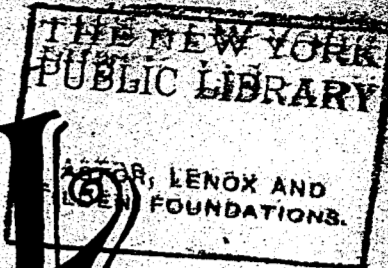


RELIGIO THE SOPHICAL PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL



Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter, at the Post-Office in San Francisco, Cal.

Established in 1865. Truth wears no Mask, Bows at no Human Shrine, Seeks neither Place nor Applause: She only asks a Hearing. One Dollar a Year.

VOL. 37. T. G. NEWMAN, EDITOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1900.

1429 Market-st. No. 14.
Between 10 & 11th-Sts.

LOOKING FORWARD.

J. MARION GALE.

Next year, 1901,
We shall reckon up and see
What nineteen centuries have done
To make the people free.
In the coming hundred years,
Some babies at their birth
Will come laughing in their tears
To bless the better earth.
Old earth has long been trying
To make man and woman new;
Now we are prophesying,
That work is coming true.
While the centuries have flitted,
There has been some forward moving—
But it must be admitted
There is room for still improving.
Man's intellect is growing bright,
Through friction of the ages—
But none can yet claim the right
To be classed as saints or sages.
Competition still advances
To the very danger limit,
And the multitude take chances
For "every dollar in it."
While all the richest store of wealth
Is the flimsiest of shoddy;
When it is made at cost of health
Of either mind or body.
We brought no wealth to earth
On entering its portal;
Nor shall we through the second birth
Take aught but wealth immortal.
Then we shall know as we are known,
And have no need to fear it;
For all the real wealth we own
Is wealth of soul and spirit.
If we round our lives out whole
By just and righteous acting,
We shall not fail in wealth of soul,
Nor fear for God's exacting.
Eternal Wisdom put us here
For honest, finite growing,
And gave us all a limit clear
In all our means of knowing.
Then if we do the best we know,
While growing in the mortal,
We need not fear where we shall go
On passing life's next portal.
Though we have often gone astray,
In mortal wisdom guessing,
It would be childishness to say:
"Heav'n has withdrawn its blessing."
Tho' struggling mortals dream in strife,
The time has come to wake us;
The Power Divine that gave us life
Never can forsake us.
The God that buckled Orion's belt
Planned out our little story,
And all the universe has felt
That God's eternal glory.
All the living worlds decide,
By Nature's kind endeavor,
Omnipotence can wisely guide
Forever and forever!

pass through and live; drinking as often as he could and eating nothing except a bite now and then from the free-lunch counter.

"He happened to be living in the same house with me at that time, and after this thing had been going on for several days, I was attracted one evening by a succession of low but decidedly sharp cries from his room. I hurried in; it was about dusk. There he stood, just as he had tumbled out of bed, staring at the wall, his eyes distended with a sort of fascinated terror that held them there. I went up, grasped him by the shoulder and shook him. "Don't you see it?" he cried, "there on the wall," and he pointed to the spot with his finger.

"I saw nothing, but I felt he was in for it. 'He has it at last,' I thought, 'delirium tremens.'

"He clutched my hand. I released it, and then, remembering that I had had some experience in seeing impalpable lights before, I

tended veins—for the back of the hand was toward us.

"Do you recognize it?" I whispered.

"Yes; it is my mother's. I could swear to it," he moaned.

"As we continued to look, the light began to tremble, waver, the hand seemed as if about to recede from view, then grew into sharper outline, and finally we saw a hand of another character, younger and firmer. I questioned him again.

"That," he said, "looks like the hand of a sister, but she is living, or was when last I heard from her. I can't stand this! Let me get out of here!" He broke away from me, caught up his hat, and made for the door. I went out with him, leaving the pale light still flickering about the fading hand on the wall.

"Two days later, a letter enclosing some money came to that poor fellow from the sister whose hand he had recognized. The letter told how she had been impressed in

My Spirit Twin Sisters.

During my stay in Santa Cruz, and while walking down Pacific St. one day, I saw in front of a very ordinary dwelling a sign with the words: "Mrs. Reed, Medium." I had no inclination to enter the house at this time, but a few days later I felt a strong desire to call, and my rap at the door was answered by an invitation to "Come in!"

On entering what seemed an ordinary sitting-room, I saw seated an elderly lady, to whom I said: "I hardly know why I have called," when Mrs. Reed said: "I can tell you why you came; it is because your sister wants to see you. She is at your side." I stood wondering which of the four who had passed from earth was most likely to be present, when Mrs. Reed said: "Here comes another sister of yours, and she looks so much like the first—enough like her to be a twin! Yes, they are your twin sisters."

I doubt if I had thought of them during many months past. They had been born five years prior to my own birth, and one of them I had never seen; but I had planted and watered flowers on her little grave in a New England graveyard, where the head-stone marks the date 1825.

Will philosophers in search of truth, or doubters of a future life, please explain this circumstance?
C. C. D.

A Dog with Brains.

Dr. Edward G. Blair, of the Estill apartment house, Kansas City, Mo., has a dog which gives apparently convincing evidence that he understands not only suggestions made to him, but appreciates, to an extent, conversation going on about him.

"Go into the office," said Mrs. Blair, "and fetch the waste-paper basket." The dog returned in a moment with a basket half full of torn newspapers and paper boxes. As he walked across the room the basket tipped and a part of its contents rolled out on the floor.

"That's careless," said his mistress; "pick them up." The dog went from piece to piece and placed each carefully back in the basket. Mac showed that he knew every room in the house, for he was sent to every one of them in turn and brought back what he was sent for.

"Mac," said Dr. Blair, "my satchel is on a chair in the hall. I wish you would take it to my office."

The dog went directly to the place indicated and performed his mission.

Although Mac has had the best of rearing, he has an aversion to taking a bath. While he was still

FIFTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

Of Modern Spiritualism—March 31, 1900.



MRS. LEAH UNDERHILL FOX, one of the Fox Sisters who first heard the "Raps" at Hydesville, N. Y.

took both his hands in mine and firmly held them. In a short time I saw in the spot he had indicated on the wall above his head a streak of pale electric light. As I continued to hold his hands and looked intently, the light gradually grew stronger and widened into a circle, in the midst of which there presently appeared a hand. It hung downward, visible only from the wrist. The hand was plainly that of an aged woman, rather bony, with prominent knuckles and dis-

dreams and haunted in waking hours by thoughts of their mother and of some impending harm to him. I would like to wind up this story by telling you that incident redeemed that fellow, but, alas! that sequel would not be true. No mother, sister, or wife, in the physical or spiritual spheres, can redeem a man who has not the backbone to redeem himself. Remorse is good and love all powerful, but personal will is the foundation rock.—*Esch.*



Mystic Hands.

The following story was related by a person interested in psychical research:

"I might as well begin," he said, "with a fellow who has been going down hill a long time; all through one failing, weakness of will. At the time I am going to tell you about, he had been passing for a week or more about as ragged an existence as any fellow could well

in hearing, someone suggested that a bath would do him good. The dog got up, looked at the one who had made the suggestion, in a grieved way, and left the room. During meals Mac, on request, informs the servant that it's time for another course. He also announces to the cook that all are ready for dinner. It has been the dog's habit to bring the doctor's slippers to him every night. The other evening Dr. Blair wanted his satchel in which he carries his surgical instruments.

"Mac," said Dr. Blair, "I want the satchel to-night, not the slippers." Although it was the first time that the order had ever been given, and the dog had been in the habit of bringing in the slippers, he did as he was told.

Mac nearly always accompanies Mrs. Blair on her drives, when he does most of the driving. It only requires a suggestion that the horse is a bit slow for Mac to draw the reins tighter and make the animal trot. A few days ago Mac was in a large department store. In order to test his knowledge of words, a nickel was dropped in a piece of paper and placed in the dog's mouth. "Go and get five cents' worth of candy," he was told. The dog immediately went to the candy department in another part of the store. He stood on his hind feet and deposited the money on the showcase. The candy girl gave him five cents' worth of taffy. This incident is considered remarkable, as the dog did it, not as the result of training, but on account of simply being told.—*Ex.*

Immortal Life.

G. B. STEBBINS.

We may be quite familiar with facts that familiarize and deepen the meaning of a word, but yet that word may be so vast in its scope that some new application may give us a new surprise, a new illumination—make us feel possessed and strengthened by an idea which is without any limit and which no library can bound or define.

Such a word is Eternity—as applied to a human being, immortality.

We witness a real manifestation of spirit presence. Blessed, indeed, it is; but we have not taken it all in—the fact is great; how much greater and more lasting is the idea in us and around us; in the stars and suns and filling the space from whence they have long since gone. We are here to-day, but there to-morrow. So says a voice within, an intuition that can never die.

No better way to get nearer this idea—so mystical, so illusive, so lasting, yet so natural; like a dew-drop or a roseleaf—than to see and feel how great souls realize its power.

HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE

Was a great English scholar, a fearless thinker, no slave to dogmas, but no agnostic, practicing self-banishment in a fog. He began a History of the World's Civilization. Its introduction, complete in two large volumes, after years of studious toil in his father's house, and near a mother he deeply loved, he took the manuscript out into a world that knew little of him—far less than he knew of it.

A London bookseller issued it and it was soon widely read, and the world (willing or not) put the name of a new great writer on its list.

He needed rest to finish the work. Time enough in this or a better

world. But his body died, and he "went up to glory," using the old phrase applied to worthy emigrants to the "many mansions" above.

What more natural than that he should be finishing his great work—with notes and comments, in such light as "never was on land or sea" here below, save in illuminated gleams. Whatever he left, "Life Essays," etc., is valuable, for he had deep interest in human progress.

At present a single sentence, one of the most comprehensive in the world, strong to awaken and convince, is our main concern. I have read it repeatedly. Waking nights I repeat it. It takes hold of my life and illuminates it. May the readers of this wonderful sentence be blessed by it in like way!

The article on Immortality, by a gifted man, who chose Buckle's great words as his heading, must also be read, and will bring its blessing.

THE GREAT SENTENCE—"If Immortality is not true, it matters little whether anything else is true or not."—Henry Thomas Buckle.

EXPLANATORY—Luther R. Marsh is now a retired lawyer, his home in Middleton, N. Y.; 88 years of age, remarkably well preserved, of fine social faculties, occasionally taking part in public exercises. In his professional days in New York he was, for a time, law partner of Daniel Webster, which marks his high rank. In youth a friend of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and a visitor at Judge Cady's home. In early manhood a friend of Gerret Smith and the anti-slavery pioneers, his wife a daughter of Alvin Stewart of Utica, a leading spirit.

He became a Spiritualist. I first heard him give (81 years of age) an address of marked ability and eloquence, holding the close interest of a full audience in which were many lawyers who had opposed his course as a Spiritualist, but came to be conquered by his eloquence at Carnegie Hall on a fine Sunday afternoon in New York.

A short time ago my wife and I received from Mr. Marsh a neat little booklet of 75 pages, a chapter for each month, of varied matter, original mostly, a limited edition for friends, out of which matter is copied—"A Souvenir Calendar." Following this are extracts from Mr. Marsh's valuable article.

ETERNAL LIFE.—"Whether, at what is called 'death'—an event which no one can hope to evade, a mortal is to cease existence—to go into non-entity, become nothing—or is to continue in another conscious form of life, without 'the doublet of the flesh,' and that shall outlast all material worlds—is the question of questions, beside which all others, however important they may seem, are overshadowed and dwindle out of sight.

"Can any one be so blind, so deaf, so dull, as not to thrill with interest at what may tend to solve, or cast light, on this mighty theme? . . . But in the long range, can man boast more than the flying ephemera, unless he lives beyond the tomb? How evanescent all his acts! In the unmeasured eternity his life on earth is but a spot, an invisible point. He can not build anything that will stand the cuffs of time.

Old Cheops (Kufa) made the most successful attempt, but his outside granite is peeling, the height of his pyramid diminishing. The columns of the Thothmes and Rameses are prostrate; Chaldean Babel a ruin. Nine thousand years, not a second on time's chronometer,

have covered in oblivion the ancient Nippur; only spade and pick could reveal to the world that such a city, with its thronging multitudes, was on the earth 3,000 years before Adam trod the grasses of Eden.

"And now, yet more recently, down, down through strata of buried cities, come forth evidences of an unknown capital—a stranger even to suspicion—whose rock inscriptions double the long-accepted age of the world, even then advanced to a high state of civilization—pushing back to 12,000 years the palatial streets and rushing population deep down under the ruins of ancient Susa.

"Before Immortality was brought to light, how gloomy the prospect. Even Plato and Socrates, the greatest sages of the old world, had but a vague and shadowy hope. It was Paul who first declared that 'the mortal must put on immortality.'

"Moschus, a Greek poet about 270 B. C., gave tongue to the thought of his time; mourning the superiority of the resurrective power of the vegetable over the human world:

"The mallows in the garden lying dead,
Or parsley green, or anise crisp and sweet,
They have another life, and in the coming year
Spring forth. But we, the great, the valiant
and the wise,
Of men when once we die, within the hollow
ground
We sleep the still, the endless, unawakening
sleep."

"But how changed. The sad eclipse and melancholy fear retreat before the effulgence of the future life. The chant of the modern poet irradiates the present and the future:

"See Truth, Love and Mercy in triumph descending,
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom;
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses
are blending
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

"How few try to realize what immortality—eternity of life—means. They give it a glance and a go-by. Its supply of days and years can never be exhausted or diminished.

"In the evolution of Providence have now come the indisputable evidences of the eternity of our life—proofs of spirit return and real presence which multiply and converge to an absolute demonstration.

"Unless this demonstration is accepted, all testimony is useless; we can have no proof that we are alive; that the serene blue of the day and the spangled dome of night are realities; that the sun shines or the moon pales her light; that anything is anything, or anybody anybody; the earth a myth and the sky a fancy.

"It is not enough merely to know the fact of immortality. It asserts its value only when it so enters into and controls the life as to make the spirit worthy this immortal and inestimable boon.

"The spirits in bliss would be pained if they thought their lives could end even in a far-distant age. But endless life is assured beyond doubt—that is the supreme satisfaction.

* * * * *

"But my faith is firm as the everlasting stars, that as the human soul—emanating from Deity—has in Him existed through time which had no beginning, so it will live, co-existent with Deity, an individualized and differentiated spirit entity—through time which will have no end."

COMMENT.—The great value which a student like Henry T. Buckle, while diligent and dutiful here, attached to personal immor-

tality, packing his thought in one comprehensive sentence; and the strength and beauty of argument and illustration to the same end and to Modern Spiritual Research of an eminent lawyer like Luther R. Marsh, make this article important—its reading a rare privilege.

At the Mid-winter Convention of the Michigan State Spiritual Association at Lansing, Mich., on Saturday, Feb. 10, 1900, the foregoing article was received from Giles B. Stebbins, a veteran reformer of Detroit, long known throughout the United States and Canada for his able advocacy on the platform, and through the press of social, political and religious reform. It was heard with many expressions of enjoyment, and several brief addresses were given recounting the great services, especially in the Anti-Slavery, Woman Suffrage and Temperance movements, and the advocacy of the Spiritual Philosophy. A committee consisting of Rev. B. F. Austin, D. D., of Toronto, Ontario; President D. P. Dewey and Lyman C. Howe was chosen to draft resolutions which were carried unanimously by the Convention as follows:

Resolved, That we have heard with delight the fraternal message of our veteran co-worker, Giles B. Stebbins, and appreciate the lofty and encouraging thoughts expressed in his brief epistle.

We recognize gratefully his long and faithful services for human freedom in the Anti-Slavery agitation and other great reforms, and would especially record our appreciation of his faithful and self-sacrificing efforts in spreading the lofty truths of the Spiritual Philosophy in America.

We believe that Spiritualists owe the pioneers a deep debt of gratitude, as the earnest search for higher light and life and the wide extension of our views and experiences are largely due to the self-sacrifice, zeal and devotion of Giles B. Stebbins and other reformers of a noble company of gifted men and women in normal and trance ways, in those days of awakening spiritual life and immortality.

We esteem it an especial favor to express in this definite and public manner our appreciation of the character and worth of a veteran advocate, whose life is a constant "Sermon on the Mount," and to whom we can always point as a true representative of the best phase of Modern Spiritualism. To him we would express our grateful acknowledgment of his life work, so ably and fittingly performed, and our united love and good-will towards him and his life companion, Catherine F. Stebbins, and hope their earthly life may be prolonged for years, in which we may share in the helpful graces of their social life and extended work in the spiritual vineyard.

We extend to them our hearty congratulations on the success of their labors, and our earnest desire that the closing days here may be delightful with the memories of well-spent years, and with brightest hopes and visions of richer rewards and nobler activities beyond.

D. P. DEWEY, Pres.
MRS. MAY F. AYRES, Sec.
Michigan Spiritualist Association.

NOTE FROM MR. STEBBINS.

The above sheet came from Lansing to-day by mail and will be

printed in the morning. I never dreamed of its existence or intent before seeing it. I could not so write of myself, but "what is writ is writ," and readers can moderate some statements which are from good and true men and women whom I love and prize, although, after the fashion of many friends, they are a little blind to my faults.

I have tried to do some good things well. Surely they aim to do well by me. So I thank them and prize them. We all know we are human, not perfect. GILES B. STEBBINS.
Detroit, March 2, 1900.

San Jose Anniversary.

The fifty-second anniversary of Modern Spiritualism was celebrated on Sunday, March 25, in Sleeper Hall, by the First Spiritual Union. In the forenoon the time was occupied by the Children's Lyceum; Mrs. Hambly, conductor, and Mrs. Anderson, musical director. The little folks had a program, and the following members participated: Misses Ada Bateman, Mabel Hambly, Pearl Sellers and Lucille Merigot, D. V. Hambly, Harry Lyness, Evelyne Hambly, Willie Lyness, Ora De Coen and Leland Armstrong. Mrs. Hendee-Rogers made a pleasant talk to the children. After the Lyceum exercises closed there was a basket lunch served.

The afternoon exercises consisted of short addresses, recitations and musical numbers. Mrs. Lyness, Mr. Dinsmore, George Sullivan, Chas. Smith, J. R. W. Taylor, Dr. Eaton, Miss Lyness, Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Bicknell, Annie McCandlish, Mrs. N. P. Fox, Mrs. Hambly, Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. E. A. B. Marcen, president of the society, participated.

The evening exercises opened with congregational singing, followed by a recitation, "The Golden Gates," by Mrs. H. L. Bigelow; duet, "Wait and Murmur not," Mrs. Lyness and Mrs. Hambly, followed by the anniversary address by Mrs. L. D. Lyness, who took for her subject, "The Value of Spiritualism." The subject was ably handled and was received with applause by the large audience present. The address was followed with spirit messages by Mrs. C. D. Stone.

The platform of the stage was beautifully decorated with flowers, and in the center there was a piece over seven feet high by four feet wide, representing the seven steps of progression, surmounted by the golden gates ajar. The piece was the work and donation of Henry Hiedron. It was highly praised by all present. AMIGO.

Life, Energy and Substance.

W. P. PHELON, M. D.

Life, Energy and Substance are attributes both of man and his surroundings. Whatever we recognize in the Universal, we must recognize in ourselves, for the immutable law is harmony and peace. Its perfect expression is "One for All and All for One."

It requires two points to manifest duality, but it is a paradox, that it always does manifest as three. The triad is power, linking—means of touch—result. No manifestation takes place without these three.

Necessarily, man's religious ideas have always followed out this law. In the Masonic system of instruction, they tell us of Sol-om-on, the thrice-wise; Trismagistus, of all men the wisest. Next to him in dignity was Hiram, king of Tyre,

the Transmitter; third in rank was Hiram Abif, the Builder. Sol-om-on, the forever Existing, is in-folded perfection, whose plans never fail. Hiram, King of Tyre, is the vehicle by which cause passes into effect, and the "Word becomes flesh," or manifestation. Hiram Abif, Manifestation, by his untimely end, demonstrates the illusory character of material conditions.

God's plans follow at once, the eternal thought to its perfect completion. It thinks the thought, and lo! formed substance appears. He who fashions by hewing, cutting and fitting is man.

Everything that comes to us as thought could be, if we only would, as perfect as the work of the Divine. If we were only sure of ourselves, our thought would create, as God's thought does. Our thought force, backed by the Eternal Verity, is limitless in its potency.

Why will we not lay hold of this thought force? Persistent thought will bring result, in attaining our desires. A feeble stream of water, left to itself, will flow on quite smoothly and placidly. Dam it up, and the water thus checked will continue to gather force and power, until it sweeps away all limitations. So works thought force in concentration.

If anything along the occult line is worth accomplishment at all, it is worth taking time to do it thoroughly. Whatever we can produce on the thought plane can be reproduced on the plane of manifestation, if we will.

If we seek to accomplish anything, we must saturate ourselves constantly with the thought of our desire. We can always draw on "God's Bank," which will never break through all eternity.

If the Spirit gains no experience, it will stand forever mute and inert. "To him who overcometh, I will give a crown of glory," is the promise made to all the Father's children.

What is Spiritualism?

BY L. H.

Spiritualism is a living demonstration of the spiritual realities underlying all systems of religious thought.

Spiritualism has come not to conceal the truth, but to reveal it.

Spiritualism has come to eliminate spiritual verities from material coverings, which have only too long obscured all that is bright, charming and beautiful in religion.

Spiritualism brings to light the inner spiritual meanings underlying materialized conceptions of man's fall through the eating of an apple; of an atonement by blood; of a heaven of pearly gates and golden streets; of a hell of fire and brimstone; and of a resurrection of millions of worn-out, worm-eaten earth bodies, whose particles have passed into other forms and combinations, and which have done duty in becoming the constituent parts of millions of other forms of life.

Spiritualism strips religion of that ugly mask of hoary sanctity whose weird aspect fills the mind with a grossly superstitious fear and dread of the unseen world, which, to know, should be the sweetest joy of our souls.

Spiritualism is the key that unlocks the door of the creeds, and reveals man here to man there, not as mummies buried in the caverns of churchyards, but as spiritual

beings forming part of the Supreme Soul of the Universe.

Spiritualism shows that evil is perverted good, and that man's fall consists in his failing to live and love the good, and that his salvation is brought about by living up to his highest ideal; or, in other words, his salvation is accomplished by creating himself in the image of God, and not by striving to create God in the image of man, as the Jews did, and as so many bigots are doing to-day. Heaven is happiness, and hell is the want of it; both are mental states or conditions of mind, and not places. A man may be placed in the most beautiful surroundings and yet be thoroughly unhappy and miserable, i. e., he would be in hell, and wherever he went his hell would be with him.

Spiritualism shows that "faith without works is dead," and proves that when man sheds the outer bark of the flesh, he stands upright in the spirit world which is here, and there, underlying and permeating the material universe.

Spiritualism teaches, therefore, that the resurrection is not material, but spiritual, in its character. All is in orderly sequence in accordance with irrevocable laws, and evolution rules and sways the universal destiny of the infinite whole.

Spiritualism, by its facts, places the reality of the great truth of a future life beyond all doubt; hence, the Spiritualist to his faith adds knowledge.

Spiritualism is the essence of all religions, or the esoteric denuded of the exoteric; it is the golden grain sifted from the chaff; it is the pearl of great price buried, alas! too long beneath the rubbish of outward forms and church ritualism. The empty formalisms of the churches only serve as clouds that shut out the peepings of blue sky, revealing the silver lining and sunshine of spiritual truth.

Spiritualism enables its followers to break through the shell and partake of the kernel; the body of flesh to the Spiritualist is but the outer casket, enclosing an individualized portion of the Supreme Spirit, "in whom we live, and move, and have our being." As the material universe is but the external expression, or outward and visible sign of the inward, underlying, and invisible spiritual universe; so also is the material body the outward and visible sign of the inward and invisible spirit. There is, therefore, a spiritual world as well as a material world; or a mind and thought realm, as well as a matter realm.

Spiritualism recognizes that the body of flesh is the outer portal leading to the inner man; also that it is the instrument which brings him into direct relationship with the material world. To see material worlds and things we must be provided with material eyes and material instruments. Something, however, behind the machinery of the material contrivances does the seeing or perceiving; and this is the invisible ego—"we," "I" or "us."

—Sel

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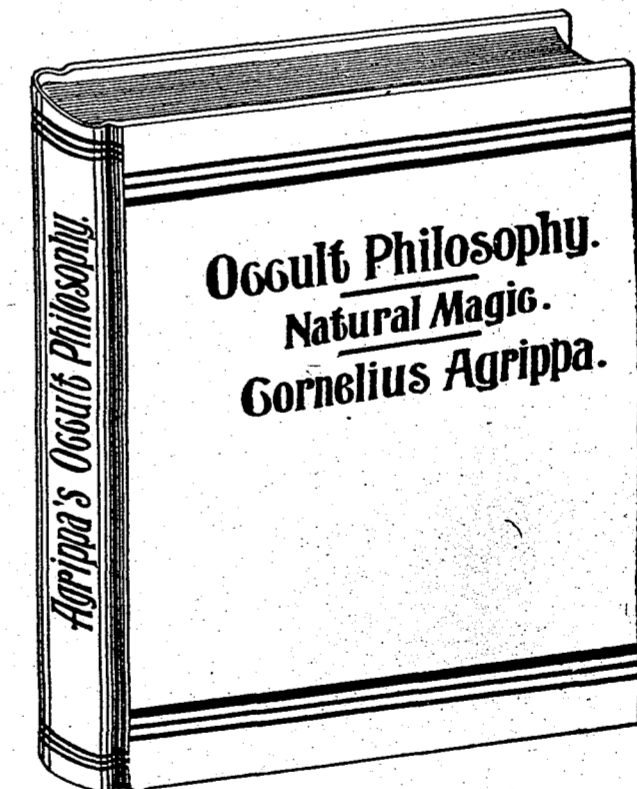
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For other mediums see page 5.

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RELIGIO-^{PHILOSOPHICAL} JOURNAL

Official Organ of the
California State Spiritualists' Association.

ISSUED WEEKLY, AT \$1.00 A YEAR,
AT
1429 Market St. San Francisco, Cal.
Between 10th and 11th Streets.

THOMAS G. NEWMAN,

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER,

Assisted by an Able Corps of Special Contributors.

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

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 5, 1900.

Salvation is offered to humanity in three ways, viz: Vicarious atonement, reincarnation and heredity. We reject them all, and will manage to stagger along through life pretty comfortably if the priests of popular religions will only let us alone. Man is omnipotent and needs no external salvation.

A Chance for Talmage.—The American Secular Union offers a reward of \$1,000 for the discovery of a true Christian, dead or alive. Why not search the homes for the feeble-minded? There might be "millions in it."

Sheldon's Experiment with a daily paper has shown that they could not be run as a profitable business enterprise on his plan; so the endowment plan is proposed. No, thank you! Competition has its evils, but endowment would mean stagnation and death. We prefer to live, if we are not so good.

Magnetic Healer.—The following item shows with what rapid strides mental healing and suggestion are obtaining a foot-hold in these progressive times, even with the persistent opposition of the medical profession. It is a cable dispatch from Antwerp to the *New York Journal*, dated March 26, and reads thus:

Paul Edwards of San Francisco is causing a sensation in Belgium by healing the sick by laying on of hands and mental suggestion. Medical schools of Antwerp and Brussels are discussing the case, and Camille Flammarion, the noted French scientist, who has investigated it, says Edwards is a marvel.

Persecution of Mediums.—Every time a new set of city officers comes into power in San Francisco, there is a great stir about compelling mediums to pay a license. As regular as the daisies bloom in the spring-time, are our mediums

harrassed with notices served by policemen, spotters and the whole familiar business. There is an old adage that "When you want a thing done well, do it yourself." The mediums of San Francisco have combined for liberty. Money is being collected and the question will be settled in the courts, and we hope settled for all time.

Eternal Torment.

The Rev. Dr. Hillis, pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., the successor of Henry Ward Beecher and Dr. Lyman Abbott, in a sermon on Sunday, March 25, gave vent to his abhorrence of the doctrine of eternal torment in hell fire, as taught by the church creeds. As a result of his defiant words, he has resigned from the Presbytery and is condemned by the old-fogy adherents of dogmatic and antiquated creeds. Telegraphic dispatches in Monday's daily papers announce the matter in these words:

"I would rather shake my fist in the face of the Eternal and fling every vile epithet toward the stainless throne, where eternal mercy sits with the world's atoning Savior, than lift my hand with that creed toward God's throne and affirm that I taught or believed it."

It was in the midst of his morning sermon, in which he had been discussing future punishment as he saw it illuminated and made clearer by the modern doctrine of evolution, that Dr. Hillis uttered this stinging sentence.

To those clerical leaders of his church who have remonstrated with him for his liberal views in the past, he addressed at the same time words that must sear into their consciences and never be forgotten. He quoted the words of the Presbyterian creed, stating that certain men are foreordained to everlasting death, being "particularly and unchangeably designed, and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished," and then said:

"It would seem as if man would prefer to be burned at the stake rather than hold and charge such infinite cruelty upon an all-merciful and all-loving God."

It is now over 40 years since we renounced the doctrine of eternal torment. It is so fiendish, so monstrous, that we wonder how any sane person could for a moment believe it.

Any "god" who would inflict such a penalty, deserves to be hurled from his throne and blotted out of existence. Such a monster should not be tolerated anywhere.

Mr. C. C. Moore, editor of the *Blue Grass Blade*, is again in trouble. He is charged with a misuse of the United States mails. Boldness without discretion becomes foolhardiness, and does more harm than good to the cause in which it is exercised. Coarseness is not permissible in literature, but the only way some people can be convinced of this is through adversity.

Have Courage.

There is always room at the top. The cry for equal opportunities is a false alarm; the real difficulty lies in the lack of sense in the individual to take advantage of the opportunities as they present themselves. The *Times-Union* gives a notable instance:

Charles M. Schwab went to work in the Carnegie iron works at Pittsburgh as a stake driver at a salary of \$1 a day. Now he is president of the Carnegie Steel Company Limited and draws a salary larger than that of the President of the United States. He is only 37 years old. He was born in Pennsylvania and had only a common school education. At 15 years of age he went to work, and does not believe in a college education for a business man. For a year or two he drove a mail wagon and clerked in a grocery store.

In his seventeenth year he got a job with the Carnegie Company. His first job was to drive stakes for the foundation of a new building. His rise was so rapid as to be phenomenal. He became chief engineer in 1887, general manager a little later, and in 1896 a partner in the company. Years ago he was offered a salary of more than 50,000 a year to go to England and take charge of some English iron and steel works. This offer he declined.

The failures spend their time in attacking the successful—shall we accept the failures as our leaders? To us it seems that the failures can only leave us in the predicament they have reached—they are the trapped foxes who ask us to give up our tails that we may be like them. Let us remember that, in the fable, the wise foxes refused to sacrifice their caudal appendages to gratify the self-esteem of the minority.

Salvation.

Little children cry for baubles, and grown-up children cry for some external power to save them from conditions which are unpleasant. *Ideal Life* sounds the tocsin of truth in the following:

Self-made men and women are the only men and women. The state cannot make them, neither can society, whatever its form or character, whether religious, political, or social. So-called men and women turned out by an institution are simply microcosmic echoes of the institution; except a very few "cranks," who were too much themselves to be modeled by the common mold. And these cranks, who are despised and well abused by "the respectable of every generation, are the world's saviors."

His Denomination.

The tendency of most doctrines to be very narrow, and the loyalty for a particular church is "bred in the bone," as a certain little Memphis boy bears witness, says the *Memphis Scimeter*.

His mother was telling him of the childhood of Christ, and in the course of her story said that Christ was a Jew.

The little fellow looked up at her in wide-eyed astonishment and said in an awed voice:

"Why, mother, I always thought that the Lord was a Presbyterian."

Vanishing Prejudice.

Superstition and prejudice die hard, and a new discovery or invention must run the gauntlet of all the "established schools of religion and science before the world at large reaps a benefit from their practical application. Hypnotism has been known and practiced for many years, and inch by inch it has fought its way to recognition at the hands of the people who will probably profit most by its use. The following extract from a communication from San Jose, Cal., sounds like a note of progress:

It is announced that a syndicate of physicians and capitalists will erect a new sanitarium and hospital here for the treatment of disease. A unique feature of the enterprise will be the utilization of hypnotism for serious operations instead of anaesthetics. At many of the leading hospitals in New York and London, it is said, the prejudice of the medical fraternity against hypnotism is gradually melting away, and it is frequently invoked with great success in surgical operations. In the projected sanitarium this psychical science will have a very prominent place. In fact, the institution will probably advertise this feature very prominently.

Not Dangerous.

There is a great army of priests of one kind and another, who thrive and fatten upon the ignorance and credulity of their fellow-men. They have erected scare-crows along the highway of knowledge, and labeled them "dangerous." An exchange, commenting upon this, makes the following sensible remarks:

There is no doubt that many people think and act very foolishly regarding occultism, but none more so than those who are afraid to know something. "Occult" means hidden, that which relates to the unseen and unknown or little understood forces in nature. To be afraid to pry into the laws of our own being is to remain forever ignorant of them, and to leave the prying to illy-balanced minds is worse still. Knowledge is never dangerous, either to the individual or to society, except when confined to the few; when knowledge becomes generally disseminated among the many it ceases to have any uncanny or unbalancing effect upon anyone, being accepted by all as natural and what is.

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.

Do not eat a hearty breakfast if you have any mental or physical work to do thereafter. The full stomach may satisfy your craving, but cannot give you the needed or desired strength under about three or four hours. Digestion, absorption and assimilation must take place before you can get any good from your breakfast. If these processes are not completed, the hearty breakfast simply clogs the vital machinery. Therefore, the hearty six o'clock dinner, which will not only build up the waste of the day, but provide a reserve for the morrow, is to be commended.—*April Ladies' Home Journal*.

