

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

NO. 1.

| we know that our children also educate us

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Smith.

secure misery either to themselves or their descendants.—*Buckle, Hist. Civ., Vol. I, p. 91.*

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Truth is an immortal and an eternal thing.

Sift yourself that you may know what you are.—*Epictetus.*

Men are disturbed not by things, but by the views which they take of things.—*Epictetus.*

Evil is like a nightmare, the instant you begin to stir yourself it is already gone.—*Jean Paul.*

Nature has given man one tongue, but two ears, that we may hear twice as much as we speak.

One wrong added to another wrong does not make a right; it merely extends the area of wrong.—*Tolstoi.*

You can be unconquerable, if you enter into no combat, in which it is not in your own power to conquer.

Upon every accident, remember to turn towards yourself and inquire what faculty you have for its use.—*Epictetus.*

Thoughts are bubbles continually rising and coming to the surface in the fountain of the soul.—*The Hidden Way.*

Remember that it is not he who gives abuse or blows who affronts; but the view we take of these things as insulting.

If you seek truth, you will seek merely victory at all hazards: And when you have found truth, you will have a security against being conquered.—*Epictetus.*

Two things must be rooted out of men, conceit and diffidence. Conceit lies in thinking that you want nothing; and diffidence in supposing it impossible that under adverse circumstances, you should ever succeed.—*Epictetus.*

True generosity does not consist in obeying every impulse of humanity, in following blind passion for our guide, and impairing our circumstances by present benefactions, so as to render us incapable of future ones.—*Goldsmith.*

The mountain-peaks of intellect are no homes for quiet people. Those who are cursed or blessed with lofty gifts and lofty purposes may be gods in their glory and their greatness, but are rarely tolerable as human companions.—*J. A. Froude.*

These hurrying days, these busy, anxious, shrewd, cunning, ambitious times of ours are wasted, when they take our hearts away from gentle patience and charity, giving fame for love, gold for kisses, dissembling for friendship.—*The Hidden Way.*

Oh, Liberty, that knows no law of passion, but that of following our highest, best, and noblest impulses, which knows no fear but that of injuring a fellow creature ever so slightly, and which knows no motive but to benefit the entire race, is one of the secrets of Life.—*The Hidden Way.*

Man is not independent of his brother. Twenty men united in love can accomplish much that to two thousand isolated men is impossible. Know this, and know also that thou hast a power of thy own, and standest with a Heaven above even *Thee*. And so, get to thy work.—*Carlyle.*

Col. Ingersoll's Tribute to Henry Ward Beecher.

[From the Beecher Memorial.]

Henry Ward Beecher was born in a Puritan penitentiary, of which his father was one of the wardens—a prison with very narrow and closely-grated windows. Under its walls were the rayless, hopeless, and measureless dungeons of the damned, and on its roof fell the shadow of God's eternal frown. In this prison the creed and catechism were primers for children, and from a pure sense of duty their loving hearts were stained and scarred with the religion of John Calvin.

In those days the home of an orthodox minister was an inquisition in which babes were tortured for the good of their souls. Children then, as now, rebelled against the infamous absurdities and cruelties of the creed. No Calvinist was ever able, unless with blows, to answer the questions of his child. Children were raised in what was called "the nurture and admonition of the Lord,"—that is to say, their wills were broken or subdued, their natures deformed and dwarfed, their desires defeated or destroyed, and their development arrested or perverted. Life was robbed of its Spring, its Summer, its Autumn. Children stepped from the cradle into the snow. No laughter, no sunshine, no joyous, free, unburdened days. God, an infinite detective, watched them from above, and Satan, with malicious leer, was waiting for their souls below. Between these monsters life was passed. Infinite consequences were predicted of the smallest action, and a burden greater than a God could bear was placed upon the heart and brain of every child. To think, to ask questions, to doubt, to investigate, were acts of rebellion. To express pity for the lost, writhing in the dungeons below, was simply to give evidence that the enemy of souls had been at work within their hearts.

Among all the religions of this world—the creed of cannibals who devoured flesh to that of Calvinists who polluted souls—there is none, there has been none, there will be none, more utterly heartless and inhuman than was the Orthodox Congregationalism of New England, in the year of grace, 1813. It despised every natural joy, hated pictures, abhorred statues as lewd and lustful things, execrated music, regarded Nature as fallen and corrupt, man as totally depraved, and woman as somewhat worse. The theatre was the vestibule of perdition, actors the servants of Satan, and Shakespeare a trifling wretch, whose words were seeds of death. And yet the virtues found a welcome, cordial and sincere; duty was done as understood; obligations were discharged; truth was told; self-denial was practiced for the sake of others; and hearts were good and true in spite of book and creed.

In this atmosphere of theological mis-asma, in this hideous dream of superstition, in this penitentiary, moral and austere, this babe first saw the imprisoned gloom.

The natural desires ungratified, the laughter suppressed, the logic brow-beaten by authority, the humor frozen by fear—by many generations—were in this child, a child destined to rend and wreck the prison's walls.

Through the grated windows of his cell this child, this boy, this man, caught glimpses of the outer world, of fields and glimmers of the thought world, of his brain, skies. New thoughts were in his brain, new hopes within his heart. There came heaven bent above his life. There came a revelation of the beautiful and real. Theology grew mean and small.

Nature wooed and won and saved this mighty soul.

Her countless hands were sowing seeds within his tropic brain. All sights and sounds—all colors, forms, and fragments—were stored within the treasury of his mind. His thoughts were molded by winding graceful forms of streams, of quiet countrances in woods, of church indistinct with treys roads, and lanes grown thick with weeds and grass—by vines that cling and hide with leaf and attic standing in the wall's decay—by statues of content.

Summer pools like statues of the subtle There was within his words the subtle spirit of the season's change—of every thing that is, of every thing that lies be-

tween the slumbering seeds, that, half awakened by the April rain, have dreams of heaven's blue, and feel the amorous kisses of the sun, and that strange tomb wherein the alchemist doth give to death's cold dust the throb and thrill of life again.

He saw with loving eyes the willows of the meadow-streams grow red beneath the glance of spring—the grass along the marsh's edge—the stir of life beneath the withered leaves—the moss below the drift of snow—the flowers that give their bosoms to the south wind that woos—the sad and timid violets that only bear the gaze of love from eyes half closed—the ferns, where fancy gives a thousand forms with but a single plan—the green and sunny slopes enriched with the daisy's silver and the cowslip's gold.

As in the leafless woods some tree aflame with life stands like a rapt poet in the heedless crowd, so stood this man among his fellow-men.

All there is of leaf and bud, of flower and fruit, of painted insect life, and all the winged and happy children of the air that summer holds beneath her dome of blue, were known and loved by him.

He loved the yellow autumn fields, the golden stacks, the happy hums of men, the orchard's bending boughs, the sum-mach's flags of flame, the maples with transfigured leaves, the tender yellow of the beech, the wondrous harmonies of brown and gold—the vines where hang the clustered spheres of wit and mirth. He loved the winter days, the whirl and drift of snow—all forms of frost—the rage and fury of the storm, when in the forest, desolate and stripped, the brave old pine towers green and grand—a prophecy of spring.

He heard the rhythmic sound of Nature's busy strife, the hum of bees, the song of birds, the eagle's cry, the murmur of the streams, the sighs and lamentations of the winds, and all the voices of the sea. He loved the shores, the vales, the crags and cliffs, the city's busy streets, the introspective, silent plain, the solemn splendors of the night, the silver sea of dawn, and evening's clouds of molten gold.

The love of nature freed this man. One by one the fetters fell; the gratings disappeared, the sunshine smote the roof, and on the floors of stone light streamed from open doors. He realized the darkness and despair, the cruelty and hate, the starless blackness of the old, malignant creed. The flower of pity grew and blossomed in his heart. The selfish "consolation" filled his eyes with tears. He saw that what is called the Christian's hope is that, among the countless billions wrecked and lost, a meager few perhaps may reach the eternal shore—a hope that, like the desert rain, gives neither leaf nor bud—a hope that gives no joy, no peace, to any great and loving soul. It is the dust on which the serpent feeds that coils in heartless breasts.

Day by day the wrath and vengeance faded from the sky—the Jewish God grew vague and dim—the threats of torture and eternal pain grew vulgar and absurd, and all the miracles seemed strangely out of place. They clad the infirm in motley garb, and gave to aureoled heads the cap and bells.

Touched by the pathos of all human life, knowing the shadows that fall on every heart—the thorns in every path, the sighs, the sorrows, and the tears that lie between a mother's arms and death's embrace—this great and gifted man denounced, denied, and damned with all his heart the fanged and frightful dogma that souls were made to feed the eternal hunger—ravenous as famine—of a God's revenge.

Take out this fearful, fiendish, heartless life—compared with which all other lies are true—and the great arch of orthodox religion crumbling falls.

To the average man the Christian hell and heaven are only words. He has no scope of thought. He lives, but in a dim, impoverished now. To him the past is dead—the future still unborn. He occupies, with downcast eyes, that narrow line of barren, shifting sand that lies beneath the flowing seas. But genius knows all time. For him the dead all live, and breathe, and act their countless parts again. All human life is in his now, and every moment feels the thrill of all to be.

No one can over-estimate the good accomplished by this marvelous, many-sided man. He helped to slay the heart-devoing monster of the Christian world. He tried to civilize the church, to humanize the creeds, to soften pious breasts of

stone, to take the fear from mothers' hearts, the chain of creed from every brain, to put the star of hope in every sky and over every grave.

Attacked on every side, maligned by those who preached the law of love, he wavered not, but fought whole-hearted to the end.

Obstruction is but virtue's foil. From thwarted light leaps color's flame—the stream impeded has a song.

He passed from harsh and cruel creeds to that serene philosophy that has no place for hate, that threatens no revenge, that looks on sin as stumblings of the blind and pities those who fall, knowing that in the souls of all there is a sacred yearning for the light. He ceased to think of man as something thrust upon the world—an exile from some other sphere. He felt at last that men are part of Nature's self—kindred of all life—the gradual growth of countless years; that all the sacred books were helps until outgrown, and all religions rough and devious paths that man has worn with weary feet in sad and painful search for truth and peace. To him these paths were wrong, and yet all gave promise of success. He knew that all the streams, no matter how they wander, turn, and curve amid the hills or rocks, or linger in the lakes and pools, must some time reach the sea.

These views enlarged his soul and made him patient with the world, and while the Wintry snows of age were falling on his head, Spring, with all her wealth of bloom, was in his heart.

The memory of this ample man is now a part of Nature's wealth. He battled for the rights of men. His heart was with the slave. He stood against the selfish greed of millions banded to protect the pirate's trade. His voice was for the right when freedom's friends were few. He taught the church to think and doubt. He did not fear to stand alone. His brain took counsel of his heart. To every foe he offered reconciliation's hand. He loved this land of ours, and added to its glory through the world. He was the greatest orator that stood within the pulpit's narrow curve. He loved the liberty of speech. There was no trace of bigot in his blood. He was a brave and generous man, and so, with reverent hands, I place this tribute on his tomb.

Spirit Messages.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Yesterday I sat at my table, and being quite impressionable, I took a pencil and wrote divers short communications, two of which I will give you to publish, if worthy.

The first came from one who was intolerant in his religious bias, and the last an able man of strong reason, and one who loved nothing so well as to debate negatively with the church people who loved the dollar really, and the Lord as a cloak. The pious one dictates thus:

"Simple as it may seem to you, I will say this, when I was on earth I thought I knew all there was to know of the true way to be saved, of the only and true road to heaven. But thanks be to heaven, there is a far better way than the orthodox system of salvation."

This immediately follows the above:

"When I arrived a little above the old worn-out casket, and was fairly out of the old body of earth, I awoke to a realizing sense of the old adage, 'Better live a good life and be damned, than a bad life and be saved.' This is a sentiment which I would recommend to all who want to be saved."

The last is very characteristic of the purported writer.

Very respectfully, R. V.
SAN FRANCISCO, July 12, 1887.

To be a philosopher is not merely to have subtle thoughts, nor even to found a school; but so to love wisdom as to live, according to its dictates, a life of simplicity, independence, magnanimity, and trust. It is to solve some of the problems of life, not only theoretically, but practically.—*Thoreau.*

In order to do anything in this world that is worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank and think of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as you can.—*Sydney Smith.*

Jesse Shepard's New Work.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

On Sunday morning, July 10th, at eight o'clock mass, the congregation of St. Joseph's Church was again surprised by musical inspirations, the like of which have certainly never been heard in San Diego. Since Mr. Shepard's singing in this church a month ago, the keenest interest has been manifest to hear him again, not only by church goers, but by the general public, and for this reason Mr. Shepard's intention of singing again at the same place was kept a secret as far as it was possible, in order to prevent the confusion which would surely have resulted had the fact been made public. As it was, the church was crowded, although not more than one of Mr. Shepard's friends, besides myself, was present, the regular worshippers filling every seat, many kneeling in the aisles and vestibule.

By the special desire of Father Ubach, Mr. Shepard's organ was moved into the church for this occasion, and when the first notes of the instrument were heard, a wave of emotion seemed to pass through the church, and involuntarily many heads were turned to see whence the marvelous strains proceeded. Father Bergmeyer, the Superior of the Santa Barbara Mission, came to the sacristy especially to hear the music, and many capable critics were in the congregation; all with one voice pronounced the singing marvelously grand, and far beyond any thing of the kind they had ever heard.

After the services the soul inspiring music was the theme of general conversation. The doubtful question as to the possibility of Mr. Shepard's singing with success in the light has been forever set at rest by his two brilliant triumphs in St. Joseph's Church, where the full sunlight streamed in on the organ through a large double window just behind him. There were no curtains or shades of any kind to soften the glare. The powerful and thrilling inspiration which influenced and pervaded the entire assembly, from the altar to the vestibule, on this occasion, was sufficient proof that his great gifts of composition and song are now developed to a degree of perfection far beyond anything heretofore experienced in his long and remarkable career. Mr. Shepard is being congratulated by persons of all shades of belief, and all seem to realize the vast good such powers can do when displayed before large congregations of people, who, by an attitude of religious devotion and social harmony, are moved by a spirit of the highest order of sentiment and appreciation.

Mr. Shepard has lately achieved a success as a writer which rivals that of his music. His articles in the *Golden Era* magazine of San Diego, have created a veritable sensation among the literati wherever they have been read. The critics I have talked with, place the essay on the Abbe Roux beside the best productions of Macaulay and Carlyle, while the "silver tongued orator," Thomas Fitch, goes so far as to say that, in his opinion, the article in question can not be matched by any writer now living. You will see by these signs and tokens, that Mr. Shepard's genius is only now beginning to be seen and felt in quarters where it is most appreciated, and that he is harder at work now than ever before.

L. WALDEMAR TONKER.
SAN DIEGO, Cal., July 14, 1887.

CHANGE OF OPINION.—To seek to change opinions by laws, is worse than futile. It not only fails, but it causes a reaction, which leaves the opinion stronger than ever. First, alter the opinion, and then you may alter the law. . . . However pernicious any interest or any great body may be, beware of using force against it, unless the progress of knowledge has previously sapped it at its base, and loosened its hold over the national mind. This has always been the error of the most ardent reformers, who, in their eagerness to effect their purpose, let the political movement outstrip the intellectual one, and, thus inverting the natural order, secure misery either to themselves or their descendants.—*Buckle, Hist. Civ., Vol. II, p. 91.*

We speak of educating our children: do we know that our children also educate us?

Letter from W. J. Colville.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

I feel impressed to write just a word from Mt. Lookout Camp-meeting to all the friends in San Francisco, Oakland, and the wide territories through which your valuable paper circulates, to show I do not forget the many true and tried friends in the far West, whom I expect so soon to meet again. Though personal matters can not in any case be of much interest or value to any of your readers, except in so far as they are straws indicating the current of popular thought, news from a distant worker must always be more or less acceptable if it serves to acquaint friends in one part of the world with the progress of the cause in which all are alike interested elsewhere.

I am, at time of writing, in Tennessee, on the summit of Mt. Lookout, of historical renown, in the center of a large and flourishing camp, not so large, and perhaps not quite so prosperous, as the Oakland camp of 1886, but nevertheless large and successful enough to afford matter for sincere congratulation among all who know the conservative South, where liberal ideas are by no means as popular or widely circulated as further North; but indeed I may be wronging the warm-hearted, hospitable Southerners by thus appearing to endorse a prevalent belief. I think it is only because the South has not been worked as extensively as some other districts, that there is apparently less interest in matters of spiritual moment among the masses.

Many brave, energetic workers are on the camp grounds; meetings are incessant, and the influx of visitors is constantly increasing from all parts of the country. The camp formally opened Sunday, July 3d, at 10:30 A. M., when appropriate and kindly words were addressed to a good-sized and very sympathetic audience, by Mr. F. R. Albert, President. Mr. Albert is a very genial, pleasant gentleman, radiating a warm and generous influence from the chair, something after the manner of our highly esteemed Hon. Amos Adams, whose courtesy and ability I shall never cease to remember with grateful admiration. It was my privilege to be the speaker appointed for the opening services, and I may truly say, though I have often addressed a larger, I have never confronted a more appreciative audience. In the afternoon Mrs. Talbot delivered a very interesting inspirational address, followed by chained readings, etc., by Mrs. Isa Wilson Porter, whose clear and celebrated and much lamented E. V. Wilson, whose portrait adorned the wall behind the platform in the pavilion.

Rain had fallen during the day, and we have had an abundance since, but the evening was clear and moonlight, so the audience at night was much larger than at either of the previous sessions. I was again called to the platform and received with more kindness and enthusiasm than I can well describe.

The Chattanooga papers, July 4th, gave excellent accounts of the meetings. The reporters for both the leading daily journals there are favorable to Spiritualism, so the articles are well and fairly written.

July 4th was a gala day at the camp. At 10 A. M. we had a most enjoyable musical and literary entertainment, interspersed with short, telling speeches from Mr. and Mrs. Kates, Mr. Ladd, and several others. At 3 P. M. I was called upon to deliver a Fourth of July oration under the influence of my inspirers, whose presence I feel equally near wherever I may be. In the evening we had a fine display of fireworks followed by dancing in the pavilion, and at the same time, in a room in the hotel, Mrs. Isa Wilson Porter gave the remarkable fire test most satisfactorily, in the presence of a large and influential delegation appointed to witness the experiment prior to its performance on a future occasion before a public audience. Mrs. Porter was protected by no chemicals, but under a powerful spiritual influence she thrust her hands, uninjured, into flames, and applied burning lamp-chimneys to her unprotected face in a manner appalling to the ordinary observer. The test of the superiority of mind to matter was complete; all who witnessed the astounding phenomenon were delighted.

On the following day, July 5th, a marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Samuel Watson, who legalized the union of George W. Kates and Zaida Brown, two of the most earnest and energetic workers in the South in the cause of Spiritualism. The ceremony was simple, but very impressive. Mrs. Talbot and myself assisted Mr. Watson in the exercises; the choir rendered beautiful music, the decorations were tasteful and effective, all nature smiled, and the occasion was one to be long remembered.

The remaining days of the first week passed all too swiftly. Two, and usually three meetings were held each day, always largely attended, though the frequent heavy rains deterred many visitors until Saturday, July 9th, which was a perfect day of unclouded sunshine and strong, refreshing breeze. Excursions were made during the day to various points of interest in the vicinity, and at 8 P. M. exercises were held in the pavilion. A very large audience assembled, and the attention given to a lecture on "Mediumship," was delivered through my mediumship, was enough to fill the heart of any lecturer

with gratitude. Questions followed thick and fast, good, sensible inquiries from skeptics and Spiritualists alike. It reminded me forcibly of Oakland a year ago, and I seemed to see before me not only the vast audience gathered there, but another concourse of dear friends in California beside, whose warm and sympathetic natures I hope soon to be surrounded with again.

Sunday, July 16th, was a magnificent day; nature was fully as kind to the camp as the day previous, and as the railroad up and down the mountain was in constant operation, numerous citizens of Chattanooga were in the audiences which were very large all through the day and evening. I was selected as the speaker at 10:30 A. M. and 8 P. M.; Rev. Samuel Watson at 2:30 P. M. The morning and afternoon discourses took up the relations of Spiritualism and the Bible. The audiences, composed largely of people accustomed to attend evangelical churches, were appreciative in the highest degree.

Dr. Watson is almost seventy-five years of age, but is as hale and hearty as many a man of forty. His views are very moderate; his lectures fluent, instructive and kindly characterized by a truly liberal and unpretending spirit. He is the earnest champion of all the mediums, but uses his analytical intellect in carefully weighing all the testimony he brings before the public on behalf of the varied phases of manifestation, in all of which he evinces the deepest interest and keenest delight.

James Copeland, of Philadelphia, a young man not much over twenty, has given some wonderful public tests, and many most successful private sittings; the same may be truthfully said of all the mediums on the grounds, but were I to enumerate tests and sittings in detail, I should have to write long enough to fill several issues of your paper, and for such extended communications I am sure you have no space, and I certainly have no time. In the evening I was influenced to speak on "Fire and the Fire Worshipers." After the lecture Mrs. Porter gave publicly the celebrated fire test; it was a complete demonstration of her astounding mediumship.

I have a class in spiritual science here composed principally of persons who enter on a single admission ticket, so the teachings are not quite so consecutive as they were in Oakland, though there are a fair number of students who are taking the course, and great interest prevails. There is much inquiry, and no important opposition.

The natural scenery of Lookout Mountain is grand beyond description. From the highest point of the mountain, on a clear day, it is said seven states are visible. We are often above the clouds which hang upon the mountain. Every prospect is enchanting, and I doubt not the climate is as healthy as it is claimed to be by its most enthusiastic advocates. It is no hotter than in the Northern States, and is, in every sense, a delightful Summer resort.

As I shall hope to give you another page of jottings next week, I will leave off abruptly here, having just given your readers a tiny peep at what is going on in the scene of my present labors. I expect to stay here till August 1st, when I go to Cassadaga Lake for about a week; then I spend a week or ten days in Iowa; spend Sunday, August 28th, in Denver, Colorado, and expect to reach San Francisco September 3d at the latest.

My opening in San Francisco will be in Assembly Hall, September 4th, at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Answers to questions will not be given on that date, but on all subsequent Sundays, except when notice is given to the contrary, at 2:45 P. M. I see in a recent issue of the GOLDEN GATE in a very kindly mention of my approach a mistake in the hours of meeting occurred. At 10:45 A. M., 2:45 and 7:30 P. M. can be safely announced as the regular hours in future. I have written to Dr. Morton fully on all matters. He manages every particle of the business over which I have no control. The conduct of the services on the platform is left in my hands. Dr. Morton and I understand each other perfectly, and I am very sanguine as to the success of every enterprise entrusted to his able hands.

Mr. Maguire will occupy his old position as my assistant in the services, and with the kind co-operation of all the good friends of whose sincerity and earnestness it would be blasphemy to entertain a doubt, I trust and believe a work will be carried on under the inspiration of invisible directors, resulting in the accomplishment of some spiritual design, the full nature of which has not as yet been fully revealed to your sincere friend and co-worker, W. J. COLVILLE.

JULY 12, 1887.

The Seybert Commission, appointed by the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania to investigate the claims and character of Spiritualism, have made a report declaring the whole subject a delusion and a fraud. The amount of truth there is in this report would be as hard to determine as the truth of Spiritualism. We had as soon investigate one as the other, in fact, we are a little skeptical in regard to both. It strikes us that the commission were more interested in Mr. Seybert's money than they were in Spiritualism.—*The Independent Pulpit*.

An effectual barrier is thrown in the way of volence assembled, and the attention given to a lecture on "Mediumship," was delivered through my mediumship, was enough to fill the heart of any lecturer

From the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

[Saidie, with greetings of love.]

Children in earth-land, Saidie brings blessing to each. Faithful are you in doing Saidie's work, making conditions which are changeless, only as they grow better. Saidie blesses her workers for their constant, steady fulfillment of the work which will crown your lives with peace, bring light to the world, and joy and gladness to the heart of Saidie and the immortal band, who with her have longed with anxious hearts for the dawning of this day. Saidie's robes have added an lustre, a more perfect beauty, showing to those with whom she mingles in these celestial spheres the true condition of her earth workers; and as she has told you, will now be done a greater work for the world than has been accomplished during the past century. This accomplishment of her desires fills the higher heavens with gladness, and as we meet in the Halls of Light, we chant our songs with a zest, and heart unknown before in the history of the earth. With these thoughts of gladness as preface, Saidie will give to her children thoughts concerning the reason of the various religions of the past and present.

In former times, among the generations of the past ages, was developed a desire to worship something superior and awe inspiring. This feeling was born through necessity, a wedding of mind with matter. The human spirit in wedding with the mortal form makes its own demand upon the nature. Existing, as it does, an emanation from the source of Life, Light and Love, it has its own powers which are divine, God-like; these powers are felt and acknowledged as a superior power, and are the God within the soul. But man, understanding not his own nature, its attributes and possibilities, ascribes these needs, these longings to some power outside himself; feeling himself sadly inferior because of his materiality, he has learned in his ignorance to look to a God who is angry with him, and must in some way be appeased. The image thus set upon a throne to be worshipped has been, alas, but little if at all superior to his own untutored mind, but little if at all exalted above the plane on which as mortal he dwells; never equal to his own inner being when unfolded to its own possible attainment. Could it be made plain to the sense that the divine power they sought to fall down and worship, but exists within themselves and all universes; that the God within calls for recognition and unfoldment, how different might be the state of man in all ages. But evolution comes in with its law of love, and little by little, line by line, mankind learns to know. Long ages elapse ere much of truth is seen. Saidie's children wonder to-day "why these things were so long hidden now to be revealed in this strange manner." They were never hidden away except by ignorance, and creed has covered, piled high the rubbish of superstition and dogma, and truth has been buried, until the work of angels and world is retarded, while the time of clearing is accomplished. A revolution in thought, a revolution in worship, iconoclasm such as the world has not yet seen, is the work of the pioneer of the day and age; this is the working of the divine law of growth and unfoldment, which is the hope of mankind, and the redeeming power of the planet. Religion within, by which Saidie means the voice of God within the soul, calls for acceptance; ignorance replies with dogmas, and churches with their creed, and men have built upon such sandy earth foundations.

It is not wonderful nor strange that wild forms of worship and uncouth ceremonies should enter the mind of man and develop themselves outwardly as they have done, and still continue to do. The careful observer in his investigation of the matter will note the continual progress of ideas, gravitating ever toward the sun of eternal truth, which has ever shone, penetrating the clouds of error which surround the earth-land as a fog, dense, damp and dark. The unerring law of divine love in its working must and will penetrate the mists, and they will be of the past. This is the force which hold the angels near earth, this law of love, recognized, understood and accepted by earth's loved and receptive ones, who hold oneness of purpose as the brightest link in the chain of harmony, who not only bid us welcome, but accept the truth with clean hands and pure hearts and work to spread the light and uphold the truth.

The sure eye of prophecy sees not far off the realization of many hopes. The world say some is no better than formerly. True, Saidie says, your creeds are fading away. Oh, ye blind, would ye blindly lead your fellow-man continually in ways of ignorance and darkness? Why do ye fear that too much knowledge be given to the people? Believe me, not in a power of love which is able to rule and lift up humanity; able to increase and steadily permeate the very atmosphere, elements and children of this creed bound planet. The God ye worship is verily a God of wrath, has created children as toys in his hand, placed them upon earth for the sole purpose of exhibiting his power, then formed a place of eternal punishment for his own pleasure that himself and his angels may witness the power to punish, he holds!

A mighty host of risen ones inhabit the world of light, but not one would rejoice to find or know of the existence of such a place, as ye, Christian in name, teach the people exists. We are redeemed from the bondage and power of matter through the power of the law of progress, which works silently and potentially, as the leaves of Infinitude, who has no pleasure in sin, disease and death, but ever beckons toward life, health and happiness. Those who think the world no better to-day, must themselves depend for salvation and final redemption upon the working of this same law of progress, the law of love and wisdom. Eternities uncounted are stretching far before into the future; the religions of the past have felt the power of progression's law, the religions of the present must feel the same; and when in its working, church and creed fall, when not even one stone be left upon another, the shall not be thrown away, then will the light of a new era dawn, and no more will be in the heart, nor uttered from the lips the words, "the world is no better," but the fact will be acknowledged that nearer to God, the source of all life, law and love, are gravitating as a race, and as a part of His great universe we are continually being drawn each day of our existence.

Humanity may be likened to a ship sailing down the broad river of time, to the great harbor of the hereafter. One by one are they casting overboard the useless burdens which weigh down the ship, making progress heavy. Occasionally the good ship is in danger of being wrecked, then overboard must go a senseless, useless burthen, then the ship more easily sails. May each and every child of the loved Order enter the harbor of rest bearing no useless burdens, but with decks swept clean, the whole ship in good trim, with sails proudly set, may you ride majestically into the grand harbor. May each be ready to hear the welcome home, spoken by lips of love, and with the hand of mate may you be rejoicingly led to the home which now awaits with open doors the coming of the light pilgrim. Earth weary one, Saidie comprehends fully the meaning of those words. She has traveled the entire earth journey, has known the storms and calms, has endured the school time of life, has known the joys and sorrows, experienced hours of heart-ache and gladness, knows full well all her children must endure; is cognizant of each holy aspiration, sees the doubts and fears that often haunt your hours, and hastens to give you the comfort of truth which will abide long ages after earth life and its conditions have passed away. One life in one incarnation alone, but the whole, which its consummation is past, when again with the true mate of the soul, joined in the marriage of the forever, home is reached; the land of souls, your abiding place and incarnation, has no more power to call earthward the children of Light and Love. Saidie gives truth concerning matehood, that which exists in the actual, which you will prove true as you enter the life beyond.

Thoughts have found their way earthward, been woven into religions, not unmixed with human brains, have gained lodgment here and there, giving strength to our faith. We have, while watching our unfoldments, been sowing seed which has grown; mixed with tares it is true, yet some has ripened and another harvest will show increase of good. In various times, we have struggled to gain a foothold with little seeming success; yet there has never been a time in the world's history when truth was not to be found somewhere, even though it might be weak and feeble. The careful student and close thinker will acknowledge this. Now the light from the better land, truth from the higher spheres, illumines earth plane; the loved Order has its center established through the holy spirit, holds over matter; still as a whole, mankind is not ready to receive these things, taught as they are from human experience. Saidie urges upon each one the necessity of looking high for truth. Burthen not your barques with that which will prove valueless. If it be necessary, be quick to drop ideas which have no foundation in truth. All that is immortal will live; all that is not, must as surely pass away.

Fear not to accept the teachings of those who dwell in celestial life. Weigh well words and motives; learn through your own unfoldment to distinguish the true from the false.

Saidie would lead every child she loves and guides into the harbor of eternal rest. Peace be with you all. SAIDIE.

THE PHILOSOPHER.—Philosophers have no aggressive tendencies. With eyes fixed on the noble goal to which they tend, they may, now and then, be stirred to momentary wrath by the unnecessary obstacles with which the ignorant or the malicious encumber, if they can not bar, the difficult path; but why should their souls be deeply vexed? The majesty of fact is on their side, and the elemental forces of Nature are working for them. Not a star comes to the meridian at its calculated time but testifies to the justness of their methods; their beliefs are "one with the falling rain and with the growing corn." By doubt they are established, and open into their bosom friend. Such men have no fear of criticism, however venomable, and no respect for those when they become mischievous obstructions. But they have better than mere antiquarian business in hand; and, if dogmas which ought to be fossil, but are not, are not forced upon their notice, they are too happy to treat them as non-existent.—*Huxley*.

Reflections.

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

New experiences are daily coming into the lives of those not only on the mortal side of life, but also those who have passed the line that renders invisible the soul or life that has heretofore been visible by its encasement in bodily form. These experiences are, many of them while in the form, hard to bear, and harder to understand, inasmuch as they are often reflected upon those whose lives are blameless as far as the cause of the troubled experience is concerned. But oftentimes the pain and suffering bear blessed fruit, and it is seen that in order to perfect the lesson desired it must extend beyond the one most to be benefited when the trial was over, and the cross had been separated from the pure gold—that was interspersed throughout the whole. Some call these trials "dispensations of Providence," some understand them as the "temptations of the evil one." But those whose knowledge of the higher life is more extended, consider them rather as a part of the mysterious workings of nature's "cause and effect," which effects extend in an ever widening circle until the shore is reached, or they are merged into the ripples that wash the beach wherever stand the ghosts of opportunities, wasted or improved. You to whom temptation comes in the shape of selfish indulgence, ponder and stay your hand ere you cast the stone that may cause you wide a circle to spread before the eyes of retrospection.

Reflection is not always a sweet morsel to the mortal taste, but often a wholesome one, and those who taste it judiciously generally derive much benefit therefrom. But do not fall into the error of constantly carrying the reflection of past mistakes with you, for in that case the compound becomes impregnated with what you should endeavor to cast far from you—moral conditions and loss of that subtle ingredient that renders life pleasant, and flavors with sweetness even the trials of life, namely "hope."

The sunshine of advanced thought is becoming more apparent throughout all expressions of beliefs and sects and the unconsciousness of this liberality and tolerance of what in the past, even of the near past, was considered as intolerable superstition and fanaticism, shows how widespread it is becoming, and that the heaven is working in the great mass of humanity that go to make up the denizens of earth, and will in good time raise them into greater heights of truth and advancement than they now dream of, and open wide the gates that are now just ajar sufficiently to admit of the glorious light that comes from knowledge to stream forth and permeate the darkness of unbelief, or rather wrong belief, that has so long held mankind in the bondage of unthinking, unreasoning belief in the personality of God, and all the mistaken ideas that have obtained so strong a hold and led to so much uncharitableness among "Christian" people. "Strange, passing strange," that the religion of Christianity should render its followers so bitter and unrelenting toward those who differ from their interpretation of the meaning of the lessons contained in the Bible, which they all revere and quote from. These texts, which are known to all, have hidden meanings which become plain when viewed from the advanced position, and with the clearer, deeper insight that comes to those who stand outside the pale of the church and its sanctified (as those who are inside consider it) observances and beliefs. Open your eyes to see, and your ears to hear the truth as it appears to your sight and appeals to your reason in what is daily passing in panoramic procession before your soul's eyes, in the wondrous adaptability displayed in everything in nature—the different seasons with all their attendant characteristics, coming and going with unfailing regularity, displaying beyond a peradventure that God is nature, and all nature God.

JUNE, 1887.

GROWTH OF GREAT MEN.—Great minds mature slowly. It is not unusual to find that the leading men of our day, or any other day, were very unpromising boys. Daniel Webster, the acknowledged statesman of America, was notoriously dull when a boy, a poor scholar in college, and graduated without honor. Henry Ward Beecher, indisputably the most popular divine in this country, was a fourth-rate scholar when young, and completed his studies without distinction, except on the play-ground. Robert Rantoul stood near the foot of his class in college. Sir Walter Scott was called a dullard when a boy. Patrick Henry, whose oratory stirred the hearts of the F. V.'s, was too stupid a boy to keep on the shady side of a tree under which he would lie, like an unthinking brute, the live-long day. How often we are startled to find that the dull whom we pitied, if we did not deride, in our school days, is now the astute lawyer, the skilled physician, the profound writer, or the princely merchant, leaving us, once his superiors, wondering—

"Upon what meats does this Oscar feast, That he hath grown so great?"

Pen Pictures of Persons and Places.

(Jose Shepard in the Golden Era for July.)

Of all the writers of the second empire, Alexander Dumas was to be classed with the eccentric as well as the original, with the vain and vulgar as well as the most popular and romantic. In those fantastic days, when the mania for novelty held unlimited sway in the hearts of the people; when caprice controlled the sentiments and emotions of the literati and men of popular talent; when a canopy of voluptuous liberty spread its folds of peace and pleasure, from the democratic old Bastille to the refined boundary of the Arc de Triumphant; when one would look for a more subtle influence in the undercurrent of affairs than that displayed in novelist and actor—it was difficult to understand how a man like Dumas could hold his weapons of defence in the face of his worst foes, without becoming a subject, in a measure, of the very managers and actresses who regaled themselves on the products of his singularity and selfishness. This modern Bacchus like all the rest, loved wine, women and the *cuisine*; which he boasted, in his old age, were his glory, his inspiration, and his life; or, in effect, none save Dumas could see a three-volume novel in the lustrous eyes of a Mercklen, concoct a tragedy from a half-hour's conversation with a "problem" of French society, gain intellectual strength from the smoke of a cooking dinner, from the fumes of a roasting pig, or inspiration from an uncorked bottle of Bordeaux. The musical voices of talented women who crowded in on him from time to time sounded in his mind as the music of the spheres, from whose key-note he would catch the harmony of a whole scale of unwritten romances and unimagined scenes. Their smiles were to him a sign of that *dois for niente* which he expected and waited for in his declining days; their flattery was a stimulant whose fire knew no reaction; being fed with the oil of youth and beauty, the flame of old age was kept flickering; sometimes high, sometimes low, yet never dim for a moment; for what flattery failed to accomplish, device, illusion, and novelty attained. This last for Dumas was the spice that flavored the soup of existence; nothing would go on well without it, and everything grew stale when intrigue was wanting; fancy played with folly and virtue shook hands with vice. Histalent, such as it was, had a peculiarity wholly Parisian, which exactly harmonized with the social, dramatic, and literary tone of the day. In a certain sense he was profound when dealing with the foibles and follies of the human heart, but it was, in spite of a clear and far-reaching knowledge, a profundity limited to fixed rules, methods and principles, which, perhaps, were not original with him, but which he carried perfectly home to manipulate to his own selfish satisfaction and interest. Dumas lived by the day, and so long as he possessed means to entertain his friends at a good dinner or an extraordinary supper, he was satisfied. Shortly after my arrival in Paris, I had the good fortune of being present at a formal *soiree* at his residence on the Boulevard Malesherbes, and I determined to throw some light on certain doubts and mysteries concerning the peculiar beliefs and convictions of the novelist. Strange as it may appear, in Paris all sorts of contradictions come from the friends of a man like Dumas, so that I could not content myself with anything I heard concerning his moral or religious views. It was a gala evening, and one never to be forgotten. A *salon* filled with a coterie of wit, beauty and talent of Paris in her last days of luxury and extravagance. It seemed to me that these mysterious nights, the memory of which haunts the mind like some dream or tale relating to persons and places beyond the reach of actual experience; too weird to be real; too illusive to be lasting; whose moods, manners, and customs seem to be of the fancy, yet physical; of the visionary, yet practical. Indeed the evening was one of paradoxical feeling and imagination. The very walls of the apartment were suggestive of the man, and I pressed me strongly with a feeling akin to wonder mingled with mystery, when I thought of the *back-ground* influence under which this strange writer lived and worked. There were Faust, Marguerite and Mephisto, looking so natural and magnetic that even the most *blase* person could not fail to appreciate the *ensemble*.

The company in general were in harmony with the strange air of the place. They seemed to be in their natural element, and were at home in this peculiar sphere of mental excitement. Actresses, authors, musicians, singers, poets, and painters were leavened into one sympathetic mass, under the influence of Dumas' presence; and jealousy, so common in such phases of French society, gave way to feelings of amiability and perfect contentment most astonishing to a stranger.

The beautiful and fascinating Jennie Dose, then at the summit of her popularity, lent a charm to the general conversation and grace to the supper table. During the evening a number of proof-sheets were brought to be looked over. Hardly a glance was given at the papers, while the novelist laid them aside with as little concern as if nothing had engaged his attention.

"You have not read it all," said Mme. Dose, with a look of surprise. "It was

nothing," responded Dumas; "it takes me less time to read a chapter than it does to write a page." "And how many times do you read it?" asked the author. "I read it once," he replied. "When it is my own production," continued he, "I read four, when it is of another, two." "Ah! I see," said Mme. Dose, laughing, "you skim over the book." "Yes, but in skimming I always manage to take the cream and leave the milk," said Dumas. "Your judgment of character," I asked, "must be formed much in the same way as you would read a manuscript?" "I concentrate on the characters," he replied, "but I form my judgment of individuals from the feelings they inspire in me; I feel the presence of a character, but I see the plot and scenes of a romance." These words were spoken with an air of lethargic ease so common to Dumas in his last years, and which suited well the *tout ensemble* of his corpulent frame. But at the same time his peculiar gravity made a curious contrast to the brilliant bevy of around him. Like Bacchus in the midst of beauty and old wine, the more the beauty, the greater the favor and bounty; the older the wine the more sparkling the wit.

After a sumptuous supper, I had the privilege of conversing with Dumas in a kind of private *salon* where he preferred to see his friends. There was any thing of personal importance to be talked over. What a study was here for the student of human nature! The longer I looked at the man the more my curiosity was aroused to know more of his life history. I could not help wondering at the strange contradictions in his life, in his habits, his manners, personal appearance, talents, and striking anomaly I had yet encountered. His forehead was low and undeveloped; his hair covered with a profusion of dark woolly hair; dull, heavy eyes; swarthy complexion; rather short and flat nose; large mouth; thick, gross lips; small, round chin; the lower portion of his face fat and bloated, a perfect type of a human porker, and three hundred pounds of weight nearly as thick and lethargic; yet his intellect and will were as keen and acute as ever. He was without doubt, at that time, a well defined picture of a Parisian *ronde*, without a spark of hopeful philosophy, simply waiting for anything that might occur to distract his fancy and turn his thoughts from serious matters. And yet there was doubtless another side to this mixture of gross materiality and seeming callousness. There was somewhere in his composition a profounder, more philosophical vein of meditation than he was wont to display in his writings and general conversation. But, like a large class of his countrymen at that epoch, his thought, when it grew serious, took a form of rank pessimism which he hid from his intellect and in a few lucid remarks that I have never forgotten.

I thought my time had come to broach the subject of immortality, so I said: "I believe, M. Dumas, you have had considerable experience in psychical investigations, are you satisfied about the future?" "I have witnessed many curious phenomena," he answered, "but I am still in doubt concerning a future existence. I account for the strange things I have experienced, by the laws and forces of magnetism, which I believe in with all my heart. I am a materialist, and believe that consciousness ends here."

I was pained to witness the sad expression the face of the old novelist wore when he spoke these words, and it seemed like throwing a dark mantle over the gayeties of the evening; but I shall never forget the weight of hidden grief and care that seemed to crush his spirit when he said in a sad voice: "I have lost all my friends now; those I knew in youth are gone, and those I have loved in age have passed away; not one friend is left for me now in the days of my old age. I have tried to believe in a hereafter, but can not content my mind with the thought; I could die happy if I but knew I should see those I must follow the comrades of my triumphs of the past, and go out like them, as a candle goes out before the winds of eternity." By this time the singing of a prima donna in the next room attracted his attention, and we closed the conversation to join the crowd of light-hearted pleasure-seekers. Dumas was the bright star of attraction to them all, as they swarmed around him, with their tongues laden with flattery; this was to him the incense which perfumed his material existence, and stimulated the nervous force of his old age; the smiles of a witty woman were more to him than the glory of a conquering army. Dumas loved all that was brilliant and fresh and new. To please the senses was all he desired and worked to attain. Art, with him, held a high place in his heart, but *self* came first, and feasted at the table of his nature's bounty, until he grew fat and entertaining in his knowledge of the world and the human heart. As Balzac wrote his own experience. As Balzac wrote his own experience, so Dumas dipped his pen in the tears of dissipated, grief-stricken women, that the dye of his prolific productions might stain the pages of another generation. Unlike George Sand, Dumas worked in a field of fiction governed altogether by passion, mysticism, and sensation, while

George Sand wrote for the elevation of a liberal religious sentiment then on the decline in France. Well do those remember how, on that memorable night when Rostopkin stepped upon the first stage of Paris, fresh from Rome with her newly-won laurels, Dumas cried "Bravo, bravo," and was the first to lead in a scene of wild enthusiasm, while Rachel was led to seek appreciation in the new world. Dumas could never forgive an artist who refused to present his fantastic creations to the public for which he wrote. He never forgave Rachel for looking upon certain of his plays with the contempt which they deserved from so great an actress. His work was for the pastime of those who were devoted to the caprices and fantasies of adventure; for those who were ever ready to devour novelty in literature without depth or philosophy; his time and talent were spent in manufacturing food for a certain class of Parisian society, for which they are ever waiting, like fish for crumbs.

Dumas and Aubert marked an era in the literature and music of France; the former the national novelist, the latter the national composer. Upon the death of Dumas came a void in sensational novel-writing; with the death of Aubert came a lull in popular operatic music so well suited to the tastes and customs of the people. At present, there is scarcely one of the galaxy of artists, singers, writers, and musicians that gave lustre and fame to Paris under the empire; Dumas, George Sand, Offenbach, Rachel, Aubert and Hugo, Gosses, Faure, Schneider, Carvalho, Galli, Nilsson and Viardot Garcia no longer able to sing; and a host of lesser lights, now grown imbecile, and passing into oblivion.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

A Visit from the Angels.

"And man was created a little lower than the angels," was written in the centuries ago, and when my little friends, Lottie and Essie Colby, whose parents reside at 822 Mission street, came to see me the other day, and my loved ones in the spirit land came and conversed with me, I said, "Truly, I have angel visitors."

The manifestations were very remarkable, consisting of table tipplings and moving of a large table about the room with so much force that there seemed to be the strength of a giant used, while all we could see was Lottie standing by the table.

The mind of the child did not seem to know what the table or chairs would do, and I asked many mental questions and they were invariably answered correctly. Two questions I asked in a silent manner related to business that I thought might be transacted in Sacramento that day, and received an answer in the negative. In the evening I received word from parties interested that corroborated the communication. To some of my questions that I propounded audibly I received answers by the modulations of the table; the medium also gave beautiful answers, some that were verified in a few hours.

Little Essie, a mere tot, looking more like an angel than a human being, wrote the following: The rose is my favorite flower, Though its leaves will wither and fall, And its perfume pass on an hour, Still it lives in my heart forever and ever and all.

After the table became quiet and we were standing about the room, a beautiful Indian spirit came and stood beside Lottie. I saw him so plainly I cried right out, and told the children how I saw him, and that he told me his name was White Feather and he had the most beautiful white feathers in his hair. The spirit was as plain and natural as a human being would be, and his countenance was one that betokened an intelligent mind.

These children are beautiful mediums and their answers concerning business questions are perfectly wonderful. They are both too young to understand questions concerning law matters, stocks, land-sales, etc., but the spirit band that control them are wise and far-seeing. Myself and many others for some time have been astonished and pleased to witness these manifestations.

Now I feel the time has come that the seekers for truth ought to know that these little people possess these beautiful gifts, so that they may be a help and a blessing to the world. ABRA L. HOLTON. SAN FRANCISCO, July 17, 1887.

LAWYERS AND DOCTORS AS FREETHINKERS.—The lawyers are probably less inclined to skepticism than the doctors, because the legal mind is closer akin to the theological mind; it has chiefly to do with arbitrary and artificial questions and distinctions, and is brought less under the influence of natural causes than that of the medical practitioner. The lawyer falls into personal and exclusive views; he makes the cause of his client his own; and the whole training is to beget a haughty mind quite the opposite of the intuitive. The physicians were the first to discredit witchcraft and to write against it, but the lawyers cherished and defended the belief nearly as long as did the clergy. The legalism, too, which has invaded Christianity, and which is such a repulsive feature in certain of the creeds, especially that of Calvinism, is the work of the attorney habit of mind.—John Burroughs, in the "Open Court."

A Useful Lesson.

(Extract from independent state message, through the mediumship of Fred Evans, Copied from the Golden Gate.)

This morning I will recite to you the experience of two spirits, good and bad, who joined the spirit ranks recently. It will perhaps prove to you and others the advisability of developing spiritual growth while on the earth plane, for really the earth is a crucible in which the cross should be left, so that the soul may come as pure as possible to the spirit world.

All the many trials, tribulations and disappointments you experience on earth are only to make you more meek and lowly, unselfish, by giving you experimental knowledge of your fellow beings' sufferings, so that your heart may go out to them in sympathy.

Your earthly plane will be likened to a furnace or forge, and you mortals to iron. Our great Master is the worker who puts you through the furnace of troubles and tribulations so that he can bend and mould you to the fashion of his desire, which is that you would do to others voluntarily as you would that others should do to you.

To those who want only combat against these lessons taught them while on earth, remains another lesson when they reach the spirit world.

This is why I have taken the case of these two spirits who recently came to the spirit world.

The spirit who developed spiritual growth on earth will call A., and the spirit who had no desire for spiritual progression, but had developed a selfish disposition which is in enmity with the teachings of our Great Master, we will call B. I was present at both their transitions to spirit life. A. had attracted around her spirits of the second sphere, who at once carried her to that sphere, after hurriedly going through with the preliminaries of the first sphere of which I have written to you before. There she was immediately installed in her beautiful home among loving spirit friends—a home her acts had prepared for her while she was yet on earth. She had sown the good seed and was now reaping the harvest. But alas! it was quite different with B. This spirit yearned for the earth where all the seed of her selfish motives were scattered. She wanted to stay and gather the harvest in. She realized that all the time she had spent on earth was lost, that all the scheming for her own gain at the risk of others' loss, counted for naught. Her spiritual growth was so stunted and narrow that she could see nothing bright beyond the earth plane. This was dark before her. It was only after a desperate struggle that the spirit was separated from the body, a struggle that was agonizing to her friends. For a long time after leaving the body this spirit would hover around her earthly haunts, where I can assure you she was perfectly miserable. And here comes the great danger. A spirit of this undeveloped type seeks a weak minded mortal, expresses itself through this mortal and obsesses him to do the same acts that gratified the spirit when on earth, and goes on like a disease, spreading until our missionary spirits, of whom I have also written you already, work for the redemption of the happy one, and at last lead him to the path of progression which our Great Father has marked out for all his children. Let this suggest to you the advantage of spiritual development and desire to follow our Great Master's teachings.

Second Adventism.

[Boston Investigator.]

This singular Christian delusion—founded on the Bible—still holds its ground. Our readers are doubtless aware of the curious programme that the Second Adventists have got up for the world's conflagration, and if we are not mistaken it is on this wise: Jesus and his angels are to come in the clouds, and after setting the earth on fire and burning it to a cinder, they descend on the run, when the smoke has cleared away, and take possession. Meanwhile, or during the burning, the saints (or the Second Adventists) are to be "caught up in the air," where they remain until the earth is suitably prepared for their reception, when the "New Jerusalem" is to come down out of Heaven, and the whole concern are to descend together in a body—whether on Boston Common or in the Garden of Eden, we are not advised.

After this, the devil is to be caught and chained up somewhere for a thousand years, (we would suggest that he be knocked in the head) during which long spell there is to be a millennium, and the saints being the inheritors of the earth and the possessors of it, are to have a downright good time all by themselves! And this ridiculous jargon is actually believed by thousands of people! Why? Well, we hardly know, except that they find it in the Bible, that great fountain of superstition, when read with the eye of faith, and reason is held in abeyance. We have heard of a heathen philosopher who, it is said, died laughing at the follies of mankind, and we scarcely wonder at it, though we should think more of his wisdom if he had tried to cure them.

A MAN too busy to take care of his health is like a mechanic too busy to take care of his tools.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS:

By J. J. OWEN.

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

SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

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

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

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

As to the contents of the book we can not speak too much praise. The selections are principally made up from the best things which have for several years been written for the Mercury by Mr. J. J. Owen, and few equals on the coast and his "Sunday Talks" were penned in his happiest vein.—*Footlight*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The articles in "Sunday Talks" are written in an easy, flowing style, enchain the reader, and teaching grand doctrine. One lays down a new and original view of things, with a renewed confidence in mankind and a brighter opinion of the world. The poems are beautiful, and one in particular, "Across the Bar," if name were attached to the volume, would cause the production of some of the noted poets of the country. The poems have a similar tone to the ballads of B. F. Taylor, one of the sweetest poets of modern times. "Sunday Talks" should have a large circulation.—*Watsonville Physician*.

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

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

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

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SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1887.

A LESSON OF EVOLUTION.

There is no pleasure or happiness in unkind thoughts of, or ill-will toward a fellow being. Jealousy and envy poison the blood of whoever indulges therein, and are the source of physical ailments untold, while kind thoughts and generous actions are conducive of good health and long life.

There is in every human nature something of the brute from whence he has ascended. The state of one's spiritual unfoldment may be gauged by the extent to which he has overcome this brute nature and put all unworthy passions and ignoble thoughts beneath his feet.

And herein every individual may see himself as in a mirror. Does he find rancor in his heart, envy or revenge? does he think unkindly of another, or is he lacking in charity for another's failings,—just to that extent is he under restraint to the ancestral beast within him. Not until he sees the hideousness of this condition, and realizes that his own health of body and soul, and his happiness here and hereafter, depend upon the elimination of all of this element from his nature, can he begin to grow into the likeness of the Divine Manhood.

The evolution of humanity from the lower to the higher is a well demonstrated fact of creation. It may be difficult to determine it within the brief period of human history. In fact there may be apparent relapses where nations and peoples have seemingly degenerated—gone backward in the pathway of unfoldment. But there is an unwritten history of this planet reaching far beyond human history; and therein we see clearly set forth man's lowly origin.

As the astronomer ascertains the distances of the fixed stars by the angle of incidence taken at the remotest points of the earth's orbit around the sun, so we may determine the fact of man's evolution by going back far enough in his history for a starting point—to the time when, as some fierce anthropoid beast, he contended with his fellow beasts, and with the untamed elements of nature, for his existence. That such a time must have existed—nay, more, that still farther back in the work of creation there must have been a time when no vegetable or animal life did exist, or could have existed upon this planet; and then for vast eons of time only the crude forms that came to prepare the way for the existence of man;—are not these facts unmistakably written in the rocks?

So, as we compare man now with what in the nature of things he must have been, and note the mighty chasm he has spanned, we conclude his course is upward and onward, and must thus continue forevermore.

He has yet a long journey before him; but having come to his inheritance of soul, with god-like faculties of reason, he is no longer obliged to journey in the obscurity of darkness and ignorance. He can avail himself of a thousand helps his ancestors never had and never dreamed of—helps from the material and spiritual worlds—helps in the successful lives and ripe experiences of those who have gone the way before him.

And so we come, in a modest way, to reaffirm the truth that health and happiness can come only of right living and right thinking; and that the sooner we learn to be gentle and charitable, and magnanimous in our intercourse and dealings with our fellow beings, the sooner will we get started on the right road, and the better will be our chances for happiness in this life and the next.

A BEAUTIFUL CUSTOM.—The writer, on Saturday evening last, enjoyed the pleasure of attending a memorial party, given by that excellent medium and accomplished lady, Mrs. E. F. McKinley, of this city, in commemoration of the fourth anniversary of the birth of her father to spirit life. Her elegant parlors were well filled with old friends and neighbors, and all enjoyed the occasion as none can but those who know there is no death. A vacant chair, cushioned and decorated with roses, was placed for the absent one, and beside it sat the venerable mother who is patiently waiting to join her loved one on the other shore. Recitations, music and short speeches beguiled the hour, while all hearts overflowed with kind wishes for the aged mother whose honored earthly existence must soon terminate. Mr. and Mrs. McKinley are thrice blessed in their home, their family of beautiful children, and in their daily communion with their loved ones in the world beyond.

THE UNITY OF HUMANITY.

Humanity is linked together in indissoluble bonds, from the lowest and most undeveloped to the highest, purest and best. And the chain that binds the lowest to the greatest is not broken at the grave, but reaches out and on through the ever unfolding grades of spiritual existences and intelligences, binding angel and archangel in its mighty clasp of unbroken links, until it becomes welded to the heart of God. Not one is omitted—not one left to grope his way alone. Pursuing this symbol further, we may say, that this chain which binds the highest to the lowest, sweeps downward and outward through the lower forms of animal and vegetable life—through monad and protoplasm, and the mineral kingdom, to the infinite atom, where it finds God at the other end,—thus forming a mighty circle around and through which the Infinite Spirit is ever moving.

Thus linked, soul to soul, humanity is moving onward, from cycle to cycle, with the precision of the earth in its orbit, or the universe around some central sun. The individual, in his ignorance, may think himself a lonely wanderer through life—a fatherless waif, uncared for and forgotten of his Creator—but it is not so. The Infinite Arm is ever around him, and it will never forsake him, nor suffer a single soul to be lost.

In the light of this philosophy may we not behold man's true place in the economy of nature? May we not see his pathway of duty to himself and to his fellow-beings more clearly defined? And in this light how little and narrow seems that life that lives wholly for self—that has no broad and tender solicitude for the welfare of others.

And this is humanity's work: The strong to help the weak to bear their burdens of sorrow and care, that all may mount together to higher plains of life. Man best helps himself in doing good to others, for therein he unfolds his own spiritual nature. He becomes one with the Father in proportion as he does the Father's will.

How swift the gliding years! Look backward; O grey-haired sire, for a few brief moments. Where are the roscate years of thy youth?—where the sterner and soberer ones of thy manhood? It seems but a day, does it not, since the dawning of life's morning? And now that the horizon is closing in around thee, what dost thou see beyond? Art thou leaving any duty undone—ought that will sadden the memory of the future?

Is it not worth while for us all to consider how we can best build for the future—how secure the largest measure of peace and satisfaction in that home of the soul to which we are so rapidly drifting?

"PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF."

If Spiritualism does not make its votaries better for their belief—more charitable, more spiritual and gentle in their natures,—wherein is its other improvement over any other ism? Those of any religious beliefs do charitable acts from a sense of religious duty, or from fear of offending the God whom they worship. But whatever of fear, or sense of duty it may be, that prompts one to perform generous or noble acts, even though it be the blindest kind of Calvinism, has a sort of virtue in it, which is better than no virtue at all.

But it is of but little, if any, benefit to one's own nature to do good from fear or compulsion. The nature must be so unfolded that the act is spontaneous, before it will count for much. And it is upon this vantage ground of spiritual unfoldment that every Spiritualist should aspire to stand. It is surely the prompting of his belief, and the teaching of the spirit world with which he ought to be familiar.

But alas! how far we fall short of our ideals. Even Spiritualists, who ought to be "the salt of the earth," will sometimes indulge in scandal, and seemingly take delight in saying unkind things of their neighbors. If one commits a mistake, or some act of folly, or even a graver offense,—no matter how hard he may be trying now to do right, and thus atone for the past,—there are always those who are sure to remember it to his disadvantage, and dwell upon it as an unpardonable sin.

"To err is human." No one is perfect. There is no one who may not, at some time in his life, need the mantle of charity to cover his mistakes, or misdeeds. And surely if the gentle Teacher could forgive, and forgive, even unto seventy and seven times, we ought to be enough like him to overlook another's failings at least once.

The wrong-doer would have a sorry journey before him if all his misdeeds were to be forever regarded by his fellow-beings as insurmountable obstacles to his advancement. All proper growth in man must come from the stimulation and cultivation of his better qualities. He will always cease to do evil just as soon as he truly learns the better way. It is the duty of all good men and women to assist the ignorant

and erring in finding that better way, and helping them to walk therein. Who would harshly blame and condemn another, can in no sense be regarded as a reformer. To all such the great Teacher would say, "Physician heal thyself."

INTUITION?

The Bible is a convenient book to quote, for all classes of minds, as it can be interpreted to sustain all beliefs. But there are many things in it that must be taken literally, if at all. The declaration of Paul, that there is a spiritual body and a spiritual sight, can mean but one thing—what the simple words imply. Spiritual sight of the blind should convince all skeptics of the fact of a spiritual body, but they shun the conclusion by calling this unseen vision "Intuition." The spiritual sight of all blind does not fully develop in this life, but is clear in proportion to their clairvoyant powers, or so we suppose.

Probably the most remarkable instance of second sight of the blind, is that of a man just sentenced for murder in the second degree. When four years old he lost both eyes, and was from early manhood widely known as "Ohio's terror," from what were called his wicked "intuitions." He could travel at all times and in all weather alone; he could go where the best fruits, wild and cultivated, were to be found, and select for himself. Horseback was his favorite mode of travel, and his frightful speed was the astonishment of all. He was very quarrelsome, and never missed a blow aimed at an enemy. He recognized his friends and acquaintances beyond speaking distance, and would see them before they did him. He was often possessed by the spirit of rum, and under its influence he, with a companion, committed the crime that will doubtless end his earthly career. He had a wife and two children to distress by his misdeed. He was industrious when himself; could go on to a roof and do as good a day's work at shingling as those who had their physical sight. Had this man not been disposed to a vicious life, his remarkable vision might have been turned to good account both to himself and others, for was he not a natural seer?

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

We often think it passing strange that any one can live to years of understanding in this world, without there coming to him or her that which suggests the fact of a life beyond. But our surprise is lessened, that many who seek not receive nought, when we read of one who has been "trying for twenty-five years to find out the truth of Spiritualism, and never met with anything genuine, and therefore he is beginning to think the spirits are all counterfeits."

There is a great deal in the manner and spirit of seeking. Perhaps the person who thus confesses him or herself in the *Investigator*, set about with the intention of proving Spiritualism a fraud, which intention seems to meet with different results with different persons, according, no doubt, to the sincerity or levity that actuates them. Many persons seek the phenomena of Spiritualism as a mere amusement, and to such we believe hosts of invisibles stand ready to respond, for there are those in the other world, as well as this, that delight in deception and trickery, and who are all too ready to give what investigators expect. Still, many who go to scoff come away to pray, thanks to the higher powers that have the understanding of the two worlds at heart, and do all possible for the enlightenment of spirits in the body.

There are mediums in our city who could convince the *Investigator's* correspondent in twenty-five minutes that spirits are not all counterfeits, but mainly genuine, intelligent faces, who would surprise him or her by what they could tell.

KNIGHTS OF INFAMY.—A few days ago the telegraph wires were burdened with the triumphant information that public morals in Winchester, Ohio, had been boldly vindicated by twenty men kill a couple of courtesans, mother and daughter. They went in numbers to insure their own safety, battered down the door of the house, "overpowered" (?) two men inside, and dragged Mrs. Martin and her daughter, Lily, from the house, stripped and tied them to the door frame and whipped them with hickory switches until they were unconscious, and their bodies a shocking mass of bruises and bleeding flesh. On reviving, the mother was told that if they did not leave the country within twenty-four hours, they would be killed. But how did it fare with the men? Were they unmercifully beaten and sent home to their wives in shame? (they were married men.) No, indeed; no rude hand was laid upon them. They were gently dismissed, with the admonition that if again found in a house of that character, they too, would be whipped. The knights then rode off, doubtless feeling that they had done a deed that should shed its virtuous light upon their remaining days, even unto the grave. No coward can do a laudable act, and that these twenty men were the most arrogant of cowards, is proven by their expending their brute force upon two defenseless women, who were no more deserving of punishment than their companions so tenderly dismissed.

J. J. MORSE AT THE TEMPLE.—One of the largest and most intelligent audiences we have yet seen at Metropolitan Temple was present on Sunday evening last, to listen to J. J. Morse, the eminent trance speaker. That all were deeply interested was evident by the close attention paid to his discourse. Mr. Morse is a clear, logical, argumentative, and truly eloquent speaker. He invariably uses the right word in the right place, and makes his points with a clearness and vigor that is simply irresistible. The old attendants at the Temple find in him an excellent substitute for the eloquent and truly gifted Mrs. Watson who preceded him, but whose poor health will not yet admit of her return to the rostrum.

OUR ARTIST HEARD FROM.

In our issue of June 28th we published what purported to be a likeness of Spirit Stanley St. Clair, taken by himself independently between closed slates held in our own hands. It will be remembered that upon questioning this spirit he informed us that he was an artist who formerly resided in New Orleans, from which city he passed to the other life about fifteen years ago. He also informed us subsequently that he had no studio there, but did private work; also, that he studied his art in a town in northern Germany, a sketch of which place he gave us within the slates.

We sent the paper containing the likeness of the artist to a friend, an old resident and prominent citizen of New Orleans,—Mr. A. A. Brinsmade, Secretary of the Stock Exchange,—with the request that he make inquiry to ascertain if any such person as St. Clair ever lived there. His first letter in reply is dated June 29th, in which he says:

I have been trying, in compliance with your request, to learn something of your spirit artist—Stanley St. Clair—but as yet without success. An old acquaintance, Judge Brice, who I believe to be a Spiritualist, and who has lived in New Orleans forty years or more, has one copy of the *Golden Gate* of June 18th from me, and will endeavor to ascertain something about St. Clair. Mr. Seibold, a dealer in artists' materials, and who has known every artist here for over twenty years, does not know the name, but took a memorandum of it and will make all the inquiries possible. So if any artist of the name has lived and died in New Orleans during the last half century, I shall probably know something about him within the coming week.

A few days ago we received another letter from our friend, which we give entire:

MY DEAR MR. OWEN—I have but a moment to spare. Have just now seen a party who knew well Stanley St. Clair, an artist who had no studio, but painted pictures for friends, and who occasionally painted scenery at St. Charles Theater, who died in New Orleans some fifteen years ago. This party, however, says that the above portrait is not that of St. Clair. Three others say that the portrait resembles the face of an artist named Gebhardt, who died here at about the same time. Am taking much interest in this matter and will pursue investigations.

In haste, A. A. BRINSMADE.

Here we have the name, occupation and time of demise of our invisible artist, with the further fact that he had no studio, fully verified. But now comes in the discrepancy that the picture is "not a likeness of himself, but of somebody else. At our earliest opportunity we shall submit our friend's letter to Mr. St. Clair for an explanation."

BAD DOCTRINE.

"For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts: as one dieth, so dieth the other; yet they have all one breath; so that a man has no pre-eminence above a beast. All go unto one place: all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again. Wherefore, I perceive that there is nothing better than that a man should rejoice in his own work; for that is his portion: for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him?"—Eccles. ix.

The *Mariboro Times* calls this "pretty good doctrine." We should say it is the worst possible "doctrine," if it may be regarded as "doctrine" at all. It reduces man to the state of a beast, who also works but has no need of a doctrine; neither does he rejoice in his labor, but obeys with submissiveness with no other reward than his daily food.

Where is the sense of one working for the uplifting of humanity, if its benefits are to end with this imperfect state of being? Why should they be uplifted if they have no soul to fit for eternity? What is there to induce man to elevate and spiritualize his nature?

Had the entire human family entertained the belief that "man has no pre-eminence above the beast," the race would to-day still be living in caves and subsisting on whatever wild nature supplied them. The soul of man is his inspiration, and by its power has the world been turned into a paradise of beauty, and all its resources gradually made to serve his material wants. Not only this, but his spiritual faculties have penetrated the beyond, and he knows that, though his body will return its substance to the earth, the spirit has thus been freed from its gross and prepared for its true existence.

All might be brought to "see what shall be after them," if they so desired. There is daily communion with the so-called dead; millions talk with them, and yet the "perisheth-as-a-beast" nonsense is held up as the most rational of theories. If one inclines to live the dead life of a beast, it is well to make that creature a standard of comparison. Otherwise, if he look around him, he will find infinite emblems of his own immortal being.

MANY WAYS.

As the world has not yet recovered from its surprise over the first woman's exploit, it is always interesting to note what her sisters continue doing, and consider their growing influence. Miss Agatha Ramsey, of Girton College, excelled all the young men students in classics at Cambridge, and was the only one of either sex to pass in the first division. She is twenty years old. Another English woman, of Crewe, has created a sensation by being appointed town-crier and bill-poster. She does both by proxy, and has plenty of time to fit herself for a higher appointment, which she will doubtless receive in good time.

Dresden has a feminine sensation in an orchestra of women, all of whom are players of brass instruments. They have an engagement in Vienna for next Winter, where they are to play for a series of balls among the aristocracy. The duchess of Galliera has presented a petition of eighty-three thousand names of her countrywomen, to the municipality of Genoa, asking for the restoration of the statue of the Madonna above the gates, in recognition of the preservation of the town, during the recent earthquakes. It is human to look to some unseen power for protection in danger. Dumb creatures turn to man with the same trust when stricken by fear.

It is reported of the young women of Greece that they eagerly embrace all opportunities for a higher education. The Lyceum for Girls has a staff of seventy-six teachers, and one thousand five hundred pupils.

And so the good work goes on, in different ways and by various means, but all to the same end—woman's complete independence in all things that concern her life and its best development and fullest use.

H. C. WILSON'S MISSION.

The committee having charge of the matter of raising funds to defray the expenses of Bro. Wilson as a representative to the Eastern camp-meetings report good progress in their labors. Letters have been sent to most of the prominent Spiritualists of the State, and it is believed that they will call forth a liberal support.

Several mediums have volunteered benefit seances for the purpose, and on to-morrow (Sunday) evening a union mediums' seance will be held at Washington Hall, 33 Eddy street, at which Dr. Louis Schlesinger, Mrs. Eggert-Aitken, and several other excellent mediums will participate.

At the same place on Monday evening next, a grand benefit reception and literary entertainment will be given, consisting of a choice selection of songs, recitations, instrumental music, etc., to be followed by dancing. No pains will be spared to make the occasion thoroughly enjoyable.

On Wednesday evening next Dr. Schlesinger, assisted by Mrs. Aitken, will tender the cause a seance at his residence, 32 Ellis street, at which all will have the opportunity of a private sitting. A seance of this kind with the Doctor is so unusual that many will undoubtedly avail themselves of the opportunity.

Mrs. Allie Livingstone, the wonderful spirit artist, has also kindly tendered her services, and will give an exhibition of her beautiful mediumship in her spacious parlors, No. 631 McAllister street, on Wednesday evening.

It is the desire of the committee to give all a chance to contribute a mite to this work from which so much is expected. They hope that the friends in the country will vie with those in the city in pushing on the good work.

With all these influences at work there can be no doubt of a successful issue as far as the necessary funds are concerned. The earnestness of the many friends interested in his behalf must certainly imbue Bro. Wilson with a strong determination to make the most of the opportunity presented to familiarize himself with Eastern work and workers. We can heartily commend him to all "to whom these presents may come," as the mediums' friend.

Any contributions to aid in defraying the expenses of his mission, left at this office will be duly acknowledged by the committee.

AT LAST.

How slow, some times, is human decision, and human justice, when not spurred by necessity. It has at last given Galileo a monument, a column erected opposite the palace of the French embassy, wherein the famous astronomer was imprisoned in 1632. It bears the following inscription in Italian: "In the neighboring 'palace, belonging at the time to the Medici, 'was imprisoned Galileo, who was guilty of 'having seen the earth revolve around the sun. 'S. P. Q. R., MDCCCLXXVII."

The foregoing inscription certainly does full justice to the spirit of the times, that by persecution martyred one of the noblest and most patient lives that ever breathed upon Italian soil.

This monument itself is nothing, but the acknowledgment it bears upon its face must be gratifying to all institutions of men, but the Romish church, whose superior endowments would not, at one time, allow it to recognize more than the unaided eye of man and God could reveal. But "the world does move," the fact long ago having ceased to be a matter of question, and we presume it was enough glory for gentle Galileo that he announced a scientific truth that must be accepted, in spite of all the cardinals and popes, in time. The happiness of such souls is, they are at last understood and valued accordingly. They ask no other monument than that which memory builds in the world's history of thought, invention and discovery.

DEBT.

John Ruskin was a short time ago asked to aid in paying off a church debt, and thus answered the request: "I am sorrowfully amused at 'your appeal to me, of all people in the world.' 'The precisely least likely to give you a farthing.' 'My first word to all men and boys who care to 'hear me is: 'Don't get into debt.' 'Starve 'and go to heaven; but don't borrow.' 'Try 'first begging. I don't mind, if it's really needed 'beg, stealing. But don't buy things you can't 'pay for. And of all manner of debtors, pious 'people building churches they can't pay for, 'are the most detestable nonsense to me. Can't 'you preach and pray behind the hedges, or in a 'sand-pit, or in a coal-hole first?'"

Here is a wholesome opinion of that monster that sits upon the breast of the world, breaking its slumbers, and fretting its days. But it is held by many to be a necessary evil, and by still many others as no evil at all.

A loan is always regarded as an accommodation, but before it is repaid the borrower often feels he had better do have without it. Especially is this so if one sees beforehand no certain way of paying a debt, and that most persons who borrow do not, is the cause of their "financial difficulties." Human nature is not generally such as to take Mr. Ruskin's advice, but it would be well if more adopted the motto: "Never owe 'any man more than you are able to pay, and 'allow no man to owe you more than you are 'able to lose."

—An able reply by N. F. Ravlin, to the article published in our issue of July 9th, by T. Walde, published in our issue of July 9th, by T. Walde, entitled "Spiritual Reaction Among Mediums," will appear in our next issue.

Another large and delighted audience greeted that marvelous medium, Mrs. J. J. Whitney, on last Sunday evening at Assembly Hall, where again, with angel-clothed hands, she drew aside the delicately woven curtain which separates the invisible world from mortal gaze, and in its portal gave proofs of the verity of her utterances by greater ease or rapidity. This is indeed a holy place to Mrs. Whitney, who so beautifully ministers to its altar, and a sacred sanctuary to the thousands whose spiritual eyes have been opened and the light of truth permitted to gleam in and illumine their darkened vision. Oh, it is a fact sublime, that we find ourselves encompassed about by clouds of witnesses, of friends and kindred—loved ones, once our earthly companions, now inhabitants of another and a better world than even this world of ideas and of beauty, and that they may send us tender greetings through just such divinely appointed ministrations as Mrs. Whitney.

On opening, Mrs. Whitney said: "I am here to aid in placing this glorious religion rightly and properly before the people, and to this alone have I consecrated my life," and who can doubt but in that consecration both the spirit and mortal worlds are to be blessed. She is doing a great work now; we know of no one worker in the spiritual vineyard who is doing more to promulgate the grand basic principles of our glorious religion, but we feel that she is destined for a far broader field of action in the future. Her powers, which ever seem to increase, can not be confined in the narrow limits of one city or one country; in their very nature they must go out and reach to the uttermost parts of the earth.

The GOLDEN GATE, which is always ready to give all mediums full justice, as we are able to speak knowingly, soon discovered that Mrs. Whitney had gifts of no ordinary character. She has given us repeatedly the most astonishing proof of the truth of this conclusion, and whenever she may go she has our highest endorsement as a medium of unquestionable powers, and a lady of integrity and honor. We are, however, not to lose her as soon as was anticipated; her Eastern trip has been postponed for a short period, as her guides thought best to wait until the excessive heat was over there.

Besides the great interest in the communion of spirit at these meetings, the music is fine, and altogether the services are most attractive. The large and intelligent audiences, which congregate from week to week, is complimentary enough to any spiritual teacher.

"GONE UP IN SMOKE."

We see these words often heading the account of a destructive conflagration, which we read and are shocked. But what of that other and perpetual fire, that sends up in smoke every month a value more than double the average monthly loss occasioned by fires—the consumption of tobacco? Every nation is said to have its vice, this is ours, with liquor added, for tobacco and whisky are boon companions.

Moderate smokers and moderate drinkers are talked of, but they are simply ideals; there are veterans and beginners, but no grade between, for there is no moderation in a vice—it is growing and destructive so long as indulged.

Our cigarette cost six million five hundred thousand a year, smoking tobacco twenty millions, and chewing tobacco fifty millions. Similar statistics are given to the reading public every year, and to most persons they convey but one idea—that we are a growing people, and a prosperous people, who are enjoying more of the luxuries of life as time goes on!

We believe it does little, if any good, to write or speak against the evil of the tobacco habit, but it is a hope for the young and innocent that will ever prompt the pen to speak. More boys might be saved from its curse if all parents were strictly opposed to it; but it is surprising how blind and ignorant so many are to the evil.

But few persons can be convinced of its injuriousness, though they can be shown what a drain it is upon their income. The writer knows two nice boys, fifteen and seventeen respectively, who lost their father two years ago, when both found situations at ten and fifteen dollars a month, one in town, the other in the country. After a few weeks they came home Sundays with cigars in their mouths, to visit with mother and sisters. The youngest smokers consume no less than two cigars a day, which, at only five cents each, will amount to thirty-six dollars and fifty cents a year. Wages may increase, but so does the appetite for tobacco, that must then be had at whatever cost. How much money will these boys have to their credit when they are twenty-five? It is safe to say, not a dollar. Thousands of our boys are beginning life in this way. If parents were not insensible to this ruin of their sons, they would, it seems, go insane with grief.

"EYES TO THE BLIND."

The latest missionary enterprise is a most sensible one—that of distributing spectacles among the poor, and certainly nothing could be more kind. The mission is credited to Dr. Edward Waring, who years ago took it upon himself to distribute spectacles among the inmates of St. Giles' Workhouse and the sick of Cleveland Street Asylum.

The distribution of books, papers, flowers, fruit and food and clothing among the sick and poor, require time, but not the pains and real labor of fitting several hundred pairs of eyes with glasses suited to their varying ages. With this plan, the relief and comfort, such a mission would bring, is inestimable to those forced to live in blindness, and without even an amusement because of failing sight. Supplying this, is truly a spiritual work. It is that of Spiritualism itself, and how many eyes it has opened to the light, how many feet directed in new and smoother

ways, and how many hands has it given benign missions! The way is not only pointed out, but it is illuminated, that none may go astray, persons departing from the ranks of churchism, which is "eyes to the blind" and sweetest consolation to the sorrowing.

W. J. COLVILLE'S FUTURE WORK IN SAN FRANCISCO.—We are informed by the manager that the prospects for a successful season under the ministrations of Mr. Colville are so favorable as to justify opening the meetings in a manner never before attempted in this city. A most attractive program has been arranged for the first Sunday in September, including a choice selection of vocal gems by W. J. Colville, tenor; J. W. Maguire, baritone; Mme. Fries-Bishop, one of the prominent teachers of vocal music, in Boston, soprano, and Miss E. Beresford Joy, whose sweet and artistic rendering of joyous solos was one of the most attractive features of the meetings during her engagement at the Metropolitan Temple, as contralto. A short time later additional attractions in the musical service will be presented by a fine tenor singer from Boston. Under the inspiration of such a grand musical service the guides of Mr. Colville, who are remarkably susceptible to the influence of music, will undoubtedly be able to inspire this wonderful instrument of the spirit world to a degree surpassing all previous attainments. Mr. Morton has engaged Assembly Hall for Monday evening, Sept. 5th, for a grand reception and celebration of the birthday of Mr. Colville, tendered by his numerous friends and admirers in this city. On this occasion a musical, literary and dramatic entertainment will be presented, closing with an hour for social interchange. An early application will be necessary to secure the choice of seats at the Sunday service.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Dr. James A. Bliss has opened a Sanitarium and Developing Institute, at Watrousville, Mich.

—Mr. J. J. Morse opened his private lessons in metaphysics with an earnest and intelligent class of sixty members.

—"Count Tolstoi, the famous Prussian writer," the types made Mrs. Holton say, in her article, last week. Of course they should have said "Russian writer" instead.

—Mrs. J. J. Whitney will hold but two more public sances at present—on Sunday evenings, July 24th and 31st. Mrs. Whitney will not leave for the East until about Sept. 1st.

—A Los Angeles subscriber, writing to renew his subscription, says: "The lectures of Bro. 'Morse alone, published in the GOLDEN GATE, are worth a year's subscription to the paper.'"

—A subscriber, writing from Ashland, Ky., to renew his subscription, says: "I hope ere many months to place the GOLDEN GATE in many families here, for it is the favorite paper with all who read spiritualistic papers."

—Jesse Shepard, the wonderful musical medium, is displaying some remarkable gifts as a writer. His pen picture of Alexander Dumas, which we copy in the present issue of the GOLDEN GATE, is as fascinating as the best of Dumas' novels. It will repay a perusal.

—Mrs. Foye has returned from her Eastern trip much sooner than she intended. She found Chicago climate too much for her; her health gave way under it, and she was obliged to return at once to "God's country." But she did a good work in Chicago during the brief period she remained there.

—The Carbolic Smoke Ball, for the cure of catarrh (and very many people are more or less afflicted with that disgusting malady) is one of San Francisco's medicinal sensations. This remedy is said to be a "dead shot" for all poison or impurities in the blood. Read the advertisement in the GOLDEN GATE.

—Our enterprising neighbors, Brother and Sister Schlesinger, are about to change their *Carrier Dove* from a monthly to a weekly. It will be printed in its present shape, each number containing twenty pages with an illustration. The price per annum will be the same as at present—ten cents per single copy. May success crown their new efforts.

—A Susanville subscriber for the GOLDEN GATE sends us the names of two additional subscribers, kindly adding: "Wish I could get the paper in every family in the community. I regard it as an honor to the profession of journalism, and the ablest and purest exponent of 'the sublime and beautiful teachings of—shall I say Spiritualism, or Christ? This is perhaps rather strong endorsement of heterodox literature to come from a Methodist, but it is my 'honest judgment nevertheless.'"

INTEMPERANCE IN EATING.—I have come to the conclusion that more than half the disease which embitters the middle and latter part of life is due to avoidable errors in diet, and that more blame lies in the form of actual disease, of impaired vigor, and of shortened life, of encumbrance to civilized man. . . . In England and throughout Central Europe, from erroneous habits of eating than from the habitual use of alcoholic drinks, considerable as I know that evil to be.—Sir H. Thompson.

The great worries of life are the so-called "little things" which are from day to day left unadjusted, till they fasten their victim like a net. The men who die from overwork are not so much decimated by their great useful labors as by the vexatious trifles which accumulate till they produce a chronic fever and unrest.

GOLDEN GATE.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Status of Spiritualism.

BY DR. JOHN ALLYN.

To compare spiritual things with cosmical world building processes, Spiritualism is in the nebulous condition. All the globes of space have undoubtedly passed through that condition countless aeons before they could become the nursery grounds for human spirits in the physical form. It was contrary to the order of natural processes that they should remain in that condition. It must either go on to more efficient organization and working methods, or be reduced to individual mediums whose function it is to pay license as fortune-tellers, and convince a few inquiring skeptics of the fact of a future life. If this latter is all that Spiritualism has to do to it is scarcely worth laboring to promote, for all these materialists will find their mistake in a few years, when they pass out of the body.

Spiritualists often boast of their numbers. They would it were better to inquire of the quality and working efficiency of these hosts. That Spiritualism has redeemed many from bad habits and regenerated them morally is well known, but when we compare it with the working processes of religious societies which are often spoken disparagingly of, as to efforts to extend its principles, it does not appear to advantage. Comparisons are undoubtedly odious to those who are reproved thereby. But one of the objects of inspiration was "for reproof," and the comparisons we may make are to arouse Spiritualists to more efficient efforts.

It is an easy matter to point out that love and good will are desirable and blessed conditions of the mind, but there is not a more arduous duty of those who have received the great light, to set in motion causes that may lead to that result in greater numbers.

The Young Men's Christian Association is undoubtedly doing a great deal of practical good. They get money from those who have a surplus, thereby doing them a service. They build buildings, establish reading-rooms and places of meeting. When a young man goes into a city from the country, or from a distant city, he can be surrounded by influences that to some extent compensate for the home influences he left. It helps him to form business connections, and often gives a help most sadly needed to lead a moral life. This Association is a feeder of the churches. It is by practical work and social influences that the church is enabled to hold its ground. It is not by its system of theology as expressed in its creeds, for no body believes in them as they used to fifty years ago.

A similar organization has recently been formed by the Catholics, called the Young Men's Institute whose object is said to be "to elevate each other morally and intellectually to a nobler plane than the society already has in this, its parent state. Such organizations are commendable, and a hopeful sign of the times in these days of hoodlumism and fast living; and illustrates the saying of Paul that where sin abounds, grace shall much more abound.

I wish now to call attention to another branch of our subject of vital and practical importance to the welfare and progress of Spiritualism. Some twenty years ago, the Rev. Mr. Blakeslee, an educated and ordained clergyman of the Congregationalists, mounted his horse and canvassed the settled portions of the Pacific newspaper, the organ of the sect. He spent many years of his life in this laborious and poorly paid occupation, and did much to enable the paper to continue its circulation. He has since gone to his reward. By such heroic and self-sacrificing efforts, this comparatively small denomination was enabled to keep alive a weekly paper to defend and advocate its cause.

Some twenty years ago, a spiritual paper was established, and continued for several years. Then, as now, some labored without pecuniary compensation to make it useful. But eventually it failed for lack of patronage, leaving its editor impoverished. Now our population is greatly increased and Spiritualism is also increased in greater proportion. Two years ago, a spiritual paper was established by a journalist who had achieved an enviable reputation in his profession. He has labored to make the paper what it should be, and has succeeded admirably. His heart is in the work and he devotes himself unsparingly to his task. He is ably assisted by his better half. He has endeavored by original investigation, to extend the phenomena in a scientific manner upon a solid basis. He has succeeded so as to call forth the plaudits of European critics. He has also, with great skill, adapted the paper to the needs of every class of readers without running into that personal vituperation which has so marred the productions of better patronized papers. Without complaining or in the least indicating that the paper is likely to fail, I am prepared to say that to enable the editor to make it most efficient—to do all that such a paper may do—it is necessary that its subscription list should be doubled. All that is necessary to accomplish this, is, that those Spiritualists who have been blessed by this greatest and best dispensation of spiritual light that has ever come to the world, should adequately feel the importance of

this work. Let every one work in ways that his good sense will suggest. Those who are able to pay for ten copies should do so, that they may circulate where they will do the most good. Those who are able to take two copies should do that. And all should exert their personal influence to accomplish this beneficent work. If Spiritualists desire the respect of their contemporaries, let them deserve it. If they allow this paper to languish for lack of adequate support, so as to be unable of being and doing all it is capable of, Spiritualists should hang their heads for shame.

J. W. FLETCHER, 6 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., gives diagnosis of disease from lock of hair; also business advice. Terms, \$2.

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

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

W. J. Colville's Sunday Services will commence in Assembly Hall, Old Fellows' Building, September 4th. Classes in Spiritual Science—embracing the salient principles in Metaphysical and Mental Healing, Mind, Prayer, and Faith Cure, and Spiritual Science will be held in Assembly Hall, Mondays and Thursdays at 10 A. M. and 8 P. M.

Classes in Hamilton Hall, Oakland, Fridays at 3 P. M., and lectures the same day at 7:30 P. M. Fees for a course of twelve lessons in Spiritual Science, \$5.

Admission to Sunday services 10 cents; reserved seats 25 cents. Monthly tickets, with reserved seat, \$1.

Membership in Classes and reserved seats for Sunday Services can be secured on application, in person or by letter, at 210 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

Albert Morton. July 23-24 BUSINESS MANAGER.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHICAL SERVICES AT Metropolitan Temple, by the Golden Gate Religion and Philosophical Society, every Sunday, at 11 A. M. J. J. Morse, the celebrated inspirational speaker, will answer questions in the trance state, and will lecture in the evening. Children's Lyceum at 12:30 P. M. All services free.

PROF. WAIT'S CLASS NOW MEETS AT DRUID Hall, 413 Sutter street, every Sunday evening, at 8 o'clock. (Is giving the instruction within the walls of the hall, the price for the Course of Twelve Lectures has been reduced to \$2.50. Single admission, 25 cts.)

ASSEMBLY HALL, OLD FELLOWS' BUILDING, Metropolitan Temple, on Sutter Street, every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock, Mrs. J. J. Whitney. Test Medium, gives tests from the platform.

OKLAND SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION MEETS every Sunday at Grand Army Hall, 419 Thirteenth Street, Oakland. Children's Lyceum at 12:30 P. M. Lecture and Conference Meeting at 7:30 P. M. Dr. C. C. Peet, President, San Francisco, will occupy the platform until further notice.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 1 P. M., in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Good speakers upon all 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. Andrew's Hall, No. 114, Larkin street. Interesting addresses, followed by tests by the mediums. Admission, free.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PROGRESSIVE SOCIETY, of Chicago, meets in Avenue Hall, corner of Wabash Avenue and 22d Street, Chicago, every Sunday Evening, at 7:45.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Advice to Mothers. Mrs. WISLIZEN'S REMEDY should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best remedy for diarrhea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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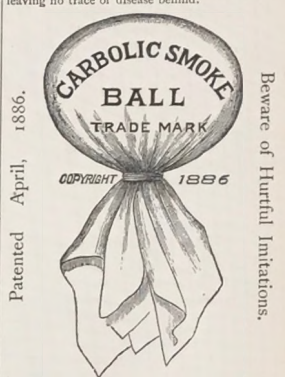
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SAN FRANCISCO, January 7, 1887. CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL CO., 525 Market St., S. F. GENTLEMEN—I can attest to the wonderful efficacy of your great "Smoke Ball" recently in treating Neuritis and Headache caused by Catarrh. You can publish this if you like. I am well known to the coast, having lived here thirty years. I. G. McCALL, General Agent Erie Railroad Co., 12 Montgomery St.

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Scientific Investigation of Spiritualism.

(From a lecture by Clegg Wright in "The Better Way," as the Report of the Seybert Commission.)

You can not trust this great question to any man or commission. It does not rest in any degree between you and mortals. The phenomena can be, and they are, demonstrated in your own experience, but the experience must be wholly yours and not that of any other person in the smallest measure. Every other man's spiritual experience is worthless to you except in so far as it supplements and confirms your own, and yours is worthless to every other man except in these limited regards. Therefore, where one sees a great deal of truth in phenomena, another may not see any, and where one sees fraud, or thinks he does, another may note its entire absence. Remember that there are millions of men and women who will accept anything in preference to the spiritual hypothesis, and that they will do many unseemly things to establish their suspicion that it ought not to be accepted by anybody.

If the Seybert Commission would do as did the Dialectical Society of London—a society composed of the leading men of thought in that metropolis—they would have spiritual manifestations in full sufficiency. The gentlemen of the Dialectical Society learned the conditions under which a circle should sit, and then they inaugurated a series of sittings strictly in accord with these conditions, and they received some of the most sublime manifestations of spirit power and presence yet granted to mortals. Their skepticism was wholly cured, and they were their own physicians in its treatment. The way is open for the Seybert Commission to pursue the same course with an equivalent result, and if they do this faithfully their work will bring joy to the world.

During the investigations conducted by the Dialectical Society, George Sexton was convinced of the intelligence of spiritual manifestations, and that behind them existed a mighty Power, which men called God. For convenience, the Society was divided into several circles. In that in which Charles Bradlaugh sat no phenomena occurred, but in the next circle there were the most wonderful manifestations. Robert Owen was brought out of the gloom of a dark belief to the most glorious light, and many of the great souls of the age date their enfranchisement from these incisive and sensible investigations. Still, many of the phenomena were the same as those so rashly reported upon at Philadelphia, and shall we say that the manifestations which came to the members of the Dialectical Society were fraudulent because these men of the Commission cry fraud in view of their counterpart? Could there be so superior an insight into the subject at Philadelphia as to demonstrate that those things which appeared as genuine spirit phenomena to the scientific men of England were found to be only the clap-trap and chattering of legerdemain? Does anybody believe or suspect it?

This is a large subject and we are speaking to-night in the interest of untold myriads of mortals and spirits. In India alone, there are 16,000,000 Spiritualists and in the remainder of the world a moderate estimate counts 4,000,000 more. It is ridiculous to suppose that 20,000,000 persons are conniving together to cheat the rest. It is absurd to suppose that such a combination could exist, even if it could be formed, but Spiritualism is broadening and deepening everywhere, and gaining thousands of adherents every day, and yet, in the sense we now understand it, it is not yet forty years old. The cry of fraud is an insult to the intelligence of the age. While it might be very easy for one man to carry on a small fraud with success for a long time, it would be extremely difficult for two men to do this, and the more that were admitted to its secret machinations the greater would be the liability to detection and the more disastrous the downfall when it came; but here is a doctrine, or science, or whatever you may term it, which constantly challenges inquiry, and throughout the community we have it in every form conceivable, in private families, in home circles with little children as mediums, in public circles with professional mediums, and in societies of inquiry both public and private where every safeguard against fraud is adopted, and where deception is as impossible as sin in the heart of purity.

Can these gentlemen of the University of Pennsylvania stand before the world and declare that this movement toward the better light, whose gleams are more or less brilliant as the spiritual sight is clear or clouded, is wholly fraudulent and a deliberate cheat foisted upon the minds of the credulous?

When the atheist battles against Christianity he denounces it as a lie and a fraud. Do you imagine that civilization can be erected upon a lie and a fraud? There may be fraud in some of the methods of its disciples, but in the system there is grand and immaculate truth—a power superior to every other, which is mighty, far-reaching and persistent, and it ultimately prevails. One truth of Spiritualism is superior to all the lies and all the frauds of all time, and the report can not be made which shall put down this one truth. No commission is competent to put it to the blush.

If there be truth in mesmerism and hypnotism, then is Spiritualism true. Mesmerism has proved to the world, and one in this age denies the integrity of its work, for it has demonstrated its claims much a part of Spiritualism as any branch by those who understand what Spiritualism is. What is slate-writing, so-called? Invisible intelligences communicating their thoughts to mortals. There may be fraud practiced in this as in every thing else, but genuine slate-writing by spirit intelligences is common and the fraud is the exception. And in the same sense voices through the trumpet are glorious thoughts from the celestial spheres. Messages of condolence, of cheer or of valuable information to the child of mortality, which are very pleasant to the tired hearts of earth.

The Commission has not completed its work. The report about to be presented is only an installment, and by and by, as they have time, the subject will be further investigated and reported upon. It is too much work for them beside the other duties of the University, and then they are not interested. They do it as a lawyer defends the client, as a government inspector comes down to see a broken bank. Get the work done as soon as possible, and back home again. We are not surprised at the verdict. It would have been a wonder if they had come to any other finding. A hot-headed commission composed of rabid Republicans would soon find Cleveland too contemptible to sit in the Presidential chair. Each man would swear that he was impartial, and not biased for or against; but all their reasons and conditions would only convict them of an obliquity of vision, destroying every chance of a just conclusion. The prestige of the University, the mental character of the institution, and the condition of contempt in which the great mass of church-going people place Spiritualism, are influences sufficiently strong to destroy every chance of these persons doing a good thorough work. This report that is forthcoming is the most pitiable and ridiculous scientific atrocity perpetrated by eminent men for a long time. The work they have done proves how utterly unfit they were to begin such an inquiry and witness such delicate psychic experiments. In the minds of Spiritualists of culture and scientific ability, the Commission will almost destroy the authority and dignity of scientific pursuits. The Commission has been bold, where wise and cautious men would have hesitated; they have pronounced a judgment as quickly and as reliably as a stable-boy's judgment of the race for the Derby. The report is an apology—it is more, it is a monument of the fussiness, the egotism, the red-tape, the infertility and the slavery of the honored heads of a great University. There is as much scientific capacity and method in any six men that can be taken any moment of the day at the Union Depot. We have never had such a surprise come upon us. We expected a patient, careful and scientific report; in place of that, we have experiments stated by minds made up beforehand, and carefully prepared to make themselves look well, and the mediums and the phenomena contemptible. You know which way the jury will decide when the opposing counsel is permitted to state all the facts. They have had their own way, they have stated the facts; but how do we know that these mediums have had justice done to them?

Let us be thankful that the day has passed when a theological pooh-poo, or a scientific pooh-poo, can deter men and women from an honest examination of this important subject. And it has been found that those who examine conscientiously are enabled to reach a vantage ground of knowledge which eludes dispendous with faith and rejoices in the grandest illumination possible from the moral and intellectual light at command of its occupants.

These are glints upon some projections from the mind of the eminent speaker. They are good points, but others equally good are necessarily omitted on account of limited space. Mr. Wright closed his address with an eloquent reference to the promises of Spiritualism and its consolations, and besought those of his hearers who have secured its evidences of immortality to hold fast to the inestimable prize.

The Cause in New Era.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE

Thinking a brief report of a meeting held by the Spiritualists on their grounds at New Era, Clackamas county, Oregon, from June 23d to 28th, would be acceptable, I will present some of the leading features:

The Clackamas County Spiritual Religious Association owns five acres of ground, and have been holding meetings for a number of years. A building was erected just before the meeting, 30x40 feet in dimensions. On Sunday it failed to accommodate the crowd, so we had to repair to our out-door stand. Among the mediums were Dr. Stansbury, of Lebanon, Indeciso, and Mrs. Bruce, of San Francisco, and Mrs. Ladd, Mrs. Phillips, James H. Cooley, Mrs. Chaney, Mrs. Graham, and

many others exercised their mediumistic powers.

In behalf of Dr. Stansbury I will say that he gave the very best of satisfaction. Wherever he may go, we will give him our hearty recommendation, and say to the doubting world, Give him a fair trial before you condemn. To the friends in San Francisco allow me to say, You have, in Mrs. Finican, a remarkable medium, one who has but few equals before a skeptical congregation as an independent clairvoyant and test medium. Mrs. Bruce gave good satisfaction in a private way as a slate-writer.

Another meeting is to be held at New Era this Fall, under the control of The Oregon State Association of Spiritualists, on the same grounds, commencing September 15, and continuing two weeks, or more. At our last meeting we found that we lacked accommodations, and many were troubled to find a place to lodge, or anything to eat without a tramp to the hotel. The managers have determined that in future these things shall be provided. It will be well, however, for all who can, to bring bed clothing. We can furnish tents, bunks, and straw mattresses at little expense, but the blankets are more difficult to procure.

THOMAS BUCKMAN, Secretary.
New Era, Oregon, July 14, 1887.

A "Secret" Revealed.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Thinking that some of your readers might be interested, we send you the following:

In November, 1885, Mrs. Payne and the writer were out buggy riding. She had seemed, for a time, rather sad and reticent. She finally turned to me, saying, "Doctor, for some little time I have withheld from you the only secret ever thus retained during all our married life." She was evidently intending to say more, had it not been for an unavoidable interruption at that moment supervening. The subject was never renewed, for in a few days subsequent she was attacked with a disease which terminated her physical existence on the Christmas eve following. After she was gone the aforementioned occurrence came more vividly before the mind, causing me to regret not calling up the matter again. This episode, or its history, was kept sacredly locked within my own mind.

Early in June of the present year, 1887, finding our son-in-law and daughter, S. H. Mitchell and wife, ready to depart from home on a visit to Oakland to the State Spiritual Camp-Meeting, we sat down and wrote as follows:

MRS. M. G. PAYNE—Dear Wife:—What special secret did you keep from me, to which you referred while on the road a short time previous to your last sickness and entrance into spirit life.

This was enclosed in double envelopes, so marked and otherwise arranged as to render it impossible for any one to open the same without instant detection. This was entrusted to S. H. Mitchell with a request that he should visit Fred Evans and see what results would follow. On Mr. Mitchell's return on July 6th we were informed that finding it impossible to meet Mr. Evans he had visited others, all of whom declined to attempt answering sealed letters because of its being outside of their different phases of mediumship. Mrs. J. J. Whitney being one of the mediums referred to, was finally prevailed on to give them a trial in order to see if her controls could reach proper results. Our sealed envelopes, with contents, were safely returned to us intact and undisturbed, accompanied by an answer evidently (to me) from the spirit woman from whom we had sought an answer, as follows:

MY DEAR HUSBAND:—The only secret I ever kept from you was, Solomon had told me I would come to the spirit world before the year was out. I did not think it was well to tell you of this; but of all else you knew my inmost thoughts. Now, my darling husband, don't think I had any secrets from you.

Your loving wife, M. G. PAYNE.

Thus was the mystery fully explained by the only one who could do it. I know that none but myself could have known anything about this on the physical plane of life prior to the present revelation. The Solomon referred to was one of her mediumistic controls, a Hollander by birth, whose name, when himself an inhabitant of earth, he always said, was Solomon Holtheistene. Perhaps it is well to say that we had never suspected such to have been the cause of her sadness and evident intent to reveal the cause as indicated, and never until the present revealed it ourselves.

Yours, etc.,
O. B. PAYNE.

FERNDAL, Cal., July 12, 1887.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

A lady (Spiritualist) of fine musical ability wishes to teach in a family. Is competent to instruct in English, French and Singing. Guitar and Harp lessons included, with Painting and Drawing. Good references for personal reputation, and skill in teaching. For further particulars, apply to Mr. Fred. Evans, 133 Octavia St.

FORM OF REQUEST.

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 request 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 use and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, — dollars."

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Mrs. Ada Foye.

(Before the Young People's Progressive Society of Chicago.)
Mrs. Ada Foye, of San Francisco, made her third appearance last Sunday evening before the above Society of this city. A large and attentive audience greeted the lady who lectured for almost an hour on the uses and abuses of Spiritualism. Mrs. Foye, who, though not gifted with a flowery and eloquent language, does more to convince her hearers than many of those whose arguments are clothed in a mighty array of beautifully composed sentences. Her addresses are plain and to the point, leaving no room for argument. For three Sunday evenings Mrs. Foye has captivated the largest audiences that has ever appeared before a Chicago society. Hundreds flock to receive messages from their spirit friends, and many are made happy and joyous by the sweet words of comfort and cheer from the dear friends who have passed upward to a higher and more beautiful life. Many of our best citizens have been added to the roll of Spiritualism by the appearance of this wonderful medium, and many are now investigating who before scoffed at our religion.

The Young People's Progressive Society is one of the first in the world composed of young Spiritualists, and the progress they have thus far made and the good they have accomplished, plainly reveals the mighty spirit power that is moving them. Mr. J. J. Morse, one of their first speakers, and who dedicated the Society to the elevation of Spiritualism, brought many friends of high standing to their assistance, and Mrs. Foye has brought forth many more. A reception was tendered the lady on Friday evening; upwards of fifty invited guests were present, and the residence of Mrs. Perry, on Prairie avenue, was made brilliant by the presence of many prominent Spiritualists. Mr. Bundy thanked the lady in behalf of the Spiritualists in Chicago and the Society, (to which Mrs. Foye responded most eloquently,) and many others favored the company with short speeches, recitations and music. A very enjoyable evening was spent. Mrs. Foye returns to-morrow to San Francisco on account of sickness, but expects to return in the Fall.

CELIA.
CHICAGO, July 13, 1887.

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CLAIRVOYANT AND HEALER.
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NERVOUS DISEASES A SPECIALTY.
817 Pine Street, San Francisco, Office Hours, 10 to 4.
July 9
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Office hours, from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., and 7 to 9 P.M.
Consultation hour, 4:30-5:30. July 24
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823 MISSION STREET,
Diagnoses disease without questions; all kinds of disease treated; root and herb medicine used; eyes, cancer, tumors, etc., successfully treated; has had twenty years' practice as a Healer in this city. References at office. July 24
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Cures all diseases; also the use of tobacco in any form, liquor or opium; the cure of tobacco guaranteed or no fee will be charged.
Sittings, Daily. 11 to 12, Wednesday Afternoons.
415-16 No. 108 SIXTH STREET, S.F.
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308 Twentieth Street,
Between Mission and Valencia, San Francisco.
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Diagnosis and healing disease a specialty.
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1014-16
- ANNA L. JOHNSON
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Feb 26
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Consultation, Free. dec 25

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Palace of Sleep.

BY STANLEY FITZPATRICK.

It stands on the borders of Spirit Land,
This palace that's pure and bright and fair,
Its pearls gates are stately and grand,
'Tis the meadow land may enter there.
There are winding alleys and spacious halls,
And pictures and statues fair to see;
Lofly and grand are its sculptured walls,
Its balmy breezes are soft and free.

There fountains flash at morning tide,
Or faintly glimmer beneath the moon,
There silvery streamlets softly glide
In the light of stars or glowing moon.
There flowers that never fade are found,
And the fruits of life and wisdom grow,
And the spirit's brow with hope is crowned,
And the soul is bathed in its brightest glow.

Into this palace, that's fair and bright,
Children of earth may freely come,
They may wander there the livelong night,
And taste of the life that's to come.
There the prince and beggar, side by side,
In the wide and pillared halls may stand—
The absent lover may clasp his bride,
His fervent brow by her soft breast fanned.

There husband and wife again may meet
Whom death has sundered for long years,
Children may sport round the mother's feet,
And her loving hand may dry their tears.
The heart may thrill again to the kiss
Of lips that have long since passed away—
The bosom swell with the sacred bliss,
That crowned in the past love's perfect day.

But 'tis only in dreams we enter there—
In the holy hush of the silent night
We walk at will through its chambers fair,
And heed not time in its onward flight.
Sleep is the brother of death, we're told,
The fairest bond that nature can give,
And the grave itself can never hold
The deathless mind that is born to live.

Sleep is as true and real a life
As that which is claimed by our day,
In dreams we rest from our toil and strife,
Our cares and sorrows are rolled away.
Then thanks to an infinite rest we find,
That has set this palace, fair and grand,
The trials and woes of life above,
On the borders near of the Spirit Land.

PALOMA, July 5, 1887.

Memories.

BY FATHER EYAN.

They come as the breezes come over the foam,
Waking the waves that are sinking to sleep—
The fairest of memories from far away home,
The dim dreams of faces beyond the dark deep.

They come as the stars come out in the sky,
That shimmer wherever the shadows may sweep,
And their steps are as soft as the tread of a sigh,
And I welcome them all while I wearily sleep.

They come as a song comes out of the past
A loved mother murmured in days that are dead,
Whose tones, spirit thrilling, live on to the last,
When the gloom of the heart waxes to gray or the head.

They come like the ghosts from the grass shrouded graves
And they follow our footsteps on life's winding way;
And they murmur around us as murmur the waves
That sigh on the shore at the dying of day.

They come, sad as tears to the eyes that are bright;
They come, sweet as smiles to the lips that are pale;
They come, dim as dreams in the depth of the night;
They come, fair as flowers to the summer's vale.

There is not a heart that is not haunted so,
Though far we may stray from the scenes of the past,
Its memories will follow wherever we go,
And the days that were first away the days that are last.

Death In Life.

BY MADELINE L. BRIDGE.

Dear, if you stand by my coffin bed,
Sad and silent as mourners stand
Who look for the last time on their dead,
Would you fold a rose in my quiet hand,
And drop a tear and a whispered prayer
For the poor tired heart that was resting there?

Love, would you shrink from the solemn sight
Of eyelids frozen and bosom still?
The darkness of death is warm and light
To the weary life that is cold and chill;
And the gate that opens for souls' release
Is the gate that leads into endless peace.

Nay, poor darling, who blames you much?
For a little while you loved me well.
Love went as it came, in a smile, a touch,
A tear, a whisper, Ah, who can tell?
For no one, dear, in God's world may know
Why love must come and why love must go!

Yet, if I were dead, would you weep and say
A little prayer that my soul might rest?
But, darling, pray for me now; pray, pray!
And weep for the living—the dead are blest.
Oh, weep for the life that goes on and on
When love's dear treasure is lost and gone!

Cannot Be Heard.

The sweetest sounds
Are those most near akin to silence,
Such as sea whispers right under the eaves,
When the loud engine ceases; muffled bells,
Or echoes of a far-off wave of song
In mellow tones, and the sweetest thoughts
Are those far whispers of humanity,
And love and death, which none can ever hear
Amid the mighty voices of the world.

When My Greeting Sings.

BY S. B. MCNAMUS.

When my Greeting sings, I somehow forget
The day with its worry, care and fret;
That my cottage is poor, its poor and plain,
And brown with the beating of snow and rain;
And the carpets are thin and the curtains mean,
I forget all this when my Greeting sings.
The baby rocks in its softy slings,
The little one close to her dear heart creeps,
And it prattles, and laughs, and smiles and sleeps.
Old are the tunes, and yet old are the words,
But both are sweet as the songs of the birds.
I wonder and ask, as I walk the floor,
Why I am so rich in my dear heart's store,
She guesses my thoughts, and softly sings,
And the song in the room like a center swings.

The Heart.

The heart hath chambers twain
Wherein do dwell
Twin brothers, Joy and Pain,
Still calmly
Pain slumbers in his own.
O Joy, thy bliss restrain!
Speak softly,
Lest thou shouldst awaken Pain.

Letter from Mrs. Barker.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

It was my intention to write from the Camp, but surrounding conditions were not very favorable. Occupying a tent with others, and so many good things the most of the time from the platform, I saw no chance. But "better late than never" is the old saying, so I gladly accept the opportunity now stolen from my morning's work in the kitchen.

The Camp-Meeting was a delightful pastime to me, to be long remembered, and the burning words of wisdom through the lips of our inspired teacher, J. J. Morse, will live eternally; for such beautiful sentiments can never die. Besides we had life-giving thoughts from many able minds. These, with what work the mediums did, will send out living truths that will make glad the hearts of thousands.

The President, Brother H. C. Wilson, deserves great credit in his earnest labors to make the Camp-meeting a success, and if it is not a success, it certainly can't be the fault of the officers and managers, for they did all they could to make it what a camp-meeting should be, a great reunion of brotherly and sisterly love, soul responding to soul, with a harmonious blending of thoughts and living realities to bless and make better the conditions of the human race,—to send out thoughts that come from the higher realms,—to inspire, to uplift, and show to the world we have something better to put in the place of their stale old creeds,—to show the immoral and impure, there is something better than they have yet tasted of,—to make the poor and down-trodden of earth's children feel there is a balm in Gilead that will soothe each aching heart,—to teach them just across the stream they have loved ones waiting, and longing to better their conditions, if they would only look up and trust them.

For these and a thousand other things our camp-meetings should have the hearty co-operation of every soul that believes in these things. When the good time comes, that we allow no selfish thoughts, no petty animosities to override our better judgment,—in short, when we become more spiritualized,—then our camp-meetings will be felt all over the land as a soul center of attractions and loving realities that will be like a magnet, to attract and not to repel. This will come when the flood gates of our own souls are open to the highest there may be within.

When I read the good things in your paper, I am rejoiced over the progress of Spiritualism. Let us continue to scatter seeds by the wayside, and they will spring up and bear good fruit.

Yours for the truth,

MRS. MARY E. BARKER.

SAN JOSE, July 16, 1887.

Letter from Col. Reed.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

If the Spiritualists of Oregon (and the same rule applies everywhere) would put forth one half the effort that any one church denomination does in the upbuilding of its cause, we would flourish most abundantly. Take for instance Portland with a population of forty thousand, and I believe out of that number we have one thousand adults who believe in spiritual manifestation, and yet we have not one paid advocate of the cause. Why is it that we are so lukewarm? Why is it that Spiritualists as a rule will do little or nothing to sustain, let alone advance, the principles they love so well?

Surely, Spiritualism teaches better lessons. It teaches that we can not take our wealth with us when we go over there, and all that we do take with us is what we have made of ourselves here. The question is, Will it always remain thus? Will Spiritualism call upon its advocates to continue in the good work for nothing? Why not get together and select some of their number who can defend the cause, and employ him or her to do so,—give the ones thus employed the assurance of an honest living, and put them forth to work in the vineyard, and let them organize into societies and work together to build up the cause. Then you will find the work will go forward, members and interest will increase most wonderfully. Why not move in this direction and see what a change will be brought about, without longer delay.

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Oregon, July 18, 1887.

THE PHILOSOPHER.—Philosophers have no aggressive tendencies. With eyes fixed on the noble goal to which they tend, they may, now and then, be stirred to momentary wrath by the unnecessary obstacles with which the ignorant or the malicious encounter, if they can not bar, the difficult path; but why should their souls be deeply vexed? The majesty of fact is on their side, and the elemental forces of Nature are working for them. Not a star comes to the meridian at its calculated time but testifies to the justness of their methods; their beliefs are "one with the falling rain and with the growing corn." By doubt they are established, and open inquiry is their bosom friend. Such men have no fear of traditions, however venerable, and no respect for them when they become mischievous obstructions. But they have better than mere antiquarian business in hand; and, if dogmas which

ought to be fossil, but are not, are not forced upon their notice, they are too happy to treat them as non-existent.—Husley.

Another Reason.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In your issue of the 16th instant, under the head of "Rum and Reason," you very ably depict the effect of rum or alcohol, but you do not seem to realize that rum itself is an effect of certain causes, and all its attendant evils are but secondary effects of them.

Why do the masses resort to stimulants, alcohol, opium, tobacco? Among the very evident causes of intemperance are, poor food, poor light, bad air, overwork, under pay, monopoly of land and all the means of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." These causes produce exhaustion, hopelessness and a craving for something by the tens of tens of thousands who are deprived of their birth-rights and whose systems are insufficiently supplied with nourishment. They produce half-created, physically and morally deformed children, of whom fifty per cent die before reaching the age of ten years, and among certain classes before five years. When dogs are starved they will eat dirt, snow, anything to fill up. When men are starved, body starved, robbed before birth and deprived of hope afterwards, is it any wonder they go to rum as a refuge which gives them forgetfulness of the hellish conditions surrounding them? Cause and effect react one on another, but the primary cause of intemperance is want. The returning to the toilers less than they produce, for the earth has enough for all, is what is the matter with society to-day and not rum.

Where co-operative societies have existed for years, rum has no power, for want is unknown and stimulants undesired. Senator Stanford, of California, has done well to urge the importance of co-operation among the toilers. That is the escape from rum and other evils of present society.

You do the workmen's organizations wrong in next to your last paragraph. By seeking to abolish the causes of intemperance, they do more than temperance societies to abolish it. The strongest organization of workmen in the world, in refusing to admit to its sanctuaries any rum-seller or bartender, and whose officers are mostly total abstainers, has done more towards the downfall of rum than all the sanctimonious ribbon peddlers ever did yet.

If workmen would drop their baby-like red-tape and idiotic secret ceremonies as well as the short-sighted striking for a penny a day more wages, they could do still more to stop the causes of intemperance and promote co-operation, which is the next step civilization is to take to succeed competition. Only then can Spiritualism reach perfection. Respectfully,
ALFRED DENTON CRIDGE.
SAN JOSE, July 17, '87

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LEGAL NOTICE.

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

The undersigned, Jose Ramon Pico, of Mexican origin, born in Alta California in the year 1818, which now belongs to the United States of North America, and residing in the city of San Francisco, of the State of California, do hereby declare: That in the month of December, 1859, Colonel Don Jose Castro, Superior Political and Military Chief of the Territory of Lower California, arrived on a visit in San Jose, Santa Clara county; that in the house of my father, Don Antonio Maria Pico (now deceased), he made known to me the Honorable Don Juan Luis Morera, whom he had sent as commissioner to the Supreme Government of Mexico to me the Honorable Don Jose Castro, and had obtained from him special authorization that he, that is, said Colonel Don Jose Castro, could sell the unsurveyed (public) lands of said Territory of Lower California for the price of one hundred dollars for each league; that he had returned to said Territory, and that he would dispose of some public lands with the object to collect resources and sustain his authority and the constitutional order, declaring that, if I wished, I might direct to him, after his arrival at the frontier of Lower California, a memorial soliciting some sites of fundo mayor, which he would grant me provided that I would remit him the sum of one hundred dollars for each site; I accepted that proposition, and on the month of February, 1860, I sent a petition and the sum of one thousand and one hundred dollars to the Honorable Don Jose Castro, in the frontier of said Lower California, and the aforesaid Mr. Arguello, a third while after, remitted to me the title, dated March the 13th, 1860, signed by the Honorable Don Jose Castro, Political and Military Superior Chief of said Territory, granting me eleven sites, which I had solicited, and which were judicially located by the Honorable Judge Don Tomas Warner, in 1865, in the place called "Manzanero," situated in the Frontier of Lower California, near the Bay of the Ensenada de Todos Santos; that in 1867 Don Juan Manuel Lugo and a certain Roberto Allison proposed to me to occupy said lands, and I agreed to make the transfer they proposed to me, and I recollect having signed in May, 1867, before the Honorable Notary Public of the aforesaid city of San Francisco, without having received a single dollar in payment of the value of my said lands, the following sale or contract: "I, Jose Ramon Pico, declare, that I, having at that time an entire confidence in said Don Juan Manuel Lugo, (who, at the date last mentioned managed an affair of lands which my family owned in said Territory of Lower California, and which I have since sold to said Don Juan Manuel Lugo, and who, as I have already indicated, and that they have refused to execute the necessary document to return to me the rights I have to the said lands, and in this case I have been forced to make considerable in my interests. Moreover, now by said sale presents, and in the best form of law and justice, I solemnly declare, and three times, fully, and without any value, the deed of sale which said Lugo and Allison have signed, and which is now in my possession, and make of said sale null and void, and of no value, and hereby I am the only and real owner of said lands."

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

JOSE RAMON PICO.
Witnesses: Manuel Castro,
Luis Perilla.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, } ss
Jose Ramon Pico, being duly sworn, deposes and says that I am the same person mentioned in the foregoing protest, that I executed an instrument of which said foregoing protest is a true copy, and placed the same in the hands of Jose Moreno, and instructed him to proceed to the city of Lower California, and place it in the archives; that thereafter he proceeded to La Paz, and on his return to California he gave me a paper signed by the keeper of the archives at La Paz, acknowledging that he received said instrument and recorded the same in the archives at La Paz; that said paper remained in my possession until October, 1879, when the same was, said among other papers belonging to me, stolen.

JOSE RAMON PICO.
Witnesses: C. Schmitz,
C. B. Call.
Before me, I attest.
J. H. Blood,
Notary Public.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SEAL. Before me, I attest.
J. H. Blood,
Notary Public.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST

RAILROAD.

PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE STATION, FOOT OF MARKET STREET, SOUTH SIDE, AT:
8:30 A.M., Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, Santa Cruz, and all way stations—Parlor Car.
2:30 P.M. (except Sundays), Express: Mt. Eden, Alameda, Newark, Fremont, Colma, San Bruno, San Jose, Los Gatos, and all stations to Boulder Creek and SANTA CRUZ—Parlor Car.
In winter months, I have signed the present protest in the city of San Francisco, of Alta California, this 17th day of October, 1867.

JOSE RAMON PICO.
Witnesses: C. Schmitz,
C. B. Call.
Before me, I attest.
J. H. Blood,
Notary Public.

SEAL. Before me, I attest.
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ADVERTISEMENTS.



TIME SCHEDULE.

Passenger trains will leave and arrive at Passenger Depot (Townsend St., bet Third and Fourth, San Francisco):
LEAVE S. F.: Commencing Aug. 20, 1886. (ARRIVE S. F.)

LEAVE S. F.	ARRIVE S. F.
8:30 A.	San Mateo, Redwood, and
10:30 A.	Menlo Park.
1:30 P.	Santa Clara, San Jose, and
3:30 P.	Principal Way Stations.
5:30 P.	Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville,
7:30 P.	Watsonville, Camp Goodhue,
9:30 P.	Apex, New Brighton, Soquel
11:30 P.	(Capital), and Santa Cruz.
1:30 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz
3:30 A.	(Sunday Excursion)
5:30 A.	Hollister and
7:30 A.	Trenton and Way Stations.
9:30 A.	Soldado, San Ardo and Way Stations.

*Sundays excepted. †Sundays only.

Standard time furnished by Randolph & Co.

STAGE CONNECTIONS are made with the so-called A. M. train, except PASADENA Stages via San Mateo and Redwood, which connect with 8:30 A. M. train.

SPECIAL ROUND-TRIP TICKETS—At Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Apes, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Pescadero; also to Gilroy, Paraiso, and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

For Sundays only. † Sold Sunday morning, good for Saturday.

For Saturday, † Sold Saturday and Sunday only; Sunday and good for return until following Monday.

Day, inclusive, at the following rates:

Round Trip	From San Francisco to	Return Trip	From	Return Trip	From
San Bruno	1.00	Mountain View	1.25	Mountain View	1.25
Mt. Eden	1.00	San Jose	1.00	San Jose	1.00
Oak Grove	1.00	San Jose	1.00	San Jose	1.00
San Mateo	1.00	San Jose	1.00	San Jose	1.00
Redwood	1.00	San Jose	1.00	San Jose	1.00
Menlo Park	1.25	San Jose	1.25	San Jose	1.25
Mayfield	1.25	San Jose	1.25	San Jose	1.25

Ticket Offices—Passenger Depot, Townsend St., San Francisco; Ticket Station and No. 613 Market street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(Pacific System)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at

SAN FRANCISCO

SAN FRANCISCO				
LEAVE (or)	FROM JUNE 27, 1887.		ARRIVE	
8:00 A.	Callisto and Napa	8:30 A.	10:30 A.	
8:30 P.	Colles and Portland	9:00 P.	11:30 A.	
9:00 A.	C Decore	9:30 A.	7:40 A.	
9:30 P.	Galt via Martinez	10:00 P.	7:10 A.	
9:30 A.	C Haywards and Niles	10:00 A.	12:40 P.	
10:30 A.	" "	11:00 A.	1:40 P.	
11:30 A.	C Haywards	12:00 P.	3:40 P.	
1:30 P.	" "	2:00 P.	5:40 P.	
8:30 A.	Ione via Livermore	9:00 A.	10:30 P.	
9:00 P.	Knights' Landing	9:30 P.	5:40 P.	
9:30 P.	Livermore via Pleasanton	10:00 P.	11:30 A.	
10:00 A.	Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso & East	10:30 A.	5:40 P.	
10:30 A.	Los Angeles and Mojave	11:00 A.	5:40 P.	
8:00 A.	Martinez	8:30 A.	6:10 P.	
1:30 P.	" "	2:00 P.	5:40 P.	
3:30 P.	Ogden and East	4:00 P.	5:40 P.	
7:30 A.	Red Bluff via Marysville	8:00 A.	11:30 A.	
8:00 A.	Redding via Willow	8:30 A.	11:30 A.	
7:30 A.	Reno and Truckee	8:00 A.	6:40 P.	
8:00 A.	Sacramento via Benicia	8:30 A.	6:40 P.	
8:30 A.	" via Livermore	9:00 A.	6:40 P.	
9:00 P.	" via Benicia	9:30 P.	7:10 A.	
4:00 A.	" via Benicia	4:30 A.	10:30 A.	
11:30 A.	Sacramento via Benicia	12:00 P.	11:30 A.	
1:30 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	2:00 P.	3:40 P.	
11:30 A.	San Jose	12:00 P.	3:40 P.	
12:00 M.	" "	12:30 M.	9:40 A.	
9:00 P.	Stockton via Livermore	9:30 P.	5:40 P.	