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T. G. NEWMAN,
EDITOR.

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THE SONG OF HOPE.

E. D. FRENCH.

How sad and lonely is the fate of man,
As years bring disabilities and cares;
The faltering step, the dimness of the sight,
The truant memory and waning hope,
Conspire to sink the spirit in despair,
And time may pass, only as vacant hours,
To leave the present lone and desolate.

But let the heart be resolute and strong;
Send waves of thought to dissipate the gloom.
The "still, small voice" that ever strives
To bless
Isspeaking every hour in loving thoughts.
It brings the balm of certainty and peace;
It stamps the impress of immortal hope
Upon the tablets of life's sacred page.

This hope and trust, this new-found certainty,
Brightens the imagery of every thought,
And bears aloft the energies of mind,
Till it breaks the bonds of earthly fear.
Thus a new song is written in your heart,
And you may sing in rhapsodies of joy.

For wisdom leads you on to brighter light,
And knowledge finds the doorway of the truth.
The shadows banish—hope is certainty,
And brightness only leads the way
To open windows for the spirit eye.

Cold destiny may blind material sight
And close the listening ear to welcome voice,
But the great fountain of renewing life
Will give you vision brighter than the dreams
Of the enchanted spirit in its flight,
While bound to cumbrous clay of mortal life.

Then banish all sadness; oh, bury it deep;
'Tis a gnome of the ages past.
Hide it beneath where the ages sleep;
Let oblivion hold it fast.

Let the shadows that fall o'er the God-given soul
Be changed to the splendors of light;
Let infinite love in full glory unroll,
Then nothing can shadow the sight.

Then raise your tired spirit; oh, raise it on high;
'Tis an angel for the years to come.
Let it ride in the ether, as vast as the sky;
It will find its own glorious home.

BORDERLAND

Experience in India.

In 1854 General Barter, C. B., was doing duty as lieutenant at the hill station of Murree, in the Punjab. He lived in a house a Lieutenant B— had built not long before. Lieutenant B— died on Jan. 2, 1854, soon after finishing his house. This house was on the spur of a hill 300 or 400 yards under the only road with which it communicated by a bridle path never used by horsemen. The bridle path ended at a precipice, and a foot-path led up into it from the house.

One evening Mr. and Mrs. Deane called on Lieutenant Barter. About

11 o'clock they started for home. The moon was full and the lieutenant walked to the bridle path with his friends, who climbed it to reach the road. He bade them good-night and loitered, smoking a cigar. His two dogs were with him. Just as he turned to go home, he heard a horse's hoofs coming down the bridle path. At a bend of the path a tall hat came into view, then around the corner the wearer of the hat, who rode a pony and had a couple of native grooms in attendance.

"At this time," according to the General's statement, "the two dogs came, and crouching at my side, gave low, frightened whimpers. The moon was at the full, a tropical moon, so bright you could see to read a newspaper by its light,

and I saw the party above me advance as plainly as if it were noonday; they were above me some eight or ten feet on the bridle road. On the party came. The rider was in full dinner dress, with white waistcoat and tall chimney pot hat, and he sat on a powerful hill pony (dark brown, with black mane and tail) in a listless way, the reins hanging loosely from both hands. Grooms led the pony and supported the rider."

Lieutenant Barter, knowing they could not go anywhere except to his own house, called out: "Quon hai?" (Who is it?) adding in English: "Hullo. What the devil do you want here?" The group halted, the rider gathered up the reins with both hands and turning, discovered to Barter the face of the

late Lieutenant B—. It was a ghastly face—that of a corpse, and had the sort of beard known as the Newgate fringe. The body was stouter than when Barter had last seen the lieutenant.

Lieutenant Barter rushed up the bank to the bridle path, only to find it empty. He went along the whole length of it, but saw no sign of any one.

The next day Mr. Deane was talking with Lieutenant Barter, and speaking of the late Lieutenant B— said: "He grew bloated before his death, and while on the sick list he let his beard grow, in spite of all we said to him. I believe he was buried with it on."

Crystal Gazing.

Crystal-gazing, supposed to be one of the lost arts of the old-time necromancers, dead with the days of ancient Egypt, is being practiced to-day in Chicago, and there is a coterie of young society "huds" who peer into the future by means of mirrors and tumblers of water, besides other people who go at it in a more serious manner.

Miss Mave Carrig, a young litterateur and artist of Irish extraction, but just now a resident of Chicago, is one of the few individuals to whom the power of divining the future in this manner came naturally—she knows not precisely how. Miss Carrig's favorite method of crystal-gazing is by means of a glass of water.

"The first time I realized that I was able to read the future by means of a simple tumbler of water," says Miss Carrig, "I was sitting at the dinner table of a friend, listening to her anxiously expressed wonderings as to what had become of the son of whom she had lost sight for some years, and idly, carelessly gazing into the glass of water which stood at the side of my plate. Almost before I knew what was happening, that narrow glass seemed to expand and widen in a wonderful manner; then flashes of vividly colored light played through it, and the pictures began to appear.

"First I saw the son of my friend, whom I had never met, and I assured myself that I was right in believing it to be the young man in question by describing him to his mother, and even giving minute details of his hair, facial appearance, and so on until she was fully convinced of his identity, although he was in a foreign land many thousands of miles from the place to which he was supposed to have gone. Then I told her of his circumstances, financial and otherwise; of the serious illness through which he had just passed, and of a number of remarkable events which would presently happen to him,

Passing of Dr. Buchanan.

Dr. Joseph Rodes Buchanan, one of the best-known psychologists in the world, died at his residence on Delmas avenue, San Jose, on Dec. 26, 1899. He was a native of Frankfort, Ky., and 85 years of age. He had a great reputation as a writer on scientific subjects. Dr. Buchanan learned the printing trade when a boy, afterward studying medicine and graduating from the Louisville University in 1846.

He was one of the founders of the Eclectic School of Medicine, and from 1846 to 1856 was professor of physiology in the Eclectic Medical



PROF. JOS. RODES BUCHANAN, M. D.

Institute at Cincinnati, Ohio, and later dean of the faculty from 1850 to 1856. He also edited a medical journal connected with that institution. Deceased was connected with similar colleges in New York and Boston.

Professor Buchanan discovered what he calls the sciences of psychometry and sarcognomy, and demonstrated the action of the brain on the body as its controlling physiological organ. He published "Buchanan's Journal of Man" from 1849 to 1856 in Boston. Dr. Buchanan has also written "Outlines of Lectures on the Neurological System of Anthropology," "Eclectic Practice of Medicine and Surgery," "The New Education," "Therapeutic Sarcognomy," "Manual of Psychometry," "Cerebral Physiology" and other works.

He was engaged at the time of his death on a work on "Primitive Christianity," two volumes of which have been completed. In all, he has written over 100 books on scientific and spiritualistic topics. Although over four score years, he was a great worker and wrote nearly all the time.

Dr. Buchanan had an international reputation as an astrologer and phrenologist. He was also recognized as a successful forecaster of events. Several years ago he went to San Jose for his health. He had been ill for some weeks.

and which really did happen, in every detail, as was actually proved by his own letters. Previous to this time I had never dreamed of crystal-gazing, but after this experience I took to looking in my glass of water at meal-times occasionally, and I have never yet done so without being rewarded in some manner."

REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

Another of the remarkable experiences with crystal-gazing which have made Miss Carrig at once the wonder and delight of her friends came one day as she leaned, a little with paining, against the back of the easel-chair in her own room. A carafe of water stood on a small table near, and as Miss Carrig's eyes fell carelessly upon it she noticed that it expanded and palpitated in the manner of the dinner-glass which had framed her initial experiences in this line.

"At the moment of laying down my brush," she declares, "I was thinking, casually, of a friend of whom I am very fond, and of whom I had heard nothing for a long time. A moment later I saw this friend pictured in the water before me, leaning back in his chair, as though physically weak and in great despair, and heard him give vent to an impatient exclamation. Opposite to him, on the other side of the fireplace, which I remember sufficiently to recognize when I saw it with my ordinary eyes for the first time many months later, was a man whom I had never seen. His face seemed fairly photographed on my brain, and with such clearness and precision that I instantly recognized him, upon the occasion of our seemingly accidental meeting at a railway station some months later. Through this vision, or whatever you please to call it, I was subsequently able to save my friend from some serious unpleasantness of too personal and peculiar a character to relate, and I also came to his rescue, at another time, when he was very near to death."

Philosophy of Human Life.

A. H. NICHOLAS.

If the atom is eternal, shall thoughts more potent than atoms be as ephemeral as the fire-flies' dance? If matter, the substance of the universe, is indestructible, shall self-conscious mind, the soul of matter, the invisible and eternal heart of all nature, dissolve at the touch of death?

The Spiritual Philosophy affirms that it does not and cannot. It means a continued life somehow, sometime, somewhere, whereby the aspiring soul can complete its cycle. It means the culture, virtue, knowledge gained here are somewhere retained. It finds beneath the deep furrows of age and behind sorrow's fitful shadows, which play upon every brow, a soul of life death's heavy stroke cannot break nor time's mildew corrode. It accepts the olive branch the dove of intuition brings from afar over death's watery waste as evidence each man bark shall land at last upon some rock-ribbed Ararat, against whose impregnable sides the sullen waves of death shall lash in vain. It sees in the dual nature he bears a mirror which reflects his deathless destiny. It listens to the voice of hope as a singing seraph chanting for him, in the illuminated bowers of a spiritual Eden, a song of praise. It hails the smiles which play upon the pallid lips of death as the musical ripples of streams

leaping down flower-clad and eternal hills. It makes the cradle in which love's incarnate angel sleeps, the nest from which an immortal bird shall plume its wings. It bends over poverty's wretched cot and breathes a prayer and blessing. It plants by the altar of every home love's tender hands have builded, the seed of a fadeless flower and kisses it into life and bloom by the unsullied lips of ministering angels.

Let Materialism wave its withered palms over fresh-made graves and decaying corpses. The hand that opens earth's embrace for the mortal, breaks the chains for an imprisoned spirit. Let Agnosticism deny our power to rend death's sable veil. Yet behind and through it beams the glory of a never-setting sun, gilding a world of strife, care and toil with its changeless light and beauty. Hope is seen illuminating the faces of earth's disconsolate children. The beams of truth and love now descending reveal to our interior consciousness the glorious gospel of life. In this land of the dead and dying comes a voice from the spheres immortal saying: "The morning light is breaking; the darkness disappears. There is no death for the spirit." And straightway the bereaved wipe their tearful eyes and rejoice.

Spiritualism has done more to inform mankind concerning human nature and acquaint them with themselves—with their own faculties, weaknesses, their powers and possibilities—than all the sciences and philosophies with which they are familiar. It is a creative force that creates in human minds new hopes, thoughts, relations. It creates new hopes because it kindles the old with new life and brings into activity hopes of association with loved ones, of eternal opportunities for advancing in the attainment of knowledge and of priceless truth, and of facility afforded man to forever express through energetic action the powers and qualities of his being. It creates new relations because it brings man and his fellows into close harmony and gives them practically to understand the brotherhood and sisterhood of the human race. It brings out new ideas of existence, of the destiny of the whole race and of various questions that have puzzled humanity, which may be settled by this illuminating light.

There is a power that enables us to go onward and upward in aspiration, thought and effort. We meet our toilsome experiences, yet all the while the spirit may be unfolding its pinions of strength; all the while the songster within may be tuning notes for lofty strains; all the while the heart may be gaining new life and activity to bound with great sympathetic throbs for humanity that is in pain—gaining the knowledge and ability to attempt and achieve that which shall be useful to humanity at large, and so rise to the heights of soul-conquest and worth.

No finite mind can define life in its broadest, fullest sense, and he who undertakes it will only give a partial interpretation as he beholds the manifestations of that subtle force through the various forms of being around him. It is something absolute, tangible and real, something which cannot escape either the spiritual or physical senses or sensations of all living things. Life, to our mind, is that active potential principle which animates all things, controlling a planet that rolls in space, permeating the atom, pulsating through the forest fastnesses,

beating through the waves of the ocean, manifesting its power on every hand, from flower to star, animating all forms of intelligent activity from the minutest infusoria to intelligent man. This animating principle you may call force, intelligence, God, life, electricity—it matters not, any or all these. If we use the term God, we would not have it associated with the Christians' deity.

Theologians are fond of exhorting their hearers to prepare to meet their God. The Spiritual Philosophy comes to man with a more solemn injunction: "Man, prepare to meet thyself." While it points with one hand to the magnificent future to which all souls will at last arrive, with the other it shows us the way by which we must go to reach that high estate, and the remorseless judge that vindicates the moral law. We know now explicitly the conditions under which the future life shall be an immediate satisfaction or a long and painful expiation. Into the very texture of our spiritual body are woven, day by day, our thoughts, inclination, deeds, desires. As they are, so shall our future be. In that day when we are compelled to sit alone with conscience, what shall the verdict be? This is the momentous question: for from that verdict there is no appeal.

Forgiveness of sins is, to us, an idle affirmation, for we know better now. Returning spirits who ought to know assert the contrary. Into the spirit realms we carry with us our own hell or heaven and must redeem ourselves in some way to ease the conscience from the wrongs of earth-life. The road to happiness will never be closed.

The fact stares us in the face that progression is a fixed law from which no one can escape, and that the more we revel in wrong-doing the greater the burden we will have to carry and the longer we will have to endure punishment. It is infinitely better for each and all to become acquainted with this condition while yet in the body, so that we may overcome evil, which will advance us many steps on the spirit side of life.

Faith will not remove sin nor its results. Individual works will do it. Redemption is soul growth: it is in progress while the battle is being waged with sin; it is accomplished when the victory is won. This is an achievement worthy of our highest endeavor—a result noble to accomplish. Man's destiny is progress and progression, and means the abandonment of all that is bad, wrong, evil—the accomplishment of that which is good.

We, to-day, in the light of Modern Spiritualism, are able to tell why we are here. We are here by the fiat of the needs and wants of this human soul of ours. Not that this life is the soul's beginning, but in it we are seeking an experience. And who shall say that when men and women make mistakes they are not seeking the highest? Did you ever think that we must make as many mistakes as are necessary for the soul's education? You may be pushing on with the feeling that all you are to get is what you get in the present, and as you approach the end, more frequently ask, Why am I here? and, Have I fulfilled the mission I came to fulfill? We are building wiser than we know, yet by-and-by we shall see life as it is and know that the experience that comes to human life is necessary to our growth.

Let us give attention to a few words from spirit Eona: "If one

could see far enough through the mists of seeming uncertainties, they would see where the tides that seemed adverse break on the final shores with a murmur that wakens the echoes, 'All is well, all is well.' This may be an assertion that cannot be verified to mortal understanding, but the pages of the future will show a record of final results that will bear blessings to hearts that labored, yet feared that failure was the only result. Unto every individual spirit there is carved, by the central powers of the same, a path over which it, through incarnation, must walk, and no other path could bring to the spirit the same unfoldment. Spiritual mathematics prove it without any chance for doubt or question. Thus we accept the fact as it comes to us, and we learn at last to be thankful for all the hills and valleys that lie between the first sunrise and the last sunset on the shores of material existence; for each one passing bequeaths unto the soul an added power, which it could never stand without on the peace-crowned hills of the Infinite, a full-orbed angel, with no missing link left somewhere in the dull valleys of the past that must of necessity call it back in some unseen future."

"All is Good."

MRS. C. K. SMITH.

I was particularly interested in Dr. Peebles' vigorous, but pertinent words under the heading, "Earnest Inquiries," for I have myself tried to believe that "God is good, God is all, and all is good." It is such a pleasant lullaby to sit down and feel that all is good, whether we do anything to make it so or not.

All things have their opposites. There is just as much down as there is up. "All is good" is the opposite of total depravity, which was once so popular in the evangelist world. There is no better name for the opposite of good than the little word *bad*. It is an ugly little word, but expressive and significant. No person likes it applied to himself, especially if he has earned the title.

It is useless to enumerate the many things we do not accept as good, and which we are constantly struggling against, such as illness, ignorance and poverty. The man who gets drunk is a drunkard, and it is not good to be a drunkard. Doing evil that good may come is not commendable, though the good Quaker said to the profane man: "Swear away, and get all that bad stuff out of thee!" We know that continuing in sin that grace may abound does not result in good to the sinner. And whether the self-sacrifice of the good for the benefit of the bad proves to be beneficial, is a question yet to be settled.

Look at the efforts that Tolstoi has made. He has given his time, his fortune and the comfort of his family. Can he say all is good? He asks: "Can social inequality be banished?" And he answers the question by relating some of his experiences, as follows: "There is no limit to benevolence, if we literally imitate the Christ. Not even the vermin can be kept out of the house, for we feel in duty bound to provide shelter for the ill-clad beggars that knock on the door. Even drunkards and gamblers must be aided. With shaking voice one begs for assistance. He asks for three rubles and is told there are but three rubles in the house, and those

are needed for a payment on the morrow. The wretch answers: "When it comes to action, you are no better than others. What do you care if your brother perish?"

Tolstoi also says: "Few people are aware of the terrible danger in store for the world on account of the ever-widening chasm between rich and poor. There are a few self-sacrificing, Christ-like people, who, in compliance with the command to sell all and give to the poor, help to put off the day of disaster. But their benevolence is like attempting to empty the ocean with a few small buckets." While Count Tolstoi's endeavor is good, who can say that *all is god*?

San Diego, Calif.

How Heaven Will Look.

Every mortal thinks more or less of death and the future. As Head Counsel Falkenburg so eloquently expressed it as he stood looking at the sweet smile that wreathed the features of a departed neighbor: "We enter this world weeping while those about us smile—we depart the world smiling while those about us weep."

It is always well to give a thought to the future. Death must come—but is it death? Do those who die with the sweet smile of peace upon their face, see beyond this vale of tears and sorrow and woe into a beautiful, boundless, shoreless realm of bliss and happiness?

To enter the other world we must first pass through the experience mis-called death. The real day dawns at last for all when this wonderful instrument, the physical body, wears out or is rendered useless by disease or accident. It is then that what we mis-call death occurs. The spirit, which is the essential man, dwells in the body from infancy, though invisible to the fleshly eye. The body is like a close-fitting, seamless garment drawn over it. It is thus that the spiritual body identifies itself with the natural body. The spiritual body is not, as many think, created at death. It is the essential man, and the flesh upon which we gaze is but the outer garment. Man will discard the flesh when he gets through with it, as he does his clothing when soiled or worn out.

The fleshly body is material and cannot leave this planet. Paul says: "Flesh and blood cannot inherit eternal life." These temples of muscle and nerves and blood we shall bid adieu to forever when we die. There is an impassable gulf between the material and the spiritual. Not a drop of water, not an atom of the world has left it since its creation. Yet 100,000 persons leave this world every day—and they do not take their bodies with them; they leave them as a legacy to earth.

The natural body is a lump of clay; it came from the dust—to the dust it must return. The body does not move or think, of itself; it is the spirit that sets it in motion; it is the spirit manipulating the brain, as the organist does the keys of the instrument, that brings out the intellectual music. Paul says: "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body."

When we leave the body, we leave it forever. The bird never returns to the shell after it has once gotten out. How foolish it would be to even wish to return to its narrow quarters, having once tried the vast outer glory. The butterfly never folds its wings and becomes a crawling worm again.

Immediately at death the spirit

is separated from the body. It does not, as many think, lie in the grave for untold ages, awaiting a general day of awakening. It does not lie in its charnal house "amid dead men's bones and all uncleanness," listening impatiently for the liberating trump of the angel Gabriel. Jesus said to the thief on the cross: "To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." The grave is not Paradise. He describes the rich man and Lazarus as going instantly into the spirit-world. "The beggar died and was carried by angels into the bosom of Abraham." "The rich man died also and in hades he lifted up his voice; being in torment."

There is no distance lying between us and the other world. Heaven is not beyond the stars—it is *here*. The dying see bright forms and hear celestial music about their bedsides. There is simply a veil swinging between this world and the other—the veil woven of flesh and blood.

What we mis-call death is life more abundant. It is what occurs to the robin when it breaks its shell and takes wing. Death is the introduction to life, light, joy, of which the most lovely experiences of earth give but the dimmest hint. Here we usually see the earthward side of death—the livid face, the fleeting breath, the signs of anguish—and then all is still and cold, and the peace of extinction seems to rest upon it. The first scene is closed and the curtain drops—it will rise again upon another and fairer one.

We enter heaven with its innumerable societies, the members being perfectly congenial. We will join an immense society composed of bosom friends—persons with exactly such temperaments, hopes, loves and activities as ours. Select the most congenial friend on earth, the most loved, he who brings greatest joy, homelikeness and peace—this will be our world in heaven. Each will love and comprehend the other, as he does himself. "Here we see as through a glass darkly; there we shall see face to face." "Here we know in part; there we shall know even as we are known."

In heaven there will be no time—it is the timeless world. There will be an eternal morning—a perpetual springtime. In our happiest moments time is not recognized—hours seem seconds. In dreams, years are crowded into minutes. We shall be so happy in heaven that time will be utterly unknown. In heaven there will be no space, yet the powers of locomotion will not be extinguished. There will be space without its limitations.

We are continually cutting down space and overcoming it by steam and electricity. In heaven, space will be entirely overcome. The heavenly inhabitant will journey on the wings of thought. His wishes will be his wings. Thought is spaceless and timeless. It travels to the most distant constellation as quickly as across the room.

There are magnificent dwellings in heaven. They shadow with their most glittering splendor the most glittering palaces of earth. "In my Father's house are many mansions."

Paul tells us that he himself was one day caught up into the third heaven and saw things beyond the power of description.

"Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things prepared for those that love him."

The scenery of heaven will transcend anything on earth. John

found himself powerless to describe it in Revelations.

There will be occupation in heaven. We shall do what we would be happy to leave undone. Heaven will be intensely human. It will not be a shadowy, ghostly, unnatural life. The life of heaven will be a life of uses.

The highest enjoyments we know, the most wonderful loveliness we can imagine, entirely fail to illustrate the life of heaven.

Why fear the transition if your life has been lived as it should have been?—*Selected.*

Higher Spiritual Philosophy.

J. P. COOK.

"Then let us stretch our hands in darkness,

And call our loved ones o'er and o'er;
Some day their arms shall close about us,
And the old voices speak once more.

No dreary splendors wait our coming,
Where rapt ghost sits from ghost apart;

Homeward we go to Heaven's thanksgiving,

The harvest-gathering of the heart."

—J. G. Whittier.

It is the privilege of some Spiritualists to believe intelligently in the great first cause, the eternal light of truth, and to apprehend that this intelligence manifests everywhere, as the inner life of all creations. This idea has just been adopted as a basis of agreement by the N. S. A. at Washington, D. C. A living faith in this creative light is the distinguishing characteristic of the Moslems, i. e., the faithful especially of the Sufi sect: the mystic philosophers of Islam.

To doubt the existence of God—by which term I mean the Infinite and All-pervading Intelligence independent of what we call "matter"—is a thing which never occurs to the Sufi. He may, and generally does, entertain doubts as to the reality of the phenomenal universe; but to him God is not the greatest, but, indeed, the only reality. Reality rests in the psychical realm. In other words, he regards God as identical with Pure Being. Thus from the philosophical point of view, Sufi-ism is pantheistic.

Now, the term Pantheism is used in two quite different senses, which must be very carefully distinguished. There is a materialistic Pantheism, which dignifies with the name of God the mere sum and totality of the universe. There is also a spiritualistic Pantheism, which sees in the universe a reflection of the infinite attributes of that invisible, omnipotent, omnipresent spirit of whom alone reality and existence can be predicated. These two forms of Pantheism differ as light from darkness; as life from death. To the one, the real is the apparent, the phenomenal, the material; to the other, it is the unseen or spiritual alone which really exists, and this solid seeming world is but "such stuff as dreams are made of." Sufi-ism, then, is an idealistic or a spiritual Pantheism.

"To him whose soul is illuminated,
All the universe is the book of God most high."

Their philosophy reminds us of that celebrated book called "The Unseen Universe," written by two famous Englishmen of science. They teach that there is a spiritual and invisible universe occupying the same space with this visible and tangible one; that the tangible universe has come out of that spiritual one, and returns to it again; that God is the life and the light and the power of both, manifesting himself in the spiritual realm, and then in the visible realm, and

that one is the shadow of the other. This, these authors claim, is perfectly consistent with all known results of science. It agrees substantially with Swedenborg and with the "Harmonial Philosophy" of A. J. Dairs.

The Sufi poets remind us of Emerson in their forecast of Evolutionism. Here is a sample, descriptive of the upward progress of the soul:

I died from the mineral and became a plant;

I died from the plant and re-appeared in an animal;

I died from the animal and became a man.

Wherefore, then, should I fear?

When did I grow less by dying?

Next time I shall die, from the man,

That I may grow the wings of an angel,

From the angel, too, must I seek advance?

"All things shall perish save His Face."

Once more shall I wing my way above the angels;

I shall become that which entereth not the imagination.

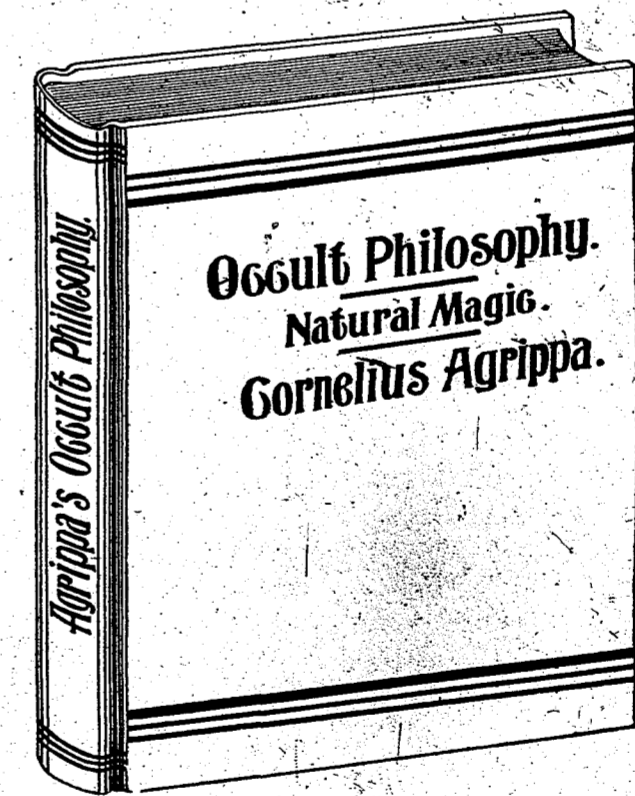
Then let me become naught, for the harp-string

Crieth unto me: "Verily unto Him do we return."

Remarkable Book.

OCCULT PHILOSOPHY, or Natural Magic, by that Mystic, Thinker, Teacher, Scholar, Statesman, Philosopher and Author—Henry Cornelius Agrippa, Counsellor to Charles V., Emperor of Germany and Judge of the Prerogative Court. \$5.00.

In 1509 Cornelius Agrippa, known as a Magician, gathered together all the mystic lore he had obtained by the energy and ardor of youth and compiled it into the elaborate system of Magic, known as Occult Philosophy. The one copy of the book from which this volume is translated



cost \$75. The translating, printing, binding and engravings for this edition entailed an expense of over two thousand dollars.

Its Kabbala Table has many superior features.

All the original illustrations, and some new ones, are found, as also various etchings of characters. The chapter on the Empyrean Heaven contains some of the much-hidden knowledge relating to the Masonic "Lost Word." The engraving is a much older plate than the work it was taken from.

This volume will be intensely interesting to those who love to work out hidden mysteries.

The Symbols of the Alchemists will be found both useful and instructive. The chapter on the Magic Mirror is the best contribution on the subject extant.

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The Editor must not be held responsible for opinions expressed in the communications of correspondents.

No notice will be taken of anonymous communications. Whatever is intended for publication must be authenticated by name and address of the writer—if not for publication, then as a guaranty of good faith.

Communications not accepted will be returned if stamps for that purpose accompany them. They will not be preserved more than 30 days, after being received at this office.

Newspapers sent to this office having matter for inspection, should be marked by a line drawn around the article.

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

SAN FRANCISCO, JAN. 4, 1900.

Prof. Elliott Coues, scientist and occultist, passed to spirit-life at the John Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, Md., on Dec. 25. His home was in Washington, D. C. Prof. Coues was a brainy, large-hearted man, who sought truth in all things and found it. He was what might be called a Theosophical Spiritualist, and finding the seat of causation in spirit, conducted his scientific experiments with profit and satisfaction to himself and his fellow-man.

"Man, Know Thyself; presume not God to scan; the proper study of mankind is man," said Pope, the classic poet; and he who knows himself is the one who is able to analyze the motives which prompt the activities of his life.

Temple at San Diego.—Dr. T. C. Kelley, on renewing his paper, writes us that "the Society of National City Spiritualists have owned a lot 50x100 for many years. On Dec. 17, 1899, they dedicated their new building clear of all debts, dues or demands. The speakers were Col. Dryden, Mrs. Jane Mullen and P. F. Griffith. The Temple was full of the invisible and the visible.

The Absurdity of the claim often made that sudden deaths are visitations of the wrath of God, was demonstrated in San Francisco on Dec. 28, 1899. Of two elderly spinster sisters, honest and industrious, while upon their knees in the act of devotion, one was stricken dead. Physicians pronounced it heart disease, which would probably have been the proper diagnosis of many so-called "visitations of Providence" recorded in the past.

A SEARCH FOR FREEDOM, by Helen Wilmsans, 367 pages. Cloth, \$1.50. For sale at this office.

"The Free Man" for January contains an article by the editor, Mr. C. W. Close, upon the subject, "Does the Suffering of Bitter Experiences Accelerate Soul Growth?" This is a question which has been argued pro and con since man has realized that he has a soul, yet it will not down. It is a question of vast importance in both the universal and particular sense, and the following from the pen of one of our best and clearest thinkers may be useful in the solution of the problem:

Suffering and bitter experiences are not promotive of soul growth. We do not want them. We do not need them. If they come they come as a result of a mistake just as a discord in music comes through a mistake. The mistake was not necessary to an understanding of the principle of harmony as expressed in music; it was simply a mistake that it would be folly to magnify into an actual good.

Neither is a mistake that produces inharmony in the human a necessity to or promotive of soul growth, but is rather a hindrance until we have outgrown or overcome it, and then it is nothing at all, and it is the height of folly to magnify it into a good by affirming it to be an actual Good.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, in an article in a recent number of the *Progressive Thinker* upon the God question, says:

For centuries God has been lifting ignorance, superstition and oppression from men. In this redemption of the world He has been working through a thousand instruments that did not understand Him any more than the axe understands the woodman who is using it. But they are doing God's work and through them He is lifting off the sin of the world.

We are reminded of the child's question: "Can God make a load so heavy that He can't lift it?" To encounter burdens that we cannot lift, to grow strong enough to lift them, and then advance in search of other loads that we cannot lift, is what the world calls human progress. But what's in a name? □

The Evolution of Man does not consist in the unfoldment of his physical form only; man is a mental being, and his habit of thought determines the character of the individual. The reign of fanatical superstition which followed the inauguration of the Christian religion, was caused by the habit of absolute dependence upon God for every necessity of life. Individuality was submerged in the flood of superstition which culminated in the dark ages.

The reformation led by Martin Luther was based upon the thought that man had some rights which were distinctively his own, and the Protestant presentation of religion has been a vast improvement upon the previous conditions.

Spiritualism, in its early stages of development, was confronted by the danger of too great dependence upon direct spirit help and guidance. But that danger has been

passed, and the teachings of our inspired lecturers and mediums today tend toward self-reliance. The I Am philosophy of the "new thought," spreading—as it has—with immense rapidity all over the world, is the most hopeful sign of salvation since the Rochester knockings. "God helps him who helps himself" is just as true now as it ever was. Mental and spiritual emancipation has come, and the speedy righting of the wrongs of down-trodden humanity will follow. The seat of causation is in spirit.

Lilian Whiting, in an article in *Freedom* entitled "The Law of Psychic Creation," gives utterance to a lofty sentiment, which, if incorporated into the living principles of humanity, would have a far greater tendency toward the salvation of the race than all the bickering about creeds and hair-splitting definitions of comparatively meaningless words that have been indulged in since "the morning stars sang together." She says:

Thought is the most potent force in the universe, and one who can control thought currents need not fear the shipwreck at sea, nor the pestilence that walketh in darkness. This, then, is the law of psychic success—to realize the invincible power inherent in one's own soul. What are the forces of nature, or the events and circumstances of actual life compared with this power? What is a tornado, a shipwreck, a bank failure, or bodily disease, when confronted by the calm, high, serene power of spirit that has realized its own potency. "I am the master of my fate." And fate flees dismayed before this lofty assertion.

Scientists do queer things sometimes. One of them attempted to calculate in cold mathematics how soon we may expect the Judgment Day, in a paper on the subject which he read before the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He said:

Starting with the total amount of energy stored in the sun and the fact that the orb of day is continuously distributing energy equivalent to the work of seven men for each area of the earth's surface on the size of the human body, our statistician calculates that it will require 3,375,000,000 years of outpouring before a sensible diminution of the quantity of energy given out can be detected. Up to this distant period, mountains will stand, rivers will run, plants will grow and animal life will exist very much as it does to-day.

If you realize that solar energy as soon as used reasserts itself in some other form, either as sound, electricity or simple motion, it is easy to see that this estimate is too small rather than too great. At any rate, the world is not liable to stop going for a few years yet.

Some idea of the vastness of the force that is meted out to us from the physical source of earthly life may be gained by considering that if the energy that the sun gives to earth in a single day could be bottled up and directed against Niagara Falls, it would cause that great body of water to dash back again up hill for 4,000 years. If turned into a single blast of heat, it would

cause every living creature instantaneously to blight and wither; the ice around the poles would be melted in one and three-quarter minutes, and in another eleven seconds all the oceans would be turned into steam.

Are Spiritualists Christians? asks a correspondent of the *Two Worlds*. We maintain that Spiritualism is all there is good in the religions of the past and present, and more. It is all the good there is in all the religions of the future, for our watchword is "eternal progression."

The War in South Africa may not be without its lessons, and hopes are entertained that it will be the last great struggle the world will ever witness. *Unity* on this subject says:

Awful is the shock of battle in the Transvaal. The British government seems to have run up against a fact as startling, as obstinate and possibly an educative and revolutionary as that which it ran up against in America in 1776. Then, it was a small and remote territory standing out against a great military power, but the love of liberty was on the one hand, the love of territory, trade and commercial aggrandizement on the other. It was hearthstones against trade, then; it would seem to be hearthstones against trade now. Whatever the outcome may be, England has learned once more that it is a solemn thing to let loose the Dogs of War. Would that the lesson might be so bitter that the boasted English-speaking people may never need to learn it again.

Unfoldment.—We see before us a field of wheat. The green stalk, the leaf blades and the chaff are all necessary for the unfoldment of the grain of wheat. Each separate part of the wheat-stalk seeks that food which will give strength and sustenance to its department of life. It may not know that all this goes toward the unfoldment of the kernel of wheat (the soul) any more than do we know as we seek food, knowledge, light, in this physical world, that all our efforts go toward the unfoldment of the one, the ego, the soul.—*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.

THE TRUE SCIENCE OF LIVING, by Edward Hooker Dewey, M. D., 323 pp.; price, \$2.25. Norwich, Conn.: Charles C. Haskell & Son, publishers. For sale at this office.

The Grand Rapids (Mich.) Spiritual Association's quarterly election for 1900 made W. C. Potter, Pres.; B. G. Burniston, Vice-Pres.; H. W. Booser, Sec., and Geo. Gibbs, Treas. The above four, with B. F. Stiter, J. Sanford and M. Hall, are the trustees. Speakers and mediums engaged: Lyman C. Howe, A. C. Tinsdale and Josephine Ropp.

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Please consult the address-label on the wrapper of this JOURNAL to find the date to which you have paid. If the date is past, please oblige us with a remittance to move the date ahead again.

Local News Summary.

Our Telephone.—Those who may wish to telephone to this office will please call up "Jessie 1769."

The Progressive Spiritualists' meeting on the last evening of the old year opened with a splendid song service, led by Mr. J. T. Lillie, Mrs. Sadie Cooke pianist. Mrs. R. S. Lillie followed with a brilliant lecture on the "Old and the New," a review of the past and a prophetic glance at the future. In conclusion, Mr. Lillie sang "Anchored," and with a parting word by Mrs. Lillie, the congregation went forth to confront the problems of a new year.

Mayer Fund.—In response to my letters of appeal to the auxiliary societies of California State Spiritualists' Association, as per instructions of the board of directors at its last meeting in aid of the Home Fund in Washington, D. C., the following sum has been received by me and forwarded to the secretary of the N. S. A.:

Mediums' Protective Assn., S. F.	\$ 5 00
First Ladies' Spiritual Aid Society, S. F.	5 00
Spiritualists' Society, Santa Cruz	1 00
1st Soc. Progressive Spiritualists, S. F.	7 00
Geo. A. Davis, of San Francisco	1 00

Total.....\$19 00
W. T. JONES, Sec.

Mrs. C. J. Meyer held a watch meeting in Friendship Hall, 385 McAllister St., on New Year's eve. Mrs. Meyer is doing a good work, patient and painstaking.

Mme. Young began her Sunday evening meeting a little late, for a watch meeting was part of the program. Mrs. Sarah Seal delivered an address, reviewing the past and forecasting the future. Music was a special feature, under the direction of Prof. Young. Mme. Young followed with her usual convincing tests.

Universal Spiritual Association.—The subject for discussion was "The Difference Between Art and Nature," which proved to be no difference at all, only as we look at it from different standpoints.

Mrs. Logan's Meeting.—A small but intelligent audience assembled at Occidental Hall on the last day of the year, and listened to words of wisdom from several speakers, between 11 and 1 o'clock. The hall was warm, and harmony prevailed. Music by Prof. Frank and Mr. McNorton.

The Hermetic Brotherhood open meeting at 509 Van Ness Ave. was addressed by Dr. Phelon of Chicago, upon the subject of "Life, Energy and Substance, as a Duality." This was the last open meeting of the old year. The Brotherhood held a watch meeting on Sunday evening.

The Mission Lyceum's Christmas entertainment, held in Mission Opera Hall on Wednesday evening, Dec. 27, was a great success. There was a Christmas tree and a present on it for every member, and they number nearly a hundred. The following is the program rendered: Overture, Mrs. Vena Eaton and Prof. Mocker; recitation, Master Frankie Close; song, "Three Roguish Chaps," Eugene and Fred Brickwedell and Geo. Marzoff; serpentine dance, Mrs. Garrison; vocal solo, Miss Lottie Davidson; Good-night drill, Etta Werner, Martha Case, Laura Sinns, Barbara Moulitor, Georgie Bacon, Florence McDonald, Florence Bohn and Mabel Pfeifer; Sailors' Hornpipe, Ernest Young; recitation, Walter Gonzales; fancy dance, Florence Bohn; recitation (original), Chas. Stacey Howe; character song and dance, Mabel Pfeifer. Mr. M. S. Norton, in a few well-chosen words, presented the conductor, Mr. W. T. Jones, with an elegant locket watch charm, in the name of the officers and leaders of the Lyceum, to which Mr. Jones responded briefly. Santa Claus then appeared, the presents were distributed and dancing began. Music by Mrs. Vena Eaton and Prof. Mocker. Mrs. Schroder was chairman of Committee on Decoration, assisted by all the ladies and gentlemen of the Lyceum.

At the Ladies' Aid Wednesday afternoon business meeting held in Occidental Hall Dec. 27, some changes took place in the personnel of the officers. Mrs. Lilly Jolly, secretary, resigned, and Mrs. Wallace Nevill, vice-president, also resigned her office. Mrs. D. N. Place was elected vice-president and Mrs. Nevill secretary. Mrs. B. F. Small, the president, reports the society in a prosperous condition, and many important events are to occur in the near future.

A Reception was given by Mr. and Mrs. Lillie at their home, 301 Polk St., on Wednesday evening, Dec. 27. The guests of honor were Mrs. A. L. Pettengill and Mrs. Nellie Nutting of Lily Dale, New York, who are making a tour of the Coast during the winter months. They are now on the way to San Diego to visit a brother of Mrs. Pettengill. The spacious parlors were well filled with friends of the host and hostess, and with songs, speeches and social converse, the visitors were made welcome. Refreshments were served, and at about 11 o'clock the guests dispersed, after having spent a most delightful evening.

The Ladies' Aid Social, on the last Friday evening of the old year, encountered a terrific rain storm, which prevented all but the early-comers from attending. But those present danced, ate ice cream and listened to the following program: song, Miss Eva Bolger; recitation, Miss D. Harris, "The Farm Boy" and "The Little Quaker"; recitation, Wm. Rider, "Just Before Christmas." The president, Mrs. B. F. Small, read a beautiful poem. The dance music was furnished by Prof. Warren and Mrs. Cook. The headquarters of this society is at Occidental Hall, 305 Larkin St.

Dr. J. L. York, who has been lecturing in Seattle, Wash., and has been seriously ill from pneumonia, started for this city on Dec. 30. His residence is at 527 Dolores St., San Francisco.

A Psychograph, or Dial Planchette, would be a nice Present to a friend during the Holidays. We have them for sale. See notice on another page.

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Yours truly,
W. L. MELVIN.

Wasco, Ore., Dec. 2, 1899.—Dear Doctor:—The last month's treatment acts like a charm. It is working wonderful changes in my health and I am nearly well.
LORAIN CANFIELD.

Uncas, Oklahoma, Nov. 20, 1899.—Dear Doctor Peebles:—I sat for psychic treatment Tuesday evening, and I felt very much relieved by it. I went to bed, and slept soundly all night, something I had not done for weeks.
MRS. DORA CALLAHAN.

New Orleans, Dec. 2, 1899.—Dear Doctor:—I must say I am improving wonderfully under your treatment. My stomach, feet and limbs bloated terribly at times, but this has all passed away now.
MRS. RETTA HATHAWAY.

Garden Plains, Kansas, Nov. 25, 1899.—Dear Doctor:—I am better than I have been for ten years. I can do all my housework with less effort. To you and your efficient assistants I owe a debt of gratitude too deep for me to express.
MRS. A. FOLLETT.

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