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THE PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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T. G. NEWMAN, EDITOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1901.

1429 Market-st. Between 10 & 11th-Sts.

No. 51.

THOUGHTS.

Each word or thought by us expressed,
It goeth forth maybe to bless;
Or it may be in evil wrought,
And will not rest 'till it doth find
A lodgment in some genial clime,
Where it may safely grow.
Securely fixed upon the mind,
Like tendrill of some clinging vine,
It lives for weal or woe.
Yes, thoughts are things whose silken
wings

Outspread the rays of light.
They even trace the realms of space,
To planets far from sight.
Yes, they may stray to milky way,
And view her systems o'er,
Where beat on beat, in rhythms sweet,
Is heard forevermore, so pleasant to our
ears,

Is Nature's hand, from central stand,
The music of the spheres.
Thoughts do possess the power to bless,
And lift to higher light, where we shall
see

The home to be, in mansions pure and
bright.
They tell of bliss ahead of this,
Where we shall see them face to face,
The angels bright, who veil from sight
All thoughts that would disgrace.

G. W. SANFORD, Verdugo, Cal.

proved only too true. Before midnight he was a corpse.

The aged wife of the old man was greatly alarmed over the exclamation, but hoped it would not prove true and that it was simply the imagination of a half-awakened husband. She gave him every attention, however, but while summoning help shortly after 11 o'clock, he breathed his last.

Dreamed of a Shot.

An English mother, the wife of a respectable physician, dreamed that her son, then serving in the Crimea, had been shot in the foot. Some weeks later an officer returned home and informed the mother that her boy had been shot in the right foot. "You mistake," said she, "it was the left foot." It developed that the woman was right and the officer wrong, although the knowledge of the mother came absolutely from a dream.

History and experience are full of similar incidents, which cannot all be put down to chance. It is not impossible that two minds are sometimes so mutually attuned that one acts as a sender and the other as a receiver, thus realizing the phenomena of the telephone.—*Exchange.*

Some Notable Warnings.

I send you particulars of the following warnings, selected from many other mediumistic incidents that have happened to me during the last few years.

I have carefully omitted all extraneous matter and truthfully narrated the circumstances, which I noted down at the time of each occurrence. ERNEST A. TIETKENS.

While conversing with my mother one afternoon, I saw (apparently objectively) a large brilliant white butterfly rise seemingly from out the ground at her feet. It fluttered towards the ceiling

and disappeared, as if it were wending its way heavenwards. I mentioned this circumstance at the time and took note of the hour. My mother received the news the next morning that her brother had passed to the higher life at that very hour.

I was visiting Conishead Priory one Summer for several weeks. One Sunday I attended the evening service which was held in the large entrance hall. During the singing of the anthem, I distinctly saw, about the length of a yard before me, suspended, as it were, in the air (the fatal sign), a deep-edged mourning envelope, a sure warning of the death of a relation or friend. I wrote to my mother asking if all were well at home. As no news came during the next few days of any deaths, among my relations or friends, I dismissed the matter from my mind. When, however, the Indian mail arrived, some little time afterwards, I received a letter from my brother, announcing to me the sudden death of one of my nephews in India. He had passed to the higher life on the very day I had seen the warning, and allowing for the difference of time between England and India, almost, if not quite, at the very minute.

I dreamed I was standing in the hall at home, and I saw very distinctly a female figure approaching me holding a small salver in her hand, whereon was lying a letter which had a very deep-edged border (the fatal sign). I took the letter, but failed to recognize the bearer, although I seemed to know she was a *servant*. I mentioned the dream to my sister and we wondered for whom the warning was meant. A day or two afterwards my sister heard of the very sudden death of a *servant* who had recently left me and who had been in my service some time.

I was wintering abroad during the year 1900, and while in Egypt felt an overpowering impression that some evil had befallen a nephew of mine in England. So strong was this conviction in my mind that, not having my nephew's address, I wrote to a near relation for news about him. The reply was, that the last accounts were satisfactory. Again I felt the urgent impression of evil connected with my nephew. I wrote pressingly once more to my relative, begging her to inquire personally if all were well with my nephew. The reply came: "Your impression was correct; his young wife, after an acute and painful illness, passed to the higher life."

Before retiring to rest on a certain Saturday night, I saw objectively above me (the fatal sign) an envelope with a black-edged bor-

BORDERLAND

Found Money by a Dream.

Augustus Rolfe, partner in a grocery firm at 183 Albany St., New Brunswick, N. J., lost a pocket-book containing \$720. The loss was a severe one, for Rolfe is a poor man. He advertised his loss in the newspapers, offering \$50 reward for the return of the lost money.

Rolfe dreamed that he had the money, that he took it out of his pocket, laid it on a shelf behind a package of some kind, and there lost sight of it. The next morning he at once acted on the suggestion conveyed by the dream. In half an hour he found the money. It had been placed behind a package of soap on a front shelf of the store. He at once took the money to the bank.

Rolfe now recalls laying the pocket-book down for a moment, fearing he would lose it. A customer engaged his attention, and the incident slipped his mind.—*Philadelphia Record.*

A Death Warning.

"I see my coffin coming!" exclaimed James Savery, a veteran employe of the city of Bloomington, Ill. "They are carrying it into the house, and I am afraid that I am going to die." The *Bulletin* of that city then goes on to say that the remarkable supernatural warning thus received



Christmas Bells from the Cathedral Tower.

der. I considered it strange, as I knew of no relation who was ill. On the Monday following, my brother-in-law received a telegram from the Straits Settlement stating that his brother over there had passed to the higher life very suddenly, early in the morning of that day. I had seen the sign.

Here comes a warning to me, before even any illness was apparent to anybody:

I had arranged to leave Cairo on the Easter Tuesday of 1901. I had previously booked my passage by steamer to Piræus (Greece), and from thence on by train and steamer to Venice, *via* Athens. One night, a few days before my departure, I was awakened by a voice saying most distinctly: "Illness, trouble, beware!" Of course I felt rather uncomfortable, for I knew it to be a warning. I fancied it related to my sister, who was in a delicate state of health, and I wrote to her at once, begging her to be very careful of chills, etc. I started on the Easter Tuesday for Alexandria, sleeping at one of the hotels in that town for the night, to be ready and fresh for the morrow, when the steamer was leaving for Greece. On the Wednesday morning I was told that a case of death by plague had occurred the day before, and that the Consuls were waiting orders what quarantine was to be declared at the respective ports in Europe. The steamer's route had been changed that morning, and she was to proceed direct to Smyrna, leaving out Greece on her way. Taking Cook & Son's advice in the matter, I went on to Smyrna, having only two days' quarantine in the Bay of Voula. The trouble, the expense, the annoyance I had to encounter through this change of route and the quarantine regulations that had to be followed, were very great, and only those who have had the misfortune to undergo them can understand this. In this case I was most distinctly warned of illness and trouble, long before it was known at Cairo that plague had broken out in Alexandria.

I had promised to meet a friend on a private matter. I felt sure he was to be trusted. An hour or two before the appointment I was sitting in my study and fell asleep. I dreamed I went to keep the appointment, but could not see any signs anywhere of my friend, but instead saw some evil-looking men, who seemed waiting for me. An intuition told me they wished to do me an injury out of spite and malice. I awoke, and the dream being so vivid, I determined to be careful. I kept the appointment, but unseen to others. I waited, but my friend never appeared, but I saw the men I had viewed in my dream evidently waiting for me. I thus avoided them. Afterwards I discovered that my letter had fallen into bad hands, and had I not had this warning given me in time, I might have fared badly.

I wished much to speak to a friend who had left town, and whom I had not seen for some considerable time. He had been staying in the country, attending to his professional duties. I determined at the first opportunity to run down by train and visit him. I decided to do this on the following Saturday, so as to have a quiet day on the Sunday. I wished to surprise him and did not write. A day or two before the date on which I had fixed to start, I received a letter from a lady friend,

saying she had had a warning dream about me, begging me to be very careful where I went or what I was going to do. She felt convinced I was on the point of running into some great danger. The night before I started I dreamed I saw a male human form; on the breast was a large scarlet blot clearly marked, not as if there was a wound, but as if the skin was discolored. I awoke, but could not decipher the meaning and the matter passed from my thoughts. I started by the train on the day fixed upon, and, having arrived at my destination, called at the house where my friend was staying. I then heard that he had been very ill and had been removed to some hospital; but I could get no clue as to the illness. I went to the hospital outside the town, which was isolated from other houses. It did not even then occur to me that there was anything contagious in the illness. On arriving at the house, or hospital, I inquired if I could see my friend. "See him!" replied the official, "certainly not, he is stricken with scarlet fever, and has it very badly." I need hardly say I walked away more quickly than I had come. The meaning of my dream and my friend's warning was thus clearly revealed to me.—*Light*, London, England.

Wonderful Dream.

G. B. Flux reports the case of a sailor to whom he administered nitrous oxide gas for the purpose of tooth extraction. While anesthetized, the patient dreamed of a shipwreck, through which he had passed in all its details. The dream could not have lasted more than ten seconds, while his experiences during the wreck covered a period of three and three-quarters hours.—*Medical Record*.

Unite or Perish.

J. P. COOKE.

At the recent convention of the N. S. A. held in Washington, Mr. James B. Townsend delivered an important address on the "Religion of Brotherhood." The address is very compact, logical and thoughtful. It provokes the Spiritualist of to-day to ask himself some serious questions. The "movement" is not flourishing as it should and we need to clear off the barnacles from the fair ship of Spiritualism.

"What is the Moral Value of Spiritualism?" is the question. If Spiritualism answers by showing that it is valuable as a promoter of well-being and well-doing, it will commend itself to all true men, who will then enter on the labor and expense of investigating its evidences.

What is Spiritualism? Answer—Mr. A. J. Davis: "It is first phenomenal or objective; then secondly, it becomes subjective and philosophical. It teaches by demonstration three articles of knowledge: 1. That man is an organized mentality, or spirit, of which his physical body is in general a representative. 2. That death is to man nothing more than a physiological and chemical change, leaving the states of affection and intellect unaltered, and thus preserve the individuality of the mind complete. 3. That the dynamical relationships between this earth and the spirit-land are perfect and intimate, whereby the departed

person may return and hold converse (sometimes, under proper conditions) with those remaining.

"The moral value of phenomenal Spiritualism is apparent in the demonstration it furnishes of immortal life. It establishes this sublimest of all human aspirations. Until the objective verities of Spiritualism became known, the hope of eternal, personal existence was enveloped in doubts many and painful."

The mission of this cult was not to bring a new religion to earth, but to demonstrate the truth of continued spirit existence—that is, of the possibility of rational immortality.

The intelligent Spiritualist recognizes morality as a law of the spirit. His law is not, "I will, or I had better," but "I ought." He recognizes morality as a law impersonal, overmastering the dictates of mere self, and holding all impulses in subservience to the highest Good. The spirit of man, perfected from the desires of animal life, freed from the bondage of sensual passion and imbued with the principles of kindness and beneficence, and emancipated from the influence of anger or revenge, may progress indefinitely along the path of spirit unfoldment and realize its divine possibilities, bearing Heaven in its inner life all along the way.

We must remember that the morality of impulse is uncertain; that of policy is mean and selfish; while that of spirituality is loyal, grateful, disinterested and self-sacrificing. It acts from faith in the Primal Soul of Goodness, and with reference to Goodness.

Another trait separates the spiritual from the merely formal moralist. Ordinary ethics is not all Piety, which is religion touched by emotion, has its place. His affections not only flow earthward to his fellow-man, but turn heavenward. He not only loves his neighbor as himself, but he loves God as being the Soul of Good, the giver of every blessing and every capacity in the human spirit. He not only visits the widows and the fatherless, but he keeps himself unspotted from the world; he cultivates purity. With him toil is prayer; contentment is thanksgiving. He infuses into them a spirit of devotion which he has cultivated by the powers of the inner life of the emotions.

With him it is a good thing to live honestly, soberly, industriously; but all life is not outward, is not in traffic and labor and meat and drink. There is an inward world to which his eyes are often inverted—a world of spirit, of light and love; a world of great realities and of divine sanctions, of spirit experiences, a world behind the veil—a holy of holies in his soul where rests the Shekinah of God's Living Light and Holy Presence, where he knows there is a fullness of Life and Peace; and it influences his public conduct.

The orderly and beautiful method of his life is not the huddled chance-work of good impulses; it is not the arithmetic of selfishness, but it is a serene and steady plan of being, projected from the communion of the spirit with the inner life of truth, of justice and of love.

Let us not depreciate genuine morality, but only condemn that ostentatious piety which lifts up holy hands to God, but never stretches them out to help man; which anoints its head with the oil of sanctity, but will not defile its robes with the blood of the

abused man or beast, or the contact of the guilty; that which is loud in profession, but poor in performance; which makes long prayers, yet devours the mortgages on the widows' houses; which will tell a hungry man to keep up a good heart, when his poor stomach is so weak and empty that it cannot prevent his heart from settling down into it.

Let us condemn this every time, but remember that this is not real religion, but only sanctimonious hypocrisy. The kind deed may even be more the form than the substance of charity.

Those who rest in mere routine of kindness need the deeper life and the inner perception which detects the real meaning and gives the sanction to those deeds. Such need the vital germ of the spirit to be quickened; they need a changed heart, the new birth, or, rather, the evolution of the spirit, or the inner life.

There are a good many self-styled Spiritualists who are mere amateurs in religion. They like to speculate about it, to argue upon its doctrines, and to examine new theories—novelty-hunters. They go from sect to sect, from one church to another, tasting novelties: in one place to-day to hear an orator, in another to-morrow to hear a Latter-Day Saint. It is all the same to them, since all they want with religion is entertainment or excitement. They are like modern Athenians—ever seeking some new thing. Their mouths smack at a fresh heresy as if they were opening a box of figs, and are as delighted with a controversy as a boy with a sham-fight, or as men are with a real street fight. They are liberals without any serious convictions. They need to be rooted and grounded in Love.

Read Mr. Townsend's address and seriously ponder it.

An Ether Ocean.

Scientists claim that the atmosphere encircling our globe is no more than five miles deep; that no man can live half that distance away from earth, as the air becomes too rarefied, but beyond the limit there is an "Ether Ocean," where space is annihilated; indeed, distance is no object, as it is not a physical, but a spiritual atmosphere, where vibrations reach boundless ends of space.

Moreover, this "Ether Ocean" permeates our own atmosphere, and those who are so organized as to render them in touch with the finer forces of nature, can communicate with each other to the ends of the earth.

THE PHEMOMETER.

Stranger things than this are happening around us. Sir Julian Meadows, Professor of Celestial Electricity, England, left San Francisco for Manila last May, very quietly, for the newspapers failed to catch him.

He is the inventor of an instrument he put to test recently; it is named the "Phemometer." Before coming to San Francisco he made arrangements with the scientists of Columbia University, New York, to communicate with them from Manila by projecting a magnetic current through the earth, a distance of over 7,000 miles, "in less than an instant of time," and without wires or other material line of communication.

So delicate is the Phemometer it took Sir Julian three weeks to balance his indicator, so that it

would point to the zero mark. Both the instruments at Manila and Columbia University, New York, are very highly magnetized. The preliminary tests were made through the earth at Manila, assisted by Captain M. Lee of the United States Signal Service.

At a pre-arranged time Sir Julian gave three short taps on the Phemometer.

At Columbia four professors were waiting for the clock to indicate the time for the taps, when precisely on the very second their receiving instrument responded in three distinct beats.

THE BRAIN A PHEMOMETER.

A man's brain is a Phemometer, or galvanic battery, far more delicate and far more intricate than Sir Julian Meadows' instrument, that can send a magnetic wave, or vibration, clear through 7,000 miles of rock and earth.

It is a well-known fact, proved by daily experience, that some persons can communicate with each other when thousands of miles apart. No matter whether it is by mental vibration, brain waves, or by magnetic current, the fact of communication is there.

Scores of instances can be given if necessary. The little daughter of General Custer ran into the house one day in a fit of despair, exclaiming: "Oh, dear, my papa is being murdered by the Indians! I hear him crying for help; do run and help my dear papa." Then she collapsed and fell on the floor unconscious. She was hundreds of miles away from her father at the time and later events proved that General Custer was murdered at that very minute.

Moreover, several witnesses gave evidence that the General himself acted queerly all that morning and told his comrades in arms that disaster would befall him that day. He felt it coming.

General Lyle, the soldier-poet, predicted his death at Chickamauga. General Porter tells of three such instances during our war with Mexico. Captains Drum and Bergam of the U. S. Army, had like experiences, and Lieut. Gannt said: "Good-by, Porter; I shall never see you again." He was shot through the heart at the first attack. Lord Nelson correctly predicted his own death at Trafalgar. But to come near home. Many people have had experience more or less of "coming events that cast their shadows before," some very much more so than others.

THE SENSE OF THE SOUL.

The senses of the body are entirely physical and are limited to five, but the sense of the soul is spiritual and its scope is illimitable.

If delicately-organized instruments like the Phemometer can transmit a magnetic wave through the earth 7,000 miles without visible means or line of communication, why cannot the brain of man send a vibration that would penetrate through the earth or over the sea twice 7,000 miles as easily as the X-ray reveals every bone in a living body when placed behind a solid wall?—*Human Nature.*

How to Get Occult Powers.

The student of occult science, who acquires tremendous will-power and vital force to overcome disease and adversity of all kinds, fully understands the importance of being much alone (in the silence) with his thoughts. By going into the silence the Mystic Adept, or

Master, of all the occult or unseen psychic powers, gets into a receptive condition, and by this practice learns how to master all nature.

In this connection we quote from Ralph Waldo Trine's great book, "What all the World's A-Seeking": "Of the vital power of thought and the interior forces in molding conditions, and more; of the supremacy of thought over all conditions, the world has scarcely the faintest grasp, not to say even idea, as yet. The fact that thoughts are forces, and that through them we have creative power, is one of the most vital facts of the universe, the most vital fact of man's being. And through this instrumentality we have in our grasp and as our rightful heritage the power of making life and all its manifold conditions exactly what we will."

* * * Earnest, sincere desire, sincere aspiration for higher and better conditions or means to realize them, thought-forces actively sent out for the realization, these continually watered by firm expectation, without allowing the contrary, neutralizing force of fear to enter in—this, accompanied by rightly directed work and activity, will bring about the fullest realization of one's highest desires and aspirations with a certainty as absolute as that effect follows cause. Each and every one of us can thus make for himself ever higher and higher conditions, can attract ever higher influences, can realize an ever higher and higher ideal in life. These are the conditions that are within us, simply waiting to be recognized and used—the forces that we should infuse into and mold everyday life with. The moment we vitally recognize them, they become our servants and do our bidding.

"We are born to be neither slaves nor beggars, but to dominion and to plenty. This is our rightful heritage, if we will but recognize and lay claim to it. Many a man and many a woman is to-day longing for conditions better and higher than he or she is in, who might be using the same time now spent in vain, indefinite, spasmodic longings in putting into operation forces which, accompanied by the right personal activity, would speedily bring the fullest realization of his or her fondest dreams."—*Magazine of Mysteries.*

Wrong-Headed.

TO THE EDITOR:

At the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of a new Jewish Synagogue at Duluth, Minn., last month, the Mayor of that city used the following language:

"With triumphal march through the centuries, unaffected by the glories or idolatry of Solomon, or the reverses and miseries of war, it became spiritualized, in a measure, during the Babylonian captivity; miraculously preserved through the dark period temporarily illumined by the glory of the Maccabees, it became humanized 1900 years ago and has been the beacon light to guide those nations which stand for progress and civilization."

The speaker appears to entertain the idea that the Nazarine did not reaffirm the teachings of the Hebrew prophets. There appears to be a conception among a certain class that a different cult was taught by the Son of Man. His conversation with the "young man" and the lawyer and his declarations in the Sermon on the

Mount unmistakably indicate that he was in line with Judaism. His teacher, Rabbi Hillel, taught: "Love all men and invite them to a life of holiness and virtue." Those who aver that a wrong action can be atoned for and the wrong-doer escape through the atonement, are misleading teachers. Reason and the Jewish Scriptures do not sustain that claim. Humanity is to be judged according to deeds, and the Jewish religion was not changed or "humanized 1900 years ago," for it did not require it. The words of the great poet should be remembered by all aspiring souls:

Good, brave and joyous, beautiful and free:
This is alone Life, Love, Empire and Victory.

QUAKER.

From the Sea to the Hills.

[Written on exchanging my residence from a view of San Francisco harbor, to a home on Prospect Avenue, commanding a view of the famous "Twin Peaks" and other charming hills.]

I have come from the sea to the beautiful hills,
To the beautiful hills of green,
Where the balm of the fragrant morn distills
In a flood of heavenly sheen.
And all these beautiful hills are mine,
They are mine by divine descent;
To my soul they are a sacred shrine,
A fountain of sweet content.
For I am the sole legitimate heir
To all that my love can hold;
And the boon that I ask of the earth is to share
In her beauty as well as her gold.
They bring me no burdens, no taxes I pay,
The Father has made me a deed;
And all He requires that I keep in the way
Where His Love and Omnipotence lead.
Now I roll in my wealth, all beauty is mine,
And Creation is one with me;
I taste of the cluster that crowneth the vine,
And lave in the Infinite Sea.
And thus I am heir to these glorious heights
In the Land of the Sunset Flame,
Where Nature, in search of a model,
delights
And captures the world with its fame.
Oh, the wonderful hills, the beautiful hills,
The glorious hills that shine!
They sing to my soul, and their language thrills,
Like the strains of a song divine!
They are evermore mine; in their beauty I share—
I am one with Creation and God;
And I hold the key to all that is fair
In the atmosphere, sky and sod.
And this is the Golden Key of Life,
'Tis the Key to new thought and new lore—
It opens the gates of Light where strife
And sorrow and greed are no more.
So I love my hills, my glorious hills,
In the beautiful Golden Land,
That is bright with the blaze of the sunset rays,
As it gleameth along the strand.
ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

We Should Avoid whatever may display bad feeling, and attend with civility to what may be addressed to us; all hearts are conciliated by politeness and affability.—*Socrates.*

Each Day is a page in life's history; we cannot turn the leaves fast enough in our youth or slowly enough in old age.—*Sel.*

When you sit in judgment against your neighbor or yourself, see that the scales balance properly.—*Sel.*

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

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 21, 1901

A Cold Wave now is prevailing all over the Continent of North America, causing much suffering and impeding travel in many places by deep snow drifts.

Christmas and New Years Day, coming on our regular mailing days this year, we shall close the JOURNAL forms a day earlier each week. Correspondents will please take due notice.

A Temple for the Spiritualists of Oakland, Cal., is the latest project, as will be seen by an advertisement in another column. Spiritualists should have Temples everywhere, and use them for the propagation of the spirit messages and truths coming to the world from the spirit realm.

Those who wish to aid this enterprise may send their subscriptions to us and we will see that proper receipts are returned at once.

Mrs. Piper's so-called confession is repudiated by her. It was only a newspaper canard, gotten up for a sensation. The paper concocting it refused to publish her repudiation, as might be expected.

Dr. T. A. Bland gave a lecture in Herring Medical College, Chicago, on Dec. 4, by invitation of the faculty. His subject was, "Medical Freedom is Essential to Medical Progress."

Mr. W. J. Colville, the noted lecturer, has arrived from Australia, and will lecture in Room 11, Flood Building, corner of Fourth and Market Sts., next Sunday and on several evenings. He will hold classes there also for psychical development.

Christmas greetings to all our readers.

Philosophical Publishing Co.

In order to arrange matters in this office, so that some relief may be afforded to us, and give Nature a chance to repair our optic nerves and restore our vision, a joint stock company has been formed, and chartered by the State of California under the above name, to conduct the business of publishing the PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and manage an Occult Book-Store on an enlarged scale. The company has sufficient capital to direct the business and make it permanent.

It has purchased the JOURNAL and its entire book business, and will fill out all subscriptions for the time paid for in advance, and collect all amounts due from present subscribers. It will take possession of the whole establishment on January 1, 1902.

The president of the corporation, Mr. Henry C. McClure, has been a staunch Spiritualist for 50 years.

The secretary, Mr. Daniel S. Thompson, is an occult student and teacher of Astrology, possessing rare business ability.

The vice-president, Mr. A. W. Robinson, is a metaphysical student and is interested in all lines of advance thought.

We shall continue in the editorial chair, and be the general manager of the whole institution, and our wife will continue to greet her friends in the store and assist us in conducting the JOURNAL—the only change being that we shall both have more assistants, and be relieved from such long hours and mental strain.

Our many friends all over the continent may be congratulated upon the additional strength which this arrangement gives to the PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and its increasing business.

Now let every one interested in the New Thought take fresh courage in the Cause, and work for its up-building and triumph of the twentieth century philosophy of life and spiritual intercourse between the two worlds.

The capital stock of the corporation is placed at \$1.00 per share, and our friends all over the world are cordially invited to take from one to one hundred shares. The stock is fully paid up, and is within reach of all.

Holiday Presents.

What could be a more appropriate present to a friend than a BOOK embodying some of the interesting thought of this ever-advancing age? An examination of our Book List in this JOURNAL will no doubt enable you to make a satisfactory selection.

Or, why not send the PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for a year as a Holiday Gift to your friends? It will be a weekly reminder of your love and esteem.

Death and Afterwards, by Sir Edwin Arnold. Price, 75 cents. For sale at this office.

Twentieth Century Triumph.

The century we have but just entered is destined to be more glorious than all its predecessors. Already have its wonders begun to materialize. Only last week Marconi flashed signals across the Atlantic Ocean 1700 miles without wires or any visible means of connection, except that recently manifested from the spirit-world, which has unlocked its store-house of treasures and given to man the power to talk with his brother spirit, whether carnate or incarnate—annihilating distance, and ignoring wires and all visible connecting-links.

We are informed by the daily press dispatches that Signor Marconi considers he has surmounted the initial difficulty, and that wireless telegraphy thus becomes a real and live factor of the commercial life of the world.

By this wonderful invention ocean steamships communicate with each other when 100 miles apart and traveling in opposite directions, giving news wholly unknown to each other. They can also communicate with the shore batteries at pleasure, and will not much longer be isolated from the busy world while traversing the great oceans.

This is all truly wonderful, but to have asserted 100 years ago that such was even possible, would have been sufficient cause to have consigned the person saying so, to the lunatic asylum, and a little while before that, would have caused him torture and even physical life itself.

But this is only the beginning. We are yet in the early morning of this wonderful century. What next?

In Tune with Nature.

He who lives in harmony with the Universal Life finds existence a perfect delight. For him the symphonies from the grand organ of Nature eternally roll. Each morning is the dawn of the resurrection day of new joys and each evening lights in his cloudless sky new stars of hope.

Back o'er his journey of life he may look and see how the rough places, as he struggled up the mountain way, have served to strengthen and train his feet for loftier heights. And glancing at the steps up which the pathway winds, he is not afraid, but, like the eagle, plumes his wings for lofty flight, and as the day grows brighter and brighter he rises higher and higher, until he bathes in heaven's own blue above the crags and peaks of mortal conditions.—*Esch.*

"How Shall I Become a Medium?" This question is comprehensively answered by Hudson Tuttle, in his new work, entitled "Mediumship and its Laws, its Conditions and Cultivation." For sale at this office. Price, 85 cents. By mail postpaid for 40 cents.

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.

The Dawning Light is resurrected as a weekly at San Antonio, Texas, at \$1.00 a year. Geo. W. Sims, M. D., is editor, and Chas. W. Newnam publisher. It is an exponent of the Association of Ideas, a mystic organization. Send for a sample and learn all about it.

The Metaphysical Magazine for December presents a feast in the contents of this Christmas number. It has two full-page engravings and six essays, besides editorial comments on the World of Thought. The price has been reduced to 10 cents.

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.

Letter from San Jose.

TO THE EDITOR:

A good number assembled at the 11 o'clock meeting of the First Spiritual Union in Sleeper Hall last Sunday morning, Mr. Joseph Murray presiding.

The subject, as previously announced, for consideration was "Liberalism." Mr. Carter, formerly of Seattle, was introduced and gave a very interesting talk on the subject. The following persons gave their views: Dr. Tripp, Mrs. Hambly, Mrs. Lenont, Mr. Vinter, Mrs. Bigelow, Mrs. Condit, Mr. Nichols, Mrs. Seely, Mr. Dexter and others.

The subject was well reviewed. Some one said that the whole was contained in the following sentence: "With malice toward none and charity for all," which led to a departure from the subject to take up the word "charity," rather favoring the word "love." Some one said there was a slight difference between the words "love" and "charity." Charity is the extension of love to all of our fellow-beings.

Next Sunday the subject of "The Ethics of Spiritualism" will be reviewed.

Many were sorry to learn of the illness of Mrs. S. Cowell, which prevented her being with us. She has been doing a good work here, and we all hope for her speedy recovery. MRS. H. L. BIGELOW.

Transition.—One of the oldest Spiritualists of this vicinity has just passed away, at the ripe age of 92 years. It was Capt. Alonzo Green, 3237 Encinal Ave., Alameda, Cal., who passed away on Tuesday, Dec. 10, 1901. He came to California in 1847, having left Ohio, his native State, with a party of young men for the land of golden promise. They crossed the Isthmus, and, purchasing a small schooner, sailed up the coast with San Francisco bay as their destination. Once in the bay a storm came up and they were wrecked on the southern coast, getting ashore in a half-dead way somewhere near the present town of Suisun.

They started on foot for Yerba Buena, the young San Francisco, and after a trip of greatest hardship and privation, the party reached its destination. In a short time Captain Green went to Sonoma and opened the City Hotel, one of the famous hostleries of the pioneer days. In 1873 he located on Bay Farm Island, on what is now the Sweet farm. Captain Green was a member of the Town Trustees in 1877 and has served the town of Alameda long and faithfully. He retired from public life over ten years ago.

Genuine Home for Mediums.

TO THE EDITOR:

It is with pleasure that I can now inform the public through your valuable paper that a genuine Home for Mediums is under consideration and preparation by the N. S. A. A building has been purchased by this Association; the money for the same has been paid from our treasury, and we are beginning the work of founding and maintaining a true home for worn-out and needy mediums. The building mentioned is at Reed City, Mich. It adjoins the well-known sanitarium of that staunch Spiritualist, Dr. A. B. Spinney. It is as yet in a crude condition, and must be altered and repaired to serve the purpose of a Home. This building must also be furnished suitably and comfortably. When the work is complete it will be heated by steam from the heating plant of the sanitarium. For a low cost Dr. Spinney offers to feed the inmates, and to give the best of medical care and nursing to any who are sick; these can be removed into his hospital and be well cared for. Dr. Spinney also intends at once to deed a lot of land adjoining this Home, to the N.S.A., that additions can be made to the building as soon as possible.

We know that it will take much money to equip this Home, maintain it, and to keep its good work in operation; but we hope and believe that the liberal Spiritualists all over the country who learn of its mission, and who are in sympathy with it, who desire to see the poor and needy of our workers kept from the poor-house, or from suffering elsewhere, will heartily respond to our appeal and send in their contributions to the special fund we shall at once create for this noble work.

The Board desires to have the work on the building progress as rapidly as possible, so as to have the Home ready for the occupancy of at least 12 or 20 inmates by next Summer. This can be readily done if our good friends will send in their contributions—of dimes or dollars—all will be appreciated and properly acknowledged. Contributions may be sent directly to these headquarters of the N. S. A., and will be especially applied to the Mediums' Home when specified. Donations of bedding, towels and such necessary articles will be gladly accepted. Societies, individuals or groups of friends can endow or furnish a room if they wish, and name it to suit themselves, by paying \$50.00 or more and any good work done for this Home will, indeed, receive the gratitude of the N.S.A., the thanks and appreciation of weary souls who will find comfortable habitation there, and the sweet benedictions of the angels. Please, dear friends, send in your aid, and help us to carry on this needed work for humanity.

The Home will not be sectional in any respect; it will be open to applicants from all sections as far as accommodations can go. Its facilities will be increased as the fund grows, and we feel that success will shine upon this unselfish work for the good of our way-worn mediums, and, by so doing, help to build heavenly homes for yourselves in the bright Beyond.

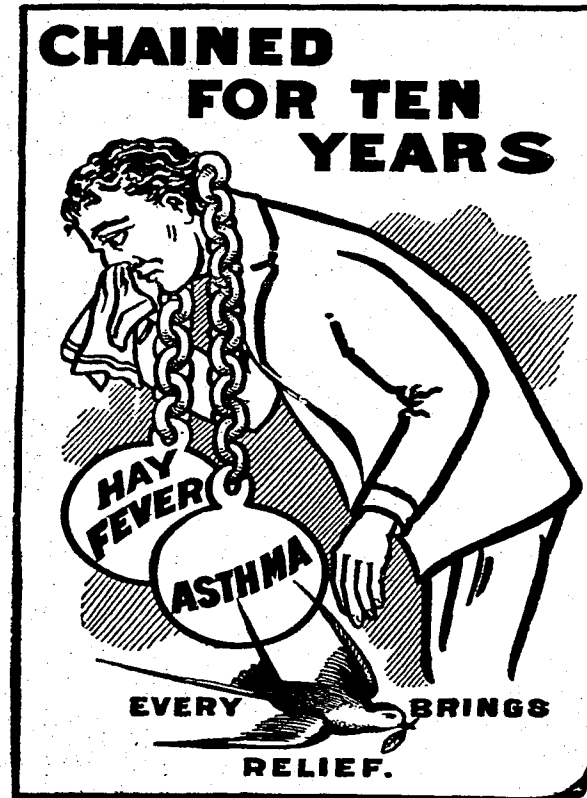
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The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and Asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full-size bottle."

REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER,

Rabbi of the Cong. Bnai Israel.

NEW YORK, Jan. 3, 1901.

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Gentlemen: Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful.

After having it carefully analyzed, we can state that Asthmalene contains no opium, morphine, chloroform or ether.

REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

AVON SPRINGS, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901.

DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.

Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalene, for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill, as well as many others, I chanced to see your sign upon your windows on 130th St., New York, and I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle, her Asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease. Yours respectfully,

O. D. PHELPS, M. D.

DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.

Feb. 5, 1901.

Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full-size bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have a family of four children, and for six years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimony you can make such use of as you see fit.

Home address, 235 Rivington St.

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This is a record of standing any company in the world might justly be proud of, and THE EAGLE-CLAW GOLD MINING AND MILLING COMPANY'S treasury stock, at 50 cents per share, is, to-day, the best and safest investment in the mining world.

It is desirable to sell a limited amount only of our treasury stock, (at the price it is now put upon the market) to enable us to drive systematically one hundred feet into the ore bodies we have encountered on the FLAGSHIP LODGE, the leading property of THE EAGLE-CLAW GROUP, by which the mine will be opened out to one of the foremost producers of the State.

Before we have driven 50 feet further there is not the remotest shadow of doubt but the stock of THE EAGLE-CLAW GOLD MINING AND MILLING COMPANY will jump into the market price of \$20.00 per share by the present mineral showing of the Company's properties.

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Every dollar received from the sale of stock will be applied to legitimate development work.

It is not desirable to dispose of large blocks of stock at the figure quoted, as the Directors of the Company aim to protect the treasury from the hands of speculators, and the ordinary stock gambling mechanisms so ruinous to legitimate mining industries in all available ways; but no certificate under this offer will be issued under 20 shares, viz: for less than \$10.00.

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FREMONT E. WOOD,

Vice-President and General Manager,
"The Eagle-Claw Gold Mining and Milling Company," Pine, Jefferson Co., Colorado.

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