

GOLDEN GATE

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

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

What is not delight is discipline, the avenue to nobler joy.

If all is not well, yet all is coming well, in this faith we find peace.

The soul that is the most attuned to harmony feels most keenly the discords of life.

Every noble crown is, and on earth for evermore will be a crown of thorns.—*Carlyle.*

The worship of a Mussulman if sincere is as acceptable to God as that of a Christian.—*Gen. Gordon.*

The carnal man is led by animal desires; the moral man by conscience; the spiritual man by love.

Deep natures contribute to the great ocean of life as rivers give to the sea, and are not impoverished by so doing.

The Good of Perfection, the perfection of our being, if we seek it, is as sure as God's own Being; and this is Christianity.

We live by admiration, hope and love, and even as these are well and wisely fixed in dignity of being, we ascend.—*Wordsworth.*

To rest satisfied with any attainments in religion is a melancholy proof that we are ignorant of the very first principles of it.—*Doddridge.*

All things that exist on earth exist in heaven, but in a heavenly form, and all things that exist in heaven exist on earth, but in an earthly form.

There are monarchs sleeping in rough and common clay, who, when the world needs their power, will come forth, sceptre in hand, to lead the nations.

We must all remember that we do not descend the human scale alone. If we go down, we drag some loving heart with us. The chain that binds humanity never breaks.

The waves of life place gems of rarest beauty at our feet. We gather them with gladness, forgetting that they were thrown there by surges of sorrow that well nigh engulfed us.

Do thy duty, and be at peace with God and thine own conscience. There can be no true peace for thee apart from the honest and daily discharge of those obligations, great and small, which come into thy life from the Creator, and which, rightly viewed, are angels of divine discipline.

The true hero is the great wise man of duty; he whose soul is armed by truth and supported by the smile of God; he who meets life's perils with a cautious but tranquil spirit, gathers strength by facing its storms, and dies, if he is called to die, as a Christian victor at the post of duty.—*Horace Bushnell.*

The hand of a higher power has marked out the lines of our habitation. He builds up one and casts down another. It does not depend upon man's talent, nor his education, nor upon his wealth, nor upon his friends, nor upon anything else that is human what he shall be, or whether he shall be anything, whether he shall go, or whether he shall go anywhere, but upon God alone.—*Prof. Upham.*

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

STRANGE STORY.

"A Dream which was not all a Dream."

BY LYMAN L. PALMER.

[Truth is stranger than fiction, so it is said. What is written below is truth, as can be established by reliable witnesses who reside within fifty miles of San Francisco.]

Dr. Johnson was one of those genial and intelligent gentlemen whom it is a pleasure and a profit to know. The silvery snows of nearly seventy Winters had frosted the locks of hair which clustered in ringlets about his massive brow. The furrows of time had been plowed deep in his face, and the crow-foot lines were centering thickly about the bright, blue eyes which still sparkled as when he was a lad of sixteen.

The Doctor had seen much of life, both in his own land and in foreign countries, and had been a close and practical observer of all he saw. Hence it came that it was a rare pleasure to listen to his narration of incidents and reminiscences, which were told in a manner entirely devoid of all spirit of egotism. He had been in the Southern Army during the late war in the capacity of a surgeon, and it was my special delight to listen to his experiences during "those cruel, agonizing days."

One evening as we were together in his office, the subject of death trances came up. I had been reading that day of a man who had been buried, supposed of course to be dead, but upon subsequent disinterment, it was found that life had returned to him, and that he had died a most agonizing death within the narrow confines of his dark tomb-prison. I asked him if he had ever met with any similar cases in his practice, and also whether or not he thought such instances were as common as is generally believed by the majority of people.

He replied to the latter part of my question, first, by stating that he doubted if there were one instance of suspended animation in many thousands of those buried as dead, and if physicians took proper care there could not possibly be any such cases. "And yet," continued the Doctor, "in answer to the first part of your question, I must say that I once had a very queer experience of that nature myself."

"Will you be kind enough to relate the circumstance, Doctor?" I asked.

"Certainly," he responded, at the same time opening a drawer in his secretary, and taking therefrom a large manuscript book which I knew to be his diary, kept while in hospital service during the war. He began slowly to turn the pages over, scanning them carefully, at the same time continuing: "I do not need this book very much for the purpose of refreshing my memory in regard to this case, for it is one that made such a deep impression on my mind that its minutest detail is indelibly fixed in my memory."

"Ah," at last he exclaimed, "here are the entries. I will read them and then narrate the incidents in full."

"Belle Island Hospital, Richmond, Va., Dec. 12, 1864: Karl Kraukheit, German, Federal prisoner, Co. F. 12th Illinois Volunteer Cavalry, small-pox symptoms; eruptive fever very violent; pains in stomach severe; nausea strong; pains in back and limbs excruciating; certainly a severe case."

"December 14th: Well developed case of confluent small-pox; eruptive fever has been very high, and other symptoms have been most strongly marked; eruption is very slow in developing; patient will probably not survive the secondary fever."

"December 19th: Have not been able to develop eruption satisfactorily; secondary fever has been consequently superinduced several days sooner than usual; high fever, delirium; death will probably relieve him before my rounds to-morrow morning."

"December 20th: Patient died at 12 last night."

"December 21st: Patient reported to be in a comatose or trance condition."

"December 25th: Patient resuscitated, and tells wonderful stories of his experiences during his trance. He is better to-day."

"December 30th: Patient deeply pitted, and his eyes are badly affected."

"The round of December 30th," said the Doctor, closing the book, "was the

last I made in that hospital, hence I know nothing more of his case, except that I learned from my successor that he did not die, but he lost his eyesight entirely."

"I will now tell you what I remember about the case," continued the Doctor. "As stated in my notes, I saw from the first that it was a severe case, and I doubted very much whether he would survive the run of the disease. In those days we could not get enough for our own soldiers to eat, let alone our prisoners, hence they were so emaciated and weakened from hunger, that disease made wicked ravages among them. When I was told by the ward attendants that he was dead, nothing seemed more probable, and I ordered the removal and burial of the body, as a matter of course."

"But you can imagine my great surprise when I was informed, on my rounds next morning, that the patient seemed to be in a comatose condition, and they were undecided as to whether he was dead or not. I went to the bunk in which he was lying and removed the gray blanket from his face. It was anything but pleasant to look upon, I assure you. It was swollen to disfigurement by the incipient pustules that had not developed under the treatment given. The eyes were fixed, the lower jaw dropped, and the body was rigid, and yet to my surprise it was very warm, although he was supposed to have been dead some thirty hours."

"I applied restoratives, but without avail. I then made use of a strong galvanic battery, but with no better success, and in the rush of my duties I gave the whole matter over to the attendants, who, from time to time experimented with him. On the fourth morning after his supposed death, as I entered the ward I observed a slight commotion among the attendants, all of whom were congregated about this patient's bunk. I went up to them at once and found that they were applying a very heavily charged battery to him with results similar to those produced by old Galvani when he applied his battery to the hind legs of frogs. The muscles would twitch and contort under the energy of the electric current, giving to the body many grotesque motions."

"I looked upon this as a favorable symptom, as it discovered to me that the rigidity of the muscles had passed away, and as that condition had been superinduced by some disturbance of the nerve centers, I reasoned that that disturbing element had been removed, and that I could expect a speedy return to consciousness. Nor was I mistaken, for within ten minutes he opened his eyes and began to look wildly about him."

"Mein Gott in Himmel, bin ich todt?" he exclaimed.

"No," I replied in English, "You are not dead; you have been asleep."

"Nein! nein! Ich habe nicht geschlafen. Ich bin im Himmel gervesen."

"No," you have not been in heaven at all. You have only been asleep and dreaming."

"Wo bin ich jetzt?"

"You are in the hospital, on Belle Island, where you have been a very sick man for the past week."

"Nein! nein! es ist wahr nicht!"

He then closed his eyes and seemed about to pass into the trance state again. I applied the battery very vigorously and it had the effect of keeping him about mid-way between consciousness and his former rigid sleep. While in this condition his tongue was very active, and although he spoke in his native language, I understood perfectly well what he said. First he told of his boyhood's home, his family and playmates. Then he related the circumstance of his coming to America, and gave here and there glimpses of his life all the way along to the time of his illness. Suddenly he clasped his hands and exclaimed:

"Mein Theuere, Ich liebe Dich, Ich liebe Dich!"

Presently he opened his eyes widely and looked about him, and speaking in English, he asked how long he had been asleep. I answered, "several hours, and you need refreshments now."

"But, Doctor," said he, "I have had such a queer dream that I must tell it to you at once. When I went to sleep I heard one of the attendants say, 'There goes one more Yank over Jordan. Then I went to sleep, but somehow I got it into my head that I was dead, for I seemed to be able to travel about just as I chose,

and to go independently of this old body of mine. I was able to see all my old friends who have been dead these many years, and talked with them just as I am talking with you now."

"Finally I thought about those of my friends who are not dead, and wondered if I could visit them. As quick as thought I was in my old home in Faderland, and saw all the old-time friends. I could see and hear them, but could not make them cognizant of my presence. Then I thought of my friends in America, and my transit from Germany to the broad prairies of Illinois was just as rapid as was my journey thence. I saw the good people I had known there, and met some with whom I could converse, who said that they were what is called dead. I met two brothers, members of my own company, who had been killed by sharpshooters down in Virginia. They asked me when I had died, and seemed surprised to learn that I had closed my eyes on mortal scenes in a Rebel hospital."

"I then began to search about for mein lublich fraulein, but I could not seem to find her at all. At last I found that she was off on a journey, and I started after her, hoping if possible to make my presence known to her. I discovered her on board a railway train, and you can imagine my unbounded joy when I found that I could converse with her. I spent two short but happy hours with her, and then I had to leave her."

"And you think that is all a dream, do you?" I said to him when he had concluded.

"Well, I am awake and alive now, hence it must all have been a dream, but to tell the truth, Doctor, I shall always believe that I was dead, and that with spirit eyes I saw those things just as I have related them to you, they seem so real."

"There," said the doctor, "you have all that I know about the only case of death-trance that ever came under my immediate observation. I have given it to you just as it occurred, and leave you to draw your own conclusions, and to spin your own theories. How nearly allied trance conditions and real death are I do not pretend to say, nor whether or not any relations whatever exist between them. I will not say that it is impossible for the spirit of man, under proper conditions, to leave the body for a time, nor will I say that it is possible at all. I will not say that it is all a dream, nor a reality. I do not know, and in common with the brethren of my profession, who are naturally inclined to be skeptical to a large degree, I will say that I do not believe in any supernatural phenomena in the matter at all. It is simply a suspension of the action of the functions of the body in accordance with a law of nature, but its recurrence is so seldom that we are inclined to call it supernatural."

"Now, stop just there, Doctor," I remarked, "while I prepare a little nut for you to crack by narrating a sort of corroborative sequel to your own story, and perhaps, when I am done, you will not be quite so skeptical as you have been in days gone by."

"Why, do you know anything about this case?" exclaimed the Doctor.

"Wait till you have heard my story and then you will see whether I do, or not," I replied.

"Well, let's hear your 'corroborative sequel,' as you call it."

"Very well! When the war began, among the members of my father's family, but not of it, was a young lady, then, perhaps, twenty-two years of age. About that time a young and fair-haired German arrived in the neighborhood and became acquainted with the young lady. He soon began to pay her assiduous court, and at last she announced to the family that an engagement existed between them."

"During the Autumn of 1861 a volunteer company of cavalry was formed of men from their adjoining counties, and on the muster-roll was the name of Karl Kraukheit, the young German. The company repaired to Camp Butler, near Springfield, a place well remembered by all old Illinois soldiers, and was there united with the Twelfth Illinois Volunteer Cavalry as Company 'F.'"

"In due time the regiment was ordered to the front and went to the seat of war in Virginia, doing gallant duty until the inglorious capitulation of Harper's Ferry, when most of the regiment fell into the hands of the enemy. After a short parole,

the boys were exchanged, and again joined the Army of the Potomac.

"Shortly after this, all letters from Karl to his affianced ceased to come. At the end of a couple of months she wrote to a friend of hers in the company, asking for tidings from him, and the reply came that he had been detailed on picket duty one dark night and had never been seen or heard from since, and that the word 'missing' stood opposite his name on the muster-roll."

"And then began that weary, weary vigil which was passed through by thousands of sisters, mothers and sweethearts, on both sides of the Mason-Dixon line, during those pitilessly cruel days,—

"Expectant of that news which never came."

Tearful weeks passed slowly into saddened months, and the sorrow-laden months dragged their slow course along, but they never brought any word of tidings from the absent Karl."

"By Autumn her cheeks had grown wan and pale with the ceaseless vigil, and her life forces were being consumed by the canker worm which kept gnawing incessantly at her heart. At last a change of surroundings was suggested as a means of recuperating her wasting energies. At a distance of one hundred miles lived a family of friends, and thither it was advised that she should repair for a stay of a month, at least."

"At the end of a week what was our surprise to see her return joyous, buoyant and full of animation! She was pressed upon all sides for an explanation, and to all she gave the one reply, 'I have seen him and he is coming home soon.'"

"When and where did you see him?" was asked.

"I will tell you all about it," said she.

"The train had just left the Junction at Alton when I saw the front car door open and a soldier enter. Just then something outside attracted my attention for a minute, and when I turned my head he was standing by the end of my seat. Naturally I raised my eyes, and, to my great astonishment, I discovered that it was Karl who was standing there."

"What did he have to say of himself?" was asked her.

"He said that while on picket duty one dark night the line was driven in and that he was captured. He said, also, that he was on a temporary parole, but that it would soon be made permanent, and that he would come and see us before the exchange was effected."

"What was he doing there, and where was he going?" was next asked.

"Why, we had so much to talk about," she replied, "that I forgot to ask him."

"When did he leave you?"

"That is the queerest part of it all; when I left the train he accompanied me to the platform, and then he suddenly disappeared, when I was not looking, and I could not find any one in the crowd who had noticed him leave my side."

"When she said that we all began to make light of the whole matter and to treat it as either a joke perpetrated upon her or a case of hallucination. At this she grew very indignant and angrily exclaimed: 'Don't you think I would know Karl if I spent two hours with him! And did he not ask about you all, mentioning every one of you by name! No, it was not illusion nor any other trick of imagination.'"

"We soon saw that it was useless to argue with her, and in fact we did not know but that she had really seen him, though every element of circumstance was against it. But the months passed by and she heard nothing from him, and then she began to doubt—not the fact of her having seen him but his veracity."

"His company came home on a furlough and re-enlisted as veterans, and when the boys heard her story they only laughed at her. This served, however, only to confirm her belief that she had seen him on the train, and to cause her to grow more implacable towards him."

"At last the cruel conflict ended and the white-winged angel of Peace spread her pinions of love across the bloody chasm which severed the two sections of the nation. The boys, all except the thousands 'who sleep the sleep that knows no waking,' from Sumpter to Appottomax, came marching home in triumph. Regiment after regiment and company after company—the boys in blue filled every neighborhood, and still no Karl came nor any word from him."

(Continued on Third Page.)

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

A Few Thoughts.

BY JOHN WETHERDEE.

Nothing is so convincing of the continuation of our conscious individual life beyond the physical death as the extemporizing or materialization (as it is called) of human forms, which, while they last a few seconds or a few minutes, are veritable living human organisms; I mean, of course, when the fact is established. I am speaking from my experience as a standpoint. To me the fact is sensuously and absolutely established. No matter who these short-lived forms are, whether they are our dear departed, or approximations more or less successful, or even if they are only proxies, which I am inclined to think they often are, there stands the fact. A human being that a moment before was conscious but invisible, by some law unknown to our astute chemists, and I do not know but unknown to the spirits themselves, is able to clothe himself in flesh, blood, bones, nerves and clothes from the invisible elements in the circumambient air, condensed, like ourselves, into ponderable beings. We must remember that the bodies we have carried through life are invisible as elements and made visible by cohesion, or condensation, we do not know really how, only we know the fact, and that is one of the bridges we cannot cross. Speaking of these materialized forms, no matter who they are, that is a secondary matter altogether; not that I love some old familiar face long vanished or unfamiliar one less, but I love the unmistakable fact or phenomenon more, because if one live all shall live also. If the post-mortem appearance of the son of Mary brought life and immortality to light certainly the re-appearance of any intelligence, saint or sinner, pirate or apostle, Lord Bacon or some spirit pretending to be, that certainly brings life and immortality to light, for it must be by a natural law, and, therefore, if one can present himself so can all who can command the conditions.

It certainly is an intelligent act, and intelligence is an attribute of humanity; that fact would settle it as the mechanical, or chemical, or will-power, or act of a man—a returned traveler from the bourne, which it was supposed was not open to such returns; so no matter who it is that puts in such a mysterious appearance the return itself is conclusive affirmation of Job's great question of the ages. The intelligence behind all the various manifestations, from the rap to materialization, is the attractive feature. It proves that there is a man at the other end of the wire, so that it is not loose electricity making the ticker go, but a man making the ticks talk intelligently. Whatever may be said of most of the phases of mediumship the manifestations may be mind-reading; and nine times in ten such a thing is possible, though that conclusion may often be strained. No one can say the production of a spirit form has any quality of mind-reading, or mind transference; if genuine it is a closer to discussion. I put the word "if" for others who have not had my advantages. As for myself, I am absolutely certain of the fact, sensuously. I am not absolutely certain of many things scientifically settled, but I am absolutely certain that spirits of departed beings have materialized themselves.

I was glad to read my friend M. A. (Oxon's) pleasant but solid article on the stars, which the GOLDEN GATE copied from *Light*, of London. It was a review of a work on the stars and the universe. The article to which I refer from *Light* seemed to condense the universe or space into human comprehension; not but what the intelligent human mind grasps the thought measurably, at least enough to know that it is wholly beyond comprehension except in fractions. The article by our London spiritualistic scholar was a sort of essay in a metallurgical style—at least that was the way it entered intelligently into my consciousness. To make my remark intelligent, suppose I see a pile of ten tons of what might be auriferous tailings or finely pulverized gold-bearing rock; an assayer takes a shovelful here and a shovelful there on the top and on the bottom and in a dozen or two of places and will stir up the pile he has gathered and takes some of it from the selection from different parts and then well stirred he takes an ounce of it for his crucible and with a flux smelts the whole of the ounce, eliminates the scoria, and reaches the bright little button of value, the size, perhaps, of a very small pin-head and weighs it in one of his carefully adjusted scales, made for such a purpose, and finds its weight two grains and being pure gold worth twenty dollars an ounce, and multiplying the weight of the button by the number of grains in a ton of the tailings he finds the ton contains one hundred and seventy dollars' worth of gold in it, and if the pile contains ten tons, as we supposed, the value of the whole, intrinsically, is seventeen hundred dollars. A person realizes thus, mathematically, so to speak, the contents of that ten-ton pile better than any other process of reasoning. I am aware that in most material or precious metals, or universes, there is many a slip between the cup and lip, and possibly of spiritual things, too. But that was the impression the article in *Light* had on me, and it pleasantly interested me as most everything does from the pen of the Rev. W. Stainton Moses.

Now, having spelled out his name, let me add, that it pleases me to learn that he has resigned as one of the Vice-Presidents, and also withdrawn as a member of the London Psychical Research Society. I do not see how any intelligent Spiritualist, with self-respect and respect for the truth, even in the interest of science, can be identified with such bodies as the "Research Societies," as the London one, or those in this country in the East or West. There may be some honest seekers after truth, but the majority in those bodies in their method show prejudice, or ignorance—are not open to the truth for which such societies were formed. Anything favoring the claim of Modern Spiritualism is ignored or snubbed as unworthy of attention. They, as a body, are only open to adverse suggestions, and some of the adverse reports or criticisms have been so meaningless, and not only ignorant of positive, well-established facts, that the best Spiritualists in this or that country are disgusted, and I do not consider anything they say is worthy of notice; that they are not in any sense "Psychical Research Societies," but are societies for closing the gates of truth—that is, sensuous spiritual truth.

I think Prof. Wallace's opening words of an able essay seems applicable here: "It is common, but I believe a mistaken notion, that the conclusions of science are antagonistic to the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism. The majority of our students of science are no doubt antagonistic, but their opinions and prejudices are not science."

I do not, however, consider the Research Societies to which I have referred, are exactly scientific bodies, but as they claim to be, the remark of Theodore Parker fits them when he says, "When was titled science ever a pioneer?"

I went into the quiet retreat of the *Banner of Light* book store, and there was a man casting his eyes over the books on the counter; he seemed to be a loiterer rather than a purchaser; seeing me, his eyes brightened up and so did mine, as a semi-recognition, though I could not call his face to mind. He said: "I am very glad to see you," and wanted to know if I thought a cabinet so planned as to demonstrate the forms to be spirits and not the medium, and prove actually it was a spirit production, would be a valuable invention? He had one nearly finished; it would not be a cheap one; to get this one up will cost over a hundred dollars. He then gave me some of its peculiar features, its electric action, one-half going up and the other half down on the slightest movement, etc. I said it was my own impression he was throwing his money away. "You surprise me," said the man, "it is an important point. I would give almost anything to have the fact settled, and I am going to settle it, and as you see, at some cost, and I suppose there are others that would like to have the matter settled beyond a doubt." There, I said, I agree with you. I would give anything to have it settled, but it is absolutely settled, as positively as the fact of rain and shine is settled. I have no more doubt of it than that two and two are four. Those who have not settled it, and there are lots of them, would look at your contrivance, examine it thoroughly and not be able to detect a flaw, and in their own minds would wonder where the trick was. Because it settles the fact to you, do not for a moment think it would settle it in the minds of others. To tell the plain truth, the name cabinet is objectionable. I was going to say, I never want to see a cabinet again. Since Mrs. Ross has such a simple contrivance, only a small curtain inclosing a few feet of carpeted floor for an audience, and demonstrably all the time secularly intact, and Mrs. Huston a small triangular closet in the corner of her seance room, not near any doors, and talking inside while the spirits are out. I do not know but I ought to qualify what I said about "ever seeing a cabinet again," since Mrs. Fairchild had wheels put to her cabinet and moved it to the window-side of the front parlor, parties allowed to walk all around it, fasten the windows, every door in the room in sight all the time, guarded by the circle and doors locked also, and she out in the room all the time, and there from that newly located cabinet, that every body knows, from the necessities of the case, is empty, spirit forms come out, four and five at a time. So they do from Mrs. Ross' curtain in the parlor corner. I cannot say as much of Mrs. Huston, but the forms that do come out are demonstratively not the medium. The ocular proof is enough for that, but the medium, entranced in her small closet, manages to talk to the circle, which proves her to be in there, while the spirit is out. I saw this man was disappointed, so I said I was only speaking for myself. I was not one of the proprietors. It is probable some of them would like to have the fact demonstrated, and I pointed him to some of the "breadwinners" of the concern at work there, as none of the proprietors were present. They have not had the advantages that I have had. You know none are so blind as those who won't see. Before you get discouraged you had better make them acquainted with your demonstrator, but to me it is of no value, but I am only one of a billion and a half of living humanity.

BOSTON, Jan. 9, 1888.

THE hired pew has become a thing of the past to the churches of Cambridge, Mass., including Christ's church, St. John's, St. James', St. Peter's and St. Philip's.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Pebbles.

BY ISAAC KINLEY.

[READER:—I have been too busy of late to gather pebbles. But in my work in the mountains I have caught glimpses of many that seemed brilliant—real gems; but failing to gather them at the time I fear that some of the brightest I shall never be able to find again.—I. K.]

Spiritualism—what is true of it is a grand truth; what is false, but taught in its name, a degrading and driving superstition. Not only is it well to "try the spirits," but to try also, in the crucible of the severest tests, the teachings professing to be spiritual.

As in other things, so in Spiritualism, its greatest enemies are often its professed friends, and the falsehoods taught, and the foolish acts done in its name have done more to retard the spread of its real truths than the arguments of the severest objectors or the slanders of its bitterest enemies.

What we call society is not a mere aggregation of individuals, but a great resultant force—a combination in which each individual unit asserts itself in the result—an organism to which every individual molecule has a voice in giving a definition. Tom Jones, the drayman, Thomas Jones, Esq., the lawyer, and Hon. Thomas Jones, the member of Congress, are only so many units of the millions composing the great whole—each too small of himself to be seen, adds each something to the aggregate.

By the laws of correlation nothing can be lost, moral or physical; and whether Tom or Thomas, Esq., or Honorable, for him society is what it is, and but for him had been something otherwise.

Each human—man or woman—gives to society something more than number and bulk. Each is, in his way, a self-asserter, and his power is embraced in the general result. A thousand forces acting on a body will move it indeed; but the direction will be the resultant of the whole, and may not be that of any one of them.

Such is what we call society—a continuation of multitudinous forces, every member pushing or pulling, striking right or left, lifting up or bearing down; and the great body moves in the direction of the resultant force. Your thoughts, emotions, prejudices, passions, and appetites are but parts of the universal, and in the general menstruum will be dissolved and resolved. You may be blind to all the rest, but you can not conceal yourself. The gold thrown into one end of the scale—whether mill or million—will be indicated in the other.

In this great moral crucible every one is taken for just what he is. No person goes unappreciated. In the infinite balance of the universe all are measured and weighed. Though the world misunderstand and hate, each carries his own force into this same world and helps to mould and give it character.

No virtuous act is lost, though all mankind think its author a villain; no vile one undetected, though all mankind esteem its author a saint. There is a detective force in the universe from whose all-searching there can be no escape.

Nor is character often concealed even from the crowd. The magnetism of the eye, the expression of the face, the indescribable something which surrounds every one are gossips which no prudence can silence. The soul's optics are keener than those of sense. They look deeper than the reason does; and before the character is known to the mind, this has it already measured and weighed.

We feel that a man is a thief long before the intellect has learned that he steals; or that he is malicious before it has learned that he has libelled honest character or burned his neighbor's barn. The praying defaulter did not hide his iniquity from the souls of his companions. His religious homilizing went for nothing; while his thieving eye psychologized youth into sin.

No one loves virtue the better for the moral discourses of the libertine. His arguments may be unanswerable and his eloquence as persuasive as that of Apollo. It all goes for nought. The soul sees through the disguises and knows the man for only what he is.

There is a moral poison in the aura of the spirit of the bad man. The strong resist and despise; the weak yield and follow.

From the great social conscience nothing is hidden. It knows the difference between the true coin and the bogus—between virtue and its semblance. Before it has learned the name of the man, it has weighed his character. In its crucible every one is analyzed and synthesized, his name given and his place assigned.

Yonder is a rich rogue whom custom declares respectable and compels his admission into the social circle. Think you his host does not lock the drawer before admitting him as a guest?

What is the moral of it all? If you can not conceal the bad that is in you, is

not the argument re-enforced for its removal? Is not the motive for virtue made the stronger for knowing that even the most malicious enemy can not destroy its force?

Let no one despond because the foolish sneer or the malicious malign. Socrates, standing firm in his integrity, was stronger than all his accusers, and the cup of hemlock made him the great master of the ages. Pilate had the power to kill the body; but the Sermon on the Mount reverberates round the world. How grandly stands before the world to-day the name of William Lloyd Garrison; but who remembers the name of even one of the "gentlemen of property and standing," who dragged him with a rope about his neck through the streets of Boston? Charles Sumner will be remembered through the ages as one of earth's grandest heroes; while Preston Brooks is only seen by the light of the great luminary he strove to blot out. There stands Sumner—true, noble, grand! Away down yonder is Brooks, the antithesis of every attribute that has rendered the moral hero glorious.

Virtue is not for the reward's sake, but for its own sake; but yet it is in itself its own exceeding great reward.

For this virtue, O my reader, let you and me ever strive. Not what is popular, but what is true and right,—not for the sake of being called virtuous, but for being so. In all things to be true is a glorious privilege.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Conditions.

There are roses near each thorn that grows, and the plant producing the one bears the other. So with the human soul, the germ of life-giving principle, is thrilling its very center, gathering to itself each atom and atmospheric essence, utilizing only that which best suits its condition, at the time being, and refusing to recognize anything foreign to its known wants. It, like the flowering thorn-bush, brings forth the best blossom that its environment permits. This wild, untrained plant clings to its rocky trellis that earth and nature provides, content, growing each year, seeming to change not, except in strength of limb and length of branch.

How long this period of seeming sameness will continue none can say. Chance seems to lend her magic wand and brings to this rocky, wildwood glade a student with his book on pleasure bent, sought to return with something beautiful nature lent. Artist in soul he sees the rose amid its foliage, a thing of graceful loveliness, and soon an inspiration from within, has caused his hand to reproduce within the book, that, from that hour, brings change and development to both human soul and floral kind. He brings the gardener then to search for cutting, slip or root, and from its mossy bed the little plant is taken into favorable conditions, where change of soil and studied care will bring to still more perfect bloom the modest, wild-wood flower. So through change and cultivation there may be produced a condition of such beauty, that it will forever remain a joy to all who are conscious of, and belong within its atmosphere.

Like this flowering vine, are we only waiting the time when the gardener loosens the soil, or bed of matter, that covers the bursting budlet that is within each human breast, waiting to bring forth a flower whose exquisite perfume and color will remain long after all the bloom has gone. Then let all take heart when storms beat wildly about us, and wintery hail and snow covers all that is green and beautiful. Take heart, for beneath the snow there lies, protected by its seeming cold, calm, whiteness, an ever-living germ that, when season and sunlight combine, will reveal to searching eye the tiny rootlet that may produce a fruitful, fragrant harvest, to be garnered by all who are able to reach and gather it in. So if all that we see from mortal eye seems to die, leaving naught but a lifeless form, that soon returns to dust, the fragrance of our thought and deeds will live in the heart of friends, and in the universal soul of things, live forever to be appropriated wherever they will best enrich and benefit one human soul.

Is this not an incentive to cultivate from within our own soul flowers of immortal bloom, remembering that the thorn is as essential, as are branch or leaf, for the development of the blossom that beautifies the whole? The thorn doing its part for good, as does the gardener when with sharp, cutting edge he severs the tender branches, seeming to destroy all past growth, knowing well that what seems to be illusion, and seeming evil is to end in good. To the eye of sense the crawling caterpillar has no charm until it learns that later on, from the embodiment of this condition there is a development from which a beautiful butterfly shall come, then he waits, satisfied with every condition, knowing it to be a-seeming that brings all into the understanding of infinite power and immortal life. Let us search for buds and flowers, even though they lie buried beneath the snow. J. R. W.

THERE are only twelve missionaries laboring among eight millions of Siamese.

Spirit Mates.

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

I want to say a few words upon what the world at large may consider as "quite out of place" as connected with spirits—that is the laws of attraction between men and women here. Of course, you must know that we have our likes and dislikes the same as you do (since we are the same barring the purely physical), and, therefore, why should we not be attracted more by some one whose tastes are congenial, whose characteristics are the same, and toward whose presence we are drawn by that subtle cord known as the attraction of affinities. Of course, the physical causes are not in the question at all, since these are laid aside with the form to which they belonged; and which "grew with its growth and strengthened with its strength." But we have our harmonious associates and one above all others, whose thoughts are our thoughts, and with whose life ours is most intimately connected.

As the happily married in earth-life find their pleasures doubled, or rather the two pleasures blended into one, and go hand in hand along their life's pathway, there are no mistakes made in this particular in spirit-life, as is too often the case in earthly marriages. We find the one best fitted in every way to our own natures, and with whom the thoughts that go to make us what we are find echo. Sometimes the one above all others is still encased in bodily form; then our "perfect work" must await their coming out of the body before it can be complete, and in rare cases it can be said to be commenced while yet one is in spirit and the other in earth-life.

There are many congenial spirits that find themselves mated in both spirit and body. When this is the case the advancement of both is an assured fact. Side by side and heart to heart they will accomplish their mission and will be able to accomplish the more, because their minds were connected all through.

The ideas that obtain even among intelligent and investigating minds concerning this subject are very wide of the mark sometimes. Some consider that marriage (as a term) should only be applied to mortality; but why? The union of spirits whose ideas are in harmony, and whose high aspirations are the same, is surely as holy a bond as that entered into by those who join hands and lives in mortal-life, and I see no reason why the connection should not be dignified by the same term, as it is always a true marriage with us, and those who contract it go on with their work with redoubled vigor and pleasure. It is a union of two souls whose thoughts blend and harmonize as one and whose career of usefulness is enhanced greatly by the union.

We often find skeptics saying, "What is the use of such unions—what is the object? Is not every soul, whether mortal or immortal, benefited by having the companionship of some one whose tastes are congenial? Cannot one's work and pleasure be enhanced by the addition of the society of the one most dear? The object we all have in view (at death those whose advancement has begun) is to benefit all humanity, and to progress and to help others to progress as rapidly as possible to the higher planes. To do this alone would not be productive of the same feeling of pleasure and satisfaction as to have the companionship of one whose spirit could understand all the feelings that actuated one's self, and so the law of attraction of affinities draws us together to perfect our lives here in a union of soul and love for advancement.

As regards how we live, we live in our desires, a dream realized, as it were, and the strong desire for some one thing or collection of things brings the realization of those desires. For instance, one has a soul filled with an intense love for music or flowers; the spirit can draw about itself and enjoy the divine essence of perfect harmonies, such as filled the souls of the great masters whose written chords sway the souls of men with emotions they cannot express, or fill their eyes with the fadeless beauty of coloring and perfume that they find perfection. The old masters, both in painting and music, obtained their inspiration from this source. The magnetic mingling of soul out of matter and soul in matter caused their finest productions. The two worlds are so closely connected that when more perfect communication is obtained help will be given and received more frequently than is now the case.

LAW AND MEDICINE.—It often happens that "smart" young limbs of the law take great delight in asking superfluous questions of medical witnesses, when on the stand, with a view to puzzling or annoying them. One such was cross-examining the celebrated French chemist, Orfila, and put him the question whether he could state the precise amount of arsenic requisite to kill a fly. "Certainly," replied the expert; "but I must know beforehand the age of the fly, its sex, its temperament, its condition, and habits of body, whether married or single, widow or maiden, widower or bachelor."

"What pretty children you have," said the new minister to the proud mother of three little ones. "Ah! my little dear," said he, as he took a girl of five on his lap, "are you the oldest of the family?" "No, ma'am," replied the little miss, with the usual accuracy of childhood, "My pa's older'n me."

(Continued from First Page.)

"When the army was disbanded the inmates of Southern prison pens and hospitals were liberated and returned joyfully to their homes, but there were some among them who were not able to travel, and among these was Karl. As you stated, the small-pox had centered in his eyes and he was blind, and, moreover, he was almost a walking skeleton from dire starvation when he was released. He was taken to a hospital in Washington, where he spent three months in recuperating his wasted strength.

"At last he started for home, and in due time reached our railroad station. By accident my father met him there, and on the way home he was asked about this trip upon the car with the young lady. He denied the whole thing and produced a certificate duly signed, setting forth the time of his admission to the Southern hospital and the cause of his blindness, and the dates on it covered the time he was supposed to have been seen on the train. Those dates corresponded exactly with those you have given, for I well remember it was the day before Christmas that the young lady set out upon her visit to her friends. To all of us he was very reticent about the whole matter, only admitting that during that sickness he had had a strange and vivid dream, the particulars of which coincided with the statements made by the young lady.

"Now, Doctor, what have you to say to my corroborative sequel?" I asked as I finished.

"Absolutely nothing! It is one of the queerest cases that has ever come under my observation. But give me the sequel to the whole of this, our joint story, for you certainly know it."

"That I can do in a few words. When the young lady saw Karl all scarred with disease, and forlorn in his blindness and helplessness, her true woman's heart came to the front and she relented toward him. Though all possibility of his being in the train was seemingly precluded, yet she ever believed in some sort of supernatural phenomenon in the matter.

"There is but little say, skillful treatment partially restored his eyesight, and on the following Christmas eve a quiet wedding occurred at our house, and they who had come up to the altar through so much tribulation, went on their way rejoicing. They went West, prospered, and were happy in each other's love, till one dreary day in the dying of the year—Christmas day—she laid her burden of life down, never to take it up again, leaving with Karl a little daughter as a pledge and remembrance of the great and undying love she had bestowed upon him.

NAPA, Cal., Jan. 1886.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Practical Spiritualism.

To be a practical Spiritualist one must practice the laws and gifts of spirit power with faithful love and belief made manifest in our daily lives. To be wholly spiritual is not possible while in the flesh, but to be governed by the high laws of the spirit or soul is both possible and necessary to attain the highest development of our powers, and for the true elevation of ourselves and those about us. What then is required of us to make our belief in Spiritualism practical?

First—Cultivate a spirit of love and harmony towards all mankind. Let your differences be in all charity and kindness. Seek for all good in, while you strive for the elevation of, all. With faith in man's capacity for good, acts of good will and words of cheer will accomplish much.

Second—Give a fair proportion of your time and thoughts to the material nature, but never forget that "the soul is greater than the body," and has its need of aid and food also. Every high thought or deed, every aspiration for others' good, is a direct help to the soul. If it is well to give one day of the seven to meditation and holy thought and resolves for a higher life, how much better if all the seven were also given. This is possible and still not neglect daily duties, if we but faithfully believe and accept the help of spirit aid.

Third—Make our belief a part of our very lives, so that the world, with its joys, trials, beauties and sorrows, are outside of the soul, so to speak, and to be relieved, not grieved over. That wealth and poverty, health and sickness, knowledge and ignorance, are not the standard by which we are to gauge mankind, but, belonging to the material part of man, are to be met and overcome by spirit aid and power.

If we believe this, we are to demonstrate it to the world as not only possible, but our duty to do, at all times, under all circumstances, without pay, having faith that our spirit friends, who see our needs, will also aid us in time of need. Clearly, this is our duty, as faithful believers in Spiritualism and its blessed power. Now, friends, are we willing to do this thing?

To whom much is given much will be required. There are a few faithful servants doing good work in the Father's field; but the harvest is ripe and ready for gathering in. See to it, ye, that no grain be lost through careless harvesters! Let your lives be made pure and holy through faith, and your works be perfect, through obedience to divine laws. Let the two be harmonious and worthy of imitation by all mankind; thus will the glorious belief in Spiritualism become a beacon-light unto all who desire to know and obey God's laws.

MRS. L. P. J. HERRING.

LOS ANGELES, Jan. 16, 1887.

"Pre-Existence and Re-Embodiment."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In your issue of the 25th of December last, under the above heading, I gave, from the New Testament and from French Spiritualistic reasoning, the strongest arguments that I could find in favor of the doctrine of re-incarnation. I consider the logic not only cogent, but irrefutable from a certain point of view. That point of view is generally held by all branches of the Christian church and authorized by the Old Testament and portions of the New. Still, I am not prepared to regard it as the true point of view, except temporarily in the process of human education, as all that man in certain stages of his development is capable of understanding, appreciating and embracing. That point of view is the *anthropomorphic* or man-like character of God. If God be indeed a mighty person, an august man, who rules the world as an emperor governs his empire, by the behests of his changing plans, then such a creator and ruler of the human race, can only be freed from the charges of partiality and injustice in creating and perpetuating the terrible contrasts, inequalities and wrongs that are found in human life, by some such theory as that of pre-existence, whereby man is made the author of his own evil conditions, in some one or more of his previous states of being, the effects of which he is suffering from in his present span of earthly life.

But if God is an infinite "spirit, to be worshipped in spirit and truth," as taught by Jesus, and if he is "without changeableness or the shadow of turning," as taught by the Apostle Paul, then the immutability of the laws of nature, which are the regular outworking and realization of the ever-unfolding life of Deity through endless ages, need not force us into the theory of human pre-existence, to save God from the charge of arbitrariness and favoritism in awarding to men the glaring distinctions and monstrous injustices that mark their lives. In other words, God does not dispense punishments and rewards, like a weak father to his children, or an absolute monarch to his subjects, but rules men by invariable laws, all adapted to their highest good, if studied and obeyed, but involving sorrow and suffering, if ignored, neglected or disregarded. These laws must be learned by observation and study, and complied with and conformed to by uniform right conduct in order to produce happiness and avoid misery. And this is true of social and moral conduct not less than of physical action. There is as much uniformity of causation at the basis of the rules of right social and moral life as there is in the chemical affinities and molecular attractions found in mineral and vegetable growths, and in the revolutions of globes in space. The laws of mind and morals are as invariable as the laws of matter. And both sets of laws are so uniform as not to admit of exceptions.

Spiritualism and modern science are each so well convinced of the unchangeableness of the laws of nature in matter and mind alike, that they discard wholly the conception of miracles in the sense of a violation or transgression of those laws. What seems a miracle is only the action of some higher law not yet understood, which controls more or less, and interferes with the operation of those laws familiar to us. When this conviction is fully fixed in the mind, then at once disappears the strength of that feeling that God is to blame for the manifold evils and wrongs of human life. He does not interfere to right these wrongs, because they are but the natural result of the laws of matter and mind as modified by the free will of human character and conduct. And the continuous existence of the human personality after the close of this earth-life, so abundantly proved by Spiritualism, gives ample scope for remedying fully all the injustices of this life, so far as they can not be here remedied. But even here they can be more and more remedied, beyond what has hitherto been held possible. Not by the interference of Deity in the way of miracle, it is true, but by the great fact that has been proved so abundantly all over the civilized world within the past thirty years, by Spiritualism, to-wit: the fact that our kinsfolk and friends, who have gone before us into the spiritual world, can come back, and do come back, to warn us, to instruct us, and to save us from harm and from evil and wrong of all kinds. Just as fast as the knowledge of these two great facts is demonstrated and received everywhere by thinking men, just so fast three glorious results will follow,—first, that gross materialism that limits our existence to what can be seen by the five senses, and to what can be done in seventy years on this earth, will disappear; second, that equally gross orthodoxy that holds that God is constantly breaking over, interfering with and violating his own laws of both matter and mind, and that is always praying to him to keep on doing so, thus making him as fickle as the ficklest human spirit, will also disappear; and third, that grand Spiritualism will be established which will not only do away with and supersede both materialism and orthodoxy, but will also demonstrate so long ages of spiritual life after this material life that all the wrongs and errors and failures of this life will be righted and made good, and more than made good in that life, and thus dispense entirely with the need of any pre-existence and re-embodiment

to remedy these inequalities and injustices, or to justify the ways of God to short-sighted man.

These seem to me to be good arguments against the necessity for re-incarnation, drawn from the same methods of reasoning employed in favor of that doctrine. But aside from and beyond all this sort of reasoning, there is one other consideration that is omnipotent with me and seems absolutely conclusive, until more light is gained than is yet accessible. It is this: No amount of argument whatever in favor of *what ought to be* and *what must be* in one's own opinion, is sufficient to establish *what is in fact*. Leverrier demonstrated from the disturbances in the motions of the planets, that there ought to be and must be, in the opinion of himself and other astronomers, an undiscovered planet, but not until he had suggested this and told in what quarter of the heavens to look with the telescope, was it shown that there was another planet in fact, the one now called Neptune. So Pythagoras held and Copernicus demonstrated that the sun *ought to be* the center of the solar system, instead of the earth, as maintained by the Ptolemaic system, but not until Newton had established the laws of gravitation and Kepler the laws of motion, was Galileo enabled to discover with his telescope and demonstrate in spite of the church, that what ought to be was a fact; that the earth was not, but the sun was, the center of the system, and that each revolved on its own axis. So, too, in like manner, a thinking man might have concluded from his own *a priori* reasoning that, if spirits exist out of the flesh they ought to communicate with spirits still in the flesh. He might be fully convinced that this ought to be so, yet what a mighty step forward, for him to have proof *a posteriori* in a hundred ways and in a thousand instances, that what ought to be had been, and that spirits not only do exist out of the flesh, but do come back and do make themselves known to us by undoubted demonstrations in fact. That is something positive; tangible, certain and sure. However fixed in faith he might have been before in his own mind, what an immense advantage he now possesses. His former subjective opinion is now changed into an objective fact, good for every body who will examine and not for himself alone and those who trust implicitly in him.

Again we here repeat—No amount of speculative probability suffices to prove the reality of an actual fact. It may be clear as light to you that there ought to be, must be, and as you say, surely is, a pre-existence and re-incarnation of human souls, but that is no evidence and no proof to me of the fact. You say that spirits tell you that they know that they themselves, or others of their acquaintance, have actually pre-existed and been re-embodied in earth-life. Well, this, I admit, is not a speculative probability, an argument of what ought to be, to establish what is. This is a question of evidence. Unfortunately the spirits who say so are the exceptions and not the rule. Thousands say no, to one that says yes. If they all without exception, or without exception, save among the false or frivolous or mischievous spirits, were agreed in saying yes, the preponderance of proof would be on your side. But such is not the case.

Still another point: The proof of personal identity lies in the memory. I know that I am the same person (or ego) that I was seventy years ago, although every particle of my body has entirely disappeared at least ten times in that period, and ten times been changed into a wholly new set of particles. How do I know it? By my consciousness of my own personality; by my memory. My Ego remains the same, spite of all these changes. The particles of the brain are all changed; but not the substance of the mind, spite of the foolish dogmatism of the materialists. Now we ask our friends, the re-incarnationists, where is the evidence of our personal identity? I have no memory nor consciousness of any such pre-existence, as I have of the days of my childhood? If memory is the only proof of my identity for seventy years, how do I know that I am that spirit that existed seventy years ago? And how am I to be held accountable for the good or bad thoughts and good or bad deeds of that spirit who is seven hundred years old, and not a solitary one of whose thoughts or acts have I the least memory or consciousness of at present? And yet I am to be advanced or degraded, put down or lifted up in this embodiment of mine, for what I did in that embodiment of seven hundred years ago, of which I know absolutely nothing at present! And this you call justifying the ways of God to man! and rectifying the inequalities and injustices of human life! An insane person or an idiot is never punished nor rewarded for what he did when not insane nor idiotic. Why? Because he doesn't know now what he did then. Is the justice of the universe less wise? We do not think so.

The only reply that can reasonably be made to the above argument from the lack of memory and consequently of proof of personal identity of the man supposed to exist in re-incarnation, seems to be the fact that somnambulists do lots of wonderful deeds, even to writing books, in their sleep, of which they know nothing when awake, and yet they are certainly the same persons in both states. The answer to that is simply this: Would any court dare punish a crime clearly proven to be committed in the state of somnambulism? Of course not. Again,

Is the pre-existent state equally abnormal with the somnambulant state? If so, then you can't infer anything from it. If not, then why is not memory kept up as in the normal state? Between the two states of existence, if the one is the result of the other, and if the latter is the working out the evil or the good of the former in the way of natural and just retribution or reward, with the opportunity of perpetual progress and improvement, there must be the connection of thought, memory and consciousness, or else the whole idea of improvement and progress from the one to the other is quite illusory and fantastical.

The more we read and learn of the condition of thought and belief, on this whole subject, on which there is so little positive and direct evidence, the more we are surprised at the deep hold this theory has obtained over millions of thinking and reasonable-minded men in all portions of the civilized world except England and the United States, and even there, too, to no small extent. Allan Kardec, the leading Spiritualist writer of France (now dead), a judicious thinker and well informed on scientific subjects as well as on general history and theological doctrines, is foremost in this faith, and has been extensively followed in Italy, Spain and Germany as well as in his own France. To his followers the bare suggestion of his seeing the error of this faith and renouncing it, since he left this earthly sphere, seems like gall and wormwood. And we find in a number of the *Revue Spirite*, published shortly after the statement came professedly from the world of spirits of such change in his views, the following earnest disclaimer, also coming from the same world of spirits and from a spirit friend, who gives vent to his feelings in the impassioned words that we here translate:

"Allan Kardec believes no longer in re-incarnation! That would be the overthrow of all things serious, a break in the logic to which he constantly did homage, an insult to good sense, and he was a master in logic and good sense."

"What! Science has proved that evolution is a sovereign law, yet it stops with man, after having been the law of all the animal species! What! there are millions of men on the earth, who believe in the re-birth of souls on the earth, and yet this belief is absurd!"

"What! the law of re-incarnation can give a frank and clear explanation of all that is incomprehensible for science, by proving that the soul exists, that it fashions an earthly body by the aid of its spiritual body, and that it brings to this body the traces of its passions, of its sufferings, and of the maladies of a past existence, and all that is only a decoy!"

"What! Chance alone creates the marvels of the human body and those of nature in general!"

"Leave to God (not to chance) the ruling over the milky ways and the starry worlds."

"Leave to him that primitive right which he has granted to man, of modifying all around him, of forming better and fairer creatures; but thank him for giving us better glimpses of these laws, and among them, bless the law of re-incarnation, which allows the humble to become a master in all things."

"With the right of re-living, no more vain hopes, but the immediate execution of laws promulgated to promote the good, the just and the true."

"With this right of re-living, what grand things are going to be revealed to us; first, the adoption of the spiritual philosophy, the religion without preachers, in which each one is his own priest, and the duty of great love to your fellow-man, and of aiding him and helping him all in your power."

"Re-incarnation is the foundation of true fraternity with all its consequences; scientific instruction and moral education as the principal motors of society; serene and wide hopes and consolation for our souls, which grow strong and struggle against trials."

"Allan Kardec cannot invalidate the finest of modern discoveries, that which immortalized his name and made of him the man of the future and of his work that of humanity. That he has not done and cannot do."

The above shows the spirit of devotion not only to Kardec as a leader, but to the doctrine of pre-existence and re-embodiment of which he made himself the advocate and representative in his numerous books. It will be almost a superhuman task to eradicate this doctrine and replace it with some tenet equally grateful and satisfactory to the minds of those who now embrace it. Can it be done? Very doubtful.

W. W. T.

SPOUTING ARTESIAN WELLS.—Iowa has a remarkable substratum of artesian water courses. The City Council of Belle Plaine have awarded the contract to control their great spouting artesian well to a Marshalltown man, who is to shut off or control the well for \$2,000 per annum. The flow of the well has been 8,600,000 gallons every twenty-four hours. Since the contract for closing the old well was let, a new well, three miles southeast of town, has begun spouting, sending a two-inch stream high in the air.

APPLY healing to other minds diseased, and you will not fail to heal your own. The law of impenetrability obtains in mind as well as in matter. Sorrow cannot wholly fill the heart that is occupied with others' welfare. Constant melancholy, furthermore, is constant rebellion.—*Gail Hamilton*.

Slater's "Services."

[New York correspondence of The Boston Herald, December 26, 1886.]

Brooklyn is excited over a new Spiritualist exponent, John Slater, a man twenty-five years old. He holds what he calls "services" at Avon Hall on Bedford avenue every Sunday forenoon and evening. The house is invariably crowded. There are no turned down lights, no curtains, no going into trances, except rarely, and then only for a few moments, no puzzling trickery and no mystery. "I don't want you to believe what you hear to-night," said he; "I ask you to use your own judgment. I was in Troy last week, and while I was giving tests a Catholic priest came into the hall, picked out the members of his congregation, and ordered them out. As the man stood in the aisle I saw the spirit of his mother standing near him. I told him so and gave him her name, and he was honest enough to acknowledge that it was correct. I get an influence here to-night," said he, as he paced the platform with his eyes closed. "It is a young man in the spirit world, or what you call dead. He goes up the aisle. He stops just in front of that lady there. He bends over and kisses her on the forehead, and he says: 'Mother, William is here.' Now he gives me his name—S-I-O-T-E—is that correct madame?" The lady, visibly affected, answered, "Yes, sir; but you are a perfect stranger to me."

"I have something to say to that gentleman with the black hair and high forehead," he continued, turning to another part of the house; "you have a business engagement to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock with two men. I see you go up a flight of steps into a room where there are two desks. In the second drawer of one of these are the papers of the transaction which you had in your hand to-day. You are going to invest \$4,000. Is that all so?"

"Perfectly," said the man, in amazement.

"Well, now, these two men are sharpeners, and if you want to save that \$4,000 keep out of that bargain. Legal advice is good, but mine is better."

"I believe it," said the man, emphatically. His name was C. G. Bulmer, and he lives at No. 229 Macon street Brooklyn. Your correspondent has since verified the accuracy of the test.

"And don't you suffer with your limbs?" he inquired of a lady just in front of him.

"Well, not now; I used to; I feel it now."

"Well, I am going to show you that I know all about your limbs. The pain is here," he continued, touching the calf of his leg. "You have a peculiar feeling of drowsiness and then sharp pains run through you, right there. Is it true?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'll tell you something else. You missed what your sister called a big chance when you were seventeen years old, and she said you were a great fool to let it go by. Is that so?"

"It is," said the lady reddening.

"There's a man in the hall," he continued, pacing restlessly up and down with clasped hands. "He has been sitting here and saying to himself, 'Well, this is all mind reading. Now, if he will tell me something that is going to happen I may believe something in Spiritualism.' He has been rather scoffing me. Now, I want to know if this is true? I am talking to you," pointing his long, thin finger at a gray-haired man who sat on his left. "All correct?" The man bowed his head. "Well, I tell you, that one Christmas day," he continued, so solemnly that a hush fell on the audience—"I don't think the spirits ought to tell these things, but I am forced to say that one Christmas day a member of your family will die." A startled look passed over his face, and a shiver ran through the audience at the uncanny message. The man's name could not be learned, but on the succeeding Sunday your correspondent heard two women get up in the audience and admit that the young Spiritualist had foretold the death of one of their husbands.

In this way the "services" are conducted. He gives "tests" to two hundred people in a single night with marvelous rapidity, describing their dead relatives and friends and giving their names and the names of people in the audience with whom they wish to communicate. "Madame," said the Spiritualist, suddenly stepping from the platform and walking up the aisle to a lady, "some one dear to you in the spirit world has asked me to give you this rose." He gave her a flower and returned to the platform. "He says his name is Alfred; do you know him?" "No," said the lady, who was evidently a non-believer. The Spiritualist burst into a laugh. "It's curious how forgetful people are, madame; that man is your own husband, Alfred Williams."

The lady's face showed that he was correct. Young Slater, seen at home, said: "I believe in Christ and the Bible. I work for the good of mankind. I have an independent income. I don't pretend to know the philosophy of Spiritualism and I don't try to. I can detect mediumship instantly. Joseph Jefferson is a medium, so is Lester Wallack."

THE number of candidates for the ministry of the Episcopal church in the United States is 344—a smaller number than at any time since 1868.

GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1887.

OVERTURNING IDOLS.

The time was when it was unfashionable to believe in the sphericity of the earth—when it was heresy to the Church to teach that "the world moves." Every discoverer of new laws or principles in nature, widely at variance with generally conceived opinion, has had his Gethsemane.

But in these modern times new wonders have burst upon the world in such rapid succession—wonders in invention and discovery—each in its turn upsetting some idol of the past—that thoughtful minds are becoming more cautious in their negations concerning new truths.

Communion with spiritual beings was possible in ancient times, as all believers in the Bible must admit. And all along the ages messengers from the unseen world have appeared from time to time to those in a condition to receive them. In India, for untold centuries, there has existed a trained race of mediums who could at will commune with their dead ancestors, or those supposed to be dead. The Oracles of Delphi were nothing more nor less than the utterances of spirits through the lips of sensitives.

So, really, when the modern manifestations first appeared in the Fox family at Hydesville, and the fact was demonstrated of an independent intelligent spiritual existence, the thinking world, or that portion of it versed in ancient history, sacred or profane, or in the contemporaneous mysticism of the Brahminical priesthood of India, had no occasion to deny the truth of such manifestations with so much vehement unanimity and persistent obstinacy.

It is an old adage that, "What man has done, man may do." Why may not that adage apply to spiritual beings as well? If they have ever appeared to man in the past ages of the world, why may they not appear to him again? And if an educated race of Hindu sensitives may commune with their spirit friends, why may not other sensitives, of other races, enjoy the same privilege?

Of course, had the returning spirits confirmed the prevailing teachings of the Church concerning a future state, and the character and attributes of Deity, their evidence of continued existence would have been accepted as corroborative of its own teachings. But they declared at once and decidedly against a vicarious atonement for sin, insisting that every individual must necessarily endure the consequences of his own acts. They also declared against the existence of a personal spirit of evil contending with Omnipotence for the souls of men,—as well as against various other forms of belief that had come down to us from an ignorant and superstitious past. So the Church rejected this gospel of a new and glorious truth—a truth which, ere long, must naturally draw to itself, or to a belief in its essential principles, all enlightened humanity.

We think the Church committed a serious mistake in rejecting the great truths of a future life as taught by the spirits; nevertheless, all that is good and spiritual in the Church—all that helps man in his upward journey, and into truer relations with the Divine Life,—will never be lost to the world. The Church will have its work to do until it can behold and accept the brighter light now flooding the world.

FLATTERY.—The sycophant is generally looked upon as contemptible, but we are inclined to think he is of some use after all. Besides helping us to see and measure our vanity, he often holds up an ideal that we may aspire to attain. If we have made a true estimate of ourself and abilities, flattery can do us no harm; but it is dangerous when it only ministers to self-conceit. Conceit is something destined to many a rude repulse, and woe to the person in whom it has been fostered by the hypocrisy of others. We must not, however, set down all praise as flattery. There are many natures as spontaneous as the sunshine. What they see and feel is poured out in honest words, both to friends and strangers, if pleasing. The same persons have a tact and discretion that always prevents their making those awkward observations that pain and wound one. Let us distinguish between the two classes, that we value the one and estimate the other; but above all look well to self that our deserts may be clear.

—Prof. Waite of Quincy, Ill., is to lecture at 1045 1-2 Market street, at 2:30 Sunday 23d. He is a fluent and eloquent speaker, and all who have had the pleasure of listening to him are delighted with his discourses. We believe he expects to deliver a course of twelve lectures in this city in the near future.

THE CROWNING HOPE.

The hope of continued existence beyond the gates of death is the crowning hope of the world.

Man feels his incompleteness here at every step of his way through life; and he feels it most when he reaches that point where he sees his life-work drawing to a close, with a world of unfinished work before him.

By long study and patient research man masters a few facts of nature; he delves in the mine of knowledge and brings forth a few specimens of precious ore; and then, with an unquenchable thirst for "more"—with an outreaching longing and desire for possibilities of intellectual and spiritual attainments and unfoldments that only an eternity of existence could realize—he is called hence—his light of life is extinguished. Can it be forever? Intuition rebels at the idea. Cold, materialistic reason hopes it may not be so.

A good friend at the head of a prominent educational institution of a Western State, whose busy life has afforded him but little opportunity for psychical research, in a private letter in which his good wife joins, writes us as follows: "Your paper is the only one we have ever read devoted to Spiritualism. We are quite positive, 'if we were so situated, we should be trying to investigate, and undoubtedly would become firm believers, especially after seeing such convincing tests as those you mention in your paper. If we could realize that our friends watched over us, and were near to us, how different life would be, and how different the parting.'"

Yes, indeed; how different life would be to them, as it is to the thousands who do realize this stupendous fact—thousands who have come up out of the cheerless gloom of materialism, believing that death was the end of all conscious existence—of all hope, aspiration, love. And to hosts of others whose faith in a future life has been confirmed by positive evidence, all doubt has disappeared. Life has a meaning to them now that it never had before. They discover an Infinite Love and Wisdom in the plan of creation, where before it seemed to be an infinite failure. From a being of implacable hatred, dooming myriads of the children of his creation to eternal and unutterable woe, they behold a loving Father, leading and guiding all, in his own good time, and by ways that seemeth to Him best, to peace and happiness at last. They realize this result as the natural outcome of that spiritual unfoldment which, in the certain evolution of being, in this life or the next, all will surely reach.

Would that all thoughtful souls were "so situated" that they could investigate the facts of this new religion, which is the sum of all religions, for it embraces all love to God and good-will to man. But we understand the tyranny of unenlightened public opinion. We know how bitterly it condemns what it blindly rejects and does not understand. There are other crosses than those which crucify the flesh. And so, many hungry hearts, perishing for the crowning hope of immortal life, are deprived of the blissful knowledge that their loved ones who have passed to the other shore live and love them still, and are near to comfort them in their sorrows and share with them in their joys.

It will not be thus much longer. There is a liberalizing spirit abroad in the land. It is permeating the Churches, and breaking down the barriers of intolerance. It will not do much longer for any one to captiously deny what he does not know to be true. He cannot afford, if he respects himself, to thus advertise his ignorance to the world. Up the steep of time the glorious truth is coming that shall make all men free—all men just and generous.

LICENSED MEDIUMSHIP.

"Fifteen Freeholders" of this city have been engaged for some time past in incubating a new charter to be submitted to the voters for their approval. Their work is yet far from being completed; hence, it is not yet too late to correct a piece of injustice, not to say impertinence, that has been suffered to deface their work.

Of those from whom they propose to exact a license fee they class mediums for spirit communications along with jugglers and fortune tellers. This, if not intended as a direct insult to thousands of good citizens and tax-payers of San Francisco whose religion is based upon the phenomenal facts of Spiritualism, is certainly an exhibition of monumental ignorance on the part of said "Freeholders."

Ministers of other religions preach the continued existence of the spirit of man beyond the grave without producing an iota of positive proof thereof. Spirit mediums come forward with irresistible evidence of that stupendous fact. Now, why should the former be exempted from a license fee, and not the latter? Can any fair-minded person answer?

It may be said that the medium charges for his services. Will it be held that in this he is different from the ministers of other religions?

Spiritualism is as much of a religion as Methodism, or Presbyterianism. The mediums, who are the ministers and teachers of its philosophy, as well as the demonstrators of its facts, are entitled to just as much public consideration as the ministers of other religious systems.

If this objectionable feature is allowed to remain in the proposed charter it will be the duty of

every Spiritualist and Freethinker, and every other man who believes in fair play, to vote against it.

DRIVE HIM NOT AWAY.

There is an old legend which beautifully illustrates the happiness which follows the performance of one's duty at any cost. The story is told that Christ appeared in a vision, clothed in heavenly glory, to a monk in his silent retreat. As the monk stood gazing at the wonderful vision, wrapt in profound adoration, the demand of duty called him and he turned from his divine visitant to perform the humble task assigned him, that of feeding the poor of the convent. On his return, his blessed visitor still remained and turning to the monk, said: "Hast thou stayed, I must have fled."

We doubt not but each and every one of us have just such glorious messengers, who touch us from the infinite shores, and gladly tarry by our sides when they find us ready and willing to cheerfully take up the duties of the hour, however hard or disagreeable they may be. But like the legendary character, these angels are often grieved away because of our tardiness to do what lies before us.

Many there are who deprive themselves of the light of the heaven all around them, simply because they are self-blinded,—blinded by the little annoyances of every-day life, and at every turn in the path of duty cry out against the next step, and thus create for themselves an atmosphere of discontent through which the rays of sweet harmony can never penetrate. After all, is not environment largely our own creation? A happy, strong nature can transmute the darkest surroundings into peaceful, profitable ways, wherein the soul may receive its greatest flood of truths, and then it is that the bright invisibles are not forced to flee from us.

We should learn to take up gracefully and hopefully what seems to be our heavy crosses, knowing that the value of each experience to our eternal good, lies in the practical interpretation we give it. "Heaven is not reached by a single bound," but by continued faithfulness to duty.

THE TRUE CONCEPTION.

If God dashes out one of your pictures it is only to show you a brighter one. If He stings your foot with gout, your brain with neuralgia, your tongue with an inextinguishable thirst, it is only because He is preparing to substitute a better body than you ever dreamed of, when the mortal shall put on immortality. It is to push you on and up toward something grander, that God sends and does these things."

—TALMAGE.

True, many a bright picture of life is broken, but we think it would be more fair to take the blame to ourselves than lay it upon God. God is a synonym of love and kindness, and we think it was His will that we should all have a perfect physical body in which to work out our future destiny. He neither afflicts us, nor does He so desire, with gout, neuralgia, rheumatism, nor any other painful thing. It is ignorance alone that works most of our bodily ills, and carelessness is responsible for many of the so-called unforeseen happenings that wound and maim us.

Every creature is governed and punished by fixed and eternal laws, inherent in their being; superstition calls their working God's punishment or displeasure. This evasion of personal responsibility, denial of our ignorance, has done more to keep man in darkness than all other causes combined. But the cloud is breaking; it is growing light in the Eastern sky, and the sun of wisdom and justice will yet illumine the dark places and reveal the true nature of all physical and natural as well as occult laws. Then will man not only govern himself but those conditions that make or mar his happiness to-day. Then will God be worshiped as the eternal principle of all that is beautiful, kind and loving.

LIBERTY.

Liberty is the one thing above all others that all desire. Those of some countries claim it, some take it, some seek, and some fight for it. Liberty ought to imply a fitness, and a capability of making good use of it, not only to self, but to others. None are so well qualified for it as those who are born with it. He who is not, is very like a child whose feet have been tied to prevent him from learning to walk. Should no one else do so, he will himself remove the thongs when he is old and stout enough; but what a failure will he make of walking, with his feet and muscles all untrained and weak! We would not think of blaming the man, but those who prevented him using his feet and legs at the proper period of his life—when he was growing.

What ails the world to-day is that men have been foot-tied in the infancy of the race, and are just loosening the knots that bound them. They are trying to walk, but more naturally stumble and fall. Of course we blame them, and hint at too much liberty, when in fact they have never had enough to know its true value and best use. We expect people to be able to govern themselves in those respects in which they are free; but we should first consider how long they have been free to do so. Deny a child the use of money and prevent his earning it when he is old enough, but some day, when he is twenty-one or twenty-five, give him fifty dollars and tell him to go out and spend it according to his best discretion. Surely you could not count much upon his judgment of its purchasing value. We must not blame too harshly, nor punish too relentlessly, the mistakes and evil doings of those who are just learning to walk alone; learning the value of liberty and the worth of coin they have never before possessed.

FORM TRANSFERENCE.

We are pleased to see in the columns of our able Chicago contemporary of Jan. 15th, a well-written communication, from the pen of a Denver correspondent, in defense of that much misunderstood phenomenon, materialization, or form manifestation, as occurring in the presence of one of the most "exposed" mediums in America. It is in the line of thought frequently presented in these columns.

But few persons, familiar with this wonderful phase of spirit power,—even among the most ardent believers therein—will hesitate to admit that, while the appearance of the psychic form is, to them, a positive fact, all mediums for this phase, as far as their experience goes, are at times used to personate spirits. These personations are sometimes a complete transfiguration of form and features of the medium to represent the spirit intended. They also know that when the materialized form is an objective reality independent of the medium, that it generally partakes more or less of the medium's personal resemblance. Sometimes this resemblance is scarcely noticeable, while at other times, where the conditions are less perfect, the likeness is very striking.

While it is possible at all times to guard against confederates, which some who are really mediums, are not above resorting to, it is impossible to prevent personation or transfiguration.

There are numerous well authenticated instances,—related by Col. Olcott and others, and which are also familiar to every experienced investigator into this phase,—where mediums have been secured to their seats in the cabinet by every possible device that ingenuity could invent; their dress skirts have been tacked to the floor, their sleeves sewed to their waists, and even threads put through their ears and sealed to the backs of the chairs upon which they were seated. Even then a form has stepped out of the cabinet, and, upon investigation, the medium's chair has been found to be vacant, except of the clothes she wore. At the close of the seance the medium would be found as before, with every thread intact.

Then it is well known that where the psychic form is independent of the medium, robed in white, and the medium in some dark material, the two forms being several feet apart, they may be brought together instantly.

We published, not long ago, a well authenticated case of this kind occurring in this city in the presence of Mrs. Reynolds, where four persons surrounded and held the spirit form, in a friendly but firm manner, the medium being several feet distant, within the cabinet, giving instructions, and charging the committee not to break their hold. The form, robed in white, apparently dropped through the floor, all but the hands and arms to which they clung, when instantly there arose the form of the medium, robed in some dark material.

In the light of these facts, who does not see the folly of all "spirit grabbing" as in any manner calculated to demonstrate the fact of fraud? and especially when done by persons ignorant of the first principles of spirit materialization? Of course an exception to this conclusion would be where the form seized proves to be a confederate, and not the medium.

To set it is a very singular idea, if mankind are immortal, that it is a natural or innate desire, that they do not know it here in this present state of existence. We are sure, for instance, that we are alive now. Our human nature teaches us this fact, and nobody doubts it that is of sane mind. Yet this life is less than the dust in the balance compared with a life in an endless eternity. But, strange to say, we have a certain knowledge of the one, and know absolutely nothing of the other!—COR. BOSTON INVESTIGATOR.

It would, indeed, be a most "singular idea" to suppose that immortal man did not know here that he is so. The "natural or innate desire" is sufficient to inform him of his future state, if nothing else did; but we have evidence manifold, that all might obtain, would they avail themselves of the means of possessing it. Skeptics will cry out, "humbly!" against mediums, in many instances. They are not the only resource of getting at the "startling facts" of Spiritualism. The family circle is a most reliable method of investigation for all who are interested in learning of immortality. We don't suppose there is a family in the land but that has one or more mediums in its midst. And they are like the telegraphic instrument that only needs to be connected with the communicating wires to receive messages. Surely, no persons "of sane mind," expects a telegram until this condition is complied with. No one should say that "there is absolutely no knowledge of another life" until he has taken every available means of ascertaining if there is. Were this the case, we should hear no positive denial of things untried and uninvestigated.

NOT WOMEN.—A most humiliating report comes from Kansas in regard to its school superintendents. The annual school report shows that out of seven thousand school officers in that State only two thousand of them have proved capable of intelligently discharging their duties. These incapables are all men, otherwise it would have been mentioned. No such record could be made against women, for no woman ever gets such a position without being thrice qualified to fill it. It would be interesting to know where those five thousand men hailed from, and the institutions of learning they figured in. School matters properly belong to women, and the sooner men learn this the better it will be for all concerned. Eighteen hundred and eighty-six saw many women elected as superintendents, especially in the Territories, and there is not the least doubt that a year's results will so thoroughly prove their fitness for the duties involved that women superintendents will be the rule and not the exception in a year or two more.

—The "Strange Story," by Lyman L. Palmer, of Napa, Cal., which appears on our first page, and for the truth of which the author vouches, will be read with deep interest by all interested in psychic phenomena. The story is admirably writ-

ten, and relates one of the strangest cases of "life in death," we have ever read. It demonstrates fully the dual nature of man, and the existence of the spirit independent of the body.

NEGLECTED DUTIES.

Gail Hamilton says: "It is a woman's first duty to be a lady. Good breeding is good sense." Gail Hamilton is right. What can so commend a lady to the good graces of all as a perfect demeanor and an elegant refinement? There is a vast distinction between the one born, as it were, to the purple, and the one formed by circumstances, and who foolishly imagines that a few outward accomplishments make a lady. The one is fitted to ornament the highest or humblest sphere—a true woman is a jeweled ornament in any society—while the other is a blot on civilization.

We are sometimes inclined to believe that the latter class is increasing with alarming rapidity over the former, when we meet with so much of this city. Take our girls from twelve to eighteen and a large proportion of them will enter a street car in a boisterous manner, apparently to attract as much attention as possible, and with unseemly speech and action, offend the delicate sense of propriety. Their language is largely made up of coinings from the slang words and phrases of common use. Their conduct toward their seniors is also marked by a total lack of the knowledge of the deference which properly belongs to the aged. There is nothing so indicative of the true lady as a thoughtful attention to those enfeebled with the weight of years.

We know a young girl, the daughter of wealthy, respectable parents, under fifteen, who paints, powders, and blackens her eyebrows, dresses in a conspicuous manner, and always in the latest style, that makes a practice of carrying on street flirtations with dudes and nominal young men, who are unknown either to her or her parents. What can her mother be thinking of?

What kind of training are these daughters receiving which will enable them to become noble women, wives and mothers? Every mother owes it to herself, her country and her God, the sublime duty of rearing aright the tender souls committed to her keeping.

THE GREATEST BOON.

It is from the ranks of the wretchedly poor in all cities that the annual death-rate is mainly composed, and it cannot be said that their condition of life is very perceptibly improving, especially not in European cities. London has a long-standing reputation of being the home of more poverty and distress than any other city on the globe in the midst of its wealth and royal pomp.

However, an official statement is made that the death-rate in England is decreasing, and that one hundred and fifty people are added to ten thousand annually. We take it that this does not relate to the United Kingdom, but simply to that part of it upon which the proud Briton boasts that the sun never sets. If so, it is all the more remarkable.

According to this increase, Dr. M. Tidy finds that in twenty generations, should it continue, the population would be twenty-seven billion two hundred millions, estimated to be enough to fill twenty earths with the present density of population. This possibility must help one to realize what a blessed thing it is to die; help one to see the necessity of death in such contracted spheres of being as we find ourselves here. The decay and dissolution of all material things is the most beneficial law of the universe. The earth is a kind mother who does her best to rear her offspring to maturity that they may receive all the benefit that is here designed for them; that she does not always succeed is mainly the fault of man, though he is often cut down by forces he has not yet learned to control.

"KING OF TERRORS."—There is always more or less complaint of hard times, but hard or easy there is one business that flourishes the same; this is the traffic in whisky, and, sad to say, it is mainly supported by the wage-earners of our country. This indulgence is called the poor man's luxury, his pleasure! Woe to such luxury and pleasure! Rum did a thriving trade last year, and many were the cries from idleness and want all over the nation. This King of Evils diverted to his own red channels the sum of one billion, eight hundred million dollars. According to the *Homiletic Review* this sum would pay the nation's debt in one year, or give every voter in the United States fifteen dollars a month, or every family therein a good home worth one thousand dollars in five years. These annual reports are having their effect, though it is slow. Determination is gathering his forces, and a contest is inevitable. An effort to save the masses from self-destruction! Oh! that each man could save himself! Can all not see that rum is a despoiler, a thief, a murderer?

—Rev. Sam Jones, the unparalleled and inimitable expounder of Bible Christianity, is announced to visit this city in February. He no doubt tells many truths, although it is in a rough way. Multitudes will flock to hear him—at least once.

—There seems to be no cessation in the demand for Mrs. J. J. Whitney's wonderful medicinal powers. She has been in San Francisco now over two years without a vacation of ten days during the whole of the time, and yet her rooms, at 120 Sixth street, are daily crowded with earnest inquirers. Her time is all occupied, and then she is obliged to turn away many each day.

—The chant-royal entitled "Old Glory," which appears in our poetic department of this issue, received the first prize, of one hundred dollars, offered by the *Eastern Pilot* for the best patriotic poem for their Christmas number. The poem was awarded the first place by a board of literary judges who had hundreds to choose from. Miss Dawson, its author, resides in this city, and certainly she has given a production to the world which will live in literature.

A SUGGESTIVE INCIDENT.

A rather suggestive incident was told the writer a few days ago, which was something like the following: A lady of high social rank and refinement, whom we shall designate as Mrs. A., resides in an interior city of this State, a city noted for its schools and churches. A few months ago she began to look into the subject of mental science and its application in the cure of disease. She readily grasped the salient points and has been wonderfully successful in her practice of the same. Her work naturally led her, more or less, into the study of the occult sciences, wherein matter is made subservient to mind in all things. A lady friend, and sister in the Church—a lady who, by the way, prides herself on her culture and great intellectual endowments,—became greatly alarmed at this progression and digression, as she feared, from "the straight and narrow way; so she went to Mrs. A.—and asked her if she really was a Spiritualist, "for if you are," she continued, "I will never speak to you again." We must confess we were somewhat astonished to know that such ignorance and bigotry could exist in this free and enlightened age, coming, too, from a disciple of the Christ. And what could be at greater variance with the Christ spirit as taught and practiced by the gentle Nazarene? Evidently this good Christian does not believe in that doctrine which teaches that within every soul dwells the spark divine, uniting each and everyone of God's creatures with the All-Father. We should advise this uncharitable sister to a closer study of Christ's true character and to the inner meaning of his teachings. And if she would also acquaint herself with the esoteric teachings of the old masters, which is found in the theosophical literature of the day, she would certainly blush at so narrow a conception of truth which could give utterance to the ungenerous expression above.

EVERY-DAY SPIRITUALISM IN INDIA.

Spiritualism in India is anything but modern. The Brahmin caste are all mediums, made such through processes of development and training—of subjugation of self—that our modern mediums little dream of. They are the descendants of a race of mediums running back through a thousand generations.

In the *Banner of Light* of Jan. 8th, appears a lecture by Charles Dawburn, delivered recently in Worcester, Mass., in which is given much interesting information on this subject, gathered from the teachings of Max Muller and from a Brahminical work with an unpronounceable name, from which we propose to borrow a few passages for our columns. Of the Brahmin boy we are told:—

At the age of nine he commences his religious life, and is placed under the care of a teacher called a "Guru;" and it is now that his novitiate commences. The special ceremony is called "Oupanyasana;" and we are told the Pourohita, or temple priest, specially invokes the spirits of that lad's ancestors to be present at the ceremony. A very interesting portion of the ceremony is, we are told, a journey by the married women of the company to the neighboring forest, where, having found a nest of white ants, they fill ten pots with the earth as prepared by those insects. Having returned to the other guests, ten different kinds of seeds are planted in these pots, which are watered from a sacred tank. The Pourohita then places the pots together, and, covering them with a white cloth, evokes the spirits and asks them to manifest their power. As he utters his formula the cloth is seen to be gradually raised, and when it is removed by the Pourohita ten shrubs appear, bearing flowers and fruits each after its kind. We are thus face to face with the spiritual phenomena of Brahminism, and by studying the details of the daily training of that boy we shall find them all directed to his development as a medium for Brahmin spirits.

There are three degrees of initiation, and the each of which require twenty years of constant effort and preparation. But few ever pass beyond the first degree, owing to the severity of the discipline they are required to submit to. Again we quote:

In the second ten years of the first degree, the candidate is no longer his own master. His whole time is devoted to prayers, fastings and mortifications which shall modify his physical organism. Even his nights are no longer his own. He eats but once a day, and then it is a handful of rice at sundown.

Those who pass to the higher degrees are known as fakirs, who certainly possess marvelous powers. A learned Frenchman, Jacolliot, for many years Chief-Justice of the French East Indies, has made a recent study of some of these phenomena, and has written a work, with an interesting chapter or two upon his personal experience with fakirs. He relates some of the everyday phenomena which seem to be at the command of these fakirs, only a few instances of which can we find room for:

The first experiment the Judge had with a fakir was very perplexing to that worthy scientist. The fakir sat down on the stone pavement in the Judge's court yard, placing his seven-knotted stick between his crossed legs. The Judge's servant was sent to bring seven pots of earth, seven bamboo sticks, and seven leaves from any tree whatever. They were placed six feet from the fakir, who told the servant to plant a stick in each pot, and to put on each stick a leaf with a hole in its center. Of course the leaves dropped down, and rested on the earth in the pots. The fakir commenced his invocations, and in fifteen minutes the leaves began to move slowly up and down the sticks. The fakir had demanded no conditions, so the Judge, after standing between the pots and the fakir without effect, emptied the earth into seven goblets, and himself arranged new sticks and other leaves. But the experiment did not check the movement. Then Jacolliot took a small bag of type, and, taking them at random, called the letter, thus avoiding the mind-reading he suspected. At certain letters the leaves rose and fell, till he had this sentence in French: "Albain Brunier died at Bourg-en-bresse (Ain), Jan. 3, 1856." The Judge says the blood rushed to his head with astonishment, for every word was correct.

The Judge saw a huge bronze vase full of water, beyond the power of two strong men to move, advance and go back, and swing from side to side—every motion at his own mental request—while a shower of raps upon the vase kept time to a music box which the Judge set going. The fakir sat motionless several feet from the vase. These phenomena lasted three hours, and

took place out of doors in the broad daylight. Our Judge saw that fakir rise in the air to a height measured against the wall and remain eight minutes so suspended.

Here is something that eclipses independent slate-writing:

On another occasion the fakir brought a bag of sand, which he spread in a flat surface upon the floor. The Judge's pencil was laid upon it, and the fakir as usual sat back several feet. Presently the pencil rose up and wrote answers to the Judge's mental questions, stating facts of which the Judge was ignorant.

In the matter of materialization in the light, we have the following:

The Judge took this same fakir one night up into the seventh story of a palace at Benares, which was placed at his disposal by an Indian prince. It was only accessible by a ladder, which the Judge raised after they ascended. The room was brilliantly lighted. In the center was a small furnace, on which the fakir threw a handful of perfumed powder kept for that purpose in the room. Soon after the fakir sat down in a corner, the Judge saw the smoke from the furnace form into a luminous cloud, and from it hands appeared and disappeared. Presently one left the cloud, and coming to him pressed his outstretched hand, then passing to a bouquet of flowers, broke off one and brought it to the astonished scientist. Words appeared written in Sanscrit on this cloud, and traced by this wonderful hand. The Judge copied two sentences. "I have clothed myself with a fluidic body," was one; another was, "You will attain happiness when you lay aside this perishable body."

At last another cloud more opaque and of brighter color formed, and presently assumed the human form of an aged Brahminical priest. Kneeling by that little furnace the specter first fed the fire with the perfumed powder, and then coming to the Judge held out his withered hands, which he found warm and life-like. "Are you really a former inhabitant of the earth?" asked Jacolliot. The Sanscrit word meaning "yes" appeared in letters of fire on the old man's bosom. "Will you leave me something in token of your visit?" asked the Judge. The figure broke three strands from the triple cord around his waist, gave them to Jacolliot, and then faded away.

Such experiences, we are told, are matters of every day occurrence with these Oriental mediums.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—That good and faithful medium, Mrs. M. A. Ellis, will take a benefit at Washington Hall, Sunday evening. She is a worthy medium and deserving lady, and we trust she may receive a substantial benefit. There will be good speakers for the evening, and tests by some of our first mediums.

—In making up our files for binding, we find ourselves a few copies short of No. 8, (Sept. 11, 1886), and No. 24, (Jan. 1, 1887). We will return two copies of our holiday number for each copy of either of said numbers any one may send us. Those not caring to bind their volumes will perhaps be pleased to supply us with the missing numbers.

—Dr. Ravlin, the eminent orator, lectures every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at Washington Hall, before the Society of Progressive Spiritualists. He is one of the ablest exponents of spiritual truths on our platform, and will add new lustre to his laurels as a speaker in this field, wherein his highest aspirations take shape in grandly expressed ideas.

—That gifted lady, Mrs. Watson, will lecture on the "White Cross Movement" next Sunday evening. The movement is one in which all grand souls are interested, and Mrs. Watson is in her finest inspirations on subjects of this character. The lecturer's well-known eloquence on a theme of such wide-spread interest will, no doubt, fill to the uttermost the seating capacity of the Temple.

—The fact that John Slater's audiences have continued to increase in numbers from his first appearance in this city is conclusive evidence of the deep interest he is awakening. It was proven by an actual count of ten-cent pieces that over twenty-one hundred persons attended his services last Sunday. His audiences represent as much intelligence and refinement as any Church or similar gathering in San Francisco; and many new faces in spiritual meetings are seen in his hall. He holds public services at 2:30 and 8 P. M. every Sunday at Assembly Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, corner Seventh and Market streets.

—Mrs. Dr. Beighle, the lady with the electric hand, who is pronounced by all who have come under her treatment as a phenomenal wonder, has removed to 1410 Octavia street, to the large and elegant building owned, and formerly occupied, by Dr. McLennan, where she is now prepared to treat all the diseases to which human flesh is heir. Dr. Beighle is thoroughly honest. Her diagnosis of disease is simply infallible. If she can not cure the sick she will candidly tell them so, and thus save them unnecessary expense. But her curative powers are the marvel of all who know her. See her advertisement elsewhere.

—It is a significant fact that three-fourths of the honors in the junior class of Colby University, Waterville, Maine, have been carried off this year by its lady members, and it is all the more gratifying when it is known there were but six ladies in the class. The objections which have been raised against the admission of ladies into our colleges on account of their supposed inability to successfully compete with their stronger brothers in scholastic attainments, are year by year growing less. The idea that woman is intellectually inferior to man, like many other equally absurd notions which are the children of ignorance, is rapidly disappearing in the broader enlightenment of the age.

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."

Letter from W. J. Colville.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I am happy to say I receive the *GOLDEN GATE* regularly, and am endeavoring to do my utmost to introduce it among persons who may become subscribers. On every hand I hear golden opinions expressed concerning it. The Christmas, or rather the holiday number, was so excellent as to call forth the warmest praises from many who are usually extremely difficult to please. I have scattered the hundreds you sent me broadcast everywhere. Some I have sold, others I have given to those whom I knew would take interest in the paper in the future.

The New Year's number containing the lecture delivered through my mediumship just before I left San Francisco in the Autumn, came to hand just in time for the civil New Year's celebration, and therefore did duty quite as well as any discourse which could have been reported on the spot at the moment.

I receive so many letters from California every week, that I think so much mental influence and genuine good feeling as I find directed to me from the golden State, must, in a very short time, draw me back bodily to San Francisco and Oakland, chiefly, but to other parts of the State as well, for having traveled so little in California, my duties confining me to the two cities just mentioned almost exclusively, I cannot think why I should have so many kind friends all over the State.

I have received during the holiday season two hundred and nineteen letters, one hundred and four Christmas and New Year's cards, and sixty-one presents from friends in California, besides a great number of very welcome papers. Now, if I only had the time nothing would please me better than to thank each writer and donor separately for his or her kind remembrance; as it is, I can only here and there find time to scratch a line in answer to a business letter, or in recognition of some unusual offering or piece of important intelligence. Do not let any one imagine that I have no time to read long letters. Nothing I enjoy more than having a good pile of pleasant correspondence to take into privacy and read over when the duties of the day are done, or at any time when I can snatch a few leisure moments. The newspapers are also very welcome, for though I cannot read them through, I can read enough of their contents to satisfy the constant appetite I have for California news. As I hear from many people, I keep pretty well posted in the progress of current events. From some I have been pleased to learn of the great impression made upon the public by Mrs. Maud E. Lord and Mr. Slater. Mrs. Lord is, in my opinion, one of the best of mediums and most charming of ladies upon earth. I have always found her brimming over with kindness, and some of the pleasantest hours I have ever spent have been in her company. Mr. Slater I have not the pleasure of knowing, except by reputation. I am very desirous of making his acquaintance, and am glad to hear he has been occupying the platform of my favorite Assembly Hall. I never find quite such nice halls anywhere as Assembly and Friendship, in the Odd Fellows' building, Market street, San Francisco. Metropolitan Temple fascinates me by reason of its splendid organ, and Hamilton Church, Oakland, is also bound to my memory by many pleasing associations. I hope soon to see them all again in matter as well as mind.

I hear from some of my friends that the weather with you has been rather dreary at times. Happily in Boston we have had a good share of sun, though it has been very cold on and off, and we have had several heavy snow storms, making the walking very unpleasant. I cannot say the weather has caused me much suffering or inconvenience. I have to go out in it and I make the best of it, and endeavor to harmonize myself with external nature so as to enjoy all her varied phases.

The holiday season has passed off brilliantly and jubilantly, and though I have been busy, as usual, I have found time to go to the opera and other amusements, and also to many churches, celebrated for music and decorations. In Parker Memorial Hall, where our Sunday meetings are regularly held, and also in the lecture room, at 668 Tremont street, we have had some delightful Christmas and New Year's gatherings for young and old.

Our society is flourishing, and I have much to be thankful for, though I do not like Boston as well as San Francisco, and the weather—affecting many persons seriously, at least in their imagination—causes the attendance at meetings to be somewhat uncertain. On fine days we have large audiences; on stormy days they are much smaller, but I find compensation everywhere, for when the numbers are at the lowest ebb it is in consequence of it costing something of an effort to brave a storm, and those who do brave it are so earnest and sincere, and bring such a good, hearty, inspiring influence with them, that many of our most enjoyable gatherings take place on the gloomiest days.

All the spiritualistic societies are very active this winter. The great Spiritual Temple, corner of Exter and Newbury streets, in the very center of the most fashionable population, is progressing undoubtedly. On two occasions, when I was called to its platform, there was a

goodly number of people in attendance, and an excellent influence pervaded the building. Mr. Ayer, the President, and other officers, were very genial, and the music was really grand. The organ is one of the finest in Boston, and the organist, Mr. Everett Truette, is a most accomplished performer, and one who knows how to make the organ, literally, speak. Miss Sara Fisher, the soprano, has a delightful voice, and what is of great moment, also, she enters heart and soul into all she essays to interpret. In our society we are favored with excellent music also. Mr. Rudolph King, our organist, is very capable on the organ, and is one of the best pianists I have ever heard. Mme. Fries Bishop, our soprano, has lived and studied in Italy, and sings the most difficult music with the utmost grace and ease. Miss Young is busy as ever as treasurer and bookseller. She sends very kind messages to all her friends in the far West. Mrs. Coolidge is staying in my house and is doing very well as a metaphysical healer. Not wishing to trespass on your valuable space too much, and time warning me, I must close this letter. I must promise to write a fuller and more entertaining letter next time, and with many, many thanks to hundreds of friends for kindnesses too numerous to mention, and with best wishes for your health, success and happiness, believe me,

Your sincere friend,
W. J. COLVILLE.
668 Tremont street, Jan. 14, 1887.

Letter from Dan'l G. Garnsey.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Spiritualists of Muskegon enjoyed a rare spiritual and intellectual feast last Sunday. We succeeded in engaging Lyman C. Howe, one of the best inspirational speakers of the East, for one day here. He spoke at Grand Rapids the Sunday previous, before the newly organized Occult Scientific Society of that city. We were so fortunate as to obtain the Universalist church, a cozy little building seating about five hundred people. The day was a beautiful one and the house well filled in the morning. In the evening it was full. The audience gave Mr. Howe five subjects (one for a poem) to speak upon. They were all taken up and discussed in so able a manner as not only to satisfy but surprise all. We were fortunate having most excellent music, which added much to the occasion. The *Morning News* epitomized the discourse in a column and a half article, closing with the following:

"Point out, if you will, that minister in this city who loves to close his well-worn catechism to give a lecture which is the result of an inquiring, progressive, speculative, logical mind. The absence of such a Sunday lecturer is that which sent the large representative audience to hear Lyman C. Howe last Sabbath. Two-thirds of his hearers did not subscribe to his 'ism,' but they wished to hear him because he made them think. There is a ripe harvest here for an educational church."

One unfortunate statement in the above needs correction. Fully two-thirds of the audience were Spiritualists, although not all avowedly so, and there are many more who did not know of Mr. Howe's being here and others who could not attend. Altogether it was a red-letter day for Muskegon Spiritualists and searchers after the truths of the life beyond. Mr. Howe has gone to Kansas City, Mo., to fill a three months' engagement. On his return East we hope to persuade him to remain with us some weeks.

A word in reference to the *GOLDEN GATE* before I close. Twenty copies of the holiday edition have been circulating among two or three times that number of readers beside the regular subscription list, which I understand is quite large and steadily increasing. All speak of it in the highest terms and welcome its weekly visit with unfeigned pleasure.

Very truly yours,
DAN'L G. GARNSEY.
MUSKEGON, Mich., Jan. 9, 1887.

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHICAL SERVICES AT
Metropolitan Temple, by the Golden Gate Religious
and Philosophical Society, Sunday, January 23d. Mrs.
E. L. Watson will answer questions at 11 A. M. In the
evening at 7:30 P. M. Conference and Medium's Seance, at which
representative test and inspirational mediums of San Francisco
and Oakland, will appear. The proceeds will be
expended in aiding worthy persons and objects. All are
invited.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS
meet every Sunday at 1 P. M., in Washington Hall, 35
Eddy street. Good speakers upon all live subjects
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from 1 to 5 P. M. At 2:30 Mr. Ravlin will lecture.
At 7:30 P. M. Conference and Medium's Seance, at which
representative test and inspirational mediums of San Francisco
and Oakland, will appear. The proceeds will be
expended in aiding worthy persons and objects. All are
invited.

FREE PUBLIC MIND-CURE MEETINGS ARE
held every Sunday at 11 o'clock A. M. and 2:30 o'clock P.
M., at Grand Pacific Hall, 1045 1/2 Market street. The
morning meetings are devoted to questions and answers and
healing patients. At 2 o'clock a paper is read, followed by
testimonies and closing with a social. These meetings are
for the purpose of showing people how they have power in
themselves to remove all disease and trouble.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY WED-
nesday evening, at St. Andrew's Hall, No. 111,
Larkin street. First hour—Trance and Inspirational Speak-
ing. Second hour—Tests, by the Mediums. Admission,
free.

Proof Positive.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

It would seem that the evidence of spirit writing, presented in your holiday number, is strong enough to satisfy the most exacting; still, it seems some object and imagine a "cat in the meal bag," a put-up job, and all sorts of improbable ways to account for the writing except the right one. Let me give them a little corroborative evidence of the fact of spirit writing which I have had from both those mediums, Fred Evans and Dr. Stansbury.

Last Summer I went with my wife to San Francisco to take in the city and its wonders, and among them we classed the mediums for slate-writing. We had heard of their powers, but wanted to see for ourselves, and taking our own slates called on Fred Evans. To satisfy doubters I hinged the slates together and on the opposite edges fastened some strong strings so as to tie them securely when ready for the test. My wife took the slates in her hands, cleaned them, put a bit of pencil half as large as a kernel of wheat between them, and tied them with a hard knot, having previously written the names of four persons she wished to hear from, on a bit of paper without the medium seeing her, and folding it into a little pellet held it in her closed hand. With one hand she took hold of one end of the slates while the medium held the other end, the slates resting on her shoulder. Soon she heard writing, and on getting the signal that they were done, brought the slates into an adjoining room to me. With some difficulty I untied them and found four messages all in different writing. I will give particulars of one as it was a good test. My brother, Elliot Bowdoin, died over a year before this, and she had his name on the slip of paper, but nothing to designate whom he was, or what his relations to her were; and the medium never saw either of us before. The message from him read as follows:

MY DEAR SISTER-IN-LAW:—Give my love to my brother, and tell him I will soon write through you at home, then I can prove beyond a doubt the truth of spirit return. Tell him he will soon have a change that will please. Good-bye and God bless you both.

Your brother-in-law, ELLIOT.

Now, conceding that the writing was by some hocus-pocus done by the medium, (which was absolutely impossible, the slates not going out of her hands) and that he could see my brother's name in the little pellet folded a dozen times in my wife's closed hand, how did he know that Elliot was her brother-in-law, or that he had a brother to give his love as he requested.

Now as to the test through Dr. Stansbury: About three months ago I was in the city and called on Mrs. Bennett, a medium at 143 Seventh street. Her time was engaged, and she could not give me a sitting, but while conversing there awhile she gave me some excellent tests and with great difficulty kept from being entranced by Mrs. Heyder, a medium who died at Grass Valley the past year, and was a friend of mine. Among other tests she said, "There is a man here who gives the name Joseph, who wants to be recognized." I didn't remember anyone by that name, and she passed to other things, and among them said there was an old friend of my family who was a doctor, and thought a good deal of me and all my mother's family. I then remembered that Dr. Grant's given name was Joseph. He had recently died, and had been an intimate friend of our family nearly forty years. I asked if he could give his surname. She said he was trying to but couldn't, but if I would speak it he would say honestly if it was the name. I asked if it was Dr. Grant, and was answered it was. He gave me some good advice and gave way to others from whom I also had good tests. My spirit wife said she was there, gave her name, "Lizzie," also said she came to assist my brother, who was with her. I asked his name, and she gave it correctly—Elliot.

From there I started for the Stockton boat, and having an hour to spare, dropped into Dr. Stansbury's office as I passed down Market street, and had my first sitting for slate-writing with him. I had previously tried another slate-writer three times, but failed to get a scratch. I wrote on six slips as many names while the Doctor was out of the room, and when I wanted to get writing put the folded slip between the slates, all the others being in my vest pocket. Among the names I wrote were, first, "To my family friends,—can they write to me?" second, "Fannie" (my first wife); third, "Robert Thompson," and fourth, "Dr. Grant." While holding the slates with the first one inside, the Doctor's hand was controlled to write on paper: "Your family friends can write to you; which one would you like to hear from first? Fannie." I then put her name in and got a message. Then one from Robert Thompson and Dr. Grant, and my brother, Elliot. But it is to the one from Dr. Grant I want to call special attention. The medium knew nothing of my having been to another medium, or about Dr. Grant. The Doctor's message read as follows:

FRIEND BOWDOIN:—I tried very hard at the other place to make you understand that it was I, but the conditions were not the most favorable. But I think you understand; you can depend on what has been told you.

Your friend, DR. GRANT.

What had been told was of private business, and, though a good test, of no interest to the public. While holding the

slates with my mother's name in a pellet inside, and the request that she give me a message for a sister, written as she used to write, (back-handed) the Doctor's hand was used to write as follows:

This is what your mother says: She can not do as you request at this time, but if your sister was here she could satisfy her of the truth of this. DR. GRANT.

I have preserved all this writing, and anyone can see the slates by calling at my residence, Pilgrim street, or at my shop, 362 Main street, Stockton. In both these cases the usual precautions were taken, such as being sure there was no writing on the slates when we began, and not losing our grip or sight of the slates for an instant, so that we could swear in a court of justice that the medium's hand did not do the writing.

Also, Dr. Stansbury could have no possible clue to my having had a message through Mrs. Bennett from Dr. Grant, as I came directly from her room to Dr. Stansbury's, and she knew nothing of my intention to go there, (and will not know of it until she sees this) as I had not decided to when I left her room. The message from Robert Thompson read: "Give my love to my dear wife and family." The medium knew nothing of my having written Robert Thompson's name, or that he had left a wife and family.

Hundreds of just such cases could be cited, and yet people who believe in the account of the hand-writing on the wall at Belshazzar's feast, written many centuries ago, think this must be a delusion.

Yours for truth,

LEON M. BOWDOIN.

STOCKTON, Cal.

"What is Buddhism."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Having read this very able article with much interest, regretting only the contrast drawn between Buddhism and Christianity as derogatory to the ancient faith, may I be allowed say a few words in its defense? I see nothing to prevent fusion, conciliation and unification of the two faiths, if rightly understood. Buddhism, the objector remarks, has "no other religious coronation than that of Nirvana." And further on: "For us the aim of life, of all life, is the enlargement of being, while for Buddhism, on the contrary, the aim of life is the *privation of being*." Is this so? Is Nirvana nothingness—annihilation? I cannot better express my own views than to quote from "The Light of Asia."

"Karma will no more make New houses. Seeking nothing, he gains all; Foregoing self, the universe grows 'I'; If any teach *Nirvana* is to cease, Say unto such they lie. If any teach *Nirvana* is to live, Say unto such they err; not knowing this, Nor what light shines beyond their broken lamp, Nor lifeless, timeless bliss."

"The universe grows 'I.' Is not this 'enlargement of being,' indeed? As I see it, to attain to Nirvana is to overcome all carnal desire and enter on the purely divine,—in fact is one with:

"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit on my throne, even as I also overcome and am set down with my Father on his throne."

Is not then the Nirvana of Buddhism one and the same with the Christian's oneness with the Father, and the "rest that remaineth for the people of God?"

Let us wish Madame Blavatsky and Col. Olcott godspeed in their work of unification, hoping that the religion of the future may be an eclectic gathering of the good, the true and beautiful in every form of faith, which when blended in one harmonious whole will by its grandeur command universal reverence.

MRS. A. COMSTOCK.
SAN BUENAVENTURA, Cal.

TELEPATHIC POSSIBILITIES.—Rev. H. M. Simmons the able and progressive minister of the First Unitarian Church of Minneapolis gave his hearers a discourse lately in which he touched upon telepathy in the following suggestive way: "There may come a time when mind reading may be common enough, and all thought revealed, and the publication of mental secrets may be a help rather than injury to society and the individual. It may be disagreeable, however, for the merchant to have the character of his sugar known; the doctor may be averse to the analysis of his own pills or having his impressions of his own prescriptions known to all, while the preacher may be embarrassed about his real doctrine. There should be no secrets in religion or anywhere else, and Charles Sumner was probably right when he declared that the genius of our institutions requires publicity. It would have a tendency to check the bad and encourage the good; by a harmless revelation of all secrets from matter up to mind, lies may be abolished, wrongs found out and faith increased in all spiritual things."

"YOUNG man," said a revivalist solemnly, "do you feel that you are prepared to answer the summons at any moment? Do you realize that when you go to bed at night you may be called before the morning dawns?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I'm night clerk in a drug store, and all you've got to do is to keep on ringin' the bell until you hear me holler."

THERE is a town in Massachusetts—Elmwood—of 600 inhabitants with only one minister and one church and so it has been for thirty years.

From the Spirit Side of Life.

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

Like the changing forms of the kaleidoscope, is the great key-note and foundation of the spiritual and physical universe. Force, in whatever form you find it, whether in electricity, heat, steam, or the power of mind, comes the same great fact. So it is with the spiritual world. We have the ever-changing forms of force, and in many more forms than you do on the earth plane, for man has not yet that susceptibility to distinguish them. Your sensitives, mediums, have it to a certain extent, and the more sensitive the medium, the better results obtained. Who can limit the infinitude of the great Over-All, this great Power of Powers? Who can tell how many more forms of force will yet be discovered over here, as well as on your planet?

Your Keeley is pondering over a new form, but he yet lacks one essential point to render it operative. So with the spirit world. There are powers working around you that you know not of, because your inner spirit is not sensitive to recognize them. We shall discover new ways and means of communicating with the physical world in time, but the utilization of these forces will be accomplished in a slow and patient manner. I feel that at some future sitting I can demonstrate what I have said. Your spirit friend,

JOHN WHISTING.

THEY are not the best students who are most dependent on books. What can be got out of them is at best only material; a man must build his house for himself.—George McDonald.

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Gen. McClellan's Dream.

The following is from the pen of Wesley Bradshaw, Esq., and makes a fitting companion to "Washington's Vision," which sketch, written by the same author, at the commencement of our national difficulties, was widely copied by the press, and commended by Hon. Edward Everett, as "teaching a highly important lesson to every true lover of his country."—*Exchange*.

Two o'clock of the third night after Gen. McClellan's arrival in Washington to take command of the United States army, found that justly celebrated soldier poring over several maps and reports of scouts. As the hours came tolling through the night, together with the dull rumbling of army wagons and artillery wheels, the wearied hero, pushing from him maps and reports, leaned his forehead on his folded arms upon the table before him, and fell into a sleep so deep that even the occasional booming of the heavy guns, being placed in position on the intrenchments, was insufficient to disturb it.

"I could not have been slumbering more than ten minutes," said the General to an intimate friend, to whom he related the strange narrative, "when I thought the door of my room, which I had carefully locked, was thrown suddenly open, and some one strode up to me, and laying a hand upon my shoulder said, in a slow, solemn voice:—

"Gen. McClellan, do you sleep at your post?—Rouse you, or ere it can be prevented, the foe will be in Washington!"

"Never before in my life have I heard a voice possessing the commanding and even terrible tone of the one that addressed to me these words, and the sensation that passed through me, as it fell upon my ears, and coweringly shrunk into myself at the thought of my own negligence, I can only compare to the whistling, shrieking sweep of a storm of grape shot, discharged directly through my brain. I could not move, however, although I tried hard to raise my head from the table. A sense of my willingness and yet helplessness to make an answer to the unknown intruder oppressed me; I once more heard the same slow, solemn voice repeat—

"Gen. McClellan, do you sleep at your post?"

There was a peculiarity about it this time; it seemed as though I—a mere atom of water—was suspended in the center of an infinite space, and that the voice came from a hollow space all around me. As the last words were uttered, I regained, by some felt and yet unknown power, my volition, and with the change the grape-shot sensation in my brain ceased, and a strange but new one seized my heart, one as if a huge though rough icicle was being sawed back and forth, through and through me.

"I started up, or rather I should say I thought I started up, for, whether I was awake or asleep, I am unable to decide. My first thought was about my maps, and before my eyelids had half opened my hand was grasping them. But this was all. The table was still before me, and the maps all crumpling in my tightening clutch, were still before me, but everything else had disappeared. The furniture was gone, the walls of the apartment were gone, the ceiling was not to be seen. All I saw was the tableau I am about to describe to you.

"My gaze was turned southward, and there, spread out before, was a living map that is the only expression I can think of as befitting the scene. In one grand coup d'oeil my eye took in the whole expanse of country, as far south as the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic on the east to the Mississippi River westwardly.

"Before fully fixing my attention upon the immense scene, however, I thought of the mysterious visitant whose voice I had heard but a moment before, and I looked toward him. An apparition stood on my left, somewhat in front, at a distance of about six feet from me. I sought for his features, hoping to recognize him, but I was disappointed, for the statue-like figure was naught but a vapor, a cloud, having only the general outlines of a man. This troubled me, and I was turning the matter over in my mind, when the shadowy visitor, in the same slow, solemn tone as before, said—

"Gen. McClellan, your time is short! Look to the southward!"

"I felt unable to resist the command, even had I wished to do so, and again, therefore, my eyes were cast on the living map.

"Out on the Atlantic I saw the various vessels of the blockading squadron loom up with the most perfect distinctness in bright moonshine that illumined everything with a bright, mellow light. I saw Charleston harbor and its forts, with their pacing sentinels and their sullen looking barbettes guns. My eyes followed the ocean line all the way round into the Gulf, to New Orleans, and thence up the Mississippi, Fort Pickens, and in fact, every fortification along the water boundary, I beheld with as much distinctness as you, sir, see that corporal's guard passing there.

"This sight filled me with delightful surprise; but it would be utterly impossible for me to describe the ecstatic amazement that followed, as within the limits I mention, my eyes took in, in minute but lightning-like detail, every mountain range, every hill, every valley, every river, every forest, every city, every body of men, every sentinel, every earthwork, every cannon; and I may say, dispensing with detail, every living and every dead thing, no matter what its bulk or height.

"My blood seemed to stop in its channels with joy, as I thought that the knowledge, and thereby the advantage, thus given to me, would ensure a speedy and happy termination of the war. And this idea was engrossing my mind, when once more that low, solemn voice, said:—

"General McClellan, take your map and note what you behold. Tarry not, your time is short."

"I started, and glancing at the unearthly speaker, saw him extend his arm and point southwardly.

"Still I saw no features. Smoothing out the largest and most accurate one of my maps, I seized a pencil and once more bent my gaze out over the living map. As I looked this time, a cold, thrilling chill ran over me, and the huge icicle again began its sawing motion through my heart. For as, pencil in hand, I compared the map before me with the living map, saw masses of the enemy's forces being hurried to certain points so as to thwart movements that within a day or two I intended to make at the identical points; while on two particular approaches to Washington I beheld heavy columns of the foe posted for a concentrated attack, that I instantly saw must succeed in its object unless speedily prevented.

"Treachery! treachery!" cried I in despair. And as before my blood seemed to stop in its channels for joy, it now did so for fear. Ruin and defeat seemed to stare me in the face. At this dreadful moment, the same slow, solemn voice struck once more upon my ears, saying:—

"General McClellan, you have been betrayed, and had not God willed otherwise, ere the sun of to-morrow had set, the Confederate flag would have floated above the Capitol and your own grave. But note what you see. Your time is short. Tarry not!"

"Ere the words had left the lips of my vapory mentor, my pencil was flying with the speed of thought, transferring to the map before me all that I saw upon the living map. Some mysterious and unearthly influence was upon me, and I noted and recorded the minutest point I beheld without the slightest effort, delay or mistake. At last the task was done, and my pencil dropped from my fingers.

"For awhile previous to this, however, I had become conscious that there was a shining light on my left that steadily increased until the moment I ceased my task, when it became in an instant more intense than the noonday sun. Quickly I raised my eyes, and never, were I to live forever, will I forget what I saw.

"The dim, shadowy figure was no longer a dim, shadowy figure, but the glorified and refulgent spirit of WASHINGTON, the Father of his Country, and now a second time its savior. My friend, it would be utterly useless for me to attempt to describe the mighty returned spirit. I can only say that Washington, as I beheld him in my dream, or trance, whichever you choose to term it, was the most God-like being I could have conceived of. Like a weak, dazzled bird, I sat gazing at the heavenly vision. From the sweet and silent repose of Mount Vernon, our Washington had risen to once more encircle and raise up, with his saving arm, our fallen, bleeding country. As I continued looking, an expression of sublime benignity came gently upon his visage, and for the last time I heard that slow and solemn voice, saying to me something like this:—

"General McClellan, while yet in the flesh, I beheld the birth of the American Republic. It was, indeed, a hard and bloody one; but God's blessing was upon the nation, and, therefore, through this, her great struggle for existence, He sustained her, and with His mighty arm brought her out triumphantly. A century has not passed since then, and yet the child Republic has taken her position a peer with nations whose page of history extends for ages into the past. She has, since those dark days, by the favor of God, greatly prospered. And now, by very reason of this prosperity, has she been brought to her second great struggle. This is by far the most perilous ordeal she has to endure. Passing as she is from childhood to open maturity, she is called on to accomplish that vast result, self-conquest—to learn that important lesson, self-control, self-rule, that in the future will place her in the van of power and civilization. It is here that all nations have hitherto failed—and she, too, the Republic of the earth, had not God willed otherwise, by to-morrow's sunset would have been a broken heap of stones cast over the final grave of human liberty.

"But her cries have come up out of her borders like sweet incense unto heaven, and she will be saved. Thus shall peace once more come upon her, and prosperity fill her with joy. But her mission will not then be yet finished, for ere another century shall have gone by the oppressors of the whole earth, hating and envying her exaltation, shall join themselves together, and raise up their hands against her. But if she still be found worthy of her high calling, they shall surely be discomfited—and then will be ended her third and last great struggle for existence!"

"Thenceforth shall the Republic go on, increasing in goodness and power, until her borders shall end only in the remotest corner of the earth, and the whole earth shall, beneath her shadowy wings, become a universal Republic. Let her in her prosperity, however, remember the Lord her God—her trust be always in Him, and she shall never be confounded."

"The heavenly visitant ceased speaking, and, as I still continued gazing upon him, drew near to me, and raised and spread out his hands above. No sound now passed his lips, but I felt a strange influence coming over me. I inclined my head forward to receive the blessing, the baptism of Washington. The following instant a peal of thunder rolled in upon my ears and I awoke. The vision had departed and I was again sitting in my apartments, with everything exactly as it was before I fell asleep, with one exception.

"The map on which I had dreamed I had been marking was literally covered with a net work of pencil marks, signs and figures. I rose to my feet and rubbed my eyes, and took a turn or two about the room to convince myself that I was really awake; I again seated myself and the pencil marks were as plain as ever, and I had before me as complete a map and repository of information as though I had spent years in gathering and recording its details. My mind now became confused with the strange and numberless ideas and thoughts that crowded themselves into it, and I involuntarily sank down upon my knees to seek wisdom and guidance from on high. As I arose refreshed in spirit that same solemn voice seemed to say to me from an infinite distance:—

"Your time is short! Tarry not!"

"In an instant thought became clear active. Hastening out couriers, with orders to have executed certain maneuvers at certain points—guided myself by that now, in my eyes, unearthly map—I threw myself into the saddle, and long ere daylight, galloping like the tempest from post to post and camp to camp, had the happiness to divert the enemy from his object, which, my friend, I assure you, would have proved entirely successful, by reason of the last piece of treachery, had not heaven interposed.

"The map is looked upon by no human eye save my own, and, therefore, can do us no harm. I have on it every bit of information that I need—information that the enemy would give millions to keep from us. The fate of the war is settled.

"The rebellion truly seems very formidable, but it is only struggling in the path of an avalanche. The mighty, toppling mass of national power and retribution will, until the proper moment comes, now and then slip down upon its victim, fore-runners of its approach. And when the proper moment does come it will sweep down upon and forever annihilate disunion with a thunder that shall reverberate throughout the world for ages upon ages to come.

"Sir, there will be no more Bull Run affairs. "God has stretched forth his arms, and the American Union is saved! Our beloved, glorious Washington shall again rest quietly, sweetly in his tomb, until, perhaps, the end of the prophetic century approaches that which is to bring the Republic to her third and final struggle, when he may once more, laying aside the ceremonies of Mount Vernon, come a messenger of succor and peace from the Great Ruler, who has all the nations of the earth in His keeping."

"But the future is too vast for our comprehension—we are the children of the present. "When peace shall again have folded her bright wings and settled upon our land that strange, unearthly, wonderful map, marked while the spirit eyes of Washington looked on, shall be preserved among American archives, as a precious reminder to the American Nation, of what, in their second great struggle for existence, they owed to God and the glorified spirit of Washington."

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PUBLICATIONS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS;

—OR—

Gleanings In Various Fields of Thought,

By J. J. OWEN.

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

SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

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

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

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

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Enchanted web! A picture in the air,
Drifted to us from the distance blue
From shadowy ancestors, through whose brave care
We live in magic of a dream come true—
With Covenants' blue, as if were glassed
In dewy flower-heart the stars that passed.
O blood-veined blossom that can never blight!
The Declaration, like a sacred rite,
Is in each star and stripe declaratory,
The Constitution thou shalt long recite.
Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory!"

O symphony in red, white, blue—fanfare
Of trumpet, roll of drum, forever new
Reverberations of the Bell, that bear
Its tones of LIBERTY the wide world through!
In battle dreaded like a cyclone blast!
Symbol of land and people unsurpassed.
Thy brilliant day shall never have a night,
On foreign shore no pomp so grand a sight,
No face so friendly, naught consoling
Like glimpse of lofty spar with thee bedight.
Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory!"

Thou art the one flag an embodied prayer,
One, highest and most perfect to review;
Without one, nothing; it is life, square,
Has properties of all the numbers, too,
Cube, solid, square root, root of root; best-classed
It for His Essence the Creator cast.
For purity are thy six stripes of white,
This number circular and endless quite—
Six times, well known the scholar van and hoary,
His compass spanning circle can alight—
Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory!"

Boldly thy seven lines of scarlet flare;
As when o'er old centurion it blew
(Red is the trumpet's tone) it means to dare!
God favored seven when creation grew;
The seven planets; seven hues contrast;
The seven metals; seven days, not last
The seven tones of marvelous delight
That lend the listening soul their wings for flight;
But why complete the happy category
That gives thy thirteen stripes their charm and might,
Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory!"

In thy dear colors, honored everywhere,
The great and mystic tenor we view:
Faith, Hope, and Charity are numbered there,
And the three nails the Crucifixion knew.
Three are offended when one has trespassed,
God, and one's neighbor, and one's self aghast;
Christ's deity, and soul, and manhood's height;
The Father, Son, and Ghost may here unite.
With texts like these, divinely monitory,
What wonder that thou conquerest in fight,
Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory!"

EMMA FRANCES DAWSON.

To My Wife.

Lucy, don't you hear the voices, gentle voices in the air:
Like the waving of a pinion, like the panting of a prayer,
Like a song of singers dead,
Like a dream of beauty fled,
When we cannot quite remember what the angel vision said?

Oh, the voices of the Yesterdays! Time's melancholy choir,
With the twilight singing minor and the dawn singing air.
With the clouds of glory round
And their brows with garlands bound,
Are a million golden minutes strown like grain upon the ground.

Ah, they must be up the river, and it cannot be a dream,
For the wind is blowing soft, my love, is blowing down the stream,
And is wafting to your ears
What your listening spirit hears,
Till the past grows dim and dimmer through the mist of many years.

And a little form in white seems to rise beyond the rain,
And a little hand to beckon and a little voice to complain,
To your heart a moment pressed,
Then away to be a guest,
And to sing among the Angels in the Gardens of the Blest.

For the little infant spirit that a brighter angel bore,
A darker angel challenged at the threshold of the door,
And he bade it back again,
As returns the morning rain:
To the heaven o'er the mountain and the glory o'er the main.

In his arms the angel clasped her, and as he turned and smiled
He crowned you there, the mother of a sinless angel child.
Ah, the beauty that she wore,
Borne so swiftly on before,
Just to learn the Heaven for "welcome" to that bright and blessed shore!

But Lucy, 'twill be by and by, when June has followed June,
And many a sad December night has played a solemn tune;
When the snow upon your hair
Forgets to melt and lingers there,
And form so frail and faded trembles in the old arm-chair.

Then here's my hand, my dearest, we'll travel on together,
In days both clear and cloudy, in rude and rainy weather,
Till the Winter at the last
Shall the shadows eastward cast,
And our lives and loves forever shall be blended with the Past.

BENJ. F. TAYLOR.

Be Good.

Little children, you must seek
Rather to be good than wise;
For the thoughts you do not speak
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

Cherish what is good and drive
Evil thoughts and feelings far;
For, as sure as you're alive,
You will show for what you are.

Speak gently! It is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently! Let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently! 'Tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well:
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

Stand Firm.

"Stand like an anvil," when the strokes
Of stalwart strength fall thick and fast;
Storms but more deeply root the oaks,
Whose brawny arms embrace the blast.

"Stand like an anvil," when the bar
Lies red and glowing on its breast;
Duty shall be life's guiding star,
And conscious innocence its rest.

Henry Sidney to His Son.

The following letter was written by Sir Henry Sidney to his son, Sir Philip Sidney, when the latter was at school at Shrewsbury about 1564, the year that Shakespeare was born. It sets before us the ideal of youthful deportment and character which Sir Henry Sidney set before his ten-year-old son. Though three hundred years have elapsed, in its most essential features the ideal is well worthy of realization. Even his advice to take wine sometimes (which we caution our young readers against accepting) was given simply as a safeguard against excess:

"I have received two letters from you, one written in Latin, the other in French, which I take in good part, and wish you to exercise that practice of learning often; for that will stand you in most stead in that profession of life that you are born to live in. And, since this is my first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not that it be all empty of some advice, which my natural care for you provoketh me to wish you to follow, as documents to you in this your tender age.

"Let your first action be the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God by hearty prayer; and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer, with continual meditation and thinking of Him to whom you pray and of the matter for which you pray. And use this as an ordinary act, and at an ordinary hour, whereby the time itself shall put you in remembrance to do that which you are accustomed to do in that time. Apply your study to such hours as your discreet master doth assign you, earnestly; and the time I know he will so limit as shall be both sufficient for your learning and safe for your health. And mark the sense and the matter of that you read, as well as the words. So shall you both enrich your tongue with words and your wit with matter, and judgment will grow as years groweth in you. Be humble and obedient to your master, for, unless you frame yourself to obey others, you shall never be able to teach others how to obey you. Be courteous of gesture and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence according to the dignity of the person; there is nothing that winneth so much with so little cost. Use moderate diet, so as, after your meal, you may find your wit fresher and not duller, and your body more lively, and not more heavy. Seldom drink wine; and yet sometimes do, lest being enforced to drink upon the sudden, you should find yourself inflamed. Use exercise of body, yet such as is without peril of your joints or bones; it will increase your force and enlarge your breath. Delight to be cleanly, as well in all parts of your body as in your garments; it shall make you grateful in each company, and otherwise loathsome.

"Give yourself to be merry, for you degenerate from your father if you find not yourself most able in wit and body and to do anything when you be most merry; but let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility and biting words to any man, for a wound given by a word is oftentimes harder to be cured than that which is given with the sword. Be you rather a hearer and bearer away of other men's talk than a beginner and procurer of speech; otherwise, you shall be counted to delight to hear yourself speak. If you hear a wise sentence or an apt phrase, commit it to your memory, with respect of the circumstance when you shall speak it. Let never oath be heard to come out of your mouth nor word of ribaldry; detest it in others. So shall custom make to yourself a law against it in yourself. Be modest in each assembly, and rather be rebuked of light fellows for maiden-like shamefastness than of your sad friends for pert boldness. Think upon every word that you will speak before you utter it, and remember how nature hath ramparted up, as it were, the tongue with teeth, lips, yea, and hair without lips, and all betokening reins or bridges for the loose use of that member. Above all things, tell no untruth,—no, not in trifles; the custom of it is naughty. And let it not satisfy you that, for a time, the hearers take it for truth; for, after, it will be known as it is, to your shame; for there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman than to be accounted a liar. Study and endeavor yourself to be virtuously occupied; so shall you make such a habit of well-doing in you that you shall not know how to do evil, though you would. Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended of by your mother's side, and think that only by virtuous life and good action you may be an ornament to that illustrious family; and, otherwise, through vice and sloth, you shall be counted *labes generis*, one of the greatest curses that can happen to man. Well, my little Philip, this is enough for me, and too much, I fear, for you. But, if I shall find that this light meal of digestion nourisheth anything in the weak stomach of your capacity, I will, as I find the same grow stronger, feed it with tougher food. Your loving father, so long as you live in the fear of God,

H. SIDNEY."

ALTHOUGH Mr. W. Irving Bishop avows that his mind-reading feats are in no way connected with so-called spiritualistic phenomena, Prof. Joseph R. Buchanan, M. D., in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of Chicago, insists that Mr. Bishop is "no philosopher," doesn't comprehend himself, and "his assertion is of no importance when we know that he has done

things heretofore which cannot be done without spiritual co-operation." The observer is not at all dogmatic, but this argument strikes him as a marvelously bold attempt to cultivate violets on a thistle.—*New York Graphic*.

Boston Spiritualism—The Unitarians.

(Herman Snow in the Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

It is nearly three years since I left my work upon the Pacific Coast, the main particulars of which you can hardly have forgotten. I was there nearly seventeen years, and I cannot but think that a reasonable share of the present activity in our cause there has sprung from seed sown from the granary of my Liberal and Reform Book Store, on Kearny street, San Francisco. It is quite possible, however, that some tares may also have sprung up; but as I have a firm faith that the life of tares is but brief, whilst the pure wheat of the truth can never die, I can still reflect with joy upon the work done through my instrumentality there.

Since my return to this eastern land I have not been wholly inactive, though from the necessity of my condition I have been comparatively quiet. My first work was one of observation, first among the Spiritualists of Boston, then among my old friends, the Unitarians, especially the ministers with whom I am still in regular standing, and among whom I have many whose hearty sympathies I seem to retain; many who do not think the less of me on account of my more than thirty years of outspoken Spiritualism.

As a result of my observation of the state of Boston Spiritualism, I must confess that I was somewhat disappointed in this one respect at least; there was not so great an advance toward the higher religious phases of our faith as I had anticipated. In other words, the proportion of mere phenomenalists, of wonder-seekers almost exclusively, was greater than I had expected to find in a city of such general advancement. I had supposed that here at least the tendency to mistake the scaffolding for the sacred inmost of the temple itself would, by this time, be fast disappearing. But in this respect there was hardly any improvement above the San Francisco I had so recently left.

With my Unitarian brethren I found an encouraging advancement from the position occupied at the time of my leaving, nearly seventeen years ago. Their theology had become more radical and progressive, whilst their attitude toward Spiritualism had greatly improved. Here I felt that I had a special work to do, and in which I succeeded considerably beyond my expectations. I was allowed to introduce and defend our faith in the minister's Monday Club, where I found quite a number of partial and of full supporters; and even what was once the conservative denominational organ, the *Christian Register*, opened its columns to me for a candid but decided defense of the faith, and the result of what I thus published was of a highly satisfactory character as appeared in the responses received personally, and also through the *Register* columns. Indeed, the general tone of that paper in one direction seems now to be quite reasonably fair and satisfactory, the editor being a decidedly able exponent of a growing liberalism. He seems to be a highly intuitive and inspirational man, who, having years ago outgrown his Baptist creed, is still being strongly impelled in the direction of a faith more satisfactory than the accepted Unitarians of the day; and well this may be the case, for although surely there is some movement here, yet is it wavering slow toward the more cheering and perfect mount of vision presented by the unfoldment of our Modern Spiritualism.

I did think at first that the aims of a liberal Unitarianism might be so far expanded as to give a warm and general welcome to our new proofs of the nearness and activity of the angelic world, and thus a much needed help be imparted to the somewhat dull, unmoving power of the Unitarian pulpit. But probably Unitarians as a denomination are destined to go on much in the old routine of comparatively small progress and work, whereas if they would but expand their sympathies and borders, so as practically to receive the new proofs of a near and conscious intercommunication between the seen and unseen worlds, the power of their pulpit ministrations and of their humanitarian efforts generally would be almost infinitely extended.

With hearty sympathies in the good work you are doing in your excellent paper, I am as ever, cordially yours in the faith.

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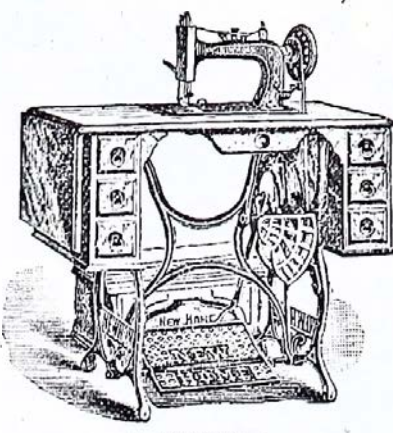
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8:00 a.m., 8:30 a.m., 9:00 a.m., 9:30 a.m., 10:00 a.m., 10:30 a.m., 11:00 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 12:00 p.m., 12:30 p.m., 1:00 p.m., 1:30 p.m., 2:00 p.m., 2:30 p.m., 3:00 p.m., 3:30 p.m., 4:00 p.m., 4:30 p.m., 5:00 p.m., 5:30 p.m., 6:00 p.m., 6:30 p.m.,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