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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Carve your name on hearts, and not on marble.—C. H. Spurgeon.

The remedy of to-morrow may be too late for the evil of to-day.

Life is a quarry, of which we are to mold and chisel and complete a character.—Gæthe.

The earnestness of life is the only passport to the satisfaction of life.—Theodore Parker.

For one man who can stand prosperity, there a hundred who will stand adversity.—Carlyle.

Wit is brushwood, wisdom is timber. The first makes the brightest flame, but the latter the most lasting heat.

God gives his children strength to sustain such burdens as He imposes, not such as they devise.—Frederic R. Marvin.

When we walk toward the Sun of Truth, all shadows are cast behind us.—Longfellow.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.—Oliver W. Holmes.

He that comes to seek after knowledge with a mind to scorn and censure, shall be sure to find matter enough for his humor but none for his instruction.

Whatever the skill of any country be in sciences, it is from excellence in polite learning alone that it must expect a character from posterity.—Goldsmith.

Every man who has decision of character will have enemies, and the man who has no decision and no character can have no good friends.—N. O. Piquette.

Trials are medicines, which the Great Physician prescribes, because we need them. Then let us trust in His skill, and thank him for His prescription.—Newton.

No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness, not only of the present, but of every subsequent age of humanity.—Burritt.

Don't waste life in doubts and fears; spend yourself on the work before you, well assured that the right performance of this hour's duties will be the best preparation for the hours or ages that follow it.—Emerson.

Shall we repine at a little misplaced charity, we who could no way foresee the effect—when an all-knowing, all-wise Being showers down every day his benefits on the unthankful and undeserving?—Atterbury.

It is with the tree of genealogy as with the oak of the forest; we may boast of the timbers it has given to a state vessel, but say naught of the three-legged stools, the broom sticks and tobacco-stoppers made from the ends and chips.—Douglas Jerrold.

Christians are like the several flowers in a garden, that have each of them the dew of heaven, which being shaken with the wind, they let fall at each other's roots, whereby they are jointly nourished and become nourishers of each other.—Bunyan.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

"What is the Future of Spiritualism as a Distinctive Movement, and What is Its True Relation to the Christian Church?"

[Inspirational Discourse by W. J. Colville delivered at Odd Fellows Hall, San Francisco, Sunday evening, September 4, 1887.]

[Reported for the Golden Gate by Geo. H. Hawes.]

We have been led to speak on this subject because of considerable controversy in which many of our friends have been recently engaged, and while probably a large percentage of our audience have taken no active part in this controversy, nevertheless all questions which are prominently before the world we endeavor to consider from time to time on Sunday evenings from this platform.

The question as to what Spiritualism really is, is one that never seems settled, and it is very doubtful whether it will ever be settled in the minds of the present generation. The word Spiritualism is so much older than the Rochester Knockings, so far antedates 1848, that we find it in the very oldest dictionaries, and whenever we come across words in ancient lexicons we know they must have had distinctive meanings long before what is termed Modern Spiritualism had its birth. Bishop Berkeley was called a Spiritualist as well as a metaphysician, and we know there have been Spiritualists and Materialists from time immemorial; the world of thought on religious questions is necessarily divided into the spiritualistic and materialistic schools. We must either be Spiritualists or Materialists, if we are to be anything, though there are many people who are nothingarians rather than anything definite; these occupy a kind of middle position between Spiritualism and Materialism, between Theism and Atheism, and frequently call themselves free-thinkers or agnostics. Many prefer to call themselves secularists, and by using that term they mean that they devote all their time, thought and energy to this one world so long as they dwell upon its surface, and that if there is a future state they will allow it to take care of itself. They declare one world at a time is sufficient, and if there is a future state, say they, we shall all know it sooner or later; it is time enough for us to consider the future world when we are called upon to live in it. Now all this reasoning would be perfectly sound if our knowledge of the future state in no way affected our condition in the life that now is; if when we laid aside the garments of mortality and passed through the change called death, we were thoroughly remodelled; if by some subtle process, indescribable and unfathomable, we were transformed into another order of being with entirely different feelings and desires and occupations, and if the life beyond were altogether remote from our present life and in no way affected by it, then such arguments might be perfectly sound, such reasonings faultless. But if we are to understand—as all spiritual revelation, and, indeed, common sense and sober reflection must alike teach us—that what we sow at one time we reap at another, that what we do in our present stage of existence affects our condition in the beyond, then we know that we live once and always, we are in the spiritual world now and forever; and as the life we shall live in the life we are living, as the life we are now living is the life we have lived, we may learn, after all, there is far more truth than imagination, far more fact than fiction, far more prose and stern reality than imaginative poetry in that old word Karma, which only signifies sequence, or that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. The word Karma is the Sanscrit equivalent of the English consequence. It means that today we prepare for tomorrow, as yesterday we prepared for to-day, as in youth we prepared for middle life, and in middle life we prepared for old age. As our condition on the morrow is the result of our action on the yesterday, so on the day after death, on the morrow of our mortal existence, we must reap what we have sown, and as we have sown. Thus the old passage in Ecclesiastes is literally true (though often misconstrued): "As the tree falls so shall it lie." But its condition is not a fixed or unalterable one, but at that point where the tree falls and in the con-

dition in which it falls must all those transformations commence which eventually will lead to the perfect glorification of the human spirit compared to a tree by an ancient writer.

Now if Spiritualism means anything at all, it means we are alive now in the spiritual universe; it means we are now spiritual entities, responsible and accountable beings, accountable according to our light, responsible according to our knowledge, gradually making our way by sure, though slow degrees, toward some future goal which is dimly outlined before us, but which none of us can plainly see except it may be in occasional moments of spiritual ecstasy and wonderful exaltation; once in a while we find ourselves transported to Paul's third heaven, once in a while we may find ourselves in some extremely lucid condition in which we are lifted above all sublimity things and brought face to face with the sublime realities of the immortal world; but ordinarily the future is dark and dim before us, illumined, indeed, by the bright rays of hope and expectation; but the future glories are like mountain tops capped with perpetual cloud that hides the summits from our view, but once in a while the sun breaks in dispelling the mists and putting the shades to flight, and showing us those glorious peaks crowned with perpetual snow and illumined with eternal glory. All the world looks forward to a higher, brighter and nobler life. Brahmins and Buddhists equally with Mohammedans, Jews and Christians, are expecting a brighter and a fairer home hereafter; not only the civilized but the barbarian, not only the Caucasian but the untutored Indian on the prairie, looks forward to a life beyond more beautiful and fair than this; and though western minds fail to understand the profundity of eastern thought, and failing to interpret the hieroglyphics of ancient Hindostan have declared that multitudes have looked forward to annihilation, having thereby confounded extinction with nirvana, those who have penetrated into the inner teachings of the seers and sages of the Orient know full well that the Buddhistic term nirvana is identical with the Christian term Kingdom of Heaven. Christian and Buddhist alike desire not extinction, but they do desire to overcome carnality and pride and selfishness and all such sense of separateness from their brethren as causes one to feel averse to the interests of his fellows, and to erect barriers and partitions walls between clans and tribes, parties, sects and nations. The idea of the ultimate heaven of rest is so sublime, so exquisite in all religions, that the majority of people have contented themselves with skimming the surface of sacred literature, merely dwelling upon those parabolic explanations of spiritual truth which have pleased their childish fancy, as pictures and toys delight children.

Of course there must always be in what is popularly termed Spiritualism a great deal that is decidedly attractive to the lover of sensation, therefore Spiritualism as a distinctive philosophy has always been the means of drawing to itself a great many people who spend all their time in hearing or telling some new thing; but while the craze is certainly abating, while the search for the wonderful is certainly subsiding, while the sensational has no longer such a hold upon the people as it had some years ago, while Spiritualism is now universally regarded as one of the philosophies of the age, and Spiritualists are looked upon as one of the various branches into which the religious world is divided up, while such eminent men as Alfred Russel Wallace, who addressed an immense audience in this city not long ago, have espoused the cause of Spiritualism, and thereby put it before the world in what may be called a dignified shape so far as outsiders are concerned, yet Spiritualism has necessarily within its fold much of that element which people commonly call mystical—so much so that those who desire to dream or see visions, who long to be unlike their brethren in some respects, and who seek to draw aside the curtain—even though it be but slightly—and peer into the mysteries of the unseen, are more attracted by the very word Spiritualism and phrase spirit communion than by the word religion, or by any phrases which are ordinarily interpreted to signify ethical culture. Spiritualism, therefore, by its own name naturally draws to itself a very large number of people who desire, we will not say to be amused, but that

the romantic and imaginative element in their nature shall be especially ministered to, and consequently we find a great many people among the Spiritualists who do not care very much for sound and sober philosophy, but care immensely for startling phenomena. There are many people calling themselves Spiritualists who do not care to read a learned book or listen to a profound discourse, but if they can see a table move or tamborine carried round the room by unseen hands, or best of all, witness a materialization of a form, they are delighted. We do not blame or censure such people; we only say they are a class of minds who have either been starved or possess an over-supply of the imaginative element; they have either had all their imaginations repressed, until repressed imagination breaks its bonds and bursts forth like the eruption of a volcano, long delayed, or they are those who have never paid any attention to the sober side of culture, having fed upon the sweetmeats of sensationalism until their palates are dissatisfied with plainer and more wholesome food. These people who are always seeking for sensation do not investigate, as Prof. Wallace did, for the sake of publishing great discoveries to the world; they do not enter the seance room feeling that there are truths there to be understood, problems to be solved and facts to be discovered, by means of which the world can be made better and happier; unfortunately there is much of that element in the present condition of human development which is continually crying out for more and more of the wonderful, simply because it is wonderful.

Then, of course, we find extremists who endeavor to cover this evil by taking away the wonderful altogether, who say all these marvels are out of place, they do more harm than good, but such statements are necessarily onesided and short sighted; no philosopher, no sound scientist could ever fall into such an error, for you might as well say because some people talk too much it would be better not to use their vocal organs at all. Such an extreme position is just as absurd as the other extreme position of those who are craving for more than a normal and natural supply of any particular form of good. Spiritual manifestations in and of themselves are all good and valuable; they are, indeed, absolutely necessary, and far be it from us to decry them, or say one word that could be properly construed into a derogatory sentence concerning phenomena, but we do maintain that if Spiritualism as a distinctive philosophy is to be a power for good, for genuine usefulness in the world, while the phenomena may constitute a basis for philosophy, the philosophy itself must necessarily be brought home to the hearts and minds of the people and must be put into practice, or all the theorizing and all the conclusions derived from sensuous observation of facts will be of little more value than the tinkling brass and the sounding cymbal of those who have gifts and knowledge but lack charity, and also the faith which is alone proved by works of love. Some Spiritualists are prone to worship, others to deride the phenomena, and naturally those who take an extreme view on one side or the other are those who either feel themselves entirely dependent upon phenomena or else altogether independent of it. It is positively amusing to read some spiritualistic literature, and listen to the utterance of certain Spiritualists; we hear one party say, "There is no foundation for our philosophy except physical phenomena," and then we hear other persons exclaim, "We want the philosophy and do not care about phenomena at all; indeed, we believe it does more harm than good." Now how can these two diametrically opposite statements be reconciled? Are they reconcilable? We maintain they are in this way: There are certain people who can only drink in knowledge as it is presented to their senses; every grain of truth has to be filtered through the sensuous perceptions before it can reach their intellect, before they can realize anything of spiritual truth, they must taste, touch, smell, see, or hear. It appears that some of the apostles of Jesus (Thomas especially) were of this class. Thomas was a natural skeptic, born materialist, by no means a sensual man, but, nevertheless, one who demanded sensuous proof of immortality. He said, therefore, "Unless I touch and see I will not believe." We often hear

it said that belief rests upon evidence. How many people there are who exclaim, "I would believe if I could; how I wish I could; the philosophy of Spiritualism seems so beautiful; if it is not true, it surely seems to us it should be true; it is so consoling; oh, if I only could believe it, but I can not." You will hear such words uttered again and again by thoroughly honorable seekers after truth, but some of these are so constituted that they can not receive any light from preaching or reading, but let them see a table move without visible contact, let them witness almost any phenomena of a physical character, the genuineness of which they can not question, and they will go home from the circle rejoicing, declaring that they have found a key which has unlocked the door of heaven; they have now discovered the rule by means of which they can solve the most important problem that has ever presented itself for solution to their understanding. Now what is more likely than that such people should eulogize phenomena through the length and breadth of the land, rush into print, and wherever they can, enter into conversation with their friends, and maintain that phenomena is everything; without phenomenal proof they would have remained in darkness, but now the tears are wiped from their eyes, their doubts are removed, their fears dispelled, and they are joyous and happy. They straightway conclude all their brethren are like themselves; that everybody else requires exactly the kind of evidence they require, and while they honestly believe that phenomena is the universal panacea for every doubt and ailment, certain others as honest as themselves fly to similar phenomena and receive no satisfaction.

Then another class of people are so constituted that they must receive everything intellectually and argumentatively. No matter how much phenomena they witness, they can not accept spiritual truth on the testimony of their senses alone; they must have everything made plain to the intellect. These people will incessantly read, question, listen and think, and it is only through mental deliberations, through delving deeply into the mines of literature that they can possibly receive satisfaction; then when they are satisfied through study, through intellectual research, they go over the world and proclaim that if you will only circulate literature, deliver lectures, enter into debates, converse fluently with your friends, place before them cogent reasons and sound arguments, you will have the world at the feet of your philosophy.

Then there are others again who receive truth intuitively; they are not reasoners to any great extent, neither are they great readers; naturally they are not very studious nor the best of listeners, but they are very keenly alive to everything that touches the moral sense. They are always striving to enter into some silent communion with the world of souls, and if they can in their isolated homes, in solitary places, receive a spiritual influx which reaches them independently of all outward ministrations, without the sound of the human voice, without the printed page, without any external sign or symbol, they realize a nearness of the spiritual world as it touches their inmost nature. These are the who tell you that if you would receive the highest spiritual revelation you must retire from the haunts of men, throw yourself into seclusion and live a solitary, almost monastic life. Even the monastery and convent will have some charm for them, and if Roman Catholicism does not attract them, it may be that Buddhism will; they readily imagine in some sacred retreat in the mountains of India saintly Mahatmas who have solved the most difficult problems of the universe because of their lives of abstemiousness and seclusion, and consider that all spiritual gifts are to be cultivated by means of prayer and fasting, by reining in the lower nature, and allowing the higher self to have full sway; only thus, say they, can we conceive of infinite being and arrive at the knowledge of truth.

Very likely these latter are, after all, the most interior and the most spiritual, but unfortunately in all pronounced classes of minds there is usually a development of one side only of human nature, not a symmetrical unfolding of the entire of being without angularities and idiosyncrasies; wherever certain specialties are over-highly prized, and the general harmonious

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Two Weeks in Camp.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Mt. Pleasant Park Spiritual Camp—Meeting grounds are situated about one mile west of the grand old Mississippi river. They are reached from the city of Clinton, a pleasant, enterprising city of about twelve thousand inhabitants, by public and private conveyances and shaded sidewalks.

Mt. Pleasant Park is on a high, rolling bluff overlooking the city of Clinton, the delightful, quiet village of Lyons on the west bank of the Mississippi, and Fulton upon the Illinois side of the great river, the "Father of waters." These two villages are connected with Clinton by steam and horse railways, and are equally interested with Clinton in making this association a spiritual success.

The camp grounds, comprising from twelve to twenty acres, are shaded by a young growth of oaks and are owned by a joint stock association, divided into shares of ten dollars each, limiting the number to ten by any single individual. The stock is all taken, therefore the improvements are permanent.

A large pavilion seating from fifteen hundred to two thousand persons, is situated upon the brow of the bluff. A large dining hall that will seat one hundred or more, two store houses, a seance room, a speaker's stand and seats in nature's auditorium are located in about the center of the grounds, where public meetings are held in fair weather. Twenty-five to thirty beautiful cottages, scattered about the grounds, with fifty to seventy-five white and striped tents, made up the external surroundings of the camp for 1887.

Like all movements of this kind, Mt. Pleasant Camp has passed through or nearly through the crisis, and our convictions are with the uplifting influences of thoroughly spiritual teachers and the adoption of strictly spiritual methods, this Camp may become the great spiritual Mecca of the West.

There were always a large number of good mediums upon the grounds, and so far as we could ascertain were well sustained. Slates with personal and satisfactory communications, with beautiful, fresh and fragrant flowers given under perfect test conditions, were received by many present and exhibited about the grounds. Mrs. Thayer Goodsell and Mrs. Blodgett are both mediums for this phase. The former is so well known both East and West that anything we might write would add nothing to her wide reputation and success. Mrs. J. C. Blodgett, of 503 Oneida avenue, Davenport, Ia., although recently developed in the flower test phase in connection with slate-writing, received numbers of flowers with communications for those who sought consolation from their departed loved ones.

Dr. Maxwell was pronounced an excellent slate-writing medium. Mr. Winans who has been persecuted both in public and private, gave complete satisfaction, judging from reports of those visiting his tent.

Mr. Henry Allen, assisted by his loving wife, gave most remarkable musical seances, entirely different from those of Blind Tom or Jesse Shepard. We will not attempt to describe the marvels of his seances, only say to one and all, "Go and witness for yourselves."

Mrs. E. A. Wells, of New York, occupied a cottage with Mrs. Thayer Goodsell, and the two genial ladies were constantly employed in giving sittings and materializing seances, often without charge. At a reception held there for W. J. Colville, a number of the officers and leaders of the camp received personal poems, portraying leading spiritual characteristics and symbolical names.

From our standpoint we wonder anybody could ever work themselves up to the point of accusing Mrs. Wells of fraud. Such an honest, open face, such a commanding physique, seems enough to command the entire file of fraud-hunting outlaw. We are assured the fraud-hunting clique will yet hear from Mrs. W. in some substantial manner. She demands only simple justice.

We could mention forty more devoted, earnest mediums whose work is more private, but none the less important. Among the number we name Mrs. M. E. Weeks, so long a true and tried medium, and Mrs. M. E. Aldrich, of Philadelphia, who contemplates visiting the city of the Golden Gate. She is psychometric and mediumistic, an able platform medium, a rounded out, gentle lady, who is in sympathy with, and attracted to the most unfolded minds on earth, and attracts the same class from the spirit world.

Friend Colville reached the camp the 13th of August. No bells were rung, not even the "Old Mission Bell." He came unattended, to all external appearance. He spoke first on Sunday, the 14th, opened his class on Monday in spiritual science, and had a large, profitable class of nine sessions; gave ten public lectures, spoke in the fact and conference meetings, and was given a reception by one of the business men residing in the city of Clinton. Mr. Colville had bargained with the Association to divide the proceeds of his class; by this arrangement the latter received from the class receipts enough to pay him in full for his services, thus proving him a very profitable teacher for spiritual associations. What shall we say as to his spiritual success? Words are weak; the strongest will fail to express the

baptism that reached the hearts of his attentive hearers. W. J. Colville's teachings are revolutionary, a new life was awakened in many instances, and all felt the power of love and charity poured forth through this remarkable young man.

The Association engaged him for the entire month of August for 1888, in case he is this side of the Rockies. His guides brushed away the materialism, jealousy, and envy, under the name of liberalism, which surrounded this camp, and prepared the way for Dr. Samuel Watson, of Memphis, Tenn., and all others who believe in and try to live Spiritualism. Dr. Watson reached the camp nearly a week later than Colville, and remains to the close, doing work in his own kind, charitable way, and drawing large audiences.

Prof. J. S. Loveland, of San Bernardino, Cal., is chosen President for 1888; he was present at the election and took the position and responsibilities on Sunday, the 21st. Prof. Loveland is kind-hearted, charitable, and an able teacher of intellectual Spiritualism. We believe he will be just, and make a good presiding officer. ROSA C. CONGAR.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Animal Magnetism.

BY A. LANSDELL.

Theminks that if some of our eminent (?) scientists were to investigate this much abused subject (as all of them might) they would soon find themselves *hors de combat* in relation to their premises that all manifestations of mind are nothing but products of matter. Huxley, for instance, that the "mind is a voltaic pile giving shocks of thought," and many other quotations equally as absurd by other materialistic philosophers (?) who claim prominence as such.

To get at the object of writing this article as concisely as possible, I will merely state that as long ago as 1843 I was induced to investigate and try this phenomenon mainly for a hygienic purpose and afterwards led on by curiosity. I had no teacher, consulted no works on the subject, but derived all I learned in relation thereto by my own individual experiments, and in parenthesis say that what I learned I hold as above all price in setting in my mind the vexed question "to be or not to be."

In 1847 I was in Wisconsin, and for the satisfaction of others I was induced to a renewal of experiments in magnetism. I was located with several other families with a view of forming a co-operative colony, so that excepting myself the rest had their residences closely together, whilst mine was half a mile from the rest. The subject at one time was brought up for discussion, and an earnest desire on the part of many to see something of it resulted in my finding a subject to experiment with at once, and fortunately he proved to be an extraordinary one. The finding of property through him in a mesmeric condition was a thing of common occurrence, and in some instances he seemed to be conscious of the mental conditions under which the property was lost. I found that he could take cognizance of what was occurring out of his sight, by pre-arrangements to test him.

One evening I mesmerized him and in imagination took him to England, and prepared as I was to accept the marvelous, I was considerably surprised at the probabilities of some statements from a letter received afterwards. Telling of this to my neighbors, they suggested the institution of a series of experiments to thoroughly test the matter. The course pursued was this: His brother would magnetize him, distant from me one half a mile, and in the evening, according to arrangements, my family were to be engaged at anything suggested to our minds at the time, something for instance somewhat out of the ordinary routine of family occupation to make it more apparent, and by comparing notes it was evident that through some mysterious law or power of mind that he was with us taking cognizance of our actions. This was so thoroughly demonstrated that the parties concerned would have subscribed and sworn to the same before any officer qualified to administer an oath.

I would like to know how a materialist could explain such phenomena. He would not attempt it but would ignore it and say it was all bosh or illusion. But I challenge them to make the experiment, for plenty of them under favorable conditions would demonstrate similar results, and would be forced from their ridiculous positions that all mental phenomena are nothing but properties of matter.

The time may come (nay, will come) when it will be plain how the mind or spirit of man can, through the agency of some subtle medium, annihilate time and space, and thus demonstrate such phenomena to be no more strange than many other things that, until the last decade, were not dreamed of in our philosophy.

Oh, Fortune! thou that givest unto each his portion in this dirty planet, bestow (if it shall please thee) coronets and crowns, and principalities, and purses, and puddings, and powers upon the great and noble and fat ones of the earth. Grant me that, with a heart of independence unyielding to thy favors and unbending to thy frowns, I may attain to literary fame; and though starvation be my lot, I will smile that I have not been born a king.—*Carlyle, at the age of nineteen.*

The Soul and Spirit Body of Man.

BY A. F. MELCHERS.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Apart from the physical body, the soul and spirit of man may be considered with as much importance, and studied with as much interest, as any other condition of existence within reach of his cognition or understanding. The material body is not the ego, it is but the agent through which the spirit and the soul are enabled to manifest themselves during earth-life, or life on a strictly material plane. After death of the former, the spirit becomes the agent through which the soul is enabled to manifest itself in the entity of spirit—a higher condition than matter, and one that accords with the spirit body, as material nature accords with the physical body—being an element or substance composed of similar ingredients or principles to that of which the spirit body is composed, as material nature is composed of the same substances that the material or physical body is composed of, *or vice versa*. Material nature is composed of ethers, fluids and solids. So is the human body. The spirit body is formed from the essences of the same, and as spiritual nature, or spirit so-called, is analogous to, or must be in order to permit the spirit of man to exist in the same, we may infer that it is formed or created in like manner. We know that the spirit body is created by the action of the interior life principle, the innate intelligence, the soul, on its surrounding material, the physical body, and that this spirit body is a sensuous appendage, but made conscious of its sensuousness by the intelligent principle, the soul, which exists in connection with it.

Now, sensation and intelligence are two different things *per se*—two different conditions or states of being. One is a material or physical sensibility, and the other an intelligent consciousness of existence. One is manifested through the physical body by the spirit, the other by the soul. But without the action of the soul, the real and only absolute life principle of the being, no sensation would be experienced neither on the body nor on the spirit. And that the soul is a condition apart from the spirit may be proven by the simple fact of thinking or meditating. Man can become so lost in thought that no sensation whatever is experienced—not only becoming unconscious to what has been termed the sense of sight, hearing, feeling, smelling and tasting, but to hunger, thirst and pain, and proves that the soul is a purely and strictly intelligent life principle, remaining so throughout existence, and partakes of no sensation whatever, otherwise some degree of it would be manifested when the soul is laboring under the pressure of thought or intelligent motion. But, to the contrary, this is impossible. Man can not comprehend the nature of a sensation without bringing the soul's motion (intelligent action) into requisition for that purpose, proving that spirit or sensuousness has no independent consciousness of existence—in a word, that spirit is not intelligent *per se*, and therefore not intelligence. Spirit is as much dependent on intelligence or life in the cause for consciousness of being as matter is, or a material life condition is, and proves that it is either a condition of existence or an entity apart from matter and intelligence, or constitutes a compromise between the two, and most likely a combination of both—reason telling us that sensuousness or sensation must be a compromise state of existence between absolute consciousness (intelligence) and absolute lifelessness (inert matter), and as such constitutes neither intelligence (life) nor inanity (death).

Thus the soul of man is the intelligent life principle within, on which he is not only dependent for his consciousness of being, but for his existence as an independent life entity, and the spirit is the sensuous appendage through which the body is enabled to perceive the effects of its surroundings, a necessary condition for the soul's individualization, or its growth, development and unfoldment toward a state of existence which makes it superior in power, activity or force over and above that of the spirit body.

The soul in its infancy is but a spark of the divinity compared to the sensuousness of its surrounding material, not being able to manifest its intelligent activity, or act for a purely intelligent effect, until the material or physical body, which it inhabits, has attained a certain degree of maturity, and by which time the spirit body has gained considerable headway and in full bloom of sensuous or material (animal) activity. The aim of the soul is to overcome its animal nature, or that animal sensuousness which animates its spiritual appendage, the spirit body, and which appears to be a difficult matter when considering at what age of life some mortals still delight in the indulgence of animal or material sensations. When the soul reaches that state of intelligent activity that its superior force, its divine impulse or motion drowns the material desires, its mission is accomplished, having then attained absolute consciousness of existence or harmony with causation, life in the cause, God. Until then, man is a human animal, and can not be accorded a divine being, for in the entity of pure intelligence there is neither sensation nor animal emotion manifested—all is calm, serene, peaceful, harmonious. All is

love, for God is love by virtue of being a state of existence which constantly gives, imparts, and bestows, and where there is love there is happiness, for such is heaven!

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

The Soul.

(Mrs. S. C. Scovell, medium.)

Since time existed there has been some one bold enough to question the existence of the soul; and, if we have one, whence it came and whither it is tending? Spiritualism, ancient and modern, has solved this important question beyond a doubt. In the olden times, when we have the record of the mediums and their works, when the man, Christ, walked the earth and performed the same wonders that are natural to mediumship to-day, there were those that questioned the soul influence and required a sign before they could or would believe the assertions made by the Nazarene and his followers. The wise men of that time felt there was more of man than the material form, yet they were not content to believe; they desired proof positive of the fact. So it is at the present day. If there is a force in life beyond the material or animal existence, all desire to know for themselves. The word of our friends will do in minor matters, but when it comes to the psychic influence which surrounds us, we desire to "know as we are known."

In the trinity of three in one, we find body, soul and spirit; the body, animal; soul, the force which makes us living, thinking realities; the spirit, that finer, subtle essence which brings us *en rapport* with the heavenly deities, that emanation of spirituality which gives a complete understanding of ourselves as destined for a future state of existence. The soul is that which makes us friends or foes, and when we allow the psychic influence to become debased by passion, evil deeds, or dissipation, then are we responsible to our spirit for our deeds. Let the soul of our being always seek the higher life. Our soul is responsible to the spirit for the use it makes of the body while inhabiting the material form. "Come, soul, let us reason together," thus speaks the spirit, and the soul is feign to listen. The soul is the astral body and can leave the material body at will, but death alone can release it entirely from the clay. Death alone can disunite the three, body, soul and spirit.

Right here we have a vexed question, the assertion which has been made in times past, wherein we learn that it is not possible for a spirit to return to earth, is a truth. It is the soul which has that power and obeys a natural law in returning. The spirit is too pure an essence to again come into earth conditions when once freed. The expression, soul influences would be more correct than spirit return. We never see the spirit; it is the soul which comes in a clairvoyant vision. The soul is a perfect shadow of the earth form; the spirit, a luminous substance which can not come close enough to assume the appearance of the old form again.

We often hear the expression in dark circles, "I see floating luminous lights and shadows, but can distinguish no features, or, in fact, anything definite. Why is this? and what is it I see?" It is a spirit drifting in space without the soul encasement, which would enable it to make-known its presence to you. This is like unto the soul leaving the material body for a time. The body, so deserted, would not be able to demonstrate to you the magnetic cord that still bound them together; per example, when entranced by some soul from out the universe of space, the body is held for the return of the soul belonging to it.

Then again, we have the dead trance, where, to all appearances, death has taken place; but soon the wandering soul returns to the clay and it is again reanimated. My soul is that which makes me a moving, living, sensate being; one to be loved or despised as the soul fulfills or neglects to do its duty by the body. Our soul growth depends on circumstances, yet, however binding those circumstances may seem, they can be overcome; our soul can rise above them, and in so doing elevate the body from the condition poverty may have placed them in. Should the circumstance of our birth, over which we have no control, place us among the rough and outcasts of this earth, we are not compelled to accept our supposed lot in life; our soul can make the exertion and climb out of earth conditions even to conquering pre-natal conditions. The soul which is content that the body which it inhabits shall occupy a place which circumstances may have placed it in, of ignorance and crime, is responsible to the spirit which is always pure and will require a strict account from the soul of its stewardship of the body. The same rule is in force when the soul is fortunate enough to be born into a position of affluence; a soul born thus must return a strict account of its duty fulfilled in the wise distribution of its wealth for the good of humanity. The selfish soul has years of progression to go through before it can satisfy the spirit's requirements, if it (the soul) has failed to do its duty by the body on earth.

The spirit is the real essence of humanity, and it is not possible for this to lose force. Here we have the law fulfilled of eternal progression, and every soul must yield to it; its happiness is through the spirit, but the more perfectly the soul ful-

fills its duties here and cares for the temple it occupies the sooner will it attain to that rest in the great fount of universal spirit. Therefore, O soul! heed thy responsibilities here on earth that thy reward may be given thee by thy master, the spirit. Soul culture is one all can attain. Strive to do good, cast aside all selfish thoughts and live only for the needs of humanity. Love thy neighbor and heed well who and what that neighbor may be. This soul question is one we could write upon for years and yet not learn the A-B-C's thoroughly, so full of truth and beauty as it is. When my soul understands its duty then will disease be a thing of the past, and only old age will in the natural decay of the body take me into spirit life.

Children's Progressive Lyceum.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Permit me, through the columns of your valuable paper, to reply to the many questions that are constantly being asked concerning the re-convening of the Children's Progressive Lyceum.

There has been such a lack of interest manifested on the part of Spiritualists generally, in regard to Lyceum work, that the remaining officers of the Lyceum did not feel justified in beginning our work with insufficient force that could but result in failure.

There is a handful of earnest souls that are willing to make any reasonable sacrifice for the benefit of the children, but not enough have thus far reported themselves for duty to warrant the permanent success of the Lyceum.

Among the thousands of Spiritualists of this city there ought to be *talent and zeal* enough to have the best Lyceum in America. Spiritualists of San Francisco! let me ask each and every one of you to earnestly consider this matter. Are you willing that your children should imbibe orthodox teachings? Are you doing all in your power to prevent it?

I hear some one exclaim, "Oh, I can counteract all such teachings at home." Then why don't you? How often do we hear children of Spiritualists speak in terms of derision of our beautiful philosophy! I fear some of them will blame you for not being more anxious to sustain our Lyceum by your weekly attendance, although you may not feel like serving as leaders.

Of course our ranks are largely augmented from the churches, but is that any reason we should not bring up our children in our faith, so that it will ever be sacred to them? Again, let me ask why the Temple Society is expected to do all the Lyceum work? Why can not all the Societies unite, and thus have a *union Lyceum*? Because we do not agree upon certain things, such as materialization, reincarnation, etc., is it any reason we can not work together in perfect harmony in the Lyceum? If so, then methinks we are not thoroughly imbued with that spirit of charity that "thinketh no evil," or are not as tolerant as we ought to be. If it would be in order to make a suggestion, it would be this: Let each Society appoint six delegates to meet in convention at some time in the near future, that we may re-organize our Lyceum, elect officers, etc.

Friends, everywhere, who are interested in this movement and feel that the Lyceum is a necessity, agitate this subject and see if we can not have a Lyceum that will be a credit to our cause. Angels will bless us for our efforts in behalf of the children who are continually asking, "When are you going to start the Lyceum?"

There are those who labored hard for the Lyceum during the many years of its existence, that have sought rest and retirement who are equally anxious that we shall afford the dear children an opportunity to develop their spiritual natures as well as physical.

Come, dear friends, we want the help of every Spiritualist in San Francisco.

Earnestly yours,

H. F. MICHENER,
Assistant Correspondent of the Lyceum.

Condemn me if you choose—I do that myself,—but condemn *me*, and not the path which I am following, and which I point out to those who ask me where, in my opinion, the path is. If I know the road home, and if I go along it drunk, and staggering from side to side, does that prove that the road is not the right one? If it is not the right one, show me another. If I stagger and wander, come to my help, and support and guide me in the right path. Do not yourselves confuse and mislead me and then rejoice over it and cry, "Look at him! He says he is going home, and he is floundering into the swamp!" You are not evil spirits from the swamps; you are also human beings, and you also are going home. You know that I am alone,—you know that I can not wish or intend to go into the swamp,—then help me! My heart is breaking with despair because we have all lost the road; and while I struggle with all my strength to find it and keep it, you, instead of pitying me when I go astray, cry triumphantly, "See! He is in the swamp with us!"—*Thibault.*

"Did you ever," said one preacher to another, "stand at the door after your sermon, and listen to what people said about it as they passed out?" The other replied, "I did once,"—a pause and a sigh—"but I'll never do it again."—*Exchange.*

W. J. Colville's Discourse.

Continued from First Page.

culture of the individual not regarded as essential, persons are sure to be more or less erratic, so the gospel they preach is good news for some people, but not for all. We are told that when Jesus was born, the angels shouted, "Peace on earth; good will to men;" and declared that glad tidings were to be heralded abroad which should be for all people; then, when the Holy Spirit came, on that wondrous feast of Pentecost following the final departure of Jesus from the external form, we are told that the illiterate fishermen, and other disciples gathered there, knowing only their own language, were inspired to speak of the wonders of God in so many different languages that the vast concourse of people, speaking different tongues gathered in Jerusalem's fair temple, could all hear the truth in the language to which they were born. Paul, drinking in the spirit of the earliest followers of Jesus, speaks of a diversity of gifts, but *one spirit*; many forms of administration, yet *one Lord* over all, *one God*, *one spirit* in all and through all.

If our platform is to be truly universal, spiritual and humanitarian, we must never restrict ourselves to the advocacy of that which will meet the requirements of just one class of people; we must never desire that spoken in one tongue the truth shall be only; we must never seek to narrow down divine revelation to one particular form of presentation; but, having in view the general good to all, whether we individually require phenomena or not, we should remember there are many who do, consequently we should do all in our power to promote it in its genuineness in all its phases, and honor all who are the instruments of presenting it to the world. No matter whether we require argument or not, there are some who can only be convinced by an appeal to the intellect, therefore we should do all in our power to sustain the platform and the press; or if we can receive truth without that inward revelation which comes alone in solitude, we must bear in mind that there are many who cannot hear the voices of heaven when the noises of earth are ringing in their ears, so we should gladly prepare for such a shaded retreat, even the cloistered cell if they need it. Some of us may resemble tall forest trees, or conspicuous flowers, appearing in the world in its most noted places, while others may be like lilies of the valley or modest violets hiding in the shade, making sweet and fragrant sheltered bed, doing their work in silence and in secrecy, just as effectually as others of us may do ours in the public marts of the world.

Spiritualism as a distinctive movement should be *inclusive*, never *exclusive*. The Spiritualist that is for Spiritualists only is a Spiritualism we want nothing to do with. We shall never advocate it, nor take any part in its advocacy, and cannot conscientiously sustain it. A Spiritualist that is for humanity is the only Spiritualism we recognize as the genuine article. Spiritualism is for the people of the world, alike for Jew, Gentile, Greek, Roman and barbarian, which does not speak to the eastern and western hemispheres alike—that Spiritualism which can not recognize the virtues of Plato, Socrates, of the Buddhas, Zoroaster and Jesus, as well as those of modern workers, is a narrow, exclusive and limited thing, which may foster contention and strife, but can never be anything more than a sickly exotic; it will prove a poor little pampered plant, reared in a hothouse, its leaves destined soon to wither and fall, while its fruit we never come to perfection. Narrow, systematic efforts, tending to wrap Spiritualism up within the folds of sectarian organization, may be the means of adding one more to the sects (already over three hundred) into which the civilized world is now divided, but it will never add anything whatever to the great living, progressive, liberal thought of the age. Spiritualism is a universal movement, or it is nothing; it does not belong to any clan, party or sect; there is for the true Spiritualist no Jerusalem and no Mecca upon the earth, and there can be no special teacher or leader acknowledged as his head. True Spiritualism is the little heaven hid in all measures of meek of which men partake—it must penetrate the entire mass until the entire lump is leavened.

Now, let us inquire, What is the relation of Spiritualism, pure and simple, to the Christian church? We take particular notice of the Christian church because it is the prevailing church in this country. If we were speaking in Hindostan, we should particularly consider the relation of Spiritualism to the Buddhistic and Brahministic faiths; if we were speaking in the Ottoman empire, we should particularly consider the relation of Spiritualism to the Mahomedan religion; but as we are living in a country which, though not, properly speaking, Christian, (as no religion is established by law, and there is no State church) is nevertheless a country in which the majority of the people profess the Christian name, and where the so-called Christian religion is the religion of the masses, it specially behooves us to consider the relation of Spiritualism to the Christian church.

Should Spiritualists antagonize Christianity? That depends entirely upon what you mean by Christianity. If you mean a hierarchical system, a theological imperialism—if you mean an ecclesiasticism which in the past given birth to the inquisition, and would re-establish it to-day if it had the power, then we admit

that hostility to such a form of so-called Christianity is but natural and right; but Unitarians and Universalists bear in mind the Christian name, and nearly all liberal minds in the churches delight in it. Metaphysicians, at least many of them, are saying that Christ is only another name for truth, and indeed Paul, when writing to the Corinthians, undoubtedly entertained the broadest possible idea of the Christ when he said that all honest spiritual workers were members of one body, and that the great body of humanity, enlightened by the spirit of truth, constituted the Christ. It is a mere technical quibble with many people who are continually antagonizing Christianity; they are evidently determined to fight something and someone, and therefore often set up a man of straw which they call Christianity, and then proceed to knock it down, just as Ingersoll vainly imagined that he has attacked the law of God or the law of nature, when in his lectures upon "The Gods," and other topics, he only attacks the conceptions of pagan mythology, and those peculiar literal interpretations of the Pentateuch, which are not mistakes of Moses at all, because Moses never indicated anything of the kind, neither did any one else by whom the Pentateuch may have been written or compiled.

Many people are very fond of heaping ridicule upon everything that bears the Christian name, and we must say that with any such onslaught and attack we have no sympathy whatever. When people resort to sarcasm and abuse it is usually because they are devoid of understanding, and for lack of argument they throw dirt when unable to logically defend their position. Many sciolists, when they can not argue a question out, throw dust in the eyes of their hearers, and in raising dust think they can cover their ignominious retreat. But no really intelligent person has ever taken any such course. We are living in an age when every one must be allowed the free expression of his sincere and honest convictions without being subjected to abuse for so doing, and any person who calls another a fool because he does not agree with him must be strangely destitute of intelligence himself, or else desirous to be a god before whom the world is to bow down and worship. We have happily outgrown the era of personal and localized divinities; we no longer recognize the authority of popes and self-styled apostles. The time now is when the priestly office is abandoned and we are approaching a happier era when every honest man will be both priest and king. As in the future there will be no special laboring class because there will be no idlers, and you will not be able to find one who does not labor, so the time is coming when all will be kings and queens, priests and priestesses, prophets and prophetesses, seers and seeresses, for the happy day approaches when the prediction of olden prophets will be fulfilled and the spirit of truth be poured out upon all mankind, to the end that young and old, male and female, shall alike prophesy and be enlightened.

We are approaching the glorious time when all the limits of sectarianism must necessarily be taken away, and when as a result the old stereotyped forms of Christianity must go the way of all transitory things. They were well enough in the days of old when the multitude could neither read nor write, when scribes and readers were idolized, because the scribes and priests were the only educated men in the community; well enough in those old times when men were little better than slaves and barbarians, whose leaders were obliged to hold them in check with the tightest possible rein to prevent lawlessness and insurrection, but their day is past.

All the good there is in Christendom, all the noble examples of heroism shown by Christian martyrs, will live forever and forever, though the words Christ, Christian and Christianity may eventually be dropped out of the world's lexicons. We have no longer any need for distinctive appellations, but if we have outgrown the Christian name, it is not because Christianity is a system of imposition but only that something better, higher and newer is always in store for humanity.

We are frequently informed that many of us were formerly outspoken Spiritualists have gone back into the Christian churches, and that many have gone into them for the first time because they find there a more lucrative field of labor. You will find in almost every instance that those who have acted thus had respectability and organization on the brain, and as the churches are perfectly organized and very respectable, they found that organization and respectability could be secured in the churches better than in any independent movement. We do not blame them, if they belong in the churches let them go there, finding their true level they can best do their own work. There is a great deal to be done in the churches and by the churches; a great deal of good can be done in them; and instead of harshly criticising those who enter them, we say if they feel better satisfied therein they find it comfortable, they can get out again. This is a question that must be left to the conscientious decision of the individual; no one has any right to place restrictions and opinions, or to impute improper motives to another.

If there are any, and common report says there are many, who go into the churches because they think they can do better in a financial sense, then we are sorry for

you can not come into the atmosphere of such without being uplifted to some degree; your nobler feelings will be touched, your loftiest emotions will be stirred through communion with their thought.

All we say is to be true to your inward light, go where conscience leads you, and all the hosts of heaven will bless you in your undertaking. But bad results or uselessness must always proceed from hypocrisy and false swearing. Let us then attach more and more importance to the cardinal virtues; let us look to the foundations and essentials of morality; let us strive for spiritual purity rather than professed Spiritualism which many use as a convenient term to cover anything.

So long as we are on this platform no honest seeker after truth shall ever hear a slightest or insulting word addressed to him or her because of church or other associations. What right have we and what right has any one to point to any one man-made institution and declare that that institution is so very superior to all others, unless it can prove its superiority? Every practical good it does in the world? Everything must be tried by the fruit it bears. If you desire to build up Spiritualism as a distinctive movement must you as Spiritualists find fault, the one with the other, and indulge in petty disputes and antagonisms? Spiritualists unfortunately in the past have been their own worst enemies; they have mercilessly attacked each other instead of attacking the evils which are in the world. If they would attack vice and error, if they would reveal the truth that has been given to them, preach a glorious, intelligible and adaptive philosophy, surround their mediums with the best and most harmonious conditions for eliciting the most satisfactory phenomena, Spiritualism as a distinctive movement would go forward conquering and to conquer, which it will never do if misrepresented by its assumed exponents who perpetually indulge in sarcasm, abuse and ruthless iconoclasm.

Spiritualism is a system of philosophy with accompanying signs and wonders, and as Jesus said concerning his followers, "These signs shall follow those who believe," so that when they went out into the world men might know they were really his disciples, as they healed the sick and cast out devils, which meant that they helped people to overcome their vices; so to-day if Spiritualists are to be lights of the world and salt of the earth, they can only become so by reviving in our midst those wonderful gifts of the spirit, (teaching and healing) which in the olden days brought such honor to the Christian name, and shed so glorious a lustre upon the earth wherever the pioneers of Christianity traveled.

Spiritualism, if true to itself, will be brighter and more liberal than all systems beside, and will, therefore, continue to be a distinctive and conclusive movement,—increasingly so; the very word Spiritualism embodies the idea of universality. Our theosophical brethren in India are doing better work than any other missionaries because instead of attacking oriental religions they are seeking to interpret them. The signs shall follow those who believe, so that when they went out into the world men might know they were really his disciples, as they healed the sick and cast out devils, which meant that they helped people to overcome their vices; so to-day if Spiritualists are to be lights of the world and salt of the earth, they can only become so by reviving in our midst those wonderful gifts of the spirit, (teaching and healing) which in the olden days brought such honor to the Christian name, and shed so glorious a lustre upon the earth wherever the pioneers of Christianity traveled.

What we need to-day is universal Spiritualism or universal theosophy; what we need is to call flowers from every garden, taking the wise maxims and noble thoughts of ancient and modern poets, seers and sages, and so bind them together as foray the highest purposes of life. It is altogether too late in our party to denounce all others; it is altogether too late to throw aside the world's bibles and say there are no kernels in their shells because people have been long fed on husks and have not yet discovered the kernels of the churches, because the introduction of such an element into them tends to their own undoing; and if they knew the object of those who seek their communion was "loaves and fishes," they would likely say to them, "We have no place nor use for those who do not honestly believe our doctrines and feel that our institutions are most in harmony with the divine decrees."

We have the greatest respect for every honorable man and woman; we admire honesty wherever we find it. All persons who are really noble and sincere live to do good, and whether on the platform in the pulpit or through the press, or by means of work in silent and secret places, their influence goes forth as the sweet perfumes of the choicest flowers; wherever the blossoms are they exhale their fragrance. So every good man and woman, no matter where he or she may be, or who he or she may be, is certain to lift the morals of society to a higher standard; throw the bible to the world overboard, about us, but to help all the religions of those able to see the treasure in their own scriptures and understand the great esoteric verities which are shrouded in their own systems of theology. Let us, therefore,

take doctrine after doctrine, text after text, not throwing aside the chain of history, and endeavor to trace all religions, faiths and customs to their primal source, gladly accepting all that is good and true, throwing away the refuse, indeed with unsparing hands breaking idols wherever they stand in the way of true progress, but ever with the intent of clearing ground for the erection of larger and nobler ideals for humanity.

The parenthood of Deity, the universal brotherhood and sisterhood of humanity are the two great planks of the broad platform on which all of us can safely stand. Therefore with love to all and malice toward none, let us build our temples with sky-lights in the roof so that the light of heaven may shine in fresh every day; let us go out every morning to pick up the manna which has freshly fallen; let us drink from the water of the everlasting spring perpetually; let us not desire the ancient or the modern just because it is either old or new, nor seek after that which goes under one name or another because of its distinctive appellation, but seek for the truth alone in the spirit of love. Those who ask will find; those who seek will surely win the treasure, and to all who knock upon the doors of the temple of divine wisdom an answer will come, an adapted ministrations suited to the needs of every suppliant.

Interesting Experiences.

One year and a half ago we were converted, in our own home, to the beautiful truths of Spiritualism through manifestations of spirit power, since which time we have been given many evidences of a life beyond. We have held circles in our own home for the past year, and were promised the gift of mediumship should we sit regular and punctual. So we commenced a circle for development of husband, daughter, twelve years of age, and myself, and are progressing nicely.

Stored up in thousands of homes are valuable incidents never yet published, which would be of great value to the investigator, and others are daily occurring which should be given to the public, for it is phenomena the investigator requires first, then spiritual knowledge. I feel impressed that by giving the result of our patient and punctual sitting it might encourage others to do likewise. Will be brief as possible, and yet sufficiently full upon the many difficulties besetting life. The fact of spirit return being assured, I still had to meet life's trials alone, as it were. The knowledge that faithful work done in this life assured a reward in the next was consoling, but did not make those duties easier to bear. But when the truth was made known to me that "God is life, love, truth, intelligence, substance, omnipresent, omnipotent and omniscient, and there is no evil," I became glorified in myself as a part of that God, and dare not think wrong or do other than my best. And if I fail, how consoling to know that it is but the mortal that fails—"the spirit can not sin nor suffer for sin." How kindly it makes us regard the faults of others, knowing they err through ignorance of the divine gift they possess—the spirit "which is a reflection of Truth."

How willing, my anxious, are all to tell the glad tidings to any who come near. Can it be? We are *now living spirits*, capable of divine work and should prove it by a forgetfulness of self and a life devoted to right doing and thinking—an eternal life, healthy and serene, with opportunity of doing good and being good. Cultivating and living in the spirit will make the duties and cares of this life seem but trifles. What we shall eat and what we shall wear are of small import when compared with our actions and words and their effect upon others. Kind thoughts and loving words beget kindness and love, and simple habits of food and dress are rewarded with sound health and good sense. Such examples rejoice the spirits, and the time thus saved in preparing the same can be devoted to higher pursuits. If we are living spirits why do we devote so much time and thought to the body? We can not serve two masters, the body and spirit. One must be the leader. If it is the material part of man that controls, then may we expect wrangling in families, discord and inharmonious among neighbors; sickness from bad living, ignorance and vice because of broken laws of God; envy and hatred towards those richer and happier than ourselves, while crime and suffering go hand in hand with wrong doing and the smothering of the spirit.

If we choose the development of spirit behold harmony and love, purity and virtue, health and beauty, forgiveness of our faults and a desire to be good and kind ourselves; our material duties become few and easy to perform; our desires are for other's benefits as well as our own; and are gratified if we seek rightly. In fact, "our own" is sure to come to us, be it good or bad. If it is not what we desire or wish, deserve better, claim it will come. "Ask and it shall be given you," is true to-day, if ever it was. There is no such thing as bad luck. It is "our own" coming to us—what we need for our development and good. If it is not what we desire, don't whine about it, accept it as a stepping stone on which to stand, and looking higher and further, see the better times that are surely coming to all who give the spirit control.

made to organize select circles for that purpose, not only would investigators help themselves, but the cause generally.

I rejoice that I am a Spiritualist, in which name I glory, and that I have progressed beyond church creeds and superstitions, and am out on liberal ground, and from under the dark shadows of orthodox. My belief of to-day is beyond price, and can never be taken from me.

Fraternally,

MRS. MANUEL STEVENS.

GILROY, August 31, 1887.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Living in the Spirit.

BY MRS. L. P. J. HERRING.

How seldom do we meet with those who carry their principles or beliefs into their daily lives, making them practically a part of themselves, as it were. They may be church members whose creed teaches charity and love to sinners, as did the Great Teacher, yet we often find them quarrelling with neighbors, fault-finding at home, and only serene and happy when attending to "divine service," be it at home or at church, (and dressed as well, or better than others.) They can not even differ in opinion upon religious subjects without hard feelings, forgetting that religious opinions are only beneficial to those who believe and practice them. And right here comes in the most difficult part of our beliefs—the practical part of them. Even Spiritualists may be so occupied with the obtaining of tests and phenomenal part of the faith as to lose sight of the glorious philosophy and all its possible good to our material spirits.

What we want, friends, both in the church and out, is something to *live by*, (the dying is out of the question), but we need spiritual help and counsel in our daily lives. A religion that makes us not only happier but more loving, unselfish and honest in life, is the best religion. If we can prove its truthfulness by lives of uprightness, as well as words of cheer from the other side, so much the better; but by all means let us live our belief rather than preach it.

Until I knew something of "Christian science," as they call it, I could not quite understand how to bring spiritual philosophy into my daily life—how to reason upon the many difficulties besetting life. The fact of spirit return being assured, I still had to meet life's trials alone, as it were. The knowledge that faithful work done in this life assured a reward in the next was consoling, but did not make those duties easier to bear. But when the truth was made known to me that "God is life, love, truth, intelligence, substance, omnipresent, omnipotent and omniscient, and there is no evil," I became glorified in myself as a part of that God, and dare not think wrong or do other than my best. And if I fail, how consoling to know that it is but the mortal that fails—"the spirit can not sin nor suffer for sin." How kindly it makes us regard the faults of others, knowing they err through ignorance of the divine gift they possess—the spirit "which is a reflection of Truth."

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Cultivating and living in the spirit will make the duties and cares of this life seem but trifles. What we shall eat and what we shall wear are of small import when compared with our actions and words and their effect upon others. Kind thoughts and loving words beget kindness and love, and simple habits of food and dress are rewarded with sound health and good sense. Such examples rejoice the spirits, and the time thus saved in preparing the same can be devoted to higher pursuits. If we are living spirits why do we devote so much time and thought to the body? We can not serve two masters, the body and spirit. One must be the leader. If it is the material part of man that controls, then may we expect wrangling in families, discord and inharmonious among neighbors; sickness from bad living, ignorance and vice because of broken laws of God; envy and hatred towards those richer and happier than ourselves, while crime and suffering go hand in hand with wrong doing and the smothering of the spirit.

If we choose the development of spirit behold harmony and love, purity and virtue, health and beauty, forgiveness of our faults and a desire to be good and kind ourselves; our material duties become few and easy to perform; our desires are for other's benefits as well as our own; and are gratified if we seek rightly. In fact, "our own" is sure to come to us, be it good or bad. If it is not what we desire or wish, deserve better, claim it will come. "Ask and it shall be given you," is true to-day, if ever it was. There is no such thing as bad luck. It is "our own" coming to us—what we need for our development and good. If it is not what we desire, don't whine about it, accept it as a stepping stone on which to stand, and looking higher and further, see the better times that are surely coming to all who give the spirit control.

LOS GATOS, CAL.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1887.

A DREADFUL CRIME.

We can conceive of no greater injury in all the black catalogue of human misconduct, than that of simulating the return of one's loved ones from the pale shades of rest, and fraudulently accepting pay therefor. That this great wrong is sometimes done in circles for spirit materialization, as well as in the purported materialization of other phases of mediumship, is beyond question; and that, too, at times, by persons possessing genuine gifts of mediumship.

It is indeed most pitiful and painful that any one should ever so far forget every principle of honor, and moral and spiritual decency, as to descend to the level of the charlatan and trickster in matters of so sacred a character as that of spirit return, thus trifling with the purest and holiest emotions of the soul. Those mediums who, when their powers are exhausted, or for other reasons, resort to such practices, should be made to realize the dreadful crime they are committing, and unless they stop short in their wicked career, they should be subjected to such reformatory discipline as will drive them from the field of mediumship.

Spiritualists, who would exalt and ennoble their glorious cause, can not afford to be trifled with and deceived by dishonest mediums, nor tricky and groveling spirits. They should not only seek the highest in their own lives, but they should insist upon unswerving honesty in their mediums.

To apologize for, or in any manner seek to extenuate deception in our mediums, is to invite and encourage deception and dishonesty. Not that we should hastily jump at conclusions, and harshly crush out every medium who is merely suspected of dishonesty; or even those who, moving upon a low plane of life, may attract low and dishonest spirits to their circles. A work of reform may be wrought with these spirits, who with their mediums, should be kindly led and encouraged to better things.

We should aim to lift all mediumship out of the ruts, and place it upon higher ground, where it naturally belongs; and especially should we so stamp with our displeasure all fraudulent practices in mediumship as to convince all mediums who ever resort to such practices that Spiritualists will not tolerate them in their evil ways.

RETURN OF MR. COLVILLE.

The return of W. J. Colville to the Pacific Coast, after an absence of eleven months in the East, is hailed with delight by thousands of his admirers in this city and elsewhere, where he labored so satisfactorily and successfully on the occasion of his former visit. Mr. Colville's broad catholicity of spirit, which, while recognizing the good in all religious institutions and in all individual natures, is nevertheless most earnest in seeking for the highest unfoldment of every individual spirit. It is this grand liberality and charity that endear him to all large souls who are brought within the range of his influence.

On Sunday morning last Mr. Colville appeared before a large and deeply interested audience, discoursing grandly on the theme, "The Rock upon which We Build." Again, in the afternoon, to another goodly audience, he answered questions from the rostrum for a full hour, and in the evening, to a most attentive hearing of about seven hundred persons, he lectured upon the subject, "What is the future of Spiritualism as a distinctive movement, and what is its true relation to the Christian Church?" (This lecture was reported expressly for the GOLDEN GATE, and appears elsewhere in our columns.)

Mr. Colville is here under the management of Dr. Albert Morton, a gentleman of long experience and rare, qualifications for the work in which he is engaged. Having no society to back him, or to bear the burden of expenses of the meetings, the manager is obliged to charge the small admission fee of ten cents, which most people would prefer to pay than suffer the annoyance of having a contribution box projected before their gaze. We are pleased to learn that the first day's receipts exceeded those of the first day of Mr. Colville's former engagement by some thirty dollars.

One of the rare attractions of these meetings is the exquisite vocal music by such artists as Miss E. Beresford Joy, Miss Marie Fries-Bishop, and that sterling spiritual vocalist, Mr. J. W. Maguire. Miss Bishop is recently from Boston, where she is recognized as a vocalist of rare merit; and as for Miss Joy, all ears tingle to catch the divine strains that fall from her lips whenever she steps to the front.

We predict a most successful season for Mr. Colville, both upon the rostrum and before his private classes in Metaphysical Science.

LET US REASON TOGETHER.

The marvelous unfoldments of the age in which we live are so numerous, and so often at variance with old ideas, that it is hardly safe to deny, unqualifiedly, anything that by any possibility may be true. For one to deny, in a captious and dogmatic manner, what others know, or think they know, to be true, is simply a vulgar exhibition of ignorance, which no wise man would be so thoughtless as to indulge in.

Now there are various phases of belief and opinion among Spiritualists, some of which are the cause of no little friction and inharmoniousness, when they ought not to be so. Some believe in an over-ruling intelligence that we call God, others, that there is no such being in the universe. Some believe in the efficacy of prayer; others, that it is wasted effort. Some believe in the solid, tangible materialization of spirit forms; others, that all such manifestations are frauds. Some hold to the doctrine of re-incarnation; others deny that man ever had a prior physical existence, or ever will have another.

Upon this latter point the inspirers of Mrs. Richmond, Mr. Colville and others, affirm; while those of Mrs. Watson, Mr. Morse and others, deny. One side claims to know; the other, not to know, in which is included a claim to know that the other side does not know!

Now, whether any of these propositions are true or false, or whether those who think they know have any knowledge that the other side does not have, there is certainly no sufficient grounds of difference to warrant the disruption of friendly relations between believer and unbeliever. In fact it isn't what one believes, or does not believe, that makes the true man. It is what he *does*. Gauged by this standard, how puerile seem all wrangling and discord growing out of differences of opinion concerning mere abstractions, whereof, in the nature of things it is impossible to know the truth or if possible, not of any sufficient importance to worry about.

No matter how many embodiments we may have had in the past, or how many we are likely to have in the future, the present is the only one that is of the least consequence to us now. How to secure the best results from this embodiment—confer the most happiness upon others and obtain the largest amount for ourselves—is the one question that concerns us most.

It is of far more importance to us to know that we shall live hereafter than that we have lived before. And as upon this point we are all agreed, we can well afford to have the question of another incarnation open for further light. If any of us have it come back and try it over again, it will doubtless be because we have left some work undone that we ought to have attended to here. Hence, we should see to it that we do our work well in this embodiment.

That much inharmonious exists among Spiritualists, from these and other causes, is no doubt true. But the real cause for this is a lack of spirituality among us. We need more of the grace and goodness—more of the charity and loving gentleness of a refined and spiritualized humanity. 'Till we can raise ourselves to this level of life, we may naturally expect to see more or less of the outcroppings of the animal in our nature.

ST. CECILIA.

Among the many beautiful subjects treated in the splendid display of stained glass that adorns "Villa Monteruma," the new palatial residence of Jesse Shepard in San Diego, there is one window, (now on exhibition at the Mechanics' Institute Fair in this city), bearing the image of St. Cecilia, the patron saint of music. This figure, deserving as it does of something more than a passing notice, is thus spoken of by a thorough art critic who has carefully studied it:

The quiet dignity and sublime resonance which is portrayed in the face and form of this martyr saint, strikes one at once as being an admirable rendering of the subject as originally portrayed in the cinque cento period by Carlo Dolce. The background and jeweled border, although quiet and subdued in tone, and in keeping with the central figure, consist of the richest quality of opalescent, Venetian and antique glass, interspersed with cut and polished jewels so blended as to form a perfect symphony in color. Indeed, one could almost imagine that this beautiful window possesses the power of the "Vocal Membran" at Tiberius, which, when struck by the first rays of the morning sun, is reputed to have awed the entranced spectator by its production of sweet music. This type of decoration in which the gradation of color is so perfect, equal in beauty the best productions in all of fresco. Its transcendent effect gives it merit not possessed by any of its sister arts.

Mr. Shepard's beautiful home is an inspiration of art in all its details. There is nothing like it in unique harmony and exquisite refinement of elegance on the Pacific Coast. May he long live to enjoy it.

MEETINGS AT THE TEMPLE.—Two of the largest audiences of Mr. Morse's present engagement assembled at the Temple last Sunday, both morning and evening. The morning service was devoted to the answering of questions, as usual, and the evening to a lecture. While Mr. Morse, in his lecture, is always a sufficient attraction to draw out a goodly hearing, wherever he is known, being generally regarded, as indeed he is, one of our ablest public speakers and clearest exponents of the spiritual philosophy, on the above occasion the reverend founder of the society by whom he is employed, Mrs. E. L. Watson, was present and spoke a few cheering words. We are pleased to

know that the meetings at the Temple are increasing in numbers and usefulness. It seems as though we are just entering upon a pentecostal season of good things.

HOW CAN THEY?

It is declared that the world is running to materialism in all directions; it wants substantial demonstrations of what it is to believe in future, as well as material representations of those legends upon which hang the fabric of orthodox creeds. Faith does not seem sufficient in these times to satisfy the minds of men; they want palpable proof of the facts of what they are called upon to accept regarding the hereafter, the questions of the soul and its future state, standing pre-eminent over all others.

But for the spiritual side of our being we should hear nothing of materialism, since the one suggests the other. It is thought by some that Spiritualism is waning on the ground of its material tendency, its physical phenomena, and that for this reason many long in its ranks are going back into the churches, though still holding their spiritual faith. It is our humble opinion that any Spiritualist who enrolls him or herself under an orthodox church organization, is leaving our philosophy and professing faith in a creed adverse thereto, untrue to him or herself, in as much as it is only to be on the more popular side that they join churches.

It is true that churches have all grown wise in a worldly sense, and scarcely one of them proclaims those horrid ideas that for centuries drew penitents to the "mourners' bench" through fits of hysteria. But they, one and all, denounce Spiritualism with greater or less vehemence, when suitable occasion occurs; hence, we do not understand how an honest Spiritualist could listen calmly to a denunciation of what he or she *knows* to be well demonstrated truth, that is not only for once, but for years, as church members.

The angel world must look painfully down on such strong persons grown so timid as to be cowards and traitors to their own souls. Material tendency, indeed! It is not material! The bereaved of earth are weeping that their lost still live, love, and wait to receive them in their eternal homes, whose circles are never more to be broken by death? While there is one soul crying out for evidence of another life, so long will physical phenomena be sacred, and the one who derides it is wrong at heart.

AN INVITING PROJECT.

The inauguration of "The Peninsula Railway of Lower California," which occurred and was duly celebrated on the 30th ult., was a highly important event to all interested in the property of the Company of Ensenada, and the valuable property interests of the International Company of Mexico. This road, when completed, will connect Ensenada with San Diego on the North and Yuma on the East. This enterprise, looking to the colonization of Lower California, is the natural overflow of the great boom that is sweeping over Southern California, and making a great commercial center of San Diego.

The property of the Company embraces about 18,000 acres of land, including the entire northern portion of the peninsula of Southern California.

Ensenada is located on the bay of Todos Santos, seventy miles down the Coast from San Diego. It is an old Mexican town, with a present population of about 1,500, mostly American. The city is beautifully located, with a rich background of dark green hillsides, and in a climate unsurpassed for salubrity by that of any on the globe.

As our old friend, Charles B. Turrell, of San Diego, is one of the active and wide-awake agents of the Company, we are prepared to gamble (allegorically) that it is a clean-handed project for enlarging civilized society to a most inviting region of the world.

MISSIONARY WORK.—The offer made by the government of New South Wales offering three hundred thousand acres of land to any missionary society that will undertake to civilize the natives, is one that will be readily responded to by the orthodox world. While it would be an arduous undertaking, we think Spiritualists about as well suited in all respects to stand its hardships and perform its duties as any other class of people; and certainly no people better provided with the "bread of life" than they. It is to be hoped that our spiritual brethren in various parts of the world may make a move with a view to required missionary work that may be asked from time to time in foreign lands. Similar offers to the above would be a ready means of doing good to their fellows and of strengthening their own resources. Spiritualism being a natural and rational religion, it would more readily appeal to the minds of a simple people, than the mystery of three in one. The world is in need of spiritual missionary work, and it is time it was commenced. No other religion can demonstrate itself, and the first thing a "heathen" asks is proof of assertion.

UNWELCOME DECISION.—And, after all, the Supreme Court of Washington Territory has declared the Woman Suffrage act void! Many a judge has won notoriety by giving decisions against measures that related to woman's welfare, and it has never been known to add to the glory of his career. Of course without end, or until "something is done." The women of that thriving country will never suffer themselves to be set back twenty years behind their progress. They will set about searching for the "technicality" that has thus annulled their power, get up another bill, introduce it, and pass it through both houses and get the proper endorsement to make it valid, and go on as though nothing had happened. Woman Suffrage is not timid, and will never be discouraged by adverse Supreme Court decisions.

BIRTHDAY RECEPTION.

The friends of Mr. W. J. Colville, to the number of some four or five hundred, tendered to that gentleman a birthday reception and entertainment at Odd Fellows' Hall, on Monday evening last, which proved to be a very enjoyable affair. Hon. Amos Adams presided with his usual dignity over the musical and literary part of the entertainment, which consisted of the following:

PROGRAMME:
Organ Voluntary.....Miss E. Beresford Joy.
Solo, "Alone on the Midnight Sea".....J. W. Maguire.
Response and Greeting.....Dr. W. W. McKaig.
Solo, "With Verdu Chd.".....Mrs. Bishop.
Reading, "The Organ Builder".....Dr. Thos. L. Hill.
Solo, "Why, My Soul?".....Miss E. B. Joy.
Poem (Improvisation).....W. J. Colville.
Closing with a short season of social interchange.

Mr. Adams spoke of his interview with Mr. Colville in Boston prior to his engagement for the State Camp-meeting of 1886, and of the grand success attending that meeting, financially and otherwise. He also referred briefly to the beautiful spirit of good will and brotherly love permeating all of Mr. Colville's teachings.

The principal intellectual feature of the evening was Dr. W. W. McKaig's address of welcome, and Mr. Colville's reply. The Doctor, who is one of the solid thinkers of this Coast, and a born logician and reasoner, spoke as follows:

The very pleasing duty has been assigned to me to extend to you the salutations and greetings of this large and intelligent concourse of friends. More than a year ago you came among us as a comely stranger. Your reputation had outrun your presence, and we expected great things. We were not disappointed. You soon found favor with the people, and while there is room enough for many workers in this city, there has never been the feeling that you and here were not done. Thanks to the thoughtful and executive ability of Dr. Albert Morton, we have you among us again. In olden times they stoned the prophets that were sent unto them, but we propose to pet our young prophet with flowers and benedictions.

There are a good many reasons why we are glad to see you, and we are glad to see you. We like the optimism of your philosophy. Those are the most useful and powerful souls who see the most good and beauty in the world, the most brightness in the most gloomy, and the most of the future. The State and the church has often been saved by the hopeful hearts who were never discouraged, and would not cherish any other sentiment than the hope of triumph. Atheism has no heroes; agnosticism builds no schools and hospitals. Melancholy looked back and lost; Luther looked forward and won. Jesus came to the world to save it, and the "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will toward men." Now we feel that you have pretty fully entered into the spirit of that song that your countrymen inspired with the feeling that life is a blessed thing, that there is more good in the world than evil, that this is God's world and not the devil's, that we were made to be happy, and the purer the heart the more fragrant its joy, and that our hope of a hereafter is no longer a beautiful mirage which lures over the resting place of our dead, but an actual glimpse of the white porches of our Father's House.

There is a certain practical humanitarian ring in your words that are needed, and can not fail to do good. This is a glorious age, and the inquisition no longer has terrors to a dissenting soul. No evangelical church now prays that God would put a book in the mouth of a liberal preacher, as was wont in the olden days. The Church in the case of Theodore Parker. Liberty has been achieved, but the question now is, what shall we do with it? Can we affirm that our larger liberty has made us more the children of the light? The great battle of reform goes on. There is the temperance reform, the political equality of woman, problems of labor and poverty, questions of social purity, prison reform, and many kindred ways, we are called upon to labor. Now the soul that eats its manna in secret, withers. Souls are growing flabby in the secularism of cup and saucer, and good works. Your busy example and stirring words will, we are sure, help many to realize that each one must work out his own intellectual and moral salvation, that as we have freely received we must freely give.

We are especially charmed with the catholicity of your spirit. The spiritual army has usually been led by two classes of commanders. There is the militant man of God. He is always in war paint, and gunning for some one who can not walk his chalk line. He delights in the number of scalps he adorns. He ends of his theological wigwag. Then there is the man of peace, bearing in his hand the white flag of divine love and sympathy. The prophet declared him long ago, and said, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith of God, Zioth thy God reigneth." Now we greet you, for we feel sure you belong to this class; that you care more for character than doctrine; that you would strike away no poor man's crutch till he was ready to receive a better one. The rivers of God are full of water. There is enough to moisten every garden and field, run all the lonely sawmills in the mountain and the traders' ship to the sea, and at the same time toy with the willows and toss a kite to the forget-me-nots along the shore. Now if any thirsty soul goes to this water to quench his thirst with the secularism of cup and saucer, we are certain that in either case you will not chide him.

Then we like the way you emphasize the fact that all religions are akin. That Judaism, Christianity, Brahmanism, Buddhism, Mahometanism and Confucianism all sprouted from the same primal root. They are all strands upon the same Tree of Life, only some are a little higher up than others. That all the great religions have had their messiahs and prophets. And what wises this is to the unity of the universe of God and the solidarity of man. It means that the time has come to winnow from the literature of all religions the Bible of the universal church; a church not founded on Moses, Paul, St. Peter, Luther, Calvin or Wesley; but upon the rock of man's spiritual nature; a church whose God overarches all as the universal sky; inspires all as the universal electric force; that binds all society into unity as the unit of gravitation globes atoms into worlds and worlds into systems. This wisdom-religion of the world needs, and we know you are prepared to expound it to the world.

You are doing a noble work, and wherever you go the thoughtful and enlightened gather around you, a circle of the best elements is created, a lore of deep thinking becomes fashionable, strife and envy fall away. We believe that your visit is ordered for good; that as the result of your labors a society will take root

here and grow and prosper and be a blessing to many long after you are called hence.

Mr. Colville's response was felicitous, of course. With his remarkable gift of language, and the invisible inspirers at his command, it could not well be otherwise.

One of the exquisite gems of the evening was Miss Fries-Bishop's singing of "Comin' Through the Rye," as an encore to her splendid rendition from "Creation." As a beautiful and perfect companion piece to Miss Bishop's first number, was the grand rendition from "Martha," by Miss E. Beresford Joy, who gave as an encore, "I Can Not Sing the Old Song," in a charming manner.

Another delightful feature of the evening's entertainment was Dr. Thos. L. Hill's recitation of the "Legend of the Organ Builder." This gentleman is something more than an amateur; he is a genuine artist. Possessing a pleasing address, a finely cultivated voice, and faultless gesticulation, he never fails to strike the keynote of approbation. He responded to an encore with an intensely funny recitation, that well nigh paralyzed the risibles of his hearers.

There were other pleasant features of the entertainment, but this must suffice.

RUM AND REASON.—Figures, that some one has assured us, never lie, say that during a single year there was shipped to the west coast of Africa from Germany seven million one hundred and thirty-six thousand two hundred and thirty-six gallons of rum; and from Great Britain, six hundred thousand three hundred and twenty-eight gallons; from our own country, thirty and one hundred and twenty-one thousand four hundred and twelve gallons. Against these concited and concentrated devils, the three great nations are sending missionaries, sacrificing valuable lives every year, and draining the country of means that should be better applied at home. It is not this ignorance and superstition missionaries have to contend with to the end of their lives, so much as the demons that are turned loose upon foreign lands from the bung and spigot of the civilized whisky barrels floated to their shores from Christendom. So the world goes on, contending against one evil with another, and after an indefinite sacrifice of good between the two, somehow and sometime, there springs up what we call civilization, and this is turned out new geography.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Mr. and Mrs. James Blood, of Carpinteria, Santa Barbara county, are stopping for a few weeks at the Grand Hotel, this city.

—We call attention to the card of Charles H. Heath, metaphysical healer, late of Boston, in another column. We are assured that he has met with much success in his former home.

—Wanted.—A copy of Dr. Hare's work, "Spiritualism Scientifically Demonstrated." Any one having a copy, and would sell the same, would greatly oblige us by sending word to this office, stating price.

—We have a few dozen copies left of Mr. Colville's work, "The Spiritual Science of Health and Healing," bound in cloth, which we would like to close out at the reduced price of seventy-five cents per copy.

—Mr. L. H. White and Miss Frost will address the Union Spiritual Society next Wednesday evening at St. Andrews' Hall, 111 Larkin street. The following mediums will give tests: Mrs. Parry, Mrs. Jennie, McClelland, and Mrs. Rabbitt.

—A woman voted at Coventry, England, at a recent election. By mistaking the name of Jesse Johnson for that of a male, it was placed on the general register, in consequence of which the presiding officer felt obliged to admit Mrs. Johnson's vote when she presented herself at the polling precinct.

—W. J. Colville's subjects at Assembly Hall, Sunday, Sept. 11th, will be as follows: 10:45 A. M., "Real Life in the Spirit World" (first of a series); 2:45 P. M., answers to questions from the audience; 7:30 P. M., "The Gospel of Jesus and the Gospel of Confucius" (a review of the position of an enlightened Chinaman).

—An English exchange says that "a computation just made shows that half the working-class families in the country are partially or wholly maintained by women who are widows, or the wives of sick or drunken husbands, or daughters of aged, afflicted or dissolute parents, and that most of the latter work at extremely low wages."

—Mrs. L. Carter, who left California two years ago for the East, has returned for a short visit, and, in case she can find a suitable gallery, will perhaps favor her friends with a few settings for spirit photographs. She will take pictures taken from locks of hair, price, \$3.50. Mrs. Carter is also noted in palmistry, and will give readings at her rooms, 2017 Powell street.

The floral decorations at Odd Fellows' Hall for the opening services of Mr. Colville on Sunday, and at his birthday reception Monday, were exceedingly fine and elaborate. They were adorned by all lovers of the beautiful, and the ladies who so kindly brought and arranged them in such harmonious and artistic groupings have the thanks of the visibles and invisibles who enjoyed their sweet fragrance and beauty.

—We are pleased to call attention to the card of Miss Marie Fries-Bishop, which appears on our fifth page. Miss Bishop is a new arrival on this Coast. All who heard her at Odd Fellows' Hall last Sunday, and again at Mr. Colville's reception on Monday evening, pronounce her a vocalist of remarkable power and culture. There is genius in her singing, and it is of a high order. The Madame is also a fine linguist, being "at home" in German, French and Italian, as well as English.

Physical Phenomena at a Distance from the Medium.

(Light.)

In an article on "The Ether as Solution of the Mystical Problem," in the August number of *Sphinx*, Baron Hellenbach relates the following experience:

"For the power of the meta-organism to dispose of electricity, I have at hand perhaps the most surprising case, which I have not hitherto published, as it happened subsequent to my latest publication. I had already before made the attempt to transmit raps, or rather crepitations, at a distance, and indeed with success—from Vienna to the twelve miles distant chateau of F. K. The proprietor and his wife were not prepared for it; I wrote first after the sitting, and the letter crossed another, informing me from the occurrence of the sounds. I was thus led to make an experiment in which I was the recipient and not the transmitter. It was arranged with Eglinton that on the day on which he was to leave Vienna for Venice, when at the frontier, and after the Customs inspection, he should occasion raps. I had purposely chosen this moment for the following reasons:—Because it was in the evening, when I should be in the company of friends; because the distance from Vienna to Udine is considerable; because Eglinton would certainly be in a normal and not in an hypnotic condition; and lastly, because the point of time was not exactly determined, the inequality of the proceeding at the Customs stations admitting easily of a difference of fifteen to thirty minutes for the different travelers. We were, therefore, not at all in a state of strained expectation, but sat talking and smoking by the fire-place, when the raps occurred and went on a long time. It is here to be remarked that the character itself of the sounds in general betrays the relation to ponderable or imponderable forces; with the finger nail and with the knuckle to represent the difference. They occur both feebly and strongly, so the imitation is to be made with different degrees of force. One can not easily imagine a surer proof of the relation of the meta-organism to electricity, in whatever way one will explain the process. Eglinton telegraphed—no matter whether directly or indirectly."

To which the editor of *Sphinx* appends the following note:—

"Herein we can only agree with the author. If it is unquestionably established that the raps heard at Vienna were at the same time produced by supersensuous action, according to prior agreement, when Eglinton had passed the Italian Customs inspection at Udine, it is indifferent whether we suppose these sounds to have been produced (directly) by Eglinton's 'ether body' or (indirectly) by means of the ether bodies of other beings (the Spiritists' so-called 'spirits'.")

An American girl, Miss Bradley, had a triumph at the *Ecole de Medicine*, Paris, on receiving her diploma. It is the custom of the faculty to sit in state, wearing red silk gowns and scarlet caps, and cause the candidate to pass a severe examination. As Miss Bradley appeared in the black gown of the student, the general comment was, "How like Portia in the trial scene of 'The Merchant of Venice'!" Her thesis was entitled "Idiom." For an hour and a half she was questioned with great shrewdness and ability by four of the leading professors of the *Ecole de Medicine*.—Drs. Fournier, Gautier, Porchet, and Robin. Each of these gentlemen had previously received a copy of Miss Bradley's bold book; and they had brought their copies to the examining room, with multitudinous interrogation marks on the margins, showing that the new treatise had not only been carefully read, but had excited much curiosity and attention. Miss Bradley had the great advantage of an unacknowledged theme, which she skillfully illustrated by a numerous array of unfamiliar facts."

PROGRESSION is a child of slow growth. The lofty heights of spiritual attainments are only reached step by step and many of those to be retraced and retaken. True progression that places us beyond the reach of trivial disasters is best and only obtained by sharp discipline. Without the clouds and storms of earth life the spirit can not attain proper development. Press onward and upward though thy path bear the impress of bleeding feet, for then thou art making sure and rapid progress. But a little while and from the glorious sun kissed heights of soul unfoldment will we revel in joys that were well worth our fleeting but earnest efforts.—*Ella L. Merriam*.

ONE of the best arguments for a providence of good in all things is drawn from the fact that who complain most loudly of the injustice of God (if there be any God) are those who are most prosperous. The real sufferers, who have sounded the depths of human sorrow, are often cheerful, confident, and grateful. There is a provision of some kind for them, and they trust readily in the law of compensation.

DON'T GET ANGRY!—In diseases of the heart, anger is a potent agency of evil. If death does not occur from a

sudden, intense shock, the organ is enfeebled by every fit of passion. In persons of a plethoric habit and given to excess in eating, and in those in whom the coats of the blood vessels of the brain have been weakened by generative changes, anger increases the danger of apoplexy. A variety of other diseases liable to follow immoderate anger; among them may be mentioned paralysis, epilepsy, and hysteria. Anger, or violent or ungovernable temper, as it is sometimes expressed, holds, according to the reports of the different lunatic asylums both in Europe and America, a prominent place among the causes of insanity.

Marriage is a Partnership.

(Pall Mall Gazette.)

Marriage is still only too often a bargain, but at least it is no longer an entirely one-sided bargain. It is tending toward the only true ideal of life-long companionship—a partnership on equal terms, with equal give-and-take on both sides. Women no longer feel bound to render that implicit obedience which was considered *de rigueur* in our great-grandmother's days, and men no longer universally demand it.

Husbands, moreover, are beginning to learn that their prime duty is not "to look after" their wives. The very sentence is indicative of the most ghastly misapprehension of the whole ideal of matrimony. The general feeling of society condemns a man who lives to rule his wife on the same principles as a Pasha rules his harem.

And indeed the whole scheme of modern life makes it practically impossible for him to do so. A married woman enjoys, as a rule, complete liberty during the life-long day, and even at night it is frequently impossible for a busy man to escort his wife. Thus everything turns on the relations between the married couple.

If a girl is really in love with the man she marries, she may be trusted with any amount of subsequent freedom. If not, not; and therefore we say that the injudicious and worldly parents who are responsible for the great majority of ill-assorted unions are also responsible for the many evil results which are to be seen in society at this day.

For it is a fact that rows of English girls are as much forced into marriage as the French girl, whose husband is selected while she is yet in her convent. Not by main force, no; but by the whole tone of her education; by the exaggerated fear of being an old maid; by the obvious necessity of making way for a younger sister; by the persistent scheming of her parents; and by her own longing for emancipation. For marriage undoubtedly does mean emancipation to most women, and it is precisely those who look forward to it most who are likely to make the worst use of it.

Kind Words.

(The New Age.)

If we could know how sorrowing hearts are brightened,
With but a friendly word and loving smile;
If we could know what heavy cares are lightened,
We could but choose, give kindness all the while.

Wondrous is the power of a helping word to one in trouble. Few persons realize the stimulating, effectual influences for good that come from words of true sympathy and earnest interest.—"It seems a little thing to speak a word of common comfort, which by daily use, has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear of him who thought it die unmourned 't will fall like choicest music."

In this world of little charity,—where there is so much real sorrow, so many blighted human lives, where patient suffering is lightly thought of, and aching hearts grow heavy and droop in the darkness, the value of kind words can not be over-estimated. "Through every web of life the dark threads run." Who does not know how unkindness will wound? Who that has ever felt the sting of hard words can forget the pain? Too surely, and too late we learn that, by keeping silent and unspoken the full sweet thoughts we hold for those most near and dear, this very neglect often chills the sensitive, fine spirit of some noble life, struggling through paths so darkly o'ershadowed, that the sunshine seldom finds an entrance through the gloom. Then why not oftener give generous courtesy and cheer, to smooth the daily cares of those about us? No one is too busy, no one is too poor to give a helping word to one in trouble. Fix this thought in the mind—"always say a kind word if you can," and like the genial rays of the sun, whose warmth and gladness brighten the day, bringing blessings that ripen fruit and flower, so is it, that nothing we could give is more lasting than kind words, nothing surer to win the soul from out the shadows of despair, up, and on toward the higher joys and attainments which a fresh life-pulse has inspired, only by a word.

"I have known one word hang starlike
O'er a dreary waste of years,
And it only shone the brighter,
Looked at through a mist of tears;
While a weary wanderer gathered
Hope and heart on Life's dark way,
By its faithful promise, shining
Clearer day by day."

ONE of the best arguments for a providence of good in all things is drawn from the fact that who complain most loudly of the injustice of God (if there be any God) are those who are most prosperous. The real sufferers, who have sounded the depths of human sorrow, are often cheerful, confident, and grateful. There is a provision of some kind for them, and they trust readily in the law of compensation.

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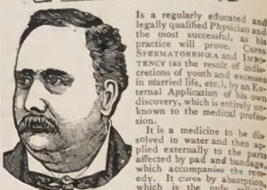
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My Love.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Not as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear?
Her glorious fancies come from far,
Beneath the silver evening star.
And yet her breast is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know;
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as tone
Wherein the wind may choose to blow.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair;
No vilest dream is forgot;
Life hath no dim and lowly sort
That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone, or deeper;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or cheer,
Is low-esteem'd in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things;
And though she seem of other kind,
Round as her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she hearkens wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is: God made her so;
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow;
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and therefore
Her life doth rightly harmonize;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the eyes
Uncolored heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman—one in whom
The spring-time of her childhood years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Goes wandering at its own will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

And, on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet lakes, my duties lie;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and green—
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

The Conflict of Life.

BY MRS H. S. LAKE.

It is not often, in this world of sorrow,
Our footsteps go aright;
There is so much concealed beyond to-morrow
We can not see the light.

We choose the pleasure of the passing moment,
Nor often look beyond;
Our reason can not lead us to the summit,
There is no magic wand.

And truth and error ever in the battle
Are making valiant fight;
For men and women more are than cattle
To know and do the right.

For there are truths that live and cannot perish;
These save the soul from harm;
'Tis these all loving, loyal hearts must cherish,
And write and speak again.

No truth was ever lost by struggle;
Press on and do not fear;
Amid the tumult be thou calm and tranquil,
The day is almost here.

Above the clouds that skirt the world's horizon
The Sun of Truth appears;
His beams inspire the hearts of waiting millions
Who hail the coming years.

The God of Gold, and all the other tyrants
Who have so long held sway,
No longer bid the people's brains in bondage—
The conflict clears away.

Building Monuments.

Through life we build our monuments
Of honor, and perhaps of fame;
The little and the great events
Are blocks of glory or of shame.

The modest, humble, and obscure,
Living unnoticed and unknown,
May raise a shaft that will endure
Longer than pyramids of stone.

The carved statue turns to dust,
And marble obelisks decay,
But deeds of pity, faith and trust
No storms of fate can sweep away.

Their base stands on the rock of right,
Their apex reaches to the skies,
They glow with the increasing light
Of all the circling centuries.

Our building must be good or bad—
In words we speak, in deeds we do;
On sand or granite must be laid
The shaft that shows us false or true.

How do we build? What can we show
For hours and days and years of toil?
Is the foundation firm below?
Is it on rock, or sandy soil?

The hand that lifts the fallen up,
That heals a heart or binds a wound,
That gives the needed crust and cup,
Is building upon solid ground.

Is there a block of stainless white
Within the monumental fall,
On which the sculptured soul can write,
"He builded well; so should we all."

—Christian Intelligence.

The Reformer.

Before the monstrous wrong he sets him down—
One man against a stone-walled city of sin.
For centuries those have been abiding:
Smooth porphyry, those sleek and coldly glass
The flying stone and whirling sin. No chink,
No crevice left the thimble of the light.
He fights alone, and from the deadly ramparts
A thousand evil faces jibe and jeer him.
Let him lie down and die: what is the right,
And where is justice, in a world like this?

But by and by, earth shakes herself, impatient,
And down in one great roar of ruin crash
Watch-tower and citadel and battlements.
When the red dust has cleared, the lonely soldier
Stands with strange thoughts beneath the friendly stars.

—E. R. Sill, in Century.

Joys.

Joys have three stages—Hoping, Having and Had;
The hands of Hope are empty when the heart of Having is sad;
For the joy we take in the taking dies, and the joy we Had
Is its ghost;

And which is better, the joy known, or the joy we have
Clasped and lost? —John Boyle O'Reilly.

The best interest.

Grasps but a living present which may grow
Like any unfed bird. —George Eliot.

Dr. Wolfe Talks of Modern Spiritualism.

[Cincinnati Times-Star, Aug. 20th.]

I recently gave a summary of startling phenomena which occurred in my parlors in the mediumistic presence of Mrs. Helen Fairchild, who at the time, was a guest in my family. Of some of these manifestations I now propose to speak with more particularity.

Mrs. Fairchild is before the public as a medium for spirit manifestations. I therefore felt free to ask her the day after she came to my house to favor me with a materializing seance, with which request she complied.

To enable her to do this I put up a pine board nine feet long, extending from the chimney jamb in my back parlor to the casing of a postern door. Over this board I hung a curtain about eight feet long reaching to the floor. This enclosed a shallow corner of the room; and by shutting out the light, gave to the place a quietness and privacy essential to form good conditions for materialization.

I suppose Mrs. Fairchild would go behind this curtain and exhibit the materializations through its opening folds; but in this I was mistaken. She simply drew down the window shades in the parlor to mellow the sunlight, and then walked back and forth in front of the suspended cloth in full view, and mingled with the audience, sometimes ten feet away from the curtains.

While Mrs. Fairchild stood three feet in front of the curtain through it came a female figure, clad in a white, gauzy material. She was tall, had dark hair, lustrous black eyes and a brunette complexion. Her form was graceful and her step as noiseless as the brush down.

The spirit was recognized as the sister of one present, who held with her a subdued conversation for several minutes. Her power growing feeble, she retreated behind the curtain and was lost to view.

While Mrs. Fairchild was ten feet from the curtains a manifestation occurred, which, from its suddenness, almost took my breath. Midway between the medium and the curtain, a figure of a slender man grew rapidly from the floor to the height of six feet and a half. His hair hung over his shoulders and his beard to his waist, white as a fleece. Anyone who had been as familiar with the author of "Hot Corn" as I, could not fail to recognize at once the form of Solon Robinson.

I rose to my feet, as he extended his hands, and took them both in mine. He shook them cordially and in a distinct voice, said: "My dear friend, I have strength to walk about the room with you," and taking my left arm we walked slowly three times around the room, he meanwhile saying substantially: "You have now the proof palpable that when a man dies he is neither dormant nor dead, but resurrects as he does after sleep. We quit the body when it no longer promotes the growth of the spirit. I did not know it, and the truth has made me free! I could not believe there was an after life. Death seemed to be the last of earth. It may appear paradoxical to you, but the fact is, man does not really begin to live until he dies."

"As you lived an Atheist in this life, Mr. Robinson," I said, "was your unbelief a disadvantage to you when you came to realize the existence of a spirit world?"

"Those who neglect to improve the opportunities of time have regrets but no reproaches."

"Who does the best his circumstance allows. Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more."

"In the eternity of time we mature in wisdom and pass to the higher life. I am as busy here as in my most active years on earth. I feel that life is just beginning for me. There are cries here as appealing as 'Hot Corn,' and I am listening to them."

The voice of the spirit now faltered and grew rapidly indistinct. I looked into his face on which a calm and benignant expression rested, but his speech was gone. He pressed my hands and begun gradually to sink down, down, down, until all of him was lost to sight but his head and the hands I held in mine. His white beard lay on the carpet at my feet for a moment, and then went out, as a snowflake melts away in water. Co-instant with his vanishing his hands eluded my grip, and I stood alone on the shores of time—he, in eternity. A few minutes after I resumed my seat, mentally saying "what next?" I was surprised and gratified to see the form and hear the voice of my old friend Plimpton.

How different in form, features, speech and power this spirit from the one just passed out of sight. He grasped my two hands cordially as a friend and shook them with a good deal of strength. He drew up a chair and sat to me vis-a-vis. He did this, he said: "I am glad to see you, old boy. I'm glad to come to you, my old friend. This is a great medium. She gives us great powers. She will enable us soon to hold a materialization in an electric light, and to speak in a voice strong enough to fill Music Hall. Yes, sir, we will do it, old boy! We are rehearsing now for that purpose. You don't know we have a green room here? Well, we have, and are preparing actors for a grand debut. They are receiving instructions how to hold power under trying conditions, so they may stand unmoved against assaults of any kind—even to resist

the stale eggs of bigots and superstitious zealots.

"What will France do when she shall behold the idolized forms of Napoleon and Josephine in the midst of her people again as they appeared in the palmiest days of the Empire? Rather, what will she not do when her beloved Emperor shall break death's seal of silence and once more speak to his people with words of loyal love and wisdom, as he did when his eagles carried his arms in triumph through a hundred sanguinary battles? Make a note of it, my friend. Napoleon and Josephine will soon appear and speak to the French people! When they do, unsurpassed in all her splendid history. Boulanger will not elevate France. Peace has its victories as well as war. The Nation will grow in wisdom, and become a teacher of the arts of peace to others."

The spirit spoke this with animation; then turning to Mrs. Fairchild, said: "You don't know this old fellow as I do. We have passed many pleasant hours together in this house. It was here I got my first light of the spirit world. He knows how to provide a good dinner and to spin it with 'attic salt,' if he will."

"And you used to feign excuses for not 'sitting up' when you came late, until you saw something savory on the table when you did not need much urging. Ain't it, Florus?"

"I know, dear old friend, I was a little cranky and wanted to be coaxed. I liked to hear you say: 'Mr. Plimpton, do please sit up and dine with us! You make us fidgety! We know you are hungry and want to eat. Why not begin our supper now? That turkey was feathered for you—for you gobbled corn and roasted high! And those oysters! Oh, sit down and eat 'em!'"

Plimpton held his materialization while chatting in this desultory manner for twenty minutes when, as Skiwanek tells us, he fell to pieces.

To understand why Solon Robinson and Plimpton came to me as they did, two reasons occur to my mind. They were warm personal friends. My relations with Plimpton, social and mental, were close as they could be. No two free men, not covenanted by lodge oaths and pledges or society obligations stood closer together. I knew him well—not as a "fellow of infinite jest," but of "most excellent fancy." Take him all in all he was a goodly man. It is not necessary to speak of the quality of his mind. He was leading writer on the *Commercial Gazette* for a quarter of a century, and since he laid down his pen no one has been found to take it up.

Robinson and Plimpton came to me as they did, because I schooled myself not to resist them, but always give them welcome. In short, I made conditions for, not against them.

I have no personal views to advocate respecting the philosophy of this phenomena I have recorded. It is immaterial to me personally whether Napoleon and Josephine appear in France again or not, or that anybody believes it.

This record will show, however, that Spiritualism has advanced in its manifestations since it began with double-jointed toe raps in 1848, in Hydeville, New York. The tiny noises then and there heard have resounded through the world. They began an epoch in history which the scholar and comical student consider of peerless interest.

N. B. WOLFE.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES!



Ladies who desire and never had a family can, by following my advice, insure the same. The confidence of ladies will meet with that respect and sympathy that only one woman can show to another.

Private home for ladies in confinement, where they can be attended. A sure specific for female irregularities. Also scrupulous eradication from the system.

MRS. MARTIN.

Ladies' Physician, 342 Third Street.

Has cancer positively cured without operation. Rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic thoroughly cured.

July 1st.

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REMOVED ALIVE. Dredged from people who are doctoring for dyspepsia and liver complaints, and general debility are afflicted with Tape Worm or stomach worms. Twelve HUNGRY TAPE WORMS removed by PROF. SEIPLEY, 500 MARKET STREET, near the Baldwin Hotel, San Francisco, Cal. Send for circular giving symptoms. Medicine sold by Express, C. O. D.

FOR MEN AND BOYS. These goods are perfect-fitting and unexcelled for beauty of finish and elegance of style.

Unrivaled for cheapness—as the reversible principle makes one collar equal to two.

Both standing and turn-down collars in all desirable sizes and styles.

Sample collar and pair of cuffs sent on receipt of six cents. (Name the size.)

Illustrated Catalogue free.

Ten Collars or five pairs of Cuffs sold at stores for 25 cts.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

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, 1887. ARRIVE S. F.

8:30 A. M. San Mateo, Redwood, and
8:40 A. M. Menlo Park.
9:30 P. M.
11:30 P. M.

8:30 A. M. Santa Clara, San Jose, and
8:40 A. M. Principal Way Stations.
9:30 P. M.
11:30 P. M.

8:30 A. M. Gilroy, Palmdale, Castroville,
8:40 A. M. Gilroy, Palmdale, Castroville,
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