

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

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

A woman's lot is made for her by the love she accepts.

In the presence of the unknown all have an equal right—to think.

Recompense injury with justice, and kindness with kindness.—Confucius.

Ignorance worships mystery, Reason explains it; the one grovels, the other soars.

It is not enough to have no errors of belief, you must have positive reason for your faith.

Every bond of your life is a debt; the right lies in the payment of that debt; it can lie nowhere else.—George Eliot.

We are all of us made more graceful by the inward presence of what we believe to be a generous purpose.—George Eliot.

All of us—whether men or women—are liable to this weakness, of liking to have our preference justified before others as well as ourselves.

The voice of conscience is so delicate that it is easy to stifle it, but it is also so clear that it is impossible to mistake it.—Madame de Staél.

Wisdom and truth are immortal; but cunning and deception, the meteors of the earth, after glittering for a moment must pass away.—Robert Hall.

Whoever labors for the happiness of those he loves, elevates himself, no matter whether he works in the dreary shop or the perfumed field.—Ingersoll.

Blindness acts like a dam, sending the streams of thought backward along the already-traveled channels and hindering the course onward.—George Eliot.

A loving act does more good than a blazing exhortation. What the race needs is not more good talkers but more Good Samaritans.—J. S. Breckinridge.

Affections, like Spring flowers, break through the frozen ground at last, and the heart, which seeks but for another heart to make it happy, will never seek in vain.

Times of the greatest calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore comes from the hottest furnace; the brightest flash from the darkest cloud.

The character-builder in our civilization is home. Where you get a wise father and a wise mother, you will get noble children and noble citizens in spite of all other hindrances.—E. P. Powell.

The history of one monad is as unknown as that of the universe; one drop of water is as wonderful as all the seas; one leaf, as all the forests; and one grain of sand, as all the stars.—Ingersoll.

Well, suppose life to be a desert? There are halting places and shades and refreshing waters; let us profit by them today. We know that we must march on when to-morrow comes, and tramp on our destiny onward.—Thackeray.

Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness—altogether past calculation in its powers of endurance. Efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.—Carlyle.

WHAT IS THE MIND OF MAN, AND BY  
WHAT LAW DOES IT CONTROL  
MATTER?

A Discourse by the Guides of W. J. Col-  
ville, Delivered at Metropolitan  
Temple, July 11, 1886.

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

The very large audience gathered this evening probably contains many persons who have joined metaphysical classes, and who have taken, or are still taking, instructions in the power of mind over matter. The majority of uninstructed persons entertain many erroneous ideas concerning mental science; misconception is broadcast in the land concerning what true metaphysical teaching really is.

As we are actively engaged in promulgating metaphysical ideas both in this city and in Oakland, and as we have been endeavoring to promulgate them year after year ever since we first took our stand upon the public platform, we have deemed it well to reply thus publicly to the oft-repeated question, "What is the mind of man, and by what law does it control matter?"

There are not many persons who seem to be prepared for what may be termed the higher metaphysics, as not many persons are prepared for what are termed the higher mathematics; and while only a few are ready for the higher metaphysics, to use a common expression, it is useless for speakers to fly over the heads of their auditors, and equally useless for writers to employ language which their readers can not comprehend, it is always useless to indulge in the utterance or circulation of advanced ideas which are so very far above the attainment of the majority as to be practically incomprehensible to the public, in a miscellaneous audience. We do not, moreover, under any circumstances, aim at carrying people up into the clouds and leaving them there; we do not aim at bewildering and mystifying the minds of scholars who have come into our audience recently, seeking for information; and we do not advocate or adopt phraseology of a peculiar stamp abounding in technicalities, and applying such language to all occasions and to all audiences. Therefore if some of our extremely metaphysical friends find that some of our public addresses are not clothed in the phraseology of certain schools, they will kindly remember that our endeavor is to give to the public at large, so far as we are able, the fundamental principles of a science, philosophy and religion, which is good news for all people and not special information for a privileged few. You all know that Socrates, the great Athenian sage, was celebrated for the remarkable simplicity of his utterance, and for his willingness and ability to adapt his instructions to all classes of hearers, but there were certain parties in Greece who hunted to death that great apostle of truth because he spoke the truth too plainly, and in language adapted to the public ear. When Jesus appeared a few centuries later in Galilee, we are told that the common people heard him gladly, and a great multitude of the common folk followed him wheresoever he went. He had so large a following of the common people that it aroused the ire and stirred the indignation of the scribes and pharisees and chief priests and rulers of the people, so that certain apostate Jews joined with cruel and tyrannical members of the Roman population to condemn as a malefactor one whose only offense was that he preached the gospel unto all people.

Since his day there have been multitudes who have endeavored to reveal truth, and also many who have endeavored to hide truth. There have been many who have gathered around them little knots of chosen followers whom they sought to instruct and initiate in hidden wisdom, and others who felt it to be their duty to address the masses, to even go out to the highways and byways, and hedges, and compel all to come in to the gospel feast.

We do not, ourselves, take any extreme position or hurl any accusation against those who speak for the few only, but we do believe an age is now dawning when

the Sphinx of mystery and secrecy will destroy herself and cast her remains to the very winds, as the question she propounds to every traveler passing by will be answered by enlightened humanity. We foresee that all secret societies, all great Masonic, and all private occult organizations will be outgrown in the glorious democracy of the future. We predict that all that wisdom, which has so long been whispered in the ears of the few, will be proclaimed on the house-tops and without the use of parables. In the past even the few could scarcely understand without a parable, but the day is now dawning when a spiritual revolution will sweep over the shores of earth and lave all the world with truth known only to the seers and sages of antiquity, but destined at length, like a mighty avalanche, to sweep away all barriers, like the impetuous mountain torrent that destroys everything that would dam its course. The truth proclaimed in the coming era will lave all the shores of earth with living water from the perennial fountain of immortal knowledge.

The spiritual revelation of to-day is remarkable for its catholicity, its purely cosmopolitan character. It is remarkable for its adaptation to all classes. We are told in the New Testament, in the second chapter of Acts, that when the Holy Spirit came, every man heard, in his own language, the wonderful works of God. This speaking in many tongues, this conversing or delivering divine messages in many languages, would only have been a repetition of the confusion at the Tower of Babel; if one had risen and spoken in Hebrew, another in Greek, and another in Latin, all at once, if different languages had been spoken at random merely as wonderful phenomena, scarcely any good would have been accomplished, and the gaping crowd, eager for novelty rather than for truth, listening with wide open ears and mouths, would have been astonished but not edified. But when this speaking in many tongues was the voice of the Holy Spirit of truth employing many and many an instrument in its service, then the speaking in many languages signified an adaptation of truth to the needs and requirements of all hearers.

Now in this age we maintain that all

institutions which are not for the multi-

tude, that all religions and all philosophies

that are not for the masses are doomed to

pass away, for this age is one that de-

mands a fulfillment of the glorious Messia-

nic prophecy that the waters of knowl-

dge shall cover the earth, even as the

waters of the sea cover the ocean bed.

We maintain that man has long been in ignorance of his real nature because he has persistently cultivated only one side of it, and that the least important side. We hold that the majority of the people know little or nothing of their spiritual being, because they are not educated spiritually. They are certainly educated in a few moral platitudes; they are generally taught the Lord's prayer and the Ten Commandments, in the vulgar tongue; they are, it is true, generally brought up to hear a chapter read from the Bible in their homes or in the public school; but they soon leave the school and go out into the world, and then in the race for wealth the race is to the materially swift and the reward to the physically strong. In the great contest for material supremacy the moral and spiritual education of the public, century after century, has been lamentably neglected. As all things spiritual have been spoken of dogmatically, as men have been told that they must not and can not investigate, that they can not reason and inquire into the realm of spirit as they can into the realm of matter, religion has become superstitious, while science has become cold and materialistic.

Now we venture to affirm that true

theology is a divine science; that theo-

logy—which means the science of God—is

as much a science as geology, which

means the science of the earth. We

venture to affirm that man can discover

spiritual laws and principles as well as he

can discover the position of a star or the

age of a rock. We maintain that man

can by the use of his spiritual faculties

enter into and understand the laws and

forces of the spiritual world; that he can

consciously, knowingly, stand face to face

with the spiritual realities of the eternal

universe; that he can use the spiritual

powers which are already his in blasting

the rocks of ignorance and fear and preju-

dice, and force his way even through a hell-gate of opposition into the clear, calm waters that lie beyond the jagged promontories of error. We maintain that man is now in possession of a power adequate to invent a spiritual telescope, a spiritual microscope, a spiritual spectroscope, and that as material things are brought to him day by day for analysis, even so ideas and thoughts and all the great entities of spiritual being can be spread out before him. But the physiologist, the anatomist and vivisectionist have all been so occupied in the vivisection of matter, that failing to find the soul in the physical organism, they conclude that probably there is no soul. They can not find the brain of the spiritual body, and therefore they suppose that the spiritual body, if there is one, has no life or intelligence apart from the material organism. They have so confounded cause and effect, so persistently commenced at the wrong end instead of at the right, they have dealt so long and so much with effects as though they were causes, that the medical science of to-day is so pre-eminently materialistic, that men professing Christianity believe far more in the mineral system of Paracelsus than in the spiritual system of Jesus, even though professing to call themselves disciples of Jesus, living in Christian families and worshiping in Christian temples. The New Testament is considered but as a record of wonderful things which transpired long ago; the statement that certain unmistakable signs shall follow those who believe is regarded as mere hyperbole, or else as applicable to a distant age and not to the present moment. Because of this persistent adoration of matter and ignorance of mind, it is possible for a sarcastic orator like Colonel Ingersoll to win the applause of thousands of people who have paid a large admission to hear him on a Sunday evening, when he exclaims, "Can you show one miracle to-day to prove that miracles ever took place in the past?" And the young men of to-day—the young men educated for the legal and medical professions, or educated for mercantile pursuits, fresh from college proud of their degrees of honor or their diplomas, applaud Ingersoll to the echo because he ridicules the idea that mind has ever so far conquered matter as to produce a marvel or a wonderful event which is rightly termed a miracle, a word simply derived from a Latin verb which signifies to be astonished, and not by any means signifying contrary to the laws of the universe. But Colonel Ingersoll is not altogether unreasonable; he appeals to the judgment of the people with the Bible in their hands who tell him Jesus walked on the sea, but if any account were published in a paper—even in a religious paper—that some one walked upon the sea upheld by divine power to-day it would be treated as a thing of fancy or imagination. We are told that Jesus healed the sick by the laying on of hands, but the religious pulpit and press, as a rule, has denounced even magnetic treatment, to say nothing of the higher phases of metaphysical, mental or spiritual healing. We are told that wonderful cures were performed in the presence of the disciples, but in our day when a President is ill though Christians pray for him in their churches that he may be healed, if you talk to them of faith healing and prayer healing they tell you that is all superstition, and if people are healed at all they are healed by materia medica. In an age of such gross inconsistencies, among a population affirming with one hand what they deny with the other, do you wonder that there is so much materialism, so much rampant infidelity and skepticism, that religion is being ridiculed, and the churches are beginning to complain bitterly of a decline in religion? Do you wonder that fairs are necessary to increase the subscription to pay the expenses of religious worship?

The New Testament is said to be the Word of God, and yet the statements therein contained are only true in the reading desk of a church, they are untrue immediately you get outside of it. These insane contradictions and discrepancies, this belief that there were spiritual gifts eighteen hundred years ago, but that they no longer exist, this belief that there once were prophets, but are none now, this belief that there were *truthful* promises made by Jesus, but that they have not been fulfilled—these are the follies which have dealt death blows at Christianity and every other form of religion. It is only

among those who are denounced as heretics and disturbers, only among the unorthodox, only among those who gather in separate congregations and feel that it is their mission to deliver a new message to humanity, that the gifts of the spirit are accepted as the common property of humanity to-day, as they were the common property of humanity in ages gone by. We have very frequently declared that from our point of view such wonders as may be said to be physical and relate only to the healing of the body, are of secondary importance, while those which are related immediately to mind and morals, character and conduct, are of the highest moment. We have said again and again that is a greater work to reform a drunkard than to heal a broken limb; a greater work to change a wicked man into a saint than to cure the most virulent cancer or to save a person from consumption when given up by the best physicians. But while we are always ready to maintain that the reformation of character or the elevation of morals is the one thing needful, and that he who can do this work of saving and reforming society can do the greatest work of all, we also maintain that in the power to do the greater there lies the power to do the lesser works; and if these great moral and spiritual triumphs can be accomplished by spiritual power, there is no reason to doubt that in the arena of the universe there is ample room for demonstration of another order not quite so high, not quite so mighty, and yet very useful and beautiful, and in many cases, we may say, necessary for the demonstration of truth.

It is the mind of man, it is spirit that giveth understanding, it is the divine, the immortal in man that needs to be recognized here and now. We must learn to think of ourselves as spiritual beings; we must no longer place the thought of our life in matter; we must learn to feel that our spiritual life is ours now and forever, and that while mortal dissolution may some day render us invisible to material sight, yet we shall still be in the realm of spirit after death, even as we are in the realm of spirit before death. That we are in the realm of spirit before death is the great question to be decided in all the schools of thought to-day. The recognition of all life as a spiritual power, the recognition of all being as spiritual is the one great fact that claims recognition at the hands of all mankind. Many persons speak slightly of what they term idealism and maintain that we are living in a practical age, and that we ought to be a practical people; that we should concern ourselves with practical endeavors, as everything not strictly practical is unworthy our consideration.

Now we maintain that those things which are most spiritual, most mental, most metaphysical, are the most practical of all. The practicability of the idea is a topic none can discuss too often; the practical side of all spiritual revelation is its most important side. But what do we mean by practical? Is that which concerns the multitude of humanity and human welfare at large unpractical, while the matter of your personal business is practical? Are great questions of science, literature and art unpractical, while the questions of how you are to trim your bonnet or fashion your dress is practical? Is your dinner a practical question, and the salvation of humanity unpractical? Is the mere attainment of physical strength practical, and the great ideas which are yet to be translated into outward embodiment unpractical? If the world had no dreamers, no visionaries, no prodigies in the realm of mind; if there were no men and women who soared on wings of thought above all material things and built castles in the air, we should see no new inventions and no improvement in any department of external life. Look upon this building, it is a very practical, the most utilitarian people would be willing to admit that the building of this temple was a very practical work; people brought together such practical substances as wood, brick and mortar, carpets, chairs and gas-pipes; but where would that practical organ have come from if there had never been an ideal organ in the mind of an organ builder? There was a time when there was no organ on the earth; then where did the first organ come from? How did the organ get to the earth? There was an organ somewhere in the

(Continued on Third Page.)

Written for the Golden Gate.

### Random Thoughts.

BY MATTIE PULSIFER.

A wonderful thing is life, in even its most simple form, but when embodied in an immortal being, is astounding in its resources for usefulness and grandeur, provided it be a free life. Physical slavery is fast being wiped off the face of our planet, but its absence alone does not constitute a free being. Mental thrall is holding millions in bondage and very many in our Christianized lands still wear the shackles imposed by false ideas of their origin, their rights, responsibilities, possibilities and immortal destiny. Millions of lives are stunted and dwarfed in their endeavors to square their existence to a class of rules for the physical welfare, and to certain creeds and dogmas for that of the soul. It is difficult to say who are the more to be commiserated, those already mentioned, or that other class who neither care for the body nor believe in the existence of the soul, hence in no future state of being. The former restrains their spiritual faculties by a straight-jacket set of notions, while the other ignores them entirely, giving no thought to the inner and true being one day to emerge from its house of clay and wing its freight to unknown spheres of continued work and endless progression. Would it not seem a strange, sad thing for normal men and women to let their muscular forces, intellectual faculties and facilities for acquiring knowledge of this world, all lie untrained and useless; to know nothing of the visible world around them, and lie helpless and lost if they should, by any chance, find themselves turned out of their dwelling place some dark night? This is the condition of the spiritual natures of thousands whose souls are ushered into the other existence in perfect ignorance, and many are there who grope in darkness long before a helping hand finds and leads them into light and learning. Not thus do free men and women enter upon eternity. They cultivated a knowledge of spiritual things, studied the laws that govern them in their relations to mortal life, and are even free to receive the revelations that come to growing minds and awakened souls. They respect all creeds, but conform to none. While they would have others share the comfort of their natural philosophy, they do not thrust their opinions upon any one, well knowing that the light that can reveal so much to one or a few was intended for all, and if they will not receive it here, they must hereafter.

Though ghastly, there is something amusing in the continuous line of expeditions to the Arctic regions that have been following each other for so many long, weary years. It is ludicrous, because entirely foolish, causing a self sacrifice of human life utterly barren of any necessary practical good to the race. The polar expedition craze has been an open channel of sure notoriety for those who embarked in them and a sure source of misery and grief to the friends and families of those who took this hard road to glory and death. While this programme for fame is pronounced to be played out, we doubt whether that which is to follow is any more sensible or safe, although there are plenty to take roles in the new play called Explorations. Enough men have frozen or starved in the North, so it is concluded to turn attention to the South Pole, where there will be more room to move around among the icebergs, and more difficulty for relief expeditions sent out to the inevitably distressed. Baron Nordenkjold is to leave Sweden in the Fall for eighteen months in the Southern ice-fields; and of course others will follow in proper order.

Study and investigation tend rather to mystify than enlighten the mind as regards things of this world. We talk of the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdom as though we had struck the precise dividing line, but those who have made each a special study find only a gradual merging of one into the other, and the difference sometimes very hard to find. A deep-sea discovery of Huxley's, *Bathybius*, a shapeless, motionless slime, long believed to be the common origin of the animal and vegetable kingdom, is now by many naturalists set down as gelatinous gypsum. *Zogoon* is another mineral substance that was for years regarded as animal. Then we have carnivorous plants—plants that are particularly fond of meat, but will not refuse bread, egg, cheese, etc. All animals are erroneously supposed to be possessed of locomotion; there are plants and animals belonging in part to both kingdoms, and it is not well to fix our ideas and opinions too firmly about them. Who has not observed that plants as well as animals possess instinct? When you walk in your garden among your shrubs and flowers, look for wisdom as well as beauty, and you will see how careful plants are, when need be, of their opening leaves and flowers. When the sun is hot some older leaf will bend its form over the leaflets and tender buds to shield them from his burning rays. Who has not seen the bowed heads of the daisies, pansies, and other Spring flowers, on a frosty morning, seeking the warmer current beneath them? Other children of the garden, more sensitive, fold their forms at nightfall and slumber till the coming of the sun. Still others never open their petals save in the brightest of Sol's beams. More wiser in his direct glances, and seek the deep shade to live out their sweet existence. "Educational

advantages" are spoken of as if they were limited to the few; but they are everywhere, free to all who have learned to see. Looking is not always seeing. The more we see the more there will be to see and the more we shall wonder at our ignorance.

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Maine is by no means discouraged in its former attempts to get the upper hand of the liquor traffic, by the widely circulated stories setting forth the growing intemperance of its people; but comes out with a new law to go into operation on May 1st. It begins by drawing the reins a little tighter as to penalties, imposing thirty days imprisonment, as well as fine, for first offense. It prohibits the sale of cider for tipping purposes; permits druggists to keep all kinds of liquors for medicinal use without tax, therefore making the payment of United States tax by them proof positive of illegal sale of liquors. Penalty is imposed on railroad employees for unloading liquors outside of certain stations; and finally it does a wise thing in giving the State Liquor Commissioner a fixed salary, instead of a percentage of sales.

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Scientific minds sometimes take a round-about way to get at their belief in a future existence. We do not say this is exactly so of Prof. Alfred Wallace, for he has gone to the pains of special investigations with different mediums; and while he would not so far commit himself as to express an opinion of the precise character of what was thus given to him, he was honest enough to say to the world that he did not and could not understand it. Prof. Wallace does not therefore base his belief in a continued existence upon those strange occurrences, but rather on what he terms the revelations of evolution. The farther his studies go in this direction the more he is convinced that there is no such thing as absolute death, but that men live hereafter in a state of progression. He has a good deal of faith in the doctrines of Swedenborg, but is quite mystified over the revelations of Spiritualism. It appears to us that he might endorse the latter for what it reveals as well as the former for what it claims. Theory has a greater fascination for most persons than actual demonstration, inconsistent as it may seem. Mind likes to revel in the mysterious, and when a thing is explained it straightway seeks a new branch of the same thing not yet established.

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Some one who has a proper kind of interest, looked through the Patent Office a short time ago to see how women stood on the matter of invention, and gives the names of fourteen women that are attached to very valuable inventions, adding a long list of lesser but equally useful creations that have sprung from the minds of women. It was observed that the women of New York take the lead, followed next in order by Massachusetts, Ohio, Indiana and Wisconsin, the other States having one or more on the role of women inventors, giving a total of nineteen hundred patents granted to women. The major portion of these are old—the results of a period less favorable to feminine intellectual culture and development than the present, so it may confidently be expected that the next quarter or half century will bring forth inventive fruits corresponding to the flowery promise of to-day that encircles the destiny of our young women. Their taste leading naturally to the refined and beautiful, they particularly excel as art designers, but equal advantages with their brothers will develop a latent practicality that will place many a woman almost side by side with man in the more rugged mechanical world.

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Combativeness seems to be a most essential part of all animal life. In human nature only is it susceptible of training, but when not thus restrained it makes the pugilistic nondescript that the law is somewhat vainly trying to suppress at the present time. The organ is generally found large in proportion to the smallness of the creature, thus it is that little men are always more pugnacious than big ones. Below us, birds are the most combative of creatures, and perhaps the most lacking in affection for their young when past their first period of helplessness. This is more noticeable among caged birds—the young must be removed as soon as they are out of the nest, if their life is valued by their keeper. Wild birds are very jealous of nesting places, and all conflicts between different classes arise from this cause mainly. Penshurst, the home of the Sidneys, possessed a beautiful lime avenue, wherein the rooks and herons both built for many years in peace. One winter day, however, a violent storm blew down some of the lordliest trees, when a war of supremacy broke out among the two tribes for the largest remaining trees. The rooks came off victors, the herons taking flight for Cobham, where they founded a new colony to themselves. This bird tradition is a very human affair, only the latter do not generally end permanently; that is, human trouble does not end, it merely subsides, to be renewed again whenever either side is so circumstanced as to re-open hostilities. This world would seem wide and broad enough for all contending factions to take a spot each to itself and get away from the discordant elements. Perhaps this would be done if each could feel independent of the other. But human rooks and herons are not so distinct in feather as name, and they must and will cling together.

Written for the Golden Gate.

### Vanished Faces.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

Mind and memory, how wonderful. How often well remembered faces pop unbidden, but not unwelcome, into my memory, as living pictures, and sometimes linger there. I have just had such a picture gallery of departed faces; the thought of them is still impressing me. This time they are not the old familiar faces of early home-life, but are those of departed celebrities, that I knew well and more or less intimately. They are Judge Edmonds, Professors Hare and Mapes, Dr. Gardner, Epes Sargent, John Pierpont, Theodore Parker and others. The latter one hardly belonged to our constellation, but he was my friend and minister, and since his departure his spirit did good service for a long time as chairman behind the veil, guiding those who had a word to say, at the "Banner Circle," to their friends still in mortal life, so that to me it does not seem hardly out of place, and to him I know it does not, so we will let it stand. Something interesting can be said by me of all these celebrities, but it would require some space to do it, so I will make a specialty of one and ask the others to retire until their turn comes. The Rev. John Pierpont seems to call the loudest at the moment; it may be, and probably is imagination, but any way we will make him our text.

How plainly I see him now with my mind's eye and as he looked when he was delivering his address as president of the National Convention of Spiritualists, which was being held in Providence, R. I. He was an old man then, venerable with his grey hair, which was rather frowsy in appearance, but not long, and no signs of baldness. The address which I listened to was a very able one, very few of any age could have surpassed it for sound logical thought.

It was printed in full in a spiritual paper which I kept for many years, *first* for its matter as a reference, *second* as a production that a man of eighty could show so much vigor of thought, reminding me of the lines of Longfellow where he says of such,

"These indeed are exceptions; but they show  
How far the gulf stream of our youth may flow  
Into the arctic regions of our lives,  
Where little else than life itself survives."

Eighty seemed older to me then than it does now; this must have been near twenty five years ago.

I can remember Mr. Pierpont also when he was in the prime of life and a celebrity from his intellectual ability. I was then in my teens; he was tall, straight, of a dignified commanding figure, his shaggy grey hair was then a well kept dark brown. I can see him now as he walked on a Sunday, on the east or shady side of Washington street from his home near the head of Essex street, to his meeting house on Hollis street, wearing in the street his ministerial black silk gown; his wife also of a commanding figure, on his arm, and some of his many children, then nearing adulthood, following behind him.

I sometimes went to this Hollis street church myself, because I had an admiration for his courage. I remember distinctly the sensation he created by his celebrated sermon on "The Burning of the Ephesian letters," which led to years of disturbance which he manfully fought in court in the cause of truth and his rights and won after a decade or more of litigation. All of this however is of no interest to us, but to show his courage in the right, for it was years before the dawn of Spiritualism in which he became early interested. As I have said, in my young days I knew Mr. Pierpont well, better perhaps than he knew me. I was a clerk in the store of one of his relations where I saw much of him and he became with his family about that time, intimate in the home of one of my near relatives, which brought me in social contact with the young Pierponts and frequently with the father. This was about fifty years ago, and as I have said he was a celebrity then—he was a poet of high reputation. His "Airs from Palestine" alone would have made him famous. He was compiler of the "American First-class book," a reader then a long time in use, and which to-day is one of the most interesting books in my library for its admirable literary selections.

After this early association, I lost the run of him, owing to changes, and when I next came in contact with him I had grown from my teens to middle life and he from prime of life to an old man. In my early connection with Modern Spiritualism, which began in the spring of 1857. I learned that he was one, and remembering and respecting him so much in the olden time, it drew me to him in a stronger sense than simply being a brother Spiritualist. I don't think he remembered me as well as I did him. That was natural, for I was hardly an associate, being but little more than a boy while he was already a celebrity. It has always been my good fortune to have been on friendly and on correspondent terms with many of our bright and celebrated lights. Many of them now are in the "Summer Land," where we will all be some day, and that is one of, if not the pleasantest thought that I have now as I draw near the three score and ten notch. I do not know how it would affect me if I could not add to the Rev. M. J. Savage's "hope," the knowledge I have of the life after this, and if I could not add to Alger's "leap in the dark," the light that I have found. And

if I could not change Rabbi Schindler's "no proof of a future life" to *proof*, the outlook would not be pleasant. Thanks to the "Banner of Light's" public circle for its reminder of John Pierpont, the valiant minister, poet and Spiritualist, whose words are so often heard through that remarkable medium, Miss Shelhamer.

Perhaps it will not be out of place to speak of that most important and interesting page, the message department in that valued journal. May its shadow never be less, if mine is; I do not think I will be wandering from that "vanished face" in doing so. This special page has always had a remarkable interest for me. My attention was early called to it, and before 1860, by Professor Felton (afterwards President of Harvard University), who on one occasion after making a speech complimentary to the address that had been given to the large audience (this was on a Sunday afternoon at the Melodeon,) he read from the *Banner of Light* a letter purporting to have come from John E. Thayer, a wealthy broker, who had died a month or two before; he then appealed to the large audience before him, not to countenance such a wicked assumption, and spoke as if the letter was a libel on a man whose whole life had been a chapter of charities.

Knowing something of the details of that man's life and knowing the *post mortem* letter was singularly true, and just what that man would have written in the undress of the spirit, if he was honest, I arose and said so, and at some length. It was the first speech I ever made in a spiritual meeting. It was a stunner to Felton and a gratification to the audience, and the professor was "sat down on," as they say in college. He had nothing more to say; he had been looking at the wrong side of the shield.

My attention being thus called to this letter was the cause of interesting me in the page referred to, and in the "world's medium" also, who sat so long at those "gates ajar;" and during the many years she filled that station I had both esoteric and exoteric evidence that many of the communications are from the persons they purport to come from; and that fact, for me, throws the luster of truth on the whole. I am very glad—which I can say with as much truth—that Mrs. Conant sometimes comes to me, and once, lately, with ex-Senator G. W. Morrill, giving me evidence that they were those old friends, and both approved of the interest I was taking in Mrs. Fairchild and other mediums. It would not surprise me if it was through her influence—as I know it was a spirit influence—that I was present at her late disturbance, so that I am able to tell the truth of that grabbing occasion, which was eminently successful as a spirit manifestation and an utter failure as an exposition.

Now, after this digression, I will get back to Father Pierpont, by speaking of Miss Shelhamer, the accomplished and honest successor of Mrs. Conant in that remarkable chair. The *Banner* is certainly fortunate in gate-keepers or mouthpieces for the communications of spirits, the two—Conant and Shelhamer—occupying the position nearly thirty years. Mrs. Rudd sat there a short time, but it was a great improvement when Miss Shelhamer took her place. I have had many communications from friends "over the river" through her, some that I know she never could have got only from the identical persons themselves. I call to mind one from my old friend Thresher, the "Sage of Galveston," a remarkable one from a man by the name of Joselyn that is worth relating, but I cannot do so here, and one from Seth E. Brown, who agreed to come before he died, and he is one of the few who have kept their word good in that particular. I have heard once or twice from John Pierpont and many others, but the three first named were in every sense of the word identifications. I am glad the man this article is devoted to seems to be the "power behind the throne" guiding matters for Miss Shelhamer, for I know she is in good hands thereby.

Mr. Pierpont, like most other celebrities, lost his prestige by his alliance with Spiritualism. It is the case to some extent to-day, but not to the extent it was a decade or two ago. To-day half the lights in the world would be squelched, if Spiritualism was an extinguisher. Mr. Pierpont was almost forgotten during the last twenty years of his life. To be sure, he was not then a Boston minister; but he was settled for a spell in Troy, N. Y., and quite a while in Medford, Mass. He gave attention to Spiritualism all these years, and so the fraternity of ministers forgot his early greatness, and I suppose lamented his later decay.

When he died, and there was a chance to add lustre to the pulpit with safety to themselves, they acted as if he had died twenty years before. His last score was not counted, but the poet, the orator, the reformer, had died, and the funeral services were in keeping, and were held in Medford, in the church where he once was settled. Mr. Towne was the settled minister then. He was something of a Spiritualist—wrote some articles, and spoke a good word for it—had a very high opinion of some mediums, particularly Mrs. Conant. When this funeral was to take place, and to be a great affair, he came and asked me to attend, and wanted as many Spiritualists to be there as possible. I went, and many did also. Mr. Towne said there would be a disposition to ignore his Spiritualism; that the Rev. Mr. Garnet was arranging matters, and "although," said Mr. Towne, "I am the pastor of the church, I have no part assigned me in the services except to pronounce the benediction." This was said

to me as if it was a studied attempt to ignore his connection with Spiritualism, and so it was.

These several eminent lights made their addresses and prayed their prayers; they spoke at length of his early life, his bravery and his poetry, his literary ability, his sweet "Airs from Palestine," his valiant services in the cause of Temperance and of Anti-Slavery, and his gifts as a machinist, when he rested from his mental labors by putting on his apron and becoming for a while a practical blacksmith. All these things were touched upon in the several addresses. The services were long, and the prayers also, and the addresses were as much self and pulpit glorification as honor to the dead whose material remains lay in the casket before them covered with flowers. He was a minister all his long life, but the longest and the latest division of his life was devoted to Spiritualism, which was not so much as referred to by any one in those long services. I actually looked to see if the corpse of the venerable Spiritualist did not turn in the coffin in disgust at such hypocrisy. We can almost imagine how that courageous spirit (in the language of Victor Hugo, "invisible but present,") must have pitied them for their affected ignorance and injustice to the cause of truth. I was glad lately to hear the Rev. J. M. Savage say of Modern Spiritualism, "It is a fact big enough to touch and shape a large part of modern life." It shows that outside unpopularity is gradually weakening, and if this able man's exit had occurred to-day, instead of near twenty years ago, his connection with our light would not have been deemed a blemish on his wisdom.

### The State Camp-Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Camp-meeting will soon be upon you and now is the time to begin thinking how each and every one can make it the most pleasant as well as the most profitable. We suppose that is what your camp-meeting is for, like all denominational camp-meetings, to place the truth and philosophy of your belief before the public mind.

You have committees appointed to attend to all matters pertaining to grounds, tenting, refreshments, mediums and speakers. Then let every genuine Spiritualist appoint him or herself a committee of one to see that perfect harmony reigns throughout the camp-meeting of this eventful year. Could you foresee, as we of the spirit side of life do, the wonderful, ay, even startling disclosures which will be made in your midst, you certainly would exert yourselves to the utmost to see that perfect harmony prevailed. Now the question arises how is this harmony to be obtained? And we say to you, let every one who enters the camp grounds register a vow that, by the help of their guides and spirit friends, they will utter not one single word or think one single thought detrimental to a fellow-worker or medium. If anything transpires which does not meet with your approval, keep perfectly silent until you are certain any suggestion of your own would be of benefit; then make your suggestion pleasantly and with a feeling of good will toward all.

But above all refrain from gathering in little knots in different parts of the grounds to pick to pieces some medium who has been so unfortunate as to say or do something which has displeased you. How do you know what the prompting was to say or do what she did, and how do you know what good may result from what seemed to you, looking with your eyes, hearing with your ears, a grievous wrong? Be quiet and accept only what benefits you or teaches you some higher truth. Don't excuse yourself by saying your guides told you some medium was not doing right and would meet a just punishment. Rest assured no guide will tell his medium any such thing. Their mission is to teach love, charity and harmony. Don't pack your own crude, earthly mistakes on the spirit world.

Another thing we would impress you very seriously with, do not under any consideration allow an undeveloped medium to be forced to give messages from spirit life. Anything necessary will come spontaneously and be far more reliable. Young mediums should never be allowed to sit for spirit control in a promiscuous gathering. There are always spirits of all kinds ready and anxious to be recognized, who have no more forethought than many in earth-life who rush pell-mell after every new thing they see or hear of.

It should be one of the rules, and be strictly enforced, that child mediums shall be protected from persons whose only ambition is to get a test from their spirit friends, no matter what the consequence to the medium. If they get anything they consider untruthful, woe to that unlucky medium and her controls, for rest assured they will "catch it." Children of earth, we beseech you refrain from gossip, refrain from backbiting, for it is more to be dreaded than small-pox. We surely had rather face a small-pox patient than one afflicted with the disease called backbiting. God and the angels help you all to be true to yourselves and also true to the spirit world, from whence cometh all your knowledge of spiritual things and an heavenly host will attend your camp laden with blessings rich and rare.

GUIDES OF AN OAKLAND MEDIUM.  
MAY 19, 1887.

(Continued from First Page.)

spiritual world, in the realm of mind, in some one's fancy or imagination, if you will, there was an organ in the air and some one saw it and set to work to copy the organ, and brought it out of the air and put it in a case of wood, and then you listened to its tones with your outward ears.

You speak of the practical; there would be no inspiration to any new enterprise if man could not leave the coarse material representation of what now is and advance to the spiritual height of that which is yet to be made manifest in outward form. When you hang your practical pictures upon the walls of your practical houses, remember that the visionary idea in the mind of the architect was necessary to your having a house at all, and the unpractical and romantic artist was necessary to your having a picture to hang upon that very practical wall.

We must have the ideal, we must have the spiritual, we must have the mental, before we can have the physical. And so, reasoning from analogy, from the things that are to be handled by flesh and blood, reasoning from the very lowest plane of effect, from the very outmost circumference of being and working inward by mental processes until we reach the center of being, we declare mind is the center, spirit is the center, matter is only the product and creature of mind, matter everywhere shows its dependence upon mind, and mind asserts its sovereignty by compelling matter to yield to it. It is man's development in mind, his superior intelligence that gives him the lordly place he now occupies upon the earth. It is man's mind that elevates him above the monsters of the deep and of the earth and allows him to control the mammoth animal and to kill the gigantic reptile. It is the intelligence of man that enables him to gather the lightnings of heaven and fight with the weapons of imperial Jove, till he illuminates his houses with the lightning that was said in olden times to flash from the eyes of the gods. It is the mind of man that enables him to take the gem from the mine, the pearl from the ocean bed, and to bedeck himself in the precious stones of the earth which were furnished to the world in ages long gone by when sunshine and dust united and formed the wondrous gems which you so much admire.

It is the mind of man that has enabled him to send his message, his externalized thought, from Europe to America, and to telegraph information around the world almost with the speed of thought. It is the mind of man that has enabled him, a pygmy creature, small and insignificant, in material form when compared with the great rocks and the mountains all about him, to cause the rocks to vanish and even the mountain to disappear at his touch; and what he now does laboriously, with long delay and great exhaustion, in the ages to come he may accomplish as easily as the child takes a shell-full of water from the ocean and empties it upon the shore.

The powers of the human mind are unsounded and unfathomable. The powers of the human mind are a mighty deep; no plummet line can sound those mystic waters. The powers of the mind of man are allied with the power of Deity. The likeness of God in man is not in the body, it is in the soul. No man, as the old Hebrew Scriptures affirm, has ever seen God at any time or heard his voice. The Eternal One has never been comprehended by man's finite mind, but the mind of man is a spark of the divine flame, a drop from the divine ocean comprising qualitatively though not quantitatively the powers of Deity; mind it is that enables man to declare himself not a creature of dust and clay, not a product of protoplasm, but a son and daughter of the Most High, claiming kinship with the angels and even with the Eternal Fountain of all intelligence.

Look at the sovereignty of mind over matter; see the power of mind demonstrated wherever you direct your gaze. Take for example a successful general, a great military or naval commander; there is one man who controls a thousand, yea several thousands of men beneath his grasp. Why do all those men obey their general? Can you tell us why one commander sways the multitude which consents to be guided by his will? Is it by physical power? How absurd the idea; are there not many men in the ranks who are physically stronger, and could not any two or three combined make very short work with the body of their commander? Why do they obey him? Because of his superior intelligence, because his power over them is psychological, because he has a greater will, because he has intelligent strength, because his spirit makes itself felt. He may stand before them weak in bodily presence and the thousand dare not stir until he gives the word, the thousand dare not rebel, because that one man possesses in himself an intelligence, a mental power, a spiritual energy which awes the thousand into submission.

But if this wonderful power is only felt in dread, if it is only mesmeric influence, only psychological control, then the time may come when a mutiny breaks forth and the general or admiral is assassinated.

If however beyond his mental power, his intellectual superiority, the commander is lovable and beloved; if he has taught the men to respect and admire him and to feel affectionately towards him, then there is no power on earth and no power in hell—and there can be no power in heaven, for God is love—that can overcome the force of affection. For love men will do

and dare (even to the death) what they would never do or dare from intimidation, and what they could never be made to do by mere physical superiority.

When the celebrated novelist, Ouida, (who many people say does not teach the highest morality because she shows up the vices of society and calls a spade a spade in plain language,) in one of her books (*Tricotin*) demonstrates the supreme power of mind over matter and shows the law whereby mind controls matter, it is one single man who awes the lawless crowd into subjection. This one man, Tricotin, could stand alone and command the masses and they would be quiet; this one man who was self-educated, who was born from the people, who rose from the peasant's hut to the highest attainment of intellectual and moral greatness, could hold in check by one word, by a single wave of his hand, by the magnetic thrill which his spiritual presence brought to them, a multitude infuriated like wild beasts, grown desperate at the sense of their wrongs and determined to resent their injuries, even by the shedding of innocent blood. The people loved and admired Tricotin and he was worthy to be respected for he had every lovable quality, and possessed the power to awe into submission the unruly wills of hundreds of mutineers.

The power of the mind of man, speaking of the mind merely as the intellect or the reason, is great indeed, but the power of the soul is infinite. The power of the intellect is mighty and must prevail over all material obstacles, but the power of soul, of divine affection, is infinitely more powerful still.

To those who pride themselves solely upon their reason, their intellectual growth and superiority, and say that mental culture or education is all that we need, we say as Paul said to those to whom he wrote 1800 years ago, "yet show I unto you a more excellent way;" that divine love which is above intellect, that divine truth expressed in love which is the highest and most glorious of all, is the one sovereign power which can subdue empires, control armies and redeem worlds.

We believe the Eternal Spirit who controls the boundless universe is a spirit of pure benevolence, and controls all things by infinite love. We believe the almighty force, the external energy, the infinite power which rules the vast expanse of worlds and compels every atom to obey it, rules by love and love alone. We believe that pure benevolence is the very center of all being, and that when we have pared off covering after covering and have found the kernel, when we have removed layer after layer and have found the very foundation upon which the universe repose, we shall exclaim in the words of Cannon Farrar, who sings in his beautiful hymn to the Infinite, "Thou art love, and love alone." Behold the difference between this theology, this science, this philosophy, and the cold, meager, barren and unsatisfactory conclusions—or nonconclusions—of fashionable scientific agnosticism. What does agnosticism say? "We know nothing, we can know nothing of the eternal energy, of the infinite cause, the source and center of all things." Very well, then agnosticism is not an enemy to fight, unless you call darkness an enemy to fight. Agnosticism has no doctrine and no dogma at variance with true philosophy and metaphysical science, except this, that agnosticism makes an unwarrantable assumption, and while it is justified in saying in the persons of its representative, "We know nothing," it is not justified in saying, "No one can know anything." With all deference to Huxley and Herbert Spencer and other brilliant minds, we would tell them as plainly as we would tell any poor beggar in the street that they are not in the slightest sense authorities when they talk about agnostics and agnosticism; for as soon as men admit they have an agnostic philosophy, a philosophy of ignorance, a philosophy of blind void or vacuum, they confess their ignorance. Spencer may be on sociology one of the greatest authors of the day, when he affirms and demonstrates in the capacity of an expert revealing truth, we gladly bow before his splendid intellect; but when he or Huxley or any other great and distinguished man goes away from his subject and enters a domain in which he is no longer an expert but an ignoramus, we do not regard him as any authority whatever. Because Huxley and Spencer have not found a spiritual presence, have not found a divine power, have not discovered the infinite truth, is no reason why we should come to the insane conclusion that if they can not see in this direction, then seeing is a delusion, or if they cannot hear, then hearing is a delusion; in their special studies and investigations they have reached an eminency which many a spiritually endowed person will never attain in this stage of his existence, but you may know a poor Chinaman who does your washing who knows more of spiritual things than those brilliant intellects who confess themselves agnostic.

Agnosticism is not the foe to religion, it is not a denial of spiritual truth; it is simply a statement of learned ignorance "we do not know; we can not know; nobody knows, and nobody ever will know in this world, because the existence of spiritual things is unknowable." It may be unknowable to those who say that it is; we will not dispute them; but the measure of the knowable is not their measure of it, for there may be a poor beggar at their feet possessing knowledge where they are in ignorance, as they know in social and scientific directions what he knows not.

Agnosticism leaves everything to chance, uncertainty and vague speculation. What comfort can any one find in drifting into the dreary wilderness of agnosticism where we know nothing about what or who controls the universe? How do we know that the universe is not controlled by the devil if we do not know anything about God? If we do not know what lies beyond the grave, then there may be an endless hell for every one of us. There is neither peace in ignorance nor satisfaction. Ignorance is the mother of all superstitions, the engenderer of all fears and horrible sacrifices. Ignorance leads man at once to dread the worst, so that you commonly say, "I would rather know the worst than know nothing and be kept in suspense."

Agnosticism, however fashionable, will never convert those who have spiritual and religious intuitions; spiritual science means something, but agnosticism is a long word for nothing. Spiritual truth is a something that can stand by you in every hour of trial and difficulty; it can comfort and uphold you even in death. In the person of Felix Adler, one of the noblest humanitarians of the age, not a metaphysician, but a man possessing a great loving heart—even in the person of Felix Adler, who has drifted away from Judaism into the cold night of agnosticism concerning all spiritual things, agnosticism speaking through its New York representative (humanitarian though he be) at a funeral said that thoughts of the departed cut into our hearts like sharp knives, and that the speculative philosophy could give no consolation and utter no word of certainty in the presence of death.

Is that satisfactory? Is that what you want? Is that where you desire to rest? Is that where you wish to stand in mind when your child dies to the realm of physical appearance? Is that where you wish to be when the moment of your own transition comes,—face to face with a thought that cuts into your soul like a sharp knife? Face to face with an uncertainty that can reveal nothing?

When agnosticism spoke through Col. Ingersoll, who forgot all his sarcasm at his brother's grave, who forgot that he had ever ridiculed anything or made fun of any spiritual literature in his life, when brought face to face with the great problem of death and the probability of a hereafter,—agnosticism in the person of Ingersoll said in a sublime funeral oration that death might be an open gateway into a great and glorious hereafter, might be a step into a brighter world, even though it might be only a step into the unknown darkness. Ingersoll speaking of the hopes and desires of mankind concerning immortality, said it was not his province to crush hope; it was not for him to tell the world there was no immortality; he only hoped there was a blessed future for all and regretted his inability to prove it.

And thus what spiritual science undertakes to prove, agnosticism *hopes* for. Those who can not say they know of a life beyond, long to find it out. There is this natural longing and yearning in every human heart; if we were made for annihilation, then we should be satisfied with it. If we had no deathless principle, then we should be content to die. If we were so organized that this stage of existence was all we needed, if we were constituted of the substances of the earth and nothing beyond them, then we should find our full satisfaction here. But point to the happiest man, the most successful, the richest, the bravest and the most honored, and they will all tell you that the earth does not satisfy them and in the presence of the world's most splendid achievements they long for a city that hath a foundation whose maker and builder is God, for a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

You will find that all the real happiness of the world springs from spiritual motives and activities, and that the great secret of happiness among all those who possess it in any measure, is a secret bound up with affection. The power of love is the mightiest power of all. The power of love in man and woman is the power that causes battles to be fought and victories won that otherwise would be impossible. The love of country nerves the soldier to lay down his life, and endows him with well-nigh supernatural heroism. The love of parent for child, child for parent, husband for wife, wife for husband, friend for friend, have enabled men and women to do and dare, as Joan d'Arc did, the French peasant girl, who with no other power than her spiritual inspiration and her sense of right in fighting in a righteous cause enabled her to set the rightful king of France upon his throne and to utterly defeat injustice; but when that girl, no longer guided by the invisible power of spirit, no longer in alliance with the hosts of light, undertook, on her own account, to repeat her struggle, not victory but shameful defeat was the end. Her victory and her defeat were solely attributable to being a great idea, the inspiration of a noble thought, a divine spiritual certainty at one time, and nothing but doubt and fear at another. The soldiers may have been as strong, but were not as brave; the troops may have been as well disciplined but they had not the energy or the courage they had before; the girl may not have lost her fascination of outward appearance, but she had lost her power, for that sprang from the conviction of her soul.

So it ever was, so it ever will be, till time shall be no more; the invisible something whose attribute is love, whose highest manifestation is courageous affection,

is the one great power that redeems and saves all.

In our final application of this subject we tell you that we are positively assured that love, and love alone, the ultimate spiritual power, can turn a hell into a heaven, and this earth, which is now reeking in misery and crime, into a paradise. We do not believe that all your legislative enactments, all your stringent laws, all your desperate external endeavors will succeed. We believe that with all your strict enforcement of the strictest law you can devise, you send a man into jail and he will come out more wicked than he went in. You may put a criminal to death upon the gallows, but as you have only removed the material form he may still be here in the atmosphere of the earth, so you have not got rid of him, for you have not got rid of the evil that led him to the commission of crime.

You may preach until you are hoarse, you may write until you can find no more ink, pens or paper to write with, and you will not convince or reform the world until the power of the spirit of divine love is outpoured; you can study sciences without number, all branches of medical knowledge may be at your disposal, you may even be a brilliant metaphysician as well, from an intellectual standpoint, but you will not truly heal your patients, you will not rid them of the root of their ailments unless you are filled with the fervor of divine affection.

An unselfish love for humanity such as animated Buddha and Jesus of Nazareth, will put down every form of anarchy and rebellion, will cause wars to cease in all the earth, for man, in the image and likeness of God in his last analysis, is love. The law of God, the almighty power that rules and controls everything, is in its essence love.

But love is married; love has a partner; it does not occupy the throne alone. Love's partner is Wisdom, and Wisdom's partner is Love, and only in the dual cultivation of man's spiritual nature, only in the perfection of tenderness and strength, only in the union of intellect and spirituality, only in the perfect harmonization of intellectual culture and spiritual fervor can we find the perfect answer to the question of the Sphinx of old, who, in the delta of the Nile, grim-visaged, hoary with years, with its woman's head and lion's body, says to every traveler, "Can you tell me how the universe is governed?"

The answer to the riddle is, by the head of the woman and by the body of the lion; *i. e.*, by the power of intelligence, ruled by and made manifest in affection. The woman's head in the figure is the symbol of affection; the lion's body is the symbol of power, strength, might, majesty and will. United affection and will,—will controlled by divine affection,—is the supreme ruler, the sovereign power to which all must bend.

So when we present to the world a spiritual science and a spiritual philosophy, when we teach of man's spiritual nature, of the sovereignty of the soul, we say to all founders of seminaries, to all college professors, to all school teachers, to all who are giving the rising generation and the older people beautiful instructions in art, these things ye must not neglect; but in addition to these, see that ye forget not spiritual culture, for the right direction of the affections is the one great work in which angels and men must unite, and is the only means whereby the true Messianic predictions will be fulfilled for all the world, the kingdom of righteousness established, and the will of the Eternal made manifest on earth even as it is in heaven, and as lovingly and intelligently obeyed among men as among angels.

#### A New Medium in San Jose.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In our quiet city, with but few spiritual advantages, there is an increasing demand for spiritual phenomena. She soul that is not crystalized cannot stand inactive and ignorant of itself. An overwhelming desire will at times overtake the thoughtful, leading them to question what we are and where we are drifting. How can we be saved, and what is there worth saving? What latent power is there in us that may be utilized? By inquiry we have received a number of very satisfactory answers through the mediumship of Mrs. Crossette, a recently developed medium used or controlled as the mouthpiece of a spirit or power that is wiser than we.

In twenty years of investigation I have not yet found a medium through whom such well defined answers have been given. Not one word too many is used, and it seems if one word were left out it would be incomplete.

We began our circles in a private parlor, but finding it too small, have rented a hall, and purpose increasing the membership, hoping in a short time to be able to open the door to the public. Thus far the exercises have been mostly questions and answers, and the controls have been equal to the emergency, although the questions have had an exceedingly wide range. The most gratifying feature is that we can give our questions as they present themselves to us, without in the least disconcerting the control.

Mrs. Crossette is a woman of culture and refinement, with fine elocutionary abilities, and education well fitting her for a wide range of usefulness.

MRS. M. SILCOX.

#### Letter from Col. Reed.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Your account of the slate-writing exposition given by Prof. Ausbach, exposing Fred Evans, (see GOLDEN GATE May 14th), reminds me of a spirit medium exposé who visited Salem several years ago, and soon after the renowned Dr. Slade had been there. This mountebank, for he deserves no better name, claimed that he could do all that Slade could do, and explain to the audience the *modus operandi*. He rented the Opera House of me as the place of operation, and, strange as it may appear, he received better patronage than Slade did.

His method of procedure was similar to that pursued by Ausbach, using the silica false bottom at one time and changing slates at another, and then claimed that he had done all that Slade could do, only that Slade had a skillful way of writing on the under side of slate with a pencil held between the little finger of the right hand and the finger next to it.

This man proposed to show me privately the whole process, as I had been kind to him in letting him have the Opera House. Of course I knew that his exposition did not touch Dr. Slade in the least, but I thought I would let him show me what he knew, and after I had patiently listened to his instructions, I said to him, "Do you claim this as a sample of Dr. Slade's phenomena?" "Certainly I do," he said, "that is the way the Doctor does it." I then went to my desk and showed him three large slates written full, each one in different handwritings, and also in the veritable handwriting of my friends, and on slates I had purchased myself and taken to Slade, and had never been out of my sight while in his presence, the writing thereon being on different subjects and on matters that Dr. Slade must have been entirely ignorant.

The man showed much surprise at this, and said, "Then you have seen and been with Slade, have you?" "Certainly," I replied, "and you must know by this time that I am aware who the fraud is." "I do that," he said, "and own up to you that I can not do anything like this." I said to him, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, for you are not even approximate to Dr. Slade's slate-writing, as everyone who has been with Slade can testify." He said, "I know it, but the truth is there are so many who have not seen Slade and are wanting to prove him a fraud, that I find it pays me well in the course I am pursuing." "But you will have to answer for it some day, for you are tampering with sacred things, and are making a fool of yourself." He said, "I do think I had better be doing something else, and I don't think I will ever give another exhibition," and I believe he did not.

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Oregon, May 21, 1887.

#### Superstition and Folly.

[From "Random Thoughts," written for the Golden Gate by Mattie Pulsifer.]

Religion makes hard lives for some of its devotees, and in this age of gross materialism a glimpse into some of the orders of monastic life is more like a legend of the past than a reality of the present; but an instance in our own country is near enough to dispel all illusion: Near Dubuque, Iowa, there is a society of monks whose manner of life appears to be patterned after the Indian fakirs—who seem to believe that the only means to eternal bliss is through earthly self-denial and suffering. Each morning, at two o'clock, the monks (who inhabit a desolate-looking, and grim monastery of the fifth century type, standing on the open prairie,) arise from the hard planks they call beds, and go to pray in wooden stalls so fashioned that they must either stand or kneel. The next duty is for each to go into the yard and dig at his own grave. When completed he fills it up again and re-digs, and so on to the end of his life. They never speak to each other save by special permission, and then only the pious words, *memento mori* (remember you are to die). Many people are daily digging their own graves, but roisterously and unconsciously, and if you were to tell them so, they would not take the heed to fill them up, but rather dig a new one each day. Rigid self-denial and sensual living go side by side in this world—one from pure motive, the other from no motive, only selfishness. We think the soul of the one has a better chance for growth than that of the other, but that both conditions might be vastly improved.

MR. BEECHER once said: "I read for three things: First to know what the world has done in the last twenty-four hours, and is about to do to-day; second, for the knowledge which I especially want to use in my work; and third, for what will bring my mind into a proper mood. Amongst the authors which I frequently read are De Tocqueville, Matthew Arnold, Madame Guyon and Thomas a Kempis. I gather my knowledge of current thought from books and periodicals and from conversation with men, from whom I get much that can not be learned in any other way. I am a very slow reader. I never read for style. I should urge reading history. My study of Milton has given me a conception of power and vigor which I otherwise should not have had. I get fluency out of Burke very largely, and I obtained the sense of adjectives from Barrow, besides the sense of exhaustiveness."

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SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1887.

## POTENCY OF THE SPIRIT.

When Prof. Zollner, in his experiments with Dr. Slade, demonstrated the power of the spirit scientist to disintegrate matter and again reunite the particles of the same—that is, to pass matter through matter without any apparent derangement of the particles thereof,—he gave to the thoughtful mind a suggestive hint of the true relation of spirit to the material universe.

In our own experiments with psychic force, we have time and again verified the great German Professor's conclusions, in demonstrating to our entire satisfaction the possibility of projecting matter through matter by spirit power. Similar experiments have been made and like conclusions reached by all careful students in this realm of occult forces, the summing up of which teaches us beyond questioning, the stupendous fact that matter is servant of the spirit—that it is the evanescent and unreal, while spirit is the only truly potent and substantial thing in the universe.

After all, what is spirit but a higher and superior form of matter? Where can we draw the dividing line? Certainly not at the point of invisibility, for there are worlds of matter all around us that no eye can see. The air, the perfume of the rose, the imponderable ether, even, is a rarified form of matter. In fact we can conceive of nothing that is not matter. We call its finer forms spirit, to distinguish them from the coarser, but it is matter all the same. In the nature of things the finer and superior must dominate the coarser. All worlds and systems of worlds swing through the mighty spaces of the skies in perfect obedience to a Something which is infinitely more potent than they.

To the most superficial thinker the ponderability of matter is merely conditional, and these conditions are continually changing. The most obdurate metals may be consumed by acids or dissipated by heat. The diamond itself, the hardest of all known substances, is but a crystal of carbon, that may be scattered as with a breath. There is no form of matter that may not be changed to other forms by a power behind it greater than itself, which is simply the higher, or spiritual, varying its modes of expression.

The lesson of these facts should teach man that he is something more than a clod—that there is that within him greater than he seems—a something of which his physical body is but the expression. If there were no positive evidence of man's spiritual existence after he has cast aside the earthly form, it would seem that the inference of such an existence, drawn from the varied phenomena of life, would be irresistible.

Why do we hope for that which it would be absolutely and forever impossible to attain? Can the materialist answer? Is it reasonable to suppose that nature would stand and make faces at herself? Is there anything in all her teachings that warrants the conclusion that she is petulant, or childish, or false? We think not. And this conclusion becomes more and more irresistible as we delve deeper and deeper in the mine of spiritual knowledge.

## THE SPIRIT FORM.

Many go about this earth as though their outer bodies, and the garments that clothe them, were the only important things in life. Most of them have a vague idea that they shall live again somewhere in space, but it is a preposterous thing to them to suppose they will at all resemble their present selves. They speculate upon the question of the soul's appearance, presuming on all shapes but their own. And, indeed, we do not doubt but that our spiritual forms will correspond very nearly to the lives we live in the body. Thoughts and deeds mold the face, why not the soul? Under abnormal conditions, monstrosities are born in this world, why not in the next? But this does not occur to them. They look on the soul as a possible remainder, something left over from the life of the body that is to go idling through all eternity, aimless and senseless. The emblems in Nature of life, death and resurrection have no meaning, and even the revered Book that positively assures them of each, does not seem to awaken their minds to the truth of the spiritual about them. Nothing is so obtuse as the human mind when blinded by groundless prejudice. Soon, the finger of death is laid upon the pulse, and the cramped soul goes out with a wail into the darkness, dense with ignorance.

## THE LOGIC OF FACTS.

It is an old adage that "there is none so blind as those who will not see." Especially is this true of the average skeptic concerning the facts upon which millions of the human race to-day base their knowledge of a future life.

Take a suggestive illustration: A genuine medium for independent slate-writing places a half dozen pairs of slates in the hands of a critical committee. They mark over the surfaces of the slates with a slate pencil, to cut any imaginary invisible or chemical writing that may have been placed thereon. They then wash and dry the slates thoroughly, tie them together in pairs, seal them, hold them in their own hands, and finally break the seals, and find the inner surfaces of the slates written over with a score or more of messages from the so-called dead to the living. The conditions are wholly under the control of the committee. They see and know that there is not the slightest chance for deception. They report to the audience the facts as they are given; and the audience can see for themselves that it would be physically impossible for the committee to be deceived. They disperse and go home mystified, but not convinced.

Now comes along some mountebank, with a great bluster of assurance, and an amazing display of facial development, claiming that "by a turn of the wrist" he can do the same thing and more. The people turn out to hear him. A committee is chosen to sit upon the stage and watch the proceedings, but not to handle the slates! A single pair of slates is produced, upon the surface of one of which some writing has been placed, and a false bottom of silica neatly fitted to the slate, covering the writing. The slates are placed together and shown to the committee, but they are not permitted to handle and examine the same. Soon, the slates are opened by the trickster, the false bottom deftly concealed about his person, and with a flourish of bravado the spirit writing(?) is shown!

"There, I told you so!" exclaims the skeptic; "a simple trick, as anybody can see." And the papers come out, on the following day, with a chuckle of delight that any one could, for a moment, have been deceived with the idea that spirits had anything to do with the writing in the first instance!

By what process of reasoning or exercise of judgment can the human mind reach such erroneous conclusions? There is scarcely a shade of resemblance between the two instances, the true and the false, the genuine and the counterfeit. The one is day and the other night, and yet they are one and the same! And so truth is crushed to earth; but she will surely "rise again, for the eternal years of God are hers."

If, through all the countless ages of the past, the spirit of the Infinite has been striving with man, seeking to unseal the eyes of his soul that he may behold the truth, surely we can afford to wait for a little while for the human understanding to grasp the stupendous facts of Spiritualism.

## CUI BONO?

No person with ordinary intelligence will any longer question the fact of the manifestation of spirit power in the world, while many there are who treat it as a delusion of the devil sent into the world to lead people away from the faith of their fathers. It is no doubt doing this at an amazing rate; but then may it not be barely possible that the "fathers" were in possession of much that is spurious and hurtful in their faith, and that a reformation thereof would really be a good thing for humanity?

While acknowledging that there may be some truth in our facts, there are many yet who are seriously troubled concerning the practical good of Spiritualism. "Admitting your facts," they inquire, "Cui bono? what good is there in it?" We might answer the question by asking a few others: What good is there in solving the problem of life?—what good in knowing how to live so as to secure the largest measure of happiness here and hereafter?—what good in demonstrating the stupendous fact of a future existence? In brief, what good is there in knowledge?

But instances are innumerable of direct good resulting to individuals through communion with the spirit world. One is cited in our notice of Mrs. Whitney's meetings published elsewhere. A similar instance occurred on the occasion of the writer's recent visit to San Diego with the slate-writing medium, Mr. Evans. At one of our public seances in that City a message appeared upon a slate from a spirit father to his son in earth-life, warning him against a foolish and dishonorable step that the latter was about to take. The nature of the step could not have been known to the medium, and if it had been, any interference on his part would naturally have been regarded by the son as meddling with what did not concern him. But the father of the young man, in spirit life, deeply interested, as he was, in his son's welfare, came to him, with pleadings and warnings, and averted the sinful purpose of his boy. Who knows but that this timely message from the

spirit world may not have been the turning point for the better in a human life?

And thus it is demonstrated that the angel world holds in its watchful care the children of earth, and is ever seeking to guide them into right paths and lead them upward to the better life.

In the light of such proofs of spirit communion and spirit aid and interference in the affairs of this life, let no one question the practical utility of Spiritualism.

## A NOBLE WORK.

The kindergarten system of San Francisco, thanks to its generous patrons, is doubtless unrivaled by that of any other city on the Continent. It is the outgrowth of the efforts of a few broad-souled humanitarians, backed up by liberal means, and is wholly the work of the last ten years.

There are, we believe, at the present time, over six thousand children attending the various kindergartens of this City, all of which schools are supported by private contributions. These children are all, of course, too young to be admitted to the public schools, their ages ranging from two and a half to six years. But for these schools most of these children would be receiving the vicious training of the public streets; but here they are taught the first principles of correct living—good manners, habits of cleanliness and industry, etc. The bent of their infantile faculties is ascertained and they are trained in the right direction.

It was our privilege, on Friday last, to be present at Saratoga Hall, at a reception given by the children of the Stanford Free Kindergartens to their noble benefactress, Mrs. Leland Stanford. There are some fifteen hundred children in the Association of kindergartens supported wholly by the generosity of this worthy lady, four hundred of which were present to participate in the festival prepared for them.

These schools are under the general supervision of that grand Christian philanthropist, Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, who, though regarded as not exactly sound on the iron-clad creeds of Calvanism—for she persists in disbelieving in the evangelical horror of total depravity,—has, nevertheless, faith in educational methods for the uplifting of humanity, and whose great loving heart goes out in tender sympathy for the little waifs of mortality, the children of humble homes, poverty and want, and sometimes of crime, of which all of our great cities abound. She believes that multitudes of these children, through the means of the kindergartens, may be started on the right road to useful lives; and no doubt the good lady is right.

Mrs. Cooper has a noble backer in Mrs. Stanford, whose heart and purse are ever open to every good word and work. And thus both of these noble women are planting for a harvest whose fruits shall enrich eternity, and crown their own brows in the life to come with unfading laurels.

It was a rare sight to witness that army of little tots march in to the main hall, each bearing a flower to cast at the feet of their distinguished benefactress. The good lady was well nigh buried in roses, but she submitted gracefully, and showered her benediction of smiles and loving thoughts down upon the little faces that looked up so timidly into her own.

The children were put through some of their lessons and games, singing their simple songs in their little wee voices; but they were so dazed by the great crowd of people watching them that we are sure they did not do as well as they would have done in their respective school rooms, with no one present but their teachers to direct their movements. Still it was a grand success in more ways than one, and especially in the central fact of the existence of such a power for good in our midst.

## MRS. J. J. WHITNEY AT ODD FELLOWS' HALL.

The success of Mrs. J. J. Whitney, the wonderful platform test medium, at Odd Fellows' Hall, may be regarded as almost phenomenal. Following in the wake of John Slater in the same line of work, who succeeded in attracting large audiences, and with but little experience as a public medium, her friends were apprehensive that she would be unable to arouse a sufficient amount of public interest to warrant a continuance of the meetings. But the result has been an increasing interest from the first. The Hall, which seats comfortably 1,400 people, and with a little crowding will bear a hundred more, has been filled, on Sunday evenings, for several weeks past, to its utmost capacity; and the audiences have been of the best class of people—cultured, orderly, and most attentive.

The writer was present on Sunday evening last at another immense meeting—immense in numbers, and in the nature of the tests given. Although the medium had just arisen from a sick bed to meet her engagement with the public, we have never seen her under finer inspiration, nor when the tests given through her mediumship were of a more interesting character. One, especially, was of intense interest, wherein a spirit aunt came to a niece, a young lady present, and warned her most earnestly against receiving the attentions of the person who was seeking to win her affections, informing her that he was a married man, and would forsake her as he had already abandoned four other women. Only the first name of the young lady was given, and she was not required to recognize the test. We learned, subsequently, from a person present that the warning was most timely. To the oft-repeated question, "What good does Spiritualism do?" let this instance answer.

Mrs. Whitney's appearance and manner upon the stage are greatly in her favor. They indicate a most complete entrancement; and as for tests of spirit power and presence, we doubt if she has her equal before the public to-day.

## DR. ALFRED R. WALLACE.

The eminent English naturalist, Prof. Wallace, who fairly divides the honors with Prof. Darwin in the development theory of creation—both scientists, wholly unknown to each other, having reached the same conclusion simultaneously—arrived in this city on Monday last, and will take his departure to-morrow for other parts of the State. He was booked to deliver

two lectures at Pioneer Hall, as follows: Wednesday evening, May 25th, "The Darwinian Theory, what it is and how it is Demonstrated," and Friday evening, May 27th, on "The Origin and Uses of Colors in Animals, in Relation to their Habits and Surroundings, Mimicry, and Exceptional Modes of Color," illustrated by the stereopticon.

It is hardly necessary to say that all who attended these lectures enjoyed a rare "feast of reason," as the Professor couples with his remarkable lore the sublime art of word-painting, and an easy, cultured manner.

An interesting feature of his lectures is the rare modesty of the man. He seldom, if ever, alludes to his own researches into the hidden things of nature, but is ever eager to give credit to others for much that justly belongs to himself. To hear him on the subject of evolution and natural selection no one would ever imagine that he was anything more than a pupil of Darwin, when he is justly entitled to the honors won by that scientist as a co-discoverer.

Prof. Wallace is a fine specimen of a hale and hearty Englishman. He is over six feet in height, aged sixty-five, with a full, white beard, and looks fully equal to the natural emergencies and vicissitudes of the next twenty years. His is one of those robust Saxon minds that has the courage to follow truth wherever it may lead, and the manliness to give his honest convictions to the world, although they may run squarely in the face of Old Conservatism.

This fact is well illustrated in his careful investigation of Spiritual phenomena, and his published opinions on that subject. In his "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," he says:

My position, therefore, is that the phenomena of Spiritualism, in their entirety, do not require further confirmation. They are proved, quite as well as any facts are proved in other sciences, and it is not denial or quibbling that can disprove any of them, but only fresh facts and accurate deductions from those facts. When the opponents of Spiritualism can give a record of their researches approaching in duration and completeness to those of their advocates; and when they can discover and show in detail, either how the phenomena are produced or how the many sane and able men here referred to have been deluded into a coincident belief that they have witnessed them; and when they can prove the correctness of their theory by producing a like belief in a body of equally sane and able unbelievers—then, and not till then, will it be necessary for Spiritualists to produce fresh confirmation of facts which are, and always have been, sufficiently real and indisputable to satisfy any honest and persevering inquirer.

We enjoyed the pleasure of a pleasant interview with this eminent scientist, on Tuesday evening, at the Baldwin hotel, where he is the guest of a brother, a pioneer Californian, whom he had not seen for forty years. We are pleased to add that the Professor has kindly consented to return and deliver a lecture at Metropolitan Temple on Sunday evening, June 5th, on the all important question—Job's question—"If a man die, shall he live again?"

## A BAD LAW.

Since man lived upon the earth the poor have looked abroad and blessed God that the first essentials of life were created free,—water, air and sunlight, the equal heritage of all. However, the gregarious habits of the human family, tending to form great communities, would necessarily render the first an article of traffic, in as much as it must, at a great expense, be brought to their doors. Water companies are necessities of cities, but in agricultural districts natural streams should surely be the common property of all whose lands border their course. It does not seem that one man, or set of men, should be privileged above another in respect to free water supply.

The Winter's fall of snow in the high Sierras has been given to a few men of our glorious State, far in advance of its coming, by decision of the court; hence, it has come to pass that we have armed companies of men—tillers of the soil, wealth producers of the State—in opposition to the law, standing guard while their thirsty land drinks in the invigorating life fluid passing in its own channels.

The product of orchard, field and vineyard, is life, comfort, and prosperity, to these brave men and their families, with whom all honest minds and generous hearts must be in sympathy. The law that would deprive them of so obvious a right, to say nothing of necessity, is a barbarous old English law, and has no business on the statute books of a country whose government is based upon equal rights and privileges. Laws were originally intended to protect the weak against the strong; but in these latter days their construction and interpretation gives one a very different opinion of their design. Man and his requirements are older than legal prescription, therefore they should conform closely to human law to avoid injustice and inharmony.

The average man will obey even a bad law if he can live under it; but when it would bring ruin and want to his home, he rebels, and justly. Every man has a place in the world. Why so many fail is because they are out of their place.—Ex.

Many will agree as to the latter part of the above paragraph; but why are so many out of place in this world? We do not think all who fail, are necessarily out of place, since there are so many other causes of failure, which is not so bad a thing after all, as the world holds it to be. Great success is often the worst fortune that can come to one, but it is never blamed for the evil it works, because it is so popular. Success is

not a sure indication that one has found his or her proper place, because some people succeed in many things, and almost anything, to which they give their attention, while each one is doubtless strictly designed for one pursuit or calling. In choosing a life business, or work, we generally consult our mental aptitude, but since there are so many unbalanced craniums, this is not always a sure guide. Men often embark in pursuits that their conscience and feelings do not approve, but about which their heads may give them no concern. If these promptings were strictly heeded, the business of the world would go on smoother and more men and women would find their proper places.

## INFORMATION FROM SPIRITS.

It is the belief of many that it is wrong to consult our departed friends on business matters, but we think that depends upon the character of the business and the results to be obtained.

There is no doubt that our immediate friends have a continued interest in our material welfare, since all other success to ourselves and others depends upon it. We all know that much business information is given from time to time to different persons, and in different ways, unasked; hence, there must be a watchfulness over the affairs of mortals by spirits, and a willingness to give us the benefit of their clearer and more comprehensive spiritual vision. This, however, we believe should not be expected nor solicited, except in laudable undertakings and a full exercise of our own best judgment. We further believe that certain spirits like to practice upon the susceptibility of mortals, giving them ideas, impressions and impulses that are not always understood, and therefore resisted or ridiculed. Many of these impressions or presentations often come in the form of dreams, to believers and unbelievers alike, and they generally stay until they are acted upon or fulfill themselves.

A lady of Lowell, Mass., has had a dream all her life that number 272,751 was to be a lucky one to her. Several years ago she invested a small sum of money in letters patent to assist a poor inventor, and which happened to bear the magic figures, 272,751. She little thought of realizing anything of value from her investment, but still the dream continued. Now she is informed by the most competent judges in the State that the goods which this patent covers are of extensive value.

The readers of this can all add like instances of their own experience or knowledge. While we are more or less benefited materially by these things that impress, forewarn, deter, or impel us, we believe their one object is to convince us of the guardianship of our friends, and their perception of coming events that are to affect us. We need not fear to ask counsel and direction of the disembodied if our cause, pursuit or desire, is a just one. We shall receive according to our desert.

A man should be judged by his circumstances and measured by his temptations.—SAN JOSE MERCURY PHILOSOPHY.

This is the sentiment which is actuating the world to-day, and the world is that part of it that labors and produces—without it there would be no capital to accumulate, and would be worthless if there was. The working world is passing judgment upon the few to-day who control the moneyed interests; what this judgment is the papers daily repeat. The circumstances of the few are temptations of the many, but who shall say that either labor or capital are rightly judged? There is wrong on both sides, and unless a kind providence directs the choice of the proposed arbitrators, the troubles now so manifold will find no peacemakers. The breach has been allowed to grow too wide to be bridged quickly. The judgment and the measurement will go on, each to injury of the other. The brotherhood of man is forgotten in this bitter judgment, and the strife goes on as though some great good were expected to come from "a house divided against itself."

A MODEL NEWSPAPER.—That was a sprightly bit of newspaper enterprise of the publishers of the resurrected *Examiner*, on Sunday morning last, in sending special trains to the great valleys of Sacramento and Santa Clara, and to the cities by the sea, bearing thousands of their immense sixteen-page edition—a model newspaper in every respect—to the heart and borders of the State, outstripping all competitors. By the way, the *Examiner* has, evidently, a live man at the helm—somebody with brains who "knows the ropes." It does what no other prominent city daily dare do—speak of Spiritualists and Spiritualism without a sneer. It gives fair reports of our

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Mr. J. J. Morse and wife are expected to arrive to-day.

—John Brown, Sr., of San Bernardino, author of "The Medium of the Rockies," has been in town the past week.

—A. E. Carpenter, the Psychologist, and his wife, Julia M. Carpenter, are in Oakland stopping temporarily at the Galindo Hotel.

—Men have been busy during the past week in putting the grounds in order for the coming Camp-Meeting. A most profitable season is anticipated.

—Mrs. Julia M. Carpenter, of Boston, the eminent psychometrist, may be consulted for a short time at the Galindo Hotel in Oakland. Her specialty is medical examinations.

—Dr. D. J. Stansbury, the slate-writing medium, was united in marriage, on Wednesday last, with Mary H. Herrmann, of this city. The party left on the same day for Tacoma, Washington Territory.

—No better indication of the growth of our cause is needed than the immense attendance upon our public meetings. Spiritualism is taking deep hold of thousands of thoughtful minds in this community.

—We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to attend the graduating exercises and reception of the Pacific Kindergarten Normal School, to come off on Saturday last, and regret that we could not be present.

—G. H. Romaine, of Cincinnati, a careful and thoughtful writer on spiritual topics, says in a recent number of the *Offering*, that "there are 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 Spiritualists in this country beyond all doubt."

—*Sunshine*, a sprightly magazine of sixty pages, "devoted to the interests of media and enlightened mediumship," price, fifteen cents. It is published by W. D. Richner, 330 North Twelfth street, Philadelphia.

—After the 5th of June Dr. L. Schlesinger may be found on the Camp Grounds in Oakland, where he will give sittings daily and evenings by appointment. He will give a free sitting for new subscribers to either the *Carrier Dove* or GOLDEN GATE.

—Dr. J. M. Peebles sails the 2d of June on the State Line for Glasgow, Belfast, Liverpool and London. He voyages as the medical adviser of Elder F. W. Evans, who goes in the interest of land reform, vegetarianism, spiritual shakerism, etc.

—We suggest that all public meetings of Spiritualists announced for Sunday evening, June 5th, be adjourned for the benefit of the cause, in order that all may have an opportunity to hear Prof. Wallace, at Metropolitan Temple, on that evening.

—In the East the Railroad lines make reductions to all visitors to the great camp-meetings. Have the managers of our coming State Meeting sounded the R. R. managers on this subject? Reduced fare would no doubt add hundreds to the regular attendance at the meeting.

—Bring flowers for the graves of our heroes—the boys in blue who laid down their lives that the nation might live. Nor let us withhold a tribute from the graves of our misguided brothers of the South, who perished in the belief that they were fighting for home and country. Let all be forgotten now. Let the bitter memories of the past be buried in the graves of our common kindred. Remember the 30th of May.

—Twice has San Francisco sought to adopt a new charter—prepared at a great expenditure of thought, time and money,—and each time her labor has come to nought. In each of these proposed charters our spiritual mediums were to be classed with mountebanks and jugglers, and made to pay a heavy license for the practice of their gifts. When our city solons will consent to treat our mediums as they do other ministers of the gospel, they will have no trouble in adopting a new charter.

M. Nicolas Lvoff, of Moscow, Russia, at the early age of fifty-two lately passed to spirit-life. He had been a Spiritualist for more than twenty years, and was one of the pioneers of Spiritualism in Russia. *Light* says: "For many years past he had generously used his large fortune to promote the cause in his country; and it was mainly to his influence that M. Bredif, the French medium, and Mr. Eglington were enabled to visit Russia. The deceased, who occupied a leading position in Moscow society, is mourned by a large circle of acquaintances, and his loss is more deeply felt by the Moscow Society of Spiritualists, of which he was President, and the members of which had learned to love him for his many inestimable qualities."

We do not believe in crowding all our repentance into forty days of Lent. We want our self-denial, our patience, our humility, every day in the year. We would not crowd all our good wishes, all our tokens of love and friendship, all our gifts to the little children and the poor, into "A merry Christmas," but have something left for every day in the year. Nor would we have all the sweet and holy joy of the Resurrection morning celebrated alone on Easter Sunday, but ever keep with us its blessed assurance to comfort and uplift our hearts, and to keep our souls alive in the light of a pure spirituality—a spiritual religion that shall shine out in every act of our daily lives, and lead us ever onward and upward in the way that angel feet have trod.—Nellie J. T. Brigham.

## Letter from Herman Snow.

HON. J. J. OWEN—DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER:

I trust you do not think that I am forgetting you and your noble work all this time, although for various reasons, I have not written to you for many months.

But I am all the while watching your progress through the columns of your paper with cordial sympathy and admiration, and only wish that I could do more to help you on. But I am now pretty much laid upon the stocks, so far as work in this life is concerned, having recently finished up my three-fourths of a century of earthly struggle, with its untold joys and sorrows. I greatly rejoice with you in the new life and work which are yours on the declining slope of your career. You are now doing just what I hoped of you whilst I myself was actively engaged in the work upon your coast. Perhaps you will remember that I once held an earnest conversation with you in which you declared it to be your fixed determination sometime to engage in a work like that you are now doing. This was at your home in San Jose, and must have been not less than from 12 to 15 years ago. I am heartily and thankfully glad that you did not forget your good purpose, and that you are favored with so excellent a partner to help you, both in your office and at your home. Please present my admiring regards for her, although, as I suppose, I have never yet seen her. Also, I must not forget heartily to thank you for your continued courtesy and kindness in keeping my name upon your free list, as I am not overburdened with this world's goods, and I could hardly know how to get along without your GOLDEN GATE through which to take weekly glances at the Spiritualism of the Pacific Slope. I have also the *Carrier Dove*, of the West, and the *Banner of Light* and *R. P. Journal*, of the East, in the same way, so that I am able to keep quite a correct run of the progress of our cause even while sitting in my quiet retirement.

But my particular purpose in writing just now is this: I wish in some way to throw in my weight of influence to aid in delivering from the *Spiritual Monastery* in which, for so long a time she seems to have been incarcerated, that beautiful spirit and once noble worker—Jennie Leys. I was exceedingly interested in the account of your visit to her and I am strongly in the hope that this, together with the future influence of your paper and its readers will be the means of restoring one, who is hardly second to any of our first class inspirational speakers, to your Pacific field of labor now "white for the harvest" and with laborers so few, and some of these fainting and falling from over-work. When (in 1874) this earnest and most devoted medium visited our city and lectured to the Spiritualists of San Francisco, I was occupying my headquarters on Kearny street and had much to do with sympathizing and aiding in her work and became personally acquainted with her to the extent of holding her in the highest esteem both as a speaker and as a warm hearted friend; and my most earnest efforts and prayers shall not be wanting to aid in restoring her to the position and work for which she is so well fitted. And this, let me suggest, may be the true way in which to accomplish the release from what I am now inclined to regard as an arbitrary Jesuitical control from the spirit side of things, brought on by a mysterious contact with certain tendencies of Miss L. which, though amiable in themselves, rendered her specially liable to be brought into subjection to the Romish rule of monasticism, which as I take it, prevails in some regions of the spirit world almost as arbitrarily as it does in Roman Catholic countries here.

But such combinations from the spirit side—especially in a case of so strong a nature tending toward freedom and progress—could hardly withstand the combined interest the efforts and prayers of the faithful and earnest ones among the readers of your GOLDEN GATE, and through a right use of this means in your hands, I am not without the hope—the faith indeed—that before the closing of the present year our dear friend and sister in the South will once more stand in her own individual and fully adequate personality before an admiring and enthusiastic audience of San Francisco Spiritualists.

My wife, who will be well remembered by you as one of the Woman Suffrage co-workers, as well as my own general helper, joins me in all that I have written, and especially in sincere respect and regards to yourself and your co-worker.

Yours as ever, HERMAN SNOW.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, Mass., May 16, '87.

*Harper's Bazaar* has the following on the "Mind Cure": "It appears to us a hopeful sign of a more wholesome life that large classes of women take time and spend money to hear this theory of the reality of a spiritual existence expounded. After the poet, they are discovering that soul is form, and cloth the body make." They are semi-invalids. They have suffered. They have allowed their thoughts to dwell upon their pains and limitations until these have come largely to fit their mental horizon. Their talk is of sickness. Even young girls, among the well-to-do and idle classes, compare symptoms and suggest diagnoses as staple topics of conversation. Nothing could be worse, it seems to us, on the score of good taste or of good health. As dwelling upon one's griefs magnifies them, so dwelling upon one's pains magnifies them. If the mind cure

can be made to work upon these morbid subjects it must restore to activity energies worse than wasted; it would save time and money; it would make a grave world into a joyous one; it would multiply past calculation the sum of human happiness."

## Funeral of Mrs. Aspinwall.

[Many of our readers will remember Mrs. S. N. Aspinwall, of Minneapolis, who spent several months in this city about two years ago. Mrs. Aspinwall recently passed to the other life, and her husband spoke as follows at her funeral:]

She seemed to know that her spirit was soon to leave its earthly tenement of clay, and gave me in writing these directions: "I desire a quiet funeral, with no tears or prayers—only music and flowers." I have tried to carry out her wishes. We were both Spiritualists, and, like thousands of others, were brought to a knowledge of its truth through grief and suffering. I will relate to you our first knowledge of the truth: Five years ago this coming June, a bright little boy, our only son, was a member of our home. He left us one day after dinner to go out with his sister, and we never saw him alive afterward. I was then the proprietor of a hotel in the city of Hastings, Minn., and many who were our guests will remember our bright eyed little boy of eight and a half years, who was a general favorite with all. He went out the door with his sister Lizzie. About thirty minutes afterward, while sitting in my office talking with a gentleman, two boys came running in, and throwing a hat down upon the counter, said: "Mr. Aspinwall, there is Lloyd's hat." I jumped and said: "Where is Lloyd?" They said: "We do not know; guess he is in the river." I ran down to the river dock. Not a soul to be seen. The dark, swift waters of the Mississippi rolled majestically on. Well, by that time it had become generally known, and the bank was lined with people, boats were out and the river dragged until we were satisfied it was useless, and my wife and myself sorrowfully wended our way back to our home, nearly distracted with grief. We had four daughters, but he was our only son, our youngest, our baby, the apple of our eye. Our hearts were bound up in him. It came near killing us both. This dear wife never recovered from the shock. After a few weeks the family physician said to me: "Mr. Aspinwall, I can do nothing for your wife. You will have to do one of three things: Go away with her, send her to an insane asylum, or bury her." I said: "We will go at once." I left my business in the hands of my employees, with my daughter, Sallie, twenty years of age, as general superintendent, and we started for New York, my former home. Among our friends and acquaintances there, many were Spiritualists, and they would often say: "Why don't you go to a medium?" We would say, "Oh bosh, don't talk to us of mediums or Spiritualism. We don't want to be humbugged. It is all fraud." We were strong Presbyterians, and our forefathers had been so for many generations before us, and we have been taught to have faith that life was immortal, but not to think for ourselves, and to have the knowledge that it was so was a terrible thing and a great sin.

One evening we took tea with a friend of ours, a Mrs. Brackett, and she said to me: "Mr. Aspinwall, when you go home to your rooms you pass directly by the house of a Mrs. Godwin, who is a good, honest trance medium. If you will stop and see her and do not get relief I will never say Spiritualism to you again." I said, "Well, to please you I will stop." We called at the house, rang the bell. A servant came to the door. "Is Mrs. Godwin in?" "She is at tea now; will see you in a few minutes." We took seats in the parlor. Very soon a pleasant, intelligent-looking lady came in and said: "Good evening, I am Mrs. Godwin." I said, "We have called to see if you can tell us anything we don't know." After sitting a few moments she became entranced, and looking over toward us she said, "I see a little boy standing between you with dark eyes, long lashes, brown hair, and I should think about eight or nine years old, and he says his name is Lloyd." The description was perfect, the name correct, and the medium a perfect stranger. I was dumb. My wife recovered herself sooner than I and said: "Lloyd, if this is you spell your name as you used to for mamma." The answer at once came, of course: "Make a big L, little l, o-y-d," and turning to me said, "Papa, you left Sallie home all alone, didn't you?" I said, "Yes, but how did you know it?" He said, "Why, papa, I am not dead. I am with you and mamma all the time; I am not up there in the graveyard where you buried me." I neglected to say that I had employed a little steamer to try and find his body, which was found the ninth day some six miles below the city. "I don't want you to mourn for me; I am happy. When I fell in the river it was all dark at first; then it was all flowers and so beautiful and light, and grandpa took me to his home. Not Grandpa Myer, mamma, but Grandpa Aspinwall"—whom he had never seen, and who passed away in 1850—"and he says it is all for the best, as I was not very strong any way, and I can grow up in spirit life and prepare a home for you here." Papa we can travel as quick as thought. You don't care for an old coat you threw away, do you?" I

said no. "Well, my body is like an old coat, of no use." He said, "Mamma, I did not mean to disobey you when I went down to the river, but I could not help it. Somebody seemed to call me, and I went down and looked off the dock, and got dizzy and fell in." He told us many things of home and what had happened, so that we were really and fully satisfied that we had indeed talked with the spirit of our dear boy, and from that time commenced to investigate Spiritualism, and I am happy to say there has not been a doubt in our minds, but a knowledge that life is immortal, and that instead of grief at the change called death it should be a season of rejoicing that the spirit is freed from this mortal or material body, which is subject to all the aches and pains to which flesh is heir to.

In this casket lie the mortal remains of a true, devoted and loving wife, who, for thirty-three years, has been my almost constant companion, and I know that in spirit she is with me now, and I trust will continue to remain with me to guide my daily walk through life, so that when I shall be called upon to change this mortal for the immortal I may feel that I have lived to do some good for humanity and been the means of showing the light of this great truth to many who are in darkness and despair.

The New Year is celebrated at six different times in Persia. At Teheran the Jews have one day, the Armenians have another, the Russians a third, the Roman Catholics and Protestants a fourth, and the Sheahs, or Persian Mahomedans, a fifth, and the regular Mahomedans still a sixth.

## MARRIED.

STANSBURY-HERRMANN—In San Francisco, May 25, 1887, by Rev. W. W. McSigg, D. D., Dr. J. D. Stansbury and Mary H. Herrmann, all of this city. No cards.

## NOTICE.

The committee having charge of the decorations at the coming camp-meeting would specifically solicit donations of flowers, evergreens, or potted plants to be used on that occasion.

Care will be taken of such plants, and at the close of the Convention they will be returned to owners. Those who will assist us in this way can send their address to the committee and the donations will be called for. Small bouquets thankfully received. Address, Mrs. J. Schlesinger, 32 Ellis street, San Francisco, or Mrs. C. L. Elliot, Henry House, Ninth street, Oakland, Committee on Decoration.

## NOTICE.

All Government business attended to promptly at reasonable rates, by JOHN B. WOLFF, 103 F Street (N. E.), Washington, D. C.

## FORM OF BEQUEATH.

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

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

## Books for Sale at this Office. (\*)

Manual of Psychometry: *The Dawn of a New Civilization*. By J. Rodes Buchanan, M. D. \$2 50

The New Education: Moral, Industrial, Hygienic, Intellectual. By J. Rodes Buchanan, M. D. \$1 50

Leaves of Truth; or, Light from the Shadow Land. By M. KARL. 75

Our Sunday Talks; or, Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought. By J. J. OWEN. 100

The Mediumistic Experiences of John Brown, the Medium of the Rockies, with an Introduction by Prof. J. S. Loveland. 100

Spiritualists' Directory. By G. W. KATES. 25

Spiritism: the Origin of all Religions. By J. P. D'AMERON. 50

The Watseka Wonder. By E. W. STEVENS. 15

The History of the Origin of All Things. By L. M. ARNOLD. 200

The Spiritual Science of Health and Healing. By W. J. COLVILLE. 100

Beyond. (Interesting Experiences in Spirit Life.) 50

Experiences of the Spirits Eon and Eona in Earth Life and Spirit Spheres. 250

\*When ordered by mail, eight per cent added for postage

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

PROF. WAIT WILL LECTURE AT THE DRUID'S Hall, 413 Sutter street, every Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock, on the "Orderly Method of God in Creation, in the Universe of Matter and Mind," and will answer all questions relating to the laws of life. Regular class meetings at 124 Golden Gate Avenue, every Monday and Friday evening, at 8 o'clock.

OAKLAND SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION MEETS every Sunday at Grand Army Hall, 419 Thirteenth Street, Oakland. Children's Lyceum at 10:30 a. m. Lecture and Conference Meeting at 7:30 p. m. Dr. C. C. Peet, formerly of San Francisco, will occupy the platform until further notice.

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.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING, EVERY WEDNESDAY evening, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111, Larkin street. Interesting addresses, followed by tests by the mediums. Admission, free.

CO-OPERATION.—ALL WHO ARE INTERESTED in co-operative enterprises are invited to attend the meetings of the Sausalito Colony Club, at 39 Fourth Street, every Sunday, at 3 p. m. Free admission. No collection.

PUBLIC MEETINGS EVERY SUNDAY AT 11 A. M. and Tuesday at 3 p. m., at No. 1206 Market Street. Subject: "Health and Healing." Miss E. J. Bennet.

Dr. W. S. Caldwell deals the women physicians abroad a hard blow in the following, which he writes from Paris to the Chicago Medical Journal: "Most American physicians whom one meets here are young men just from the colleges, and are too often only interested in such cases as a man would see only occasionally in a lifetime. They are eager to see Billroth reset the pylorus for cancer, and are constantly presenting their cards to Pean to get a chance to see operations that they never ought to attempt to perform. But I am even more disgusted with some of the lady physicians who come here to Paris. They will be pushed and jostled amid the great throng that follow the surgical service of Gillan at the Hotel Dieu; sit on a back seat with an opera-glass in hand to see Pean amputate a man's leg at the hip-joint; but go to the Children's Hospital, where Simon holds his clinic, and one finds not a single one of them there."

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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## The Hereafter.

[Report, by the Christian Plaindealer, of a lecture recently delivered by Mr. J. J. Morse in Cleveland, Ohio.]

Whether, as claimed, the spirits made of Mr. James J. Morse, an English trance medium, a mouthpiece, last evening, or not, the address delivered by him on "The Dead—Their Nature and Destiny" was certainly a remarkably fine one, full of word paintings and weird expressions which might very well have come from the other shore. Mr. Morse, who is from London, is making a second tour of this country, and it is his first visit to the west. He is a large, fine looking gentleman, and the dressing of his hair, thin on the top of his head, and English cut beard give him a striking resemblance to his royal highness the Prince of Wales. From a point of vantage across the large G. A. R. hall the distinguished medium looked very much as the photographs picture the heir to the British crown.

Thomas Lees introduced the speaker, who first referred to the kindly treatment of Spiritualistic doctrines and researches by the secular press, and then read a pretty little poem on the spirit land which he had cut from a recent copy of the *Philadelphia Press*. Then Mr. Morse sat down, closed his eyes, and during the singing of a selection by the choir, which had nothing in the words relating to Christ or Christianity, passed into the trance. As he arose to speak Mr. Morse's eyelids remained closed, and he never once opened them during his two hours lecture, which, as he claims, was inspired, and of the substance of which he insisted he knew nothing on passing from this mysterious condition of the senses. Mr. Morse, while under control said:

"Spiritualism knows no nationality beyond the brotherhood of man. Supernaturalism or theology on one hand and naturalism or Spiritualism on the other are contending for supremacy. Between the two is the middle class calling themselves liberal Christians; but this class is indeterminate in its character, and fails to satisfy or make any impress on the judgment of mankind. This milk and water neutrality in pseudo scientific investigation fails utterly in grappling with the sturdy question of a life beyond. The person who takes a bold stand and declares positively for or against a future state is entitled to more respect. Supernaturalism in its theological forms of teachings demands blind faith therein. Naturalism says that death so far as it affects the future of man must be a continuity of human consciousness. Theology is not based on the known but the assumed character of man. So in considering the nature and destiny of the dead we must either accept the theological idea of man or cut loose altogether, which we do. To accept the theories of the theologians it would seem that God has wasted many good impulses. All the world is to-day man has made. So in the future will be his lot. Man's depravity and inherent wickedness has no foundation except in theology. The theological figment of a psalm singing angel sitting on a fleecy cloud or a roasting devil among sulphurous flames eludes your mental grasp, and leaves you as much in the dark as ever as regards a future state. One single star illumines, one hope buoys us—the uniformity and conformity of the laws of nature. The next world is a continuity of this world if anything. It is related to this life or else is something separate and distinct. If you take the latter view then neither you nor any one else can tell what it is."

"A man dies and comes to a new life in the beyond in the same mental and moral condition as he left it. Then it is for him to grow and become more and more unto the character of God, in whose image the earthly and spiritual man is related. There he will wipe out errors and compensate for wrongs committed, he will grow wiser and better, and there can be traced the progress of the soul in the rising to the surface of the latent qualities of goodness. When man is freed from the body through the agency of death he goes to the upper and better world nothing more than he is here. It remains for him to work out his beatification or condemnation on the other side."

Scattered through Mr. Morse's address were charmingly conceived and constructed sentences describing the eternal felicities of the after life as well as sarcastic references and assumed dialogues between the theologian and the doubter. After sitting down, Mr. Morse passed his hand wearily across his brow and eyes, and returned to consciousness of his surroundings with a perceptible shake. It was noticeable that while in the trance state he stopped his flow of inspired oratory and calmly and deliberately drank a glass of water. Of this action, he said to a *Plaindealer* reporter, on coming out of the trance, that he knew nothing.

Yesterday morning, as well as last evening, Mr. Morse addressed large audiences, testing the capacity of G. A. R. Hall, and this, too, when a small admission fee was charged at both services. In the morning, while under control, he answered a number of questions written out by persons in the audience. Most, and indeed all the answers, were said to be satisfactory. Here are some of them:

"What is the strongest evidence of the immortality of man outside of the facts furnished by modern Spiritualism?"

"Can you see into the future far enough to tell us if the peace now existing between European nations will be broken by war inside of three years? If

so, what changes will take place there and in what way, if at all, will the United States be affected?"

"Will the human family ever be religiously fraternized?"

"What is the control's opinion of heaven?"

"What is the best of all things?"

"Do the griefs and troubles which affect us here on earth grieve and trouble our friends in spirit life?"

## Re-Incarnation.

[Written by what is claimed to be an Ancient Spirit to H. M. Thompson, of this city, through the Mediumship of Mrs. Seal.]

You have been taught that Spirit existed from all time, but not in an individual form. The Great Soul, the All-time Creator, is the source of life. He, like a mighty blaze, gives the spark of eternal life at the very moment of conception, and mark me well, this is not given to what are called men only, but to all things that breathe. On that subject we will speak more at length at another time. This soul being projected from the All Father into the fetus, grows and expands according to time and surroundings during the earth life of man. It continues to grow, bringing in that sense of knowledge that pervades his being, be it more or less. At the time men call death, when there comes the severance of body and spirit, then commences the real life, and as you have been taught there is no end to the progression.

Now the spirit is to the soul merely a body. Three times since I have left the mortal have I become disembodied, yet reembodied, laying aside the outer semblance, as I did long ago. But in all the thousands of years (and they number three, O man, since that first body was laid away) I have never seen a reason for coming back to earth to take upon myself a fleshly counterpart of man.

Take it from a common sense standpoint of your nineteenth century philosophy, it is unstable and unfeasible. For instance, here is one of the grand minds that have dictated to and have given laws to the world—in all reverence we will say—He of Nazareth. In his spirit condition his power is unlimited and untrammeled. Space, with him, is annihilated, as it were, and time is as though it were not. According to this false and pernicious teaching, we will say, for argument, he approaches a woman about to conceive:

Firstly, consider that mighty spirit being projected into and for years being circumscribed by child condition. It must necessarily be so, for if the grandness of the spirit were to assert itself, the narrow and fragile conditions of the earth tenement must be burst at once, and that which was called the child must die. But, according to that philosophy, the child is as other children—perhaps a little more precocious, but still subject to the ignorant will of earth born parents. Then, as the years roll on, we will say he expands even into the sublime wisdom that sat on the mighty throne of his reason when he lived nearly two thousand years ago. Supposing, for argument, this to be so; yet, how circumscribed, how limited and poor is the power of a Jesus within an earthly body to reach to the millions that are hungering and thirsting after knowledge. He, with many thousands, yes millions, is in his spirit home from which his thoughts are projected to whatever point he wills. Like a skilled operator, he but touches the instrument, and his thoughts fly thousands at a time. See, thus, how futile—how worse than useless—would it be for the great ones of the world to come back to earth and take upon themselves the puny forms and puny strength of earth children, even at their brightest and best.

Secondly: The law of the universe is eternal progression. It is not progression for man to return to his childhood, or for a spirit to return to an earth form. If the difference between the two conditions was as the old theological principles and teachings said they were—if, when departing from earth you attain to a heaven, and could there acquire a certain knowledge that you could impart to the children of earth only through a material condition—then would there be a wisdom in the All-Wise allowing a spirit to become man again in fleshly form; but this is not so, as your teachings have proved to you; so there is no wisdom in re-embodiment.

Thirdly: Pythagoras, living about six hundred years before the time of Jesus, was a most wonderful medium, endowed with powers of intellect in his own individual self, but so completely in harmony with many of the great ones that had passed from earth that they became incorporated in his being and he in theirs. Impressed with their progressive thoughts, and not knowing the unseen forces that were around him, he became infected with the grandeur of his own individuality and knowledge; then, looking to the earth parents from which he sprang and seeing that they were but mediocre in condition and knowledge, he for many years argued with himself, "How could such as I come from such as they?" Your wisdom tells you a man may argue himself into a condition that he is in truth what he desires to be. There were those around Pythagoras, in the spirit, who were willing to encourage this one weakness of a grand mind, who said, "Yes, thou art an exalted one; these who call themselves thy parents are but the channel through whom the body has come wherein dwells a most perfected spirit." And so, with much of very great

and sublime wisdom, did Pythagoras give to the world this very pernicious and poor philosophy of re-incarnation.

I have traveled into the first circle of the celestial sphere, have stood in the presence of the sacred ones, and have listened to their wisdom, and in the presence of the lordly Nazarene, and I do declare to you I have no knowledge of that law that would circumscribe a developed spirit into the compass of undeveloped body. Thou art no incarnation, but a spark from the Eternal—an orb that shall travel in its own course like the sun. The spirit has grown with the strength of the body. When that old garment is cast off, then does the soul take on a sublime and more fitting garment, and so on for all time. AMEN.

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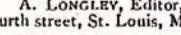
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## GOLDEN GATE.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

## Short Chapter on God—The Earth.

BY ABBA L. HOLTON.

NO. 3.

Linnaeus, after concluding his great work on the organizations of plants, exclaimed: "I have not seen God face to face, but this reflection of him, taking possession of my soul, has cast it into the stupor of admiration. I have followed here and there his footsteps among the things of creation; and in all his works, even in the smallest and most imperceptible, what force, what wisdom, what indefinable perfection! I have observed how animated beings are superimposed and linked with the vegetable kingdom, the vegetables themselves to the minerals which are in the bowels of the earth, while the earth itself gravitates in an invariable order around the sun to which it owes its life. Finally, I have seen the sun itself and all the other stars, all the celestial systems, immense, incalculable in its infinitude, moving in space, suspended in the void by a primary, incomprehensible motor, the Being of beings, the Cause of causes, the Guide and Preserver of the universe, the Master and Workman of all the work of the World."

"Is it that which you desire to call Providence? That is in fact a very good name, and nothing but his council explains the world. It is then correct to believe that he is an immense, eternal God which no being has begotten, whom none has created, without whom nothing exists, who has made and ordained this universal work. He escapes from our eyes which he perpetually fills with his light; only thought can comprehend him; it is in that deep sanctuary that his majesty is concealed."

J. S. Mill observes that "the mind is a voltaic pile giving shocks of thought." Such minds are on the low grade of a chemical product and certainly can not be capable of comprehending the emotions and knowledge of Linnaeus; only those who have poetry in their souls can understand the poetry of things, and feel the wisdom and truth when it uprises from inspired spirits.

The animal is distinguished from the vegetable and mineral by having a nervous system. It is the battery instead of the mind of all mental phenomena. It is by it that we perceive all sensations; it is a mark of our animality and regulates all our movements. Destroy the nerves and you destroy sensation; break the telegraph wires and no dispatch is transmitted.

Paralyze the optic nerve, the animal becomes blind, and still the eye has not lost its luster and the images continue to form in the rear of the eye, but the dead nerve no longer transmits the sensation of vision; it no longer exists; but how many blind people know colors by the touch, the nerves of feeling awaken in their minds the proper knowledge, proving mind or soul is superior to matter. The ear is so constituted as to collect sonorous vibrations, but if the acoustic nerve is injured or destroyed, or the living brain is diseased, there is discord, deafness and inharmony.

This idea that the nerves are the mind, or the mind or soul is a chemical pile, and that anything that destroys any part of the physical body destroys part of that mind or soul is a very weak philosophy.

Lincoln always closed an argument by relating some incident that happily elucidated his point. So we beg to relate one that we think apropos to this subject: A young lady of our acquaintance was both deaf and dumb, caused by a severe illness at seven years of age. A month's visit, in her father's family, during a school vacation, brought us much together. Music and mirth ruled the hour; her brothers and sisters were highly educated, fine musicians, and had a grand piano. She was always smiling, always busy and genial, and enjoyed our jokes hugely, even joining our games, for we could converse with her in the sign language, as she was a graduate of one of the best deaf and dumb asylums in the country. But our music could not be conveyed to her understanding, for she could not hear the loudest thunder or the roar of a cannon. One day, as we listened to one of her sisters executing one of Beethoven's sonatas, we noticed she had placed her elbows upon the sounding-board and was looking with earnestness at the player. All at once she gave one cry, so wild and strong it brought everybody to their feet and from other parts of the house to the room. To our amazement she showed us she could feel the music; she gave the time, and by her signs and motions we knew she had heard. Waltzes were played, and she grasped them so readily we taught her to dance them. Sacred music would make her weep, and as she expressed herself: "I feel hear—not by my ears, but through my brain without entering the ear." That soul had been imprisoned all those years from childhood to mature maidenhood, and now the spirit in the prison heard the sounds through the nerves of feeling. Do you blame her for giving that shout? We all shouted, you better believe, and our music had notes of joy thereafter in that household.

If certain nerves are dead, certain mental qualities cease to be manifest, but the spirit is not dead, it can not demonstrate its existence, that is all. An artist can not paint a portrait without artistic

implements, a musician can not play Mozart's symphonies upon a harp that has lost its strings, yet the former is still an artist, the latter still a musician; so the spirit in the animal is just as perfect, but it is imperceptible because certain nerves, implements, let us call them, have been destroyed.

Superior to matter an immaterial principle exists that is everlasting and distinct. Virgil, who lived and wrote in the early dawn of letters, said: "A spirit animates all matter," and it would be well if every one would read and heed his words.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., May 21, '87.

## A Clinching Test.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The writer of this communication investigated the truth of Spiritualism for the first time in the first part of the month of March ult. W. R. Colby was the second medium I ever interviewed or tried to get a test from, and this was on the evening of the first day that my investigation began.

Whilst seated at a table in company with a friend, before the medium and on the evening above alluded to, hoping to hear from our relatives and friends in spirit life, the name of McLaughlin (through the hand of the medium) appeared on the slate. As neither I nor my friend recognized any such person as having gone to the "hither side," the spirit (through the mediumship of Mr. Colby, always bear in mind) asked (on slate also remember), "Don't you remember that I was hung at Hearne, Texas?" (on such a day, month and year now forgotten) "by a mob for running a carving knife through a waiter in a restaurant (or hotel)? Code Brown was Marshal of the town at the time." My friend who had resided at Hearne about that time, having replied that he could not remember the tragedy, the spirit then said, (through medium on slate), "I will draw a diagram of the town, railroads, etc., and the tree that I was hung on, north of the depot;" and quicker than it takes to tell it, the diagram was drawn, and my friend, after inspecting it closely for a few minutes, ejaculated, "Well, if I had taken a month to describe the town, railroads and surroundings, I couldn't have done it as well. And here in the diagram is the tree, north of the depot, that he said he was hung on."

A day or two after this—knowing the county seat of the county in which Hearne was located—in order to test the truth or fallacy of this purported communication from spirit land, I wrote to the Sheriff of Robertson county, Texas, inquiring if a man by the name of McLaughlin had been hung by a mob in Hearne, while Code Brown was Marshal, for running a carving knife through a waiter in a restaurant (or hotel). My letter was dated March 21st, and in writing it I was careful to conceal the object I had in view, but couched it in such phraseology as would naturally leave the inference on the mind of the Sheriff that there might be business connected with the denouement.

On the afternoon of April 3d, being the conclusion of the anniversary services commemorative of Modern Spiritualism in Washington Hall, Mr. Colby stated at the conclusion of a short speech, that there was a spirit present who desired to say that he lied in giving his name as McLaughlin a short time since to a party then in the audience, and the medium added, "The spirit says his name is not McLaughlin, but that his right name is Dan Galagher."

On the morning of the 15th of April, (twelve days after the spirit corrected his name), I received the following letter from the Sheriff of Robertson county, Texas:

OFFICE SHERIFF, ROBERTSON CO. 1  
FRANKLIN, TEXAS, — '87.]

DEAR SIR: Yours of 21st March at hand and contents noted. In reply will say, about the time indicated in your letter there was a man hung at Hearne, by a mob, whose name was Dan Galagher (and not McLaughlin). Code Brown was Marshal at the time—reasons for hanging the same as given in your letter. Would have answered sooner, but had to investigate.

T. B. JONES.

By R. G. Scott, Deputy.  
Let me hear from you on receipt of this.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I sign myself, respectfully, as

## NO LONGER A SKEPTIC.

HOW SHE UNDERSTOOD IT.—Maxie was the little six-year-old daughter of a clergyman who had taken great pains with her religious instruction, and had held before her the goodness of the Supreme Being, so that she should have in her mind always His kindness and mercy as well as power. One morning her mother, passing the open door of the room in which the child was playing, saw Miss Maxie standing on a chair before the mirror, with her face close to it, scrutinizing her little phiz with great earnestness, and with a long sigh she remarked, "I don't see how God could have given me such a nose, when He knows how particular I am."—Harper's Magazine.

The Buddhist religion stands alone among the great religions of the globe as the only one which has never been propagated by conquest or persecution, but which owes its immense diffusion solely to its moral force.—London Saturday Review.

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## Innovation.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

Tie my wrists with hempen strands,  
While brazen force around me stands!  
You can not with your fettters bind  
The daring impulse of the mind,  
Nor quench the lightning sparks of thought  
That upward from the scaffold leap,  
To live and wait through slavery's years  
Till Destiny's firm web is wrought—  
To bid their time while tyrants sleep,  
And prisoners pace their cells and weep—  
Then burst with power, in bolt and flash,  
And roaring flood and thunder crash  
In answer to the exile's tears—  
To work their will above control  
Of human customs, courts, and laws:  
So leaped the fires of Emmet's soul,  
To burn anew in Freedom's cause  
Wherever blades for Freedom rise,  
Wherever Freedom's banners stream.  
Wherever Freedom's thunders roll,  
Wherever Freedom's lightnings gleam,  
And man for Freedom strikes and dies!

Still my pulse and stop my breath—  
Who works with Truth may play with death.  
Hang me quick, and hang me high—  
So hung the form of Old John Brown;  
And though they cut the body down,  
The shadow broader, higher grew;  
It met the seas, it reached the sky,  
And darkened mountain, lake and town;  
Wherever Freedom's eagles flew,  
Wherever Freedom's breezes blew—  
From frigid North to fervid South,  
From Maine to broad Columbia's mouth—  
The shadow towered above the world  
Where Freedom's stars in shame were furl'd;  
It turned the stars and sun to blood,  
And poured on earth a crimson flood!  
The Nation quaffed the bloody rain,  
And all her first-born sons were slain.

Let me die! my work is done—  
The dying stars proclaim the sun  
That weaker eyes could not behold  
And lower lights had not foretold,  
Then die upon a bed of gold!  
Because the grander light is born!  
The highland rills that seaward glide  
May vanish in the mountain side,  
And, sinking through the voiceless earth,  
Within the cold, dark caves abide;  
But caught can stay their "second birth"  
Or dim their resurrection morn:  
Sometime, somewhere, in stronger tide  
And warmer light and broader sweep,  
They rush to swell the distant deep,  
That turns its awful palms to heaven,  
That girdles with its mighty bands  
All kingdoms, empires, realms and lands—  
Within whose all-embracing rim  
The fleets of nations sink or swim  
Like fire-flies in the mist of even,  
And on whose all-receiving breast  
The Ages lay their dead to rest.

Lead me forth! I'm ready now!  
Pull the black cap o'er my brow,  
You cannot blind my inner sight—  
I see the dawn behind the night;  
Beyond the dawn I see the day;  
And through the day I see the Truth  
Arising in immortal youth!  
The sunbeams on her forehead play;  
The lilies in her tresses twine;  
The peace of God dwells in her face  
And rolls the clouds of war away;  
Around her feet the roses grow;  
Her tender bosoms swell and flow  
With healing for the stricken race,  
And in her eyes seraphic shine  
Faith, Hope and Love and every grace!  
The Old recedes; the New descends,  
Earth clasps the hand that Heaven extends—  
The Lion and the Lamb are friends!

—World's Advance Thought.

Written for the Golden Gate.]

## A Requiem.

BY FUCHSIA.

In the full pride and glory of its power,  
A woman plucked a royal, fragrant flower,  
And gently cast it on a bare, cold rock,  
Which thrilled with answering tremor of Love's shock.  
Anon, its spirit woke, and pure and white  
It stood before her instinct with new life,  
And for a time its very soul seemed rife  
With love divine. But in the passing hour  
Its glory waned to a mere Passion Flower—  
A flickle, changeable flame that can not claim  
Allegiance true unto Love's holy name,  
But all insatiate in its blind desire  
For earthly joys, builds its own funeral pyre!  
And yet, O Love, methinks that from thy tomb  
A purer fire shall rise, a flower shall bloom  
Immortal in its light, to shine above  
The stars, beyond the night, where LIFE is Love.

Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Treachery.

BY MARY W. MC VICAR.

How much the heart may bear and yet beat on—  
How much the soul are yet earth's fettters burst!  
But of all cruel blows which we endure,  
Those dealt by traitor hands I think are worst.

An open foe we meet with armor on,  
But when one comes in love or friendship's guise,  
We are defenseless—all our weapons gone—  
The sport of cruel craft, of tricks and lies.

To him all doors are freely open flung—  
We welcome him to our most sacred shrine,  
And feel our garnered treasure all too poor,  
Though we say freely "all we have is thine."

And then, when he has taught the heart to take  
Its light, its life and color from his own,  
That all his hunger shall be satisfied,  
He gives to us, instead of bread, a stone.

His hands, where we thought faith and trust were safe,  
Rend with their treachery our hearts in twain,  
Deface our highest, holiest, and leave  
Us with the dead their cruelty has slain.

Detroit, Mich.

## The Use of Sorrow.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

Not from Joy's hand the boons for aye—  
He gives but toys, pleasing to-day;  
To-morrow, willing put away;  
Only wise Sorrow holds the heart—  
Gives gifts with which we cannot part.  
Best friend is Grief. Believe, believe  
It is a blessed thing to grieve.  
Knowledge and pleasure dwell apart,  
Wisdom mates with the broken heart;  
Only the eyes cleansed with tears  
Perceive the meaning of the years.  
Unto the sight thus purified  
The gates of mystery open wide,  
And patient watching makes to know  
This life and that to which we go.

## "Christ and the Angels."

On this subject Rev. Dr. J. P. Newman recently delivered two discourses in Washington, the doctrines contained in which were full of the truths revealed by Spiritualism. He gave a graphic description of the scene on Mount Tabor, when Christ was transfigured while passing the night in prayer with Peter, James and John, the light from heaven suddenly shining brightly around them, and the forms of Moses and Elias standing with Christ in a halo of glory before the three chosen disciples. Dr. Newman's argument was, that from the appearance of Moses and Elias, persons who have passed from this life are not dead, but have passed into life eternal, and that they constitute a great family in the presence of God the Father. He believed that the world of nature and the world of spirits were closely related. He believed in a future life very near to this one, and right now and for all time. He said that to him there was no death, but the grave is the entrance into life.

God, said Dr. Newman, is most prodigal of life. It is everywhere, in the earth and on the earth, in the sea and above the sea, in the atmosphere or beyond the atmosphere, in the fungus, the diamond and the aurora. Give the astronomer a more powerful telescope, and what worlds of life he will discover; give the microscopist a broader lens, and what new varieties of life become visible. The fact that twenty thousand suns are known to exist, each one the center of a system, and the futility of supposing that man would ever be able to number the stars, were impressed upon the minds of his hearers with great effect. Astronomers thought they had enumerated the stars until Herschel discovered that the Milky Way was an aggregation of stellar luminaries. Are these worlds inhabited? he asked. If they are not, he answered, what are they for? Did not Christ say, "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you?" It would not accord with the wisdom or dignity of God to find pleasure in masses of mere matter, or in the revolution of these suns. Everything in Scripture and science, said the preacher, pointed to the dense population of the universe.

Compared with that of other known worlds, the size of our planet is insignificant. Who occupy these worlds about us? he asked. In his belief their inhabitants are for the most part spiritual beings. And he reasoned that there can be no monotony in living where the consciousness of living is one of the greatest joys. The eloquent preacher proceeded to descend upon the degrees of intelligence and grades of the celestial hosts, from the lowest up to the Creator himself as he could conceive of him. He spoke of the varied and active duties of the angels, whom he showed to be ministering spirits; and set forth their consoling and supporting influences. "Man of crime and of sin," said he, "angels' eyes are upon thee. Receive the truth in all its fullness and glory. Have angelic companionship. May it be our blessed privilege to have them with us as our guardians throughout life, and with them to depart to our everlasting home in the skies." This is the sort of evidence that convinces us that the living and lasting truths of Spiritualism are taking possession of the pulpits and permeating the minds and hearts of the churches.

## The Joyful Revelation of Spiritualism.

[Ella L. Merriam in Spiritual Offering.]

Oh, what a joyful revelation to a world of doubting, darkened minds is our spiritual philosophy! How upon the smouldering ashes of departed hopes it rekindles a brighter, warmer and an abiding glow, thrilling our pulses with new life and animation. How like a voice of softest, sweetest penetration from out the heretofore vast mysterious beyond, it assures shipwrecked, storm-tossed mortals of a safe and beautiful shore, where supernal breezes, cloudless skies, and sublime symphonies from Nature's celestial orchestra, greets the weary travelers, welcoming them forevermore to this haven of rest, peace and heavenly enjoyments.

Oh, bright, beautiful revelation of truth to man. Food imperishable. Living water to starving, thirsting humanity! Oh, sovereign balm for the many painful wounds received in the battle of life!

Panacea for its numerous ills, and a never failing consolation for its various troubles.

Support, guide and encouragement through the labyrinth of earth's varied experiences to the gleaming portals of the beyond. Brilliant, unfading star! Shining through the deepest, darkest gloom of our earth sorrows and mental despair for every soul peering out into the mists and shadows of superstition and error, to guide and encourage their wandering footsteps.

In this divine illumination, earth-life appears an ever changing, varying scene of beauty, happiness and usefulness. A boundless expanse of grand opportunities and divine possibilities, extending into the newly revealed fields of spiritual delights. Death's long boasted terror gives place to surpassing joy over a spiritual birth, and the long mourned separation of loved ones becomes but a phantom of the erroneous, gloomy past, while we recognize instead, a fonder, truer, and

closer communion! No torturing fears for the invisible future, but an abiding, increasing trust in the Infinite Heart of our All-Father. Oh, divine messenger of all truth! May thy progress be accelerated by the honest, earnest efforts of those who have received thy cheering influence, to their unspeakable delight.

## Saved by Kindness.

[The Pacific.]

John Roach, the famous ship-builder, believed in the law of kindness in dealing with erring men. Out of the twenty-five thousand men employed by him first and last, there were seventy found guilty of criminal conduct. He saved sixty of them. This is his story of the way he reformed a "confirmed drunkard." The man was a "master workman."

"He had terrible sprees, and had them pretty often. He would come raving into the shops, disgracing himself and disgusting everybody. When sober he was pentitent, and I forgave him and took him back again and again. I appealed to him till there seemed to be nothing left to appeal to. One morning he came in after one of his sprees, and said: 'Mr. Roach, I want you to discharge me. You can't make anything of me. I have broken my promise and abused your trust over and over. You took me up when I had nothing to do, and you learned me your trade and paid me good wages, and have bore with my faults till it ain't human to ask you to bear any more. Now discharge me.'

"Mike," says I, "I won't discharge you; but I'll let you resign. I'll write your resignation," for an idea struck me. I went to my desk and wrote:

"John Roach, Sir:—You helped me when I was penniless. You gave me work when I was idle. You taught me when I was ignorant. You always paid me well. You have borne with my infirmities over and over. But I have lost my self-respect, and have not enough regard for you, or love for wife and children, to behave like a man; and, therefore, I hereby withdraw from your employment."

"I gave it to him and said: 'I want you to promise me one thing, that you will always carry this with you, and that when about to take a glass of liquor you will take this out, sign it, and mail it to me before you drink.' He promised solemnly that he would. He stayed in my employ for years, and was never drunk again."

**THE WAY TO CONQUER.**—"I'll master it," said the axe; and his blows fell heavily on the iron. But every blow made his edge more blunt till he ceased to strike. "Leave it to me," said the saw; and, with his relentless teeth, he worked backward and forward on its surface till they were all worn down and broken, and he fell aside. "Ha, ha!" said the hammer. "I knew you wouldn't succeed. I'll show you the way." But at the first fierce stroke off flew his head, and the iron remained as before. "Shall I try?" asked the soft, small flame. They all despised the flame; but he curled gently round the iron and embraced it, and never left it till it melted under his irresistible influence. —*The Examiner.*

**A DARING SACRILEGE.**—About a century ago a woman in Germany was convicted of having changed a sentence addressed to Eve, in Genesis, in which man is spoken of as lord of woman, "And he shall be thy lord." This passage she made to read, by changing the word "her" to "narr," "And he shall be thy fool." As the Greek of old was tired of hearing Aristides called the Just, so this German woman was tired of hearing man lauded as the superior of woman. The authorities were so horrified at her revised edition of Genesis that she was hanged. —*Kansas City Times.*

**A UNIQUE RESIDENCE.**—The beautiful villa being built for Mr. Jesse Shepard on Sherman heights is nearing completion and will be ready for occupancy in a few weeks. Several boxes filled with objects of art have already arrived from Paris, souvenirs from his many admirers in France, and tokens of esteem and appreciation are constantly arriving from eminent people in all parts of the world to grace the walls of this unique residence. Mr. Shepard's home will be a center of artistic and literary culture quite unlike anything of the kind on this continent.—*The Daily Bee, San Diego.*

It is said that in every hotel and boarding house in Russia, where foreigners are received, some person in the establishment is required, under penalty of a heavy fine, to act as spy over the guests, and to report to the Government officials the results of such surveillance.

**THE INTER-OCEAN** says that some of the elegant New York bars were draped in mourning upon a recent Sunday, and remarks that it would be suggestive and quite in keeping doubtless with a good many of the homes of their patrons if the mourning should be kept up during the whole week.

A little six-year old Holyoke boy astonished his mother by exclaiming, "I wish I was a little angel!" Wondering what holy ideas were filling his young mind, she waited for a reason. "Then I could see all the circuses at once!"

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE STATION, FOOT of Market Street, SOUTH SIDE, at  
8:30 A. M., daily, for Alvarado, Newark, Centerville, Wrights, Gilwood, Felton, Tres, Boulder Creek, SANTA CRUZ, and all way stations—Faster Car, SANTA CRUZ (except Sunday), Express: Mt. Eden, Alvarado, Newark, Centerville, Alviso, Agnews, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and all stations to Boulder Creek and SANTA CRUZ—Parlor Car.

4:30 P. M., daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and intermediate points. Saturdays and Sundays to Santa Cruz.

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

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

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

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

## TO OAKLAND and ALAMEDA.

2600, 36120, 37120, 8230, 9120, 10200, 10300, 11200, 11300, A. M., 12200 M., 12300, 12400, 12500, 12600, 12700, 12800, 12900, 13000, 13100, 13200, 13300, 13400, 13500, 13600, 13700, 13800, 13900, 14000, 14100, 14200, 14300, 14400, 14500, 14600, 14700, 14800, 14900, 15000, 15100, 15200, 15300, 15400, 15500, 15600, 15700, 15800, 15900, 16000, 16100, 16200, 16300, 16400, 16500, 16600, 16700, 16800, 16900, 17000, 17100, 17200, 17300, 17400, 17500, 17600, 17700, 17800, 17900, 18000, 18100, 18200, 18300, 18400, 18500, 18600, 18700, 18800, 18900, 19000, 19100, 19200, 19300, 19400, 19500, 19600, 19700, 19800, 19900, 20000, 20100, 20200, 20300, 20400, 20500, 20600, 20700, 20800, 20900, 21000, 21100, 21200, 21300, 21400, 21500, 21600, 21700, 21800, 21900, 22000, 22100, 22200, 22300, 22400, 22500, 22600, 22700, 22800, 22900, 23000, 23100, 23200, 23300, 23400, 23500, 23600, 23700, 23800, 23900, 24000, 24100, 24200, 24300, 24400, 24500, 24600, 24700, 24800, 24900, 25000, 25100, 25200, 25300, 25400, 25500, 25600, 25700, 25800, 25900, 26000, 26100, 26200, 26300, 26400, 26500, 26600, 26700, 26800, 26900, 27000, 27100, 27200, 27300, 27400, 27500, 27600, 27700, 27800, 27900, 28000, 28100, 28200, 28300, 28400, 28500, 28600, 28700, 28800, 28900, 29000, 29100, 29200, 29300, 29400, 29500, 29600, 29700, 29800, 29900, 30000, 30100, 30200, 30300, 30400, 30500, 30600, 30700, 30800, 30900, 31000, 31100, 31200, 31300, 31400, 31500, 31600, 31700, 31800, 31900, 32000, 32100, 32200, 32300, 32400, 32500, 32600, 32700, 32800, 32900, 33000, 33100, 33200, 33300, 33400, 33500, 33600, 33700, 33800, 33900, 34000, 34100, 34200, 34300, 34400, 34500, 34600, 34700, 34800, 34900, 35000, 35100, 35200, 35300, 35400, 35500, 35600, 35700, 35800, 35900, 36000, 36100, 36200, 36300, 36400, 36500, 36600, 36700, 36800, 36900, 37000, 37100, 37200, 37300, 37400, 37500, 37600, 37700, 37800, 37900, 38000, 38100, 38200, 38300, 3840