

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.

Mirth, at the expense of right, is far too dearly bought.

The great duty of life is not to give pain.
—Frederika Bremer.

A fool may meet with good fortune, but the wise only profit by it.

Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence or learning.
—F. W. Faber.

Good sense and good nature are never separated, though the ignorant world has thought otherwise.
—Dryden.

Our happiness, as thinking beings, must depend on our being content to accept only partial knowledge.
—Ruskin.

Let the motive be in the deed and not in the event. But not one whose motive for action is the hope of reward.

Hard words are like hailstones in summer—beating down and destroying what they would nourish were they melted into drops.

Fortune attendeth that lion among men who exerteth himself; they are weak men who declare fate the sole cause.
—From the Sanscrit.

Do not live a single hour in your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end.

The golden beams of truth and the silken cords of love, twisted together, will draw men on with a sweet violence, whether they will or not.

Does any man wound thee? Not only forgive, but work into thy thought intelligence of the kind of pain, that thou mayst never inflict it on another spirit.

The cheerful are the busy. When trouble knocks at your door, or rings your bell, he or she will generally retire if you send word you are engaged.

The egoism which enters into our theories does not affect their sincerity; rather, the more our egoism is satisfied, the more robust is our belief.
—George Eliot.

Live in peace with yourself, with your relatives, with your neighbors. Do all the good you can and expect no thanks, for this will save you from disappointment.

All beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of a face; and true proportions the beauty of architecture; as true measures that of harmony and music.
—Shaffesbury.

We must wait patiently and study to do what we can, not despising the day of small things, but meekly trusting that hereafter it may be the day of greater.
—Carlyle.

Prejudices are like the knots in the glass of our windows. They alter the shape of everything that we choose to look at through them. They make straight things crooked and everything blurred.

The test of a man is not whether he can govern a kingdom single-handed, but whether his private life is tender and beneficent, and his wife and children happy. If I could write my name in stars across the heavens, I should be put to shame by the man whose home brightens whenever he enters it, and whose true name is known only to his wife, since she invented it when they were young lovers.
—Julian Hawthorne.

SPIRITUALISM—A CHALLENGE OR A COMPROMISE.

A Discourse by the Controls of J. J. Morse, Delivered at the State Camp-Meeting, Sunday, July 3, 1887.

[Reported for the GOLDEN GATE by G. H. Hawes.]

An instructive alliteration expresses the prevailing form of thought growing in the minds of advanced thinkers of the present day. That is expressed in the terms, Rome or Reason. There can be no half way house between them. In the one case it means that you must cut yourself adrift from the superstitions, traditions, creeds and dogmas, alike of philosophy and religion, and of conventional thinking, and trust your future altogether upon the broad deep seas of universal reason, and be guided by such inspirations as you may obtain therefrom; or else, foregoing all effort to reason upon life and its expressions, you must admit that the unaided human intellect is incapable of dealing with the practical questions that beset the progress of humanity, and you must lay them all upon the altar of divine infallibility, as expressed in this church, and submit to its authority, allowing them to think for you and reason for you and direct you in all the minute affairs of your spiritual and personal life.

Rome, on the one hand, with authority and infallibility; reason, upon the other hand, broad, free and flowing with independence. Intellectual and spiritual independence upon the one side; intellectual and spiritual subservency upon the other side. Rome or Reason is the alliteration of the nineteenth century. But whoso shall step between and bridge the chasm and bring out the real truths, the real vital principles of general use to mankind?

Friends, we might be permitted to say to you at this juncture that there can be no half-way house, really, between these two extremes. It is a question of Rome or Reason to-day, and the intellect of progressive and enlightened mankind will have to deal with the problems of life upon the platform of such consideration. If you are not prepared to step forward from the past to that which is to be the future, if you are not prepared to stand alone upon the planes of life and think out your own salvation and lift your own soul upwards, then you are not strong enough to stand alone.

"But," you will say, "supposing we feel our dependence upon a superior power, that we recognize our great inferiority, and that there is a religious demand in our nature that must be satisfied, does that imply that we must go to Rome to obtain such satisfaction?"

We might answer yes, and no. If you take religion as an interpretation of the will of God in regard to his dealings with humanity, an exposition of his especial revelation to the human race, then it follows as a natural consequence, logically and legitimately, that those whom God may have called to the honorable position of interpreting his revelation and explaining his will to mankind must not have the will of their pupils set in opposition to them. They are chosen, they are called, they are servants of God, and you are the people who are being taught; the independent right of judgment you can not exercise yourself. Rome very wisely says that an ecclesiastical system can not be permanent where the worshiper has a right to criticize its ordinances and institutions. The center of cohesion in the Catholic faith is found right in the very proposition we have just advanced—absolute and unqualified submission to the central head. Then the permanence of that institution is assured in all lands and all times, at least so long as that unquestioning submission can be maintained.

Protestantism admits of the right of independent judgment, and the result is a very considerable number of sectarian interpretations, and a great deal of squabbling among themselves over a variety of points and issues that have very little value to the real religious life.

On the other hand, supposing you assume to follow Reason, become independent thinkers, and make your own soul's needs, and not the ideas of other people, the test of what your soul requires; then you stand aloof from all questions of authority, whether mundane or supermundane, and walk your own way up the high-

way to eternal life—to that divine source of truth that lies so far beyond us all, working by your own hands, retaining all you may obtain, and keeping it as your right, claim it as your treasure, and none can rob you thereof.

But you will ask us now, "Are we prepared to deny the verity of religious teachings and throw ourselves altogether into the arms of reason?" You will see, as we proceed, what the answer to that question will be. So far as we have gone, the issue lies between Rome, on the one side, and reason upon the other. Strong minds, growing weary with the persistent struggle and striving, and finding no satisfaction, are halting between the two opinions, whether they shall repudiate all that pertains to man's spiritual nature, or cease attempting to argue and reason upon it, and blindly throw themselves into the arms of an authority who professes to have exclusive information upon such questions and power to decide upon them. But weakness of mind will at last go one way, and strength of mind will go the other way. While ecclesiasticism may provide for you a downy bed, you will grow weaker and weaker the longer you lie in it; but if you go out into the world, tired and footsore, you may be, at last, like the hardy pioneer who, innured to his new life, becomes strong in muscle and vigorous in constitution, and helps build a grand and powerful civilization. Will you be pioneers scaling the heights of being, increasing in grandeur and beauty as you ascend the ranges of thought, or will you leisurely recline on the rose-leaf beds in the valleys, and, losing the strength you have, fall into a life of uselessness and nothingness?

Spiritualism says that all the questions pertaining to man's spiritual nature are legitimately contained within its philosophy. Spiritualism must come before you as a compromise or a challenge—a compromise with religion, science and philosophy, or a challenge in each of these departments.

"Well, you surely would not challenge science, would you?"

Why not?

"But you would not challenge philosophy, would you?"

Why not?

"Well, but you really would not challenge religion, would you?"

Why not? we ask.

"Well, you know science is made up of knowledge?"

Yes.

"And philosophy represents the correct reasoning of man upon that knowledge?"

Perhaps.

"And religion, you know, represents the revelations of God?"

May be.

"But, do you not think it does?"

Well, we are not quite sure about it.

"But, if you are going to reason in that way we shall lose the favor of every body in the community; the religious people will cast us right out, bag and baggage, and we shall offend every respectable member of the community."

Indeed! Go back, my good friend, eighteen hundred years ago; the "respectable" members of the community were found among aristocrats, bankers, etc., and Jesus of Nazareth never stopped to ask himself whether he was going to offend "the respectable members of the community," when he found the brokers and money changers pursuing their vocations in the temple of the Lord, and with his whip of small cords indignantly drove the rascals out. Are you prepared to be as good as your master? If you find any one using, in this nineteenth century, the pure temple of truth for their own nefarious purposes, are you willing to thrash and drive the thieves from its doors?

"Oh, but we have improved!"

But you can not improve upon your Master; the moment you improve upon your Master he ceases to be your teacher.

And if, when you are going to root up the evils of society, the character of the nineteenth century says, "Gloves on, if you please—soft hands and kind words," then go back to this man of Nazareth, who rooted out the evil-doers of society, wielded the lash, used hard words and strong deeds, and labored like a man to elevate the world by cleansing it of the wickedness he found in the people that were in it.

"Oh, that is altogether too combative."

Oh yes; there are a great many people who do not like combativeness; they are afraid they might come within range of it.

They would spike every cannon, and throw aside every deadly weapon. Load up the guns, put a good charge in, and then fire; and if the old errors and wrongs are shattered and fall helpless to the ground by the discharge, those who dwell in the heights above the error will not complain or fear that the ruin and debris will fall upon their heads.

We are not disposed to quarrel very seriously with either science, philosophy, or religion; but we are seriously indisposed to compromise with them on any point. In regard to the question of science our friend will say, "You know science has done a great deal of good for the world; you know that the investigation of scientific men into the phenomena of being have tremendously increased our knowledge, and that the cause of science is the cause of progress?"

Oh, yes, but we can not forget that the generality of scientific investigation is absolutely materialistic in its inception, operation and conclusion. Now when we are asked to say that the scientists of the world are the world's best friends, we are bound to qualify that statement even so far as it relates to the physical side of life; and when the man of science says there is nothing beyond the realms of practical mechanical scientific investigation worthy of consideration; when he says he will not believe in a spiritual universe; that he will not accept the spirituality of human nature; that he will not believe in these spiritualistic phenomena as being presented by spiritual intelligence; that there is no room in a material universe for a spiritual realm—then we can not compromise with the man of science; we have to stand up and challenge his position, and ask him how he knows there are not the things that he chooses to deny.

We must remember that in the modern history Spiritualism, nearly forty years of psychological phenomena are before the world; that nearly forty years of individual demonstration of personal existence after death have been recorded upon the pages of history. We can not fail to remember that all this work has been produced by the inhabitants of the realm beyond, which the materialistic man of science repudiates or denies the existence of. When we bear this in mind we have to challenge the scientific position, and say, "You may be well enough in your materialistic investigation and conquests, but when you attempt to work out the problems of life beyond the realms of outward material expression by the same processes you apply to external life, then we have something more to learn, another class of facts to consider, and until you have passed through them you will be incompetent to judge upon a subject practically outside of the experiments you have made."

The philosopher has presented you with a great many acute theories in regard to the universe and the character of man. It would be a thankless task to enumerate them all; but wherever and whenever you find a philosopher who is rooted in the externals of life, without any relevancy to subjective causation, you may be perfectly satisfied that his philosophy is directly in opposition to the spiritual philosophy that you are willing to accept. You must remember that a comprehensive philosophy must interpret the universe; must explain it in all its co-relationships and interdependencies; must consider the subjective as well as the objective; must deal with the spiritual side as well as the material side; must deal with phenomena and the cause of phenomena; must interpret the whole of human experience harmoniously related to all the facts that belongs to man's nature.

"A very large system of philosophy," you will say.

But that philosophy which only interprets one section of the universe is only a section of philosophy, and must not be accepted as a universal interpretation of the whole. We challenge the philosophies of the world on these grounds; that they are fragments of the great whole, and not in any case representative of the entirety of that whole.

In some of the schools of philosophy of the nineteenth century, the philosopher has argued and reasoned wiser than he knew, and in other schools the philosopher has bordered upon the spiritual realm in man and nature. The transcendentalism of to-day is the telescope of the mind whereby the philosopher traverses the past, but still denies the

realm that lies beyond the material vision. Ask him about this realm and he is silent; ask him if he believes that such a realm exists, and he says it may, but he has no evidence of it. Shall we challenge here, or compromise? Shall we say, "Let us be lifted by this philosopher's thoughts to a higher plane; as for the Spiritual World, there may be such, and inhabited by our departed, but we will not bother about it; we will let all these things go, 'Shake hands, go upon our spiritual rostrum and lecture for us, and tell us all about your speculative philosophies.'"

Would you not rather say, "These people are up in the clouds, drifting about here and there and everywhere, with a great many good ideas, but if they only had practical knowledge of Spiritualism, what sublime philosophies they would be!" You would make these remarks, and be perfectly justified in doing so.

We come now to dangerous ground, and more difficult perhaps: Shall we compromise with conventional religion, or shall we challenge it?

"Oh, compromise with it by all means."

Why?

"Well, you know there are a great many bright and intelligent minds within the pale of the church?"

Undoubtedly there are a great many pure-minded and earnest souls within the church, and we are quite prepared to believe that in the higher walks of Christian intelligence and religious unfoldment you can find some of the sweetest and purest men and women you could wish to clasp hands with while walking through this world; but remember that in every case when you meet such a one they are a great deal better than the creed they belong to. When you closely question them as to whether they believe this part of their profession, or that dogma, or this portion of their belief, they will say, "Oh, well, you know, the mercy of the Lord covereth everything; the wisdom of God overshadows us all, and our human reason can not grasp all these things; I have no doubt there is a deep spiritual meaning belonging to all of them, and we shall see things in the other life quite different from what we conceive of them here."

These broad hearts, pure lives, noble living men and women, who do their duty according to the light that has been given them, no more think of believing literally and absolutely in the narrow limitations and dogmatic environments in which their lives have been encased than you who have outgrown and no longer adhere to them. Has it not often been said, "Men are better than their creeds." How many men you can point out who are better than their creeds; who are broad enough in mind, catholic enough in spirit, earnest enough in soul to take the truth, feeling that when it is the truth it is the voice of God speaking in the soul; and they have reason enough to know that the voice of God is sometimes heard outside of the edifices that are erected and consecrated to His service.

There are other classes of people who are religious, but are not broad and catholic in spirit, but are dogmatic, ignorant and fanatical. Shall we compromise with these? Let us go back a moment. In the first case, we agree with those broad, sympathetic souls who believe in love, justice and charity, who are instant in season and out of season, always doing good, who visit the sick, the widow, the orphan and the fatherless, who are doing their Master's will by doing good even in their Master's name; we say to them, wherever your heart inclines you to work, there work with all your mind and soul, and you will receive in return a hundred-fold for your labor, whether you are Protestant or Catholic, or outside of the Christian faith altogether. Wherever you may be we are one with you in spirit and in truth; you stand side by side with us, for you have that justice and love that the philosophy of Spiritualism preaches, and so far you are a Spiritualist with every earnest, upright, noble soul within its ranks.

We go beneath the surface with these dogmatic people; shall we compromise with them? Do you think it would be worth while? What do they believe? "Well, we had better lay it one side for a little while; just consider it laid on the shelf, or that the motion is tabled, and another question is brought before the house."

(Continued on Third Page.)

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Duality of Jesus.

BY S. K. Saxe.

Considering the great difficulty through which the life and teachings of Jesus have been transmitted to us,—written from oral statements made half a century after they had transpired, and how much that was relevant and essential to a perfect understanding of those teachings may have been forgotten by the witnesses, are lost to the world through their death, and consequently the equivocal character of our religious education,—it may not be strange that so many who speak or write upon those subjects fall into the error of confounding the medium, Jesus, with the controlling spirit, Christ.

If the fact could be fully comprehended and accepted that Jesus and Christ are two distinct personages speaking and acting at different times through the same organism, what an amount of brain labor would be saved in the vain endeavor to reconcile apparent contradiction and obvious paradoxes.

To my understanding of the Scriptures, Jesus *per se* never claimed to be more than the son of man and of the seed of David. That he was susceptible to spirit impressions from his childhood, as all great mediums have been, there is little doubt, but he was never Christ until after his baptism by John, at which time he became clairvoyant and clairaudient, both seeing and hearing the divine spirit that was to possess and control him. During the subsequent forty days, by fasting and prayer, he overcame the evil spirit which it seems entered him by the same law with the good,—was fully developed as a grand healer, with the power to cast out devils or evil spirits, and also became an impressional or trance speaker, for when he appeared among them as a teacher, "They were astonished at his doctrine, for he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes."

They evidently understood his mediumship, but had no conception of the magnitude of the controlling spirit. They were looking for a fulfillment of the promised Messiah, but did not expect him through so humble a channel as a poor mechanic who had been reared in their own country.

Peter was the first to whom the divine truth was revealed. "When Jesus came into the coast of Caesarea and Philippi he asked his disciples, whom do men say that I, the son of man, am?" Please note the significance of the reply:

"Some say that thou art John the Baptist, some, Elias, and others that thou art one of the prophets." [They were willing to concede him one of these spirits.] "But whom think ye that I am? And Simon Peter answered and said unto him, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

Then Jesus perceived that Peter was clairvoyant, and enthusiastically exclaimed: "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjonas, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my father, which is in heaven, and I say unto thee that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." He spoke confidentially, because he saw that his disciples possessed the elements of mediumship, of which Peter was the first fruits, and he felt that through them he should be able to build a spiritual church that no evil influence could subvert, "and he charged them that they should tell no man that he was the Christ."

Luke says at the time of his baptism: "Jesus began to be about thirty years of age, being as was supposed the son of Joseph."

It is wonderful upon how slight a tenure orthodoxy maintains its faith in the "miraculous conception;" Matthew's dream, and Luke's hearsay from "eye witnesses!" Mark and John quite ignore the subject, and Luke confesses that up to thirty years of age Jesus was supposed to be the son of Joseph, which he doubtless was, since Mary, his mother, who should know, called Joseph his father, "Thy father and I have sought thee," etc., and according to Matthew's genealogy it is only through Joseph that Jesus inherited the blood of David. So then when he affirms, "I can of myself do nothing," it is Jesus, the son of man, but when he prays, "Father, glorify Thou me with the glory I had with Thee before the world," it is Christ, the son of the living God. Again, when accused of casting out devils through Beelzebub, the prince of devils, he replies: "Whosoever speaketh a word against the son of man, it shall be forgiven him, but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him in this world nor in the world to come." Could he more clearly express his duality? Say what you please against the medium, but presume not to malign the pure spirit which controls him!

I have great faith in Bible Spiritualism. The fact that these phenomena exist today is proof positive to me that they did exist eighteen hundred years ago, and the marvel is that all Christendom does not perceive the analogy; but Jesus said to his disciples, "I would not have you ignorant, brethren, that this blindness has happened unto the Jews in part, that the Gentiles might be brought in."

Is it not thus at the present time? May not this blindness have happened unto

the churches in part, that materialists, skeptists and infidels might be brought in? I am not impatient concerning the churches, since they may not crucify us, still, it might be well for them to consider the admonition of Gamaliel, "Refrain from these men and let them alone, for if this work be of men it will come to nought, but if it be of God, ye can not overthrow it, lest haply ye be found to fight against God."

A Patriotic Englishman.

[A short address delivered on board the steamship "S. S. Elder," July 4th, by Reginald W. Nuttall, of Victoria, B. C.]

This being the anniversary of American independence is very justly celebrated by men of all nations, as a legacy bequeathed to them by their forefathers, and bespeaks for itself a glory and grandeur which stands unrivaled in the history of the world. Little more than one hundred years ago the great masses of the people were controlled by aristocratic class systems subject to the accident of birth, but to-day we find them crumbling to atoms before an enlightened public opinion, due to the moral influences of the Great Republic on the social and political status of society in all parts of the world. Therefore, men of every race and clime, actuated by both a sense of duty and justice, render homage to the principles represented by the Goddess of Liberty, and to the Republic known as the home of all conditions of men deserving to be free.

For this we commemorate
The natal day of America's
Fair fame and victory,
And herald to the world
Her prowess and her might,
Gained by the genius of her sons
And the sacred cause of right.
For liberty and principle they fought,
And for future ages won
Freedom from injustice
For every earth-born son.

Since then, her flag unfurled,
Has revolutionized the world,
And given to the struggling masses
The intelligence held by classes,
Who controlled by means of might
Every principle of truth and right,
Until now the world upheaving
By kindred souls believing
In equal rights and duties borne
By the successful and forlorn,
Are enfolding in their embrace
Sympathy for each benighted race
Struggling to get the dazzling prize
For which each patriot lives and dies.

Thus America opens her democratic door
To Europe's outcasts and suffering poor,
And by her charity gains undying fame
From the outpourings of every country's shame;
And wins eternal fealty to her laws
By her freedom and nobleness of cause.
Unto our hands the noble task is now assigned
Of governing by wisdom and justice truly blind.

That progress and prosperity
Free from eternal strife and care,
May be the lasting birthright
Of all who can and dare,
To prove worthy of the heritage
They so proudly own and share.
Then let us, with heads uncovered
Before freedom's shrine, renew
The pledges of our forefathers
To principles so just and true,
And trust, as time rolls on,
That glorious flag will shed
Its halo of glory and reunion
O'er the living and the dead.

Letter from Col. Reed.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Red Men's Hall was filled to overflowing with an intelligent audience on last Sunday evening, to witness the slate-writing and other spiritual manifestations through the mediumship of Dr. Stansbury, of your city. Although the Doctor was not in his usual health, the manifestations were truly fine; with the account of his seances your readers are already familiar. They were a success in every particular. Of course there was the usual amount of growlers (those who did not receive messages), but the spirit goeth where it listeth. All would hardly expect to receive messages. Even if they did there would be growlers still as to quality and quantity, or something else. Taking it all in all, it was a rich treat to us Portlanders. The Doctor leaves here some time during the week, yet I think it would pay him to remain here for a twelfth-month.

By the way, when may we look for you and Fred Evans? I hear much inquiry for you, and I really believe it would be an excellent idea for you to come here at an early day.

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, OREGON, July 5, 1887.

THERE is as much danger of hurting the brain by idleness as by overwork. According to a writer in *Faith and Work*, Dr. Farquharson argues that intellectual power is lessened by the listlessness in which the well-to-do classes generally spend their lives. Under such conditions the brain gradually loses its health, and, although equal to the demands of a routine existence, is unable to withstand the strains of sudden emergency. So when a load of work is unexpectedly thrown on it in its unprepared state, the worst consequences of what may be called overwork show themselves. Similarly a man accustomed to sedentary pursuits is liable to be physically injured by taking suddenly too violent exercise. Dr. Farquharson further says so long as a brain-worker can sleep well, eat well and take a fair proportion of outdoor exercise he is safe to keep on. When any of these conditions fail it is time to cry a halt.

Spread the Truth.

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

The cause of Spiritualism, while embracing among its adherents many a fervent, zealous soul, still seems to be lacking in the number of those who are willing or able to spread the knowledge they hold so dear broadcast among the multitude who stand ready to receive it were it brought to them, but who have not sufficient interest aroused to seek the light that glimmers so faintly before their spiritual sight. In almost every other denomination there are those who use every exertion to "bring into the fold" such as are straying and can be brought under their influence. This is looked upon as perfectly legitimate and proper, but when one of avowed spiritualistic proclivities endeavors to arouse an interest in that belief, he is looked upon as at least of unbalanced mind, and one, who, deluded himself, seeks to delude others.

This is neither just nor charitable, but it is the way of the world, and so those who are of sensitive organization, feel that they can not subject themselves to the social ostracism that often follows an avowed belief in Spiritualism, and any effort to bring it into notice. This is not as it should be, and we believe the time is not far distant when this feeling will be changed, since the signs of the times are surely working toward greater breadth of feeling among the thoughtfully intellectual portion of the community, and the desire to rise above the narrow portals of the old established churches growing stronger with each succeeding year.

"Oh, ye of little faith" and knowledge, not to know that the great God principle is in all nature. "The sun rises on the just and on the unjust," and there is no discrimination made by the Judge of all between those who believe in one creed and those who believe in another. All must work and work according to their inward light, and it ill befits any of us to judge what is right for another, except with the utmost leniency; since *all* need charity to be shown to them.

Spiritualism should include all humanity in its embrace, open its arms to all who will come, no matter what their previous points of difference were. Nature makes no distinction. She gathers together her forces, and silently and imperceptibly, reorganizes and reunites the atoms drawn from numberless sources to reappear again in new forms of beauty with no questioning, save of adaptability.

You, to whom the light of the higher life comes with irresistible power, carrying conviction into your inmost souls, do not hesitate to diffuse its rays into the path before you. For in so doing, you are stifling it, and selfishly shutting the door by which its rays might spread abroad and guide some soul laboring painfully along life's pathway, and perplexed by the many lights that strive to attract its notice, and stumbling now and then over the stones of different creeds that rise up before it. Open wide the door in all charity, and let the rays of your belief in spirituality, purity and charity to all, as embodied in your knowledge of the higher life that is before each soul, when they can attain to it, stream out into the darkness and mist that surrounds such struggling souls, and make glorious the light and warmth of the religion of nature.

W. G. CLAYTON.

JUNE, 1887.

Of Course, We Will.

Will the editor of the GOLDEN GATE allow an old Spiritualist and a constant reader of his valuable paper to add a few remarks to the replies to the questions of "Mrs. R. B. T." in the issue of June 2d?

The fact that Spiritualism is not rightly understood, is never more obvious, we think, than when an attempt is made to separate it from the doctrines of Christianity, inasmuch as the signification of one should be that of the other.

All men are a part of God, as Christ is a part of the Divinity. The divine of Christ is uppermost in his thought when He says, "My father and I are one." The same is to be said whenever He speaks of himself in the same connection. The unbelieving Jews to whom He said, "Whither I go you can not come," were simply on a lower plane of thought, spiritually undeveloped, with the best will in the world, could not possibly reach to that higher plane, to which the disciples were aspiring, till they better understood, and began at least to realize its existence.

The worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched, is supposed by many to be a figure of speech, taken from the fact, that at the gates of Jerusalem a fire was kept constantly burning for the destruction of all garbage and refuse of the city, and never extinguished. In like manner the effects of sin or broken law are to be dealt with until the law of purification has performed its perfect work, the law continuing in force as long as sin exists, which must necessarily in its results be eternal, or till that time, at least in the development of the world, when temptation to sin is no longer necessary for the spiritual development of humanity. Eternal punishment being the result of eternal sin, the sinner having forsaken his way, not being a part of it.

The broad path that leadeth to destruction refers to the natural law which is in constant operation. The divine within being the narrow road to life

eternal. To judge from appearances, but few in this world comparatively find it. The claims of the natural man seeming constantly to assert themselves in some form or other to the exclusion of the spiritual, even in the churches, as is proven by their idea that a natural death has been followed by a natural punishment of bodily burning, till the inquiring mind even has hard work to separate the natural from the spiritual to which Christ constantly refers in all his teachings.

That there is a God of law as well of love is not appreciated. The law of life is never fulfilled till the spiritual has proved itself assertive, but when it has, and the mind perceives that a higher law has proved itself necessary to carry on the work of development, then will God be justified of his children, and Christian Spiritualism thoroughly appreciated.

Queer Electrical Effects.

(St. Louis Post Dispatch.)

Dr. William M. Garrard is on his way home from Cheyenne, forced to return for his health, his indisposition having been caused by an atmospheric phenomenon, which is singular, to say the least. He, with many residents of Cheyenne, has been overcharged with electricity, which affected his nervous system to such an extent as to cause insomnia and hallucinations and depression.

The super-electrification, if the term may be used, of the Cheyenneites was caused by the continued blowing of strong winds for a period of seven weeks. The velocity of the wind during this time has never been less than thirty miles, and sometimes as great as eighty miles an hour. The ground in consequence became extremely dry, and the friction of the wind in passing over it produced an enormous quantity of electricity, and every one was more or less charged.

The old residents are used to such things, and are, in a sense non-conductors, or are charged with something stronger than lightning, but the effect was serious on the new residents. Dr. Garrard said that when two persons charged with differing quantities of the fluid would shake hands, there would always be a distinct shock. And the cats are simply crazy. They are walking electric batteries, and give painful shocks when touched.

Many persons have gone to California temporarily to get relief.

THE "DEVIL'S CODE" AT STOCKHOLM.

—The royal library at Stockholm contains a remarkable literary curiosity, called the devil's code, which is said to be the largest manuscript in the world. Every letter of this gigantic piece of work is as beautifully formed as if it were minutely and carefully drawn, and it seems almost impossible that it should have been done by a single human being. The devil's code was brought to Sweden from Prague after the thirty year's war, and The Deutsche Hausfrauen Zeitung tells the following story of its origin: A poor monk, who had been condemned to death, was told that his sentence would be commuted if he were able to copy the whole of the code in a single night. Relying on the impossibility of the task, his judges furnished him with the original, pen and ink, and left him in his well-barred prison. A drowning man catches at a straw to save himself, and the unfortunate monk began to try his last impossible task with the vain hope of accomplishing it. Before long, however, he saw that he could not save his life by his own weak exertions. Afraid of a cruel and certain death, and perhaps doubting the promise of a better life hereafter, he invoked the aid of the prince of darkness, promising to surrender his soul if he were assisted in his task. The dark spirit appeared as soon as he was called, concluded the contract, sat down like any copying clerk, and the next morning the devil's code was finished.—*Boston Transcript*.

THE Egyptians laughed in the faces of the Greeks, and called them children when they talked of their gods of yesterday, and so well did their pupils profit by their lesson that they soon laughed at the Egyptians for believing in the gods at all. Xenophanes (550 B. C.) declaimed against the Egyptian myth of an earth-walking, dying, resuscitated God. He said that if Osiris was a man, they should not worship him; and that if he was a god, they need not lament his sufferings.—*Winwood Reade*.

Two ladies and two gentlemen of Aurora, Mo., met in a parlor the other evening and determined out of sport to hold a mock spiritualistic seance. While they were quietly sitting around the table telling ghost stories, the table was seized by some unseen power and carried quickly up to the ceiling, from which it was hurled to the floor with great violence. In its fall the table struck one of the young men on the head, rendering him unconscious. Physicians were called in and the unfortunate man conveyed to his home, but he is still unconscious and is not expected to live.—*Ex.*

THE mayor of Brooklyn is still hesitating about appointing a woman or two on the school board of that city. If he has any serious doubts as to the propriety of making such appointments, let him consult the authorities of New York and Boston. They have tried the experiment, and would gladly assist in bracing up the Brooklyn mayor.—*Herald*.

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(Continued from First Page.)

"What is Spiritualism? In the definition of Spiritualism shall we find any necessity of compromise or challenge?"

So far as you can understand Spiritualism, it is this: A conscious communication between the two worlds; the annihilation of death, the proof plain and positive to you that all the hopes and aspirations you have entertained or experienced concerning immortality are true; that there is a fair and radiant world beyond this one of to-day, and that over there in its celestial clime you shall learn to live wiser and better, perchance, than you have been able while here on earth; that that realm is not far away, beyond the clouds, but that its pleasant breezes sometimes fan your cheeks; that your eyes may sometimes catch glimpses of its glorious mountains and deep cooling streams; that your ears may sometimes catch its music, and your hands may sometimes clasp those of the loved ones who inhabit that joyous land—a fair world, a beautiful world, a divine world with divinest duties.

Spiritualism tells you that the people who live there are the loved who have passed out through the shadowy vales of death into the sunlight that lies beyond—your friends, your relatives, those whom you have loved better than your own life.

Spiritualism tells you that the great minds of that glorious world still send their inspirations to this life, that there are quick and living brains here who respond to these inspirations from beyond. Not only is there this general inspiration, but there is the special inspiration of individual spiritual personalities, your relatives, it may be, who come back again to tell you that they are living still, that they have not lost their existence or their characteristics; that they are men and women who live and love you as they lived and loved you while they were moving here in flesh.

Open wide the gates! let these good angels come in! clasp their hands; welcome their presence; reverently bow to them, for they are those who solve the mystery of death; they are those whose presence is the golden key that unlocks the portals of doubt; they are the mighty ones who have rolled away the stone from the modern sepulcher of infidelity; they are the mighty angels of the Lord who stir the waters of modern thought, so that healing virtues may come to all who bathe therein.

Let them come in! Spiritualism says they do come, and they say that they are neither lost, dead, nor sleeping, but they are living, acting, thinking beings who love you now even more than while they were with you.

Spiritualism tells you that over there, in that other world, there is shadow and sunshine; that there are those who dwell in the shadow as well as those who dwell in sunshine; that there is something of sorrow over there, and yet that there is infinitely more joy. Over there, in those grand plantations where the trees are waving ever under the sunlight of eternal love, you shall meet and no more wonder whether God's great providence lives up above the trials and cares of mortal life; for when the day of earthly duty is done, and all earthly strife is at an end, over there, beneath the eternal sun, you shall live and learn that God's great love goes on forever.

But there is the shadow as well as the sunlight. In that shadow you shall find the sorrowing and repenting ones—those who are down in the valleys of tribulation and grief, those who are in the dark places of self-repentance and self-chastisement, those who are dwellers in the shade, weeping and sorrowing for the evils of their past life, but happily looking forward to the glorious sunlight they see gleaming on beyond them.

But these dwellers in the shade are not condemned there by an unjust and jealous God, not confined there by the mandate of an arbitrary ruler; they have condemned themselves to this confinement, and therein is the punishment they feel. They are those who have misused their opportunities, those who have defiled their being, injured their fellows, wilfully and persistently trod in the paths of evil and wrong. They have sowed the tempest, they are reaping the whirlwind over there.

Spiritualism tells you that even for these dwellers in the shade there is a hope—hope even for the worst of them. Spiritualism is a gospel of glad tidings for the sinful and suffering of human kind. It tells you that the vitality of God's love is greater and stronger than all possible failure to do right upon the part of individual humanity; that man can never become so bad but what the goodness of God will lift him out of his badness, out of the shade into the sunlight, sooner or later.

Spiritualism tells you, too, that the dead, when they pass from this world, enter at once into immortal experience, a natural judgment, and as a consequence legitimately occupy a definite position soon after they enter the second state of being.

These are some of the things that Spiritualism tells you as practical facts whereon the trust of the Spiritualist rests to-day.

What else does Spiritualism tell you? It says to the Christian, take up your bible and reverently but discriminately bring your reasoning powers to bear upon it, just as you would bring them to bear upon any other volume of human literature. Read that bible in the light of Modern Spiritualism. You can only properly interpret facts stated therein when you are acquainted with the phenomena of the nineteenth century. You can not under-

stand the voice that called Samuel, you can not understand the angel presence in the fiery furnace, the iron axe floating upon the limpid stream, the wonderful experiences of the prophets Isaiah and Jeremiah; you can not understand the life of Jesus, the acts of the apostles, the writings of John, the apostle, on the isle of Patmos; you can not understand the inspiration running through the scriptures, unless viewed in the light of Spiritualism and the phenomena that belongs thereto.

Our review is but a skeleton, but take all these things with all that is attached to them out of the lids of that wonderful book, and what remains? A secular history of a portion of the human race. Leave these ingredients in that volume, what have you? An outline of the secular history of man, and the spiritual experiences and progress of a large portion of mankind. Interpreted in the light of the facts, philosophy and inspirations of Modern Spiritualism, the Old Testament and the New Testament shine with a new meaning and truer purpose, and man is better able than before to comprehend the realities of the things therein recorded.

But let us now resume the argument we interrupted a little while since. Please do us the justice to bear clearly and distinctly in mind that for that broad, liberal, catholic Christianity and religious sentiment that belongs to the better class of religious minds to-day, we have nothing but loving reverence and sympathetic respect, so you may avoid misinterpreting what we are now about to urge.

Dogmatic orthodox Christianity says things that the facts and phenomena of Spiritualism absolutely and unconditionally contradict. Now, Spiritualists, you see where your position is. If man enters at once after death into immortal life, and passes into his proper position soon afterwards, what becomes of the resurrection of the dead and the final judgment day? They are unnecessary; because all the results they are supposed to accomplish and for which they are designed, have taken place now with every spirit that has passed into the spiritual world, by the agency of death. Can you compromise on that? Can you compromise with the physical resurrection and the day of judgment? Can you say, "We will not say any thing about these things; we will let them go?" If you are Spiritualists, and know that the spirits come back to you from the world in which they have gone, they have been resurrected, and do not have to be resurrected. If their condition in this world places them in their position in the next world, then they have been judged and they are not to be judged.

Let us be logical, here. Remember the position. You have a challenge as to the doctrine of the resurrection and the judgment. Shall you compromise upon it and say it has a spiritual meaning, and when you Spiritualists interpret it, it means something altogether different? This idea of spiritually interpreting different statements is growing altogether too common for the nineteenth century. If the doctrine is that the souls and bodies of men will be rejoined again some thousands of years to come, then that doctrine must be either true or false. If it is true, cling to it and throw away every word we have uttered; if it is false, do not compromise with thine enemy but boldly challenge him to battle.

The character of all the returning spirits is distinctly and emphatically human, whether they be degraded or dark spirits (as the phrase runs) or whether they be bright or exalted spirits. They manifest human affection, human intelligence; they give all the indications to lead you to suppose that individual life is continued beyond the grave, uplifted and exalted in the new society which is there. What then becomes of the doctrine that some souls are devils in hell and other souls are angels in heaven? What becomes of the existence of hell, or the existence of heaven, when every returning spirit will tell you they have never found one place or the other? Do these spirit people, when they come to you and in answer to your questions, "Where is heaven and where is hell?" lie to you when they tell you they have not discovered either? If they do not lie to you and are telling you (as indeed they are) the solemn and sober truth, then will you compromise here? Will you say that heaven, you know, is only a spiritual idealization of the happy state of man after death, and hell is only a metaphorical representation of the torment that the wicked soul experiences when he goes into the next world? Will you compromise, and in that compromise forget that this idealization of the happy state nominated heaven is a final condition; that this idealized condition of torment is also an absolute condition from which there is no escape or relief? Will you idealize the states of heaven and hell, or give them a practical interpretation, and go the whole length of the argument, and say they are not absolutely finite, that they are not limited in character, but that hell may run on forever, and heaven may run on forever; or better still, bring the two arguments face to face with the statements of the spirit people themselves? Will you compromise on streets of gold, gates of pearl, seas of glass, the great white throne, St. Peter holding the keys thereof? Will you compromise with a personal devil, a literal lake of fire and brimstone, stirred by demons, and filled with souls that are damned? Will you compromise with all these things, and say they are only the outcome of an ignorant age?

But, friends, the world has not outgrown these things; they are still taught and accepted; they are still thrown in

your teeth, and you are told that, having forsaken the righteous path, you are children of the devil and heirs of damnation, and will be roasting for all eternity when you have passed out of mortal life. Can you compromise?

No; you must challenge it. And how challenge it? In this wise: here are the facts—that your dead return to you; that they retain the character they had in this world; they tell you of their condition in the world they now inhabit; they say they have never found either of these two arbitrary conditions beyond the grave. If the Christian world say these things exist, then we demand of it the proof of their existence. We are willing to prove to them the reality of the things that we proclaim. The issue, then, is brought down to facts on the one side and assertions upon the other.

"But wouldn't it be better to forego all these things?"

No; some people think that a modified application of advanced Christian thought with the progressive ideas of the spiritual philosophy is the kind of thing to present for public acceptance. Now when you bear in mind that nearly all Christian doctrines (now mark the distinction that we are making here between doctrines and principles) are distinctly of Pagan origin, you will see that you are endeavoring to compromise and mingle the errors of antiquity with the truths of to-day; endeavoring to put the new wine into the old bottles. We want to avoid this by all means; but take every truth there is in Christian teaching and apply it to your lives, and add to it all other truth you are capable of obtaining. But in the name of truth avoid the mingling of errors of an ignorant past with the vital experiences of the living present.

One other point, too, as to this comfort, this harmony, that is disturbed by the kind of criticism we have been presenting this afternoon. When you are asked to compromise in this way, it reminds us of an old story of the man and the bear. He was a hunter and he was alone, and Bruin suddenly descended upon him. The man was considerably perplexed what to do, but his first thought was that he would pray to the Lord and compromise the situation by getting the Lord to help him out. On second thought he decided not to do it, but took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, produced his knife and said, "O Lord, I never was a praying man, and I am not going to compromise now; but for heaven's sake don't help the bear, if you won't help me. And if you will only stand on one side you will see the biggest fight you ever saw in your life!" He carried that bear's skin home.

Now the errors of to-day are the bear; you are the hunter, your reason the knife. The Lord never was on the side of error; he is always on the side of the hunter. Go in and slay the bear! If you don't, the bear will slay you!

Now then, where does the challenge come in here? The ignorant ecclesiasticism of fifteen hundred years ago utterly fails to interpret the living Spiritualism of to-day. The incorrect interpretation of theology as concerns man's spiritual nature and future destiny is absolutely ruled out of court by the facts that the spirit world to-day presents. That there are visions and trances, prophesying and speaking in the spirit, speaking in tongues and the interpretation of tongues is as absolutely true to-day as it was in Judea eighteen hundred years ago. That men handle fire; that the apparent laws of nature are inverted; that prophets prophesy; that seers see; that miracles (seemingly) are performed, are facts to-day. All these things, and a thousand others besides, are as absolutely true in the nineteenth century, as they were true as recorded in the pages of the New and Old Testaments.

Spiritualism, then, is really neither a challenge nor a compromise. It has no need to compromise, and it should have dignity enough to rise beyond the necessity of a challenge. Let it go upon its own way, and whenever it is assailed, instead of weakly sitting down and allowing itself to be buffeted, let it vigorously defend its immortal truths. When this is done, Spiritualism will have a place and a power and strength in the community that it does not possess at the present time.

Now you see, friends, that up to this point we have been aggressive and combative, and you may wish us to say something milder and sweeter. We will try. Our purpose is always to look facts squarely in the face—to deal with every question just as it is rather than as we would like to have it. There is a great deal of difference between the two plans.

Let us go back a little way in the history of the world. Supposing we accept all that the most ideal mind can possibly claim for the man of Nazareth and the religion instituted in his honor and crowned with his name, and say it is all divinely good, and then, having done so, go out into the world to find a true follower of Jesus of Nazareth; where should we find him? In the Vatican at Rome? In the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, Harvard and Andover? In any of the magnificent churches of Italy and Spain? In the cathedrals of South America, or the United States? He was prepared to give all he had to the poor, and labor for the weak and suffering; to be fed by the spirit and led by the inspiration of the hour; to lay his hands upon the sick and cause them to recover; to cast out devils, to carry out and illustrate the beatitudes, to be humble, meek and charitable. This character is held up Sunday after Sunday, but when you come right down to the test and practice, when

the follower is asked to sell all that he has and give to the poor, he is not very eager to do it; he consults his bank book to see what balance he has on hand; ceases to be meek, and don't care much about the kingdom beyond, and he compromises with that life and teaching.

We are not saying this in any unkind spirit; we are only dealing with the fact that humanity has not yet attained that development wherein either the full purpose of Christianity or the full principles of Modern Spiritualism can be practically expressed in human life. This is an essential point to remember. We do not by any means assert that Spiritualists have a monopoly of virtue, goodness, love, charity and intelligence, any more than Protestants, Catholics, or any other denomination have. There are good and bad on both sides of the line.

If you ask us which, in our opinion, is better calculated to assist development on the part of humanity, Orthodoxy or liberal Spiritualism, our answer emphatically is, liberal Spiritualism, because it interprets orthodoxy, eliminates errors, takes out the evils, and brings you face to face with the fact that every religion of the world, when purged of its creeds and its doctrines and dogmas, is pure and unadulterated Spiritualism in every case.

Is Spiritualism a challenge? Yes, a challenge for the evils of life—only the evils; it is a challenge to the errors and the wrongs, a command for the bear to come out of his lair.

Is it a compromise? No! there can be no compromise when it is either you or the bear. There can be no compromise with wrong; there can be no compromise with ignorance, however gorgeous and attractive its surroundings; there can be no compromise with falsehood in any shape, form or character whatever.

When you consider the doctrines of total depravity, the necessity of regeneration, baptism and salvation, the process of physical resurrection, a general judgment and an ultimate disposition of the dead into one of two eternal conditions, and then consider the fact that Spiritualism teaches the eternal progress of mankind and the ultimate happiness of all the race—but remembering there is no escape from the consequences of whatever action you may indulge in here—making these comparisons, there can be no compromise with the doctrines that orthodoxy maintains and that teach exactly the opposite of the higher philosophy of Modern Spiritualism.

Let this great banner of spiritual fact and truth triumphantly wave! The banner whereon is inscribed the goodness of God, the divinity of man, the eternal progress of the race; whereon can be ascertained that whatsoever a man soweth that also shall he reap. Let the glad truth spread throughout the world that Spiritualism is the champion of right, justice, honesty, and the demonstration of the immortality of the human soul, the proof positive of intelligent being after death, the demonstration beyond all question that as is your life here so shall be your estate beyond. Let Spiritualism's voice go loudly through the world, resonant and strong, proclaiming these eternal truths! Then, then you shall learn that whatsoever a materialistic science may say, vain philosophy may teach, dogmatic theology may present, the false, the wrong, the untrue can never stand against the right, the justice, the eternal. For error is mortal and must die; truth is immortal and eternal and can never be entirely overthrown.

Then we take it that Spiritualism has within itself the ability to lift itself beyond all need of compromise, beyond all necessity of challenging; for the good and the true in every department of life join it in their spirit and thought, live with it in their intention and desires; and though they may not call themselves by its name or stand ranged under its banner—that representing justice, liberty, progress and the happiness of all people—yet under such grand and glorious principles they are soldiers under the same commander, workers for the same rich harvest of an enlightened and happy humanity, going onward and forward forever.

In the name of Spiritualism we would say that you must distinguish between the doctrines and creeds of popular orthodoxy and the wise and glorious demonstrations of spiritual truth, and between these there can be no compromise, no connection; they are as distinct and different from each other as the glory of the noon-day and the gloom of midnight; they are separate and distinct in character, teaching and effect. You can not afford to play with them, for he who plays with fire will probably come out with scorched fingers.

Stand up in the divinity of that spiritual truth that has brought your loved ones back to your side, brought you face to face with the everlasting justice of God, given you an intelligent and rational and personal life beyond the grave, that has made you a real and actual home in the glorious hereafter. Stand up in the dignity of that glorious faith that has liberated you from the errors of the past, released you from the bonds of ecclesiasticism and bigotry, torn from your eyes the dark and heavy veil of superstition, and placed you in the glad light of the living day, your upturned face reflecting the beaming rays of the divine sun of truth. As you stand thus, looking upwards and forwards, you shall know that within yourself the truth is ever to be found, and there you must meet the foe of wrong and error; between the two there is no compromise. The truth alone

can make you free, and being free you have no need of compromise with the chains that held you in bondage in the days that are past.

Letter from Australia.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

It is quite a new thing for me to be penning to Americans in America. We Australians who have not been outside of Australia, look upon America as a country of novel and strange productions, and upon brother Jonathan as not the least novel and strange production, fearfully sharp and of wondrous lank appearance, and generally accompanied by a knowing looking business-like bulldog. In other words we are comparative strangers—brothers at different boarding schools. However, the home is fast taking the place of the boarding school, and it is with a feeling that I am writing to brothers and sisters at home who will be glad to read a short account of the formation in Melbourne of a branch of the Gnostic Society, that I now take heart to write for the first time to friends in the Pacific States.

Six months ago, one morning, I was standing at the entrance to one of the largest hardware shops in Melbourne, and was looking up at the postoffice clock almost opposite, absorbed in thought, but not at all intent upon knowing the time, when a gentleman of artistic appearance, walking as if he knew how, bore down upon me as it were, and in a musical voice, whose pitch I had in younger days associated with the locality of one's boots, asked to be directed to some place, I forget now where.

About a week afterwards I had the pleasure of meeting this gentleman at the Grand Hotel, and it was my turn to ask him for a direction. The unexpected sight of him instantly brought to my mind his graceful approach to me. I was now horribly conscious of shuffling in upon him; so with a weaker tone than usual, I put my question, "Which is Mr. Chainey's sitting room, please?"

Ah, then he must be Mr. Chainey. I now look back with a lingering regard to that moment when we three first met. And what thoughts pass through my mind only those who can tell who can recall a time when they were bushy and some tender hand put them on to the homeward track. It is mutual friends like these that bind American and Australian hearts with links of true gold. Send us some more, brother Jonathan, for these have gone to New Zealand over a thousand miles across the sea.

Mr. and Mrs. Chainey have done much permanent good here. Though, as it stands at present, the good is awakened curiosity in most cases, but it is the wide awakening that permits not sleep till some seed has been rooted; and where spiritual seed takes root I have not the slightest doubt about the abundance of the crop. Our friends have not had a path of roses to walk along, however—quite the opposite—thorns most of the way—unkind thorns—thorns of hatred and all uncharitableness—thorns, some that have become rosebuds under their genial nurture. All American friends! We appeal to you for much sympathetic love and help in the work commenced here. Some day, look—some day, we will replace the thorny crown with a wreath of roses. With Tenyson we trust

That nothing walks with aimless feet
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void
When God hath made the site complete.

Sunday, June 5th.—The afternoon sun was obscured by clouds, and rain fell pretty soakingly; without, all seemed cheerless. But within a little room in one of our suburbs, seven persons were formally made welcome members of the Gnostic Society, by the President and vice-President, Mr. and Mrs. Chainey; and all was bright and peaceful—what mattered the clouds without—the veil was lifted within—we would pierce every cloud. What avail to say the light is not beyond? Proof will follow faith.

I must conclude with the hope that the GOLDEN GATE will find its way into many Australian homes, for I believe, as Mrs. Chainey has frequently said, that it takes with it an atmosphere of good.

F. E. C.

MELBOURNE, June 14, '87.

FROZEN KINDNESS.—The world is full of kindness that never was spoken, and that is not much better than no kindness at all. The fuel in the stove makes the room warm, but there are great piles of fallen trees lying on rock and on top of hills where nobody can get them; these do not make anybody warm. You might freeze to death for want of wood in plain sight of these fallen trees if you had no means of getting the wood home and making a fire of it. Just so in a family; love is what makes the parents and children, the brothers and sisters happy. But if they take care never to say a word about it; if they keep it a profound secret as if it were a crime, they will not be much happier than if there was not any love among them; the house will seem cool even in Summer, and if you live there you will envy the dog when any one calls him poor fellow.—Dr. Holland.

Nothing will make us so charitable and tender of the faults of others as thoroughly knowing our own.

GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1887.

CLOSE OF VOL. IV.

The present number of the GOLDEN GATE closes its fourth volume and the second year of its existence.

Our readers will bear witness that we are not given to dunning delinquents, for the very good reason that we have no delinquents to speak of; nor to pleading poverty, nor to worrying them about our own, or any of the private business affairs of the paper. We aim to attend strictly to business, and make a good, clean, thoughtful paper, that no Spiritualist will have occasion to blush for. That we have succeeded in doing so is the very unanimous verdict of all who are in any wise familiar with its contents.

But the close of an old, or the beginning of a new volume, we regard as a privileged opportunity to say a few words to our patrons—and especially do we wish to say them to those who are not our patrons. We wish we could reach the ears and heart of every Spiritualist of the Pacific Coast and Territories.

The GOLDEN GATE is the only weekly paper devoted to the facts, philosophy, and higher teachings of Spiritualism published west of the Rocky Mountains. Neither is there another such paper published in all the islands of the Pacific. In all this region the believers in the central truths of Spiritualism may be numbered by tens of thousands. And yet the names of but comparatively few of this vast number are enrolled upon our books.

We kindly submit that this is not as it should be. The cost of such a publication as the GOLDEN GATE is no light affair. Every Spiritualist should feel enough interest in its existence to become a subscriber, and thereby aid in making the paper entirely self-sustaining. We ought to have ten thousand subscribers within the next two years; and we should have them, if Spiritualists generally only manifested as much interest in extending and building up their cause, as do our religious neighbors in theirs.

If our friends will only give us the necessary number of subscribers, we will give them in return a paper that shall be second to no spiritual paper in existence. (Some seem to think the G. G. is not far behind now; but we realize its many imperfections and short-comings as no one else can.)

The paper is finding favor wherever it is known—in England, France, South America, the islands of the Pacific, and in all parts of the United States. Pass it along, friends. Ask your neighbors to take it. They will find it always gentle—always a help and comfort in affliction—always abounding in thoughts and facts calculated to make the world better and happier.

Now, you will not hear from us again in this vein for six months, at which time we hope to be able to say to you that the GOLDEN GATE is swinging gladly upon its hinges far beyond the necessity of personal appeals of this character.

POOR COMPENSATION.

Life at best is full of cares and troubles. Even riches afford no exemption from the ills that beset one from the cradle to the grave. Unfriendly elements surround us. Sickness, the loss of friends, and mishaps of all kinds, are the common heritage of all.

True, this life has certain compensations—the sunshine of hope, the love of kindred and friends, the pleasures of health, the melody of brooks and birds, the fragrance of flowers, the glory of the stars, and the many glad voices of nature to make music in our souls—but these would but poorly offset its trials and annoyances, if there were no other and higher joys in store for us after "life's fitful fever" is over, and the tired hands are folded for their last sleep.

How cruel the fates that could make this life the all of being. If memory, love, the rich unfoldments of the soul and all that comes of earth's sad experiences, were to go for naught—were all to perish with the last breath, and leave no remainder to be carried over to enrich the soul on some other and higher plane of existence,—then what a stupendous piece of folly is man! And not folly, merely,—his creation is the climax of a cruelty so fierce and demoniacal that we may well believe some terrible monster, and not an overbrooding spirit of Good sits upon the throne of the universe.

But thanks to revelations from the spirit world

of these modern times, we are made to know that such is not the case. Man is not the football of remorseless circumstance and fate. He is created for a purpose, and that purpose is one of infinite good. He is the unfoldment of a divine plan that only an eternity of being can accomplish. He is placed here to acquire wisdom and experience—to take a preparatory course, as it were, for a higher school of learning beyond, and into which, if he has made good use of his time here, he will be ushered through the golden gateway of death. But if he has neglected his opportunities here, then he is not to be barred out forever from all opportunity for spiritual unfoldment beyond, but must learn his lesson as best he may.

In the light of this truth we behold the solution of life's problem, and recognize full compensation for every sorrow. We see the silver lining to the cloud, and we know that the golden sun is just beyond.

RUM AND REASON.

Every intelligent man and woman knows that the liquor saloon is the bane of our civilization. They know that therein our young men are being educated in ways of thriftlessness and vice, and are acquiring habits that will surely wreck and ruin them in the coming years. They know that the rum traffic is the direct source of nine-tenths of all the crime, insanity, suicide, pauperism and misery generally, that exist in the world. They know that it possesses not one redeeming virtue—that it is evil and evil wholly. They realize that it piles up a vast burden of debt and taxation for them to bear, to say nothing of broken hearted wives and mothers, of children in rags, of strong men groveling in the slums of debauchery and villainous untold.

We say that every intelligent citizen is thoroughly familiar with these facts, and yet when asked to use his influence to aid in closing these sinks of evil, the drinking saloons, the chances are that he will look at you as though he regarded you as little unsteady in intellectual balance.

Now, why is it that men who know the right are so loth to do it? Are they afraid of the Rum power, or are they wanting in moral stamina? A little of both, we apprehend. Political partisanship has such a hold upon men,—they are so eager to win the elections that they are ready to make all manner of concessions to the liquor interests for their votes and influence. To such an extent is this humiliating truckling carried that no political convention of either the Democratic or Republican parties dare incorporate in their platforms a resolution favoring prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating drink. And this new American party, so-called, from which something better and more hopeful might reasonably be expected, it is likely to be dominated by the whisky elements, just the same as the old parties.

The greatest curse that labor has ever had to encounter is rum. Every intelligent workman sees this. And yet was there ever a labor convention, a labor union, or a simple caucus of mechanics or laborers of any kind, assembled for any purpose, that dared to resolve against the rum traffic? They are all slaves to a tyrant who rules the political world, and who sits upon his throne of skulls with his feet upon the necks of a prostrate people.

How long is this truckling to the rum power, by American citizens, to continue? Is it not about time that they asserted their manhood—that they rose in their might and declared that henceforth no man shall use his own to the injury of his brother—that the retail traffic in intoxicating poisons shall cease?

J. J. MORSE'S SCIENCE CLASSES.—We understand that Mr. Morse has completed all arrangements for commencing his classes in Physio-Psychological Science on Monday evening next, the 18th inst. The class will assemble at 8 P. M., of that day, in Parlor A of the Palace Hotel, this city. No better place could have been selected than the above world-renowned establishment, while the large and elegantly furnished parlors, which have been retained, will provide ample accommodation and comfort for all attending. As a large number of names have been handed in, a very pleasing and instructive assembly will be held each Monday and Friday evening, while the ability and urbanity of Mr. Morse is ample guarantee of the highest and best results. All who have not yet taken up their cards will find them at the Palace Hotel on Monday evening; the very few vacancies on the list can then be filled if still remaining. We wish Mr. Morse the success his intelligent and spirited effort so well deserves.

"THE BETTER WAY."—The new paper has made its appearance—the paper promised to appear in Cincinnati, July 2d, *The Better Way*. It is a large, eight-page, elegant family paper, a trifle larger than the GOLDEN GATE and a trifle cheaper. It is devoted to other topics than those of a spiritual character, but gives Spiritualism the leading place. It starts off on a lively canter, over a smooth track. By "smooth track," we mean that it has a solid backing of ducats. With good management it can hardly fail of success. It has the G. G.'s most cordial good wishes. May it prove "a better way" of life to all who are groping in ignorance and darkness.

THE REASON WHY.

The New York Tribune in commenting on the Report of the Seybert Commission, says:

If the believers in Spiritualism are not concerned in spreading the faith they hold, if they regard it as an esoteric mystery requiring blind credulity as an indispensable preliminary, of course they have a right to take that ground, and in such case there is nothing more to be said. But in fact they do not take this ground. They assert that all the alleged phenomena of Spiritualism are as genuine and real as elevated railroads or electric lighting. They challenge inquiry into every phase of the cult. But having done so they virtually insist that the investigators must have their eyes bandaged and their hands tied, and when these conditions are protested against the materialistic skepticism of scientific men is bitterly denounced and they are charged with refusing to accept the plainest and strongest evidence.

The reason for this is due to the fact that scientists, as a rule, are disposed to place a higher estimate upon their own opinions than they are upon the opinions of others. In other words, they are inclined to be dogmatic and exacting to a degree that our sensitives will not submit to. And we can not blame them.

The spirits of the departed manifest to mortals in accordance with certain laws and conditions; hence, it is right that these conditions should be complied with. But it usually occurs that our scientific investigators insist upon setting up conditions of their own.

Take, for instance, the phenomena of independent slate-writing. One of the essential conditions is darkness, which is provided by placing two slates together, in the light, or by simply laying a slate upon a table or the floor. The small space between or under the slates is sufficiently dark for their purpose. Now, to insist that the writing shall appear upon the outer surface of the slates, in the light, is as inconsistent as it would be to demand impossible results of the chemist from arbitrary and antagonistic combinations. The question for the scientist to settle should be, not can the writing be produced in any manner that he may determine, but can it be produced at all?

The fact is that scientists generally deny the existence of an intelligent occult power in the universe independent of that which manifests through the physical brain. They are prejudiced against the manifestation of a force of which they are ignorant, but which others less barnacled with the materialistic learning of the schools, are thoroughly familiar. Hence, it is hardly to be expected that they will treat mediums fairly. And surely the latter can not be expected to submit to their arrogant dictations.

MAN AND THE WORLD.

We are wont to lay great stress upon our eighteen hundred years of Christian teaching and endeavor, but, after all, it is a short time considering the work to be done. The long ages passed in preparing our planet for man's estate, doubtless correspond with all that contributed to his lowest condition as a distinct type of being. The Italian astronomers place the age of the world at eighty million years, and are agreed that it has been peopled for about fifty million. Speculations, beliefs, and alarms, as to its final dissolution, have been life in long times past, and still it is believed by many that our earth is tottering with age.

The rocks tell us that greater disturbances occurred in former ages than any that written history records. Why do we never think the earth may be yet tottering in its infancy—that it may never have attained the quiet and equilibrium of maturity?

The earth's age can only be approximated, not very closely either, so only can its future. Great things require great time to accomplish. This world was doubtless designed for the temporary habitation of a part of mankind; and that a wise, overseeing power has been steadily, but gradually lifting up all classes, should be apparent to all.

Though this power works under different designations, and often under dogmatic restraint, it is the same, with but one aim, the improvement of the entire human race. This reaching outward and upward is as old as man, and the true Christian era should date from his first noble aspiration for something better, though it were but one breath of an awakening soul away back in the dim ages of evolutionary progress.

This power, working through Spiritualism, will complete the improvement of man's earthly condition and fit him for the soul-life to which he is hastening. It is putting new light in the world; it is tightening the cords of all kindred, and making brothers of all men. It is teaching right living for right's sake, and making man his own savior. The earth will see these truths established; then it has lived long enough.

NOT SUPERSTITIOUS.

All happenings of which the cause can not readily be found, are called "singular" and "strange," and as most persons look to materiality alone for their solution of all problems, when one can not there be found, the thing is set down as supernatural, or beyond the ken of mortal mind.

Spiritualists are accused of being superstitious, but they are in fact the least so of all classes of believers, simply because to them nothing is beyond the realm of possible knowledge, hence there is a natural cause for everything. If they believe in signs, omens, and forewarnings, it is because they understand their meaning, that is occult to those who know nothing of the spiritual side of life, and its ways and means of communicating with our material plane.

Hosts of invisibles throng about our writing mediums, but it is not more than one in a hundred thousand who is permitted to send a message in that way, however anxious they may be; indeed their very anxiety is a great barrier often to their success. But the fact is, direct lines of communication between the two worlds are not sufficiently numerous, great and satisfying as they are.

The disembodied are ever seeking new chan-

nels to come to us of earth, and improving the least opportunity to impress us with their reality. They succeed in a thousand ways to which we only give half attention; but later on, when our minds are more fully awake to the fact, we can go back and account for all that was "strange" and "singular" in the past, prepared also to receive and profit by that which is to come. There is no superstition in believing what is clear to the understanding, and no one brings more reason and study to bear upon the faith that is in him, than does the intelligent, honest Spiritualist. Faith without knowledge is not demanded by them, and before they believe a thing, they know it. This is not so with other religions.

MRS. J. J. WHITNEY.

We present this week a fine likeness of this remarkable medium, in connection with a full account of her ordination as a minister of the spiritual gospel.

We have hitherto, recently, had frequent occasion to speak of Mrs. Whitney's marvelous powers as a platform test medium—powers which have come to her mainly during the last few months. Prior to this development for public work she had been known for about two years as a private medium of great reliability and excellence.

Her Sunday evening meetings at Assembly Hall, which have been held now for about three months, are thronged with deeply interested audiences, there being seldom less than fourteen hundred persons present—the full capacity of the Hall.

On Sunday evening last, notwithstanding the re-opening of the Temple, which also attracted a large audience to listen to the eloquent and popular speaker, J. J. Morse, Mrs. Whitney's meeting was fully up to its usual size, and the scores of tests of spirit presence given were of the most convincing and pleasing character.

Concerning Mrs. Whitney's religion, we can not do better than copy her own well chosen words as given to a reporter of the *Examiner*, and published in that kindly disposed journal:

"My religion is what is generally known as Spiritualism, and the place where I go under control is my sanctuary, being to me as holy as the holy of holies to the ancient Jews. Such is the consciousness of all those who believe, while their medium is under the gentle influence of bands from the spirit world. We teach nothing wrong and make good citizens in all countries. Our moral philosophy is that same keystone to the whole beautiful arch, which Buddha taught and Confucius used as the common center of his doctrines, while the Savior of the Christian world beautified it still further, and from it radiated all the light and good that has been shed upon this era. You know what it is—'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.' The Golden Rule is ours, and from it can come no harm. It is now seen and recognized by the world. To me our religion is so grand and beautiful that language may not tell the half. It must be felt. Under control I am transported as far beyond mortal realms as though I were translated as was Enoch. Yet, under such conditions, I experience the sweetest moments ever vouchsafed to humanity. The advancement has no limit for those who are devotional. Each succeeding day places one just so much further along. You will see that on Sunday last I was ordained to one of the highest offices, namely, a spiritual teacher. It will be my future aim to attain to still higher honors."

METAPHYSICAL CLASSES.—Mrs. M. E. Cramer and Mrs. J. R. Wilson have opened classes for study into the spiritual science of health and healing, at 324 Seventeenth street. These ladies are eminently qualified for giving instruction and leading minds into healthful avenues of thought under the rays of divine truth, which must heal body and soul. They have been for years students in this field of inquiry, and have attained to that point where great strength comes both for teaching and healing. The classes meet at 2 and 8 P. M. on Tuesdays and Fridays, at the above address. The writer attended their initial meeting last Tuesday afternoon, and was highly pleased with their method as there outlined, which takes in Christian science, metaphysics, and mind cure, and becomes universal. We doubt if any person can attend these classes without being greatly benefited. The ladies, wishing that none might be debarred on account of means, have made the terms so moderate as to be in the range of all. For further information, call at 324 Seventeenth street, from 1 to 3 P. M. The course will consist of twelve lectures, the first six will deal with the following subjects: "The Statement of Being, or the Real," "Thought as the Creative Power in the Universal and in the Individual," "Denials and Affirmations as a Method to Discipline the Mind in Truth, and to Overcome all Aversion," "Faith, or Knowledge, lived out, is the Base of all Power," "Intuition, or Soul Unfoldment," "The Purpose of Life in Creation, or the Evolvement of Absolute Consciousness."

A WELCOME MESSENGER.—The material decay of the body is the ripening of the soul, and it would seem that the spirit, under such conditions, should be strong and all but luminous in its gathered forces. But old age is not thus to all, not to those who have been subjected through life to severe physical conditions and hardships; in this fact we may see the unwisdom of mortifying the flesh to enhance the soul's felicity. That is a sad passage in a recent letter by the venerable Kossuth, who says: "The burden of more than eighty-four years weighs down my infirm shoulders. Under this weight the body is 'deadened; the soul grows blunted; life becomes a state of mere barren vegetating. 'Man feels like some time-worn, mouldering ruin, which no longer assorts with the world 'of the living.' When it comes thus, old age is a sorry thing to contemplate. To outlive all our kindred, to be left in loneliness and silence among strangers, who, though they may lend the hand of kindness and give one sympathy, they can not give comfort and love! Death comes at last, like the blessed angel it is, and gives young life to the old!"

RESOLUTION OF RESPECT.

At the last regular meeting of Link No. One of the "Sisterhood of the Seven Links," held at the residence of Mrs. O. M. Washburn, Thursday, July 7th, the following preamble and resolution was unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Our beloved sister and faithful co-worker, Mrs. Millic Gilman, has, in the fullness of her years, and the fruition of a chastened and ripened spirit, been called to her home in the beautiful land of souls, now, therefore, be it resolved, by this Link, that while, by the departure of this Sister, the first mortal link of the Sisterhood has been broken, and that we shall miss the earthly form and counsel of the departed, we nevertheless realize that no spiritual bond has been severed; and though transplanted to another and fairer scene of life and action, she is still with us in every good work, and that from her more exalted post of duty she will be a guard and guide to each and every member of this order in their varied vicissitudes of earthly existence.

The society also tendered a vote of thanks to Mrs. Olive Washburn, for the loving and tender care administered by her to the departed sister during her last days and hours of mortal suffering. It was at the country home of Mrs. Washburn that this spirit took its flight, on the lovely mountain side, where flowers bloom and the singing birds make music all the day. Here it was she longed to find rest from pain and leave her worn and tired body on the kindly bed of Mother Earth.

"UNACCOUNTABLE."—It is reported that the late Miss Catharine Wolfe had a codicil to her will prepared, that was to leave several millions of her fortune at the disposal of the authorities of the diocese of the Protestant Episcopal Church. At the very moment of taking the pen into her hand she was stricken with faintness and had to defer signing it till another time, which never came. This fact is commented upon as a most remarkable thing, and is not at all understood. We venture to say that if those millions had been going to the support of the spiritual philosophy, the event would have been accounted for far and near by our orthodox friends, as showing the great displeasure of God. But, in the contrary case, it is simply unaccountable. Nothing comes by chance in this world, but often for a better or ready explanation, the word is used without a definite meaning. Miss Wolfe herself could doubtless tell why she was not permitted to consummate the bequest.

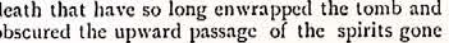
NOT UP WITH THE TIMES.—The revelations of recent events are fast destroying the legendary character of Old Rip Van Winkle, or else proving that there was a family of Rips possessed of the same somnolent inclination. It is credibly reported that a short time ago a backwoodsman of West Virginia came into Cumberland accompanied by a slave man, and inquired the selling price of negroes, wishing to dispose of his slave to the best possible advantage. Neither he nor the colored man claimed to know anything about the war and its results, and were stunned with astonishment when informed of the emancipation of all American slaves. Now, it seems utterly impossible that any one could remain in such ignorance and be in full possession of his waking senses, and did the report come from any other part of the country, would be wholly discredited. But the wooded sections of the South are yet the stronghold of much that is equally taxing to credulity.

A GOOD FIELD FOR GOOD MEDIUMS.—The great cities of the Australian colonies present a fine field for mediumistic work, from the fact that the subject of Spiritualism is comparatively but little understood there by the people generally, and also from the further fact that as yet they have but very few good mediums. In Melbourne, a city of nearly the size of San Francisco, there are probably not more than four or five hundred Spiritualists, and not one medium suited for public work. The Spiritualists are largely of the cultured and more intelligent classes, who have been led to accept a belief in its central facts from a perusal of the experiences and investigations of others, in whose integrity they had confidence. But the spiritual powers are at work there, and the time is not distant when the light that is breaking so grandly upon other portions of the world will illumine the great island continents of the southern seas.

COMING HOME.—Mr. and Mrs. Mozart, of this city, who have been traveling abroad the past year, are expected to arrive home about the first of September. They have already arrived in New York. During their stay in England, last Summer and Fall, Mrs. Mozart was invited to speak for the Spiritualists of London, and many of the provincial towns of England and Scotland. She filled many appointments, and was everywhere received with great favor. After spending the Winter in the south of France and Italy they returned to England, and Mrs. Mozart was urgently requested to again take the platform, which she did, and her second tour through the British Isles was one round of receptions and ovations, which shows the magnanimous hospitality of our English cousins. Mrs. Mozart has delivered about one hundred lectures upon Spiritualism, besides a number upon subjects of travel, illustrated by a stereopticon.

LOOK OUT FOR HIM.—The London Society of Psychical Research is well known to be hostile to mediumship, its object seeming to be, not to prove, but to disprove, if possible, all spiritual phenomena. An employee of this Society, at a salary of £300 per annum, is one Richard Hodgson, whose business it is to investigate mediumship, and break down and destroy, as far as possible, all mediums. He is a tall, smooth-faced man, with keen, black eyes, and boasts of his ability to prove any medium a fraud. The Society sent this man to India whence he sought to discredit Madame Blavatsky; they are now about to send him to America to investigate, and if possible, to prove our prominent mediums cheats. We warn all mediums to look out for him, and on no account to hold seances with him.

—Wm. Bowley, a leading and highly esteemed spiritualist of Melbourne, Australia, accompanied by a bright young daughter, arrived by the last steamer, on a first visit to Yankee-land. They are stopping at Tubbs' Hotel, Oakland, where they expect to remain for a few months, when they will span the continent and "take in" the civilization of our principal Eastern cities. Bro. Bowley is one of the few prominent citizens of the colonies who does not hide his light under a bushel. We had a pleasant call from them, also from Mr. Adell, who came with them by the same steamer.



Mrs. Carrie Miller then sang, and Mrs. Whitney was entranced by her guides, and for about

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ance a cent : terms lack of hair are so

8704 SAC' MENTO ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

To Spiritualists.

BY ABRA L. HOLTON.

W. D. Howells' article in *Harper's Magazine* on "Count Tolstoi," the famous Prussian writer, philanthropist and nobleman, is worth perusing, as it gives one an idea of a practical solution of the much vexed question, "It is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die." Howells has analytically passed judgment upon his works and pronounced him the greatest living writer. Mr. Howells says: "He has left renown, and a splendid position in society to share the sorrows, the burdens, the humble toil of the peasants, and from his teachings the poor are caring for the poor out of their penury with a tenderness which the rich can not know; he found a wretched prostitute foregoing her infamous trade, her means of life, that she might nurse a sick neighbor; he found an old woman denying herself that she might give food and shelter to a blind mendicant; he found a wretched tailor who had adopted an orphan into his large family of children. When he gave twenty kopecks to a beggar whom he met, the poor man with him gave three. But Count Tolstoi has an income of 600,000 rubles. . . . His wealth became not only ridiculous but horrible to him, for he realized that his income was wrung from the necessity of the wretched peasants. He saw cities as the sterile centers of idleness and luxury of the rich, of the idleness and misery of the poor. He arraigned the present civil order as wrong, false and unnatural; he sold all he had and gave it to the poor, and turned and followed him. From his work bench he sends his voice back into the world, to search the hearts of those who will hear, and to invite them to go and do likewise."

Count Tolstoi says he has been given rest by his humble toil and that he finds the burden light and his yoke easy. His voice that he is sending out into the world to search for hearts who will hear and come and help in the great work to put away evil, or selfishness rather, is finding a few responding souls. It makes the spirit glad in man to take up that great daily, the *New York Herald*, and see this:

MEALS FOR ONE CENT EACH.

In the shadow of the *Herald* office you may see any day you please a neat little red house on the Ann street sidewalk, and in front of it a crowd of hungry people bolting down coffee, soup, fish-cakes, chowder, sandwiches or pork and beans at the rate of one cent a meal. It is one of the St. Andrew's one cent coffee-stands established by Mrs. J. M. Lamadrid, a pious and far-seeing philanthropist, who is trying to help the poor of New York without injuring that frail but important thing—self-respect.

Since January 13th over 300,000 meals have been sold, showing how vast is the vineyard in which Mrs. Lamadrid has begun to labor. The stands established are located at: No. 1 Ann street (*Herald* office); No. 2 Franklin square; No. 3 Greenwich street and Battery place; No. 4 Duane street and North river; No. 5 Canal and West streets; No. 6, headquarters and kitchen, No. 125 Madison street.

The work is now thoroughly organized. Poor people, and the right kind of poor people, are beginning to lean upon this welcome staff. It is an especial blessing to old folks who have outgrown their usefulness and can barely hold life together. The food is good and nutritious and is sold for next to nothing. Mrs. Lamadrid is delighted over the excellent results of her labor. Meal tickets are bought by large numbers of business men and are given to persons worthy of assistance. This form of utilizing the stands has met with great encouragement.

Until the St. Andrew's stands had demonstrated their usefulness the leaders of organized charity looked on Mrs. Lamadrid's effort with more of curiosity than commendation. She was permitted to defray the whole expense of establishing and maintaining the system out of her private purse. It was an experiment in benevolence which has been watched very closely.

How solid the success has been can be judged by the utterance of *Lend a Hand*, the magazine of organized philanthropy, edited by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, and published at No. 21 University place. It is the first recognition of the system by the organ of conservative charitable institutions:

In remembrance of how Andrew, the disciple of Jesus, became the instrument of his Master when they fed the multitude by the Sea of Galilee, an earnest Christian woman is trying to do her part in alleviating the distress of the very poor in New York City.

Mrs. Lamadrid, who possesses energy and wisdom as well as charity, has full permission from city authorities and property-holders to erect booths on all the principal thoroughfares of the city.

Mrs. Lamadrid frankly states that her work has extended so far as to have outgrown her own personal allowance for this work, and she hopes, as it is known, interested people may come to her aid and assist in feeding the poor. We print below the bill of fare.

Half-pint of coffee, with milk and sugar	1 cent
and one slice bread,	
Beef soup, with vegetables and one slice bread,	1 cent
Pork and beans,	1 cent
Fish cakes,	1 cent
Sandwiches,	1 cent
Fridays—Fish chowder,	1 cent

And extras occasionally.
Soup and coffee supplied to families by quart or gallon at the same rates. Bread to accompany each portion.

Booths open daily from 5 A. M. to 7 P. M.
Sundays—From 7 to 10 A. M., and from 3 to 5 P. M.

The price of a meal is not sufficient to cover expenses, but it is sufficient to keep self-respect in every man or woman who buys it. Mrs. Lamadrid personally buys the supplies at the lowest wholesale prices, and, having few expenses, she finds that the deficit is not large in proportion.

This charity is appreciated by the thousands of newsboys, emigrants, poor families and street waifs whom it relieves.

Have the Spiritualists of the Pacific Coast no great work to do? Have they

not plenty, and some of them abundance that can be placed to good advantage in leading other lives into brightness, peace and comfort? I do not agree with Abbe Roux that, "The heart of a man is a lyre of seven chords; six chords of sadness, a single chord of joy that rarely vibrates." I believe that the souls of all men and women can be made as joyous as in childhood hours, if every hour of one's life was devoted to doing deeds of kindness, little acts of love, if only to a dumb brute. And those who listen to the communion of their loved ones and know that there is no death, can have no greater pleasure than giving money toward a free spiritual paper to scatter spiritual food throughout all the land, thus to feed the hungry souls that have no ray of light in this selfish world.

And while we may not need meals here in San Francisco at "one cent each," nor that our teachers put on the garb of the very poorest people to imitate Tolstoi, we need liberal donations made to the spiritual press, that free copies may be sent, like "angel's visits," into many homes. Friends, and Spiritualists, who is going to head the list?

SAN FRANCISCO, July 7, 1887.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Methodism in 1839.

BY WARREN BOYNTON.

From an essay or sermon, published in the *Methodist Magazine and Quarterly Review*, vol. 10, A. D. 1839, on page 275, I find a spiritual discourse founded on "Jacob's Dream or the Ministry of Angels." No religious paper of the present day could be hired to print such a discourse now. Then, it was *angels* that ministered, now it is *devils*, because they do not indorse creedism which is now become the stronghold of religious societies. Text—"And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set upon the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending upon it."

The following are extracts from the discourse: "The narrative of which this passage forms a conspicuous part, presents a striking instance of that vigilant oversight which God takes of his creatures. This has been called by some his general providences; and perhaps the term *general* may be allowed, as a collective term, embracing all the individual interpositions of the Rector of the universe with regard to his creatures. It may also be used to denote the fact, that the providence of God extends to all the creatures that people his domain. But while we admit (the above) we have reason to believe that it is peculiarly interested in the concerns of rational being, and that among them mankind have received no small amount of the divine regard. . . . This great concern for man is manifested doubtless because of his superior nature and exalted destiny. . . . While this narrative shows us in a beautiful and striking manner the providence of God, that passage of it which heads this discourse shows us one of the methods by which God exerts his providence towards men; to wit, *by the ministry of angels*."

But that this vision was intended to point out the intercourse between heaven and earth by the ministry of angels, seems sufficiently manifest from the accompanying history, as well as sundry other passages in Scripture and particularly Heb. i., 14, 'Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?' . . . In this discourse we shall have nothing to do with the nature of angels. We shall suppose them to be exclusively spiritual beings . . . and also that they are holy, wise and powerful, though finite intelligences. . . . we are not to suppose that the ministry of good angels is *confined* to the righteous. . . . This world is a world of mercy wherein God pours down many mercies, even upon the evil and unthankful; . . . Socrates speaks of his demon, this may be branded as enthusiastic superstition; but it shows that the wise and virtuous among the heathens not only recognized a rank of intelligences which answer to angelic spirits, but also believed that they were employed in communicating information. . . . Indeed, we are not to be too hasty in supposing this idea of Socrates to be superstitious. One whom no man will charge with enthusiasm—a greater than Socrates—said, "these stood by me this night, the angel of God, etc., Paul. . . . I need not add the prediction was realized. . . . It is remarkable that many of the most sublime revelations which were ever made to the world, were made through the instrumentality of angels. . . . It is more than probable that that was an angel whom Ezekiel describes, Chap. xl, 3. And in those representations of things that were and are to come, which are found in the Apocalypse, angels have a prominent part. . . . Now surely it is not a vain thought to suppose that these celestial intelligences are still employed in similar service to man. Man still stands in need of celestial guidance. . . . He wants continual instruction and superintendence, and it is more than probable that God frequently condescends to instruct and guide him by angelic ministrations. . . . Are not these holy angels continually employed in countering the workings of the powers of darkness? How frequently do they frustrate their schemes of malice,

overcome their strength, and circumscribe their range. This Peter knew, for when thrust into prison by his enemies, bound with chains, and watched by soldiers, a light shone in his dungeon and he beheld a celestial visitant, who in spite of soldiers and chains and bars and gates, delivered the apostle. And although the agency of angels in this particular be not so ostensible as formerly, yet we may rest assured it is not less real, and not less effectual. . . . But may not angels be also employed in administering consolations to the afflicted, and in enabling them to bear up under the ills of life? . . . They can mark our distress; they can trace it to its source, and by God's permission, and at his command, they may whisper consolation to our hearts, and enable us to taste of the powers of the world to come. They may quicken our love and increase our courage by reminding us of the vast cloud of witnesses which have preceded us through this vale of tears. If we are tempted in all points like our Master, may we not expect to be comforted with the same consolations wherewith he was comforted? And was he not comforted by the ministrations of angels? 'Behold angels came and ministered unto him.' . . . But the Scriptures calls others angels besides those eldest sons of Deity. Disembodied spirits, because they are like unto the angels, how far these may sympathize with us we cannot tell. . . . Indeed, they are not only with us, servants of the Heavenly King, but, whether earth-born or heaven-born—

Angels our servants are,
And keep in all our ways.

"For he hath given his angels charge concerning us," and no doubt our departed friends, who are made like unto the angels, obtain—

The grace to angels given
To serve the royal heirs of heaven.

"They are not unmoved at our afflictions; they do not fail to obtain permission of God to sympathize with us in our sufferings. It is impossible to determine how much they may advance our happiness by their secret mysterious operations on the soul. They go in bands 'to the chamber where the good man meets his fate.' . . . From what we have said, we may learn the feelings which we ought to entertain towards these exalted intelligences. We should respect them; . . . we should not worship them. Angels are but ministering spirits. . . . If God has chosen them to be his *agents*, we must not make them his *rivals*. . . . They are engaged in errands of mercy to the sons of men, and their visits are not, as has been represented, 'few and far between.' They go about doing good."

The above are but extracts with studied brevity. The discourse is contained in nine pages octavo, signed with the initial, "S." Will the Methodists eat their own words? This was published about ten years before the advent of Modern Spiritualism, in an organ of the M. E. Church. What will they say now? Answer: "He, ('S') had a devil."

ROCKFORD, Ill., July, 1887.

The italics, throughout, are the author's.

Sensation in Albion, Michigan.

One of the most remarkable and wonderful cures that has been performed since the Christian era, is in the case of Mr. Geo. Young, a highly respectable citizen of Albion, Calhoun county, Mich. The following is what Mr. Young says:

For many years I was stricken down with disease of so serious a character that I could not walk or stand. I was reduced in flesh from 180 to 100 pounds. The local physicians called my complaint liver, heart, and kidney disease, in fact all manner of diseases, but after I had paid out a great deal of money, they said I must die, and that very soon. Just at this time one of Dr. Dobson's circulars fell into my hands (I was no believer in Spiritualism) and I thought I would send to him and make a trial, for there was nothing else left for me. He sent what he called spiritual magnetized remedies. I commenced to take them and in a very short time I began to improve, and to-day I am as healthy a man as there is in Michigan, and can do as hard day's work, and I know that Dr. Dobson cured me. I took four months of his treatment; two months after I was well, and it has nearly if not quite made me a Spiritualist. Since I got well, Dr. Dobson has been here to see me, and I attended one of his slate-writing seances, which to me was wonderful. My cure made an excitement in our town, and by its means Dr. Dobson has had over one hundred patients here, and been successful in curing or greatly benefiting nearly every one. Myself and wife will never tire in doing everything we can to induce the sick to send to Dr. A. B. Dobson, of Maquoketa, Iowa, for assistance, the man that saved me from a premature grave. It is nearly a year since he cured me. It is through him and his spirit band of doctors that I am alive.

GEORGE YOUNG.

DRAWING THE LINE.—During the recent discussion by the General Presbyterian Assembly of the communion wine question, several clergymen undertook to explain the exact character of the wine used by the Savior at the Last Supper. After the issue had been disposed of by the adoption of a resolution in favor of unfermented wine, the Rev. J. S. Martin, of Chillicothe, made a novel suggestion. "Having drawn the line on the wine question," he remarked to one of the brethren, "it's now in order for the Assembly to determine the exact kind of sone upon which Moses engraved the Ten Commandments. It is important to know whether it was sandstone, limestone, or concrete!"—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

"Holy Puckerism."

It has lately been my good fortune to have the privilege of reading "Acts of the Anti-Slavery Apostles," by Parker Pillsbury, and, especially now, when items are appearing in some of our papers to the effect that but two of the original abolitionists are left with us, would I like to call the public attention to the fact that Parker Pillsbury "still lives," and that his vigorous mind is yet filled with its old fire is proved by his writing this book in his seventy fourth year at a time when most people have long "rested from their labors," and are "only waiting."

As his modesty is so apparent, I would not pain it by lavish praise; but being myself, a native of Massachusetts, so being familiar with many names of persons and places mentioned by him, it possessed an interest for me aside from its story of heroic devotion to principle and sublime faith in final success which it records.

As in time of peace one wonders at the recklessness of war, so when any question has been answered we wonder at the strife that preceded the settlement, and sometimes, in our lazy selfishness, pity those who gladly offer their lives for others, perhaps, from our inferior positions, looking at them with cynical eyes and naming them "crazy fanatics." If that were the true title of the Anti-Slavery Apostles, then was Christ a leader of fanatics and should be despised instead of honored. Well would it be for the world if there were more such demented beings. Though the glory of these might be lessened by the means, their natures were not such as would lead them to wish others to be kept low that they might appear, by comparison, high. Such spirits, like mighty birds can not help rising swiftly above the dense atmosphere near the earth, to where they can look further into space, yet their telescopic eyes are powerful enough to see all things below in a sweeping, much more intelligent view than that taken by the one contentedly strutting about the door yard; yet as Herod, Pilate and Judas with the rabble that cried "Crucify him," were as necessary as Christ in the great tragedy which has left its impression on every year since, so are all parts still needed for the accomplishment of a great object, and the fire of enthusiasm is always smouldering in human nature, ready to proclaim a king or cry "Crucify him," when occasion supplies the match for the powder.

Indeed, these high excitements seem to come almost as periodically as meteoric showers, as though humanity, suspended by an invisible cord, was swung in circles toward an intense heat, and whatever subject was in the public mind at the time glowed under its influence then, grew cooler till the next round. These times between are not Dark Ages, only resting spells before the forward leaps.

So many reforms are now struggling to the front; the rule for one thing at a time appears to be violated, yet we may find that they are all different parts of one and dependent on one.

Some may say that all the talking of the Abolitionists did no good, as the matter finally came to blows, but did it not create a public opinion that made possible the writing and selling of such a book as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," that supported Lincoln when he issued his Emancipation Proclamation? Non-residents though they were, they brought war, I grant, but only because all would not accept the truth; as Christ, the leader of non-resistants "came not to bring peace but a sword."

But, reversing the order of ordinary sermonizers, I have not yet mentioned the place where my text can be found, which is the tenth chapter of this same book of Acts, in a copy of Nathaniel P. Rogers' description of an anti-slavery meeting. In commenting on the manner of most ministers when the subject was brought before them he said, "We detest the holy puckerism." The expression seemed to me a very suggestive one and descriptive of a style of thinking and acting in regard to very many subjects, especially all that can be referred to the Bible or its interpreters for decision. From the time when Uzzah put forth his hand to save the Ark of God from shaking, to this day, there has been a desire to take the lives of those who would try to steady its progress, for that which is said to be holy must not be touched; as though one department of nature is any more holy than another and above or beneath investigation.

I well remember the solemn awe surrounding all churches and ministers in my childhood days, and what mysterious, sacred things a piece of common bread and sip of wine seemed to become when once held in consecrated hands. When a Rev. visited each house in the parish (and the time came much too often for the enjoyment of the children) every one was called to the parlor and kept seated uncomfortably stiff and silent while a chapter was read and long prayer made; then each was solemnly taken by the hand and exhorted to attend to his personal salvation.

I never can forget one in particular with eyes like dark caverns, white hair and long white beard, who held my hand so sorrowfully and, in a voice that seemed to come from the tomb, said, "Don't forget the soul." If I had not felt as though standing in the immediate presence of

Deity, consequently speechless for the time, I should have said demurely, "Please sir, I will remember." What nonsense it seems to us now, or holy puckerism!

How much breath and ink have been used, at various times, on the Divinity of Kings, the Holy Institution of Slavery, the Saving Ordinance of Baptism and Wine Sipping (once a month), the unapproachable sacredness of Marriage, the Sanctity of the Sabbath and so on, and how much of it has been proved to be only "holy puckerism."

When any thing is considered too sacred to be touched, it should be at once overturned, like a garbage barrel, and its contents examined and sorted, for there is danger to the public health in the festering heap left long undisturbed, and from their own Book the decree comes, "There is nothing secret that shall not be made known, nor hidden that shall not be revealed."

Yet we who criticize others must look well to ourselves, for there is often a transfer of names but not sentiments when the spiritual ranks are recruited. When we solemnly seat ourselves in circles, figuratively shut our eyes and open our mouths, saying, Lord or Spirits, fill them and we shall swallow whatever you give, without question or investigation, do we not how symptoms of that same disease?

But my ten minutes are past, so I will end as I began with this book, "Acts of the Anti-Slavery Apostles," by Parker Pillsbury. Buy it, read it, and then say, if you can, that your time and money have been wasted.

LUPA.

The Science of the Soul.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Kindly allow me, through the medium of your valuable paper, to inform my numerous correspondents, and your readers generally, that, at the earnest invitation of many sincere friends and fellow laborers in the vineyard of truth, I have decided to make California my home and the special sphere of my future work, and I take this opportunity of inviting all those who are desirous of making spiritual science, occultism, metaphysics and oriental philosophy, or, in other words, "the science of the soul," their study, to correspond with me at their earliest convenience.

To become a powerful magnetizer, to succeed in eliciting spiritual phenomena in the seance room, or to be successful in evolving the delicate spiritual attributes of the human soul in the developing circle, it is absolutely essential that we should possess a thorough knowledge of the magnetic temperaments of both subject and sitters, and a perfect familiarity with those occult laws and principles which guide and command alike the magnetic force of the mesmerizer and the soul influx of spirit control, whether this control emanates from an embodied or disembodied will, can make no difference in the actual result. The action and inter-action of mind upon mind, and in turn of mind upon matter, is ever the same in its loyal obedience to the beautiful harmonious law of sex and polar opposites.

The real truths and the occult laws favoring mediumship, have always been held and concealed in jealous secrecy by interested fraternities; consequently very few indeed, who call themselves Spiritualists, know anything of the hidden realities of these arcana mysteries which underlie this great problem of soul communion. I have, therefore, decided to open classes, wherever possible, for the special study of these glorious truths, and those who are isolated by reason of distance, or their surroundings, or who do not care to be known to others, can be taught privately with equal facility, by correspondence, without any extra charge. My courses of lessons will embrace the following subjects: Mesmerism, spirit control, mediumship and the spiritual principles of soul development, the laws of soul communion, thought transference, metaphysics, mind cure, oriental philosophy, and astrology.

The whole circle of "the science of the soul," embraced within the above subjects, will be fully elaborated and plainly taught in simple language. The different subjects will be arranged so as to meet the special desires and requests of the different classes, who can select their own branches of study. My terms for teaching will be so arranged as to be within the reach of all, therefore, I earnestly desire that no one will refrain from writing to me upon the mere cash account, as money is by no means the sole object in forming these classes.

There are numerous and terrible dangers surrounding some of the phases of mediumship. These dangers I shall thoroughly explain to my pupils, and show them the occult laws which explain the whole mystery of so-called frauds and exposures, the poor medium of which is often an innocent victim. Truth is ever valuable and beautiful. It is ignorance alone that is the cause of pain and suffering.

Therefore, in conclusion, let me say that I should like every reader of the GOLDEN GATE to send me a stamped envelope containing their address, and in return I will forward them my terms, with full directions for forming classes, and for private tuition.

FRATERNALLY YOURS,

R. A. STELLA.

MONTEREY, Cal., Box 37.

The Golden Rule.

The Golden Rule by Confucius, 500 B. C.: "Do unto another what you would have him do unto you, and do not to another what you would not have him do unto you. Thou needest this law alone. It is the foundation of all the rest."

Golden Rule by Aristotle, 385 B. C.: "We should conduct ourselves toward others as we would have others act toward us."

Golden Rule by Pittacus, 650 B. C.: "Do not to your neighbor what you would take ill from him."

Golden Rule by Thales, 464 B. C.: "Avoid doing what you would blame others for doing."

Golden Rule by Isocrates, 338 B. C.: "Act toward others as you desire them to act toward you."

Golden Rule by Aristippus, 365 B. C.: "Cherish reciprocal benevolence, which will make you as anxious for another's welfare as your own."

Golden Rule by Sextus, a Pythagorean, 406 B. C.: "What you wish your neighbors to be to you, such be also to them."

Golden Rule by Hillel, 50 B. C.: "Do not to others what you would not like others to do to you."

THE Boston Budget notes this instance of a strange conceit on the part of a child: There is a little six-year-old girl who is thought by some to be a spiritual medium. She is unusually bright and interesting and is the pride of her mother. The little one claims to have "another mother" besides the one who cares for her worldly wants. The "other mother" the child claims to see almost daily; describes what kind of clothes she wears and repeats what she says. Frequently the child is heard talking to her "other mother," whom she claims to have lived with ere she knew the mother who now claims her as her own. The other day, as the earthly mother closed the door, the child screamed and said the door had been closed against the "other mother," who was fastened in the crack, and the door had to be opened before the child was appeased. The child is healthy, intelligent and displays no idiosyncrasy other than that mentioned.

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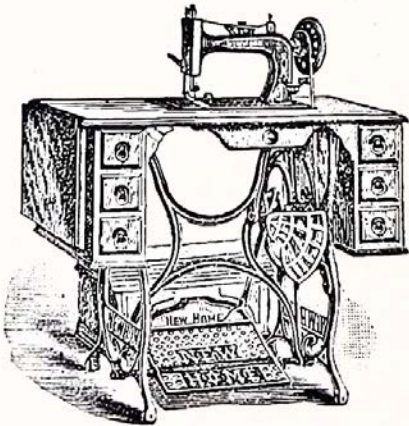
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juns-3m

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PRACTICAL PSYCHOMETRIST,

Will give readings by letter.

Character and Business, \$1.00, and stamp; Three questions, 50 cents, and stamp.

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Apr 2-3m

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED.

MRS. DR. ELEANOR MARTIN,

73 West Lane Avenue, : : : Columbus, Ohio.

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May 3-3m

MRS. SARAH J. PENOVER,

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Address 123 North Second Street,

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Feb 26-3m

MRS. M. J. BROWN,

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The Vitalizing Cabinet-Bath, or Portable Hot Springs. What is the effect? It cleanses the skin and opens the pores, equalizes the circulation and relieves congestion, preserves health and prevents disease, purifies the blood by removing the impurities which accumulate in the fluids and tissues of the body, and

[Written for the Golden Gate.]
Aspiration.

BY STANLEY FITZPATRICK.

When life flows on like a happy dream
The soul's true power is never known;
To gather wisdom from life's dark stream
We must face its wildest storms alone.
O, not when the heart is gay and light
Has truest word been sung or spoken,
Fragrance that floats on the air of night
Comes from the heart's truest and broken.

'Tis not in the hour of earthly pride
When fortunes fair bid the heart rejoice
That angels are seen who walk beside
Or the ear attuned to the inner voice.
But oft in the hour of grief and pain
Does the first true upward impulse rise;
Ere the reaper binds his golden grain
The rain must fall from the weeping skies.

How oft is the higher mountain crest
Bathed in the ocean of purest light
While at its base and over its breast
Rages the storm in darkness of night.
'Tis ever thus with the struggling soul
While it is chained by the passions of earth,
It must rend all ties to reach the goal—
To live in the life of spirit birth.

The feet that would climb must stand alone
On the wild and rugged mountain path,
When friend and lover have flown
Meet the blinding breath of 'storking's wrath,
The soul that aspires must never shrink
From bitterest sorrow's stern baptism,
Again and again the lips must drink
The fiery wine from the awful chalice.

On the bravest souls is malice hurled
And envy falls like a lava flood,
The burning thoughts that can move the world
Are graven with a pen that's dipped in blood.
It's only the heart that's wrong by pain
That can touch the highest, grandest key,
And the spirit's noblest, sweetest strain
Must ever flow from a soul that's free.

PALOMAR, June 17, 1887.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

In My Dreaming.

BY LYMAN L. PALMER.

Tell me loved one gone before me
O'er the darkly flowing stream,
Does thy spirit hover 'o'er me?
Tell me, loved one, in my dream.

Art thou near me when I, musing,
Sit and think of thee for hours?
Dost thou then, thy sweet love using,
Draw me upward with thy powers?

Dreaming, saw I angel hovering
O'er my head and round my way;
Whither went I, there the angel
Made it bright as brightest day.

Looked I on its face full gleaming,
Bright and radiant as the sun,
And I saw then, in my dreaming,
That it was my own loved one.

The Silent Ministry.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

There is a silent ministry
That knows no rite of book or bell—
That eyes divine alone can see,
And heaven's own language only tell.

It has no altars and no fane,
No waiting crowd, no tuncful choir;
It serves from beds of speechless pain,
From lips that anguish brands with fire.

From homes of want, and loss and woe,
Its worship rises up to Him,
Who hears those accents, faint and low,
Through the loud praise of cherubim.

The dauntless heart, the patient soul,
That faces life's severest stress,
With smiling front and stern control,
Intent its suffering kin to bless;

The meek, who gather every hour
From brier and thorn and wayside tree,
Their largest scant of fruit or flower,
The harvest of humility;

The tempered will that bows to God,
That knows Him good, though tempests lower,
And owns the judgments of His rod
Are but the hidings of His power,

That sees the sun behind the cloud,
Intent to labor, pray and wait,
Whatever winds blow low or loud,
Sure of the harbor, soon or late,

Like the small blossoms by the way,
Enduring cold, enjoying the sun,
In rain or snow, or sprinkling spray,
Cheerful till all their life is done.

Dear, homely ministers of love,
Used and forgot, like light and air,
Ah! when we reach that life above,
They will be stately seraphs there!

The Question.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Still on the lips of all we question
The finger of God's silence lies.
Shall the lost hands in ours be folded?
Will the shut eyelids ever rise?

Oh, friends, no proof beyond this yearning,
This outreach of our souls we need;
God will not mock the hope He giveth;
No love He prompts shall vainly plead,

Then let us stretch our hands in darkness,
And call our loved ones o'er and o'er;
Some time their arms shall close about us,
And the old voices speak once more.

The Moss Rose.

BY CRUMMACHER.

The angel of the flowers one day
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay—
That spirit to whose charge 'tis given
To bathe young buds in dew of heaven.

Awaking from his light repose,
The angel whispered to the rose:
"O, fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found where all are fair.

For the sweet shade thou giv'st to me
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee."
"Then," said the rose, with deepened glow,
"On me another grace bestow—
The spirit passed, in silent thought—
What grace was there that flower had not?
'Twas but a moment: o'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws,
And, robed in Nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed?"

O, when will my soul go—and where will it go?
And what is my soul when it goes,
Will it rise with the rain-clouds, and fall in the rain,
And exhale from the heart of a rose?
Who knows?
—Madge Morris.

A Singular Presentiment.

[American (Ga.) Recorder.]

In our issue of Sunday we stated that Captain William L. Johnson, formerly captain of the Sumter Life Guards during the late war, had been killed in battle. This was a mistake on the part of our informant, and we hasten to correct the error, inasmuch as Captain Johnson is still alive and well, and is now one of Macon's most prominent merchants. The mistake, we learn, was made from the fact that Captain Wynn, who also commanded the company, was killed, and our informant in some manner got the names of the two officers mixed.

A peculiar coincidence connected with the killing of Captain Wynn, was told us yesterday by an old veteran who followed him from the beginning of the war until he was shot down at the Battle of Gettysburg. Captain Wynn had frequently made use of the remark "That the bullet had not been moulded that would lay him low," and so often had he done this that his wife—a most estimable lady, then living in this city—coincided fully in his belief. One morning, however, the day after the fight at Gettysburg, she entered the parlor, where upon the wall had hung a handsome oil painting of her husband. As she glanced up she was horror-stricken on seeing that the painting had fallen from the wall, and in doing so the face had been pierced by a chair post, which stood beneath where it hung. Rushing from the house, she went at once to a neighbor and related the occurrence, adding that she firmly believed the captain had been killed in the fight of the previous day. Her presentiment was only too true, for on the arrival of the train an hour afterwards, news of the battle was brought, and among the first names in the list of those killed was that of her gallant husband. The strange feature about the killing, however, was that he had been shot in the face and in the identical spot where the chair post had pierced the canvas an hour before.

WHAT WEALTH SHOULD DO.—If any one asks what wealth should do in place of this atrocious public extravagance, we answer by pointing to the example of Sir George Stephen, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway and Sir Donald Smith a director and member of Parliament from Montreal, who offer a donation of \$500,000 each to improve the hospital accommodations for the sick poor of the city, and for increasing the facilities for acquiring medical education and providing for the training of professional nurses. We point to the example of George W. Vanderbilt's generous gift of \$50,000 to the New York Free Circulating Library; to the action of leading citizens of Chicago who have raised nearly \$40,000 for St. Luke's Hospital. The rapid rolling up of great fortunes, not by industry and steady accumulation of the results of honest, open effort, but by trickery and corrupt legislation, is not likely to increase the stability of our institutions. If Christianity is not become a mere shadow of a name, wealth squandered in extravagance, while want's wailing cry is heard from ocean to ocean, is an offense against religion, and if wealth continues to sow the wind in this way, it is likely in another century to reap a whirlwind of social riot and revolution.—Portland Oregonian.

THE TEST OF A GENTLEMAN.—The more a man sees of the world, and the more he mingles with others, the smaller space he is inclined to claim for himself among his fellows. He sees that in the rushing struggle of life, other people's rights must be considered; and he must not take any more ground than just enough to stand on. This is very marked in all crowds, and in public places and conveyances. The man or woman who is best versed in society makes smallest demands, and occupies least space. The persons who take more room than belongs to them are those who have been least in company, least accustomed to adapt themselves to the needs of those about them. If you want to be thought well-bred, traveled, cosmopolitan, keep in your elbows in a crowd, and sit close in a street-car. If you want to be thought boorish and uncultivated, and to be recognized as one who was never much in good company, push both sides of you, as well as in front and rear, in a crowd, and spread yourself out in a car, or in a public hall. It is by such indications as these that we see that the demands of Christian regard for the rights and feeling of others secure the best results of good breeding. To be a well-rounded Christian man or woman includes the highest graces of true gentility.

To all men journeying through the wilderness of the world, religion is an inexhaustible spring of nourishment and consolation; the thorns and flinty places of our path become soft when we view them as leading to an everlasting city, where sorrow and sin shall be alike excluded. To a religious man, and to a mere worldling, the frailties of age speak in very different tones; to the last they are the judgment voice that warns him to an awful reckoning, a dark and dreary exchange; to the first they are the kind assurances of a father that a place of rest is made ready when the weary shall find refreshment after all their toils.—Carlyle.

Woman's silence, although it is less frequent, signifies much more than a man's.

The Reason of It.

"Don't you know that it is unlawful to strike your wife?" said a Justice of the Court, the other day.
"She'd provoke a saint, your Honor."
"That does not warrant your beating her," said the magistrate.
"You'd a done it yourself only yesterday, Sir."
"And why?" asked the Justice.
"Ye see," was the reply, "I could her this mornin' when she was going out for the breakfast, to buy herrings, and in she walked with mutton chops, knowing full well it was fast day, and we couldn't ate the mate. 'Mary,' sez I, 'ye know it's a fast day.' 'I do,' sez she. 'And don't ye know that I can't ate mate?' sez I. 'Ate mate, then, or nothin',' sez she, 'you'll not go to bell for atin' a chop.' And with that me timper rose, and I gave her a welt wid me open hand."
"One hundred dollars to keep the peace, nevertheless," said the Judge.

MORALITY AND SPECULATIVE BELIEF.—It is a common idea that speculative belief affects in some way a person's morality. No greater delusion was ever nursed by partisan or enthusiast. Virtue and vice belong to no creed or sect. There are Christians living irreproachable lives, and there are Agnostics against whom calumny dare not breathe a word. The truth is, that each man's religion is the embodiment of his highest ideal, and he who attains the nearest thereto, according to his opportunities and surroundings, is the truest and worthiest citizen. The Christian believes it to be his primary duty to serve God to his utmost power; the Agnostic pays homage to and works for man as his first duty to himself and his race. Sincerity should be the test of a person's nobility, for he who is faithful to his inmost convictions, who cultivates and obeys his highest instincts, practices the purest and loftiest morality.—Toronto Secular Thought.

THOMAS MCKEE, a farmer living at Turtle creek, Pa., is very much disturbed at the queer things that have been going on in his household recently. He is not sure, indeed, that he is not undergoing the persecutions of an emissary from hades. For several weeks past some unseen visitant has thrown things topsy-turvy about the house, and now he has begun to terrify Mr. McKee's family with fire. At all times of the day and in every conceivable spot flames will dart forth without warning in the presence of the family, and the rooms are almost constantly filled with smoke. Round holes, as if made by a red hot iron, are burned in the bed clothing, in dresses hung up in the closets, in towels on the rack, in packages of groceries in the pantry, even in hats as they hang on the hall tree—and all directly before the eyes of the watchers.—Ex.

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- Our Sunday Talks: or, Cleanings in Various Fields of Thought. By J. J. OWEN. 1.00
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- Spiritism: the Origin of all Religions. By J. P. DAMRON. 50
- The Watseka Wonder. By E. W. STEVENS. 75
- The History of the Origin of All Things. By L. M. AKNOLD. 2.00
- The Spiritual Science of Health and Healing. By W. J. COLVILLE. 1.00
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LEGAL NOTICE.

TO THE CITIZEN JUDGE OF THE DISTRICT OF THE Territory of Lower California, of the United States of Mexico:

The subscribed, Jose Ramon Pico, of Mexican origin, born in Alta California in the year 1825, which now belongs to the United States of North America, and residing in the city of San Francisco, of said California, with due respect declares: That in the month of December, 1859, Colonel Don Jose Castro, Superior Political and Military Chief of the Territory of Lower California, arrived on a visit in San Jose, Political and Military Chief of said Territory, in the house of my father, Don Antonio Maria Pico (now deceased), he made known to me that the Baron Don Juan Julio Morner, whom he had sent as commissioner to the Supreme Government of Mexico, had succeeded in speaking with the President, Don Benito Juarez, in the City of Vera Cruz, and had obtained from him ample authorization that he, that is, the said Colonel Don Jose Castro, could sell the unappropriated (public) lands of said Territory of Lower California for the price of one hundred dollars for each league; that he had to return to said Territory, and thought he would dispose of some public lands with the object to collect resources and sustain his authority and the constitutional order, declaring that if I wished, I might direct to him, after his arrival at the frontier of the Territory of Lower California, a memorial soliciting some sitios of ganado mayor, which he would grant me provided that I would remit him the sum of one hundred dollars for each sitio; I accepted that proposition, and about the month of February, 1860, I sent a petition and the surety of one thousand and one hundred dollars to Don Luis Arguello, inhabitant of the frontier of said Lower California, and the aforesaid Mr. Arguello, a little while after, remitted to me the title, dated March the third, 1860, dispatched in my favor by the Colonel Don Jose Castro, Political and Military Superior Chief of said Territory, granting me eleven sitios, which I had solicited, and which were judicially located by the competent Judge, Don Tomas Warner, in 1865, in the place called "Manadero," situated on the Northern Frontier of Lower California, and near the Bay of the Ensenada de Todos Santos; that in 1867 Don Juan Manuel Lugo and a certain Roberto Allison proposed to me to occupy said lands with a certain number of cattle for breeding, and for other purposes, for the term of eight years, the deed of sale which I paid me ten per cent of all the increase, provided I would transfer to both my rights in order to represent them as owners, though, in reality, they were only my lessees; that I, having at that time an entire confidence in said Don Juan Manuel Lugo, (who at that time had managed an affair of lands which my family claimed in said town of San Jose) I agreed to make the transfer they proposed to me, and I recollect having signed, in May, 1867, before J. H. Blood, Notary Public of the aforesaid city of San Francisco, without having received a single dollar in payment of the value of my said lands; therefore I declare that, though the document I signed expresses the contrary, that act, I done it purely for formula; that said Juan Manuel Lugo and Roberto Allison from that time have pretended that they were absolute owners of said lands, that they have not put there any cattle to make good their compromise entered into with me, as I have already indicated, and that they have refused to execute the necessary document to return to me the rights I have to the referred lands, and in this way have prejudiced me considerable in my interests. Moreover, now by these same presents, and in the best form of law and justice, I solemnly declare, one, two, and three times, null, and of no effect, the deed of sale which said Lugo and Allison pretend, any that whatsoever sale or contract they make of said lands will be null and of no value, because I am the only and real owner of said lands.

In witness whereof I have signed this present protest in the city of San Francisco, of Alta California, this 17th day of October, 1867.

JOSE RAMON PICO.

Witnesses: { Manuel Castro, {
{ Louis Peralta.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, ss

Jose Ramon Pico, being duly sworn, deposes and says that I am the same person mentioned in the foregoing instrument; that I executed an instrument of which the said foregoing instrument is a true copy, and placed the same in the hands of Jose Moreno, and instructed him to proceed to La Paz, in Lower California, and place it on the archives; that thereafter he proceeded to La Paz, and on his return to California he gave me a paper signed by the keeper of the archives at La Paz, acknowledging that he received said instrument and recorded the same in the archives at La Paz. The said paper remains in my possession until October, 1875, when the same was, while among other papers belonging to me, stolen.

JOSE RAMON PICO.

Witnesses: { C. Schmitz, {
{ C. B. Before me, I attest,
J. H. Blood,
Notary Public.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE STATION, FOOT of Market Street, SOUTH PACIFIC COAST, AT

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

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

7:30 A. M., daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos and intermediate points. Saturdays and Sundays to Santa Cruz.

8:30 A. M. and 2:30 P. M., Trains with Stage at Los Gatos for Congress Springs.

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

To Oakland and Alameda.

8:00 A. 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