

So we now dwell in your  
from whence we, with those  
the good of humanity, go forth  
pters and sustainers of those whose  
force has developed the positive  
inciples that demand of all, and for all,  
equal rights.

On this planet it is needful that dissensions arise else the good that is waiting would be long in coming, therefore sorrow not for the storms that arise in human hearts, as they are needful as the cyclones of the elements with which they are in harmony, and hold a closer relation than the world is conscious of. To the order within the limits of which we come, we extend the sympathy that is born in our hearts for all who are seeking truth and purity, and we ask you to search your hearts not once but often, lest you see not clearly the true path. Have charity for all, and seek in all ways that come to you to better the condition of humanity, for by so doing you become to us helpers in need. In the years that lie nearest the doors of the present, conflicts and changes must ensue, but waver not in principles, neither in your confidence in the guides of the planet, for there is at present a host on the earth shores sufficient to form the needed battery through which to tide the planet over the uncertain seas of the present to the certain seas of the future, where the nation can cast anchor in safety. I bless you with my love, sympathy and efforts for your present and future good.

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

OSWEGO, New York, 1886.

#### Lincoln's Simplicity.

[Joe Howard, in Boston Globe.]

Without attempting to record, with any degree of consecutiveness, the occurrences that followed each other like the quick reports of a Gatling gun, I will illustrate the simplicity of Abraham Lincoln's character, and the singular lack of what we recognize as discipline, that I obtained in those days by an incident immediately after the battle of Bull Run. It was either the day after the battle of Bull Run, or the day succeeding that, a bright, beautiful day in the latter part of July, 1861, when General McDowell's troops were drawn up some distance from Washington, that President Lincoln and Secretary of State Seward visited the encampment.

The soldiers were what were known as three months' men. Their time had expired prior to the battle of Bull Run, but with an esprit that was characteristic of the times, they decided to remain, and did so, sharing in the great drawn fight, known throughout all time as the first battle of Bull Run. The troops were drawn up by companies, the President, standing in his carriage, Mr. Seward and General McDowell not far off, addressing them, thanking them for the loyalty which led them to remain rather than return to their homes, complimenting them upon their gallantry under fire, and, in the name of the Nation, assuring them of the respect and regard of their fellow-citizens. That's all very well. Imagine the scene that followed. Drawn up in double line, face to face, stood the troops. Leaving his carriage, the President of the United States started at the head of the line, and, with a God bless you to each, shook hands right and left with every man until he reached the end of the first company.

Turning at the end of the second, he did the same with them, and so on through hundreds and hundreds. There was a narrow line there between the sublime and the ridiculous, but Lincoln didn't cross it, and although under ordinary circumstances such procedure would be absurd and indefensible, under these circumstances he did precisely the right thing at the right time, and nine-tenths of these men, whose time had already expired, re-enlisted for three years of the war.

"Push along!" What if clouds, thick and heavy, are stretching out before you? "Push along!" What if your eyes see no signs of victory and no gleams of hope? "Push along!" What if death stride into your household, ring and break all the shrines of idolatry? Mourn not hopelessly, look not always back, let the dead past bury its dead. "Push along—keep moving!"

of the great pressing need of the land, to right the wrongs that exist, and place on a firm basis new-born and but dimly understood truths, the wisdom spirits of the same have sent forth to sister planets, strong, aye, mighty appeals for unflinching representatives of their more unfolded conditions, to help tide over the rapidly flowing sea of human necessities, the burthen bearing barks of the nation; the elements are ripe for unfoldment and fulfillment of unlooked for good, and there must be no blighting of the angel-watched buds, else the demands of souls will be unmet. Among those who responded to the earnest appeal on the planet Harmonia were spirit Harmonia and her soul-mate Harmon. Together with many others from the same planet have we come to labor for this land, and we shrink not before the mountains that await us, that lie in the pathway of the hosts of earth.

It is supposed that conditions are self-adjusting, yet were it possible for mortals to look into the great laboratory of cause and effect, they would see that the basis of all change, all unfoldment, was soul force, no good to specialties or generalities, never occurred without the underlying, upbuilding power known as soul force. This your planet lacks to meet alone the demands in the deep hearts of humanity; neither have the demands recorded themselves correctly or harmoniously. Landmarks are sunk in the sands of time, leaving a record unsettled and strange. In times of high tides much drift wood is seen on deep streams, giving them a wild appearance, yet all tides at their own proper time find their level and flow harmoniously; this occurs after the cause has been removed. The cause of the high tide on the measureless sea of humanity, isle gemmed with hopes and necessities, is in your midst. The drift wood in it crashing and surging, seaward and landward, now makes uncertain echoes all through the land, till the dread of civil war creeps into hearts unknown to fear. Beyond in the past lies hills, steep mountains, and deep valleys; in the future a land peace-crowned and harmoniously unfolding, the two extremes being separated by the valley of the present through which flows the deep tide that is giving to the wild winds its echoes uncertain as the winds themselves.

This is the picture painted in words, that spirit Harmonia sees in the present; a picture of existing conditions that called for the help of sister planets. In our coming and in the coming of wise, strong spirits from other planets, is the lack of soul force to be supplied. Although a consciousness of the supply will come not home to the hearts of the masses, and were it not for the presence on this planet of advanced spirits in material form who create a deep soul atmosphere we could not have responded to the call. We could not have added our soul force had there not been something to have attracted it to. We find on this planet one jet of light, one center from which light is radiating, light that is born in the higher spirit realms and bestowed on those who reach out for the bread of the kingdom. This light has not, as yet, cast its rays to the full extent of its possible circumference. To this center we bring the tribute of our love, and in return receive the ready sympathy of those who have in their souls the unfolded power to respond to us, and with this sympathy we go forth to the necessity to the land we have come to assist. Where do we go? I will tell you: We go wherever through selfish ambition might is looked upon in the light of virtue, wherever a power oppressive is forming an avalanche of destruction to human hopes. In public halls where the representatives of a land dare approach the God of justice to shield their selfishness, and in such places we bear the unseen power of the soul to weigh in the balance against them; wherever is centered the willful power of oppression in the land, there do we go with our soul-lamps to light the paths of the oppressed.

This is our mission in part to the land we hope to see unfold into harmonious con-

culate that draws those who dwell on the ocean bed, that is an unflinching support. The deep under-current in the sea of humanity flows close to the throne of justice, while the mighty appeal of hearts that have long felt the bonds, wedded by those who have the power through their situation, has reached the ears of the heavenly hosts, and the result of their soul force with the ready assistance of the masterful dwellers of the better land, is turning and overturning the seeming probabilities of the day until no one knows just where to look for the possibilities, unless they possess the far-seeing gaze of the seers of the higher realm; all this is well, for oppression, let it bear what name it will, it must be swept from the entire planet. There is no justice in the demands of the day that obliges one child of the Infinite to submit to the will of another, when that will is founded on the power centered in gold.

I marvel much concerning the religious condition of the land, yet such cause lies in the front brains of the children, they being not yet redeemed from the enslaving power of the back brain, while the power of the back brain to enslave the front is due to the yet unfolded elements of the planet. The undeveloped condition of all worlds is shown in the brains of the children thereof. Thus also are the developed conditions recorded, I am told, by the wisdom spirits of the planet, that during the time known by them as the last half century, great advancement has been made in spiritual unfoldment, which marks on the dial indicated to them the arrival of the time when justice should become the ruling power, and the aggressive elements cremated in the crucible over which justice will preside, in company with the wisdom spirits. The delegates to this planet have been throughout the entire length and breadth of the land, noting the necessities, and they are often in council as to the steps to be taken, that will prove both the shortest and surest way to a new basis from which shall be evolved a harmonious blending of power, that in its results will bear the fruits of peace and prosperity, interblended with a general spiritual unfoldment that in its inner teachings will prove to man the ever-progressive paths over which it is their destiny to travel, and with that the folly of grasping at their own the golden harvest of the earth, until empty-handed many children of the Father crowd the avenues that poverty makes loathsome.

In this earth-land dwells one to whom, at a far-off incarnation, I held the relation of mother; he came to my heart and home on my own home planet, but now dwells on this. Great peace and harmony abided with us, and I still breathe into his heart the baptism of my love. The unfoldment of individualized spirits on the planet Harmonia was very rapid because of the relation of the planet to the central source. Extremes record themselves in the heavens as well as elsewhere, and there are worlds that are peopled with beings of very limited intelligence, that unfold but slowly, because of the elements through which they must express themselves. My own home planet seemed ever warmed and lighted by the love and magnetic life of the Infinite, and the children thereof unfolded without the record that many planets bear of a past filled with warnings and dissensions; warnings against advanced principles and dissensions within their own homes; unity of purpose which here seems to have but little foothold, there was born in the hearts of the children. There may seem a lack of justice in the extremes, but that is never the case. In fulfillments of progressive nature, it was not possible for all planets to be so related to the central source as to receive at the same time, the same amount of impetus. Nor are those who incarnated on the more developed planets ever to remain in the ascendency. All humanity must be brought to the same point of unfoldment, and when that time comes, all matter that now weighs in the scales with mind, will have been illuminated, deified or redeemed.

This fulfillment as yet lies afar off; yet,

After all the children of the Father that have found homes on the different planets have become superior to the power of matter; superior to the call that holds them in bondage, there will be no further need of the worlds, that as battle-grounds for the children, now move obedient to the masterful power centered in Deity.

Then there will come another change. Spirit orbs, to which the spirit worlds of the planet will be attached will be evolved from the swinging worlds of visible matter, while the worlds that now exist will be gathered as stubble into the laboratory of the Infinite. Following this, there will be another birth of worlds from the same deific laboratory, but so much superior in all points that were they swinging to-day in the blue above, they would not be perceptible through the strongest lens this planet holds. These unborn worlds will be so in harmony with the children of the universe who will then have become superior to the present existence of matter, that they can and will take up their homes on the same, without the forces of incarnation, and will there work out problems, that were I to name them now, would not be understood. Thus far dare and do I make record concerning the future that as yet lies in the midnight valley of the eternities. Let it not be supposed that the gathering in of useless worlds is to be the harvest of a single day, such as dawns to the children of any planet, but the work of one of the days of the Father, which in your time would be many ages. Does any one question as to the propriety of such statements? I answer, I say not these things for the majority, but for the few who reach out toward the Infinite with hungerings and yearnings that call for solid facts on which to feed.

There are some children on this planet who have reaped from the far-off fields of the Infinite, and are thus ready to accept the tidings I bring, and when once accepted, thought, children will be born in earth's atmosphere through radiations of the brain, and find lodgement in many hearts. In this way are the higher truths brought to many; in this way are the avenues, unseen to the children of the planet, opened for the inflowing tides of spiritual unfoldment. I see much on the planet that is stubble, and worthless; much that is held to, because the coming good that is to take place of the conditions that now exist in virtue of their once having seemed true, is withheld, detained beyond the gates of the present, and will remain until the real hunger of the soul creates a positive demand. Then will the world awake to the conditions that hold them in bondage; then will the long night of superstition give place to the tints of a new morning, in lieu of which there was great need on this planet of the assistance of masterful spirits from other worlds. It is true, we come but to a few, and that few will be as a storehouse wherein we can place the golden grain of thought gathered from our own experience as individualized spirits. In my own home land inequalities, as they here exist, are never known.

I am told by the spirits, who guard your planet, that in this nation there has been recorded the acknowledged principle of equal rights; yet as I read the symbols hung on the walls unseen to the world, I find nothing that answers to my idea of the principle recorded. The only equality I see in the rights of the people is this: All have an equal right to grasp and hold all the world's gold that is within their reach, and this very right wrongs thousands. There would be no wrong in grasping it if the inner self held holy promptings whereby the gathered gold might be made to clothe, shelter and feed those that are virtually robbed by the gold graspers. In the rights of this land I see the great god, Self, before which too many pay homage, and I see but few in comparison with the many who give to the world the radiance that is born from true spiritual unfoldment. The waters of the soul seas are without ripples, consequently there is not sufficient tide to bear the needed supply of spiritual food to the masses. To better these conditions, as

of the great pressing need of the land, to right the wrongs that exist, and place on a firm basis new-born and but dimly understood truths, the wisdom spirits of the same have sent forth to sister planets, strong, aye, mighty appeals for unflinching representatives of their more unfolded conditions, to help tide over the rapidly flowing sea of human necessities, the burthen bearing barks of the nation; the elements are ripe for unfoldment and fulfillment of unlooked for good, and there must be no blighting of the angel-watched buds, else the demands of souls will be unmet. Among those who responded to the earnest appeal on the planet Harmonia were spirit Harmonia and her soul-mate Harmon. Together with many others from the same planet have we come to labor for this land, and we shrink not before the mountains that await us, that lie in the pathway of the hosts of earth.

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#### GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Calumny is moral assassination.

Hearts agree; minds dispute.—*Preault.*

Who elevates himself isolates himself.—*Rivarol.*

Liberty is a progressive conquest.—*Gueroult.*

No one knows himself until he has suffered.—*A. de Misset.*

Mothers are the only goddesses in whom the whole world believes.

Poverty of the soul is worse than that of fortune.—*Mme. de Lambert.*

Fortune does not change men; it unmasks them.—*Mme. Necker.*

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The thought of eternity consoles us for the shortness of life.—*Malesherbes.*

He is the happiest who renders the greatest number happy.—*Desmahis.*

The human soul needs to be mated to develop all its value.—*Rousseau.*

Cold natures have only recollections; tender natures have remembrances.

Good actions are the invisible hinges of the doors of heaven.—*Victor Hugo.*

Diversity of opinion proves that things are only what we think them.—*Montaigne.*

The virtuous action, done for virtue's sake alone, is truly laudable.—*Marguerite de Valois.*

Conscience is the voice of the soul; passion the voice of the body.—*J. J. Rousseau.*

A woman is more influenced by what she divines than by what she is told.—*Ninod de Leuclos.*

Weak souls are capable of only weak sentiments; strong souls of powerful sentiments.—*Balzac.*

One is no more the master of his impressions than of his coughing or sneezing.—*Mme. du Deffand.*

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Joy is the ray of sunshine that brightens and opens those two beautiful flowers, Confidence and Hope.—*E. Souvestre.*

Old age is the night of life, as night is the old age of the day. Still, night is full of magnificence; and, for many, it is more brilliant than the day.

Man is an eternal mystery, even to himself. His own person is a house which he never enters, and of which he studies but the outside.—*Souvestre.*

Life is arid and terrible; repose is chimeric; prudence useless; reason itself serves only to dry up the heart. There is but one virtue—the eternal sacrifice of self.—*George Sand.*





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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## FROM THE SUN ANGELS ORDER OF LIGHT.

### A Delegate from the Planet Harmonia to our Planet.

Because of the great pressing need of the land, to right the wrongs that exist, and place on a firm basis new-born and but dimly understood truths, the wisdom spirits of the same have sent forth to sister planets, strong, aye, mighty appeals for unflinching representatives of their more unfolded conditions, to help tide over the rapidly flowing sea of human necessities, the burthen bearing barks of the nation; the elements are ripe for unfoldment and fulfillment of unlooked for good, and there must be no blighting of the angel-watched buds, else the demands of souls will be unmet. Among those who responded to the earnest appeal on the planet Harmonia were spirit Harmonia and her soul-mate Harmon. Together with many others from the same planet have we come to labor for this land, and we shrink not before the mountains that await us, that lie in the pathway of the hosts of earth.

It is supposed that conditions are self-adjusting, yet were it possible for mortals to look into the great laboratory of cause and effect, they would see that the basis of all change, all unfoldment, was soul force, no good to specialties or generalities, never occurred without the underlying, upbuilding power known as soul force. This your planet lacks to meet alone the demands in the deep hearts of humanity; neither have the demands recorded themselves correctly or harmoniously. Landmarks are sunk in the sands of time, leaving a record unsettled and strange. In times of high tides much drift wood is seen on deep streams, giving them a wild appearance, yet all tides at their own proper time find their level and flow harmoniously; this occurs after the cause has been removed. The cause of the high tide on the measureless sea of humanity, isle gemmed with hopes and necessities, is in your midst. The drift wood in it crashing and surging, seaward and landward, now makes uncertain echoes all through the land, till the dread of civil war creeps into hearts unknown to fear. Beyond in the past lies hills, steep mountains, and deep valleys; in the future a land peace-crowned and harmoniously unfolding, the two extremes being separated by the valley of the present through which flows the deep tide that is giving to the wild winds its echoes uncertain as the winds themselves.

This is the picture painted in words, that spirit Harmonia sees in the present; a picture of existing conditions that called for the help of sister planets. In our coming and in the coming of wise, strong spirits from other planets, is the lack of soul force to be supplied. Although a consciousness of the supply will come not home to the hearts of the masses, and were it not for the presence on this planet of advanced spirits in material form who create a deep soul atmosphere we could not have responded to the call. We could not have added our soul force had there not been something to have attracted it. We find on this planet one jet of light, one center from which light is radiating, light that is born in the higher spirit realms and bestowed on those who reach out for the bread of the kingdom. This light has not, as yet, cast its rays to the full extent of its possible circumference. To this center we bring the tribute of our love, and in return receive the ready sympathy of those who have in their souls the unfolded power to respond to us, and with this sympathy we go forth to the necessity to the land we have come to assist. Where do we go? I will tell you: We go wherever through selfish ambition might is looked upon in the light of virtue, wherever a power oppressive is forming an avalanche of destruction to human hopes. In public halls where the representatives of a land dare approach the God of justice to shield their selfishness, and in such places we bear the unseen power of the soul to weigh in the balance against them; wherever is centered the willful power of oppression in the land, there do we go with our soul-lamps to light the paths of the oppressed.

This is our mission in part to the land we hope to see unfold into harmonious con-

ditions, that will make it a leader among planets. They whose aspirations reach not above their possible power to pile high perishable edifices, have no inner consciousness of the power of the unseen, either for good or the reverse. Therefore they calculate not on the possibility of the power that draws the line of advance before those who deem their might sufficient to claim all, and hold all. The deep under-current in nature's realm are nearest the ocean bed, that is an unflinching support. The deep under-current in the sea of humanity flows close to the throne of justice, while the mighty appeal of hearts that have long felt the bonds, wedded by those who have the power through their situation, has reached the ears of the heavenly hosts, and the result of their soul force with the ready assistance of the masterful dwellers of the better land, is turning and overturning the seeming probabilities of the day until no one knows just where to look for the possibilities, unless they possess the far-seeing gaze of the seers of the higher realm; all this is well, for oppression, let it bear what name it will, it must be swept from the entire planet. There is no justice in the demands of the day that obliges one child of the Infinite to submit to the will of another, when that will is founded on the power centered in gold.

I marvel much concerning the religious condition of the land, yet such cause lies in the front brains of the children, they being not yet redeemed from the enslaving power of the back brain, while the power of the back brain to enslave the front is due to the yet unfolded elements of the planet. The undeveloped condition of all worlds is shown in the brains of the children thereof. Thus also are the developed conditions recorded, I am told, by the wisdom spirits of the planet, that during the time known by them as the last half century, great advancement has been made in spiritual unfoldment, which marks on the dial indicated to them the arrival of the time when justice should become the ruling power, and the aggressive elements cremated in the crucible over which justice will preside, in company with the wisdom spirits. The delegates to this planet have been throughout the entire length and breadth of the land, noting the necessities, and they are often in council as to the steps to be taken, that will prove both the shortest and surest way to a new basis from which shall be evolved a harmonious blending of power, that in its results will bear the fruits of peace and prosperity, interblended with a general spiritual unfoldment that in its inner teachings will prove to man the ever-progressive paths over which it is their destiny to travel, and with that the folly of grasping as their own the golden harvest of the earth, until empty-handed many children of the Father crowd the avenues that poverty makes loathsome.

In this earth-land dwells one to whom, at a far-off incarnation, I held the relation of mother; he came to my heart and home on my own home planet, but now dwells on this. Great peace and harmony abided with us, and I still breathe into his heart the baptism of my love. The unfoldment of individualized spirits on the planet Harmonia was very rapid because of the relation of the planet to the central source. Extremes record themselves in the heavens as well as elsewhere, and there are worlds that are peopled with beings of very limited intelligence, that unfold but slowly, because of the elements through which they must express themselves. My own home planet seemed ever warmed and lighted by the love and magnetic life of the Infinite, and the children thereof unfolded without the record that many planets bear of a past filled with warrings and dissensions; warrings against advanced principles and dissensions within their own homes; unity of purpose which here seems to have but little foothold, there was born in the hearts of the children. There may seem a lack of justice in the extremes, but that is never the case. In fulfillments of progressive nature, it was not possible for all planets to be so related to the central source as to receive at the same time, the same amount of impetus. Nor are those who incarnated on the more developed planets ever to remain in the ascendency. All humanity must be brought to the same point of unfoldment, and when that time comes, all matter that now weighs in the scales with mind, will have been illuminated, deified or redeemed.

This fulfillment as yet lies afar off; yet,

when it comes, then will come another grand epoch, of which I hesitate to speak, because I see not in the atmosphere of this planet symbols that announce to me the fact of many receptive enough to accept what advanced spirits of other planets see cast on the dial of the future. I say I hesitate, yet my heart tells me it is best to make here a record, in part, of the fulfillments of the time to which I refer. After all the children of the Father that have found homes on the different planets have become superior to the power of matter; superior to the call that holds them in bondage, there will be no further need of the worlds, that as battle-grounds for the children, now move obedient to the masterful power centered in Deity.

Then there will come another change. Spirit orbs, to which the spirit worlds of the planet will be attached will be evolved from the swinging worlds of visible matter, while the worlds that now exist will be gathered as stubble into the laboratory of the Infinite. Following this, there will be another birth of worlds from the same deific laboratory, but so much superior in all points that were they swinging to-day in the blue above, they would not be perceptible through the strongest lens this planet holds. These unborn worlds will be so in harmony with the children of the universe who will then have become superior to the present existence of matter, that they can and will take up their homes on the same, without the forces of incarnation, and will there work out problems, that were I to name them now, would not be understood. Thus far dare and do I make record concerning the future that as yet lies in the midnight valley of the eternities. Let it not be supposed that the gathering in of useless worlds is to be the harvest of a single day, such as dawns to the children of any planet, but the work of one of the days of the Father, which in your time would be many ages. Does any one question as to the propriety of such statements? I answer, I say not these things for the majority, but for the few who reach out toward the Infinite with hungerings and yearnings that call for solid facts on which to feed.

There are some children on this planet who have reaped from the far-off fields of the Infinite, and are thus ready to accept the tidings I bring, and when once accepted, thought, children will be born in earth's atmosphere through radiations of the brain, and find lodgement in many hearts. In this way are the higher truths brought to many; in this way are the avenues, unseen to the children of the planet, opened for the inflowing tides of spiritual unfoldment. I see much on the planet that is stubble, and worthless; much that is held to, because the coming good that is to take place of the conditions that now exist in virtue of their once having seemed true, is withheld, detained beyond the gates of the present, and will remain until the real hunger of the soul creates a positive demand. Then will the world awake to the conditions that hold them in bondage; then will the long night of superstition give place to the tints of a new morning, in lieu of which there was great need on this planet of the assistance of masterful spirits from other worlds. It is true, we come but to a few, and that few will be as a storehouse wherein we can place the golden grain of thought gathered from our own experience as individualized spirits. In my own home land inequalities, as they here exist, are never known.

I am told by the spirits, who guard your planet, that in this nation there has been recorded the acknowledged principle of equal rights; yet as I read the symbols hung on the walls unseen to the world, I find nothing that answers to my idea of the principle recorded. The only equality I see in the rights of the people is this: All have an equal right to grasp and hold all the world's gold that is within their reach, and this very right wrongs thousands. There would be no wrong in grasping it if the inner self held holy promptings whereby the gathered gold might be made to clothe, shelter and feed those that are virtually robbed by the gold graspers. In the rights of this land I see the great god, Self, before which too many pay homage, and I see but few in comparison with the many who give to the world the radiance that is born from true spiritual unfoldment. The waters of the soul seas are without ripples, consequently there is not sufficient tide to bear the needed supply of spiritual food to the masses. To better these conditions, as

well as others, do we now dwell in your spirit realm, from whence we, with those who seek the good of humanity, go forth as prompters and sustainers of those whose soul force has developed the positive principles that demand of all, and for all, equal rights.

On this planet it is needful that dissensions arise else the good that is waiting would be long in coming, therefore sorrow not for the storms that arise in human hearts, as they are needful as the cyclones of the elements with which they are in harmony, and hold a closer relation than the world is conscious of. To the order within the limits of which we come, we extend the sympathy that is born in our hearts for all who are seeking truth and purity, and we ask you to search your hearts not once but often, lest you see not clearly the true path. Have charity for all, and seek in all ways that come to you to better the condition of humanity, for by so doing you become to us helpers in need. In the years that lie nearest the doors of the present, conflicts and changes must ensue, but waver not in principles, neither in your confidence in the guides of the planet, for there is at present a host on the earth shores sufficient to form the needed battery through which to tide the planet over the uncertain seas of the present to the certain seas of the future, where the nation can cast anchor in safety. I bless you with my love, sympathy and efforts for your present and future good.

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

OSWEGO, New York, 1886.

## Lincoln's Simplicity.

[See Howard, in Boston Globe.]

Without attempting to record, with any degree of consecutiveness, the occurrences that followed each other like the quick reports of a Gatling gun, I will illustrate the simplicity of Abraham Lincoln's character, and the singular lack of what we recognize as discipline, that I obtained in those days by an incident immediately after the battle of Bull Run. It was either the day after the battle of Bull Run, or the day succeeding that, a bright, beautiful day in the latter part of July, 1861, when General McDowell's troops were drawn up some distance from Washington, that President Lincoln and Secretary of State Seward visited the encampment.

The soldiers were what were known as three months' men. Their time had expired prior to the battle of Bull Run, but with an esprit that was characteristic of the times, they decided to remain, and did so, sharing in the great drawn fight, known throughout all time as the first battle of Bull Run. The troops were drawn up by companies, the President, standing in his carriage, Mr. Seward and General McDowell not far off, addressing them, thanking them for the loyalty which led them to remain rather than return to their homes, complimenting them upon their gallantry under fire, and, in the name of the Nation, assuring them of the respect and regard of their fellow-citizens. That's all very well. Imagine the scene that followed. Drawn up in double line, face to face, stood the troops. Leaving his carriage, the President of the United States started at the head of the line, and, with a God bless you to each, shook hands right and left with every man until he reached the end of the first company.

Turning at the end of the second, he did the same with them, and so on through hundreds and hundreds. There was a narrow line there between the sublime and the ridiculous, but Lincoln didn't cross it, and although under ordinary circumstances such procedure would be absurd and indefensible, under these circumstances he did precisely the right thing at the right time, and nine-tenths of these men, whose time had already expired, re-enlisted for three years of the war.

"Push along!" What if clouds, thick and heavy, are stretching out before you? "Push along!" What if your eyes see no signs of victory and no gleams of hope? "Push along!" What if death stride into your household, ring and break all the shrines of idolatry? Mourn not hopelessly, look not always back, let the dead past bury its dead. "Push along—keep moving!"



Of ten persons is as capable as the emperor at the head of affairs. Should we divide proportionally the labor, this would be co-operation and increased prosperity and comfort would vindicate the system. How long, O sons and daughters of toil, will you go hungry to bed before learning the simple lesson of mutual assistance and mutual trust?

Drink you if will—drink deeply of the cup of inquiry. Then fill and quaff again, and when your breath is a pollution and you have become a putrescence stinking with moral rottenness, enjoy whatsoever there is of comfort in the reflection that all this abomination is your own work, this hell your own creation.

He is himself mean who without cause thinks meanly of another. Conscious of his own low moral plane, he would drag others to his level. His opinions are the suggestions of his own baseness. They are the reflections of himself, and his calumnies his own condemnation.

Those persons who are ever suspecting others—who ascribe even good deeds to bad and sinister motives—it is their own peculiar devil which inspires them. Do not confide in them, they will deceive you; do not trust them, they will betray you.

These sermons in stone! The earth's history is written in the rock—how full of instruction to him who will read its multiform volumes.

This little fossil, not so large as a walnut, is a petrified organism. It was a living being once—I dare not guess how many ages ago. Buried in its rock-built mausoleum—the hardened sediment of a primeval ocean—it has lain under these silurian rocks for uncounted time. During long, long ages, rolled over it the waters of a mighty ocean. During long, long ages, strange wild beasts, such as live not now on the earth, roamed and howled, and preyed on each other in a primeval forest. During thousands and thousands of years this river has been widening and deepening its channel in the hard limestone. For unknown ages a nation of men whose name and deeds even tradition has forgotten, lived and loved, made war and peace, planted and cultivated the fertile soil of this valley. For ages, no one knows how many, the red Indian roamed here the denizen and lord of the wilderness. A new race of men, a new civilization is here. Geologic cycles, nations, races, pass and this mollusk remains! And I can look upon it, handle it, nay, reason about it, and learn from it of the creatures which far back in the dim twilight of time peopled a primeval ocean.

At creation's early dawn, when matter first assumes organic form, this stone was a living creature, a type, perhaps the highest, of the then existing life; a prototype and a prophecy of the higher forms to come.

What may yet be? Shall progress, the law through an infinity of antecedent ages, cease with the present? Have the upward forces that have borne nature from the lower silurian expended themselves with the post-tertiary? Is the man of to-day the final culmination of all that was to be? Has infinity indeed found an end and omnipotence a constraint? Or is growth the universal and eternal law, and the man of to-day but the mollusk as compared with the greatness yet to be?

Environment tells. Could we but know the physical future of the planet we might approximate the answers. We may ponder and speculate; omniscience only can know.

**WOMAN'S WORK.**—The Boston woman has not only found work in the occupations opened to women in other cities, but has developed new branches of industry and is constantly widening her sphere of labor. There the gentler sex—it will not answer in that atmosphere to call them the weaker vessels—run drug stores, manufacture rubber goods, keep jewelry establishments, tune pianos, manage real estate offices and do steam and job printing, and all this, too, without the help or interference of horrid man. Moreover, the Boston woman has taken all the fun out of the ancient

ta the the left hand my right to not long to wait the knocks were heard distinctly, and following that the movements of the paper tubes. Then the musical box was wound up by the spirits, and commenced to play. In fact, all seemed to be alive. It floated in the air, and was upon the ceiling several times, and on our heads. The table itself lifted up bodily, with our hands on, and all the other things, at least one foot from the floor. Then we had "John King," "Peter," and several others in the direct voice. We were touched by invisible hands, and the instruments were carried in all directions. One of the spirits sang a song in Lancashire dialect; and I may say that the lady and gentleman from Italy held a conversation in three different languages, and with the direct spirit voice; and no one present except themselves knew these languages, namely, Italian, Danish and Dutch. Though the other sitters did not understand, it was none the less interesting. Then we had three different spirit forms materialized; that we could see by the card on which was the luminous paint; but if I had not been told what it was, I should have taken it for spirit lights; but thanks to Mr. Williams for his having explained it at the commencement. Then came a rattle, as of chains, from behind us; this was the iron rings that were on the mantelpiece, for they had not been put on the table, but were brought then; and so they said we were to have the "ring test." I did not expect that in a few minutes more I should have an iron ring put on my arm, while my hand was joined in Mr. Williams'; but so it was, and not only me but another gentleman also had one put on his arm. I have brought the ring home to Yorkshire as a keepsake of that seance. I felt the ring being manipulated over my hand and Mr. Williams', and it seemed to expand until it passed over our hands; then it passed over my coat sleeve, up above my elbow, and there it remained until the close of the sitting.

Much more might be said, but I have given the facts, the truth, though I could not have believed it if I had not experienced it; and I do not expect others can until they do so likewise. Thanks to you, Mr. Burns, for your help in the matter. I am your brother in the cause of truth and progress.

#### A Spirit Yet in the Body Seen by Three Witnesses.

[Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, Westfield, N. Y., in Facts.]

About six years ago I was on board a train on my way from Niagara Falls to Suspension Bridge, when, happening to look back toward the door, I saw my mother coming toward me, holding her satchel, which I also recognized as her own, and smiling upon me. I sprang to my feet, exclaiming: "Why, there's mother," and started to meet her. But she had vanished as suddenly as she had appeared. I asked the brakeman who was near the door: "Where is the woman gone with the white satchel?" He replied that, just as he saw her, and was about to offer to take her satchel, she was gone. Turning to a lady who sat near me, I said: "Did you see her?" "Yes," she replied, "but in a moment she was gone."

I was much concerned, feeling sure something had happened to my mother, and on arrival at the station sent a message, asking: "Is mother well?" To which I received a reply, stating that she had been very seriously ill, but had begun to recover.

I had afterwards learned that on the day and about the hour at which we three people saw her in the car near Suspension Bridge, she lay ill in bed at Westfield, many miles away, and was dreaming of being with me in the cars.

ONLY they who carry sincerity to the highest point, in whom there remains not a single hair's breadth of hypocrisy, can see the hidden springs of things.—*Confucius.*

property and family,' says but there has certainly never been a war against these as in the enlightened nineteenth century, and nowhere is the struggle carried forward with such fierce animosity as in the cities and states most conspicuous for their culture.' The more we expend for education the more the trouble seems to increase, so that it has become a question whether 'we are not lighting the torch of the incendiary rather than that of the guide.'

"President Seelye then proceeds to lay down the proposition which he regards as almost self-evident, that the religious instruction of a people is indispensable, not merely to their welfare, but to their very existence. Accordingly, even if other agencies could perform the work, he holds that 'the undertaking is of such transcendent importance to the state, is so truly the one work upon which the very salvation of society depends, that the state can not afford to leave it in any other hands than its own. The theory upon which the state gives education to the people is that thereby they are made better citizens. But a better grammarian, a better arithmetician, a better geographer, is not, as such, a better citizen. He is the better citizen only as he is the better man, and he is the better man only as he is more loyal to truth and duty—in other words, only as he is the more obedient to God.'

"Education without religion is therefore, to President Seelye's thinking, no proper education at all, and instead of benefitting the citizens of the state it may prove harmful to both. The objection that state religious instruction would invade the conscience of some of the people he meets by the declaration that 'no wise government will let the conscience of its subjects control its public policy.' 'Is it an injustice,' he asks, 'to tax the Quaker for the military and naval defenses by which the country is preserved from invasion, conscientiously opposed though he be to war and all its machinery? And it any more of an injustice to tax an irreligious person for the religious instruction of the people, by which alone their existence is to be maintained?'

"But what religion shall the state teach? 'The religion of Jesus Christ,' said President Seelye. 'Hence I say,' are his words, 'that the state should provide for instruction in the gospels, for its own preservation.' If the life of Julius Caesar is taught in our schools, he sees no reason why we should not teach the life of Jesus also, for 'the life of Jesus Christ is, to say the least, no less authentically recorded for us than the life of Julius Caesar.'

"This would all be very well if the people who make the state were agreed as to the religion of Jesus, and the proper manner of teaching it, or if the vast majority of them were so agreed. But, in the first place, a large part of the inhabitants have no belief in that religion. There are Jews, Pagans and Infidels, and they refuse to accept 'the general historic accuracy of the gospels,' though President Seelye says 'it is no longer doubted by intelligent persons.' Then there is the division between Catholics and Protestants, and the Protestants are subdivided into numerous conflicting sects. They all believe in the gospels, it is true, but they differ radically as to their interpretation and the methods of teaching them. Catholics would rather have their children go without any education at all than send them to schools in which the religion of Jesus was taught otherwise than in strict accordance with Catholic doctrine; and Protestants of course could not endure schools that would satisfy Catholics.

"The state, therefore, can have nothing to do with religious education, but must leave it entirely to the church, unless, indeed, church and state are united; and President Seelye's argument is really an argument for such a union."

**A GRAND PACT.**—Our friend and fellow-townsmen, John G. Whittier, says in his sonnet to George Fuller, that "Beauty is goodness;" "Ugliness is sin;" or, in other words, the poet expresses the truth when he says that goodness produces beauty, and sin ugliness. There never was a really good person who was not a beautiful person. It is not to be understood that it will remold the person, or materially change the features from what nature gave—though to some extent it will do even that—but it will impart refinement and delicacy, and bestow loveliness of appearance, while the opposite invariably follows. Viciousness of mind gives grossness of person—an evil expression—a forbidding appearance. What is the explanation of this peculiar phenomenon? It is because the soul, the immortal part of man, forms to itself its own habitation, as a person of intelligence, taste and culture will the house wherein

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**THE liquor bill of the Garfield funeral** paid by the government was \$7,000, the Yorktown celebration liquor bill was \$6,400, and they wanted \$50,000 for the Bartholdi Statue wine feast, but the Senate denied the item. Such facts are a disgrace to our country, and it is time the voters of America called for a change.—*Temperance Union.*

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#### The Theosophical Mahatmas.

[Wm. J. Brown, F. T. S. (B. L. University of Glasgow, Scotland) in Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

In reference to the article of Mr. Wm. Emmette Coleman on the subject of the "Theosophical Mahatmas," it may be interesting to our fellow laborers, the Spiritualists, and to Mr. Coleman in particular to be made aware of the following facts:

1. I, the writer, along with Colonel Olcott, President of the Theosophical Society, and Damodar K. Mavalankar, a *chela*, was visited at Lahore, India, on the 19th, 20th and 21st of November, 1883, by the Mahatma, Koot Hoomi, in the flesh.

2. We know him to be a living man, possessed, no doubt, of what are practically divine powers, for they are beyond the cognizance of materialistic science.

3. The Master was kind enough to leave with me tangible remembrances of his visit, in the shape of a letter and silk handkerchief.

4. These facts have been duly recorded in the *Theosophist*, in the 3d edition of the "Occult World," in "Some Experiences in India," and in an autobiographical sketch, called "My Life."

We are familiar with the report of the agent of the English Psychical Research Society—a report which Mr. Coleman dignifies by the words "masterly, searching and exhaustive examination." For the benefit of your numerous readers and to put forever at rest any doubt as to the existence of Indian Adepts, I transcribe, in full, the letter above referred to, with the statement, which I solemnly make, that the original was materialized into my hand when the master was standing in my presence, and when I was fully awake and endowed with my normal consciousness:

"What Damodar told you at Poonah is true. We approach nearer and nearer to a person as he goes on preparing himself more and more for the same. You first saw us in visions; then in astral forms, though very often not recognized; then in body at a short distance from you. Now you see me in my own physical body so close to you as to enable you to give to your countrymen the assurance that you are, from personal knowledge, as sure of our existence as you are of your own. Whatever may happen, remember that you will be watched and rewarded in proportion to your zeal and work for the cause of humanity, which the founders of the Theosophical Society have imposed upon themselves. K. H."

**THE EXTENT OF HIS REGRET.**—"By an unfortunate typographical error," explains the contrite editor of a Dakota paper, "we were made to say last week that our distinguished townsman, Professor Kennedy, was about to rig up a nobby baboon for the comfort and enjoyment of his daughter on her wedding trip over the prairies. What we meant to say was a nobby balloon. We write this with our left hand, while lying on her spare bed, with one eye entirely closed and the other hand-painted and an inverted chair across our stomach for a writing desk. The extent of our regret for the blunder may be measured by the difficulties we have surmounted in penning this explanation."



## Religion and Science.

[Extract from a lecture by J. R. Buchanan, reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

Spiritualism as applied to life is a religion; but *per se* it is a science, the proper name of which is PNEUMATOLOGY; and it requires as much as geology or physiology to be cultivated by scientific minds addicted to patient investigation like my lamented friend Denton, or like Professors Crookes, Wallace and De Morgan in England—men free from superstition and credulity.

In this matter—the cultivation of science—it must be confessed that the spiritual movement has been deficient. The materialistic camp has vastly the advantage in the number of scientists in the industrious cultivation of sciences, the attainment of positive knowledge, and the rejection of crude and fanciful ideas, and it is by that superiority that the physical scientists retain their hold on the public mind, and they will continue to hold the reins of power until Spiritualists show equal energy in the pursuit of other forms of knowledge, such as was shown in the brilliant example of Prof. Wm. Denton.

Not only the scientific colleges, but the Christian churches are setting us an example that we have been slow to follow. Their annual meetings at Chautauqua gather in thousands to their various intellectual feasts, and a branch of Chautauqua has just been meeting at Lake View, Framingham, Mass., with another brilliant display of science, learning and eloquence, while we have but one theme.

Paganini charmed his audiences sometimes by fiddling on one string; but there was only one Paganini, and that was only an occasional performance. There is no grander, or more beautiful theme in the world, than the spiritual theme; nothing, in fact, that is equal to it; but if enough is as good as a feast, and if we have fiddled on one string for thirty years, there would surely be no harm in enlarging our orchestra.

The prediction has recently been made by my friend, Mr. Colville, in one of his inspired lectures, that Spiritualism will ere long be virtually given up by the class of credulous sightseers, and be taken up earnestly and patiently by men of scientific minds. If you look at the writings of such men as Wm. Howitt, Prof. Gregory, Ennemoser, Reichenbach, Wallace, Crookes and Sargent, you will realize how grand the science is which our colleges exclude, but you will also see that its scientific basis has not yet been reached, because it lies deeper than their researches have gone. The spiritual faculties of man are a part of the intellectual faculties which have their organs in the brain, and which are common to all mankind, and they will never be well understood until the brain, having been thoroughly investigated, the entire nature of man shall be understood, and thereby his relations to the spirit world, which I have been demonstrating for forty-five years in college and out of college, to the satisfaction of all who hear me. When science is established in *authority*, vagaries cease, for its neophytes are instructed; and it has been for the want of this instruction that so many errors have been widely diffused, and that a generous-hearted but fanatical and credulous gentleman of Boston has vainly spent a fortune in building a spiritual temple, and so conducting it that it stands a monument to human credulity and a discredit to the cause for which it was erected.

## Individual Development.

[Banner of Light.]

An excellent and edgewise discourse was a recent one of Phillips Brooks at Trinity Church in this city, on the always absorbing theme of man's development in the present life. Man, he said, is the center of all life, and God is the great educator of man. Everything is unfinished as yet, and it is the spirit of man that must be perfected in order that life may be also perfect. He said human character is the key to everything in life; man stands out alone as a goal; everything in life builds up to man, and then beyond; not externally, but, having reached man, the development goes on within. Man must be developed out of life.

Men to-day are seeking the solution of problems which were once never thought of at all. It is human habit, said the eloquent preacher, that will solve them all. The only solution of all problems is in the souls of men. Cast out all lusts and passions, for until peace is in the hearts of men there will be war to the end. No legislation merely will adjust labor troubles. That can but prevent serious and open discord. For all that, the speaker allowed himself to look forward many centuries to the time when the world will be at peace and men will work together without jealousy or quarrel. But this condition can not be brought about by outside influences. Man's nature itself must do it, and is the only thing that can do it.

Therefore the only problem is one of bringing about a better condition of humanity—the great consummation desired of God and man. Wherever we see any wrong that we can correct, said the preacher, let us do it. The real salvation of the world is in the adjustment of the machinery, not in its improvement; it is not to make man's life better and easier, but to make himself better. Now let us think: there is one man certainly over whom we have supreme control who is our subject, whom we can by our en-

deavor make better. Let each of us weed out his own sins; in this way we shall be doing our part in helping humanity toward the great end; in this way we can contribute to the great good. Try everywhere, exhorted the preacher, to do good among the various conditions of your fellowmen; but most of all, and before all, let each man labor on himself, for thus will he help the world most by the growth of character within his own life.

## A Pleasant Letter.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Your No. 5, dated Aug. 21st, failed to put in an appearance. Behold, here is a household in mourning. Please come at once and make us all happy.

We do not like *isms* and do not read arguments, but this GOLDEN GATE just swung back and every week we've stepped in and reveled in brightness among treasures that become our very own.

How you manage to get a whole column of "Gems of Thought" every week—only missing once—is beyond my comprehension. They are veritable "gems" every one of them; and as they are our own we wear them all. They are splendid texts to weave sermons to, so during the hours of wearisome toil they are better than diamonds.

We have cabinets full of curios, among them are pebbles, rare and beautiful, but none to equal the "Pebbles" in the GOLDEN GATE. No. 4 had none; we missed them sadly; earnestly hope "Isaac" will not weary in well doing.

I've heard about "mansions in the skies" ever since I can remember, but the pictures given to us through the GOLDEN GATE in "Our Home in Heaven" made even the beauties of Napa valley pale. It made us wish for the end of time. Rest must be wonderful to enjoy. It seems "a great pile of rugged, gray rocks, with only one tiny white blossom," would be a comfort if we did not have to lift them.

Then there is the poetry, editorials, in fact every single column, advertisements, and all, are just as good as good can be, and give us more pleasure than we can possibly write. Think this "Gate" must swing on the very top notch.

Please send the missing number; we are carefully filing them and do not wish to lose a copy. Yours, M. HILLSIDE HAVEN, Aug. 25, 1886.

## A Medium on Mediums.

[Jessie Shepard, in Medium and Daybreak.]

DEAR MR. BURNS: Your comments in the *Medium* of Friday, June 18th, concerning mediums, are exactly what is needed. Your quotation from Josh Billings fits the case and conditions admirably, to wit: "The square man is one of them kind of chunks that kant alter tew fit a spot, but you must alter the spot tew fit him"; and then you add: "No honest medium needs proving, the proof is in themselves. Do not stop and twist them about to suit the whims of anyone, but let all others alter themselves into the requirements of the case or leave the room! There are too many fools in Spiritualism already. Do not let us insist on converting any more." I fully agree with you. Spiritualism is overloaded with individuals without thinking capacity, and who wish to make mediumship subservient to their own vulgar cravings after curiosity, new sensations, fresh daily proofs, and scientific "tests," so called. There is scarcely a medium to be found who has not been moulded to suit the caprice of the world. A medium or anyone else who has no positive proof of merit in themselves ought not to be before the public in any capacity whatever. Probably why so many mediums get into the testing groove is because they are only half-developed, and investigators who sit with them are always in doubts about the genuineness of their mediumship. Nothing could induce me to be a test medium; it is a thankless job; but if the world must have test mediums they ought to have character and will-power enough to stand before the world as individualized entities, and not as machines and hand-organs to be played on by scientific monkeys, crazy with egotism and self-sufficiency. Let everyone stand on their own merits. I have noticed this fact in the career of mediums, namely: that one who possesses the proof positive, physical or mental, of endowed psychological power, can go before the people of any enlightened nation and be sustained, no matter what the language of the nation may be. For example: a test medium, if properly developed, can give tests among Russians and Arabs, as well as in England or America, and an inspirational medium, used to powerful controls, will be equally successful in any of the great capitals of the world, where culture and art are found; so that real merit is the first essential in mediumship as in everything else, and as you have aptly said, the proof lies in themselves.

A CURIOUS FUNERAL.—The New York Evening Post, alluding to the funeral of eleven men who were lately killed by the explosion of a powder mill, and only a few fragments of them discovered but not recognized, says: "As part of the men were Catholic and part Protestant, the mass was divided and put into two coffins, funeral services being held over one according to the Catholic ritual, and over the other according to the Protestant."

## Louis II. of Bavaria.

An honest and enlightened king, Maximilian II. was, in private life, not particularly genial, and both his sons, Louis and Otto, had been brought up with great strictness and simplicity, says a writer in *Temple Bar* for August. Their father allowed them no pocket-money but what they earned by good marks at their lessons—and he would fine them a thaler, without compunction, if they were reported idle. Their table was more frugal than that of the sons of most country gentlemen. When Louis attained his majority, at eighteen, he was provided with an establishment of his own, and sat down, on the day of his emancipation, to his usual dinner—one dish of meat and some cheese. "Am I now my own master?" he asked, with a smile, of his servants. "Yes, sir," was the answer. "Then you may bring me some chicken and a mehlspesen" (pudding).

Queen Marie, though a fond mother and much beloved by her sons, shared her husband's masculine opinions about the education of boys. It has been a custom in the Prussian royal family for the last ninety years that all the young princes shall be taught the rudiments of some manual trade. Prince Otto, by his mother's desire, learned carpentering and turning; but Prince Louis, who very early evinced a taste for architecture, chose to be a mason. He had then just entered his teens, and during a fortnight he worked for a couple of hours every day with the masons who were building a new coach-house at the palace of Nymphenburg. At the end of that time he announced to his mother that he had finished his apprenticeship, for he could lay a brick as neatly as any workman. "But could you earn your living at the trade?" asked the doubting queen. "I could make my fortune at it," replied the boy with a laugh, which showed that he did not see much practical utility in his recent occupations. "Why surely, if I offered myself as a bricklayer any master mason would be glad to take me into partnership; my name would bring me more work than my hands could do."

On another occasion, seeing his brother busy at a lathe, Louis remarked demurely: "There is Otto taking his precautions for when the world shall be turned upside down. When princes become turners I suppose Fritz, the carpenter, will become a king."

Maximilian II. chose his sons' tutors with the best judgment, and the boys were apt pupils when they had learned to like their masters; but in this respect Louis was much more difficult to please than Otto. Up to his fourteenth year the boy was so nervous with strangers, and so impressionable as regards physiognomies, that if a face excited any repulsion in him he manifested positive terror. The king, wishing to cure his son of this nonsense, as he called it, long insisted that the boy should retain in his service two or three servants whose features he loathed. But when Prince Louis met these men he would tremble and shut his eyes, or else turn away with his face to the wall. It was not ugliness or deformity which kindled the boy's antipathy, but an intuition that the person he saw was not what the French call *sympathique*. In a land where "spiritual infinities" are so much believed in that romantic young students take to themselves "spiritual brothers," this faculty for making friends or foes at first sight is better understood than it would be in a country where a close friend goes by no higher name than that of "chum." With uncongenial tutors Prince Louis would sit dumb and stupid, and this fact coming to be plainly recognized by his mother as a bar to his education, she prevailed on the king to let the boy's fancy be humored with reason. Obnoxious servants were removed, tutors were only engaged on probation, and this indulgence soon produced good results, for the prince outgrew much of his nervousness, and learned to control his emotions at the sight of disagreeable faces.

## The Forgetfulness of Pain.

[Spectator.]

It is wonderfully easy to forget pain. We often thought there was a sort of witness to immortality in the strange fact that while emotion remembered is, to some extent, emotion experienced, sensation is never really remembered at all. Whatever belongs to the body seems to bear the stamp of mortality—it passes at once into the region of oblivion when we are delivered from its pressure. How different is the relation of memory to the maladies of the soul! Place the unkindness of long years ago side by side in your recollection of the toothache of last week, and you feel at once you are comparing a living thing and a dead thing. The unkindness, whether remembered by him who felt or inflicted it, is a living reality, potent to re-open and envenom the wound it had made. The toothache is gone, as if it had never been. To this fact, we are convinced, must be traced the common assumption that any degree of bodily suffering would be chosen rather than severe pain of mind. What people mean in saying this is, no doubt, that they would rather remember physical than mental pain, and, of course, a short experience of the pain which leaves no trace is to be preferred to an equally short experience of the pain which leaves a profound trace.

But we are considering the case of one who knows that this fierce companion will not quit his side till the clay which gives it its power is laid in the grave, and no sufferer, we think, is to be set by his side. The deadliest mental anguish allows some respite, when the body claims its due; an undying grief does not prevent some faint gleams of pleasure when sleep comes on after fatigue or hunger and thirst are relieved. But there is no converse to the picture. An unintermittent pain of body, when very severe, leaves room for nothing but itself.

## An Hour in Heaven.

[Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.]

The little town of Vernon, Lamar county, Alabama, twenty-eight miles northeast of Columbus, Mississippi, has furnished a first-class sensation, which has set the entire county wild.

Mollie Pennington, daughter of George Pennington, who resides four miles from Vernon, aged thirteen years, was taken sick on the 15th ult. Physicians state that her illness resembled hydrophobia, attempting to bite every one around her, even herself. On the 18th she somewhat rallied, gained her consciousness, and told those around her that she would die for an hour exactly, and at the expiration of that time to chafe her hands and feet and that she would come back to life.

At the time predicted she died, and physicians present state that actual death was apparent; the pulse failed to beat and her body was cold. Her physicians during the hour applied all available remedies to restore her, and at sixty-two minutes exactly from the time she swooned away she astonished all by opening her eyes and jumping nimbly from the bed.

She told that she had been to heaven, and that God had cured her. She then told that she was returned to preach to the earth, and commenced exhortations that amazed them all.

The most curious circumstance is that she remarked immediately that she had seen Mrs. Biermore in heaven, and had talked with her. Mrs. Biermore, who lives four miles away, died during the hour the girl was apparently dead, and no one had any communication from that family.

At the appointed time of evening she had continued her exhortations, telling before hand what hour God would be with her.

Ministers from all over the country are flocking to see her, and her discourses move her audiences to shouts and tears.

Men of strong minds say there is something supernatural about her. She never went to school a day in her life, and can not read her name, and never heard but one sermon in her life; and the good language used by her in her discourses and able teachings strike her hearers with wonder.

She is unusually small for her age, weighing but forty-one pounds. She has always been of a reticent disposition until within the last month, during which she has been in unusually good spirits and talked incessantly.

This statement is corroborated by at least a dozen men your correspondent has talked to, who have seen her and heard her talk. Great crowds are reported as going from all over the country to hear her talk.

Each generation has had its own problems to solve, its special critical and speculative difficulties. And there have always been in the churches those who were troubled and were afraid, and have pleaded the danger of progressive thought as destructive of faith. They have urged men to cling to the old dogmatic forms, as though in them alone were safety. They have not understood that, if the inward life is failing, the old forms will not create it anew; nor have they seen that most often what they lament as loss is but the preparation for larger truth and the stirring of new energies of life. But, happily, in our free churches, we have always had for our strongest teachers true sons of the Spirit, who have known the value of their birthright, and in the midst of whatever fear and distrust have been unmoved. Their chief concern has been for the truth, which has been their one authority. They have not been anxious for the morrow, but have trusted that, through simple faithfulness, they would be led aright. And so, out of each wrestling with darkness and difficulty, fuller spiritual life has come. Forms of thought have changed, knowledge has increased; but the life of devotion has remained. Still, the pure in heart see God, and the quietness of the Spirit gives us peace.—*The London Inquirer*.

INDIAN IDEAS OF DECORUM.—We heard of a girl the other day who was "as wild as an Indian." But an Indian girl is not wild. No girl is more submissive to the rules of her race and tribe than an Indian girl who is not yet corrupted by the proximity of the white man. She never goes anywhere alone, and she never passes a man on the highway without turning away her head. If a man comes into her wigwam she conceals her face, and she does not stand within hearing distance of men who are talking. She lives up to her idea and to her tribe's idea of what is proper and becoming. If she fails to do so, she places herself beyond the protection of her tribe. There is no safe place in this world for the girl who knows no law but her own will.—*New York Ledger*.

## Cora Richmond at Her Old Home.

[Wm. C. Warner in Spiritual Offering.]

EDITORS OFFERING: Knowing that you and your many readers are interested in anything that concerns the world-renowned speaker, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, I send you the following brief account of her visit to Yorkshire, N. Y. It was announced in the *Offering* some weeks ago that Mrs. Richmond would spend a portion of July and August with her sister and numerous other relatives at her old home and birthplace, Cuba, N. Y. Those who have never visited this place (Cuba) know nothing of its charming location. Nestled amid broken hills, blue-capped with summer haze; headed by the vast reservoir of water that glistens like a mirror in the sun, surrounded by fruitful fields and pastured slopes, is the birthplace of Cora L. V. Scott. When history faithfully portrays this gifted woman's life, the inspired author will pen-picture this scene as the rich setting of her early childhood. While most people take a summer vacation for rest and amusement, Mrs. Richmond takes one for work in other fields, to break the bread of life to those who are hungering for personal ministrations, and so, like one of old, she has scattered the seeds of truth and love these summer days, in many a hamlet dotting the green valleys of western New York. Yorkshire lies on the line of the B. N. Y. & P. R. R., thirty-six miles from Buffalo. A few earnest workers banded themselves together six years ago, and have held meetings regularly since that time; these occasionally have been addressed by different speakers. (Lyman C. Howe speaks to us the first Sunday of each month the present year.) When word came that Mrs. Richmond would be with us the 8th of August, it was received with great pleasure. Only the usual advertising was done, but on Sunday morning the people came pouring in from every direction; faces that we never saw before were among us; those who had never attended a meeting of the kind before, were present. They came from ten, twenty, even thirty miles away. It was not the fact of having so unusual a speaker with us that brought them together, for many had never heard of her; it seems as though a power above was moving on the hearts of the people drawing them hither. The Sabbath day was perfect in all external things, and at an early hour the house was full; the earnest worker George Taylor, of Collins, presided at the meeting. The subject of the morning discourse was the "Advent of Spiritual Truth." Only those who have listened to Mrs. Richmond, can form any idea of the manner in which it was treated. She gave to us the fruits of the power of the spirit of all ages. It was listened to with the closest attention; all hearts were deeply touched, and I do not doubt that the first glimmerings of this mighty power entered many a soul there. The afternoon meeting was given to a discussion of questions presented by the audience first, after which the "Nature of the Soul, the Nature of the Spirit and their Expression in Human Life," formed the basis of the discourse. The afternoon session was very long, but to nearly all seemed too short. Warm hand-claps closed the most remarkable Sunday our quiet place has ever known. Monday evening a few friends gathered at the home of the writer, and the guides answered various questions propounded by those present, after which *Ouina* came with her "canoe of spirit names and poems." It was an evening never to be forgotten; it was as though the gateway to the Summer Land had opened there, and perfume of flowers and song of birds, and the light "not made of sun or moon or stars" came through. She has left us, but the spirit of her presence will ever be with us to strengthen and purify our lives and help us win the victory over self.

TRANSITION.—If Spiritualism had done nothing else but destroyed the fear of that terrible bugbear, soul and body parting, so-called death, it would have done more for humanity than christianity did in eighteen hundred years. What has christian faith done for the world; sapped its moral strength and dwarfed its moral courage by the weakest and most foolish of all fears—that of death—turning the liberator and rest-giver into the king of terrors, and binding up the idea of him with churchyards and charnel-houses. The classic world with its painted tombs and urns knew nothing of them, nothing of the dread and shrinking which the thought of death brings to the christian mind supported by revelation as they say. The ancient Greek did not picture him a skeleton with scythe and sand-glass like our christian friends, so profitable to priests and churches, but a youth beautiful and fadeless as Apollo, with everlasting peace upon his brow and a friendly hand stretched out to weary mortals, leading them down to Lethe where they might drink and forget their griefs and burdens. Love of life and fears of the hereafter has given priestcraft a fulcrum for its lever which it has worked to the beating down of the popular mind, has filled the world with miserable impediments as if its progress were not slow and sad enough already. The weary heart turns to Spiritualism for relief, and in that finds rest and peace.—*Bacon Light*.

STUDY rather to fill your mind than your coffers, knowing that gold and silver were originally mingled with dirt, until avarice or ambition parted them.



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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1886.

## "BRUTAL CONTENTMENT."

In a letter to *The Medium and Daybreak*, of a recent date, Jesse Shepard utters some unwholesome truths in a blunt way:

But few in America have the time or inclination to sit down once a day and ponder over the intricate revelations of a new philosophy. . . . They sit quietly down, say nothing to any one after being converted, and pass their days like so many cattle browsing through life, fully secure in their own uneventful career in this world. I think this is where Spiritualism makes people more selfish and material; they become so perfectly satisfied in the knowledge of immortality, that all else is swallowed up in the general materiality and selfishness of human nature, and brutal contentment gives place to mental progress and spiritual unfoldment.

In other words, they thank the Lord that they have found a religion that will save their souls without costing them a cent! Just there is where they commit a most serious mistake.

Immortality is desirable only as it brings happiness to man. Far better oblivion than a continued existence of misery. But this is a matter concerning which man has no choice. The fact of a future life, with all that such an existence implies, is his, and it is for him to make the most of it. If he imagines that the bare knowledge of such a life will relieve him of all responsibility to his fellow-beings, and pave the way to his happiness hereafter, he has failed to profit by the primary teachings of Spiritualism.

The Spiritualism that does not broaden one's nature, and sharpen one's sense of duty, is something worse than downright materialism. Let no one hug the delusion to his soul that indifference to the things of this life—to the many needs of humanity—will bring that spiritual growth and unfoldment without which there can be no abiding rest and happiness in the hereafter. Every duty left undone here will clamor for fulfillment there. There is no escape from it—no vicarious atonement to relieve one of the burden of his neglected opportunities.

"Brutal contentment" is the contentment of physical indolence and moral indifference—the contentment of a mere selfish or animal life. It is the contentment of the swine that fattens on the acorn, never for a moment looking up to the source of its blessings, nor caring aught for the welfare of others. How can one be a true Spiritualist and settle himself down into this kind of contentment? He is not a Spiritualist, but merely a Spiritist—that is, one who *knows* that death is the gateway to another life, but who fails to profit by the knowledge. The true Spiritualist is one whose spiritual nature has been touched as by a live coal from the altar of divine love. To him the knowledge of a future life means something, yea, everything. He feels the glow and glory of a noble purpose to so live as to reap the richest fruits of the spirit in the life to come.

Jesse Shepard evidently knows whereof he writes, for no one has had a larger opportunity for observation in a field wherein he has been such an efficient worker. Through his own marvelous mediumship thousands have been brought to a knowledge of the truth. But it is evident there is something more than outward conversion necessary. There is a deeper work of the spirit to be effected than any that can be accomplished by an acceptance of the phenomenal facts of Spiritualism—that is, for those who sit down in "brutal contentment" with said facts, thinking they have escaped eternal punishment, and have nothing else to do to secure the blessings of eternal life.

OPENING SERVICES.—The opening services for the season of the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society on Sunday next promise to be a red-letter-day in the history of Spiritualism in this city. Our little preacher returns with regained physical powers, which also means additional inspirational powers. Mrs. Watson has spent most of her vacation with her little family at the home temple, her pretty country-seat, Sunny Brae, embowered in a wilderness of roses; away from the ever-bustling, care-encumbered town; she has rested and grown strong in her quiet retreat while the stars in their silent glory, the flowers fresh-kissed from heaven have led her back to rosy health. Mrs. Watson will be present at the morning service and offer the invocation and a short greeting. The discourse will be given by that eloquent and scholarly speaker N. F. Ravlin. Subject, "The World's Night and Its Opening Morn." In the evening the rostrum will be occupied by our own inspirational genius, Mrs. E. L. Watson. Subject, "Divine Dynamics, or Truth Triumphant." The musical part of the programme will also be a feature of interest, Mr. S. W. Whitely at the organ. There will no doubt be a large attendance at both the morning and the evening services. After the evening lecture Mr. Whitely will render "The Storm" on the grand organ.

## A BONE OF CONTENTION.

Spiritualism has never had a more serious obstacle to contend with, within the ranks of its believers, than that of form manifestation, or materialization. It is a veritable bone of contention, and source of perpetual inharmony.

While the general fact of the psychic form is universally accepted by Spiritualists—the well-attested cases of this wonderful phase of spirit manifestation being too numerous, both in the history of Spiritualism and in the personal experience of most of its believers, to admit of reasonable doubt,—still, there is such a widespread conviction that deception of some kind is practiced by most of the mediums for this phase of manifestation, that the public exhibitions of the phenomena in promiscuous circles is becoming more and more questionable, with each exposure of alleged fraud.

This conviction is strengthened by the universal belief of non-Spiritualists, that whatever may be the claims of Spiritualists—and most people are willing to concede that they have some grounds for their belief—that this one claim, the psychic form, is too preposterous for consideration. The sudden materialization of veritable human beings of flesh, bone and blood, or with the semblance of the same, with a substantial averdupois,—not one, but many, at one and the same time,—and then scattering these solid forms, as with a breath, back into the elements, or into the medium, is altogether too much for the average comprehension.

And so it may be safely set down as a fact that all spectators of such manifestations, who have never satisfied themselves to the contrary, naturally look upon such exhibitions as outrageous cheats. And certain it is that the frequent seizure of the supposed spirit form, and the finding of the person of the medium therein, is not calculated to modify this opinion, whatever truth there may be in what is known as transfiguration, or unconscious personation.

Of the fact of the projection or materialization of the psychic form, we have no doubt. We know it to be a marvelous truth, and one which we believe all will yet come to accept. But it is too wonderful to be accepted under conditions that admit of collusion or confederacy. Hence, we insist that, until more is known of the subtle laws governing spiritual phenomena generally, and physical manifestations especially, the full form manifestation should be confined to the spiritual laboratory, or scientific circle, where its properties and philosophy can be carefully studied and determined.

With the exposures that are continually occurring, involving, frequently, the seizure of the medium and the capture of illuminated apparel, and other paraphernalia of the common juggler,—although denied, or sought to be accounted for by the personal friends and supporters of the mediums for the materializing phenomena, is it not apparent to every thoughtful mind, that the holy cause of true Spiritualism is made to suffer thereby in the estimation of the world?

And then these rough disturbances caused by the seizure of supposed spirit forms, with the melee and broken heads that follow—the medium never lacking for supporters, no matter how apparent the deception,—are not these disgraceful affairs calculated to engender acrimony among Spiritualists?

The materializing mediums, and all who believe in their genuineness, should insist upon excluding all skeptics and strangers from their seances, or else that the latter should be conducted under such absolute conditions of honesty as to disarm the skeptic.

There are hundreds of honest Spiritualists who have the fullest confidence in our materializing mediums, notwithstanding their frequent alleged exposures. We believe in the utmost latitude of opinion in this, as in all other matters. All must determine the genuineness of the phenomena for themselves. And in this freedom of opinion we should all agree, in a spirit of charity and good will toward each other, no matter how widely we may differ. At the same time we would ever urge upon all the cultivation of those higher spiritual faculties wherein the discernment of spiritual things will be plainly palpable to the consciousness, without those outward physical signs, which, in the present state of spiritual unfoldment, are more or less subject to deception.

## NO NEED FOR THEM NOW.

The *Grand Army Gazette* comes out roughly, and it appears to us ungratefully, on the subject of the Woman's Relief Corps. One companion (name not given) says he has "never been able to find that these ladies have performed any practical good, while at the same time they are a constant drain upon the resources of our organization. I think we should refuse to have anything to do with the Relief Corps, and should give the public to understand that the latter order is in no way connected with the Grand Army." A whole column is occupied with such sentiments as the above. Now, there are women in this Relief Corps who did service in hospitals during the war, and many a man owes his life to-day to the care and nursing of these same women now so condemned. If it is good and proper to keep

alive, in the minds and hearts of our people, the struggles and victories of our war for emancipation, it is proper and good that all who took part in it be remembered while living, and equally honored when dead. If there should, in future, arise a need for the services of our depleted Grand Army, there will also come a need of woman's sympathy and sacrifice.

## PROPOSED UNION OF FREETHINKERS.

In a discourse in Hamilton Hall, last Sunday evening, Mr. N. F. Ravlin advocated the organization of a liberal society, composed of searchers after truth who are convinced that they can not find what they seek in the orthodox churches. In his opinion there should be no conflict between such seekers, no matter what their personal views may be. Having a common object in view they should be tolerant of differences of opinion and unite for self-improvement and the good of humanity. He said thousands of the attendants of the orthodox churches of Oakland do not believe in the dogmas of the church, and such should cordially unite and form a liberal congregation with a platform free for the dissemination of truth, no matter what its source. Truth is many-sided; the whole of truth can not be taken in from a single standpoint; it is therefore essential to get together people of diverse views who are willing to allow every one to see the truth in his own way. "The only difficulty in the way of such cordial union," he said, "is the tendency of come-outers to be opinionated—dogmatic—each one setting up his or her own peculiar belief as a standard, each person a little church in himself." He gave several illustrations to show the necessity of organization, the most striking being a picture of the effect of a possible disintegration of the material world into separate atoms, each flying off into space independent of all others, having nothing through which any force or truth could be manifest.

He said he had been told that if he would throw the Bible out of the window the "liberal" people would sustain him, but rather than do that he would starve. He had rejected the interpretations put upon the Bible by orthodox churches, but never would reject the Bible itself; nor would he deprive himself of any other source of truth. A truth is none the less a truth for being in the Bible. If "liberal" people are not liberal enough to be willing that all men shall have the same freedom of opinion they claim for themselves, where is the liberality? He declared that he had none but the kindest feelings towards the people in the churches and that he can exercise the utmost charity toward those who stand where he stood fifteen years ago, when he thought all amusements sinful and earthly happiness an allurement to hell. He added: "I do not now want to go to the other extreme. I want to hold on to good wherever I can find it. It is not what you profess to be but what you are that determines your real worth. The Golden Rule is a sufficient creed for me. That embraces all that is essential in all the creeds. There is," he said, "no Unitarian church in Oakland, and no evening service in the Universalist church, and outside of all organizations there is a large class of Spiritualists and Freethinkers who should be able to co-operate for the general good."

Mr. Ravlin will speak again in the same hall on Sunday evening next.

## SOME DIFFERENCE.

Age establishes some things, and some it does not. Institutions sometimes grow strong and authoritative with years, then again they die of weakness and decrepitude. William and Mary College is one of the latter, and the *Pittsburg Commercial Gazette* is an example of the former. This paper has just celebrated its centennial birthday, trusting that a few more years will see it permanently fixed in life. There is some difference between a college and a newspaper, although they are both educators. A college prescribes a course of study and binds itself to teach nothing else; but in latter times some of them have found it advisable to widen their spheres of learning and also make exception to their original rules of government. But, taken at their best, their natural tendency is toward fossilism and stagnation.

How different with a live newspaper! It will give one religion, science, philosophy, art and the drama; and better than all, the progress that the busy world is making with each revolution round its source of light and life. Its news is served up each morning in a condensed form. It gives the most pleasing glimpses of foreign countries and their people, combining a knowledge of geography. It teaches the science of home government in short lessons, and it inculcates good public morals.

"I TOLD YOU SO."—We are all telling some body "so" every day, and we secretly think it is good enough for him or her, since they would not take our advice. This is human nature, but it is not good reasoning, since no life answers for another. Each must eat that his own body may be nourished; the healing of one diseased will not cure another. But in the case of life experience we are not so sensible. One tells his trials and troubles and how they come about, for the benefit of another who may be going the same road, but to no purpose, for he goes right on. The listener to personal narratives of trouble and woe secretly believes that it is not in the course pursued, but the person pursuing it, that lies the difficulty. Every way that has been trod by mortal feet will be trod over and over to the end of time, entirely regardless of what others have gained or lost. Still, it is the innate kindness of the human heart that would save another from regret and grief. That our experience, counsel and admonitions are unheeded by new travelers on the roads of life, in whom we have deep interest, must pain us, but it should not cause anger or impatience, since all ways lead but to one goal, where all our sympathies and warnings will be understood.

## COLVILLE ON MATERIALIZATION.

On Sunday evening last a large and intelligent audience was attracted to Metropolitan Temple to listen to the guides of Mr. W. J. Colville on the subject of "Spirit Materialization." It was his second lecture on this subject since his arrival here, but he handled it in a better and more instructive manner than on the former occasion.

The speaker commenced by referring to the alleged exposure of a well-known materializing medium, with which a recent issue of a certain city paper was extensively embellished. He referred to this case, not in a spirit of exultation over the detection of a seeming deception; but in the spirit of that gentle charity and humanity which characterize all of his platform work.

He had no word of approval for deception of any kind; but he thought the bitter and sweeping denunciation of such mediums—that is, of those who really possess mediumistic powers, but who at times are known to supplement their gifts by fraudulent practices—was calculated to do more harm than good. While it detracted nothing from their receipts, and induced not one of them to mend his or her ways, it rather stimulated them to greater efforts at deception to overcome the greater scrutiny of investigators caused by their alleged exposures. He thought the better way would be to go to such mediums in the gentle Christ spirit, and endeavor to lead them out of error into truth. Christ did not condemn the woman taken in adultery, but simply admonished her, in the spirit of love, to "go and sin no more." How could she have repeated the offence after such a gentle and loving admonition?

Of the general fact of form manifestation the speaker had not the least doubt. He had witnessed the phenomenon in the presence of Wm. Eglington, in England, and also with other mediums, and under circumstances that rendered deception or confederacy absolutely impossible. He regarded this phase of the phenomena as necessary to reach the understanding of many who, like doubting Thomas of old, needed a visible sign. At the same time he deprecated, in vigorous terms, the everlasting wonder-seeking and hunting for tests, by those who have once been convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, as seriously detrimental to their spiritual growth. He thought that Spiritualists should proceed with the construction of their spiritual temple, and not remain forever satisfied with the bare foundations.

The merchant who practices deception in trade—who represents his goods for what they are not; the business man of any kind who takes unfair advantage of his fellow man in any of the transactions of life, may naturally expect to attract deceiving spirits at the materializing seance. Such persons have no right to complain of fraudulent manifestations. As like attracts like, they could not well expect anything else. Mediums are highly sensitive to their surroundings. If those who seek spiritual communion through mediumistic gifts, were pure in thought and holy in aspiration, there would be but little cause for complaint on the ground of deception.

The speaker thought that those who perceived a spirit friend in a form manifestation, although that form may have been a personation by, or transfiguration of the medium, did really come into the presence of that friend; in other words, the spirit, taking advantage of the occasion, impressed its individuality upon its friend in mortal, making the circumstance to him or her a veritable reality.

Of course we have, in the above, but barely noted some of the leading lines of thought followed by the gifted speaker. His discourse was a concise and forcible consideration of a phase of spiritual phenomena that only needs to be stripped of its excrescences and placed upon a higher plane of investigation to become a means of great good in opening the eyes of a doubting world to the marvelous fact of spirit communion.

OUR CIRCLE.—If any one doubts that all lives are defined in circles, he may find an illustration of the truth in the routine of a single day, which he may follow through the year and see it constantly repeated. Going these inevitable rounds is what we call monotony, of which many persons tire unto death. Some one says men narrow their views that they may see more distinctly, but we do not think so. Persons of contracted views do not see distinctly, because their line of observation does not permit them to see the relation of things. To begin with, our views of life and all therein, are of necessity narrow. The constant aim of a growing mind is to obtain broader vision, and the more it sees and learns, the more eagerly and impatiently does it reach forward in longing for the beyond. When some persons come to realize that their life is an endless round, they are discouraged; fully aware that they can not get outside of it, they think it is a fixed sphere capable of no change. But others have come to know that while we can not get beyond our orbit, its circumference may be widened like the ripples of a stream caused by casting in of pebbles, or by the falling rain drops. They may touch other circles, and by the contact lose their sameness. The expansiveness of each life-sphere is as endless as eternity, and the sooner we learn to broaden them, the less tiresome grow the hard duties of each day.

NO REST.—Toiling men in private life look upon those in high public positions as examples of independence and leisure and ease, than which we do not suppose there is a greater mistake. In the letter written by Mr. Gladstone to Mr. Arnold Morley, this grand old statesman shows himself a good example of the freedom public servants of the people and nation enjoy. He says he is in receipt of twenty thousand letters a year to answer which would require the writing of seventy letters per day. Besides this Mr. Gladstone is the recipient of manuscript which he is requested to read and return to the writer with comments! To a man who is held responsible for private as well as public sentiments, it is nec-

essary that the answers to the more important of those letters pass under his own eye, imposing an amount of work independent of his official duties that would appall any one with leisure at his command. Public men in all positions will understand the gravity of such toil, but none better than editors of big newspapers, whose experience differs only in degree. These epistolary and literary assaults of noted public lives do not give a thought to the thousands who at the same moment with themselves are heaping misery upon innocent heads.

## NOT THE WISE.

It has been taught by Spiritualism that in whatever we most perfect ourselves, in that are the spirits most able to assist us and work out their own wishes and designs; but experience is all to the contrary. It is the unlettered that prove the best instruments in spirit hands, and to us it seems reasonable, because in such persons they have no preconceived habits, ideas, and opinions to combat. They are like new soil that needs no fertilizing to produce bounteous results. We are continually hearing of such cases as the girl of Lamar, Ala., thirteen years old, who, on the 15th of June, apparently died, but revived, after an hour, and said she had been to Heaven and saw a woman there who, it was learned, passed into spirit life during the girl's entrancement. The woman lived four miles distant, and was supposed to be living and well.

The girl said she had returned to earth life to preach, and thereupon made such exhortations as astonished her listeners. These she continued day after day, and ministers from all parts of the State came to hear her, and were speechless away. It is claimed she never went to school a day in her life, and can not read her own name, and never heard but one sermon. Nevertheless, the language she uses is not only correct, but elegant. No one dares call this, and other like works, that of the devil, because no one believes him capable of such miracles of goodness and enchantment.

Thus it is that artists, musicians, and speakers, flash upon the world like meteors in persons all unlearned in these things. So far as we can perceive, there has been no previous preparation, but there doubtless is a great deal on the invisible side. The spirit world must take great delight in taking us by surprise, and exhibiting their power over mortals whom they bend to their wills all unconsciously.

A NEW SOCIETY.—A society with the somewhat mystical name, "The Sisterhood of the Seven Links," has been organized in this city, by a number of ladies of high culture. The aim and object of the sisterhood is to benefit mankind from a metaphysical standpoint, and they have adopted a unique plan of action. Recognizing the significance of the number seven they have made that a basis of organization. The society is to consist of a series of links, which are each composed of sisters seven, so the membership will always be an exact multiple of seven. There are to be many rings in the great chain, which is linked at one extremity to the great Over-Soul and at the other to universal humanity; each separate joint is to be a power to transmit light to the world. They claim that by the uniting of the soul-forces of the members for improvement, spiritually, intellectually and physically, it increases by a sevenfold ratio their ability to alleviate all kinds of suffering. Believing that divine strength comes only through perfect harmony the rules forbid any critical discussions or arguments which create antagonism. They hope to be able to develop a special power for healing the sick, through mental agency. We shall expect, ere long, to give to our readers some of the results of their work, and we are sure so worthy an undertaking will receive the good wishes of all lovers of good work. Mrs. Olive M. Washburn was elected President and Mrs. Cramer Secretary. The ladies were very enthusiastic over their first meeting and seem imbued with a determination to make the sisterhood a grand success.

BEAUTY.—It is a universal desire of the human heart to appear pleasing in the eyes of the world; a desire certainly commendable. For have we not been placed in a world where nature has lavished her charms on inanimate objects? And should man be an exception in the general symmetry? There are two distinct types of beauty,—one external, the perfection of form and features; the other, internal, and comes from a ripened spiritual nature, ripened by pure thoughts and noble deeds, the beauty which shall shine brighter and brighter through all coming time, and is attainable by every individual soul. The regular, classic features are rarely seen, but all may wear countenances radiant with cheerful thoughts, which carry sunshine wherever seen. The plainest faces become actually beautiful when illumined by the light of a loving soul. Divine affection is a great beautifier. How lovely is the cooing infant to the mother in whose arms it nestles. What heavenly beauty is mirrored in that mother's face, after the finger of time has left its trace, in a snow-crowned head, and a brow on which are written lines of care. But the soul, mellowed and purified by many fires, shines like a beacon star to lighten the path for other's feet. All should aspire to the beauty of soul.

—The majority of foreigners who emigrate to the United States do so with the intention of remaining; especially is this so with women. No country in the world offers such advantage for acquiring permanent homes as ours; the pre-emption laws are as favorable to single women as men. But of the thousands of foreign women doing domestic service among us not one in a thousand takes out naturalization papers with a view to citizenship or reaping the benefits of our homestead laws. The court records of St. Louis show that only one woman ever applied for naturalization papers. Massachusetts records two, and New York four. But not many years will pass before all women will be inspired to avail themselves of whatever is granted to man as of equal interest to them.



## EDITORIAL NOTES.

—In our next issue of the GOLDEN GATE we shall publish Mr. Colville's recent remarkable lecture on the "Prodigal Son."

—Mrs. Clara L. Reid, the slate-writing medium, is called away from the city for a short time. She expects to return and resume business on the 10th inst.

—St. Nicholas, for September, is received. It is a charming number, and one that will interest many grown persons quite as much as it will the young people for whom it was intended.

—Mr. Joseph McGuire, the accomplished vocalist, who has been one of the attractions at the Temple during the last two months, will sing, during the coming month, at Mr. Colville's meetings in Odd Fellows' Hall.

—As our clubbing rates with the *Spiritual Offering* were only intended as an experiment, and which, upon trial, have been found of no particular advantage to either, by mutual and friendly agreement the arrangement is discontinued from this date.

—The *Overland Monthly* for September is out, and presents its usual variety of rare and interesting matter. The *Overland* lacks only in illustrations to be equal to the best monthlies in the land. But only the superficial reader would miss the pictures when once immersed in its contents.

—Mrs. May Mozart, of the Pacific Coast, assisted in helping on the good work of Spiritualism during her six weeks' stay at Onset. The hospitality paid to her, all through the East, shows that it is good to belong to that band of brotherhood and sisterhood, Spiritualism, whose courtesy encircles the globe.

—Dr. Cora Ellison, of this city, who is now in the East, was recently called to part in mortal with her daughter, Ceres L. Ellison, aged thirteen years, two months, and six days. She passed over the river on the 11th of August. The loving mother will have the heartfelt sympathy of many friends here in her great loss.

—It is doubtless true that the best friends of the Chinese, in our country, are the policemen of our large cities. The New York *Commercial Advertiser* speaks boldly out and says that each Chinese opium joint and disorderly house pays the police from five to ten dollars a week for protection, amounting, in the aggregate, to over twelve thousand a year.

—W. J. Colville's subjects at Assembly Hall next Sunday, Sept. 5th, will be, "Saints and Sinners," at 10:45 A. M.; answers to questions, at 2:30 P. M.; "Atlantis, the Antediluvian World," at 7:45. This being W. J. Colville's birthday, his friends are sure to celebrate the event by rallying in full force and crowding the spacious auditorium to its utmost capacity.

—Henry C. McPike, the Democratic nominee for Congress in the Second District of this State, is a grandson of our venerable friend, Dr. G. B. Crane, of St. Helena. Mr. McPike is a lawyer by profession, a young man of splendid ability, and most exemplary habits. The odds of partisanship, however, in his district, are so largely against him as to render his election very doubtful. That he will run ahead of his ticket we have no doubt.

—Mrs. Miller, a medium for form manifestations,—of whose wonderful powers and thorough genuineness, Rev. Samuel Watson, of Memphis, speaks at considerable length in his "Religion of Spiritualism,"—is stopping, for a few weeks, in this city. We have never witnessed any of the manifestations occurring in her presence, but hope to be able to do so before she leaves the city, and that, too, in our own home, as Mrs. Miller is never averse to demonstrating her gifts under unquestionable conditions. She is a pleasant little lady, with a strikingly honest face, and a modesty of demeanor that commends her at once to all honest people earnestly seeking for the truth.

—The Grant monument and the success of his book so often come up in the same day of late, that it begins to look as though the widow of the great chieftain would take the monument business into her own hands and put the country to shame. Mrs. Grant has already received six hundred and thirty thousand dollars of her share of the proceeds of the General's memoirs, only a small part of what its rapid sale promises. It is pretty plain to be seen that this generation will leave no granite, or other pile, to mark the resting place of our Ulysses. What a country fails to do for its great dead, an individual may. Why may it not be the wife?

—That "knowledge is power" was never more happily and gracefully demonstrated than in the case of Mlle. Sophie Kowlewska's admission to the French Academy of Sciences during one of its sessions, a regulation never before set aside in favor of woman. Mlle. Kowlewska is Professor of Mathematics at the University of Stockholm, and daughter of the noted paleontologist. The fair Professor was warmly welcomed by the President of the Academy; and on entering the hall the members rose as one to salute her. Thus it is that the education of women is disarming prejudice against them as intellectual equals of men. They are fast coming to a true knowledge of each other.

—The busy world goes on from day to day dealing in its problems of matter, all unmindful of the work of mind that keeps it moving, and which takes note of all its work. Thirteen years ago the compilers of the "Encyclopedia Britannica" commenced their laborious undertaking, and the publishers now estimate that four additional volumes will be required to complete the work. Could such a book be gotten up in a few months it would be just as complete at the end of that time as it will be now; but in thirteen years it is growing, not only towards final completion, but in size, as the country and its people expand and mature. Great as it is the country soon outgrows such a work of reference.

In last week's GOLDEN GATE, we announced that Mr. Colville would take a two days' trip to the country, postponing his metaphysical classes for those two days to another time. A few of his friends, feeling that a little change and a ride out into the free country air would be beneficial, had arranged for a trip to Mount Hamilton, but the manager of his classes in mental science positively refused to release him from his class work, claiming she could legally hold him to lecture on those particular days, which she probably could, and so the contemplated trip was necessarily abandoned.

—Mrs. Olive M. Washburn entertained a few friends to luncheon at her elegant residence 2728 Howard street, on Tuesday. Mrs. Washburn is a royal entertainer; she possesses the rare faculty of bringing together the right persons at the right time and in the right way, and with tact and skill make every one feel in the happiest mood. The great hospitable heart and home of the gifted lady are always open to her many friends. The little gathering of Tuesday was peculiarly harmonious and delightful. The table was spread with exquisite taste laden with bountiful outlay of choice viands. Among those present were Judge and Mrs. Worth, Mrs. Cressy, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Cramer, Mrs. Tyson and others.

—Thackeray says: "Those who are gone from you you have. Those who depart loving you love you still, and you love them always. They are not really gone. Those dear hearts are true; they are only gone into the next room and you will soon get up and follow them, and yonder door will close upon you and you will be no more seen of mortal eyes." Thus, the Spiritual philosophy tinges, unconsciously, the thoughts of all our great authors. The whole thought of life hinges on the futurity of our being. We may say, "one world at a time," but while our friends and loved ones are constantly passing into the invisible one we must go with them in thought both for our own consolation and that of others.

—Not a few young men of our country carry marks upon their persons indicative of a course at Heidelberg University, of which they are as proud as the honors they may have brought home. The distinguished men among us who bear honorary degrees conferred by that institution are Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, of Washington; Prof. Edward D. Cope, of Philadelphia; Prof. Orthinel, Charles Marsh, of New Haven; Prof. Simon Newcomb, Superintendent of the Nautical Almanac at Washington, and Prof. John W. Powell, Director of the Geological Survey. Not so generous has this University been to its countrymen. The Grand Duke of Baden and the hereditary grand duke have been made Doctor of Theology and Doctor of Law, respectively.

—According to some European correspondents, the Empress of China had no notion of vacating her imperial seat for the young Emperor, but would find a means of disposing of him that a still younger person might succeed him, and then lengthen her rule. But reports from the Flowery Kingdom indicate that the Empress is only too willing to abdicate in favor of her successor, and has sent forth a decree ordering the Minister of State to set a day for investing the young sovereign with his imperial rights. The saying about crowned heads does not convince the world that a throne is not the most desirable pinnacle to be attained on our planet, and the delusion is so great that the average man or woman would give their life to rule a kingdom, if but for a day.

## TRUSTEES' MEETING.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 1, 1886.

The Board of Trustees of the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society met pursuant to call of the President, on Wednesday evening, Sept. 1st, 1886, at the residence of F. H. Woods, 913 Pine street.

Present, F. H. Woods, President, Mrs. H. E. Robinson, Mrs. E. E. Staples, and Messrs. Baker, Chase, Dodge, Matthews, Weske and Owen.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

The following report of the Advisory Council was received, read and approved.

At a meeting of the Advisory Council of the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, held at the residence of Mr. Dodge, May 27, 1886, Mr. F. H. Woods, President, of the Society, called the meeting to order, and on motion, Amos Adams was elected Secretary. Committee on Ordination asked for, and was granted further time. Mr. Dodge, from the Committee on Halls, reported that he was unable to find exactly the kind of hall proper for our meetings. He was encouraged to believe the owner of the Metropolitan Hall would keep open for us. He asked further time. Granted. He reported that the lower hall could be rented four nights in each month for fourteen dollars per month. On motion, the hiring of a hall was left to Mr. Dodge.

Mr. Aldridge, being called upon, gave his ideas of the best manner of establishing an aid society in connection with the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society. On motion of Mr. Aldridge, the Advisory Committee shall consist of the Trustees of the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, and such persons as may be elected by said Trustees. Motion carried.

Amos Adams suggested that the duties of the Advisory Council shall consist of discussing and acting on such subject matter as may be referred to them by the Trustees of the Society. Mrs. Kelly moved that a Committee on Music, consisting of seven, be appointed. Carried. The Chair appointed Mr. Wadsworth, Mr. Eckman, Mr. McGuire, Mrs. Connor, Mrs. Dodge, Mrs. Kelley, and Mrs. Robinson.

On motion of Mr. Aldridge, the Chair was authorized to appoint a committee of five to consider and report upon the plan of the Mutual Aid Society, suggested by him at a subsequent meeting. The following persons were selected, by the meeting, as said Committee: Mr. Aldridge, Mrs. Churchill, Mrs. Moore, Mr. Russell and Mr. Adams.

On motion, the meeting adjourned to meet at the call of the President.

On motion the action of the Manager, M. B. Dodge, in extending the vacation of Mrs. E. L. Watson, with salary, until the first Sunday in September, was unanimously approved. Also the action of the Manager in securing Metropolitan Temple as the place of meeting for the ensuing year.

The Manager reported the total amount of money received since last report, \$1,067.65; paid out, \$980.80; balance on hand, \$86.75.

On motion it was unanimously resolved that the admission to all services at the Temple be made free.

The action of the Manager in employing Mr. S. B. Whitely as organist was approved.

The Manager presented a paper, prepared at his request by Wm. Emmette Coleman, in defence of Spiritualism against the imputation of responsibility in the matter of fraudulent mediumistic practices. Action in the matter was deemed inadvisable, and the paper was laid upon the table.

There being no further business the Board adjourned subject to call.

J. J. OWEN, Secretary.

## NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

Editor Cutting has been released from custody, and we trust the "Mexican war-cloud" has collapsed.

Herbert Spencer is seriously ill at his residence in London, suffering from nervous prostration and insomnia.

The landlords are again working the "eviction mill" to the great sorrow of Ireland's poverty-stricken peasantry.

The island of Malta, but ninety-five square miles in extent, is declared to be the most densely populated part of the world.

The Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor is to be unveiled, with appropriate ceremonies, sometime about the last of October.

The agricultural distress in Germany is so great that it is proposed to divide large estates for planting in the colonies among German peasants.

Investigation by American naval officers shows that the Canadians are suffering far more by the enforcement of the 1818 treaty than are the American fishermen.

A Pittsburg scientist claims that he has solved the problem of making cheap gas, and says that people will soon be using gas that will cost them only three cents a thousand.

Prof. Calvin E. Stowe, formerly of Andover Theological Seminary, husband of Harriet Beecher Stowe, died at Hartford, Ct., Aug. 22, 1886, aged 84 years and 4 months.

A little newsboy of Orlando, Fla., hearing suddenly of his father's death, dropped his papers and hurried home. A citizen, picking them up, sold them through the town, and, telling the circumstances, realized \$70 for them.

There are 140 farms on the Fort Hall Reservation, Idaho, run by Indians, and 787 acres are under cultivation. They own thirty-seven mowers and two reapers, bought with their own money. The savage red man can be half way decent if he wishes to be.

## A Card—To the Fair-Minded.

Believing, from knowledge, that "there is no such thing as death," I am rarely interested in obituary notices. I never write them if I can avoid it, and I seldom read them. Therefore, what I am impressed to say of praise or censure, concerning any fellow being, I endeavor to put on record before the person has departed to the Summer Land; and I invariably invite like candid treatment from all contemporaries. An obituary may be sentimentally interesting, and its sympathetic utterances may be comforting to tender affections as a last devotional service; but it may be, at the same time, logically absurd and (as special history) inherently and injuriously false. Recently my attention has been called to some writing of this latter description. A departed lady's friends and sympathizers have, in their recent pathetic and poetic utterances, arrayed themselves as my personal enemies and detractors. The arisen spirit being a natural lover of great principles, would, I am quite certain, if she could, check these unwise partisans with her unqualified condemnation. To this end I invoke the heavenly aid of her now wiser and stronger spirit.

Allow me, in this connection, to say that all legitimate questions concerning my private affairs (so far as the public has any right to know) have been by me candidly answered in my last book, "Beyond the Valley." It seems to me that any pure, high-minded person, who is capable of reasoning free from prejudice, will be satisfied with the reasons and facts therein stated. Of course, as is always the case, sensual minds will seek for sensual motives as the causes of human conduct. Let such comfort themselves, if they can, by cherishing their natural follies. With these I shall have no controversy. But to the few fair-minded, on both sides of the Atlantic, I desire to say that, if the departed lady's biographers and obituary writers do not cease doing me an evil, while engaged in eloquently magnifying her loyal life and character, they will constrain me to embark upon a more detailed work of self-justification. This would be an autobiographical necessity. It would be naturally an APPENDIX to my last volume, written in the interests of true history, in a great reformation. I do not wish to undertake this work, and if I should accomplish it, there will be many who may wish that I had not. ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

## Onset Notes.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The height of the season is past; many people are saying "Good-bye" and returning home fully laden with spiritual goods. There are a few new arrivals who come to stay a day or so, and consequently the interest in the spiritual manifestations is kept up. The cottage owners are preparing for the grand illumination on the eve of "breaking camp." It is anticipated to far excel all previous attempts in this celebration. All the cottages, houses, hotels and tents will be gorgeously illuminated. Many people remain all Winter at Onset, claiming the weather is far warmer than at Boston. Perhaps you Western people think Onset is a wildwood camp. It will compare favorably with any of the Eastern beaches situated on a bay. If the reader is in search of hilarity and amusement go to Nautasket (Mass.) and Coney Island (L. I.).

If you want a place to expend exorbitant amounts of money and enjoy a very ordinary beach go to Newport. If you want solid comfort, a place for education and recreation, delightful bathing, an abundance of fishing, a snug harbor for boating, go to Onset, for it is a little town of about five hundred houses, good streets that are fairly lighted at night, and on the whole Onset offers to her visitors far more for the money than any other Summer resort in the East. What is wanted in California is just such a place as Onset—where people can congregate together yearly and exchange ideas on the leading topics of the day. When your correspondent returns from Europe he will do all in his power to promote the enterprise of an Onset in California. The Onset people speak very highly of the GOLDEN GATE, and I am sure the paper has made many fast friends through its able editorials, as

I hear them complimented by all. You can look forward to a harvest of subscribers in the near future. M. ONSET BAY, Aug. 16, 1886.

Col. W. W. Hollister.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Let us try to realize what the Teachings of the New tells us, viz: that he is not dead; it is only his form in earth that is buried, and that "his soul is marching on." You know, and it is well-known, that we are not what the world calls "Spiritualists;" that we have never sought nor needed any phenomena to prove to us the truth of immortal life. Last evening we went to hear a friend of Col. Hollister speak in the old Independent church of Lauretine Hamilton, at Oakland. And sitting there after the quiet harmony of the organ prelude, suddenly our wife-self, whose eyes had been closed in thought, said: "I feel that Col. Hollister is here." Then, after another silence, "His perfect appearance is just before us in the aisle—just as clearly defined to my mind's eye as I ever saw him in the outer world."

What first attracted her attention was that the voice of the speaker in beginning the prayer had seemed to her to take on the tones of Col. Hollister's well-known voice. It then changed and his own likeness came before her mind, so vividly as to be as though speaking and smiling, directly in front of her, but no words.

We are prompted to write this to you feeling that it is his wish. You, as well as we, have always loved him and stood with him in his fidelity to the spirit of California, manifested in great souls like his, such as Starr King, Ralston, Lauretine Hamilton, of Oakland, and others, well-known. Hollister outlived them by reason of his grand physical endurance, but his heart, nevertheless, gave out at last, just as theirs did, under the very same overstrain of a great nature responding to the great public call upon it.

No one more thoroughly recognized the good work of the GOLDEN GATE, and our duty to sustain and circulate the paper. Among his last kind messages to friends on leaving this city was, "Tell Brother Owen I'm looking to send him soon another hundred dollars for the GOLDEN GATE. It's doing so much good. B. OAKLAND, Aug. 30, '86.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THE SIBYLLINE CIRCLE

—OF—

MRS. S. SEIP.

This Circle is organized to develop the intuitive power of the spirit arcanæ in its members in their own home. Send for circular; Psychometric readings daily, \$1; Friday afternoon, free.

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Admission : : : : \$1.00.

Private sittings daily. sep4-tf

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHICAL SERVICES AT Metropolitan Temple, by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, will reopen on the first Sunday in September, the 5th. An appeal is made to all Spiritualists, Liberalists and friends of the society to take seats or by gift help to open our doors free to all: we shall engage the best talent to assist Mrs. Watson in the services, to give variety and to lighten the burden of our little preacher, that she may be in the better condition for the angels to give us their best thoughts. We have secured Mr. S. B. Whitely, one of the finest organists in this city; there is a Musical Committee appointed to arrange for a musical class, to commence soon as possible, employing the best of teachers; all who take seats and those who belong to the society will be eligible to join; the more money the society receives the better the services; the money will all come back to the giver, and those who are enabled to come without price. M. B. DODGE, Manager, 143 Fremont street.

ASSEMBLY HALL, ODD FELLOWS' BUILDING, corner Seventh and Market streets, (entrance on Seventh street), W. J. Colville, lecturer; Albert Morton, Manager. Services for Sunday, September 5th, at 10:45 A. M., lecture. Subject: "Saints and Sinners." At 2:30 P. M., Answers to questions. At 7:45 P. M., lecture. Subject: "Atlantis, the Antediluvian World." Poems from subjects chosen by the audience will be given at each service. Solos by W. J. Colville, Jos. W. Maguire and Miss Grace Henderson. Evening service will close promptly at 9:30.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 1 P. M., in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Good speakers upon all live subjects pertaining to Spiritualism and humanity. A free Spiritual Library, of 700 volumes, open every Sunday from 1 to 5 P. M.

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

## W. J. COLVILLE'S LECTURES.

The seats for Mr. Colville's course of lectures in Assembly Hall are in great demand, and those desiring to reserve seats for September should make immediate application to secure desirable location. In order that no persons be debarred from attending the meetings for want of means all subscribers can obtain monthly tickets equal to the number of their seat holdings, free of charge, for distribution among the poor. Any person desiring to attend the lectures who is unable to pay the very moderate admission fee will be given tickets, good for all the services in Assembly Hall during September, by making application to the manager. As the meetings are supported from the sale of seats and admissions, no contributions having been offered or solicited, I am obliged to ask a small admission fee to meet the heavy expenses attending them.

ALBERT MORTON, Manager.

## PASS THEM ALONG.

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TITLE PAGE:

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—Echoes from Many Valleys;  
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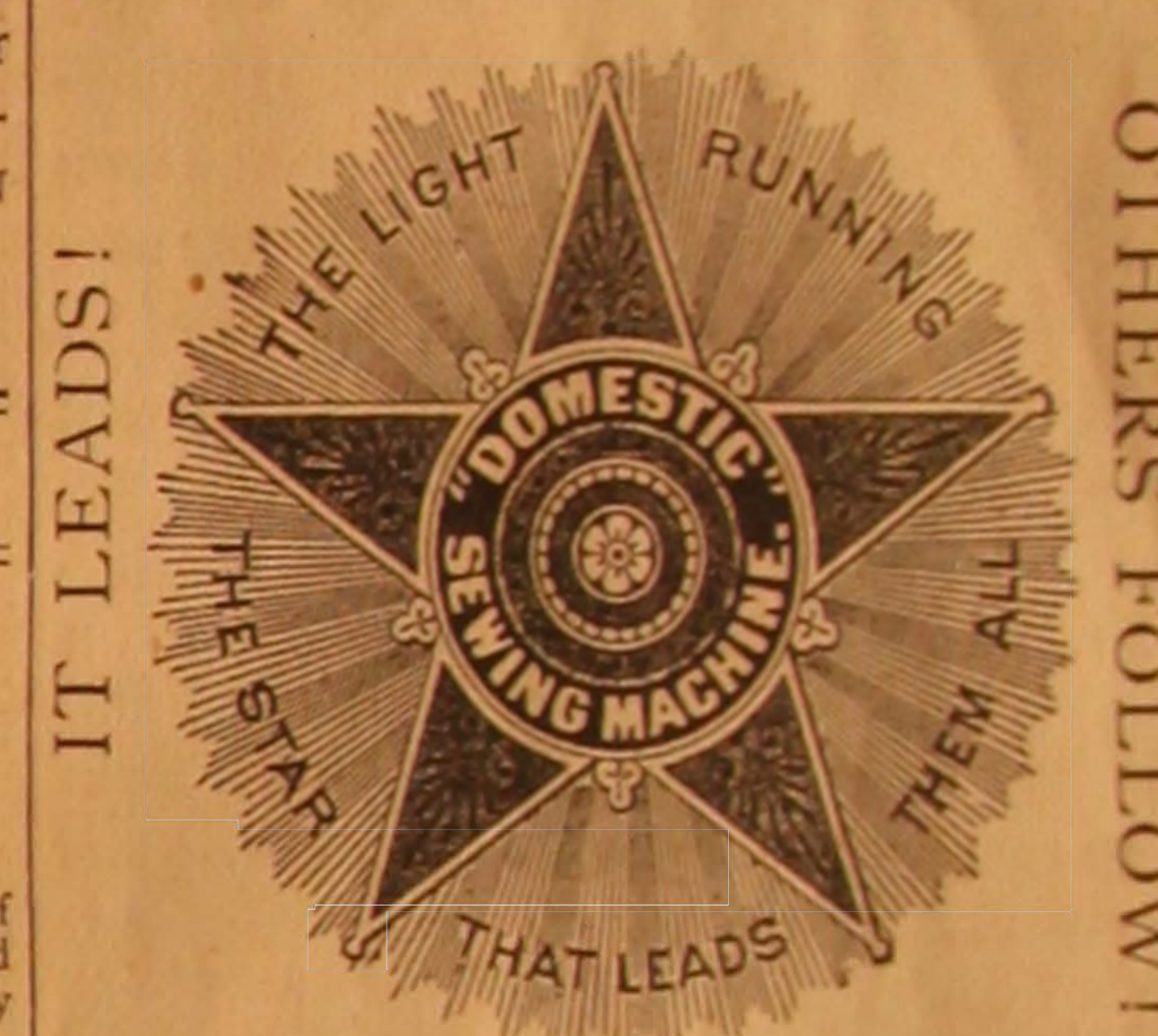
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## GROVE MEETING.

A grove meeting of Spiritualists will be held at New Era, Clackamas county, Oregon, beginning Friday, Sept. 17, and holding ten days. C. A. Reed and George P. Colby are engaged as permanent speakers for the meeting. C. A. Reed will give the opening address Friday the 17th, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Geo. P. Colby will speak at 2 o'clock in the afternoon on the 18th, 19th, 21st, 23d, 25th and 26th. Other speakers will be in attendance. The usual reduction in return fare will be given those who pay full fare on the railroads to attend the meeting. Good order will be maintained on the grounds during the meeting; hotel and other accommodations convenient. A cordial invitation is extended to all. WM. PHILLIPS, President.

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## FORM OF BEQUEST.

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

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

## MATERIALIZING SEANCES.

ELSIE REYNOLDS is paying our city a short visit, and will hold Materializing Seances, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday evenings. Also Tuesday and Saturday, at 2 P. M., 845 Mission street. aug14-tf

## 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. Morse, receiving subscriptions therefor at 12s 6d per annum, postage included.



## Materialization and Physical Phenomena in England.

[By Mr. J. J. Morse of England.]

About seven or eight years ago two young mediums—Miss Wood and Mrs. Fairlamb—were at the house of the president of the Research Society, at Newcastle-on-Tyne. They were strapped to the backs of three chairs with horse-hair bands, and placed behind an ordinary Japanese folding-screen in the corner of the drawing-room, beside the fire place, this being the only cabinet used. The assembled company, of whom I was one, sung some time, when suddenly some one cried out: "Look!" We did look, and watched in almost breathless silence, while a tall shadowy something glided out from the corner of the screen nearest the fire-place, and there stood like a human being, enveloped in a gray mantle. The head moved unceasingly from side to side, but no other movement was apparent till, after a few moments of silence, another form appeared and stood beside the first, both quite well defined, in front of the marble jamb. Now the first one began to wobble and become ragged in appearance, the chest and lower portions of the figure to grow black, and finally we could distinctly see through it, and distinguish through it, the outline of the jamb and the gilt frame of the mantle-mirror behind it. In this ragged condition it glided back behind the screen, and soon returned. This time the head was all right, but the chest ragged and not well formed. It wobbled about, and finally disappeared behind the screen. We found Miss Wood in an unconscious condition fallen out of her chair, to which she was still hanging by the fastening at her wrists.

These forms, partially materialized or solidified, before the power failed when they began to fade, were to me the best evidence of the reality of materialization I have ever seen.

### A Good Man's Tenderness.

[Manchester Times.]

George Stephenson went one day into an upper room of his house, and closed the window. It had been left open a long time because of the great heat; but now the weather was becoming cooler and so Mr. Stephenson thought it would be well to shut it. He little knew at the time what he was doing. Two or three days afterwards, however, he chanced to observe a bird flying against that same window, and beating against it with all its might, again and again, as if trying to break it. His sympathy and curiosity were aroused. What could the little thing want? He at once went to the room, and opened the window to see. The window opened, the bird flew straight to one particular spot in the room, where Stephenson saw a nest,—that little bird's nest. The poor bird looked at it, took the sad story in at a glance, and fluttered down to the floor, broken-hearted, almost dead.

Stephenson, drawing near to look, was filled with unspeakable sorrow. There sat the mother bird, and under it four tiny little young ones,—mother and young all apparently dead. Stephenson cried aloud. He tenderly lifted the exhausted bird from the floor, the worm it had so long and bravely struggled to bring to its home and young still in its beak, and carefully tried to revive it; but all his efforts proved in vain. It speedily died, and the great man mourned for many a day. At the time, the force of George Stephenson's mind was changing the face of the earth; yet he wept at the sight of this dead family, and was deeply grieved because he himself had unconsciously been the cause of death.

### Mediumship.

[“Deep Thought” in Beacon Light.]

The great medium once asked of his over confident disciples, “Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?”

Would that those aspiring to the gift of mediumship might ponder on these words. Yet who would not be a medium. “Fools will rush in where angels fear to tread.” “Oh, that the talent belonged to me,” exclaims Ambition, “then would I possess the very key to heaven and have at my command the spirit realm!”

Ah! perhaps only to find unworthy influences seeking to control you, and you yourself led captive. “If I were a medium,” says Avarice, “I would call upon the unseen world to open earth's treasure house to me, and grow rich beyond my wildest dreams. Yes, to find the bright promise broken and the glittering wealth almost within your grasp turn to dust and ashes.”

“Would that the power were mine,” sighs Sensual, “then would I heedless of right, drink deep of life's cup of pleasure, till, satiated with this world's joys I should pass on to the participation of greater in the world beyond.” Nay, but to pay the heavy penalty of crime and weep bitter tears of remorse for a life of sin and wrong.

Mediumship is not power, is not a stepping stone to wealth or pleasure, but a trust, received through much tribulation and beset by many snares, to be used only for the spiritual advancement of mankind.

Let those who can accept the gift, but never use it for self aggrandizement, the

pursuit of pleasure, or the perpetration of wrong. Then will all be well, and “they who are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they who turn many unto righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.”

### Modern Skeptics.

[Light in the West.]

“He hath a devil,” was the cry the priesthood raised against the works of Jesus, and naturally enough their lineal descendants at the present day stand aloof with hands uplifted in holy horror. Looking backward they call the brother priesthood of that day Sadducees, Pharisees, hypocrites—just what they were—and, looking forward at the spiritual manifestations of the present day they say, “Behold the works of the devil.” In that day they incited the multitude, the rabble, to cry out, “away with him; crucify him.” They did not fear this humble man, but they were afraid of the principles which he inculcated. They knew that those principles would unmask their hypocritical professions and overthrow the false doctrines which they had craftily engrafted upon the truths that had been so carefully delivered through similar spiritual influence to their fathers, hundreds of years before.

What is the character of the opposition that is to-day manifesting itself against Spiritualism? Does it not savor a little of the old malice? If people will take time to examine the nature of the spirit which hindered the truth then and would have crushed it, and then observe the attitude and study the character of those who array themselves against Spiritualism to-day they will surely discern the similarity in the opposition, and thereby discover one of the strongest reasons why they should investigate its principles. “He came to his own, and his own received him not.” That is, truth knocked at the doors of the temples where its advocates professed to dwell, but they would not open the doors of their hearts and receive it, and not only rejected it, but would have crushed out that truth, and they crucified its personality. So it was plainly evident that the spirit of truth witnessed against their spirits that they were none of His.

True Spiritualists to-day are asking all people to search for the truth in their philosophy for themselves. They do not ask them to accept the mere materialization of spirit forms in the flesh, (which is so often and so easily made deceptive), as anything but evidence, or rather, the illustrated truth of the immortality of the soul. This accepted, the truths pertaining to and involving the growth of the soul in that spiritual existence become the questions of paramount interest. Then these modern skeptics need not be surprised if they discover that the first principles in this truth to be learned are some of the old story that they have been preaching to others, but not practicing themselves; that they must cast off their robes of self-righteousness and come down as little children to the humble work of “doing as they would be done by.” They will learn by glimpses into the spirit land that unless this spirit is assumed while on earth the soul of man must take the position of the ancient Pharisees, Sadducees and hypocrites. Only this day did we hear from one who suddenly passed into spirit life from St. Louis here several years ago; and he says now, that it has been only a short time since he could bring himself to say in his heart, “I forgive that man who shot me.”

SPIRITUALISM will never drive one to insanity; but Phenomenalism may. Do not get wild by bounding about from peak to peak of its lofty heights but come down to yourself as a little child and learn the first principles. Go to work to earn bread by honest labor. Correct bad habits, not all in one day; but one a day, to begin with, will do. Curb the appetite down to plain, digestible, nutritious food, and not too much of it. Wash, not only the hands and part of the face, but the whole body, from the crown of the head to the sole of the feet, clean, frequently. This will aid in keeping the mind pure and help to make us agreeable to our friends. Do not gloat so much about that wonderful home “over there,” but do something every day to make the place now occupied more pleasant to self and others; thereby one may become fit to go up higher. By doing these things as we should, we will become able to grasp and comprehend great spiritual truths and that too without any danger of “going crazy” over them or of committing suicide about it. —Light in the West.

NEGATION.—Plainly the human ideal has a very searching “No” to pronounce in our age. Its dream of art, science, philosophy, social justice, have to grow, like the infant Hercules, by strangling hydras and eating the sinews of bears. Every reform is at best a ploughshare that must cut its way through drifts of prejudice to the world's quick, thus brightening its own edge for the better service of coming husbandry. Do you fear negation? Progress is negation; every step denies a past, disclaims a future. Life and birth are negation of previous life. God is negation, the not-finite or the infinite. ‘Tis but the emphasis on negation, the destructive spirit, that harms.—Rev. Samuel Johnson.

VICE incapacitates a man from all public duty; it withers the power of his understanding, and makes his mind paralytic.

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JANUARY, 1886.



## Country Homes of the Presidents.

(Louisville Post.)

President Cleveland has attracted a good deal of attention and comment in the last few weeks by his sudden development of bucolic tastes, but in this he is only following in the footsteps of nearly every occupant of the Presidential chair. Almost every President that this country has had has passed a part of his career in the delights of a country home. Washington, as everybody knows, owned a large estate at Mount Vernon, where he retired after his two terms in the Presidency. His death, it will be remembered, was caused from exposure incident to his duties on the plantation, which he delighted to manage in person. John Adams, his successor, retired after his term in the Presidency had expired to a country seat, "Quincy," near Boston, and engaged in agricultural pursuits. Jefferson, after his retirement from public life, established himself at his home, Monticello, Va., where he entertained his friends, managed his estate and died regretted by a large number of servants and domestics, which he had with him to the last. Madison, after his term of office had expired, retired to Montpelier, Va., where he became rector of the University of Virginia and engaged in agricultural pursuits. Monroe, after the close of his public life, took up his residence at Oak Hill, Va., where he entertained his friends royally, so much so, in fact, that he soon found the bottom of his purse, and was finally obliged to give up his princely estate and take up his residence with relatives in New York, where he was still making his home at the time of his death.

John Quincy Adams, after his term of office had expired, retired to the old family estate, "Quincy," in Massachusetts, but responded to his country's call again, and died at his post of duty in Washington, where he had been sent as a member of Congress. Jackson, as everybody knows retired to the "Hermitage," Nashville, where he died. Van Buren, after his term in office expired, retired to Kinderhook, N. Y., and there ended his days. Harrison, who died during his term in the Presidency, was buried at his home in North Bend, Ohio, and there his remains still lie. Tyler was accustomed to country life, and delighted in it, as it brought him recollections of early days when his father was one of the largest land-owners in Virginia. Polk, whose early days were spent in the country as the son of a farmer, looked forward to a comfortable life of retirement, just beside Nashville, after his term of service in the Presidency, but had been only three months away from there when death called him. Taylor, who had worked on a plantation during his early life, had looked forward with pleasure to a quiet life on his estate at Baton Rouge, La., after retiring from his war service. He had scarcely begun this, however, when he was called to the Presidency, and before his term had fairly begun his life ended. Fillmore was the son of a farmer, and spent his early life among rural delights. Pierce ever remembered with affection the place where his boyhood days were spent, and where he taught a country school when he arrived at the early years of manhood.

Buchanan, after his Presidential labors were ended, retired to a country place, "Wheatland," in Pennsylvania, where he died. Lincoln, as everybody knows, was reared amid the most primitive of country life, and retained a great affection for the homely things of life to the day of his sad death. The same may be said of his successor, Johnson, who was in this respect not unlike his more illustrious predecessor. Grant, who was a farmer in his earlier days, ended his days in the country, heartily wishing, no doubt, that he had followed the example of his predecessors, and retired to the country rather than have entered the whirlpool of New York business life. Mr. Hayes, as everybody knows, is in retirement, upon a farm in Ohio, devoting his attention to the duties of a rural life, and entertaining the many friends who seek him out in his comparative seclusion. President Garfield went from his country home, at Mentor, Ohio, to the White House, where he was stricken down by the assassin's bullet, and his sorrowing widow and family, after a couple of years in city life, have just determined to sell their city home and return to their country residence. President Arthur, after a year of city life, at the close of his term, now seeks the country as his only hope of regaining the health lost in his service in the White House. And President Cleveland, following the example of this long line of Presidential predecessors, is preparing a country home for himself, only varying the order, by beginning his country life during his actual term of service.

In making the excavation at Pompeii, the workmen came upon two figures, or moulds of figures, for they had been surrounded by lava and perished away, leaving only the outline of their forms. By pouring in plaster-of-Paris, these were perfectly reproduced in size and attitude, though they had lain here unknown for well-nigh two thousand years. Every heart was touched when it was found that those were the figures of a mother and her boy, the little face untroubled, but the mother's full of agony, and her arms stretched out to grasp her child—but he was beyond her reach to help or save; always beyond her reach. Is not this a vivid emblem of

the mother-heart to-day in its relation to a boy's temptation and his rescue, while the saloons like a quenchless volcano seek to bury both boy and mother, and she stretches forth hands, but he is beyond her reach to help or save?—*Frances E. Willard.*

## Parepa Stella.

(Spiritual Messenger, Aug. 14th.)

Parepa Stella is the title under which Parepa Rosa desires to have her medium, Mrs. Wilson, known in her professional life as a vocal medium, and she will hereafter be known by that name. This wonderful medium vocalist has, since our last issue, given several seances in Minneapolis, where she met with grand success. At Malcolm Hall, which is on the third story of a business block, she gave three musicales and the largest part of her audience was on the street, where the applause was most spontaneous. At a musicale given at a private residence to musical critics and who were spiritual skeptics, she dumfounded the company by her wonderful volume of song, and when one of the company said to a musical friend, "It is a spirit who is singing to you," the lady was answered soberly, "I don't know, its something, it's not Mrs. Wilson."

Returning to Chicago she gave two seances to companies of about forty each, and arrived at Vicksburg on the 11th inst., and will remain during the meeting. All lovers of music should not fail to hear this wondrous singer, who sings half a tone higher than Adelina Patti, and who, untutored in the technique of music, unskilled in vocal rendering, and unable of herself to carry the simplest tune successfully, is used by the spirit friends in the rendering of vocal music such as mortals rarely hear.

**DIGNITY OF SPEECH.**—Above a certain, not high grade of culture, simplicity of speech becomes a noble art, as well as a mark of integrity of character. The time is coming when extravagant speech of any kind will be regarded as a badge of vulgarity, and a lie will be outcast from good society because of its mean pedigree. Already there are certain superlatives of speech, certain exaggerated exclamations in common use for all emotions, which are regarded as betokening the limited vocabulary of an imperfect culture. The vulgar profanity of the street and the bar-room belongs to this category. It is the natural dialect of the uneducated,—of the mentally as well as morally uneducated,—of those who have few words for the expression of their feelings, and whose life consists of meagre sensations and passions rather than of thought. At first, because these are the strongest words they know, they take the so-called sacred words for expressing their genuine emotions, however insignificant or even immoral may be the occasion. And then, from limited choice of words, and from imitation, they contract the habit of using the same words in their most ordinary speech, using them then unconsciously and when they have no meaning whatever. Such profanity as this, in whatever circle it appears, is essentially of vulgar origin. It is to be condemned, of course, for its untruthfulness, and, therefore, for its immorality. This is the special reason for its condemnation among liberal believers.—*Index.*

**ORTHODOX ABSURDITY.**—The following extract from the "Widow Bedott Papers," by Marian Berry, contains more food for reflection than many a lengthy dissertation and criticism of orthodox views and methods:

Rev. Mr. Price—"How does Mr. Shaw feel?"

Mrs. Shaw—"I regret to say that he does not feel his lost and ruined condition as I could wish. Oh! oh! if that man only had faith, had saving faith, and if Serapheen (her daughter) was only a Christian, my happiness would be complete."

Mr. Price—"Y-e-s. I trust that you wrestle for them, without ceasing, at the Throne of Grace."

Mrs. Shaw—"I do, Mr. Price, I do so."

Mr. Price—"And do you feel that, in case the Lord should see fit to disregard your petitions and consign them to everlasting misery, you could acquiesce in his decrees, and rejoice in their destruction?"

Mrs. Shaw—"I feel that I could without a murmur."

Mr. Price—"Y-e-s. I am happy, Sister Shaw, to find you in such a desirable state of mind."

The people of Ventura are going to try a novel experiment in sprinkling streets with crude petroleum instead of water. It is thought that oil after two or three sprinkles will lay the dust for months. If the streets are oiled the ladies will be obliged to wear short dresses and the flies will leave town. The experiment is looked for with much interest. That it will lay the dust quite permanently is well known, but how will the people like it?

A BOSTON clergyman, who was preparing some questions for his Bible class, was annoyed by the impertinence of his little son, who wanted to sit on his papa's knee. "Freddie," said he, "you trouble me this afternoon. You seem like nothing but a collection of perversities." "Well, papa," rejoined Freddie, "don't you always take up a collection?"

## A Dog that Could Count.

(E. P. Roe in St. Nicholas.)

Old Fetch was a shepherd dog, and lived in the Highlands of the Hudson. His master kept nearly a dozen cows, and they ranged at will among the hills during the day. When the sun was low in the west, his master would say to his dog, "Bring the cows home;" and it was because the dog did his task so well that he was called Fetch.

One sultry day he departed as usual upon his evening task. From scattered, shady, and grassy nooks, he at last gathered all the cattle into the mountain road leading to the distant barn-yard.

A part of the road ran through a low, moist spot, bordered by a thicket of black alder; and into this one of the cows pushed her way, and stood quietly. The others passed on, followed some distance in the rear by Fetch.

As the cows approached the barn-yard gate, he quickened his pace and hurried forward, as if to say, "I'm here, attending to business." But his complacency was disturbed as the cows filed through the gate. He whined a little, and growled a little, attracting his master's attention. Then he went to the high fence, surrounding the yard, and, standing on his hind feet, peered between two of the rails. After looking at the herd carefully for a time, he started off down the road again on a full run. His master now observed that one of the cows was missing, and he sat down on a rock to see what Fetch was going to do about it. Before very long, he heard the furious tinkling of a bell, and soon Fetch appeared, bringing in the perverse cow at a rapid pace, hastening her on by frequently leaping up and catching her ear in his teeth. The gate was again thrown open, and the cow, shaking her head from the pain of the dog's rough reminders, was led through it in a way that she did not soon forget. Fetch then lay down quietly to cool off in time for supper.

THE Prince of Wales, as future head of the Established Church, is sharply scored by the English *Churchman* for a recent Sunday dinner he gave to forty guests, followed by a variety show, at which Japanese jugglers exhibited, and a string band played, "carefully avoiding sacred music."

A MAN has been arrested in San Jose, Cal., for practicing medicine without a license. The authorities discovered that there was something wrong with the man when he cured five patients in the same week, and investigation proved that they were right.—*New York Graphic.*

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I'm Going to My Home.  
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Our Beautiful Home Above.  
Oh! Come, for My Poor Heart is Breaking.  
Once it was Only Soft Blue Eyes.  
The City just Over the Hill.  
The Golden Gates are Left Ajar.  
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Owen has a poetic way of saying practical things, a neat and attractive way which makes them readable and easily assimilated and digested, and this volume should have a wide circulation.—*Foot Hill Tidings.*

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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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## CONQUERED AT LAST.

[Shortly after the last yellow-fever scourge swept up the Mississippi Valley the "Mobile News" offered a prize for the poem by a Southern writer which should best express the gratitude of the Southern heart towards the people of the North for the philanthropy and magnanimity so nobly and freely displayed during the pestilence. This offer called forth several compositions from various parts of the South, and the prize was finally awarded to Miss Maria L. Eve, of Augusta, Ga., the author of "Conquered at Last."]

You came to us once, O brothers, in wrath,  
And rude desolation followed your path.

You conquered us then, but only in part,  
For a stubborn thing is the human heart.

So the mad wind blows in his might and main,  
And the forests bend to his breath like grain,

Their heads in the dust and their branches broke;  
But how shall he soften their hearts of oak?

You swept o'er our land like the whirlwind's wing,  
But the human heart is a stubborn thing.

We laid down our arms, we yielded our will,  
But our heart of heart was unconquered still.

"We are vanquished," we said, "but our wounds must heal!"  
We gave you our swords, but our hearts were steel.

"We are conquered," we said, but our hearts were sore,  
And "woe to the conquered" on every door.

But the spoiler came and he would not spare,  
And the angel that walketh in darkness was there:—

He walked through the valley, walked through the street,  
And he left the print of his fiery feet

In the dead, dead, dead, that were everywhere,  
And buried away with never a prayer.

From the desolate land, from its very heart,  
There went forth a cry to the uttermost part:—

You heard it, O brothers!—With never a measure  
You opened your hearts, and poured out your treasure.

O Sisters of Mercy, you gave above these!  
For you helped, we know, on your bended knees.

Your pity was human, but oh! it was more,  
When you shared our cross and our burden bore.

Your lives in your hands you stood by our side;  
Your lives for our lives—you lay down and died.

And no greater love hath a man to give,  
Than to lay down his life that his friends may live.

You poured in our wounds the oil and the wine  
That you brought to us from a Hand Divine.

You conquered us once, and our swords we gave;  
We yield now our hearts—they are all we have.

Our last trench was there, and it held out long;  
It is yours, O friends! and you'll find it strong.

Your love had a magic diviner than art,  
And "Conquered by Kindness" we'll write on our heart.

—MARIA L. EVE.

## Heaven.

Oh! heaven is nearer than mortals think  
When they look with a trembling dread  
At the misty future that stretches on,  
From the silent home of the dead.

'Tis no lone isle on a boundless main,  
No brilliant but distant shore  
Where the lovely ones who are called away  
Must go to return no more.

No! heaven is near us; the mighty veil  
Of mortality blinds the eye,  
That we can not see the angel bands  
On the shores of eternity.

The eye that shuts in a dying hour  
Will open the next in bliss;  
The welcome will sound in the heavenly world,  
Ere the farewell is hushed in this.

We pass from the clasp of mourning friends  
To the arms of the loved and lost,  
And those smiling faces will greet us there  
Which on earth we have valued most.

Yet oft in the hours of holy thought,  
To the thirsting soul is given  
The power to pierce through the mist of sense  
To the beautiful scenes of heaven.

Then very near seem its pearly gates,  
And sweetly its harpings fall,  
Till the soul is restless to soar away,  
And longs for the angels' call.

I know when the silver chord is loosed,  
When the veil is rent away,  
Not long and dark shall the passage be  
To the realms of endless day.

## Only a Smile.

Only a smile that was given me  
In the crowded street one day!  
But it pierced the gloom of my saddened heart  
Like a sudden sunbeam's ray.  
The shadow of doubt hung over me,  
And the burden of pain I bore;  
And the voice of hope I could not hear,  
Though I listened o'er and o'er.

But there came a rift in the crowd about,  
And a face that I knew passed by,  
And the smile I caught was brighter to me  
Than the blue of a Summer sky.  
For it gave me back the sunshine clear,  
And scattered each somber thought,  
And my heart rejoiced in the kindling warmth  
Which that kindly smile had wrought.

Only a smile from a friendly face  
On the busy street that day!  
Forgotten as soon as given, perhaps,  
As the donor went her way;  
But straight to my heart it speeding went  
To glid the clouds that were there,  
And I found that of sunshine and life's blue skies  
I also might take my share.

## The World Is a Better World.

Aye, the world is a better world to-day!  
And a great good mother this earth of ours!  
Her white to-morrow is a white stairway  
To lead us up to the star-lit flowers—  
The spiral to-morrow that one by one  
We climb and we climb in the face of the sun.

Aye, the world is a braver world to-day!  
For many a hero will bear with wrong—  
Will laugh at wrong and will turn away;  
Will whistle it down the wind with a song—  
Will play the wrong with his splendid scorn!  
The bravest hero that ever was born!

—JOAQUIN MILLER.

## A Hindu Fable.

Vishnu spoke to Brahma the wise:  
"List! I give thee choice to thee:  
Hearken, then, and ponder well:  
Open wide thine ears to me!  
"With thou enter with five foals  
Through the gates of Paradise!  
On to Hades, dark and deep,  
Go with five men who are wise!"  
Quick he answered, keen of mind:  
"With the wise men would I dwell!  
Hell were then a Paradise!  
But with folly Heaven were Hell!"

—HENRY RICH DORE.

## PRESENTIMENTS.

[Hall's Journal of Health.]

In the July number of the *Journal*, we made allusion to its changed attitude toward a class of phenomena, a belief in which it formerly ascribed to a weak and disordered state of the mental faculties.

There is nothing quite so cheap as ridicule in the treatment of subjects which by any other method involve study, investigation and reflection. To throw them off with a jest, is an easy way to get rid of all serious inquiry into their merits, but unfortunately this sort of treatment is never satisfactory to the student, in search of truth, holding it supreme over all else:—

"Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,  
But looks through nature up to nature's God."

In this free thinking age, when so many brilliant intellects are enrolled upon the side of the materialist, who assigns to man a purely animal existence from whose grosser standpoint all the achievements of his superior mentality count for nothing in the great hereafter, it is not surprising that the evidences of his dual nature, should be met with incredulity and denial, for it is one of the weaknesses of the specialist in science, and the unwisely and incurably learned, to try everything by their own usually narrow and incomplete standard. But the fact of presentiments is too well-established by incontrovertible proof to be all doubtful in the estimation of any fair-minded investigator. There is scarcely a family which has not among its unwritten annals, at least a tradition of some strange premonition or fore-warning of that which was yet to happen, and which subsequent events verified, even as foreshadowed, oftentimes in a manner as unsubstantial as a dream. Time and time again have lives and property been saved from destruction by a timely regard for these interested warnings.

In the middle of the eighteenth century, Augustine Calmet, a celebrated French liberal scholar and author, published a volume of remarkable occurrences, usually assigned to the supernatural, which passed through several editions. A century later, this work was reproduced in English by the Rev. Henry Christmas, M. A.; F. R. S.; F. S. A., etc who in the course of his elaborate introduction writes, "Calmet was a man of naturally cool, calm judgment, possessed of singular learning, and was pious and truthful." Among his principal works were a commentary on the Old and New Testament, and a History of the Bible, both characterized by great learning, and his life was largely devoted to giving instruction to the embryo priesthood upon biblical themes. But when it came to a consideration of the merits of the carefully compiled volume in question, the reverend English translator, true to the prejudices of his priestly office, made free to confess that while he accepted literally, all the marvels related in the New Testament; as to those collected by Calmet, he believed not one of them.

Nevertheless, he concedes that works of this class "are at no time to be regarded as merely subjects of amusement; they have their philosophical value; they have a still greater historical value; and they show how far even upright minds may be warped by imperfect education and slavish deference to authority."

Could it have occurred to this Reverend Commentator, how accurately his words describe the condition of his own mind, and that of thousands of others of trained and particular schools of thought, whose votaries blindly accept their teachings and reject all opposite views as unworthy of serious consideration?

Passing from the volume of Calmet to the more recent works of Mrs. Crowe and Robert Dale Owen, we find them to abound in well authenticated instances of presentiment, which are doubtless familiar to a portion, at least, of our readers.

In commenting upon the receptive faculties of the mind, Mrs. Crowe remarks: "It has been the opinion of many philosophers, both ancient and modern, that in the original state of man, as he came forth from the hands of his Creator, that knowledge which is now acquired by pains and labor, was intuitive. His material body was given him for the purpose of placing him in relation with the material world, and his sensuous organs for the perception of material objects, but his soul was a mirror of the universe, in which everything was reflected, and, probably, is so still, but that the spirit is no longer in a condition to perceive it."

Mrs. Crowe classifies the various phases of presentiment under the following heads. Allegorical dreams, presentiments, and warnings, giving the particulars of many and various cases of forewarnings of future events in such minute detail as to leave no reasonable doubt of their authenticity.

The later carefully compiled works of Mr. Owen, whose scholarship and probity none will question, abound in like indisputable instances of the forecasting of future events in dreams, in visions and other extraordinary ways, none the less authentic for being modern and verified by living witnesses.

After informing his readers of the long, patient and laborious course of study and investigation pursued by him, Mr. Owen says: "Gradually, I became convinced that what by many have been regarded as new and unexampled phenomena, are but modern phases of what has ever existed."

In treating of a subject so replete with

evidences of individual forewarning it certainly is not out of place to give the particulars of one or two recent occurrences, in the expectation that they will be accepted as true, even by the skeptically minded, under the assurance which we are able to make of their actuality.

It is only a few months ago that a young student residing in Brooklyn, N. Y., was called upon to mourn the transition to the other life of a beloved teacher, and notwithstanding the disparity of age, no less a friend and companion. Not long subsequent to this event the young student mentioned to some of his inmates that he had seen and conversed with his deceased friend, who had imparted to him the information that on a day named, then some months ahead, he would join him in his new state of existence. All this, naturally enough, was looked upon as a melancholy delusion, and every means were resorted to to turn the young gentleman's thoughts into livelier and happier channels; but the meeting with his whilom teacher, and the conversation and prediction as stated, were insisted upon with a seriousness which occasioned no little apprehension on the part of those who held interested relations with him. As the days passed on the student in question mingled freely with his accustomed associates, sharing in their diversions with no apparent abatement of interest or enjoyment. Only an evening before the period named as his last on earth he was present at a social gathering of both sexes, and none were gayer and happier than he. The only remark made by him in allusion to it was this question to one of the assembled company: "If I send for you to-morrow will you come to me?" and ere the sun had gone down on that fateful day his spirit had left its earthly tenement, let us hope to join his friend and teacher in a sphere of action, no less useful and far more satisfactory than this.

A gentleman of our acquaintance, who for a number of years has interested himself in ferreting out the facts of similar occurrences, addressed a letter to the father of the deceased, from whom he received in reply an account in detail substantially as we give it here.

A no less remarkable instance of presentiment of a different order was lately reported from the South, the truth of which our friend verified in like manner.

A physician saw in a dream the cruel death of a brother, with all the details of a red-handed murder. So vivid was the picture that he lost no time in journeying to the place thus designated, and though strange to the neighborhood, the street, and the houses, the identical location of the tragedy were as familiar to his eye as the treasured scenes of boyhood, and that which the world in general would have dismissed from mind as "only a dream," proved to be a sad and savage reality. We might multiply the narration of similar evidences of presentiment almost indefinitely, since they are in strict accordance with laws but little understood, and of almost daily occurrence; but this article has already exceeded its allotted space.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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SAN FRANCISCO, 1886.

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MACHINERY in operation.  
A Special FLORAL EXHIBIT each week.

The finest display of FRUITS, GRAINS AND VEGETABLES.

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Double Season Ticket, \$5; Single Season Ticket, \$3;  
Adult's Single Admission, 50 cents; Children's Single Admission, 25 cents.  
Members of the Institute entitled to Season Ticket at half rates.  
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## DEVELOPING SLATES!

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Slate-Writer!

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June-3m

## SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE STATION, FOOT of Market Street, SOUTH SIDE, at

A. M., daily, for Alvarado, Newark, Centerville, 8:30 Alvarado, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, Wrights, Glenwood, Felton, Big Trees, Boulder Creek, SANTA CRUZ, and all way stations—Parlor Car.

P. M. (except Sunday), Express: Mr. Eden, Alvarado, Newark, Centerville, Alviso, Agnew, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and all stations to Boulder Creek and SANTA CRUZ—Parlor Car.

P. M., daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos and intermediate points. Saturdays and Sundays to Santa Cruz.

\$5 Excursion to SANTA CRUZ and BOULDER CREEK, and \$2.50 to SAN JOSE, on Saturdays and Sundays, to return on Monday inclusive.

\$1.75 to SANTA CLARA and SAN JOSE and return—Sundays only.

A. M. and 2:30 P. M., Trains with Stage at Los Gatos for Congress Springs.

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

## To Oakland and Alameda.

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