



# GOLDEN GATE

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

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## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

The offices of liberality consisteth in giving with judgment.—*Cicero.*

Was love ever out of place? What has one to look for, here or beyond, but love, human, or divine?—*Sophie May.*

It is by those who have suffered, not by those who have inflicted suffering, that the world has been advanced.—*Tolstir.*

As water shapes itself to the vessel that contains it, so a wise man adapts himself to circumstances.—*Chinese proverb.*

The true happiness of man consists in being united to God, and his only misery is being separated from him.—*Plato.*

Hail the misery of human life might be extinguished by mutual offices of compassion, benevolence and humanity.—*Addison.*

I can easier (says a philosopher) teach twenty that were good to be done than one of the twenty to follow my own teaching.

Happy those to whom nature has given good animal spirits. There is no fairy gift equal to this for helping a man fight his way.—*J. A. Froude.*

The rest of Christ is not that of torpor, but harmony; it is not refusing the struggle, but conquering in it; not resting from duty, but finding rest in duty.

It would be uncharitable too severely to condemn for faults, without taking some thought of the sterling goodness which mingles in and lessens them.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

Deliberate valor is God's highest gift, and comes not without trial to any. Times will mend; or, if times never mend, then let them stay as they are, or grow worse, but *see* will mend.—*Carlyle.*

Things are saturated with the moral law. There is no escape from it. Violets and grass preach it; rain and snow, wind and tides, every change, every cause in Nature is nothing but a disguised missionary.—*Emerson.*

What pains and tears the slightest step of man's progress have cost! Every hairbreadth forward has been in the agony of some soul, and humanity has reached blessing after blessing of all its vast achievement of good with bleeding feet.

A giant mind may be held in suspense, but that suspense must be brief, and the action which follows it will be more decided and energetic in consequence of that detention; just as a stream rushes with greater force for a temporary obstruction.

Many a man, if he had been sheltered from childhood from the bleak winds of adversity and mild and enervating gales had played on his brow, would have afforded an example of truth and generosity and honor, who now, from the stress of temptation, has sunk into meanness and lying and robbery and outrage.

Originality, from the necessity of its nature, offends at its first appearance. Certain ways of acting, thinking and speaking are in possession of the field, and claim to be the only legitimate ways. A man of genius strikes into a road of his own, and the first estimate of such a man has been, is, and always will be unfavorable.—*J. A. Froude.*

## SPIRITUALISM—ITS EVIDENCE.

Lecture by the Controls of J. J. Morse, of England, Delivered at Metropolitan Temple, July 17, 1887.

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

In all quarters of the globe, ever since historic time began, one of the great questions that have agitated the human mind has been the possibility of a future state. Man, suffering under the sorrows and cares, laboring under the burdens and trials of mortality, goes along the road of mortal life feeling that the only compensation for all the ills that he now endures is the hope of a future life. The martyr of old, for opinion's sake and to set the seal of his sincerity upon the convictions that he felt or expressed, boldly faced the flaming stake, or the dungeon cell, certain in the confidence that when the fiery ordeal was passed, and the quivering flesh could no longer respond to the torture, that he would rise Phoenix-like from the ashes of poor mortality into the sunlight and glory of a state which he believed to exist beyond the boundaries of mortal time. Yet great and undeniably grand as this trust in a future state was, immanent to the very consciousness of all mankind as is the desire to probe and demonstrate, if possible, the reality of that future state, it must be confessed, in spite of these, that in the nineteenth century the reality and certitude of the future, in the judgment of thinkers, is growing less and less with every passing year, and in very many quarters a strange process of reasoning has disclosed itself, resulting in the opinions and desires in regard to this subject being shifted from the present plane of life and action, and transferred to the beliefs and opinions of the remote centuries of the past. More especially is this noticeable in the revival of Occult thought, and the disposition to inquire into the religions of the Orient, and to find in the ancient writings of India those philosophies and teachings that shall give to the consciousness of to-day a stronger confidence and more fully sustain the hopes of a future life. But one thing must be borne in mind—the theories, opinions, philosophies and presentations of truth that were mete and proper to the centuries of the past will not fit the requirements of the intellect of to-day. Man is looking at the universe now through different eyes from those he looked through ten or fifteen thousand years ago. Man's knowledge of the character and constitution of being has enlarged and therefore changed, and the rational thinker is no longer content to go to the wells of antiquity to find waters to slake the thirst of the living present. If this question of a future life is to receive any answer satisfactory to this age, we must find that answer from to-day; and if the answer can not be found to-day in the conditions of life that now exist, then you must still continue to take that future life upon trust, and it matters little whether the trust be placed eighteen hundred years ago, or transferred back to more remote periods that lie beyond.

But the rational thinker says: "Faith will not answer for me; I can no longer trust to belief; the ancients may have been deluded eighteen hundred years ago, things were very different then from what they are to-day; they had not the spiritual consciousness, nor the scientific discoveries, nor the understanding of the laws and constitution of physical nature that we have at the present time. If there is to be an answer, let us have it now out of the conditions of to-day, and if the conditions of to-day can not supply the needed answer, then we must fold our hands and wait until we sink into that silent sleep of death from which, perchance, there may be an awakening after, but only in that possibly awakening shall it be likely that we can find a solution to the perplexed question that now agitates our lives."

Here we have the issue. Therefore we have to invite your attention to the consideration of the Future state,—its evidences. What are the evidences of the future state that the nineteenth century possesses; and if it possesses any peculiar evidences, are those evidences an improvement upon, or are they in excess of the evidences that have been handed down to you from the last two thousand years?

Before we go minutely into the consideration of the question, let us take a brief view of the opinions of the past in regard to the evidences of the future life. First and foremost, of course, come those evidences which are associated with religious belief. Sometimes our friends do us the very unkind service of saying that we have no sympathy with religious beliefs. If they will pay a little more attention to our remarks, they might discover that possibly we are more devout than those who criticize our statements. Now we have every belief in the vital character of real religion, but when we make that statement we beg most emphatically to discard many of the things attached to religion which are called religion, but which have nothing religious in their character save their association with religious institutions. We take the ground that the matter of religious belief is one of the foremost evidences that presents itself to thousands of people in regard to the existence of a future state. But when we inquire of them why they accept this as an evidence of a future state, then a great deal of difficulty presents itself. You say to a devout friend, now, "you believe in the existence of a future state?"

"I do."

"What evidences have you received of this future state?"

"I have been so taught all the days of my life; from the prayers I lisped at my mother's knee, from the lessons I learned in the Sabbath school, through the minister in the pulpit, through every association of my life of a religious character."

"How do you know there is a future life?"

"Oh, I am certain of it!"

"Precisely; but do you know it? Do you know it with the same certainty that you know of any geographical fact upon the surface of the globe?"

"Oh, no, I don't know it—I believe it; I have been trained up to accept it; it is part and parcel of my life."

"True; but that is not an evidence of the reality of what you claim."

This is a point that needs to be well considered—that your belief in the existence of a given thing is no proof of the existence of that given thing. While we are content to allow the satisfaction that belief will bring, with no word of reproach for those who honestly and sincerely believe that there is a future life as a result of their religious training, yet we are bound to assert to them, and to you, that belief is not evidence, and the critical mind of the nineteenth century will say, unless you have a firmer foundation or a more clear demonstration than your personal conviction, we shall be bound to put the question of a future state to one side as a matter not yet satisfactorily demonstrated. Now this will lead you to suppose that we shall argue that the religious presentation of the question of a future state is unsatisfactory. From what we have said you would be perfectly justified in deducing such conclusions. But wait a moment, if you please, and allow us to ask, and answer, another question.

"On what does religion itself really rest?"

There could be no religion without a recognition of spirituality in human nature; for the whole religious teaching rests upon the existence of a spiritual part in man, the possibility of that spiritual part living after death, and the interrelationships that under special conditions may exist between the two worlds—the world of matter and the world of spirit, as it is called. Inspiration, inter-relation, and spirituality, are the cardinal foundations upon which every religious system rests. Religion, when reduced to its basic elements, is but a combination of man's spiritual experiences—an embodiment, so to speak, of the spiritual development of the people. If you take out of the Christian religion the spiritual element, the "miracles," and all that pertains to man's spiritual nature, you will have a very fine system of morality, and some history; but you will only have the skin and bones, only a skeleton remaining, and not the vital facts on which religion rests.

If we go back to the believer to the thing believed in, we are face to face with the fact that if religion is a factor in the development of human nature, then religion represents the spiritual side of human experience, as science, education and progress reflects the material and intellectual side of human experience;

and as religion is a pretty generally accepted fact among the peoples of the world, you can see that the evidences arising from religion, when traced to their sources, refer to the facts and principles of operation in man's nature that distinctly argue a spiritual side to human existence.

Religion, when referred to its basic principles, is so much in favor of a future life. But you must go behind the creeds the believer accepts, and all the ceremonies associated with religious practice, to the basic things whereon religion rests. Inspiration, revelation and communication between that spiritual world and man's nature are the three cardinal principles upon which every religion the world has ever had must eternally and does absolutely rest. Can we, then, be accused of irreligion? Our purpose is to go right to the root of religion and find out why it is that it may be accepted as one of the evidences of a future life.

But you must remember that this is a somewhat materialistic age, and that many thinkers and men of science will not go into considerations of a spiritual character, but demand that every thing shall be brought to the test of the balance, crucible and scalpel; and if he can not weigh it, cut it out or burn it out, he is not going to believe that man has a spiritual nature. Let us see how we can meet this man of science, bring evidence before him that is satisfactory, and win him over to the opinion we are to present to him.

Let us now look in another direction. When we go outside of religious faith, what other evidences can we find in the world to-day that can present us a substantial argument in favor of a future state? Outside, if you please, of the phenomena of Spiritualism.

Looking over what is generally called the secular history of the world we find innumerable records of spiritual visitations, apparitions, ghosts and specters.

"But you are not going to argue that all these things are true?"

"Why not?"

"Because it is nonsense; no intelligent person ever believes there is such a thing as ghosts."

But you get a lively ghost in a particular house and your intelligent person will go a long distance around to get away from that house. Old Dr. Johnson very truly observed "that men deny the existence of ghosts with their lips, but confess it with their fears." If you do not believe in their existence, what a ridiculous thing it is to be afraid of something that does not exist. But the history of the world is filled with such records. You turn to the pages of the great authors of the past, the greatest poets, notably Shakespeare, and you will find that ghosts play a very important part in the outworking of the story. And the history of almost every family of pretension in the past will give you records of spiritual visitation, forewarnings and spectral appearances, and in some cases of a regular good, old-fashioned ghost that clings to the family age after age and will not be driven away.

Now is this universal history false? Are all the people who have testified of these matters deluded or wilfully fraudulent? If they are wilfully fraudulent and false, then of course their testimony in other respects can not be credited; and we might say, false in one direction, false in other directions, and they are not to be believed in any statements they make.

"But he is liable to be deluded."

Oh yes, so are you; and you should use reasonable caution before you condemn another person's statement because you did not happen to be there to witness what transpired, and concerning which he is speaking.

"But you don't want to argue ghosts in the nineteenth century?"

There is a book we might call your attention to, called "Foot-falls on the Boundary of Another World," written by Robert Dale Owen, and collected within the pages of that book is an overwhelming mass of testimony from almost all quarters of the land and sea, wherein apparitions, specters, ghosts, warnings, monitions and impressions are recorded. These are only a fragment of like records; they are absolutely and perfectly true as matters of fact, and could be received as evidence in any court of justice throughout the civilized world. Neither Robert Dale Owen, nor the hosts of men and women who have recorded these incidents, are wilful perjurers, and it is easy to believe that there

's a grain of truth behind all these recorded experiences.

In regard to this matter of ghosts it must be borne in mind that they all have a distinct peculiarity belonging to them; whether in the form of good or bad spirits, they have a distinctive human appearance. They look and act like human beings; whenever they speak they talk like human beings, and whenever they do any thing they do it in much the same kind of way that human beings might be expected to do it. A great many people say they have seen witches riding on broomsticks; some say they have seen the devil, and if one should judge by their characteristics they are just the kind of people that would see the devil, being scarcely fit to see any body else! But when you 'sift all these stories down and closely corner the witness and make him clearly describe what he saw, you will find that all these appearances have a distinctly human character.

Now if ghosts and specters and all the whole family of so-called spectral appearances come back again—and we might be pardoned for supposing they are not a very exalted class of spiritual beings—if all these kind of people come back again and assume the appearance of human form and human characteristics, what is the inference? That they have never died; that death has not extinguished them; that they are living still. If this lower grade of spiritual intelligence, who are the ghosts of your forefathers, come back to you, why should it not be equally reasonable to suppose that the better class of humanity also survive the matter of death, and may possibly, under proper conditions, be just as able to make their presence known to you as this lower class of intelligence we have been so liberally dealing with? If the inferior human soul lives after death and can manifest, it is not a very wide stretch of imagination to assume that the superior human souls also live after death and are capable of making their presence known and understood by you.

"Why, that is Spiritualism!"

Oh no, it is not; it existed long before Modern Spiritualism was ever thought of.

These sporadic spiritual phenomena that have been current in human society from the earliest point of human life, we venture to assert, were the first and earliest evidences of spiritual existence of life after death, of the reality of a future state.

"Then you mean to argue that ghosts are real, and that they form one of the evidences of our living after death and the possibility of a future state?"

That distinctly is the point we make—that they are among the evidences of to-day, for ghosts have not yet been banished from the world; they live now, and they obtrude their presence, perform their operations, confound the wise, scare the superstitious, and in spite of all the harsh terms and unkind epithets hurled against them, they still come rapping at the doors of human life, are working in the midst of earthly scenes to-day just as they have ever done all through the history of the world.

"What are the other evidences of a future life?"

Not very many generations ago the scientific men of France were greatly agitated over a new science, as it was then called, by the exhibition of a certain phenomenon whereby it was alleged that the mind of one person could affect the mental and bodily states of another. Hot debate ensued; crimination and recrimination were freely indulged in, but through the labors of Anton Mesmer there has been handed down to you to-day a new series of thoughts and actions whereby the possible future state has become a more tangible reality to your judgment.

"What, do you mean to say that mesmerism is one of the evidences of a future state?"

Certainly. We mean to assert that the labors of Mesmer have resulted in the accumulation, in the nineteenth century, of a mass of evidence that clearly points to the reality of a future state.

"How can that be the action of one mind upon another—how can that be any evidence of a future state?"

If you have only seen this you have perceived scarcely any thing at all.

"What, do you mean that there are other things behind this?"

(Continued on Third Page.)



## The Soul.

BY ABRA L. HOLTON.

"Life springs to life, from living force propelled, Soul springs to soul, from living souls outwelled."

The tendency of mind in man in all lines of thought, religious and scientific, has always been more or less toward materialism, so ignorance and superstition have held the world back in the line of progression during all ages. Even now, standing upon the threshold of a dawn whose rosy light is flooded with spiritual facts and philosophy, our social customs, religious trainings and scientific studies are tinctured with crudities, follies, fearful errors and post-glacial age superstitions. Just heed, for a moment, what the Boston *Investigator* says:

"You think that mind or soul is something separate or distinct from the human or material organization. But if this were the case, the mind would not be affected by the disease of the body; yet we know that it is. Sickness produces delirium. A softening of the brain destroys the mind. And you say further that the soul or mind depends upon a material brain, because, if not, it could exist before one's birth; but this can not be the case, for if it were, one would be conscious before he was born."

To prop up this argument the *Investigator* quotes from Hartley, that "thought and feeling are the vibrations of the brain;" from Condillac, that, "all mental phenomena are simply transformed sensations;" from Baron D'Holbach, that "thought is the agitation of the nerves;" and from Huxley, that "the mind is a voltaic pile giving shocks of thought."

Many anatomists and scholars think of the living man wholly in a material sense, and we will quote from a few others that are of the same opinion, and in answering one we will answer all: Moleschott affirms that "thought is a motion of matter," and he adds: "material movements connected in the nerves by electric currents are perceived in the brain in the quality of sensation. According to Huxley, 'there is between thought and the electric vibrations of the filaments of the brain the same relation as between color and the vibrations of ether.' Cabanis said, more than half a century ago, that 'thought is a secretion of the brain.' Mr. Taine wrote: 'All human acts are inevitable productions of cerebral substance; vice and virtue are products like vitriol and sugar.' The author of *Koerner und Geiste* endeavored to explain the generation of spirit by means of matter. He says:

"Spirit is a force of matter; not a simple force, but a resultant of the simple forces of matter re-united for the purpose of forming the human organism. The spirit reaches the phenomenal state only so far as matter becomes organized into a human body; but the tendency [of] matter to this organization, or to the production of spirit inheres in matter."

The following may be culled as the brightest blossom of the bouquet. It is from Buchner, who says: "Thought, the spirit and the soul have nothing of the material (broadly a good point), but it is a simple complex ensemble of heterogeneous forces forming a union; it is the effect of a concomitant action of several material substances endowed with forces or properties."

Now, gentleman, you must admit that in all of your definitions (and what definitions!) the action of force crops out, and will not remain answered. When scientists were groping among the unwritten rules of nature, many years ago, for the law that makes objects fall toward the earth, one of their number informed them, "it is a useless search; it is the nature of a thing to fall because it *does* fall." That was not scientific; it was farcical; and the definition of the soul by you will become, as that answer did, an execrable jest. But all are to have their pleasure as they like.

If John Mackay, in building his great Continental Telegraph System, should not place an agent or soul in each office, does any one suppose that those wires could carry any dispatches? If there were no electricity working in those wires, could the agent, soul, mind or spirit (call it what you like) receive or send messages? So with the human organism; if the agent or soul is absent there is nothing but dead matter; if the nerves are made out of impure material (bad wire), the stations of the brain not containing the proper amount of cups (convulsions), and the proper amount of acids (grey matter), the agent or soul can not send or receive messages.

When a brain (a station of a soul) is overwhelmed by sickness or by softening, it is not a destruction of the soul. The soul has no way to express itself, that is all; or it moves out altogether, as a telegraph operator does when his office is destroyed or his wires taken down; but he soon returns when things are again made ship-shape.

No one can know when the spirit first enters the body of the child in the mother. Have we not seen infants not an hour old with the look of age upon them? Have we not observed in the eyes of those children a troubled look, as much to say: "Where am I? Who am I?" These questions can all be answered in the affirmative; and you may follow those same children into the school-room, as we have followed them, and a new truth, a new idea would cause them to place their hands upon their heads and look as

though they were trying to recollect, and some would rouse themselves with a sigh as if they had recalled something forgotten. Aye, "there are more things in heaven and earth than we have dreamed of in our philosophy."

So, while we are not conscious, may be, of being a living soul prior to our present life, if we had a finer set of nerves, a larger brain, a stronger body, who can tell what we might not be conscious of, and be capable of doing and thinking? It behooves fathers and mothers, at any rate, to be careful how they build the structures that hold immortal souls.

Man has been for countless ages "setting down" upon himself in more ways than one. From the first accounts of life his hand has been heavy upon his mate, the woman; oppression and repression have been the rule and the ruin, almost, of the unfoldment of the soul of the female. Her inspirations and aspirations have been captured, used and denied. Voltaire said, "The governments of the world are made alone for one sex, and by one sex; women have no legal existence; under the law she is the same as the slave of man." Under these circumstances is it any wonder that it is true, as Carlyle said, that "two-thirds of the people of the world are born fools? It can be seen every day, in every walk of life, that the souls on earth are suffering by the heathenish rites and vulgar superstitions that man-priests, theologians and pretended scholars have made, and which they parade as "civilization."

When men and women are free; when the laws of nature are studied more, and customs and power less, then will the mortal body be "clothed in its right mind," and Jacob's ladder will connect earth and heaven for all, as it now does for a few favored souls; and all will see and commune with the angels and spirits of the just made perfect. Then there will be a clear understanding of the soul and its body, and the rubbish of materialism and Christianity will disappear as the darkness before the dawn.

In these articles (on God and the Soul) which close with this number, it has been proved that matter, in all bodies, is always changing and always renewing itself. That a man to-day is not the same man he was one month ago, his spirit being the only real object about him that lives eternally. The spirit can never die, and heaven is as much here on this earth as it will be after one has lost the mortal dress of the spirit, the body, which our souls can make beautiful or ugly, well or sick, brave or cowardly as we choose.

## A Cure for Alcoholism.

(Connecticut Home.)

I was one of those unfortunates given to strong drink. It reduced me to degradation. I vowed and strove long and hard, but I seldom held victory over liquor long. I hated drunkenness, but still I drank. When I left it off I felt a horrid want of something I must have or go distracted. I could neither eat, work nor sleep. I entered a reformatory and prayed for strength; still I must drink. I lived so for over twenty years; in that time I never abstained over three months hand-running. At length I was sent to the House of Correction as a vagrant. If my family had been provided for, I would have preferred to remain there, out of liquor and temptation.

Explaining my affliction to a fellow-prisoner—a man of much education and experience—he advised me to make a vinegar of ground quassia; a half ounce steeped in a pint of vinegar, and to put about a small teaspoonful of it in a little water and drink it down every time the liquor thirst came upon me violently. I found it satisfied the cravings and diffused a feeling of stimulation and strength. When I was discharged I continued this cure, and I persevered till the thirst was conquered. For two years I have not tasted liquor, and I have no desire for it. Lately, to try my strength, I have handled and smelt whisky, but I have no temptation to take it. I give this for the consideration of the unfortunate, several of whom I know have recovered by the same means which I no longer require to use.

Be not too much alarmed at the opulence, spiritual or material, of this world. Whether they be of the hand or the mind, whether consisting of St. Katherine's Docks, blooming corn-fields, and filled treasuries, or of sacred philosophies, theories, bodies of science, recorded heroisms, and accumulated conquests of wisdom and harmonious human utterances—they have all been amassed by little and little. Poor insignificant transitory bipeds little better than thyself have ant-wise accumulated them all. How inconsiderable was the contribution of each? Yet, working with hand or with head in the strenuous ardor of their heart, they did what was in them; and here, so magnificent, overwhelming, almost divine, and immeasurable is the summed up result. Be modest toward it; loyally reverent toward it; that is well thy part.—Carlyle.

Of the other world it seems to me we do know this, and this only, that it, too, is God's world; and that for us and for our buried ones He hath done, and will do, all things well. Let us rest here; it is the anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast; other safety there is none.—Carlyle.

## A Laughing Family.

(Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

The story of Jersey's laughing family is certainly one of the oddest that ever reached the ears of a correspondent. That a family with such a peculiar malady, and one so seemingly interesting to the medical profession, should have lived so long in a state pretty well populated; without acquiring publicity and without getting into the newspapers, except in a brief and remote way, years ago, is decidedly strange. The family reside in a large, substantial house, not far from the Delaware River in Hunterdon County. The father and sons are farmers, and prosperous and well to do. The entire family are chronic laughers, having an affection of the muscles of the mouth and throat that compels them to give vent to apparent merriment at stated intervals. The malady first appeared in the father about a dozen years ago. He was usually a very quiet man, enjoying fun, but manifesting his enjoyment without much noise. He was seated at the dinner-table one day in the spring of the year, eating steadily and not engaging in any of the conversation which the other members of the family were carrying on. Suddenly, without any cause, he burst into a loud fit of laughter so extremely different from his accustomed laugh that all were attracted by it at once. When asked what was the reason of his sudden outburst he made no reply, but continued his merriment. Some of the boys thought he had hysterics and pounded him on the back, but it did no good. After a few moments he made motions for pencil and paper, and wrote that he was unable to control his risibles, and asked them to send for a doctor.

The rural physician came, but could give no remedy that stopped the laughter. Peel after peel of what sounded like the heartiest kind of fun came from him, and nothing would avail to prevent it. The doctor finally came to the conclusion that he was the victim of a nervous attack, and, leaving a nerve, departed.

The father continued laughing until about sundown, when he suddenly stopped and fell on the floor completely prostrated. He soon grew better, however, ate a hearty supper, and spent the evening much as usual. No signs of the return of the trouble appearing, he went to bed and was soon fast asleep. Along about 2 o'clock, however, his wife was awakened by his laughter, and the same symptoms as of the day before manifested themselves. He kept it up until 7 o'clock, laughing loud and strong. At 7 o'clock the noise suddenly ceased and did not return again until dinner-time. Thus it continued, recurring each day shortly after noon and in the night about 2 o'clock, and has ever since. As the weeks passed he grew so accustomed to it that he was caused very little annoyance by it. He did not get tired out, as at first, and soon was able to go about his work—sowing seed and planting corn, digging vegetables and watering the cattle—while laughing immoderately. He could not talk while under one of the spells, but carried a slate and pencil around with him, after the fashion of a deaf and dumb person.

The trouble was very regular in its coming and going, and only occasionally broke forth at unlooked for seasons. Once the old man was taken in church, just when the minister was exhorting his hearers in the most solemn strains, and spoiled the effect of the discourse, besides disturbing the equilibrium of the clergyman. Another time he was found by one of his neighbors along the road, lying beneath a bag of flour laughing at a terrific rate. He has been taken, while driving home from the mill, and the suddenness of the sounds frightened the horse, causing it to run away and dump the man and part of his load out in the road.

For eighteen months the father was the only one of the household afflicted with the malady. Several of them had complained from time to time of an inclination to join the father in the laugh, but none of them did so until nearly two years after he was taken, when Susie, the youngest child, suddenly burst into a similar fit during one of her father's attacks. From that time on she has laughed at about the same hours that her father does. One by one the remaining members fell victims to the strange complaint, until two years ago there was but one left free, and that was Charles, the eldest son. His long exemption led him to believe he would escape the malady. But he was mistaken, and it is said he had his first attack while proposing for the hand of a girl at Wilkesbarre, Pa. So frightened was the maiden by Charles' queer behavior that she ran from the room, and it was a week before the proper explanation could induce her to see him again. She is now one of the family and escaping the malady never minds the hideous chorus of laughter which twice a day resounds through the house. It is regarded as odd that none of the neighbors have caught the infection, although many of them mingle constantly with the family.

Every thing possible has been done to remove or alleviate the malady, but without any perceptible effect. Several eminent physicians from this city and Philadelphia are understood to have visited the house and become interested in the case. They all confessed themselves baffled, and wanted some of the family to come here to New York for treatment. This they refused to do. Their noticeable

misfortune has rendered them very sensitive, and they will not travel where they will be subjected to public scrutiny and remark.

They go to church or the store in the village close by, and attend social gatherings occasionally in the neighborhood, in the evenings, but only among life-long friends. People within a radius of a few miles are so accustomed to the thing that they never mind it or mention it. Consequently, very few people outside of the immediate vicinity, and the physicians who have attended them, are cognizant of the circumstances. People passing the house, especially in the summer time, have been filled with curiosity by what they saw and heard, and have carried accounts to distant places. These reports are very vague, for the passers-by have had no definite idea of the matter. They only know that it looked remarkably strange to see a father and his sons out in the field plowing and sowing many rods apart, yet each one laughing as though he had heard the best joke in the world. Curious stories are told by the travelers who went that way. Several years ago two young men came from the interior of the state to attend a party at Easton, Pa.

It was a warm night and they did not start until late. They drove past the house of the laughing family soon after the regular nightly attack had begun. The windows were all open, as it was early summer, and every sound could be clearly heard. As the young men approached they heard the most unearthly noise their ears had ever received. It seemed like pandemonium, and the youths felt sure they had struck the entrance to sheol.

The horse took fright and nearly ran away with them. Coming to the conclusion that at the least the place was haunted, they hurried home and the next morning spread the news. Parties were formed to investigate the matter, but none of them solved the subject until informed by a man in the village near at hand as to the nature of the case. They were urged to remain reticent about the matter, and have done so.

The years of incessant laughter have told somewhat on the faces of the family, but not so as to be very noticeable. There are scores of lines under the eyes and above the cheeks, caused by the drawing up of the skin. Then their mouths have become wider and they keep them closed with difficulty. The most marked result of the disease, however, is in the voice. The entire family talk in the same tone, resembling as nearly as anything the voice of an alto singer. Males and females have the same inflection and intonation. Most of them have more or less trouble with their eyes, several having become very near sighted. The pupils have contracted and the entire eyeball is diminished in size. This is accounted for by the contraction of the eyes while laughing, and the effort required in working or reading while undergoing an attack. Very little physical annoyance is caused the laughers. They read and write, sleep and work without any trouble. The only thing they seem unable to do while attacked is to eat, and that can be readily understood. Several grandchildren have been born, and in all but one instance they were taken, soon after birth, with stated attacks at the same hours as their parents. Of course they do not laugh as the older ones do, but they cry and express all the signs of baby glee twice a day, and never cry while in that state. If the disease continues in the next generation, the laughing family may ultimately become a laughing village.

WILD ALFALFA.—We have a sample of wild alfalfa taken from the grazing ranch of 2500 acres of Brother Amos Adams, situated in San Luis Obispo county, eight miles east of Paso Robles Springs. It grows on the margin and in the bottom of Huero Huero creek, as the water recedes. It is eaten by stock as readily as tame alfalfa is. The specimen in our office is about four feet long. It grows very thick and if left to itself, when it is two or three feet high it falls down as heavy grain does. The creek runs about three miles on the land of Brother Adams, and from present appearances the bed and margin of the creek will furnish more feed for stock than the same number of acres elsewhere.—California Patron.

Nobody talks much who doesn't say unwise things—things he did not mean to say; as no person plays much without striking a false note sometimes. Talk, to me, is only spading up the ground for crops of thought. I can't answer for what will turn up. If I could, it wouldn't be talking, but "speaking my piece." Better, I think, the hearty abandonment of one's self to the suggestions of the moment, at the risk of an occasional slip of the tongue, perceived the instant it escapes, but just one syllable too late, than the royal reputation of never saying a foolish thing.—O. W. Holmes.

Every system, however insufficient it may prove hereafter, is a step in advance. If the mind of man is once impressed with the conviction that there must be order and law everywhere, it never rests again until all that seems irregular has been eliminated, until the full beauty and harmony of nature has been perceived, and the eye of man has caught the eye of God beaming out from the midst of all His works. The failures of the past prepare the triumphs of the future.—Max Muller.

## Mental Science.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

As the mind-cure, or Christian science philosophy, seems to be claiming the attention of a large number of our people, perhaps a few lines from my pen may prove suggestive of thought, even though nothing new is presented. I am not yet converted to the new faith as it has been presented to me. There are many laws of life that even the most advanced thinkers have not solved, however. We do know that the mind has a wonderful influence over the body, and our every thought, in connection therewith, produces sensations enwrapped with the thought itself. The fact is well established in the minds of all students of physiology; hence I feel that the subject is one of vital importance. Thoughts, as well as diet, go farther than many suppose toward ameliorating the bodily conditions. The celebrated Dr. Dio Lewis struck the key-note of disease, when he said, in his late work on "Chastity," "one lascivious thought has been the means of undermining the constitutions of thousands"—i. e., a vile thought in a human mind resulted as a natural sequence in acts that were as deadly to the life roots as the woodman's ax laid at the root of a tree. It is evident, therefore, that in order to have a healthy body one must possess a clear head.

Thus we see the basic principle of the new theory in question. The age for scoffing down any seemingly new idea or theory has gone by. This is an age of growth, and we are susceptible to the new thoughts and principles evolved from nature's laboratory, although many of us can not see, at first glance, the invisible wires (nature's laws) linking mind and matter so closely that the two can not be separated.

The excesses of life produce the disease and misery extant in our land, and the antidote needed is self-restraint and self-culture. Many comprehend the situation who lack the moral courage to turn about and live according to the higher law, even when experience reveals it unto them. We desire this, that and the other; our desires are of use to us only when they culminate in deeds done that are worthy of us as individuals; desires may be abnormal and injurious, as well as normal and healthy. Our needs and not our wants are what should receive our earnest attention in all the departments of life. When sexhood is better understood, and men and women cease debasing the holiest functions of their being, the human race will be happier than now, from the fact that each life germ will have been planted in the soil of matured and well developed organisms only. Turn which way we will, we meet on every hand, those of both sexes who are famished, and reaching higher and thither for something they have not. Usually, it is love they think they want, when, in reality, it is only a better understanding of their physical systems, and a knowledge of how to adapt themselves to those with whom their lot is cast. Any system of cure, for bodily ills—come from whatever source it may—that does not begin with right generation, and a reconstruction and cleansing of present methods of reproduction, will fall far below the desired standard.

MRS. IDA A. MCCLIN.  
TEXAS, Michigan, 1887.

ALCOHOL.—I believe that alcohol, to a certain degree, demoralizes those who make it, those who sell it, and those who drink it. I believe from the time it issues from the colled and poisonous worm of the distillery until it empties into the hell of crime, death, and dishonor, it demoralizes everybody that touches it. I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without becoming prejudiced against this liquid crime. All you have to do is to think of the wrecks upon either bank of this stream of death—of the suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of the ignorance, of the distress, of the little children tugging at the faded dresses of weeping and despairing wives, asking for bread; of the men of genius it has wrecked; of the millions who have struggled with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing. And when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the prisons, and of the scaffolds upon either bank—I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against the damned stuff called alcohol.—R. G. Ingersoll.

## Books for Sale at this Office.\*

Manual of Psychometry: The Dawn of a New Civilization. By J. RODES BUCHANAN, M. D.	PRICE.
The New Education: Moral, Industrial, Hygienic, Intellectual. By J. RODES BUCHANAN, M. D.	\$ 1.00
Leaflets of Truth; or, Light from the Shadow Land. By M. KARL.	75
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The Mediumistic Experiences of John Brown, the Medium of the Rockies, with an Introduction by Prof. J. S. Loveland.	1.00
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Spiritism, the Origin of all Religions. By J. P. DAMERON.	25
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The Spiritual Science of Health and Healing. By W. J. COLVILLE.	1.00
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Experiences of the Spirits Eon and Eoua in Earth Life and Spirit Spores.	50
The Independent Voice in Grand Rapids, Mich. By H. W. BOOSER.	15

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Yes. At the present time mesmerism is growing unfashionable, and people are using a few years ago becomes the hypnotism and psychology of to-day. Mesmerism may be the cause, but out of mesmerism, or psychology, there has been evolved that most marvelous of all phenomena, human clairvoyance.

"What do you mean by that?"  
Clairvoyance simply means clear seeing.  
"What has that to do with a future state?"

Suppose when the human body is dulled in a perfectly cataleptic condition, placed to all external sensations, rigid as a statue, the mind of that person is able to see, hear and understand without the agency of the ordinary avenues of sense—what would you think?

"Oh I should not think that was any evidence of future life."

But you would think it was evidence of the existence of some superior senses pertaining to that individual?

"Oh yes, if it were true?"

Being true then, you will conceive that the individual is able to see, hear and know by other agencies than those he normally employs?

"Oh yes, that would be true of course."

Now it is a fact that the clairvoyant can and often does see into the human system and correctly describe its interior condition, which shows, first, that he can see independently of the ordinary eye, and secondly, that he can see through material substances.

"How does he do it?"

That is a point we cannot deal with now; the fact remains that he sees independently of the ordinary eyesight, and that his vision penetrates through the physical tissues of the body.

"But what has that to do with a future state?"

Suppose this person says, "I see a certain country," and then describes its people, its verdure, its cities, its mountains and wonderful scenery, what would you say then?

"Oh I should say he was describing some portion of the globe."

But the globe is tolerably well explored, and physical geography will give you a very clear description of almost the entire surface of the earth; but this description to you does not tally in the remotest particular with any known condition of physical geography. Now what do you say under these circumstances?

"Oh I should say that he imagined all this."

Well, what is imagination?

"Oh! imagination is imagination, of course."

But when a person imagines a thing that neither exists nor has the possibility of existence, you are putting that individual upon a level with the Almighty himself. The imagination must be set in motion, and it never moves until a suggestion enters into its operation.

"Well, perhaps he believes that this country could exist."

Perhaps he could; we will suppose so; but he says, "I see a certain person."

"He might imagine that."

But he says that certain person is your father.

"Oh, that is rubbish! My father has been dead thirty years."

He states your father's name; that he lived at such a time, at such a place, and that your mother's name was so and so.

"But my mother has been dead twenty years; my father and mother have both gone out of existence; there is nothing of them at all."

My friend, do you believe that this physical body of flesh and blood and matter is all that there was of your father and your mother? Are you a religious person? Do you not go to church, and are you not taught this is not the end of them?

"Well, what does this man mean when he says he sees my parents?"

You have to answer what he means. Does this man lie? Does he imagine this? How can he imagine it when he never saw you before or knew you were in existence?

"I don't know—it is very curious."

Now you are getting reasonable. Until you have better explanations, it is very curious, and it would be just as wise to reserve your criticism until you are better informed. Here is the clairvoyant, who sees and describes dead people, as they are called; he goes into the celestial country, he holds converse with these departed ones, just as Swedenborg years ago entered into the interior state; as Andrew Jackson Davis did; as thousands of clairvoyants in the development of mesmerism and mediumship have entered into the spiritual state and seen these people. So we maintain that the results of mesmerism, psychology and the development of individual clairvoyance are the practical evidences of a future life. Now, we will come to Spiritualism.

"And you don't want to tell this intelligent audience that there is any truth in Spiritualism! That would be straining their patience too much."

We are sorry to strain your patience, but we hope you will survive the terrible ordeal. All Spiritualists are crazy, of course. All mediums ought to be in the lunatic asylum or jail, of course. The literature is rotten from beginning to end, and every editor of spiritualistic newspapers or periodicals ought to be taken up for obtaining money under false pretenses. Spiritualists, hide your diminished heads and retire into your appropriate obscurity.

The pulpit has cursed you; the law has branded you; society has ostracized you; friends have repudiated your acquaintance; you are lepers of society, and you had better get to your appropriate caves and dens! But instead of all this, you will persist in holding up your heads and walking along the streets just the same as your fellows, and claim as much right to exist as the rest of the world. You will go on printing your periodicals, publishing books, holding circles, and developing mediums; you will continue to work and to increase in numbers. Are you not ashamed of yourselves? Do you not think it is time you retired from public gaze?

You have the audacity to answer "No! We know we are right, and so we are bound to go ahead."

"Well, what are your evidences?"

"I have had my friend talk to me through a medium."

"What is a medium?"

"A medium is a person who is controlled by a departed spirit, and acts out the character of the individual controlling."

"Why, that is mesmerism!"

"Oh, yes, that is mesmerism; but the mesmerist is out of the body."

"You believe the man lives after he goes out of his body, do you?"

"Why, of course."

"You believe he is quite the same kind of person he was in the body?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then if he has the same kind of mind, he may be the same kind of a moral being?"

"Certainly."

"Pardon us for asking, but do these spirits when they come back to you seem to exhibit human characteristics?"

"Oh, yes."

"Why, you are modern ghostologists then!"

Now you begin to see that Spiritualism is the scientific reduction of sporadic ghostology; an intelligent understanding of the laws of spiritual communication; an intelligent and scientific application of the laws of spiritual relationship, this work being taken part by you in this world as well as by people on the other side of the line. Apparitions, ghosts, psychology, clairvoyance and spirit communication are all different parts of the same great science of the relationship of the seen and unseen; and we begin to understand, through the latent powers that belong to human nature and the light that Modern Spiritualism throws upon the subject, that Spiritualism is the science of immortality.

"Well, can we accept the evidences? Is it safe?"

The evidence in support of spiritual communion that can probably be given by the majority of this audience would be sufficient in weight and judicial value to hang every man and woman here if it was applied to them on a charge of murder. Every investigator will tell you without the slightest hesitation that there is an overwhelming mass of evidence in favor of the reality of communication between the two worlds. Therefore we have now the case before us: Religious belief, the foundation principles of religion itself; the hopes and aspirations of the world; the ghostly theories of the past; the experience of mesmerism and psychology; are all brought into local center as evidence of the reality of a future life.

Some people will say, "Well, that is all very true; but I am afraid to have anything to do with the question; I am afraid it is contrary to my religious principles." Another one says, "I am afraid it is a dangerous thing; it leads to physical disease, and all mediums are either bodily or mentally diseased." And a third gentleman says, "It is dangerous to the morals of the community."

So religion, health, and morals are believed to be endangered by these spiritualistic evidences! We are glad to know that the evidences of a spiritual life that Spiritualism presents occupy the distinguished position of being the only dangers to religion, health and morality that are present in the world to-day! But are not these objections incorrect?

"Oh, no," say those who urge them, "we are perfectly sure; our doctors have told us so; our ministers have told us so, and our teachers have so instructed us."

And you have taken all they have told you without submitting it to the slightest analysis upon your own part! There are a great many people who steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in; who go to church on Sunday that they may draw custom to their stores on Monday; and if that kind of religious devotion is injurious to religion, we should like to know what is. You say Spiritualism is injurious to health of mind. How many people debauch their bodies by all kinds of injudicious proceedings, until at last they break down under the strain and become mental wrecks. How many people there are who loudly proclaim their morality, and hold themselves up as beacon towers of perfection, but who will not scorn to do the most degrading acts to accomplish selfish ends!

An intelligent understanding and knowledge of spiritual communication will reveal the fact that it is no more calculated to undermine religion, sap the health or destroy the moral consciousness than would be an understanding of any of the facts of mechanics or the principles of physical science. That there are weak-minded people in the world who will always go astray for lack of balance, and to accomplish selfish ends, is so self-evident

as to need no argument. To say the evidences of spiritual communion that come through the agency of Modern Spiritualism are calculated to do these things, and effect these results, is an absolute libel upon every intelligent, pure-minded and honest Spiritualist. We have not the slightest hesitation in saying, that as a body, Spiritualists compare favorably with any other class you can find in this or any other city.

As to the claim that mediumship is associated with disease, a rational interpretation of the science of mediumship will reveal that the highest conditions of bodily health and mental vigor are the best conditions for the highest development and the nobler forms of mediumship.

Now that our evidences are fairly in before you, let us draw together the scattering threads: The religious world and the scientific and philosophical thinkers ask concerning a future life, and ask in vain. The widow and orphan stand by the side of the casket wherein lay the cold remains of those they have loved, and they turn from those dumb lips, and with streaming eyes, lift their voices heavenwards and ask, "Are there no white hands to draw aside the curtains of the tomb—no sweet faces to shine down in the gloom of bereavement and tears—no sweet voices to make music on the heavy air, to lift the sad heart to gladness once again?"

If, in this supreme hour of trial, there is not something more than faith can give, something more certain than belief is capable of imparting, then, no matter how much you have believed before, how much you have relied on faith, when the sod falls upon the casket, your hopes will vanish, and the grave becomes a landmark upon the road of your life where you buried your hopes and lost your faith.

But the history of the world and the experiences of mankind speak, and the hopes and aspirations which God himself created and imparted to your being are not doomed to die and be lost forever. The infinite and eternal Father in his divine love never endowed you with a hope, never gave you a desire that He has not prepared the means for realizing and gratifying in his own good time and in accordance with his own divine plan. There is another world; the soul lives on immortal. The evidences of religion, history, psychology and spiritual communication speak, in tones that reverberate throughout the land, that death is not the end of life, and there is a beautiful and glorious world beyond.

These evidences shall shine out upon the page of history and be accepted by mankind; religion shall shine with a new glory and a grander luster; science shall have a deeper meaning and a diviner purpose; the affections, desires and hopes of mankind shall be more firmly anchored in the heart. The evidences that you actually possess to-day of a future life are more than sufficient to answer the question in the affirmative, and you may know that your loved are living and waiting for you in the glorious land over there, and that when you lay down the garment of mortality you shall clasp their hands, gaze in their faces, feel their fond lips press to yours, listen to their loving words, and know beyond all doubt that life immortal is the heritage of all.

### The Divining Rod.

(Quiver for August.)

One of the most recent triumphs of the divining rod in Britain has been at the Avonmouth Docks. The company owning the docks, having received an intimation that an American company proposed establishing a sugar factory near the docks provided a good water supply could be secured, a certain Mr. Lawrence—who has the reputation of considerable success as a water-finder—was engaged to examine the neighboring ground. In this case the rod employed was a piece of spring steel which was bent to the shape of a horse-shoe, as the searcher, holding his elbow close to his sides, began to walk slowly over the field. After a while the steel became so violently agitated, and twisted itself with such force, that one of Mr. Lawrence's fingers was cut! He directed the company to commence boring at the spot thus indicated by the shedding of his blood, and the work was accordingly commenced. At the depth of 107 feet, water was struck, and has since flowed at the rate of a thousand gallons per hour.

In New England, also, the location of wells is said to be frequently decided by the aid of the water-twig. And moving westward, we are told that the Southern Pacific and Central Pacific Railroad Companies have, in crossing arid plains, been glad to avail themselves of the services of the divining rod in order to successfully locate their artesian wells.

Doubtless, ere long, this seemingly mysterious power will be scientifically explained. For the present, however, it remains among the number of unfathomed mysteries, of which a few still remain, to puzzle our wisest men, and to provoke the contemptuous sneers of those who forget how little our great-grandfathers knew of the forces of steam and electricity, and how certain it is that Nature still holds many a secret which science has as yet failed to discover) believe that whatever is beyond their powers of understanding must necessarily be foolishness.

### Seeing by the Interior Sense.

(Chicago Herald.)

"Here is a man who is totally blind, but who nevertheless can see," said A. S. White, in introducing Henry Hendrickson to a visitor yesterday. And so it appeared. Mr. Hendrickson can see, or rather discern objects, although he was deprived of the sense of sight when he was six months old. He was born in Norway forty-three years ago, and has lived in America forty years. He was educated at the Institution for the Education of the Blind at Janesville, Wis., and has, since leaving that institution, followed various industries, notably that of broom-making, and is the author of a book entitled "Out from the Darkness." This work is somewhat in explanation of the second sight, with which he is becoming endowed, although he finds himself unable to account for it in any manner satisfactory to himself or conformable to physical science.

He is well educated, a somewhat brilliant conversationalist, and with glasses which hide his completely closed eyes, one would scarcely recognize him as a blind man. For the last twenty years he has seldom used an escort, except when in great haste and when going on territory entirely strange to him. It must be remembered that he is totally blind, and has never seen the light since he was six months old. Nevertheless, he can tell when he comes to a sudden rise in the sidewalk as well as one who enjoys complete sight; can turn a street corner, tell when he is passing an alley, approximate the height of the buildings along the street with apparent ease, but he can not tell when he comes to a sudden depression in the sidewalk. For this he is unable to account. Many people who have observed the facility with which he moves from place to place, doubt that he is totally blind, but he has been put under the severest tests, and those who have made the investigations are convinced that he can not see.

Yesterday, the *Herald* reporter spent some time with him at Mr. White's office, at 102 Washington street, and made a test of the blind man's wonderful second sight.

"When I in a train at full speed," he said, "I can distinguish and count the telegraph poles easily, and often do it as a pastime or to determine our speed. Of course, I do not see them, but I perceive them. It is perception. Of course, my perceptive faculties are not in the least impaired on account of my blindness. I am not able to explain it, but I am never in total darkness. It is the same at midday as at midnight. There is always a bright glow of light surrounding me. Once, on being stung by a bee, I became for the moment stunned, and consequently blind, or, I should say, in total darkness. That is, I could not perceive or discern any thing."

A practical test of this unaccountable second sight was made in the presence of the visitor. A thick, heavy cloth was thrown over his head as he sat in the chair. This hung down on all sides to his waist. It was impossible for any one to see through it. Then before him or behind him, it mattered not, an ordinary walking cane was held up in various positions. To such questions as: "Is it perpendicular or horizontal?" or "In what position am I holding it?" he gave prompt and correct answers without a single mistake, sometimes describing acute or oblique angles. The test appeared so unaccountable that Mr. Hendrickson hastened to assure the guest there was nothing supernatural about it. "It is wholly a matter of the perceptive powers," said the blind man, "but I can not explain it further than that. Now, this covering is simply a formality; it is nonsense. I have never, by the ordinary sense of sight, seen an object in my life, not the faintest glimmer of one. My sight or discernment does not come in that way. This will prove the idea to you. Take me into a strange room, one that I have never been in and never heard about, and no matter how dark it is, I can tell you the dimensions of the room very closely. I do not feel the walls; I will touch nothing; I see nothing; but there is communicated to me by some strange law of perception, the size and configuration of the room."

"I am studying short hand with Mr. White, and as my hearing is very good, I expect to become an expert. I had a little trouble with my writing at first—but am now able to write very well."

"Why, do you know," interjected Mr. White, "that when I stand up here in the room and with my projected forefinger make motions like one beating the time for a church choir, but describing phonetic characters, he can tell the characters I am making or describing, without seeing them, and can interpret them."

"Let us have a test on that line," requested the visitor.

"With pleasure," responded Mr. Hendrickson with a smile. The guest further suggested that while he did not doubt Mr. Hendrickson's total blindness, he wished to have him blindfolded for the test.

"Certainly," said the blind man, and the robe was again brought into use. Then Mr. White stood up and cut the air rapidly, making certain phonetic characters.

"Well, you have asked me this," said Mr. Hendrickson, lifting the robe to get a breath of air, "Can you see what I am

saying? I answer no and yes both. I don't see, but I know."

At this juncture, the visitor bethought how the two might have put up a job or a joke upon him, and he suggested that he be allowed to write certain words upon a slip of paper, that Mr. White should repeat them phonetically by his forefinger, as before, and if then Mr. Hendrickson could tell what they were, blindfolded, as a mere matter of precaution, the proof would be conclusive.

"Let us have the test most certainly, and with pleasure," answered the blind man. The visitor wrote down the following upon a leaf from his note book, and passed it over to Mr. White.

"What are your politics?"

Mr. White struck off the question by aerial slants and curves and hooks. He had scarcely finished when Mr. H. slapped his hands with a laugh, and responded: "Republican, of course."

"By the way," added Mr. Hendrickson, "I'm a very good skater, and can, when gliding over the ice swiftly, see every particle on the ice, every crack and rough spot, no matter how small or indistinct. The faster I go the plainer I can see. Well, I don't mean that I can see, but I perceive, or something. It is light to me, and I discern every thing."

"Have you ever found yourself mistaken in depending upon this kind of sight?"

"Never. I was fooled once, but it came in this way: Once, when I was at Prairie du Chien, where I received a considerable sum of money for some six hundred dozen brooms which I sold, I got under the impression at night that I was being robbed. I saw the robber enter the bedroom door with a knife and pistol. I lay quietly. He slipped his hand under the pillow, took the pocket book and then ran out. I followed him and screamed. The house was immediately awakened. I said I had been robbed, but we could not find the robber. After breakfast it occurred to me that it was all a dream, and I returned to my room and found my pocket book and the money where I left it."

Mr. Hendrickson is a wonderful man, and if his second sight is by some slight-of-hand art, it is very cleverly done.

### Early Spiritual Manifestations.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

My mother died in 1836, long before the advent of Modern Spiritualism. Both my father and mother believed in what was at that time termed "the supernatural." I remember an incident, which occurred just prior to mother's death, that reveals their views in a very striking manner. They were both awakened in the night, about 1 o'clock, by a sound like one throwing gravel or earth on an empty box. It seemed to be in the room where they were sleeping. Father got up and lit a lamp, and then the sound seemed in the cellar; then father took the lamp and went down stairs in the cellar; and father thought the sound came from a barrel where we had kept apples; then it occurred to him that it was rats in the barrel, and he put his light down on a box, and taking a piece of a board, he proceeded cautiously to remove the cover or lid from the barrel, but nothing was therein; but immediately on returning the cover, and starting to go up stairs, the noise again seemed in the barrel, and again he made the effort to capture the intruders, but with no better success.

On returning to mother's room she told him that the noise again commenced in the room just as soon as he had gone down stairs. As soon as the light was extinguished they both again heard the noise, and mother told father that it sounded to her like the first earth thrown on a coffin, at a burial, and that she believed it was a warning of the near approach of her death. Father tried to laugh her out of the idea, but he informed us after her death that he had the same impressions that she had, and that he then believed that it was a warning, but that he talked to mother so that she need not feel alarmed.

At another time, several years before mother's death, and even before her illness, when father was away from home and mother was alone with us children, there called at our house what seemed to be an old man who asked for something to eat; when mother gave him a bowl of bread and milk and some buttermilk and butter. After he had eaten, he said to mother, "Gold and silver I have not, but such as I have I give unto thee." He then told her all she had been from her childhood even to that hour, the number of children she had had, her brothers and sisters, and those who had died; then he told her what would happen to us and to her; what sickness she would have and when she would be called to part from us. Mother seemed quite excited about what he had told her. He bid her goodbye with God's blessing and left the house. Mother told us children what wonderful things he had told her, and she seemed sorry that he had so soon gone away, and asked my oldest sister to call him back, when upon going to the door, he was nowhere to be found, and as it was some distance in either direction to the nearest obstruction to the vision, mother called him her angel visitor, and I veritably believe father was of the same opinion.

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, OREGON, AUG. 4, 1887.



## GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1887.

## RELIGION OF WELL DOING.

To do good is the highest and best use any man can make of himself. And no one can practice goodness, even in the humblest way, without making the world better thereby.

Jesus never taught any other religion than this. He never practiced any other. His life was a perpetual out-flowing of goodness to the world.

All that is expected of any man is to do his best; and yet he must not hug to his soul the delusion that he is doing his best when he is really doing evil.

The practice of goodness—enough of it—is all that is needed to save the world. It will drive out all inhumanity, and wipe away all tears, in time. Man wants no other creed. This alone will carry him safely through the turmoils of life, and land him happily in the Father's arms, where is rest and peace forever more.

How simple is this plan of man's salvation, which means nothing more than the uplifting and unfolding of his spiritual nature, and bringing him into harmony with the true life of the soul. He needs no rosary nor cross—no baptismal font—no crown of penitential thorns; but all that is required of him is simply to turn his face from his evil ways, and henceforth march, with undeviating foot steps, toward the light—ceasing to do evil and forevermore doing well.

All Spiritualists ought to belong to this grand army of the redeemed. They have every incentive thereto. No one knows better than they the glorious effect of well doing upon their own spiritual natures. They know that it means salvation in the truest sense.

And it is the easiest way after all. The evil way is the one that is ever beset with difficulties. It is full of thorns to tear the shrinking flesh. Every step therein is one of suffering and pain. The lash of violated law meets one at every turn, warning him to forbear—to turn back and seek the better way, where is health of body and peace and happiness of mind.

Such is the teaching of the spirit world—of the "cloud of witnesses" forever hovering around the homes of men. Shall we not listen to the Voice that never leads astray?

## HER SHARE.

All persons of whatever degree come sooner or later to look upon work—usefulness to others—as the only solace of mental and spiritual woe. Those born to hardship and toil often look upon work as a punishment and curse, and yet they would be far more miserable without it. If deprived of it they would soon find that it is only the stern necessity of continual toil, able or unable, that makes it hard and unlovable.

Those so-called fortunate beings who revel in riches still seek something for their hands and minds to do, though it may be of no practical value save as it keeps them from actual stagnation. Necessity and sorrow are of equal force in urging one to usefulness. The latter has at last driven ex-Empress Engenie to apply to the city government of Naples for permission to enter the hospital as a nurse, and care for the soldiers wounded at Massonah. Grief for her son has nearly consumed her, and yet she lives.

It is to be hoped her request may be granted, for in it lies the sweetest balm that can come to a blighted and broken life. In it will be forgotten the brilliant promises of her younger days and those bitter events that have for so many, many years shrouded her existence in darkness and grief. In the tender ministrations to the suffering the good hearted Engenie will forget her son, or come to see that she has only had a portion of what is in store for all beings cast upon the shores of time.

## SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.

At the afternoon meeting of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, on Sunday last, an interesting address was made by Geo. Irvin involving the question of the effect of spiritual-mindedness upon material success in life. Mr. Irvin argued that under the existing competitive system of society spirituality is a hindrance. Mr. Mills took the opposite ground. The discussion was interesting and instructive. The Chairman took occasion to compliment highly the retiring President, H. C. Wilson, and the Treasurer contradicted the published statement that Mr. Wilson had ever been supported by the Society. He said that for four years' continuous services (during which the membership increased from fifty to four hundred) Mr. Wilson never received a dollar for his labor, which involved much of his week-day as well as Sunday time. It was only after they learned of his intended departure that the Society, without solicitation, made Mr. Wilson a present of \$200.

## OBEDIENCE.

There is no chaos in nature. Law prevails everywhere, governing all forms of life, from a monad to a God. There is not an atom of matter in the universe—not a grain of sand upon the desert waste or the ocean shore—that is not obedient to law, and is not also the expression of some mysterious force.

It is man's business here to find out what nature means, at least as far as relates to himself. And this he does first by stumbling against what she does not mean. He learns that fire burns by experiencing its effects upon his shrinking flesh and nerves; and if he is wise, one lesson is all that is necessary. He learns that the "house we live in" needs taking care of to maintain health and longevity. This knowledge comes to him at every turn, as he sees the wrecks of humanity all around him caused by neglect or abuse of the simple laws of life or health.

The wise man profits himself by these lessons, and gathers wisdom by experience. He learns to obey, for he knows that in obedience only will he find happiness. It is not for him to question or demur. Nature speaks to him with many voices, "Behold the way, walk ye therein."

Why is it that any conscious person ever disobeys the laws of his being? He knows the dire effects of disobedience—has experienced them, perhaps, many times. He has suffered the fierce lashings of physical pain, as the result of intemperance, for instance,—has stood, figuratively, on the brink of the fiery pit, with serpent tongues of flame rioting with his sensations; and yet, when he has thus paid the penalty of violated law, and Nature woe him again to obedience, he again rebels, and again suffers the consequences. Who can explain this strange anomaly upon any other hypothesis than that true obedience is an attribute of the moral and spiritual nature of man, and not of the animal or physical.

Hence, it is only in proportion as man is unfolded spiritually that he becomes obedient—a willing subject to law. It is when he begins to cast off the animal—the besetting credulities and imperfections of his lower nature,—and lift his soul by aspiration and practice, into the likeness of the pure, the beautiful, the divine—it is then he is in the right way to become a law unto himself—the willing child of obedience—one with the eternal unity—the Father and Mother God.

## SPIRITUALISTIC CRANKS.

We don't like to use the word "crank." It seems slangy. And yet custom has given to it a significance that no other word expresses quite as well.

Our ranks are full of them. We doubt if any one has quite as good an opportunity to ascertain and be convinced of this fact, as the editor of a spiritual journal. And some of our editors, even, are not wholly free from the imputation of crankiness, and hence come under the category which heads this article. Perhaps the editor of the GOLDEN GATE is one and doesn't know it. If he is he modestly thinks he is not so far gone but that he could, if he would, name and classify his associates.

Now, a crank does not necessarily imply a vicious or disreputable person. Far from it. A man may be a religious crank, or a scientific or mechanical crank. Any person with a hobby, or a single idea, may be regarded as a crank. The world's great inventions have almost invariably been wrought out by men of this class. Robert Fulton was a crank. So was Columbus, Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Jenner, and a host of others we could name. But they did some good to the world. Their discoveries more than compensate us for their boring of our ancestors with their hobbies.

Would that all cranks were of this class. But unfortunately they are not. And would that those who are not belonged to some other church, and would spare us the recital of their (to us) unreasonable delusions.

Now, there is nothing in a belief in Spiritualism that should make one very greatly different from other people. "Long-haired men, and short-haired women," a term of reproach sometimes (in the past) applied to Spiritualists, did them a great injustice then, and surely does not apply to them now. Those of us who are not cranks (or who think we are not) can travel the world over, and mingle freely therewith, and never be taken for cranks. But we have them in our ranks nevertheless, and their name is legion. And why is it? We give it up.

Perhaps, after all, we have no more than our share, and that it is because we are necessarily brought more in contact with Spiritualistic cranks than those of other patterns, that we think we are overlesbed [this is a sarcasm] with more than properly belongs to us.

To come down to a little serious application of our theme, we would say to every half-developed medium who imagines that George Washington, Joan of Arc, Socrates, John the Baptist, King Solomon, Ben-hadad, the Virgin Mary, or any other notable of modern or ancient times, is their divinely appointed and especially commissioned guide, don't you believe it. If you

have mediumistic gifts be thankful therefor, and don't boast of it, or extol yourself over other mediums. Be modest, and gentle, and charitable. Cultivate the graces of a true manhood and a beautiful womanhood and don't be a crank.

## THE HOME CIRCLE.

The most satisfactory spiritualistic experiences are those which come to one in his own home. It is then the skeptic knows to a certainty that he is not the victim of deception, as he is so apt to think he is when "trying the spirits" through public or professional mediums.

There is scarcely a family in the land, who could not develop one or more mediums, if they would only give the subject proper attention. And then there is something so beautiful and holy in the family circle instituted for spirit communion. The hour set apart for the circle should be faithfully observed by every member of the family. It is then they should lay aside all worldly cares, and turn their thoughts upon spiritual things with aspiration for the highest.

In such an hour the burdens of life seem light, as the spirit gathers strength and hope for the coming day. The whole nature is sweetened by these beautiful home experiences, and the spirit friends, who are ever ready to bless their loved ones on earth, are made happy in return.

There may be those who have sought to develop mediumistic gifts in the past, but who, after awhile, meeting with no success, became discouraged and gave up their sittings. We would urge all such to try again. There is just now, seemingly, a tidal wave of spiritual power sweeping over the world. Mediums are being developed in thousands of homes. In fact we are seemingly just entering upon an era in the world's unfolding when the veil between the spirit and material worlds is to be generally rent asunder, and all will ere long stand, as many already do, face to face with those who have cast off the mortal and put on immortality.

The stupendous fact of spirit existence is a natural fact. It is not to be expected that all will recognize and accept it at once. It was ages before even the more intelligent classes were prepared to accept the fact of the perpetuity of the earth, or the Copernican system of the universe. Receptive minds always accept these great facts first. Then follow, by degrees, the doubters and skeptics, bringing up the rear.

It was always thus; and yet this modern spiritual light is streaming into millions of enlightened minds, and the world is being converted to a belief in the central facts of Spiritualism far more rapidly than any other new belief ever gained a foothold among men.

## "AN APPARITION."

The story goes that a young woman employed as a domestic by a Denver family married a private soldier in the regular army a year ago, and immediately after the wedding returned to her service, while her husband was sent out to Fort Union in New Mexico.

One afternoon last week, while sitting in the kitchen, the young woman heard a tapping at the window, and looking, she saw her husband there. The "apparition" remained for a minute without speaking, then slowly faded away. The wife ran screaming into the presence of the family, then fainted.

Of course! It would seem to be the mission of apparitions to make people faint. The husband had died of fever, as a telegram later in the day announced, and he had come before it to convince his bride that there is a life for the spirit as well as the body. But his message, a silent one, was not accepted or understood, and it must have pained him that his image was so frightful a thing because supposed to be far away. Despondent and sad must be the state of many disembodied ones who thus fail to inspire the joy they feel in presenting themselves as living entities to their friends and loved ones in the flesh! And to think of our calling them "ghosts," "apparitions" and "spooks!"—those upon whom our happiness once depended, upon whom we lavished every fond endearment!

Blind indeed are mortals that they see not the immortal soul in the lasting affections and the mind's treasured jewels. Love is both blind and afraid! How inconsistent, that while the heart may rejoice in memory of the absent one, his or her unexpected appearance is a cause of horror, and we have no name for the loved one but "ghost," "apparition," etc.

## THE CONDITION OF WOMEN IN BRAZIL.

There would be some sense in sending missionaries to Brazil, not to save heathen souls, but to educate its women, of which it has six millions; out of this number only five hundred thousand can read or write. Convents are numerous, and in these of remote districts, are women confined in the husbands' absence. It seems strange that there should be such a degree of illiteracy among the women of a country that so regards the sentiment and progress of the day as to voluntarily liberate its slaves. Liberty without enlightenment is not good in the hands of a once bound race. Were Brazilian women generally possessed of a moderate education, the abolition of slavery in that land would savor more strongly of a healthy progress, because upon the elevation of woman depends the growth of civilization of a people.

"To us," writes a subscriber, "the GOLDEN GATE is a weekly feast." And such we doubt not it is to many.

## JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.

On Sea and Land—The Lady Alice—Captured by the Boom, etc.

[From our Assistant Editor.]

SAN DIEGO, Aug. 8th, 1887.

Embarked on the good ship, the Queen of the Pacific, on the afternoon of August 1st, we found ourselves rapidly gliding out from the haunts and shadows of the great city, out on to God's watery domain, over the bar on the ocean blue, the grand old Pacific. There were hurried adieux and heart-felt God-speeds uttered; the warm hand grasp of parting friends, the suppressed tugging at the heart, which is always felt when leaving those we love, if but for a brief space—Ah, it is in the brief spans of time that strange and awful changes come,—and we soon lose sight of familiar faces and forms, and the sounds upon the shore are soundless to those upon the sea, and we turn from the outer, busy world to the moving one in which we participate, and wherein we find "much food for thought."

Here are two hundred or more individual souls—a miniature world for the study of human nature—and the same restless, feverish spirit depicted here is multiplied by millions of millions in the great universe of mind and matter.

The writer was one of the fortunate ones who escaped the awful mystery of sea-sickness, and found an intelligent and cheerful traveling companion in Mrs. Lupa, daughter of that intellectual giant, Prof. Van der Naillen. We are also greatly indebted to that scholarly gentleman and profound thinker, R. W. Nuttall, for many courtesies which made our voyage all the more delightful. The officers are prompt and efficient, with a reserved politeness for all on board. If we were to refer to the special characteristic of the Captain, Mr. Alexander, which was "observed by all observers," we should be obliged to say that his matchless ability for making himself invisible to, and of keeping himself entirely out of the reach of all passengers, impressed us most. How very unlike that genial commander, the "good Captain Morse," as he is familiarly called, whose very presence carried with it that subtle something which gave all hearts an abiding trust in his peculiar fitness for the place. Speaking of that subtle something—often called Magnetism—I prefer calling it largeness of soul—is it not this silent force which makes the man the right man for any position? Can he make a complete success in any walk or profession without a large share of it? If these finer and higher laws governing our being were better understood, we are certain the percentage of failures would grow less.

Without going into detail, our trip was smooth and pleasant. We reached San Diego at half past six, Wednesday afternoon, and were greeted by a number of friends, among whom were the friendly form of our friend and able co-worker, Dr. Ravlin. Of his and his good wife's mission here, we shall speak hereafter. They are both noble representatives of the cause of white Spiritism. I use the term white in contrast to the shades which sometimes mar the perfect purity of this most sacred cause.

We were driven to the new and elegant home of our much esteemed cousin, Mr. H. P. Whitney and his bright young wife, where we have revealed in the joys and beauties of San Diego, its climate and its boom for the past few days. This home has a most fascinating little mistress, and most exacting one, too, for all who enter here must pay due homage to the lady Alice. She is tender of nature and winds herself into your heart by a thousand coquettish ways. Evil, we think, must hide away on entering the presence of those soft blue eyes; her voice is music itself in its low, soft tones, and hands blue-veined—for be it known, lady Alice is of noble birth—and delicate feet, "so small that both may nestle in one caressing hand;" all fair and dimpled, fresh from God's garden, just entering the borders of earth's "mysterious strand," for you must know that lady Alice is only four months old. No queen on the throne of babyhood ever reigned with sweeter or more becoming grace than little baby Alice. May angel hands ever brush away the blemishes from our darling's feet, all down the strange and changeable road of childhood, girlhood and womanhood, is our earnest prayer.

But here we are and nothing yet said about the "great boom." I fear I have committed an error unpardonable; but I really feel I can give the readers but the faintest idea of the enterprise and life which one sees everywhere here; you breathe it in on the very atmosphere. Every body is dealing in real estate, and every body seems to be getting rich. There is great wealth here now, and many wealthy people are coming; they see and hear the glowing reports and are conquered. We do not know whether we have fallen a victim willing to the fever or not, but we do feel that San Diego has a great future. Why not? Here is one of the finest harbors in the world, climate unparalleled, and enterprising men of wealth pushing her claims forward.

Arrangements have been perfected within the last few days by which the Spreckels Brothers' Commercial Company are to do business here. The company has a capital of \$200,000, and intend carrying on a general importing and commission business. There are already four mixed cargoes on the way from England consigned to the new company. There will be a regular line of clipper ships running direct from this port to Liverpool. Work will begin in a few days for the erection of a bonded warehouse by them. The new company feel confident that the future trade will be extensive, and that this corporation can supply the merchants of San Diego, Los Angeles and other places in California, also Arizona and Mexico, with supplies at as good rates as San Francisco merchants enjoy. The fact that such shrewd business men as the Spreckels Brothers have had the faith to engage in an enterprise of such moment and importance, has

given quite an impetus to the already high tide of prosperity now sweeping over this part of California. And now, dear readers and friends, a brief but fond adieu. M. P. O.

## MODERN GENIUS.

The *Golden Era* for August contains another striking article from the gifted pen of Jesse Shepard, entitled, "Imitative Talent versus Creative Faculty," in which the writer takes the ground that genius is a thing of the past, and that what seems so in these modern times is more or less imitative. We think he is mistaken. While it is true that certain phases of genius in the past have never been excelled in modern times, there is an infinite variety of phases of modern genius that the past never heard of. It never had an Edison, nor a Morse, nor such a musical genius as Jesse Shepard—at least none deriving his musical powers from the same source. Where was the genius of even fifty years ago that could make such a paper as the *New York Herald*? Where are the poets of the past that excelled Longfellow, Tennyson, or Whittier? Where are the scientists that excelled those of the present day? What "old master" with his ancient daub can excel Toby Rosenthal or Rosa Bonheur? The past was very clever in some few things, but its brightest geniuses did not know how to make a friction match! They were as ignorant as mules of photography, and of the uses of steam and electricity. They thought the earth was flat, those old geniuses did, and that the sun went swinging around the earth like an orange at the end of a string in the hands of a small boy! These comparisons might be extended indefinitely, but would it be profitable?

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Read the excellent discourse, by J. J. Morse, in this issue of the GOLDEN GATE.

—One of the best mineral psychometrists we have ever known is Mrs. Salina Pulsifer, of San Jose. See her card published on Fifth page.

—Dr. D. J. Stansbury, the independent slate-writer, medium and physician, is now located at 305 Scott street. Take Halght Street cars.

—Mrs. Sarah E. Harris will address the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, to-morrow (Sunday) at 2 o'clock p. m. Subject: "Spiritual Gifts."

—Bro. J. B. Greene, of Cortland, accompanied by Mrs. Greene, is stopping at the Cosmopolitan Hotel in this city,—failing health rendering a change necessary.

—Bro. Wm. Bowles, our distinguished visitor from Australia, who has been sojourning on this Coast for the past six weeks, left on Thursday for Boston. We cordially commend him to all whom these presents may come.

—Mrs. F. A. Logan is doing good spiritual work of lecturing and healing in Salt Lake. She writes us that she has "not forgotten the genial 'souls and superior climate of California,' and hopes 'some day to return.'"

—Mrs. E. B. Belcher and two grandchildren have returned to the city from a visit to Mrs. P. Trombly at her beautiful country home, located some seven miles from Gilroy. Mrs. Belcher has been much benefited by country air and rest.

—We publish, this week, another able discourse by J. J. Morse. Next week we shall present one of Mr. Colville's masterly discourses delivered recently in the East. Thus our readers at a distance can enjoy these eminent lecturers in their own homes.

—Mr. Lund will speak at Scottish Hall, next Wednesday evening, before the Spiritual Union Society, on the subject of "Spiritualism, Ancient and Modern." The following mediums will be present and give tests: Mrs. Seal, Mrs. McLellan, Mrs. Parry, and Mrs. Babbitt.

—H. B. Champion, formerly President of the First Spiritual Society of Philadelphia, and of the Neshaminy Falls Camp-Meeting Association, passed on to the other life, after a long illness, from the residence of Mrs. E. L. Watson, at Sunny Brae, Santa Clara county, on Tuesday, Aug. 2d.

—It does us good to learn of the conversion to Spiritualism of some old friends in San Jose, whom for many years we labored to impress with its divine truths, but without effect; and who generously regarded us as mildly insane upon the subject. The light has at last come to them through the mediumistic developments in their own family. And so the good work goes on.

—Mrs. Margaret E. Parker, the English lady whose noble humanitarian work we mentioned last week, while about to start East from Pasadena, a few days ago, received the shocking news of the death of her husband, Dr. Parker. The blow is the more severe, because of the great harmony and affection that existed between them.

—When the subject of occult psychic forces dominating the world of mind and matter are better understood, we doubt not a rational solution of the problem of insanity will be arrived at. As it is now medical science is groping in the dark concerning this strange perversion of human intellect. The key to the solution of the problem, animal magnetism, it persistently ignores; hence it flounders along among its chaos of drugs, utterly powerless to remove the cloud that envelops the perturbed soul.

—A letter from Mr. James Burns, editor of *The Medium and Daybreak*, London, encloses a small photo of the wonderful slate of twelve languages obtained by us through the mediumship of Fred Evans, and which first appeared in our holiday number of last year. It was photographed in France from the cut Mr. Burns had engraved for his paper, and is only about one-fourth the size of the cut as it originally appeared in the GOLDEN GATE. That slate has attracted the attention of thoughtful minds in all parts of the world.



## Letter from W. J. Colville.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

As you so kindly insert all the letters I send you relative to the work in which we are alike engaged, I venture to trespass once more upon your hospitable columns by way of recording the closing episodes in this season's career of the Mount Lookout Camp-Meeting. Though, as I stated in a previous communication, the altitude is somewhat inaccessible, still on fine days, Sundays especially, the attendance was decidedly large, but as rains are frequent there in Summer, and rain on Mount Lookout means a temporary deluge, it pours down as though the clouds literally fell on the earth in solid sheets of water. The depot being three-fourths of a mile from the grounds, visitors are not so numerous when the sky looks unpropitious; this circumstance alone has prevented the steady rush of visitors who would otherwise have attended.

Making allowance for this interference on the part of the elements, without exaggeration I can truly say the officers of the Association have great cause to congratulate themselves on the solid success achieved. The meetings have all been ably conducted, dignified, intellectual and spiritual in tone, and in every way calculated to impress strangers favorably. I have already mentioned the genial and role-souled President, Mr. T. B. Albert, who is also manager of the Chattanooga Opera House and extensively related to the general business and social interests of that thriving, growing, commercial center. From first to last Mr. Albert, Mrs. Albert and Mr. Wm. Albert have exerted themselves indefatigably on behalf of the Association and every person on the grounds. I must not, however, forget to allude to the active work and abundant kindness of the Vice-President, Mr. Ladd, the Treasurer, Mr. Seamen, and the Secretary, Mr. Kates, from all of whom, myself in common with all parties engaged to work under their auspices, have received the utmost kindness and attention.

As Mr. and Mrs. Kates hope ere long to visit California, I will simply remark that our friends on the Pacific Slope will find in Mr. Kates an earnest, vigorous, straightforward worker, a man who understands and conducts business in manner worthy of unstinted praise. As a speaker he is forcible and practical and can not fail to impress his hearers with his downright sincerity. Mrs. Kates (formerly Zaida Brown) is one of the most interesting and able of the many inspirational speakers and psychometric mediums I have met. Her discourses are full of lofty sentiment, couched in charming language, while her delineations of character, etc., are truly marvelous. She is a lady who can not help making a host of friends wherever she goes.

Another very noble worker is Mrs. Talbot, a lady of mature years and mature thought, an excellent lecturer, and, what is best of all, one whose disposition is so gentle and lovable that though she speaks the truth unflinchingly, her name among the officers and members at Mount Lookout is "our lump of sugar." Concerning Rev. Samuel Watson I can say nothing other than what most of your readers probably know. His published works and long and active service in the ranks of Spiritualism cause his name to sound as a household word in spiritualistic circles. He is so true a friend of mediums, and at the same time so bitter an opponent of deception, that he occupies the position of a venerable and much respected balance-wheel wherever he is known. His views on all subjects are so moderate and yet so strong that he never fails to convince even the most obdurate skeptics of his perfect sincerity in the tenure and dissemination of his views.

Mrs. Isa Wilson Porter and her mother, the much respected widow of the late E. V. Wilson, aided much to the success of the Camp. Mrs. Porter's mediumship is beyond question. Her tests are frequently of the most convincing character, and whenever she delivers an address, it is a genuine treat to listen. The fire test often given through her, is an astounding exhibition of the power of spirit over matter. Several pretentious would-be savants sneered at it on one occasion, and boasted how easily they could do the same thing themselves; but not one of them, though several were coarse, brawny men, evidently thick-skinned to the highest degree, physically as well as mentally, was willing to expose his hands and face to the flames, though a woman proved her ability to do so on a windy night in a draught position when the fire was very difficult to manage, and that before a miscellaneous and often movable audience of several hundred persons. When scientific men, leading physicians and lawyers constitute the committee, the verdict was in Mrs. Porter's favor, only the rougher element dissenting against her, but their dissent, utterly unsupported by evidence, was of course wholly valueless.

A curiosity of the season was a conjurer calling himself Millar, who performed a few amusing tricks at the Mount Lookout House, and afterwards in Chattanooga. Like many other travelling mountebanks, he was a Spiritualist and medium one day and an exposé the next. He made some ridiculous challenges to Spiritualists in the papers, and I believe one slate-writing medium, whose powers are said to be extraordinary, challenged him. My own opinion is that it is a mistake and folly to

enter the ranks with any such people. They get their living by deceiving the populace who pay to be mystified and amused. If Spiritualism rested on no firmer evidence than a bag of tricks, it could never have won the sympathy and endorsement of such a man as Alfred Russell Wallace, to say nothing of the thousands of intelligent minds the world over who have embraced it as a science, a philosophy and a religion.

The last Sunday in Camp, July 31st, was truly a red-letter day; the utmost harmony prevailed, and the interest at the night session was so great that though the exercises commenced at 7:30, it was long past 11 p. m. before the last speaker had his say. Though these closing exercises lasted nearly four hours they were interesting throughout, and of course being very diversified, the audience changed considerably at intervals through the proceedings. Three concerts were given during the month under direction of my esteemed friend, Rudolf King, the celebrated pianist, organist and composer. These were followed by dancing. Several other dance parties were also given. Amusement was assigned its proper place, subordinate to the grander work in hand, and I am glad to be able to report these well arranged entertainments were beneficial and successful in every sense of the words. Crowds of young people attended them; all things were done decently and in order, and the revenue of the Association was materially increased thereby.

I must not close this hurried reminiscence without mentioning the Natural Bridge Hotel, under the management of Chas. Donahower and his mother. Laboring under many disadvantages, and subject to much complaint from the fastidious, they untrigly exerted themselves to make the house as home-like as it possibly could be. Elegance was impossible, but comfort was at least secured. The waiters both white and colored worked indefatigably for the general weal; and indeed every man, woman and child employed on the grounds did his or her very best to make time pass pleasantly for all the guests.

Next year great improvements will be made, and those who have enjoyed themselves this Summer on the top of Mount Lookout, if they visit it next year when the Camp will remain in session throughout July and August, they will be well repaid, even if they travel thousands of miles to reach the picturesque, historic spot. August 1st I lectured in the morning to a good audience, and after dinner we all went our respective ways. I never felt more reluctant to bid farewell to any friends than to the many whose acquaintances I formed on Mount Lookout during last month. We are now at Casadaga, New York, from which place expect a few notes almost immediately.

Your sincere friend,

W. J. COLVILLE.

CASSADAGA, N. Y., Aug. 3, 1887.

P. S.—I find on looking over this letter I have made no mention of Mr. T. R. Colby, who has been so long an earnest and successful worker in the field. It is but just to him to add a postscript to let your readers see I have not failed to be impressed with the fervid eloquence and practical thought of a gentleman who, as a speaker and medium, holds deservedly a very high place in the estimation of all who know him. If I have said nothing in particular of some of the mediums who were at Mount Lookout with me, it is because my time was so fully occupied I had no opportunity to sit with them or attend their seances. All I know did nobly and made many warm friends.

W. J. C.

## RESOLUTION ADOPTED.

Resolved, by the Board of Directors of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists of San Francisco, in executive session, Thursday, August 11, 1887, that the statement published in the San Francisco Chronicle of August 5th, concerning the relations of H. C. Wilson with this Society, is false. That portion of the statement which states that Mr. Wilson has lived at the expense of the Spiritual Society is wholly untrue, as Mr. Wilson never received one dollar in remuneration for his services to the Society, which were continuous for five years, but after learning of his intended visit East, the Society, without solicitation, made him a present of \$200. The charge that Mr. Wilson eluded the officers is also false. Mr. Wilson and family resided in Oakland for more than two months prior to his departure, and could have been found at his residence, and he did not leave Oakland until the day subsequent to that on which the Chronicle alleges officers were at the ferry looking for him. His intended departure and the time thereof were well known to all his friends. Attest: MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD, Secretary.

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

## MANAGER'S NOTICE.

W. J. Colville's Sunday Services will commence September 4th in Old Fellows Hall, Market Street. Entrance on Seventh Street.

Classes in Spiritual Science—embracing the salient principles in Metaphysical and Mental Healing—Mind, Prayer, and Faith Cure, and Christian Science—will be held in Encampment Hall, Mondays and Thursdays, at 10 A. M. and 8 P. M.

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

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

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

Albert Morton, Business Manager.

## Entrance Upon the Life Beyond.

[Extract from "Independent State Message," through the mediumship of Fred Evans.]

I suppose you would like to know my experience in passing over to the spirit side of life. You remember when I was dying, when my dear loved ones were gathered around and thought I was suffering, they saw me cast my eyes around the room and look apparently to be looking into empty space. In reality I was looking at loved ones who were holding out their arms to welcome me on the spirit shore, when suddenly I felt a shock which was what you call death. All around was utter darkness. I felt as though I was forsaken, when gradually the darkness dispersed, and with the light came loving friends, and welcomed me to the spirit shore. They brought me to the bed where my body still lay, and there I saw my friends weeping. I wonder if they had seen me smiling over them if they would have continued to weep? I think not. My spirit guide then took me away, and as we began our journey we passed many miserable souls. I asked my guide who they were. She answered, "They are tied to the earth by their attractions and the wealth they have left behind, but we will soon teach them to look for brighter and better things." Then we passed a suicide who seemed in great misery. I asked the guide if she could not free him, and have him come with us; but she said he had violated nature's laws, and his spirit was chained to his body until the natural law has freed the spirit.

I soon became aware of brighter surroundings. I seemed to be encircled by a happy throng whose mission appeared to be to make all new comers happy. I felt I had much to thank God for, and my dear guide, who escorted me, said I could thank God by making his subjects happy.

When I was shown the spirits who were earth-bound, I was in deep sympathy with them, for they seemed so beset with their earthly ideas, that they would not listen to the good spirits' teachings, but laughed and ridiculed them. I asked my guide what would become of them. She replied they would have to stay in that condition until their natural earth law had spent itself; then they could perceive their errors and accept the advice and counsel of the loved spirit missionaries.

The spirit world is divided into spheres, and according to your goodness and spirituality on earth, so shall you build your house in the spirit world. As you sow, so shall you reap.

If all would obey the Golden Rule, and do to others as they would wish to be done unto them, spirituality and goodness would be universal, and there would be no need of separating spirits into spheres of progression. But now it is found necessary by our wise Master to separate the wheat from the chaff, to clear the dross from the pure metals, and after they have come out of the crucible of experience, the spirits will shine, radiant with goodness and glory.

If our good Master allowed only one sphere of a future life, our spirit-home would be no better, and perhaps not as good as our earthly; for the good would still be surrounded and disturbed by the bad, for it is against law to change a wicked spirit, whose existence has been for years steeped in crime and pollution, instantaneously into a bright and good spirit. No; each coil must be uncoiled, and each faulty strand cast out before their eyes—before they can see their errors and the miserable end to which they lead.

You ask what spirits find to do? I would take years of your time to tell, but I will give you a little insight.

The mission of all spirits is to exalt each other, to teach them for the higher spheres. Now while the spirits in the lower can not enter the higher, or any sphere above their own, yet the higher can visit the lower, and with wise teachings and kind help assist them to progress into the higher spheres which they themselves have attained. Thus a brother, sister, mother, father or any other relative or friend who may be in a higher sphere in the spirit world may visit those loved ones who have just come, but who may, perhaps, be in the lower sphere.

Then the loving kindness of our dear ones shows itself. For picture to yourself a prince leaving his royal home to visit the poor and lowly and also the wicked, to abide in their poor homes for the sake of teaching them the true way, and to assist them to attain the same rank he himself possesses. Any spirit in a higher sphere can visit the spheres beneath, but none above him. Those in the lower sphere can not leave that sphere until they have progressed out of it. . . . You ask how we get rest. When you have done a good deed and made some one happy, do you not feel a sense of rest, joy and happiness? That then, is spirit rest.

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

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

All Government business attended to promptly at reasonable rates, by JOHN B. WOLFE, 103 1/2 Street (N. E.), Washington, D. C.

## PASSED ON.

HODGSON—From this city, Aug. 7th, Mercy S. Hodgson, wife of Alfred W. Webb, and mother of Mrs. A. Connor, a native of Bangor, Maine, in the 73d year of her life.

LITTLE—Passed to the "bright beyond," on Thursday May 26th, at 6:30 A. M., in Ballarat, near Melbourne, Australia, Mrs. Margaret Little, mother of J. Park Little, San Francisco.

Do you wish to develop as a medium, consult, by letter, J. W. Fletcher, the Clairvoyant, 6 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Six questions allowed. Terms, \$2.

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

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

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

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

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 1 P. M., in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Good speakers upon all live subjects pertaining to Spiritualism and humanity. A free Spiritual Library, of 700 volumes, open every Sunday from 1 to 3 P. M. All are invited.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY WEDNESDAY evening, at St. Andrew's Hall, No. 121, Larkin street. Interesting addresses, followed by tests by the mediums. Admission, free.

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

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PROGRESSIVE SOCIETY, of Chicago, meets in Avenue Hall, corner of Wabash Avenue and 2nd Street, Chicago, every Sunday Evening, at 7:45.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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"STAY WHILE YOU MAY"

"Amid the joys and beauties of Earth,  
"lest you come, unprepared, before your  
"time, an unwelcome visitor to the Spirit  
"World. Life purified and flesh made  
"clean fit the soul for the delights that  
"await you in the Better Land."

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728 Sutter St.

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Capital and Labor.

Will you permit me to say a few words through the columns of your excellent paper? Like many others, I have read and thought much on this vexed question of Capital and Labor. Now it seems to me that in nearly all that is spoken and written on the subject only one side of the question is held up to view. There are not only two sides, but every question may be looked at from a thousand different points. I have no intention, however, of trying your patience by presenting more than one or two of them.

First, there are many who advocate the system of dividing the land equally among the people. They claim that no one individual has any right to a certain part of the earth, which is the common heritage of all, given to them by a common Creator. Now let us carry out this idea.

God is the creator and owner of the land. Certainly; so is the creator and owner of the trees, cattle, horses, and all animals and products of the earth. Now, I have some land which I have labored hard to clear and fence, and render fit for cultivation. I have paid some other man my hard-earned money for it, or I have paid the money to the government, and in every respect complied with the law. Any other man can obtain land by earning the money to pay for it and performing the same amount of work improving it. The government, with unexampled generosity, gives every man a homestead of 160 acres, and the law provides a way in which he can, with little labor and less money, secure three or four times as much land as is contained in the homestead, viz., a pre-emption for \$200, a timber claim for \$400, a timber-culture claim for the labor expended in setting out ten acres of trees suitable for timber, fire-wood, etc. Each of these claims may contain 160 acres of land. Then there are lieu lands, school lands, stone claims, mineral claims, etc., that may be taken by any one willing to comply with the law and do the necessary amount of labor.

Well, by using the means provided by law, I secure as much land as I need for cultivation, grazing, fruit-growing, bee-keeping, or any other industry I may wish to pursue; but now, here comes another man, who does not wish to work for any land of his own, and takes possession of mine. He says: "The land belongs to God; the government has no right to sell it; therefore you have no title which I am bound to respect." Is he in the right? If he is, he may also say, "God created the cattle and horses you call yours; he owns the timber of which your houses, barns and fences are built." Therefore this indolent man may take my horses to ride and drive; he may take my cows to milk, and slaughter my sheep and cattle for food; and with equal justice he may take possession of my house, barn, etc.

But, you will say, "This is an extreme case; no such thing is likely to happen." No, because the justice-loving and law-abiding portion of the community will not permit it; but it is exactly what would happen if the anarchists and self-styled socialists had the power to do it. I am one of the working people. My sympathy is and ever will be with the oppressed. But who are the oppressed in this country? Who suffer here for the necessities and comforts of life? Is it the honest, sober man, who is willing to work? No! Any able-bodied man, who will let whisky alone, and work, can not only support his family in comfort, and educate his children, but he may build up a pleasant home and gain a competency. Bear in mind, I do not say he can do this by hanging around a large city, where there is a great deal of competition; by joining in strikes and red flag processions; by loafing around saloons waiting for eight o'clock to come, because the association to which he belongs does not allow him to go to work earlier; by returning to the saloon at four or five o'clock in the afternoon, and very frequently spending as much as he has earned during his eight hours of labor.

And just here a word about the eight-hour system: Every one will admit that brain work is a far greater drain on the system than physical labor. How many professors, lawyers, teachers, physicians, editors, reporters, etc., get off with but eight hours work daily? It is safe to say that for those who do, four or five times the number put in from ten to fifteen hours every day. And how about the weak, delicate woman, who has a babe on her arm not only all day long, but often a great part of the night?

How many of the brave Knights of Labor, who battle so valiantly for their right to boycott, burn and destroy property, smash cars, tear up railways, and maim and murder innocent women and little children, are willing to go without a meal, or clean, well mended clothes that their poor drudges of wives may not be obliged to work more than eight hours a day?

Go into their homes and what do you see? The husband is at the saloon on a "strike," sitting at his ease, smoking and drinking. The poor wife, with ill-clad, hungry children clinging about her skirts, sits at the sewing machine or bends over the wash tub to keep them from starvation until her lord and master gets ready to go to work again, or until the association, whose slave he is, will permit him to do so.

Now which is the greater wrong—that of the employer refusing to pay higher

wages than he can afford, or the workmen refusing to provide for their wives and children? And, at any rate, will two wrongs make one right?

No one will deny that there are many wrongs which ought to be righted; that there is much injustice and oppression in the world. A change is coming. It must come; it has already commenced; but it must be gradual. And it must be brought about by the spiritual and mental forces—not by brute force and violence. All who advocate such means hinder instead of helping.

Every human being's rights are sacred; and when he has fitted himself to grasp them he will have the power and no one can hinder him.

The world is not yet fit for communism. The greatest curse that could happen would be an equal distribution of the property accumulated by human industry. Whenever it is just and right for it to take place it will be done. But in that day all must be equally industrious, temperate and virtuous. All must be equally honest, unselfish, well educated and sensible. When will that time come? Just as soon as the world is educated up to it, and no sooner.

No one could blame the working men for claiming their rights and taking them when they can do so without infringing upon the rights of others. But there has never been a party which has trampled more ruthlessly upon the rights of every one, even its own members and followers, than this party has done. Many of its leaders are and have been the most blatant, foul-mouthed demagogues who cared for nothing but to fleece their willing dupes.

How strange it is that those who shriek the loudest for their own rights are almost always the ones to totally ignore the rights of others. One of our Senators, a short time ago, wished to pass a bill forcing every one who owned more than one section of land to sell part of it, or in case he would not or could not, it was to revert back to the government. Could a law more unconstitutional, more tyrannical, more subversive of individual rights be conceived? What a man has bought and honestly paid for is his own. The government has no more right to interfere between a man and his private property than you or I, Mr. Editor, would have a right to step into a store and force the merchant, at the muzzle of a pistol, to give us his goods, or sell them to us at any price we named.

Many a man engaged in dairying or stock-raising would be crippled or well nigh broken up in business if forced to give up much of his land. And why should this be as long as there are millions of acres of land uncultivated, which the government is ready to give away to the man who is willing to settle on it and work for a living? The government might with equal justice attempt to regulate the amount of capital any man should invest in his business. The farmer's or grazier's land is his capital. What would any business man say to a law forbidding him to put more than \$5,000 into his business? What would be thought of a law forbidding any one to build or occupy a house of more than six rooms; or to have furniture exceeding \$1,000 or \$2,000 in cost? Any one of these laws would be as just as the other. But I fear I have already wearied your patience, so I will close.

PALA, Cal.

An Evolution Query.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

From a materialistic stand-point, the evolution theory looks clear and logical, but, as a Spiritualist, there has long been a query in my mind which still remains unanswered.

Geology teaches that there was a time when no vegetable or animal life existed upon the earth; then later, a time when vegetable forms and life were evolved, and still later, animal forms and life were evolved. These forms have their period of existence and time of death; then decomposition takes place. They are resolved into particles and go back to the earth from whence they came.

It is supposed and taught that at the death of every human form an immortal soul passes on to the realms of the spirit world. Were these immortal souls evolved from this mass of matter called the earth, and which was once a ball of fire, or whence came they? What say the sages and seers of the school of Modern Spiritualism? G. ALLEN.

SOQUEL, Aug. 2, 1887.

You can't keep a dead level long if you burn every thing down flat to make it. Why, bless your soul, if all the cities of the world were reduced to ashes, you'd have a new set of millionaires in a couple of years or so, out of the trade in potash. Here we are traveling through the desert together like the children of Israel. Some pick up more manna and catch more quails than others, and ought to help their hungry neighbors more than they do; that will always be so until we come back to primitive Christianity, the road to which does not seem to be via Paris, just now; but we don't want the incendiary's pillar of a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night to lead us in the march to civilization, and we don't want a Moses who will smite the rock, not to bring forth water for our thirst, but petroleum to burn us all up with.—O. W. Holmes.

What is Hypnotism?

[Leisure Hours.]

In 1841 James Braid was in practice as a physician in Manchester. Thither came La Fontaine lecturing on mesmerism and performing experiments of the familiar type, illustrating the theory of the stronger will and the dominant idea. Braid was interested in the lectures, suspecting the experiments to be impostures, and declaring the theory to be false. He worked at the subject himself, and in the years following issued several books containing the most remarkable experiences regarding what he called neuro-hypnotism, but which after him was for a long time known as Braidism, and is now described in all the dictionaries and text-books as hypnotism. Braid found that most of the phenomena could be self-induced; that, a man, so to speak, could mesmerize himself by fixing his gaze on some inanimate object, and concentrating his attention upon it. He thus, to his own satisfaction, proved the subjective nature of the influence. To talk of animal magnetism from an inanimate object was absurd. Braidism met with much opposition. It was furiously attacked by the mesmerists, whose very citadel it threatened, and it was received with horror by a large section of the public, who refused to believe in the possibility of such phenomena. There was no mystery as to the method of procedure. All that Braid did was to take any bright object, such as his lancet-case, between the thumb and fore and middle fingers of the left hand and hold it from eight to fifteen inches from the eyes of the patient in such a position above the forehead as was necessary to produce the greatest strain on the eyes and eyelids. On this bright point the patient was to stare fixedly. In ordinary cases in fifteen seconds, if the patient's limbs were lifted, they would vibrate a tendency to remain in the position to which they had been raised; in a few seconds more a strange feeling of exaltation would spread through him; in a few seconds more he would be asleep and insensible to pain.

There is never anything new, and of course there is nothing new in Braid's discovery. The magicians used to hypnotize their believers by making them gaze at the scratches on the crystal sphere. The Egyptian priests hypnotized theirs by making them stare at the mystic signs on the bright metal mirror. The anchorites lifted their eyes fixedly to the firmament and went into ecstasy. The monks of Mount Athos hung their heads and looked downward until they felt their senses swim away and the Indian ascetics of 1887 gain hypnotic power by squinting at the tips of their noses, as their ancestors have done for ages. As to mesmerizing animals with the "passes," which, granting Braid's theory, is the same thing as hypnotizing them, there are innumerable examples. The iguana can be hypnotized, so can the cobra, so can the turtle. Secure their fixed attention for a minute or two and they are helpless. As it is with an animal, so it is with a man. Hold his undivided attention for a short period and he will fall away into a state resembling catalepsy. Let him look at a glittering piece of glass, a diamond stud, or an emerald pin, and before his eyes have begun to ache he will collapse. There is a case on record of a student who was told that he would be hypnotized from a distance at 4 o'clock a certain day. He was to look at the clock a little before to see how the time was going. An umpire, a well-known physician, was told off to watch him. At a minute or two to 4 he looked at the clock and his gaze became fixed, and as the clock struck he fell back as if he had been sent to sleep with full mesmeric honors.

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