

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

VOL. IV.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1887.

{ TERMS (In Advance): \$2.50 per annum;  
\$1.25 for six months. }

NO. 4.

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## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

All are bigots who limit the Divine within the bounds of their present knowledge.

Two things command my veneration—the starry universe around me, and the law of duty within.—*Emmanuel Kant.*

He prayeth best who loveth best all things, both great and small, for the dear God who loveth us, He made and loveth all.—*Coleridge.*

What I admire in Columbus, is not his having discovered a world, but his having gone to search for it on the faith of an opinion.—*Turgot.*

The wise man preserves in his own bosom the sacred flame which enlightens him, though winds may blow and tempests roar without.—*Plotinus.*

Look not mournfully in the past; it does not come back again. Wisely improve the present; it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart.

The grand product of philosophy is friendship and interior communion with God, and the enjoyment of that felicity which arises from intimate converse with divine beings.—*Plotinus.*

A kind word of praise, a hearty expression of good will, a little help offered at the right time—none of these things cost much, but each may make to many a sad heart the difference between joy and sorrow.

A love for flowers does not make us rich, in the common idea of riches, but there has never been, and never will be, any money made that will buy the pleasure that a love and knowledge of flowers brings.—*Clarkson.*

The peopling of heaven and hell will not be fixed by belief, but by character. There is no grace that can lift us beyond that point to which our development carries us. God never bestows heaven nor imposes hell, but for ever souls go to their own place.

If man ceases to exist when he disappears in the grave, you must be compelled to affirm that he is the only creature in existence whom nature or providence has condescended to deceive and cheat by capacities for which there are no available objects.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

Belief in the supernatural is a fact natural, primitive, universal and constant in the life and history of the human race; unbelief in the supernatural begets materialism, materialism sensuality, sensuality social convulsions, amid whose storms man again learns to believe and pray.—*Guizot.*

There is a faculty of the human mind which is superior to all that is born or begotten, through it we are enabled to attain union with superior intelligences, to being transported beyond the scenes of this world, and to partaking the higher life and peculiar powers of the heavenly ones.—*Iamblichus.*

## WE MAKE THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

An Address Delivered by W. W. McKaig at Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, Jan. 30, 1887.

It was the doctrine of Bishop Berkeley that all we know of the material world is its power of making certain impressions upon our minds through the senses. That what we call the properties of matter, color, hardness, extension, form, taste, smell, and the like, are ideas in the mind alone and without a mind to perceive them they would have no existence. A certain combination of ideas we call a stone, star or tree. We do not see the sun but only its image, and no two persons see the same sun. All we know of nature is in ourselves. "In all perception," says Fichte, "thou perceivest only thine own condition." This theory of the foundation of knowledge, has commanded the homage of the most peerless thinkers from Plato to Kant, but has never taken much hold upon the common, practical mind. It would be hard to make most people believe that a man falling down stairs is only a descending idea, and breaking his head at the bottom merely the conclusion of an argument. No doubt we have all felt inclined to say, with Lord Byron, "that when Bishop Berkeley says there is no matter, it is no matter what Berkeley says."

But be all this as it may, there is a practical sense in which every man does make the world he lives in that I think no one will question. It is certain that the thoughts, impressions and suggestions, made by visible objects, change and vary according to the dominant habit, culture, and state of the mind. Two persons, for instance, may look at the same objects but both are not stirred by the same thought and feeling. One looks upon the ocean and sees an image of eternity, "Dark, heaving, boundless, endless and sublime," and another sees only a broad highway for commerce. The boulder to the farmer who has too many of them in his field, is an ugly wart, a huge excrescence on the face of nature, while the finer insight of the geologist sees written there the records of an ice deluge that swept over the earth long before the era of man, and while he looks at it he can hear the grinding crash of mighty glaciers and the death-shriek of a strange, uncouth race of animals. One looks upon the lofty pine forests and thinks only of saw-mills, lumber-yards and board fences, while another stands entranced before the mysterious force that could without derrick or pulley, lift such tons of weight so high in the air in spite of gravitation. To one the outer world suggests only the useful, practical and agreeable, while to the poetic insight of another, everything is a symbol of the beautiful, the flexible and flowing drapery worn by the thought of God. How different the aspect of nature to Wordsworth as he walked upon the hill improvising his verse, and to the humble shepherd who pastured his flocks hard by? To one the "primrose by the river's brink" was a simple, useless flower, while the great poet saw in it "thoughts too deep for utterance." No two persons ever walked through a gallery of art, rode over the same landscape, or down the same mountain slope, and brought home the same picture. And whence this difference of impression and suggestion? From the mind which makes the world it sees, and all it sees is only the shadow of itself. Indeed, so true is this transforming power of the mind that the aspect of things external seems fickle and changeable, corresponding to our changeable whims, moods and tense of feeling. We make and unmake our world in an hour. When gay, joyous and happy, all things look bright and cheerful; but when pensive and sorrowful, the very same things look dreary and gloomy. How sweet the song of birds in the morning to the well and merry-hearted! How plaintive and sad their warblings to the sick and lonely one who feels that the charm of this bright day is not for her! It is our moods of feeling we see in nature. "The heavens mourn," said a Democrat many years ago, "over this disastrous election," as a shower of rain began to fall. "There are tears of joy," replied a Whig, exulting in the victory. The lover in his evening walk sees "the floor of heaven is

thickly inlaid with patterns of bright gold," but how cold, ghastly and mocking seem those stars to the poor wretch who clings to his frail plank, drifting with hunger and thirst upon the dark and boundless sea. To the starving Indians in that long, cruel Winter of "Hiawatha,"—

"Hungry was the air around them  
Hungry was the sky above them,  
And the hungry stars in heaven  
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them."

Thus the soul spreads its own hue over every thing and clothes nature in mourning or wedding garments, fills it with the silvery chime of merry bells, or the hard, slow, solemn toll, every stroke of which sends an icy shiver through the soul. The poet says,—

"What we call nature all outside ourselves  
Is but our own conceit of what we see,  
Our own reaction upon what we feel."

We may now carry this principle further and quite safely affirm that upon the higher plane of thought all truth comes to the mind clad in habiliments of our own weaving; that is, it must come to us through the medium of our biases, prejudices, and pre-established opinions, and will almost inevitably be shaved and dressed in a style acceptable to us before we will admit it to share our confidence and hospitality. "What we expect," says Aristotle, "that we find." We see the world of truth reflected as our glasses are red, blue, dark or crystalline. Every bias, prejudice and passion, projects its own color over the facts we would explore and the truths we would perceive. Helvetius tells the story of an old parson and a gay young lady who, having heard the moon was inhabited, sallied forth one clear night, telescope in hand, to make discoveries. "If I am not mistaken," said the young lady, who had looked first, "I see two shadows gently leaning towards each other and I do believe they are two happy lovers." "Lovers!" said the old divine, who by this time had taken a look, "fy! fy! the two shadows you see, my dear, are the two steeples of a cathedral." This is the old story of human thought. We see lovers or cathedrals, according to our wishes and prepossessions. Whenever a man entrenches himself in some great idea he will almost unconsciously, to himself, make it a base line from which he will try and triangulate the universe. You see this verified on every page of history. Perhaps Tacitus and Thucides were the most able and most incapable of falsehood of all the men who have written history, and yet not one has related an important fact but what has been called in question by the other; and the reason is obvious. Tacitus wrote to show the hatefulness of Imperialism, and Thucides wrote to show the ugliness of Democracy, and each saw only the defects of the system he sought to degrade and the excellencies of the system he sought to exalt. Hume wrote the history of England in the interest of legitimacy, and Macauley in the interest of the liberal party, and that accounts for the fact that the hero of one is often the villain of the other. How widely different the history of Christianity appears in the pages of Gibbon and Strauss, Neander and Hase. The causes that led to our Civil War have a very alien look as seen in Horace Greeley's "Conflict," and Pollard's "Lost Cause." "My friend," said Faust to the student, who was growing enthusiastic about the spirit of past ages—"my friend, the times which are gone are a book with seven seals; and what you call the spirit of past ages is but the spirit of this or that worthy gentleman in whose mind those ages are reflected."

We may expand this thought a little further and confidently assume that the whole world of moral and religious belief is created by the mind, or in other words reflects the state and quality of the character of the believers. The old proverb "As a man thinketh so is he" may be reversed and be a great deal nearer true—"As a man is so he thinketh." What is thinking? It is the coinage of our consciousness into ideas, thoughts, sentiments, opinions and beliefs. In the very nature of things they will be deeply colored by the mental and moral qualities of the mind. It is impossible for a man to separate his character and belief; to be one thing and think another. Of course I here speak of moral and religious convictions. A bad man may be a good astronomer, geologist or anatomist, for there is a realm of truth that may be very little

disturbed by the influences of the character. But be this as it may, it is certain that a man's character—the quality of his inner life, his desires, hopes and preferences—will shape his beliefs and make the world of religion in which he lives. For instance, analyze your idea of God and you will find that it is made up of all that is best, purest and sweetest in human nature, refined and idealized by the imagination. You take what you know or believe about the human intelligence, will, emotions, moral powers and affections, and magnify them in thought until they shade off into infinity, and that is what we call our idea of God. It is the brightest creation of the mind, the fairest flower of human thought. But suppose that mind be ignorant, coarse, cruel, that flower will then certainly show the nature of the soil it grows upon. The god of the savage is only a bigger savage. As God made man in his own image so man stamps his moral image on his idea of his Creator. To the old Norsemen God was an infinite rough, a huge brawny savage, armed with a club, prowling and war-whooping through the sky, while to the intelligent Christian faith he is a Father coming into the abode of men with the smile of love. One in the day of calamity looks up through the raindrops that are falling and sees "only the glimmering rainbow of creation, which no sun originated, and hears the howl of the everlasting storm which no one guides," and says there is no God, no future, I see only a black, bottomless, speechless universe; while another kneels over the urned ashes of love and with a serene look of trust says, "Even so, Father, for so it seems good in thy sight." What makes the difference between these two? Each one makes his own moral world out of the qualities of his own character and mantle it in the gloom of despair, hanging crape upon the door-knob of heaven or illumines it in hope and makes every event a prophecy of good. To one, prayer is a hard pumping of dreary phrases, platitudes, set speeches and compliments to the Deity, forced from an empty, wheezing soul, while to another it is the spontaneous blossom of the soul's deepest life, the way each separate human wish and desire melts into the river of the Divine Will. To one, the Church is a Pullman car into which one gets with a through ticket to heaven and a fine lunch-basket of sound doctrines, and goes to sleep giving himself no concern about the way. To another, the Church is a hospital with her ambulance wagons out upon the world's battle-field, bringing in the sick and wounded. It is a life-saving station on a bleak and stormy coast, where men are liable to be wrecked. Now, what makes this difference? The state of the mind. We make the world of doctrines and beliefs in which we live, and paint our finest ideals of the true, beautiful and good in pigments and dyes compounded in the laboratory of our own thought. How true, then, are the words of Jesus, "If thine be single thy whole body shall be full of light, but if thine eye be evil thy whole body shall be full of darkness."

In the light of this general exposition we may now approach some of the questions of spiritual philosophy in which we all have a deep and abiding interest. We need not be surprised to find that each one makes his own conception of the future world; that our idea of heaven, for instance, is purely an imaginary creation, an ideal or mind-picture ever changing as the soul's horizon widens. In the language of Spotford Brooks, one of the brightest lights of the English Church: "We paint heaven out of the colors of our own existence here on earth—each man makes his heaven to suit his own temperament." To the wild Indian it is a goodly land well stocked with fat elk and buffalo, where the frost never bites, the grass and the waters never freeze, and where there are no wicked white men to pen them up in reservations and feed them on bad beef and whisky. To the rough old Norseman, fond of war and hardy sports, Valhalla was a place of perpetual carousals, feasting and fighting. To the average run of men whose life has been a long stand-up fight with hard times, poverty and pinched circumstances, heaven in their imagination will be a sort of vision of Mirza—"persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands on their heads, passing among trees, lying down by the fountains or resting on beds of flowers amid

a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices and musical sounds." To the man of large thought and liberal culture heaven will be a place where all enigmas will be solved, and thought lift its wing over heights of truth, beauty and sublimity that never dawned on it here. The heaven of many, schooled in the old theology, as near as I can make it out, is a place where one can visit the old patriarchs and apostles; where the elect ones, who have fought a good fight, outwitted the devil and won the victory, a little foot-sore and weary, perhaps, will rest from the war, wear their crowns and to all eternity tell over the story of their perils. Some years ago I was called to see a lady evidently near the gate of death, as pure, mild and gentle a nature as I ever knew. Part of her family had passed over, and she had long professed to hold daily converse with them eating her manna in secret for fear of the laugh and babble of the world. As the darkness deepened around her, the only thought that seemed uppermost in her mind was the sweet and joyful one of soon seeing her loved ones in their spirit home. She talked with as serene and tranquil assurance as you would sliding down the Sierras in the overland train, of meeting your family in the evening. I had been taught to believe that God would be jealous if He did not fill the whole throne of the heart, still I could not help feeling that the domestic ideal, the fragrant heart-flower cherished by this woman was the most natural and beautiful of them all. And yet all these conceptions are chiefly made up of the things we most wish and desire. We make our own idea of heaven, and what a strange variety of them we make. How contradictory they are. The palace-hotel ideal of the poor man to the rich man would have no charm, and the elect-ideal, a place of endless sabbath, where only the faithful are found engaged in worship and pious talk, where Dr. Talmage's pendulum of hallelujahs swings from eternity to eternity, would make some people feel like little Faith in the story who asked her mother if she was a good little girl all the week, whether Jesus would let her run down to hell and play Saturday afternoons. Many years ago, a Moravian missionary went to Greenland to preach the gospel to the natives. In the simplicity of his heart he thought the best way to drive these poor ignorant sheep into his Master's fold was to kindle hot the fires of God's wrath against sin. As he depicted the awful flames of hell, what was his surprise to see the faces of hearers manifest delight instead of alarm, and all break out into a boisterous shouting and a clapping of the hands. He then discovered that he had brought the wrong hell for that latitude. To those poor, shivering children of the North, a place that have a big blazing fire was their ideal of heaven. And so it has ever been in the long history of human thought, we make our ideas of the future world according to the mental and moral climate we are in, and often what seems beautiful and attractive to one would be the hell of another.

And now as the apple Newton saw fall in Lord Oglethorpe's orchard became a key with which he opened the fast locked gates of the universe and revealed the law that shapes alike the atom and star, so the principle we have been unfolding may be used to push ajar the gates of the future and give us a glimpse of the spirit realm. Immanuel Swedenborg taught that the heavenly world had no existence independent of the spirits inhabiting it, that it was momentarily created by the influx of Divine Life through the angels and spirits who dwell there; that is, the scenery in the midst of which they live and move is a constant creation from themselves, and corresponds to their inward states. All outness is apparent only. Nearness and remoteness are only feelings of sympathy or antipathy. Movement through space, or what seems to be such, is merely a change of state, an impulse of thought or will. This description fully accords with the teachings of our best mediums and clairvoyants. All agree that we make out our spirit-home according to the quality of our moral and intellectual powers, ever changing as our thoughts wishes, loves and desires change. Each one will build his own spiritual abode and dwell therein, very much as you see people doing here. Look around you and you will see many content to

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Short Chats and Items.

BY J. J. MORSE.

For a period extending over seventeen years, the writer has been actively engaged in the public ministry of Modern Spiritualism in his native land, some two and a half years spent in the United States excepted. During that period he has noted the rise and fall of many journalistic attempts in Britain, and has been associated, more or less intimately, with four of such, two of which are alive to-day, two others having gone to the limbo of unappreciated journalism. Of the two living journals, the oldest in point of time is the *Medium and Daybreak*, edited by James Burns, a sturdy Scotchman, evidencing all the tenacity of purpose pertaining to the covenants of old, and manifesting a strength and originality of mind, combined with large inspirational capacity, which make him a presence and a power of magnitude. Mr. Burns has been the means of introducing to public notice all the prominent media and speakers developed in Britain, and visitors from this, and other lands, since 1868, alas! in one or two cases with the result of seeing those whom he has aided either forget his services, or strive to constitute him a grindstone on which to sharpen their own peculiar axes. My dear friend, Emma Hardinge, had her popularity and labors first extensively disseminated by Mr. Burns' paper, as was the case with Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond, Dr. J. M. Peebles, and other visitors from afar, including Dr. Samuel Watson and Elder F. W. Mans.

The other existing journal is *Light*, a somewhat exclusive and conservative toned paper, in which much purely literary, rather than historical matter, is presented. It is at present edited by Wm. Stainton Moses, known to Spiritualists throughout the world as "M. A. (Oxon),"—of whom I have long enjoyed a personal friendship. He is assisted by E. Dawson Rogers, and the journal circulates among the generally well-to-do, but as a rule conservative Spiritualists found in English good society.

The two journals with which I was connected in some degree, were the *Pioneer of Progress* and the *Herald of Progress*, but they, with *The Spiritualist*, *The Christian Spiritualist*, *Spiritual Opinion*, *Spiritual Notes*, and the *Spiritual Pioneer*, are all numbered with the dead. Certainly a goodly catalogue of efforts. Some were wise, some otherwise—very! All meant well, no doubt, but making bricks without straw has ever proved a difficult task.

I once thought the office of an editor was just splendid; eighteen months occupancy of the sub-editorial chair converted me! The little end of the log suits me better! But all the time I have had the honor of being a pretty considerable contributor to the columns of the Spiritualistic press all over the world. Among many things this extensive acquaintance with our editors has impressed upon me, is the fact that, in the main, they endeavor to fulfill the high trusts and duties imposed upon them, and, indeed, the office of editor of any journal is a most responsible one, but it seems to me the editor of a Spiritualist paper occupies the most responsible position of all. He has to publish records that are so uncommon—deal with such marvelous facts, and transcendent realities, that the highest qualities of discrimination are called for. He virtually becomes the channel of a new inspiration, and oh! how difficult the task is to sift out the grain of truth from the bushel of dreariest chaff. That our journals are, as the full rule, filled with matter that is instructive and inspiring, shows that the Spiritualist editor brings rare talents to his task. That he can be infallible is of course absurd, and that if he is not, there are hundreds to so inform him; it only costs two cents in money and ten minutes in time to thrash an editor. That he is never partial, or cajoled by some plausible ninny, or deceived by some *chevalier d'industrie*, is to make him wiser than he knows himself to be; but that, in spite of all the temptations, weakness, and inaptitudes of our common nature, the occupiers of our editorial chairs are all doing their best, according to their lights, is a proposition demonstrably true. At least this is true of those I know personally, and that includes all but two of note, Bro. Terry, of Australia, and the genial optimist who sits at the *GOLDEN GATE*, whom I shall meet ere long. Gentlemen editors, we owe you all many thanks for the periodical feasts you spread before us; may all your works prosper, as indeed they will, if truth inspires you, principle guide you, and justice and impartiality preside over all that you do for our great cause, and those who labor therein.

I am heartily rejoiced to read of the gratifying success of my personal friend, John Slater. I have attended many of his meetings here, and have been deeply interested in his evident honesty as a man, and value as a medium. One pleasing fact connected with him is, he runs upon his merits, asking only a fair field, and no favors.

Late numbers of the *GOLDEN GATE* have had considerable in them upon the ever-perplexing, distracting, and terribly involved subjects of "Occultism," "Re-incarnation," "Mind Cure," and so on. Much has been temperate in statement, some silly, and a little absurd. By the way, what is the difference between re-

incarnation and re-embodiment? One distinguished advocate told me in my house in London, England, during a stay of some eleven days with us, that he was now re-incarnated a fourth time. It would be interesting to know if the same statement was ventured or accepted in San Francisco? Another person, I wot of, was a re-incarnated princess(?) and could not join her hostess at the morning meal because she was of royal descent, so demanded to be waited upon. Evidently born tired! Blavatsky, (in retirement?) now, Kardec, Blackwell, Richmond, and a host of petty imitators since, have all taught differently on this vexed topic. Let the discussion continue. If hard knocks are disliked, keep out of the lists, but let us have the truth first, and peace afterward.

A year and a half ago, self, wife and daughter, set foot on American soil, and once again enjoyed the hospitality of the nation under the stars and stripes. Public lectures, literary labors, social duties, camp-meetings, special inquiries into various questions, and at times an utterly overwhelming correspondence—literally extending from England to India, Canada to the Cape—have kept us busy, busy, all the time. Among other matters, interesting to us, has been the Credit Foncier of Sinaloa, the new colony at Topolambampo. We have met Hon. Albert K. Owen, its promoter, several times, and others of the heads of this work, which I have every belief is the most practical attempt looking to the ends aimed at that has yet been made. Among my labors the last few months has been the compilation of a novel bearing upon industrial questions, and integral co-operation, under the title of "Wilbraham's Wealth," which will be issued by John W. Lovell & Co., of New York, during the month of March. The above labors have kept my hands employed, and made our visit one of pleasure to us all.

In May I arrive, with my family, amongst the descendants of the hardy Argonauts of '49, and if half the tales one hears of California's wonders and 'Friscoean hospitality are true we shall have a right royal time. But let the work speak for the worker is the soundest policy. I am sure the result, if judged with the justice and dealt with in the same impartiality that is but one's barest right, will be well. I have no fear that Spiritualists and their press will be otherwise than generous and helpful in the Golden State, as ever they have been wheresoever my wandering feet have rested for a time.

Clasping hands with you across the continent, wishing every success that right, justice and truth in life, and act, can win, I now close my parcel. Adieu. BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 29, 1887.

## "The Watseka Wonder."

[Dr. Cora Ellison in Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

As "The Watseka Wonder" is soon to be re-published, I venture a few words, principally in defense of Mr. Roff's family, who are besieged with letters from all quarters, some asking if there is such a family in existence, and some wishing the truth confirmed; and also because there are those unjust enough to accuse them of having published the pamphlet for speculation. I will say that I have known the family intimately for the past five years; know them to be honest, truthful people, who could not be persuaded to lend their names or aid to furthering any project not strictly in accord with truth and right; not only this, I am personally acquainted with Lurancy Vennum as well as nearly all others connected with "The Watseka Wonder," and can vouch for the truth of it. Aside from social acquaintance with Dr. Stevens, its author, I had an extended professional acquaintance with him, and know that the Lurancy Vennum case was only one of many similar cases that the Doctor successfully treated. Having had a nine years' experience myself in the treatment of disease, I have also had several cases of obsession, any of which written up would be a "nut" for the regulars to crack, and would add weight to the testimony "The Watseka Wonder" contains.

I will give one incident which occurred during my visit with Lurancy Vennum, which will establish the fact that her brain remained sensitive, or in other words, that she retained her medial powers. It was during the month of October 1881, that I first met her, and on the day of our introduction I asked her to go with me to an art gallery and sit for her picture. She consented. As we walked along to the art rooms she said I hear a name I have heard many times before, at the same time speaking the full name; it was a name that Mr. Roff (who accompanied us) and myself were perfectly familiar with, and which she could not have known but by the means in which it came, which is known to us as clairaudience. I have only to add that "the half has never been told" concerning the wonderful visit of "our angel Mary" to her parents and friends in earth-life.

My apology for making these statements is based on a knowledge of the case described, and also of many similar ones; a knowledge that Mr. Roff and family have been unjustly criticised by an unreasonable public, and a knowledge that this statement from me will satisfy hundreds throughout the Union who are acquainted with me and my work, and who will know that no desire for anything but to see common justice done actuates the writer.

## Thirty-five Years Ago and To-day.

[An Address delivered by C. M. Brown, at Liberal Hall, West Hampden, Me., on the Fourth of July, 1886. Reported for the Golden Gate.]

As your co-worker in the great phalanx of progressive thought that is each day growing longer, broader and deeper, and that, too, with men and women of mind, principle and influence, I will thus for a few moments ask your strict and candid attention. We are pronounced Spiritualists, as a body, in this grand old "Liberal Hall," to-day, in which, before, has ascended from inspired brain grand and progressive thoughts, only to recede from your material sense, (hearing) leaving their impress forever stamped upon your memories, to reach and find echo through the vaulted domes of the spirit world, living entities, beautiful word-pictures, smilingly and proudly received by the invisible host, as their children, their thoughts impressed upon the brain of the recipient mortal.

Having received grand an immortal truths from this rostrum, those alone which can only come to you through the channel of the high and noble minds of our philosophy, do not wonder if I, the smallest among you, say but little, and that little in a manner that perhaps may not interest you.

It is no idle tale for us to tell, when we state clearly and emphatically that true and unadulterated Spiritualism is the grand center around which all other religions are whirling to-day. Thirty-five years back the minister in his gilded pulpit preached the doctrine of hell, fire and brimstone with an emphasis that caused the listening sinners to squirm in their seats, and to glance furtively over their shoulders expecting, perhaps, to see the "old fellow with horns" striding down the aisles after their wicked souls, denouncing, too, with vindictiveness expressed in every lineament of his features, Spiritualism as the "work of the devil,"—a "hell-born child." In those hard days for Spiritualism, but balmy and paying days for the church, our young child gradually but surely began to develop in manhood despite the missiles hurled at it by its belligerent adversaries, those so-called holy divines, advocates of the meek and lowly Savior, descendants of the fathers who landed at Plymouth, and who had fled from the galling yoke of despotism and religious tyranny in England, to a free country, and to worship in a free manner the God of their ancestors according to the "dictates of their conscience." I say that the adversaries of our child, born in the lowly manger at Hydesville, Wayne county, New York, in a free country, the same in which our forefathers stood at Bunker Hill, brandishing the scythes and pitchforks of liberty, sturdy yeomen of the soil; and with all this before them, those adversaries hurled their innuendoes at Spiritualism, and only too ready and willing to gulp down their cruel utterances, falsely given in name of Him, who, too, was born in a manger two thousand years ago, stood a gaping multitude of the same caliber and circumference, crying as did the Jews of old, "Crucify him! crucify him!" and actually, when those two worthy instruments of the spirit world, Margaret and Catharine Fox, were at a certain house in Rochester, a mob of those meek and lowly advocates of a religion to whom the world was then bowing, with hatred in their hearts and their brain fired by the rabid utterances of their spiritual advisers, mobbed the house and threw stones and other missiles and broke the windows, and hooted in vile and vulgar speeches at those poor, innocent sisters, who, trusting alone in the strong protecting power of their invisible guides, trembled in very fear for their lives. All this in a free country, in the much vaunted haven of liberty, loved America.

But that day has passed and Spiritualism, the so-called "child of the devil," ain't dead. Isn't that funny? But, my friends, it is no fault of the church by any means; it did its level best, first, by foul means and then by a cold, silent contempt of it. But neither worked, and its votaries said among themselves, "we must tackle it some other way, so let us investigate it, and as it is a grand humbug we can publish of our investigations from Dan to Bersheba, and thus throw discredit upon its so-called phenomena." So their investigations began, and one fine morning the world awoke, and the cry went forth that one of the investigators, a very noted and learned man, Prof. Robert Hare, had become its outspoken adherent, and morning after morning the world awoke to find itself in the same predicament—the church caught in a trap of its own setting. Every thing they had proven (and let me say it was indeed a thing) was that investigation led to conversion and swallowed up their best minds in a twinkling, as it were.

And, now, to-day, the minister in his gilded pulpit, unconsciously and sometimes knowingly, preaches Spiritualism, for the very reason that it has become a second nature to educated intelligence, and is, as I have before stated, the basic fact, the true essence of morality around which all religions center and from which they must of a necessity draw their soul sustenance. "Ah!" exclaims one noted man, "if Spiritualism be true it is the greatest boon ever given to humanity." My friends, you and I can listen to such a speech and smile, for, to us, through our senses, our experience, and more, because

of our spirituality, through intuition, we feel way down in the inmost depths of our soul, that Spiritualism, like the solid rock, is a truth and is the "greatest boon ever given to humanity."

To the cold, sordid money-grasping man of the world, we do not expect a recognition of the mighty and beautiful truth of Spiritualism. No, indeed; they have no spirituality, and the truth of our philosophy, to them, is like a "tinkling brass and sounding cymbal." Then ought the world to hang on to every word they utter to its detriment as the only and safe criterion by which it should be judged? From our standpoint, with our spirituality, our insight and our intuition, we say with emphasis, "no." But the world does do it and will do it until our speakers, our thinkers, our writers crowd them to the wall, which they are rapidly doing, and make them, through a clear force of circumstances, consciously or unconsciously, advocate the beautiful truth of Spiritualism, whose circumference and center abound with one solid phalanx of bristling, phenomenal facts, which is death to the candid investigator. Aside from its phenomena it has a basic principle of morality that is the sum and substance of the good deeds and well-doing of all humanity, and it stands us in hand as Spiritualists to keep the rank and file of our philosophy pure—to see that honesty of heart is the leading motive of our actions and to stand up with a bold front for truth's sake and denounce the charlatan who will sacrifice his or her honor enough to play with the most sacred and tender feelings of man.

To-day Spiritualism is being put into the crucible of "Sift the chaff from the wheat," by Spiritualists themselves, and it will come out more refined and more pure. And not exactly Spiritualism, either, but those mortals who pass themselves off as Spiritualists, who are playing with the holiest affections of man for the paltry dross of this world.

A truth though counterfeited by knaves does not lose one jot of its beauty—its essence—but is for a time hidden only to burst forth with more radiance and power. Spiritualism may be counterfeited, but its basic fact remains the same, and will through all eternity, gaining lustre each time it comes from the crucible of public opinion. Let us feel to praise the angel world and progressive humanity that we are living to-day in the blessed light of its benign influence.

## "The Line of Least Resistance."

[Index.]

In a recent sermon, Rev. Brooke Herford, of Boston, illustrated his thought by referring to the law that all physical forces follow "the line of least resistance." But when he came to the consideration of moral conduct, he declared that the law was no longer operative, and that saints and heroes, martyrs, and all who make sacrifices for the good of others, follow the "line of most resistance." An able editorial writer in the *Sunday Herald*, commenting on this, after remarking that "the line of least resistance" to Shakespeare's Caliban and the drunken sailors, Drincolo and Stephano, was to reel round the island carousing and fighting, adds, "But surely it is hardly scientific to declare that this brutish animalism would represent the 'line of least resistance' to a man, say, like William Lloyd Garrison. Mr. Garrison lacked the needful outfit of drunkenness, scurrility, and blasphemy that could alone have rendered the feat easy and graceful. To his moral heroism, the 'line of least resistance' lay straight through the dense block of a howling mob, just as 'the line of least resistance' to a soldier—behind whom his officer is standing with a cocked and leveled revolver—is right into the teeth of the enemy. Only, in Mr. Garrison's case, the cocked and leveled revolver was his own powder and ball-laden conscience, which he was far more afraid of than of any mob. . . . Surely, the real work of religion to-day and always, is to make goodness, mercy, justice, and love 'the line of least resistance' to the soul, and this by so arousing and firing the mind with grand conceptions of life, and awakening such horror and revolt from their opposites, that a man would rather starve than be false to the heavenly vision. Of course the inevitable fight between the higher and lower nature is a theme to be perpetually emphasized from the pulpit. But, surely, this does not mean that 'the line of least resistance' for justice, where it exists, is not always to be just, for mercy to be merciful, and for love to love. Rouse these powers into action, and they forthwith strike a bee-line for their objects."

REFERRING to the discussion by the press of the suggestion that Mrs. Logan should be elected to succeed her husband in the United States Senate, the *Cortland (Neb.) Journal* says: "The spectacle of a bright, good woman in the Senate would be an edifying one, and Mary Logan's influence in the Senate would be as salutary as it would be powerful; better than these things would be the ennobling effect which the elevation of this representative woman would have upon the social conditions of the Republic. Here has Illinois a grand opportunity to show its appreciation of its worthy womanhood, and to confer a distinguishing honor upon one of the purest, staunchest and brightest of her sex."

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Organic Work.

NO. 3.

## CONSTITUTION.

**Preamble:** We, the undersigned, desirous of more knowledge of things spiritual, and of cultivating our higher natures with the object in view of attaining to more exalted thought and action, do agree on the following Constitution and By-Laws; and to this end place our signatures below, as a method of organizing a society for the above-mentioned purpose.

**ARTICLE I.**—This society shall be called the Society for Independent Spiritual Research.

**ART. II.**—The officers of this society shall consist of a conductor, a secretary, and a financial and executive committee of three persons, the foreman of which shall act as treasurer—all of whom shall be elected for six months.

**ART. III.**—The Conductor's business shall be to conduct the meetings, decide points of order, impartially make all appointments in the interests of the society, and to extend the hospitalities of each session regularly to strangers.

**ART. IV.**—The Secretary shall keep record of the names of all persons who serve as volunteer participants in the exercises, and other matters which may be needed for reference; doing also the work of the society's correspondence.

**ART. V.**—The Financial and Executive Committee will transact all business, devise ways and means for expenses, receive the collections and pay the bills.

## BY-LAWS.

**ART. I.**—The exercises shall consist of singing, spoken or written original thought, improvisations, inspirations, recitations, choice selected readings or elocutionary exercises, as the participants may severally deem of most interest to the audience; always provided that a plain statement shall be made in regard to the authorship of anything which involves doubt as to its originality.

**ART. II.**—The method of its exercises shall be that members who desire to participate in them shall have their names given to the Conductor in writing. The latter will from these select a given number who shall occupy the time of each session for one month. These names are announced the last evening of the previous month. Each participant is allowed ten minutes or less, and in no case over fifteen minutes. With this given number appointed by the Conductor, are specially invited every evening such strangers present as may like to take part with us—the Conductor making inquiry of the members for the names of such.

**ART. III.**—No name shall be twice used while other applicants remain on the list. When the time comes for repeating the process the record of the Secretary will decide the eligibility of the applicant, if necessary.

**ART. IV.**—No medium shall claim extra allowance of time on account of change in the influence or control, the same limitation being required of unseen intelligences as of members; but any medium may choose their own time when he or she will participate, and the other participants will accommodate themselves to such arrangement.

**ART. V.**—Any person can become a member by signing this Constitution and By-Laws, and none can vote or have the privilege of participating except either through membership or by special invitation of the Conductor.

**ART. VI.**—Entire freedom of speech is granted on any subject which the speaker sincerely deems for the good of the society, it being distinctly understood that the speaker alone, and not the organization, is responsible for any opinion which he or she may offer.

**ART. VII.**—No speaker shall treat the religious or skeptical convictions, beliefs, or opinions of others with ridicule, hatred or contempt, whether the latter be present or absent; but, instead, with fraternal kindness, respect and courtesy—our motto being, "The greater the difference in opinion the more considerate our manner towards the one who so differs. It is distinctly understood that any violation of the law of etiquette in coarseness and personal or impersonal unkindness has no place here, and is subject to prompt correction by the Conductor.

**ART. VIII.**—The times of meeting shall be on Sunday and Thursday of each week, at 7:30 P. M.

**ART. IX.**—All business must be brought forward at the opening of the session. Business requiring more than a very limited time must be transacted at a special meeting for that purpose.

**ART. X.**—This Constitution and By-Laws can be changed at any time by a vote of two-thirds of the members present after one week's notice of proposed change in writing filed with the Secretary.

H. W. BOOZER.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

FORCES alone have no thought to convey, but souls have; and they make use of the forces as a vehicle to transmit intelligence—and that is about all we can make practical in explanation of the thought transference craze of to-day.

I LOVE to see a log house. It is associated in my mind always with the pure, unalloyed happiness. It is the only house in the world that looks as though it had no mortgage on it.—R. G. Ingersoll.



(Continued from First Page.)

dwell in ignorance, asleep amidst the sublimities of the universe, while others are foraging sea and land, in order to freight their minds with the rarest knowledge and most beautiful thoughts. Some are dwelling on the low plane of animal desire and indulgence, while others are ever longing for the true and good, and trying to clothe their souls in the finest qualities of moral excellence. Each is happy in his sphere, and yet the happiness of one would be the misery of another. The only difference is that in the future world the expression of this principle will be more complete, and each one will dwell in a world and in the midst of an external scenery that will be a constant panorama of the state of his thought and feeling. What a picturesque and infinite variety this will give to the angel-world! How much more attractive and desirable than the dull level of sameness we were taught to expect, where congregations never break up and Sabbaths never end, and all are clad in white robes and with harps sing one eternal song. And how wide apart will be many of these spirit-homes.

Tecumseh, Blackhawk, or Sitting Bull are good Indians, for they have been loyal to their tribes and may have the good Indian's heaven, but to Cromwell, Washington or Lincoln, it will seem low and miserable, as the wigwam now seems to one accustomed to the architectural splendors of a city. The man who has sat long at the banquet of life, drank deep from its brimming chalice, and when the light grew dim and the hall deserted, cast the lees and crumbs of a surfeited, worn-out existence as a cheap charity to religion, in the very nature of things, must be widely separated from the condition of a Wesley, Payson or Channing. Yes, we make the world we live in. We make it here. We will make it hereafter. And here or there we may ever make our world larger, brighter and better, richer in thought, sweeter in life, purer in purpose whenever we choose to comply with the laws of mental and spiritual growth.

#### "A Warning From East to West."

(J. Clegg Wright in Banner of Light.)

I always read the lectures of Mr. Dawbarn with delight. He is honest, fearless and aggressive. His lecture on the Hindoo religion and the spiritual twist his reasonings take are acute, but singularly wide of hitting the mark. For the inferiority of the civilization of India causes may be found lying nearer than hereditary mediumship, caste, and tyrannical spiritual control. Never since the time of Alexander has India had a chance to develop its scientific resources. The revolutionist, the invader and the priest are the united cause of the degeneracy of India. Physical causes can be assigned, and sufficient to explain all the special phenomena of Hindoo civilization. True, the moral qualities and peculiar virtues of a religion will be reflected in the state of the people, but other causes lie deeper, and effect the character more, such as climate and food. Mind has a physical basis, and whatever changes the physical constitution of man, changes his character, religion and mental aptitudes. But I do not intend to enter into a philosophical argument with this scholarly gentleman and friend; only I thought I might say that the field of vision he has had under review is defective, and does not cover all that can be said.

The lecture will help to kill "medium-worship," which may become injurious to free thought and civilization, but for a great while I see no danger of that. Mediums are popular, and men suspect and doubt them too much to kill themselves with over-medium worship. I see a danger arising in thinkers who assume this form: "I would not give up my individuality to any spirit, however exalted." "An active brain is death to mediumship." These are clever and glib phrases, but they are wide of the mark. Mediumship does not destroy individuality. An active brain is not death to mediumship. I deny both propositions. I deny that the great progress made by Germany, England and the United States is due to the absence of cultivated hereditary mediumship. I think that I could prove this affirmation that the extraordinary progress of the Western nations of Europe and the United States may be attributed to climate, physical environments, food supply, necessities of geographical positions and resources, the inventive genius of the people, aided by the spirit and indomitable energy of the race.

Intellectual power is not necessarily the product of mediumship. Intellectual weakness is not the best form of mind for spirits to act upon. Great thinkers are the most inspired. Great brains are the best instruments for spirits to use; little brains are not worth much to either man or spirit. Individuality is neither made nor lost by or through mediumship. Mediumship is organic; it is natural; it outrages no law. Everything that happens in nature happens according to law.

The spiritual condition of India is due to anything but mediumistic causes. It is the morality of the religious system. All religions are tyrannical; advancing civilization is fighting all of them. The curiosities of Mr. Dawbarn's original reasoning will do no harm. I like his fresh, vigorous manliness.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

#### Penumbra Sketches.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

Reading the "Strange Story" in the GOLDEN GATE, of January 22d, ("A Dream which was not all a Dream"), recalls an instance to my mind of our sometimes double life, or a consciousness of the individual where the physical organism is in a comatose condition, or a death-like trance. I had a niece, I will call her name Mary. She was my sister's only child. She was a bright, well educated girl. She was not a Spiritualist at the time of which I am speaking, but was one of the best mediums I ever knew—when she was about seventeen—(which was the time I discovered her mediumship.) She was then no longer a school girl, and she related the following circumstance, which I will mention, with other matters, before I speak of the incident that your "Strange Story" calls to my mind. I think this preliminary digression will be found unobjectionable.

Mary was visiting me,—her home was in Providence. Some things she told me made me say: "Why, Mary, you must be mediumistic;" and I demonstrated it on the spot. Some of my best proofs of our conscious survival of bodily dissolution, have been through the manifestations in her presence. The old familiar faces, long gone, proved to me in this way that they still lived, moved, and had a being in the near but invisible world that environs this, and this through one who had no memory of them, not even traditionally, and in the privacy of my home-life. Had my little book "Shadows," paid me anything but a loss, or would my crippled circumstances have afforded it, I would have published many of these experiences for the good of the public, instead of letting them remain in the quarry of my memory, of no use to any body but myself.

"Well, I do declare, uncle, how little I understood this when I was at school, and intimate with the Chases. I used to go to their house and have such fun making the table, around which we used to sit, move of itself, and rap, and answer questions. It knew our secrets and could tell our fortunes. But after awhile their father, who was the postmaster, or had some other office of respectability, put a stop to it;—said it was injuring them, and so it had to come to an end. Our school days being over soon after, I saw but little of the Chase girls, and not long before this visit home, Mr. Chase, their father, had died. One day," she continued, "I had been out and was about reaching home, when I suddenly thought of the Chases, and said to myself, I ought to go and see them, for they have lost their father, and I turned right about, and instead of going into the house, I went and made a call on them." Mary was subject to these sudden impulsive movements, and I considered them influences, and this one was, as the reader will see after I have related it.

Mary found the young ladies at home, and, grief-stricken, girl-like, they cried together, with the sympathy of that adolescent period of life. After awhile Mary asked them if they ever did any of those things at the table that we used to do when we were school girls; they said, we have tried to a good many times, but the power is gone now, and the table don't respond to us. We have wanted to ask our father, said they, about a matter and where we can find some papers that we ought to have, but nothing comes.

I forget now the exact particulars of the circumstance, but it made a great impression on me. This was nearly twenty years ago. Mary said to them, "Suppose we sit there now, perhaps it will." In relating this to me, Mary said she felt sure that the table would talk if we tried. They sat at the table, as was their old habit, and the table began to move at once. Their father's spirit came and gave the information they wanted; they found the paper in the secretary, up-stairs, where they were told to look, or got something that led to the information they wanted. As I have said, this occurred so long ago, and I have had so much experience since that, the exact details of it I can not recall, only that it was a spirit manifestation; and it struck me when Mary was relating it, that the going to see them at the time was an influence, and very likely it was the father's spirit that was the factor in the operation.

My niece, a few years after this, married a surgeon in the U. S. Navy and was absent and on the water with him for long periods. I only saw her occasionally, but we always kept up a correspondence, and now I will relate the circumstance that the "strange story" has called to my mind. She was for quite a period in Caliao, South America, her husband's ship being stationed there. She was taken very sick; her life seemed to hang by a thread; the doctor and attendants had about given her up. For a while there was no appearance of life, but when she did begin to show faint signs of it, it seemed almost like returning from the dead, and Mary always felt as if she had died and come to life again. When she got well and strong she wrote me the strange circumstances, or her experiences when in that apparently dead state, knowing they would interest me.

She seemed to be up and about in a long room that seemed new and strange to her, as it was not the one in which she had been sick, but she saw her prostrate dead body on the bed and knew it was her body, but she was not in it, but was

distinct from it and seeing everything that was going on. She did not see any of the attendants or her husband or the doctor, but plenty of people were there attending to her, or looking at her in an interested manner. But every one of them were dead people, at least those who had been buried, and some of their funerals she had attended. Her grandfather, who had not been dead more than a year, was paying her great attention, and if I may use Abraham Lincoln's expression, he seemed to be "bossing the job." She was a great favorite of her grandfather. She saw, also, there making herself quite useful, old Mrs. Lamson, who was her great-grandmother and had died at a very advanced age. Her cousin Edna, she says, among them, who was a great favorite, and had died when she was a child, and there were a dozen others, she seemed to know them all though many had died before she was born; she knew they were all dead folks, denizens of the spirit world, none of them living persons; possibly one was, whom she saw at a distance, going out at a partly opened door, so that she saw only her back, and it looked, she said, like grandma Wetherbee, but she was not certain. If so, it was my mother who was then over eighty-four, and at the time was near her end, and almost helpless from old age, and did die before she was eighty-five. Considering the situation, passing out of the door, it might have been a prevision of her near departure into the spirit world. She heard some of them say something to her grandfather, of whom I have spoken, who said, "No! no! she ain't dead yet," and then the strangest feeling seemed to come over her. Mary said, "I was losing myself, and the whole scene was fading, and I remembered nothing more until I began to be conscious again and heard the low whisperings of the attendants as I lay on the bed, saying she 'is coming too.' It seemed so strange, as soon as I began to see where I was," said Mary, that I said, "where are they?" The attendants could not understand that, of course, but said, "we are all here." The situation began to be realized after a while by Mary, and she began to feel that she had not only been at death's door, but had been in the other world also.

Well, I must stop sometime, and I may as well do so at once, and that I need not do it too abruptly, I will quote for a finish a stanza of poetry that is somewhat suggestive:

"There are voices we do not hear,  
And faces that we do not see,  
For the world hath numberless doors,  
Of which we have not the key."

#### From the Spirit Side of Life.

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

MY DEAR MR. RAND:—The practicability of Spiritualism is a grand theme, one which should electrify man from pole to pole, from planet to planet, from sphere to sphere. The question is all absorbing and all permeating, which is to fix the destiny of all human beings, whether on the earth, or in these worlds of light and life and thought where I am.

Do you know that to-day you are indebted for all your improvement and progress to the unseen worlds of action? It is true, we do not enter into every man's life to give him in the physical that indispensable thing, wealth, or do not physically improve him all through. These things are however done occasionally, when the spirit world has favorable conditions. I speak particularly of all the great advancement in thought and science, of developed training, whether in the secular or in the liberal religions, to which we have given the impressions and impetus.

Of course we do not individualize, for after we have moved the world by some new discovery, or to some lofty inspiration, we leave man to work it out in his particular case. We work here and strike at the right time. Immortality and spiritual philosophy have been demonstrated time and time again, but mark you, we cannot imbue mankind with new thoughts, discoveries and inventions, and we cannot give him a need of this world, its teachings and examples, and do all his work. No, sir, he must work out the problem for himself. Spirit influence aroused mankind to see the curse of slavery, but it did not fight its battles. Spiritualism aroused man to religious liberty, but it does not fight his battles. There comes a time, sir, after the spirit world has ceased its mission in any certain direction, when man himself must work it out. It brings to him our everlasting principles of evolution and development. This is the practicability of Spiritualism. Do you not see it? It gives comfort to sorrowing hearts, and demonstrates immortality, but above all this, it moves man to a plane where he can begin to build for eternity. We would not lessen any man's attraction to the earth, neither do we desire to make him impracticable, but on the contrary, we seek to make him more of a man than he is, and fit him for a higher state of existence. Spiritualism is the lever of the world. To-day you see its silent effects all around you. Slowly the day dawn of enlightenment seems to be coming, but mark you, in another hundred years of your planet-life will be seen a mighty revolution, and as man in his mental condition improves, so will his spiritual insight develop as your years, which are but as the flash of the meteor, roll around. Practicability, promise and fulfillment will be the tower of Spiritualism. Your spirit friend.

JOHN WHITING.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

#### What Good Does it Do?

I am often asked, What good does it do if Spiritualism is true? If the slate-writing and raps and all the different phases of Spiritualism are true, what good does it do? What good is it to any one to know that their friends that have passed over the river are not dead—are not in a state of eternal sleep, or at least till the resurrection morn, when the trumpet shall sound and call the dead to life and judgment? It is worth something to me, at least, that the soul-sleeping doctrine is not true. It is worth something to me that my friends report all is well on the other side of the river. That they are as alive now as ever before, that they are with me from day to day, that the old mythical doctrine I have tried to believe for over fifty years, of eternal punishment, and in a literal hell, is not true. And is it not good news to get the positive knowledge from the friends gone before that they are truly born again,—born of the spirit? That depressing thought that my good and noble brother and friend, who was all goodness and generosity, though he believed in Thomas Paine and universal salvation, was nearer the truth than I was.

The most of us want the truth. Christ says he came to bear witness to the truth. Pilate wanted to know what is truth. This should be our inquiry and diligent study. Now if God is a God of love and pities us as a father his children, we cannot believe that he will punish any one of his own forever. The severity, or the eternal torment, upsets the theory of love entirely, and both cannot be true. You that want to may hold on to the old, but where is the love of God to man shown? And if our even four score and ten years are spent in foolishness and sin, even an endless punishment is not according to the crime,—no love in it, that I can see.

Now this question will be settled, if settled at all satisfactorily, by the exact truth, and that truth must be established satisfactorily to and through the medium of the five senses, and when thus established becomes a settled fact as much so as that steam-power moves boats. Prove all things, hold fast that which is good. I listened the other day to a sermon where God was held up as walking on the earth as Christ in the form of man, being baptized in Jordan for an example and going back to the law of Moses and the sprinkling of blood on the door-posts, the law of the passover, that was to be kept forever. And then coming again down to Christ as the God of the universe, making an offering of himself as a sacrifice for the sins of the people, and this people the work of His own all-seeing and knowing power from the beginning of time, as they claim. Now what is all this teaching for; to convert men and women to the belief of such doctrine and get them into a church and there assent to a creed as long as the patience of an audience will hold out to hear it read, and man made at the very best, and the great object to save the soul after death from a hell without a bottom. And well may they ask what good there is in anything that will open their eyes to the absurdity of their old heathenish theology. Almost the entire doctrine of Christ, as He taught, is ignored. Who is doing as he would be done by; who gives the second coat to him that has none; who turns the other cheek when smitten; who loves his enemies; who makes feasts for the poor that can make none in return; who lends expecting nothing in return; who, among all the clergy, go from city to city, trusting to be received from house to house, preaching the kingdom; or to come down to church founding, who sells all he has and gives to the poor, to be perfect; who brings the price of these possessions and lays them down at the feet or into the hands of the apostles of to-day? A little more consistency we want. C. LEE.

#### Question and Answer.

(Given through the mediumship of Miss M. T. Shellhamer, at the Banner of Light Free Circle.)

QUESTION.—Are "mind-readers" assisted in their mental operations by spirit guides, or are such performed through and by their own clairvoyant perceptions?

ANSWER.—"Mind-readers" need not of necessity be assisted by any intelligence independent of their own mind, if they are sufficiently susceptible to external influences to receive the impress of thought emanating from another mind upon the surface of their own, and are sufficiently clairvoyant to perceive the operations of another mind in the body. Yet a "mind-reader" is generally one who is highly mediumistic—of necessity it must be so; he must be open to influences from every side, and must be sufficiently susceptible or negative to receive upon his own mind impressions from the operations of other minds, either in the body or out of it, consequently he is what Spiritualists and spirits call a medium. This being the case, he will come under the influence of whatever spiritual intelligences are drawn around him; and in many instances, when, as he supposes, he alone is reading the operations of another mind in the body, he may have those impressions traced upon his mind by the attending spiritual influences, who not only can see the workings of his own mind and control them, but can also read the operations of other minds with whom they come in contact.

JOHN WHITING.

#### PUBLICATIONS.

##### OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

##### OUR SUNDAY TALKS;

##### Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought,

By J. J. OWEN,

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

SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

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

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

It is calculated to elevate the mind above the mere greed for gain and momentary pleasures, and cause the thoughts to run in a more elevated channel. \* \* \* It contains some magnificent gems, and is of that character that will command a place among the literature of the day.—*Pioneer*.

As to the contents of the book we can not speak too much praise. The selections are principally made up from the best things which have for several years been written for the Mercury by Mr. Owen. It is a collection of the beautiful thoughts—thoughts characteristic of the cultivated mind and warm heart of the author clothed in the purest and best English. Mr. Owen, as a writer, has few equals on the Coast, and his "Sunday Talks" were penned in his happiest vein.—*Footlight*.

The compilation brings before us, in a compact form, the talented author's best and noblest thoughts on life and morals. Nothing in quiet hours will give more food for wholesome reflection than one of Bro. Owen's essays.—*Gilroy Advocate*.

The volume is made up of short editorials on thoughtful topics culled from the columns of the author's newspaper, which tell of studious application and observation, written in a pleasing and interesting style, and full of good "meat," with the intent of benefiting their minds.—*Carson Appeal*.

As a home production this collection of pleasing essays and flowing verse is peculiarly interesting. The author wields a graceful pen, and all of his efforts involve highly moral principle. Although these are newspaper articles published by an editor in his daily round of duty, yet when now bound together in one volume they seem to breathe more of the spirit of the cloistered scholar than is wont to gather round the ministrations of the editorial tripod.—*S. F. Post*.

Bro. Owen's ability as a prose and verse writer is unquestionably of a high order, and in thus grouping a number of his best productions into a compact and handy little volume, he has conferred a favor on many of the Mercury's readers, who, like ourselves, have read and appreciated the "Sunday Talks," and from them, perhaps, have been led to form a higher and more ennobling idea of the mission and duties of mankind. *San Benito Advance*.

Owen has a poetic way of saying practical things, a neat and attractive way which makes them readable and easily assimilated and digested, and this volume should have a wide circulation.—*Foot Hill Tidings*.

The volume is readable and suggestive of thought.—*S. F. Merchant*.

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

The articles in "Sunday Talks" are written in an easy, flowing style, enchanting the reader, and teaching grand doctrine. One lays down "Sunday Talks" feeling improved in spirit, with a renewed confidence in mankind and a brighter opinion of the world. The poems are beautiful, and one in particular, "Across the Bar," if name were not attached, would easily pass for the production of some of the noted poets of the country. The poems have a similar tone to the ballads of B. F. Taylor, one of the sweetest poets of America. "Sunday Talks" should have a large circulation.—*Watsonville Pajaronian*.

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

Bright, crystallized sunbeams, which gladden the heart, and give fresh inspiration to the soul. The few moments we allotted to their enjoyment have lengthened to hours, and with a sigh of regret we turn from their contemplation, only because the duties of the day have imperative claims upon our attention. These sunbeams have been materialized in the magic alchemy of a master mind. A more beautiful, instructive and entertaining volume never was issued upon the Pacific Coast, or any other coast. Every page is gemmed with bright, sparkling thoughts, the sunbeams of a rarely cultured intellect. As we read page after page of this splendid volume, we are forcibly reminded of the impressions received from our first perusal of Timothy Titcomb's "Gold Foil," or Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." It is a work which represents the highest, purest standard of thought, expressed in the best-known language. It is one of the happiest contributions which our home literature has ever received.—*Santa Barbara Press*.

They are each and all of them full of deep thought, felicitous expressions, and clear insight into life and its needs and lessons. They are better than sermons, preaching purity and nobility of character in language too plain to be misunderstood, and too earnest to be forgotten. Throughout the volume are choice gems of thought in paragraphs, as pointed and pungent as those of Rochefoucauld, without any of the latter's infidelity.—*Fort Wayne (Ind.) Gazette*.

PRICE (In cloth), ONE DOLLAR



## GOLDEN GATE.

Published every Saturday by the "GOLDEN GATE PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY," at  
734 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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TERMS:—\$2.50 per annum, payable in advance; \$1.25 for six months. Clubs of five (mailed to separate addresses) \$10, and extra copy to the sender. Send money by postal order, when possible; otherwise by express.

All letters should be addressed: "GOLDEN GATE," No. 734 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1887.

## NOT YET READY.

There are many noble souls in the Christian Church who would gladly believe the truths of Spiritualism if their doubting minds would only let them. They find no trouble in believing much more improbable things through faith, and concerning the truth of which they have not the first iota of positive evidence; but when it comes to the stupendous but reasonable facts upon which Spiritualists base their knowledge of a future life, they are not satisfied unless, like doubting Thomas, they are permitted to feel the prints of the nails and thrust their hands into the side of their risen Lord.

There is no intelligent Spiritualist who cannot give a reason for his belief—none who cannot maintain his position by argument. But it is a serious question to our mind whether it is wise to argue the question with those skeptics who think they are right and are determined not to be convinced to the contrary. Most certainly we should never thrust our facts and opinions upon those who are not yet ready to consider the subject. People who are wrapped up in their own conceits, and who have forestalled their judgments by declaring all spiritual phenomena either as jugglery or the work of the Evil One—to all such persons it is a waste of time to attempt to convince them of their error.

But there comes a time to most persons when the blessed assurances of Spiritualism seem to feed the hungry heart, and fill the longing soul, as nothing else can. It is when the icy finger of Death touches the lips of those they love, and they are dumb forevermore. It is then they will plead in their agony for just one glimmering ray of light to penetrate the gloom and bid them hope that their darlings are not really dead and that they shall meet them again in another and better world than this. At such times there are but very few who will not listen with all the ears of their souls for such comfort as Spiritualists are able to give them. Tell the crushed and broken-hearted mother that the child of her love, whose precious life is slowly fading away on her aching breast, that her dear one is only laying aside an earthly for a spiritual body—that it will be her own babe still, and will often come to nestle in her arms, and kiss away her tears, and she will not lend you an unwilling ear.

We know those, lately in the fold of the church, who would not exchange the comfort they now enjoy in Spiritualism—in communing with their loved ones whom they once believed dead—for all the treasures of earth. A mountain has been lifted from their lives, and a flood of joy has swept in upon them that no language can express.

Those who resist the truth—who reason themselves into the belief that Spiritualism is all a stupendous deception—are not the only ones that suffer thereby. Their spirit friends, who would gladly come to them, and help them to bear the burden of life, go away grieved, and to wait. They know it will not be always thus, and so believe we. In fact the day is near at hand when the light of the new gospel shall illumine the world, and the clouds of doubt shall be swept from all minds.

It is possible to present truth in such a way as to make a false impression. In order to avoid this, a truth must be presented in its proper relation to other truths.—EX.

Is there any instance of truth ever being received on its first presentation? We recall none. It is first derided, and condemned, and persecuted. Were truth destructible there would be none in the world. Though it now abounds in established truths, each new one fares the same. The bigoted world will not believe, or try to discover, the close relationship of all truth; therefore, those that are recognized can lend no aid to the stranger. Truth is not even accepted on quiet probation. It is cast hither and thither as a vagrant until the opacity of the popular mind is lessened by the friction of opposition, and the light comes faintly in. He or she who has a new truth for the world need not delude themselves that they can so present it that it will not be called a fraud, hallucination or humbug.

In a medium, who is desired to rap on a table, the moving power, when it reaches the ganglion where the nerves meet, continues down the afferent nerve to the table and puts it in motion agreeably to the will of those present, rapping it hard or lightly according to the amount of force transmitted.—BYRON L. ALDRICH, IN GOLDEN GATE.

If Mr. Aldrich will call at this office and kindly consent to turn loose the "moving power" upon his "effluent nerve," and show us how it operates on his "ganglion" to produce raps on a table, the floor, or the walls of the room, and all without personal contact, we will give him a life subscription to the GOLDEN GATE.

## A RED FLAG.

Bro. Burns, of the *Medium and Daybreak*, of London, copies the Fred Evans slate of twelve languages from our holiday number, (having it especially engraved for his columns,) gives our enterprise generally a good notice, and then sharply criticises our Christmas editorial entitled "Glad Tidings," in which we thanked the Christian church for Christmas, and said some pleasant words therefor.

Our friend across the big water seems to belong to that class of Spiritualistic writers to whom the name of "Christ," or "Christian religion," spoken of ever so temperately, has about the same effect that a red flag in the hands of the *matador* has in the face of his four-footed victim. He says: "In a materialized-to-order 'leader' 'on 'Glad Tidings,' the writer gushes with 'gratitude to 'Christianity' for having given us 'Christmas' in commemoration of the 'birth of Jesus.' It would be impossible to put more 'falsehood into the same number of words.' Brother Burns, it isn't nice for you to say that, in that way. You should read the article again, and then, if possible, point out the first falsehood, and see how readily we shall own up, provided you 'prove your vaunting true.'"

No one will pretend to say that Christianity, as taught by the church, has been always *sans reproche*. In the dark ages of the world it was the red avenger of death to all who refused to subscribe to its impious dicta. For centuries the scarlet woman of Rome was the personification of all that was vile and cruel. This was not the fault of Christianity, but rather of the ignorant interpretations thereof by a debased and undeveloped race.

Who shall say, in modern times, in its work of uplifting humanity, in its championship of morality and virtue, in its efforts to promote the cause of education, and in its promulgation of great charities, that the church has not done a grand work for the world;—not, perhaps, the best it might have done, but certainly the best it knew? We believe in giving credit where credit is due. We can see no sense or reason in holding the church of to-day responsible for the church's cruel and unchristian acts of a few centuries ago. One might as well condemn the son for the sins of the father.

Spiritualists ought to be just and magnanimous enough to deal fairly with the opinions of others. Far more people *intend* to do right than we are apt to give them credit for. To assume that other religionists are all wrong and we only and wholly right, seems to us very like an unpleasant display of self-righteousness.

Speaking for ourselves alone, we can see good in all religions, and are willing to accept it wherever we find it. There are but few persons who have come up out of the church, who, if they give expression to their honest convictions, will not admit that they derived great benefit from their connection therewith. When they were able to walk alone they needed leading-strings no longer. It was good for them to belong to the church, and certainly good for them to get out of it, when they could no longer subscribe to its tenets.

Spiritualists should strive to be generous, even if they can not always be wise; and especially should they cease their wranglings about what does not particularly concern them. They should endeavor to make Spiritualism so pure, beautiful and reasonable, that everybody will want to embrace it.

## NOT IN VAIN.

Whether the instincts, traits and passions of the lower animals are imitations of the same in man, or whether he partakes of their natures, is perhaps not a settled question; but all agree that they have much in common.

When we would reduce man to his lowest estate we invariably class him with the brutes; but when he does his worst it is so much worse than brutes even do that we think the latter is unduly scandalized. The animal is not wicked, because he does not premeditate; he makes his onslaughts when instinct impels him, or when his supposed enemy appears. Man, with a mind to plan, a conscience to approve or condemn, will demoralize the one and harden the other, until he is able to do deeds that make him incomparable with any thing but demons.

On the other hand we often see animals manifesting qualities that rival the affections, humanity and intelligence of mankind.—Their resemblance to us in this respect so great in many cases that it is awakening a sort of belief that they are subjects of evolution. If evolution, however, does not work both ways one is at a loss to understand where the vicious classes are going to. There must be a state of being below the beasts to which mortals may sink when launched into life with evil impulses only to guide them. But we think there is a limit to degradation and crime; when the lowest depth is reached there will be a standstill, and the tide may and will be turned. Let us hope this point is now reached, and that the good angels reaching down may not be striving in vain.

—Arrogance of opinion is generally the child of ignorance. There is a wide difference between firmness and arrogance. True knowledge is ever modest and unassuming. It never fumes or frets—never plays the peacock—never wounds

the feelings of another by invidious comparisons of its own superior wisdom. This is a lesson which many find it difficult to learn.

## "LET THE DEAD BURY ITS DEAD."

Many good people are in a perpetual condition of chronic worryment concerning the past. Because, in the infancy of the race, when man was but little more than an untutored savage, he acted like a savage, they would never cease berating him and his institutions.

Religious institutions are older than civilization. As they have always existed it is reasonable to suppose that they will always continue to exist in some form. Error naturally disappears before the advancing sunlight of civilization. Why should we worry ourselves into a bad humor, and make ourselves disagreeably tiresome, over the errors of opinion that prevailed among the people of by-gone ages?

Suppose the church did roast heretics, and lord it over the consciences of the people with a high and wicked hand—what is that to us, other than a lesson of warning against the domination of ignorance and superstition. If it were committing those barbarous acts to-day, the people might well denounce it—yea more, they should rise in their might, disperse its congregations and raze its temples to the ground, if necessary to teach it a proper regard for human rights.

The present race is as far removed from the race of even a century ago, as though it had passed on to another life, or another planet. Nothing that it can do can in the remotest manner affect its predecessors. Hence, from gazing backwards should we not turn our faces to the front? The present is ours, and the future will be; if we make the best possible use of the present, we shall thereby be the better prepared for the enjoyment of the future.

The truth, in all things, is what the world wants. Whoever, or whatever institution, can present the largest measure of truth, in the most attractive light, will naturally have the greatest number of followers and adherents. Materialism, with its heartless negations, is evidently not overburdened with the truth, else its manner of presenting it to the world is far from satisfactory. In a nation of sixty millions of people it has but one journal worthy of the name. Its adherents, by thousands, within the last few years, have been convinced of the fundamental truths of Spiritualism—a system, or philosophy, that contains all the good of all religions.

And just here is the point we aim to make in this somewhat desultory screed; and that is, if Spiritualism should prove to be an improvement on evangelical Christianity, as we claim it is,—it will eventually take the place of Christianity in the work of the world's reformation. It is rapidly winning to its fold the purest hearts and the brightest intellects of the age.

## THE BIBLE IN THE JURY ROOM.

Probably the most unique difference that ever divided a jury is in the case of the Higgins homicide lately heard by Judge Murphy. During the thirty hours' confinement of that responsible body, it was called into court several times, but all to no purpose. It turned out that their points of disagreement were doctrinal. The ten who were finally won over for acquittal labored zealously with the outside two, but in vain. The foreman, N. Curry, is a man distinguished in these times in a manner to immortalize himself in our court annals especially; and is one of that class of persons who are becoming every day more desirable as jurymen. After listening for hours unmoved to the quotation of parables, and miracles, and Bible talk, among the eloquent ten, Mr. Curry, in reply to a question, said that he truly and undoubtedly believed that the sun stood still at the command of Joshua, and that, as stated in the Bible, the sun went round the earth, and that the earth is flat. Both Mr. Curry and his partner in opposition, believed that the woman should be punished because the Bible said "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."

It may be well in future to put jurors through a Bible examination before accepting them for duty, if the theology is coming to divide the minds of men regardless of the facts elicited by trial. If it is desirable that men sitting on juries should know nothing, read nothing, and believe nothing, this end will be frustrated if Bible discussions are allowed to take up the deliberating time, for discussion is a great illuminator—sometimes.

Hereafter no Roman Catholic can play on the organ or sing in the choir of any Protestant church, under pain of being refused sacrament.—EX.

That is drawing the line pretty straight. But what is the fear? Is it contamination of association? or heterodox contagion? We have no such prejudice or fear, individually, and we do not believe it is to be found among Protestants generally. As for the sacrament, inestimably sacred and indispensable to all good Catholics, we think the departed spirit of one thus cut off from the last office of the church, will find its prospects for heaven quite as clear as though it had been denied nothing at death. We never doubt the sincerity of any one in his religious belief, but we none the less hold that there is no tyranny like that exercised by the mind, whether over self or another. For one person to believe that his future happiness depends upon the will of another, is mental slavery. No one has the power to make our eternal happiness or misery but self. None of us can know this too well.

## A MUSICAL PHENOMENON.

There resides at 221 Shotwell street, in this city, at the residence of Mrs. Lockwood, her grandmother, a young girl of eighteen, named Liana Crews, whose musical powers, through spirit development and control, are truly marvelous.

Miss Crews' parents are in the humble walks of life—the mother finding employment among her neighbors and friends as a nurse for the sick. The father was formerly well known to the writer when a resident of San Jose, but of late years we had lost track of him. The grandmother is a bright, middle-aged lady, of strict religious training, to whom the possibility of spirit control was at first extremely shocking. She had been taught to regard all manifestations of occult power as of the devil. Miss Crews is of medium size, attractive in appearance, bright, intelligent, modest in demeanor, and with a far-away, dreamy look in her eyes.

Concerning the development of this young lady as a musician, we were told the following by Mrs. Lockwood, which is vouched for by neighbors who are knowing to the general facts. About three years ago it was discovered that Liana possessed remarkable powers as a physical medium. The table would fairly dance at her touch, loud raps attended her presence, messages would be written through her hand, and sometimes independently. A misanthropic spirit delighted to manifest for her amusement and those of her young friends, who regarded it as nice fun.

Things ran on in this way for a while, when, one evening, the controlling spirit wrote that they had now had enough nonsense, and that he was about to introduce to her a spirit whom he called "Prof. Colletta," who would teach her how to play the piano. This spirit took possession, and although it was then 9 o'clock in the evening, and the night was dark and rainy, insisted upon taking her across the street to a neighbor's, who owned a piano, and giving her her first lesson. The girl protested that she knew nothing whatever of music, "what would the neighbors think," etc.; but Mrs. Lockwood insisted, and so they went. Consent of the neighbor was freely given to use the piano; she took her seat and played with much skill a classical number, the name of which we cannot now recall. The neighbors were surprised, for they knew that Liana had had no previous musical training; and the grandmother was so overcome with astonishment that, as she says, she "never closed her eyes that night."

From that time to the present Liana has been under the constant training of Spirit Colletta, playing all kinds of classical music, with a steadily increasing skill, until now all the music with which that spirit was familiar, together with many new compositions, are at her fingers' ends. Other composers have recently been permitted to control her hand (for she plays automatically entirely, without notes, and without, as she claims, understanding the first principles of music)—Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Liszt, etc.—until all of the grand classical works of those eminent composers are within her grasp.

In fitting her for the future public work her spirit guide intends for her, he concludes that the time has come when she should begin to play before others than the members of her little household, and the few neighbors who have hitherto enjoyed the charm of her wonderful powers. To this end she gave a musicale at her home, on Monday evening, at which we were glad to be present. Here is her programme for the evening: "Sonata in B-flat—Prof. Colletta; Childhood's Dream—Beethoven; Selection from The Magic Flute—Mozart; Sonata No. 2.—Beethoven; Sunbeams—Mozart; Good-Night!—Prof. Colletta." In addition to these numbers she gave, by request, a beautiful medley of American airs, and played a selection with flute accompaniment that she had never rehearsed but once.

Now we would like to know if there is a teacher of music in this city, much less a pupil of less than three years training, who can play the numbers named above without the notes? Then what must they think of one who can play all of the works of those great composers in the same way? Explain it, ye who can who reject the agency of spirit control.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Spiritualists have told the world for thirty years that it was possible for the soul to quit the body under certain conditions, and to visit places and persons independent of it. It has again and again presented facts of these cases for the consideration of the thinking mind. It all received little credence and awakened less interest. These facts are now given out under a new name, and many are running wild over them, or their expounders.

Mohini, the Hindoo philosopher and advocate of theosophy, is in Boston, and the Bostonians who ignore Spiritualism through around this man to hear what is put forth under a title that sounds more mysterious than Spiritualism; and because, also, it claims no relationship to it, but is rather inclined to ignore it totally.

Instead of a spiritual body the disciples of theosophy say, an astral body, and they interrogate Mr. Mohini as to whether they yet possess such a body, whether they shall ever be able to fly, in the spiritual sense, etc., etc.

These are surely interesting questions, and there are hosts of familiar embodied spirits in our own country who could answer them explicitly. We need no longer ask "what's in a name," when we see persons deny truth under one appellation and enthusiastically espousing it under another. Perhaps it does not matter in what form our philosophy is best accepted, if only the refining and uplifting faith in soul and spiritual power is but recognized.

—We wish there was more of us, editorially, socially and religiously, that we could be in more places at once, attend more meetings, and devote more time to social life. But there are only about sixteen hours a day that are in any reasonable manner available; and then there are so

many pressing demands upon the balance of our time that we can rarely find a spare minute. And so the days, and the weeks, glide by, and we seemingly get so little done.

## STOLEN PROPERTY.

There are numerous instances on record where spirits have assisted in recovering stolen property. A case in point has just come to our knowledge. On the 18th of December last, Mrs. O. M. Washburne, of this city, lost two valuable diamond rings, the theft of which she was at first disposed to attribute to a certain source, but afterwards concluded she was mistaken. She then wrote a note to a mediumistic friend, residing in this city, requesting her to consult her spirit guides and see if they could put her on track of her lost property. Her friend was entranced, and being wholly unconscious at such times, had provided an amanuensis to write down whatever message the controlling spirit might give. The purport of the message was confirmatory of her conclusion as to the innocence of the person at first suspected. The spirit then went on to say that he knew the person who had the rings, and advised her to make no effort to recover them, but to leave the matter wholly in his hand. He said the thief was a woman, and that he would stay closely by her and intimidate her against disposing of the rings; and he thought he would be able to so work on her mind as to compel her to return them. He even assured her that she would receive back her property inside of six weeks. Mrs. Washburne did as directed, but little expected to ever see her lost jewels again. A few evenings ago,—about 9 o'clock, and three days before the expiration of the promised time,—a ring at her door-bell was answered by the servant. On opening the door no one was without, but a small package was found upon the door-sill in which were the missing jewels. Of course the skeptic will say that this was merely a coincidence—that the stricken conscience of the thief caused her to return the property, and that disembodied spirits had no hand in the matter. The reader must draw his own conclusion; we merely relate the facts as they were given us.

A PROMISED PICTURE.—In a seance with Mr. Fred Evans, last Sunday, we received a continuous message from Spirit John Gray, filling five slates, closely written. The message was mainly of a private nature, relating to future work in which we are interested. All of the slates were in sight throughout the seance, and we know positively there was no writing upon them at the beginning. Mr. Gray informed us that we would receive no picture at that seance from the artist, but that he, himself, would like to make a sketch of the writer, which he did in a very satisfactory manner for a green hand at the business. He used the same appliances as those made use of by the artist on the preceding Sunday, but not as skillfully. Next Sunday we are promised a picture for the GOLDEN GATE. These pictures are executed in a manner to preclude every possibility of deception. In fact, so perfectly fair and above board is all of the writing we receive through Mr. Evans' mediumship, that there is never a loop to hang a doubt upon. Mr. Gray's powers are steadily increasing, and he thinks he will soon be able to take his medium before any audience and give as positive evidence of spirit return as he is now able to give in private.

TEST MEETINGS AT ODD FELLOWS' HALL.—Great interest is being manifested in the test meetings conducted by Dr. Stansbury and Mrs. J. J. Whitney at Odd Fellows' Hall. Last Sunday evening upward of one hundred and fifty tests were given before a large audience without a single failure, many of which were given with full names and a recital of incidents, past and present, that carried conviction to all who were fortunate enough to have their friends manifest to them. While many of the tests given were marvelous in their nature, there was nothing of a sensational character, nor anything given which would excite a morbid curiosity, or offend the most sensitive person. The tests given by these mediums are of a high moral and intellectual character, and appeal to the reason as well as the emotions. Many in the audience were deeply affected, and all manifested the closest interest from the beginning to the end. The meetings are in good hands and will be the means of advancing the spiritual cause in this city. We advise all who desire to witness the phenomena of clairvoyance and genuine spirit control to attend these meetings. They are held every Sunday evening, corner Seventh and Market streets.

THE American saloon is too firmly imbedded in the hearts of the people to suffer its being torn down.—PUBLIC LEADER.

That is a very false leader, indeed! It makes a big mistake when it talks about the "American saloon." They are very numerous. Statistics never told us how many there are, but should we say a million we would probably be within the number. There are comparatively few American saloon-keepers in the country; they are foreign institutions, kept and mainly supported by foreigners. We all know they are "imbedded" in the foreign heart, but we doubt whether their hold on American soil is so firm. Popular sentiment is a powerful lever, and when it gets a purchase on these beloved saloons we would not stake much on their endurance. We don't predict that they will be torn down, but that they may yet find their business so disreputable and unprofitable that their owners will seek other business, and the houses be put to better use.

—Mrs. Whitney recalls her proposition, made in our advertising columns, two weeks ago, to answer sealed letters. She finds herself overwhelmed and swamped in piles of letters, which even an attempt to answer would necessitate the abandonment of her daily seances, which she does not care to do. Her twenty to twenty-five seances daily is quite as much as can be expected of any one medium. Still, it speaks well of the advantages of advertising in the GOLDEN GATE.



## EDITORIAL NOTES.

—*Mind in Nature*, we regret to learn, finds existence unbearable, and, with its February number, quietly gives up the ghost.

—Mr. Ravlin and family left for San Diego on the steamer Santa Rosa of Thursday last. A host of friends will wish him *bon voyage*.

—The *Medium and Daybreak*, of London, says of the *GOLDEN GATE* that it is "the hand-somest paper, devoted to the Cause, in America."

—The Wednesday evening meetings at St. Andrew's Hall, will be conducted hereafter by Mr. Walter Hyde, of Oakland. Under his management they will derive new interest, however interesting and profitable heretofore.

—The February *Overland* is before us with its fresh, rich morsels of cultivated thought expressed in pen-pictures and sketches of life in various form, reviews, poetry and fiction. The *Overland* is and should be largely read on this coast.

—The Facts Publishing Company, Boston, Mass., will send *Facts* one year to any subscriber to the *GOLDEN GATE* who during February and March will send a statement of phenomena which has come under his or her own observation for insertion in *Facts*.

—Byron L. Aldrich publishes a diatribe against Spiritualism in the January number of the *Golden Era*, that so bristles with the spines of concentrated ignorance as to be hardly worthy of the curt reply of Lyman L. Palmer in the number following.

—All persons interested in Theosophical literature will find in the *Path* much food for thought. The February number contains its usual *menu* of good things. It is published monthly in New York, and should have a large circulation among students of the occult sciences.

—Dr. W. W. McKaig's lecture at Washington Hall, last Sunday evening, on the subject of "Home," was a grand and beautiful tribute to the sanctities of domestic life. The Doctor is peculiarly felicitous in his ability to clothe his ideas in an elegant garb of words.

—Bro. J. J. Morse, in a letter to the *Carrier Dove*, says: "It really seems to me as if spiritual journalism in San Francisco is going to take the lead, for certainly no two journals have done as much for holiday numbers as your 'own magazine and Brother J. J. Owen's capital journal.'"

—The *Carrier Dove* for February is an exceptionally excellent number. It contains portraits, with biographical sketches, of Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, Miss Zaida Brown, Rev. Sam'l Watson, George P. Colby, Miss Jennie B. Hagan, G. W. Kates, A. C. Ladd, and John Slater. The *Carrier Dove* is truly a messenger of peace and great joy to the world. The *Dove* and *GOLDEN GATE*, to one address, for \$4. Order through either journal.

—In a private letter from Dr. Slade, now in Paris, France, he says: "I want to make San Francisco my home. I was there a few years ago, and was very much pleased with the city, 'as well as the people.' He says further (and if we betray confidence it is with a view to his advantage,) that if a few friends in San Francisco will help him to the means to come (\$400), he will give them the control of his business until they are paid.

—Prof. W. T. Ross, in a letter to the *Carrier Dove*, says: "I am particularly interested in that slate-writing test and article from the 'GOLDEN GATE.' You know my honest skepticism regarding much purporting to be from the 'spirit world.' I would like to meet Mr. and Mrs. Owen sometime, and also see the slate 'with its marvelous superscriptions.' It seems 'to be the most wonderful thing I have ever heard of.' Come on, Professor. Shall be pleased to see you, and show you the slate. You will generally find us in during business hours at 734 Montgomery street.

—It is somewhat to be wondered over that the business of infant life insurance was ever sanctioned at all. It was a wicked mind that prompted it, foreseeing that there were wicked people enough in the world to make it profitable. Human life was never more directly turned to unlawful money-making, and it is a blessing that it is being discontinued at last. The courts of New York have decided that the practice is illegal. Now, let the courts of all States that has this infamy in their midst, decide likewise. It is sometimes more than adult persons can do to die natural deaths, who make themselves interesting by means of a life insurance.

—The brightest drops in the chalice of life should remain for us in old age. Providence does not design that the last draught should be the bitter dregs; that it often is, is our fault many times. The cup of pleasure and happiness is filled once for all. We must not drink too often or too deep, if we would have it yet to sup when the sparkle and foam is gone. That which remains is the true elixir of life, and should warm the heart and stimulate the mind when all youthful buoyancy has given place to the sober reflections of latter life. The time when all the harvest of working years is supplying life's winter with bountiful intellectual and spiritual feasts.

—A Los Angeles correspondent writes as follows: "A short time ago when Mr. Paul Smith gave a lecture in Los Angeles he recommended 'the GOLDEN GATE' as a 'clean, healthy, 'moral and elevating paper.' As I was about tired out trying to find such a paper, I thought 'I would try the GOLDEN GATE. And as Mr. Smith seemed to me an earnest, truthful, reliable gentleman, I subscribed for your paper. 'To say that I am pleased with it does not half express my feelings. After a fair trial I have come to the conclusion that it is the 'paper' I was looking for; and I am happy in finding it. 'I think your holiday number alone is worth a year's subscription.'"

—*Hall's Journal of Health* for this month contains, with other interesting matter, a very instructive article on "Sonnambulism." This strange mental phenomenon will be further treated in the March number under the head of "Sonnambulism, or sleep-talking."

—The *Century* for February is at hand, with its usual choice array of good things. Its continued chapters of the "Life of Lincoln" open up new fields of interest in that grand martyr to human liberty. The *Century* as a grand magazine for cultured readers would be hard to excel. *St. Nicholas* is the *Century's* baby, and a bright and precocious child it is. The nation's youth always welcome it with delight.

DOUBTLESS TRUE.—It is not every man who hunts for a gold mine that finds something better, but this lately happened to a man in Georgia, which by the way, seems to be creating new interests for itself in a great many respects. One Mr. Hillman, a farmer of Sharon, was looking for gold on his land in a location where the ground was oddly discolored. Setting a man to work it was soon discovered that the spot was only a body of clay, but possessed of singular curative properties. The negro hired was rheumatic, and while digging in the clay his pains suddenly ceased; and it is now declared that the soft clay of the pit is a sure cure for rheumatism. It is solemnly reported that many invalids who have gone there on crutches, after applying the clay to the affected parts, walk away unaided. There seems nothing improbable in this. The clay is doubtless saturated with the waters of a medicinal spring, which due excavation would reveal and cause to flow forth to the relief of much human suffering. The earth, air and vegetation, contain remedies for all our physical ills. Some are found by study and research, others by accident.

GEN. GRANT.—It is stated editorially by the *Atlanta Constitution* that Mrs. Grant has given one thousand dollars of the General's back pay to the Grant Monument Fund. Yet, with this and the untold millions possessed by private individuals of New York, the undertaking of the monument is said to be actually falling through. We do not believe there is another city in our country that would have let the matter so drag along and perhaps die out entirely. But there was no city so loud and enthusiastic in its patriotic protestations as New York at the time of General Grant's death. Riverside is not deserving of the great man's ashes, and if New York is satisfied with this distinction alone it would be no more than fair to remove the General's remains to other quarters where deeds would prove the gratitude of a nation. Little, indeed, is there in a lifeless monument; but it is something that fixes the mind and heart of a people on the life and deeds of him who is gone, and left but a young growing country, fast assimilating foreign elements, to remember him. An unmarked grave looks like forgetfulness.

"THE WATSEKA WONDER."—The remarkable narrative of startling phenomena occurring in the case of Mary Lurancy Vennum, known as "The Watsseka Wonder," for several years out of print, has just been re-published in neat pamphlet form by Col. Bundy, of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. The pamphlet also contains the remarkable instance of double consciousness, in the person of Mary Reynolds, as related by Rev. Wm. S. Plummer, D. D., in *Harper's Magazine*, for May, 1860, the whole making a work of about sixty pages. We have received a supply of this remarkable pamphlet, and offer them at publisher's price, 15 cents per copy. No investigator of the phenomena of Spiritualism should fail to read "The Watsseka Wonder." You can order it by mail, by sending two cents extra for postage.

ALL Spiritualists will feel grateful to Mr. Owen of the *GOLDEN GATE*, for the pains he has taken to enable the spirits to produce the slate facsimile on our first page, and for the care with which he has had it engraved. Our copy, at the time of writing, in the engraver's hands, is sure not to look so well as the impression in the *GOLDEN GATE*, from which it is being taken. We hope, however, that it will be of sufficient merit to give our readers a correct idea of this stupendous manifestation. Mr. Owen regards it as the most remarkable example of direct writing; and so far as we know he is right. Many languages have been written at divers times; but here we have them all at once, and executed in a high order of efficiency. Mr. Owen sets an example as to how mediums should be approached for such a purpose. Nothing of the exacting spirit was manifested, no demand was made. The spirits being in the position of control, their convenience was submitted to with a most satisfactory result. —*Medium and Daybreak*, London.

THE *GOLDEN GATE*.—The latest issue of the above ably conducted and efficient journal of Spiritualism (San Francisco, Cal.), closes its third volume. Its aim has been, as stated by its editor, to "command the respect, at least, of all good people, of every belief, and of no belief." In this, we have no hesitation in saying, it has met with success, for no one has had reason to question the fairness with which it has presented the vast truths it has sought to bring to the knowledge of its readers. In view of the opening of a new volume, Mr. Owen says: "We go forward to the work of the future with unflinching trust in the Guiding Power that has led us thus far up the delectable mountain of success, which to many seemed insurmountable." —*Banner of Light*.

THE old year lives now only in memory, and, with the advent of the new, let us all resolve that the coming year will renew our determination to go up higher in thought, in deed and in act. Let us strive to improve self. Learn more of the spiritual or true being. "Cease to do evil, learn to do good." May we be able to look back one year from this time and see the good we have accomplished. If each one will apply this advice to himself, thereby establishing harmony in his own atmosphere, the work of reform will go steadily and surely on. Look only to self, remembering that each is a spiritual light projected from the one source, Infinite Intelligence.

## NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

The Papal Consistory has been postponed till the early part of March, when the new foreign cardinals will receive their hats.

M. De Lesseps is the jolliest old beau in France. He attends a dance or a dinner every night, and is as fresh in the morning as a daisy.

The tendency of the white and colored Methodists of the South to separate is attracting the attention of the leaders of the denomination at the North.

A German physician defines the main difference in the effects of whisky and beer to be: "Whisky makes you kill somebody else; mit beer you only kills yourself."

The first theft is the longest step taken toward prison. The first glass of liquor takes you farther toward a drunkard's grave than any glass afterward. The first oath often clinches the habit of profanity.

Old linen rags are now used in the manufacture of lager beer. They are first treated with sulphuric acid, which converts them into dextrine and then into glucose. This is used for making beer—an agreeable thought for those who drink it.

A Catholic priest, Father F. C. Jean, who was deposed about fifteen years ago by Bishop Hennessy, of Dubuque, brought suit against the latter for damages because of such action. He has just been awarded \$100,000 damage by the District Court.

In Persia and India, efforts are being made to stop the importation of aniline dyes for use in textile manufactures, such as those of carpets and brocades. They are declared to be not only less stable and artistic than the native dyes, but positively injurious to health.

In view of the fact that Great Britain spends only about fourteen per cent as much for education as she does for the support of her army, the *Missionary Review* remarks that "there is evidently much mission work yet to be done in Europe, even in Christian England."

French surgeons disagree concerning the nature of lockjaw. Some report having successfully treated it as a purely nervous affection, while others insist that it is a contagious disease, one eminent observer contending that it is often contracted by man through germs from horses.

A dynamite steel cruiser is to be constructed for the navy by June 1st. This vessel is to carry three dynamite guns, which are promised to be so constructed that they can throw 400 pounds of dynamite; this is said to be sufficient to blow up the largest vessel known to modern navies.

## Letter from Col. Reed.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

It is wonderful how truly we are creatures of habit. For the last three weeks I have been so completely engrossed with the introduction and passage of bills and resolutions that my spiritual senses have become completely blunted, and if this state of things should continue for a twelve months I do really believe I should become almost oblivious of the grand beauties of the spiritual realm, yet this teaches me a lesson; it tells me to have charity for others. I have often wondered why people take so little interest in the wonderful beauties of Spiritualism, but I can now see that other things are engrossing their minds and shutting out the light. I met the other day an old friend who holds to the idea that only a few ever attain to everlasting life, and on the very grounds above referred to, namely, a neglect to cultivate their spirituality. I do not think I could ever indorse the idea; 'tis so contrary to my feelings and desires on the subject. My friend illustrates his opinion by the fruit-bearing tree, showing that but a small per cent. of the buds and flowers ever mature into perfect fruit. He may be correct, but it is contrary to my investigation of the spiritual philosophy, for by the messages that come from the other side I learn that even embryo children have a being there. I will admit that many souls so neglect their spiritual natures and become so degraded by sensuality and gross materiality that when the time comes to shuffle off this mortal coil there is little left to be saved, yet the spiritual germ is there and however small still lives and is destined to ever live and progress through countless ages of eternity.

C. A. REED.

SALEM, Or., Jan. 28, 1887.

## Approving Words.

[A good brother, writing from Copper City, to renew his subscription to the *Golden Gate*, says:]

I am better pleased with the course it is pursuing than with any spiritual paper I have ever seen. I am pleased to see, that, while you are firm and fearless in the advocacy of all true reforms and progressive principles, you can refrain from all intolerant and uncharitable abuse of those who have not yet cast off the shackles of old erroneous creeds and dogmas that they have been educated to venerate. A persistent, kindly and reasonable presentation of truth will eventually interest and convince, while ridicule and abuse would only excite antagonism and hatred. Keep on, Brother; continue the consistent, kindly and reasonable course that you have hitherto pursued, and be assured that there is a grand army of progressive spirits, both mortal and disembodied, that are rallying to the aid of all who are faithfully laboring for the advancement of the beautiful and reasonable truths contained in the philosophy of Modern Spiritualism.

THE *Presbyterian* speaks with scorching approach: "The gist of this Andover business is not whether the professors must believe that the heathens are given over to the pains and penalties of hell,

but whether high-toned professors ought to keep contracts, or whether a man shall be so benevolent that he cannot be honest."

## A Word Fitly Spoken.

[The following good words in favor of a prominent medium were uttered by Mrs. E. L. Watson in her recent lecture in this city in defense of mediums, and in reply to Elizabeth Stuart Phelps:]

I have a little story to tell you of one of these poor mediums, but rich in the truest sense of the word which covers a multitude of sins; rich in spiritual gifts, rich in tender sympathies that, at least, occasionally bubbled from a fresh young heart. I refer now to the young medium who has lately left your city—John Slater—who, from another rostrum, gave you from Sunday to Sunday so many tests of spirit presence. There was a lady in your city who had lost many friends; she had lost much money, as well, and was scarcely blessed with the common comforts of our human life. But the hunger of the heart is more imperative in its demands than the hunger of the flesh, and this poor woman yearned to hear from her darling dead. She heard of the wonders that were being accomplished by this young man, John Slater; and she said to herself, "Whether I have bread to-morrow or no, I will go and see if it is possible for him to break this awful silence between myself and the dear ones gone." She had a little clock which was one of the last remnants of better days, and she took it and pawned it for five dollars and went to the seance room to have a sitting with John Slater, to see if the voices that were hushed in the grave would come and speak to her again; to see if some token could be given to her from the dear departed. And sitting there a total stranger, this young man, half entranced and half himself, poured forth a volume that was a pure revelation to this poor woman; telling her facts concerning the dear ones gone; gave her names and descriptions of the dead, and with them tender messages that filled her heart full of joy; and if she had had no water, no food, on her return to the little shelter, she would still have felt rich, for lo! her heart's treasures were found again. And she took out the little purse with the one shining coin to give to this young man in return for the hour or two he had bestowed of his precious time for her, but he gently dropped it back into the purse and said: "No, no, madam, keep your five dollars and go and redeem the little clock." And this last word to her was a revelation of his knowledge of her most secret act, which she would scarcely confess to a friend. But yet the dear ones on the other side had felt her yearnings; had heard the thoughts she had whispered to herself; had followed her footsteps to the pawnbroker; had seen her part with the little jewel of a clock, and knew how much she yearned to hear from them, and they put this knowledge into the heart of this young medium, and with it the tender impression that he should restore her the golden coin and leave her richer than when she came—yes, richer a hundred fold. (Applause.)

As THE laughter subsided among the group on the sidewalk, one man remarked to the others: "That reminds me of a man in the town where I was raised. For years he had been trying to get into politics, and ran the full gamut of all the tricks of the trade, but for some reason wasn't successful. At last he got so far as to be made justice of the peace, and the first man that went to make an affidavit before him happened to be a rough old neighbor who had known him all his days. The old man, who was lacking in politeness as most of his kind, stalked in and began to tell his story without lifting his hat. 'Sir,' exclaimed the new justice, who had been swelling with importance, 'sir, you should always remove your hat when you come into the presence of me and God.'—*Gazette*.

ISAAC—"I want to write my name upon your heart, Rebecca, but it was so hard as a stone." Rebecca—"Vy don't you try, Isaac, to write your name on my heart wid a five hundred tollar diamond ring?"—*Texas Siftings*.

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHICAL SERVICES AT Metropolitan Temple, by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, Sunday, February 6th, Mrs. E. L. Watson will answer questions at 11 a. m. In the evening at 7:30 she will lecture. Children's Lyceum at 12:30 p. m. All services free.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 11 a. m., in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Good speakers upon all live subjects pertaining to Spiritualism and humanity. A free Spiritual Library, of 700 volumes, open every Sunday from 1 to 5 p. m. All are invited.

FREE PUBLIC MIND-CURE MEETINGS ARE held every Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. and 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Grand Pacific Hall, 1043 1/2 Market street. The morning meetings are devoted to questions and answers and healing patients. At 7:30 o'clock a paper is read, followed by testimonies and closing with a social. These meetings are for the purpose of showing people how they have power in themselves to remove all disease and trouble.

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

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## Fever—Congestive and Inflammatory.

[C. Coleman Benson, M. D., in St. Louis Med. Journal.]

All the animal, earthy and chemical properties which constitute the elements of the body act on each other in every form of combination, having a constant tendency to their complex reproduction. Those elements which are unfit to be retained, and which are always of an acid character and known as excrementitious, are removed from the body as in excess of its requirements. Life then, as well as all the bodily organs, being dependent on chemical decomposition and recombination, is a continuous conflict between acids and alkalis in all their combinations. The acids maintain, not only the chemical but the electrical integrity of the system, and must therefore be slightly dominant to induce and preserve the vital and healthful balance. But if this acid dominance over the alkaline elements becomes much in excess, then the first or congestive state is established, and congestion of the nervous system and mucous membrane is the result, producing congestive fever; shown by the broad, flabby, thickly-coated white tongue, increased mucous secretion from the stomach, bad taste in the mouth, weight and heaviness in epigastrium with nausea or vomiting, rapid pulse and heightened temperature. If this state continues and nature's efforts—as emesis or diarrhoea cannot relieve it, then these poisonous elements enter the arterial current and an inflammatory state is superadded to a congestive one, known as inflammatory fever, indicated by a bright red tongue, elongated and pointed, with erect and reddened papillae, constriction and pain on pressure over epigastrium, with nausea, vomiting, etc.

In the congestive fevers, the mucous membranes only are involved, and functional action is disturbed but not interrupted. For want of moisture, from suppressed secretion, these membranes become inflamed, and we are unable to foresee where this irritation will locate itself, whether in the lungs as bronchitis, in the stomach as gastritis, or in the intestinal canal as enteritis or dysentery. In the inflammatory fever which always succeeds the congestive one, and can never precede it, nature pursues a law of gradation in all diseases, as in health, through the electrical action. This exhaustion of the acid elements is carried on with the structural elements only, and the serous membranes become involved by loss of their moist secretions, and then death, ushered in by law—ends the suffering.

There is a marked similarity between the symptoms of fever and those of paralysis of the sympathetic system of nerves due to irritation by poisoned blood in fevers; for if we divide a sympathetic nerve from its invested organ we observe dilatation of the arterioles, lowered blood pressure, increased circulation, disordered glandular secretions and heightened temperature. It is general practice to administer upon these symptoms, aconite, veratrum, antimony, etc., which, in very small doses frequently repeated, stimulate the sympathetic ganglia, but in medicinal doses produce the very symptoms for the removal of which they were given, and often paralyze these ganglia even to a fatal issue. The pathology of fever, however, demands different treatment; for if congestive fever is due to an excess of acid in the system which is its basic lesion, then alkalies with free elimination of the morbid blood elements should be the plan adopted; while in the inflammatory fever which is due to deficiency of acid elements in the system, acids with anodynes should be given, combined with the most careful avoidance of any attempt at either cathartics or other excretory effort.

## Content as a King.

[Standard.]

Once upon a time—so runs the story, and a pleasant story it is,—when Louis XII. of France was at the royal castle of Plessis-les-Tours, he went one evening into the kitchen, where he found a small boy engaged in turning a spit for the roast of a loin of beef. The lad had a peculiarly bright-looking face—keen bright eyes, and features really fine; and his appearance greatly prepossessed the king in his favor. Laying his hand upon his head, he asked the little fellow who he was. The boy, looking up and seeing a plain-looking man in a hunting garb, supposed he might be speaking with one of the grooms, or, perhaps, chief rider of the royal stables. He answered very modestly that his name was Simon. He said he came from La Roche, and that his parents were both dead.

"Are you content with this sort of work?" Louis asked.

"Why not?" answered the boy, with a twinkle in his eye and a suggestive nod. "I'm as well off as the best of them. The king himself is no better."

"Indeed! How do you make that out?" "Well, fair sir, the king lives; and so do I. He can do no more than live. Further, I am content. Is the king that?"

Louis walked away in a fit of thought deep and searching; and the image of that boy remaining in his mind even after he had sought his pillow. On the next day, the astonishment of the turn-spit may be imagined upon being summoned to follow a page, and finding himself in the presence of the king, and the king his

visitor of the previous evening. On the present occasion, Louis further conversed with the lad, when he found him to be as intelligent and naturally keen witted as he had at first appeared. He had sent for him with the intention of making him a page; but instead thereof, he established him in his chamber as a page in waiting, really the position of a gentleman. And Louis had not been deceived in his estimate of the boy's abilities. The youth served Louis faithfully; and in the last years of the reign of Francis I. he was known and honored as General Sir Simon de la Roche.

## A Remarkable Dog.

A solemn man recently entered a restaurant; followed by his dog, seated himself, and called for a bill of fare. It was given him.

"What would you like to have, sir?" asked the waiter, flipping the table with his napkin.

The dog meanwhile had climbed upon a chair on the other side of the table, and was gravely regarding his master.

"Well," said the solemn man reflectively, "gimme some ox-tail soup."

"Gimme the same," said the dog.

The waiter's face assumed the color of cold boiled veal.

"Cup o' coffee and plenty of milk," went on the solemn man.

"Gimme the same," said the dog.

The waiter shuddered, and turning fled from the room.

A man with a squint, at an adjoining table, was much interested in the scene. He had observed it closely, and finally spoke to the solemn man:

"It must be a fearful lot o' work to teach the dog to talk, mister."

"It was," said the solemn man.

"I should think so," said the dog.

"What 'ud you take for him now?" said the man with a squint.

"Wouldn't sell him," said the solemn man.

"You'd better not," said the dog.

The man with the squint was much impressed. He began making wild offers, and when he reached two hundred dollars the solemn man relented.

"Well," said he, "I can't refuse that. I hate to part with him, but you can have him."

"He'll be sorry for it," said the dog.

The man with the squint drew a check for the amount, which he gave to the solemn man. The man was about leaving when the dog cried again:

"Never mind, I'll get even. I'll never speak again."

He never did.

The gentleman with a squint was proprietor of a show.

The solemn man was a professional ventriloquist.

## A Curious Story from Georgia.

There lives in Cherokee county, just across the North Carolina line from here, a man who is looked upon as having the affliction of Cain, writes a Clayton (Ga.) correspondent. He believes himself that Providence has thus marked him, and in consequence courts the night, and never appears in the light of day.

In 1844 a rich Virginia planter named Mortimer sought the wilds of Cherokee county, North Carolina. Thither he took his family and a retinue of slaves. He was averse to the advent of strangers. In this hatred of intrusion he was fully joined by his wife. To them were born two children, Henry and Edward. In course of time Mr. Mortimer died, when the care of the children fell wholly upon the mother. She grew more and more a hater of her kind. It is said that during the four years of the war not a human being outside of her children ever crossed her doorstep. The children inherited the strange characteristics of their parents, and were regarded in the neighborhood as young Ishmaelites.

It was about eight years ago that Edward lent his younger brother, Henry, a small sum of money, which the latter was slow about repaying. One day Edward warned Henry that he would kill him before the sun went down if the money was not forthcoming. Toward sunset, as Henry was returning home from hunting, he saw his brother advancing with an open knife.

"Have you got my money?" asked Edward.

"No," was Henry's response.

"Then die!" shrieked Edward, as he rushed forward.

A bullet from Henry's rifle penetrated Edward's forehead and he fell dead. A terrible scene of excitement followed. Henry refused to be arrested, and took refuge in the wild haunts of Cherokee. Vigilance finally relaxed; excuse was made for the murder, and by degrees Henry ventured to appear abroad again.

But the change which had come over him produced a greater sensation than the killing of Edward Mortimer. He said that on the night after he had killed his brother he found it impossible to sleep. Just as he would begin to doze off his brother would appear at his side, and, with an expression of exquisite pleasure, he would slowly pluck, one by one, the hairs from his head and face. For three months this refined torture continued, when the visits were stopped, and there was not a single hair left on Henry's body. The pores of the skin opened

wide, and with every breath the hundreds of pores would act in sympathy, so that on the warmest day the victim would feel freezing cold. He retired to a room in his mother's house and persistently refused to let the light of the sun shine on him. He says that he is punished as was Cain of old.

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## The Decay of the Sects.

[Banner of Light.]

The plain truth needs to be dugged out of the quarry from time to time and exposed to the surface as much in matters social as in matters theoretic and speculative. For instance, it is high time that it should be more wisely and thoroughly known that the existing religious organizations have lost their claim to exercise any further social authority for the reason that they no longer exercise any real social influence. Of course we speak comparatively. It is at last confessed by the assumed leaders of religious thought that the great masses of the people, especially in the manufacturing and mining centers of the country, are influenced little or none by the organizations which these leaders represent. Nor is this fact to be explained away by saying that it is owing to the increasing volume of foreign immigration; it is true in strictly American communities of Puritan antecedents, in which what the church people call the religious spirit is visibly on the decline. It is noted here in New England, and has become the subject of comment in the recognized church periodicals.

It is interesting to review the discussion of the causes that are given these different publications for the state of affairs of which they complain. Among them are such as this, that the large cities and the great West have drawn the life-blood from these rural communities whose churches are deserted; but even this explanation fails fully to explain. Emigration is not allowed to account satisfactorily for the decay in the religious life of the New England towns. Except in a few and scattered instances, it is positively asserted that the population of New England communities has not really diminished; there are as many people in them as there ever were, and they are in just the same need of the influences of a truly religious life as their predecessors were. But another reason is now advanced for this falling off from the church going, in the multiplication of sects, each doing its best to starve out its rival. The differences over the modes of baptism, over church government, and over almost everything but actual conduct, are multiplied until religion has been lost sight of altogether.

More real religion, say these mourners for the old-time state of things, is the plain need; but if that is starved out and kept down by the simple weight of church machinery, so much the worse for the machinery, and so much the more need of getting rid of it. Then, again, it is urged that the failure of the churches in the cities and large centers of population to reach the mass of the working people is very largely due to the exclusiveness of the pulpits on the one side, and the pew-holders on the other. This seems to us to be the religious farce of our time, a perfect travesty on the religion of Christ which is so ostentatiously professed. Church ornamentation in the name of a bestowal on God; fine and costly apparel flaunted in the face of those who are not able to possess it; the eager desire of gifted preachers to collect rich congregations around them; in fine, costly churches and costly clothes have usurped the place of plain and humble devotion, expelling all religious feeling, exciting envy and jealousy, and final hostility, drying up the springs of those motives which are capable of inspiring right conduct, and accounting for about all that the religious leaders complain of to no purpose.

Meanwhile the uplifting and heart-cheering revelations of angel-communion, untrammelled by the demands of fashion and so-called "respectability," are making their way everywhere, and the great mass of humanity begins to feel that it can dispense with the theological husks of the Aforetime, in presence of the spiritual bread of the Now!

## Man's Immortality.

[Banner of Light.]

This is the question of the ages, the question forever recurring to the human mind; and blessed ought that agency or intermediary to be esteemed that tends to clear up all doubts on the matter and establish fixed belief. Such an agency is Modern Spiritualism. A belief in God, said Prof. Felix Adler, in a recent lecture in New York, frequently and fervently as it is proclaimed, is of secondary importance on the minds of men as compared with their belief in the immortality of the soul. He regarded the attitude of men toward religion as so selfish that he thought they would willingly barter it away from the certainty of securing immortality thereby.

In regard to a reunion with the dead, Prof. Adler asserted that what was best in man, like his affections, was indestructible and could not perish. It passed into his personal immortality, and man became reunited with the beloved who went before him into immortality. If, then, that which was best in this life could not perish, the loving may in thought identify themselves with the beloved dead, call up their well-remembered faces, and think they behold them in the glories and splendors of a heavenly dawn. Let us, then, said he in concluding, put away the sable vestments which the mourners for the beloved one are accustomed to clothe themselves in. The dead yet live, and live in the light,

and by our thoughts of that which they enjoy, and by our actions which shall reflect that light we shall keep our communion with them unbroken even here, do honor to their radiant memory, and publish to the world the belief with which we are filled of a blessed immortality which will endure for all ages.

## Right Reasoning.

To the reflective it is amusing to witness the increase and steady advance of the facts of spirit phenomena, while bigotry, ignorance, and even some phases of so-called scientist's aim to depreciate them by a sneer.

But these facts can not be pooh-poohed away. Spirit intercommunication has taken hold to stay. Fact is greater than fiction or fanciful theory.

Opening the discussion before the late convention of the Episcopal Church, Rev. Dr. Thornton said:

"At the name of Spiritualism some will at once cry out 'frivolous,' and others 'imposture,' and others 'sorcery' and 'devilry.' Let me protest at the outset against all hasty sweeping condemnations. No doubt, in approaching this subject, we find the way defiled by folly or fraud, gross obscurity and gross deceit, yet would we not be equally foolish to rush to the conclusion that all of Spiritualism is pure deception? And because there are political and religious charlatans, are we justified in involving all statesmen and ecclesiastics in universal censure? I also deprecate earnestly the antiquated plan of attributing all phenomena new to us or which we can not explain, to the author of evil. Galileo, and the ridicule with which we now speak of his persecutors, may teach us not to mix science and religion as to come to an *a priori* theological decision upon matters of simple fact. As rational men, nay more, as churchmen, who trust in the presence with us of a guide to our reason, we are bound to accept facts, though we may decline the inferences which others draw from them, to watch, to investigate, and so to come gradually, and carefully to correct conclusions."

Clear thinking is quite as important as "free" thinking.

Oh, great, blind, moaning world! The earth were a sepulchre, and life itself a mockery, but that through the splendor of stars and sun spheres the light of the immortal kingdom reaches the lowliest life, and every heart that is sorrowful, sick, and weary upon the earth is encouraged by angels, spirits, and Christs, and the great powers of light and shadow, that intervene between you and the outer darkness of space, ministering unto the needs of man's spirit. Oh, God, what would it be if hurled into eternity without knowledge of the life of the soul, the mind upon creation's verge should die out like a meteor's glare, and the soul as an *ignis fatuus* cease to be, while worlds move on, mockingly, in their places and laugh at the mind that has named them, and the soul that has sung their praises in song! And then down from this ancient altar of wreck and ruin the shafts of the Pyramids would scorn the man that has reared them; and the Sphinx would smile on pityingly from his ancient place; the cities that are to be disintegrated would cry out, laughingly, over the human bones that they held, and say, we are greater than this humanity that reared us; the universe would be inverted; God would be Satan, and there would be no angels, but only shadows, and demons filling all space; and love and truth, and hope, and faith would be blotted out forever! But as it is, the feeblest pulse of thought, the aspiration that is smallest within the soul, the life that is lowliest within this great sin-crowded world, the heart that is sunk in infamy until even men despise it, is more precious and more valuable, in the eternal kingdom, than all these whirling worlds, or moving spheres, for they were soulless if man were not immortal.—Cora L. V. Richmond.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF ROUSSEAU.—I can understand that the multitude, whose feelings eternal wisdom has found it well to blunt, fears death and clings to physical life. But can a being love life in whose heart all the feelings of which we are capable are fully developed? I doubt it. Moments may come where it does, but his days are divided, and should those in the course of which he wishes for death be weighed against those in which the love of life is predominant, the scales would certainly incline toward the grave. It is the priests, false servants of all sects, who desecrate our hearts, and lighting the flames at the fire of their greed and cruelty, picture to us a sea of agony which awaits us after leaving this life. Without these death would be nothing but what our nightly rest is to us. Indeed it would be only the long sleep of a man who has lived his term of life. But what do I say? Death is only the sleep of the physical. It is the life of the spiritual being. No feeling being has ever doubted the immortality of the soul, and deep must not this joyful thought be engraved into our hearts that pernicious teachings have not been able to annihilate it. In the course of my youth I have always seen the grave open before me. Alas! how I have longed for this much dreaded death! But I dare not go to meet it, for the fetters of gratitude chain me to life. Think of my "confession," and see why I did not flee life.

## Order of Nature.

[Mary A. Hitchcock.]

In the order of nature all things are being developed into higher forms. So in all her meanderings she lifts the veil and shows to mortals some of the secrets that lie hidden in her bosom. In the present age her storehouse has been opened, and many are searching out the secrets that have been buried there. In the order of nature, as I have said, the truths of the universe are being brought forth in their true order. First, man is learning the cause of his existence; next, the purpose, and last, the finale or end. The spirit has come through all the lower gradations, and finally ascended the scale. In the future of your earth will be developed the physical organization, so that the spirit can show itself in all its purity. In the present age, the people are physically so diseased that they are not prepared to exercise much pure brain-work; for the brain must be in a healthy condition or the mind, or thought, can not impress itself upon it truly. The foundation should consist in a healthy, harmonious organization; this is the foundation of all greatness, for when the organs are equally developed, then all can be educated harmoniously. So you can readily see that all depends upon the physical as the foundation of knowledge and purity; and when this is understood, there will be more care exercised in the formation and in the care of the physical body. The formation depends upon the harmonious blending of the forming parties, and the education upon the wisdom of the teachers. Friends of earth, my great desire is that you will search and find the true course that will lead the inhabitants into a higher and more beautiful humanity. These principles, if carried out, will elevate and refine the whole human family.

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Our Beautiful Home Above.  
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The Golden Gates are Left Ajar.  
Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair.  
Who Sings My Child to Sleep?  
We're Coming, Sister Mary.  
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Which has been followed with unflagging interest by a great audience, will occupy less space during the coming year. Gettysburg will be described by Gen. Hunt (Chief of the Union Artillery), Gen. Longstreet, Gen. E. M. Law, and others; Chickamauga, by Gen. D. H. Hill; Sherman's March to the Sea, by Generals Howard and Slocum. Generals Q. A. Gillmore, Wm. F. Smith, John Gibbon, Horace Porter, and John S. Mosby will describe special battles and incidents. Stories of naval engagements, prison life, etc., etc., will appear.

## NOVELS AND STORIES.

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## SPECIAL FEATURES,

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

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

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

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

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## One Day.

BY QUINA.

[Through her medium Water Lily, Cora L. V. Richmond.]

The sleeping earth lies veiled in frost-mist, wove  
(As a chaste bride, still dreaming of her joy,  
Arrayed in bridal robe and crowned with love,  
By unseen fairies in pale night's employ,—  
The finest fabric for the sleeping earth,  
In preparation for Day's perfect birth.

No Summer garniture of buds and flowers,  
Such as must serve for earthly brides to be;  
But every sprig, and all the dream-like bowers,  
Adorned with dainty, witching tracery  
Of finest frost-gems; everywhere the sheen  
Of jewels fitting well a lovely queen.

The lace-like flakes, folded o'er earth's breast  
In snowy silence, 'mid the shrouding mist,—  
When suddenly her Lord cometh! Sun-caressed  
She blushes through the ice-veil where he kiss't  
And now the new-born ardors hold full sway  
In the full glory of the perfect day.

From golden morn 'till evening comes in gold,  
The earth beholds only his image bright,  
No other story to her heart is told.  
He is revealed: the universe is light,  
The triumph of the glory is complete,  
The perfect day is come and at God's feet.

So shall it be, when from the mists of time,  
And cold, still sleep upon the lower earth,  
The dreaming spirit hears the frost-bells chime,  
And dimly feels the long fore-shadowed birth,  
When, sorrow-woven, patience heavenly still,  
The veil of purity—biding the heavenly will.

Suddenly the blessed seal, the Sacrament  
Of Life, is broken, and the sacred wine  
Flows forth; and all the heaven-born glory sent  
Bursts into conscious being; Love Divine  
Claims ALL the soul—holdeth eternal sway—  
And Love alone maketh the perfect day.

## Strayed from the Flock.

The wind goes sobbing  
Over the moor;  
Far is the fold and shut the door;  
White and still, beyond terror and shock,  
Lies the foolish lamb that strayed from the flock,  
While overhead, from its frozen branch,  
With a tender pity, true and stanch,  
Thus sings the robin:

The wind howls, heavy  
With death and sorrow,  
To-day it is there, may be to-morrow,  
Yet I'll sing one tune o'er the silent world,  
For the little lamb that never grew old;  
Never lived long Winters to see,  
Chanting from empty boughs like me,  
Boughs once so leafy.

The snowflakes cover  
The moorland dun;  
My song thrills feebly, but I sing on.  
Why did God make me a brave bird-soul,  
Under warm feathers, red as a coal,  
To keep up my feet cheery and bright  
To the very last twinkle of wintry light,  
Whilst time is all over?

Why was I given  
Bold, strong wings  
To bear me away from hurtful things,  
While thy poor feet were so tender and weakly,  
And thy faint heart gave up so meekly,  
Till it yielded at length to a still, safe hand  
That bade thee lie down not try to stand?  
Was it hand of heaven?

The wind goes sobbing  
(Thine sang the bird,  
Or else in a dream its voice I heard),  
Nothing I know and nothing I can;  
Wisdom is not for me, but man,  
Yet some snow pure, snow soft, not snow cold,  
May be singing for lambs strayed from the fold,  
Beside poor robin.

—DINAH MULLOCK CRAIK.

## The Highest, The Best.

"Suchst du das Höchste, das Grösste?  
Die Pflanze kann es dich lehren.  
Was sie willenlos ist, sei Du es wollend: das ist's?"

Seek'st thou the Highest, the Best,  
The flower can to thee reveal it—  
Man hath small power to express—  
Nature no power to conceal it.  
Cloudy the truth of man's preaching,  
Sun-clear the violet's teaching.

What, for his arduous pains,  
That the philosopher gaineth?  
Knowledge in composite grains,  
Wisdom's pure gold ne'er attaineth.  
Only Doing—the dust on the shore;  
Not Being—the sea to explore.

Not thus the violet's fate:  
Springing—on-going—completion!  
Reaching of perfect estate,  
Being, to utmost repletion.  
Earth laps it, sun warms it, wind blows;  
Unaware of its friends or its foes,  
Not refusing, nor choosing, it grows!

Learn of the flower, oh, Soul,  
Way of thy highest attaining!  
Being, not Doing, the goal,  
Growth to completion thus gaining.  
O'er thee, as o'er the flower,  
Elements diverse conspire,  
Yet hath it naught of thy power  
Of selection, rejection, desire!  
Souls to like perfect condition  
Grow by supreme volition.

—ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND.

## Yesterday.

With white arms full  
Of gifts for me,  
My mood too dull—  
Too dull to see:  
If I had known—if I had known  
While the bright day was yet my own.

To-day—ah, well—  
To-day is fair:  
But need I tell  
What softer air,  
Fresh as the morning breath of May,  
Blew from the hills of yesterday?

Sweet yesterday!  
With reaching hands,  
I gave away  
Across the sands,  
To see if somewhere I may find  
A careless trifle left behind.

A leaf, wind-blown,  
That fluttered by,  
When all alone—  
The woods and I:  
A red rose that I used to wear  
In the dark beauty of my hair.

The tender eyes  
That smiled in mine;  
The woods and I:  
Again might shine,  
And I might find along the way  
The heart that loved me yesterday.

—HOME JOURNAL.

## Religion of Humanity.

[Lucinda B. Chandler in Unity.]

This is an era of problems and experiments for solving them in the line of salvation and helpfulness. Does not the religion of humanity demand radical measures? Why devote the wealth of thought, sympathy and effort entirely to mending poor material, or at most, quickening, stimulating and helping the best we have? Some sentences in a letter from one who is in constant contact with an element which is continually befouling the stream of human life, impels me to call attention to the branch of religion pertaining to human culture, at the fountain. The writer says: "I am especially interested just now in the 'fallen women' who drift to the poor-house for treatment, and the babies that are multiplied at such fearful odds." "Each seems such a bit of driftwood in the gulf stream of circumstance that I can't scold her, nor even protest, and arguments are useless with the majority of them."

"They needed better mothers and fathers themselves." "And therefore for the sake of their children, I wish we might, while they are here and 'waiting women,' have some literature suited to them prepared by some one who does believe in them." "They needed better mothers and fathers themselves?" Is there not needed a religion of humanity that can deal with this supreme question of "better mothers and fathers?" So long as this tide of human driftwood multiplies itself, so long the charnel houses of civilization and the charitable institutions will be filled—so long will the material means and spiritual energies of the humane be absorbed in taking care of human wretchedness. Is not a better way practicable? Cannot the youth of to-day be better taught in our schools? Cannot a way be found to furnish school-rooms and sitting for every child.

Cities are a mighty problem, and unless civilization can master the city, the city will sink civilization. Is it not time some idea of preparation for better parenthood should be a part of the education civilization furnishes?

How shall human life be introduced here—is not this really the first step in the universal relations that constitute a vital religion?

Schooling is but the beginning, but every child deserves the benefits of such beginning. Better open churches, church vestries and parlors, for some grade of scholars, than that any should be left to street culture, and no instruction, for lack of school-house accommodation.

Compulsory attendance upon school, as provided by statute, cannot be enforced in Chicago, because, first, there is not room for the children to attend. Child-labor is undermining, physically and morally.

A motherhood that lacks the inspiration of hope, and perhaps also physical nutrition, cannot furnish society with good brains or good material for character. After the three "R's," would not a curriculum of study to promote human elevation through better parenthood be the better and higher education which a more perfect civilization demands?

There are competent women physicians and experienced matrons who could impart most valuable lessons in connection with physiological studies, and the children whose mothers are unfitted to guide their thoughts in channels of high thinking upon the important requirements of parenthood might be saved from the baneful results of ignorance. How shall the child of to-day be made the saving parent of to-morrow? The religion of humanity will endeavor to answer this question.

## Something for Nothing.

[Shasta Co. Index.]

Don't try to get something for nothing. It is not the right spirit. It is this propensity that leads men into gambling. There is a great demand for lottery tickets everywhere, because people want something for nothing. Thousands of people answer spurious advertisements which set forth that, by sending some paltry amount, information will be returned whereby a fortune may be easily made. The proposition is so absurd on the face of it that it would seem that no half-witted person would pay any attention to it, yet some very intelligent persons "bite at it."

Don't want to get something for nothing! The consequences of such a desire are disastrous in every respect. Probably nine-tenths of all the criminal cases on record originated in the desire to get something without giving an equivalent for value received. And this is not bringing into account the traffic of rum-selling, which our imperfect institutions make legitimate. The consequences of this terrible evil alone are enough to cause us to blush that humanity is so weak as to tolerate by legal sanction a curse that destroys more lives in peace than are sacrificed in all the wars, not taking into account the privation and suffering of innocent women and children. It all comes about from a desire to get something for nothing.

Nearly all the evils and abuses of the world are the outgrowth of this pernicious propensity. Liberated from this curse, the human family would be regenerated and the necessity for great reforms super-

seded by a voluntary obedience to moral laws. Men would not then be urged by a morbid desire for gain into all manner of corrupt, dishonorable and infamous double-dealing and trickery against known laws of right. For we take it that no man consents to do wrong without moral compunction, and but for a morbid propensity for gain, few among those who now set conscience aside would be violators of moral laws bearing upon the just rights and privileges of all.

## The Church of the Future.

[Rev. Herford Brooks.]

"What the church of the future is to be," I may be asked: "What do you mean by the church of the past?" It is to look back at the great church before the break up of the reformation, the distinguished and great Catholicism of the past. One of the advantages of that church was its unity. Its aim was to be the only kingdom of God, the universal institution of religion. From end to end the same masses were recited, the same creeds taught and the same discipline enforced. The old church was for union and not individuality. It permitted you to think as you liked, but you couldn't think aloud. But let a man break from the creeds of the church and his life was made a burden for him. The church settled the creed and did the worship, in fact transacted the whole business of salvation. The church of the future must emphasize individuality; the days of priestcraft have passed by; the days of priestcraft for salvation have passed by, and the day is past for the thought that a belief in Christ's merits is between man and God. Do not smother individualism, but develop it. Make one great republic of God, and that our present dividing lines fade in the imagination. Be one great church with a unity of spirit and religion and life. The church of the past insisted on a rigid discipline, and the church of the present is haunted by the idea that discipline must be brought on the people. But I believe the idea of church discipline must go. The church of the future has got to try to carry the spirit of brotherly love into the world and society, but against the ambition of an eager world it seems almost an impossibility. There must be humility in filling high places; it must possess the whole world for all time and not for an hour each Sunday; it must be the helper of man's future, the companion of all his days.

## Rev. Dr. Savage.

[Extracts from his address on "Modern Spiritualism."]

"The gospels are anonymous and contain only hearsay evidence, we cannot trace a single witness home and find his standing in the community. On such testimony as the New Testament furnishes no modern court would convict a criminal of petit larceny. A thousand times more evidence in favor of spirit return in the modern world is offered us by the despised and outcast Spiritualists."

"Modern Spiritualism is too big a factor in modern life to be ignored; thousands and thousands in Europe and America believe in its central claim, and there are as many silent believers who do not want to be called knaves or fools. Like Nicodemus, they must come by night lest they be cast out of the synagogue."

"Whatever else we may say about it, large masses of intelligent people do believe in Spiritualism as a fact, and it is a fact big enough to touch and shape a large part of our modern life."

"I would like to have it demonstrated that there is a beyond. I count my faith very strong already. I doubt if any clergyman in Boston has a stronger belief. But if any man says he knows on the basis of any old time doctrine, I know he is saying what he does not know. If he says he feels quite certain, so do I, but that is not the dictionary meaning of knowledge."

"Now, mind, Price," said his mistress to the new page, "at half-past eight you will take the Bishop's shaving water up. Knock at his door, and say, 'the boy with the hot water, my lord.' And by dint of repeating the speech over and over again, the youth had got it pretty well into his head by next morning, when he knocked at the door of the great man. 'Who's there?' bleated a fat voice. 'The lord with the hot water, my boy!' fell upon the astonished Episcopal ears.

A LITTLE girl who had been told that when it was thundering it was God talking, was out on the lawn playing with her dolls. Her mother, seeing a storm coming up, called to little Alice to hurry and come in. She began picking up her playthings, but before she got them all it thundered, when she exclaimed: "Oh! Dad, don't scold so. I'm hurrying fast as I can."

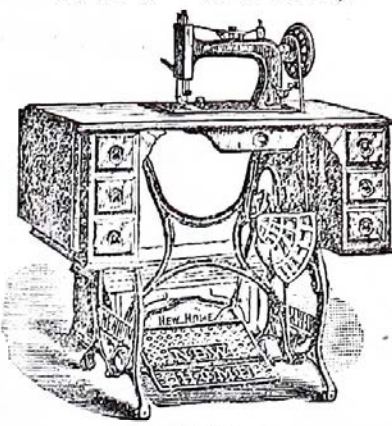
As THE universal law manifests itself in different forms according to the condition it pervades, so the innate life-principle in man manifests itself in various forms, according to the condition it pervades. Man's nature is a condition through which the law manifests itself according to circumstances.

A CARGO of ostriches from Natal, Africa, has arrived at Galveston, Texas. The birds are for an ostrich farm near Los Angeles, Cal.

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JUNES-3M

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\$1.75 to SANTA CLARA and SAN JOSE and return—Sundays only.  
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## To Oakland and Alameda.

8:00 a. m., 8:15 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 8:45 a. m., 9:00 a. m., 9:15 a. m., 9:30 a. m., 9:45 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 10:15 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 10:45 a. m., 11:00 a. m., 11:15 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 11:45 a. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:15 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 12:45 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:15 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 1:45 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:15 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 2:45 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:15 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 3:45 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:15 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 4:45 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:15 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 5:45 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:15 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 6:45 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:15 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 7:45 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:15 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 8:45 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:15 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 9:45 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:15 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 10:45 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:15 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 11:45 p. m., 12:00 a. m., 12:15 a. m., 12:30 a. m., 12:45 a. m., 1:00 a. m., 1:15 a. m., 1:30 a. m., 1:45 a. m., 2:00 a. m., 2:15 a. m., 2:30 a. m., 2:45 a. m., 3:00 a. m., 3:15 a. m., 3:30 a. m., 3:45 a. m., 4:00 a. m., 4:15 a. m., 4:30 a. m., 4:45 a. m., 5:00 a. m., 5:15 a. m., 5:30 a. m., 5:45 a. m., 6:00 a. m., 6:15 a. m., 6:30 a. m., 6:45 a. m., 7:00 a. m., 7:15 a. m., 7:30 a. m., 7:45 a. m., 8:00 a. m., 8:15 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 8:45 a. m., 9:00 a. m., 9:15 a. m., 9:30 a. m., 9:45 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 10:15 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 10:45 a. m., 11:00 a. m., 11:15 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 11:45 a. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:15 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 12:45 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:15 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 1:45 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:15 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 2:45 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:15 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 3:45 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:15 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 4:45 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:15 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 5:45 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:15 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 6:45 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:15 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 7:45 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:15 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 8:45 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:15 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 9:45 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:15 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 10:45 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:15 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 11:45 p. m., 12:00 a. m., 12:15 a. m., 12:30 a. 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