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T. G. NEWMAN,
EDITOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1901.

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No. 32.

THE OCEAN'S SMILE.

"Some people call it Ocean, and others call it God."

NOTE.—The ocean waves along the Southern California coast have been brilliantly illuminated at night for several weeks, but so far science has failed to find a solution of the phenomena.

There is a smile on the face of the ocean,
And it ceaselessly reaches its hands
To the people, the sweet-faced children,
Who meet it half-way on the sands.

Do you doubt there is life in the ocean,
When at night it smiles to your face—
And smiles in a break of beauty,
That fills us with love and with grace?

Kiss hands to the sea and embrace it,
Now that love illumines its wave,
From the heart of the "Infinite Mother"
With the light that blesses and saves.

Bend knees on the sand by the breakers,
"Where sea-weeds beckon and nod";
Though some people call it ocean,
It smiles, and we know it is God.

Oh, face-illumined Father,
Oh, Mother of Infinite Love,
We bless thee for smiles that gleam on
thy face,
Reflected from Kingdom above.

Then cease your "microbian" twaddle
And your talk of "chemical strife,"
And uncover your head in the presence
Of the Process of Infinite Life.

For down from the Throne of Wisdom,
Comes the message lightning-shod:
"My Presence fills, and is, all things;
I am the Omnipotent God."

GEORGE W. CAREY.

The Winthrop, 330½ So. Spring St.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

BORDERLAND

Cannot be Lifted.

Columbus, O., had a visitor during the past week who, while not a candidate for any State office, attracted the attention of nearly all the delegates, and who, when leaving, was voted by all the delegates who came in contact with him as being the heaviest proposition of the week, and something harder to handle than either the platform or the opposing factions in Montgomery county.

Monday evening Tom Jones, of Ironton, sergeant-at-arms of the convention, was introduced to a young man from Cleveland by the name of R. H. Mack. Jones, as is well known, is a powerfully built man, weighing in the neighborhood of 300 pounds; while Mack is a delicate-looking youth, weighing less than 115 pounds, and when a proposition was made to the former that he could not lift the latter from his feet twice in five minutes, the Ironton man smiled derisively and said it could be done 200 times in the time specified.

Mr. Jones was invited to try and see if he could accomplish the feat

of lifting Mack twice in five minutes, and he accepted the proposition. Placing his hands on the young man's side he lifted him easily, and after holding him high in the air for a few seconds, let him down and then looked around at the crowd which had congregated with a look on his face which clearly indicated that he thought he was being made the victim of a joke.

"One," said a delegate from Cuyahoga county, and Jones was told to lift the boy again. He started in as he did before, but when he attempted to lift his subject he discovered that the resistance was greater. With all his efforts he could not lift Mack from the ground, and after a struggle

lasting several minutes, he gave the job up as a hopeless one.

R. H. Mack is the physical phenomenon of the day, and he sets at variance all scientific theories. During his three days' stay in Columbus nearly all the strong men of the city tried to lift him, but they could not do so, although he apparently did not resist them in the least.

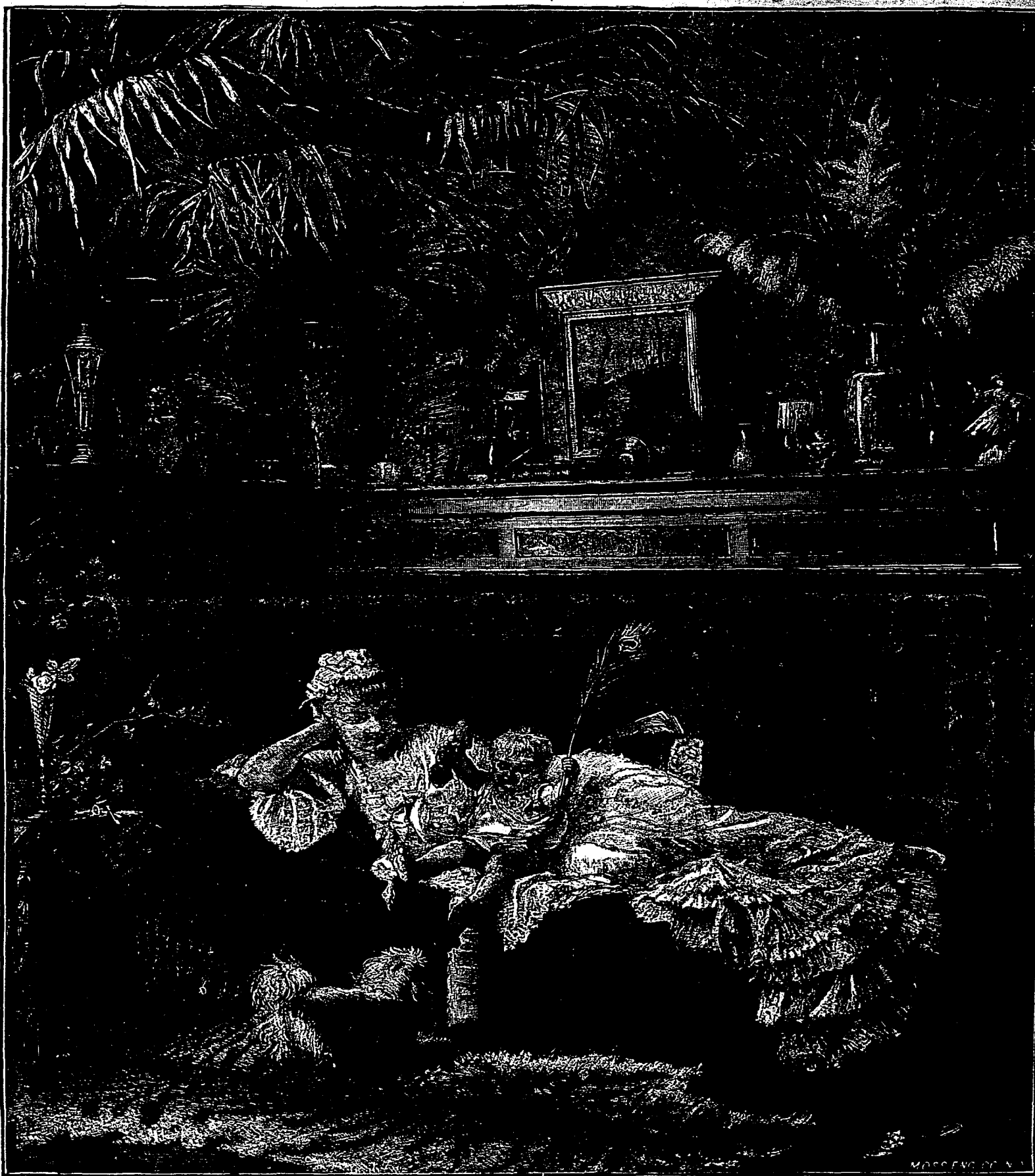
Members of the Columbus and Dayton baseball teams tried to accomplish the task, but, like all others, they failed to succeed. Mack's power, if that be the proper term, is unexplainable, and the scientists and physicians of many countries who have examined him fail to explain from whence comes this strange power, and how he

accomplishes his feats of resistance.

In giving his exhibition, Mack does not appear to exert any force whatever, and while the one endeavoring to lift him is apparently exerting all his strength, he stands perfectly quiet.

There is no apparent mental action on Mack's part, and strange to relate, he does not appear in any way weak until after the exhibition is over, and then for several minutes he is completely exhausted, his heart beats irregularly and he is worked up to a high nervous tension. It soon passes away, however, and then he is calm and collected, and in his normal condition.

Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch, July 14, 1901.



The Leisure Hour in the Summer Morning.

Warned of Death.

Charles Snow, of Franklin, O., who was recently killed by a runaway team, was saved from a grave in the Potter's Field through a dream of a friend. Samuel Crawford, of Salina, knew Snow some years ago. One night Crawford says he had a strange dream. In his vision he saw an old man killed in a runaway. As he was thrown from the buggy he uttered a cry of pain. Crawford recognized the face in the fleeting glance. It was quite familiar to him, but he was unable to recall the name.

The vision passed away, but after a while he was aroused by a knocking at his door. He opened it, but no one was there. Crawford says he went to bed again and had another vision. It was the same form of an old man stretching out his hand, asking Crawford to come to his funeral. Then he read in the local paper of the death of Snow. He went to the hospital, where he found the body of his old-time friend. He found Snow had left no money, and he paid the expenses of the burial.—*Chicago American.*

An Old Clock.

Joseph Pine, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, has a clock which has not been running for three years. On Saturday afternoon it struck one, and that evening word came that a relative of Mrs. Pine died on Saturday afternoon at 1 o'clock, in Pennsylvania. The family was much impressed by the unusual happening.—*Akron (O.) Democrat.*

Symbolic Visions.

HELEN WILMANS.

About six weeks ago, when my daughter Ada was with me—the one who interprets my symbols—I was sitting on the porch. It was almost dark. Our electrician, Mr. Michaels, was off duty; someone told us he was ill in bed. I was looking up the street in the direction of his house. There was an open space among the trees through which the river shone white. In this open space as I looked, with eyes wide open, I saw a huge butterfly come into shape. It appeared quite six feet across the wings. Dark as it was, I saw the colors as plainly as if it had been daylight. They were sombre; brown and black with a little yellow. I called Ada and told her what I saw. "Mamma," she said, in a startled voice, "Mr. Michaels is going to die." I said, "Nonsense!" and thought no more of it. The next day Mr. Michaels was better. A neighbor called in the evening late, and told us he was up and dressed. After the neighbor left, Ada came out, and I told her. As I was telling her I looked in that direction again, and there was the same butterfly. "What can it mean?" I asked.

"Mamma! it means that that good, splendid man is going to die," she said.

He did die in three days.

About a week later my husband, who has great confidence in my psychic powers, came and sat on the porch by me and said: "Close your eyes and try if you can see Michaels."

I did not close my eyes, but looked out upon the river. In a few moments I saw a boat, through the openings of the trees. There were five or six men in it and sev-

eral were rowing. When it came clear of the trees a man stood up in it, smiling, and waved his hat at me. It was Michaels. There is not the shadow of a mistake about it. It was Michaels; and he was smiling as usual. I scarcely ever met the man that he did not smile. The boat passed by our landing, and turned in at the next landing, near which he had lived. It went under some trees and I saw it no more. The whole thing was so vivid that unconsciously I rose to my feet and waved my hand at him. But my husband saw nothing.

Several years ago a Mr. Dorr brought his wife to me to be cured of rheumatism. She was the frailest looking creature I ever saw; worn to a skeleton with sickness. Mr. Dorr was six feet six inches tall, and well proportioned, and strong as a giant. He was a splendid specimen of our Westerners. He was in the habit of carrying his wife to our house for treatment as if she had been a baby. One day while I was treating her I saw an alarming symbol. After the treatment I found an opportunity and told him of it. I was tremendously impressed. I felt sure she was going to die.

He was on his way to a Southern town, where he intended going into business, and I said: "If you take your wife there you will lose her." But he was one of those men who could not be daunted. "Why," he said, "if Nell should begin to get worse, I'd snatch her on the cars quicker than you could wink, and bring her back here."

What I saw was three balls that seemed to start from somewhere up north; they passed over the Capitol building at Washington, and then over the town of Douglasville, where I was staying. They passed on south until they were over a small village of unpainted houses. In this village there was one large house; a very large frame house, as plainly built as could be. Right over the top of this house the balls fell, and broke the ridge pole of the roof; after which the building collapsed and went entirely to pieces. Then out of the dust there arose three immense black plumes and waved backward and forward three times.

When Mr. Dorr asked what my interpretation was, I pointed to the fact that the number three was impressed upon me; whether three weeks or three months I could not tell; but it meant death; and who else could it mean but Mrs. Dorr?

"It don't mean Nelly," he said; "and as for me, when I kick the bucket I'll let you know beforehand." Then he went on in his humorous way talking about kicking the bucket—which is Western vernacular for dying; and finally he sang a song about climbing the golden stair.

In a few weeks, Mrs. Dorr being quite recovered, they started for their new Southern home, and I heard never a word from them for nearly three months. Every few days some of the family remarked on their silence; and one evening they insisted on my trying to get some news. My husband said he had a question to ask mentally. I closed my eyes and kept seeing things, but nothing that I considered of any importance. I said: "I can't do it. It is all a jumble of nonsense."

"Well, tell me what you saw," insisted my husband.

I saw first of all a pair of very large boots upside down and empty. Then I saw a water "bucket," and a large foot gave it a kick; after

that I saw a ladder that was made out of brass or gold; and a large pair of boots was climbing it.

"Who wore the boots?" my husband asked.

"I don't know; I only saw the boots."

Now, Mr. Dorr's boots had been a subject of amusement for us. Boots were out of fashion, and we used to coax him to dispense with them. It was our nonsense that brought them into prominence.

After I told what I had seen my husband said: "Helen, Dorr is dead!"

"It is not so," I said, startled almost into anger.

"It is so," said Charley.

And it was so. News of it came in a few days. Now note the prophecy that came during the treatment I was giving Mrs. Dorr; the impression of the number three; and it was the ridge pole of the largest house in town that was broken. The prophecy related to Mr. Dorr instead of his wife. The wife is now living in Chicago, Ill. I have given the right names.—*Light.*

Physical Resurrection.

W. J. COWEN.

We disbelieve in the resurrection of the physical body. We believe that at death, the spirit leaves the body, never more to return to its form of clay. Our reasons for believing this are the facts which have been presented to us by the phenomena which demonstrate the truth of spirit return. Another reason for our disbelieving the fact of the resurrection is the impossibility of its accomplishment. How many billions of inhabitants have existed upon this planet, since the first appearance of human life, it is impossible to say. Races of people have lived, died, gone out of existence and have left no traces behind by which we can judge of their numbers. Another tradition, a myth possessed by many ancient peoples on both sides of the Atlantic, informs us that at one time the continents of Europe and America were continuous, no ocean dividing them, as at present.

This country was occupied by a rich and powerful nation, a nation cultured, intellectual, and with a government far superior in its economic and social laws to any that exist at the present day. This civilization, it must be remembered, antedated the Golden Age of Egyptian history by many thousands of years.

By some catastrophe, the nature of which is not known at the present time, the nation of Atlantis sank beneath the waves and the Atlantic Ocean now covers the site of a once populous and intelligent race of people. Some students of antiquity claim that 25,000 years have passed since this event occurred. Be this as it may, the lost Atlantis is a tradition of history and still existed in the minds of many prehistoric nations upon the American side of the ocean at the time the first European stepped forth upon the new world. It is probable that the nation of Egypt was an offshoot upon the eastern side of the Atlantic, and the Aztecs and the Toltecs of Mexico and Incas of Peru, the offshoots upon the western side, from the nation of Atlantis at the time of its destruction. But we are digressing from our subject.

The student who has made calculations of the numbers of the

world's inhabitants who have gone out of existence, claim that if all the people who have lived upon the earth should be resuscitated, that there would not be standing-room upon the earth for them all, and still year by year millions of the earth's inhabitants are passing away to join the innumerable band of spirits who inhabit the spheres of spirit-life. How absurd that the bones and flesh of all these incalculable legions of people will come to life and assume their prior condition, at the day of judgment.

We believe the resurrection of the body to be an impossibility, incompatible with the laws of nature. The dead, whether of vegetable or animal life, or man himself, returns to the earth which sustained it during life. Here, by a process called decay, but which is merely a change of matter, it undergoes a reconstruction, and mixing with the elements surrounding it, forms the material from which new life proceeds. The fallen tree gives birth to new forms of life, and the death of the physical body, which is a change from activity to a state of inertia, is used by nature to reconstruct new forms of life. We place the body of our dear, beloved ones beneath the sod. Their form is no longer beautiful to us, for the spirit, the life, has departed. The body is merely a mass of inert matter composed of chemical substances, similar in nature to the other forms of creation. We plant the acorn upon the grave, and in the fullness of time, there develops the beauty of an oak tree, strong, beautiful, symmetrical, full of life and energy. Whence came it? From the material of the earth it was fed and sustained. The inert, dead matter of the ground has changed into the form of a tree. We open the grave where once we laid the form of our friend away. Nothing remains to show us that there was anything there. The body has mixed with the elements and has changed. Its chemical substances have combined with the forces of nature and perchance has been the means of supporting the life of the tree which grows upon the surface of the earth. How, then, can the body of man reappear in its original state at the judgment day, when it has already changed into many other different forms of matter? We leave this for our orthodox divines to explain. We can not. Every one is welcome to his opinion, so are we conscientious in ours. We do not believe in the resurrection of the physical body.

We know that the spirit leaves the body at the change called death and never returns, because there is no reason why it should. Once free from the physical structure which has confined it so long, the spirit has no desire to re-inhabit that body again for even a short space of time. The spirit, free, is a far different being from the spirit confined in the mortal form. No longer hampered by the conditions of the earth sphere, the spirit is free to journey through space at its own sweet will, traveling from sphere to sphere and conversing with the radiant, spiritual beings of the celestial kingdom.

Spartansburg, Pa.

Most People are living in a dark night, waiting for the sun to rise, little thinking that the Sun of Love is within them, and will only rise with their rising.—*Exch.*

Infinite Justice.

M. F. BROOKS, D. D. L.

From how many a troubled and discouraged soul goes forth the earnest and oft-times desperate inquiry: Why do the selfish prosper, while the unselfish languish in discontent and want, if a just and loving God exists.

In order to answer this question satisfactorily, we must understand the exact meanings of the words God and love. The word God, as it is generally understood, implies creator, or one who creates, and a loving God would mean one who created through the sentiment of love. But the word God, however you may use it, has limitations, and is not so broad in its scope as the word Infinite. The word creator can be applied to any life which reproduces its own kind even, but the word Infinite can only mean all that is, ever was, or ever can be.

The words Infinite Creator must necessarily imply far more than the word God; for an Infinite Creator is responsible for all that exists, and because all life sprang from an infinite source, must necessarily prefigure that each production of the Infinite Creator is infused with infinite possibilities, for the reason that everything reproduces its own kind; consequently that force which is infinite cannot create anything with limited powers, when the full innate powers of the life are called into active expression. They are limited so long as they are not evoked or developed, but no man can truthfully say when any life is expressing its full possibilities.

Let us contemplate life from the standpoint of a competitive arena of action, conceding that all forms of life were called into being at the mandate of Infinite Intelligence, Infinite Love—Infinite love must be the irresistible attraction which draws—like to like. An Infinite Creator could know no partiality or favor for any special kinds or types of life, but must love all impartially, upon the separate spheres of action, giving to all the power to attract to themselves congenial conditions, repulsing uncongenial, in exact proportion to their present unfoldment and earnest exertion.

That Creator would not be worthy of worship who would ever call into conscious being a life that had no choice of qualities or of birth, and because it was not so beautiful as some other, condemn it to eternal suffering; for there can never be a life so gross or so weak, but that latent in its being there resides infinite possibilities, transmitted to it by its Infinite Parent. These powers are awaiting development, and they can never be developed until there is a strong demand made for the same.

Now, who are making the strongest demand upon the Infinite storehouse of supply—selfish or unselfish men? Compare the natural thoughts of a selfish and an unselfish man and you will at once recognize the difference, understanding why the selfish man attracts to himself so much more substantial effects. The selfish man says: "I will have," while the unselfish man says: "I wish I could have!" Note the extreme positiveness of the first demand, and the extreme negativeness of the second. The whole cause of the manifesting gains accruing to the selfish is explained in those demands. One wishes, and one wills. The demand alone is not sufficient; there is

laborious work and brave struggling needed.

Man is a finite God; he creates his own conditions. The Infinite storehouse of supply is open to all, through the generous bounty of Infinite Love, and the Infinite withhold nothing which is earned. Waverly, Mass.

Temple in New York.

To Spiritualists of New York City, and to all lovers of truth and liberal thinkers throughout the world:

Spiritualism, in its modern phase, has been before the world 53 years. Here in New York, the largest city in the United States, we still meet in uncomfortable halls and live, as it were, from hand to mouth. Why should this be so? Why should Spiritualists be the only apathetic people about their religion? Do you want Spiritualism (the grandest truth ever given to man) to die, as a cult? Our name lost! Spiritualism will never die; it is immortal; but it will surely be absorbed, and is already preached in all the churches surreptitiously, and not mentioned by name. Why should we sit supinely, and see our birthright taken from us?

Spiritualists! Let us build a Temple in New York City. Let us show the world that we still live, and are proud of our religion. The Spiritual and Ethical Society have already started a building fund, and has appointed our beloved speaker, Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham, as treasurer of that fund. Will you join us? We are in earnest. We intend to have a Temple. We are willing to work hard for it. We do not expect to erect a grand building, but will be satisfied with a very modest structure, and if we should get more than enough for such an one, we will start another modest one. Our society has long had this in view, and we intend to accomplish it.

Now is your opportunity, Spiritualists, to see a Temple dedicated to our grand truth, by helping in this work, according to your means. If you can give only ten cents, (that will buy a brick), give it with a God-speed. We are an incorporated society, and are responsible for all funds entrusted to us. Will you do this for the Cause, even though you do not live in New York? It will be a satisfaction to every Spiritualist to know that there is at last a meeting-place dedicated to the teachings of Spiritualism, here in New York, where it is needed so much. Give of your means, a small portion—any sum, however small, will be acceptable. If every one who has received comfort, through spirit communion, would do this, we would have a Temple inside of one year.

Any liberal-minded person who would like to be informed as to what we believe and practice, will be furnished with a copy of our "Constitution and By-Laws" on application. All contributions may be sent to Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham, Elm Grove, Franklin Co., Mass.

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Aiming to Break the terrible drought of July in their particular section, down in Denison, Texas, on July 14, nearly every "sky pilot" publicly prayed for rain in the morning. In the afternoon a storm came—mark this answer to prayer—and wrecked a new church! Hereafter petitions for rain in that locality will probably contain ample specifications that no damage result therefrom to life or property, and especially as to churches.—*Star of the Magi.*

Gate to Heaven.—At El Monte, a small town in Southern California, is an old Baptist church. Over the door are the words in large letters: "The Gateway to Heaven." The church is undergoing repairs this Summer. The carpenters at work on it have nailed a board up just under the original inscription bearing the words: "Closed for Repairs." So the whole inscription reads: "The Gateway to Heaven; Closed for Repairs."—*Exch.*

N. S. A.—The ninth annual convention of the National Spiritualists' Association of the United States of America and Canada, will be held in the Masonic Temple, Ninth and F Sts. N. W., Washington, D. C., on Oct. 15, 16, 17 and 18, 1901. All Spiritualists in the United States and Canada are invited to be present. For full particulars about reduced rates on railroads, address MRS. MARY T. LONGLEY, Sec., 600 Pennsylvania Ave. S. E., Washington, D. C.

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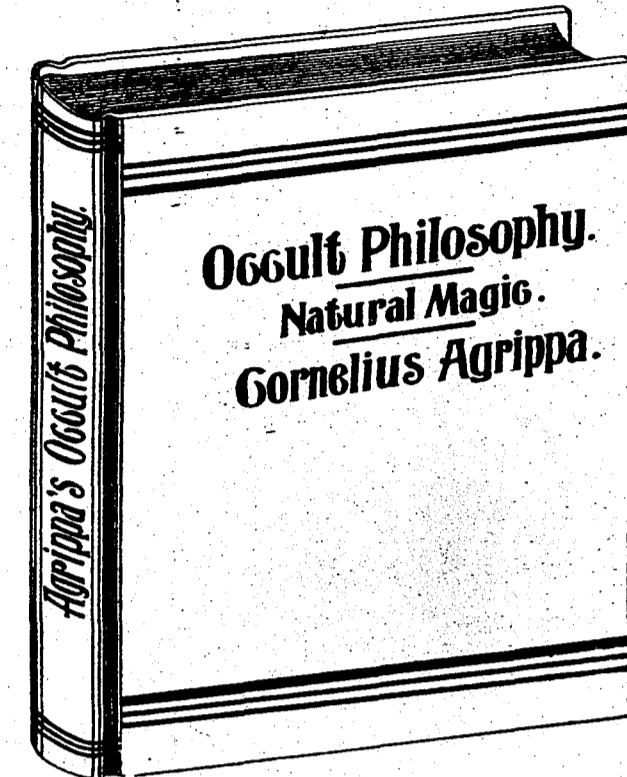
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This JOURNAL will be sent to subscribers until ordered to be discontinued, and all the arrearages are paid.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 10, 1901.

A Spiritualist Temple in New York is greatly desired. A few earnest people are at work to gather funds to build it. They have a good start and are assured of success. All who can help them should do so, and are invited to read the appeal for help, found on page 3 of this JOURNAL.

Praying for Rain, we are assured, was successful in Texas last week. It broke the terrible drouth, but was very destructive to crops and property. The people there suggest to the praying churchmen to add to their petitions, that the rain hereafter be not accompanied with such furious storms. A good idea. But how silly it is to imagine that the regular laws of nature (cause and effect) are to be interrupted by petitions from terror-stricken mortals.

Lyman C. Howe will lecture in Buffalo on the Sundays of September, and in Norwich, Conn., during October.

The Supreme Court of Michigan has decided that a School Board has no right to make a rule, under the statutes of that State, excluding children who have not been vaccinated, from attendance at the public schools. Geo. Mathews, a Christian Scientist, of Kalamazoo, refused to have his children vaccinated, and they were turned out of school. He went to the Circuit Court for redress. The court decided in his favor. The case was appealed and now the Supreme Court affirms the judgment. That decision is manifestly just and right, and should be obtained in every State in the Union.

Prof. F. D. Tubs has been dismissed from the Kansas Wesleyan University because he has dared to think outside of Wesleyan theology. They evidently do not want thinkers; they only want machines

Telegraphing to Heaven.

Wireless Telegraphy is opening the eyes of many persons, and its possibilities are staggering them. Old ideas and old dogmas are doomed, and will soon be obsolete. To talk with our friends in distant places, by the aid of a wire to connect the stations, seemed an impossibility only a few years ago, but now is a common practice. But, just think a moment of talking with distant persons, miles away, without any wire connection! That seems incredible to many—yet it is a fact, and its possibilities are enormous.

Rev. E. M. Wood, pastor of the Fifth Ave. M. E. Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., in a recent sermon, is reported to have spoken on this subject as follows:

Wireless Telegraphy strengthens faith in the possible communion between heaven and earth. The two stations may not be as far distant as we have been supposing. The God-ward station is always in condition to communicate with us; and we are learning better and better how to get the man-ward station into proper condition for communication with heaven. The soul sees clearer and farther than ever before. The ear hears sounds where silence reigned and the mists are already clearing away.

Intolerance is shown by the universities of the world, when they cannot allow their professors or students to think. Commenting upon this, *Freedom* very pertinently adds:

It was the same spirit, probably, which urged the dark cell, the years of solitary confinement, the slaughter of babes, the pillory and guillotine, the rack and red-hot pincers, as holy institutions, and no man dared oppose them, knowing that he would lose his own head. Yet in the evolution of years man began to see things in a more rational light, and ignorance gave way to the steady advance of intelligence.

Had the narrowness of only a few years ago been allowed to ante-date the greater thoughts of men, there would be no railroad to-day, no telephone, no telegraph, no wireless telegraphy, no Roentgen rays, no possibility of airships, no ocean liners, no America. Columbus would have died at the feet of Queen Isabella with his petition ungranted; the greatest scientists of the world would have eaten out their very hearts with disappointment and their thoughts would have died with them.

The Doctor's Law is now in force in California. Every person, not already registered as a practicing physician in California, is now prohibited from administering medicine, who has not first been examined by a Board of Medical Examiners, and received a permit from them to heal the sick. This Board is to be composed of doctors belonging to the three recognized schools of medicine, viz: Allopath, Homeopath and Eclectic. Mental and Magnetic healers (who do not administer medicines) are of course not affected by the new law.

Growing Sentiment in favor of the philosophy of Spiritualism is manifested everywhere. Last Sunday, in San Francisco, two of the great dailies each gave a page to it, and very respectfully, too.

The *Chronicle* had a page about the Mission Lyceum (or Sunday-school, as it was termed), giving pictures of its leader, Mr. W. T. Jones, and some of the scholars, describing its ritual and methods.

The *Bulletin* devoted an illustrated page to Col. Olcott. Theosophy and Spiritualism, which, with few exceptions, is very fair and interesting.

Mental Science and Christian Science will be united in one organization in the near future, says Thomas J. Shelton in the *Christian*. This is his exact language:

Christian Science will recognize the Science of Matter and give it a proper place in Thought. Mental Science will recognize Science of Spirit and make the proper distinction between Mind and Spirit. Both Schools of Thought have much to learn and many things to eliminate before they can be called an exact science.

Moses Hull is mentioned as a candidate for President of the N. S. A. He would make an efficient officer, but we should hardly think he could be induced to take that position, with its onerous duties, weighty responsibilities, and consequent vexations.

Mrs. Woodbury sued Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy for \$150,000 damages. Mrs. Eddy spoke of the Scarlet Woman mentioned in the book of Revelations, and Mrs. Woodbury said the remarks were aimed at her. But, of course, they were general and not specific, and hence Mrs. Woodbury has no case.

No More Books are to be published by Thomas J. Shelton. This is his announcement in the *Christian* for July. He says:

My books, "Law of Vibrations" and "I Am Sermons," are being sold out, and I will never issue another edition. After I have sold out all the 12,000 "Vibrations" and the 10,000 "I Am Sermons," I will have nothing more to say in the form of books. All my notions about writing books have disappeared with the advent of complete illumination. You will find in these two books the basic principles of Christian and Mental Science.

A few copies of these two books may be obtained at this office. Price, 50 cents each.

Those who Know themselves to be owing this office for subscription or advertising are respectfully requested to pay the same, and oblige the publisher.

EROS AND PSYCHE. A brilliant rendering of the old, old story of Cupid, through which one reads the struggles and triumphs of the soul. Bound in art vellum. For sale at this office. Price, \$1.50.

The Reviewer.

Any of the Books noticed in this Department can be obtained at this office. When to be sent by mail, add 10 cents on the dollar, of the price, for postage.

FROM WHENCE, WHAT, AND TO WHAT END? Being a narrative life of man, by Frederick Wollpert. New York: Peter Eckler, publisher, 35 Fulton St. 25 cents.

This is a pamphlet of 75 pages, issued as number 70 of the Library of Liberal Classics. It is a defense of suicides. The author says: "The one great aim of this work is a definition of the word, 'suicide,' its origin and conditions, making self-destruction a desirability; and also a research into the depths of theology, to find why this right of man should be so restricted."

It enumerates the names of many suicides, both of ancient and modern history, who stood high in the estimation of men, as statesmen, great lecturers, artists and soldiers. It is an exhaustive treatise and contains much not found in other publications.

THE CHRIST IDEAL—a study of the spiritual teachings of Jesus, by Horatio W. Dresser, author of *Living by the Spirit*, etc. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27 West 23rd St., New York. 75 cents. For sale at this office.

This booklet is issued in pocket size and fitted in a case. Its contents are thus announced: *The Spiritual Method; The Kingdom of God; The Kingdom of Man; The Fall of Man; The New Birth; Christ and Nature; The Ethics of Jesus; The Denunciations; The Christ Life.*

Mr. Dresser is editor of the *Higher Life*, and author of ten very interesting volumes, and this one is more instructive than any of the former ones. The subjective and objective moods are blended very harmoniously. The development of selfhood is the sole object of the book, self-realization being the key to unlock the entrance-door to the Kingdom of Heaven, which is located within; and when the possessor enjoys its fruition, that state of being and condition reflects outwardly. To read this book several times will be to give its possessor new thoughts and new aspirations with each perusal.

The Metaphysical Magazine for August contains the following articles of interest: *The Serpent as a Symbol; Manifestation, Operation versus Evolution, and The Mystery of the Trinity.* 121 West 42nd St., New York. 25c.

The Journal of Magnetism for August announces in its list of contents the following: *The Development and Practice of Magnetism; The Fallacy of Drug Treatment in the Cure of Disease; Magnetism or Hypnotism, etc.* Published at the Auditorium Building, Chicago, Ill. 10c.

The Higher Law for August contains articles as follows: *Spiritual Thought; Pantheism; The Fulfillment of the Law; The Transcendental World, etc.* 272 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

The Free Man, published by C. W. Close, Bangor, Maine, has suspended, and subscriptions will be filled by *Mind* of New York.

