at home, in a quotation from some Greek poet. I only mention it for the sake of the point; I can not recall the exact circumstance. The professor had the lecturer at a disadvantage. A man arose by the name of Sennot, a well-known lawyer in those days, as the future President of Harvard College was having it all his own way, or as soon as there was a pause, and asked the professor to refresh his recollection about Socrates, and he would find it eminently true that the ancient worthies, particularly Socrates, did give credit to intelligences wiser than themselves, and then quoted where that philosopher gave credit to his daemon, that is spirit, to whom he ever looked for guidance and for aid. I need not go farther into the details of this discussion. The professor, like Homer, had nodded, and had quoted a distinguished name to prove the fallacy of the claim made by the speaker and others of being mediums, for the wisdom of the spirits and the very name Socrates that he quoted was remarkable for having been all his life under the guiding influence of a daemon, which means a spirit.

This was the last appearance of the professors at those meetings. They had made no headway in killing the "delusion," had discovered no fraud, had often to admit the ability of the speakers on this platform. I do not say Mr. Felton retired because he had thus slipped; unquestionably it was thoughtlessness, but he or rather they were no match for these uncultivated or uneducated people; but these savans, I suppose, thought the rabble of Spiritualism ought not to have known enough to have picked up their errors that they carelessly uttered. It was not long after this time that the Harvard investigation, so called, took place in the Albion, and which was never reported though promised. They did not dare to call it a delusion; they were too prejudiced to admit possible facts. Of course we do not know whether the letters to Allen Putnam printed in a late *Banner of Light* are from those now wise individuals; but I see no reason to doubt it. I am sure they came from a spirit source and not a mortal one, and I am equally sure that if I were to write upon that subject it would be in harmony with those letters.

BOSTON, August, 1886.

LET no man extend his thoughts or let his hopes wander toward future and far-distant events and accidental contingencies. This day is mine and yours, but ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For he that by a present and a constant holiness secures the present, and makes it useful to his noblest purposes, he turns his condition to his best advantage.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

A RAILROAD official who, for twenty-five years, has kept a record of accidents at railroad crossings in this country, states that of thirty cases where accidents have proved fatal, in twenty-two the parties driving the teams run into were under the influence of liquor at the time of the accident.

It is worthy of note that of the 6,000 Jews in New York, not one of them keeps a grogshop.—*Messiah's Herald.*

**The Spirit Raps.**

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Noticing a question asked in the last issue of the GOLDEN GATE in regard to spirit raps, perhaps it would not be out of place to give my individual ideas concerning this phenomena, and if others will do the same a better idea can be formed of the true method of procedure of spirits who, doubtless, are the workers of this very widely known fact; the material used, we should say, is magnetic aura, which is the electric fluid permeating every human body. The brain acting as a battery to produce sufficient force to send this agent to all parts of the body, and even away from the body in case of the magnetizer, who in many cases produces the mesmeric sleep in a subject without coming in direct contact with the subject, simply by sending out a force of electric fluid from the brain battery and overpowering the weaker, and I think the coarser magnetism. This invisible agent can be made use of to produce sound, and in the coarser form produces a clap of thunder which corresponds to a rap by refined electric fluid, and I think is made by the same method, namely, concussion with a resisting substance. The resisting substance may be a table, and when the rapidly moving fluid comes in contact with the fibers of wood a sudden clap or rap is heard. This battery being controlled by the spirit guide, the aura is sent out by superior thought force and regulated to produce sounds with intermissions as a telegraph operator can regulate the electric fluid passing from the machine under his control.

If this is deemed worthy of print with corrections, etc., I will be pleased to see it in the GOLDEN GATE, hoping others may consider it a question of sufficient importance to devote an occasional column to its general understanding.

Yours fraternally,  
W. S. HASKELL.  
OAKLAND, Cal., Aug. 14, 1886.

THE COLOSSAL SIN.—Whoever carefully reads the fifth chapter of Isaiah will be fully convinced that the colossal sin of the ages has not materially changed as the years roll by. The picture which Isaiah gives us shows that drunkenness wrought the same results twenty-five hundred years ago as to-day, wrecking both the high and the low, corrupting both social and public life, ruining both the ruler and the ruled. If the old prophet were to revisit the earth and were to pass through Boston, New York or Chicago, we apprehend he would feel inspired to repeat his anathema: "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflames them;" and he might well add: "Therefore my people are gone into captivity." This vice proved the ruin of God's ancient people, and it will prove our ruin likewise unless soon recognizing its true character we put our foot upon it and exterminate it.—*Domestic Journal.*

NO MONEY IN IT.—The Woman's *Journal* tells of a little Boston boy, who, questioned when on his way to sweep office floors and build fires before the stars went out in the sky, said:

"My mother gets me up, builds the fire, and gets my breakfast, and sends me off. Then she gets my brother up, and gets his breakfast and sends him off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast and sends them to school, and then she and the baby have their breakfast."

"How old is the baby?" I asked.

"Oh, she's most two; but she can talk and walk as well as the rest of us."

"And are you well paid?"

"I get two dollars a week, and my father gets two dollars a day."

"How much does your mother get?"

With a bewildered look, he said: "Mother? Why, she don't work for anybody."

"I thought she worked for all of you."

"Oh, yes, for us she does; but there ain't any money in it."

Time sheds a softness on remote objects or events, as local distance imparts to the landscape a smoothness and mellowness which disappear on a nearer approach.—*W. B. Chulow.*



earth's atmosphere, the unsealed and unrecorded fulfillments, reflected from the page of the planet's possibilities, that are in time to bestow a universal good; and she also sees that before these possibilities can speak peace to the land and its children that great wrongs must be righted, and to help right the wrongs is one great object of the delegation becoming dwellers for a time in not only the spirit realm of your planet but in the very midst of the children of the land. Where there is unity there is strength; let it be unity of physical force, or soul force, and in a body with unity of purpose, the higher spirits can, and at times must, for the good of the land, mingle with its most wilful children. Transmitted power loses much of its force at times in passing to the recipient of the same, and the good that is needed is not attained; therefore must the wisdom spirits, when the necessity is great and imperative, tread unseen the paths of earth that lead through the very heart of its miseries.

The time has now come when in the roughest paths the wisdom spirits must stand that they may turn the tides toward the peaceful shores that the Unseen reveals not, and the greater the number the stronger the power. To add to both numbers and power do we come; for we, who have developed beyond the demands of self, look upon all children of the Father as our brothers and sisters, and with gladness of heart work to reveal unto them more beautiful paths, peace-crowned and restful, into which our hearts crave to lead them. We who seek thus to work know that when all the children of the universe have, through successive incarnations, developed beyond the supreme love and for self, there will be begun another grand universal cycle in and through which will be woven the still greater possibilities of each individualized existence.

I know this is looking far ahead, but the picture there seen is restful to eyes that have long looked valleyward. The tide-mark of progressive existence must be reached by all children of the entire universe before steps toward this universal cycle are taken, because it has to do with all worlds as well as with all spirits. Toward this cycle have we long looked with great hope in our hearts, yet we can glean therefrom until all have stood beneath the arch of love and wisdom. Thus all will be redeemed from the lesser good and crowned with fruits of the greater good.

Let no one confound the cycle of which I speak with what is termed the great cycle, for the cycle of which I make mention spans all times between the formation of worlds with the peopling of the same and their fulfillment as worlds and homes where the children of the Father battle for their angelhood. Still afar off lies the fulfillment towards which we put forth our efforts; yet we weary not, knowing all time is ours, and unfailing is the power in which we trust.

This we gave when the cry from the planet reached us, and we shall tarry at our posts till the fulfillment for which we came is recorded. Our present field of labor will be found in the hedge rows that are planted by one class to enthrall another; barriers that a free people should never countenance must be broken down. A country that knows no crown should know no serfs. Great changes must and will be wrought between the two extremes known as capitalists and the half-paid workers that form the avenues through which flows the glittering gold to the already-filled purses and pocket.

Here lies the great evil of the land we have come to help rescue. Are there those who judge it impossible for us to mingle in the vortex of opposition created by the two powers? They judge but poorly of our possibilities. It is true the higher spirits, as a rule, never singly or in groups approach scenes of conflict, being repelled by the inharmony created; yet there are times when it is not only possible but actually needful for them to face the furies, and, with their soul force, right the wrongs that can be no longer borne. And when such time comes it is possible for the hosts of the higher heavens to come earthward with a power that must turn the scales. There is a great out-reaching of wills that are masterful when nothing can withhold those whose wills and whose labor are to enthrone justice; where self-love and unholy ambition have reigned.

Then let it be understood that from this time there will be present on the material plane of this planet a revolutionizing power that will not be withdrawn until right takes the place of might. Where the unholy tread will also stand the unseen seekers and dispensers of justice, and

requirements has robbed them of a greater good.

To the members of the order under the guidance of Saidie, Wisdom, mother of this planet, we extend words of encouragement and bid them walk hand in hand with the holy guides, especially commissioned to be their helpers, as in so doing greater power is born in the earth's atmosphere, which will be a source of peace and assistance to the workers. Sleep not at your posts, for the realities of the present and future will admit of no day dreaming. If you long to see your home planet redeemed from the curse of "injustice" give your full sympathies to those who have come to the rescue, who will prove themselves not myths, but actual living, laboring existencies. In contrasting this planet with Celestia, I am led to speak, though not minutely, of the land from which I came.

It is true I have for ages dwelt in the spirit realms of my home planet, yet have watched the progressive steps of children battling for the greater good that in time must come to all. I have noted all improvements and have recorded the same in my spirit home, as that was the mission I fulfilled to the land I loved. The present record shows a planetary unfoldment that outmeasures the possibilities of the devastating cyclones that now breathe destruction and desolation on your shores. The atmosphere surrounding the home planet I have watched is so pure that far greater light reaches the surface of the same than you on this planet are conscious of; and when I say it is peace-crowned I mean that the inharmonious results attendant upon undeveloped conditions that have to do with both worlds and the children of the same are among the things that cease and can no more be recalled. The contrast between that planet and this in all points is like the contrast between gray dawn and a full-born day.

There is in all planets an equal unfoldment of children, and the elements from which are evolved the material robes through which they mark their progression; this is a planetary law to which there are no exceptions. In Celestia the law that is the governing power among all the children of the land, is the result of the harmonious oneness existing between the planet and its inhabitants, and is centered in all hearts; thus all are law-makers and law-abiders, thereby making crime unknown, while intemperance in all things long ago furled its banner and became extinct, leaving no power to resurrect in any future epoch.

On Celestia, as on this planet, there is the same gathering together of dwellings that here take the name of cities, with this exception: the number of inhabitants and homes in these gatherings are many times less than here. There, as here, the people are supported by their own industry, yet no select few pocket the earnings of the masses; the city laws exact of each the result of a certain number of labor-filled hours. After the accomplishment of this hand or brain tax, the time is theirs to use as they most desire. Some devote the hours that are untaxed to beautifying their homes, some to intellectual researches, some to the painting of rare pictures from nature, where valleys and hills dwell lovingly together. All are correspondingly free, all are correspondingly laborious. None are exempt until advanced age, as you would term it, superannuates them, when they continue to be the recipients of just as much from the general deposits as when they deposited their tax. Thus it will be seen that poverty and want are unknown. The public buildings are erected from the general fund, consequently are owned by all. In all cities will be found buildings devoted exclusively to reading and conversing; these consist of many rooms, all of which are finished with restful seats and small tables, whereon are always to be seen vases containing flowers, brought as offerings by those who find the thought-food they desire.

Other buildings there are devoted to the advancement of all who desire to acquaint themselves with wisdom of those who have thought deeply, and have received much from spirit messengers, who find it not difficult to transmit the wisdom of the spheres. Phrenology, as a science, is perfected in Celestia, therefore all may, and do, find their special adaptation, and, following the same, reap success. On your planet there is much time and good lost by people doing everything but the right thing, while standing about and doing nothing, because in the bustle of other people's doings they are so confounded that they never find their base. All this might be righted by a thorough

yields abundant harvests. There is observable no dark tints on the entire planet; black has never been seen by any of the inhabitants. All the home clothing is white, or nearly so, even to the coverings for the feet. A soft, silky lace is much worn, and great taste is displayed in the exquisite draperies formed therefrom. Cleanliness is universal, while honesty, integrity and truthfulness are never questioned. There is one point worthy of note, and that is the harmony existing between the inhabitants and the lesser animals dependant on, and serviceable to, them in many ways; all seem willing to obey the voice of man, and all are treated with special care. There is a great similarity between Celestia and the third sphere of your spirit land, where there is great peace, and the purity of the inhabitants is told even in their white robes.

The dwellers of all planets record the spiritual unfoldment by the robes they wear. In Celestia the darkest robes worn are of a grayish tint, and are worn only during the hours of labor, and even those are arranged with unequalled taste, showing the artistic development of the harmonious people. The rivers and large bodies of water are not acquainted with boats that tell of friendly dealings with other countries. Celestia has for a long time been of the greatest service to other planets, by becoming foster mother to very many who sought these avenues of incarnation, that they might bear back to their own planets the fruits of greater unfoldment. In this one direction she is now fulfilling a great mission. I find here those who have trod the peaceful paths of my own home planet, and they have returned as peacemakers, and helpers to the land they should love; to them I extend tenderest greetings. I have touched on but few points because I am necessarily limited at present, but the future holds unfilled hours, when with the many others who now wait to record their unfailing love and willingness to labor, may be given further lines of thought by

ELNORINE.

P. S.—At a seance held April 18th in Mexico, by Mrs. Anna Daniels, medium, a tall and beautiful female spirit came, in materialized form, dressed in robes of fleecy whiteness, and gave her name as Elnorine, and said she was from the planet Celestia, and with many others she had come to the land she loved and had watched from her love-lit home through the past ages; said she had come for a purpose. She made an appointment to write, the above is the fulfillment.

J. B. FAYETTE, President, And Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angels Order of Light. OSWEGO, New York, 1886.

#### Preparatory School of Spiritualism.

[G. H. Romaine in Cincinnati Enquirer.]

An intelligent correspondent labors with us to show the inconsistencies of modern creeds, and contends that the proper gravitation point of Spiritualism is opposition to Christianity. The gravitation point of a positive truth can not be in negation, and organized opposition to Christianity would be the most sublime folly. Why oppose anything which performs a good work, however imperfectly it may be done? Christianity is largely the preparatory school of Spiritualism, and it is certain that thousands of good Christians have been transformed into excellent Spiritualists. To make this change it is not necessary for man or woman to renounce religious belief, for Christ and John and Paul were among the best spiritual mediums that ever lived, and the religion which fully recognizes them must be essentially Spiritualistic, provided it is true to its best teachings. No evidence of the truth of Spiritualism equal to that recorded in the New Testament Scripture can possibly address itself to the Christian mind unacquainted with modern Spiritualistic phenomena. The doctrines of Jesus are sublime truths; the Christ-principle is the embodiment of love and good-will to humanity.

These, by whatsoever name they may be called, can not be safely bringing. Both Christian and Spiritualist bring evidence of the life beyond, and paint the joys of immortality in terms which do not necessarily disagree. Their ideals of mercy, purity, humility, long-suffering and self-denial are the same, and their hopes of eternal life seem equally well founded. No; we have no quarrel with Christianity. Divorce it from the rash interpolations of human ignorance, folly and superstition, and it will be found good enough for anybody.

last eighteen hundred years to secure such uniformity of belief have caused the effusion of more innocent blood than all other causes combined. The long, cruel and sanguinary wars that were waged for the establishment of the Christian faith, from the third until the sixteenth century, through which the learning of antiquity was almost extinguished, is an apt illustration of the position we assume. Indeed it is not necessary to have recourse to the historic records of the dark ages to exhibit the baneful fruits that will always be produced by a tyrannical enforcement upon the people of any system of religious faith, for even in our own free country and in this enlightened generation the evangelical churches furnish abundant evidences of the numberless wrongs that flow from that stern, oppressive and bigoted purpose and policy that demands and compels the minds of the people to blindly and without question accept dogmatic creeds as the word and will of God.

It is needless to say that it is not only impracticable but unphilosophical for an enlightened and uniform belief of any system of formulated views of any religion to be secured from cultivated classes, for it is evident that all minds are dissimilar, rendering it impossible for different minds to entertain the same measure of knowledge so as to be held responsible for the same conception and belief of any given proposition. Diversity is a law that is co-extensive with the universe, pervading as it does both mind and matter. Mind being a reflective intelligence from organized matter, the reflected power being measured by the physical organism that reflects it, which is in a geometrical ratio from the lowest sentient being to the best organized and most cultivated human, for the most casual observation exhibits the fact that all intelligence is of the same character whether incarnated in the animal or human, differing only in volume and extent as one organism differs from another. These basic truths were not comprehended in the age that formulated the Christian faith, nor has the clergy permitted at any time an impartial investigation of the functions, qualities and general attributes of the mental faculties, for the few who have so long domineered over the minds and consciences of the many have well known that an impartial education creating distinct individualities would render uniformity of faith impossible.

From this standpoint we can see why the clergy of all denominations are so anxious to maintain control of our public schools and higher institutions of learning. They well know that the minds must be warped, and, in a measure, chained, so as to control and subject them to their priestly uses. While it is true that the intellectual faculties of the people of an entire nation may be so debased by such unnatural culture as to render religious ideas, and even beliefs hereditary, yet the emissaries of bigotry are ever upon the alert and will not willingly permit the unbiased education of the most humble of those who have for centuries been by them subdued to the uses of despotism and superstition.

It is evident that the domination of the European nations by ecclesiasticism for so many centuries has retarded the natural development of the intellectual faculties, and to such an extent as to check and preclude the progressive enlightenment of the masses. This is seen in the fact that in those governments where uniformity of faith and belief is in force that inventive genius scarcely has an existence, while in our own country, as well as in other nations where impartial education is to some extent permitted, a magnificent line of varied inventions, which has revolutionized our methods of labor and progress, are the exclusive fruits of our gradual departure from the government and control of religious tyranny.

It will not be questioned by an impartial thinker that the free school system has been in the past the chief factor in the production of those numberless inventions which so peculiarly distinguishes our government. Our material and intellectual greatness has not only been secured without the assistance of the clergy, but in many instances in spite of their opposition. The leaders of all of our Christian systems have well understood the untenable and unphilosophical basis upon which the whole superstructure of evangelical Christianity rests, and have fully recognized the necessity of preventing the dissemination of scientific knowledge among the people. They have well known that the Mosaic account of creation included the fall of man, the flood, the re-peopling of the earth, the establishment of the "chosen people," the special atonement, the plan

enlightenment and general prosperity in the ratio that religious creeds are discarded, and that we can only reach a grand and world-wide progressive civilization after all of those bigoted instrumentalities that have enforced a uniformity of religious belief have been overthrown.

MARY L. MCGINDLEY.  
MANDAN, Dakota.

#### Daniel D. Home.

[Paris correspondence of Chicago Times.]

There has just died in Paris Iniel Douglas Home, one of the most famous scientific Spiritualists the world has ever known. Whatever may be our ideas about Spiritualism, we can not deny that Home possessed an inexplicable talent, which has puzzled wise men both in Europe and America. He was born in Scotland, and at the age of three years saw a little cousin die at the distance of thirty miles. He talked continually with invisible beings, and his toys always came to him when called. When nine years old he was taken to America, and there his relatives thought him possessed of a devil. Premonitory symptoms of consumption sent him to Florence, and there he was considered a sorcerer. A Polish nobleman saved him from the fury of the people and took him to Naples. In 1865 he gave a number of seances at the Tuilleries, but never wished the presence of the Empress. Once only he consented that she should join the company, and then he asked what she desired.

"I wish," said she, "that the spirit bring me the third volume from the third shelf of my *etagers*."

Obedient to Home's order, the spirit took the book, which came itself to the lap of the Empress. Another time he brought out the hand and signature of Napoleon I. One evening the Empress, who was a confirmed believer, invited several friends to a seance. Among these friends was the gentleman who related to me the following: The lamps were extinguished, and they saw an arm, then a hand. The hand seized a pencil and during several minutes, each of which seemed a century to the spectators, the pencil was heard running over the paper. The words that appeared to Belsazzar, "Mene, mene, Tekel-Upharsin," appeared for a moment to Napoleon III, when all was darkness. In Russia, Home's success was great. Thither he had gone with Alexander Dumas, pere, and the brilliant romancer has described the miracles performed by Home en route and before the Czar. One night one of the Czar's aide-de-camp came to the house of the medium and said: "The Czar wishes to see you and be present at a seance given by you." We may remark, en passant, that Home was terrified by spirits. Soon as he entered into communication with them he trembled like an aspen leaf, and never sought interviews except with his dearest friends who were in the spirit world. But the wish of an emperor is an order. He went to the palace and found Alexander II, the grand duke Constantine, and a third person.

All the doors were closed, the company was seated, when after a few minutes an unoccupied chair beside the Emperor was taken by a person to whom Alexander said: "You are the Emperor Nicholas." It was in reality the Emperor in his court costume, who said: "You have called me; I am here." After giving some advice to the Czar he disappeared as he had come. When the lamps were lighted Home was found, pale, with grating teeth and shivering limbs.

Home's faculties were so extraordinary that some scientists have consecrated years to their investigation. One, an English savant, says: "The people ask us: 'Do you believe or do you not believe?' We answer: We are chemists, we are physicians; our office is not 'to believe or not believe,' but simply to state whether such a phenomenon is or is not imaginary. Consequently we do not say that these phenomena are probable or not probable—we merely state that there are such phenomena. We establish the existence of a new force joined to the human organism, a force which may be called *force psychique*. Every man is more or less favored with this secret force, of variable intensity, capable of development, although the number of those possessing the extraordinary power of Daniel Douglass Home is very small."

August 3d, one and one-half inches of snow fell on Mount Washington, N. H., and the thermometer registered twenty-eight degrees—four below freezing.



# 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.

Thought is the lightning of the soul.

Great thoughts spring from the heart.

Love has no age; it is always in birth.—*Pascal.*

The heart has no wrinkles.—*Mme. de Sevigne.*

A delicate thought is a flower of the mind.—*Rollin.*

Our faith is but a sleep and a forgetting.—*Wordsworth.*

Every man is entitled to be valued at his best moments.

If you believe in evil, you have done evil.—*A. de Musset.*

Life is a combat, of which the palm is in heaven.—*Delariviere.*

Woman is the sweetest present that God has given to man.—*Guyard.*

The energies of the soul slumber in the vague reveries of hope.—*Mme. Guizot.*

As caloric is to matter, so is love to mind; so it enlarges, and so it improves.

Blest are they whose sorrow rather is to suffer wrong than to do wrong.—*Wordsworth.*

'Tis a thing impossible to frame conception equal to the soul's desire.—*Ella Wheeler.*

A wise chief may give words, but he keeps his thoughts to himself.—*Te Ranparaha.*

To forgive a fault in another is more sublime than to be faultless one's self.—*George Sand.*

My thoughts are my own possession; my acts may be limited by my country's laws.—*G. Foster.*

As a good tree produces good fruit, even so does a virtuous soul produce pure thoughts.—*Aphra Behn.*

Women are never stronger than when they arm themselves with their weakness.—*Mme. Du Deffand.*

How few friendships would be lasting if we knew what our best friends say of us in our absence.—*Pascal.*

There is comfort in the strength of love, which makes a thing endurable, which else would break the heart.

The visions of good men are good; it is the undisciplined will that is whipped with bad thoughts and bad fortunes.—*Emerson.*

The future of society is in the hands of the mothers. If the world was lost through woman, she alone can save it.—*De Beaufort.*

The human heart concerns us more than the pouring into microscopes, and is larger than can be measured by the pompous figures of the astronomers.—*Emerson.*

Make use of time while it is present with you; it depends upon your will, and not upon the number of days to have a sufficient length of life.—*Montaigne.*

## DRAFTS FROM MEMORY.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE (OR "SHADOWS.")

When Modern Spiritualism was about nine or ten years old, there was in this city (often called the Hub), many occurrences that are pleasant to remember and to bring before the eyes of a later generation. I do not know as I manifest too much local pride if I say this vicinity has always been a marked place for our "light" when it once got located here. At the period now in my mind, Dr. Gardner was the active managing man, and the spiritual meetings were then held in the old Melodeon, and under his direction, and they will always be remembered as very interesting occasions. I am now speaking of twenty-eight or twenty-nine years ago. Some of the old speakers there then are still workers to-day; many more are lost stars in the form, but whose souls are still marching on. In the words of the poet—

"And though the hills of death  
May hide the bright array,  
The marshalled brotherhood of souls  
Still keeps its upward way."

It was at the old Melodeon Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch (now Richmond), a light-haired young woman, seemingly about seventeen years of age, made her first appearance before the Spiritualists of this city. She was a wonder and a mystery. She was without education, yet astonished the scholars with her eloquence and her profound spiritual thought. Mrs. Middlebrook was also a favorite, and Mrs. Bebee. The latter used to read her profound discourses, which were written under influence, and came nearer Theodore Parker's strong thought than any other person I ever heard, but the advantage she had of that scholar was her discourses being silver-lined with our new light, which, as sensuous knowledge, was an improvement on the best of hope. Mr. Whiting, also, and many others who could be named, formed the galaxy of those days. I was then but newly born into Spiritualism, and it did seem to me as if I had been in the dark all my life and not to have discovered the "dawning light" before when it had been shining for almost a decade. The *Banner of Light* was flung to the breeze about this time (1857), and it has been waiving ever since, not at all dimmed by its almost three decades of active life, its venerable editor still "alive and kicking." In the days of which I am now speaking, the *Banner* was the "lone star" in our horizon; now it is only one of a constellation, and as I look at all the other "lights"—one in the South, one in the West, one on the Pacific coast, others in Iowa; some are called "Gates," some "Offerings," and some "Stars;"—but they all give light, however designated, and are making the world's night luminous with their rays, and as a whole are a credit to the cause. But it is not my purpose to speak of newspapers, new or old, or like "Old Mortality," to retouch the names of living or departed human lights, who figured on the platform of the old Melodeon. I had been reading the letters the veteran, Allen Putnam, had received from "over the river," which, by calling up the memorable incident of the Harvard College investigation, I seemed to see some of the same old faces as I remembered them in the long ago, and they may have influenced me to write a word or two; this, however, may be only imagination, but who knows where imagination leaves off and influence begins? But to a spiritualistic constituency, I trust I need no apology.

The presence of Professors Felton and Horsford at those Melodeon meetings for quite a season, added much to their interest. Mr. Felton afterwards became the President of that celebrated university, who, with many others, has now gone to the land "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Professor Felton was a man of commanding presence, cultivated and imposing. I think these distinguished people came with a "squelching" intention, and for the public good. I think the large and respectable meetings they found gathered there rather surprised them, and the addresses of the *ignorami* on the platform surprised them still more by their marked ability, as there were no *alumni* among

them. It was a new thing then for a subject to be given by the audience, and was more of a sensation then than now. Several times the Professors gave the subject, and the ability with which it was treated by the male or female speaker who delivered the address, was somewhat perplexing to them. They evidently thought their ignorance assumed; that the speakers really were gifted and cultivated, but for the sake of sensation and mystery, they called it trance or influence of the spirits.

Professor Felton's questions and comments that followed the address were often as interesting as any part of the service. I remember once how sincerely he complimented the youthful Mrs. Hatch by saying to her, after a fine address and able answers to his questions, even beyond his own ability under such circumstances, "Now, why don't you admit, which must be the case, that you are a cultivated, scholarly woman; that this address is your own intellectual work, and take your stand where you belong as one of the most gifted ladies in the land?" I remember her modest and evidently honest reply, which was this: "I would be glad to if I could, only it would not be true." We all know what Mrs. Richmond is to-day. This was twenty-eight years ago, and she not out of her teens; and it was in the morning of Spiritualism. It will be remembered by some that about this time N. P. Willis, the gifted poet and editor, said he claimed to be an expert in philology and knew the fitness of the proper words or language for special thoughts, and he said the language or phraseology of this lady's address was not only grammatically and eloquently correct, but shew an ability of selecting the proper words in a generic sense with which to clothe her ideas.

I remember on one of these occasions after there had been some interesting discussion (I do not think Mrs. Hatch had, on that occasion, occupied the platform), Prof. Felton said he had a word to say on another matter, and he held a *Banner of Light* in his hand (this now old paper was then about a year old), and said, "Here is a paper that prints messages from the dead. Can you conceive of any thing more wounding and disrespectful to the feelings of the living, who are in grief, than to have such letters printed? It is actually atrocious." He spoke of the silence and the sacredness of the grave, and of the propriety of treading lightly on the ashes of the dead, and said he: "I beg of you all, for you seem to be a body of well disposed people, not to allow or to countenance such a wicked practice." He seemed to talk as though it was a sensational fraud and ought to be at once stopped. The Professor then with considerable emotion read the letter that claimed to have come from the late John E. Thayer, one of the millionaires of this city. The letter was not a happy one, but it appeared to this writer who knew him well as very fitting. The Professor spoke of him "as this good man whose whole life was a chapter of charities," and appealed to that large audience not to countenance or approve of such wicked and untrue inflictions.

I remember of making there my maiden speech, for it was the first time I opened my mouth publicly since I was a young man and a member of the Baptist church. As this distinguished Greek scholar sat down, I arose and said I knew nothing of the reliability of those printed letters (I was not then acquainted with Fanny Conant, one of the best mediums that ever lived, and who so long filled the position of the "Message Department" of the *Banner*), I said I knew nothing of the reliability of those *post mortem* communications, but I had known the departed gentleman as banker and broker all my adult life, and the letter that has just been read, purporting to have come from him, was so true and fitting to his case, and his present dark condition so reasonable under the circumstances, that there is internal evidence of its authenticity. I said I wanted "to tread lightly on the ashes of the dead," but principles before men always. "Whose whole life had been a chapter of charities," as the Professor said, will be a surprise on State street, where he has been a prominent actor for a score or two of years! I was earnest and almost scared when I got through, and wondered how I dared to say it, but I could not help it. I was very much applauded, and he turned to a well known man by his side, so the man afterwards told me, and

said, "Who is that young man?" As I was in no way distinguished and in no sense an authority, so instead of saying, Mr. Wetherbee, the man said to the non-plussed Professor, "You can believe every word he says." I don't think my subsequent life has fully sustained that reputation, but I have endeavored to be honest and wise; but I thank the man, nevertheless. The Professor had nothing further to say, and the messages still flow in, in spite of Harvard College.

On another occasion and not long afterwards the lecturer was Mr. Whiting, a popular speaker in those days long since passed over to the Summer Land. On this occasion Prof. Felton had given a subject which was treated in a very able and satisfactory manner, and questions at the close were asked and answered, and some direct personal ones also, and the professor quoted many classical names that were similarly gifted, including, probably, by inadvertance, the name of Socrates. "These men," said he, "never attributed their efforts to the gods; they took the responsibility and have the credit. But now you claim to be under the influence of departed scholars, dead people." If my memory does not fail me, Mr. Whiting, the lecturer, got a little mixed, where the professor was at home, in a quotation from some Greek poet. I only mention it for the sake of the point; I can not recall the exact circumstance. The professor had the lecturer at a disadvantage. A man arose by the name of Sennot, a well-known lawyer in those days, as the future President of Harvard College was having it all his own way, or as soon as there was a pause, and asked the professor to refresh his recollection about Socrates, and he would find it eminently true that the ancient worthies, particularly Socrates, did give credit to intelligences wiser than themselves, and then quoted where that philosopher gave credit to his daemon, that is spirit, to whom he ever looked for guidance and for aid. I need not go farther into the details of this discussion. The professor, like Homer, had nodded, and had quoted a distinguished name to prove the fallacy of the claim made by the speaker and others of being mediums, for the wisdom of the spirits and the very name Socrates that he quoted was remarkable for having been all his life under the guiding influence of a daemon, which means a spirit.

This was the last appearance of the professors at those meetings. They had made no headway in killing the "delusion," had discovered no fraud, had often to admit the ability of the speakers on this platform. I do not say Mr. Felton retired because he had thus slipped; unquestionably it was thoughtlessness, but he or rather they were no match for these uncultivated or uneducated people; but these savans, I suppose, thought the rabble of Spiritualism ought not to have known enough to have picked up their errors that they carelessly uttered. It was not long after this time that the Harvard investigation, so called, took place in the Albion, and which was never reported though promised. They did not dare to call it a delusion; they were too prejudiced to admit possible facts. Of course we do not know whether the letters to Allen Putnam printed in a late *Banner of Light* are from those now wiser individuals; but I see no reason to doubt it. I am sure they came from a spirit source and not a mortal one, and I am equally sure that if I were to write upon that subject it would be in harmony with those letters.

BOSTON, August, 1886.

LET no man extend his thoughts or let his hopes wander toward future and far-distant events and accidental contingencies. This day is mine and yours, but ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For he that by a present and a constant holiness secures the present, and makes it useful to his noblest purposes, he turns his condition to his best advantage.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

A RAILROAD official who, for twenty-five years, has kept a record of accidents at railroad crossings in this country, states that of thirty cases where accidents have proved fatal, in twenty-two the parties driving the teams run into were under the influence of liquor at the time of the accident.

IT is worthy of note that of the 6,000 Jews in New York, not one of them keeps a grogshop.—*Messiah's Herald.*

## The Spirit Raps.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Noticing a question asked in the last issue of the GOLDEN GATE in regard to spirit raps, perhaps it would not be out of place to give my individual ideas concerning this phenomena, and if others will do the same a better idea can be formed of the true method of procedure of spirits who, doubtless, are the workers of this very widely known fact; the material used, we should say, is magnetic aura, which is the electric fluid permeating every human body. The brain acting as a battery to produce sufficient force to send this agent to all parts of the body, and even away from the body in case of the magnetizer, who in many cases produces the mesmeric sleep in a subject without coming in direct contact with the subject, simply by sending out a force of electric fluid from the brain battery and overpowering the weaker, and I think the coarser magnetism. This invisible agent can be made use of to produce sound, and in the coarser form produces a clap of thunder which corresponds to a rap by refined electric fluid, and I think is made by the same method, namely, concussion with a resisting substance. The resisting substance may be a table, and when the rapidly moving fluid comes in contact with the fibers of wood a sudden clap or rap is heard. This battery being controlled by the spirit guide, the aura is sent out by superior thought force and regulated to produce sounds with intermissions as a telegraph operator can regulate the electric fluid passing from the machine under his control.

If this is deemed worthy of print with corrections, etc., I will be pleased to see it in the GOLDEN GATE, hoping others may consider it a question of sufficient importance to devote an occasional column to its general understanding.

Yours fraternally,

W. S. HASKELL.

OAKLAND, Cal., Aug. 14, 1886.

THE COLOSSAL SIN.—Whoever carefully reads the fifth chapter of Isaiah will be fully convinced that the colossal sin of the ages has not materially changed as the years roll by. The picture which Isaiah gives us shows that drunkenness wrought the same results twenty-five hundred years ago as to-day, wrecking both the high and the low, corrupting both social and public life, ruining both the ruler and the ruled. If the old prophet were to revisit the earth and were to pass through Boston, New York or Chicago, we apprehend he would feel inspired to repeat his anathema: "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflames them;" and he might well add: "Therefore my people are gone into captivity." This vice proved the ruin of God's ancient people, and it will prove our ruin likewise unless soon recognizing its true character we put our foot upon it and exterminate it.—*Domestic Journal.*

NO MONEY IN IT.—The Woman's Journal tells of a little Boston boy, who, questioned when on his way to sweep office floors and build fires before the stars went out in the sky, said:

"My mother gets me up, builds the fire, and gets my breakfast, and sends me off. Then she gets my brother up, and gets his breakfast and sends him off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast and sends them to school, and then she and the baby have their breakfast."

"How old is the baby?" I asked.

"Oh, she's most two; but she can talk and walk as well as the rest of us."

"And are you well paid?"

"I get two dollars a week, and my father gets two dollars a day."

"How much does your mother get?"

With a bewildered look, he said: "Mother? Why, she don't work for anybody."

"I thought she worked for all of you."

"Oh, yes, for us she does; but there ain't any money in it."

Time sheds a softness on remote objects or events, as local distance imparts to the landscape a smoothness and mellowness which disappear on a nearer approach.—*W. B. Chulow.*



[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## A Voice from the Planet Celestia.

[Given through the Sun Angels Order of Light.]

From the sister planet Celestia, through the intercessions of the Wisdom Spirits of this planet, a delegation of far-seeing dwellers have, in great willingness of heart, sought the higher spirit spheres of this planet. In this move there is great purpose, great wisdom, which the future will unfold. With the willing volunteers and workers came I, Elnorine, with my soul-mate Elnore. Unto me it has been given to tell in written words the object of our coming, as well as to throw some light on the condition of the planet known by the dwellers of your land as Celestia. Spirit Saidie brings me to the order, and through its instrumentality I send greetings, and turn to the work for the accomplishment for which I came.

Elnorine reads in the symbols, cast in earth's atmosphere, the unsealed and unrecorded fulfillments, reflected from the page of the planet's possibilities, that are in time to bestow a universal good; and she also sees that before these possibilities can speak peace to the land and its children that great wrongs must be righted, and to help right the wrongs is one great object of the delegation becoming dwellers for a time in not only the spirit realm of your planet but in the very midst of the children of the land. Where there is unity there is strength; let it be unity of physical force, or soul force, and in a body with unity of purpose, the higher spirits can, and at times must, for the good of the land, mingle with its most willful children. Transmitted power loses much of its force at times in passing to the recipient of the same, and the good that is needed is not attained; therefore must the wisdom spirits, when the necessity is great and imperative, tread unseen the paths of earth that lead through the very heart of its miseries.

The time has now come when in the roughest paths the wisdom spirits must stand that they may turn the tides toward the peaceful shores that the Unseen reveals not, and the greater the number the stronger the power. To add to both numbers and power do we come; for we, who have developed beyond the demands of self, look upon all children of the Father as our brothers and sisters, and with gladness of heart work to reveal unto them more beautiful paths, peace-crowned and restful, into which our hearts crave to lead them. We who seek thus to work know that when all the children of the universe have, through successive incarnations, developed beyond the supreme love and for self, there will be begun another grand universal cycle in and through which will be woven the still greater possibilities of each individualized existence.

I know this is looking far ahead, but the picture there seen is restful to eyes that have long looked valleyward. The tide-mark of progressive existence must be reached by all children of the entire universe before steps toward this universal cycle are taken, because it has to do with all worlds as well as with all spirits. Toward this cycle have we long looked with great hope in our hearts, yet we can glean therefrom until all have stood beneath the arch of love and wisdom. Thus all will be redeemed from the lesser good and crowned with fruits of the greater good.

Let no one confound the cycle of which I speak with what is termed the great cycle, for the cycle of which I make mention spans all times between the formation of worlds with the peopling of the same and their fulfillment as worlds and homes where the children of the Father battle for their angelhood. Still afar off lies the fulfillment towards which we put forth our efforts; yet we weary not, knowing all time is ours, and unfeeling is the power in which we trust.

This we gave when the cry from the planet reached us, and we shall tarry at our posts till the fulfillment for which we came is recorded. Our present field of labor will be found in the hedge rows that are planted by one class to enthrall another; barriers that a free people should never countenance must be broken down. A country that knows no crown should know no serfs. Great changes must and will be wrought between the two extremes known as capitalists and the half-paid workers that form the avenues through which flows the glittering gold to the already-filled purses and pocket.

Here lies the great evil of the land we have come to help rescue. Are there those who judge it impossible for us to mingle in the vortex of opposition created by the two powers? They judge but poorly of our possibilities. It is true the higher spirits, as a rule, never singly or in groups approach scenes of conflict, being repelled by the inharmonious created; yet there are times when it is not only possible but actually needful for them to face the furies, and, with their soul force, right the wrongs that can be no longer borne. And when such time comes it is possible for the hosts of the higher heavens to come earthward with a power that must turn the scales. There is a great out-reaching of wills that are masterful when nothing can withhold those whose wills and whose labor are to enslave justice; where self-love and unholy ambition have reigned.

Then let it be understood that from this time there will be present on the material plane of this planet a revolutionizing power that will not be withdrawn until right takes the place of might. Where the unholy tread will also stand the unseen seekers and dispensers of justice, and

they who can not be turned through the appealing power of their own resurrected consciences will be forced to roam in the unseen borders of another land, where payments are never made in the earth's gold.

Peace, with plenty for all, waits to smile on this land; and when the great wrong that leaves unfed and unclothed multitudes of the Father's children is canceled from the calculations of the unjust there will dawn a day unmarred by much that now exists—a day somewhat akin to the peace reign that is known on my own home planet. Not all who seek the world's gold are as evil at heart as in the seeming; these can be turned by the angel hosts that see where lies the final victory, but not until some who are the instigators of the existing wrong have taken passage on the outbound ships that return not to the shores of the seen. The time will come when many who now hold vast possessions will loathe the gold that in its acquirements has robbed them of a greater good.

To the members of the order under the guidance of Saidie, Wisdom, mother of this planet, we extend words of encouragement and bid them walk hand in hand with the holy guides, especially commissioned to be their helpers, as in so doing greater power is born in the earth's atmosphere, which will be a source of peace and assistance to the workers. Sleep not at your posts, for the realities of the present and future will admit of no day dreaming. If you long to see your home planet redeemed from the curse of "injustice" give your full sympathies to those who have come to the rescue, who will prove themselves not myths, but actual living, laboring existencies. In contrasting this planet with Celestia, I am led to speak, though not minutely, of the land from which I came.

It is true I have for ages dwelt in the spirit realms of my home planet, yet have watched the progressive steps of children battling for the greater good that in time must come to all. I have noted all improvements and have recorded the same in my spirit home, as that was the mission I fulfilled to the land I loved. The present record shows a planetary unfoldment that outmeasures the possibilities of the devastating cyclones that now breathe destruction and desolation on your shores. The atmosphere surrounding the home planet I have watched is so pure that far greater light reaches the surface of the same than you on this planet are conscious of; and when I say it is peace-crowned I mean that the inharmonious results attendant upon undeveloped conditions that have to do with both worlds and the children of the same are among the things that cease and can no more be recalled. The contrast between that planet and this in all points is like the contrast between gray dawn and a full-born day.

There is in all planets an equal unfoldment of children, and the elements from which are evolved the material robes through which they mark their progression; this is a planetary law to which there are no exceptions. In Celestia the law that is the governing power among all the children of the land, is the result of the harmonious oneness existing between the planet and its inhabitants, and is centered in all hearts; thus all are law-makers and law-abiders, thereby making crime unknown, while intemperance in all things long ago furling its banner and became extinct, leaving no power to resurrect in any future epoch.

On Celestia, as on this planet, there is the same gathering together of dwellings that here take the name of cities, with this exception: the number of inhabitants and homes in these gatherings are many times less than here. There, as here, the people are supported by their own industry, yet no select few pocket the earnings of the masses; the city laws exact of each the result of a certain number of labor-filled hours. After the accomplishment of this hand or brain tax, the time is theirs to use as they most desire. Some devote the hours that are untaxed to beautifying their homes, some to intellectual researches, some to the painting of rare pictures from nature, where valleys and hills dwell lovingly together. All are correspondingly free, all are correspondingly laborious. None are exempt until advanced age, as you would term it, superannuates them, when they continue to be the recipients of just as much from the general deposits as when they deposited their tax. Thus it will be seen that poverty and want are unknown. The public buildings are erected from the general fund, consequently are owned by all. In all cities will be found buildings devoted exclusively to reading and conversing; these consist of many rooms, all of which are finished with restful seats and small tables, whereon are always to be seen vases containing flowers, brought as offerings by those who find the thought-food they desire.

Other buildings there are devoted to the advancement of all who desire to acquaint themselves with wisdom of those who have thought deeply, and have received much from spirit messengers, who find it not difficult to transmit the wisdom of the spheres. Phrenology, as a science, is perfected in Celestia, therefore all may, and do, find their special adaptation, and, following the same, reap success. On your planet there is much time and good lost by people doing everything but the right thing, while standing about and doing nothing, because in the bustle of other people's doings they are so confounded that they never find their base. All this might be righted by a thorough

understanding and acceptance of phrenology. On my home planet, mechanism, architecture and mathematics have recorded great advancement, and are still being thought and talked of. Home life there is sweet and peaceful as a poet's heaven, contention being unknown. The love of the beautiful is born in all hearts, consequently there is no home without its special, as well as general points of attraction.

The cities have not the compactness that is known on your planet, there being attached to each home sufficient land for a garden of blooms, while all streets are bordered by trees bearing fruit, which is free to all. Nearly all home gardens have their bower of blooming vines that yield an abundance of juicy fruit that is both food and drink. The food of the inhabitants is principally of fruit and grains, to which certain seasons of the year is added a peculiar shell-fish. The soil of the planet is light in color and yields abundant harvests. There is observable no dark tints on the entire planet; black has never been seen by any of the inhabitants. All the home clothing is white, or nearly so, even to the coverings for the feet. A soft, silky lace is much worn, and great taste is displayed in the exquisite draperies formed therefrom. Cleanliness is universal, while honesty, integrity and truthfulness are never questioned. There is one point worthy of note, and that is the harmony existing between the inhabitants and the lesser animals dependant on, and serviceable to, them in many ways; all seem willing to obey the voice of man, and all are treated with special care. There is a great similarity between Celestia and the third sphere of your spirit land, where there is great peace, and the purity of the inhabitants is told even in their white robes.

The dwellers of all planets record the spiritual unfoldment by the robes they wear. In Celestia the darkest robes worn are of a grayish tint, and are worn only during the hours of labor, and even those are arranged with unequalled taste, showing the artistic development of the harmonious people. The rivers and large bodies of water are not unacquainted with boats that tell of friendly dealings with other countries. Celestia has for a long time been of the greatest service to other planets, by becoming foster mother to very many who sought these avenues of incarnation, that they might bear back to their own planets the fruits of greater unfoldment. In this one direction she is now fulfilling a great mission. I find here those who have trod the peaceful paths of my own home planet, and they have returned as peacemakers, and helpers to the land they should love; to them I extend tenderest greetings. I have touched on but few points because I am necessarily limited at present, but the future holds unfulfilled hours, when with the many others who now wait to record their unfeeling love and willingness to labor, may be given further lines of thought by

ELNORINE.

P. S.—At a seance held April 18th in Mexico, by Mrs. Anna Daniels, medium, a tall and beautiful female spirit came, in materialized form, dressed in robes of fleecy whiteness, and gave her name as Elnorine, and said she was from the planet Celestia, and with many others she had come to the land she loved and had watched from her love-lit home through the past ages; said she had come for a purpose. She made an appointment to write, the above is the fulfillment.

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

OSWEGO, New York, 1886.

## Preparatory School of Spiritualism.

[G. H. Romaine in Cincinnati Enquirer.]

An intelligent correspondent labors with us to show the inconsistencies of modern creeds, and contends that the proper gravitation point of Spiritualism is opposition to Christianity. The gravitation point of a positive truth can not be in negation, and organized opposition to Christianity would be the most sublime folly. Why oppose anything which performs a good work, however imperfectly it may be done? Christianity is largely the preparatory school of Spiritualism, and it is certain that thousands of good Christians have been transformed into excellent Spiritualists. To make this change it is not necessary for man or woman to renounce religious belief, for Christ and John and Paul were among the best spiritual mediums that ever lived, and the religion, which fully recognizes them must be essentially Spiritualistic, provided it is true to its best teachings. No evidence of the truth of Spiritualism equal to that recorded in the New Testament Scripture can possibly address itself to the Christian mind unacquainted with modern Spiritualistic phenomena. The doctrines of Jesus are sublime truths; the Christ-principle is the embodiment of love and good-will to humanity.

These, by whatsoever name they may be called, can not be safely discarded. Both Christian and Spiritualist bring evidence of the life beyond, and paint the joys of immortality in terms which do not necessarily disagree. Their ideals of mercy, purity, humility, long-suffering and self-denial are the same, and their hopes of eternal life seem equally well founded. No; we have no quarrel with Christianity. Divorce it from the rash interpolations of human ignorance, folly and superstition, and it will be found good enough for anybody.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Uniformity of Religious Belief Inconsistent with Progress.

Ecclesiastical Christianity was established and has always been maintained upon the assumption that it is competent to mould and fashion the minds of the people so as to secure an entire uniformity of belief upon certain specified dogmas, and that the failure to so believe is a mortal sin. It has also been claimed by the Latin, Greek and Protestant churches that they were not only deputed by Deity to formulate certain given propositions embracing His law and purposes, but to enforce an undeviating belief in and obedience of such enumerated creeds by every available means, including the maintenance of bloody wars.

It is safe to say that the efforts of every character that have been made during the last eighteen hundred years to secure such uniformity of belief have caused the effusion of more innocent blood than all other causes combined. The long, cruel and sanguinary wars that were waged for the establishment of the Christian faith, from the third until the sixteenth century, through which the learning of antiquity was almost extinguished, is an apt illustration of the position we assume. Indeed it is not necessary to have recourse to the historic records of the dark ages to exhibit the baneful fruits that will always be produced by a tyrannical enforcement upon the people of any system of religious faith, for even in our own free country and in this enlightened generation the evangelical churches furnish abundant evidences of the numberless wrongs that flow from that stern, oppressive and bigoted purpose and policy that demands and compels the minds of the people to blindly and without question accept dogmatic creeds as the word and will of God.

It is needless to say that it is not only impracticable but unphilosophical for an enlightened and uniform belief of any system of formulated views of any religion to be secured from cultivated classes, for it is evident that all minds are dissimilar, rendering it impossible for different minds to entertain the same measure of knowledge so as to be held responsible for the same conception and belief of any given proposition. Diversity is a law that is co-extensive with the universe, pervading as it does both mind and matter. Mind being a reflective intelligence from organized matter, the reflected power being measured by the physical organism that reflects it, which is in a geometrical ratio from the lowest sentient being to the best organized and most cultivated human, for the most casual observation exhibits the fact that all intelligence is of the same character whether incarnated in the animal or human, differing only in volume and extent as one organism differs from another. These basic truths were not comprehended in the age that formulated the Christian faith, nor has the clergy permitted at any time an impartial investigation of the functions, qualities and general attributes of the mental faculties, for the few who have so long dominated over the minds and consciences of the many have well known that an impartial education creating distinct individualities would render uniformity of faith impossible.

From this standpoint we can see why the clergy of all denominations are so anxious to maintain control of our public schools and higher institutions of learning. They well know that the minds must be warped, and, in a measure, chained, so as to control and subject them to their priestly uses. While it is true that the intellectual faculties of the people of an entire nation may be so debased by such unnatural culture as to render religious ideas, and even beliefs hereditary, yet the emissaries of bigotry are ever upon the alert and will not willingly permit the unbiased education of the most humble of those who have for centuries been by them subdued to the uses of despotism and superstition.

It is evident that the domination of the European nations by ecclesiasticism for so many centuries has retarded the natural development of the intellectual faculties, and to such an extent as to check and preclude the progressive enlightenment of the masses. This is seen in the fact that in those governments where uniformity of faith and belief is in force that inventive genius scarcely has an existence, while in our own country, as well as in other nations where impartial education is to some extent permitted, a magnificent line of varied inventions, which has revolutionized our methods of labor and progress, are the exclusive fruits of our gradual departure from the government and control of religious tyranny.

It will not be questioned by an impartial thinker that the free school system has been in the past the chief factor in the production of those numberless inventions which so peculiarly distinguishes our government. Our material and intellectual greatness has not only been secured without the assistance of the clergy, but in many instances in spite of their opposition. The leaders of all of our Christian systems have well understood the untenable and unphilosophical basis upon which the whole superstructure of evangelical Christianity rests, and have fully recognized the necessity of preventing the dissemination of scientific knowledge among the people. They have well known that the Mosaic account of creation included the fall of man, the flood, the re-peopling of the earth, the establishment of the "chosen people," the special atonement, the plan

of salvation, a burning hell and a local heaven, could not be accepted by a people possessing correct scientific learning.

Is it not a notable fact that the advent of Spiritualism occurred about the beginning of that period that ushered in those wonderful inventions in every department of life which give an impetus to that unparalleled progress in liberty, culture and material wealth, the fruits of which are now so visible throughout our nation, for as the free schools of the country had laid the foundation for independent thought, an era in the progress of evolution had been reached rendering it possible for angel messengers to supplement an educational development. Indeed, from the time of the advent by tiny raps of the heralds of the Summer Land at Hydesville until the present time a continuous shower of inventions and discoveries has made this the most remarkable period in the world's history. Must we not conclude that the world can only advance in liberty, enlightenment and general prosperity in the ratio that religious creeds are discarded, and that we can only reach a grand and world-wide progressive civilization after all of those bigoted instrumentalities that have enforced a uniformity of religious belief have been overthrown.

MARY L. MCGINDLEY.

MANDAN, Dakota.

## Daniel D. Home.

[Paris correspondence of Chicago Times.]

There has just died in Paris Daniel Douglas Home, one of the most famous scientific Spiritualists the world has ever known. Whatever may be our ideas about Spiritualism, we can not deny that Home possessed an inexplicable talent, which has puzzled wise men both in Europe and America. He was born in Scotland, and at the age of three years saw a little cousin die at the distance of thirty miles. He talked continually with invisible beings, and his toys always came to him when called. When nine years old he was taken to America, and there his relatives thought him possessed of a devil. Premonitory symptoms of consumption sent him to Florence, and there he was considered a sorcerer. A Polish nobleman saved him from the fury of the people and took him to Naples. In 1865 he gave a number of seances at the Tuilleries, but never wished the presence of the Empress. Once only he consented that she should join the company, and then he asked what she desired.

"I wish," said she, "that the spirit bring me the third volume from the third shelf of my *etagere*."

Obedient to Home's order, the spirit took the book, which came itself to the lap of the Empress. Another time he brought out the hand and signature of Napoleon I. One evening the Emperor, who was a confirmed believer, invited several friends to a seance. Among these friends was the gentleman who related to me the following: The lamps were extinguished, and they saw an arm, then a hand. The hand seized a pencil and during several minutes, each of which seemed a century to the spectators, the pencil was heard running over the paper. The words that appeared to Belshazzar, "Mene, mene, Tekel-Upharsin," appeared for a moment to Napoleon III, when all was darkness. In Russia, Home's success was great. Thither he had gone with Alexander Dumas, pere, and the brilliant romancer has described the miracles performed by Home en route and before the Czar. One night one of the Czar's aids-camp came to the house of the medium and said: "The Czar wishes to see you and be present at a seance given by you." We may remark, en passant, that Home was terrified by spirits. Soon as he entered into communication with them he trembled like an aspen leaf, and never sought interviews except with his dearest friends who were in the spirit world. But the wish of an emperor is an order. He went to the palace and found Alexander II, the grand duke Constantine, and a third person.

All the doors were closed, the company was seated, when after a few minutes an unoccupied chair beside the Emperor was taken by a person to whom Alexander said: "You are the Emperor Nicholas." It was in reality the Emperor in his court costume, who said: "You have called me; I am here." After giving some advice to the Czar he disappeared as he had come. When the lamps were lighted Home was found, pale, with grating teeth and shivering limbs.

Home's faculties were so extraordinary that some scientists have consecrated years to their investigation. One, an English savant, says: "The people ask us: 'Do you believe or do you not believe?' We answer: We are chemists, we are physicians; our office is not 'to believe or not believe,' but simply to state whether such a phenomenon is or is not imaginary. Consequently we do not say that these phenomena are probable or not probable—we merely state that there are such phenomena. We establish the existence of a new force joined to the human organism, a force which may be called *force psychique*. Every man is more or less favored with this secret force, of variable intensity, capable of development, although the number of those possessing the extraordinary power of Daniel Douglass Home is very small."

August 3d, one and one-half inches of snow fell on Mount Washington, N. H., and the thermometer registered twenty-eight degrees—four below freezing.



[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Spirit Existence Demonstrated.

The fact of the receipt from the other side of death of comparatively long communications, letter by letter, word by word, sentence by sentence, clear cut, definite, individual and emphasized, of from one to two hundred words each week, by the aid of what are known as spirit raps, appearing from recent conversations with such well versed Spiritualists as Messrs. Owen and Colville, to be extremely exceptional, the writer, who, in company with a member of his own family, has, for nearly two years, been in the constant weekly receipt of such communications, feels it incumbent on him to make known, for the benefit of others, the facts of the matter, together with such ideas as he, assisted by these communications, has been able to arrive at, beginning the statement by a relation of the events that led up to the discovery of this new development of an old phenomena. The writer, born and educated a Christian, converted through a study of recent science to materialism, was re-converted a Spiritualist in the following manner:

One whom he loved more than his own soul—a pure, noble woman, graced with every charm of mind, manner and form, young, æsthetical, beautiful, and a free-thinker on religious matters—passed through the portals of death, following, to that "bourne from which no traveler e'er returns," their beautiful and only child. But the love that bound together this wife who was dead and the husband who lived to mourn, knew no death—grew stronger with him as the lonely months rolled by, until it dawned on him that the possibility of bare contentment in the absence of his dear ones was gone forever. In religion he found not even the visionary crumbs of a cold comfort. In despair he turned to science, and became a Materialist—believed the souls of his wife and child were destroyed by death, and that the sooner he died the sooner he would destroy the misery of living. But science could not assure him that even in suicide would he find the destruction he desired—could not assure him by other than negative evidence that his loved ones were dead. Since nothing in nature was known to be destroyed, change in form and appearance being the only discovered result of death or destruction, the real essence remaining unchanged, so far as human knowledge goes.

At last, as to the only resource which claims the power of giving definite scientific knowledge on the subject of the continuity of life after death, he turned to Spiritualism, being met at the outset through the public mediums he consulted with, by a combination of vagueness and fraud that very nearly, for him, disproved the claims of Spiritualism; but at last he did just what all his Spiritualist friends had told him to do in the first place, form a circle at home in his chamber, composed only of himself and a nephew. This relative was strictly orthodox in his views, and consented, against the wishes of his pastor, to sit "for development," as the only means by which he might prove the falsity of Spiritualism, which he deemed even worse than Materialism.

The little circle thus formed continued to sit two evenings a week, resting their hands on a small table, for many weeks, before the question was for them forever laid at rest. A peculiar something, which the nephew argued resulted from animal magnetism, which almost from the first was a sensation accompanying these lonely sittings, was a strange, thrilling sensation, resembling electricity or magnetism. This increased gradually from week to week in intensity, and then began to subside. But here began a phenomena which from the first admitted of no explanation save that given through itself later on; raps, quite independent of the minds or bodies of the sitters, were heard in various parts of the room. A system of signals was arranged by the uncle, but for several nights the raps continued to sound without apparent cause or reason, giving no evidence of intelligence; but this soon changed, and they sounded only in answer to the manifold questions of their hearers, or in indicating such letters of the alphabet, called slowly aloud, as they desired to use in the formation of words and sentences, claiming to be made in a natural manner by the still living wife whose body was laid at rest in the old churchyard.

They learned that to be a Spiritualist, and know what is comprehended by the word Spiritualism, is an art and a science; that like being a musician, an artist or a scientist, requires persistent application for a considerable length of time, and that one can no more buy for money the art and science of Spiritualism, than he can buy a knowledge of the art and the ability to execute a beautiful painting or brilliant musical composition. To do these things he must first develop something in his own mind; and just exactly what this something is, in all its ramifications, and down to the last ultimate in any direction, whether it pertains to the musical, artistic or so-called spiritualistic faculties, science has so far utterly failed to define.

Speech is a means of the embodiment of human ideas in words. The ability to speak so as to be heard and understood, depends on certain conditions which must be in harmony with the desire of the speaker. In the absence of these conditions human ingenuity has devised various other ways of communicating ideas, each

of which contains in the method of wording or form of presenting ideas, the individuality of the would-be speaker. This characteristic individuality, if strongly presented in speech, always attaches to any of the various methods of expressing thought, and is sufficient to prove identity. Raps, taking the place of other ideas, become merely a method of uttering thought, which, owing to the emphasis and modulation of the sounds, regulated by those producing them, become a means not to be despised by those to whom circumstances offer no better method.

A rap may be defined as wave motion in the air, produced by concussion, which vibrates against and in harmony with the organs of hearing of the listener. The method or means of their production does not matter. We do not yet know all about a rap of the knuckles on a table; what the real essence of the knuckles or table is, is still a mystery to science. The effect a rap produces on our senses is the only matter about which we need be concerned, and when it is not produced by knuckles on a table, or by any visible concussion of matter against matter, and when it signal to us, to one of our senses, from a mind known to be beyond death, recognized by the individuality of expression of ideas, gives the name of the producer and mentions events before unknown but afterwards verified; and when every statement made is found to be in harmony with all actual knowledge of nature and natural laws, and does this week after week and month after month, it would be strange, very strange, if a sorrowing, childless widow, found in it no reason why he should be glad in his heart that his wife and child were really living and waiting for him in the beautiful land they describe, lying over beyond the thick cloud bank called death, which forms its silvery lining, and which is never absent in the blackest cloud bank, whether of mist or of despair.

Such traces of the power of the dead to give to the living sensuous evidence of their continued existence as had been observed prior to what are known as the "Rochester rappings," had been usually so vague and indefinite, so rare and little understood, and had been observed by so few among so many that they never excited universal attention: it was supposed that all such evidence was supernatural, which among the better educated is another way of saying unnatural, or the effect of hallucination. The idea of these evidences being as natural and susceptible of scientific examination and proof as any other phenomenon was "something new under the sun."

The possibility of seeking and attaining scientific evidence of existence after death, suddenly proclaimed to be a fact in the middle of the nineteenth century for the first time was putting it rather strongly. The world should have been slowly educated up to it. The people who first voiced such ideas were set on with violence by an angry mob of people who called themselves Christians; so forgotten are the traditions of the contumely with which Christ's new ideas were received. Wherein do such Christians differ from those who spat on Christ because of his blasphemy? It was just the same as when, eighteen hundred and eighty-six years ago, they hanged the man who proclaimed, before all, that existing religion was a hypocritical farce. They crucified the man who brought tidings and proof of a continued existence after death. Only the strong arm of the law, of the glorious land we live in, saved the Fox sisters from a like fate with Jesus, at the hands of an orthodox infuriated mob. But millions of people came in time to believe in what Jesus had said. Finally they got into the way of believing everything it was said he said, and hired men to think up things he probably would have said if they hadn't hanged him. B.

"STOP MY PAPER."—An exchange says: "After you get on your ear and make up your mind to 'stop' your paper, to make the editor feel humiliated, just poke your finger in water and then pull it out and look for the hole. Then you will know how sadly you are missed. The man who thinks a paper can not survive without his support ought to go off and stay a while. When he comes back he will find that half his friends didn't know he was gone. The other half didn't care a cent, and the world at large hadn't kept any account of his movements whatever. You will find things you can not endorse in every paper. Even the Bible is rather plain and hits some hard licks. If you were to get mad and burn your Bible the hundreds of presses would still go on printing them, and it you were to stop your paper and call the editor all sorts of ugly names the paper will still be published. And what is more you will sneak around and borrow a copy of it every week from your neighbor. It would be much better to keep your vest pulled down and your subscription paid a year in advance."

Mix a handful of quicklime in four ounces of linseed oil, boil to a good thickness, then spread it on tin plates in the shade, and it will become very hard, but it may be easily dissolved over the fire as glue. A glue which will resist the action of water is made by boiling one pound of common glue in two quarts of skimmed milk.

The aggregate of the appropriations made by this Congress amounts to \$365,000,000, which is \$45,000,000 more than the appropriations made by the preceding Congress.

## "Teachings from the Spirit Side of Life."

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

I have received a small book bearing the above title, written, it is said, "by spirits that seek to help the fallen and to keep them from further error; and to give to the good courage to persevere to the end." The work was published in San Francisco in 1886, and copies are for sale at Cooper's, 746 Market street. Price, in pamphlet form, 30 cents. The name of the psychic or medium through whom the "Teachings" were given does not appear in its pages. I have carefully read the book and find in it much that is valuable and worthy of heed by Spiritualists and by all mankind. Portions of it seem addressed to Spiritualists more particularly, though all of it bears applicability to the wants of humanity in general. The "Teachings" as a whole may be classed as didactic, axiomatic, and apothegmatic; and many solid chunks of wisdom are contained therein. As indicative of its general character, some extracts therefrom are appended; the italics are mine,—inviting attention to sentiments embodying, in my opinion, pregnant truths.

"He who lives to discharge his duties to the world and to himself faithfully will live to follow this line in the spirit life. He should be of the same character on earth that he expects and wishes to be when he passes to the eternal life." "He is the power for good who is able to say, 'I can hold every passion in subjection.' He is foolish that lets his temper take the place his good judgment should,—the foremost place in his power. He is the one to avoid that lets his passion have full sway." "Let them [mortals] introduce into their daily lives the thought that life is very short in the earth-sphere, and that it is best to live so as to begin the new life with a clean soul." "He that persists in evil-doing deserves the scorn of the wise." "He may not be rich in this world's goods that has but one talent; but let him use it to make his power stronger to obtain the riches so much to be desired,—the riches of the soul." "He lives well that lives to do good. They who seek opportunities shall find them. The poorest can find time and place to be of use to another."

"He that lets the pleasant words be said through the lips will do well; but he that lets the truth be said does better. Let all that thus believe speak truthful words, and let them do so fearlessly, and to them shall be the praise then and forever." "He that fears to disturb the people will put the best he can do in the corners, and he will let others put themselves and their words into the center of the place, to be seen and believed,—if they are not shown to be unwise. Let the wise speak, to this end, that they may not be called to account for silence."

"Condemn the wrong, uphold the right. There is little good to be gained for that manner of disregarding evil called charity, for the sinner. Charity that does not discriminate between the wicked and good intention is folly, and folly is despicable. To let the wicked become the object for charity is to encourage evil. Many will gladly hide under that cloak, and still sin. Let it be seen that you scorn the wickedness, but do every possible thing to reform the wicked." "There is in the earth life so much deceit, that even the best motives are suspected. Let this deter none from good acts." "He is wise that loves to be in the thick of the fight for good." "To take by the hand the one who has done wrong, and to say, 'I am sorry for you, I suppose you could not help it,' is to keep the sinful still in their sins, and they do not strive as they should for the best. Charity for the sinner is too much taught. Charity is fault condoned in too many cases."

"See the words of those who believe in re-incarnation,—there is little in them to prove the truth of the theory. In the words of those who do not so believe, you see the proof of the impossibility of this theory. See the parents of children,—are they to be answerable for the conduct of a spirit foreign to themselves, that has chosen to take possession of the little body they caused to come into this life? If so, who can tell what nature this being may develop, and in what direction to train him? And do the efforts of the mother for the child's good before his birth count for nothing?" "Is it not seen the child has the characteristic of the ancestors; if this, then, proves the rule, shall any dare make an exception?" "To be re-incarnated would be to lose many years of time, as many years must be passed in the earth-life before the experience of the former life could be of avail. This would be folly, as one could so much faster progress in any direction in spirit life." "There is no power in any spirit to put the spirit out, to this end, that it may take possession of the body. This, some say, the spirit does, that has lived his earth-life in vain. The belief in this monstrous lie is the fashion to some who live in darkness. Believe it not. The spirit is something that grows as the body grows; it is a germ as the body is a germ, to be unfolded. As the spirit unfolds the body is unfolded. All may see the power the spirit has to do this. The body resembles its ancestors; so the soul in a like measure resembles its parentage."

Without endorsing its every individual utterance, a book containing so many wise and sensible thoughts as does this inspirational brochure I can cordially commend. Let us hope that the reception

accorded it may be such as to inspire its psychic author to the production of other still more helpful and valuable writings. PRESIDIO, San Francisco, Cal.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Our Earth Souls.

The soul, or that part of it which finds a temporary dwelling place in our fleshly bodies is sent for a special purpose. Our earthly life is only a school in which the soul receives a special education. Not all, perhaps, of its faculties are actively intelligent in the earth sphere. Many of them may be dormant yet and awaiting unfoldment in the future spheres of life. Many of them may already have been developed and are now enjoying an existence which leaves but a faint impression upon our earth life intelligence. We can realize actively only that arc of the circle of our soul which bisects the sphere of earth life.

To the store of knowledge which the soul must acquire, a knowledge of relative good and evil is necessary, and that knowledge can only be gained by an active and positive contact with the antithesised emotions of love and hate, of forgiveness and revenge, of generosity and avarice, of courage and cowardice, and so on through the whole list of contrasted good and evil which our earthly intelligence can comprehend.

Therefore if some be thieves, some murderers, some unchaste, some covetous, it is because of a bluntness of moral perception, an undeveloped arc of the soul's circle in that special direction in each separate individual which must be cultivated and enlightened as to the truth. Hence the necessity for some to drink the very dregs of sin in this life in order that, when they are called up higher, and out of the atmosphere of earthly emotions, they can view serenely the evil of their earthly experience, and then be enabled to understand fully the distinction between the good and evil which their individual earth lives have served to illustrate. No other method could so realizingly teach the soul the distinction between good and evil in the abstract. Wave upon wave of divine precept may have swept over the soul in vain. But let that soul indulge itself in personal contact with evil, and then be removed to a higher sphere of existence, and it will understand clearly and appreciate fully the object-lesson which its earth life has taught it.

Because one person indulges in crime that his fellow-mortals avoid, does it naturally follow that he is more wicked or devilish than they? I hold not, but rather that his soul needs more education and development than theirs. And that sinning soul, when finally called higher, and caused to see, through great suffering, the enormity of the evils it wrought on earth, will rejoice with exceeding great joy that the truth has come to it, even though suffering were necessary to quicken its perceptions sufficiently to enable it to understandingly know good from evil.

In the higher life into which we are to be called, we will be able to see in all their naked and hideous deformity the sins done in the body. This perception will be given us to enable us to comprehend the divine truths which our earth lives are intended to teach us. This process of soul-building is not, however, necessarily delayed until the soul has laid aside its mortal vestment. Wise are they who begin to reap the joys of a perfected soul while here on earth. The sufferings which it is our good fortune to endure here on earth at the retrospective view of our earthly sins and shortcomings are the soul-throes which indicate the struggle which is to raise us to a correct appreciation of infinite good.

A part of every human soul is divinely good, and, because so, divinely wise. Only that part of our spiritual nature which needs instruction has been so illuminated that we may look upon it with the eyes of our earthly intelligence. When we are intensely inspired and elevated here on earth we may, at times, hear our earth souls cry out to their twin selves in higher regions of existence, and may hear the faint sweet melody of the returning cry. In our purest and sweetest dreams, our earth soul is lifted up and united in a tender embrace to our heaven soul which lovingly broods over us and patiently awaits the time when our earth soul, having gained perfect happiness through perfect wisdom, shall be reunited to that part of us which has ever remained nearest to God.

This is why the fruit of the tree of repentance is so divinely sweet. Let us continually feed our earth-weary souls with that fruit in order to taste, while yet here on earth, the exquisite happiness which the re-union of our under-soul and over-soul will bring us. G. B. ROBERTSON.

YREKA, California.

HORACE GREELEY knew the distinction between society and politics. On one occasion he was addressing a crowd on the subject of the suffrage, and said, "If the right to vote were limited to men from whom I would be willing that my daughter should choose a husband, not one of you would vote."

Under the postal telegraph system in England—management by the Government—the number of messages sent annually has increased from 9,000,000 in 1870 to 34,000,000 in 1885.

## Agnostic-ism.

[Harvey L. Eads in Manifesto.]

Among all the isms that have been introduced into the world in the last five hundred years the Agnostic seems to be the most dangerous to the religious and spiritual life. The first article in the Agnostic's creed affirms the existence of an Eternal Energy from which all things proceed but it dares not to call it God. The second. All things occur according to law. The creed seems to be the invention of Prof. T. H. Huxley of England. Whatever he intended by its introduction I know not, but as it is used by his adherents and followers, it seems to be involved in a contradiction. It is made to mean both to know and not to know, that is, I know and don't know thus or so. They know things occur according to law, but do not know there is a law-maker, and go on building up the potentiality of matter with no aspiration above the mere animal life.

"Its Apostles can speak only of a full stomach, comfortable clothing, the cook shop, beer garden, etc.," and leave the world to fight for equal earthly enjoyments with no promise to a future bettering; and what does such existence mean? A weeping birth, a smitten child, a wayward youth, oppressed man, afflicted and sorrowing woman, and mourning death, and all is over. The sect is now publishing an Annual in defense of their doctrine, in which Huxley, the high Priest, thus defines it: "Agnosticism is of the essence of science. It simply means that a man shall not say he knows or believes that which he has no scientific grounds for professing to know or believe," thus placing all knowledge on intellectual ground, ignoring God and everything spiritual. He continues: "I have no doubt that scientific criticism will prove destructive to the forms of super-naturalism which enter into the constitution of existing religions."

This will certainly prove true with all religions that base any part of their structure on science which belongs not to the spiritual but to the material and intellectual plane of life. But continues the Priest, "There may be things not only in the heavens, but beyond the intelligent universe which are not dreamed of in our philosophy." There may be, but I am Agnostic, that is, I know I don't know it; thus contradictory stands the high Priest himself; because he knows it not, he will not believe any other person knows it being spiritually blind himself he can not believe any other person can see, "though a man declare it unto him." Thus the Agnostic makes himself easy and dozes and dreams his life away. He feels composed and smiles at our ignorance believing in spiritual realities that have no existence. Such ones pity our weakness and would gladly help us on to scientific ground. All this while they acknowledge they have nothing to look to or rest on but nature, themselves being the top around. So at last they rest on themselves, a forlorn hope, a broken stick, knowing if they know anything that they must soon perish and pass away as forest leaves.

All this confusion of thought, this incoherency and blindness come from the fact that they are materialists and that spiritual things are incognizable by the intellect; if they were, animals could see spiritual things; but they can not as "spiritual" things are spiritually discerned, not intellectually. Such ones may behold persons engaged in worship and smile at their folly and pity their weakness, without knowing what they are smiling at when the weakness, ignorance and folly are with themselves, though admitting there may be a power above to whom we should pay homage. Such a thing may be possible as a future existence, and there may be such a thing as a future accountability to the power that caused our existence here, but we don't know it, say they, and there may be such a thing as future rewards and punishments, but no one knows it, and all such are spiritually dead while they live and I would say with the Apostle: "Awake thou that sleepest and arise from the dead and Christ will give thee light."

Believe and obey, then ye shall know. "The blind shall see and the dead be made alive." Here the Agnostic will say, "How am I to know this? To which I would answer, 'By a change of base. I have shown yours to be untenable, looking and depending on something inferior to yourselves. You being an effect, look to the cause of your being, in prayer and supplication, then deliverance will come, then you can unite in the worship of that Power, not mechanically merely, but in spirit and in truth being quickened into spiritual life. Christ does not promise, by the aid of science, to quicken the intellectual man, but to quicken the spiritual man. When this is done, we are new creatures; 'old things will have passed away, all things become new, and all things of God.'"

TEMPERANCE WOMEN in the prohibition village of Marshalltown, Ia., watched the drug-store sales of liquors for a month, and ascertained that the six druggists sold 133 1/4 gallons of whisky, 2,197 bottles of beer, 81 gallons of alcohol, 6 gallons of brandy, 8 gallons of gin, 1 barrel of ale, and 5 gallons of wine. It wasn't a very sickly month either.

THE number of assessed acres in Santa Barbara county is 982,163.



## GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1886.

## THE HIGHER MEDIUMSHIP.

The gift of mediumship is desirable only as it is consecrated to pure and worthy uses. When it is perverted to selfish and unworthy ends, or made the channel for deceiving or intriguing spirits, then it becomes an abomination in the sight of men and angels. It is this kind of mediumship that works much mischief and inharmonious to the cause of Spiritualism.

The mediums who attract the purest and brightest intelligences, and who are always the most trustworthy and reliable, are those whose hearts are filled with kindness and good will for all, and especially for their fellow mediums—who never slander them, or say harsh things of them;—in short, they are the mediums who are on the plane of the Golden Rule—the Christ plane, whereon they can do no harm to others, by word or deed, but can see and encourage the good in all.

Jealousy, envy, and unkindness, are unbecoming any one, much more the holy instruments of the angel world—a world where love dominates all hearts, and all are the happy members of one great family. Hence it is painful to us to hear mediums speak unkindly or uncharitably of each other. All such, by an unflinching law of attraction, must necessarily draw around them mischievous spirits—spirits of evil and darkness—spirits on their own earthly plane, and to come in contact with which is fraught with danger to the unwary.

To the seeker after knowledge in spiritual things, through the gifts of mediumship, we would say, that whenever you hear a medium maligning a brother or sister medium,—calling them hard names, or underestimating their gifts, it is a good time for you to take your hat and leave. You should stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once. The spirits that they would invoke for you at such a time would be very apt to be of the kind our Adventist friend across the bay believes are the only kind that hold communion with mortals, viz.: spirits of devils.

But where mediums are on a high spiritual plane, with hearts brimming over with gentleness and good will; and where the investigator comes into the presence of such a medium with purity of purpose, and a holy aspiration for the truth, the windows of heaven will be opened for him, and his angels will commune with him as though face to face.

Mediums should cultivate those graces of character that would lift them above all that our metaphysical scientists would call "errors of the mortal mind." The best corrective of the objectionable features of public mediumship is the development of private mediumship; or, perhaps, what would be better still, the unfoldment of one's own spiritual nature to that extent wherein one's discernment of the spirit will supplement all desire for other mediumship.

There is no monopoly of spiritual gifts. All may not become Homes or Eglintons; but all may attain to that degree of development that will bring them into close sympathy and communion with their loved ones on the spirit side of life.

## UNWISE COUNSELLORS.

Some of our over-sensitive patriots are just now much concerned by the fine and imprisonment, for libel, of one A. K. Cutting, an American citizen, by the Mexican authorities of El Paso del Norte, and they are urging our Government to demand the instant release of the prisoner, or suffer the consequences of war "to the bitter end," etc.

Now, the facts in this case are briefly as follows: Cutting is the publisher of a paper in El Paso, Texas, directly across the river from the Mexican town of El Paso del Norte. His paper circulates in the latter place. In his said paper he published an outrageous libel of certain Mexican authorities. Happening across the river, shortly thereafter, he was arrested for libel and given the alternative of a fine and imprisonment, or retraction. He retracted(?) by making the libel ten times worse than the original. The Mexican authorities then, at the first opportunity, recaptured Mr. Cutting, and he is now enjoying his *otium cum digna* in a Mexican castle, where he is to remain for a year, and then pay a fine of \$600 or have two days more added to his imprisonment.

We do not see what there is in this to raise a row about. Surely, if the facts are as represented, Mr. Cutting has got no more than he deserves. He evidently needs this discipline to teach him that liberty of the press does not mean unbridled license.

## DOES NATURE MAKE MISTAKES?

We hear perpetually that Nature is kind—merciful—perfect—and all that kind of thing. Is the cyclone kind when it whirls through the country, smiting people to the dust—dashing their brains out—or tearing them limb from limb—or leaving them helpless cripples for life? Is famine merciful?—is the volcano?—the earthquake?—the tidal-wave?—the pestilence? Yet these are simple manifestations of the malignant thing, called Nature. Are the children perfect who are born idiots, or blind, or deformed? Yet Nature created them that way—this Nature that never makes a mistake, you know.—RECORD OF THE TIMES, YONKERS, N. Y.

In the contemplation of Nature there is one of three conclusions which we are compelled to accept: That this universe is dominated either by an omnipotent Spirit of Evil, or a spirit of Wisdom and Goodness; or else, that Nature is a blind aggregation of infinite chances and accidents.

There is too much method in the universe—too perfect an adaptation of myriads of things to myriads of other things—to warrant the latter conclusion. Accident never spangled the infinite spaces of ether with starry worlds—never painted the many-hued splendors of the rainbow, nor the fragrant glory of the lily or the rose. Chance never attuned the optic nerve to the wonderful vibrations of light, nor the ear to catch the thousand voices of the air. And thus we dismiss the latter conclusion, narrowing the subject down to the only two other alternatives.

Now man is an unfoldment of nature, the same as a star or a flower. Our experience with this planet teaches us most forcibly that Nature, in all of its manifestations, is ever moving forward from lower to higher conditions of unfoldment, man with the rest. Before we can fairly determine whether Nature does or does not make any mistakes, the human mind must be able to grasp both ends of eternity—trace man from atom to angel, and follow nature, through all of its devotional ways, from its first impulsion by Divine Thought, or from whatever source it came, to its infinite outcome of varied and perfected form and unfoldment. There can be no mistake in the plan or process that ends in, or leads to, perfection.

Before finite man can wisely condemn an infinite system, of which he is a part, as a failure in any of its details, he must wait until the evidence is all in—he must see and understand fully what Nature is seeking to accomplish, and know to a certainty whether her efforts, at last, are failures or successes. It is the success of any enterprise that determines the wisdom of the plan or process thereof.

That there is a seeming cruelty in the cyclone that lays waste the habitations of men, and "the pestilence that walketh in darkness" can not be denied. But are not these elements of destruction and death, as well as all other inharmonious and hurtful things in Nature, the very things needed to spur man forward in the path of intellectual research and discovery, whereby he may be able to attain to that godlike stature of mind that will eventually enable him to overcome and master all of these seeming evils?

Suppose there were no such "mistakes" in Nature as those noted in the foregoing extracts; suppose man was released from all hurtful environments—from all necessity for ceaseless vigilance and skill to protect himself from the harmful consequences of apparently unfriendly elements—what sort of a man would he be? How would he profit by the experiences of a life of such aimless inertness and endeavor as such a life would necessarily be? Nothing to try his moral nerve, or stimulate his mental faculties; to all intents and purposes he might as well be a jelly fish, or a senseless mollusk.

To accept the idea that Nature is at war with man—is his enemy in any sense—would be as unjust as it would be to consider the parent an enemy to the child because he gives him hard lessons to learn, and spurs him on, by tasks not always pleasant, to his ultimate good. That this earth life and experience is for a good purpose is apparent to any one who accepts it as such and profits thereby. The child may not see the wisdom of the restraining or guiding hand of earlier years; but it is all clear to him in his maturer years.

We all need to broaden our vision of Nature and her works; and this can be done only by ascending to greater heights of spiritual perception. From the mountain top we look down upon the clouds hovering over the valley. What are ignorance and doubt but clouds that will eventually melt away in the sunlight of our higher natures?

**GOLDEN GATE PARK.**—We imagine that but comparatively few of our citizens know aught of the marvelous attractions of our Golden Gate Park; certainly not if they have not seen the place lately with its beautiful floral decorations, prepared for our Grand Army visitors. Standing upon the elevation to the left of the Conservatory, where the eye can take in the little valley with its drives, carriage plateaus, expanse of green slopes, beautiful shrubbery and wonderful display of flowers, and the picture is one of surpassing loveliness. In its beautiful entirety, we doubt if there is anything that can equal it on the globe. If it could be painted as it really appears, those who have not seen the reality would naturally regard it as an imaginary picture of Paradise—as something far too beautiful for earth. Not many years ago those grounds were barren dunes of drifting sand, typical of the undevel-

oped human spirit; skill and industry have converted them into an Eden of loveliness, typical of the nature of man, spiritualized and unfolded into the angel. Go out there, dear reader, some sunny day and worship God in the adoration of his works.

## COVERED BY THE RUM POWER.

Knowing, as every intelligent citizen does, that the promiscuous sale of, and indulgence in, intoxicating drink is the over-shadowing curse of the people—that it is the bane of social life and the moral blight of the race, and has been through all the ages; yet, in this free country, where the people are supposed to be sovereign, they have not the moral stamina to rise up in their might and place their heel upon the head of this monster.

Neither of the great political parties dare to offend the whisky-dealing element by nominating for any prominent office any pronounced advocate of temperance, no matter how well qualified he may be. He must be non-committal on this vital question, or else a truckling tool of the rum power.

And so Republicans and Democrats alike stand covered in the presence of this foe to labor, to morality, to all humanity. They both bow down and render homage to the foul thing they despise, and thus sacrifice their manhood on the altar of shameful policy.

There is no sense or justice in compelling the gambler to ply his vocation, if at all, in hidden places; or in placing the inhibition of the law upon the opium joint; or in driving from the public gaze the vile traffic in shame, while the open whisky den is left at every turn to entice the feet of our young men in the path to ruin.

There have been times when great questions of national policy—questions affecting the stability of government—may have justified good citizens in ignoring all lesser questions,—as in the dark days that are now happily no more. But those times are past, and there is no issue before the people to-day, dividing the two great national parties, of greater importance than that of a struggle for the paltry spoils of office. Hence, the time has come when good men of all parties can and should come out from under the party yoke and stand shoulder to shoulder in their efforts to place the whisky traffic—the father of all vices—under the ban, and consign it to the uses and places where it properly belongs.

**FUTURE PEACE.**—Nothing so plainly indicates a time when there will be no more wars upon our planet, as does the perfection that modern engines of destruction are attaining. The long warfare of the past were due solely to the imperfect weapons with which the armies fought. German papers give an account of some wonderful experiments lately made at Berlin, with a new kind of shell, charged with rolls of gun cotton. It is stated that no kind of defensive works, however strong, are capable of resisting the power of this new and deadly projectile. When it comes to arbitration or annihilation, it is pretty certain that wars of the future will arise from graver causes than they have in the past. Nations will then fight for principle, as did the Federal army of our great Rebellion. Contentions for territory, unless with an inferior people, will cease. Countries will not so often find themselves insulted as now, but on the contrary find it best to stand so high on their dignity as to be above insult. Let us hail with gladness all improvements of military engines as the most promising signs of peace in the future.

**MONSTROUS.**—Gambling on a small scale is a scandalous, disgraceful and demoralizing thing, in the eyes of our law, and it hunts the slums of town and city over for some offender that it may make a terrible example of him for these evil-doers in poker and fan-tan. But just go up into the high circles of business traffic, and you get where law has no provision that can molest your high-handed thieving operations. The Chicago Board of Trade is not the only one in the country, but it will serve as a good illustration of the rest. In a few months past, wheat transactions in this great establishment, have amounted to seven hundred and eighty-four million bushels, according to the gamblers' count; but the grain actually handled in at the same time, was but two million bushels. Just three hundred and two times more wheat was gambled in than was actually bought and sold. The different boards of trade are thus gambling on the staple articles of food of our country, robbing the honest producer and starving his family. The magnificence of such schemes stuns our law into silence, else why is it dumb?

**A DISTINCTION.**—Religious bigotry was never so forcibly and hatefully illustrated as it is on the Island of Marc, New Caledonia, a penal French colony. Here, as elsewhere, wherever crime, wretchedness and misery abound, Christian ministers are found doing their Master's work. Now, it would seem that there would be no distinction made in a penal settlement between religious points of doctrine; that the principles taught by Christian teachers of all creeds would be accepted as from one. But not so in this case. The French officials who preside over this little spot of earth with its sin-laden souls have for some time been carrying on a low-handed persecution against Protestant Christians, whom they arrest and imprison for daring to point out the better way to those numerous offenders against their country's laws. If France has any interest in her banished sons and daughters, she had better see to it that those who show that they have are protected from the cruelty of the men called officials but who show themselves to be outlaws.

## "JUST AS THE TWIG IS BENT," ETC.

There is no grander field of usefulness for man or angel to engage in than in helping the young soul to start aright early in his earthly journeyings; to inspire with hope the youthful; to give strength to "poor, little untaught feet;" this is indeed a work divine; herein lies the secret of the world's redemption, guiding those of tender years. These little buds of immortality, fresh from the Creator's hand, are like the delicate; sensitive plant, yielding to the slightest impressions.

When we think of the allurements, and temptations that beset thousands of stray waifs in this city, we can but pause, and every thoughtful person must question, what protection can be thrown over these helpless, little ones.

Spiritualists, the advance guard of progressive thought, should be active leaders in the intellectual and spiritual training of the youth of our land, for this grasps at the very core of all reformatory movements. The spiritual lyceum, found all over the land where a spiritual organization exists, is a step in this direction. A grand work it has done, and is doing, for the education of the spiritual uplifting of man. We believe the lyceum is farther-reaching in good works, than all other sources combined—for in that we deal with the beginnings of life.

There are hundreds, yes, thousands, in San Francisco, who should be brought into our lyceums, whose spirits are crying for food. We, as Spiritualists, should turn into the by-ways and lift them out of the slums, and shed over these straying feet the guiding light of a loving soul; bring them into the associations of angelic beings, where their souls may—

"Like the stained web that whitens in the sun,  
Grow pure by being purely shone upon."

Mrs. Mathews, the white-souled teacher and leader of the Lyceum at the Temple, has labored for years in this worthy cause. Let every sister and brother in the ranks aid her with their hearty co-operation, and an immeasurable good will follow. We hope to see, in the next twelve months, a greatly increased attendance at these ministrations, and the angels' blessings must follow.

**HOPE.**—The most beautiful thought hope ever inspired, is expressed by S. Smiles, who says: "Hope is like the sun, which, as we journey toward it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us." And how like the sun in its cheering and life-giving influence, is hope. It awakens in our heart as we awaken to each new day, and it lightens all our work by lending us strength until the sun sinks beneath our hemisphere, and slumber comes to shape all our fond hopes into spiritual realities, while faithful Sol is vivifying other lands. Hope is something substantial, for there are thousands of mortals that are carried through hardship and privation by its influence, who would have died to this life without it. It is to the spirit what will-power is to the body; it triumphs over all weakness. The essence of hope is cheerfulness, and cheerfulness is the golden key that unlocks the treasures of time and eternity. Let us then be both cheerful and hopeful of success in our undertakings. If we fail it will not be with a broken spirit, but determination to try again.

**A MAN.**—One would suppose that the very best ideas about cheese and butter-making were stowed away in the heads of industrious and thrifty country housewives who have followed the business for a generation, but it seems not. At least no one goes to them for information, nor are they installed in agricultural colleges as professor of household economy. There is an agricultural college in Kansas wherein the girl students have the benefits of a "well-regulated dairy," but the instruction is given by a man, who, it is safe to say, never skimmed a pan of milk nor set his foot inside a dairy. This world is full of theory teachers who know nothing else. The main difference between college and home training, is that, in the former, theory comes before practice, which may, or may not follow; in the home, all theory in domestic economy is based on good, sound practice, out of which theory naturally grows. Notwithstanding, it is a man, nine times out of ten, who is chosen to teach women domestic economy, perhaps because he never intends to practice it.

**BE SURE.**—The reluctance that almost all persons feel about positively ascertaining whether life is really extinct in the bodies of their beloved ones who are supposed to have passed through the change of death, is both strange and painful. Friends and relatives of the dead would far rather take the opinion of a physician than satisfy themselves by requesting him to apply any one of the simple tests that are scientifically based. Persons who die without illness, unless of extreme old age, should not be hastily put away in the ground, nor at any time, when signs of decomposition have failed to appear, without first applying a death test. The one most simple is affirmed by Mons. Lesene, who says that a needle puncture in the skin of a living person will close at once, and that if the puncture remains open it is a certain sign of death. That many persons are buried alive in this country, where little or no provision is made for keeping them above ground a stated period, can not be doubted. Every cemetery should have a Revolving Vault, such as are found in nearly all European countries.

**BENEFIT LECTURE.**—Mr. W. J. Colville will lecture, for the benefit of the California Moral Educational Society, at Metropolitan Temple, on Wednesday evening September 1st. The theme of his discourse is "Education"; and those who are familiar with Mr. Colville's treatment of all subjects pertaining to the intellectual and spiritual growth of man will anticipate a rich treat. His lecture should be listened to by every teacher and lover of progressive thought in the city, for it will be replete with new and lofty ideas. Besides, the cause is a most worthy one. The object of this society is to provide a thorough course

of instruction upon the laws of life, relating to the moral and physical welfare of our children and youth, thus elevating the taste, refining the feelings and placing them on a higher standard of social purity. The school is located at 1045 1-2 Market street and is in friendly co-operation with other societies established upon the same basis throughout the country. The price of admission is ten cents; reserved seats twenty-five cents.

We know indeed that the spirits that communicate to men, and work wonders, are spirits of devils, because the devils and the angels of God are the only spirits there are. But none of these are the spirits of dead men.—THE SPIRITS OF THE TIMES.

Our neighbor's positive assumption on this subject is not only not sustained by the well-demonstrated facts of Modern Spiritualism, but the Scriptures, in the literal interpretations of which he relies so implicitly, does not warrant his sweeping statement. If the two spirits that appeared with Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration were not the "spirits of dead men," or rather of men who had once lived in the mortal form, pray what were they? The spirit, also, who appeared to John on the Isle of Patmos, and who declared to John that he was one of his brethren, the prophets, what was he but the "spirit of a dead man"? There are numerous similar instances in both Testaments proving, conclusively, upon biblical grounds, that the spirit of man does exist, and may return and make his presence manifest.

**COLVILLE ON SWEDENBORG.**—A correspondent writes: "W. J. Colville's closing speech on Swedenborg, Monday evening, Aug. 16th, at the Alameda Spiritualists Convention, was a rare piece of analytical and philosophical differentiation between the tenets of the learned Scandinavian seer, evangelical or Bible Christians, and Spiritualists. By a course of clear, incisive, logical reasoning it was shown that the Spiritualistic doctrine was higher, deeper, broader, farther reaching in its scheme for the perfect development of all human souls in the great 'Beyond' toward which we are all hastening. To this culmination all the theologies of the ages have contributed. This particular speech is well worth repeating and being listened to by thousands of people where there were hundreds only present to hear it; and then it would be well to have it reported for the press. Why do not mathematicians and scientists invite Mr. Colville to speak on some difficult scientific question—solve and bring down to our comprehension the fourth dimension of space? The great fountain of wisdom from which he draws gives no signs of having been exhausted."

**REOPENING AT THE TEMPLE.**—The Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society are making fine progress in their arrangements for opening their meetings at the Temple on Sunday, Sept. 5th. The manager informs us that he has secured the services of one of the finest organists in this city, Mr. S. B. Whitely, as permanent organist. A musical committee from the society has been selected to arrange for a class in music, times of meetings to be named hereafter. All members of the society and those who take seats will be eligible to the benefits of said musical instruction free of charge. Mrs. Watson took a flying visit to the city a few days ago, and her many friends were delighted to find her so well and strong, and ready for her work.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Clara L. Reed, the independent state-writer, has removed her rooms to 204 Turk street.

—No one can afford to live in error. All want the truth in all things. Truth is harmony, health and happiness; error is discord, disease and misery.

—All admirers of good poetry will find, on our eighth page, a charming little gem from our San Diego poet. We hope for further contributions from this gifted pen.

—The business portion of the town of Tulare was destroyed by fire on Monday night last. But her enterprising people will soon rally from the blow, and a new Tulare, improved and beautified, will rise from the ashes.

—A copy of the *New York Observer* reaches this office directed to the "Golden Gate, San Jose Mountain, Petaluma, San Francisco, California." At last accounts the sender was able to sit up, and was slowly improving.

—A worthy married lady wants employment as a housekeeper; or would go out by the day to do plain sewing; is a good laundress; is not would accept any honorable employment; is handy and willing. Inquire at this office.

—At the recent reception of the Veterans at San Jose, was read a grand original poem entitled, "Fall In; or, The Three Armies," in which the grand armies of earth and heaven are crowned with unfading garlands. It was written by one of the Garden City's brightest women, Mrs. E. O. Smith.

—A good friend writes: "Please select two impecunious saints from your list of applicants and give them a six months' trip on the good bark GOLDEN GATE, and I will hand you \$2.50 when next we meet." This is the second time he has expressed a like generosity, and made some poor, but worthy, Spiritualist happy.

—Invalids and others who would avail themselves of Dr. Jennie E. Williams' electric bath and magnetic treatment should do so at once, as she expects soon to remove to another part of the State. Her remarkable strength and perfect health are greatly in her favor in magnetic treatments. Her rooms are on Kearny street, opposite the Chronicle office.

—The following Committee on Music has been named to arrange for the musical exercises at the Temple: Messrs. Wadsworth, Eckman, McGuire, and Messdames Connor, Dodge, Kelley and Robinson. The Committee, and all other members of the Society interested, are requested to meet at the residence of M. B. Dodge, 8 1-2 Hill street, on Wednesday evening, Aug. 25th.



—At the close of the Spiritualists' meeting of seven days, in Alameda, on Monday evening last, resolutions were unanimously adopted, thanking Mrs. Logan and her brother, Walter Hyde, managers of the meetings, also thanking Mr. Colville, Mr. Ravlin, and all who contributed to the success of the meetings. Although not largely attended, the meetings were highly enjoyed by all present.

—We are informed by Mr. Morton that the demand for seats for Mr. Colville's lectures in Assembly Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, in September, give promise of a very successful season. Services will be held as in the Temple, lectures at 10:45 A. M., and 7:45 P. M.; answers to questions at 2:30 P. M. Prof. Eckman, organist, and Joseph W. Maguire, soloist and chorister, are engaged for the musical services.

—All know that the grain crop has been fearfully curtailed this season by numerous and destructive fires; but in addition to this the usual old rumors are afloat. Just about this time of year we regularly hear that in one locality the wheat crop will not nearly come up to the farmer's expectations; in another that it is seriously damaged by rust; somewhere else, that the bugs are destroying it, and many other evil reports, until the public fear a scarcity, and the poor farmer indulges in a hope of better prices. But the harvest proves an abundant yield and low profit.

—A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* relates that at a materializing seance in that city "a lady came out of the cabinet with a little child in her arms. A recently bereaved mother was greatly affected, and reached frantically for the little one. It threw up its arms gleefully, made some vigorous kicks, and sprang into the arms of the weeping mother. It nestled a moment upon her breast, and then was apparently absorbed into her being. From that moment, grief for her loss was cured. What did it? What became of the child if it was anything more than a spiritual essence?"

—The very best advertisement a man or woman, dependent upon public favor for support, can possibly get, is criticism. The fact that this is not always legitimate, but is geneally personal in the extreme, is all the better for the one concerned. We do not think the man or woman lives who is so outrageously criticised as the indomitable Sarah Bernhardt, and the world was never more curious to see an actress than it is this same abused Sarah. On her first appearance at Buenos Ayres lately she received a rousing ovation, the ticket office receipts running up to over eleven thousand! Good for Sarah!

—The Bible and the plow go side by side in all early civilization. In 1737 there were but thirty-seven plows in the great commonwealth of Massachusetts. In Salem it was agreed by the town to grant Richard Hutchinson twenty-nine acres of land besides his own share, on condition that he set up plowing. Thirty-five years ago the possession of a Bible was prohibited in Italy. Now, Bible depots are established in every city. It is to be hoped that the general presence of the Book may instill mercy into the hearts of a people noted for their cruelty to dumb creatures. Its long absence may account for their callousness.

—Man has wholly, or partially, subjected to his use all the forces and powers of Nature but the wind and the sun's heat. That a great furnace should have been burning for ages before our eyes, wasting its heat on a freezing world half too poor to purchase the warmth of life, is exasperating as well as stimulating to inventive minds. Experiments are still going on, especially in France, but with no better success than that Prof. Morse of Salem, Mass., has met. This gentleman has succeeded in obtaining ninety degrees of heat on pleasant days, from our solar orb, with which he heated a room comfortably on a cold day.

—The Eastern tornado has caused many strange events, and it is suspected that the fact has been taken advantage of by persons of active fancies, and made to supply more than one lively report. We read of a Georgia farmer finding among his shrubbery, after a storm, a two-year-old boy. No inquiry ever reaching the finder of the child he kept him as his own. But last Summer the Georgia man took him on a trip to Mississippi, where another tornado took the boy again, since which he has not been heard of. France gave to song "The Child of the Regiment," why not America "The Child of the Storm"? It has all the elements of romance and fiction.

Fact vs. Fiction.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In your paper of the 24th July, in which is published William Emmette Coleman's second article on re-incarnation—after speaking of certain statements made by Mrs. Conant, Mr. Coleman writes as follows:

This statement (referring to Mrs. Conant's statement) is paralleled by the similar one found in a lecture of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, published in the *Banner of Light*, purporting to come from Epes Sargent just after his decease; in which Mr. Sargent is made to say, that the imaginary characters invented by him in his plays and poems were, by that invention, endowed with life and became his children, and that on his entrance in spirit life they came to him and greeted him as their father.

I now copy verbatim the paragraph in that lecture to which Mr. Coleman refers:

Everything I had done or thought came before me in form, in beauty and deformity. Children, the waifs of my fancy, supposed to have been conjured out of the teeming brain of mortal life, were before me in reality; characters that I had supposed purely ideal and imaginative, drawn with fanciful pen and sent forth to illustrate a moral principle, came up before me as living realities, saying: "I was the one of whom you wrote; I was the spirit inspiring such and such a thought," and every crowded fancy became impersonated, until, like little people seen in fairy visions, all ideals were realized; and I laughed with these children of my fancy, to find them so real, standing around me, claiming me for their spiritual parent and saying they were mine forever.

Comment is unnecessary.

Yours for the Truth,  
MARY MOODY.

OAKLAND, August 13, 1886.

NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

Twelve hundred miles of railroads were constructed in Florida during the past four years.

In speaking of John Brown, Miss Kate Field says: "The man who fought a lifetime for one idea can wait a century for immortal justice."

There is a mother in Richmond, Mich., who has a regular orchard of olive branches, consisting of seventeen healthy children, the oldest being but nineteen years of age.

The copy of the sermon by John Knox, preached 321 years ago this month, "for the whiche he was inhibited preaching for a season," has been sold in England for \$2,075.

Lightning is said to have struck into a band of sheep belonging to W. M. Raynor, a few days ago, which were being pastured near the Yosemite, and about two hundred head killed.

An exchange thinks that the Chinese way of removing dandruff with sandpaper is the most effectual. Perhaps it is; but the common North American Indian has a plan which, though quite abrupt, is said to be reasonably sure.

The opera house in an Ohio town fell down the other night just after a minstrel troupe had finished its performance. If it had fallen earlier in the evening, the occurrence would have been Providential; as it is, it was simply an accident.

The *Riverside Press* says: Twogood & Edwards have already sold about 100,000 trays for curing raisins and it will require about 50,000 more trays to supply the demand. This would indicate about 40,000 boxes of raisins in San Bernardino county over and above the crop of last year.

The *Lower Lake Bulletin* says: The preliminary survey of the Cache Creek Railroad has been made to the lake and is in every way assuring of an easy grade, not exceeding fifty feet to the mile at the steepest grades. The road to this place will be a steady ascent, no height being lost.

Mrs. Annie D. Clopper is among the most extensive raisers of fine horses in Colorado. She holds regular sales once or twice a year, at which time she offers 100 or more horses of different grades, from ordinary to the best that can be had in the State. So far as known, she is the only woman thus engaged, but she is highly successful.

The *Sacramento Bee* says: The California Fruit Union has sent 175 car loads of fruit to the East, so far this season, by special passenger and freight trains. Two or three carloads have been sent daily of late by the Union, on the overland passenger train. Four carloads go East on the passenger train this evening. It will be understood that these shipments are exclusive of those made by various local firms, which have been large.

A Correspondent Answered.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

A correspondent in the last number of your valuable paper wants to know how it is, or can be, if I am a Spiritualist, that I believe in Christ as much as I ever did.

Now, Mr. Editor, before I proceed to answer that question, let me ask another: What is Spiritualism, and what constitutes one a Spiritualist? Must one of necessity be an Atheist, or a Deist, to be a Spiritualist? Are Infidels and Spiritualists all one and the same? Must Christ and the Bible be thrown overboard? Have they no place whatever in the philosophy of Spiritualism? Must all worship of a Supreme Being be struck down, and the dogma of no God be substituted? Are men permitted to bring their infidelity into Spiritualism, and are they forbidden to bring their Christianity into it? Can they bring their looseness of morals into the arena, and must morality and righteous living be shut out? Are materializations everything, and spiritualizations nothing? Is irreverence praiseworthy, and reverence reprehensible? Is it any part of Spiritualism to deny the existence of a God, to scout the idea of a Savior, to deny the revelation of spiritual truth through the Bible, to make war on the institution of marriage, or to denounce the churches and Christian people? Do any of these things belong legitimately to the pure philosophy of Spiritualism?

Not at all. They are extraneous altogether, and in no sense a part of it. The very central truth of Spiritualism is the power and possibility of spirit return, under certain conditions, to commune with those in the material form. Now, can not a Christian believe this, and can he not know it just as well as an Infidel? Is it necessary to deny Jesus Christ, or the Bible, in order to know that our friends can and do come to us? Is not the very doctrine, that they do come to us, taught in the Bible, and did not Christ himself return to his disciples, from the spiritual world, after his death?

Too long has the spiritual arena been made the graveyard of buried religions, and far too long have skeptics and infidels assumed control of both the philosophy and the phenomena of Spiritualism. They have assumed to be liberal, while they have been extremely illiberal, and to be broad in their views, while their narrowness has not its counterpart in the most bigoted sect in Christendom.

A new era of Spiritualism is dawning. Higher and clearer views of spiritual truth are being revealed. Exalted spirituality will characterize the true Spiritualists of the future. Among all true mediums, charity will be regarded as the best gift, and the practical operation of the Golden Rule, the best religion for people, even Spiritualists.

Now, as to the original question propounded by your correspondent: It is true I believe in Jesus Christ as much as I ever did; but it is not true that I believe in him the same as I once did. The quantity of my belief is not diminished, but it has been changed as to quality. My belief in Christ is not after the orthodox school, but is much more in accord-

ance with reason and common sense, hence improved in quality.

But I insist that the orthodox church member has as much right to call his religion Spiritualism, as the unbeliever has to call his infidelity Spiritualism.

N. F. RAVLIN.

Philosophy of Death.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The very interesting article upon the "New Birth" in *GOLDEN GATE* of July 24th, suggested the thought that I might contribute a little towards the better understanding of that mysterious process by presenting a very interesting fact in connection therewith, and which I think is not generally known, even among Spiritualists. I am thus cautious to say I think so, because I do not know what and how much they do know, however anxious I may be to find out, inasmuch as wherever I meet with them there is, or always seems to be, something else to talk of and everything else to be done, except dealing with Spiritualism and its philosophy.

The fact referred to is a current or stream which, for convenience, may be called magnetic, passing off from the crown of the head coursing upwards in a direct line. Those sensitively qualified may feel it at a height of one or two feet above the crown of the head. At that height it has a temperature of its own, being either warmer or colder than the atmosphere; its diameter is in the average about one and a quarter inch, though sometimes we meet with those of greater density, as also intensity, when it is only about one inch in diameter. The clearest outline and most distinctive sending of its qualities are best determined at a height of one foot or more; the passing of the hand through it does not in the least sway or disturb its course, passing the hand, open and extended, palm downwards, up to it, and into it, and just so far as the hand penetrates the line of its course just so far does it pass through the hand as if the hand were not there. The diameter, intensity and quality of this current is best determined when passing through the palm of the hand.

It appears that mediumship does not always imply a sufficient sensitiveness for fully sensing this current, yet I have met with non-mediums sufficiently sensitive to fully sense all its characteristics; and while the evidences are that it passes uninterrupted through the hand, yet will it impart an instantaneous sensation upon the sensitive which, in some instances, they may long remember. I think no psychic contact will so readily and so forcibly express the soul qualities of its subject to the sensitive as this current. That of some will give a most enjoyable, buoyant and soul-cheering sensation, while that of others will impart a feeling of loathing and distress. So, experimenters, take warning and pass not your hands over those whose sphere contact you might have reason to dread; and, yet, experience is essential to knowledge. I learned my lesson by having my "fingers burned," and it may be best that you, too, though cautiously, learn in the same way. To my mind this chord connects the individual with that sphere, or condition, to which each belongs, and whether or not in all cases I certainly do not know; but I have had proof in some instances, that through this current impressions, or mental telegraphy, is effected; so this chord by or through which mankind enters into the new life exists already with each individual, and by the same chord is each individual a medium, differing only in kind and degree.

I have questioned a spirit, who has for many years been an inhabitant of the other shore, for further information upon this current; but it appeared that he did not know of its existence. This, however, like some other experiences with them, seems but to point out that there, as here, it again requires an interior perception to perceive interior things.

The editor of the *GOLDEN GATE* will remember our former townsman, Mr. Kuhl, who was a most excellent natural seer, and the relation of his experiences were of great interest to me; this, because unable to read other than German he had no knowledge of Spiritualism and its philosophy, except that gained through his own experience, and of this he dreaded to speak, because untoward experiences had taught him this discretion. His experience was this, that being a subject to military duty, and not fully qualified by some slight defect in sight, he was placed as attendant in hospitals, and, during his three years' he witnessed some forty deaths. These he described through their various conditions, exactly corresponding to similar cases cited by A. J. Davis and others—that is, where the height of the room will permit the spirit assumes its form immediately over the head, and in instances of low ceilings and choking atmosphere the form is assumed above or outside; that while the dying individual may be past speech, may yet be conscious to grasp a question of some friend, or have something in his mind he wishes to say, or finish some sentence or word upon which he was speaking, such will sometimes be answered or finished when the separation is completed and the chord ready to snap asunder. For speaking of these things in the hospital Mr. Kuhl had been subjected to cold water treatment; this, however, had the effect of increasing his power of vision, but taught him "not to throw pearls before swine, etc."

Yours truly,  
F. C. WISSMAN.

SAN JOSE, August 12, 1886.

PASSED ON.

Passed on to the higher life, from San Francisco, August 10, 1886, of pneumonia, Lucy A. Lee Glenn. She is daughter of Cyrus and Harriet Lee, aged 34 years. Memorial service was held in Ceres hall, Sunday evening, August 15th, conducted by Mr. Madux, of Modesto. Had it not been for spirit help she would have joined the invisible host three and one-half years ago; but thanks to their kind care, she was spared to us this long, and precious years they have been to the three little boys whose characters have been forming for eternity under her gentle, spiritual training. Precious to the brothers who have learned to love her as they never did before. One of these left the mortal five months ago, and now, with the mother, comes to accompany this dear one to the Summer Land. They have been more than precious years to the aged father, who, until since that time, had not known the blessed truths of spirit communion. And the husband, has he, too, not learned more and more the truth of a true and loving companion, and learned of her to be gentle with the boys she has left to his care. The many other friends, among whom the writer is proud to be numbered, have learned of her lessons of patience, charity and trust. We say "Good-bye," to thy precious, earthly body, dear sister, but to thy spirit "Glad welcome," into that angel band, where "Nearer, my God, to Thee," will be sung with a joyousness unknown to mortals. MRS. STARKS.

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE—W. J. COLVILLE, Lecturer; Albert Morton, Manager. Services for Sunday, August 22nd. At 10:45 A. M., Lecture. Subject: "The Parable of the Prodigal Son." At 2:30 P. M., Answers to Questions. At 7:45 P. M., Lecture. Subject: "The Future of Religion in the American Republic." Poems from subjects chosen by the audience will be given at each service. Solos by W. J. Colville and Jos. W. Maguire. Evening service will close promptly at 9:30.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 1 P. 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.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY Wednesday evening, at St. Andrew's Hall, No. 114, Larkin street. First hour—Trance and Inspirational Speaking. Second hour—Tests, by the Mediums. Admission, free.

A GRAND OFFER.

Two gentlemen who are deeply interested in the spread of spiritual truths, and who believe that the *GOLDEN GATE* is worthy of general circulation among the people,—Hon. Amos Adams of this city, and Hon. I. C. Steele of Pescadero,—have placed at our disposal the sum of two hundred dollars (one hundred dollars each), to be given in premiums for two hundred new subscribers for the *GOLDEN GATE*. As this offer is made for the purpose of extending the circulation of the paper among a new class of readers, who we are confident will become permanent subscribers when once they know its value, renewals by present subscribers can not be included in the offer; although the latter can avail themselves of our usual club rates, if they so choose.

The above sum will be paid out until the premium is exhausted, at the rate of \$5 for each five yearly subscribers, and \$1 for each additional subscriber exceeding five, to any one who will interest themselves enough in the matter to earn the same. After the first five, additional names may be sent as they are obtained.

It is not at all improbable that other Spiritualists of means will add to the sum, and thereby aid in promoting the grandest cause that was ever presented for intelligent consideration.

There is not a town on this coast of a thousand inhabitants where from five to twenty subscribers for the *GOLDEN GATE* could not be obtained in a few hours' effort of some earnest worker in the cause.

We shall open separate accounts with all competitors for the above premiums, and keep our readers advised, from week to week, of the numbers of subscribers obtained under the above offer.

Our terms of subscription (\$2.50 per annum) are lower than those of other weekly papers of this class, and are quite as low as the paper can be afforded. Other Spiritual papers, that have been long in the field, have a large advantage over any new paper in their valuable advertising patronage, which is a matter of growth and age, and which will come to us in time.

There is an ample field for a first-class weekly journal, in the interest of spiritual thought and unfoldment, upon this coast. There are thousands of Spiritualists here, and other thousands of investigators in our facts and philosophy, who have little or no knowledge of the *GOLDEN GATE*. A little persistent effort on the part of the friends of the cause, just now, can not fail of introducing our paper into many homes where we are sure it will be a welcome visitor.

In remitting subscriptions under the above proposed offer, agents may retain their premium of \$1 for each subscriber; but the first remittance must be for not less than five subscribers, or \$7.50.

Six months' subscriptions will be received on the above terms, the agent to receive fifty cents for each subscriber.

GOLDEN GATE EUROPEAN AGENCY.

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







Wonderful Story of Vocal Mediumship.

[Spiritual Messenger.]

When that wonderful singer, Parepa Rosa, passed away from earthly cares, thousands of people who had listened to her enchanting notes sincerely mourned that they never again could hear, as they thought, her wondrous voice in song. But we are glad to be able to chronicle the fact that this sweet singer has found among the children of earth an organism which she can use from her home in the world of spirit with as much advantage as she did her own while in the form.

In musical circles of Chicago C. Jerome Wilson is known as one of the most cultured and accomplished pianists in the city. From his infancy he has lived in a world of music, and is the author of several instrumental selections of more than ordinary merit, in the writing of which he gratefully acknowledges the assistance of his spirit guides. Mr. Wilson has been a Spiritualist from his early youth, but the first intimation his wife had of his knowledge of the philosophy was early in April last, when a friend who had been invited in to tea remarked that he had been to hear Mrs. Richmond. "Then you are a Spiritualist, are you?" queried Mr. Wilson, and when the gentleman answered in the affirmative, Mr. Wilson answered: "I am glad of that for so am I." From this point we will use the language of Mr. Wilson in relating the process of the development of the wonderful vocal mediumship of his wife, and which was reported by *The Messenger* stenographer, Mr. Harry York.

"Of course," said Mr. Wilson, "conversing with Mrs. Wilson about the philosophy led to a proposition to go and see a medium, and so early in April last we had a sitting with Mrs. Read. My wife was so much afraid of the idea of spirits talking to her that she wouldn't come into the seance room, and so I went in with the medium and left her in the parlor. Very soon snowdrop said: 'Ask your squaw to come in, chief, I have something important to tell her.' I prevailed on her to come into the seance room, when Mrs. Read's control, Snowdrop, gave us some wonderful tests of the identity of our friends in spirit life, and told Mrs. Wilson that her guides wished to develop her as a singing medium, and that Parepa Rosa would sing through her organism as sweetly as she ever did in earth life. Mrs. Wilson didn't 'take much stock' in that prophecy, though, and while she was willing to believe that spirits did 'come back,' she declared that they were all bad spirits. 'Do you mean to say that good spirits come back to help you?' She would say, and refer to my misfortune since I came to Chicago. 'I can't and I don't, and I won't believe that they are anything else than bad spirits, so there!' she would say. Next I had a sitting with Mrs. Nickles, and she whistled, under control, a piece of music I had composed only two or three hours previously. 'To say the least, I was surprised. 'Why,' said I, 'I only wrote that music two hours ago, and you have certainly got hold of it quickly.' 'My dear fellow,' came the reply, 'I wrote that music myself through your hand,' and the spirit controlling the medium gave many striking evidences of his identity as my old music teacher in the orchestra of the Austrian Court. Through the influence of Dr. and Mrs. Nickles and their guides Mrs. Wilson was induced to sit for development in a few circles, and always in answer to the question as to when better times would come for us (we had been terribly 'hard up') the spirit friends would say, 'Just as soon as Mrs. Wilson is willing to submit to our direction and control, and not till then.' Mrs. Wilson, however, persisted in regarding us as only evil spirits, until one Friday evening about two weeks ago she said, impulsively: 'Well, then, spirits, you may do with me as you please. Turn me into the street or gutter, or do with me as you will.' That evening a gentleman for whom I was to play an accompaniment the following Tuesday called to leave some music, and one of the selections happened to be an old favorite of Parepa Rosa's. The next day I ran over this selection—it was 'Waiting'—and just as I finished, my wife, who had been sitting near me sewing, came over to the piano, with her eyes closed, and said: 'I am Parepa Rosa, and would like to sing if you will kindly play.' Of course I played the accompaniment, and she sang that just heavenly, with every note in perfect register. I was, to say the least, astonished. When the piece was finished she turned to me and said, 'That was very good for the first attempt, was it not?' The next day the gentleman for whom I was to play the accompaniment came in to rehearse his piece, and when he had finished Parepa Rosa's favorite piece, Mrs. Wilson came to the piano under control, and sang the selection again as she did the day previously. 'The gentleman was simply paralyzed, and sat there in open-mouthed astonishment. The lady who just sang for you is Parepa Rosa. Do you know anything of Spiritualism?' I said. 'No, I do not,' he replied, 'but I know that if Mrs. Wilson sang that you are not foolish enough to submit to your present poverty when you could get \$500 a night for that singing.'"

"Can Mrs. Wilson sing in her normal condition?" asked a friend of Mr. Wilson. "The highest range of voice in her normal state is—well, she might struggle up to the key of E," said he in reply, "and Parepa Rosa, in singing through her organism, goes as high as C sharp, concert pitch, and brings it out as clear as a bell, and that is a note Adelifa Patti only cares to reach occasionally. As far as Mrs. Wilson's singing is concerned, if you wanted to empty a hall quick it would be an even choice between having her sing and a fire alarm," he continued laughingly. "And what do you think of Spiritualism and bad spirits now?" we asked of Mrs. Wilson. "Oh, I wouldn't give up my Spiritualism now for anything in the wide world. I don't know anything about Parepa's singing, of course, but my spirit friends bring me such a feeling of perfect content that I always feel happy, and I trust them implicitly in everything, for they have kept all these promises to me. For instance, I was out shopping yesterday and saw an article that I wanted badly, but I couldn't buy it without dipping deeply into our railway fare money, for we go to Minneapolis to-morrow. But Monaco whispered to buy it, that Parepa wanted me to have it, and that I would get enough money to make up the deficiency for railway fares. Well, I bought the article, and I hadn't been home five minutes when a gentleman friend came in and handed me the amount I had expended, saying, 'My spirit friends told me to give you \$10, that I could spare it and you needed it,' and he handed me that amount. Now, do you wonder that I trust my spirit friends?"

Mrs. Wilson has given several receptions for vocal manifestations, the last of which we were privileged to attend. To say that we were charmed is mild language. When she sang the room seemed filled with a flood of divinest melody, and when the selection was finished the applause of the company was most eloquently and fittingly expressed by astonished silence, to which Parepa kindly responded by singing a verse of "Home Sweet Home."

This is, perhaps, the only case on record where the applause of silence was so apparent as to induce a response.

"Was it really Parepa, though?" asked a skeptical friend, and the answer came from a lady near us, speaking to Mrs. Wilson: "I should have been at church to-night," she says, "for I am a member of the Baptist church, but I was induced to come here on hearing that Parepa Rosa was to sing, for she was a very dear friend of mine, and I thought if there was anything of Parepa Rosa in your singing I would surely know it."

"And do you really think it was Parepa?" asked Mrs. Wilson, eagerly.

"Why, every gesture you made, and all your little mannerisms while singing, were unmistakably those of my dear old friend. In your manner of attacking the high notes you were more especially like Parepa, and my evening's experience has been very convincing as to the truth of your philosophy."

Mrs. Wilson is a pretty, "winsome wee thing," and artless and innocent as a kitten, and as modest and unassuming as a mountain daisy. Through her wonderful gifts of song she is destined yet to astonish the world, but under whatever circumstances she may sing friends of Spiritualism may rest assured that it will always be announced and known that she is but an instrument in the hands of the higher powers.

THE GOLDEN GATE maintains with unwavering firmness the elevated advocacy of Spiritualism with which it made its debut. Of the late State Meeting of California Spiritualists at Oakland it reports that "the policy of the managers was to make it intellectual, rather than phenomenal or sensational; and most admirably have they succeeded. Even the mediums who felt themselves aggrieved at the apparent lack of appreciation of the management, must realize now that the greatest good has resulted from the course pursued. Hundreds of people have become interested in the claims of Spiritualism, through the more attractive manner in which it was presented, who would otherwise have come to ridicule and cavil, and who will now find use for the very mediumship that, otherwise, they would have derided." So we have had a real spiritual camp-meeting at last; and, most appropriately, too, on the Pacific Coast. It is a glorious omen! As such receive it. Higher and grander manifestations will come as fast as people are intellectually prepared to receive them. They are coming! Stay where you are, brother—right on the highest peak; the inspiration of pure truth is there.—*The World's Advance-Thought.*

RICH or poor, it is every man's and woman's duty to earn his or her own living. Everybody is a consumer; therefore, everybody should be a producer. The world's wealth is so much less by everything that is consumed or worn out. The idleness of individuals, in all stations and places, makes salaries lower and bread higher; so it is the idle in any community who should be despised, and not they who labor.

An old lady on her death-bed, in a penitent mood, said: "I have been a great sinner more than seventy years, and didn't know it." An old colored woman, who had lived with her a long time, exclaimed: "Lor! I knowed it all the time."

Vices have their place in nature, and are employed to make up the warp in our piercing, as poisons are useful for the preservation of our health.—*Montaigne.*

Love and Charity.

[W. F. Evans in Mental Cure.]

The life of God is love. His love is an infinite desire to impart his own good to others. The life of angels is a stream from this only fountain, and partakes of the properties of its source. If we open our hearts to receive the influx of the divine and heavenly life, it will be in us a desire and a duty to impart the good, with which we are blessed, to all who are willing to receive it, and are admmissive of it. Such is the true order of life, the normal state of every soul. It is evident we can never attain to the highest well-being of either soul or body, until we come into the divine order of our existence, and employ the activity with which we are endowed. According to the laws of the celestial life, we were made to impart, to be the media through which God's gifts could be transmitted to others. We are finite receptacles of the divine good and truth. We were not designed to absorb the divine rays, but to reflect them as well—to be each a center of radiation.

One of the most prominent organs of the brain is benevolence. The mental feeling, of which it is the outward instrument, is a desire to impart, to share our good with others. When this divine impulse is perverted in its action, our love terminates in itself, and we become the center of our universe. Selfishness is the fruitful root of more moral and physical evil and unhappiness, than any other cause. It is the perversion of the divinest instinct of human nature, a cessation of the pulsations of the central life within us. The only true and happy life on earth is that of love. Wisdom is divine. Truth is a ray from God. Science and philosophy are a spiritual treasure, and desirable possession. Wealth, official station and power are good in themselves. But the divinest thing in the universe is love, an all-absorbing charity. Blessed is the man in whose inner nature it is the supreme and governing principle, and who has consecrated himself to the good of universal being.

Disease is often only a state of supreme selfishness. It is a law, universal and immutable, that by imparting we receive, and when we cease to impart we cease to receive, and the stream of our life begins to dry up at the fountain. The candle under a bushel soon becomes only a smoking wick. To communicate truth to another quickens our own intellectual life, and renders us receptive of more than we give. Make the heart of something outside your own being to leap for joy. Attune your soul in harmony with the life Divine. Live to love; and then you will delight to live, and health will glow and thrill in every organic structure. Find some one whose condition is unhappy like your own. Lift up your hand and your heart, and pull down a blessing upon his head. The best prescription that man or angel can give to relieve your soul-misery, and the correspondent abnormal, physiological state is, Be like Jesus, every one's best friend. Seek to make everybody and everything happy. The good you intend to others will come to you in divine measure, more than you give.

Another cyclone visited Kansas, on the 5th inst., doing a great deal of damage. In the town of Hartland twenty houses were demolished.

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

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**"Sustituta de Profundis."**

BY J. STANLEY FITZPATRICK.

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

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

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

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

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

PALOMAR, San Diego Co., Cal., June 7, 1886.

**Sometime.**

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,  
And sun and stars forevermore have set,  
The things which our weak judgment here have spurned,  
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,  
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,  
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;  
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,  
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,  
God's plans go on as best for you and me;  
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,  
Because His wisdom to the end could see.  
And 'e'en as prudent parents disallow  
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,  
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now  
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,  
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,  
Be sure a wiser hand than ours or mine  
Pours out the potion for our lips to drink.  
And if some friend we love is lying low,  
Where human kisses can not reach his face,  
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,  
But bear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath  
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friends,  
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death  
Conceals the fairest bloom his love can send.  
If we could push ajar the gates of life,  
And stand within, and all God's working see,  
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,  
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day; then be content, poor heart;  
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold;  
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart—  
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.  
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land  
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,  
When we shall know and clearly understand,  
I think that we shall say that "God knows best."  
—MRS. MAY RILEY SMITH.

**Charity.**

The rich man gave his dole, not ill content  
To find his heart still moved by human woe;  
The poor man simply to his neighbor lent  
The scanty savings he could scarce forego.

The one passed on, and asked to know no more;  
The other's wife all night, with pity brave,  
That neighbor's dying child was bending o'er,  
And never deeming it was much she gave.

Oh! God forgive us that we dare to ask  
Solace of costly gifts and fruitless sighs!  
Scorn on the sigh that shuns the unwelcome task,  
The dole that lacks the salt of sacrifice!

No gilded palm the crushing weight can lift;  
No soothing sigh the maddening woe can cure;  
'Tis love that gives its wealth to every gift;  
Ill would the poor man fare without the poor!  
—THE SPECTATOR.

**Deeds, Not Words.**

Not long prayers, but earnest zeal,  
This is what is wanted more;  
Put thy shoulders to the wheel,  
Bread unto the famished deal  
From thy store.

Not high-sounding words of praise  
Does God create 'neath some grand dome,  
But thou the fallen raise,  
Bring the poor from life's highways  
To thy home.

Worship God by doing good—  
Works, not words; kind acts, not creeds;  
He who loves God as he should,  
Makes his heart's love understood  
By kind deeds.

Deeds are powerful, mere words weak,  
Battering at high Heaven's door,  
Let thy love by actions speak;  
Wipe the tear from sorrow's cheek;  
Clothe the poor.

Be it thine life's care to smooth,  
And to brighten eyes now dim;  
Kind deeds done to one another  
God accepts as done, my brother,  
Unto him.

**Meeting in Dreams.**

It may be, since we meet, with no surprise,  
Our loved in dreams, and feel their living breath,  
Nor think how once we closed their precious eyes,  
That the soul's language has no word for death.

It may be that we like to spirits are,  
When worldly strivings into slumber fall,  
And thus our loved appear not passed away,  
For 'tis continuance rather than recall.  
—GEORGE H. COOMER.

**THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.**

Prevalence of the Belief in the Churches  
and Among People Generally—Experi-  
ence of an Involuntary Medium  
who Antedates the Fox  
Sisters.

(G. H. Romaine in the Cincinnati Enquirer.)

Thousands of good people have the evidence that Spiritualism rests upon a good foundation, and that its phenomena are making men and women better and wiser every day, yet they are ashamed to add their evidence in support of these facts simply because Spiritualism is unpopular in their "set" or in their church. For this reason they are content to sacrifice truth and give the benefit of their influence to prejudice. But this condition can not endure. It is sometimes broken down in a remarkable way, as we witnessed upon a rail coach last winter. A gentleman was discussing Spiritualism in an entertaining way. His remarks were more anecdotal than philosophical, but finally he said:

"There are millions of Spiritualists who can not be induced to declare themselves. They know the doctrine to be true, but are cowardly enough to fear ridicule."

"You have hit my complaint exactly," replied a gentleman, at the same time rising, "but with the help of God I propose from this time forward to conquer prejudice with truth. Let them ridicule to their heart's content."

An animated discussion ensued, in which five gentlemen joined. Before it was finished, nineteen ladies and gentlemen, out of the twenty-three in the coach, declared their firm adherence to Spiritualism, although it was found that only six had professed it publicly previous to this occasion. Of the four who refused to entertain the gentle spirit, three were well dressed but not highly intellectual ladies, and the fourth a very respectful and intensely incredulous priest of the Church of Rome. His argument was material in its character, but quite immaterial to the point at issue.

The orthodox churches are filled with Spiritualists. They do not like to give up their religion. Let them keep their religion and remain in the churches, in God's name. A church member who conducts himself as he ought, and regards all his obligations, is good enough to advance to the first lessons in Spiritualism, and no fair-minded Spiritualist will object to his keeping up his church membership. Through such means the churches themselves may, in time, become spiritualized and fitted for better work than has yet characterized them. Better work is needed all along the line.

The great majority of Spiritualists date the advent of Modern Spiritualism with the appearance of the Fox sisters, and what were known as the "Rochester knockings." These knockings were the first phenomena which came to the general knowledge of the people, but one of the oldest and most reliable mediums in the city was several times under spiritual control before the Fox girls or the Rochester manifestations were heard of. There is no special point in this except it is a fact, and the manifestations connected with it are full of interest. We will summarize them:

Forty-two years ago there lived in one of the suburbs of Boston a family named Fenley. The father was a ship-rigger, in good circumstances and blessed with many children. It was a sociable family, and being graced with pretty daughters several young gentlemen were, from time to time, attracted to the Fenley homestead. Some wanted ships rigged, and others wanted—they didn't know what, but maybe gentle possession of the girls.

One of the young girls married early, and her husband migrated to California to seek his fortune two or three years previous to the gold fever of 1849. He preceded the Argonauts, and, as near as the fact can now be ascertained, sent for his wife to join him at the little post of San Francisco in the year 1847. This was the year preceding the advent of the Fox sisters. We do not mention this in derogation of their mediumship, which was of a high order, but to preserve the record of history.

The lady sailed in a slow vessel which doubled Cape Horn, and arrived at San Francisco in about seven months from New York. It was a tedious passage, and all the passengers suffered from sickness. Some had died, and found burial where old ocean will continue to chant their requiem through all time. The lady who is the prime subject of this incident was very sick, but arrived at San Francisco in time to meet her husband and die in his arms.

The date of her death was ascertained by her friends long afterward, for at the time there was no telegraphic communication with San Francisco, no line of railroad, and not even regular mail facilities. And when the particulars were received, it was ascertained that the date of her death was identical with some strange happenings at the home of her girlhood. On that night a party of young people was gathered at the Fenley homestead, and, as usual, whiled away the time at a game of whist. Two of the Fenley daughters, Anna and Laura, were in the game, and as the deal came to Anna, she took the cards and shuffled them. Suddenly, and by an influence which startled

her in its resistless force, the cards were knocked from her hand. They were gathered up, and another attempt made to deal. Again were they suddenly dashed away. Then Miss Laura Fenley said to her sister:

"Anna, this is not the proper thing to do. If you do not wish to play, it is easy to say so."

"Don't call me Anna," was the reply. "I am not Anna, but Esther."

Anna had become rigid, and would have fallen had not her friends assisted her to a seat. Then she described the voyage of her sister, her privations on shipboard, long sickness, arrival in San Francisco and death. The story consumed several hours, and during its narration there was commotion, wonderment, fear and mourning throughout the household. If Anna was not insane, then there was a manifestation of some power which had never before been witnessed in old Massachusetts; nor, so far as the Fenley family knew, anywhere else. Her friends were in great distress, but at length came these words, very energetically spoken:

"Have no fear, Anna is well. I, Esther, have possession of her."

This declaration, through the lips of Anna, but purporting to come from Esther, produced consternation. The good people beheld a miracle, and naturally they were affrighted. Soon there came these words of consolation:

"Be calm. All is well with me and with Anna."

A few minutes past midnight the trance terminated. Anna's spirit returned to her body and she opened her eyes in astonishment at the interest those present appeared by their looks to feel in her. When she was told what had occurred, her grief and fright were pathetic. It needed no additional evidence to establish in her mind that her beloved sister was dead, and when, many weeks thereafter, a letter arrived detailing the event, it was to her like a twice-told tale. She was controlled by her sister's spirit many times thereafter, but for more than a year she dreaded recurrences of the trance condition, and was in the habit of sleeping at the house of a relative for the purpose of avoiding it. It seemed to her quite uncanny until mental and spiritual growth enabled her to understand its significance and promise of benefit to humanity.

We are aware that interest in the facts of this occurrence will be heightened by the announcement that the young lady who was thus controlled is now Mrs. Anna C. Rall, of this city, a lady well known for intelligence, progressive ideas, liberality of sentiment and the alms deeds which she does. She is not a professional medium in any sense of the term, but her insight into the infinite enables her to stand face to face with those things which have never yet been seen by the natural eye, and to converse familiarly with the spirits of the just made perfect, or, in other words, with the angels.

UNWORTHY OF JOURNALISM.—The *Evening Record*, Boston, speaking upon this subject of personal animosities in journalism, very appropriately asks: "Why can not editors keep their personal spites and quarrels out of their sheets?" Sure enough; why can't they? Vituperation does not add anything to the good name of the press; but, on the contrary, sinks its character in the estimation of all fair-minded people.—*Spiritual Offering.*

THERE can be no doubt that of all the proximate sources of crime, the use of intoxicating liquors is the most prolific and the most deadly. Of other causes it may be said that they slay their thousands; of this it may be acknowledged that it slays its tens of thousands.—*Report of the Prison Association of New York.*

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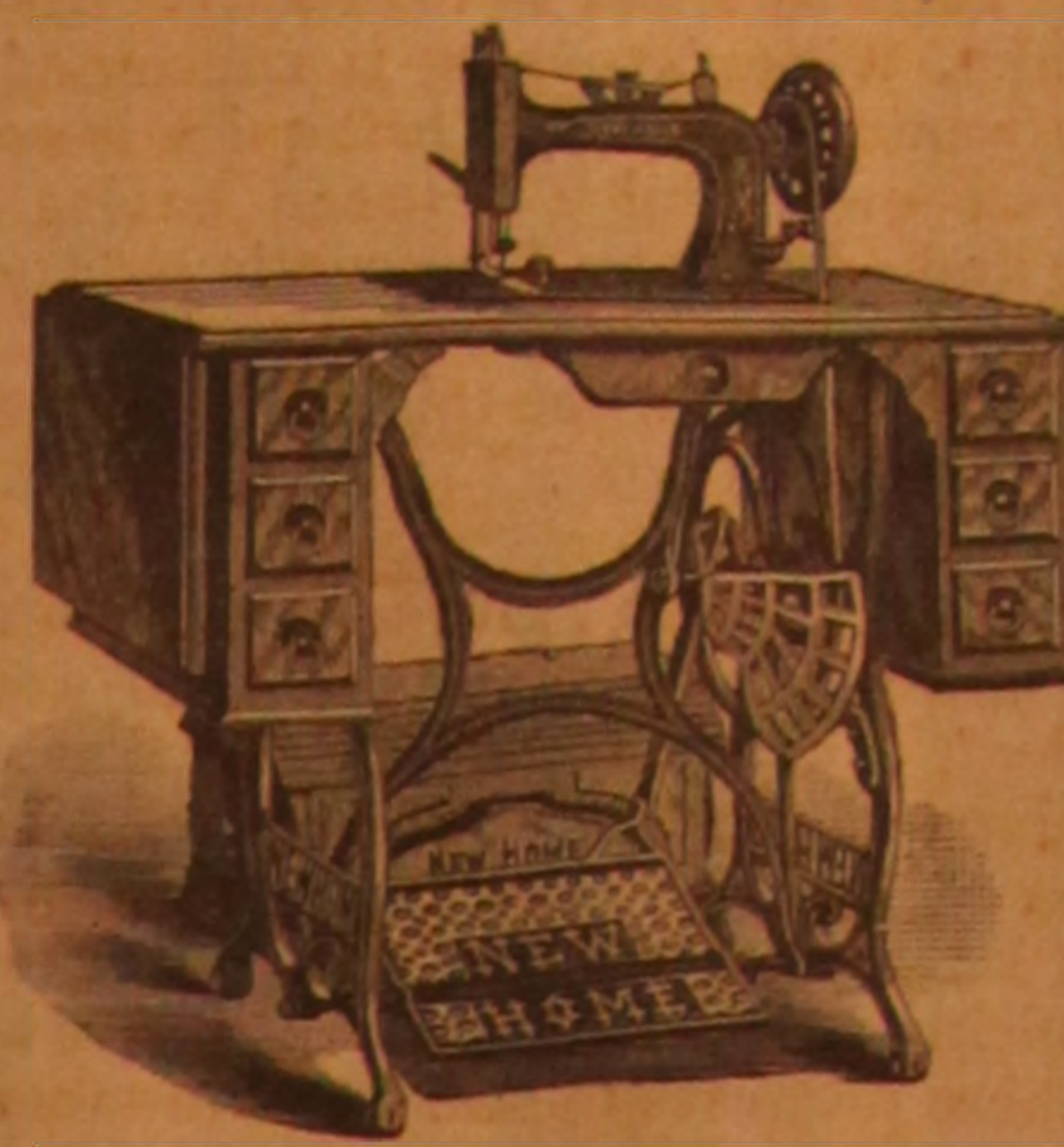
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PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE STATION, FOOT

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8:30 A. M., daily, for Alvarado, Newark, Centerville,

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Wright, Glenwood, Felton, Big Trees, Boulder Creek,

SANTA CRUZ, and all way stations—Parlor Car.

2:30 P. M. (except Sundays), Express: Mt. Eden, Alvarado,

Newark, Centerville, Alviso, Agnew, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and all stations to Boulder

Creek and SANTA CRUZ—Parlor Car.

4:30 P. M., daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos and intermediate

points. Saturdays and Sundays to Santa Cruz.

\$5 Excursion to SANTA CRUZ and BOULDER CREEK, and

\$2.50 to SAN JOSE, on Saturdays and Sundays, to return

on Monday inclusive.

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8:30 A. M. and 2:30 P. M., Trains with Stage at Los

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All Through Trains connect at Felton for Boulder Creek

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To Oakland and Alameda.

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